



S. ATTWOOD BUTTERFIELD, M. D.

AMUSEMENT OF IDLE HOURS.

THE POEMS

OF

S. ATTWOOD BUTTERFIELD, M. D.

✓
"Variety is the Spice of Life."

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TO ARRAMINTA, MY DEAR, DEVOTED WIFE, WHO HAS BEEN MY
FAITHFUL COMPANION FOR FORTY-FOUR YEARS, THIS
LITTLE BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
By THE AUTHOR.



Errata.

- Page 48, second line from top, for sugar read auger.
Page 94, eleventh line from top read the call for to call.
Page 99, tenth line from top, read hustled for hurled.
Page 101, eleventh line from top, read strown for storm.
Page 112, fifth line from top, read as for us.
Page 117, sixth line from top, read I before mean.
Page 152, second line from top, read thought for through.
Page 160, last word on the page read away.
Page 167, ninth line from top, strike out the before dread.
Page 170, seventh line from bottom, read her before host.
Page 172, first line from top, read eternal for forever.
Page 174, ninth line from bottom, add the before boistrous.
Page 178, second line from top, read of for oft.
Page 215, top line read all before the.
Page 243, sixth line from top, read childish before glee.
Page 252, ninth line from bottom, read glamour for glimmer.
Page 263, bottom line add S. A. B.
Page 264, bottom line read and before cattle.
Page 316, twelfth line from top, strike out the before day.

My Portrait.

Ah, who in after coming years
Will gaze upon this silent face,
That's seen full share of smiles and tears—
And will they there an index trace

Of what the thoughts of him have been
Whose countenance is here displayed?
And will one sign of thought be seen,
Or line by care or passion made?

And will one tear of friendship start
Unbidden from the gazer's eye?
And will there well up from the heart
One fond regret, one tender sigh?

I know 'tis but the common lot,
However diff'rent fate we crave,
To be by life-long friends forgot,
When once we're hidden in the grave.

Perhaps 'tis best it should be so,
Else life would be a dreary waste,
Where we no joy could ever know,
But tempted be its end to haste.

This picture's left for what it's worth
To those who to his heart were dear;
'Tis all that's left to them on earth
Of one who loved them best while here.

PREFACE.

"Of all the fools, who with ill stars are curst,
Sure scribbling fools, called poets, are the worst,
For they 're a set of fools which fortune makes,
And after she had made them fools, forsakes."

"Still many a sad and weary heart
That treads a noiseless way apart,
Has blest the humble poet's name,
For fellowship refined and free,
In meek wild-flowers of poesy
That ask'd no higher fame!"

In launching this little waif on the great sea of poesy, strewn as it is with the debris of the numerous wrecks that have preceded it, I make no pretention to anything more than to comply with the request of a few friends, whose love is to me of more value than the gold of Ophir or the diamonds of Golconda; but if what I have written here shall cause one human being to be better or happier I will feel myself well rewarded for my labor, which has been resorted to only as a favorite amusement for idle hours, I being so constituted as to have no relish for what the world is pleased to call amusement.

If some of these poems may seem frivolous or humorous, it must be remembered that—

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

Or if any one who reads this little book shall wonder why I have written so much about death and heaven, my only apology is the fact that I know I shall soon fall a victim to the one, and hope then to become a citizen of the other.

THE AUTHOR.



AMUSEMENT OF IDLE HOURS.

POEMS.

BY S. ATTWOOD BUTTERFIELD, M. D.

The Flight of Time.

How soon go by the swift-winged years—
How soon comes our three score and ten;
Our lives are mixed with joys and tears,
Sad disappointments, dead hopes, fears,
And sighing o'er what might have been.

In youth when life is all before,
What dazzling pictures fill the mind;
But when we reach our full three score,
(Alas, by many long before,)
With sad regrets we look behind.

And oh, what huge mistakes we see,
What opportunities are lost;
How much with us might better be,
Had we but kept from follies free,
That ruled us to our heavy cost.

When young we live in by-and-by,
Nor stop the present to enjoy
Those halcyon days that swiftly fly,
For which in after years we sigh,
When cares untold our peace annoy.

Each year its scroll ensanguined brings,
With deeds of blood its page to fill ;
Alike with vassals and with kings,
Man to such evil passion clings,
As proves that he 's a savage still.

The greatest blessings we receive,
Too soon are from our mem'ry past ;
While o'er each trifling loss we grieve,
And trusting fickle fortune live,
And, disappointed, die at last.

The dying year has much of sorrow seen,
Grim death of men, all grades, the great, the small,
Has claimed, and where they once had been
No more they're known, for death claims all.

Fell war of man's infernal hate of man
The sad result, its victims many found,
While human blood in crimson currents ran,
To drank up be by war's polluted ground.

Of those whom men call great there 's not a few
Who've gone to that beyond to us unknown—
To that strange land of which they nothing knew,
To reap whatever they on earth had sown.

While foreign lands their rulers have to mourn
 Been called, we too of this fair freedom land
Our loss have had of one who during life had borne
 A part conspicuous as leader of a numerous band

Of party friends with whom his word was law,
 Who drank as nectar words that from his tongue
Would fall, and would applause tumultuous draw,
 As they on his melodious words admiring hung.

But ere had come the time when he should go
 The place to take that he'd been called to fill,
Death, inexorable, of all mankind the foe,
 Laid on him icy hands, and lo, the silv'ry tongue
 is still.

But one who was of nobler deeds and greater still than he
 Has from among us gone to Lethe's unknown shore;
And long will be the time ere we shall see
 Another like to him whose death we now deplore.

He's gone where noble souls throughout eternity
 Shall reap the harvest they on earth have sown;
To where from earthly cares and sorrows free,
 A life of peace to spend where wars are never
 known.

No need has he of shaft of sculptured stone
 In his saved country's mem'ry his name to keep;
By deeds heroic far and wide his fame is known,
 And hallowed be the spot, for aye, where he must
 sleep.

'Tis said death loves a shining mark, so one of gold
The summons dire received, one in his manhood's
prime,
Of frame robust, is by one shaft unerring cold;
Cut off from all his wealth before his time.

Sore pestilence abroad has stalked in other lands,
And pushed its victim'd thousands to the tomb,
While they in prayer were lifting up their hands
Amid the direful suff'ring, death and gloom.

Men to their vows have faithless, recreant proved,
And maidens, too confiding, madly indiscreet,
Have found too late that he who vowed he loved
With passion pure that could not brook defeat—

A love like to eternity that has no end,
Was but a serpent charming to decoy
The one with false pretense he'd promised to defend,
His subtle arts had used but to destroy.

'Tis thus the years as silent come as stealthily they go,
With wisdom's precious lesson always fraught;
And if short-sighted man the most of good would know,
Then learn he must those lessons grand by wisdom
taught.

DECEMBER 19, 1885.

Come, Gentle Spring.

Come, gentle spring ! we 've waited long
Through dreary winter's ice and snow;
And long to hear the blue-bird's song,
And feel thy soft-winged zephyrs' blow.

Haste thou, coy maiden, to our vale
To beautify our dreary bowers;
And hush the north wind's dismal wail,
And paint the landscape o'er with flowers.

Unlock the fetters of the rills,
With which old winter checked their flow;
And clothe with verdure vales and hills,
That long lay carpeted with snow.

And let the bright sun's golden sheen
The earth's long dormant life renew;
The forests clothe in robes of green,
That lend enchantment to the view.

Then we shall hear the songs again
Of merry ploughmen at their toil,
In that enchanting rural strain,
Befitting tillers of the soil.

Bid ev'ry laughing stream rejoice,
As it goes dancing to the sea,
And sings with dulcet murm'ring voice,
The praises of our God and thee.

My Mind.

My mind, companion of my life,
In which so much of joy I find,
In all of earth's turmoil and strife,
My greatest solace is my mind.

I bless the God who gave it me,
With it I never am alone;
Howe'er oppressed with care I be,
It can for all such cares atone.

I pray that God may grant this boon,
(Whatever else may me betide,)
My mind may keep in right attune,
And while I live with me abide.

With it I range creation o'er—
The earth survey in every clime;
Then to the far-off worlds I soar,
Mid scenes of grandeur more sublime.

I meditate on what shall be,
In those prophetic coming years,
When earth transformed shall have no sea,
Nor man know sickness, pain or tears;

When man's infernal hate of man
Shall cease to make his brother mourn—
When strife and hate put under ban,
Shall be of all their venom shorn;

And peace shall brood with balmy wing
O'er all earth's children everywhere ;
Peace and good will the song they sing,
While praises fill the ambient air.

In searching for earth's purest joys,
On life's too fickle stream I find,
While playing with my earthly toys,
The source of greatest bliss, my mind.

Niagara.

Flow on, mighty river, thy limpid waves dashing
Adown the deep gorge to the breakers below ;
Thy waters in sunlight so brilliantly flashing,
Unceasing thy roar as resistless thy flow.

Bear on thy deep waters through lake to the ocean.
Far, far from the sound of the cataract's roar ;
With surface now placid, now wild in commotion,
Thy angry waves splashing their spray on the
shore.

No mortal may tell of the numberless ages
That have past into Lethe since first there began
The song of thy waters, thou problem of sages
And object of worship for untutored man,

In thy restless, persistent and tireless rushing,
The type of a people beside thee I see;
Thy back waves those forward continually pushing,
Thy course like that people forever is free.

Again like that people by going while coming
The stream is kept full pressing on to the goal;
The tide never shrinking but ebbing and flowing,
Thy parts ever changing but never the whole.

As alone on thy rock-bastioned borders I wander,
Admiring thy grandeur what wonders I see !
Then I praise the Great Author of nature and ponder
On what the great, final denouement shall be;

When at last to God's crucible earth shall be given,
The old to remelt and to give us the new;
Whence death and disease are eternally driven,
Will enchantment like thine still enliven the view?

Sieg, The Hero Engineer.

With living freight the train is stowed,
The seething engine panting stands ;
The bright rails shimmer down the road—
Six hundred lives are in his hands.

And now with lightning-speed they fly,
Up grade and down, past wood and farm :
Nor dream they of disaster nigh,
For naught is seen to do them harm.

He knows he carries precious freight,
That man of nerve and grease and grime,
Who proves a hero truly great
For poets' songs in after time.

That breathing mass that teems with life,
Resign their safety to his care :
With mirthful glee the crowd is rife,
And wit and jest flash everywhere.

As on the wings of wind they fly,
In haste to reach the destined goal,
A signal greets his watchful eye—
A sight that thrills his inmost soul.

The cab's on fire ! What shall he do ?
Who, who can save from coming wreck ?
But only echo answers " who ?"
The chance is lost their speed to check.

He quick his only course decides,
And warning gives of danger nigh ;
Then, with clenched teeth, he bravely glides
Into the flames now mounting high.

With crisp-burned hands the train he stops,
And all are saved but him alone;
Enwrapped in flame he senseless drops,
A martyr to his duty done.

Let others sing the rich and great,
The wise and noble of the earth,
Who safely guide the Ship of State—
I sing the great of lowly birth.

Now, all who love a noble deed,
Come drop a sympathetic tear
For him, true friend in time of need—
The gallant, martyred engineer.

Words.

A word, ah ! just one little word ;
What lasting mis'ry it may bring ;
How oft the inmost soul it's stirred—
How keen been felt the poignant sting.

Nor is it by our words alone
That we such cruel wounds may make,
But even by our look or tone
May cause some loving heart to ache.

The dearest friend feels most the pain
That one unguarded speech may give,
And though 'tis mentioned ne'er again,
May in that friend's sad memory live.

Then husbands, wives, all who have friends,
Guard well your speech to every one ;
Kind words for faults oft make amends,
And right whatever wrong is done.

The Old Man's Address to his Old Wife.

'Twill not be long, a few short years,
Till one will sit beside a bed
With saddened face suffused with tears,
Disheveled hair and bowed down head;

Holding a cold and clammy hand,
To watch a flick'ring pulse grow less,
While pitying friends around us stand,
And witness love's last fond caress.

Where all will speak with bated breath,
Thus adding poignance to the gloom
That always haunts the house of death,
And follows loved ones to the tomb.

With tear-dimmed eyes and aching heart,
Through the long night one watch will keep,
To see the last gasped breath depart,
And end all pain in peaceful sleep.

'Tis true we're happy here to-day,
From carking care and sorrow free;
But death will soon take one away,
But O, dear wife, which shall it be?

I pray that God may order so
When that unwelcome time shall come,
That we may both together go,
(As we have lived), to our long home,

Nor leave one desolate, alone
To struggle on through days of gloom,
With all life's joys forever flown,
Impatient waiting for the tomb.

INDIANAPOLIS, AUG. 7, 1882.

The Devil on the Steps of a Fashionable Church.

The minister went on his summer vacation,
The weather was hot and his arduous toil
Called loudly for rest with combined recreation,
Lest his health such continuous labor might spoil.

So he hied him away and his Church was neglected,
There was none for the spiritual body to care;
But his sal'ry went on and was duly collected
The same as if constantly he had been there.

First he thought he'd go sailing far over the ocean
And get a good sniff of the pure salty breeze;
But prayerfully thinking, he soon changed his notion
And thought 'twould be nicer among the green trees.

So off soon he went to the lakes and the forests,
Communing with nature in nature's own fane;
There by joining the songs of the sweet feathered
chorists.
Give strength to the body and rest to the brain.

Tho' his calling was sacred, demanding devotion
Of body and soul to the work, yet alas,
For the pleasures of earth still he had such a notion
He left fishing for souls to go angling for bass.

But the time of vacation at last having ended,
He came back to his charge to resume the control
Of the place he had left, and his people attended
In quest of some food for the famishing soul.

As he drew near his Church with glad step and light-
hearted,

Now eager again to his work to return,
At the sight of a form on the doorstep he started—
"It's the devil," he said, "if I rightly discern."

When he had come near the complacent newcomer,
"How d'ye do," said the devil; "I thought it no
crime,

While you were away the hot days of summer,
For me to stay here and put in the odd time."

For the devil, more faithful, his post ne'er deserted
Through all the long weeks the divine was away;
But by law of preemption his rights he asserted,
And said to the pastor, "I'm here now to stay!"

My Last Request.

When I am launched on death's dark wave,
I would not have to mark the spot,
A monument above my grave,
I'd sleep in peace and be forgot,

Except by those whose love has clung
But firmer in each gath'ring storm,
Repelling shafts of slander's tongue.
In proof of friendship true and warm.

No monument of sculptured stone
Shall mark my final place of rest;
But in the hearts of friends alone,
Who during life have known me best,

I'd leave a more enduring name
Than towering granite ever told—
For noble deeds a brighter fame
Than e'er was bought with hoarded gold..

To those who can my failings hide—
Whose loving hearts my faults forgive—
With whom whatever me betide
In mem'ry sweet my virtues live;

To such true friends I leave behind
To fight life's battles all alone;
Friends who to me were but too kind
I leave my mem'ry when I'm gone.

In the old orchard where I played,
An artless child devoid of care,
I'd have my weary body laid
And with my kindred moulder there,
Where 'mid the apple blooms of Spring
The birds may chant their requiem lays,
Just as I used to hear them sing
So sweetly in my childhood days.
Then lay me not to my last sleep
Among the tombs of Mammon's slaves,
Who strive in memory to keep
By sculptured marble o'er their graves.

The Bereaved Husband.

As sadly and gloomily homeward I go,
What greeting awaits me no other may know;
The rooms are all silent, no welcome voice there,
A stillness so deathlike what mortal could bear.
I pause at the threshold and listlessly stand,
While the door knob I hold in my faltering hand;
Still dreading to enter, unwilling to wait.
I've measured each step since I came through the gate.
And tho' with slow footsteps I've leisurely come,
Yet it seems all too soon I've arrived at our home:
For the nights are so lonely, not even a friend
To while the long hours that never will end.

I resort to my books till my eyes heavy grown
I go to my pillow but sleep has all flown;
So but slum'bring I dream of the loved one that's gone.
And long for the coming again of the morn.

A stillness oppressive environs me round,
Till I long for one ripple of some earthly sound;
Such sound would be welcome whatever it be—
However discordant 'tis music to me.

And when bright aurora the orient illumes,
And the day-god in glory his journey resumes,
I rise from my couch with a throb in my brain,
And long for the time of night's coming again.

And thus the sad moments pass slowly away,
Now wishing for night, and then wishing for day,
Till weary with waiting the summons shall come,
To join her again in that far-away home.

Long years I have drank the pure nectar of life,
Made sweet by the love of a dear trusting wife;
And now I have tasted the price of a tear,
Since knowing my loved one no more can be here.

Longfellow.

Sweet singer of Atlantic hills,
With lustre bright thy labors shine ;
He who that lessens human ills
Best duties of his life fulfills,
And such a worthy life was thine.

How grand at last to sink to rest,
With all life's duties nobly done—
To leave a memory so blest
With those in life who knew thee best,
For life well spent and honors won.

Thy voice shall speak through coming years
As it has spoken in the past,
And as each welcome spring appears,
Throngs will baptize with friendship's tears
Thy grave while memory shall last.

And children will flock to thy tomb,
To view the final resting place
Of him who, tho' in earth's dark womb,
They hope to see amid the gloom
Their loved one's pleasant smiling face.

Sweet singer, then a last farewell,
Thou much of joy to us hast given,
And now where kindred spirits dwell,
Where praise to God in anthems swell,
Thou 'st found a welcome rest in heaven.

A Winter Night's Reverie.

O, dreary is my Mary's tomb,
Deep coated o'er with glis'ning snow;
Where free from pain she rests in gloom,
Nor heeds the cold bleak winds that blow.

That calm, sweet face that charmed my sight—
The pure and graceful, perfect form,
Sleeps in the damp cold grave to-night,
Where no life blood again can warm.

O, darling of my broken heart!
No more on earth thy face to see
Is of my life the saddest part.
Since I must mourning go for thee

Like some pure stream these many years,
Our wedded life had smoothly run,
But in my west there now appears,
With fading rays life's setting sun.

An oasis in desert waste,
Those by-gone years in mem'ry seem ;
Then we life's sweetest joys might taste,
But all are gone, gone like a dream.

But time is short till I will come
And we 'll united be again,
Where we in our Elysium home,
Will know no parting, grief or pain.

On the Death of J. D. Nolin.

'Tis done : the last sad scene is o'er—
The worn wayfarer is at rest ;
He 's passed from earth to that bright shore
Where freed from pain, he 's ever blest ;
And there before the Father's throne,
His Saviour claims him for His own.

When once he found his time had come,
Without one murmur or regret,
He passed beyond, into that home
Where all the good of earth are met :
For life's rough path he 'd patient trod,
True to his country and his God.

No lurking doubt disturbed his faith
Through all his many suffering years,
But till his last, expiring breath,
The change he viewed, sans doubt or fears,
His Bible being his true friend
That cheered him to the final end.

A pilgrim, long his duty done,
He 's found surcease from mortal pain ;
The battle fought and vict'ry won,
Tho' loss to friends, to him 'tis gain ;
For in good works he led the van,
And lived and died a righteous man.

Now to the lone wife left behind
To drop sad tears upon his tomb,
How ever-full will crowd her mind,
All her remaining days of gloom. •
With thoughts of happy days of yore,
In memory shrined, but come no more.

The Prayer of My Declining Years.

My God, as age steals o'er my frame,
And youthful fire is burning low,
Help me to more adore Thy name—
More rev'rence for Thy name to show.

Guide Thou my wayward feet, I pray,
To walk the straight and narrow road,
Lest in forbidden paths I stray,
And count my cross a grievous load.

Teach me more charity to show
For other's faults, and with them share
Whatever ills they needs must know,
And be resigned my own to bear.

And help me still more to forgive,
As each succeeding day flits by ;
And while I'm learning how to live,
O, teach me also how to die !

Be it my constant care to fill
The place that Thou to me hast given;
And help me, Lord, to do thy will,
And gain at last a home in heaven.

Help me to feel how short is life,
And that I'm nearing now its close,
When I shall leave this world of strife,
For that beyond no mortal knows.

O, strengthen faith, my God, in Thee!
That I Thy purpose may fulfill,
So that when launched on death's dark sea,
I may be found Thy servant still.

Grant but this prayer; I ask no more.
'Tis of my utmost wish the sum,
Till I have gained that blissful shore
Where pain and sorrow never come.

Song of The Tippecanoe Club.

Now, one by one, to the unknown land
Our comrades are going on every hand;
Yes, one by one,
To the land that no mortal eye ever hath seen,
Tho' shut from our view by so flimsy a screen;
Passing away! Passing away;
Yes, one by one.

Our number grows less from year to year,
And soon will the remnant be small that is here,

For, one by one

We're passing away to that far away home
Where troubles and sorrows of earth never come;

Passing away! Passing away;

Yes, one by one.

The battle of life we have fought many years,
And oft' our sad hearts have our eyes filled with tears

For some loved one,

Who has left us and gone to eternity's shore,
Whence he will return to be with us no more;

Thus pass we away, pass we away;

Yes, one by one.

Tho' the journey's been long, and tho' rough was the
way.

And the fixed laws of nature have turned our hairs
gray—

Tho' one by one,

The pleasures that charmed us in days of our youth
Have vanished, it only has taught us this truth:

We're passing away, passing away!

Yes, one by one.

But in that blest country we'll all meet again,
For, trusting our labor has not been in vain,

We, one by one

Will gather again round our Father's bright throne,
And there know each other as here we are known,

When we've passed away, we've passed away,

Yes, one by one.

To My Mother, Who Died June 8, 1834.

Dear mother in heaven, my tho'ts are to-night
So gloomy and sad as I sit here alone,
And think of those days that were full of delight—
Blest days of contentment now vanished and gone.

So much like a weird fascination they seem,
In mem'ry they live, tho' so long past away;
But then they dissolve like a half-waking dream
That vanishes from us at breaking of day.

Since that long summer day when thy spirit took wing,
And sped on its way to a happier shore,
I know that by wishing I never can bring
Thee back, our loved cottage to bless as of yore.

Since then I have drank of the bitter and sweet—
Of life's mingled cup that all mortals must drink;
But soon time will come when again we shall meet,
For of three score and ten I am nearing the brink.

Thy life, all too short, was so burdened with care,
The days were not counted as swiftly they past;
The burden's so heavy each day called to bear.
With sweet resignation were borne to the last.

Through the many long years that the green grass has
grown
Above thy loved body now gone to decay,
The brown, withered leaves by the autumn winds strown,
Disturbed not thy slumber by night or by day.

Then rest, weary toiler, thy duty well done,
From all of thy labor 'tis meet to find rest;
And soon will come to thee, thy long absent son,
Again, as of yore. to be clasped to thy breast.

Our Native Girls.

Let others boast the beauty of
Their foreign belles with golden hair;
I sing Columbia's native girls,
With graceful forms and faces fair.

Their limpid eyes of ev'ry hue,
Would put to blush the brightest gem
That ever royal maiden wore,
Or decked a regal diadem.

With lucid eyes that ever are
Reflecting mirrors of the soul,
Their hearts are warm and ever true
As is the needle to the pole.

Their peachy cheeks and rosy lips,
As nectar of the Gods are sweet;
And unsurpassed by womankind,
Are their small, shapely hands and feet.

With independence never known,
Or dared in any other lands,
They greatest deference are shown,
And every man's respect commands.

Then let them praise their foreign belles,
But everywhere our flag unfurls,
At home, abroad, by land or sea,
God bless our mothers and our girls.

What's The Use.

What's the use of all this tumult—
All this constant toil and strife—
All this reaching after something
Never gained in this short life?
What's the use?

What's the use of building castles,
Filled with every work of art,
Thinking we shall then be happy,
Satisfying thus the heart?
What's the use?

Wealth can't satisfy, nor grandeur;
With them all there's longing still—
Want is felt for something better—
Want that earth can never fill:
What's the use?

Since we all are only mortals,
Doomed to toil from day to day
To sustain our short existence,
And soon forgotten when away,
What's the use ?

Babes are born and grow to manhood,
Through a few uncertain years,
Then strive on through manhood's mazes,
Filled with cares and sorrow's tears:
What's the use ?

Life's so short and so uncertain,
We can claim of it no lease;
But when death rings down the curtain
Then our troubles all will cease:
What's the use ?

What's the use that human millions
Ev'ry year should come and go,
Like the ocean's restless billows,
Keeping up their ebb and flow ?
What's the use ? O! What's the use ?

“Young Man, Keep Your Record Clean.”

Fitting words so timely spoken,
On the very brink of death,
As the golden bowl was broken,
Uttered with his parting breath.

For a grand life what an ending!
In the thickest of the fight,
Virtue to young men commending—
Doing battle for the right.

Ah, could those words be ever ringing
In the ears of all the young,
Who are to doubtful habits clinging,
Wept o'er in life to die unsung:

And would they heed the timely warning,
While of the world they little know,
And shun temptations of life's morning,
They'd much escape of future woe.

But Gough is dead, his life work ended.
By bards his virtues will be sung—
His words of cheer with warning blended,
Flow no more from his silv'ry tongue.

Then rest, great soul, in peace forever,
Thou ev'ry phase of life hast seen;
But be these words forgotten never.
“Young man, keep your record clean.”

A Thanksgiving Hymn

O God, for all Thy mercies shown
We tune our grateful hearts to praise;
Thy boundless goodness we would own,
And sing Thy love in joyful lays.

Tho' pestilence and famine sore
Have peoples scourged in other lands,
We've safely passed the season o'er,
Protected by Thy guardian hands.

The earth has poured her bounties forth,
Sunshine and rain have done their part,
From sunny south to chilly north,
And filled with joy the toiler's heart.

The sower's had his promised seed,
The eater too his promised bread;
And well supplied been every need,
Till all have been with plenty fed.

Sweet peace has spread her balmy wing
O'er all our people far and near;
And now we come Thy praise to sing
For blessings of the passing year.

Help us, Thy people, O, our God,
To more deserve Thy bounteous grace,
Lest we should feel Thy chast'ning rod,
And Thou from us shouldst hide Thy face.

Help us to feel how good Thou art,
And on Thy goodness to depend.
Let gratitude fill every heart,
And be Thou still our guide and friend.

The Final Quarrel.

Enough's been said, so say no more,
I see it's as I said before,
Thy heart has so deceitful proved,
Thou art unworthy to be loved:

So time has come, I must away,
'Tis sad to go, but worse to stay;
If fate decrees so it must be,
That I no more thy face shall see.

I go my way, do thou the same,
While each on other lays the blame;
Tho' years will come and years will go,
Still we shall meet no more below.

But as go by the lonely years,
How oft will be suffused with tears
Those brightly sparkling, limpid eyes,
Wherein such weird enchantment lies.

My proudest hopes like dreams have fled,
And left but deep regret instead—
Regret that I had ever known
A heart so fickle as thine own.

But for her faults I will not chide
One who was once my promised bride;
If far or near where'er I dwell,
My heart is thine—so now farewell.

Have Mercy.

Deal gently with the erring ones,
For you never know how well,
How gallantly they struggled on,
Before they, yielding, fell.

Temptations which you never knew,
Perhaps beset their way;
Temptation sore through poverty,
That pinched them day by day.

Remember our environment,
In childhood's early days,
May give our early lives a bent
That shapes our future ways.

However low their lives have been,—
However much debased,—
However grov'ling be their sin,
They once were pure and chaste.

Perhaps they victims were of lust,
That now their fair fame mars;
Then be to such poor sisters just,
Tho' shut behind the bars.

For be their crimes however great,
O, treat them not with scorn!
For some seem shuttlecocks of fate,
Condemned before they're born.

The Flood-Suffering Mother's Lament.*

The waters subsided and left the earth bare,
The spoiler its work had effectually done,
And with joy not unmixed with a sense of despair,
The return of the sufferers at last had begun.

Destruction confronts them wherever they go—
Their once pleasant homes are but piles of debris;
How sad are their bosoms no other can know,
As they think what their fate in the future may be.

Among them a mother appeared in the throng,
A picture of sadness and heart rending grief,
Like a soul that is sick from its waiting so long,
And finds not a balm that can bring it relief.

*An actual scene after the great flood at Lawrenceburg, in 1883.

As one sore bewildered she wandered alone,
As if in close search for some place she'd forgot;
Not a word did she utter, till in a sad tone
She poured out this wail when she came to the spot:

"O, can this be home!" and her eyes filled with tears
As she gazed on the wreck of her once happy home,
Where together they'd labored so many long years,
With a fond cherished hope of the future to come.

"All the treasures I held as most dear to my heart,
I left here and hurried away for my life;
Sad day 'twas to me thus compelled to depart,
With the mad waves unequally matched in a strife."

"But the pitiless waters swept ruthlessly by,
Nor gave us a moment our treasures to save;
The choice was but left us to hasten and fly,
Or find with our treasures a watery grave."

"Now the windows are shattered and warped are the doors
Their hinges are broken, locks rusted and spoiled,
And heaped up in ridges the mud-covered floors,
And gone are all comforts for which we had toiled."

"The bureau, disjointed, lies scattered around,
Its contents so precious we hoarded with care,
Some lodged in a window, some out on the ground,
And others gone, mortal may never tell where."

"This clock, precious gift from my sainted dead mother,
Memorial sweet of a time far away,
I cherished with care as I could not another,
But now all its beauty is gone to decay."

“The crib where our baby so recently slept,
Lies piled with debris at the side of the room;
The crib of our babe, over whom we had wept,
Is now a memento that adds to the gloom.”

“When we hoped that the worst of our troubles had
come,
Death threw his cold arms 'round that joy of my heart,
And o'er the mad waters we went from our home,
And laid him away from fond parents apart.”

“O, what in this wide world for me now is left,
For which life's worth living, can any one see?
Of all life's best treasures so rudely bereft,
Will e'er compensation be meted to me?”

“I fervently pray for the strength to endure
This crushing affliction without a complaint,
Well knowing, kind Father, Thy promise is sure,
Support to Thy children to give when they faint.”

“Then be still, stricken heart, for I must not complain,
Perhaps 'tis in mercy the Father hath sent
This grievous disaster, this anguishing pain,
Besides He's but taken again what He lent.”

“From all of my sorrows this lesson I've learned:
To bow in submission whatever may come;
And when from a long-enforced absence returned,
Be it ever so flood-wrecked 'There's no place like
home.'”

It Pays Best at Last, Girls.

It always pays best at the last, girls,
It always pays best at the last,
To heed the advice of your mothers,
Lest you be found going too fast.

They know the world better than you, girls,
That it often deceives by its looks,
And that there are sources of knowledge,
Besides what is found in your books.

Go slow in your dealing with beaux, girls.
For there it is safe to be slow;
And if they in morals are lacking,
Don't hesitate; firmly say no.

The people are not fed and clothed, girls,
Except it's by somebody's work;
And you are unworthy your portion,
If your part of that labor you shirk.

You'll think mother keeps you too close, girls,
And don't give you half you desire
Of dresses and ribbons and laces,
Such nice things that all girls admire.

You say it's degrading to work, girls,
To go in the kitchen and cook,
Spoil your pretty white hands washing dishes,
Exclaiming "how awful 'twould look."

But if it's degrading to work, girls,
It surely is more so to eat,
While your father and mother by labor,
Must earn all your bread and your meat.

If trifling you spend all your time, girls,
With novels that teach you no good,
Or murd'ring some helpless piano,
Disgusting the whole neighborhood.

While your back-aching mother must drudge, girls,
To keep your fine clothes in repair,
You're coming far short of your duty,
Not helping her burdens to bear.

Remember that life has its duties, girls,
Nor is it all frolic and fun;
But something while living is needed,
To serve when youth's pleasures are done.

Then rouse up ye butterfly, do-nothing girls,
Resolve on redeeming the past;
Go help in the kitchen your mother,
You'll find it pays best at the last.

The Occasion Brings Forth the Man.

You say that our poets are wanting
In spirit, if summer goes by
With weather so cool and enchanting,
And neither too wet nor too dry,
If they don't climb Parnassus about it
And tell what a summer resort
Is found in our beautiful city,
Then they of their calling come short.

When the mercury's down in the sixties
At this piping time of the year,
The greenies away from home, seeking
Cool weather, had better be here,
The comforts of home life enjoying,
And saving their money beside,
Than leaving the comforts they know of
For pleasures in places untried.

I make no pretense as the poet
You speak of, the beauties to tell
Of the exquisite weather we're having,
But still it perhaps would be well
To say to the people who're thinking
'Tis pleasant in summer to roam,
That for solid and unalloyed comfort
This weather, there's no place like home.

The Evict's Farewell to Erin.

Och, Erin! my Erin, bright gim of the s'a!
Dear Erin, thou idol and pride of me heahrt,
Oh, why should I iver have lived to this day,
To be from thy borders compelled to depahrt.

Behint me I cast a long sorrowful look
At the hills where my kindred in poverty dwell:
For the wrongs of my counthry this pahrtin I brook,
So, Erin, a long and a final farewell.

I leave thee, dear Erin, for faraway lands,
To wander an exile away from my home;
The oppressor has grasped with his covetous hands
My birthright, and drove me forever to roam.

Och, Erin, me darlint, whereiver I go
To the inds of the earth, I shall still be the same
Bould patriot, regarding each Briton a foe,
And curse every spalspane that mintions the name.

And I'll grasp me shillaly and square for a fight
Wheniver the head of a Briton is seen,
As long as the shamrock shall blossom in white,
Or the grass in the valleys of Erin is green.

Then fare thee well, Erin, I'll see thee no more.
But woe to the Briton that crosses me way!
When safely I've landed on some foreign shore,
Where whisky is plenty and no more to pay

For breaking the head of a proud British lord
Than a peasant evicted from off his estate;
I'll then have revinge and he'll get his reward,
When he feels the full force of my rancor and hate.

My First Day at School, a True Story.

A pleasant day 'twas in September,
That day till death I shall remember;
A day delightful, clear and cool,
When first I started out to school.

My cap was old, my feet were bare,
My pantaloons, (my only pair,)
Were made of common home-made stuff;
But for the times were good enough.

I viewed the scene with wond'ring eyes,
To me it was a grand surprise
That caused a trembling in my knees,
And kept me always ill at ease.

No other sight that I have seen,
In all the years that intervene
Between that day and present time,
(Though I have passed my manhood's prime),

Has struck my sense with such appall,
As did the sight of that rough wall,
Composed of logs unhewn and round,
Where still remains a little mound,

Where stood the chimney built of sticks,
With soft clay mud placed in betwixt,
And plastered o'er the inner side,
From fiery sparks the sticks to hide.

The cracks between the logs were filled
With "chink and daub," for all were skilled
In making houses in that way,
In that long vanished, happy day.

A log cut out on either side,
A place for windows to provide,
Good windows made sans sash or glass,
With paper oiled so light could pass;

No tinted glass gives softer light,
Nor dazzles less the human sight,
Than did those greasy paper panes,
Where first I taxed my youthful brains

In puzzling o'er that mystic book,
In which I always had to look,
To learn to spell and then to read;
Herculean task it seemed indeed.

The seats all split from logs of wood,
Though rough and hard, we thought quite good ;

And underneath four sturdy pegs
Were placed in sugar-holes for legs.

The scene was all a rustic one,
But then our recompense was fun;
Such fun as boys these latter days,
With their fine clothes and city ways,

Know nothing of; nor can they know,
The fun of tramping through the snow
Four miles, or wading mud and rain,
A knowledge of their books to gain.

Oh, how we pity now the child,
Who needs must walk at most a mile,
To spend five hours with hated books,
Upon whose page he scowling looks,

To gain a mass of useless lore,
That makes him but a stupid bore,
To gabble Latin, Dutch and Greek ;
A swaggering fool, plain truth to speak.

But now those halcyon days of yore
Are gone, and come to me no more,
But they in mem'ry linger still,
As I go down life's rugged hill;

An oasis they seem to me,
In age to cheer life's desert sea;
Like weird enchantment they will last,
Through all the years till life is past.

On the Death of Mrs. Utter.

At rest, at rest, O blessed sleep,
Where painful dreams can never come—
Whence none may ever wake to weep—
Where flowers and wild birds vigils keep
Around the sleeper's silent home.

At rest, at rest, all labor done,
For good or ill, for weal or woe,
Life's fitful course at last is run,
And naught remains beneath the sun
For her to do, to wish or know.

Rest at the bottom of the hill—
Weary and worn, to sleep is best;
Stern nature's fiat to fulfill,
The restless heart at last is still,
Not dead, but only gone to rest.

At rest beyond all earthly strife;
Though pestilence and war may come,
They can not wake again to life
The dear devoted mother, wife,
That now lies sleeping in the tomb.

At rest from all life's care and toil,
Where she had acted well her part,
Nor feared her ready hands to soil,
But calmly through the world's turmoil
She passed, with warm and loving heart.

At rest within her narrow home,
The years may pass unheeded by;
With her (whatever else might come)
To live was not of life the sum,
Nor was it all of death to die.

Her Saviour's taken to His breast
His faithful servant from below,
To mansions of eternal rest,
To live forever with the blest,
Where none shall pain or sorrow know.

Then blessed be the sleep of death—
Sweet sleep to mortals tired of earth;
If we can trust our hope and faith,
Why should we mourn the parting breath,
When death brings greater joy than birth?

The Future Life.

The far-beyond could I but know—
Could my short sight the haven see
Where our imprisoned spirits go
When from this cumbrous clay set free;

Could I but range throughout the spheres,
And there the explanation find,
By ardent search through weary years,
'Twould satisfy my longing mind.

Of what awaits me here below
I'd have no horoscope to tell;
Such knowledge gladly I forego
And trust, my God, all will be well.

By some 'tis said that death ends all;
If so whence comes "this fond desire,"
That when, released from mortal thrall,
We'll come to what we most aspire?

If death ends all, 'twere better far
That we, like *other brutes*, should be;
And have no thought of death to mar
Our hope to live eternally.

I query what will be the life
We'll live in that yet unseen clime,
Where there's no turmoil, envy, strife,
No count of days, no end of time.

But wait, my soul, 'twill not be long
Till that grand secret stands revealed;
When we have joined the happy throng
That people that elysian field.

Youth's Delusive Dream.

In the hey-day of youth, when young life's early dream
Sees an oasis bright, where to others would seem
But a drear, arid desert, a lone, barren waste,
Through which in life's journey they gladly would haste;
Young life's early dream throws a glamour of joy
O'er all the dark shadows that others annoy,

And sees but the sunshine so daz'ling and bright,
Where others grope darkly, youth revels in light,
And sees but the objects enchanting to view,
As each day calls afresh its glad course to pursue
And gather fresh pleasures if but for a day
They remain in its keeping, then vanish away.

There still are left others, all different in kind,
That a soul with youth's ardor is certain to find—
Some bright ignis-fatuus to lead it along,
Or dulcet-voiced siren to sing it a song
Of pleasures untasted, amusement untried,
Wherein joy unsullied will ever abide.

So it heedlessly goes as the time passes by,
The years never counting as swiftly they fly,
Till coming at last in the journey of life,
To the point where begins the stern battle and strife,
'Tis found all unfit for the struggle to come,
For it counted that pleasure of life was the sum.

Then weary and vexed at the constant turmoil,
As days hurry by with their burdens of toil,
Thoughts come of the youth that long since passed away,
Like the flower of the grass that remains but a day—
Like the grass that at morning was blooming and green,
Cut down, dead and withered at evening is seen;

And it sighs for the days that were squandered in vain,
And mourns at the thought that they come not again.
Then viewing the journey o'er which it has past,
It learns when too late it has traveled too fast;
And all of youth's sunshine is hid in a cloud,
And pleasures all end in a coffin and shroud.

Address to the Skull of a Prehistoric Man.

[Human bones have been found that give conclusive evidence of a now extinct race of men having existed on this continent prior to the irruption of the mound builders and coeval with the mastodon, mammoth, elephant, and other monsters that once were here.]

Wake up you fragment of a race
Long vanished, leaving not a trace
Of whence you came or when you went,
Or even how your time was spent,
Save here and there some mystic lore
That proves you to have been before
That semi-barbarous race of men
Who crushed you out, none can tell when.

Tell how you perished from the earth,
And where your race first had its birth,
And whether you were red or white,
Or olive hued, or black as night,
And dwelt in tents, or rocky caves
Washed by old oceans's briny waves,
Or canyon cliffs the Hondo laves.

If it be not too hard a task,
Stand up and answer what I ask.
Tell how and when you crost the main,
A footing on this soil to gain;
Or was your birth upon this land—
A new creation from the hand
Of Him who formed each race of men?
If this be so please tell us when.

Was it the paleolithic age,
When first your race came on the stage?
Or was it when heat reigned supreme,
And earth was wrapped in clouds of steam
That rose from every reeking stream,
And nature all in chaos blent—
A scene of awful grandeur lent
(To which all present scenes are tame),
Till order out of chaos came?

Was it when monsters huge of size,
Like hulks of ships, with glaring eyes,
Ranged up and down o'er hill and plain,
Of which some fragments still remain?

Or was the time, I fain would know,
When mountain heaps of ice and snow
Came slowly sliding from the north,
And drove all living creatures forth
To seek a more congenial clime;
Say, if you can, was that the time
Your race was launched upon this tide
Of living creatures here beside?

Who was your mighty ruler, Votan?
Was he a God, or but a man?
Grandson of Noah, do you say,
And came here at such distant day
From fair Atlantis, mystic isle,
In ocean sunk so long a while?
Or Vilum Chivum—which the place
From which he brought your ancient race
And built his city, Nachan, when
'Twas peopled by your race of men,
That long in mental darkness lay,
Then from the earth all passed away
And left no record of the date
Nor what had caused their tragic fate?

You say he was a man of power,
And helped to build old Babel's tower;
But when confusion seized each tongue
He to the winds such folly flung,
And left the land that gave him birth,
And sought this far off spot of earth
And built the city, Nachan, here,
Debris of which now still appear.

If of your race you nought will tell,
Of when it rose or when it fell,
Then of yourself the hist'ry give,
Of how you managed then to live,
Of how you your addresses paid
To some sweet, meek-eyed, blushing maid,
And poured into her willing ear
The tale all maidens love to hear—
Of pure, devoted ardent love.
Tho' it too oft delusive prove.

And did her mother, when you wed,
Give her a cow and feather bed,
And dishes for her cupboard shelves,
And send you to live by yourselves—
As custom was in early days,
When people lived in simple ways?
Or did she take you to her home,
As is the custom now with some!
If so, did you much comfort draw
By living with your mother-in-law?
Or did the green-eyed monster come
And gain a lodgment in your home,
And banish all connubial bliss
And change its sweets to bitterness,
Till you to gain your former peace,
Sought through the courts the law's release
From matrimony's galling bands
That bound your then unwilling hands?
Or were divorces common then
As now, with more enlightened men?

Since you no answer vouchsafe, then
I science ask to tell me when
Your people lived and passed away,
In that long past, forgotten day,
But science fails to tell me when.
So, still in doubt, I drop my pen.
And myst'ry haunts me while I look
In this unwritten, time-sealed book.

To My Wife.

Just forty years, my dear, good wife,
Together we have lived and loved—
Have lived a busy, happy life,
And ev'ry source of joy improved.

We've climbed life's hill quite to the top
That marks the journey's grand divide;
For one back look we could not stop,
But started down the other side.

We can not say our path was rough,
Nor was it always smooth and good;
But still we thought it good enough,
So made our way as best we could.

If we met trials on our way
Of disappointments, toil and care,

Hope, pointing to a better day
We thought them but our rightful share.

If friends proved false we let them go,
To follow out their own sweet will;
Nor never would resentment show,
For others would their places fill.

Life's journey like some dreary waste
The weary trav'ler must pass through,
Has many spots through which we'd haste
To some bright oasis in view;

But when we reach the luring spot,
And think to rest awhile at ease,
We try repose, but find it not,
The boon the restless soul to please;

But find instead that life is life,
When going up or down the hill;
With anxious care 'tis always rife,
And void is left earth can not fill.

Our work on earth is nearly done,
Still thou art dear to me, good wife—
As dear as when was first begun
Our forty years of wedded life.

Then be content, O, restless soul!
Nor think to find unsullied joy,
'Till thou hast reached that final goal,
Where only's bliss without alloy.

But while we live may heaven still
 (Whatever else to us may come
While passing down life's rugged hill),
 Shower blessings on our peaceful home.

Our Two Angels.

[It has been a popular belief that from the cradle to the grave every person is constantly accompanied by two angels, one at the right hand recording all our good deeds and one at the left all the bad ones.]

If it be true as has been said,
That as life's labyrinth we tread,
 We're in two watchful angel's keeping;
One at our left and one the right,
To watch us always, day and night,
 While we're awake or when we're sleeping;

Each there to keep a record true
Of all we ever think or do,
 All good and bad to be recorded;
The right to note each righteous deed,
The left our sins of work or creed,
 For all of which we'll be rewarded.

Then when the court in session meets,
There to compare our balance sheets,
 To see how we've on earth been living

How much shall we poor mortals see,
That we would fain there should not be—
How much that needs our God's forgiving.

If he who stood at our right hand,
In answer to the court's command,
Can of the course we've been pursuing,
Show his scroll full of good deeds done,
Of virtue's battles fought and won.
A scroll to bear a close reviewing,

What transport will the pilgrim know,
Who on that angel's page can show
That all his follies are forgiven;
Thus proving to the Judge that he
Is from his sins forever free.
And may admitted be to heaven.

But O, what sad regrets, what pain
To him whose morbid greed for gain
Was all that drove him here to labor;
And to that end himself had sold,
And added to his hoard of gold,
By sore oppression of his neighbor.

When I before that Judge shall stand
May he who walked at my right hand,
Be able there to make a showing,
On his pure, spotless balance sheet,
A record with good deeds replete,
The harvest of what I've been sowing

To Dr. Waterman,

After reading his Poem entitled "The Phantoms of Life".

Dear Doctor, I've read your poem through,
And truth to say I like it;
The sentiment is unco true,
If I can rightly strike it.

Of aphorisms bright and new,
I'm sure it has a plenty;
Of passages obscure a few,
Perhaps as much as twenty.

I've tried to master every part,
To fathom all that's in it;
But some elude my utmost art,
So end as I begin it.

Perhaps it only is my lack
Of tact in penetration;
Or is an apprehension slack
A truer explanation?

Such "phantoms" some appear indeed,
Few other "phantoms" match them,
For tho' I strive with utmost heed,
I ever fail to catch them.

But take the poem all way through,
In truth, I highly prize it;
And since you have the poet's cue,
Don't fail to exercise it.

When heavy hangs an idle hour,
And dull ennui is grievous,
The muses have the magic power
From gloaming to relieve us.

And now I'll tell you in advance,
(For I already know it),
That while "I'm rhymers like by chance,"
You've proved yourself a poet.

In Memory of Mother Landers.

Gone, gone to her rest is the faithful old servant,
Who so gallantly fought the hard battle of life;
With her faith all unfeigned and her piety fervent,
The vict'ry she gained when death ended the strife.

Yes, gone to her rest is the dear sainted mother,
Whose labor of love all her children have known;
And in mem'ry she lives as there could not another,
And they see in her virtues a type for their own.

Her life as a mother, a wife and a neighbor
Was a crown of more beauty than diamonds and gold;
With hands ever willing for others to labor
She'd brook no exemption when feeble and old.

Her once cheerful room is now silent and lonely,
The stillness enhancing the desolate gloom
That hangs 'round the chamber of death, and there only,
When loved ones have left us and gone to the tomb.

But remember, bereaved ones, the promise that's given,
That tho' while in life we have sorrowing pain
Till our eyes dim with tears, there's no weeping in
Heaven,
And to you what is loss is to her only gain.

Destruction of Carthage.

Proud Rome o'er Carthage triumphs now,
Her streets with crimson currents flow,
Her people to the conqueror bow,
Since Hannibal has broke his vow—
The archer given up his bow.

The Roman saw with jealous eye
The rival city's wondrous growth,
And well he knew that by-and-by
One must in desolation lie;
He thought the world too small for both.

Crush out, vindictive Cato cried
(In ev'ry harangue from his tongue)
The city that has Rome defied,
And swayed the surging human tide
That on his venomed accents hung.

And on the swarming legions came
To strike the last decisive blow,
And smirch for aye the Roman name
By laying waste with sword and flame,
'Till Carthage lay in ashes low.

Her helpless people, in despair,
While humbly bowed their fate to meet,
With lamentations filled the air
And prayed the conqueror to spare
Loved Carthage, prostrate at his feet.

But what avails the widow's tears,
Or helpless orphan's plaintive cries?
Though they through long and weary years
Must suffer on? It only sears
The heart that pity's prayer denies.

Dire deeds of blood the hero dared,
Intent to vent his hellish wrath;
Nor age, nor sex, nor station spared,
But all alike his vengeance shared,
'Till desolation marked his path.

Thus Scipio, with heart of steel,
Pushed on his cohorts in the fray,
'Till drunk with blood his legions reel,
Nor pity for the vanquished feel—
In slaughter rev'ling night and day—

'Till weeks had passed since first began
A holocaust so dire, so fell,

Through man's infernal hate of man,
That blood like crimson rivers ran—
A scene to blush the fiends of hell.

Now in oblivion's silent womb
Grand Carthage lies in endless sleep;
No monument points out her tomb,
No voice is heard amid the gloom
Where but weird sprites their vigils keep.

The world can only know her name,
Her site no mortal man may tell;
But poets sing her ancient fame,
And hist'ry's page records with shame
How fated Carthage, fighting, fell.

Winter.

Winter's coming now for certain,
And the cold north-western blast,
Like a roaring whirling blizzard,
Chills us to the very gizzard,
As it goes careering past.
Signs are creaking, doors are knocking,
Windows shaking, shutters rattling,
As with Boreas they are battling,
Nerves of timid people shocking,
All their hopes of comfort mocking,
While these piercing northers blow.

Sun is hidden by a curtain
Of thick, fleecy clouds of snow,
And pedestrians scudding fast,
As they shivering homeward go,
Prove that winter's come at last.
Tramps around steam-boilers swarming,
Where they find one that is warm,
There their grimy bodies warming,
Sheltered from the howling storm;
But the house with windows grated,
They regard with jealous eye—
House by tramps and loafers hated,
When as vagrants they are slated—
House they think of with a sigh,
With the prospect not elated.
Now young people suit their fancies,
With all sorts of routs and dances,
As to them it best may seem;
Young dudes make their love advances,
While their best girls eat ice cream.
Piercing winds come in profusion,
Pinching us so very sore,
Chilling people to the core,
Proves this winter's no delusion,
As some prophesied before.
So the winter comes on bringing
Joy to some, to others sorrow,
But all to life tenacious clinging,
While they consolation borrow,
Hoping better things to-morrow.
Pleasant autumn's gone forever,

Till there comes another year;
But again we who are here,
Will see the welcome spring appear,
The winter-saddened hearts to cheer
With the sunshine warm and clear,
Winter's icy chains to sever.

Fall Signs.

When the sun is shinin' yell'er like,
And the warnuts rattle down;
And the leaves upon the sugar-trees,
Are turnin' red and brown;

When the tassels on the corn-stalks,
Have dry and withered grown,
And the medders all are green again,
Where so lately they were mown;

When the apples in the orchard,
Are a droppin' from the trees,
And the cider mills are grindin'
To make them into cheese;

And the children all are rompin'
And a dancin' round the mill,
And a drinkin' the sweet cider,
As a pig would drink his swill;

And yellor-jackets, hornets,
And bees are thick as flies
In the kitchen of a boardin' house,
When the cook is makin' pies:

When chickens in the stubble-fields,
Are a gleanin' up the grain,
And the wheat that's lately planted,
Is badly needin' rain:

When the swallers fly in circles,
Way high up in the sky,
And the robins head to southward,
Then I know that fall is nigh.

But when the pussy Dutchmen,
Order but swi glass of beer,
'Tis then I know for certain
That already fall is here.

Then I feel kind o' lonsesome like,
In the somber autum' haze,
And I'm sighin' and a wishin',
For my boyhood's happy days.

The Dying Soldier on the Battle-Field.

Put me down, said the soldier, nor longer
Be troubled to carry me on;
For I feel already I'm dying,
And soon from this strife shall be gone.

So, comrades, now lay me down gently,
And don't touch my poor shattered arm;
From my side where the bullet has entered
The blood gushes freely and warm.

In the shade of some bushes they laid him,
Alone there to breathe out his life;
Then back to the bloody field hastened
To mingle again in the strife.

The earth seemed to him to be dark'ning
But 'twas not the coming of night;
But the life-blood had ebbed from its fountain,
Till now it was dimming his sight.

A kind hearted officer saw him
There weltering alone in his blood,
And stooped down and tenderly asked him
If aught he could do for his good—

If he wished for a drink of cold water
To soothe his unquenchable thirst?
"No, thank you," he muttered, "I'm dying,
And so am prepared for the worst."

"Shall I write to your friends?" he suggested;

"I have none to whom you can write;"

And said in a tremulous whisper,

"I'm friendless; hence came here to fight."

"But there is one thing as a favor

I'll ask, if you'll grant my request;

You'll find in my knapsack beside me

My bible, that promises rest—

Sweet rest to the friendless and weary,

And peace for the tempest-tossed soul;

Who, though his life's lonely and dreary,

Still strives to the last for that goal

Where sin never enters to tempt us,

Where sorrows of earth are forgot,

And death is forbidden to enter,

And parting and weeping are not."

He read him his favorite passage,

The last of the fourteenth of John,

That told of the peace that the Saviour

Had left with His loved ones when gone.

"I thank you, dear Captain," he whispered,

"The peace of that promise is mine;

That dear, blessed Saviour is with me,

My spirit to Him I resign."

Then closing his eyes as if sleeping,

His lips with a prayer gently moved;

And calmly that tired, friendless spirit

Went up to the Saviour it loved.

The Drunkard's Wife.

I saw her as she pensive sat,
A child of grief and slave to care;
Submissive to her cruel fate,
Alone she pined in sadness there.

I paused to gaze upon the scene—
A silent tear stole from her eye,
I saw still in her noble mien
A trace of better days gone by.

Her cheek once fairer than the rose,
Besprinkled o'er with morning dew?
Now pallid by incessant woes,
No longer wore its rosy hue.

Her cheerful look and graceful form
Were wasting fast with toil and grief;
Too tender to withstand the storm,
Without one friend to give relief.

A smiling babe leaned on her breast,
A lovely boy slept by her side;
Her little daughter lay at rest,
Nor knew the ills that her betide.

Her weary fingers all the while,
The busy needle briskly plied;
That by her late and early toil,
She for her household might provide.

At ev'ry footstep passing by
She paused, her murderer's tread to hear;
Her tender bosom heaved a sigh—
Her stricken heart grew faint with fear.

As in suspense she waited there,
I saw a mournful group appear,
Who to her did her husband bear,
Stretched lifeless on a drunkard's bier.

With streaming eyes she looked around—
A look of sad despairing gloom;
For he to whom her heart was bound,
At last must fill a drunkard's tomb.

O, man! reflect upon the power
That God into your hands has given,
To make for nature's fairest flower
A direful hell or blissful heaven.

The Bereaved Wife.

Alone! alone! and must it be
That I no more his face may see,
Who was my joy, my world, my life,
E'er since I'd been a happy wife?

All is so still; no more I hear
His voice, sweet music to my ear.
Like fitful dreams, my joys have fled,
And all my life's bright hopes are dead.

Sad fate is mine for coming years,
For naught is left to me but tears,
Since there's no balm for my sick heart,
I'd from this world of gloom depart,

And greet my loved and lost once more
On that unknown and untried shore
Where weary souls may rest in peace,
And from their sorrows find release.

My friends are kind as friends can be,
But what avails it all to me?
For I'm alone at home—abroad—
Alone amid the bustl'ing crowd;

The songs of birds I used to love
Now to my sense discordant prove,
And harshly grate upon my ears,
As they call back the by-gone years

When I, a happy, trusting bride,
Walked with the lost one at my side,
Nor dreamt for once that all life's bliss
Might vanish with one parting kiss.

Did I, Oh God! give my best love
To one of earth, and faithless prove
To Thee, who gave the precious boon
That now is taken hence so soon?

Was it because I broke my vow
To Thee, that I must suffer now,

No more of pristine joys to know,
But tread alone my path below?

If so, then, Father, haste, I pray,
The summons calling me away
To that unknown among the blest,
Where stricken hearts find peaceful rest.

Hobbies of the Hour.

Of all the diseases that doctors combat,
There's no one so hard of removal as that
One so many now have, though they never complain—
A disease that's called insects, or fish on the brain.
One sore case I witnessed, I ne'er shall forget.
The patient so fond of a butterfly pet,
Was our entomologist, Doctor L*****e.
For a time, from his actions and all that he said,
'Twas evident something was wrong in his head,
And the symptoms increased from one day to another,
Till he could no longer their violence smother.
In such fits he goes hunting for spiders and bugs,
Or to catch a poor butterfly manfully tugs;
So out went our hero with net on a pole,
To engage in the sport, the delight of his soul.
As alone on the bank of the river he wandered,
Of spiders and butterflies deeply he pondered;
When all of a sudden a poor butterfly,
On its tri-colored velvet wings came flitting by;

Quick up went his net and the hot chase began,
Nor ended till plump o'er the steep brink he ran
Souse into the river, all foaming and deep,
Quite down to the depths where the mud-suckers keep;
And as I just caught the last glimpse of his heels,
I thought 'twas his new way of bobbing for eels;
But he swam out with ardor, cooled down to a shiver,
And vowed 'twas the last time he'd hunt by the river;
And that night in his dreams he was tortured with pain,
From the crashing of battle where thousands were slain;
But waking, he found 'twas all bugs on the brain;
So he woke in the morn, burned his pole and his net,
And peace was proclaimed 'tween the bugs and L*****e.

Welcome to the Robins.

Welcome sweet harbingers of spring—
Of gentle breezes soft and warm;
I list enraptured while you sing
The dirge of winter's howling storm.

Sweet singers of our summer days,
Thrice welcome to our quiet home,
To cheer our hearts till autumn's haze
Shall tell you time for change has come.

What subtle instinct points your way,
To leave your far-off Southern home,
A visit to our clime to pay.
So soon as balmy spring has come?

With weary wing you must retrace
Your autumn journey o'er again,
To land you in your wonted place,
Within these busy haunts of men.

When genial suns unlock the streams
That long were bound in winter's chain,
It minds me of life's early dreams,
To hear your welcome voice again.

Your matin song is to my ear
The sweetest of the feathered throng,
That gives us music year by year,
For none can boast so sweet a song.

And when I hear your witching lays,
My heart with pleasing memory fills;
But when you bring back by-gone days,
A touching sadness through me thrills.

Then welcome, sweet birds, to our home;
May fate you from the spoiler save;
And when my time for death has come,
I hope you'll sing above my grave.

Earthquake at Calabria, Italy.

The zephyrs blew softly, the sky was serene;
Old ocean was calm, though his bosom was green;
All nature seemed slumb'ring in quiet repose,
Nor dreamt of the sorrows, destruction and woes,
That like a dark cloud hovered over the land,
To burst in its fury on Italy's strand,
To lay her in ruins her people to humble,
And cause into chaos her cities to tumble.

As Nature thus rested in slumber profound,
Not a breeze fanned the olive trees shading the
ground;
The sun shone in splendor on castle and tower,
And man appeared basking in life's sweetest bower,
'Till belching Stromboli excited their wonder;
'Twas the voice of Jehovah, in accents of thunder,
Proclaiming His judgement which now was at hand,
That cities and castles should neither withstand.

Euphemia, the queen of fair Italy's shore,
To oblivion sunk down, and she rises no more;
Her halls and her palaces, beauty and mirth,
Alike found a grave in the bowels of earth;
There was no righteous Lot from oblivion to save,
And she tottered and sunk to her watery grave;
And the cloud of God's vengeance hung dark o'er the
gloom,
And left but a lake there to point out her tomb.

Lo humbled in ruin vain Tropa lies,
With her spires and her steeples that loomed to the skies;
Her streets that wit, beauty and vanity trod,
Turned chambers of mourning when smote by His rod;
The young and the aged, the master and slave,
Lay in peace side by side in their common grave;
All ranks and distinctions are mingled in one,—
The beggar in rags and the king on his throne.

'Twas the wrath of Omnipotence scourging the land—
A bolt of His vengeance still warm from His hand;
Proud Italy tottered by dint of a nod,
Her people acknowledged the presence of God,
With a crash her strong towers came thundering down,
They vanished like vapor at Deity's frown;
No lightnings were gleaming the visions to shock,
But it seemed as if God at man's power would mock.

To conquest and power let Britain aspire,
Let nations sink under her merciless ire,
Let her scepter be swayed o'er the cringing brave;
And her monarchs each bow to ambition a slave,
But, O, that sad day may my eyes never see,
When this freedom land shall an Italy be,
To be shook to her center, to atoms to tumble,
The pride of an ignorant people to humble.

Address to the English Sparrows.

You thieving pirates, cursed of men,
Sad day for us poor mortals when
Your race first crossed the ocean;
Some thought you'd be a blessing then,
But soon they changed their notion;

And love for you began to wane
When you attacked the farmer's grain
Instead of worms and beetles,
And people wished you back again
To eat old England's victuals.

The fool that brought you to our shore
Should be condemned forever more
To listen to the clatter
Of your infernal tribe a score,
His noodle brain to shatter.

Such music never mortal heard
From braying ass (that sweet song bird)
As from you greets our hearing;
Nor Chinese gong has ever stirred
Our souls with strains so cheering.

The people's houses built with eaves,
With airy nooks where sticks and leaves
Can find a place to rest in,
You impudent imported thieves
Are sure to stick a nest in;

Thus dropping litter here and there,
Enough to make good housewives swear
And wish you all in Texas,
England, Tophet, anywhere,
So you no more could vex us.

Then hie you back to Britain's fogs,
Or to the land of fens and bogs,
And therein do your thieving,
Whence drove St. Patrick snakes and frogs,
And where the people house with hogs,
Us from your filth relieving.

And we will ever bless the day
When from our shores you sped away,
And left us peace and quiet;
Then if beyond the sea you'll stay,
We'll be the happier by it.

The Slave's Lament.

O God! to whom all creatures bow,
Thou who supports the weak and faint;
Hear Afric's son who calls Thee now,
O! listen to his sad complaint.

O, send a balm for slavery's wound!
For Africa is bound in chains,
Her children trodden to the ground,
Without a friend to soothe their pains.

Thou once didst free, Almighty God,
The slave from Egypt's iron hand;
And will Thy justice and Thy rod
Not visit too this guilty land?

O liberty! thou sacred name—
Thou idol of the human heart;
I know that justice bids me claim,
Of thy rich gifts an equal part.

For thee our masters crossed the flood,
And left their homes and native land;
For thee they freely shed their blood,
To wrest thee from the tyrant's hand.

Why then, O why! do they forbid
That we this precious boon should have?
For which they bravely fought and bled,
And God to all his creatures gave.

O liberty! for thee I pine,—
For thee to heaven devoutly pray;
I know in justice thou art mine,
Yet vainly seek thee day by day.

They tell me I've been bought with gold,
But O, my God! can this be just,
To barter an immortal soul,
For such vile trash as sordid dust?

O slavery! it is only those
Who wear thy yoke can ever tell,
Of half thy miseries and woes,
Or how near kin thou art to hell.

They tore me from my native land,
My parents' cries I hear them yet;
I still can see them weeping, stand,—
Their bitter grief I'll ne'er forget.

My mother, O it broke her heart
With anguish, grief and torturing pain,
To see her last fond hope depart,
To never soothe her soul again.

My children—would they 'd ne'er been born,
If 'twere but thus to be a slave;
I'd rather lived as one forlorn,
And sunk unpitied to my grave,

Than to have suffered what I've borne,
A scene that rends my very heart,
My children from my bosom torn,
And we forever doomed to part.

But O my bitterest woe of life!
The parting with my bosom friend;
A lovely, kind and doting wife,
In wretchedness her life to end.

They tore her from my warm embrace,
She shrieked, she prayed in wild despair,
While floods of tears bedewed her face,
But still they heeded not her prayer.

O white man! if thou couldst but know
One half the ills that slavery brings,
Thou'dst quick our liberty bestow,
And blunt our mis'ries' deadliest stings.

O freedom! thou bequest of heaven,
That God in mercy and in love,
Alike to all mankind has given,
O may I taste it soon above!

'Twere better I slept in my grave,
Thus freed from all my torturing pain,
Than I should live a tyrant's slave,
And ask his mercy but in vain.

O pity! attribute of God,
Why that sad blush upon thy face?
Why forced behind oppression's rod,
To find a shameful hiding place.

O mercy! whither hast thou fled?
Thou balm for slavery's keenest pains;
In vain thy soothing tears are shed,
While Afric's children groan in chains.

My earthly joys like dreams have fled,
My heart by sorrow's sighs is riven;
I long in dust to lay my head,
And rest my weary soul in heaven.

I'll gladly hail the happy day,
That death shall come to my relief;
When I from hence shall pass away,
And leave this vale of tears and grief.

The judgement day is drawing near,
Man's sacred rights to vindicate;
Our suff'rings then will all appear
To seal the cruel master's fate.

To ———

That snowy bosom's graceful swell,
Like some white rosebud bursting full,
On which the sculptor long might dwell,
Perfections model there to cull,
My raptured gaze spellbound can chain,
And contemplating more admire,
Until my passion-stricken brain
Is flaming with poetic fire.

Yet should those outer charms all fade,
That full, round form its plumpness lose,
And wrinkles those fair cheeks invade,
Thy soul would still inspire my muse;
And I should be thy willing slave,
And thou my shrine continue still.
Till I am sleeping in my grave,
My joy shall be to do thy will.

And then on that Elysian shore,
Where all is peace, and love, and joy—
Where tears and parting are no more,
And bliss is pure without alloy—
There in that ever hallowed spot,
With thee to dwell and be at rest,
With earthly trials all forgot,
Would be a fate supremely blest.

But duty calls, and I must go
And leave awhile this luring place,

For good or ill; but none can know
How I shall long to see thy face.
But O, fear not my constant heart
Will its devotion once regret;
For though sad fate must bid us part,
My charmer I can ne'er forget.

The Evening Gun.

One summer's eve I pensive sat,
When nature lay all hushed and still,
And flitted forth the soft winged bat,
The sun had sunk behind the hill.

The bees into their hives had crept,
The laborer's daily toil was done,
And in their nests the birdlings slept,
When loud boomed out the evening gun

Which turned my thoughts to human life,
So much 'tis like one single day,
Now joy, now grief, now peace, now strife,
Then silently to steal away—

To steal away and be forgot,
Nor leave a ripple on the wave
Of life's broad sea that heeds us not,
When once we're landed in the grave.

That gun's loud boom that silence broke
Upon the tranquil evening air,
And all the neighb'ring echos woke,
To my imagination were

So much like life's too brittle thread,—
A flash, a sound, a smoke, a thrill;
The flash is gone, the sound is dead,
The smoke dissolves, and all is still.

So we too in our manhood's prime,
Those halcyon days that swiftly run,
Go heedless of the flight of time,
Till wakened by life's evening gun.

The Song of War.

My true name is murder, by courtesy war,
A name that the good of all nations abhor;
I make no distinction 'twixt peasant and lord,
Nor pity is known when I unsheath my sword;

The king on his throne or his menial slave,
Alike at my fiat go down to the grave.
With blood-besmeared banners I stride through the
land,
With the engines of death firmly grasped in my hand,

And defiance I bid to a terrified world,
As cities and hamlets to chaos are hurled.
The fruits of his labor, the husbandman's joy,
In the track of my minions I haste to destroy,

And the country is changed to a drear barren waste,
Through which I have passed in my hot eager haste
To beleaguer some city to rob of its gold,
Though its people should suffer with anguish untold,

And the tears of the widow incessantly flow
In the print of my footsteps wherever I go.
I brothers engage in unnatural strife,
Where they give blow for blow—where they give life
for life,

And oft the death struggle 'twixt father and son,
Is seen in the conflict where battles are won.
I, as a stern arbiter, always maintain,
'Tis the right of a tyrant possession to gain,

Of what to his neighbor may rightly belong,
But gained by my fiat it never is wrong.
When vengeance is glutted and thousands are slain,
And gaunt-visaged famine stalks wan in my train—

When nothing is left as temptation to lust,
And cities lie humbled and prostrate in dust,
I cease my carnival, my banner is furled,
And peace for a season I give to the world.

Scene in Indianapolis during the Rebellion.

Along the streets all hurrying fast
The crowds of busy people past,
When from a cellar poured a throng
Of news-boys shouting that old song,
Journal extra! Five cents!

Their eyes were bright, their faces red,
As on their way they hurrying sped,
Each screaming out like trumpet sound
Those words of interest profound,
Journal extra! Five cents!

The dusty streets they did defy,
And pell mell dashed pedestrians by,
Each seeming with the rest to vie
In keeping up that one same cry
Journal extra! Five cents!

Another battle! one sang out;
Another answered with a shout,
Another glorious victory's won—
McClellan's safe—and *Washington!*
Journal extra! Three cents!

In many faces there was light
Of hopes to hear of some big fight,
As like a silver clarion rung
The accents of the news-boy's tongue,
Journal extra! Three cents!

"Try not to pass," an old man said,
"Till I learn if my son has bled
And died to save our government;"
Then on the news-boy shouting went,
Journal extra! Three cents!

"O stay!" a maiden said, and pressed
Her hand upon her throbbing breast,
A tear stood in her bright blue eye;
Still loud rang out the news-boy's cry,
Journal extra! Three cents!

The maiden handed out the chink,
And he was off as quick as wink,
Then down the street he took his flight,
Still yelling out with all his might,
Journal extra! Three cents!

"Vot news, mine poy," a meinheer said,
Taking his beer-glass from his head,
But drank again, nor turned aside;
The lad sped on and but replied,
Journal extra! Two cents!

As 'neath the trees went down the sun,
And from the mart the crowd was gone,
Then died away far down the street,
Those words that oft our hearing greet,
Journal extra! One cent!

October.

O beautiful October days!

With forests dressed in gorgeous hues,
The atmosphere a mellow haze
That lends enchantment to the view,
In such unique, entrancing ways.

As mid the falling leaves I roam

A sense of sadness fills the heart,
Till waking dreams of childhood's home,
Recall the past and tears will start
For those long sleeping in the tomb;

And I in fancy range again

My native woods, in colors bright;
Or through the fields of golden grain,
With steps so free and heart so light—
I wish those days might still remain.

October days will come as fair

As in the treasured times of yore;
The same red sun, the balmy air
We knew in years that come no more;
But where's their pristine pleasure? Where?

Oppressed with care and oft with grief,

A round of toil my daily lot,
The days flit by, and like a thief
They steal away and are forgot,
Nor give from toil one day's relief.

Just as to-day to-morrow 'll be,
Beset with care on every hand.
Still I must brave life's stormy sea,
But where my fragile bark shall land,
As yet is all unknown to me;

But trust 'twill be on that bright shore
Where none but gentle breezes blow—
Where pelting storms are known no more—
Nor chilling sleet nor driving snow—
There meeting friends who've gone before.

Then welcome mild October days,
With forests all in beauty dressed,
The golden sunshine, mellow haze
And country with rich harvests blest,
All claim the poet's sweetest lays.

Musings of an Invalid.

As far from my home a sad stranger I wander,
A face that's familiar how seldom I see;
And oft when alone in my saunt'rings I ponder
On what the result of my wand'rings shall be.

Shall strength be restored to a body that's wasted,
And vigor return to a poor feeble frame,
And life be as sweet as when erst it was tasted,
Or only a life that is life but in name?

Will there be inspired some object for living,
Long lost from a feeling of conscious decline?
Some new lease of life that this climate is giving,
To call me anew in life's battle to join?

Or shall I return after all of this roaming,
All broken in spirit and wasted in frame;
But seeking the grave to release me from gloaming,
And leave to my kindred naught else but a name?

Though in youth our desire for life may be stronger,
In age 'tis but nature to cling to it still;
But why should I wish that I tarry here longer,
Life's banquet is ended, I've eaten my fill.

Then adieu to the scenes that enchanted a stranger,
For your grandeur my eyes may again never see;
That I fall by the way I perceive there is danger,
And I'd die with my friends wheresoever they be.

They're Waiting.

They're waiting, they're waiting beyond the dark river;
With loving hearts waiting to welcome me there,
To be in that region united forever,
A blissful eternity with them to share.

In the damp chancel house tho' their bodies are sleeping,
Their justified spirits look down on us here;
And while they are waiting they vigils are keeping,
Regretting each sorrow, recording each tear.

As life is uncertain and time is so fleeting,
It can not be long for those lost ones to wait,
'Till I will be there to receive their warm greeting,
When I shall have past through the bright mystic
gate,

And entered that land where no farewells are spoken,
Where from sad weeping eyes will be wiped all the
tears—

Where by death's ruthless hand are no loving hearts
broken,

But joy fills the sum of eternity's years.

The Wife's Lament over her Dead Husband.

Come, angels, weep with me to-day,
If weep you do when mortals weep ;
I can not see my future way,
I'm blinded by affliction deep.

My staff on which so long I leaned,
Is broken now and I'm undone ;
The hand that all my life has screened,
Lies pulseless, cold, and I'm alone.

Kind Father, hear the widow's plaint,
Bowed by this crushing load of grief ;
And O, support me ! else I faint—
Send thou this stricken heart relief.

He's now at rest—his suff'rings o'er,
Though loss to me, to him 'tis gain;
But why should he thus go before,
While I must still behind remain?

My life's a burden now to bear,
Still I submit to God's decree,
Else I would soon be with him, where
I from its burden would be free.

The world seems dark and dreary all,
No cheering ray lights up the gloom;
Impatient I await to call
To rest within the friendly tomb.

Then, angels, weep with me to-day,
If weep you do when mortals weep;
And, Father, hear me when I pray,
For my last, welcome, final sleep.

My Heart.

*Thoughts suggested by noticing the throbbing of the heart on
awaking out of a sleep in the night.*

Toil on true heart, thy measured tread
Is reeling off my spool of time,
Till fate at last shall snap the thread,
And land me in another clime;

Then I shall have no further need,
Of thy good service, faithful heart ;
But quicken not thy measured tread,
Lest we too soon be doomed to part.

Thy work 's been all I could desire,
By day, by night, awake, asleep,
Thou seem'st of toil to never tire,
But still thy constant throbbing keep.

If thou should'st stop to rest a spell,
What havoc such a rest would make—
What sore disaster, who can tell ?
Go on then for thy owner's sake.

My limbs get weary day by day,
My brain calls loud for needed rest ;
But thou canst still pursue thy way,
To feed life's fires within my breast.

Such nice machine was never made
By chance-work of uncertain laws ;
Intelligence is here displayed,
That's proof of some designing cause.

Since thou for six and three score years,
Canst such continued throbbing keep,
I'll of thy failure have no fears,
But feel secure and go to sleep.

The Invalid's Farewell to Los Angeles.

Farewell fair city of the plain—

And mountains capped with virgin snow ;
I ne'er shall view these scenes again,
Since duty calls me hence to go.

The ever restless wheels of time,

Have borne me on through hopes and fears ;
While tarrying here, the fate's been mine
To know of joy oft mixed with tears.

With fond regrets I leave the spot,

Made dear by friendships warm and true :
Where such kind greetings were my lot,
'Tis sad to say at last adieu.

When in my far off eastern home

I think of those I left behind,
How oft the happy thought will come
Of those that now are but too kind.

Where'er I roam by land or sea,

Whate'er may be my muse's theme,
These friendships here will ever be
An oasis in memory's dream.

Fair city, then, a long farewell,

May naught but peace your borders know ;
That Heaven's blessing on you dwell,
Shall be my prayer where'er I go.

Indianapolis.

Grand city of beauty, that sits like a queen,
In the lap of this valley of plenty and peace,
With broad streets and shady, all bordered with green,
From the hot summer sun giving pleasant release.

With churches whose steeples point upward to heav'n,
In silence and grandeur by night and by day;
'Tis thus to the people the warning is given,
That they from earth's pleasures must soon go away.

For men gen'rous hearted and women as fair
As the sweet fabled houris of paradise lands,
In helping the needy few with you compare,
For you go to the stricken with wide-open hands,

A call for relief never reaches the ear,
Of the city's great noble souled people in vain;
All cries of distress they are soonest to hear,
And thus they the love of the suffering gain.

Fair city, the pride and the boast of the state,
Excelsior your motto, guard well your good name;
You've well earned the title of loyal and great,
Let no anarchist mob ever tarnish your fame.

I knew you an infant in years long ago,
A time that to memory ever is dear,
And while I remain in this region below,
You 'll share the best love of

THE OLD PIONEER.

The Sad Parting.

Far from thee, Julia, I must go,
O'er Afric's sands or Greenland's snow,
It matters not what fate may be,
Since, Julia, I must go from thee.

But O! let not this parting grieve
The stricken deer that I must leave
To mourn the fate that bids us part,
And crush my Julia's loving heart.

For hope will linger with the soul,
'Mid tropic heat or frigid pole ;
Though of all other joys bereft,
Hope is one priceless jewel left.

Then from thee, Julia, I must go;
O'er Afric's sands or Greenland's snow,
In whatsoever clime I be,
My heart will still remain with thee.

General Hancock Dead,

Soldier, patriot, loyal, brave and always true,
Who than party better far his country loved—
Who in his country's time of need his duty only knew,
And then with sword unsheathed his love for country
proved.

With sore surprise and sad of heart he heard the nation's call

For help in beating back the nation's common foe;
Then quick upon her altar, unreserved, he laid his all,
And to the field ensanguined marched to lay the rebels low.

No thought but one his patriotic breast inspired,
That thought was but to strike till every foe should fly
A thought with which all loyal hearts were fired;
Them led he forth to meet the foe and conquer or to die.

On bloody fields of deadly strife where rebels' leaden hail
Like swarms of bees thick hurled through the sulph'rous air,

Bravely he stood, his gallant heart all could not cause to quail,

Stern duty nerved his noble soul his country's fate to share.

And when sweet peace her balmy wing spread o'er the bleeding land,

And man with heated passions cooled gave place to reason's sway,

Quick to forgive he grasped an erring brother's hand,
An internecine war of blood fraternal thus to stay.

'Twas thus the grand old hero lived, with honors thick upon him, died,

In duty's path in face of death he ever faithful trod;
If fortune smiled or if she frowned, whatever fate betide,

'Twas still the pleasure of his life to serve his country and his God.

The Fatal Kiss.

They talked of saluting each other's lips,
Meanwhile Cupid, seated on his rose,
Was drawing the fatal string,
And, as they klsed, let fly his arrow—
Pierced through both their hearts—
And deep and lasting was the sting.

Nearing the Close.

Life's evening shades are drawing near,
Its sun is sinking in the west,
And soon will close another year,
That brings me closer still to rest;
For there's no rest while here below,
For mortals to life's burdens born,
Small is at most the good we know,
Till 'tis farewell and we are gone—
Gone to that land eye hath not seen—
A land of perfect rest and peace,
From us but hidden by a screen,
Through which to pass brings sweet surcease,
From all the toils and cares of earth—
Sad disappointments and regrets,
That mar man's happiness from birth,
Until life's sun in darkness sets.

O, woe is me if it were true,
That all of life is but to live,
And pass my earth's probation through,
With such mixed joys as earth can give;

And if 'tis all of death to die,
To pass away and be forgot—
To lay this mortal body by,
Down in the grave mid worms to rot;

'Twere better to have never known
A life so soon to pass away,
Like autumn leaves by north winds storm,
Dead and forgotten in a day;

Forgotten, leaving not a trace
Of what I was or where I'd been;
Naught save on earth a vacant place,
For some one else to enter in.

With inspirations just as high,
The vacancy again to fill,
To disappointed live and die,
And leave the room to others still.

Tho' warm blood courses through my veins,
It moves with ever-less'ning flow;
And what few years for me remains,
A secret is I may not know.

But this I know, the shades appear,
I feel their breath upon my brow;
And soon will death's dark night appear,
Of this I have assurance now.

Then be prepared, O, weary soul,
When that eventful time shall come,
To go and gain the wished for goal,
In thy long-sought, eternal home.

I'm Sixty To-Day.

I'm sixty to-day, and how changed is my feeling,
Since the long-vanished years of my youth's early
dream;

And while three-score-and-ten fast upon me is stealing,
The years but glide faster down time's restless stream.

Tho' years have flown swiftly and time has been fleeting,
They blessings like morning dew shook from their wings.
To cheer me by day, and give rest as their greeting,
When night its dark mantle o'er tired nature flings.

The world seems as bright as in days of my childhood,
When I rambled through meadows a stranger to care,
Or plucked the wild flowers 'mid the unbroken wild-
wood,

As blithe as the birds and as free as the air.

I'm sixty to-day, but till far in life's gloaming,
My spirit was bright as in life's early dawn;
But now with path darkened and done with my roam-
ing,

The loved ones are missed that before me are gone.

I'm sixty to-day, and 'tis time for reflection,
To see if those years have been worthily spent;
Is there for life's errors still time for correction?
For all of life's follies still time to repent?

But now a dark burden my spirit is breaking,
Its brightness fast changing to sadness and gloom;
With a grief-stricken heart that for others is aching,
I soon shall leave all to find rest in the tomb.

November.

November comes with chilling air,
And all its wonted gloom and cloud;
The forests, stripped of leaves, are bare,
And nature wears a gloomy shroud,
As if in mourning everywhere.

The robins to the south have flown,
The bluebird's song is heard no more;
The cricket's chirp has silent grown;
The chipmuck hoards his winter's store,
And through the tree tops cold winds moan;

And as the mournful dirge they sing
Of summer dead and laid away,
We fondly dream of coming spring—
Of sunny days in balmy May—
Such days as only May can bring.

When nature dons her robes of green,
And mirth pervades the ambient air;
When flowers of various hues are seen
That well might deck the glossy hair
Of laughing girl or fairy queen.

'Tis thus in waking dreams we live,
For what's to come we longing look;
Leach like, our constant cry is give—
With illest grace denial brook;
Nor thankful are when we receive.

The old infirm delight to see
The cheerful fire's inspiriting glow,
And if from toil and care they're free,
And naught but sweet contentment know,
They're happy still as age can be.

But O, the hungry, thin-clad poor,
To whom all comforts are unknown;
Who see gaunt famine at the door,
And must endure their woes alone—
To such cold brings afflictions sore.

O, ye who have a heart to feel
A sympathy for other's woes—
To you the cold winds make appeal
To go before the day shall close
And change some sufferer's woe to weal.

Search out the widow's cheerless home,
Where poverty and want are found,

Where cheering hope can never come,
Where toil in arduous, weary round
Makes up of life the daily sum.

Then bless the cold November storm
For opportunity that's given
The hungry poor to feed and warm,
Thus giving earth foretaste of heaven,
By doing good in every form,

Ode to California.

O California! land of wonders,
Destitute of lightnings, thunders,
And of pure cold water too;
Though 'tis but once that I have seen you,
'Tis enough, for to outgleen you
Is an easy thing to do.

What 's the use your big potatoes,
And your pig-tailed Chinese waiters,
While your Kearney spouts his gab?
And your women all so lazy,
Enough to set poor husbands crazy,
Your brokers always on the grab.

Though you have fine grapes and peaches,
'Tis no cause to "bust" your breeches,
Puffing up with tropic pride;

Though your oranges are bigger,
By Florida's they cut no figure,
When the eating them is tried.

True, your skies are bright and beaming,
But then with flies all nature's teeming,
And earthquakes shake you everywhere;
Then your warm dish-water "sankies"
Ne'er would suit us eastern yankees,
Tho' your skies were always fair.

To your wines I will knock under,
And your pears, how oft I wonder
How such big ones ever grew;
Melt in your mouth, and sweet as honey,
And more you get for less of money
Than any place I ever knew.

But your people, I must praise them,
To the highest point I'll raise them,
For their kindness ever shown
To the sick or needy stranger;
When of suff'ring there is danger
Truer friends were never known.

Yockop's Troubles in America.

Mine cracious! Mine cracious! how plows the coldt
vint!

It vos colter, alretty, dan effer pefore;
So vosser dan effer in Yarmany bint,
Und ven I vas pack dare comes me here no more,

Un ven summer cooms roundt den der sun vas so hot,
Mine pare arms all ofer mit plisters is purnt;
Unt so long as I lif I shall never forgot
Der lesson dat I in dis country have learnt.

Den der cyclones da cooms unt da virls all aroundt,
Unt prokes down der houses unt der beoples is kilt;
Unt notting is left dare dat stood on de groundt
Put der cellars dat unter der houses vas pilt.

Den der peer in dis country is vosser dan all,
Ven I takes put swi glasses it futtles my head,
Und der taste is so vosser so pitter like call,
Ven I trinks swansy classes I sure vas gone deadt.

Mine Katrine she croomples at me efry day,
Unt plames me for pringing her ofer der sea,
So far from her home unt her beoples away,
Unt sometimes, alretty, she skolted at me.

Unt sometime she cries, den it makes me feel padt,
So padter as effer I felt in my life;
Unt it puts me to dinkin of dis ting and dat,
Till I almost cries too, de same as mine vife.

Put I tells my vife, Katrine. to vait schoost avile,
 Till a little more money ve makes, den ve'll co
 Pack to der old country ; den dat makes her schmile,
 Ven she dinks of dat bromise, it please her so.

Den she vas so happy it makes me happy too,
 Unt I coes to mine vork mit a heart dats so light,
 Dat der vork seems so easy vot effer I do,
 Dat I vissles unt sings from der morning till night,

An Acrostic.

Being importuned by a loquacious old maid for a poem on her name, I wrote for her this.

O—f all the droll creatures of nature's producing.
 L—ove meets none so cold and so heartless as thee;
 D—etested by man, to his mis'ry conducting,
 M—ay we soon from such pests and tormenters be free;
 A—nd may the young maidens all by thee take warning,
 I—nsure a good husband while life's in its morning,
 D—etermined more happy and useful to be.

For all of which impudence my ears were soundly boxed. So to appease her excusable indignation I produced for her the following:

R—ound thy fair brow is richly twined
 O—f beauty's charms the sweetest given;
 S—o blended with a taste refined,
 E—'en saddest hearts they would illumine,

A—nd make them blithe as childhood's bloom,
N—or longer leave them wrapped in gloom,
N—or leave them to be sorrow riven,
B—ut beauty's roses soon must fade,
A—nd wrinkles mar that classic brow—
R—ough lines those blooming cheeks invade,
T—hat look so sweet and charming now;
O,—keep thy soul so pure, so clean,
N—o change in sweetness can be seen.

Uncertainty.

Uncertain are terrestrial things,
When law's enforcement lax is—
Uncertain what to-morrow brings
As acts of legislatures, kings;
But always sure are taxes,

A bank is an uncertain place
For us to put our treasure;
They'll take it in with such a grace,
And such a child like, smiling face,
Then steal it at their leisure.

And when we call to get it back,
Behold the bank is "busted";
And then they take their fat grip sack,
And off to Canada they pack,
The cash with them we trusted,

The men we choose the laws to make
In our state legislature,
Will every advantage take
To legislate for party's sake,
In politics 'tis nature.

A man to get you on his note
For money he would borrow,
Will say you'll always get his vote,
And that he'd sell his only coat
To pay you back to morrow.

But when you've had to pay his debt,
His friendship he has banished;
And when you meet him, you can bet,
Not even promises you'll get,
And soon your hopes are vanished.

Uncertain is a verdict when
It is a jury finds it;
A jury of a dozen men
Will disagree five times in ten,
For pleading only blinds it.

Do as you will you find the same
Uncertainty attending;
And if you play for wealth or fame,
You'll find it an uncertain game,
In disappointment ending.

The Poet's Address to his Wife.

My dear, good wife, these nineteen years
We've smoothly glided on together,
Through joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,
And all vicissitudes of weather.

And now our twentieth wedding-day
Has come to greet us with its blessing;
Then let's enjoy life while we may—
'Tis all of earth that's worth possessing.

Our joys like some pellucid brook,
Have issued forth from love's pure fountain,
As streams gush from some pleasant nook,
In shady dell of tree-clad mountain.

'Tis true we've faults, but who has not?
'Tis thus with every human living,
But let it never be forgot,
Our hearts grow better by forgiving.

We've seen enough of toil and care,
By which our happiness to measure;
But then the trials that we share,
But give a zest to ev'ry pleasure.

Then for contentment let us pray,
Ne'er at the ways of God repining;
Tho' this may be a gloomy day,
To-morrow may be bright and shining,

Kind Father, grant us still Thy smiles—
Let all our follies be forgiven,
And keep us from the tempter's wiles,
And land us safe at last in heaven.

Why?

While age creeps on us years go by,
I ev'ry phase of life survey,
And can not tell the reason why
It is I'd wish to longer stay.

To mingle in the world's turmoil,
With only hope to cheer me on,
While I am weary with the toil
Of all the years already gone.

I know that trials sore must come,
And sorrows follow in their wake.
And make of future days the sum,
To be endured for other's sake.

But life is short and soon at most,
I shall go hence to come no more,
But go to join the countless host,
Who have for ages gone before.

But, help me, O, my God, I pray,
With resignation to Thy will,
To bear whatever comes my way,
And be thy faithful servant still.

Farewell to My Childhood's Home.

Farewell ye loved scenes of my long vanished childhood,
The brook on whose borders so often I played,—
Farewell ye dear nooks in yon thick-clustered wildwood
Where oft I in summer reclined in the shade.

Adieu to the hawthorn that stood by the thicket,
Where in summer his medley the mocking-bird sung;
The refrain being trilled by the shrill piping cricket,
When evening its stillness o'er nature had flung.

The knoll in the orchard where lonely are sleeping
My kindred now past from their labors away,
I bid all adieu while my eyes dim with weeping;—
O, stranger, tread lightly above them, I pray.

I leave these enchantments in strange lands to wander
Perhaps I may never behold them again;
And it saddens my spirit to sit here and ponder
On childhood's bright dreams and how fleeting they've
been.

But now these loved haunts are the home of another,
The ones that so loved me I see here no more;
My silv'ry haired father and dear sainted mother,
Long since found a home on a far brighter shore.

Then why should I wish that my stay could be longer,
Since all is now gloomy that once was so dear;
For though by long absence the passion be stronger,
The dear ones I loved never more can be here.

Then a last long adieu, but I ever shall cherish
The mem'ry of joys that attended me here;
Nor never till love in my bosom shall perish,
Will earth have a spot to my mem'ry so dear.

Farewell to Summer.

Golden summer now farewell

You've nobly your engagement played,
But soon must break your magic spell,
Since to the earth your debt is paid,
And you will then be laid to rest,
By all this well-fed people blest.

Coquettish as the changing breeze,
You've oft feigned leaving once for all,
But seemed so well the world to please,
You waited not applause to call,
But all at once you changed your will,
And lo, you tarry with us still.

The trees still wear their regal dress—

The katydid pipes forth his song.

And we can surely do no less

Than wish you would your stay prolong;
To bless us with these balmy days,
We have through your coquettish ways.

In autumn's lap you smiling sit.

With genial warmth shines forth the sun;
And through the haze winged insects flit,
As when their life had first begun;
And thus you round the season up,
To fill with joy the poor man's cup.

And now as through the woods I roam,

My thoughts go back to by-gone years—
Of pleasure in our humble home—

A home that seldom knew of tears;
Then think when comes the autumn's gloom,
We're one year nearer to the tomb.

But ah, how swift the years go past!
Like meteors shot athwart the sky,
They seem so bright but cannot last,
We have but time to say good-by,
'Till they are gone to come no more,
To cheer us on this changeful shore.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

Deal Gently with the Erring.

Deal gently with the erring,—
Thou knowest not how well,
How gallantly they struggled
Before they, yielding, fell.

Remember sore temptation
Ere long may cross thy way,
And finding thee unguarded,
Make thee an easy prey.

Deal gently with the erring—
With passion's wayward child;
And when reproof is needed,
O let thy words be mild.

Remember that the Savior
Forbareth long with thee;
And in his law commandeth,
His saints like him to be.

Deal gently with the erring,
Who think they're in the right,
Be gentle in thy efforts
To bring them to the light.

Remember that impressions
Of childhood's early bloom,
We oft regard as sacred,
And wear them to the tomb.

Deal gently with the erring
In the slipp'ry paths of youth,
And strive by good example
To win them to the truth.

And to the world be courteous,
Forbearing be, and kind;
And let the weeping orphan,
In thee a parent find.

Latter Day Prophets.

O! Wiggins. The Wiggins
Of the Canada diggins.

Who pretends inspiration right down from above;
You're a little too slow,
As our prophet can show—
mean our home prophet, the only Sam Love.

You've made a big blunder,
Though you made the fools wonder
If an earthquake was coming to spoil the State fair;
When it dont come to pass,
'Twill but prove you an ass,
Who, with our own Samuel; will just make a pair.

You state your conclusion
And cause such confusion
'Mong darkies, while wise people call you a fool
And pay no attention
To all your pretension,
Believing you'r only the stock-jobbers tool,

Who use such devices
For Bear-ing the prices
Of stocks and all things that the people must buy;
But seeking for fame
By such means is a shame,
Though on your predictions fools only rely.

A Parody.

Gov. Walker's Descent on Lawrence, Kan., in 1856.

Our old Gov'nor came down like a wolf on the fold,
His blue-gray eye beaming defiant and bold;
All blust'ring and boist'rous as gov'nor could be,
Like gov'nor Willard when out on a spree.

Like the grass on the prairie in midsummer seen,
The old punkin-head dotard looked awfully green;
For when he saw Lawrence stretched out on the lawn,
He found to his sorrow his courage was gone.

For there the darned yankees stood gaping around,
Not an effort was made for defending the town;
And the phiz of the rascals looked tauntingly wise,
As sly twinkles provokingly danced in their eyes.

And there stood the gov'nor his nostrils spread wide
As down his dry throat rolled of whisky a tide;
And he frothed and he foamed and he slobbered with
rage,

Like a mammoth wild lion confined in a cage.

And there was the soldier all frolic and fun,
With a brick in his hat and no load in his gun;
But he said 'twas a shame to be thus made the tool
Of that old granny. Walker, the tarnal old fool,

There too lay the colonel his death-dirge unsung,
His brain had got foggy his joints were unstrung;
With a drop in his eye and his running at large,
On defenceless Brown Betty he rushed to the charge.

Till the battle waxed fierce and the conflict was dire,
And the essence of rye set his courage on fire;
Still with valor he fought till he fell from his stud
By the hand of Brown Betty kerslump in the mud.

But again our old gov'nor is loud in his wail,
And threatens all Lawrence to ride on a rail,
If they don't pay their tax and recruit up his liquor
He says he'll march straight off and just let them flicker,

And the widows of Lawrence (if any there be)
Are anxious as ever a husband to see;
And the rest of the people are blithe as you please,
And old granny Walker can back out and grease.

The Loafer's Lament over the Close of the Campaign.

O, I'm sad and I'm dejected,
The election is so near;
For then farewell to whisky,
And the foaming lager beer.

Just now I live in clover,
For I've but to give the wink,
Now till voting time is over,
And I get all that I can drink.

Though its hard to vote for Bynum,
And sore against my will,
To vote for a Republican
Is a blamed sight harder still;

For they're opposed to whisky,
Though they keep it mighty sly,
And I cannot do without it,
Far my whistle gets so dry.

Though Bynum worked for Creelman,
And said some naughty things
About our sainted leader,
That to my mem'ry brings

Sad thoughts of that dead hero,
Who gave us papa Jones,
Still he's a friend to whisky.
And that all sin atones.

So I will vote for Bynum,
Since Hendricks now is dead,
And has no means of knowing,
What either's done or said;

But that can't cure my sadness,
For a tear comes in my eye,
To think how I will suffer.
When my whistle gets so dry.

When the voting time is over,
Candidates can't see me wink,
Then I cannot live in clover,
But must pay for what I drink,

O' I wish the campaign lasted
Ev'ry day of ev'ry year!
Then I'd always be so happy,
With no dearth of drink to fear.

The Husband's Address to His Dying Wife.

Farewell, dear wife, but not forever,
For soon again we'll meet above;
'Tis sad the golden chain to sever,
So long cemented by our love,

Our home will be so lone, so drear,
No more thy dear sweet face I'll meet;
But oft will drop the silent tear.
For her my stricken heart would greet.

The busy world will pass along,
All heedless of my lonely grief;
And though I mingle with the throng,
'Twill to this heart bring no relief.

Though 'tis my loss I know 'tis gain
To thee, dear wife, to be no more,
Racked by this endless torturing pain,
And have thy patient suff'rings o'er.

Those many pleasant by-gone years
We floated down life's busy stream,
Seem now amid my grief and tears,
Like some sweet, weird, dissolving dream.

Then fare thee well my loving wife!
But God be thanked 'tis not forever;
For soon we in a better life,
Shall meet where death no more can sever.

Closing of the Legislature.

Ring down the curtain, play is o'er,
The halls are empty, stillness reigns
Where late was tumult, and the floor
Where men long taxed their heated brains
In wrangling in fierce party strife,
With party hate and rancor rife.

Ring down the curtain, once for all,
And hide our noble State's disgrace
Beneath a ten-ply sable pall—
Hide it forever from the face
Of ev'ry decent honest man,
And put the guilty under ban.

Ring down the curtain on the scene—
Expunge the record they have made,
And tell it not there's ever been
A trust so shamefully betrayed—
Trust the confiding people gave
To men who each proved party's slave.

Ring down the curtain, there to stay,
Till better men the people find
To make their laws some future day—
Men whom no party ties can blind
To follow blindly in its wake,
Nor do a wrong for party's sake.

Ring down the curtain now, too long
Have those grand halls been put to shame
By that wild, madly wrangling throng,
Besmirching Indiana's name;
Yes, let the curtain quickly drop,
This howling farce at once to stop.

At last we see the curtain down,
For which we all give grateful thanks;
No more we'll see a graceless clown
Rule o'er a crowd of dupes and cranks,
Whose room is always better than
The presence of such rowdy clan.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

Don't Worry and Fret.

Whatever befall as I go on life's way,
This motto I cling to and never forget;
Come good or come ill, come whatever may,
My motto's the same, "never worry or fret."

Our cares and our troubles will be quite enough,
As we sail on life's sea with vexations beset;
But be that sea placid or ever so rough,
It never shall tempt me to worry or fret.

To-day may be gloomy but hope cheers me still;
Though fortune's a fickle and heartless coquette.
I trust to my Maker and bow to His will,
And at fortune's freaks never worry or fret.

Tho' gone are the halcyon days of my youth,
The pleasure they brought me I'll never forget,
For their loss will but answer to teach me this truth,
It never mends matters to worry and fret.

For all of our labor as life passes by,
We can use but a little of all we may get;
For tho' we gain millions at last we must die,
So never for wealth will I worry or fret.

The Brevity of Human Life.

How short our stay upon this sphere,
We are but creatures of a day;
Like withered leaves, all brown and sere,
At closing of each passing year.
'Tis but good night and then away.

In youth when life is all before,
The world is viewed with happy eyes,
But we must pass our full three score.
And count our many trials o'er.
The all of life to realize.

For ah, how soon does time dispel
The gilded dreams that youth had known!
They vanish, and 'tis then farewell
To joys on which we love to dwell,
When with the years our youth has flown.

The place that knows us now must soon
Be left for other ones to fill;
Life's morning flies, we pass, it's noon—
Its sun becomes a pale, cold moon,
And next the throbbing heart is still,

And we have done with toil and strife—
A record made for time to come,
No more to know the ills of life,
With which this mundane shore is rife,
When safely housed in our long home.

However much we wish to stay
In this mixed world of joy and teen,
To mingle in its battle-fray,
Stern nature's debt we're called to pay
Then fruitless mourn what might have been.

Life.

O life! who can thy essence tell?
Thou mystery of mysteries,
On which so oft I wond'ring dwell,
Yet ne'er can fathom what it is.

I wonder what its spring can be,
And why awhile to us it clings,
And then o'er lethe's shoreless sea,
It takes its flight on noiseless wings—

Departs as silent as it came,
Nor leaves a ling'ring trace behind;
Goes out like some spent taper's flame,
As though it were the same in kind.

Ah! what thou art my eager soul
Would give a thousand worlds to know;
Or could I only reach a goal,
Where I might see thee come and go—

A tangible, embodied thing,
An entity to feel and see,
And thus unlock thy mystic spring,
I from this longing should be free.

I know we dwell together now,
And, too, that we ere long must part
But why, or where, or when, or how,
Is too abstruse for reason's art.

Then wait my soul th' appointed time,
And God will make the mystery plain,
When death reveals a life sublime,
And unalloyed with doubt or pain.

Autumn Leaves.

*On receiving in a letter from a distant friend a couple
autumn-hued leaves.*

Bright autumn leaves, how much they tell
Of days embalmed in morn'ry's dream,
At thought of which our bosoms swell,
With such emotions as would seem

To take us back to vanished years,
Of childhood sports and youthful mirth—
Of mingled joy and bitter tears,
Sure heritage of man on earth.

How very like their life to ours,
In spring so tender and so bright,
Commingled with the wildwood flowers,
Presenting scenes to charm the sight.

And when the summer's heat has come,
And changed them to a darker hue,
'Tis like the change that makes the sum
Of our life's shades we must pass through—

Pass through as on our journey here,
We hurry on to that unknown,
To which with muffled steps we steer,
To reap whatever we have sown.

Like them how short must be our stay,
Like them we fall and are forgot,
Like them so soon we pass away,
Like them we're left alone to rot,

Like them to us shall come a spring
To wake the dead to life again;
And then the life that it will bring,
Shall be like their's devoid of pain.

O, may the likeness still endure,
When we shall feel life's autumn blast;
And like them may we still be pure,
Like them most lovely at the last.

The Choice of Hearts.

Ye laughing nymphs, ye bright-eyed girls,
Triumphing in your gentle beauty;
With ruby lips and teeth like pearls,
With rosy cheeks and glossy curls,
That round your brows the zephyr furls,
Sweet angels, fit for brighter worlds,
What kind of hearts for mates will suit ye?

The soldier heart, says one proud dear,
Upon his noble war-horse dashing;
Whose gallant soul ne'er harbored fear,
Whose eyes, save when my side he's near,
Are never known to shed a tear,
But are with valor always flashing.

Give me but proud ambition's heart
Another chimes, her dark eyes dancing:
Who yearns to act the ruler's part,
Bids high for power in every mart,
With prospects bright and fast advancing:

Whose restless soul will never sleep,
While his unvanquished rival's living;
But will a costant vigil keep,
And lay his plans both broad and deep,
Till he shall all his rivals sweep
Down to the shades of deep oblivion.

Give me the heart that's tuned to love,
Says some weet, little blue-eyed elf:

A heart inspired thus, from above,
To me the richest boon will prove,
Can I but claim it all myself.

A constant heart, says gentle Sue,
With others is above comparing:
That to one little heart is true;
Whose warm embrace is always new,
And has no nook for others sharing.

Gay fashion's heart another chimes,
Her silks and crinoline wide-spreading;
Who freely launches out the dimes
To keep his wife up with the times,
And at the outlay ne'er repines,
While fashion's giddy maze we're threading:

Who has for balls and routs a taste,
For theaters a burning passion;
Who frequents every mirthful place,
With mustached lip and whiskered face,
Can dance and sing with perfect grace,
Nor show of plebeian airs a trace;
O! give, give me the man of fashion.

The pious heart, one maiden says,
With true devotion in her bearing:
A heart that to the Father prays,
And walks in all the Saviour's ways,
That merits all my worldly praise,
Alike my joys or sorrows sharing.

The generous heart, one maid replies,
With sympathy her bosom burning:
A heart that hears the orphan's cries,
Nor once the needed aid denies,
But gladly makes the sacrifice
While on such acts his soul relies,
To satisfy its Godlike yearning.

The poet heart!—well, who would think,
That such a one would e'er be thought of !
The man who never has the chink,
More than will buy his meat and drink;
Whom chance may to oblivion sink,
More deep than mortal ever wot of.

Dear girls, in vain your reason pleads,
While thus you choose, without reflection,
To learn one thing each of you needs,
Men's hearts are not known by their creeds
Nor by their poring o'er their beads.
But always in their daily deeds
You'll find them open for inspection.

To Streaks of Gray in a Young Lady's Hair.

Unwelcome guests that tell a tale
She would not have the world to know;
Quick, hide yourselves beneath her veil
Lest what's concealed your presence show.

Those silky tresses, raven hued,
She'd have from such a blemish free;
Then why should you yourselves intrude
Where you must so unwelcome be?

Conceal your tell tale silver tint,
That of the years that she has known
Might give, perchance, a silent hint
Of what few maidens like to own.

Go seek a more befitting place,
On some old crone's devoted head
That's needing hair; and with a face
From which all beauty long since fled.

You cause no comment when you're there
For all agree it should be so;
Nor would one notice you, or care
How many by-gone years you show.

Be quick, intruders, then, to hide
Before it proves for her too late!
For gray hairs ill become a bride,
And might decide a maiden's fate.

On The Death of Henry Major.

33d REGT. IND. VOLS.

O'er the fair land of freedom the storm cloud was hanging
And freemen by thousands were must'ring for war;
Already their steel with the foeman's was clanging,
And echoing back from the mountains afar.

And the tocsin of war o'er Columbia was ringing,
The bugle's wild blast floated shrill on the gale;
To death or to vict'ry her brave sons were clinging—
The sheen of their weapons flashed bright thro' the vale.

And the echo came back to each patriot calling,
To up and be doing, to arm for the strife;
And told them their brethren in battle were falling,
And purchasing liberty's blessings with life.

With a true love of country his brave spirit burning,
Young HENRY went forth, for that country to fight;
Altho' for his maiden his fond heart was yearning,
He sacrificed love on the altar of right.

The poet's rich pencil may ne'er paint the feeling,
That stirred to commotion the depths of his heart,
As from her warm lips the last raptured kiss stealing,
He rose for the ensanguined field to depart.

Down her care-furrowed cheeks flowed the tears of his
mother,
As bidding her son a fond mother's adieu
She returned to her home in her bosom to smother,
The grief that like daggers was piercing her through,

Her fancy oft painted the rebel steel gleaming,
Above her sons head in the thick of the fight;
And the sight of his wounds, with the red current
streaming,

The vision that haunted her spirit by night.

But fortune denying such exquisite glory,
Stern death by disease laid him low in the tomb.
And left but his comrades to tell the sad story,
That shrouded his loved ones in sorrow and gloom.

I've a tear for the stricken, disconsolate-hearted,
As such I will drop it, fond mourners, for you;
For the tears that we shed for the dear ones departed,
Are the pledges of love that our pathway bestrew.

But why, why those eyes dimmed and reddened with
weeping?

O'er the golden bowl broke at the fountain of love?
Since promise is given, though now in death sleeping,
Again you'll embrace him in heaven above.

Autumn.

Now comes apace the time of gloom,
That ever rounds the closing year,
When nature gathers in her tomb,
The summer's glory bronzed and sere.

The balmy spring long since is past,
With all its pleasant, mellow days,
And summer's green is yielding fast,
To autumn's blight and somber haze,

The sun receding south apace,
When slowly sinking in the west,
Displays a broad, round, gory face,
And earth prepares for winter rest.

The swallows circle in the air,
High up on swift and tireless wing,
For their long journey to prepare,
To regions of eternal spring.

The blue bird and the mimic jay,
And robin with his ruby breast,
Stop but a moment by the way,
To give their weary wings a rest

But men must stay and brave the storm
Of dreary winter's drifting snow,
And use his art to keep him warm,
However cold the winds may blow.

The dust lies heavy on the corn
Beside the sun-parched country lane;
The meadows of their grass are shorn—
The wheatfields of their golden grain.

The goldenrod blooms on the lea—
Chrysanthemums beside the door;
By all which signs 'tis plain to see
That sultry summer now is o'er:

The sleepy atmosphere is still,
Pervaded by a dust and smoke,
Enshrouding ev'ry vale and hill,
As with a somber, misty cloak.

The katydid pipes that old song,
 In years long gone I used to hear;
 The evenings growing cool and long,
 All go to prove the autumn near.

'Tis thus the seasons come and go,
 Fit emblems of the joy we crave,
 But naught is certain here below,
 Except our summons to the grave.

So, too, the years portray our life—
 The spring, the summer, autumn's gloom,
 Till we have done with earthly strife,
 And find our winter in the tomb.

To sleep forgotton till appears,
 The spring that wakes us from the dead
 To that new life devoid of tears,
 Where sad farewells are never said.

Impromptu to C—.

*On receiving from him a present of a cigar, it being one of a
 number won by him on a wager with F. L.*

Dear Jake, thanks for the braw cigar,
 Ye kindly sent me as a present;
 'Twas a wee thing to send so far,
 But then the reekin o't was pleasent.

I ne'er before partook of aught
 That had been staked or won by betting,
 And even now to me 'tis fraught
 With visions of a sin besetting.

But I, like all kind hearted folks,
Could na' refuse a friendly token,
Sae weel I kend your love for jokes,
And that ye kend my love for smokin'.

I did nae burn it right away,
But kept it till a time of leisure,
For weel I kend it wad nae pay,
So soon to sacrifice the treasure.

Then thanks, dear Jake, for the cigar,
That ye so kindly thought to send me;
Where e'er ye gang—however far,
May peace and happiness attend ye.

My Neighbor Next Door.

We all have our troubles of various kinds,
And some of them real, of magnitude great;
While some are imagined by petulant minds,
But to suffer vexation is every one's fate;
There's music, good music, I love it so well,
But a medley discordant is always a bore,
And grates on my ear like a gong or a bell,
Such music there comes from my neighbors next
door.

On an ancient piano they thump and they beat,
And a puppy's refrain often burdens the air,
Till sick and disgusted I fain would retreat

From an ear-splitting hubbub no mortal could
bear:

If I try for a time to find quiet and rest,
From dogs and piano comes music galore,
That would stir up the gall in the wild savage breast,
The music that comes from my neighbor next
door.

I bear the noise bravely as well as I can—
For the sake of their feelings have nothing to say,
Preferring to bear, like a much martyred man,
Than tell them that girl of theirs never can play:
So in sickness or health it is always the same,
Into my doomed ears there continues to pour
A racket would put a Comanche to shame,
Till I wish them in Guinea, those neighbors next
door.

But wishing can't silence a nuisance like this,
So I meekly submit to whatever must be,
But with no good will for the sweet mincing miss,
Who's constantly causing such torture to me,
I sigh for a season of quiet and peace,
Till I can take comfort again as of yore;
But there will be none till I get a release
From the unearthly din of my neighbors next
door.

The November Snow Storm.

'Tis the eighteenth of November,
And the chill autumnal blast
Sweeps like howling demons past:—
Sweeps the dry leaves from the trees;
And snow flakes, as in December,
Fill the air like swarms of bees.
On they hurry, leaves and snow-flakes,
Leaves and snow-flakes all together,
Thick as flies in summer weather.
What a din this storm of snow makes.
Now again the wind blows fiercer,
Fiercer than it did before;
Drives the sleet against the casement,
Drives the sleet against the door,
And the house reels on its basement,
Till it shakes the very floor;
This November is a piercer.
Hurley-burley! pans and baskets,
Pelmell in a heap they go;
'Tis no use to try to mask it
Winter's here before we ask it;
Fall the crystal flakes of snow,
Like gems spilt from heaven's casket.
Whew! there goes the pails and wash-tubs,
Pails and wash-tubs in a pile;
All the world seems in a hub-bub,
Tommy's cap flies o'er the stile.
Still the storm gets higher, higher,

And the clouds grow darker too;
Wife says make a better fire,
Carlo skips around the spryer,
To the barn the cow draws nigher,
With her shivering calf close by her,
While they both seem to inquire,
What shall we poor cattle do?
Howls the bleak wind through the forest;
Through the forest brown and sere;
Like the wail of night-hag chorist,
Falls the sound upon the ear.
Making all without appear
Gloomy, dark and doubly drear.
Doors are creaking, windows knocking,
Snap the clothes upon the line,
These November storms are shocking,
All our hopes of sun-shine mocking;
Oh! I wish the sun would shine.

One by One.

As one by one the roses fall,
By God's eternal fiat driven,
So one by one go friends till all
Down in the grave from us are hidden.

Tenacious clinging all the way,
Till we arrive at death's dark river,
The last love's tribute there they pay,
But crossing shrink from with a shiver.

That we must follow them we know,
Since here we're only on probation;
There's no escape; all, all must go,
For death knows naught of rank or station.

Naught can our hoarded wealth avail,
For which through many years we've striven,
When we must furl our tattered sail,
And to the one last port be driven.

Then why, O why, this eager strife?
When what we gain we only borrow;
And tho' we claim to-day for life,
We have no mortgage on to-morrow.

To-morrow's sun may never rise
To us, or rising may be clouded
With mist that shuts it from our eyes—
In mist of ebbing life enshrouded.

Musings of Idle Hours.

Oh! Julia—sing those words again,
You sang so sweetly yester-night;
It calms the tumult of my brain,
And makes my saddened spirit light.

Sing, Julia, if but for the sake
Of him whose soul is bowed with grief;
It seems this aching heart must break,
Without some balm for its relief.

My pillow, Julia, seems so hard,
This aching head can find no rest;
And peace so long has been debarred,
All earthly hope has flown this breast.

Perhaps 'twas justice aimed the stroke,
That brought me all this flood of woe;
Perhaps 'twas mercy, too, that oped
The fount from which my sorrows flow.

But may not mortal man complain,
When sore afflictions press him down?
May he not seek relief from pain,
Or to elude sad fortune's frown?

Then, Julia, sing those words again—
With cheerful heart, sweet Julia, sing;
It soothes the torture of my pain,
To hear your sweet-toned caroling.

The Better World.

There is a world of life and light
For which I strive from day to day,
Where is no intervening night,
To hide the beauties of the way.

There brightest flowers forever bloom,
To scent the circumambient air
With sweet ambrosial perfume,
For every one who enters there.

That world is far beyond the ken
Of us while in this vale of tears,
But to our sense will open when
We've past our earth-allotted years.

Supremely is the pilgrim blest,
When weary with the world's turmoil,
He, in that land at last may rest,
Forever free from care and toil.

In that bright world no grief is known—
No count of days, no end of years—
No graves by mourners flower-strewn—
No blighted hopes, no farewell tears,

That world I soon shall enter in,
And find the rest for which I sigh;
And there anew will life begin,
When I have bade this world good bye.

Though in the grave my body sleep,
The soul immortal then set free,
Shall on its life progressive keep,
Throughout a vast eternity.

The Good Old Days of Yore.

Oh for the days, the halcyon days,
Those good old days of yore,
When ladies fair, as free as air,
No hoops nor bustle wore.

When maidens grown, sweet flowers full-blown
Plied wash-tub broom or pail;
Nor feared to toil lest they might soil
A long-grown finger nail.

Nor never thought their mothers ought
Mere kitchen-drudge to be;
The task to take, to scrub and bake,
While they went labor free.

When each sweet bud enriched her blood
By draughts of open air,
As though good health was greater wealth,
Than skin so lily fair.

Bright laughing girls with flowing curls,
They romped the whole day long,
Out in the sun where all their fun
Helped make their muscles strong.

When gallant beaux ne'er pinched their toes,
With boots as tight as jacks:
But dared to woo their maidens true,
With homespun on their backs.

When each could plow and milk the cow,
Alike wield axe or mau ;

Could plant and sow and reap and mow,
Better than dance at ball.

When cold the sire sat by the fire,
As snug as mortal can;
Nor was he called by great or small.
The "boss" or the "old man."

When each took care to always share
With neighbors what he had;
And all inclined to be so kind
That none could long be sad.

Then be not slack to give me back
Those days in mem'ry laid;
When on a friend we might depend.
In sunshine or in shade.

Heedlessness.

How seldom we think of the sure-coming day
While in life's giddy whirl with congenial friends,
That all of these pleasures must soon pass away,
Till death the career of some cherished one ends.

How soon then's forgotten the lesson when learned,
We miss them awhile and they fade from the mind,
And the love that in life had so ardently burned
Cools down and we soon to our loss are resigned.

Though almost forgotten by lapse of long years,
They still, like lost love, are embalmed in the heart,
Till mem'ry awaking will cause the sad tears
Afresh from dried fountains unbidden to start.

Tis a mercy to man that in time he forgets,
Else troubles and heart aches we only would know;
Our hearts would be burdened with painful regrets,
Deep sinking our spirits in fathomless woe.

How oft have we spoken the last sad adieu
To some one whose love was the joy of the heart;
And when in the grave they were hidden from view,
Have left there in sorrow alone to depart.

Then pause, heedless man, for a moment and think
How short on the earth is life's journey at best;
And that every day we are walking the brink
Of the grave, where the weary at last may find rest.

Thoughts on Our Dead Volunteers.

Sleep on—sleep on, ye gallant brave,
Who at your bleeding country's call,
Your lives and fortunes freely gave,
And on her altar laid your all.

Sleep on, that last long, lonely sleep,
Where only earthly peace is found;
And angels constant vigils keep,
To guard the consecrated ground.

No more you'll mingle in the strife,
Nor see the crimson current flow—
When brother takes a brother's life,
In battle with the common foe.

With you the conflict now is o'er—
Life's battle fought and vict'ry won;
Reveille ne'er shall wake you more,
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

The "dogs of war" with demon howl,
And hideous notes may fill the air;
Still though around your graves they prowls,
Shall not disturb one sleeper there.

But when in heaven reveilles beat,
For patriots to muster there—
Then you again your friends shall meet,
And each his meed of glory share—

Shall be permitted to enjoy,
(Safe bivouacked in your heavenly home,)
Sweet rest and peace without alloy,
Where rebel traitors never come.

And when in far-off coming years,
The story of your death is told,
A grateful people shall with tears
Baptize the sod above your mould.

I see your homes now desolate,
By each fireside a vacant chair—
Where oft the absent loved one sat,
All seem to ask where is he—where?

And echo answers back from far,
In tones of deep portentous sound,
From fields of fratricidal war—
They're sleeping here low in the ground.

Then by his friends ne'er be forgot
The dear young soldier's lonely grave—
Nor aught disturb the hallowed spot,
Where sleep our country's gallant brave.

The Coasters.

A Picture of Human Life.

I saw some children on a hill,
Its slopes were coated o'er with snow;
I watched them gliding down until
They reached the level ground below.
As down the glossy slope they sped,
With cheers they fast and faster went;
Each striving hard to haste his sled,
As if on naught but speed intent.
Some watched their crafts with studied care.
From ev'ry danger to defend;
They chose their goal and landed there.
By faithful struggling to the end.
But some cared not their sleds to guide.
They tho't of nothing but their fun,
Their sleds, unguided, turned aside
And stopped their race when scarce begun.

Like coasters down that steep hillside,
Are we poor mortals here below;
When starting o'er the track to glide,
Our progress seems to be too slow.

For in our early childhood we
Think that our time so slow moves on,
We dream much better times to see,
Nor count our pleasures till they're gone,

Then we but wish for greater speed.
Our fancied pleasure to increase;
But as we farther on proceed,
It brings from longing no release.

As nearer to the foot we come,
Our time does but the faster fly;
And days uncounted make the sum
Of swift winged years as they flit by.

But when the level land we near.
And see our pleasure cannot last,
We then begin to have a fear,
That after all we've gone too fast.

O, coaster, guide your craft aright!
And keep the straight and narrow trend—
The final goal keep well in sight,
Till you have gained the wished-for end,

For we're God's children coasting down
The hill of life to land unknown,
Where we shall meet His smile or frown,
And reap what we on earth have sown.

Written in an Album.

Ah! when I near this virgin page,
So spotless, pearly-white and clean,
It 'minds me of young innocence,
All pure and undefiled by sin.

The slightest touch of ruthless hand,
Its magic beauty will impair,
And leave indelibly a stain
It must forever blush to wear.

And when I bring my inky pen
In closer contact with its face,
Shall I add lustre to the page?
Or shall I only add disgrace?

These lines I trace for friendship's sake,
Will they by thee be often read?
Or will they soon be quite forgot,
And meet but cold neglect instead?

If so, then friendship's but a name—
A dream that waking drives away—
An ignus fatuus of the mind,
To vanish at the dawn of day.

No, no, my heart was never formed
Pure friendship's ties so soon to break,
Mementos all to me are dear,
If only for the giver's sake.

Then let me have one gift from thee,
Not valued for its worth in gold;
But valued for the one that gave—
Its value then can ne'er be told.

And when our work on earth is done,
And we from bondage are set free,
May friendship be renewed above,
As lasting as eternity.

In Memory

Of Thomas Lockhart, aged 92 years, 54 years a Christian preacher.

He with the word, the spirit's sword fought well
The bloodless battle of his sovereign Lord;
And now, with armor off has gone to dwell
In heavenly mansions, there to swell
The song of the redeemed, as his reward.

He vict'ry gained, a greater, nobler far
Than hero e'er on field ensanguined won;
Among earth's truly great he shines a star,
Without one blemish-spot his light to mar,
When life is with its cares and labor done.

A vet'ran of the war he passed away
Tho' never back to foe by him was turned;
But mingling in the thickest of the fray,
He fought and trusted to his God for pay,
For what his service long had justly earned.

Enlisted for the war in early years,
He for his bounty trusted till the close;
Nor never gave he place to doubts or fears,
Tho' waning of the cause might bring him tears.
Still bravely fought he on against all foes.

A soldier long, at last he's furloughed home,
A furlough that eternal is, to God above,
Where pain's unkown and sorrows never come—
Where perfect bliss makes up of life the sum,
And strife and hate give place to peace and love.

O, blessed dead, who in the Lord have died !
Follow their works, and they from labor rest,
Whose faith was in a Savior crucified,
And sinful pleasures had themselves denied;
Such shall in heaven live among the blest.

When good men die of good works full, and years,
Why should we mourn our loss when 'tis their gain?
For them we have no doubts, no anxious fears,
But putting trust in God we dry our tears,
And happy are to know they're free from pain.

Rest, weary soul, enough on earth thou'st done;
To from thy labor respite find is meet;
For thee there's no more work beneath the sun,
Since thou the christian race so long hast run,
Rest from thy toil must be to thee more sweet.

The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.

A wolf in sheep's clothing, a butternut bold,
Through our state to the devil had better be sold.
So he with his jackals concocted a plan
For making the transfer, and chose for their man
To serve as accomplice in driving the trade,
(When they'd get the plot all successfully laid,)
One Jefferson Davis, a wily old sinner,
The chosen high priest of hell's temple the inner,
Where the incense he burns has a sulphurous smell,
And the light of the flame gives a blue tinge to hell.
No man could be chosen more fitted than he,
'Tween parties so august the umpire to be;
So the wolf (his slim chance of success to increase)
Just labeled his plot "A proposal for peace;"
A proposal for peace with those dark, sooty regions
Where wolves in sheep's clothing are counted by legion.
Where treason's the shibboleth, watch word and crown.
Of wolves of all shades, be they Ni-black or Brown
To convince the dear people he meant them no harm,
He drew up resolutions as long as his arm.
Then he rose in the senate and read them aloud,
As though of his mission he felt very proud;
And to prove to the Hoosiers their country was lost,
He feigned to count up what to save it would cost,
And argued that rather than suffer such evil,
'Twere better by far to be sold to the devil;
For, said he, it is plain to a man of good sense,
That to go to the devil would be less expense;

Besides, 'twill be seen that from that happy day
We could all have our niggers, for which let us prey.
Then the wolves of all colors set up a loud howl,
'Bout how pleasant 'twould be with Jeff. Davis to prow
Round the homes of the Yankees to kidnap all niggers,
To consign to the rice swamps, mosquitoes and chiggers
Of South Carolina that quarrelsome state,
That's kicked up a muss in the fam'ly of late;
And the balance of Dixie, the fire-eater's home,
Where none but the chivalry ever may come.
One *lupus* as Ni-black as 'tis safe to be
And claim any rights in "The Land of the Free,"
Thought our old constitution by and by they'd amend;
And use that as means to accomplish their end.
But to making their project most certain to pay,
Some serious impediments stood in their way,
One a stiff-backed old governor, loyal and true,
Beneath a starred banner of red white and blue;
Besides there came thundering up from afar
A warning that seemed their bright prospects to mar—
The sound of all others that traitors abhor,
A voice from the red fields of grim-visaged war,
Where traitors by thousands are laid in the dust,
As a merited doom for betraying their trust,
Then there's given the hint that whatever may come,
A traitor's no less for being at home;
And that come when it may, whether early or late,
Wherever they're found they must share the same fate.

FEB., 1863.

Vanity, Vanity! All is Vanity.

*On the murder, by her husband of Mrs. Winfield B. Thompson
in New York, June 15, 1886.*

With woman's trust, and light of heart,
She to the marriage altar came,
With friends and home to gladly part,
And go with him and wear his name.

With woman's faith she doubted not—
Her spirits pleasing hope buoyed up;
All else for once was quite forgot,
Save drinking of love's nectar-cup.

With her affianced by her side,
How happier could maiden be?
Like a confiding new made bride,
In him her eyes no fault could see.

They each their plighted faith declare
Before their God and waiting friends;
Each vows all good or ill to share,
On which their wedded bliss depends.

Out in a world of care and strife.
They start upon life's devious way;
She now a loving, trusting wife,
With one true friend let come what may.

But, O, how little we can know
Of what awaits us for to-morrow !
To-day in pleasant paths we go,
To followed be by days of sorrows;

Or else, perchance, will summons come
For our departure to prepare—
To leave our cherished friends and home,
And go but O, not knowing where.

One week of pure connubial joy,
On swiftest wing had past her by—
One week of bliss without alloy,
Or cloud to once obscure her sky,

But dearest friends may faithless prove,
And soon forget their solemn vow;
And hatred take the place of love,
And they to evil passions bow.

So he who'd won a maidens heart
And hand without one warning giv'n,
Could act such dastard, murderous part,
As makes the angels weep in heav'n

Life's brightest sun may pale at noon,
However much of life we crave;
And at the last the greatest boon.
May be a rest found in the grave.

How few the days of wedded bliss,
Till he, who to protect her vowed,
Betrayed her with a Judas kiss,
And made her bridal robe her shroud.

Home.

Sweet home—what music's in that word!

What thrilling joy that sound has giv'n—

How oft that idol name has cheered

The broken heart—the sorrow riv'n,

The poor man wearied by his toil,

When evening's sable shades are come;

Forgets his troubles for awhile,

Soothed by the endearing ties of home.

While he enjoys his rural cot,

No lurking cares disturb his breast;

Tho' storms arise he heeds them not,

While he with home—sweet home is blest.

Fired by ambition's idle dream,

Intrepid youth is wont to roam;

Yet often in the battle's gleam,

He heaves a sigh for home—sweet home.

The lowly Christian journeying here,

With holy joy looks to the tomb;

Nor feels at death's approach a fear,

But smiles to meet its silent gloom:

To him the grave no terror brings,

Tis God's own voice that bids him come;

While he a song of triumph sings,

The angels greet him welcome home.

Tho' in pursuit of honor—fame,

Man may consent with home to part;

Yet sickened by that empty name,

There's naught but home can sooth the heart;

And though in hope of sordid gain,
He braves the mighty ocean's foam;
When storms distract the raging main,
His anxious cry is home—sweet home.

Home is the peaceful haven where
The raging tempest never harms,
For love is ever waiting there,
To shield us with her outstretched arms:
Tis home where woman brightest shines,
And there she angel-like appears;
'Tis home her sweetest charm refines,—
Her cheerful smiles there dry our tears.

Sweet home—how dear the ties that there
So fondly twine around the heart;
O! may we all its blessings share,
Till death shall bid us hence depart:
Then, when my body failing here,
Must to its mother dust be given,
I would that none should shed a tear,
Since I've a better home in Heaven.

The Boys that are Needed.

You sing of the girls that are wanted,
And give a bewildering list;
But I sing of the boys that are needed,
For still do a few such exist.

But they are by no means so plenty,
As they were in the halcyon past;
For boys now, before they are twenty,
Are pleased when you say they are fast.

Not always the thing that's most wanted
By poor, silly mortals below,
Is the thing that's most urgently needed,
As ev'ry observer must know.

The boys that are most badly needed,
Are boys who are willing to work;
Nor says the world owes them a living,
While all kinds of labor they shirk.

Boys always to parents respectful,
And to ev'ry person polite—
Who shun e'en appearance of evil,
And dare at all times to do right:

Not minding the sneers of the rabble,
Nor caring what loafers may think,
When he firmly and flatly refuses
Their soul-damning poison to drink—

Who think that their home is the best place,
When they the day's duties have done;
And seek pleasure in helping their parents,
Rememb'ring that life's not all fun—

And if to his gray-headed mother
He's helpful, obedient and kind
His worth far exceeds every other
A maid for a partner can find.

And if tender and kind to his sisters,
And jealously guards their good name;
Whenever you find such a boy, girls,
When a man he will still be the same:

And if, when a woman to marry
Sometime you should wisely conclude
You'll find for a husband he's better
Than any fool leg-twiddling dude.

And if, when a man, he should ask you,
And you answer you'll not be his wife,
There's but once that you after will rue it,
And that's ev'ry day of your life.

This Life is but a Shadow.

This life's but a shadow—a dream,
That dies at the dawning of day;
When we start on its journey we seem
To travel from sorrow away.

How bright the alluring scene,
That fancy will paint to the view—
How eager will youth at sixteen,
Its soon-vanished pleasures pursue.

But alas! disappointment doth soon
Our anticipation destroy;
And we sigh for a happier boon,
Devoid all this earthly alloy.

How soon the gay pleasures of youth,
Transform to a sorrowful gloom!
'Tis then that we learn the sad truth,
That life's but the road to the tomb.

How wretched would be the estate
Of man, were he never forgiv'n;
He well might deplore his sad fate,
If he had no prospect of Heav'n.

Blighted Lives.

Fifty years! Yes fifty long and lonely years
Since that sad day when last they met as lovers meet;
Met, not to part as lovers part who know no tears,
But part with warm embrace and kisses sweet:

Ah no! Two hearts too proud to be the first to yield—
Two proud, obdurate, stubborn, unrelenting hearts,
Against the pleading voice of nature steeled,
Each tempted now to use a lover's subtle arts:

Nor of their gloomy future thought save at the last
Each thought the other must and would relent,
And show some sign repentant of the past,
That anxious lover might construe as meant

As an advance toward reconciliation, each desired:
And so did time creep slowly by from day to day,
Each enxious waiting till of waiting sick and tired,
While their sick hearts but drifting farther were apart.

So waited they and dreamed and wished and waited still,
As time on laggard wing went moving slowly on
Each nursing an unyielding, stubborn will,
Till in each breast all hope was dead and expectation
gone.

And then flew they apart, to meet, they tho't no more;
Far o'er the sea he went, determined there to rove
A vagrant on some far off, unknown shore,
And there defiance bid to woman's charms and love.

But ah, mistaken man! who would God's fiat set at naught
Who would at nature's laws dare scoff and sneer;
Their wisdom is by such too often dearly bought,
And for it paid with many a sad regret and bitter tear.

Could we of life the course and end from the beginning see
And on the vista long of coming years for once look
down,

How from great sorrows many might it us keep free,
And all our earthly life with many pleasures crown,

That otherwise would never be our happy lot to know—
Nor could we ever realize the bliss ecstatic and untold,
That we must miss as on our devious way we blindly go,
Nor know we of our loss till time is past and we are old;

And then when 'tis too late we backward look and
mourn,

And wish our lives we might anew begin;
But being now of all life's sweetest pleasures shorn.
It but increases our regrets to think what might have
been.

He is Fallen.

On the Death of J. Q. Adams.

Farewell:—a nation's pride farewell!
With pain we've heard his parting knell,
And come to bid a last adieu
To one who for his country lived,
And who her highest gifts received,
A patriot daring, firm and true.

Let party strife around him howl,
And envious foes with malice foul,
His many virtues strive to blot;
Yet he shall in our hearts abide,
When they in deep oblivion's tide
Shall long have sunk and been forgot.

Let heroes boast their thousands slain,
And misers count their sordid gain;
His fame is nobler, brighter far,
Within our councils bold to stand,
And battle for "the rights of man,"
And clog oppression's crushing car.

"The wants of man" with him are o'er,
Such earthly wants he knows no more,
As low he mingles with the dead;
He's through life's weary journey trod,
And met "the mercy of his God,"
That precious boon for which we plead.

His voice no more in halls of State
Man's sacred rights shall vindicate,

His long career on earth is done:
And now a fond wife drops a tear,
For him on earth she held most dear,
*Fredonia mourns a favorite son.

His country's hope for three-score years,
He lived with few or no compeers,
Then in her service passed away;
As at his post he nobly stood,
He fell, the great, the wise, the good,
The Chatham of America.

Farewell:—a nation's pride, farewell!
Long will thou in the affections dwell,
Of fair Fredonia's gen'rous sons;
And as succeeding ages roll,
And freedom spreads from pole to pole,
They'll rank thee with her noblest ones.

*Fredonia, Mr. A.'s proposed name for the United States.

The Last Parting.

Kiss me, darling, ere I leave you
For that far-off unknown shore;
But let not this parting grieve you,
I am but going on before,

To that home where there's no parting
With our nearest, dearest friend.
Where no cherished souls are smarting,
When a loved one's life must end.

Though our union's been so pleasant,
We, awhile at least, must part;
Grieve you though it may at present,
Time can heal the wounded heart,

Since in torture I must languish,
Let my earthly stay be brief;
For so long I've borne this anguish,
Death is welcome for relief.

And beyond this world of sorrow,
We, ll united be again;
Then weep not, for I to-morrow
Shall be free from all my pain.

O, I do not want to leave you!
Or I'd gladly go in peace;
But I know what pain 'twill give you,
Though to me it brings release.

Last farewells must now be spoken,
And I'll leave you all alone;
So now kiss me, love's last token,
For you'll miss me when I'm gone.

If the world seems dark and lonely,
When I'm gone to my long home,
Then remember 'twill be only
Little while till you will come.

And I then will gladly greet you,
On that blissful untried shore;
Then what joy 'twill be to meet you,
Where we'll parted be no more.

Now I'm passing through the river,
And I feel its chilly tide;
But farewell to pain forever,
When I reach the other side.

Childhood Days.

O childhood days, how sweet they were!
So blithesome and so gay;
So full of frolic—free from care—
No joy so rich as they.

Then give me back my boyhood days,
Yes, give them back once more,
And you may have the nation's praise,
And all its golden store.

I hate this pomp and gaudy show,
To me it brings no joy;
Their pleasures all I would forego,
To be again a boy.

And childhood's dream how soon 'tis fled,
Mirage of desert-sea,
Till we like wanderer's phantom led,
Too late its fleetness see.

Then give me back those days again,
 (Tis all I'll ask of earth),
And I'll exchange my poet-pen
 For childhood's careless mirth.

Is Life Worth Living.

This question all important is
 To evanescent man below;
Whatever future fate be his,
 'Tis his most anxious wish to know.
If 'tis to live a few short years
 In struggling for our daily bread
To mingle joy with sorrow's tears,
 And then be numbered with the dead.
If this be all that life can give,
 As it on fleetest wing goes by,
'Twere better far to never live,
 If we must only live to die.
For Hawthorne aptly says that life
 Is the predicament where we
Are pleased, and doomed to toil and strife,
 Till death at last shall set us free.
The beasts that range the forests o'er—
 The birds that cleave the air at will—
That know to live but nothing more,
 Than ours their fate is better still.

If it be true that life's short span
Of time, to us on earth that's given
Is all, then were thy state, O, man !
A sad foretaste of wished for heaven.

But cheering hope, offspring of faith,
Points to a life beyond the tomb;
While trusting what the Savior saith,
Despoils the grave of all its gloom.

From the dread of death faith brings reprieve
And thus resigns us to our fate;
For when 'tis best why should we grieve,
When death but opens wide the gate.

That ushers us to life of bliss,
Where pain or sorrow never come;
A life so better far than this,
Within elysian's happy home.

Then rest in hope, O, longing soul !
And be content with what is given,
Till thou shalt reach that blissful goal,
To spend eternity in heaven.

Song of the Volunteers.

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more,"
To battle for our liberties
As did our sires of yore.
Yes, we're coming, Father Abraham,
A gallant band and true,
Rallying round that same old flag,
The loved Red, White and Blue.
We are coming, Father Abraham,
By thousands at your call,
Upon our country's altar
To offer up our all.
It matters not a farthing
Who holds the helm of state,
When traitor hordes are gathered
To seal our country's fate,
If he is but an honest man,
A patriot good and true,
That marches to the music
Of the red, white and blue.
A serried host of gallant braves,
We'll come at his command,
To strike till we in rebel gore
Baptize a rebel land.
O'er the mountain, through the valleys,
Our bristling steel shall gleen
Till not a hostile bayonet
Shall anywhere be seen.

We are coming, Father Abraham
From our fact'ries and our plows;
That these thrice accursed rebels
Shall now be made to feel
That we still have a goverement
That's backed by loyal steel,
We are coming, Father Abraham—
Mere "mudsills" though we be.
To teach the southern autocrat
That mudsills will be free;
To teach the southern nabobs
And nigger drivers how
These "small fisted farmers"
Can fight as well as plow,
And that "greasy mechanics"
Will gladly quit their toil
Till they shoot every traitor
That dares pollute our soil.
We are coming, Father Abraham—
From mountain and from glen,
To the music of the Union,—
Three hundred thousand men,
With willing hearts and ready hands
To the rescue now we come,
Having left behind our jewels,
All safely housed at home;
For these our precious jewels—
Our little ones, our wives,
Our mothers, sisters, lovers,
We offer now our lives
And swear by the eternal,

As once Old Hickory swore,
That this hydra-headed treason
Shall curse our land no more;
For every foe, wherever found,
Shall quick receive his due,
A minnie ball or bayonet
Shall pierce him through and through,
Give us Grant, Wallace, Sherman,
To lead us to the fight,
And Davis and his minions,
Shall soon be put to flight.
Then when we've restored the Union
Again we'll start anew,
Beneath that same old banner
Of the red, white and blue.

AUGUST 29th, 1863.

On the Death of Gilbert Haines.

[*Addressed to his mother, of Haines Falls, N. Y.*]

Gone, gone to his rest is the pride of his mother,
Her once earthly treasure and joy of heart,
While in her own bosom her grief she would smother,
The wound death inflicted continues to smart.
The pitiless death has the golden bowl broken—
The silver cord loosened that bound him to earth,
Still sweet is the words that the wise man has spoken,
That death to the righteous is better than birth.

The wheel at the cistern and cup at the fountain
Are broken, and silently gone to decay;
And lonely the home on the foot of the mountain.
But hope looks beyond to the home far away,

Where again you shall meet, and united forever,
Shall dwell with our Savior on that peaceful shore,
Where death has no power dear loved ones to sever,
And sorrow and parting are thought of no more.

Fond mother, thy God did but take what He'd given—
A mother's best blessing, a dutiful son;
And though near to despair thy sad heart may be
driven,
Still say, not my will, but thine, Father, be done.

For life is uncertain, and time is so fleeting,
Our joy is so often transformed into gloom;
With faith that our lost ones we soon shall be greeting
In heaven, why should we dread death or the tomb?

The grass is now grown o'er the loved one that's
sleeping,
To waken no more till eternity's dawn,
And oft o'er the mound will thy eyes dim with
weeping.
But soon thou wilt go where the sleeper has gone.

Then dry, dry thy tears, there's no weeping in heaven,
But all tears will be wiped from the sad mourner's
eyes;
For Jesus has died, and the promise is given,
That soon He'll return and our dead shall arise;

And then we shall meet in sweet union forever.
While songs of redemption shall burden the air
In that blissful abode where will be joy supernal;
And I pray our good Father we all may be there.
INDIANAPOLIS, July 26, 1884.

Haul Down That Flag.

*Suggested by seeing our National ensign floating over Indiana's
disloyal Legislature.*

Haul down that flag from o'er that dome,
Nor longer let its broad stripes wave
Above their heads who'd sell their home,
And be a tyrant's cringing slave.

Let not those glorious stripes and stars
Float o'er a vile, polluted den
Of those who love the "snake and bars,"
Emblem accursed of God and men.

No longer shame that standard sheet
By waving o'er that traitor band,
Who plotting treason only meet
To forge the chains for freemen's hands.

They but disgrace our freedom's name—
A libel on our liberty—
Our fair escutcheon's blasting shame,
And curse to those who dare be free.

If they their country will betray—
For paltry trash their birthright sell,
Let not that flag above them stay,
The story of their shame to tell.

Your sons upon the tented field—
The blood of those in battle slain—
All have to you in vain appealed
If that proud flag shall there remain;

Or if some Cromwell's spirit bold
Don't enter that polluted den
And say, as once he said of old,
"Get out! Give place to honest men!"

Then haul that flag down from that dome,
Nor longer make it blush to wave
Above one traitor to his home,
Or truckling, servile, menial slave.

FEB. 22, 1863

Evening in Jerusalem after the Crucifixion.

Soft falls the dew on Calv'ry's brow,
The curtain on the drama falls,
And evening throws its shadows now
Jerusalem, around thy walls.

The quaking earth again is still—
The lab'rer seeks his needed rest,
But fear of some impending ill
Disturbs the quiet of his breast.

The tragic scene the day has known,
Though past can never be forgot:
All feel a fear they dare not own,
But fain would know their future lot.

The vaunting scribes 'twixt hope and fear,
And mocking priests the crowd among,
List, eager words of doubt to hear
That fall from ev'ry babbling tongue.

The blushing sun that veiled his light,
Has sunk behind the distant hills,
Since he refused to view the sight,
That every breast with horror thrills.

The rended rocks, the riven veil,
Like spectres pass before their eyes,
Compelling bravest hearts to quail,
A feeling they would fain disguise.

With waning faith and sad of heart,
A faithful few in sorrow bowed—
A mournful group the throng apart,
Stand list'ning to boistrous crowd.

The man of sorrows and of grief,
Is laid to rest and sleeps in gloom;
But know, O death, thy power is brief,
And brief thy vic'try boasting tomb:

For man shall learn it is God's son
Their wicked hands have crucified;
And that a vict'ry great he won,
And death was vanquished when he died.

The Time to Weep.

There is a time for everything,
As down life's rapid tide we sweep;
Yes, there's a time for everything—
There's e'en a time for us to weep.

There is a time for us to sing—
'Tis while the joys of home we reap;
But when these joys must take the wing,
Then is a time for us to weep.

There is a time for us to love—
'Tis while on earth a friend we keep;
But should our friends all faithless prove,
What heart so cold but then would weep?

There is a time for melancholy—
A time to feel contrition deep;
When we have yielded aught to folly,
Sure, that's a time that we should weep.

There is a time for joy serene—
'Tis when God's holy law we keep;
But when unfaithful we have been,
'Tis then a time for us to weep.

There is a time for being sad—
'Tis when in death our friends all sleep;
And other earthly joys are fled,
Oh, there's a time that we may weep!

When we're oppressed with grief and care,
And storms of sorrow round us weep;
And we've no one our griefs to share,
Then, surely, that's a time to weep.

When done with time and all below,
And death's cold chills do o'er us creep,
If unprepared from hence to go,
Oh, that's the time that we must weep.

Lines written in an Album.

A-round thy heart let love entwine,
N-or let one blemish mar thy soul;
N-ew joys of innocence be thine,
A-nd keep all passions in control.

B-e thine a life as pure as snow,
E-ndearing all thy friends to thee;
L-ike some stray angel here below,
L-et all thy life a sermon be.

K-eeep well in virtue's flowr'y path,
En-robed in maiden modesty,
A-nd when your life shall close at last
Y-ou'll dwell in heav'n eternally.

Of youthful beauty now possessed,
That seldom maiden hath surpast,
O, let it not inspire thy breast
To think such charms will always last.

For beauty's roses soon must fade,
And wrinkles mar thy snowy brow—
Rough lines thy blooming cheeks invade,
That look so sweet and charming now.

Then let thy heart be kept so pure
(Whatever else may thee betide)
That beauty will through life endure,
The wrinkles of old age to hide;

Rememb'ring this—'tis only those
Who walk the path all saints have trod,
And strive to lessen human woes,
Shall meet the mercy of their God.

Phantasmagoria.

Tell me not in flowing numbers,
Things are always what they seem;
Oft beneath the surface slumber
Things of which we'd scarcely dream.

'Neath the dark waves of the ocean,
Lie ten thousand things unseen;
Countless shrines of love's devotion,
Hidden by the liquid screen.

Myriads of gems are gleaming,
In its deep, unfathomed womb;
Diamonds with bright lustre beaming
Light the darkness of their tomb.

Still its waters give no token,
Oft its treasures hid below;
So sad hearts by sorrow broken,
Oft a cheerful surface show.

Note yon laughing rich-clad maiden—
See feigned joy dance in her eyes—
Yet perhaps her heart is laden,
With a grief her mirth belies.

Mark the man of wealth and station,
Whom the world thinks free from care;
Or the ruler of a nation,
Who can all its honors share.

The Maiden's Beau Ideal.

'Tis not a pigmy I would crave,
Such could not be my beau ideal;
But I would have a stalwart frame—
No popinjay, but something real;
A man that's worthy of the name,
To woman gallant, not her slave.

No face alone could charm my heart;
A lip mustached and smirking mien
Could not a spark of love inspire,
Such shallow arts are all terrene,
And could not fill my soul's desire;
I'd have him act a nobler part.

Have they not each some emotion,
In their breasts to give them pain?
Yield they not the heart's devotion,
To some end they can not gain?

Malice lurks in human bosoms,
That to us seem meek and mild;
And they woo, lest they should lose them,
Every passion fierce and wild.

Then sing not in graceful measure,
Things of earth are always plain;
For we oft pursue as pleasure,
Things that bring us only pain.

If when his mother's old and gray,
With tott'ring step and eye-sight dim,
And lost is all her pristine grace,
Rememb'ring what she's done for him,
He loves to kiss her wrinkled face,
And all her tender care repay—

If like the needle to the pole,
His love will ever turn to me :
If fortune frown or if she smile,
He will the same forever be,
And cleave the stronger all the while,
With all the ardour of his soul:

Then I would trust him with my life,
And leaving all the world beside
I'd risk my happiness, my love,
And with him brave life's troubled tide;
And 'twould an unmixed blessing prove,
Of such an one to be the wife;

And life would be unsullied bliss—
A constant round of love and joy,
To fill the soul with sweet delight,
And happiness without alloy,
And darkest days would still be bright,
If I could have a mate like this.

But ah, our fate when comes the real,
Who! who can tell what it shall be;
To-day we launch on life's broad stream,
No breakers in its course we see,
But things may not be what they seem,
Nor have we found our beau—ideal.

A Dream.

I dreamt a dream of th' olden time—
Long years ago when I was young;
Sweet dream it was and all in rhyme—
Bright sparkling gems on mem'ry strung.

I saw our cottage in the wood,
And heard the wild bird's cheerful song,
While in the door my mother stood—
Dear mother now in heaven so long.

I heard her busy humming wheel,
A sound tho' long since died away,
Still when in dreams 'tis heard I feel
A thrill of happy childhood's day.

The katy-did piped forth his song,
As shrill and sharp as erst of yore;
That endless screech that all night long,
So oft I'd listened to before.

Those by-gone scenes like spectres pass;
They come, I know not why or how;
Tho' then they cheered the heart, alas!
They make me melancholy now.

How witching all those trifles seem,
That were to me as nothing then;
But mellowed long in mem'ry's dream,
They're worthy of my muse's pen.

Then waking all those vanished years,
In panoramic visions past
Before my eyes now dimmed with tears,
For blithesome days that could not last.

Hard Times, and Why?

Oh, the times are so hard, is the cry of the nation.
And the wail is re-echoed on every hand.
From the poor and the lowly to those in high station,
The words are repeated all over the land,
Till nothing is heard but a constant complaining,
And grumbling at something, but none can tell what,
While they by experience are just now regaining
What once they had learned but again had forgot.
But complaint never bettered a people's condition,
The fault when they find it is always their own:
To gain sudden wealth they have had such ambition,
At last they must reap what their folly has sown.
The ladies, dear creatures, run wild after fashion,
And spend all their money before it is earned;
For outward adornment they get such a passion,
That anything useful there never is learned,
But on a piano they spend their time drumming,
To torture the ears of their neighbors next door;
Or tunes operatic are constantly humming,
'Till 'tis to all near them a nuisance and bore.
All their talk is of polkas, quadrilles and cotillions—
Of masque balls and novels from morning till night—

Spend all their men's money, tho' counted by millions,
And still make complaint of their horrible plight.
With wardrobe sufficient to clothe a small nation,
They'r all the time just on the verge of despair,
And their minds are harrassed with a sad perturbation
That the times are so hard they have nothing 'to
wear—

Have nothing to dress in but what they've discarded
Full two weeks ago as not fit to be seen;
And now with disgust it is by them regarded,
Altho' rich enough for an empress or queen.
So many now think it disgraceful to labor,
They try to make money some easier way;
By gift enterprizes or swindling a neighbor,
Or piling up debts they'r not able to pay;
Or by graveyard insurance on some one that's dying.
They oft defraud others a living to gain;
'Tis thus to make money they ever are trying,
"By ways that are dark and by tricks that are vain."
But, O, the cashier of the merchant or banker,
Who lives maximum life on his minimum pay;
To have a good time he will constantly hanker;
Till he steals all the money and then runs away—
Away, off to Canada spending his money
With reckless abandon and lavishing hand,
While he laughs at the sheriff and thinks it so funny,
To live unmolested in such a free land.
E'en the banker himself often yields to temptation,
And squanders the money that's put in his care:
His conscience not feeling the least perturbation.
And often at church he engages in prayer,

And prays to the Lord to make people more trusty
And honest than people in business appear;
While his bible at home is neglected and dusty,
And o'er small peculations he drops a sad tear.
The Goulds and the Vanderbilts, Astors and Sages,
And all of that Shylock monopolist clan,
Exact the most service and pay the least wages,
Oppressing all others wherever they can.
The shyster attorneys stir up litigation,
As the only resort a retainer to gain;
By their impudence striving to make compensation,
For what they are lacking in learning and brain.
The best of their lives many young men are giving
To that senseless employment called playing base ball;
Rightly ycleped, a base method of making a living,
Productive of good to nobody at all:
While some have turned dudes at the cost of some
tailor,
And all honest labor they sneeringly shun;
But often are called to take board with the jailor,
As the final result of their frolic and fun.
Their hands are so white that they never could soil
them
By such plebeian business as holding a plow;
Besides their fine clothes, 'twould eternally spoil them,
Hence never to labor they solemnly vow.
So the farm is deserted by father and mother,
For life in some city to live at their ease;
Regarding such life far above every other,
For there's no restraint, they can do as they please.
Like the prodigal son that we read of in story,

They take all the money that comes to their share;
And then they go forth in their pride and their glory,
And turn up their noses at labor and care.
Arrived in the city their gay time beginning,
They blindly rush in to their life of delight.
But, alas, are knocked out at the very first inning,
And find themselves left in a sorrowful plight.
Then next on the street, they're, perhaps, digging gravel,
To earn a few shillings to buy them some bread;
Till disgusted with life they conclude they will travel—
Turn tramps; thus it is that these hard times are
made.
When nothing is certain but death and high taxes,
And all is depression, suspicion and strife;
And stealing in office in magnitude waxes,
As tho' to gain wealth was the sole end of life.
When nobody's honor can longer be trusted,
With faith in mankind and all confidence gone,
And banker's turned thieves till their banks are all
"busted"
O, then we indeed are a people forlorn!

On the Death of a Little Girl.

She's gone—her pure spirit from earth has ascended,
In peace her dust slumbers beneath the green sod;
In yonder bright heaven, by angels attended,
She basks in the smiles of her father—her God.

There clad in the white robes of angels of glory,
She smiles and looks wistfully down on us here,
And longs to be telling her rapturous story,
To fond weeping parents and relatives dear.
Fond mother, why mourn for thy daughter that's sleep-
ing,

Tho' shut from thy gaze by the damp, chilly tomb;
And why those dark eyes dimmed and reddened with
weeping,

That fair brow beclouded with sadness and gloom ?
Hath not a kind Savior a sweet comfort giv'n,

Bestowing on children his blessing and love;
And said that "of such is the kingdom of heaven,"

Beholding the face of the Father above.
The beds of sweet flowers her little hands watered,
Are still blooming brightly where once she had been;
And her last little foot-prints, as round them she
tottered,

In painful exactness a mother hath seen.
Tho' empty the cradle where often she slumbered—

Tho' ne'er on its pillow she'll nestle again—
Her short journey ended, her infant days numbered,
She's passed from a world of temptation and pain.

Adieu, lovely cherub! we'll cease to deplore thee,
And leave thee in peace to repose in the tomb;

Since Jesus has entered its darkness before thee,
Dispelling its terrors, dispersing its gloom.

No more will the eye of affection behold thee,
Since encircled thou art in death's icy embrace;

Nor again shall the arms of a mother enfold thee,
Nor press her warm lips to thy sweet smiling face,

I've a tear for the weeping disconsolate hearted,
As such I will drop it, fond mother, for thee;
But remember, tho' reft of thy loved one departed,
Christ saith that the mourner shall comforted be.

The Stream of Human Life.

The stream of life with ceaseless flow,
Goes sweeping on from day to day ;
Its surface strewn with wrecks that show
The dangers that beset the way,

Along the stream are thickly strewn
Debris of wrecks gone down before—
Crafts that the adverse winds have blown
And shattered on the rocky shore.

Each day new passengers set sail,
While others leave the treach'rous wave;
Some scarcely start before they fail,
And find their haven in the grave.

Some, on, no certain port intent
With swelling sail launch on the stream,
And being but on pleasure bent,
Of storms and breakers dream.

But hidden rocks that lie below,
By placid surface kept concealed,
Bring to the careless voyager woe,
When by his wreck they stand revealed.

But some as they pass down the tide,
Keep steady helm and well-trimmed sail;
With studied care their crafts they guide,
Till safe in port they canvas brail.

Their watchful eyes are on their chart,
That every breaker they may shun;
They choose their goal before they start,
And so their course is safely run.

'Tis thus the stream of human life
Flows on through cycles of the years
Unchecked by human toil and strife—
It flows mid mingled mirth and tears.

Ode to Friendship.

O friendship! name forever dear,
To those who know thy priceless worth;
'Tis thou canst dry affliction's tear,
And light the gloomiest spot of earth.

Thou fuel art that feeds the flame,
That on love's holy altar burns;
And love is only love in name,
That thy refining influence spurns.

O, may thy sweet and silken bands,
Twine ten fold round each wedded heart;
And bind inseparably their hands,
Whom God hath said let no man part.

May those who thus together blend
Their sorrows, cares and happiness,
Find each a true and faithful friend,
And drink of pure connubial bliss.

When sore affliction round us waits,
And chills the heart with blighting grief,
Thy tear, O friendship! dissipates
The lowering clouds and gives relief.

When all my friends have past away,
Or all to me have faithless proved,
I would on earth no longer stay,
Since I no more could be beloved.

And when the path of life I've trod
To mother dust my body giv'n,
Give me the friendship of my God,
I ask no more—for this is heav'n.

The Tippecanoe Club.

Gray vet'rans who've won the great vict'ries of peace—
Grand vict'ries far better than vict'ries of war;
We'll soon get our furloughs that give us release,
And with it the bounty our service was for.
One by one we are going, staunch old pioneers,
To the club-house eternal, on that mystic shore,
Where we who are here in a few passing years
Will join them again to be parted no more.

With grief-stricken hearts we consign to the grave
Our brothers, who greeted us cordially here ;
Those noble old men with their kind hearts and brave,
We'll drop on each new grave a sad brother's tear.
They've borne well the burden and heat of the day,
To faithfully serving 'tis meet that they rest ;
But keep cheerful hearts as we go on our way,
For no respite we'll find save in mother earth's
breast.

The three score and ten that's allotted to man,
The most of our number already have seen ;
And now one by one death is lessening the clan,
Till the last place is vacant where once we had been.
We still bear our love for Old Tippecanoe,
Who carried our standard in years long ago.
The noble old hero with brave heart and true,
Who in war nor in peace turned his back to the foe.
But since he is gone to the far-away land,
And his mem'ry is all that is left to our care,
We'll give to the grand-son our warm friendship hand
As one who is worthy our friendship to share.
When the author of this has gone down to the tomb,
In that dark, silent chamber to take his last sleep,
Forgetting his follies, he trusts you'll find room
In your mem'ry his friendship and virtues to keep.

To a Little Girl.

On receiving from her a Christmas gift of a Cross and Bible.

Thy present, Mary. I will take
As friendship's gift, and to that end
Will keep it for the giver's sake,
In mem'ry of my little friend.

That cross on which the Savior died,
When, with his last expiring breath,
He blest the thief that by his side
Asked for his mercy ere his death.

That cross on which our hopes are built,
Of life in brighter worlds above—
On which a Savior's blood was spilt,
In token of his Father's love.

These scenes shall teach me how to live—
To sympathize with other's woes—
Shall teach me always to forgive
Alike the faults of friends or foes.

That book shall be my constant guide—
Shall guard my actions day by day,
And when for ought I'd turn aside,
Forbid my wayward feet to stray.

Shall buoy me up when wrapt in gloom—
Shall soothe my heart when sorrow riven ;
Shall light my pathway to the tomb ;
And lead me safe at last to heaven.

And may'st thou choose that better part,
Whilst in thy days of early youth—
Resign thy young and generous heart
To deep impression by its truth.

And when life's weary course is run,
And to the dust thy body's given,
May'st thou, (thy earthly sorrows done),
Find mercy, peace and rest in heaven.

The Bereaved Parents.

Put by the harp, I cannot play,
My heart is sad, oppressed with grief;
My thoughts are wand'ring far away,
To bring my aching heart relief.

Nor can I sing our fav'rite song,
That once could give us such delight,
The one we've known and sung so long,
I cannot bear to hear to-night.

For what is song when hope is lost ?
Or music's sweet enchanting strain,
If purchased at so great a cost
Of crushing grief and mental pain ?

The voice that once our hearts could thrill
With joy and sweet parental pride,
On earth is now forever still,
But sings beyond cold Jordan's tide.

But we hear not its dulcet tone,
'Tis music not for mortal ears;
We now can only sit alone,
And drown our grief in bitter tears.

The world seems now a barren waste,
All draped in dark and sombre gloom;
From such a scene who would not haste,
And seek oblivion in the tomb.

A painful silence haunts our home,
Where once were sounds of song and mirth;
Nor dreamt we that a time would come,
To blight all happiness of earth.

But 'tis our fate, we sing to-day,
And on to-morrow mourn and weep
O'er some dear loved one past away,
And gone to their long final sleep.

A Parody.

Farewell to the Professors and Students of my Alma mater.

Farewell! but as oft as the time shall appear
That call the blithe students to congregate here,
Then think of the friend who's resorted here too,
And so pleasantly spent the long winters with you.

His hopes may be blighted—no trace may remain,
Of all the bright dreams that now flit through his brain;
But he ne'er will forget the warm friendship that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you.

As still at that season together you meet,
To sit and to learn at Gamaliel's feet;
Where'er I may be, whether gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, will partake your delight.

Shall join in your studies, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all over with smiles;
Too blest if it tells me that 'mid your gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmured "I wish he were here."

It Pays Best in the End.

It always pays best in the end, boys,
It always pays best in the end,
To be of some pleasures denied, boys,
By father, for he's your best friend.

To you it may sometimes seem hard, boys,
To not be permitted to go
Just where inclination would lead you,
But don't, if your father says no;

For he is much older than you, boys,
And of the world much more has seen;
And older he surely is wiser
Than you while you're still in your teens.

You sometimes may think you are wise, boys,
And that your old father's a fool;
But remember how long he's been learning,
By spending his life in a school—

A school where is more to be gained, boys,
In every day that you live,
Of knowledge to you that's more useful,
Than years of amusements could give.

Time was when like you I was young, boys,
And tho't I should have my own will;
But a sturdy old father controlled me,
For which I am thanking him still;

For if I'd been left to myself, boys,
With nothing to do but to play,
I'd, perhaps, all my life been a vagrant,
And a curse to all round me to-day.

So don't be too smart while you're young, boys,
Determined to have your own way,
But take the advice of your father,
You'll find in the end it will pay.

To My Wife.

My dear good wife of thee I'll sing.
Thou shalt employ my sweetest lays;
Thy sterling worth such pleasures bring,
I care not for a nation's praise.

Away ambition, wealth and fame,
They have no charms on earth for me;
They're but an empty hollow name,
Compared, my dearest wife, with thee.

I covet not a Nero's crown,
Deep crimson dyed in human gore;
I care not for such high renown,
Thy love, dear wife, I value more.

Were I, like Alexander, great,
Possess'd of all on land and sea;
The world submissive at my feet,
I'd leave it all, dear wife, for thee.

Or should the Indies at my call,
Yield all their store of wealth to me;
With joy I'd sacrifice them all,
For one sweet smile dear wife, from thee.

Ah yes—were all things earthly given,
In one rich massive gift to me;
There's nothing else save peace in heaven,
But I'd exchange, dear wife, for thee.

The Oil Spot.

[The "Oil Spot" is situated ten miles south of Sabine Pass, into which flows the Sabine river to the Gulf of Mexico. The river forms the boundary between Louisiana and Texas. The "Oil Spot" extends two miles along the shore and seaward about three-quarters of a mile. A storm from the Northwest by East to Southeast has a sweep of from three to seven hundred miles across the Gulf of Mexico into this mystic haven. During a gale this spot is wonderfully defined. Looking seaward the scene is grand. An acre of towering foam marks the abrupt dissolution of the lashing seas as they thunder toward the shore. This occurs in about eighteen feet of water, from which the

storm-driven craft, creaking and straining in every timber, emerges, and suddenly finds herself reposing like a child rocked in its mother's arms, hemmed in by a wall of wrath, where the weary mariner can be lulled to rest by the roar of the wind and waves. The place is termed the "Oil Spot," not from any known analysis of its nature, but simply from its condition; it has no troubled water.]

Weird river, what magic lies hid in thy waves,
That tumult is ended when reaching thy goal?

In thee we behold what humanity craves—
At the end of the course an "Oil Spot" for the soul.

A haven of safety 'round which in their rage,
The mad waves of passion may struggle in vain;

Where tho' all his demons the storm-king engage,
The waves in that haven no entrance can gain.

There the storm beaten mariner finds sweet repose,
From all of his trials and dangers secure;

For once in that haven no matter how blows
The tempest, he feels that his safety is sure.

And we are but voyagers on life's stormy sea,
And our bark is so fragile, so easy to sink.

If dashed on the breakers, tho' under the lee,
Our voyage is all made on eternity's brink.

And when storms are raging and waves running high,
And all is confusion and helpless despair,

We long for the "Oil Spot" and wish it was nigh,
And we its protection permitted to share.

Tho' oil on life's waters we struggle to pour,
The waves in their fury still lash our frail bark.

Till we sigh for the "Oil Spot" beneath the lee shore,
Before the day ends and we're left in the dark.

That haven is found in the far-away land,

Where no raging ocean can dash its mad waves
On the bark of the mariner moored by the strand
That the river of life through eternity laves.

Then, voyager, be watchful, keep trimmed ev'ry sail,
And tho' winds are adverse press on to the goal
And you shall ride out the tempestuous gale,
And safely be moored where is rest for the soul.

A Phantom all a Phantasy.

'Twas evening, and lunar beams danced on the ocean
The moon to the zenith rode up in the sky;
No breeze sighed a whisper, but still all commotion,
And slumb'ring profoundly the world seemed to lie.

I stole from the scene's of man's strife and distraction,
Some place of retirement and quiet to find,
Where I might, (deeply wrapt in a blissful abstraction,)
Give rest to the body and peace to the mind.

I strolled on the beach where the wind had been sweep-
ing
The sand from its bed to the far distant plain;
But now the lone Night-Hag her still watch was keep-
ing,
O'er mermaids and spirits that dance on the main.

I paused for a moment to view the soft billow,
And hear the sweet music that dwelt in its roar,
As gently it nestled upon its deep pillow—
Embraced and kissed fondly the surf-beaten shore.

All lonely I stood—what a time for reflection!
The soul to its Author by faith might ascend,
And there with bright angels in happy connection,
The conf'rence of justified spirits attend.

Thus musing, my mind wandered back to my childhood,
Regrets sweet and painful my bosom did swell,
When I thought of our cottage deep set in the wild-wood—
The last parting scene when I bade it farewell.

I thought of the tears of a fond weeping mother,
That for a lone wand'rer so often could flow;
Sweet tears that gush forth from such founts and none other—
Deep sorrow that none but a mother can know.

I fancied I stood by the grave where she's sleeping;
My pride then was humbled, I knelt down and prayed,
Baptised in the cold dew the lilacs were weeping,
That stood by the spot where her gray hairs were laid.

To that mound my warm lips I drew nearer and nearer,
Till enraptured I kissed and embraced the green sod;
For it seemed to my heart than all places 'twere dearer—
Far dearer than all the green isles I had trod.

Long, long there I lingered, ere hence I departed,
For my last earthly treasure reposed in that tomb;
And I mused if she'd died all alone—broken hearted,
Her last days beclouded with sadness and gloom.

I rose to depart, for my poor heart was breaking,
I wept not a tear, for the fountain was dried;
I looked, when lo! there, as from sweet sleep awaking,
In long flowing white robes she stood at my side.

My mother! My son! and with arms wide extended,
I sprang to embrace her with rapturous delight,
As I wept on her bosom an angel descended,
With visage so brilliant it dazzled the sight.

I spoke to the stranger, I asked him his mission—
To my interrogation there came no reply;
I turned to behold him, but O sad transition!
He vanished like magic far in the blue sky.

Again to my mother I turned me delighted,
For like sweet enchantment each movement would
seem,
But all my fond hopes in a moment were blighted,
I woke from my slumber, 'twas naught but a dream.

I rose, the pale moon in the west was descending;
The dew on my garments hung heavy and chill;
And since, ever present, with ev'ry thought blending,
The scenes of that vision are haunting me still.

The Voyage of Life.—No. 2.

As voyagers on an unknown sea,
How many start with swelling sail,
Not thinking in what port 'twill be
Where they at last must canvas trail.

All seems so calm on leaving shore,
They think 'twill always be a lull,
And they will sail life's ocean o'er,
With no storm-wave to chafe their hull.

But should the waves sometimes run high,
They hope to smoothly ride the crest
And pass all danger safely by,
So, never fear disturbs the breast.

Fond hope abides them ev'ry hour,
And serves an anchor to the soul;
And trusting to its magic power
They think to reach the wished-for goal.

They by such means their faith renew
While sailing o'er a placid sea,
And on their pleasant course pursue,
Well sheltered by some friendly lee.

As on their way they smoothly move,
By pleasures of the voyage beguiled;
Their craft propelled by hope and love,
They laugh at tales of tempest wild.

But when rough winds begin to blow,
And billows roll in frightful form,
They find their bark, made but for show,
Too fragile to withstand a storm.

Or when at last their bark grows frail,
And tells them soon their voyage must close,
And they must furl their tattered sail
In port unknown to find repose.

'Tis then they sail a stormy sea,
By waves of doubt 'mid breakers driven;
And drifting outward from the lee,
They miss the port for which they'd striven.

To Miss A. D. U.

Talk not to me of verdant spring,
Nor of the tiny birds that sing,
Among her leafy bowers;
Nor of the rose's blushing hue,
Besprinkled o'er with morning dew,
Or wet with gentle showers.

Nor of the murm'ring streamlet's song,
That glides the pleasant vale along,
Its banks with daisies spread;
Nor of Golconda's sparkling gems,
That spangle gew-gaw diadems,
To crown an empty head.

No, speak thou not of things like these.
And think thereby a heart to please,
That knows a bliss like mine;
To look upon that lovely face,
There in bewitching smiles to trace,
A sweetness only thine.

A beauty of perfection's mould,
That chains my gaze with magic hold,
And bids this heart adore;
And shall forever make it thrill
With love's emotion, deep, until
Its throbbing is no more.

I'd rather in a cottage dwell,
With thee, fair one, I love so well,
Thus with thee to abide;
Than in a courtly palace live,
With such cold joys as wealth can give,
And own the world beside.

If driven from my native shore,
Its green-clad hills to see no more,
It will not cause a tear,
If when through desert wastes I roam,
Deprived of friends and home, sweet home,
Thy dulcet voice I hear.

With thee I'd brave drear Greenland's snow,
Where piercing winds forever blow,
And pelting storms arise;
Or Afric's scorching heat withstand,
And traverse o'er its torrid sand,
Beneath its burning skies.

All this—ay, more, I'd undergo,
For thee, sweet girl, my love to show,
And know thee only mine;
But 'twere a bliss too pure—too rare,
For one like me, for once to dare
To ask, or ever wish to share,
To own a heart like thine.

Carlotta's Complaint.

O, dreary these walls that environ me round,
But more dreary still is my heart;
And dreary there falls on my ear ev'ry sound,
That makes me from dreaming to start.

My husband, dear loved one, O, why his delay
In coming? Awaiting him here,
He must know my suspense is increasing each day,
And waiting but adds to my fear.

I pine in this prison tho' palace it be,
Like a bird of its liberty shorn;
And longing and pleading again to be free,
This fate can no longer be borne.

Thy land, Montezuma, I see in my dreams,
And hear, Guatomozin, thy wail;
A crime fit for demons that tragedy seems,
When reading that harrowing tale.

I would I had never beheld the curst place,
That has brought me but sorrow and woe,
And thence to be driven in shame and disgrace,
By a cruel and pitiless foe.

This humiliation I never can bear,
My spirit that never could bow,
Is fitted the splendor of empire to share,
And must not be shorn of it now.

Weird spectres surround me by night and by day,
With faces sardonic they leer;
While vainly I labor to drive them away,
O, why must they always be here?

Be here to reproach me with jeering and scorn,
And laugh at my pitiful plight,
And taunt me with failure at evening and morn,
And burden forever my sight.

Napoleon, arch traitor, is seeking my life—
His poison is wrecking my brain,
God pity the fate of a heart broken wife,
And give back her husband again.

Ambition, deceitful, alluring word,
Disgusted I trample it down,
For once in my bosom a passion it stirred,
For empire and wearing a crown;

To reign o'er a people I never had known,
'Twas folly, 'twas madness in me;
A folly I now must regret all alone,
Since no more Maxamilian to see.

Vain glory terrene, evanescent at best,
A phantom we follow in vain;
Whose love as a passion once entering the breast,
Till death as a tyrant will reign.
Come death, welcome messenger, make no delay
A heart-broken wife to befriend
By taking her hence from this prison away,
And make of her sorrows an end.

Death.

O death! thou heartless tyrant, king
That reigns supreme o'er all the earth—
Monarch of ev'ry living thing,
From earliest period of its birth.

When man the happiest life enjoys,
He speaks thy name with bated breath;
And sight of thee all mirth destroys,
Thou unrelenting lev'ler, death.

And tho' thou'rt called "the poor man's friend,"
To him "the kindest and the best,"
How few there be when comes the end,
That welcome thee to give them rest.

Nobody's Child.

The pale round moon looks coldly down
Upon the glittering frosty snow
That like a pall lies on the town,
While she's no home where she can go.

Her tattered clothes flap in the wind,
That chills her to the very bone,
But not because herself has sinned—
But must for other's sins atone.

With anxious eyes she looks around.
And into warm, bright parlors peeps;
But no warm place for her is found,
Who in some corner nightly sleeps.

The snow that creaks upon the street
At ev'ry step of passers by,
Goes to her cold half-naked feet,
Till she at last begins to cry.

And thus she murmured as she cried—
"I know no mother's love or care,
No father to a home provide,
Such blessings I may never share.

"O God, great Father of us all,
Whose voice can calm the raging sea—
Who notes the sparrows when they fall,
I pray Thee pity take on me.

"And let me know a mother's love,
And feel that I still have a friend,
Or take me to thyself above,
And bring my sorrows to an end."

The sound of footsteps died away,
Till morn should wake the mart again,
When wrapped in snow and lifeless lay
The little waif freed from her pain.

Now in the potter's field alone
Where bloom the flowers in freedom wild,
She sleeps beneath a rough-hewn stone
That bears these words, "NOBODY'S CHILD."

To a Poetess.

Now my good muse, thy sweetest strain,
And thou, my soul, thyself prepare,
To range the whole poetic train,
And paint the brightest genius there.

Think not I flatter when I tell,
How bright thy rhyming efforts shine;
They chain us like a magic spell,
Such strains poetical are thine.

They, like the sun amid the sky,
Diffuse a radiance so clear,
That other planets, tho' as high,
Dependent satellites appear.

Tho' our congenial spirits may
In closer union never join,
Still may'st thou cheer life's wintry day,
While kindred hearts respond to thine.

Still in a rich and endless stream,
Pour out the treasures of thy soul,
In strains that half seraphic seem,
And spread thy fame from pole to pole.

Yes, spread thy nitid light afar—
Shine as Columbia's brightest gem—
Be thou her daughters beacon star,
And win her richest diadem.

Long may'st thou tread that flow'ry path,
By all such master spirits trod;
Then dying, soar away at last,
And meet the mercy of thy God.

The Bereaved Mother's Refrain.

My baby, my darling, so far from me sleeping,
My heart's greatest treasure so soon past away,
For thee my soul's longing, my eyes dim with weeping,
Thou all of my night dreams and thoughts of the day.
By the now empty cradle in sadness and sighing,
To solve the inscrutable ways of my God,
My grief-burdened heart is persistently trying,
While bearing with patience the chastening rod.

O pity, kind Father, a poor bereaved mother!
Who mourns her first born that can be here no more;
Who in her own bosom her anguish would smother,
Tho' 'tis an affliction most grievous and sore.
Through the lone silent rooms as I listlessly wander
No joy for the future on earth can I see;
And when on the far-away home-land I ponder,
My thoughts are all centered, O lost one, on thee.
For thee, my sweet baby, my mother's heart's break-
ing.
As I think of thy body in darkness and gloom,
To take its long, lone sleep from which there's no
waking,
Till the last trumpet wakens the dead from the tomb.
O, when shall I ever again be permitted
To clasp thy loved form in a mother's embrace?
When I for elysium shall better be fitted,
I'll press my warm lips to thy sweet baby face.
Farewell, then, my bright baby-angel in heaven!
Thou joy of my heart for a few fleeting years;
Since God has but taken what once He had given,
I'll cease to deplore thee and dry up my tears.

Be Content With Thy Lot.

Be content with thy lot where a wise God may place thee,
Nor dare to complain, tho' humble thy station;
Remember His blessings and mercy will trace thee,
As well to the cot as the halls of a nation.

Ye brown fisted farmers, ye favored of heaven,
Who by honest labor procure a good living;
Rejoice at the calling that to you is given,
And bless a just God for his wisdom in giving.

Mechanics, ye craftsmen, use well your vocation,
Contented submit to the will of your Maker;
Combined with the farmer, you're props of the nation,
And of its true honors shall each be partaker.

Ho! all ye brave seamen, who plow the salt ocean,
Think not of your calling as one that's degrading;
But cleave to your trade with an honest devotion,
With cheerful contentment your wishes pervading.

Fair woman, man's comforter, honor and glory,
Submit with content with the order of Heaven;
Nor murmur that man should presume to rule o'er thee,
Since 'tis but the right, God in wisdom has given.

Ye preachers, glad tidings throughout earth proclaim-
ing,
Tho' high is your standing, let meekness abide you;
With pure, holy zeal be your hearts ever flaming,
And be ye contented tho' men should deride you.

All ranks and conditions to Heaven resigning,
Be grateful for whatever to you is given;
Then when in the Autumn of life you're declining,
Shall find sweet content in your prospects of Heaven.

An Affecting Scene.

O, father, dear father, come back to our home!
For when you're away all so lonely appears;
Come home to us, father, O, please father come,
To comfort dear mamma and dry up her tears.
Poor brother is crying and baby is sick—
The fire is gone out and the coal is all gone;
So father come with me, please, father come quick,
For mamma's with brother and baby alone,
These sweet pleading words of a bright little girl,
Fell soft on the ear of a broad-shouldered man,
Whose head seemed bewildered and all in a whirl
With the hilarious joy of a mirth-making clan.
The bright chandeliers poured their light in the room,
Where the cold-hearted father was having delight;
While the wife of his bosom in sadness and gloom,
All lonely was spending the cold cheerless night,
With balance unsteady he stood on his feet,
And by a strained effort prevented a fall;
Secure in warm quarters from cold and from sleet,
No pleadings of pity he heeded at all;
But carelessly answered the sweet pleading child,
That when he got ready he'd come back again;
Still waiting she gazed on the scene for awhile,
Unwilling to leave him, afraid to remain.
Go home and don't bother me, gruffly he said,
As he looked at the child with a cold vacant stare;
Go home to your mother and all go to bed,
And soon you'll get warm and by-and-by I'll be there.

And as she went out, down her cheek stole a tear,
But she braved the cold blast with the storm-driven
sleet;
With her heart full of sorrow and trembling with fear,
She started alone down the snow-covered street.
But soon she returned to the trial once more,
And sought out her father with sad broken heart;
And pleading more ardently still than before,
Appealed to his pity with sweet childish art,
Our home was so happy, she tenderly said,
When you would stay home and not leave us alone;
And you know that dear mamma is always afraid
At night time, dear father, whenever you're gone.
Then he slowly raised up and stood musing awhile,
As if of the matter to take time to think;
And then stooping down whispered low to the child,
And left with reluctance the gay skating rink.

Woman.

Come now my muse and with thee bring,
Thy choicest strains, thy sweetest lays;
And kindly aid me while I sing,
Fair woman's well deserving praise.

Sweet are the zephyrs as they move
O'er meadows green, and waving corn;
But sweeter far is woman's love,
To man, from home and country torn.

How glorious is the morning sun—
How soft his beams, how pure his light—
How lovely when his course is run,
His crimson tints, betok'ning night.

How lovely, too, the azure sky,
At eve, when all is hush'd and still;
Fair Cynthia shedding from on high,
Her placid light on vale and hill.

How beautiful the lily white,
When view'd upon a summer's morn,
With silver dew-drops soft and bright,
Upon its blushing beauty borne.

Yet woman's charms than all beside,
Can more refresh the weary soul;
When griefs oppress and ills betide,
And time's dull car wheels heavy roll.

Her faith quells all desponding fear,
That's lurking in the troubled breast;
Her witching smiles dry every tear,
And care-worn man is sooth'd to rest.

To feel a pang for others' woes,
Is woman's never-varying lot;
Her tender bosom ever grows
With purest love that changeth not.

She yields her own to a tyrant's will,
From whom she suffers every wrong;
Yet with his faults she loves him still,
Nor are those ills remembered long.

Her modest virtues far out shine,
The gold of India and Peru;
The diamonds of Goncolda's mine,
Must blush and own their rival too.

Such are the beauties, such the fate,
Of her, whom nature ne'er surpassed;
And man, tho' wise and rich and great,
Must bow at woman's shrine at last.

The Last Man.

At last! At last the curtain drops and all is o'er;
Six thousand years, can comprehend the human
mind
Such length of time? Can count the millions of our
kind,
Who've lived and loved and hated and gone to come
no more?
What for this problem so abstruse that man could never
solve—
Which the eternal God did from infinity of mind
evolve?
These are his tho'ts as there, alone, he deeply meditating
stands
Like some weird phantom; and wonders if in other
lands
Life has gone out: life, mystery of mysteries—un-
known flame—

Has it in the earth gone out as silent as it came?
'Tis on a promontory high far stretched into the sea,
He stands, a man with hoary locks and beard thick,
 long and flowing;
A naked rock it is on which he stands; no tree
Nor shrub nor flower to cherish vision is there grow-
 ing
On all that vast extent of land behind; and on the sea
 before
Was seen of commerce not a sign—one swelling sail
Of ship, nor smoke of steamer through the water plow-
 ing as of yore,
Tho' anxious looks he, vision-strained, still does he
 fail
Of life one sight to see, tho' gazing long on ev'ry side
O'er barren wastes of rocks and land and o'er ocean
 wide.
The sea gull with his supple wing, the petrel skimming
 surface near,
Now absent are, and stillness reigns all over land and
 sea;
A silence so profound it fills his longing soul with fear;
A dread of something, but of what 'tis not within his
 power to tell,
But there he stands mid silence so profound his tho'ts
 he almost hears;
The gentle breeze from oceanward he used to love so
 well
No whispering murmur makes; but soon thoughts turn
 to tears.
Soliloquizing, this the burden of his spoken thought:

Must all man's toil and aspirations high thus come to
naught ?
And have I lived of Adam's race the very last to be ?
How strange that the sad fate should be reserved for me
The end to witness of a drama, long—
Of change of scene continuous, of actors a countless
throng;
And in the play their part each acted well or ill,
Striving with what tact they had a place too large to
fill.
So acted each a part as best they could, then passed
away;
When stepping off the stage a vacancy to leave, but still
Come others closely treading on their heels from day to
day.
Thus empty stage was never seen, till now the play is
done,
And I upon the stage to act a single part am left alone,
This rock my stage, my audience the universe of empty
space,
Myself a remnant save to God above unknown—
A representative the last of Adam's numerous race.

Retrospection.

When backward I look down the vista of years,
Through which I have past to my present estate,
And measure my joys by my sorrows and tears,
Though joys have large balance it is not so great

As to cause a desire to retrace them again,
Though, perhaps, some mistakes I might manage to
shun—

Mistakes that long after have given me pain
That I could not recall then the wrong I had done.

I've laughed with my friends in the midst of their cheer
And mingled my own with their tears when they'd
weep,

O'er the grave of some loved one no more to be here,
But gone, gone to rest in their last lonely sleep,

And left in the family one vacant chair—
A void in some heart that no other could fill—
A grief-stricken heart in the depth of despair,
While it murmured, "my God I submit to Thy will."

Crushed hopes in profusion lie strewn all the way—
Vain hopes that naught earthly could ever fulfill,
And vaunting ambitions long gone to decay,
Though fondly their victims would cling to them still.

Adown that long vista of three score of years,
Debris of vows broken how many I see;
And oft of my own here and there one appears,
Though from such conviction I fain would be free.

Of my early companions so many have gone
To that far away land that no mortal may know,
That, musing, I seem as if left alone
In a wide world to finish my journey below;

But still with a heart full of love for my kind,
In my old age to cheer me, and trusting my God,
I will press to that goal that my spirit shall find,
When this mortal in peace rests beneath the green sod.

Boston's Humiliation.

O, Boston! Poor Boston: who'll care for you now,
Since your garland of victory is torn from your brow?
Your hero is beaten, and laid on the shelf
For the rest of his life to go on by himself;
And you for an idol may look but in vain,
For John L. can never his prestige regain;
Tho' you still have your culcha, of which you may boast,
It can never fill the place of the idol you've lost,
Or, to keep up your fame, if you've no other means,
You may challenge the world on your famous baked
beans,
That through all time's changes tenacious remain,
Giving strength to the muscle and food to the brain.
But muscle and culcha are far different things,
And diff'rent the glory that each of them brings;
And then just to think 'twas a son of John Bull
Filled the cup of your sorrow clean up to its full.
No more will the ladies his muscles admire,
To view beaten muscles they have no desire;
One time to admire him they thought it was fit,
But Johnny is now a "dead cock in the pit,"
And all of his backers are humbled in dust,

When they'd filled all good people with shame and disgust
While they worshipped a brute, though they called him
a man.

Because he was built on the two-legged plan.
But your idol is vanquished, your money is lost,
And your glory has been bought at too heavy a cost;
And though it seems hard, to your fate you must bow,
For who, O! proud Boston, will care for you now?

I'm Growing Old.

I'm growing old, I'm growing old,
This story I've so oft been told
Its truth I shan't deny;
But if by this is meant my heart
In life's affairs should take no part,
I'd ask the reason why.

Tho' I have passed my three score years,
And here and there a line appears,
Made by the hand of time,
My heart is still as warm as when
Was erst inspired my limping pen
To write my thoughts in rhyme.

Though I am old no cause I see
Why I should but a nuisance be
To all the world beside;
At everything to fret and scold,
And claim to be because I'm old
All other people's guide.

Rememb'ring that I once was young,
'Tis meet I hold my chiding tongue,
 When others would be gay,
And lend my aid to swell the joy
Of every laughing girl and boy,
 And joyous be as they.

Then tell me not that age has dried
Within my heart love's blissful tide,
 And left it withered—sere;
For still I live for care and love
Of those I prize all else above,
 And are to me so dear.

Kathleen's Refrain.

Och, Paddy, me darlint, come back to me now,
 The shamrock is bloomin' so charmingly white;
Come back to your Kathleen, renewin' yer vow;
 For ye me heart's breakin', dear Paddy, to-night.

I did not intind it, dear Paddy, to be
 A final farewell, when, refusin' that kiss,
I tould ye henceforth ye were nothin' to me,
 Nor did I once drame of its comin' to this:

Nor did I belave phat ye tould me was thrue,
 That so soon I'd be sorry for phat I had said;
And that I me couldness would bitterly rue;
 But 'tis thrue, the thing niver is out uv me head.

It haunts me in daytime wherever I go,
And bothers me drames when I'm shlapln' at night.
Till wakin' or shlapin' no peace can I know—
Not a thought iver comin' to make me heart light.

Och, Paddy, me darlint, if ye did but know
How I am repintin' the slight that I gave,
And how yer own absence is causin' me woe.
Ye could not refuse the forgiveness I crave.

Be azy now wid me, me darlint, I pray,
'Tis yer iver thrue Kathleen wud ask for yer grace;
By the moust howly virgin I schwear it this day,
I'd rather than all of the saints see yer face.

I pray all the saints and the virgin beside,
To spare me this sorrow that's breakin' me heart;
For ye promised this day ye wud make me yer bride,
And that from yer Kathleen ye'd niver depahrt.

Then, Paddy, come back to me like a good man,
And kisses, belave me, I'll give ye galore:
And phativer will plaze ye I'll do if I can,
And that little skrimmage shall plague us no more.

"O, Where is the Girl of the Long, Long Ago?"

Joaquin Miller.

O, where is the girl of the long, long ago?
And the echo comes answering, where is she? O,
where?

Whenever you meet her you're certain to know
'Tis her by the features expressive of care.

You may know her whenever you happen to meet
One who was a girl in the years past away,
Tho' she may not appear so bewitchingly sweet,
With her features all wrinkled and hair thin and gray.

Not so charmingly sweet as in years long ago,
When with forehead like marble and glossy dark hair,
Her cheeks like pink roses in settings of snow—
A creature of beauty surpassingly fair.

Her teeth then would rival the whitest of pearls—
Her form was as perfect as mortal's could be—
An Houri, fit queen for the paradise worlds,
Her movements so graceful, so agile and free.

Her love-beaming eyes were as dark as the night,
Or blue as the arch of the Heaven above;
And like stars in that Heaven they sparkled as bright,
When hearing the story of passionate love.

Her mouth was a study a painter might crave
As a model, so pouting and ruby her lips,
That a kiss to a lover if ever she gave,
'Twas sweeter than nectar that Jupiter sips.

But now all her ravishing beauty is gone,
The bloom on her cheeks we shall see there no more;
Her features all careworn are shrunk and wan,
Her eyes not so sparkingly bright as of yore.

But her teeth are so cunningly formed by the art
Of the dentist they still give the semblance of youth;
But one charm remains, 'tis the warm, loving heart
That still is o'erflowing with goodness and truth,

And that heart's ever moved by the plaint of distress,
Her cares ever open to charity's call;
With a word of good cheer the despondent to bless,
Thus she lightens the burdens of one and of all.

An angel of mercy for many long years,
She still by all ages is loved and caressed:
Partaking alike of their joys or their tears,
Her bark will soon moor in the haven of rest.

Instead of your asking where 'tis she is gone,
You had better be asking who 'll now fill her place,
To be our dependence, the hope called forlorn,
To cook our good dinners and keep up the race.

The Cyclone.—A Parody.

The heat was oppressive—a burden to bear—
A closeness most stifling pervaded the air,
While thick clouds, and gloomy, hung low o'er the
scene,
With an ominous surface of dull, murky green.

'Twas a signal foreboding that danger was near,
The brutes were all restless, excited by fear;
Not a breeze stirred the forest, nor scarcely a sound
Was heard to disturb the dread stillness profound.

When the cyclone came down like the wolf on the fold,
And no mercy it showed to the young or the old,
As in its mad fury resistless it whirled
Till to utter destruction all objects were hurled.

'Twas the middle of summer, and all things were green,
The landscape presented a heart-cheering scene
Of fields waving full of the bright, golden grain,
Of which there was soon not a scrap to remain;

For the storm in its wrath came careering that way,
With a power for mischief no mortal could stay;
But it swept on its course, its dire vengeance to take,
'Till death and destruction was left in its wake.

When the storm-king had emptied his vials of wrath,
And left desolation and death in his path,
Then deep lamentations were borne on the air,
Of people left homeless in helpless despair.

And there all the fruits of the husbandman's toil,
That he by his labor had gained from the soil—
The product of seed that in hope he had sown,
By the breath of the storm-king was scattered and
 strown.

'Tis thus, by disaster, we mortals are taught,
How all things of earth are so constantly fraught
With dependence on Him who the wind and the waves
Controls in His hands as His servants and slaves.

And man saw how futile his efforts and vain
Control of the forces of nature to gain,
And learned that all nature is ruled by a God,
Who makes the earth tremble by dint of a nod.

The Dude.

With spindle shanks and empty head—
 With only thoughts of style imbued,
He struts the streets as if he fed
On nectar brewed for gods instead
 Of for a darling, dainty dude.

He struts with consequential air,
 And ogles girls with manners rude,
And thinks he looks so debonaire,
He charms the hearts of all the fair,
And makes them solemnly declare
He is a specimen so rare,
They long their earthly lives to share
 With such a sweet and lovely dude.

His pantaloons tight as the skin,
Show not one spot of amplitude:
'Tis mystery how he them gets in,
But then his legs must be so thin,
For like a man's legs had they been,
He never could have been a dude.

He sports a cane of limp rattan,
Admiring ladies to delude
With the idea that he's a man;
But though he does the best he can,
They plainly see he's but a dude.

He thinks he an Apollo is,
So shows his shape as when he's nude,
A waxed mustache adorns his phiz,
He struts as if all earth were his,
And says I guess I know my "biz,"
If people do all call me dude.

He smokes a perfumed cigarette,
All labor he long since eschewed,
He'd rather be the ladies pet
Than in the sun to toil and sweat,
And so turned out to be a dude.

His diamonds are of paste or glass
But he imagines he's so shrewd
He'll make them for true diamonds pass,
Which proves himself to be an ass—
Just ass enough to be a dude.

Upon his speech I only dwell,
To say he simpers like a prude;
Or when his great exploit he'd tell,
He English apes like Broadway swell,
Who's cousin-german of the dude.

His hat on side his head he wears,
And strikes a graceful attitude;
For admiration's all he cares—
"Ba Jove," the oath he always swears,
As he at handsome ladies stares;
And smirks when he grimed men compares
With such a dainty, dashing dude.

Of ideas he has very few,
And what he has are stale and crude;
He never has a thought that's new,
But always keeps the end in view,
To prove that to his role he's true,
And is forever in a stew;
For fear the ladies call him dude.

Since it is said naught's made in vain,
On that old saw I'll not intrude;
But still to me there's one thing plain.
A thing that must with me remain,
When I have racked my giant brain
In counting up the loss and gain,
No use can I see for the dude.

A Hymn to Deity.

O, Thou great source of ev'ry good !
Help me to serve Thee as I should,
 And live alone to Thee;
Thou art the spring of all my joy—
My peace and bliss without alloy,
 And shall forever be.

When I by troubles like a flood
Am overwhelmed on life's rough road,
 I look the Thee alone:
And when oppressed with grief or care,
I go to Thee in humble prayer
 And thanks for mercies shown.

I know Thou ready art to give,
And all Thy suppliants receive,
 According to their need:
And know Thy boundless mercy will
Bear with my faults and love me still,
 And be my friend indeed.

When loved ones from this mundane shore,
Are called away to come no more
 To me beneath the sun,
I know they can not come again,
And though I weep will not complain,
 But say Thy will be done.

Where'er I roam though far abroad,
I'm in the presence of my God:
 An object of His care;

And He will guide my wayward feet,
My loved and lost in heaven to meet,
To be forever there.

Then, O, my soul, be on thy guard,
And strive to gain the great reward
Of perfect peace and rest,
In that unknown, the heaven above,
The purchase of a Savior's love:
The home of all the blessed.

The world may laugh to scorn my faith,
But I shall till my latest breath,
Trust Thee for ev'ry good;
Then, O, my God, hear thou my prayer,
And help me still my cross to bear,
And serve Thee as I should.

Who is My Friend?

Who is my friend? How can I know?
How can I know who is my friend?
Is he my friend who would bestow
A favor for some selfish end?

Is one who greets me with a smile,
And gives my hand a cordial grasp,
But with a Judas kiss the while
Emits a poison like the asp?

To permeate and blast my fame
For honesty and noble deeds,
And smirch, for aye, my honored name,
And sow of wrangling strife the seeds?

Ah! no, upon my list of friends
I ne'er could enter such a sham;
On that proud list too much depends
On one who knows me as I am.

And tells my faults to me alone,
And from the world will them conceal,
Whose friendship best to me is shown,
By helping me my faults to heal.

A friend like this is far more dear
To me than hoards of shining gold;
For with such ones I'd have no fear
Of sad neglect when I am old.

With such a friend if I can live
This evanescent, troubled life,
I'll know all bliss that earth can give,
And such thou art my faithful wife.

For What Are We Thankful?

Your question propounded: my question is why
Are we placed in this world of contention and strife?
We come in so helpless—our first act a cry—
Our whole life a struggle, and though we may try
To make it a success, disappointed we die,
Complaining of fate and disgusted with life.

'Tis true we have battled with dust and with heat,
And that every day brought its cares and its toil,
That we the cold winter with plenty might meet;
But our arduous labor but made our sleep sweet,
Enhancing our relish for all that we eat;
Nor are our hands empty, nor bleeding our feet,
But we're paid for our labor in fruits of the soil:

For the fields yielded plenty of bright golden grain,
The meadows abundance of grasses supplied;
And just when was needed came sunshine and rain,
With soft, balmy breezes that followed in train,
No pessimist surely could ever complain
That any great blessing to us is denied.

You talk about prisons, but people are free
To do as they please while they please to do right:
So prisons are never a terror to me,
And I am content with whatever may be
My lot in this world, but how many I see
Who can but blame themselves for their indigent
plight.

You complain of the babies that murder your sleep;
Were not you once a babe keeping mother awake
Through the long hours of night that so lazily creep?
And was not her affection so fervent and deep,
That she nightly vigils was willing to keep,
And sacrifice rest for her dear baby's sake?

Then let us be thankful, nor dare to complain
Of the lot that's assigned us whatever it be;
'Tis the wisdom and mercy of God to deraign,
That we're doomed to labor our living to gain,
For that is far better for us in the main,
Than that we should ever from labor be free.

The Plea of the Street Arab.

A thieving street Arab they call me,
Because I must sleep in the street;
Nor care they what ills may befall me,
While foraging for what I eat.

I never knew father or mother,
To guide me in this world of strife;
Nor have I a sister or brother,
To aid in my struggle for life.

They say I am only an Arab,
And all that I live on I steal,
Because when I'm starving I may grab
A biscuit so hungry I feel.

While rich people's boys are oft stealing,
When they have plenty at home,
Remember how oft I'm feeling
So hungry, and have not a crumb.

You rich folks who always have plenty,
May talk of how wrong 'tis to steal,
But, starving, there's not one in twenty,
But would do the same thing for a meal.

I'm kicked, and I'm cuffed and I'm pounded,
And no one shows pity for me;
But like a wild beast I am hounded,
Till no chance to do better I see.

The people all seem so hard hearted,
I never dare ask them for bread;
And since in this way I have started,
How often I wish I was dead.

Then I'd go to a world where there's needed
No bread for a poor homeless boy,
No cries to be heard and not heeded;
In that world they say all is joy.

I wish I could wake up some morning,
And find myself transported there—
Transported without any warning,
The bliss of that country to share.

But no, I must stay here still longer,
And follow the life I have led.
Till I have grown bigger and stronger;
So good night, I must hunt me a bed.

The Lover's Rebuff.

He found her sound asleeping and kissed her, sub-rosa,
Her pink lips so pouting, how could he forbear?
So tempting they looked just beneath her snub nosie—
So sweet that no nectar could with them compare.

It woke her, and blushing so coy and so winning,
She warned him to never attempt that again;
Thus being knocked out at the very first inning,
He vowed that his wooing should not be in vain.

Defeated, he tried a new mode of attacking
The citadel bastioned 'gainst weapons of love;
For soft words of flattery not being lacking,
He called her his angel just dropped from above—

His darling, his pet and his heart's only idol—
The light of his soul and the joy of his life,
And said that he longed for the day of their bridal,
When she would become his own dear little wife.

He told of her exquisite, ravishing beauty—
Her smiles so bewitching, her limpid dark eyes;
To worship such charms he declared was a duty—
A tribute to beauty none ever denies.

But she'd already learned how resistless the power,
That beauty possesses for charming the heart—
That it reigns supreme tyrant in ev'ry love-bower,
And plays there with Cupid the grand living part.

But she listened to hear the old story delighted,
The story that pleases a maiden's willing ear;
But all his fond hopes she most cruelly blighted,
By saying such beauty you'll not capture here.

Then she flew in a pet and turned up her snub nose,
And told him that things are not all as they seem,
And left him to ponder on kissing sub-rosa,
When from his sleep waking he found 'twas a dream.

A Metrical Evening Prayer.

Our Father, now before we sleep,
We offer up our evening prayer,
That thou wilt us in safety keep,
Protected by Thy gentle care.

We humbly bow before thy throne,
With grateful hearts for what is giv'n
And thanks for all thy mercies shown,
And promise of a life in heav'n.

Guard us, O God, from ev'ry ill,
That we secure in peace may rest,
And of thy care be objects still,
And with thy mercies still be blest.

And when the morning light shall come,
And call to duties of the day,
O guard our peaceful humble home
From ev'ry danger, Lord, we pray.

Help us to make the best of life,
Till we our earthly course have run,
That when we leave these scenes of strife,
We may the plaudit hear, "well done."

But if on earth we wake no more,
O, let our faults be all forgiv'n,
So we may leave this mundane shore,
And wake to better life in heav'n.

The Two Busy B's.

O, say have you heard of the two busy B's,
Who are 'gainst each other so gallantly fighting,
Till there comes to our hearing on every breeze,
A sound that Republican hearts is delighting?
And their shouts fill the air when the B's both declare
They will fight to the last, (they're a game, plucky pair;)
Tho' they gather no sweetness but plenty of gall,
To bitter all honey expected next fall.

It's a free-for-all racket, a catch-as-catch-can—
A go as you please, and a soul-stirring tussel;
First one then the other gets the place in the van,
And they both still declare they'll go in on their
muscle;
While the friends of each shout, the rascal turn out,
Or we'll show you at last what it is we're about,
When the first of November so chilly shall come,
We'll elect your big B to stay right here at home.

Where now are the bolters who boastingly swore
They'd have naught to do with such strife and contention?

But deserting their brothers and coming no more,
Proceeded to set up their own rump convention,
And flung to the breeze, with their choice of the B's,
Inscribed on their banner, then do as they please,
And say let the consequences be what it may,
Our B's in the fight, and he's in there to stay.

Fight on, ye brave fellows, fight on to the last,
And show to your backers you're valiant and plucky;
Press onward, press onward, not minding the past,
And if you're elected you'll feel you are lucky,
And the welkin will ring with the songs you will sing,
If you shall escape from the other B's sting,
And all that you lose your opponents will gain,
And time will be given to bury your slain.

On the Death of Riley Foster.

Farewell, dear old soldier, the conflict is ended,
The battle well fought and the victory won;
Now furloughed from earth and by angels attended.
Thy furlough's eternal since service is done.

Thou'st gone from the cares of this short life forever
And moored safe at last in the haven of rest;
And though thou to us shalt return again never,
We'll meet thee again in the home of the blest—

In the home of the blest never more to be parted,
Around the bright throne of our Father above,
Where dried are all tears of the once broken hearted,
And all get reward for their labor of love.

Though lonely her home to a fond wife and mother,
She mourns not as one without faith in her God ;
But in her own bosom her grief she will smother,
And meekly pass under His chast'ning rod.

Sad mourner, be patient and stay all thy weeping,
For 'twill not be long till thy summons will come,
And thy dust shall beside the lost loved one be
sleeping,
And thou shalt then meet him in heaven, your
home.

There in that blest mansion, the region supernal,
Where all is so beautiful, peaceful and fair,
Thou'lt join him again in a union eternal,
And no tears at parting shall ever be there.

The Fate of Man.

As vanish mists before the sun,
Upon a cloudless summer morning,
So does our life's swift current run,
Till time with us its work has done,
And given us a timely warning.

That we must soon pass through the screen
That the unknown from us is hiding;
The flimsy veil that hangs between
The world we know and that unseen,
To which we all are surely tiding.

While here on earth we eat and drink,
And spend one-third our time in sleeping,
And daily walk on death's dark brink,
Of which we seldom stop to think,
Save when o'er loved and lost ones weeping.

Though warnings come from day to day,
To tell us we are only mortal,
We little heed to warnings pay.
But sing and dance along our way,
Till called to enter lethe's portal.

How short at most is human life,
How soon our fleeting days are ended;
We live 'mid care, turmoil and strife,
With fierce contending passions rife,
In tumult and confusion blended.

As on our way we careless go,
Buoyed up by hope, depressed by sorrow,
Though of what bides us here below,
Save of to day we can not know,
We laugh today and cry tomorrow.

But when the world fades from our view,
And we are called to cross death's river,
The parted veil we'll then pass through,
In worlds beyond to life renew,
Ah! life to last unchanged forever.

How small will then this world appear,
And all in which our souls delighted,
Save friends who are to us so dear,
For them we'd wish to linger here,
But that last wish by death is blighted.

For all are doomed to share one fate,
Since here we're only on probation,
And death will claim all soon or late,
The groveling poor, the rich and great,
Without regard to wealth or station.

While Jamie's Awa.

Cauld blows the win' ower Scotia's isle,
And muckle snaw is on the lea;
And I maun lanely hours beguile,
While Jamie's gaen far ower the sea.

The lazy hours gang slae alang,
When he is frae me far awa',
And I alane to wark maun gang,
And hae nae happiness at a'.

Blaw gently win's that swell his sails,
That he frae danger may be free,
Till in this port he canvas brails;
Then aiblins he will pity me,

And stap at hame and roam nae mair,
To leave his Mary all alane;
For ither gear I wad nae care,
We' Jamie and our bonnie bairn.

His love I prize a' else aboon,
More precious 'tis than mickle gear;
Wi' him the hours pass but too soon—
Wi' him too soon wheeps by the year.

Our Natal Day.

All hail to the day when our fathers decided
That we a great nation of freemen should be;
E Pluribus Unum to ne'er be divided,
Divine right denying we ever are free.

As sons of the fathers who made us a nation,
We'er jealous of rights that were given us then;
And tho' as a people we're still on probation,
The heritage left us we'll ever defend.

May the vict'ries of peace be our pride and our glory,
While Europe is ravaged by bloodshed and strife,
Till their fields are laid waste and their plains are
made gory,
Where her people for empire have sacrificed life.

Let us as one people in harmony blending,
Preserve all the rights of the children of toil,
In justice their birthright forever defending,
And honor earth's noblemen tilling the soil.

God bless our loved country and union forever,
And make it a beacon of light to the world;
And keep it a union no intrigue can sever,
Till from tott'ring thrones every tyrant is hurled.

And mankind cemented in union fraternal
Shall cultivate peace and seek conquest no more,
And banish all tyrants to regions infernal,
Who crimson earth's bosom with innocent gore.

Since the slave in his shackles is heard of no longer,
And color or race can put none under ban,
Our union is only cemented the stronger,
When character makes up the gauge of the man.

Then cherish the day when our fathers demanded
That we a great nation of freemen should be;
As patriots determined together they banded
By their fiat enforcing their children are free.

Christmas.

The joybells peal their merry notes,
Glad Christmastide is now begun;
And on the crispy air there floats
The cheerful sound of youthful fun.

Glad children with their ruddy cheeks,
Are out in all their glee;
While age the genial fireside seeks,
As happy as they well can be.

There as the bleak winds whistle by,
They hear blithe children at their play,
They oft remember with a sigh,
The pleasures of a by-gone day,

When they defying cold and storm,
Rejoiced to see this season come,
When spite the cold, love still was warm
Within their happy childhood home,

Where mother sat an honored queen,
That ruled her empire with such grace,
That better rule has never been,
And none has better filled their place.

When they around that mother's board,
All gathered anxious to partake
Of what a mother's love had stored,
Of dainties for her children's sake.

But now since time with restless wheels,
Has borne them on far past their prime,
They listen to the joybell's peals,
And wonder at the flight of time.

But let us all be glad to-day,
And make the most we can of life:
And putting anxious care away,
Forget all earth's turmoil and strife.

Let all dissensions be forgot—
Let joy untrameled rule the hour;
Tho' fortune frown we'll heed it not,
But trust to Him who has the power

For all his creatures to provide—
Who counts the sparrows when they fall;
With him we've need of naught beside,
His guardian care is over all.

This day was born Jehova's son,
Who died to save us by His grace;
And o'er the grave a vict'ry won,
That brought redemption to our race.

The world stood wond'ring at his birth,
But only more to wonder when
He told his mission, "Peace on earth,
And evermore good will to men."

But now amid our mirth and cheer,
'Tis meet we pause awhile and think
Where we shall be another year—
Of that unknown upon whose brink

We're doomed to walk from day to day,
Pursuing phantoms that we crave,
Nor think how soon we pass away,
And are forgotten in the grave.

On the Death of General Grant.

He's fallen! He's fallen! The grand and the great—
The firm iron will that no foe could withstand;
Like all other mortals he shared the one fate,
When death the pale conquerer laid on him his hand.

How grand were his deeds a saved country well knows,
And the great, throbbing heart of the nation will
mourn

For the kind-hearted soldier who conquered its foes,
Rememb'ring how meekly his honors were borne.

He's fought his last battle, his only defeat,
For the foe that he grappled his skill was at fault;
A foe that none ever successfully meet,
Has ended his marches and ordered a halt.

The heart of the brave, noble soldier is still,
And he's bivouached where soldiers need weapons no
more,

And a vacancy's left that few others can fill,
For no one was found who could fill it before.

The tumult of battle no longer he hears
On the ensanguined field where his comrades are slain;
Tho' we baptize his grave with a great nation's tears,
He never can wake to war's conflict again.

Tho' gone to the grave still his memory lives
In the hearts of a people he labored to save,
While to the sad hearts such a memory gives
A feeling of sorrow as deep as his grave.

The pale messenger's summons all flesh must obey,
No distinction he knows 'twixt the great and the
small;
For the fiat's gone forth that at last comes the day,
When the greatest of earth must give heed to his
call.

God pity the widow, the grief stricken wife,
Who mourns for her dead in her lonely estate;
Bereft of the joy and the pride of her life,
O, pity, kind Father, the widow's sad fate.

Now, since he has left us and sorrow is vain,
We'll rejoice that from trouble he's found his release;
Tho' never in life we shall see him again,
We'll cherish his counsel, "Now let us have peace."

Death vs. Life.

Tho' life is a struggle and pleasure a dream—
And tho' much we get we oft lose it again—
Tho' our good may prove less than far off it would
 seem,
And pleasure oft ends in an increase of pain,

Still cling we to life, trusting hope for a day
 When all of our troubles and sorrows will cease;
When our cares and our heartaches are all past away,
 And we shall know only contentment and peace,

If such a great boon to us mortals could come—
 That delights of elysium unmixed with alloy,
And pleasures ecstatic of life make the sum,
 Till our days were all spent in exuberant joy,

From the fiat of death there could be no appeal,
 However on earth we were anxious to stay,
Inexorable death with a conscience of steel,
 Would sooner or later claim all as his prey.

By the leaves of the forest that flourish and fade—
 By the flowers that gladden the earth with their
 bloom—
By the havoc the spoiler relentless has made,
 We're taught that life's pathway but leads to the
 tomb.

The mightiest monarchs earth ever has known,
Tho' millions submissive had bowed to their will.
Like the dry, withered leaves by the autumn winds
blown,
Have mouldered to dust and forever are still.

The vast generations of men that appeared
In the ages long past, like a nocturnal dream
Are gone and forgotten, and empires they reared
Have vanished, engulfed in oblivion's stream.

As grass they came up, and as grass were cut down,
All race and distinction have mingled in one;
The beggar for bread and the king with his crown,
Alike from the earth have all perished and gone.

Grim death is the spectre that haunts every feast—
The dry, grinning skeleton rattling its bones,
From whose unwelcome presence we'd fain be released—
A ghost for whose visits naught ever atones.

Man shudders at tho't of the damp, chilly grave,
Tho' there with proud emperors he might be laid,
'Twould be such an honor as no one would crave,
To sleep in such bed tho' for emperor made.

The dark valley of death we recoil to pass through,
Tho' its passage to life in elysium led;
The journey tho' short we instinctively view
With feelings of shrinking, unspeakable dread.

Nonchalant we walk on the verge of the tomb,
And long for a region of unsullied bliss;
But dreading the grave with its darkness and gloom,
Tenacious we cling to a sad world like this.

'Tis thus by a struggle a short space we're here,
And then the place knowing us, knows us no more;
But a pall and a casket, a sigh and a tear.
And the curtain drops down and life's drama is o'er.

The Voyage of Life.

A voyager on a stormy sea,
I started out with swelling sail,
Not knowing in what part 't would be
Where I at last should canvas bail.

The storm that raged when leaving shore,
Though sometimes varied by a lull,
Returned more angry than before,
And time-waves chafed my fragile hull.

Oft when these waves ran mountain high,
My craft would ride the highest crest;
Then in despair would sink till I
Would feel all courage leave my breast.

But then would hope assert its power,
And rouse anew the fainting soul,
To struggle on, though dark the hour,
Till I should reach the wished for goal.

Then with my waning strength renewed,
I battled with the fretted sea;
And still my onward course pursued,
And strove to gain some sheltered lee.

As on my varying course I went,
If fortune frowned, or if she smiled,
I to my task with ardor bent,
Though wave lashed wave in tumult wild.

My time-worn bark is growing frail,
And soon this stormy voyage must close,
And I shall furl my tattered sail,
But in what port no mortal knows.

But I must toss from wave to wave,
And be by freaks of fortune driv'n,
Till I my dust give to the grave,
And rest my weary soul in heav'n.

Melancholy.

O, put my pen far, far away,
I can't indite a song to-day;
I can not write one single line,
Such gloomy thot's and cares are mine.

My thot's are on another theme
That haunts my mem'ry like a dream
That once had vanished, but again
Returns to rack anew my brain;

Till scenes long vanished from my view,
Come crowding on my mind anew,
To haunt me as a vision past,
Too painful then to longer last.

One vagrant tho't to mem'ry brings
The griefs that time shook from his wings,
As he in haste went flitting by,
Not heeding once the broken sigh,

That welled up from a bleeding heart
That felt afresh the cruel smart,
That once was felt so keenly sore,
But hoped was gone to come no more.

Some future day as time goes on,
When all this cloud of gloom is gone,
And from this burden I am free,
And happy thoughts return to me,

If inspiration seize me then,
I'll with new hope resume my pen
And write for you, dear friends, the song,
For which you've waited now so long.

Then put my pen from me away,
Nor ask me for a song to-day,
No mortal man could ever wright
When he is in such dismal plight.

The Lament of the Russian Exile in Siberia.

Turn backward, turn backward, O, Time, in your flight,
And bring me, sad wand'rer, the pristine delight,
That in days long ago, in my childhood, I knew,
With the glimmer of joy that my innocence threw

O'er all the bright visions that haunted my dreams,
Which now in my mem'ry an oasis seems
In the desert of life as I listlessly stray
Through strange lands, and dreary my lone weary way.

O, let me but visit once more the loved wood,
On whose border our cottage invitingly stood,
And see my dear parents who stood in the door.
When they bade me farewell, to behold me no more;

And let me again the companionship share
Of the ones that I loved in our rustic home, where
'Twas I was launched on the ocean of life,
To drink of its pleasures and share in its strife—
Where the pole-star of hope glittered bright in the sky,
And joyous and mirthful the days flitted by.

Just give me the pleasure, if but for a day,
That I knew in that home in the time far away—
Give me but one day of the bliss that I crave,
And without one complaint I'll go down to the grave;

Yes, go to the grave, bidding welcome its gloom,
Well knowing that always there's found in the tomb
Sweet rest for the weary and grief-burdened soul,
Regarding its bosom a thrice welcome goal.

The beast of the forest, the bird of the air,
Go—the bird to her nest and the beast to his lair;
When coming or going they always are free,
But all of life's sorrows seem centered on me.

Turn backward, then, pitiless time, in your flight,
For I am so sad and so gloomy to-night;
Or else a lone wand'rer in mercy befriend
By hast'ning the time when this struggle shall end.

Hobbies.

First crazy quilts are all the rage,
And crazy women make 'em;
All such are but a crazy set,
In any way you take 'em.

Next roller skating takes the cue,
And high the fever rages,
Till people act as crazy now,
As those of former ages.

Among the men base ball 's the thing
That claims the most attention;
And other hobbies, too, they ride,
Too numerous to mention.

High teas just now are hobbies too,
To draw a crowd selected,
To talk of new spring bonnets where
The fashions are reflected.

But last, the trump that captures all—
The righteous and the sinner,
Is the progressive euchre craze,
For breakfast, tea and dinner.

Till hobbies grave and hobbies gay,
At various times are ridden,
And every one some hobby has,
Permitted or forbidden.

So 'tis with short-lived creatures here,
Such folly freaks to follow,
In search of human happiness,
But echo answers, hollow !

Lost Child.

A little child out on the street,
Had wandered far away from home;
With weary limbs and dusty feet,
And tear-wet face so fair and sweet,
She cried, O mamma, mamma, come !

Lost child ! Lost child ! the thrilling sound
Rang out and floated on the air ;
A child is lost nor can be found,
Though search is made the city round,
In streets and by-ways everywhere.

Lost child, how every heart is stirred,
That hears the oft repeated cry ;
How swiftly passes round the word,
And with what sympathy 'tis heard,
Nor does one human wonder why.

A stalwart man of sable hue,
With loud outcry and clanging bell,
Goes marching all the city through,
With banner held aloft to view,
The sad event to all to tell,

If we poor mortals here below,
For one lost child such care can feel,
Who can our Savior's sorrow know,
When we in paths forbidden go,
Despite His loving, last appeal,

To us to walk the narrow road,
And be of all our faults forgiven;
To follow where the saints have trod,
And meet the mercy of our God,
And gain at last a home in heaven.

When my departure hence is near,
May I, by naught of earth beguiled,
Have not one ling'ring cause to fear,
That I shall then be doomed to hear
The sad refrain, Lost child ! Lost child !

Address to England After the Fall of Khartoum.

Wake up, sluggish giant, and slumber no longer,
The time for prompt action now surely has come;
Don't take time for yawning until you feel stronger,
But strike, strike for honor abroad and at home.

The Saracene's sword through the Soudan is gleaming,
The desert resounds with his cannon's hoarse roar,
And the blood of your sons is in red rivers streaming.
Till thousands shall see their loved island no more.

Brave Gordon with valor his banner defended,
Tho' hard were his trials, unequal the strife,
Till traitors crept in and the conflict was ended,
When like a doomed hero he gave up his life.

O, proud, haughty Britain! in humiliation,
How smirched is thy crest, and thy luster how dim;
How plunged into mourning thy great boasting nation,
Thy cup of deep sorrow, how filled to its brim.

While now, a great nation, in sackcloth and ashes
Stands dazed and bewildered at what has been done,
The steel of the Arab defiantly flashes
And gleams in the rays of the bright desert sun.

Like locusts a people in dark swarthy legions,
Delighting to revel in rapine and blood,
Spring up as by magic in those desert regions,
Relentless as is their famed Nile at its flood.

The boast of El Mahdi seems near consummation,
That he'd drive every infidel into his grave;
And down to the depths of the deepest damnation
Most gladly he'd send them for Islam to save.

The land of Mahomet that witnessed his glory
And vict'ries mid scenes of contention and strife;
The land of his miracles sacred in story—
The land where in triumph he ended his life.

The Mussulman's faith begets reckless devotion—
Mad hate and resentment no other can know;
Expecting in paradise bliss in proportion
To his prowess in slaught'ring his infidel foe,

He rushes to battle with fanatic ardor,
Believing that Allah his cause will defend;
Hence all this inaction but makes the task harder
This fierce bloody struggle to bring to an end.

Then wake up huge sluggard and dally no longer—
But haste to make bare thy strong arm in its might,
For while you are sleeping the prophet grows stronger,
And makes more uncertain the end of the fight.

Press forward with vigor without vacillation,
But when complete vict'ry shall be your reward,
Remember that mercy becomes a great nation,
And "vengeance is mine, I'll repay, saith the Lord."

June.

O queen of roses, sunny June.
To thee I would my muse attune
To sing thy praises;
With roses bright thy path is strewn,
And modest daisies.

The softly whisp'ring, balmy air,
In fields and forests everywhere,
Is richly laden
With odors sweet that well compare
With breath of maiden.

Thy genial warmth and sunny days,
Oft mellowed by a misty haze,
Such pleasure giving,
Demands the constant, grateful praise
Of all the living.

The husbandman is cheered to see
His growing corn and verdant lea
Wet by the showers,
And happy is as king could be
In royal bowers.

All nature wears a smiling face,
Nor is there seen one lingering trace
Of winter's freezing;
For death to life has given place,
And all is pleasing.

The robin chants his matin lay,
Soon as appears the peep of day,
To give us warning,
Plain as his warbling voice can say,
Get up, 'tis morning.

Thrice welcome June, whenever here,
Thou banner month of all the year
For love and roses;
Rare are the scenes our hearts to cheer
That June discloses,

Were I to live a thousand score
Of years on earth's most favored shore,
Than June is giving
Of pleasant days I ask no more
While I was living.

Life's Changes.

My youthful days, how have they fled,
And given place to days of care?
But that fond hopes are not all dead,
'Twould be a burden hard to bear.

What me awaits I can not know,
But am resigned to what may come;
Well knowing trials come and go,
And thus make up of life the sum.

While hope survives I'm happy still,
And look beyond the silent tomb;
Now near the foot of life's rough hill,
'Tis hope alone dispels its gloom.

Help me, my God, to patient be,
In all my troubles here below,
For I but look for help from Thee;
Whenever adverse winds shall blow,

Guide thou my fragile bark, I pray,
Till I shall land on that bright shore,
That's blest with an eternal day,
And care and tears are known no more.

Of what befalls I'll not complain,
I know it is the common lot
Of man to know full share of pain,
And soon to die and be forgot.

Since we must suffer well as do
Our Maker's wise and sovereign well,
I'll patient pass my troubles through,
His righteous purpose to fulfill.

Though with unending cares beset,
And must be so while life shall last,
I pray I never may forget,
The many blessings of the past ;

But trust my God for what I need,
In ev'ry trial sharp and strong,
Till I am from earth's troubles freed,
For sure the time can not be long.

Much longer here I can not stay,
For good or ill, for weal or woe,
'Tis man's sure fate to pass away,
But whither, ah, what seer can know?

The Close of Life.

Life's evening now is growing late;
I've known full share of joy and tears;
Soon I'll pass through the pearly gate,
To where lost friends now stand in wait,
While passes my declining years.

I know the time must shortly come,
When this worn body, weak and frail,
Must by the earth be taken home,
To moulder in the silent tomb,
For God's decree can never fail.

'Tis but to pass an open door,
And leave behind my friends most dear,
And meet the loved ones gone before,
And safely landed on that shore
Where never's known a parting tear.

There in our house not made with hands,
Where peace and joy forever reign—
Where our blest Savior smiling stands,
Amid the happy blood washed bands,
Escaped from earth's turmoil and pain.

Through my remaining days content
With what my God in mercy gives,
Rememb'ring life is only lent,
Why should I His fixed laws lament,
While knowing my Redeemer lives.

Then patient wait, O, long lost friends !
I soon shall join your happy throng;
Heav'n for our trials makes amends,
When life is spent and calmly ends,
Nor is the time of waiting long.

Then welcome be my final sleep,
When my appointed time shall come;

I would my friends refrain to weep,
Though they may feel a sorrow deep,
For I shall be at rest at home.

And they will not have long to wait,
At most a few short months or years,
Till they pass through the mystic gate,
And there will learn their final fate,
Where naught is known of grief or tears.

To an Editor.

[*On his declining a Poem.*]

Dear Sir: It seems you did not think
My poem worth the time and ink
'Twould take to put it into print,
So set your face as hard as flint
'Gainst publishing such trashy stuff;
And that plain hint was vague enough.

Return it? No, I do not ask it;
Let it help fill your fat waste basket,
That does with many such abound,
And sell for half a cent a pound,
And go the way of things of earth,
That sell for more than they are worth;
To exercise your judgment free,
'Twill suit, Yours truly.

The July Thunder Storm.

The summer sun all day had shone,
With fiery ardor all its own,
The sleepy air was still;
When clouds portentous in the west,
Loomed up with dense and murky crest,
Above the distant hill.

And moved with slow, majestic pace,
And hid at last the sun's bright face,
But still the sultry air
Remained oppressive as before,
Like that of some hot tropic shore,
A burden hard to bear.

Soon lightnings flashed athwart the dome
Of heaven, and hasting to his home
The husbandman was seen;
When overhead the thunder's crash
Came close upon the lightning's flash—
A moment all between.

And knowing then the storm was near,
As plain its roaring he could hear,
He heightened quick his speed;
And now the wind began to blow,
The forest waving to and fro,
For 'twas a storm indeed.

Next heavy drops began to fall,
And chickens, pigs, cattle, all

Showed signs of great unrest,
And hastened to some covert where
By instinct taught that they could there
Protect their bodies best.

And soon the rain began to pour,
The sky completely covered o'er
With angry looking cloud;
The dry, hot earth began to steam—
The water from the eaves to stream,
And thunders echoed loud.

Till earth was moistened, and her face
Was cleanly washed in ev'ry place,
When bright shone out the sun;
Then O, how sweet and fresh the scene!
The fields put on a brighter green,
The storm its work had done.

Elysium.

Elysium, the far away home of the blest,
When life's fitful fever and labors are o'er;
Where time-battered pilgrims at last may find rest,
And know disappointments and sorrow no more.

The bliss of that region no mortal hath known—
Its beauties no mortal eye ever hath seen;
But there we shall reap as on earth we have sown,
And forever be freed from all heart-aches and teen.

'Tis the land where the good of all ages shall meet
To walk the gold streets for the righteous prepared;
Where our friends long bemoaned we with rapture shall
greet,

A joy by the wicked to never be shared.

For a home in that region is ever my prayer,
To meet my lost loved ones who've gone on before;
Where long they have waited to welcome me there,
But soon I shall join them on that happy shore.

Though earth has its pleasures they soon pass away,
Like dreams of the night at day's early dawn,
Or dew of the morning some bright summer day,
They're with us awhile then forever are gone.

Then why should we wish that we longer might stay
Where all of our good is so mingled with ill?
When passion is dead and our joys past away,
And life's banquet ended we've eaten our fill.

Then let me, resigned to Jehovah's decree,
In quiet pass out of the world's giddy throng,
And go to my friends where they're waiting for me,
For well do I know that the time is not long.

Where Shall We Be?

Where shall we be another year?
Shall we the same as now be here?
Or shall we be
Removed from this terrestrial sphere,
To place where we
Shall meet our friends who gone before,
Have landed on that happy shore
Where all is peace—
Where parting tears are known no more,
And where release
Shall be complete from toil and care,
Blest land for which we hope; and where
Is ever joy,
With which naught earthly can compare,
Free from alloy.

When we shall go, ah! who can tell?
That 'tis from us concealed is well;
Till our last breath
We on that time dislike to dwell;
But nature saith:
"The leaves their season have to fall—
Their seasons everything; but all
Are thine, O, death!"
And 'tis with man as other things—
The low, the high—
The same with vassals and with kings;
When death his dark pall o'er them flings,

All, all must die.
But still to us the mystery clings
Of when and why.

Time's restless wheels will bear us on,
As in the years long past and gone,
Till we at last
Our winding-sheet in death must don,
And time be past
For us a future to prepare
In that unseen of spirits where
The weary rest;
And freed from earth's turmoil and care
Are ever blessed.

Tired.

I'm tired, so weary, O, is there no rest
For a time-battered pilgrim this side of the grave?
I know that my God orders all for the best,
But why must I ever to care be a slave?

Each day brings its burden of worry and toil,
Anxiety haunts me by night and day,
Till the world seems a cauldron of strife and turmoil,
And sad disappointments beset all my way.

I chafe at restraint like a storm-fretted sea,
When wave follows wave 'gainst a rock-bastioned
shore,

And I long for the coming of time to be free
From all this vexation to know it no more.

But there seems no haven this side of the tomb,
For a storm-beaten mariner seeking for rest,
But with his best grace must submit to his doom,
A respite to find, mother earth, in thy breast.

The Exile to his Betrothed.

Those limpid dark eyes I in memory see,
Still charming as when they were turned upon me,
In the days of our youth when young love's early
dream
Could make a lone desert a paradise seem.

A prospect so gloomy 'twould sadden the heart
Of others, and cause them to haste to depart,
May to some loving soul be to memory dear,
If once has the shrine of its idol been here.

I think of those eyes, lighting up the sweet face
With a charm time's mutations can never erase,
Nor can change of fate ever drive it away,
Or cause it to wither and go to decay.

Tho' the sight may be dim, there'll remain something
still,
To cause the true heart of a lover to thrill

With the same pleasing passion that he had once
known,
When first 'twas his day dream to make thee his own.

And the long silken lashes befringing the lid,
Where the shafts of sly cupid in ambush were hid,
With the soul that they mirrored completed a chain,
That the lover who spurned it embraced it again.

'Twas the acme of pleasure, a rapturous delight,
To have been ever with thee if hap'ly I might,
But alas! Tho' it stirred up the depths of my heart,
Sad fortune condemned me from thee to depart—

To wander a stranger in lands far away,
No more at thy shrine my devotions to pay;
But it cheers me to think, while beneath other skies,
Of the soul beaming out of those limpid dark eyes.

A Hundred Years From Now.

What matters if we're rich or poor,
Our wardrobe mean or rich and gay;
If we are happy need we care
What after people think or say?
Or matters it who rules as king,
To whose behests the people bow;
To us no good or ill they'll bring
A hundred years from now.

The countless millions of the earth
Just as the millions did before,
Rush on to-day and laugh and weep,
And dance and die as those of yore;
One stakes his all in quest of fame,
To twine with laurel wreath his brow,
But fame will have no charm for him.
A hundred years from now.

Though monster ships should cleave the air,
With cunning wings their course to steer,
With lightning for their motive power,
And carry commerce far and near;
And should invention stop the loom,
And chemistry divorce the plow,
So all might live in blissful ease,
A hundred years from now.

What will it boot if all those dreams
Of science of the present day,
Should prove a sure reality,
As not impossible they may,
Will it for man be loss or gain,
The labor-sweat upon his brow
To dry forever and for aye?
Will he be happier than now?

Her Final Resolve.

Take back the ring, I'll have no more
Of vows made only to be broken;
'Tis proven as I've feared before,
It is not of your love a token.

Think not a trusting woman's love,
A true man's greatest earthly treasure,
Can e'er so evanescent prove,
As to be won and lost at pleasure.

A woman's love when once you gain
Is like the pole star fixed forever;
And through her life will firm remain
The same warm passion changing never.

But as go by the fleeting years
Though adverse winds distract life's ocean,
Till she may seek relief in tears,
They can not change her heart's devotion.

The love that only is terrene,
And not foretaste of bliss in heaven—
Where selfish ends are always seen,
And much is asked but naught is given.

Such sham pretense could never move
My woman's heart, howe'er professing
To be a pure, unselfish love,
For it would not be worth possessing.

Your gold can never buy my heart,
I'd have you this one thing consider,
True love is never in the mart
For sale, to whom's the highest bidder.

I pray you then, take back the ring,
Since 'tis not of your love a token;
Take back the bauble, trifling thing,
And leave a heart by falsehood broken.

Rally Again.

Ho, comrades! Rally once again,
And arm you for another tussle;
Strike manfully for Jimmy Blaine,
And Logan, go in on your muscle.

The democrats hope to get in
By feigning great love for the soldier;
But by that trick they'll never win,
Till they a thousand years are older.

Since Tilden's off they'r all at sea,
And working out their own undoing;
While wond'ring who their man will be
They every renegade are wooing.

And throwing taffy round galore,
And with the labor knights coquetting;
The green greenbackers too they bore,
Old Cockeye Butler not forgetting.

The "Lincoln dogs" are all forgot,
Who used to wear their master's collar;
Dan Voorhees waxes fizin' hot,
When for the soldier he can hollow.

Now steam is up and track is clear,
The clans are gath'ring, hear the slogan;
The rallying cry the cohorts hear,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Blaine and Logan!
JULY 1, 1884.

May.

Thrice welcome, bright May, with thy wealth of sweet
flowers,
So pleasant, cantrasted with cold winter's gloom;
As we sit in the shade of our green leafy bowers,
It seems as if earth had revived from the tomb.

When fanned by the gentle, delightful warm breezes,
The blood leaps afresh through the deep purple veins;
And naught is there felt in all nature but pleases,
When the wreck of drear winter no longer remains.

The dew sparkles bright on the fields of green clover
Like diamonds, when kissed by the sun's early ray;
And the song of the lark and the robin and plover
Enliven the hours of the long sunny day.

The bees round the sweet honey-blossoms are humming
To gather their nectar to add to their store;
And up from long slumber all nature seems coming,
And fresh comes the breeze thro' the wide-open door.

All creatures seem happy, and mankind rejoices
To greet thee, thou loveliest month of the year;
And borne on the breeze are the blithe merry voices
Of children delighted that May-day is here.

O, earth is indeed a benignant old mother,
Supplying our needs as our time passes by,
Till we love her so well we'd exchange for none other,
But only regret that we ever must die.

Still 'tis but a foretaste of promise that's given,
That when we leave all of these beauties below,
Through eternity's rounds in the mansions of heaven,
Delights we'll enjoy that no mortal may know.

The chill blasts of winter can enter there never—
No night with dark pinion shall follow the day;
But the light that shines forth from His throne shall
forever
Make heaven far brighter than sunshine of May.

The Star Spangled Banner of 1884-5.

O say, have you heard of that north border-land,
To which all our scoundrels are constantly streaming
Till they form in that region a bold robber band,
And the cities with thieves and defaulters are teeming,
And embezzlers are there with their nonchallant air.
Feeling sure that no sheriff can bother them there,
While the flag of old England defiantly waves
O'er that refuge of thieves and that home of our
knaves.

It's the land where the villain no vigils need keep,
For with perfect abandon he nightly reposes;
When he goes to his couch he as soundly can sleep,
As if he reclined on a bed made of roses;
When he catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
In effulgence of glory to him it will seem
To say to that banner, O long may it wave,
The skulker from danger of bastiles to save.

And where are those now who so valiantly swore
When the money was missing and all was confusion,
They'd have their revenge by afflicting us sore,
But found out at last it was all a delusion
To think they could save by their boasting so brave,
What was then just as safe as if hid in the grave,
So long as the banner of Johnny Bull waves
O'er that refuge of thieves and that home of our
knaves.

O, shall it be ever with this freedom land,
That bankers and swindlers can bring desolation
On people by stealing on every hand,
Thus smirching the name of a proud honest nation?
No, surely there must be some way for the just,
Who putting their money with others in trust,
Their earnings for needs in the future to save,
Can be more secure from the wiles of the knave,

Then rouse, ye who make for us treaties and laws,
And show yourselves worthy your exalted station;
Lay by your dissensions and root out the cause,
Of all this great evil that's bringing prostration
To business; and then we shall have honest men
In all of our banks and our offices when
Our Star Spangled Banner of justice shall wave
As a terror to ev'ry description of knave.

Constancy. To——.

Forget? That word is easy spoken;
Yes, easy 'tis to say forget;
But though all vows were rudely broken,
Thou wouldst in memory linger yet.

For though the heart that's worth possessing,
When 'tis by cold indifference met,
Might well regard it as a blessing,
To be enabled to forget.

While in this body there remains
The purple current warm and free,
That rushes leaping through my veins,
This heart shall throb alone for thee.

Forget thee, darling? Never, never!
'Till yonder sun forgets to shine—
'Till death the silken cord shall sever
That binds this constant heart to thine.

Forget thee? Yes, perhaps I may,
When love no longer is divine—
When moon and stars forget their way—
The ivy 'round the oak to twine.

When I have left no heart to love—
When my last star of hope is set—
When there's no joy in heav'n above,
'Till then I never can forget.

Nor can I once forget the bliss,
The thrilling joy, the rapture sweet,
Imparted by that first warm kiss—
Returned with maiden coyness meet.

For what is mem'ry but a shrine
In which with miser care we store,
For after thought the bliss divine
That we've enjoyed in days of yore?

To heart that's pure and formed for love,
No pleasure comes when there's but one,
For heav'n's decree comes from above—
It is not well to be alone.

Then, loved one, banish all thy fears,
I'll kiss those cruel tears away;
And though I live a thousand years,
I'll ne'er forget this happy day,

A Phantom all a Phantasy

I sat beneath an old oak tree
Its leafy branches widely spreading;
I thought upon the stormy sea,
And land, where short-lived creatures, we
The thorny path of life are treading.

'Twas on a pleasant day in June,
When earth with life is always teeming;
I sat with nature to commune,
For with her works I felt in tune,
My mood half musing and half dreaming.

I thought of one dear to my heart,
When life was in its early morning;
And felt anew the cruel smart,
When fell disease doomed us to part,
Of which it early gave us warning.

Then thoughts of those who cheered my soul
In halcyon days long since departed ;
And sad the thoughts that to me stole,
To find how few had reached the goal,
For which with swelling sails they started.

Some at their country's urgent call,
Most nobly to the rescue bounded,
And on her altar laid their all,
Where canon's roar and whiz of ball,
Like demons damned through air resounded.

Some staked their all in quest of fame,
And thoughts of all things else were banished,
Come good or ill, 'twas all the same,
Could they but gain a world-wide name,
But now all thirst for fame is vanished.

Some wrecked their lives for lands or gold,
And on the earth laid up their treasure;
While some their early manhood sold,
And prematurely were made old,
Pursuing phantom, sensual pleasure.

'Twas thus the years passed in review,
And made a startling panorama,
Of comrades whom long since I knew,
But now are left so very few,
Who once were actors in life's drama.

Sad wrecks were there by land and sea,
Of fortunes and of good intentions;
But some had moored safe in the lee,
Where from all storms forever free,
They rest secure from earth's dissensions.

But some, with me, are actors still,
In parts that we ourselves have chosen.
Our cups of earthly bliss to fill,
As we pass down life's rugged hill,
Before our genial hearts are frozen.

I mused upon the teeming earth,
So full of mingled joy and sorrow;
The cry that ushers in our birth,
The happiness of youthful mirth,
The laugh to-day and wail to-morrow.

'Twas thus I saw the play go by,
With shifting scenes, but new ones never,
All laugh, and weep, and dance, and die,
Nor stop to ask one reason why,
But heedlessly go on forever.

While there I sat beneath the oak,
The noonday sun above me beaming,
Discordant sounds the silence broke,
And I to consciousness awoke,
To find I only had been dreaming.

The New Year.

Another year has come and gone,
With all its mingled joys and tears,
And now the welcome New Year's morn
To many happy homes appears,
And mem'ry brings of by-gone years.

To homes that know but love and peace,
The new year brings a time of cheer,
And gives from toil a day's release:
Reviving scenes to mem'ry dear,
Makes this the field-day of the year.

To some the memories are sweet—
To others much of sad despair,
As in their home their eyes will meet
A once well-filled, now vacant, chair,
And mem'ry asks where are they—where?

And echo answers from the tomb,
Where sleeps the loved one gone before,
To peaceful rest within its gloom,
Where they shall see them never more,
'Till met on heaven's elysian shore.

The widow in her lonely home,
Still mourning for her recent dead,
And seeing naught in life to come
But drudge and toil for daily bread—
Bereft of love, has grief instead.

In some the orphan's plaint is heard
For comfronts which they once had known;
No more they hear the voice that stirred
Their hearts with gladness all their own—
Such joys are now forever flown.

Thus life is mingled, good and ill—
To-day with joy our hearts are light,
Of cheering hope we drink our fill—
But on to-morrow comes a blight,
And all our joy is put to flight.

Platonic Love.

O, sweet delight! O, rapturous joy!
The acme of all earthly bliss,
To with a blushing maiden coy,
Exchange the first true lover's kiss.

The contact with the velvet cheek—
The dainty meeting of the lips,
Is pleasure cynic well might seek—
Is nectar stoic never sips.

It gives to youthful hearts a thrill
Phylosophy can not explain;
And as we go adown life's hill,
A pleasing mem'ry will remain.

The human heart is formed for love,
And to the heart attuned aright
It will the richest blessing prove,
And make life's ev'ry burden light.

It gives to life a brighter hue,
Ascetic souls can never know;
And love that lasts a long life through,
For trusting hearts makes heav'n below.

A love that makes two constant hearts
In unison to throb as one—
That's free from all dissembling arts,
And warm at last as when begun;

And burns as bright in every stage,
And changing scene we must pass through,
With ardor never dimmed by age,
But whose delights are ever new.

And when the lapse of many years
Has paled the ardor of desire,
The beauty of pure love appears,
And burns as bright as youthful fire.

One with such lasting passion blest,
Will realize all earthly bliss;
And life enjoy with all the zest,
That was enjoyed with love's first kiss.

To a Meadow Lark.

Sweet bird of my childhood how witching thy song,
Bringing back cherished days of the long, long ago,
And scenes that now only to mem'ry belong—
Lost joys ne'er again in life's journey to know.

How oft have I listened enchanted to hear
Thy sweet notes and cheery float soft on the air;
Weird music they seemed to my untutored ear,
As I wandered through meadows a stranger to care.

And still in my day-dreams I sigh for the joy
That always I knew in my dear rustic home,
When I was a thoughtless and light-hearted boy,
Nor dreamt of the trials and sorrows to come.

Tho' long years have past till my dark hair is gray,
Thy song is still sweet as it falls on my ear,
As it was when I heard it in time far away,
For it calls up the days to my memory dear.

Sing on, my sweet charmer, thy plaintive refrain,
The heart of thy lover with pleasure to thrill;
Thy song calms the tumult that's racking my brain,
And bids all complaint in my bosom be still.

When morning the orient with glory illumines,
And dewdrops like diamonds are sparkling and bright.
And the day-god his journey diurnal resumes,
Thy soft notes can fill me with rapturous delight.

And too, when the sound of the reapers is heard,
As they gather the sheaves of the rich golden grain,
'Tis cheering to hear thee, thou sweet-singing bird,
For it brings back the joys of my childhood again.

O, sing then, sweet warbler, a sad world to cheer,
Thy plumage so varied with jet and with gold;
Our world without song would be lonely and drear,
As love without trust is insipid and cold.

My life is far spent and its evening has come,
And soon I shall be where I'll hear thee no more;
But hope that I then in my far away home,
Shall hear sweeter strains on a less troubled shore.

Where care is forgotten and sorrow unknown—
Where the wicked no longer shall trouble my rest;
When the grass shall above my worn body be grown,
And my justified spirit shall be with the blest,

On the Death of William Keay.

Sweet home, to the suff'rer that's gone to his rest,
From all of his trials and sorrows set free,
To a mansion in heaven, the home of the blest,
Sure no better fate for tired pilgrim could be.

Take pity, Great Fether, take pity, I pray,
On the grief-stricken wife that is now all alone,
To mourn for her loved one gone from her away.
And left her in secret her loss to bemoan.

Though many sad tears may be shed o'er his tomb,
Take comfort, sad mourner, and trust in thy God;
For Jesus has robbed the damp grave of its gloom,
Then with meek resignation pass under His rod.

The time is but short till the summons will come,
To join him again where there's parting no more;
Beyond the dark river he waits in his home—
A home he has only gone on to before.

'Tis thus that our treasures we cherish to-day,
Not counting the swift-pinioned days as they fly,
To-morrow are called nature's tribute to pay,
And with sad aching hearts we must bid them good
bye.

On the Death of Julia Johnson Butterfield.

'Tis over, dear Julia, the end's come at last,
All suff'ring is ended, thy spirit is free;
Life's struggle completed, the dark river past,
On earth thy bright face nevermore shall we see.

Never see till we meet in that far-away land,
Where the good of all ages enraptured shall meet;
There thy friends will embrace thee and grasp thy warm
hand,
Delighted once more their lost loved one to greet.

O lonely! how lonely will be the loved home,
Where thy presence was ever a source of delight;
How oft will thy kindred in dreams see the come,
Thy face with smiles radiant, blooming and bright.

In that broken home circle is one vacant chair,
To be looked on in sadness with eyes dimmed with
tears,
For the one who so late was an occupant there,
And a joy to the household in past happy years.

O, why should thy young life be ended so soon—
The fire on its altar so soon be subdued—
Its bright morning sun why go down ere its noon
Death's unwelcome presence on thee to intrude?

But be still, stricken hearts, and from weeping refrain,
In heaven your loved one will patiently wait
Your coming, to clasp to your bosom again
Your lost one already past through the pearl gate.

We knew her so patient, resigned to the will
Of her God whom she trusted to do for the best;
And though she is gone we remember her still,
As a frail, tired pilgrim gone home to her rest;

Where soon we shall follow to that blissful shore,
And leave all earth's sorrows, contentions and strife;
There joining our friends to be parted no more,
We'll enter a new and happier life.

The Dreamer.

The dreamer sat in his old arm-chair,
Of bett'ring man's condition dreaming;
And as he was no millionaire,
He thought it only would be fair
For all to have an equal share.
Of wealth with which the world was teeming.

He thought the world had all gone wrong,
Else every one in wealth would wallow;
And as he dreamed and pondered long
On all earth's hungry, thirsty throng,
He made the burden of his song,
Delusions are all things we follow.

But as he pondered in his dream,
Upon some plan to make cash plenty,
An idea bright as solar beam
Flashed through his brain a brilliant scheme,
That practical to him would seem,
He'd make one dollar count for twenty.

Though many plans ran through his head,
Not one produced unmixed fruition;
Till loosing hope at last he said
My schemes bring neither clothes nor bread,
But discontent they cause instead,
And do not better man's condition.

And many such are dreaming still
Of ways to thwart Jehovah's fiat—
Some plan that's suited to their will,
By which their hungry mouths to fill;
And thus they dream and plan until
They find that plans make meager diet.

The Joys and Sorrows of Human Life.

Surrounded by a troop of friends,
We on life's journey early start;
Henceforth until our journey ends,
How oft with them we meet and part.

Awhile we're nurtured by their care,
And joy is one continued round;
No parting sorrow enters there,
For home is where true joy is found.

Till we out in the world must go,
A speck amid the busy throng;
Perhaps not one of whom we know,
To cheer us as we pass along.

Environed by a bustling crowd—
A motley mass of human kind—
The poor and humble, rich and proud,
Where true home joys we never find,

Engaging in the race of life,
Where all is struggle and turmoil;
For some advantage constant strife,
And ceaseless round of daily toil;

Till weary with life's tread-mill round,
Resolved whatever else may come,
We go where loving hearts are found,
To seek once more our friends at home.

What joy, then wells up in the heart,
When meeting loved ones long away;
Mixed with sad thought that we must part,
And have our joy but for a day.

We sacrifice all else for sake
Of social converse with our friends,
But sorrow follows in our wake,
Soon as the joyful meeting ends.

But when the final call is heard,
And our last meeting here must end,
'Tis then the heart is deepest stirred,
To say good-bye to some dear friend.

Since lasting joy is never known,
While we are on this mundane shore,
But like dead leaves by rude winds strewn,
We pass away to come no more.

Why sorrow when our friends must go
To that blest land where they will meet
The ones they loved while here below,
And live for aye in union sweet !

Woman's Love.

O, woman's love ! tenacious, true,
The richest gift a man can crave—
A bliss that every day is new,
And lasts her whole existence through,
To perish only in the grave.

Through all report, if good or ill,
Her love remains an ardent flame;
To man she clings, bows to his will—
Condones his faults and loves him still;
And through all change her love's the same.

Like crystal stream 'tis always pure,
In this no other can compare;
Through every trial 'twill endure,
While from its course naught can allure,
All cold neglect 'twill meekly bear.

This priceless gift but give to me—
The love of one true woman's heart,
It matters not, then, where I be,
If I'm on land or sail the sea—
Alone or in the busy mart;

I'll know I have one faithful friend;
If fortune frown, or if she smile,
On her I always may depend
To from the slanderer's tongue defend,
And all my gloomy hours beguile.

Thus may a heaven be made below.

Where two fond hearts unite as one,
And naught of strife or discord know,
And if in age they trusting go,
With love as warm as when begun.

The Infidel's Soliloquy.

"What shall I be? Where shall I go,"

When I must leave this mundane shore?

"I'd give ten thousand worlds to know—"

Ah, yes, I'd give them all, and more.

Uncertainty environs round

About my path, go where I will;

What most I seek I have not found—

A talisman a void to fill.

An aching void within my breast,

A longing never satisfied,

That brings me day by day unrest,

And fear some ill may me betide.

I see the leaves green in the spring,

In autumn dead fall from the tree,

I hear the happy wild birds sing,

While all the woe seems left for me.

Thus in succeeding cycles round,
The seasons come and seasons go;
But how or why I have not found,
Though I would fain the secret know.

Philosophy I've tried in vain;
It can not solve the problem why
A man with all his reas'ning brain,
Just like the beast is doomed to die.

And science, too, I've asked to tell
What all its labor has revealed;
But on its teachings though I dwell,
The one great secret stands concealed.

And reason's realm I've wandered o'er,
And sought some certain clue to find;
But find that it can tell no more
To satisfy my longing mind.

Could I but know as some believe,
That there's a God who rules o'er all,
It would my burdened soul relieve
Of all this load of doubting thrall.

I'll not believe what I can't see,
Or seeing can not understand;
But if I could I'd then be free
From doubt and hopes built on the sand.

O, wretched man that I have been !
I've sailed a stormy sea unknown,
While I no guiding chart have seen,
Must trust my fate to chance alone.

And should I miss the wished for goal,
Of which my friends so often tell—
That home of the immortal soul,
Where only righteous souls may dwell.

Then woe is me to have no share
In that elysian land of bliss,
Not be allowed to enter there,
With friends I've loved so well in this.

I've sought for light on nature's page,
From ev'ry source in earth and sky,
Have wise men read of ev'ry age,
But still must doubting live and die.

Then when I leave this troubled shore,
Shall I from all my doubts be free ?
If I go hence to come no more,
Where shall I go ? What shall be ?

The Physician's Burden.

With anxious thoughts he leaves his home,
A friend is lying sorely ill;
He fears, perhaps, the worst may come,
Despite his utmost care and skill.

'Twixt hope and fear he makes his way,
To where his suffering patients lie;
Oppressed with care from day to day,
On swiftest wing his time goes by.

However sad his thoughts may be,
He must assume a hopeful air,
And seem from ill foreboding free.
Nor show one feeling of despair.

Buoyed up by hope, depressed by fear,
His thoughts no settled peace can know;
And though he shed a secret tear,
A hopeless look he must not show.

To hide his fears must be his care,
When he is where the sick may see;
Though with the friends their grief he share,
He must from look of doubt be free.

He needs must wear a cheerful face,
All gloomy fears must be concealed,
Lest he might show the slightest trace
Of what he would not have revealed.

To him who struggling for his life,
(Now even balanced in the scale,)
With death in an unequal strife,
Where all his skill may naught avail.

His sympathy, however great,
Must be completely in control;
From day to day it is his fate,
To bear this burden on his soul.

On Returning a Disappointing Book of Poems.

Take back the book, 'tis naught to me,
For disappointment's all I find;
Few beauties in its lines I see,
To captivate a poet's mind.

The author lacks the poet's art,
The most essential of his cue,
The power to touch and stir the heart,
A power possessed but by a few.

A lack of pathos here is seen,
Though love is sung in many a line,
The sentiment is all terrene,
Not making love a thing divine.

Then place the book back on its shelf,
And let it there remain for me;
I'm only judging for myself
Of what a poet's book should be.

The Long Ago.

Not long ago I visited my early childhood home,
To view the mem'ry cherished spots where once I loved
to roam;
To see again the lofty trees, the tangled underwood,
And shady dells where I had played near where our
cottage stood.

I wished to see the limpid stream, the little babbling
brook,
Where often I for hours had fished with bent pin for a
hook;
When if I caught a minnow once it gave my heart such
joy
As I have never felt since when I was a fisherboy.

But O, how changed the scene that there presented to
my eyes,
A change, for which though well prepared, was still a
great surprise;
The grassy lane so ample then where I foot-races ran,
Seemed to have dwindled half in width since I became
a man.

The orchard where so oft I played nor knew of want or
care,
Now but a few old half-dead trees of wonted fruit were
bare;
But on the highest knoll there stood the same white
marble stones,
Beneath them resting there in peace my long-lost loved
ones' bones.

The first grave in that hallowed spot was for my mother
made,
And there by kindly neighbors' hands my truest friend
was laid,
And there sleeps still the one I loved all else on earth
above,
For I had learned to know the worth of a good mother's
love.

Then one by one went others, too, the household grow-
ing less,
Some far away in parts remote without love's last caress;
Till few are left of all that group who were so happy
there,
When living in that humble cot a mother's love could
share.

The farm o'er which in youthful days 'twas my delight
to roam,
Divided now by stranger hands no longer looked like
home;
But still I hoped from mem'ry's book my favorite haunts
to trace,
The time to me now seemed so short since last I saw
the place.

But forests that I once had loved were changed to fields
of grain,
And I those noble, giant trees shall never see again;
But sadder change than all beside 'twas very plain to
see,
In once black hair now turned to gray, but still belongs
to me.

Ah, how on their swift noiseless wings the years go flit-
ting by,
We scarce can learn to live till we must also learn to
die;
'Tis thus by time's unresting wheels we toward the grave
are borne,
And every day confirms the truth that "man is made to
mourn."

Decoration Day.

Chant requiems o'er our gallant dead
And strew with flowers every grave
Of those who nobly fought, and bled,
And died, their country's life to save.

Yes, bring sweet flowers of balmy May,
And strew them as their dirge we sing
Above their dust, who in the fray
Of battle fell, to safety bring

From danger of a rebel hoard,
Who armed to take the Nation's life,
Had drawn the traitor's murderous sword,
And plunged us in fraternal strife.

How calm thy sleep in honored tombs,
Who died that we in peace might live;
And when each Spring in beauty blooms,
This is a tribute all can give.

But, Oh! the many mourning hearts
Of mothers for their long lost sons,
Who, acting gallantly their parts,
Fell, and their graves marked "unknown ones."

While rebels spew their venom'd slime
Square in the face of loyal men,
Let all such know that space nor time
Can ever change what they have been.

Then ne'er forget the gallant dead,
Whose lives were for their country given,
Who for the right have fought and bled,
And now are bivouached safe in heaven.

The River of Death.

We dread to cross the murky stream,
To us it looks so dark and cold,
Ne'er lighted by one cheering beam,
It would a dismal passage seem,
Alike to all, if young or old.

When first we feel its waters chill,
We shrink to venture on its tide;
And many cross against their will,
To earth tenacious clinging still,
They doubt and dread the other side.

But when we've long been racked with pain,
Till life's a burden hard to bear,
And fever-fires consume the brain,
The stream some long to cross, to gain
A sure release from pain and care.

When to its brink I'm drawing near,
To leave this for the other side,
However dark its waves appear,
I hope to cross without a fear,
And land where my loved friends abide.

Till then, to keep my record pure,
Shall be my constant, earnest care—
Life's troubles to resigned endure,
That I may make my title sure,
Eternity with them to share.

Terrestrial Mutability.

Uncertain are all things of earth,
The good we crave may never come;
Man, from his earliest day of birth,
Has wants that make of life the sum.

The brightest hopes will often fail,
And disappointments come instead;
The greatest pleasures oft entail
The greatest pain when passion-led.

The fairest bud may fail to bloom—
The brightest flower will fade and die—
Bright morning suns may set in gloom,
And tears may dim the brightest eye.

Most trusted friends may faithless prove,
When most their kindly aid we need—
Indifference take the place of love,
And cause the burdened heart to bleed.

The strongest man may die to-day,
Struck down while in his manhood's prime;
Wealth may take wings and fly away,
And leave us poor all after time.

A traitor's kiss our Lord betrayed—
Kiss given in love's sacred name;
And, O, how oft has trusting maid
Been by some traitor's kiss the same.

Like shifting sands of desert waste,
Or snow-flakes on some Arctic shore,
We're drifted on, till soon the place
That knew us once knows us no more.

And as we on life's journey go,
And seek for every change a cause,
We find naught stable here below,
Except the Great Creator's laws.

And these are fixed so firm and sure,
They're never changed by human skill;
But one, all living must endure—
To die, God's fiat to fulfill.

And then is fixed our final fate,
No after-change is ever known;
But all who lived, the small, the great,
Will reap as they in life have sown.

The Life We Live.

While I am on this mundane shore,
By freaks and whims of fortune driven,
I of her favors ask no more,
But am content with what is given.

Like some frail bark far out to sea,
That haven seeks but finds it never,
That struggles hard to gain the lee,
But still is tempest tossed forever.

So I, a voyager of a day,
Where all is tumult and commotion,
Without a chart to guide my way,
Must sail o'er life's tempestuous ocean.

But trust my God for what He says,
And thus the consolation borrow—
That though I pass some gloomy days,
I hope for sunshine on to-morrow.

And that at last when life is done,
And back to dust my body's given,
Life's battle fought and vict'ry won,
To find full recompense in heaven.

The River of Life.

In the far-away land is a pure crystal river,
That flows through a city of peace and delight;
There the righteous shall live and enjoy it forever,
Where the day never closes in shadows of night.

The green trees of life cluster thick on its border,
Their fruits for the people in plenty to share;
And no evil passions will there cause disorder,
For none but the righteous can ever be there.

The leaves of the trees are for healing the nations,
Who conquer temptation in this world of strife,
And faithfully live out their earthly probations,
And seek immortality—eternal life.

That river shall flow on through numberless ages,
As long as eternity's cycles shall last;
And the city shall stand when the poets and sages
Who told of its beauties from mem'ry have past.

There all who for home in that city have striven,
And trusted their God and the word of His grace,
Their sins blotted out and all freely forgiven,
Forever will bask in the smiles of His face.

From the throne of Jehovah that river is flowing
Its life-giving waters to all who will drink;
And sweet-scented flowers profusely are growing,
Delighting the thirsty who come to its brink.

On that river's green borders may I live forever,
And drink of its waters so sparkling and clear,
Where death's ruthless hand nevermore can dis sever
The sweet ties of friendship that twine round us here.

The Hot Sunday.—July 17, 1887.

A sky of brass is overhead—
The sun with furnace heat is shining—
The grass upon the lawns is dead,
With dust and spider-webs combining.

The corn-blades, rolled up in the sun,
Are checked from all pretense of growing,
And rivulets that laughing run,
Have all dried up and ceased their flowing.

The leaves turn yellow on the trees,
When they should still be green and growing;
And mortal's sigh for one cool breeze,
But no such breeze for them is blowing.

To live almost a burden seems,
Still we're to life tenacious clinging,
While restless nights are plagued with dreams
That this excessive heat is bringing.

El Mahdi.

El Mahdi, the son of Saad Hassan half dreaming,
As lazily yawning he lay in his tent,
With the fame of the Prophet his hot brain was
teeming,
And he soon to rival his glory was bent.

I'll rally the clans, they will come at my bidding;
I'll call them to join me from near and from far,
And then from the infidel soon I'll be ridding
This country, by dint of a Bedouin war.

I'll offer a heaven surpassing Mahomet,
Though his was so teeming with jetty-eyed girls—
Although for his herald he had the great comet,
The flaming debris of a million of worlds.

The musselman's power by infidels broken,
For Islam I'll gain by the dint of the sword;
My fiat's gone forth and the words I have spoken,
This land shall be freed from this infidel hord.

Their Gordons and Bakers I'll send to perdition,
With all the apostates that follow their train;
By the beard of the Prophet, I'll make exhibition
Of prowess to show them their boasting is vain.

Soon the tocsin of war o'er the desert resounded,
And Arabs like locusts gave heed to the call;
To battle for Islam they joyfully bounded,
For Islam to conquer or gloriously fall.

And the battle waxed hot as on, on to the slaughter,
The Saracen rushed in his murderous rage;
For mercy he knows not, but giving no quarter,
He makes no allowance for sex or for age.

The babe at the breast of the suppliant mother,
No mercy can find in the Bedouin's heart;
His malice is such as there's found in none other,
The helpless to murder's the hight of his art.

While England stands dazed in her doubting inaction,
Debating what course it is best to pursue,
The Soudan is ravaged and rended by faction,
And scenes of past ages the Arabs renew.

O, England! proud England! arouse from thy slumber,
And rescue poor Egypt, thy weak protegee;
Her people defenceless, now slain without number,
Invoke thy strong arm the dread carnage to stay.

Written on the Sand.

[Walking across the sandy beach we saw two beatified creatures slowly walking toward where the band was playing. My companion said they could not be bride and groom, they were too young and too happy. But she had been writing on the sand with her parasol, and when we came to the spot we stopped to see the tracings. There they were—"H. W. B. and E. F. B.," "That tells the story," said my friend, and began writing on the sand himself.]

Ah! thoughtless creature, dost thou know
That thou art writing now the fate
Of ev'ry mortal here below—
The rich, the poor, the small, the great?
Say, dost thou recognize the truth,
While walking on the wave-washed strand,
In all the buoyancy of youth,
Our names are only writ on sand?

Now is the heyday of thy years,
And all life's pleasures are before,
But oft those eyes will dim with tears,
And oft will disappointments sore
Fall to thy lot as time goes by,
And cares will come on ev'ry hand;
Then thou wilt say, with long-drawn sigh,
Life's joys are only writ on sand.

Great heroes, glorying in the fame
That they have gained by ceaseless toil,
May hear to-day the world proclaim,
Above the din of life's turmoil,

The greatness of the deeds they've done;
Tho' while their fame spreads through the land
They boast the victories they have won,
Their fame is written on the sand.

Yes, on some shifting, sandy shore,
Where adverse winds are sure to blow,
And blot it out forevermore,
Nor leave a trace by which to show
That such great ones had ever been,
With power their fellows to command;
Though for a time their deeds may gleen,
They are but written on the sand.

Thus will all mem'ry of us fade
At last, and leave no trace to tell
Of all impressions we have made—
If we have acted ill or well,
Time will our every effort mock,
In grateful memory to stand—
To have our names graved on the rock,
For they're but written on the sand.

Our Native Girls.

Let others boast the beauty of
Their foreign belles with golden hair;
I sing Columbia's native girls,
With graceful forms and faces fair.

Their limpid eyes of ev'ry hue,
Would put to blush the brightest gem
That ever royal maiden wore,
Or decked a regal diadem.

With lucid eyes that ever are
Reflecting mirrors of the soul,
Their hearts are warm and ever true
As is the needle to the pole.

Their peachy cheeks and rosy lips,
As nectar of the gods are sweet;
And unsurpassed by womankind,
Are their small, shapely hands and feet.

With independence never known.
Or dared in any other lands,
They greatest deference are shown,
And every man's respect commands.

Then let them praise their foreign belles,
But everywhere our flag unfurls,
At home, abroad, by land or sea,
God bless our mothers and our girls.

Mistaken.

Some say the world is growing better,
But how better I can't see;
While ev'ry day tells of some murder—
Some days even two or three.

While human life is held so lightly,
Who can say that we improve
In our regard for fellow mortals,
By our true, unselfish love.

While there's so few that can be trusted
With a penny not their own,
It's poor showing that the people
Have one whit the better grown.

And so lax is now the virtue
Of the men, ah! women too,
That of few can it be stated,
That they're to its dictates true.

On ev'ry hand foul places flourish,
Where men and women lewdly vile,
Meet for bachanalian revels,
And their bodies to defile.

Marriage vows are lightly spoken,
Making virtue hide her face,
Knowing they will soon be broken,
Ending only in disgrace.

Under foot the laws are trampled—
Both the laws of God and man;
People lie and try to swindle
Everybody whom they can.

In the craze for sudden riches,
People lose all moral sense,
And with conscience seared and hardened,
Gain their wealth through false pretense.

And if you say that one's dishonest,
He will deftly shift the blame,
And will try to ease his conscience,
By saying, "others do the same."

Men or women strictly honest,
Are so rare and hard to find,
That it's chance if we don't find such
In life's race left far behind.

Many christians(?) serve the devil
Six whole days in ev'ry week,
And then expect accounts to balance,
By being, Sunday, extra meek.

And the preachers, lest they anger
Some rich member of the fold,
Dare not reprimand such sinner,
Lest they lose the sinner's gold.

So his sins are nicely covered,
And the devil laughs to see
How by preachers he is aided—
Knowing what the end will be.

Let poets sing the good time coming,
Of peace on earth, good will to men;
When all mankind are dead and buried,
Then will be peace, and only then.

No, tell me not the world is better,
While no improvement can be seen;
We should be better now, we're wiser,
But all remains just as it's been.

Death of the Old Wife.

She'd lain all the day in a stupor,
With constant short'ning of breath;
Her husband in sadness sat near her,
Silently watching the work of death.

And now as the night drew around them
Its dark sable curtain of gloom,
She woke and called her aged partner,
To ask if night darkened the room.

He tenderly bent himself o'er her,
And took in his own her wan hand,
And answered her softly, that darkness
Was fast shutting light from the land.

And then her thoughts turned to their children,
And asked him if they were all there;
Their children, who'd all gone before them,
And left them a sad lonely pair.

With trembling he answered her question:
The children, dear one, are all safe;
Don't think of them, Jenet, my darling,
But rather think now of yourself.

My trust is in Thee, blessed Father,
She said, though so dark is the way,
I'd rather with God walk in darkness
Than alone in the sunlight of the day.

Oh, where is our Charley! she muttered—
Their Charley, whose soft golden hair
'Neath the snows of a score of long winters
Had lain, she imagined, still there.

The hands that so faithful had labored,
So bravely had lightened his toil,
That never had shirked any duty,
However their palms it might soil;

Those hands, all so calloused and wrinkled,
So cold now, he patted and kissed;
Well knowing how lonely and dreary
'Twould be when the old wife was missed.

For oft in their long-wedded journey
Together they'd stood by the bed
Where the death-angel claimed for his victim
The mother, or family's head.

And when the slow hours had reached midnight,
That spirit so gentle and mild,
As peacefully past from its labors,
As comes the calm sleep of a child.

Then the stricken old man, sadly weeping,
They tenderly lead from the room,
And strove with their kind words and cheery
To brighten his dark night of gloom.

You've found heaven first, my dear Jenet,
He murmured, but soon you will come
To take your old heart-broken partner
With you to our heavenly home.

So, ere the first winter snow's fallen,
The old man has gone to his rest,
To live with his faithful companion,
For aye in the land of the blest.

And thus was their grand diamond wedding,
Their friends had so kindly prepared,
Transferred to a far brighter mansion,
Where its joys by their children are shared.

The Closing Year.

As one by one the years go by,
Struck from the calendar of time,
Our days do but the faster fly,
When we have passed our manhood's prime.

And as each year draws near its close,
How few that stop for once to think
Of what each living mortal knows,
They're one year nearer to the brink

Of that eternal world unknown,
Where though they're free from earthly care,
Their bodies here must sleep alone,
With loathsome worms their beds to share.

Our childhood's years we'd hurry on,
They seem to move so very slow;
But when our three score years are gone,
How like the wind the seasons go.

The hoary heads will backward look,
And sigh for childhood days' return;
And would again life's trials brook,
If youthful fires again could burn.

But ah, sad thought! to sigh is vain,
For turning back time's restless wheels;
The years once gone ne'er come again,
Nor heed is paid to our appeals.

For time to stop and wait awhile,
Till we can better be prepared
To go; but we can not beguile
The fate that those before us shared.

But as it's been so will it be,
The years will come and years will go,
And man full much is sure to see
Of disappointments, strife and woe.

And he will hate his brother man,
And lie and cheat for greed of pelf—
Will cheat his brother when he can,
As if he lived but for himself.

And wars will come just as before,
And rapine desolate the land;
And blood will flow and carnage sore
Will shock the sense on ev'ry hand.

And widows' tears will fall like rain,
And orphans' cries will fill the air,
All mourning for their loved ones slain,
'Mid desolation everywhere.

And men will bow at woman's shrine—
Be captive led at her sweet will;
As though she were a thing divine,
Will bow her slave obsequious still.

Now as the year fades from our view,
Reluctantly we say farewell;
But greet with joy the coming new,
While slowly tolls the old year's knell.

Mystery! Mystery! All is Mystery!

In the far-away future and tomes of the past,
Lie hidden magnificent mysteries that time
Has written before and will write to the last,
Thus making a volume of problems sublime.

These problems no mortal is able to solve,
So mixed with turmoil, with contention and strife;
Nor can mortal brain the great secret evolve,
That lies hidden in death and the essence of life.

The long-past beginning we've sought for in vain,
The Author we judge by the work that is done
In making the ocean, the mountain and plain—
The star-spangled heavens and life-giving sun.

We gaze on these wonders and can but adore
The power that formed them and holds them in place;
The great, mighty ocean confining in shore,
And guiding the planets while moving through space.

The lightning that flashes so bright in the cloud,
And rends in an instant the loftiest tree,
Is a power so hidden by nature's dard shroud,
We only can wonder of what it can be.

The grass that in summer grows under our feet—
The trees in the forest in verdant robes drest,
When the cold winter comes with its frost and its sleet,
All stripped of their beauty, retire to rest.

But the warm breath of spring when it kisses the earth,
Revives them to life and to beauty again:
'Tis thus from dead nature there comes a new birth,
By a process abstruse we can never explain.

But man is the mystery par excellence still,
In weakness he enters the threshold of life;
Then all living creatures subjects to his will,
And spends all his days in contention and strife.

In strife for existence, till passing away,
He leaves all his troubles and sorrows below;
His short journey ended, forgot in a day,
He goes, but O, whither, ye seers, does he go?

Where, where is that country? O, tell us, ye seers,
Who know all the secrets from others concealed,
If that land is like this full of sorrow and tears;
We're longing to have this great secret revealed.

But wait, restless soul, till the summons shall come,
To go to that country wherever it be;
There resting in peace in that coveted home,
Thou wilt from thy longings forever be free.

"Condemned to Death."

[*Answer to a Poem by Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, making a plea
for the Chicago Anarchists.*]

"Condemned to death for a heinous crime;"
Already they have lived too long,
And justice says for them it's time
To die, a warning to a throng
Of dastard whelps of foreign birth,
Who leave their country under ban—
Base vagabonds unfit for earth—
Accursed alike by God and man.

"No hope for them in the bending sky;"
Nor should there ever be again;
And do you ask the reason why?
I answer, they're no longer men,
But human bodies whence the soul,
Disgusted, fled and left alone
To demons damned entire control,
As all their hellish deeds have shown.

You ask, "will it restore the slain
To life again, to take these lives?"
Ah, no! Too long in death they've lain,
Mourned for by lonely widowed wives.
But mawmish sympathy that's shown
For fiends whose hands with blood are stained,
Are seeds from which such crimes are grown,
And none are from fell deeds restrained.

"Have we abolished the law of God?"

Though He commands, "thou shalt not kill,"
That man may form such deeds be awed,
He makes His law much broader still.
And says, "that he who sheds man's blood,
By man shall his own blood be shed,"
This law of His through time has stood,
Nor can another fill its stead.

"Have we forgot the crucified,

Who'd mercy to his murd'ers shew,
And sought their pardon when he died,
And said they know not what they do?"
Ah no, they knew not what they did;
But well these fiendish felons knew;
Theirs was a crime God's law forbid,
Yet dared their deed with this in view.

Such is the plea you make for those

Who sow the seeds of bloody strife,
To make of friends relentless foes
That seek to take each other's life.

No, no, let not such maudlin plea

Be made to save their worthless lives;
Far better for the world 'twill be
To have them dead than held in gyves.

A Christmas Carol.

This night the stars together sung,
Rejoicing at a Savior's birth,
This was the song of ev'ry tongue—
Good will to men and peace on earth.

The angels caught the glad refrain,
Good news to all mankind we bring;
Messiah comes, on earth to reign
O'er all the universe a king:

While loud hosannahs long resound
From all the hosts of earth and sky,
And all rejoice with joy profound,
On swiftest wing the tidings fly.

To his mild reign of peace and love,
With reverent obedience bow;
His right he brings from God above,
And comes to claim his kingdom now.

Rejoice this day O, earth, rejoice!
As written in the sacred tome,
And published by heraldic voice,
Redemption to our race has come.

Though in a stable was his bed,
His star shone bright as sparkling gem,
And to his couch the Magi led;
Then for our sins thy blood was shed,
O, precious babe of Bethlehem!

Those Rebel Flags.

Give back those rebel flags? No! no!

Though greeting with fraternal hand
Each one who was the Nation's foe,

Let them this fact well understand,
That, though their crime we now forgive,
And hail them friends as once of yore,
In mem'ry long their crime will live
Ere it dies out to come no more.

Those flags, mementoes of their shame;
To have them why should they desire?

They can but tarnish their good name,
And stir again the Nation's ire;
When treason stalked with shameless face
Through all the South, on murder bent,
Those flags, the badge of their disgrace,
To treason inspiration lent.

The blood of every soldier slain
In battle for his country's cause—
Blood drank by the ensanguined plain—
Cries from the ground for you to pause,
And not insult the honored dead,

Who gave their lives that we might live—
To give us peace who fought and bled,
And gave their all they had to give.

Those flags, reminders of a crime
That nearly cost the Nation's life,
Should not be kept for coming time,
To tell us of that deadly strife;

No, never give them back their flags,
But make of them rebellion's pyre;
The cursed things tear into rags,
And let them be consumed by fire.

Let not one rebel flag remain,
The story of their crime to tell;
From even mention now refrain
Of crime conceived and born in hell;
From hist'ry's page forever blot
All record of the bloody scene,
That it may sooner be forgot,
That such a war had ever been.

The Missionary's Dead Wife in Africa.

Far from her home her body sleeps—
Alone, sleeps in a foreign land,
Where ev'ry breeze that passes sweeps
Upon her grave the desert sand.

With ardent love for all mankind,
She from her pleasant childhood home
Went out, her inmost soul resigned,
To brave whatever fate might come.

'Mid dangers dire, by land and sea—
The wild beast roaming o'er the plain—
All these she faced to help to free
A race who'd long in darkness lain.

But burning sand and tropic air,
At last their deadly work had done;
'Twas more than such an one could bear,
And now her earthly course is run;

And in that world where all is peace
Her spirit lives among the blest;
Glad from earth's toils to find release,
And enter into promised rest.

Then sleep! O, weary body, sleep!
Till that eventful day shall come,
When all who for lost loved ones weep,
From ev'ry land are gathered home.

On the Death of President Garfield.

'Tis done, 'tis done, the damning deed,
The fiends of hell would blush to own;
A wretch has done for office greed,
A crime his death can ne'er atone.

With heart depraved and cunning hate
The assassin planned his dev'lish crime;
And to assure his victim's fate,
He sought propitious place and time,

And sped the fatal missile forth,
That crashing through the Nation's head
Pierced the great heart of South and North,
Till from its every pore it bled.

If that great soul without complaint,
With love to man, with trust in God,
And resignation of a saint,
Ne'er murmured at the chast'ning rod,

What heart so hard save one of stone
But would a brother's faults forgive,
And let our grief all wrongs atone,
And make us all like brothers live?

'Mid requiems o'er our honored dead,
Let strife and malice be forgot,
And tears baptize his silent bed,
While angels guard the hallowed spot.

A mother now mourns for her son—
A widow drowns her grief in tears,
And all lament our noble one,
The Nation's hope for coming years.

To Mother Eliza Garfield.

Fond mother, in tears o'er thy loved one that's sleeping,
How sweet to thy heart will the memory be,
As thou thinkest of him in the midst of thy weeping,
How soon his loved visage again thou shalt see.

Though all is now dark and thy pathway seems dreary,
Firm faith will be with thee to solace thy woe—
Firm faith that in heaven is rest for the weary,
Who finish in sorrow their journey below.

This chast'ning a merciful Father is giving ;
Though 'tis for the present affliction most sore,
Thy soul may find comfort with thoughts that while
living
For mother such filial affection he bore.

All, all of thy labor shall yet be rewarded,
Though now it may seem but lost labor of love,
For all thy brave deeds are in heaven recorded,
Awaiting their author in mansions above.

And among the great heroes of history's pages,
Thy name shall shine out as the most brilliant star,
To be sung by the poets of long after ages,
With never a blemish its luster to mar.

With thine, bereaved mother, my prayers shall be
blended,
For strength in thy grief for the dear absent one,

Till life's weary journey at last shall be ended,
To say not my will, but thine, Father, be done.

Then dry all thy tears, there's no weeping in heaven;
Though no more in the flesh that loved son thou shalt
see,

Hath not a kind Savior the sweet promise given,
That grief stricken mourners shall comforted be?

To Mrs. Garfield.

Sad mourner in thy lonely home,
So gloomy now and doubly drear;
For him who nevermore can come,
How oft will fall the silent tear.

The pleasant haunts of former days—
Scenes of domestic happiness,
Where each enjoyed in quiet ways
The purest of connubial bliss;

A home of peace without alloy,
Now turned a baren dreary waste,
That brings the stricken heart no joy,
Nor of its pristine sweets a taste.

Though angels look in pity down,
And tears of sympathy like rain
May fall the martyr's fame to crown,
They may not bring him back again.

But trust thy God, whose tender care
Notes e'en the sparrows when they fall,
And thou shall still His blessings share,
While waiting for the final call

To thy last, peaceful, final sleep,
Where all earth's sorrows are forgot—
Whence no one ever comes to weep,
And bathe with tears the hallowed spot,

Where sleep our loved ones gone before
To where the weary are at rest,
Safe landed on that shining shore,
The final home of all the blest.

Then, mourner, dry those bitter tears,
Nor grieve that one so good has gone;
A few more cycles of the years,
And thou shalt join the absent one

In union that shall never end,
In heaven, the christian's blissful home,
Where Christ will be a bosom friend,
And tears and parting never come.

The Grave of the Gambler of the Sierras.

In a lone, dreary canyon,
 'Neath the pure virgin snow,
Lies the body of the gambler,
 Where the sage bushes grow.

His last pack is shuffled,
 And his last card is played,
But a new game awaits him,
 In the grave where he's laid.

For the carrion-crows are waiting
 For the spring to melt the snow,
When they can glut their appetites
 On the form that lies below.

Detested by the miners—
 And an outcast, friendless man—
The terros of his comrades,
 For the reckless course he ran.

He'd lived till he no longer
 Could sponge a place to lie,
Or food to sate his hunger—
 What could he do but die?

His name upon the duce of clubs
 He'd writ' in letters plain,
And pinned it with his Bowie-knife
 Where it could be seen again;

And 'neath his name was written this,
"Having shuffled his last deck,
The scourge of the Sierras
Has handed in his check."

And thus at last had past away
Some mother's idol son ;
'Twas the last game the gambler played,
And death the game had won.

The Maiden's Dilemma.

"I can't decide, I can't decide,"
"Betwixt my suitors two ;"
"I'm so perplexed and teased and tried,"
"I know not what to do."

There's Jones, an old and stupid bore,
Who does the best he can,
(For one whose age is past three score),
To ape the youthful man ;

But talks of love in stilted tones,
That chill my very heart ;
Besides, I hate the name of "Jones,"
And all his boorish arts.

And then he's so extremely fond—
So honeyed his caress,
No maiden's heart could e'er respond
To such insipidness.

Young Elbert is just twenty-one,
Of tall and perfect frame;
A farmer's poor, hard-working son,
But quite unknown to fame.

His handsome face and manly air
Command my warmest love;
I long with him life's sweets to share,
A bliss next that above.

I'll own he is my heart's desire—
My beau ideal man—
That can my soul's devotion fire
As not one other can.

Yes, Elbert is just twenty-one,
While Jones is sixty-three;
With some that would suffice alone,
But 'tis not so with me.

"'Tis three to one in point of age,"
"And that's a difference wide,"
"But hear me through, and I'll engage,"
"You'll say I can't decide."

Though one has youth and manhood both,
He's poor in point of gold ;
So I to Jones will plight my troth,
Though he is lame and old ;

For he has wealth laid up in store,
The hoarding of his life;
A million, or, perhaps, 'tis more,
To spend upon a wife.

So now 'tis done—my fate is sealed
For lifetime, weal or woe;
To love's behest I will not yield,
It's bliss I now forego.

Farewell to cottage life and love !
No more I'll sigh for you;
Henceforth shall gold my idol prove,
So love a last adieu.

And if in after coming years
It prove my great mistake,
I'll brave it all, and drown in tears
My grief for Mammon's sake.

The Deserted Bride.

She sat by the window in sadness and sighing,
Concealing the load on her grief-burdened heart;
Her new bridal bonnet beside her was lying,
As lonely she sat from all others apart.

A sylph-like, diminutive, sweet little creature,
With eyes dark as midnight and raven-hued hair;
A Grecian complete, both in form and in feature,
Her look was the picture of utmost despair.

She peered through the glass, with her eyes red with weeping,
And eagerly scanned every face in the throng,
While herself she was asking, "What can it be keeping
The loved one I trusted thus from me so long?"

What could be the source of such heart-sick'ning anguish
That crushed all the hopes of that lovely young wife,
And left her heart-broken to wither and languish,
In cruel suspense for the rest of her life?

'Twas this; but a week since he vowed at the altar,
To love and protect her so long as they'd live;
Then so soon in his promised affection to falter,
Such perfidy could even woman forgive?

"O, could I but see him one minute!" she muttered,
"To learn what it is that between us has come;
If 'tis that a word that's unkind I have uttered,
I'd then be resigned to this soul-blighting doom.

With his kiss on my lips on one evening he left me
To wonder and wish, and await his return;
And thus of all happiness earthly bereft me,
In doubt and in silence his absence to mourn !”

The result of their meeting I well can conjecture,
For, just woman-like, when the trial shall come,
If he will half promise to love and protect her,
Forgiving him all, she will welcome him home.

God is Everywhere.

I see a God in everything—
In every place I chance to be—
In opening buds and flowers of spring—
If I'm on land or sail the sea—
In all that live on earth, in air,
A God is seen—seen everywhere.

Sun, moon and stars declare his skill,
As in their places they appear ;
Submissive to His sovereign will,
Not failing once from year to year,
They all His sure, fixed laws obey,
In darkest night or brightest day,

When I behold these works sublime,
The product of His mighty hand,
That do His bidding through all time,

Obedient to His own command,
I ask, O God, what's man that Thou
Shouldst be so mindful of him now?

So small a speck, O God, am I
Of all the creatures of Thy care,
What wonder if I query why
Of all Thy blessings I should share;
The answer comes, "if great or small,
God's watchful care is over all."

Met After Fifty Years.

So indeed this is Julia, the Julia I loved,
When we were both young in the long, long ago;
How faithful our vows to each other have proved,
Except our own hearts, never mortal may know.

She then was my Julia, with dark glossy hair,
And brow white as marble, and liquid brown eyes,
In the long-vanished years that I used to compare
To the bright twinkling stars in the soft summer skies.

And a mouth set with teeth that were whiter than pearls,
Enclosed by such pouting and ruby-red lips—
A mouth for an houri of paradise worlds,
More tempting than nectar that Jupiter sips.

Then her cheeks were like roses in settings of snow,
With down of ripe peaches to add to their grace;
To print a warm kiss there could mortal forego,
As enchanted he gazed on that love-lighted face?

Her form was perfection no sculptor could mould—
A bosom where nature exhausted her skill;
A being forever a joy to behold,
A beauty that led her slaves captive at will.

But time, unrelenting, such sad change had made—
His work as a spoiler so thoroughly proved,
With the charms of my idol such havoc had played,
I wondered that ever such creature I'd loved.

Then I thought, as I gazed on that time-battered wreck,
With a face bronzed and shrunken and silver-white
hair,
And wrinkles close grouped on the once queenly neck,
Could such a sad visage have ever been fair!

Though the casket was shattered, far gone in decay,
Its beauty all vanished, no more to be seen,
The jewel I found sparkling bright as that day,
Which set me to thinking of what might have been.

Then she spoke and all tho't of the wrinkles was gone,
Her voice like sweet music fell soft on my ear;
The same witching smile in its sweetness still shone,
As in years long ago when I called her my dear.

March.

March is coming, blust'ring, blowing,
Always making such a din,
While the air feels crisp and thin;
Deceitful month of all the year.
Ever changing while you're here;
Fickle whims of weather showing,
What to look for there's no knowing,
Making all look cold and drear,
Just as you have always been,
Little thanks to you we're owing.
Now you make us think it's going
To be pleasant, clear and warm,
When succeeding some fine morning
Come murky clouds that give us warning
Of a coming winter storm;
Next the snow, like feathers flying,
Fills the crisp and chilly air,
Whirling here and drifting there,
In our faces—everywhere,
All pretense of spring belying,
When for comfort we are trying,
All our efforts still defying,
Till it makes the wicked swear.
Winter in your lap is sitting,
While the days are by us flitting,
And we're longing for the spring,
That should be so warm and pleasant,
But your storms are more benefitting

Winter days than yours at present,
While you to winter habits cling;
But we can't blame you altogether,
For this ever changing weather;
Since you must be the go-between
Of the spring and winter season,
It would seem sufficient reason
Why you can not be serene,
But your storms will soon be over,
And we'll have warm April sun;
Then will growing wheat and clover
Hide the mischief you have done.





AMUSEMENT OF IDLE HOURS.

Address to My Sick Bed.

My dear old couch on which so often I have lain
My weary limbs, and sought and found much needed
rest,
Nor dreamt such pleasure could so soon be changed to
pain,
And banish sleep, to come no more to be my welcome
guest.

'Tis not thy fault; I feel the fault is all in me,
Thy down is just as soft, thy blankets warm, as when
My body from this fever and these pains was free;
But O! how harder seems thy surface now than then.

Keep still, O mind! Thou mystery, that, like the stream
of time,
That, uncontrolled by human art, flows on forever
and forever,
And to the lowest things can sink, or rise to things sub-
lime,
And active always, night and day, but stopping never.

Keep still awhile, till in the arms of Morpheus wrapt
I may short respite find, oblivious to all terrestrial
things,
Before the silver cord, too tensely strained, be snapt,
With such disaster sore as such o'er tension brings.

But O, those horrid, dreary nights that seemed would
never end!
Each hour, as lazily it crept, seemed longer than a
day;

AMUSEMENT OF IDLE HOURS.

O if I had some true and trusted wizzard friend,
So skilled in wizzard lore could some elixir make to
drive this spell away.

Daylight, how oft thy coming has been all too soon,
And called to duties of the day when I another hour
would gladly sleep,
And felt to me 'twould be a rich and priceless boon,
But then it ushered in unbidden, it didn't wait or creep.

Be patient, suffering body, nor dare for once to at thy
fate complain,
There's balm in Gilead, and soon thy sufferings will
be o'er—

These fever fires burned out, like morning mist be van-
ished all thy pain;
Yes, gone tho' not forgotten, but gone, forever gone,
to come no more.

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