



PICKETT'S
CHARGE

FRED
EMERSON
BROOKS



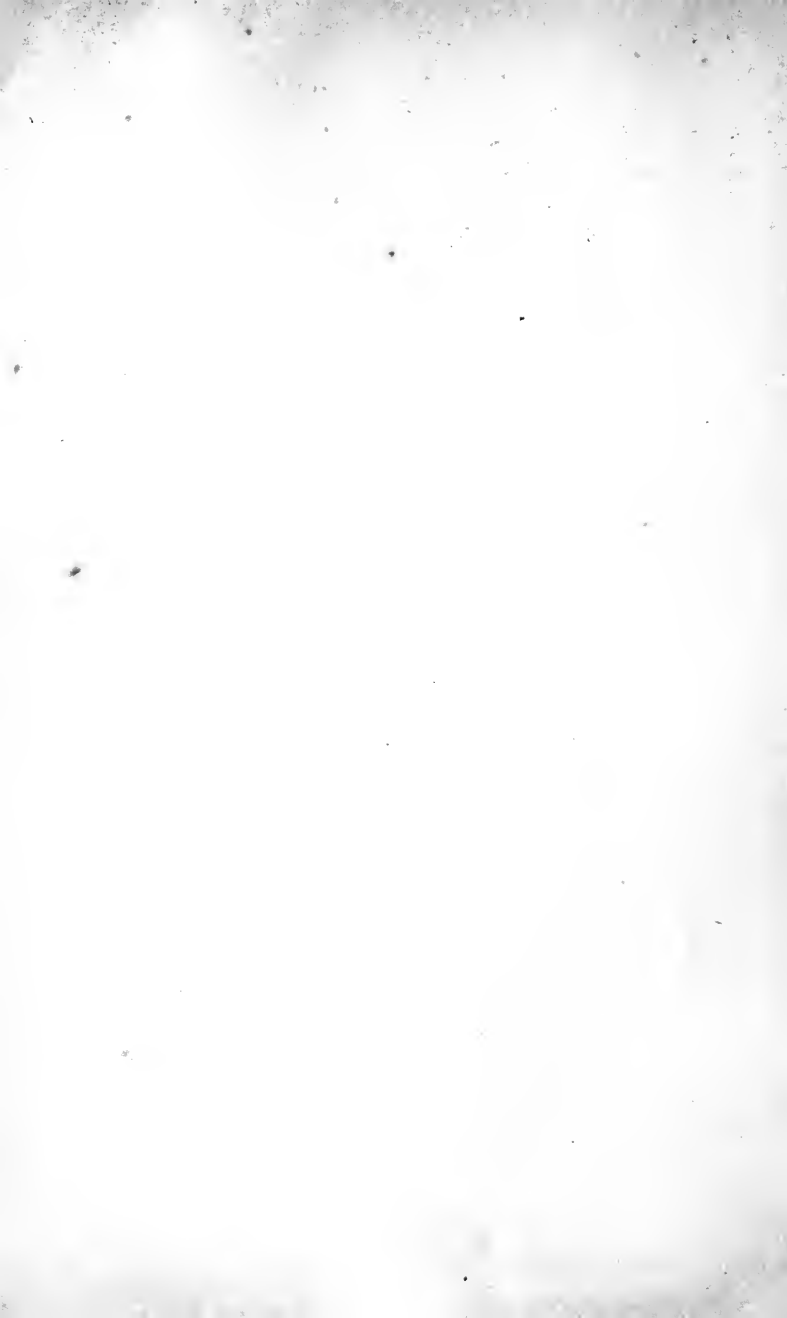
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PICKETT'S CHARGE
AND OTHER POEMS







Fred Emerson Brooks

Pickett's Charge And Other Poems

By FRED EMERSON BROOKS
Author of "Old Ace and Other Poems"



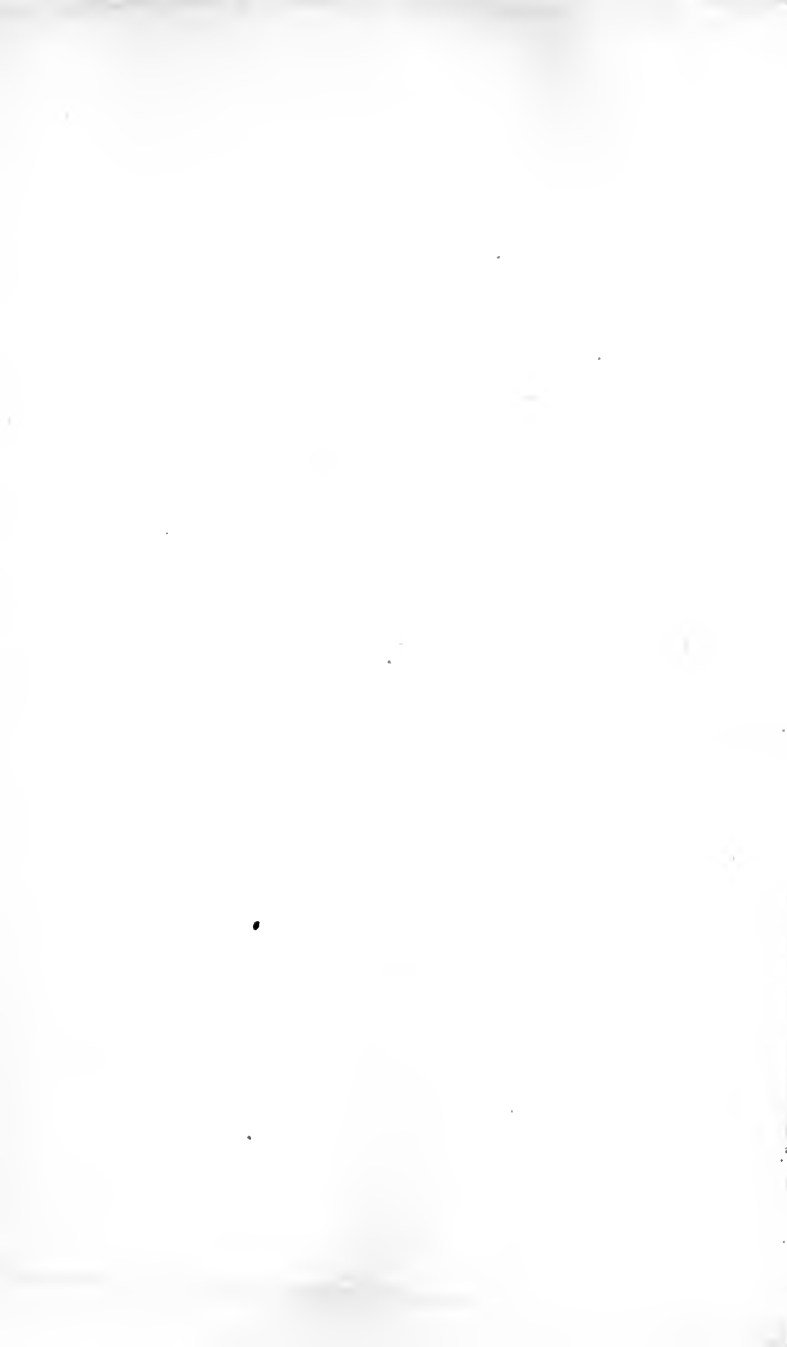
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DEDICATED
TO MY FRIEND
Mr. Frank Seaman



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PICKETT'S CHARGE AND OTHER POEMS

PICKETT'S CHARGE

WHEN Pickett charged at Gettysburg,
For three long days, with carnage fraught,
Two hundred thousand men had fought;
And courage could not gain the field,
Where stubborn valor would not yield.
With Meade on Cemetery Hill,
And mighty Lee thundering still
Upon the ridge a mile away;
Four hundred guns in counterplay
Their deadly thunderbolts had hurled —
The cannon duel of the world! —

When Pickett charged at Gettysburg.

When Pickett charged at Gettysburg,
Dread war had never known such need
Of some o'ermastering, valiant deed;

Pickett's Charge

And never yet had cause so large
Hung on the fate of one brief charge.
To break the centre, but a chance ;
With Pickett waiting to advance ;
It seemed a crime to bid him go,
And Longstreet said not " Yes " nor " No,"
But silently he bowed his head.
" I shall go forward ! " Pickett said.

Then Pickett charged at Gettysburg.

Then Pickett charged at Gettysburg :
Down from the little wooded slope,
A-step with doubt, a-step with hope,
And nothing but the tapping drum
To time their tread, still on they come.
Four hundred cannon hush their thunder,
While cannoneers gaze on in wonder !
Two armies watch, with stifled breath,
Full eighteen thousand march to death,
At elbow-touch, with banners furled,
And courage to defy the world,

In Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'T is Pickett's charge at Gettysburg :
None but tried veterans can know
How fearful 't is to charge the foe ;
But these are soldiers will not quail,
Though Death and Hell stand in their trail !
Flower of the South and Longstreet's pride,
There's valor in their very stride !

Pickett's Charge

Virginian blood runs in their veins,
And each his ardor scarce restrains ;
Proud of the part they're chosen for :
The mighty cyclone of the war,
 In Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'T is Pickett's charge at Gettysburg :
How mortals their opinions prize
When armies march to sacrifice,
And souls by thousands in the fight
On Battle's smoky wing take flight.
Firm-paced they come, in solid form
The dreadful calm before the storm.
Those silent batteries seem to say :
" We're waiting for you, men in gray !"
Each anxious gunner knows full well
Why every shot of his must tell
 On Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'T is Pickett's charge at Gettysburg :
What grander tableau can there be
Than rhythmic swing of infantry
At shouldered arms, with flashing steel ?
As Pickett swings to left, half-wheel,
Those monsters instantly outpour
Their flame and smoke of death ! and roar
Their fury on the silent air —
Starting a scene of wild despair :
Lee's batteries roaring : " Room ! Make room ! !"
With Meade's replying : " Doom ! 'T is doom
 To Pickett's charge at Gettysburg !"

Pickett's Charge

'T is Pickett's charge at Gettysburg :
Now Hancock's riflemen begin
To pour their deadly missiles in.
Can standing grain defy the hail ?
Will Pickett stop ? Will Pickett fail ?
His left is all uncovered through
That fateful halt of Pettigrew !
And Wilcox from the right is cleft
By Pickett's half-wheel to the left !
Brave Stannard rushes 'tween the walls,
No more disastrous thing befalls
 Brave Pickett's charge at Gettysburg :

'T is Pickett's charge at Gettysburg :
How terrible it is to see
Great armies making history :
Long lines of muskets belching flame !
No need of gunners taking aim
When from that thunder-cloud of smoke
The lightning kills at every stroke !
If there 's a place resembling hell,
'T is where, 'mid shot and bursting shell,
Stalks Carnage, arm in arm with Death,
A furnace blast in every breath,
 On Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'T is Pickett's charge at Gettysburg :
Brave leaders fall on every hand !
Unheard, unheeded all command !
Battered in front and torn in flank ;
A frenzied mob in broken rank !

Pickett's Charge

They come like demons with a yell,
And fight like demons all pell-mell !
The wounded stop not till they fall ;
The living never stop at all —
Their blood-bespattered faces say :
“ 'T is death alone stops men in gray,
 With Pickett's charge at Gettysburg ! ”

Stopped Pickett's charge at Gettysburg
Where his last officer fell dead,
The dauntless, peerless, Armistead !
Where ebb'd the tide and left the slain
Like wreckage from the hurricane —
That awful spot which soldiers call
“ The bloody angle of the wall,”
There Pickett stopped, turned back again
Alone, with just a thousand men !
And not another shot was fired —
So much is bravery admired !
 Pickett had charged at Gettysburg.

Brave Pickett's charge at Gettysburg !
The charge of England's Light Brigade
Was nothing to what Pickett made
To capture Cemetery Hill —
To-day a cemetery still,
With flowers in the rifle-pit,
But no one cares to capture it.
The field belongs to those who fell ;
They hold it without shot or shell !

Pickett's Charge

While cattle yonder in the vale
Are grazing on the very trail
 Where Pickett charged at Gettysburg.

 Where Pickett charged at Gettysburg,
In after-years survivors came
To tramp once more that field of fame ;
And Mrs. Pickett led the Gray,
Just where her husband did that day.
The Blue were waiting at the wall,
The Gray leaped over, heart and all !
Where man had failed with sword and gun,
A woman's tender smile had won :
The Gray had captured now the Blue,
What mortal valor could not do
 When Pickett charged at Gettysburg.

HUSHABY! CLOSE YOU' EYE!

MAMMY'S cullud baby sweet!
Hushaby! Close you' eye!
Kiss you' han's an' kiss you' feet!
Hushaby! Close you' eye!
Niggahs fat an' white folks skinny;
Angels roun' in ole Virginny,
Watchin' mammy's piccaninny.
Hushaby! Close you' eye!

*Up an' down on mammy's knee you teetah,
A-cooin' in you' precious baby way,
You' mammy keepin' time unto de meetah,
While thoo de doo' she heahs de banjo play.
You needn' min' dat nasty buzzin' skeetah,
You' mammy gwine ter bresh away dat fly;
Dey bites de baby kaze dey know he's sweetah.
Hushaby! Close you' eye!*

Kinky haih an' shiny face;
Hushaby! Close you' eye!
No white baby take you' place;
Hushaby! Close you' eye!
Mammy's glad you is a niggah,
Would n't change you' blessed figgah,
'Cept ter have you grow up biggah.
Hushaby! Close you' eye!

Hushaby! Close You' Eye!

You was bo'n down in de South,
Hushaby! Close you' eye!
Wiv dat watermillion mouth;
Hushaby! Close you' eye!
Possum tink it drefful funny
You can't eat him; byme-by sonny,
Git you' possum teef, ma honey.
Hushaby! Close you' eye!

You done keep you' black eye shet,
Hushaby! Close you' eye!
Else you fin' out what you get;
Hushaby! Close you' eye!
What you want, you blessed sinnah?
Had you' breakfas', suppah, dinnah;
Want too much fo' young beginnah.
Hushaby! Close you' eye!

REMEMBER THE MAINE

THE battleship Maine is afloat on the sea —
A huge white phantom of destiny !
Will she breast the storm as well ?
The storm of war and the storm of the deep ;
The storm that may come, with the sailor asleep,
From the dynamite diving-bell ?
To the God of the sea and the God of the foam
The sailor-boy prays for his loves at home : —
“ Remember all ships on the ocean wave ;
Remember the tars and the gunners brave
In the war’s fierce hurricane ;
Remember the sailors wherever they are,
At sea, or at rest in the harbor bar,
O God, remember the Maine ! ”

As the guest of peace in a tropical bay
The flagship Maine at her anchor lay,
With a tropical night begun :
A damnable plot, by infamy planned,
The cowardly touch of a villanous hand,
And a horrible deed is done :
A rumble, a roar ! Have the fiends of hell
Exploded the world like a bursting shell ?
They have wrecked the ship, and the blast has
blown
The sleeping tars to the great unknown !

Remember the Maine

Two hundred and sixty slain !
The sailor has followed hard after his prayer,
But Sigsbee and fighting Wainwright swear
On their lives to remember the Maine !

A horrible night brings a ghastly day ;
While the wreck and the floating corpses say
To the Spanish ships hard by : —
“When your battered squadrons shall writhe and
burn
Like the shattered Maine, you shall come to learn
How the dead can make reply !”
See the vultures perch on the twisted steel,
Or, watching the corpses, greedily wheel ;
But far above, in the clear blue sky,
A soaring eagle, with bloodshot eye,
Is watching the vultures of Spain !
While behind the wreck, and each pale, dead face,
Is the might of the Anglo-Saxon race,
With the power to remember the Maine !

When Dewey stole into Manila Bay,
Ere the dawn of the first retribution day,
He was facing a twofold doubt : —
’T will be war when the forts and fleets begin !
But the channel is mined, will he ever get in ?
Once in, will he ever get out ?
With a hooded lamp as a stern guide-light,
Like a torch of death for the dying night,

Remember the Maine

Those darkened hulls up the harbor steal,
With a trail of foam, where the pitiless keel
Has written the doom of Spain!
Soon those guns shall be roaring, from jaws of
death,
What each gunner is whispering under his breath:—
“Remember! remember the Maine!”

While the forts are belching their terrible bombs,
The Philistines' challenging flag-ship comes,
Like the great Goliath of old!
But she turns, for a sling-shot smashes her prow,
While another has ripped her from stern to bow,
With the flames bursting up from her hold!
Her battered companions are all on fire,
To sink in the blaze of their funeral pyre!
The smoke of the battle made heaven to frown;
While the battle god, hurling his meteors down,
Shattered the war-dogs of Spain!
But the signal to Admiral Dewey ran:—
No harm hath fallen to ship or man
Of those who remember the Maine!

Outside Santiago de Cuba there lay,
On the morn of the next retribution day,
The squadrons of Sampson and Schley!
Who makes the next move on the chess board of
fate?
From the funnel smoke choking the harbor gate
Cervera now thunders, “T is I.”

Remember the Maine

No fighters so eager as fighters of steel ;
Each blockader now seeming to leap from her keel ;
Oh, that long shot, that strong shot, has shattered
a ship !

They're flying ! They're dying ! Let none of them
slip !

Chase Colon, that fleetwing of Spain !
Speed, Oregon ! Brooklyn ! She's panting for
breath !

Oh, that shell shot was well shot—'t will burn her
to death !

Leave her time to remember the Maine !

Schley signals to Wainwright: "Keep out of the
way !"

But the man on the wee little Gloucester says:
"Nay,

I'll close in !" At the Furor he rushed
With a fury that drove those torpedo-boats dread
On the battle-strewn rocks, where the surf was made
red

And the bones of the Pluton were crushed !
The avenging Anglo-Saxon once more
Hath driven a Spanish Armada on shore.
Our fleet is unharmed ! The Almighty had willed
Two great naval battles and nobody killed

But those who were fighting for Spain !
While the banner that never has known defeat
Is still floating o'er the victorious fleet
As it floated above the Maine !

THE KINDERGARTEN TOT

I 'S only just a little tot,
An' all the sense I has I got
At kindergarten with a lot
 O' little tads like me.
The teacher stands us in a row
An' makes our arms go to an' fro —
That 's how the cale'thenics go —
 With " one, an' two, an' three ! "

She sings us such a funny tune,
About the bugs that come in June ;
An' tells us all about the moon ;
 An' what we 'd do without it ;
Just how the moon can shine so bright ;
Is cheaper than electric light ;
An' keeps on workin' every night
 An' makes no fuss about it.

She says the world is big an' round ;
An' some is water, some is ground ;
An' some has never yet been found
 Except by polar bears !
One half the world 's a hemisphere
An' 't other half is — well — Oh, dear !
Guess I forgot it comin' here ;
 But then, nobody cares.

The Kindergarten Tot

The world is made o' colored maps,
Just so 's to puzzle little chaps ;
But down inside it 's full o' scraps
 An' fires they tell about !
I heard the teacher once confess : —
The world was full o' wickedness !
An' that 's what makes earthquakes I guess :
 The badness comin' out.

The world turns round most every day !
Guess that is why the hens don't lay
Their eggs at night for fear 'at they
 Would all fall out the nest ;
'Cause then the world is upside down,
An' we 'd have nothin' in the town
But grocer's eggs, an' their renown
 Is bad enough at best.

One day a handsome man came in,
Who was n't either kith or kin ;
For teacher blushed down to her chin
 When he sat down beside 'er ;
His uniform was brownish stuff ;
Had leggins an' a yellow cuff ;
She could n't look at him enough ;
 An' called him her " Rough Rider."

She bade us all go out an' play ;
But I stayed in an' heard her say : —
" They did n't shoot your arms away
 When you were in the South !"

The Kindergarten Tot

He whispered in the teacher's ear
The longest while an' then, for fear
Her telephone was out o' gear,
 He whispered in her mouth !

He put his arms, I must confess,
Around her shoulders, more or less ;
They call it " Shoulder Arms," I guess,
 When they have got a gun.
Of course she took it very cool ;
For teachers always, in the school,
Keep harpin' on the Golden Rule :
 To do as you 'd be done.

He saved the country in the strife ;
An' once again he 'd risk his life,
By takin' to himself a wife
 An' save the pretty creature.
It seemed to me so very plain —
In spite of fever an' the rain —
That while " Rememberin' the Maine "
 He 'd not forgot the teacher.

THE WHISTLING BOY

WHAT music like the whistle of a well-contented boy, —
That rhythmic exhalation of an ever-present joy?
Though the fragmentary cadence of a plain, untutored art,
'T is the melody of childhood, 't is a psalm from out the heart.
You will never find a criminal behind an honest smile;
And the boy ne'er grows a villain who keeps whistling all the while, —
 Though he whistle out of tune.

What cares he for fickle fortune, — what the fashion may bestow?
In his little barefoot kingdom royalty in rags may go.
With an apple in his pocket and another in his mouth,
Cares not how the wind is blowing, whether north or whether south;
For he has no crops a-growing, has no ships upon the sea;
And he keeps right on a-whistling, whate'er the tune may be, —
 For he whistles out of tune.

The Whistling Boy

'T is the early smile of Summer creeping o'er the
face of June,
Even though this crude musician many times is off
the tune,
Till it bears the same resemblance to the melody
that 's meant,
That his garments do to trousers little matter how
they 're rent.
When he 's very patriotic then his tune is sure to
be —
Although a bit rebellious — “ My Country, 'T is of
Thee ! ”

Which he whistles out of tune :

[*America.*]

Such a vision of good nature in his cheery, smiling
face ;
Better clothes would check his freedom, rob him of
his rustic grace ;
So he feels a trifle awkward in his brand-new Sun-
day clothes,
While repeating to his teacher all the Scripture that
he knows.
Out of Sunday school he rushes, takes his shoes off
on the sly ;
Says : “ The angels all go barefoot in the sweeter by
and by ! ”

Which he whistles out of tune :

[*Sweet By and By.*]

The Whistling Boy

Sometimes whistling for his playmate; sometimes
whistling for his dog,

On the quiet, in the schoolhouse, to perplex the
pedagogue;

Sometimes whistling up his courage; often whistling
just *because*.

In the South he whistles "Dixie" o'er and o'er,
without a pause,

Till he's out of breath completely, when it seems to
be, perchance,

But a knickerbocker whistle, since it comes in little
pants, —

For he whistles out of tune :

[*Dixie.*]

Should he hail from old New England you may
safely bet your life

He can whittle out a whistle with his broken-bladed
knife.

He will play his cornstalk fiddle and his dog will
never fail

To show appreciation, beating tempo with his
tail;

Then he whistles "Yankee Doodle" like the tunes
you often hear

On the old farmhouse piano when the sister plays
by ear, —

For he whistles out of tune :

[*Yankee Doodle.*]

The Whistling Boy

There is many a weeping mother longing, morning,
night, and noon,
For her boy to come back whistling just the frag-
ment of a tune ;
But he 's yonder entertaining all the angels unaware
With a melody so human they are bound to keep
him there ;
For of all that heavenly music nothing sounds to
them so sweet
As that cheery, boyish whistle and the patter of his
feet, —

For he whistles all in tune :

[*Nearer, My God, to Thee.*]

GRANDMA

I GOT tired of counting, grandma, just how many
times you cried ;
Did n't think you 'd be so sorry just because dear
grandpa died ;
And so many times, dear grandma, I refused to go
and play ;
For you seemed to be so lonesome, when the tears
got in the way.
And I said : — when I got older I 'd be sure to com-
fort you
For the love you always bore me, which was greater
than I knew.
There is nothing quite so tender that our childhood
seems to know
As the boundless love that grandma 's ever ready to
bestow.

If anybody scolded or gave punishment severe,
It was consolation, grandma, when you kissed away
the tear.
When my little boat, out sailing, struck a rough and
stormy sea,
There was always open harbor in my grandma's
arms for me.

Grandma

A boy forgets his lessons and sometimes forgets
his prayers,
But he can't forget his grandma in his little world-
affairs,
And as long as he remembers how to whistle or to
swim,
His memory will revel in his grandma's love for
him.

Is there any place of refuge for a tired out little
chap, —
Any place to take his troubles like his dear old
grandma's lap?
Little matter who may grumble, little matter who
may chide,
A boy soon gets the notion grandma's always on his
side:
There is never thought of censure coming out of
grandma's heart, —
Though the world should turn against him, she is
bound to take his part.
All his childhood seems revolving close around that
rocking-chair,
And love's halo seems to glisten in the silver of her
hair.

DOT GOOD FOR NODINGS DOG

YOU vant to buy my dog? Ah, vell,
Dere vas n't much of him to sell.
His eye vas broke, his leg vas out,
Mid nodings else to brag about;
Und ven you ask his pedigree,
Dot make der laugh come out o' me —
It vas a madder, I be blamed,
Aboud der vich he vas ashamed.
His breed vas n't in der Catalogue,
He vas a good for nodings dog.

It vas a day I don't forgot,
Mit rain und sleet und dings like dot,
Dis homely dog he comed along
Und sing me such a hungry song
I said: "Come in und take a seat
Und have some scraps und tings to eat!"
I smile mit him, he smile mit me,
Und look like he vas glad to be,
Although not in der Catalogue,
But yust a good for nodings dog.

Each time I come around, you bet
He vag dot tail already yet;
Und show me plain from either end,
He always vant to be my friend.

Dot Good for Nodings Dog

No madder I say yes! or no!
Where'er I gone he bound to go.
Und ven he lost me, runs around
Und smells me out upon der ground,
Den yumps yust like he vas a frog—
Und not a good for nodings dog.

My Meenie vas a leedle tot,
Yust big enough to be like dot ;
Und run about und have some play
Yust mit der dog, until von day
I call her, und she vas n't dere ;
I couldn't find her anyvere ;—
“Dot dog gone off,” my wife, she say,
“Und lead dot leedle girl away :—
He vas a good for nodings dog,
Und vas n't vorth der Catalogue !”

My leedle Meenie lost ! Mine Got !
I never tink I cry like dot !
But ven I found dot leedle pet,
I cry me more as effer yet :—
Dot 's funny, ven a man feels glad
He cries, yust like ven he feels bad ;
Der tears vas yust der same ; oh, my,
But vat a difference in der cry !
Dere Meenie sat upon der log
Und pet dot good for nodings dog.

Und ven my senses all got clear,
I ask me : “Vot 's der matter here ?”

Dot Good for Nodings Dog

Und looking vere my Meenie said,
Dere lay a great big vildcat dead!
“Dot dog he killed him,” said my vife,
“Und save dot leedle Meenie’s life!”
I never saw her eyes more vet,
Und vile I hug dot leedle pet
She hug dot good for nodings dog,
Vot vas n’t vorth der Catalogue!

You vant to buy dot dog? Ah, vell,
Nobody’s here who vants to sell.
My vife she say, “You could n’t buy
Von look of kindness oud his eye!”
Und as for me — dere’s not for sale,
Not e’en der vaggin’ of his tail!
Und Meenie told you plendy quick,
“In all dis vorld you got your pick
Of dose vot’s in der Catalogue,
But not dot good for nodings dog.”

HANS' LITTLE BABY

VON day I vas found me a baby,
So small he can't sit in my lap;
You don't believing dot story
Und say I vas talk in my cap:
I heared me my door-bell a-ringin'.
Den somebody runs me away
Und leave me dot great bushel basket
In vich a nice baby vas lay.

Vedder he vas Scotch or Spanish,
Or French, it been all der same;
I love me dot leedle baby
Und give him dot German name;
But I tink it vas awful funny
Und I laugh me ever so much:
Suppose he vas born of Irish
Und I been making him Dutch.

I vas only a poor shoemaker,
Und keep me pachelor's hall,
But how to feed me dot baby
Vas bodder me more as all;
So I ask me of der butcher
Und of der grocery man,
Who sold me dot milk condences
Vich I feed him out of der can.

Hans' Little Baby

I buy him plenty of dresses
From every store in der town ;
But ven I dress me dot baby
I got him in upside down.
Dot make me so much confusions
Ven der baby vas wrong side oud ;
So I hires me a negro mammy
Vat knows somedings more about.

So black like a silhouette shadow
She always must carry a light ;
Und she vas so cross-eyed der baby
Could never got out of her sight.
She laugh ven I buyed him trousers
Und tings vat he could n't use,
So I give her to bossing der baby
Und keep on a-mending der shoes.

I love me so much of dot baby,
Yust like he vas born by me ;
Und vile I vas teach him der talkin',
He sittin' across my knee,
His arms on my neck vas clingin'
Yust like der oak und der vine ;
Und I vas been all his relation
Und he vas been all of mine.

Und ven he got bigger und goin'
Avay to der school over there,
I never could tink me of nodings
But gaze on his empty chair ;

Hans' Little Baby

But ven he vas read me der lessons
It make me so happy to cry,
Because he vas readin' und writin'
Und talking much better as I.

But ven he vas growin' so handsome,
Und yust about six years old,
Mit cheeks like der blushing of roses
Und hair like der tassels of gold,
A rich man vas come in his carriage
Und prove vat I could not deny —
Vich breakin' my heart all in pieces —
Dot he vas der father, not I!

He told me dot boy had been stolen ;
Und all my oxpenses he pay ;
No matter how much I been askin'
He double vatever I say !
I ask — for vat money he sell him ;
“ For nodings ! ” he say mit surprise.
Den I told him dot all my oxpenses
Vas nodings und nodings likewise !

He place in der bank many thousands
Vich he say vas for me to enjoy ;
At first I vas mad ! — den I t'inkin' :
I keep it und give to dot boy.
Und now ven he ride in his carriage
He come to my shop every day :
Dot tear vas der joy vat I feelin' —
He been here und yust gone away.

Hans' Little Baby

Dot boy vas got him two fathers ;
Vile von of dem got all der gold,
Dot udder von got all der lovin',
For dis unto me he yust told —
Vile his arms on my neck vas clingin'
Yust like der oak und der vine —
I still vas been all his relation
Und he vas been all of mine.

DO 'T AGAIN!

A LITTLE tot on papa's knee —
As sweet as any child can be;
And while he trots her up and down
It shakes her pretty golden crown;
And laughter writes upon her face
The joy she feels to ride the race.
The horse will shy and run away,
But when he stops you hear her say,
In such a sweet enticing way:

“Do 't again!
Do 't again!”

She 's grown a pretty little girl,
With just a little longer curl.
How gracefully she rides the swing,
So like a cherub on the wing.
A neighbor lad with prowess rare
Is motive power with strength to spare;
He runs beneath to push her high;
Meanwhile he “lets the old cat die,”
To hear with pride her pleading cry:

“Do 't again!
Do 't again!”

She 's older now and grown so fair
Small wonder people turn and stare;

Do 't Again

But one alone her heart can thrill ;
As taught in youth, she 's sitting still
Upon the knee, but you descry,
'T is not her father's, by the by.
A sweeter kiss, lip never bore ;
He asks but one, and takes a score ;
She sighing says, as learned of yore :
 " Do 't again !
 Do 't again !"

NO!

A LITTLE, toddling tot so fair,
Born of a wish, as springs a prayer
From out the bosom of desire —
Two little feet that never tire,
Two dimpled hands from mischief freed,
Two laughing eyes would pardon plead
Of heaven, nor can the mother hide
Her admiration while she chide: —
“N-n-no!”

The sweetest words to mortal ear
Beyond a doubt are: “Yes, my dear!”
But human nature’s children show
A great dislike to mother’s “No!”
And while they mind not well themselves,
They still insist, the little elves,
Their dollies shall, and with a frown
The finger’s up, the foot comes down: —
“No! No!”

’T is strange how fair some maidens grow,
And strange how every youth should know;
And stranger still that she should fall
In love with one, yet like them all;

No!

To him her heart in love's excess
Goes out in sweetest, fondest "Yes!"
To all the others she can give
A tender, woundless negative:—
"N-no!"

The Bible brings one sin to mind
That heaven will not forgive mankind;
But human nature finds not one
The mother won't forgive her son:
However low, through drink, he falls,
Her love goes through the prison walls;
She'll toil in want to fill his purse
And plead above his drunken curse:—
"No! No! No!"

Supremest valor oft we show;
When tempted most we answer, "No!"
Yet heroes of the battle claim
The glory of immortal name:
No doubt they earn quite all they get
Who face the foe's fixed bayonet.
Surrender?—While the foemen yell
They thunder back with shot and shell:—
"No! No!"

The righteous man lies dying here;
Pray ask him if he has a fear;
If he would yield his faith and live
For all this pompous world can give—

No!

Inquire if he is sorry now
He loved his God — no matter how :
He shakes his head, with closing eyes,
A speechless negative — and dies : —
(No! No!)

JOSIAH AND SYMANTHY

JOSIAH loved Symanthy
And Symanthy loved Josi',
Which you could n't fail to notice
In the rollin' of the eye ;
But they never told each other,
On account o' bein' shy,
'Pears to me !

But they kept right on a-lovin'
Jes like any couple would.
Were n't no reason why they should n't,
Ner no reason why they should,
'Cause there wa' n't no p'int about 'em
Cupid reckoned on as good,
'Pears to me !

Now, this love disease is mortal,
'Cause it tackles mortals so,
An' the oftener you have it
The worse it seems to grow ;
More you try to hide the symptoms,
More the symptoms seem to show,
'Pears to me !

Josiah was uneasy
When Symanthy was n't near,

Josiah and Symanthy

An' he got still more uneasy
Whenever she 'd appear.
But sittin' down beside 'er
Got his joints clean out o' gear,
'Pears to me !

He put his arm behind 'er
An' then he pulled it back
Until Symanthy giggled :
“ Guess yer gittin' on the track
By the way yer flusticatin' ;
Kind a-lookin' fer a smack,
'Pears to me ! ”

Then Josiah stopped a minute,
Jes consid'rin' how 't would be
An' how best to go about it,
'Cause he had n't much idee ;
But he knew 't was waitin' fer him,
By Symanthy's shy *te-he* !
'Pears to me !

Then Symanthy got pretendin'
She was bitin' off her thumb,
But she was n't— she was waitin'
For whatever chose to come ;
While Josiah's tongue kept rollin'
In his cheek, like chewin'-gum,
'Pears to me !

Josiah and Symanthy

When Josiah was persuaded
That Symanthy would n't shout,
Wa' n't a-jokin', ner a-foolin',
Ner a-fixin' to back out, —
Then he buckled up his courage :
Kissed her cheek or thereabout,
'Pears to me !

Then he asked 'er if she 'd have him,
An' she answered : " What d' ye guess ? "
Said he wa' n't no good at guessin' ;
So she smiled an' snickered : " Yes !
Since I git ye all fer nothin'
I could n't do no less,
'Pears to me ! "

When the Squire asked 'em the questions —
On the weddin'-day they set —
Which some people answer quickly
An' about as soon forget, —
Symanthy said : " I reckon ! "
An' Josiah said : " You bet ! "
'Pears to me !

When they took their weddin' journey
Up an' down the city street,
Josiah told Symanthy
That he guessed they 'd have a treat :
So they went an' got some oysters —
What they never yet had eat,
'Pears to me !

Josiah and Symanthy

Then Josiah, sort o' thinkin',
Said : " I thought they had a shell ;
What the slipp'ry things resemble
I'll be switched if I can tell ;
An' they look so pale an' sickly
Kind o' reckon they ain't well,
'Pears to me ! "

" I wonder how they eat 'em ? "

Said Symanthy, " How d' I know ?
I've eat everythin' that you have
Ever since you've been my beau !
But I'll bet a cent ye dasn't
Put one in an' let 'er go !
'Pears to me ! "

While Symanthy eat the crackers
Josiah let one slip ;
Said it did n't taste like nothin' ;
Was n't ripe ; then closed his lip ;
Vowed he would n't eat another,
Fear 'twould spile his weddin' trip,
'Pears to me !

When the tip-expectin' beggar
Bowed an', smilin' meekly, said :
" Colonel has n't *feed* the waitah ! "
Then Josiah jerked his head —
" You can *feed* on them 'ere oysters
If the pesky things ain't dead,
'Pears to me ! "

THE BIG FISH AND THE LITTLE FISH

A LITTLE minnow wriggled in the water by the
sea,
Dining on the animalcules, as contented as could be,
When along there came a larger fish with mischief
in his eye,
Who gobbled up the minnow as he'd gobble up a
fly.

And then this little fish went off to have a quiet
swim,
When a fish that was much bigger got his hungry
eye on him
And swallowed him completely, after chasing him
awhile,
Swimming out into the ocean with a fishy sort of
smile.

Thus he reasoned: "All these little fishes Nature
made for us;
Being numbered with the bigger fish, I ate the little
'cus;'"
But there came a great leviathan his hunger to
regale,
So he finished his remarks within the bosom of the
whale.

The Big Fish and the Little Fish

Along there came a whaler with a mighty big har-
poon,

Who boiled the whole caboodle into blubber very
soon : —

The minnow and the fishes and the monarch of the
sea

Along with what is wrongly called the an-i-mal-
cu-le.

*Thus Nature has provided
Upon a singular plan : —
By which it is decided
A fish resembles man :
For this the rule they follow —
Whether single or in clan :
The big fish always swallow
The little fish when they can.*

HOW HANS TOOK SANTIAGO

VEN I reading in der pabers
How dose Spaniards cutting cabers :—
Starving all their Cuban neighbors ;
Blowing up der State of Maine ;
Und dis Nation advertising
For der soldiers, I surprising
All mine enemies, advising
Dot dey go and fight mit Spain.

I vas try to gone mit “Teddy,”
But I could n’t ride already,
For my horseback vas n’t steady,
Und dot mustang run’d away :—
Yust so soon I got astride ’er
Und she knowed I vas outside ’er,
Oh, I vas de Roughest Rider—
I vas seasick half a day.

Den I git me mad right after
Und I march away mit Shafter—
Effrybody shake mit laughter,
Till I vish I gone mit Miles,
Vere dey eat *embalmed beef stewey* ;
Bedder yet I gone mit Dewey
For to fight der Flewey-Flewey,
In dose *Full-o’-peanuts Isles*.

How Hans Took Santiago

On der transports ve vent sailing :—
Ven I felt my insides failing,
Den I rush me to der railing,
 In der greatest *hurry-cane*,
Vere I throw, mit great emotion,
All mine feelin's on der ocean,
For I yust conceive der notion
 Of "*Remembering der Maine!*"

I told Shafter "Vat a pity
Dot ve vas n't born more witty :—
Ef you vant Havana City
 Burn der grass around der town,
Den ve smoke oud dose *Manyana* :—
Like McKinley und like Hanna—
All der soldiers smoke *Havana*
 Und der ting vas done up brown!"

Den ve sail for Santiago,
Vich look bigger as Chicago,
Und ve let a great hurrah go
 For dot Hobson und his deed
Vich vas earn him all der kiss'n,
From der girls vich vas n't his 'n,
Vile de udder fellers miss'n
 All der sour grapes, so sweed.

Schley und Sampson vas a-throwing
All der shells dere vas a-going ;
Vile der Shafter vant ter knowing
 Ven dey go'n' ter take dot fleet.

How Hans Took Santiago

I told Shafter : " Vat 's der trouble ?
Dose Rough Riders — gif me couble
Of a hundert vat rides double,
I yust valk up mit mine feet.

" One behind de udder sit ;
Ef der head-man he got hit,
Ve yust hold him up a bit —
Mit confusement of der Don : —
Ven dey shooting at der head-man
Dey vas shooting at der dead man ;
Mit der cunning of de red man
Ve vill take dot hill San Juan ! "

I march up dot hill San Juan
Und dot Shafter follow on,
Ven der Spaniards vas all gone ;
Dey vas frighten of his size ;
Und I capture dose Block-houses
Und der Spaniards mit their blouses,
In der pasture vere der cows is,
For I got 'em hypnotize.

Oh, dot battle vas exciding : —
Killed a horse I vas n't riding ;
Und some Spaniards vat vas hiding
Yust behind a barbed-wire fence.
Und I gave them such defeating
Dot they kept right on retreating ;
Vile dose Cubans kept on eating
At our government's expense.

How Hans Took Santiago

Ven dot Spanish man commanding
Unto me his sword vas handing —
Vell, I could n't understanding
Such a language like dose —
Und I say, mit heart so tender : —
“ Let us neither both surrender,
Gif ter me dot gold suspender,
Und I let you keep your clothes.”

Und he say to me : “ Mine brother,
Let us do to one another
Like dot Golden Rule ! ” I ruther
Tink I vill, yust vait und see : —
Den, dot Golden Rule fulfilling,
First, mineself, I done der killing ;
Den I told him I vas villing
Dot he done der same by me.

Wheeler und Lawton vas done fightin' —
Und dot Roosevelt done rough-ritin' —
Mit der Shafter “ aus gescheiten ” —
Und der arms vas all laid down ;
Den der flags of truce dey raises : —
Handkerchiefs und pillow-cases ;
Und dey gif me all der praises,
Mit dot Sandiago town.

Ven historians been a-writing ;
Und school children been reciting
'Bout der *Hans* vat done der fighting —
Hans der hero of der wars —

How Hans Took Santiago

Let 'em gif some praise to Shafter,
Since I got me all der laughter,
Ven dey ride me on a rafter
'Cause I would n't ride a horse.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM

AN old man sits by the river's brink —
Like an old horse come to the river to drink —
A dry-rot man on a dry-rot log ;
And all is still save the croaking frog,
While the withered leaves, that recall the dead,
Fall down on the stream from the boughs o'erhead,
And floating away on the flowing tide,
Like lives on the river of time, they glide
From the present out into the by-and-by,
Where the river runs into the sunset sky.

He recalls his youth : sees a boy at play
In the barefoot time of the yesterday ;
And, smacking his lips, he plucks with glee,
Sweet grapes from the vines of memory ;
And the silent river keeps flowing on,
While he sips the wine of the past and gone.

He knew when that log was a thrifty tree,
With its crooked trunk, like a bended knee ;
Where he fished with playfellows many a day ;
And here he lingers, but where are they ?
How many are living ? How many are dead ?
And the sere leaves fall from the boughs o'erhead,
While the answer comes from the croaking frog
To the dry-rot man on the dry-rot log.

An Old Man's Dream

He tries to remember some glorious deed
Which shall earn for him an eternal meed : —
Though countless actions he may recall,
Come none but little ones, after all ;
Till half discouraged he falls asleep
On the bank of the river so broad and deep ;
On the dry-rot log by the water's brim ;
On the dry-rot log that is like to him.

On the trail of sleep there follows a dream
Wherein he, like the sere leaf on the stream,
From the present floats into the by-and-by,
Where the river runs into the sunset sky ;
While angels come down to the horizon brim,
Down out of the glory to welcome him ;
With their wings aglow and their faces fair ;
With their white robes trailing the golden stair
That leads from the pearly gates on high,
Through the opal tints of the cumuli,
Down to the horizon's rosy brim ;
And thus they speak as they welcome him —
With the psalm of life in their rustling wings : —
“ We are the angels of little things ! ”

Each one on her girdle seems to bear
A name that glory had written there : —
One is a speech that was simply kind ;
One is a song that had cheered the blind.
Here is a rose that had brought much joy
To the lonely life of a crippled boy !

An Old Man's Dream

There is a smile that prevented strife
And changed the trend of a human life !
Here is a kiss by the world forgot
On the brow of death at a soldier's cot !

Yonder a face that had often smiled
On the homeless waif and the orphan child !
Here is a foot that had weary grown
Seeking the weal of the world's unknown !
There the hand that had plucked the thorn
From the brow of shame, in the face of scorn !
But the brightest of all in that land of joy
Was a mother's tear for her wayward boy
That had dropped in a plea bereft of art:
The silent prayer of a broken heart.

The dreamer speaks to the angels there :
" Since you are so beautiful, and so fair
As angels of little things, pray you, tell
Where do the angels of great things dwell ? "

" There are none greater, except it be
That even the least are greater than we !
The King of Glory hath never a need
That mortals perform some wonderful deed.
Ofttimes the deed which a man deems great
In the scales of Heaven has little weight !
While one that may seem unto him so small
In the light of glory outshines them all ! "

An Old Man's Dream

The dreamer is charmed, and fain would stay
In the light and the love and the life alway,
Where the angels give such welcome to him ;
So he comes not back to the river's brim ;

And the dry-rot man, on the dry-rot log,
Heeds not the song of the croaking frog,
Nor the breeze that lifts his thin white hair,
Nor those who come to waken him there,
Nor the withered leaves, how fast they fall ;
For the vision is not a dream after all,
But a thing with eternal glory rife : —
For the sleep is Death ; but the dream is Life !

OLD GLORY

LET others boast of clique or clan,
There is no prouder boast of man
Than this: "I am American!" —

The nation great in story —
Where one can rise from any grade,
And few are warriors by trade,
But all are soldiers ready made,
To fight for dear Old Glory.

*How proud I am
Of Uncle Sam :
He's known throughout creation,
As ruler of
The land I love :
This grand and mighty nation.
What though I brag
About the flag
She well deserves renown : —
No enemy
On land or sea
Has ever pulled her down.*

And when our eagle, soaring high,
Trails that loved banner through the sky,
The nation hears her battle-cry —
That grand old eagle, hoary —

Old Glory

From North and South, from either shore,
Brave thousands gather thousands more ;
From peerless fleets great cannon roar,
Defenders of Old Glory.

No despots rule, no tyrants rise
Where Liberty's great banner flies,
And soars that monarch of the skies —
Our grand old eagle, hoary.
Where rich and poor together cling,
And fight for Justice, while they sing
Of Freedom, there 's no conquering
The sons of dear Old Glory.

Each star a nation grand and free,
Each stripe a bond of liberty ;
Where'er it floats, on land or sea,
It tells the self-same story —
No hand shall wield oppression's rod
Where Progress' gleaming feet have trod,
Where Justice rules, with Freedom's God
Defending dear Old Glory.

IRISH CHARITY

THEY were two Irish lads with their hearts all
a-throb, —

They 'd been killing the pigs and just finished the
job :

“ Now, Patrick, come here wid yer broad Irish
back !

Take up these potatoes, the full o' the sack !
And ye 'll niver get weary, now mind phat I say,
Till ye 're down by the house of the Widow McKay ;
Lave them under the hedge, covered up by the
twigs,

And I 'll follow ye shortly wid one o' the pigs ;
Thin I 'll take the potatoes and knock at her door,
Like ye 'll do wid the pig in a few minutes more.
What for? For to ate! trust yer brother for that ;
Ye 've the heart in yer vest, I 've the brains in me
hat !

We 've enough for the winter, a trifle beside,
While the widow has nothin' to ate but her pride.

“ She was born a true lady, and stuck to it well,
But now she 's come down in the cottage to dwell ;
Havin' lost the estate she is mighty poor now
And can't earn her livin', she does n't know how ;
While Sorrow, pale spinner, has left in her hair
A few silver threads from the shuttle of care.

Irish Charity

Though she 's too proud to say it, I know she 's in
need,

And ye 'll not suffer that if ye 're true Irish breed.

“ She was kind to us both whin she 'd plenty, galore,
So lave down the sack where I told ye before ;
And whin I 've got in and the meetin' occurred
Ye 'll come in wid the pig, niver sayin' a word ;
Lave the pig do the talkin', although he be dead ;
Whin yer charity spakes kape yer tongue in yer
head.

Don't be wastin' the time whin ye know ye 're all
right ;

Though the burden be heavy yer heart makes it
light,

And the moisture of toil from yer brow shall arise
Like an incense of charity, clane to the skies.”

Daniel went to the door, gave a delicate knock, —
With his heart throbbing loud like the tick of a
clock : —

“ Why, Daniel, God bless you ! ” said Widow
McKay,

“ God bring ye a blessin' yerself, the same day,”
Said Daniel, “ But speakin' o' blessin's, look here :
Are ye raisin' potatoes on bushes this year ?
Some thief left 'em there, for me honor I pledge,
I found these potatoes hid under yer hedge ! ”

“ I have no potatoes, good Daniel, you see,
Then how could a thief take potatoes from me ? ”

Irish Charity

Though honesty 's written all over your face
You would lie for the truth like the rest of the
race."

"'T is the truth, for I made the bold thief put 'em
down :

He 'd a taste o' me moind on the top of his crown ;
I could beat him no further, although I was roiled,
Lest I mash the potatoes before they were boiled.
Ye can ask the potatoes, they 'll tell ye no lies,
They could see it themselves, they have plenty of
eyes.

These Murphys are moral and moity well raised,
And if wid their actions yer iver displaced,
Take their coats off and warm thim, as one would
a lad ; .

It will be yer own fault if they iver turn bad.

" But a sorry, sad favor I 'll ask ye this time, —
For Patrick, me brother, 's committed a crime : —
Ye know what a temper he has, I declare ;
Well, yer pig was out walkin', just takin' the air
And what he could find — found a hole in our
fence ;

Once into the garden he would n't go thence,
But kept gruntin' — ' *Ugh! Ugh!* ' meanin' : ' *Lave
me alone!* '

Thin Patrick gets mad and he ups wid a stone, —
And the pig turnin' round wid a look of surprise,
The stone struck him fair right betune his two
eyes ;

Irish Charity

And he lay there confessin' the sins of his life,
Whin I saved him by cuttin' his throat wid me
knife.

“Then straightway we dressed him: ‘You killed
him!’ said Pat.”

‘It was I saved his bacon, ye rogue, mark you
that!’”

“Hush, Daniel, I have n't a pig on the place!”

“That is true,” muttered Dan, “for he 's dead, save
yer grace!

Here they come, both heads down; don't let on
that ye know;

For Pat, like the pig, feels the weight of the blow.

See the prisoner come wid his crime to the bar!

Ah, Patrick, ye look like the culprit ye are!

The widow 's in tears that her pig should be dead!

Take it out of her sight! Lave it down in the shed!

She 'll forgive ye this toime if ye 'll try to be good,

So ye 'll cut up the pork while I cut up some wood:

As a bit of a relish whin through wid our toil,

She 'll put on some potatoes to try how they 'd
boil—

Wid a taste o' the pork, till we see whin we dine,

The Divil of Hunger cast out by the swine.”

They sat at the table, each bowing his head:—

“What need ask the blessin'? 'tis here!” Daniel
said.

Irish Charity

Her heart clogged her throat and the tears clogged
her eye ;
Which the boys could n't stand ; they slipped out
on the sly,
And walking off home with their hearts swelling
big,
Said they never before got so much for a pig.

“ If we lied wid our tongues, we did not wid our
heart ;
And the widow is prayin', now takin' our part ;
And if word could come down, sure, St. Peter would
say :
' You boys do the work, leave the widow to pray !'
And whin we go up he will say, I presume :—
' These boys fed the widow ! Let angels make
room !' ”

ON T' OTHER SIDE THE WORLD

HOW strange to us all things appear
On t' other side the world ;
The customs are so very queer
On t' other side the world ;
There, people are but poorly fed
And laziness is born and bred ;
When we get up they go to bed,
On t' other side the world.

If things are as they 're said to be,
On t' other side the world,
They 're quite reversed, to you and me,
On t' other side the world ;
What we call *east*, why, they call *west* ;
We could n't eat what they digest ;
They think they 're clothed when partly dressed,
On t' other side the world.

So far behind the times they seem,
On t' other side the world ;
Like people living in a dream,
On t' other side the world ;
So old, they 've all turned black or brown ;
And like the steeples in the town,
The citizens are upside down,
On t' other side the world.

On t' Other Side the World

The birds turn on their backs to fly,
On t' other side the world ;
The rain falls upward from the sky,
On t' other side the world ;
The grass grows down, you must allow,
And when the maiden milks the cow,
She milks her up, she does, I vow !
On t' other side the world.

If good folks rise when they are dead,
On t' other side the world,
Where up is surely overhead,
On t' other side the world,
The journey takes them, you must know,
Where all our wicked sinners go,
Because their up is down below,
On t' other side the world.

GOIN' A - FISHIN'

HOW often we sigh for the pebbled stream
That rippled along through childhood's dream,
In the barefoot days when our feet were tough
And holidays never seemed long enough —
That important stream which the little chap
Oft wonders is never put on the map —
With the trees that gathered on either bank
In grateful shade for the water they drank,
Where we went a-fishin'.

The oak, the elm, and the white sycamore,
And those that the beech and the butternut bore :
All sorts of trees, to our youthful ken,
Which differed in this from our fellow men,
That they did n't grumble nor crowd, nor push.
From the old dead tree or the baby bush
To the clinging vine on the giant tall
There was room for each, there was room for all,
When we went a-fishin'.

The stream was ours, or narrow or wide,
No matter who owned the land each side ;
'T was ours by birth and the boyhood right
Of tramping over it day or night —

Goin' A - Fishin'

To wade the ripples and swim the pools
And watch how minnows behaved in *schools*,
Of which they seemed much fonder than we,
When under the shade of the sycamore-tree
We sat a-fishin'.

No need of wishing for fancy shoes
Or traps a barefoot boy could n't use —
For the *first one in*, as the swimmer knows,
Was the lucky boy with the fewest clothes —
But a rattan pole and a line brand-new,
A painted bob and a hook steel-blue,
A bone-handle knife with a shiny blade
Or any old knife for an "unseen" trade
When we went a-fishin'.

We knew the stream for miles each way
And held possession in tireless play :
With skates in winter, a boat in the spring,
And a summer dive from the grape-vine swing —
We almost pitied the cherubim
Because they neither could fish nor swim.
What though we seldom could feel a bite ?
We had the barefooted boy's delight
Of goin' a-fishin'.

Alas, for the boy who has never owned
A pebbled stream where he sat enthroned
On the buttressed dam where the water poured,
And dared his fellows dive overboard !

Goin' A - Fishin'

Why blame the boy if he like to fish ?
The man, full-grown, has the self-same wish ;
And even to-day, with barter and strife,
We cast our hook in the stream of life —
Still goin' a-fishin'.

I WOULD NOT SHOOT

BE not afraid, my pretty quail,
Nor flurry off to hide your trail ;
I love to hear you sing — “ Bob White ” —
No need to fly in such a fright ;
You 're welcome with your tiny brood
To all the farm and all your food ;
Thrice more delight you bring the eye
Than tongue of epicure can buy.

I will not shoot !

Oh, how I love you, little birds !
Singing anthems without words
That flood the woodland where you dwell.
I hear sweet flute-notes, knowing well
Some meadow-lark will flutter by ;
I watch with pride, there, in the sky,
The wide-winged hawk in circles go ;
And even yonder friendly crow

I would not shoot.

Come, panting fox, come hide you here !
You need not have the slightest fear ;
I 'd sooner hurt the howling pack
Thrown by thy cunning off the track.
Prettiest of four-footed things !
A score of dogs the hunter brings

I Would Not Shoot

And men a-horse with crimson frocks,
And all to catch a little fox!

I would not shoot!

There, grazing on the mountain high,
In silhouette against the sky,
I see the timid, graceful deer,
Whose chief inheritance is fear.
Let man, who simply hunts to kill
That he may boast about his skill,
Go shoot the targe and eat the ox,
But leave the woods to deer and fox,
If he must shoot!

And thou, grand eagle, art the king
Of all that stride, or stretch the wing!
E'en lordly man thou canst defy:
Thou soarest in the farther sky
Above the storms that earth invade,
Beyond where thunderbolts are made,
The nearest earthly thing to God;
Treads there a man on freedom's sod
Would dare to shoot?

Where is the shaggy buffalo?
Jehovah's herds, where did they go?
His cattle on a thousand hills
No more the selfish hunter kills;
For hides alone were myriads slain!
Of those proud monarchs of the plain,

I Would Not Shoot

We save posterity a few
By placing them within a "Zoo,"
Where none dare shoot.

Thou stealthy waddler of the wood,
Go seek some wilder neighborhood,
Or get thee to thy hermitage!
I like thee tamed, or in a cage,
Or stuffed outside the furrier's door,
Or just thy skin spread on the floor!
To trust a bear might be my ruin:
For fear thou hast some mischief *brewin'*,
I 'll have to shoot.

FOR A BOY

WHERESOE'ER a boy go sailing,
Or whate'er the wind prevailing,
He will hear some sailor hailing : —
“ Ship, ahoy ! ”

Though with strangers ever meeting,
Where salutes are only fleeting,
Still there 's always friendly greeting
For a boy.

Though a stranger he may roam
Underneath the arching dome,
Fate will always find a home
For a boy ;
And on this he may depend :
That where'er his footsteps trend
God will always find a friend
For a boy.

Mother in the armchair sitting, —
Tender visions past her flitting ;
But the tears that stop her knitting
Don't annoy.

Though at home remain the brother,
Still the heavy-hearted mother
Keeps on yearning for that other
Precious boy.

MOTHER KNOWS I'M COMIN' HOME

CONDUCTOR, thar 's my ticket,
Jes punch it through an' through,
An' when yer tired o' punchin'
Give me a punch er two!
I've been so long from mother
An' paid so little heed
To all her gentle pleadin',
A trouncin' 's what I need.
I've been out West a-minin'
An' found a heap o' gold;
Yes, I've been growin' wealthy,
With mother growin' old;
But now we 'll taste the honey
That 's in the honeycomb:
I've sent her lots o' money,
An' she knows I'm comin' home.

I've seen a heap o' mothers
With faces most divine, —
Perhaps as dear to others —
But never one like mine;
An' when I got a-thinkin'
About her love for me,

Mother Knows I'm Comin' Home

I wondered if in heaven
The folks were good as she.
I've no excuse to offer
For wanderin' about ;
I had the rovin' fever
An' had to wear it out ;
But now we'll taste the honey
That's in the honeycomb,
For I have written mother
That I am comin' home.

In boyhood sport, my father
An' I could not agree :
He never took the trouble
To be a boy with me ; —
An' while we lived together
We seemed to grow apart ;
But what he lost, my mother
Kept gainin' in my heart.
It's mighty hard a-startin',
But once you've got away
In the land of the forgetful,
It's easy 'nough to stay —
Until you miss the honey
That's in the honeycomb
An' write yer dear old mother
That you are comin' home.

I've been in Californy,
Whar so many flowers grow,

Mother Knows I'm Comin' Home

There's danger treadin' on 'em
Less you're watchin' whar you go :
Houses overgrown with roses
Have a calla lily hedge,
With geraniums a-climbin'
To the gable window ledge —
All the year, out-doors a-bloomin',
Yet there's nothin' to compare
With yer boyhood mornin'-glories
An' yer mother standin' there !
An' that's the kind o' honey
That's in the honeycomb ;
I can see her thar a-watchin'
'Cause she knows I'm comin' home.

I know jes what she's doin' — .
She's watchin' somethin' grow :
Those red an' yellow roses,
Because I liked 'em so ;
An' talkin' to the neighbors
About her splendid boy,
An' checkin' with her apron
Her overflowin' joy —
As though I were some angel
That never did a wrong —
But that's the way o' mothers :
Love is their only song !
Now, that's the kind o' honey
That's in the honey comb ;

Mother Knows I'm Comin' Home

I wrote her all about it,
An' she knows I'm comin' home.

You forgot to punch my ticket, —
Well, any time will do ; —
No doubt I've set you thinkin'
About yer mother, too,
An' how she longs to see you —
You need n't try to speak
With that distilled emotion
A-runnin' down yer cheek ;
For that 's a sort o' language
That one can understand
Without a dictionary —
Conductor, thar 's my hand :
An' if you want the honey
While it 's in the honeycomb,
Jes write yer dear old mother
That you are comin' home.

AN EVERY-DAY DOLLY

COME here, little Dolly ; don't cry any more
Because a big dolly has come from the store ;
Our people are making a terrible fuss
Because a big fortune has fallen to us ;
And nothing would do
But a dolly brand-new ;
But I never can love her as I love you.

*We loved each other when we were poor ;
You were all I had in the world, I'm sure ;
And now you shall be
Just the same to me ;
So wipe the tear from your only eye
With your broken hand. Dear Dolly, don't cry !*

I'd give you silk dresses, with ribbons and lace,
And put a new eye in your pitiful face,
With a hand, and a foot, and slippers brand-new —
But I'm sure I should cry, for it would n't be you.
You're prettier far
With a bump and a scar ;
For I love you, my Dolly, just as you are.

The rich have their troubles in social affairs,
And often get weary with putting on airs : —

An Every - Day Dolly

I'd like to go back playing dolly once more,
With an every-day dress, on an every-day floor —
 Back to where I can show
 The devotion I owe
To my every-day Dolly, — I love her so !

BUYING A DOLL

YOUNG Robert LeClade the millionaire
Was leisurely passing a toy-shop where
A poor little tot with a ragged dress —
That signal of want to his lordship, Success —
Looked into the window and wistfully eyed
The numberless beautiful dolls inside,
And stopping to listen he heard her say :
“ Why could n't you dollies come out and play ?
Have n't you got any every-day clothes ?
You could n't come out as you are, I suppose :
Silk stockings, kid slippers, a feather and hat ; —
If ever I bought me a dolly like that,
So prettily dressed, I guess it would be
Ashamed of a poor ragged mother like me ! ”

Spoke Robert : “ Pray, where do you live, little dear ?
And what are you doing away over here ? ”

“ God helps little children, ” said she, “ if they're
good,

But I live in a very bad neighborhood
And cannot expect him to look after me,
So I come over here where He 's likely to be,
And look at the dollies most every day ;
Then counting my pennies I run away
For fear the dollies will see me cry —
For pennies are scarce and dollies are high ! ”

Buying a Doll

It touched the heart of Robert LeClade,
Who, taking the hand of the little maid,
Went into the store, asking Mrs. Martell
For the prettiest dolly she had to sell ;
Which the widow's beautiful daughter got ;
And this he gave to the little tot ;
Then filling her pockets with coin, said he,
"Take that to your mamma, whoever she be !"
For Robert LeClade had learned that day :
One gets more back than he gives away.

Then the poor little tot gave his coat a pull,
While her arms and her heart and her eyes were
full ;

Her thanks told only in grateful sobs —
That matchless speech of the heart that throbs —
She pressed his hand to her quivering lips ;
'T was a touch of the soul on the finger-tips !
Then hugging her treasure ran off pell-mell.

"If I were your mother," sobbed Mrs. Martell,
"I'd kiss you myself, for the good you've wrought !"
"So would I !" said the daughter, before she
thought : —

Her heart had taken her tongue by surprise,
Then gone to her cheek to apologize —
How often has truth from captivity sprung
And peached on the heart by a slip of the tongue.

Then Robert discovered, as others have done,
That in searching for dolls he had overlooked one :

Buying a Doll

“I wanted the prettiest doll in the store ;
Good Widow Martell, you have one dolly more
I would give the half of my wealth to own ;
For a prettier dolly I never have known.
And not until now could I fully prize
The jeweled light in her luminous eyes.”

“You would like to buy ?” said Mrs. Martell,
“And such a bargain would please me well,
I’m aware of the virtues that you extol,
But ask her yourself, — she’s a talking doll.”
But Nellie, the daughter, made quick reply :
“Some dollies there are that money can’t buy !
Am I on the bargain counter to-day ? —
Or a sample of dolls to be given away ? —
Would you gaze on my features, examine my
nose ? —
Find out if my eyes will both open and close ? —
If I’m china, or bisque, or papier-mâché,
With sawdust well stuffed the conventional way ? —
If the clothes are well made and the scalp is on
tight ? —
If my arms are in place and the joints working
right ?
You’ve purchased one dolly already to-day ;
It was no sooner bought than given away ;
But it showed me your heart was worth more than
your gold ;
And since you will purchase I’m here to be sold

Buying a Doll

If you 'll give me a deed to the heart, title clear,
With the wealth of its revenues always, my dear."

"A bargain!" cried Robert. "First payment be
this:"

As he leaned o'er the counter to give her a kiss.

"N-n-no!" said the maid, as she backed out of
range,

"Would you pay me in cash for the sake of the
change?"

Do not whistle so loud till you 're out of the woods;
And please mind the placard: '*Don't handle the
goods!*'

All these kisses are yours, but be patient until
I 've delivered the goods and presented my *bill*.
When lips are caressing their language is such
They try to tell all, and get talking too much.
So I 'll give you just one and put my heart in it,
But I cannot turn kissing-doll all in a minute."

RASTUS

GOOD mo'nin', deah ole Mistus !
I 's ole Rastus done come back !
An' so dreful glad ter see you
I 's weepin', fo' a fac'.
An' when you hears de story
Dat I 's a-gwine ter tell,
You' blessed heart I reckon
Will jes begin ter swell

Lake my ole heart's a-swellin' ter see you' blessed
face,
A-smilin' me a welcome back ter de deah ole place.
Down dar's de ole log-cabin, wha' I was bo'n an'
growed ;
An' dars de ribbah flowin' jes lake it allus flowed ;

Wiv barefoot piccaninnies gwine down ter hab a
swim ;
But dey don't know ole Rastus, dey nebbah heard
o' him.
But in de woods down yon'er by de ole persimmon
tree,
You bet some ole fat possum done got his eye on
me.

Rastus

I hears de wattah-million jes a-laughin' at dis coon !
Dey knows ole Rastus' failin' : he gwine plunk 'em
mighty soon.

One mule begin ter hollah, an' den de whole blame
pack : —

“Ole Rastus ! Rastus ! Rastus ! 'Mancipation done
come back !”

But things don't look right thrifty aroun' de place
jes now ;

Is dat because de mawster ain't heah ter show 'em
how ?

An' is it true ole Mistus — dat you done lost you'
hold

Upon de ole plantation, till now it's gwine be sold ?

Not ef you heahs ole Rastus ; now Mistus don' you
smile

Until I's done a-talkin' — I finish aftah while :

I knows de “'Mancipation ” done set evah-body free,
But I wah bo'n you' niggah, an' I's allus gwine ter
be !

I guess you recomembah when de sojers come
along,

A-shoutin' ter de niggahs an' a-singin' freedom's
song !

Oh, dey was pow'ful noisy ; an' dis jes what dey
say : —

“Come along, ole 'Mancipation, we gwine help you
run away !”

Rastus

I was sahvent to de colonel all thoo de awful strife,
The colonel lake ole Rastus caze ole Rastus save
his life !

An' way up in Mahsachusetts, I 'd nuffin' else ter do
But sarve de deah ole colonel, lake I 'd been sarvin'
you.

Dey done tol' me dar was freedom an' dat Slabery
was dead !

But de diff'rance, poo' ole Rastus could n't quite get
thoo his head. .

Till one day de colonel dyin', leave his money all
ter me !

It was den I knowed ezac'ly what 's de meanin' —
“ ter be free ! ”

Fo' my heart was allus longin' jes ter go back home
once mo',

An' behol' my blessed Mistus callin' “ Rastus,” fum
de doo' !

Though I seed a heap o' ladies, an' some on 'em
pow'ful fine,

I could nevah find a Mistus dat could smile as
sweet as mine.

Fo' de angels boun' ter listen as de wo'ds come out
heh mouth,

Caze dey wants ter l'arn de di'lect lake dey heahs
it in de South.

An' den I buys a ticket, an' takes de fastes' cyars ;
I wastes no time a-loafin' er a-puttin' up de bars.

Rastus

I dress lake some poo' niggah — in dis hyer ragged
suit —

So de robbahs don't suspicion what I done got in
my boot.

Dey says dars heaps o' money — jes how much I
done fo'git —

An' now my deah ole Mistus I's gwine give you all
on it !

You gwine keep de ole plantation un'erneaf you'
blessed foot,

Becaze you owns ole Rastus wiv de money in his
boot !

Now you Mistus, stop you' cryin' ! Dat money's all
fo' you !

Fo' I wants ter sarve you, Mistus, lake I allus used
ter do.

Dar haint no 'Mancipation gwine set ole Rastus
free,

Fo' I wah bo'n you' niggah an' I's allus gwine ter
be !

Den call de whole plantation, an' de neighbahs
white an' black,

An' hab a celebration, caze ole Rastus done come
back !

BABY'S HAND

A PUFFY little pillow pad
That makes the mother's heart so glad,
When on her lips 't is gently pressed
To throttle speech and be caressed ;
Till mamma thinks she 'd like to play
Love's cannibal most any day !
Ah, none but she can understand
How soft and sweet is baby's hand !

What greater joy can mother seek ? —
A baby's hand on either cheek,
Two tender lips against her own
In sweetest kiss was ever known.
She will not sell? Go ask her why !
She cannot tell, nor you, nor I !
Not all the wealth at your command
Could buy that pink-tipped baby hand.

No limbs so weak, yet none so strong,
Nor voice that sings a sweeter song.
Although a tender little thing,
The babe is mightier than the king :
Great men and nations must give way ;
The monarch would with baby play.
What wise men willed and monarchs planned
Has been upset by baby's hand.

Baby's Hand

The star of Bethlehem seemed to be
A flash-light from eternity,
To guide the wise men to the place
Where lay the hope of all the race ;
It left a halo where it fell
Upon the babe Immanuel ;
While all the host of glory scanned
A world redeemed by baby's hand !

SO LITTLE BILL SAID

LITTLE Bill said
'At when his gran'pa crossed the plains
The Mississippi, swelled by rains,
Was 'bout as big as Baffin Bay ;
He could n't cross no other way
Essept he made the oxes swim —
Of course the oxes minded him —
An' while he tended to the sails
They steered theirselves jes by their tails !
So little Bill said.

Little Bill said
His gran'pa seed the buffalo
From where he was to Mexico —
The biggest herd he ever heard !
His oxes never said a word,
But pitched 'em off on either side
An' filled the air with buffalo hide.
To steal the bison would n't do.
An' so his oxes *hooked* a few !
So little Bill said.

Little Bill said
His gran'pa met, away out West,
A Indian tribe, in war-paint dressed,

So Little Bill Said

'At reached way off almost a mile,
All marchin' at him single file
So straight he could n't see but one,
An' so he up an' fired his gun ;
The bullet struck the big chief's head —
Went through 'em all an' killed 'em dead !
So little Bill said.

Little Bill said
His gran'pa met a polar bear ;
But had n't any bullets there ;
So put a peach-pit in his gun
An' shot the bear, but off he run.
Next spring his gran'pa went that way,
An' what d' ye think ? — as sure as day,
That selfsame bear jumped in his track —
A peach-tree bloomin' in his back !
So little Bill said.

Little Bill said
His gran'pa found a holler tree
A-leanin' o'er Yosemite —
He hollered in the tree, no doubt,
An' found its trunk was hollered out —
A tree so awful big an' tall
He chopped 'er down an' let 'er fall ;
An' when the top struck t'other ridge,
He drove his oxes through the bridge !
So little Bill said.

So Little Bill Said

Little Bill said

His gran'pa built a fly'n'-machine —
The first one anybody 'd seen —
An' started for the Pole, but found
It much too cold for flyin' round ;
An' jes as he got almost there
The thing froze fast, right in the air ;
He got so " hot " 'at he thawed loose,
But after that he wa' n't much use ;
So little Bill said.

Little Bill said

His gran'pa thought 'at some folks might
Perhaps believe his head was light
A-talkin' things 'at was n't true ;
But other folks did big things too :
For Atlas once held up the world,
An' Jupiter the lightnin' hurled ;
With Gulliver an' Buffalo Bill,
To prove great men were livin' still !
So little Bill said.

JUST DROPPED IN

THIS world is filled, where'er we go,
With human beings we don't know,
Who likewise never seem to care
Just whom we are or how we fare ;
Yet one there is, beyond a doubt,
We all have seen and talked about :
Who wears a most complacent grin,
And calling, says : " I just dropped in ! "

A social tramp — domestic bore —
Has often called at every door ;
He 's so polite you can't refuse
His very boldness to excuse.
When you have some distinguished guest,
He 's sure to come, in " Sunday best,"
And with his customary grin
Say modestly : " I just dropped in ! "

You 'd like to fix a tempting rope
Beneath the chandelier, in hope
The next time he intruded there,
He 'd mount the most convenient chair
In order to investigate ;
Then " loop the loop," permitting Fate
To recompense you with a grin
By showing how he " Just dropped in ! "

Just Dropped In

His invitations are so rare
When Death invites he 'll sure be there ;—
Although you note, with sly grimace :
“ Some one will come to take his place.”
“ At last he 's welcome !” people say,
Because he 's making quite a stay ;
And o'er his grave they pause and grin,
Where some one carved : “ He just dropped in !”

This much we guess, at any rate,
He 'll slip inside the Golden Gate
While good Saint Peter's back is turned
And — what his conduct never earned —
Sit down in some exalted nook,
Tell angels fair how well they look,
And with a sweet, ethereal grin
Inform them all : “ He just dropped in !”

IN THE RAIN

I MET a pretty maiden in the rain,
And my heart was beating such a wild refrain.
As the lucky chance befell,
So I offered my umbrèll',
And my courtesy to her was not in vain, vain, vain ;
For she greeted me with such a winning smile
And her pretty cheeks were blushing thanks mean-
while ;
There was something in her eye,
Bright and handsome, by the by,
That made me wish the journey was a mile, mile,
mile !

*“ Pretty lass,” I said, “ O my !
Do not raise your dress too high,
Or the little drops will patter on your shoe, shoe,
shoe ! ”*
*“ If your duty, sir,” said she,
“ Is to keep the rain from me,
Casting glances at my foot will never do, do, do ! ”*

A neck that would defy the painter's art :
Charming thing to separate the head and heart ;
And the hand within my arm
Filled my senses with alarm
In the fear I 'd never get the twain apart-part-part !

In the Rain

And her lips were like the cherries wet with dew ;
So delicious one must stop and taste a few.
 But there 's nothing to compare,
 Neither in the earth nor air,
With that pretty bit of nature in a shoe, shoe, shoe !

A charming little figure, so complete ;
Such a pretty creature, good enough to eat !
 Till you think fond Nature must
 Use extraordinary dust
When creating pretty maidenhood so sweet, sweet,
 sweet !

Then I told her that her ancestry I knew —
If Old Mother Goose in history was true :
 'T is a pedigree I prize
 And I 'd give my very eyes
For that pretty maiden living in a shoe, shoe, shoe !

THE WEAVERS

THE world is a loom wherein life is the thread
That breaks only once and the weaver is dead !
Through the warp of our purpose the woof of each
deed
Must fly with the shuttle though poor fingers bleed.

We are all busy weavers, think just as we may ;
The loom will keep going, the shuttle will play :
Fast weaving the cloth as it moves right and left ;
Or useful or useless depends on the weft.

Some weaving for pleasure, some weaving for
nought,
Unraveling the fabric they aimlessly wrought ;
The one seeking pleasures that never can please ;
The other in idleness, never at ease.

Some weavers of glory, some weavers of fame :
If the cloak prove too short is the weaver to blame ?
Some weave for the lowly, some weave for the
proud ;
Some working a lifetime at plaiting a shroud.

Some weave to keep weaving, with life in the
twist,
And fingers get worn when they weave to exist !

The Weavers

The fabric we 're weaving depends, I presume,
Sometimes on the weaver, sometimes on the loom.

And thus we keep weaving throughout the long
years,

Some working and smiling; some working in tears;
In life's great exhibit we bring what we may
To show what is woven — Behold the display :

The costly, the useful, the showy, the plain;
Some spotted by tears as if left in the rain;
Some frayed at the end where the weaver had
stopped —

The thread being broken, the worn shuttle dropped.

There tapestries hang, rich in figures of old,
And softest of velvets embroidered with gold;
While some have brought silk in whose bright
colors lie

The hues of the sunset, the tints of the sky :

Fine linen as white as the cumulus cloud;
Shall it serve for a wedding or serve as a shroud?
Ah, now I bethink me — how stupid one grows —
'T is doubtless intended for soft swaddling-clothes !

The delicate touch of some fingers I trace
In the exquisite web of yon texture of lace,
As if some deft spider while weaving his bed
In a maze of strange beauty had tangled his thread.

The Weavers

But who shall play censor and sit at the bar
To determine what manner of weavers we are?
And yet if our weaving be put to the test —
Those weaving the useful are weaving the best.

UNCLE SAM AND JOHNNY BULL

UNCLE Sam and Johnny Bull
Went out one day and got so full
Of friendly admiration,
They swore they 'd never fallen out
And ne'er again would brag about
Which had the bigger nation.

Said John : " In seventeen seventy-six
We had a rawther nawsty mix
About some bloomin' tea :
We've clean forgot the blawsted row —
Let's talk about alliance now !"
Said Sam : " Have one with me !

" We'll strike that Anglo-Saxon air
The race is singing everywhere ;
And sing it while we quaff —
' God save the Queen !' one stanza be !
The next, ' My Country, 'T is of Thee !'
That makes it 'alf and 'alf !"

HIDE - AND - SEEK

WAY back among the childhood joys,
Where fun was measured by the noise,
You see a lot of barefoot boys ;
At hide-and-peek they 're playing :
The one must seek, the rest may hide —
As from the row they step aside,
You hear the leader count with pride,
His rhythmic lingo saying :

*“ Ainee, mainee, monee, mike !
Barcelona, mona, strike !
Air, ware, frown, wack !
Alico, balico, calico, whack !
One, two, three !
Out goes he ! ”*

How soon these boys to manhood grow ;
Again they 're standing in a row ;
They carry arms — to battle go ;
Is 't hide-and-peek they 're playing ?
And as they march into the fray,
How many, many, fall away
When booming cannon join the play,
This rhythmic lingo saying :

Hide - and - Seek

*“ Ainee, mainee, monee, mike !
Barcelona, mona, strike !
Air, ware, frown, wack !
Alico, balico, calico, whack !
One, two, three !
Out goes he ! ”*

And later, others join the game : —
Ambition hides, and wealth, and fame !
What though it bear some other name,
’T is hide-and-peek they ’re playing !
Though death may hide with clod and clout,
Kind Heaven will find, beyond a doubt,
All Father Time has counted out,
His rhythmic lingo saying :

*“ Ainee, mainee, monee, mike !
Barcelona, mona, strike !
Air, ware, frown, wack !
Alico, balico, calico, whack !
One, two, three !
Out goes he ! ”*

THE MOCKING-BIRD

EACH flower a single fragrance gives,
But not the perfume of the rest ;
Within each fruit one flavor lives,
Not all the flavors of our quest ;
In every bird one song we note
That seems the sweeter without words ;
Yet from the mock-bird's mellow throat
Come all the songs of other birds.

Thou graceful, active, handsome thing
To please the eye and charm the soul ;
Thy songs no other bird may sing,
Such wondrous notes thou dost control :
Thou canst outsing the nightingale,
The lark, the thrush, the whippoorwill ;
To hear thee far outrun their scale,
The blithe canaries cease their trill.

Why should we call thee "mocking-bird" ?
So sweet thy song, so full and free,
Once thy enchanting notes are heard,
All other birds seem mocking thee.
Should any bird his song forget,
He could of thee that song relearn,
And singing bolder, richer yet,
Still higher praise from mortals earn.

The Mocking - Bird

Within thy southern, sunny clime,
Our ears enamored of thy song,
We pause to listen any time
And give thee encore all day long.
Fair wood-nymphs, how we envy thee
Thy moonlight serenade so rare,
Whene'er the mock-bird's melody
Is poured upon the midnight air.

THE COW - BELL

A SOUND comes to the barefoot boy
Across the pasture, o'er the hill, —
That future memories shall enjoy,
Be what he may, go where he will : —
He hears the cow-bell far away
That tinkles while the cattle browse ;
However far their feet may stray,
It tells him where to find the cows.

A poor boy grown a millionaire,
With naught on earth he may not buy ;
While pomp and splendor shed their glare,
Still nothing seems to satisfy.
All kinds of bells he owns and rings
That commerce and the world employs,
Yet nothing but the cow-bell brings
His soul back to the barefoot joys.

The hardened culprit in his cell
E'en at the church chime gives a sneer ;
But some one clangs an old cow-bell
And to his eye there comes a tear.
He's back in gentle childhood now,
A mother's hand has stroked his hair,
Her pardoning kiss is on his brow,
And from his soul there comes a prayer.

The Cow - Bell

*Not much of a bell
Where city folks dwell,
Nor much on the tone
When ringing alone,
But for taking you back to the old farm scenes,
Back into childhood beyond the teens,
It knocks all others to smithereens —
That old cow-bell.*

AN OLD BIBLE

ONLY a book, so worn and old —
With broken back and wrinkled face —
That under its rags you barely trace
The sacred story, for ages told,
Of future joys not bought with gold.
And yet those tattered lids embrace
The hope of all the human race,
Which the deaf and dumb and blind may hold
Along with the child and white-haired sage.
'T is greater than kings, more wise than seers ;
The compass of youth and comfort of age.
And who shall care how the skeptic sneers,
When behind each torn and grimy page
The smiling face of God appears ?

THE MARBLE - CUTTER'S CHAT

“GOOD day, John Andrews! How d’ye do?”
The marble-cutter lays his chisel down,
The marble chips bestud his bare arm brown;
He looks the stranger through and through:
“Good morning, sir, the same to you!
You’ve rather got the best of me, young man,
Although I’ve lived here since the town began!”

“I read your name upon the sign,
And judge you are familiar with the dead —
Through them you gain your living, be it said;
They lay their last pence at your shrine;
Your tablet marks the human line —
And since you are the last to write their name,
I thought you’d know the living just the same.

“No matter what my name may be:
Some fifteen years ago a wayward boy,
For something wrong he’d done, lost his employ,
Then sought his fortune on the sea, —
A doubtful venture you’ll agree;
Another fact which rather helped his going:
His mother married one not worth the knowing.

“’T is best perhaps some lives should part!
A second father is not yours, although

The Marble - Cutter's Chat

A loving mother strive to make him so ;
A man may hide beneath a saintly art
The meaner motives of a vicious heart :
In fact we quarreled in a month or more,
And out he drove me from my mother's door.

“ This is my story, very brief ;
I've come back rather wealthy, so they say,
But find my precious mother moved away.
The cause I learned, quite past belief,
Was hunger, poverty and grief !
The man she married folks called Archer Wells ; —
Sir, can you tell me where my mother dwells ? ”

“ Sit down beside this pyramid !
Here, on the blocks where lies this costly shaft ! ”
By spreading out the apron of his craft
The name he chiseled there was hid.
The stranger sat as he was bid,
Half leaning on the polished marble cold,
To catch the tale the marble-cutter told :

“ Go back a dozen years or so —
'T is there my story should begin, I think —
Your stepfather, you know, was given to drink !
From bad to worse some drinkers go
And stagger o'er the brink of woe —
In yonder sunken grave's neglected spot
Oblivion made his bed, unwept, forgot !

The Marble - Cutter's Chat

“ He squandered all your mother's wealth
And left her but a legacy of debts,
Of shame, disgrace, and worse than vain regrets ;
 With broken heart and broken health,
 By pity of the commonwealth
She gained admission to the home of fate :
My daughter found her at the poorhouse gate.

“ And like the tender soul she is,
From out the shadow of the poorhouse dome,
That blessed angel led your mother home :
 Our lowly roof, though humble 't is,
 Was ne'er denied to one of His
Who needed shelter, lest we fail to share
In entertaining angels unaware.

“ My daughter nursed her all these years
And gave her with a tender, loving care,
The choicest viands of our frugal fare.
 Her winning smile, which always cheers,
 Soon robbed your mother of her tears ;
And oft together they have asked in prayer
The wanderer's return — and here you are !

“ Excuse the pauses in my chat —
A marble-cutter's eyes get full of chips ;
You 'll hear the rest, sir, from my daughter's lips :
 Perhaps you won't object to that ;
 'T was she to whom you raised your hat
In admiration as she walked apart —
A sweeter child ne'er blest a father's heart ! ”

The Marble - Cutter's Chat

The stranger clasped the hard, rough hand :—
“Go first and tell my mother I am here
And break the good news gently in her ear !
Put down these tools ! Why do you stand ?
Unfinished leave the work you've planned !
Take half my wealth, — you shall not say me nay,
Nor lift a hand to work another day !”

The marble-cutter sobbed and said :
“Not till I've finished this one tribute rare —
My daughter's choosing ! Raise the apron there !
You'll not object when you have read
The name that tells you who is dead !”
And half suspecting, tremblingly he came :
There, on the marble, was his mother's name.

LEE AT APPOMATTOX

RED war had sent its devastating flood,
And left a nation floundering in blood!

At Appomattox, when the war was done —
Each soldier leaning on his silent gun —

Stood Robert Lee upon that famous knoll
And bade his army sign the long parole.

The peerless chieftain keenly felt the stroke,
And to his yielding army thus he spoke :

“ Brave comrades, mine, of many a well-fought
field, —
Scarred veterans, the time has come to yield!

“ The fates declare our bleeding cause is lost;
And prove rebellion dear at any cost!

“ We fought with brothers, — men as brave as you;
In number and resources greater, too.

“ My matchless soldiers ne'er defeat would know
With other cause or with another foe!

“ ‘ We lost,’ yon eagle screams it from the crag,
‘ Because we fought our country and our flag!’ ”

.

Lee at Appomattox

They laughed and cried and clasped each other's
hand ;
Both armies cheered a reunited land.

When foes turn friends they fight to play the host,
And war again to show which loves the most.

LEE TO THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

PULL down the "Stars and Bars!"
Once proudly waved from battlement and fort,
While millions cheered and thousands gave support,
And now a thing of scars
It droops in token of its own defeat,
And humbly doth its honored victor meet.

The edict has been said :
This country brooks no standard but its own !
Let this one live in memory alone !
Like its defenders dead
It must lie buried in the nation's dust !
'T is never what we would, but what we must !

Emblem of mortal strife —
Its stripes were cut out by the sabre blade ;
In human blood 't was dyed, in discord made ;
And borne where war was rife
In constant battle-smoke without surcease ;
It never knew the gentle breath of peace !

Flag of the bleeding South —
How many noble souls have rushed to death,
And said their final prayer in gasping breath,
With dry and parched mouth,

Lee to the Confederate Flag

Through holding faith in thee ! Their closing eyes
Watching their banner lowered from the skies.

Brave men, with coats of blue —
Behold these gray battalions battle-worn !
Behold their flag in smoke of battle torn !

This work was done by you !
Go, count the slain ! On every field they lie !
Opinions live, while their defenders die !

I've heard an army cheer
That flag, and shout above the cannon's roar,
And rushing, pile their dead up by the score
Like grain sheaves, tier on tier ;
And make in one short hour a world of woe,
To wrest a worthless standard from the foe !

Let no more blood be shed !
Pull down the flag ! 'T is no disgrace to yield —
Our father's flag is master of the field !

Go, spread it o'er the dead,
Where it shall mutely our sad failure tell
To those brave souls who fought for it so well.

'T is painful to return
To ruined homes, where mothers sit, and wives,
In useless tears, bewailing wasted lives ;
And meekly bid them learn
That nevermore on high with martial strain
That flag may cleave their southern breeze in twain.

Lee to the Confederate Flag

A generous victor saith :

Lay down your guns — no more shout war's alarm ;

Let each man keep his horse to till his farm

And plough the field of death !

Wrap those who fell within the flag they bore ;

For us, one flag, one country evermore.

The " Stars and Bars " came down —

The certain cause of fratricidal war —

The " Stars and Stripes " they raised and shouted
for ;

Then back through field and town,

As proudly as the victors, bore it thence,

To be the first to die in its defense.

THE MAN AT THE FORGE

I TELL you, kind sir, the heart grows sore
At working a lifetime for nothing more
Than to live;
As moulders constantly shovel the sand
That quickly runs out by a shade of the hand
Through the sieve.

'T is music to you when the anvil rings,
But labor for me when the hammer swings;
And the sweat
Rolls down on my cheek when the forge is hot;
For you have riches and I have not,
I regret.

From under the hammer there flies the spark,
While out of the window I hear the lark
As he sings
And soars away to the neighboring farms;—
It makes me wish that instead of these arms
I had wings.

But why are you rich and I left so poor?
I work at your forge till I'm black as a Moor
With the smut,
And muscles get hard as the hammered steel,
While life goes on like the lumbering wheel
In a rut.

The Man at the Forge

My lungs are much like the bellows there :
Both puff at the forge with the self-same air,
 Rise and fall ;
But leather and lungs are the same to you,
And failing to work give way to the new,
 That is all.

'T is work and worry to make ends meet :
The welding requires the whitest heat,
 As you know ;
For iron must sputter before it will join,
And wages is hardest money to coin,
 Blow by blow.

If I fall sick it concerns not you ;
This hammer must swing when there 's work to do
 In the shop ;
With little of rest when the muscles tire,
Till hope goes out like the unfed fire
 When I stop.

Perhaps, by and by, when accounts are made,
And all reckoned up, you might wish to trade :
 Wealth will be
So hard to account for, and then, I ween,
The great balance beam will reverse between
 You and me.

I CAN LICK ANY BOY IN THE BLOCK

I AIN'T very much on beauty,
An ornery sort of a kid ;
I 'm covered with warts an' freckles,
An' never do nothin' I 'm bid ;
Sometimes my shoes are not mated,
Sometimes there 's a hole in my sock ;
But I carry a chip on my shoulder :
I can lick any boy in the block.

I ain't very much on study,
An' larnin 's a trifle too hard ;
It 's easier wrestlin' an' fightin'
An' lickin' the boys in the ward.
The teacher jes licks me fer fightin',
An' sometimes fer tellin' him lies :
I reckon I 'd give him a tussle
If he was a boy o' my size.

But now I 'm as mad as a hornet,
An' layin' fer Billy Duval ;
I 'll wipe up the earth with his carcass
Fer tryin' to gobble my gal :
He give her a bite of his apple ;
I knew it an' tried to keep mum,
But I could n't stand it no longer
When he gave her the loan of his gum.

CRAZY PHIL

(The Prologue)

WITH double grace had heaven bestowed the
home

Of Philip Moore. Two children, motherless
From infancy, had grown to graceful youth
And comely form ; his special care had come
To be his special joy. The daughter was
Most beautiful ; the son most manly. Oft
Would she in coyness ask : " Which do you love
The more ? " And he : " Which would you part
with first ? "

" Why, neither ! neither ! " Philip would reply ;
Then hug them to his breast and punctuate
His love with kisses.

There 's no temple but
Some sacrilegious thought would desecrate.
Luke Scott, heir of ill-gotten wealth, first won
The smiles a doting father ne'er forbid, —
Made purity his prey, then scoffed at love.

The brother found the sister in the stream,
Then turned avenger and was slain.

And when
The father saw them dead he groaned and fell.
A wonder 't is grief does not sometimes kill, —
A pity too.

Crazy Phil

When Philip Moore returned
To consciousness, his children lay asleep,
Both in one grave; he left alone with grief.
The demon had confessed; insanity
Had pleaded as the cause.

“Where is the poor
Man’s justice?” Philip muttered. “Ah, ’t is here;
Insanity’s a game that two can play!
If law permit the lunatic to kill,
Let lunatics be executioners!
And if insanity will shield a crime,
Insanity must shield the crime’s revenge!
The selfsame cloak that hides the criminal
Shall hide the avenger. Aye, that man must die!”
And from that hour he feigned insanity.
All pitied him; and children through the town
Ran fearlessly to play with Crazy Phil.

(The Play)

“What! here again, old Crazy Phil?
Why daily beg of me to let you through
These doors to see the jail? What would you do
If I should grant your will?”
“First, I would beg a match to light my pipe;
Invite the inmates out when fruit is ripe!

“By discourse of a fool
’T is given out: babes in the woods one day

Crazy Phil

Lost hope and life ; but first they lost their way !
They should have been at school !
These men must hang ! Each sent to me in hope
I 'd be so kind as make a nice soft rope.

“ So I have brought this straw
To have the loops by measure fit their throttles
Like wicker work about the neck of bottles,
By rule as well as law.”
The jailor spoke : “ Here 's simple Crazy Phil ;
Guards, let him pass, so be it he keep still ! ”

He goes from cell to cell
With quaint disjointed speech ; seeming to be
The harmless victim of strange lunacy,
He acts his part so well.
Before a far-removed cell he stops ;
Assured he 's unobserved, his mask he drops.

“ So I am here at last !
Good morning, Mister Murderer, good morn !
Why try to turn away from me in scorn ?
Do I recall the past ?
I 'll turn this panorama of your crime ;
But leave revenge until some fitter time !

“ I 've come to make you think.
Look, here 's my precious daughter, pure and fair ;
Found in the water ; all her golden hair
Afloat upon the brink.

Crazy Phil

The river drowned her in its pitying tears
To find her blighted in her tender years.

“ At this, her loving brother,
The reins of Justice in his frenzied grasp,
Drove at you for revenge ; your poinard asp
 Stung his young heart ! Another
Poor victim at your door ; I found this dagger ;
It bore your name ; the load made reason stagger.

“ Too much for one humanity !
When reason came, you had confessed the crime ;
Maintained 't was '*self-defense*,' claimed for the time
 A species of insanity !
Wealth brought delays, and wealth will set you free,
Free from the law, from all the world *but me* !

“ For fear you might forget,
Here 's crime's rehearsal short as I can make it —
This dagger's length — Oh, no, you shall not take
 it ! —

At least, kind sir, not yet !
Through craft, to others I am ' Crazy Phil ! '
But Philip Moore to him I mean to kill !

“ And, if you doubt me sane,
Gaze here ; play courtship with my soulful eye !
You cannot ? Then by other testing try
 To mock this reasoning brain
That sits, like Job of old, from all apart,
In sackcloth on the ashes of the heart.

Crazy Phil

“ My sweet girl, and my boy !
You robbed the poor with gilded blandishment,
Stole those pet lambs from out the shepherd’s tent,
His all — his double joy !
I ’d tear you limb from limb, but that I wait
To goad you with the agony of fate.

“ See Justice stand apart,
With chain and shackle bound, forged from your
gold !
The clutches of the law let go their hold !
But here, within this heart,
There sits a jury gold can never buy !
Adieu ! In art I shall with actors vie ;
Insanity ’s the play wherein you die ! ”

The trial o’er ; Luke Scott,
Set free, came down the court-house steps one
morn ;
Each step one deeper in the people’s scorn.

“ Now shall thy carcass rot ! ”
Cried Phil. “ Good citizens, pray stand apart ;
I sheathe this dagger in its owner’s heart !

“ ’T was thus he killed my boy !
My girl ’s avenged ! Friends, with me do your will,
I ’m Philip Moore ; no longer ‘ Crazy Phil ; ’
My madness a decoy ! ”
And yet no hand would stay, no voice complain ;
Nor officer put on the prison chain.
They smiling said : “ Perhaps he *was* insane ! ”

THE DEACON'S DRIVE

GOOD Deacon Jones, although a pious man,
Was not constructed on the meagre plan ;
And he so loved the Sabbath day of rest,
Of all the seven deemed it far the best ;
Could he have made the year's allotment o'er,
He would have put in many rest-days more.
One Sunday morn, on sacred matters bent,
With his good wife, to church the deacon went.
And since there was no fear of being late,
The horse slow jogged along his Sunday gait.
This horse he got by trading with a Jew,
And called him Moses, — nothing else would do.
He'd been a race-horse in his palmy days,
But now had settled down to pious ways, —
Save now and then backsliding from his creed,
When overtempted to a burst of speed.

'T was early, and the deacon's wife was driving,
While from the book the deacon hard was striving
On sacred things to concentrate his mind —
The sound of clattering hoofs is heard behind ;
Old Mose pricked up his ears and sniffed the air ;
The deacon mused : " Some racers, I declare !
Fast horse, fast man, fast speeds the life away,
While sluggish blood is slow to disobey ! "

The Deacon's Drive

He closed the book ; he 'd read enough of psalms —
And, looking backward, spat upon his palms,
Then grabbed the sagging reins: " Land sakes
alive !

It 's late, Jerushee, guess I 'd better drive ! "

The wife suspects there 's something on his mind ;
Adjusts her spectacles and looks behind :

" Pull out, good Silas, let that sinner past
Who breaks the Sabbath day by drivin' fast !
What pretty horses ; he 's some city chap ;
My, how he drives ; he 'll meet with some mishap !
Be quick thar, Silas ; further to the side ;
He 's comin' ; thank the Lord the road is wide !
Jes look at Mose ; if he ain't in fer war !

Say, Silas, what on earth you bracin' for ?

Old man, have you forgot what day it is ? "

" Git up thar, Mose ! Jerushee, mind yer biz ! "

" Upon my soul, look how that nag 's a-pacin' ;

Why, Silas, dear, I do believe you 're racin' !

Land sakes alive, what will the people say ?

Good Deacon Jones a-racin', Sabbath day ! "

" Jerushee, now you hold yer pious tongue,
And save yer voice until the hymns are sung !
Make haste unto the Lord ; that 's the command ;
We 're bound fer church — I trust you understand ! "

" But goin' to church, good Silas, racin' so,
Will bring us into heaven mighty slow ! "

The Deacon's Drive

"Hush up, Jerushee, else you 'll make us late ;
Gelong thar, Moses — strike yer winnin' gait !
God gave him speed and now 's his time to show
it ;
If that 's a sin, I never want to know it."

A loving wife to acquiescence used,
Jerusha soon begins to get enthused.
Said she : " Don't leave the church folk disap-
pointed,
Nor let the ungodly beat the Lord's anointed !"
" You 're right, Jerushee, thar yer head is level,
In life's long race the saint must beat the devil ;
Though on this Hebrew horse depend we must
To keep the Christian from the sinner's dust.
That 's right, Jerushee, give old Mose the birch,
Fer here 's a race : ' The world ag'in' the church ;
Both Testaments are at it fer their lives —
The Old one pacin' while the New one drives ;
And Satan 's found at last all he can do
To tackle both the Gentile and the Jew."

The stranger's horses come at such a pace
They dash ahead as if to take the race.
" The jig is up, Jerushee ; guess he 'll beat ;
He 's in the lead and Mose is off his feet."
" What talk is that ? Now, Silas, don't you scoff ;
How can he jig if all his feet are off ?
And now you say he 's struck his gait at last,
I feared he 'd strike on suthin', goin' so fast."

The Deacon's Drive

The stranger cries : " Come on, old Sanctimony,
Old wife, old wagon, and old rack-a-bony !"
Jerusha's dander's up ; Jerusha's mad ;
She grabs her bonnet and applies the gad.
And Mose at last has struck his old-time speed ;
For once the Jew and Gentile are agreed.

Around the church the gathered country folk
Observe : " The Sabbath day is bein' broke."
With eager eye and half-averted face,
Though some condemn, yet all observe the race.
" Land sakes ! " cries one, " I'll bet ye ten t' tew
It's Deacon Jones a-drivin' that ar Jew."
" I can't bet much, but here's my life upon it —
That thar's Jerushee — know her by the bonnet !"
Along the dusty road the horses speed,
And inch by inch old Moses takes the lead.
Jerusha gets excited, now she's winning,
And all her former anger dies a-grinning.
" Come on, old Disbelief, old Satan's crony,
Don't lag behind on any ceremony !
Take my advice : Before you give much sass
Jes turn yer horses out on Sunday grass."

Old Mose had forged ahead at such a rate
The deacon could n't stop him at the gate ;
The more he pulled the faster Mose would go ;
Jerusha grabbed one line and hollered : " Whoa !"
Which swung him in ; the buggy with a crash,
Swinging against the horse-block, went to smash.

The Deacon's Drive

The pastor said: "I hope you broke no bones,
Although you broke the Sabbath, Deacon Jones."
"Don't blame this onto Sile," Jerusha said:
"But on that hoss; you know he's Jewish bred,
An' won't do nothin' Saturday but rest;
On Sunday he breaks loose like all possessed.
At least we 're here and safe, therefore rejoice,
But I shall sing no more, I've strained my voice!"
"I thought 't would break," they heard the pastor
say,
"It has been cracked for many, many a day."

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE DICTIONARY

I AM a Frenchman from Pareè,
I sail on top the ocean :
“Go on the board !” they tell to me ;
I like me not the notion :
Sail on a leetle board, — Oh, no !
I much prefer the steamaire !
They call me “Lobstaire ” while they laugh,
And make of me blasphemaire.
I then compare
The great Webstaire —
I look me in the dictionnaire :—

*L-o-b-s-t-e-r — lobstaire : A large long-tail crusta-
cean, use for the food ; eh bien !*

Perhaps I am ; I cannot tell ;
I understand not vairee well !

The passengaire get vairee seek
And hang across the railing ;
“Heave to !” I hear the sailor speak —
I do so without failing.
They cry : “ Frenchman, bravissimo !
Done well, and to the lettaire ;
When up your ancestor you throw
You manage to feel bettaire !”

The Frenchman and the Dictionary

I then compare

The great Webstaire —

I look me in the dictionnaire :—

*A-n-c-e-s-t-o-r — ancestor — forefathaire : I must
throw up my forefathaire ; one, two, three, four. I
have throw up but one already ; three more to come,
— O mon Dieu !*

Perhaps I may, I cannot tell ;

I understand not vairee well !

I tell the mastaire of the sheep —

Le capitaine most civil —

“ You shall pay back what I not eat ! ”

He say : “ Go to the devil ! ”

I ask : “ Where ees that officaire ? ”

He shake the sheep weez laughtaire,

And say : “ Hees watch ees down below ;

You find monsieur hereaftaire ! ”

I then compare

The great Webstaire —

I look me in the dictionnaire :—

*D-e-v-i-l — the fathaire of lies : Then Monsieur
Capitaine, he is your fathaire ? and I shall be intro-
duce hereaftaire !*

Perhaps I may, I cannot tell ;

I understand not vairee well !

While sitting on the deck one night,

A sweet young bride so chubby

Come kees and kees me weez all her might ;

She take me for her “ hubby.”

The Frenchman and the Dictionary

I ask her to apologize
Weech drive her to deestraction ;
Her husband come, weez much surprise,
Demand my satisfaction !

I then compare
The great Webstaire —

* I look me in the dictionnaire : —

S-a-t-i-s-f-a-c-t-i-o-n — *satisfaction* : *To be satisfy : to have quite enough.*

Perhaps I had, I cannot tell ;

✱ I understand not vairee well !

At first I tip the cabin boy,
Then tip the steward, winking ;
I tip the officaire my cap,
He tip the glass for drinking ;
And every wave ees tip weez foam ;
The boat himself ees tipping.
No waitaire tip, — he tip the soup
And leave your garments dripping.

I then compare
The great Webstaire —

I look me in the dictionnaire : —

T-i-p — *tip* : *To give away the money : to pay twice for the same thing : to pay the wages of othaire people's servants !*

Perhaps I did, I cannot tell ;

I understand not vairee well !

DANDY DEWEY

WE the pretty mermaids know
Dandy Dewey.
E'en the devil down below
Heard of Dewey.
Killed so many Dons that day
Fighting in Manila Bay,
Even Satan had to say :
"Dandy Dewey."

You were itching for a chance,
Dandy Dewey,
To attend a Spanish dance,
Dandy Dewey,
And your gunners played so well
That the dancing shot and shell
Waltzed their ships below, pell-mell,
Dandy Dewey!

It was on the first of May,
Dandy Dewey,
Was it Retribution Day,
Dandy Dewey?
Rather tough on poor old Spain,
But somehow the sailor's brain
Keeps remembering the *Maine*,
Dandy Dewey!

Dandy Dewey

'T was a message short and sweet,

Dandy Dewey :

“Take or sink the Spanish fleet !”

Dandy Dewey !

Well you followed out the plan,

Losing neither ship nor man ;

But the awful risk you ran,

Dandy Dewey !

Stealing up Manila Bay,

Dandy Dewey,

Where the dread torpedoes lay,

Dandy Dewey,

With the darkness like a pall,

Knowing not what might befall,

Was the bravest deed of all,

Dandy Dewey.

Will the story e'er be told,

Dandy Dewey,

Of the tars and gunners bold,

Dandy Dewey,

How they swept the water clean,

Till the Spanish now, I ween,

Have a navy, sub-marine,

Dandy Dewey ?

As the ships came down below,

Dandy Dewey,

Mermaids shouted up : “ Hello !

Dandy Dewey ! ”

Dandy Dewey

We had all the news ahead ;—
We the cable message read :
“ Take the fleet alive or dead,”
Dandy Dewey !

Now Manila 's lost a letter,
Dandy Dewey —
Does it sound in English better,
Dandy Dewey ?

When henceforth the name be writ,
Change the spelling just a bit ;
For you knocked “ l ” out of it,
Dandy Dewey !

Spain once ruled o'er half the earth,
Dandy Dewey ;
She is now of little worth,
Dandy Dewey ;
Having lost her occupation,
She 's another old-time nation
Living on her reputation,
Dandy Dewey.

All the mermaids loudly claim
Dandy Dewey
Is most worthy of his fame !
Dandy Dewey
Has been crowned by acclamation :
“ Naval hero of the nation ! ”
None can claim a higher station,
Dandy Dewey.

THE SOUTHERN BELLE

WHO can describe the Southern Belle,
Or even half her glory tell,
When rhyme and reason go pell-mell
In floods of strong emotions?
While gazing in her wondrous eyes,
Where all the tempting lustre lies,
You get confused in sweet surprise
And wander in your notions.

Who sent the critic to the school
To measure beauty by the rule
Which pretty girls may ridicule
And Cupid call high treason?
Most any lover will confess
There are some eyes a power possess
To look one out of consciousness
And clean upset his reason.

In liquid eyes of limpid brown
The gazing youth would straightway drown,
But Cupid pulls the lashes down;
And coyly peeping under,
Bids him in that short leisure note
How nature forms the graceful throat
That makes admiring painters gloat
And sculptors pause in wonder.

The Southern Belle

Let eyes be brown or eyes be blue,
There's little choice betwixt the two ;
A thrill of ecstasy goes through
 The one on whom they linger.
Whatever crown she chance to wear,
Or dark, or gold, or auburn hair,
You bow ; and wonder if you dare
 Caress the tapered finger.

How oft the voice of childhood cries :
“ Open your lips and close your eyes,
I'll give you that will make you wise ! ”
 Now that the youth is older,
Dared he the same request to make,
All thought of giving he'd forsake,
Guessing how many he would take ! —
 Were he a trifle bolder !

Such sweet enchantment in her style,
With every movement queenly ; while
The Southern sunshine in her smile
 Impels to adoration !
Her voice is music soft and clear,
Her dialect so charms the ear,
That angels pause, when they come near,
 To catch her conversation.

STONEWALL JACKSON

IF you are one of the "Old Brigade,"
Who learned the marching and fighting trade
Of that great soldier, I command
That you sit down and let me stand
And listen to all you 've got to tell !
For none may know a hero so well
As one who followed him into the fray ;
So load up your heart and fire away ;
There 'll never be doubt of a word you say
Of "Stonewall " Jackson.

You're a gentleman, sir ! At the very start
You've opened the door to a Southron's heart !
For he was the idol of Sunny South !
His magical deeds were in every mouth !
His soldiers thrilled at his very name !
When down the line the invincible came,
We could always trace him along the route
By the lusty cheer and the swelling shout ;
For the hats went off and the "yell " rang out
For "Stonewall " Jackson.

He was a general born and bred ;
And there was n't a soul of the thousands he led

Stonewall Jackson

Who would n't have followed him anywhere —
That peerless soldier, with martial air —
As he rode "Old Sorrel" along the van,
Enthusing his men ere the battle began ;
For, catching the fire of his flashing eye,
As the swordless hand was waving on high,
They needed no other battle-cry

Than "Stonewall" Jackson.

A faultless commander from top to toe !
He would n't sit down to await the foe,
But would strike him on march or the tented field,
Where the foe must fly, or the foe must yield.
His movements were like to the meteor's flash ;
His infantry moved with a cavalry dash.
There never was general more revered,
Nor by his soldiers more heartily cheered,
Nor by the foemen more justly feared,

Than "Stonewall" Jackson.

A man so great that he seemed to be
The pride and the pattern of modesty !
As gentle in camp as a timid girl,
But a lion at rage in the battle's whirl !
Meek servant of God in his prayer at night,
But the king of terrors next day in the fight ;
In extremes of thought his emotions ran —
From his baby's fingers to the battle's plan ;
A prayer to Jehovah — then into the van

Rode "Stonewall" Jackson.

Stonewall Jackson

His soldiers worshiped him, for they knew
He could plan campaigns and carry them through.
His keen eye, sweeping the battlefield,
Would catch at a glance where the foe must yield.
So often was victory snatched from defeat,
His buglers forgot how to sound the "retreat!"
'T was he at Manassas who held the Gray
Like a wall of stone, where he saved the day!
And earned that immortal sobriquet
Of "Stonewall" Jackson.

Fresh with the honors of Winchester came
The laurels of Richmond, and martial fame!
A mighty Colossus, he stood on the height
Of Fredericksburg! Galloping into the fight,
With Victory holding his bridle-rein,
The tide of the battle turned back on the plain!
Till it seemed the Almighty became aware,
If Heaven would ever this Union spare,
It must stop the fighting and stop the prayer
Of "Stonewall" Jackson.

There never was mortal could so inspire
The breast of the brave with that frenzied fire
That impels men on with resistless sway
And makes them invincible in the fray!
And him were the soldiers accustomed to hail
"Their Monarch of Battles, who never could fail!"
For always in battle the tide he turned!

Stonewall Jackson

And not till his death was his value learned !
Then Victory fled, while Dixie yearned
For "Stonewall" Jackson.

This martial genius, with masterful skill
In strategy, conquered at Chancellorsville !
But, just as the victors to joy gave breath,
From the soldiers he loved came the missile of
death.

Mischance never aimed a more sorry dart ;
Lee lost his right arm, and the South lost her
heart !

Then " Let us pass over the river and rest
In the shade of the trees ! For God knows best ! "
And the great soul leaped from the mortal breast
Of "Stonewall" Jackson.

THE FRENCHMAN'S SPIDER AND THE FLY

THE spidaire weave hees web one day ;
Mees Fly come buzzing long that way ;
The spidaire speak —
And blush her cheek :
“ You should not roam,
But have a home
Of lace so beautiful, Mees Fly,
It match the jewel of your eye.”

Mees Fly she walk just so ;
The spidaire very slow ;
The spidaire sigh ;
She drop her eye,
Turning oblique,
Powdaire the cheek ;
Then rapidly her feet she fling ;
He *rubber-neck*, she rub her wing.

“ Since I long time your beauty know,
I build for you this gran' château.”
Mees Fly, she say :
“ I must not stay !
We nevaire met !”
He say : “ An' yet

The Frenchman's Spider and the Fly

I dine with many of your kin ;
Let me present myself ! — walk in ! ”

Mees Fly she feel so compliment
To own the house an' pay no rent ;
 Right proud she grow,
 An' fond of show ;
 She not believe
 He can deceive ;
An' when the spidaire stroke her chin,
She's captivate — an' walk right in !

Before she can enjoy the place,
Her feet get tangle in the lace :
 Entrap is she
 Through vanitee !
 Then she, too late,
 Bemoan her fate.
With flatteree that he supply
The spidaire always catch the fly !

GENERAL HANCOCK

HARD by the nation's temple of fame,
Where sleep the great in deed and name,
Liberty strides with solemn tread,
Eternal guard of the treasured dead.
Outside on tessellated floor,
Outside the walls with golden door,
Her sentry step the nation hears,
In measured beat through waiting years ;
To watch the gate, her constant care,
That only the great may enter there.

From Governor's Island, cannons boom
Salute unto the fallen plume ;
The fortress flag is lowered half,
And drooping, clings the barren staff ;
The sword is sheathed and laid aside ;
The silent barge floats down the tide, —
Down to the nation's temple of fame,
The speechless helmsman guides the prame.

The barge is moored at Fame's green isle,
The catafalque removed the while —
Brave soldiers, craped, with arms reverse,
Upon their shoulders — human hearse —
With muffled drum and mournful air,
The casket of their chieftain bear.

General Hancock

Up that same path where late they came,
Up to the nation's temple of fame.

The goddess sees the solemn train,
And o'er the music's sad refrain
Cries to the mourning leaders: — "Stay!
Set down the corse! what seek ye, pray?
Do ye not know, who bear the bier,
None but the great may enter here?
And who is this for whom ye claim
Eternal rest in temple of fame?"

"This is the fame our hero has:
At Churubusco, Contreras,
A youthful soldier awed the foe,
In stubborn war with Mexico;
At San Antonio 't was he
Who bore the palm of bravery.
Then open the gate to him who came
Up, step by step, to temple of fame;

"Our captain heard, in Sixty-one,
War's fierce alarm from Sumter's gun;
At Williamsburg, the soldiers say,
'T was his fierce charge that won the day.
South Mountain, with Antietam's field,
Proved him a soldier would not yield.
Deeds stalwart, fitting stalwart frame,
Earn him the right to temple of fame.

General Hancock

“ At Golding’s Farm and Garnett’s Hill ;
At Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville ;
At Savage Station, Marye’s Height,
We found him in the hottest fight.
At Spottsylvania, Wilderness,
Cold Harbor, Petersburg, no less :
These give our hero lasting name !
Then open the gate to temple of fame.

“ ’T was he held Cemetery Ridge,
That made for victory a bridge ;
When to his breast he held the targe
That stopped great Pickett’s madd’ning charge
On doubtful field, he won by far
The grandest victory of the war,
And gave to Gettysburg a name
That wins his right to temple of fame.

“ The casket lies uncovered there ;
That noble face, the silvered hair,
Proclaim to all, in accents mute,
Great virtue, rarer attribute
Than tales of valor you may hear —
Great goddess, bid us raise the bier,
And to this one of spotless name
Pray ope the gate, warden of fame.”

“ This door is only for the great,
Whose deeds we would perpetuate ;

General Hancock

Twice has it opened in the year —
For Grant's and for McClellan's bier ;
And now again, the nation saith :
As once in life, so e'en in death,
'T is fit that he should follow Grant,
Like a true soldier, militant ;"
And now the goddess speaks once more,
As slowly swings the golden door :
" To all the world I now proclaim,
Hancock shall have eternal fame."

THE DOG SALE

OLD Rover once said to his frow —
Bow, wow!

We've got too much family now —

Bow, wow!

So pick every pup

You would sooner give up

And we'll sell them at auction somehow —

Bow, wow!

There's Don with a musical bark —

Bow, wow!

And Fannie so fond of a lark —

Bow, wow!

With Towser at play,

Who sleeps all the day

But watches all night in the dark —

Bow, wow!

The twins that we can't tell apart —

Bow, wow!

And two so unlike from the start —

Bow, wow!

Bulldozer for running,

And Carlo for gunning,

And Bob for the little boy's cart —

Bow, wow!

The Dog Sale

There 's Tiger so homely and grave—

Bow, wow!

But never a dog was more brave—

Bow, wow!

With Tiny and Mix,

Who can do all the tricks,

And Spry who can buffet the wave—

Bow, wow!

Seeing tears in the eyes of his frow—

Bow, wow!

Said Rover : “ We 'll not sell them now—

Bow, wow!

Although we have many,

We can't part with any ;

We 'll manage to keep them somehow—

Bow, wow !”

THE HOBO

H EIGH ho! shamble and jog;
The hobo man with his stub-tail dog
Takes life somewhat as he takes the air:
He revels in nature with never a care
As to who may own it — he whistles and sings —
With none of the work nor worry it brings.
'T is little he cares what people may think,
Since nature has furnished him water to drink;
He can borrow his clothes and beg his food —
This raggedy, baggedy, highway dude.

The dog that follows the hobo man
Had grown a tail on a generous plan,
But being an hungered the hobo said —
Having heard how the man on a desert was fed:
“Dogs' tails are old-fashioned and obsolete!”
So he cut off the tail and devoured the meat, —
Like one who makes free with what is n't his own,
As the other had done — giving doggie the bone,
“For nature hath graciously furnished the food,”
Said the raggedy, baggedy, highway dude.

Said the stub-tail dog to the hobo man:
“We dine on a most economical plan!
Though oft I have followed it only to fail,
At last I've succeeded in catching my tail!”

The Hobo

And the little dog laughed at the humor — ha ! ha !
As he gnawed at the end of his vertebra !
“ In accomplishing this, such a marvelous feat,
You have kept us alive, making both ends *meet* ;
May we never again be cur-tailed of our food ! ”
Said the raggedy, baggedy, highway dude.

DOLL - BABY TOWN

THERE 's a Doll-baby town !
I found it by accident, not far away,
In the land of Muchacha, as Spaniards would say :
In dreams I went galloping hither and yon —
'T was doubtless a nightmare I cantered upon —
I rode over mountain and valley and glade
To a place where the beautiful dollies are made ;
In a land that is ruled by a beautiful queen,
I discovered a village I never had seen,
 Called Doll-baby town.

 Where is Doll-baby town ?
As Mother Goose told me I'll tell it to you : —
“ Ride past the Old Woman's, who lives in a shoe ;
Past Little Miss Muffet's, then turn at the corner
Where live the Boy Blue and the famous Jack
 Horner ;
By Little Bo-Peep's, — through the forest ; beware
Of the wolf who met Little Red Riding-hood
 there ; —
Past Old Mother Hubbard's, on over the hill,
Worn bare by the tumbling of Jack and of Gill ! —
 There is Doll-baby town ! ”

 In Doll-baby town
There 's nobody living but dollies, I hear,
And that is the reason the town is so queer ;

Doll - Baby Town

The streets all so narrow, the buildings so small ;
But little toy citizens never grow tall.
With dollies out walking, and dollies a-wheel ;
While others are riding the automobile ;
So many out shopping, and others at tea,
But all are as happy as happy can be
 In Doll-baby town.

In Doll-baby town

The people are moral ; and strange to relate,
Have only one church where they all congregate —
Those wee little people, in wee little pews —
The Turk and the Moslem, the Christians and
 Jews : —

'T is little they care for the wealth or the breed,
And reckon the mortal far more than the creed.
Their virtues so many, their vices so few,
Policemen and preachers have little to do,
 In Doll-baby town.

In Doll-baby town

There are no politicians ! How strange it must seem
To have people honest, all held in esteem ;
Where plenty is common there 's never a need
To clutch after money with merciless greed !
No drinking nor gambling ; no envy, no strife ;
But the peace and good-will of an ethical life.
If men were like dollies, from selfishness free,
This beautiful world would a paradise be,
 Like Doll-baby town.

Doll - Baby Town

To Doll-baby town,
I wish I could take all the children I know ;
The journey 's so cheap everybody should go —
On hobby-horse, rocker, or grandfather's knee ;
The big ones half price and the little ones free.
Oh, to look at their faces and watch the surprise
Peeping out of the windows of wide-open eyes —
And hear what the dear little children would say :—
Their musical laughter ; their joy of a day
In Doll-baby town.

DAN BUTTERFIELD

TO make the soldier, you surely need,
Above the courage and grit and breed,
That thorough drill in the soldier's trade
That rendered Butterfield's old brigade
So famous during the civil strife
As a wall of defense, instinct with life,
That could n't be driven back nor moved ;
As the battle of Gaines' Mill clearly proved,
Where valor another synonym made,
In the bugle-call of the Third Brigade : —
 “ Dan ! Dan ! Dan !
 Butterfield ! Butterfield ! ”

Great battles of lesser battles are made ;
And often the pluck of a single brigade
Has turned the tide and rebuked the storm
Of rushing thousands in uniform.
But back of the valor by which men win
Are the bitter lessons of discipline ;
And the Third Brigade in the test of war
Found out what rigorous rules were for ;
Though oft when weary, some wag would bawl
This change in the words of the bugle-call : —
 “ D—n ! Dan ! Dan !
 Butterfield ! Butterfield ! ”

Dan Butterfield

The Gaines' Mill Battle, old soldiers say,
Was the fiercest one of the civil fray :
'T was in Sixty-two, in the afternoon
On a sunny day near the end of June,
When the crafty Lee, in his armed might,
Hard hit McClellan's unguarded right.
It was fearful odds : — Eighty thousand bore
With terrible weight on a single corps
Which seemed to be standing on dress parade,
Where rose the cry of the Third Brigade : —

“ Dan ! Dan ! Dan !
Butterfield ! Butterfield ! ”

“ Be sure, my men of the Third Brigade,
To show the metal of which you 're made !
Wait till you see the white of the eye,
Then fire at the knee and don't fire high ! ”
As wave follows wave on the rocky shore,
Come the long gray lines with ominous roar,
To fall back broken ! 'T is death to stay —
For the Third Brigade will never give way !
With matchless courage, e'en while they fall,
They shout the words of their bugle-call : —

“ Dan ! Dan ! Dan !
Butterfield ! Butterfield ! ”

There are times when brave men only stand
Because a hero is in command ;
And here is a case where thousands yield
The palm of valor to Butterfield :

Dan Butterfield

“ Hold this position ! ” they hear him say,
“ For should you waver, the corps gives way ! ”
Then down the lines, in the face of death,
They watch him ride, and catching their breath
At sight of a courage almost insane,
They shout from fear their commander be slain : —

“ D—n ! Dan ! Dan !
Butterfield ! Butterfield ! ”

In the lull of battle they hear him shout :
“ Your ammunition is never out
So long as your bayonets hold ! ” And then,
Thrusting a guidon in earth : — “ Brave men
Of the Sixteenth, make it a human wall,
Though every man in the regiment fall ! ”
The enemy charged and charged again :
In five short minutes a thousand men
Went down like grass from the mower’s blade,
So fearful the fire of the Third Brigade !

“ Dan ! Dan ! Dan !
Butterfield ! Butterfield ! ”

Great wars may trample out human lives,
But the story of valor forever survives : —
The rest of the corps so shattered and torn
By weight of numbers was overborne
And driven back ! But the Third Brigade,
Though fighting an army, would not be swayed ;
But held their ground till the day was done !
The battle was lost ; but the Third had won

Dan Butterfield

A glory that victory cannot bring —
The palm for valor! — and still they sing :

“ Dan ! Dan ! Dan !
Butterfield ! Butterfield ! ”

Consummate soldier was “ Fighting Dan,”
Who never was conquered because his plan
Was : “ Fight ! And the sooner the battle is won
The sooner the business of war is done ! ”
“ What else,” cried he, “ is the soldier for
But to stop the rush of the steeds of war ? ”
With him was the genius and fearless hand
For wielding the sword of supreme command.
Some deeds of valor are left untold,
But Fame has this with the great enrolled :

“ Dan ! Dan ! Dan !
Butterfield ! Butterfield ! ”

LITTLE MISS STUDY AND LITTLE MISS PLAY

LITTLE Miss Study and little Miss Play,
Each came to the school from an opposite way ;
While little Miss Study could always recite,
This little Miss Play hardly ever was right ;
For little Miss Study found she could do more
By learning her lessons the evening before ;
But, fond of a frolic, this little Miss Play
Would put off her lessons until the next day.
At the head of her class Miss Study was put,
While little Miss Play had to stay at the foot !
Thus little Miss Study and little Miss Play
Went onward through life — in an opposite way.

THE STUTTERING LOVER

I LU-LOVE you very well,
Much mu-more than I can tell,
With a lu-lu-lu-lu-love I cannot utter ;
I kn-know just what to say
But my tongue gets in the way,
And af-fe-fe-fe-fe-fecti^on 's bound to stutter !

*When a wooer wu-wu-woos,
And a cooer cu-cu-coos,
Till his face is re-re-red as a tomato,
Take his heart in bi-bi-bits,
Every portion fi-fi-fits,
Though his love song su-su-seem somewhat staccato !*

I 'll wu-worship you, of course,
And nu-never get divorce,
Though you stu-stu-stu-stu-storm in angry weather ;
For whu-when you 're in a pique,
So mu-mad you cannot speak,
We 'll be du-du-du-du-dumb then both together.

TWO APPLES

OH, she was fair as the god of love,
And sweet as a dream of bliss above ;
While he was modest and feared to tell
The love he never could hide right well.
He took two apples : one white, one red ;
“ These apples are you and I,” he said ;
“ The red one I and the fair one you ;
Pray make your choice of the apples two
And leave the other for love to woo.

*“ Apples are like the human heart :
Some are sweet and others tart ;
Apples of love and apples of gold ;
In each a story of love is told.
On neighboring trees these apples grew ;
While yours is fair, mine changed its hue
By blushing red in its love for you.”*

He stepped aside ; she was left alone ;
She took his apple and left her own ;
He found her hiding her love away
Behind the lace of the window-bay ;
Her lips were pressing his apple red,
“ I ’ll take the place of the fruit,” he said.
The apples saw and the apples knew
Just what those lovers were coming to :
They kissed ! What apples can never do.

ARBOR DAY

HARD by the western portal now we wait
To deck the rugged walls of Golden Gate,
That stand athwart the azure ocean old,
To frame the picture rare of blue and gold.

And looking backward toward the crested town,
Behold, there seems a forest moving down ;
I cry aloud, like Scotland's ancient thane,
Great Birnam's wood now comes to Dunsinane !

Not so? Then have these cauldron witches lied !
For those who come march not with martial stride ;
These boughs hide not a horde of mailed men
Whose numbers and whose force ye dinna ken ;

But these are children, garlands in their hand,
Who now upon the city's highway stand,
Like those of old who sang Judea's psalms
And strewed the Lord's highway with fragrant palms ;
And if they would the same Hosannas cry,
No doubt they 'd see the Savior passing by.

Each little arm enfolds a tiny tree ;
Pray, children, tell what may your mission be ?
Wherefore these shrubs? They may not be for
shade ;
For what, the trowel and the tiny spade ?

Arbor Day

You children all, I think, should be in school ;
Mayhap you 've run away and broke the rule,
And come out here upon the moor to play —
What 's that you tell me ? — This is Arbor Day ?

So you are out to worship Nature now,
And place a lasting garland on her brow —
Eternal wreath, a glory ever more —
Far better crown than monarch ever bore.

What music, when the little shovels speed
To break the earth with most unhallowed greed !
Look ! in a trice those scanty graves are made
Whose resurrection is the coming shade.

A lesson this : Let each one plant his own,
And nations spare the trees already grown.
How great a good can come from little things —
These twigs may be the future forest kings.

Dig deep the earth and lay the roots with care,
And God will tend what you have planted there.
Oft watch its growth and you may ever know
How Heaven perfects what man begins below.

All praise to him who gave this notion birth !
They plant a tree to beautify the earth ;
And there we leave them in their matchless glee,
Those laughing children by the laughing sea.

CONDUCTOR SAMMY

“’T IS only a touching story
That squeezes a fellow’s heart,
And softens human nature
By making the big tears start :
Though Sammy was called conductor,
He was only six years old,
But one of those tender natures
That take the stronger hold.

“We grew right fond of Sammy,”
Said Train Conductor Brown,
“And always found him waiting
When the train came in the town ;
And the engineer who loved him
Always looked to Sammy Crane
To raise his hand in signal
And start the waiting train :

“When everything was ready,
I would simply mutter low :
‘The time is up now, Sammy,
Suppose you let her go ;’
And then he ’d holler clearly :
‘All aboard !’ and wave his hand
In that peculiar manner
The rail-men understand.

Conductor Sammy

“ But our Sammy got the fever,
And one day the people said :
‘ Our little boy conductor
Could n’t come, for he is dead.’
That big-hearted engine-driver
Pulled his cap down o’er his eyes —
Though a tear prove man the nobler,
He ’s ashamed to own he cries.

“ Three days later I stood waiting,
Waiting on the engineer,
While his engine blocked the crossing —
For I give no signal here ;
He seemed watching something coming,
That was bound to cross the track ;
But instead of going forward,
Strangely moved the engine back.

“ ’T was the children in procession,
Each with flowers on their breast,
And a pretty white hearse followed
Bearing Sammy home to rest.
Then that great big engine-driver,
As the little hearse came near,
Laid a wreath of white, white roses
On the little fellow’s bier.

“ Both his cheeks with tears were running,
As you ’ve seen big drops of rain,
When the clouds outside are weeping,
Hurry down the window-pane ;

Conductor Sammy

And the great bell on the engine
Was softly tolled that day ;
And its throbbing seemed like sobbing
As the engine moved away.

“T is only a touching story
That squeezes a fellow's heart,
And softens human nature
By making the big tears start.
And now you know the reason
I give no signal here,
But simply wait the pleasure
Of my faithful engineer.”

THE DAGO

I AM-a one Ital-i-an
People call-a me Da-go-man ;
I lik-a live U-ni-ted State,
Mak-a heap o' mon-a any rate ;
Smok-a vera cheap-a ciga-ret,
Eat-a macaroni an' spaget' ;
I am-a descended from
Christoph' Colomb' !

*I am-a da dago
That mak-a da play go ;
I live on-a sago,
Work-a cheap-a than Irish Pat.
I sell-a banano
An' play da piano
For da Americano,
An' mak-a good-a Democrat !*

I bring-a dis-a leetal monk
Ovair in dis-a leetal trunk ;
Though-a vera homely one,
He help-a me mak-a da mon.
Irish man he call-a me,
Da leetal monkey pedigree ;
Call-a da monk ancestor from
Christoph' Colomb' !

The Dago

I drag piano through da town ;
People throw me da nickel down ;
I mak-a vera sweet-a bow
To servant gal, she mak-a row :
Call-a me da piano horse !
Say pian' so old, o' course
It was-a descended from
Christoph' Colomb' !

Beeg-a fool come evair day,
Ask-a where I learn to play ;
Tell-a me I must-a be
Great-a lik-a Pad-a-ru-si-kee !
Small boy mak-a bad-a face ;
Call-a me dat-a stumpy race —
Mis-fit-a descended from
Christoph' Colomb' !

Cable-car he bump-a me,
Police-a-man he thump-a me,
Truck-a-man upset-a me,
Sprinkle-a-man he wet-a me,
Fire-a-engine come-a dash,
Break da organ all-a smash !
Kill da monk decended from
Christoph' Colomb' !

BILLY IDON'KNOW

THERE is a youth unknown to fame,
Yet everybody knows his name ;
He lives all over, here and there,
You find him almost anywhere.
You know him by his slimsy gait
That nothing can accelerate.
He takes things as they come or go —
We call him Billy I don'know.

Or fat or tall, or short or slim,
He knows you not, but you know him,
And should you chance to be in doubt,
Ask him a question — you 'll find out ;
And be his first name what it may,
You know his last name, anyway —
His drawly answer tells you so —
You 're talking to an I don'know.

He knows not if it's May or June ;
Nor that he whistles out of tune.
He goes through school so far behind
It needs no exercise of mind ;
For in his class, you may depend,
He's always at the farther end ;
And all through life he stubs his toe,
This Nilly, Billy I don'know.

Billy I don't know

His hands have never reached success
Because they're in his pockets pressed.
In this one thing doth he excel:
He always sleeps exceeding well.
When Death has whispered in his ear —
“You are no longer needed here!”
Just ask him where he means to go,
And he will answer: “I don't know!”

THE GIRL THAT WINKED HER EYE

A PRETTY girl, though sweet and mild,
By freak of nature winked and smiled :
No matter how she plied her will,
Sometimes the orb would not keep still :
At intervals she had to wink —
Save when she closed her eyes to think,
Or when asleep, or at her prayers —
The fit came on her unawares ;
Her pretty eye kept blinking,
And she kept on a-winking.

When some loquacious table guest,
Who deemed his stories much the best,
Had told a thrilling escapade
In which himself the hero played,
He 'd blush to see this maiden shy
Turn round and slowly wink her eye,
As if to say : " It 's up your sleeve,
For that 's a tale I can't believe."
Her pretty eye still blinking,
While she kept on a-winking.

A handsome neighbor lost his wife ;
She 'd been a shrew most all her life.

The Girl That Winked Her Eye

The elder at the service said :

“ Your heart is broken for the dead !

You 'd fain call back your better half ! ”

Just then was heard a smothered laugh,

While others trembled on the brink

To see the artless maiden wink ;

Her pretty eye kept blinking,

And she kept on a-winking.

Before the altar as a bride,

Just when the knot was nearly tied,

On being asked if she 'd “ obey ”

She winked in such a knowing way,

It made the very modest “ Yes ! ”

Seem little more than : “ Well, I guess ! ”

It made the solemn parson smile

And turn his face away ; meanwhile

Her pretty eye kept blinking,

And she kept on a-winking.

HE WOULD N'T TELL HIS MA

AN' once there was a naughty boy,
Who would n't tell his ma ;
For he was mostly all alloy,
But he would n't tell his ma.
He caught a bumblebee one day, —
For more 'n a week he could n't play,
Because he did n't feel " O. K. "
But he would n't tell his ma.

An' once he got the chicken-pox,
But he would n't tell his ma ;
He feared they 'd put him in a box,
But he would n't tell his ma.
He 'd go to bed away up-stairs,
An' would n't say his little prayers,
Essept when he was 'fraid o' bears,
But he would n't tell his ma.

Was allers gittin' boils an' bumps,
But he would n't tell his ma ;
He had the measles an' the mumps,
But he would n't tell his ma.
An' slidin' down the cellar door,
He got his little bloomers tore,
An' picked up splinters by the score,
But he would n't tell his ma.

He Would n't Tell His Ma

An' once he stoled his mother's horse,
But he would n't tell his ma ;
An' he got kicked full of remorse,
But he would n't tell his ma.
An' once he smoked a cigarette, —
The doctor wondered what he 'd e't,
Till he throw'd up his alphabet,
But he would n't tell his ma.

When he grow'd up he kissed a gal,
But he would n't tell his ma ;
Because it wa' n't reciprocal,
But he would n't tell his ma.
He allers thought 'at she 'd elope,
It filled him full o' joy an' hope,
But when he ask'd her, she said : “ Nope ! ”
But he would n't tell his ma.

An' then he grew so drefful old,
But he would n't tell his ma ;
An' died o' microbes, I am told,
But he would n't tell his ma.
He went to heaven, an' was, no doubt,
Ejected, feelin' much put out,
Went where they're troubled with the drought,
An' he could n't tell his ma.

DOGGIE 'S DOT PUPPIES

OUR doggie 's dot puppies ; I tounted des five,
Their eyes are not open an' yet they 're alive,
An' they will not wake up, nor take a sly peep,
For the reason I des they were born in their sleep.

There 's two of 'em brindle an' three of 'em dark,
But none of the puppies has dot any bark ;
My papa says : " Wait, only div 'em a chance,
An' they 'll all have their coats, collars, cuffs, an'
pants."

Papa says we 've too many, an' picks out the best,
One 's papa's, one mamma's, one mine — but the
rest
Must be drowned in the water down under the fall,
Leaving poor mother doggie no puppy at all.

She ought to have one for herself, I should say,
But papa des laughed, as he took two away ,
So I told mother doggie if she would n't whine,
And would promise to feed him, I'd des loan her
mine.

FOREIGNERS ON SANTA CLAUS

Uncle Sam

YOU want ter hear yer Uncle Sam,
Wall, I declar'!

You've sent for me and here I am!

Wall, I declar'!

If thar 's a lad of Yankee kin

Doubts Santa Claus, jest turn him in,

I reckon he'll be born ag'in!

Wall, I declar'!

John Bull

I'm Johnnie Bull, and looking well,

Ah! don't cher know!

I think me eyeglass rawther swell!

Ah! don't cher know!

I've come to vouch for Santa Claus,

And with the rampant lion's paws

Help Uncle Sam in any cause.

Ah! don't cher know!

German

I represent dot Yarmany,

Und das ist recht!

Dot cap und vooden shoe vas me,

Und das ist recht!

Foreigners on Santa Claus

Dot Santa Clauses vot you sing,
Kris Kringle vas, der childer's king ;
Dey luff him more as effryting,
Und das ist recht !

Scotchman

The bonnie Scotchman niver doot
Wi' Scots Wauhai !
That Santa Claus goes a' about !
Wi' Scots Wauhai !
In a' fair Scotland he 's at hame—
In highland, lowland, a' the same—
And ev'ry bairnie kens his name,
In Scots Wauhai !

Frenchman

I am ze Frenchman from Pareè,
Ah ! Parlez vous ?
Please pay ze gran' reespect to me,
Ze same to you !
We have ze Santa Claus een France ;
We see him when we get ze chance ;
Monsieur, he wear ze baggy pants—
'T is entre nous !

Irishman

And I 'm the proper Irish rogue,
Erin Gobraugh !
Wid me shillalah and me brogue,
Erin Gobraugh !

Foreigners on Santa Claus

I use them both when in a row ;
Should any creature wonder how,
Here 's one for Santa Claus right now !
Erin Gobraugh !

Italian

Ital-ia-man, he like-a yet
Italia,
Da macaroni and spaget' !
Italia !
Da Dago like American, —
He tink-a since the worl' began,
Da Santa Claus a good-a man.
Italia !

Negro

I 's jes' an Alabama coon,
Indeed I is !
I 's better in de rag-time tune,
Indeed I is !
But when you heahs de niggahs shout
'Bout Christmas-time, you best watch out,
Ole Santa Claus somewhah about.
Indeed he is !

THE SPARROW

A TOUGH little fellow is he,
Whose forefathers came o'er the sea ;
But a patriot now,
And so fond of a row,
He will fight for his own liberty.

He was born, like the rest of us, here,
And his birthright is surely as clear ;
With the strenuous band,
Spread all over the land,
He will fight for his right, never fear !

Always busy, at work or at play,
He will chirp through the long winter day ;
Though his song is n't much,
Yet it keeps us in touch,
With the birds which the cold drives away.

*This chirp little sparrow,
Has grit to the marrow,
And acts with such freedom of manner
We never can doubt,
He's Yankee throughout,
Fighting under the Star Spangled Banner.*

HOW THE MULE WAS MADE

NOW, de mule was made one day,
 Ah suppose,
By some amateurs in clay,
 Ah suppose ;
Fust, dey try to make de cow,
Done fo'git ezactly how,
So dey end up in a row,
 Ah suppose.

*Ah suppose,
Den dey started in a-kickin',
Dat's why de mule needs lickin',
When back his ears am stickin',
Ah suppose.*

Den dey change it to a hoss,
 Ah suppose,
But de tail haih done got los',
 Ah suppose ;
But de man what make de heels
An' de powah dey conceals,
Nevah since been home to meals,
 Ah suppose.

An' de man what make de eahs,
 Ah suppose,

How the Mule Was Made

Done fo'git to use de sheahs,
 Ah suppose ;
An' de one what make de voice
Done got reason to rejoice,
Caze he make it pow'ful choice,
 Ah suppose.

Dey intends to make him mild,
 Ah suppose,
Like a gentle, timid child,
 Ah suppose ;
But de man what work behind,
On de disposition kind,
Gits de worst one he can find,
 Ah suppose.

So de man what make de face,
 Ah suppose,
Fill it full ob tendah grace,
 Ah suppose ;
When dey done put in de breff,
Mule he kick 'em all to deff ;
So he finish up himseff,
 Ah suppose.

SUNSHINE

SOME people have the sunshine,
While others have the rain ;
But God don't change the weather
Because the folks complain.
Don't waste your time in grumbling,
Nor wrinkle up your brow ;
Some other soul has trouble,
Most likely has it now.

When nature lies in shadow,
On damp and cloudy days,
Don't blame the sun, good people,
But loan a few bright rays.
The sun is always shining
Above the misty shroud,
And if your world be murky,
The fault lies in the cloud.

Take sunshine to your neighbor,
In all you do and say ;
Have sunshine in your labor,
And sunshine in your play.
Where'er the storm-cloud lowers,
Take in the sunlight glow,
And Heaven will show what flowers
From seeds of kindness grow.

I LOVE HER JUST BECAUSE
I DO

I LOVE her for her charming face,
And those fond eyes that gaze on me,
And roguish lips that hold the place
Where other lips most long to be,
The rosy cheek, the dimpled chin,
That would less ardent lover win.

*I love her just because I do,
Because 't is such a pleasure, too,
And were such wooing
My undoing
Just as tenderly I 'd woo,
I could n't help it, nor could you.*

I love her for her dimpled hand,
And hold it just to see her frown,
And disobey her sweet command
To see her dainty foot come down.
I could not change her if I would
Nor would I change her if I could.

I love her for herself alone,
And worship at the shrine within
Until her kisses make it known
I am forgiven for the sin ;
I wonder if in heaven I 'll be
Excused for such idolatry.

THE GOSSIPS

OH! we're the pretty gossips of renown,
Who never let a secret tumble down.
We ring a little bell
When there's anything to tell,
And spread it on the quiet through the town.

*For we are the gossips,
The merry, merry gossips,
The laughing, chaffing gossips of the town.
For we prattle and we tattle,
And our little tongues we rattle,
And we never let a secret tumble down.*

Oh! we're the busy gossips, people say,
Who never let a secret go astray.
We know just what to do:—
Pass it round among the few
Until we have it fully under way.

Whene'er we hear of something very good
We tell it all around the neighborhood;
For no one can refuse
A bit of spicy news;
Folks would n't stop our prattle if they could.

The Gossips

Oh! we're the dizzy gossips people fear ;
We catch up all the naughty things we hear ;
 We've always got our " phiz,"
 Into other people's " biz,"
To discover something just a trifle queer.

OLD MAN O' THE MOON

YOU smile on all the human race,
 Old man o' the moon ;
Though often you may hide your face,
 Old man o' the moon.
Why should they say : " Inconstant one " ?
You 've been as faithful as the sun, —
Yes, ever since the world begun,
 Old man o' the moon.

Although you look like Horace Greeley,
 Old man o' the moon ;
You do not give advice so freely,
 Old man o' the moon.
Yet from your movements may be guessed
What plan of action you deem best ;
For you 've been always "*going West*,"
 Old man o' the moon.

You never seem afraid of work,
 Old man o' the moon ;
Nor ever any duty shirk,
 Old man o' the moon.
You like to stay up late at night
To see that stars don't shine too bright,
And watch that earth goes round all right,
 Old man o' the moon.

Old Man o' the Moon

How many monstrous things you 've seen,
 Old man o' the moon ;
As round and round the earth you 've been,
 Old man o' the moon.

How many secrets you could tell :
Few midnight crimes that e'er befell
But you have seen — lone sentinel —
 Old man o' the moon.

Each new-born poet sighs to you,
 Old man o' the moon ;
And faithless lovers vow anew,
 Old man o' the moon.
Should you relate each whispered word
Of love's romances you have heard,
'T would make a comedy absurd,
 Old man o' the moon.

Were you to tell each love affair,
 Old man o' the moon ;
The social world would have a scare,
 Old man o' the moon.
For often they who vow the most
Are soonest up to see the ghost ;
And find Divorce a sorry host,
 Old man o' the moon.

Though out all night till early morn,
 Old man o' the moon ;
And often seen to take a horn,
 Old man o' the moon.

Old Man o' the Moon

You never seem to lose your skull
But gain in strength by getting full ;
For then you have the strongest pull,
Old man o' the moon.

“ Bi-metalism,” Nature cries,
Old man o' the moon,
And you 're the Bryan of the skies,
Old man o' the moon.
The Golden Sun may rule by day,
Yet both the metals have fair play,
As you 're *free silver* anyway,
Old man o' the moon.

If you were here when earth was made,
Old man o' the moon ;
You know just where the pole was laid,
Old man o' the moon.
For fear that some “ Extension ” cranks
May wish it ruled by modern Yanks,
Please keep it dark and have our thanks,
Old man o' the moon.

OLD KENTUCKY

SOME people like the dark brunette,
While others fancy yellow ;
Give me my auburn-haired Jeanette,
With eyes that melt a fellow.
She was so pretty when we met,
Hard by my father's meadow ;
Just what I asked I do forget,
But this is what she said, " Oh,

*" 'Tis because I was so lucky
To be born in old Kentucky" —
As she winked with her pretty, laughing eye —
" Where the horses are much fleetier,
And the women all the sweeter
And the farmers raise extraordinary rye !"*

I said, " My pretty stranger, pray
Sit down while I recover ;
Your beauty takes my breath away,
And I 'm your captive lover.
I own this pretty farm you see
On either side the meadow,
And will you, dear, its mistress be,"
And this is what she said, " Oh,

*" If you wish to be so lucky
You must move to old Kentucky" —*

Old Kentucky

*As she winked with her pretty, laughing eye —
 “Where the horses are much fleeter,
 And the women all the sweeter
And the farmers raise extraordinary rye!”*

When angels beckon we pursue,
 Though to Kentucky leading.
I sold the farm, what could I do
 When eyes like hers were pleading?
And there she showed me better land,
 And, in her blue-grass meadow,
She, kissing, bade me understand
 Just why it was she said, “Oh,

*“’Tis because I was so lucky
 To be born in old Kentucky” —*
*As she winked with her pretty, laughing eye —
 “Where the horses are much fleeter,
 And the women all the sweeter
And the farmers raise extraordinary rye!”*

THE DRUMMER BOY OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK

'**T** WAS a question if the nation should such
tender youth employ
As Robert Henry Hendershot, the little drummer
boy ;
A prodigy at drumming — being only twelve years
old —
And a prodigy of valor as the story has been told :
At Fredericksburg's great battle
The soldiers heard the rattle
Of his drum !

There stood Burnside with his army in the soft
December mud,
With the Rappahannock rolling like a war-dividing
flood ;
While the batteries of Robert Lee that crowned the
farther ridge,
Dealing death, forbade the building of the needed
pontoon bridge !
But Burnside came for battle,
And they knew it by the rattle
Of the drum !

The Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock

When Burnside called for volunteers to make the
other bank,
The Rappahannock Drummer Boy was first to
leave the rank ;
And while a cheer for Hendershot went up from
every throat,
There followed thirty others, just enough to man
the boat ;
 He said : " I 'll stem the battle ! "
 And they heard it in the rattle
 Of his drum !

" Clear out, youngster ! " said the captain, " Back to
camp I bid you go ! "
And although he answered, " Yes, sir ! " still he
kept on thinking, " No ! "
He was bound to cross that river, so he clung be-
hind the boat,
With his little legs a-kicking — half a-swimming,
half afloat ;
 He was eager for the battle
 And to lead them with the rattle
 Of his drum !

Lee's batteries ceased firing from the heights be-
yond the town,
Or Burnside with his cannon would have knocked
the city down.

The Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock

When the little boat had landed through that special storm of lead,
Nearly all the men were wounded, more than half of them were dead ;
 And a shell from out the battle
 Had "busted up" the rattle
 Of his drum !

With a dying soldier's rifle soon he clambered up the bank,
Looking every inch a hero, though a very little "Yank ;"
He rushed into a building just as if he'd take the town,
But finding it deserted started in to burn it down,
 Adding to the smoke of battle,
 And to make up for the rattle
 Of his drum !

Saw a "Johnny" in the garden kneeling down behind the gate,
With his gun poked through a knot-hole for some poor unfortunate ;
Finding out he was not praying, little Bob hit on the plan
Of his capture — so he shouted, "Now, surrender, mister man !"
 And with his loudest bellow
 He bade the frightened fellow
 Drop his gun !

The Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock

Though the boy looked very little, yet the gun
looked very big

To the "Johnny," who kept saying: "Need n't shoot,
ye little prig!"

And he marched before the youngster who could
hardly raise his gun

As he took him o'er the pontoon, shouting, "Pris-
oner number one!"

The youngster thinking he
Had captured General Lee
With his gun!

Three cheers went up along the line, as fast the
story ran,

For Robert Henry Hendershot, the boy who took
the man!

And straight to General Burnside he took the man
in gray—

The chieftain hailed him proudly as "the hero of
the day!"

"You fired the men for battle
Much more than by the rattle
Of your drum!"

DE LIGHT AND DE SATISFIED

DE Light lived on one side the way,
De Satisfied on t' other ;
What pleased the one, his neighbors say,
Could never suit the other.

De Light possessed a smiling face ;
De Satisfied was scowling ;
And kept at odds with all his race
And at all nature growling.

When it was wet, he wished it dry ;
When hot, he wished it colder ;
The rheumatism in his thigh,
He wished was in his shoulder.

Mankind would be in no such plight
If he could have dominion ;
For nothing seemed to him just right
Except his own opinion.

They both fell sick, but strange to say,
The discontented died ;
And folks were pleased De Light got well
And not *De Satisfied*.

De Light and De Satisfied

And at his grave, quite apropos,
They sang with all their might :
“ Praise God from whom all blessings flow ! ”
And sang it with *De Light*.

WOULD N'T YOU?

I CAME upon a maiden fair
Out riding on her wheel;
At first I thought some angel rare
Had put on wings of steel;
Her movements were so full of grace,
So charming to the eye,
I, lagging, took her easy pace;
I could n't pass her by.

And when she stopped upon the pike,
'T was easy to be seen
Something had happened to the bike
Or to the safety queen!
I tightened up her pedals, and —
As any one would do —
I gently took her proffered hand
And kissed it! Would n't you?

Then side by side, at rapid pace,
We coasted down the hill;
But though my feet were on the brace
My heart would not keep still!
She struck a stone, but ere she fell —
As any one would do —
I caught her in my arms, ah, well —
And kissed her! Would n't you?

THE COWBOYS' CONCERT

“ **H**OLD on, I say, conductor !
 Don't start that bullgine yet.
We 're goin' to have some music,
 An' have 'er now, ye bet !
An' don't ye touch that throttle —
 I mean you, engineer —
Fer if ye try to start 'er
 We 'll rope yer iron steer.

“ You passengers keep quiet,
 An' hold yer both hands down,
But don't ye try to flourish
 Them pop-guns used in town.
We don't want gold ner jewels,
 Ner any precious notes,
Except from Sousa's bugles
 An' them sweet singers' throats.

“ Bring out yer band thar, Sousa,
 An' toot yer big bazoo,
We 've come fer high-tone music
 An' bound to see 'er through.
We 're jest a lot o' cowboys,
 Way out here on the plain,
That never heard ye, Sousa ;
 That 's why we stopped yer train.”

The Cowboys' Concert

Then Sousa played his waltzes,
Receiving loud hurrahs !
They never were played better,
Nor got such wild applause ;
And when the great soprano
Sang " Home, Sweet Home," each head
Was instantly uncovered ;
The cowboys' leader said :

" We don't hear much o' seraphs
An' all them sort o' things,
Leastwise — beggin' yer pardon —
Not them as carries wings ;
But if angels up in heaven
Are anything like you
We 'd like to spend a lifetime
Jest roundin' up a few.

" Rough arguments with bullets,
That settles all disputes,
Get cowboys in the fashion
Of dyin' in their boots ;
We never know that blessin' —
The touch o' woman's hand ;
An' as for their caresses,
We 've clean forgot the brand ;

" But you 've accomplished somethin'
That I hain't seen fer years ;
You struck these cowboys tender
An' got 'em sheddin' tears.

The Cowboys' Concert

If they could hear your singin'
Once in awhile, each pal
Would, in the final round-up,
Get in the right corral.

“Yer singin’ was far sweeter
Than that of any bird ;
An’ now we ’re goin’ to give ye
Applause ye never heard.”
Whereat a hundred cowboys
With pistols, each a pair,
Leaped to their waiting mustangs,
Fast firing in the air !

UNCLE SAM'S FAMILY

WHEN Georgia wed one Flori-day,
Sweet Mina-Sota then he swore
He 'd never flirt with Mich-again,
Nor fair Louis-anna more.

Wisconsin said New York had brought
A brand New Jersey for the bride ;
While Utah brought Da-kot-a-long,
The groom put on with so much pride.

Virginia took Kentucky's arm,
And said she 'd Cal-if. Pennsy would ;
And not to let sweet Tenne-see,
New Hampshire kissed her 'neath her hood.

At their extensive Okla-home,
Miss Ouri spread the wedding board ;
With Kans-a-sugar corn and peas,
And everything the States afford.

Ohio brought with Ala-Bam,
The pretty sisters Caroline ;
Montana said : " I-ow-a call,"
And that 's Wyoming got in line.

Nevada had with Ora-gone ;
Said Mrs. Sippi : " I declare,

Uncle Sam's Family

If Indi-ana wear the flag
Pray what will pretty Delaware?"

Old Massa Chu sett sail upon,
The raging Maine, with steady hand ;
The D. C. steered the Ship of State,
Till Arkan-saw sweet Mary-land.

Then up Rhode Island on a bike,
While old Connecti-cut a dash ;
The Territories all in coach,
And Texas mustangs under lash.

With Indian Territory yell,
Said Ida, " Ho ! you girls and boys,
Sing that New Mexi-cho-rus loud —
To shout when one is Ill, annoys ! "

What shall we name the baby Guam,
Said silver-tongued Nebraska ?
Let 's Call-'er-Ada, said Vermont,
Said Washington, " Al-ask-'er."

Then Cuba ate a Philippine,
While Porto Rico made Salam ;
They sang the Ar — I-zona played,
" Ha-wa-ii all ? " said Uncle Sam !

THE SOLDIER'S OATH

I 'LL suffer fatigue and hunger,
I 'll tramp in the mud and the rain,
But never will suffer a mortal
To tear that loved banner in twain !

I 'll suffer the wounds of the battle,
And down to my grave bear the scars,
Before I will suffer a mortal
To pull down the Stripes and the Stars !

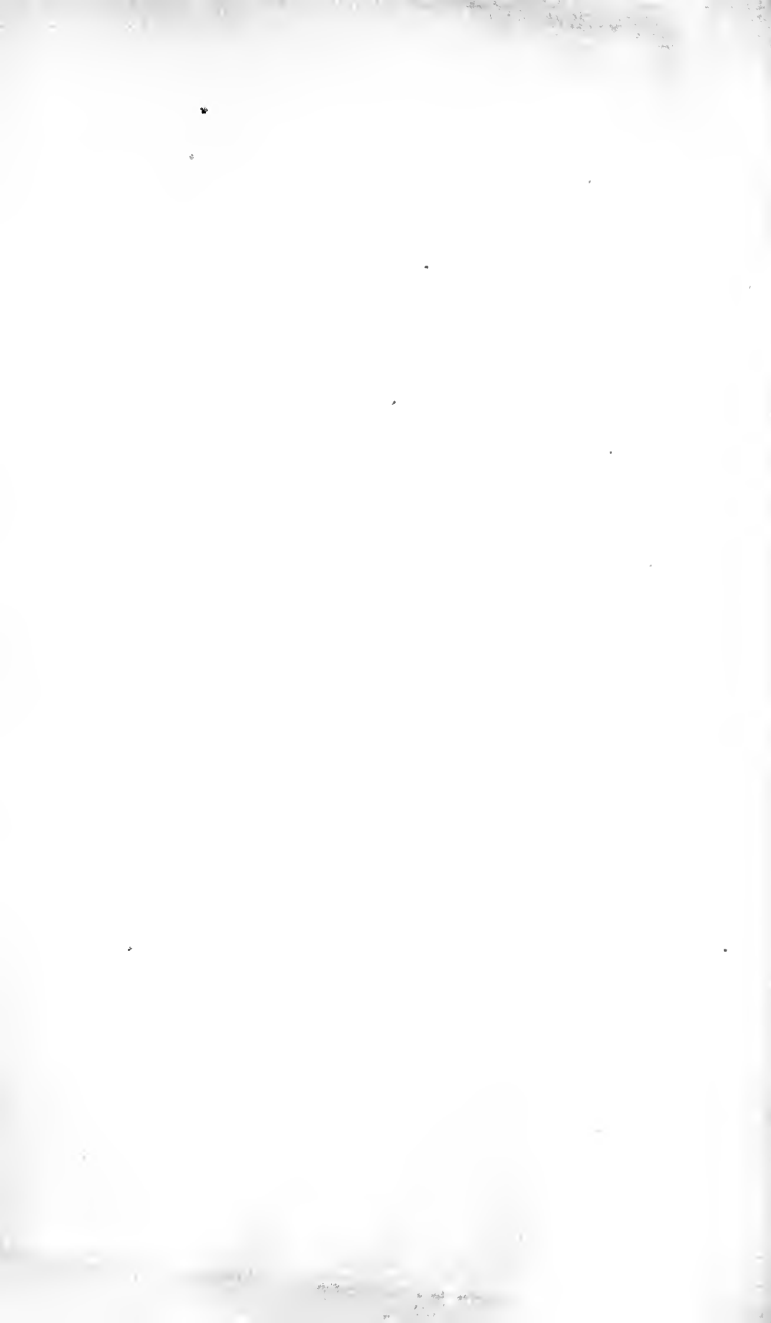
I 'll suffer the pangs of the dying !
The chains of the captive I 'll drag !
I even will suffer dishonor,
But not to my dear country's flag !

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

TIME'S greatest armies fought ;
Then stood the world amazed,
Forced to digest the thought :
That we both armies raised.

Those quondam foes are friends ;
One flag the country through.
The world now comprehends
The Gray fights with the Blue.

So firm the bond is tied
Between these men to-day,
The Blue would now divide
Their pension with the Gray.



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