

A dream and other poems. / By Charles Henry Shoeman

Shoeman, Charles Henry.

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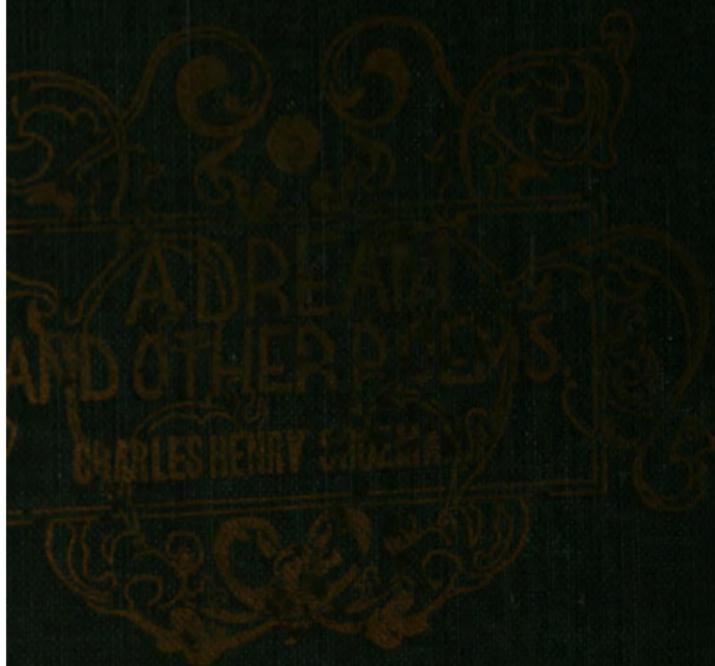
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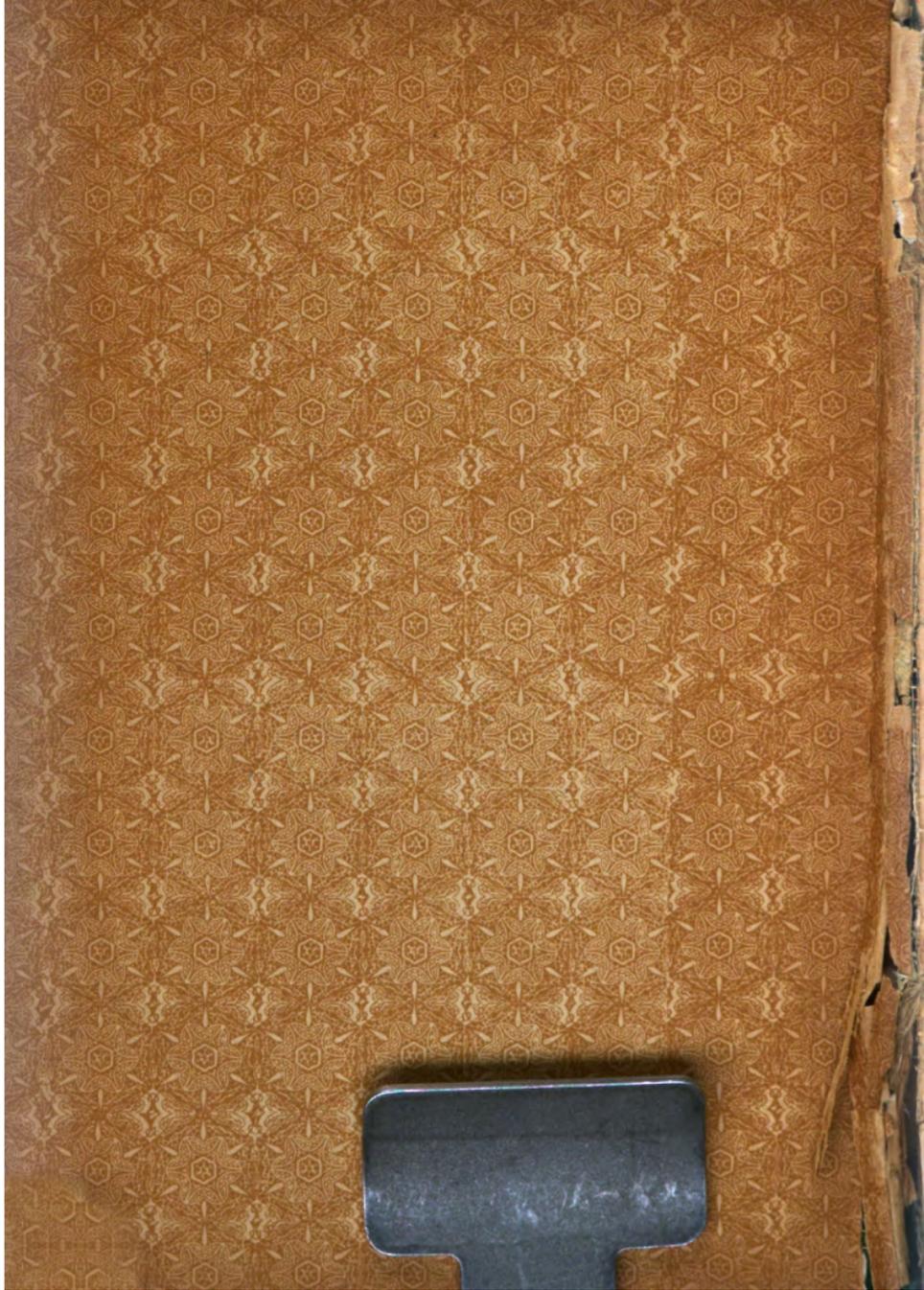


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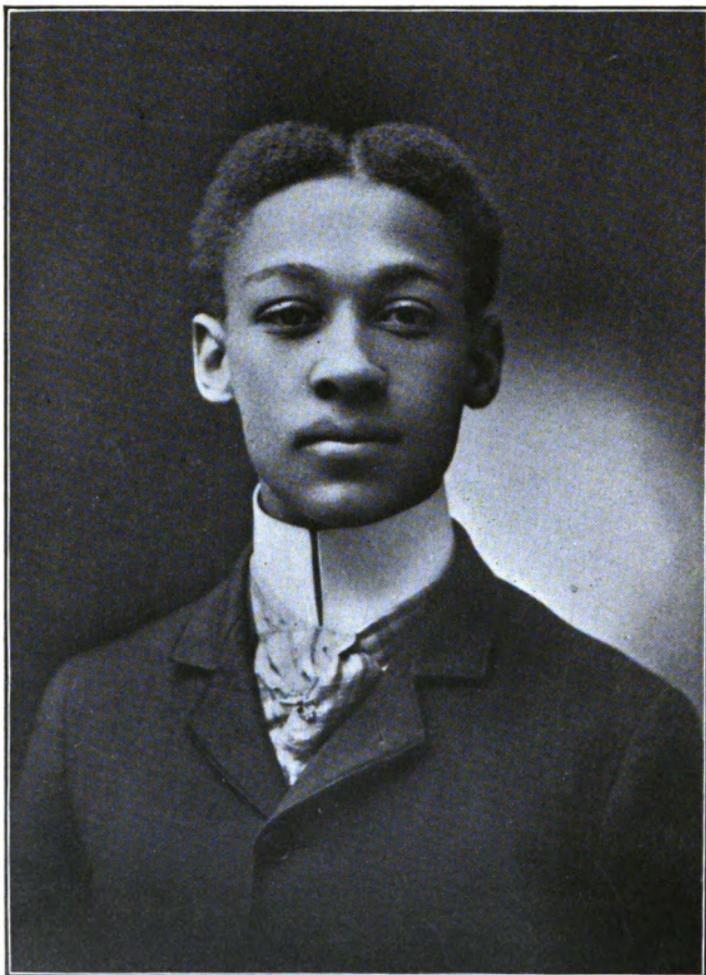
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*Charles Henry Shorman.*

# A DREAM

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY  
CHARLES HENRY SHOEMAN.

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*SECOND EDITION*

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Library  
University of Michigan**

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1900**

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**1899-1900**

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TO LEONA

## PREFACE.

As my little book has passed all those former fears successfully, I again place it before you with additions that I trust will show an improvement partly worth, at least, the gratitude I owe the generous consideration of the past.

Yours truly

CHARLES HENRY SHOEMAN.

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# A DREAM AND OTHER POEMS.



## A DREAM.

In my dimly lighted study,  
Mused I for æsthetic's rhyme,  
As the bells in our cathedral  
Pealed a melancholy chime.  
Then a feeling, strangely weary,  
Stole across my puzzled brain—  
Why do muses from Parnassus  
Ne'er inspire the soul again?  
Turning from my littered table,  
Gazed I in the burning grate—  
Gazed I long, in drowsy musing,  
Till an hour still and late;  
Stranger feelings then came o'er me;  
In a heav'nly land was I,  
Half unconscious, seeming wafted  
In a strange and silent sky;  
Breathless, downward, I descended,  
Oh, how strange it seemed to be.

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Half unconscious, seeming wafted  
In a strange and silent sky;  
Breathless, downward, I descended,  
Oh, how strange it seemed to be.

I was in our ancient Meroe,  
     Far across the deep blue sea.  
 All was silent, strange, deserted,  
     Where our ancient people trod.  
 Had our land of early learning  
     Caused the mighty wrath of God?  
 For within the ruler's palace,  
     Where he'd moved with kingly might,  
 Gleamed his golden throne, long empty.  
     Here I weakened at the sight.  
 Bitter tears wept I beside it.  
     Where's our gleaming glory gone?  
 Where's the ruler's mighty legion ?  
     Sobbed I till descending dawn.  
 In the ev'ning's growing darkness,  
     Near me by a narrow aisle,  
 I beheld a stately figure,  
     Grandly standing on the tile.  
 I arose that I might greet him;  
     Straightway giving me his hand,  
 Murmured he in voice of sadness:  
     "See thy ancient fatherland!  
 I'm thy muse, weak, wan and weary,  
     With a dusky, haggard face,  
 Write of me—I tell a story—

Write the sorrows of thy race:  
 Write their joys that lighten sorrows,  
 Joys that are descended down  
 From their kingdom's joyous glory,  
 To thy time's repulsing frown.  
 Your accursed, I'm accursed,  
 Till our legions march once more,  
 Till the Ethiopians gather  
 Back in union as of yore;  
 When our great men's works are numbered;  
 Back within our history's place,  
 When our struggling sons of sorrow  
 Know past glories of their race!"

Slowly from the palace walked we,  
 'Round the streets, dark, old, and still;  
 Pointed we to ancient grandeur;  
 We, of sorrow, mused our fill.  
 Then, he said: "You now hear ringing  
 Bells that warn all to depart;  
 When I'm gone thou must remember:  
 Write the impulse of thy heart.  
 Hear, Oh now, thy towers ringing,  
 Watch the city fade away!"  
 Bells were ringing, all was darkness;

Would the muse still with me stay?  
No, alas, I saw he'd vanished,  
    'Twas a dream of fallen state;  
'Twas the old cathedral's ringing—  
    I was by a dark, cold grate.

## THE EAGLE.

Honored bird of our proud nation,  
Soaring in thy far off sky!  
Telling plainly, words by action,  
Earthly missions should be high:  
High is all that should be guarded  
In our busy nation's strife.  
Soaring bird, our nation's glory,  
What a proud and lofty life—  
Flying, poising, sailing, swooping—  
All sublime is thine on high.  
May you live, aye long—forever,  
Just as proud, and never die!  
May our nation, as thy soaring,  
Ever be as proud as you,  
Never stooping, always lofty,  
With her brothers kind and true;  
As the cause that crushed out slavery,  
As the cause that made us one,  
One in union, one in glory,  
Great beneath God's shining sun.  
Now I think of grand, old Abe,  
And our fight on Cuban soil,

Which remind me of the soldier,  
    With his fever and his toil.  
Land of ours! Great our Union,  
    More than kingdoms gone before;  
More than Rome of long past ages,  
    With her turmoil and her roar.  
Going, art thou, flying eagle?  
    Up, ah, upward, out of sight!  
Higher, higher, thou art sailing;  
    I have lost thee in thy flight.  
Fare thee well! as thou hast left me,  
    May thy form again I see;  
Once again may I behold thee,  
    Soaring, poising just as free.

## MAN'S CURSE ON SELF.

Though mighty nations come and go,  
Their rise and fall we read and know;  
And yet the blighting hand of fate  
Seems yet a curse to rising state.

They rear to power, then they fall,  
As man does answer death's dull call.  
They fall, they fall, oh, tell me why,  
They fall so far from name so high?

Ambition is one greatest curse;  
Are there not more, more plain and worse?  
Chaldea first did rise to fall  
Judea, Greece and Rome and Gaul,  
Are now but shadows of their past,  
They fell, they fell, will we be last?

Did man from Cain inherit down,  
The curse: On brother cast thy frown,  
For in this life there seems to be  
Man's curse on self he cannot see.

He slaves a brother, spurns him down,  
 And curses him with scorning frown  
 Though God has checked his mad career  
 And turned his slave to freedom's cheer.

"Then still," he says, "I'll hold him down,  
 I will still curse him with my frown,  
 That he may think it was ordained  
 By higher power, cursed, and shamed.  
 And when of crime he is accused  
 I'll hunt him down, though self is bruised;  
 And though a trial he could demand,  
 I will not let him lift a hand.  
 Though mother weep, and wail and moan,  
 I will not let her save her own.

I'll lash him tightly to a stake  
 "And slowly burn as bones I break,  
 I'll raise a mob like fiends to yell.  
 Although 'twill drag me down to hell,  
 My cursed hate I will appease.  
 When nobler nature's blood I freeze,  
 I'll ask in Jesus' sacred name,  
 If they would quickly do the same.

If t'were their mother thus abused  
By fiendish wretch there thus accused,  
I do not say if 'twere thy son,  
Thy father or some dear loved one  
Who is thus burned without a trial;  
But at such logic I must smile.  
Although they might thus clear his name  
And save him from such sinful shame,  
No trial, no lawing must there be,  
For but the dark side must they see."

Oh man look on these hellish deeds  
And see the sorrow that it breeds;  
That in this mobbing, man's depraved,  
And is by anger cursed, enslaved.

Though God has blessed our mighty land,  
Yet with such deeds it cannot stand.  
'Twil drag the rising brilliant youth  
To turn from honor and from truth.

Our good deeds need no cover dark,  
And noble thoughts will like a spark  
Ignite a tinder in the soul.  
To see dark clouds that round us roll,  
To cast a spell of sin and shame  
That dupe our lives and mar our name.

Recount the tales of nations past,  
 And mind them down clear to the last,  
 And mark t'was crime that made them fall,  
 Thought union brought them high o'er all.  
 Until anarchy cursed their name,  
 For in themselves did grow their shame.

A mob's wrath like "The Scourge of God,"  
 Will bring a curse where ere it's trod  
 To blight the work of Christian years  
 And bring our nation woe and tears.

It cannot stand.    It cannot stand,  
 If so 'twil cause God's mighty hand  
 To reek some vengeance on our land.  
 It cannot stand.    It cannot stand.

## AN ODE TO INGERSOLL.

O'er a life we could not fathom,  
O'er a soul far more obscure,  
Dropped life's curtain, vaguely leaving  
All behind still dark, secure.  
Though a skeptic in his teaching,  
With beliefs not like our own,  
Let us judge not, lest a failure—  
All shall reap as they have sown.  
Though expounders grave with wisdom  
Judge and think they know the heart,  
We are mortals, often skeptic,  
With beliefs too far apart.  
And our lives in world; in secret,  
Tell two tales to each unknown,  
But our Judge, with mighty wisdom,  
Holds them safely, all His own.  
Mortal man is weak and wayward,  
No one knows all truths within,  
And in thinking, speak not harshly,  
Lest with you there be the sin.

Far behind death's gloomy shadow,  
Down that way we all must go.  
Speak not harshly, speak not harshly,  
We do not know, we do not know.

## THE DYING COLORED TROOPER'S STEED.

As the smoke of the battle is clearing away,  
Like a fog from the earth slow ascending;  
As it veils dark the moon in a sad, silent  
gloom,

Two figures are seen in its blending.

'Tis a soldier there dying; his horse by his side,  
Tightly lashed by his rein to the trooper,  
Who is dying, slow dying, life's ebbing away,  
As he speaks to his steed in this stupor:

" Oh, my Leo, my gallant, my faithful, good  
steed;

I'm dying, my Leo, I'm dying!

You have borne me through battle,  
through all to the end,

To the end of a soldier's last sighing!

Ever faithful and true, not because I was black  
Have you scorned me or wavered in battle;  
With thy long flowing mane, mid the dying  
and slain,

Have we charged into muskets' death-rattle.

All is over, 'tis done, we will charge there no  
more,

And another will ride you to-morrow.

'Neath the flag of our land will you charge  
once again,

And my comrades will sigh in deep sorrow.

Fare thee well, oh, my Leo, farewell! we  
must part,

For before me white figures are flying;

Are they angels my Leo? Oh, do angels  
come here?

Now I'm dying, my Leo, I'm dying!

## POEMS.

There are poems I read in a ponder,  
There are others I can't understand;  
But some poems take me to heaven,  
To the height of my soul's fancy land.

There are those that soon cause a sad sighing,  
Then they bring a great tear to my eye;  
There are poems I've tried hard to finish,  
But they waft me in glory too high.

Not the feeling to sigh in deep sorrow,  
But those feelings alone in the soul—  
Those that fill me with awe for their grandness,  
Like the sight of the great ocean's roll.

There are poems of humor's light fancy,  
But they sweeten a sense far apart  
From that grandeur inspired by poems  
That sink deep, and appeal to my heart.

## BUILDING.

Oh, castles of air, that soon circle away,  
And leave our foundation of hopes torn  
and broken!  
We build once again with more care that they  
stay,  
And cling to our hopes though our fears  
are ne'er spoken.

How frail are our hopes and our joys in this life;  
How frail is a castle of air and its ending;  
But still does a dreamer dream on through  
world's strife,  
And builds once again, though its fall be  
soul-rending.

Some say, build our way down through life  
as you go,  
And others will beckon you turn from their  
guiding;  
Alone, like a wanderer, try ye to know  
If right in thy building, with own self-  
abiding.

'TIS MOTHER.

Only coughing, just a coughing,  
From a little cold I caught,  
Which awoke me far past midnight,  
Though the cough was seeming naught;  
On the stairway I could hear them—  
Pattering feet move in my room—  
Feel the hand that reached me water,  
Then the kiss that lit my gloom.  
Who this comer far past midnight—  
Was it father, friend, or brother,  
Who would wake at my slight coughing?  
No; I might have known 'tis mother;  
Mother ever kind and watchful,  
She who cares about my soul,  
She who bears the woes of others,  
Seeking e'er the heavenly goal—  
She who knows my moody nature,  
Knows my sorrows and my joys,  
She who cheers when I'm despondent,  
Chides most gently careless noise.

## BRIGHTER STARS.

If all the stars were equal bright,  
There'd be no Saturn and no Mars,  
We'd never know the queen of night  
From out a million other stars.

There'd be no star to mark our time,  
No guide to help us on our way;  
My star would shine as bright as thine,  
And all the world would go astray.

Some stars must shine in splendid height,  
Some men are born to shine in fame,  
To help us on toward their light,  
To have a higher nobler aim.

## THE PROUD LILY.

Once in a dell did a proud lily grow,  
    Waving o'er all of the flowers a queen;  
Stately and grand and as white as the snow,  
    Stateliest lily that ever was seen.  
Fairer than even the sweetest bluebell,  
    Fairer than even the beautiful rose;  
Fairer than all that had grown in the dell,  
    Gracefulest lily that ever arose.  
Prouder she grew when she found she was  
    queen;  
    Haughtily vain, did this proud lily reign;  
Down in the dell where the song birds dwell.  
  
Softly and gently the wind on her blew,  
    Hoping more graceful this lily could wave.  
Stiffly this lily against the wind drew,  
    Willfully, carelessly, did the wind brave.  
Sweetly the bluebell, so lowly and meek,  
    Cautioned this lily who stood far above,  
    Sweetly and gently her safety did seek,  
Just like a sister with voice full of love:

“Sway with the wind that is waving the  
oak,  
Sway with the wind that is moaning to you;  
Gracefully wave,” thus the sweet bluebell  
spoke.

Ne'er once she heeded the bluebell so kind,  
Cruelly she scorned her with haughty  
d disdain,  
And would not bow with the hard blowing  
wind  
Having the power to roll the wide main.  
Moaned loud the rushes, and moaned loud  
the oak,  
Sadly the aster drooped lowly her head;  
Buttercups, hyacinths, daisies, ne'er spoke,  
Knowing the truth that the bluebell had  
said.

Haughtily, stubbornly still she defied.  
Gracefully rare and so stately and fair,  
Was she soon broken and weeping, she  
died.

DINA.

De t'ings aint right sence Dina's gone;  
De birds don't twitter half so loud;  
De brook don't babble half so sweet,  
And chil'en don't around me crowd.

De schoolboys don't look up to see  
Her standin' in de do'way wide.  
Dey look so sad when dey pass by,  
Fo' she am gone wid deaf's sad tide.

Her songs don't circle from de do'  
Out on de still, warm eb'nin' air;  
Her place am empty at our board,  
And t'ings don't shine in cleanly glare.

De day am dull and all am cold,  
And life's no mo' wid happy charm,  
De grate don't seem so warm and bright,  
As when befo' she lef' de farm.

Fo' far in Heaben Dina am,  
Amongst de angels bright and gay;  
No mo' amongst dis life's sad care  
Will we togedder kneel and pray.

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Beyond dose pearly gates am she,  
    Among de streets all paved wid gold;  
No mo' to stan' on auction block,  
    No mo' a slabe to e'er be sold.

Yes, some bright day I'll go to her,  
    Far in dat happy lan' on high.  
We'll meet beside de silber stream  
    Dat runs up dar far in de sky.

## LYDIA.\*

Ev'ning's sun, in dying beauty,  
Sank beneath the crimson west,  
Throwing off its fading blessing,  
Bidding one more day to rest;  
Gently kissing old Missouri's  
Beautiful but slave-cursed soil,  
Making slaves all sigh for freedom,  
As to home they plod from toil.  
Joyous was the matron's singing,  
With its melody that night;  
Like a bird she sang so gaily,  
Voice as angel's choral flight.

---

\* It may add to the interest of this poem if it be known that the story is a true one and that the Lydia of it was, or is, if yet living, the author's aunt, who was stolen into slavery in identically the way as herein described. It is not definitely known whether the author's grandfather was free born, or whether he bought his own freedom. It is supposed, however, that he was a free mulatto. He figured so prominently in running slaves from Missouri by the underground railway that there was at one time a reward placed upon his head, and he always slept on the floor of his cabin in Illinois with the door open and his gun by his side. After long lawing for Lydia and at last having her stolen away forever, he succeeded in running twenty slaves from Missouri in a single night, mostly relatives, among which was his son, the author's father, whom he took in his arms on the west bank of the Mississippi, and, after rowing him across the river to Quincy, Illinois, he carried him all the way to Canada on his back.

Round in Wilson's mansion grey,  
Gaily in the ev'ning twilight,  
Sang she of the dying day,  
Sang she of the cause of freedom,  
And of master and of slave;  
Sadly sang she, melancholy,  
Of the life beyond the grave.  
By her, in gay childish beauty,  
Sang a maiden, fair and young,  
Beaming, smiling, day was dying,  
As in joy her song she sung;  
Singing, never dreaming sorrows,  
That their care on to her grave;  
Onward, always would they follow,  
She was chattel and a slave.  
Sing thou on, O little Lydia,  
Sing thou on in childish grace;  
For God sees thee singing gaily,  
And he pities thy young face.  
Thy reward shall be in heaven,  
As God looks on every slave  
With compassion, kind and watchful,  
Helping, teaching sin to brave;  
Brave thy trials where thou goest,  
Far or near, throughout the land,

Ever guided, ever watchful,  
Of God's great, all-guiding hand.

Far above a light was beaming,  
With a gloomy, spectral light,  
Shining on two evil faces,

Who sat planning all that night:

Planning for the life of Lydia,

Planning for her very soul,

Planning for her lawful freedom,

Because one her freedom stole.

She'd been free, her father'd bought her,

When for self and wife he'd paid,

By hard work and by hard earnings,

But they foiled him—plan long laid.

"Well," said Wilson, one of the planners,

"We have papers now to win;

Though the law and the court go with us,

Some will say it is a sin."

Then the other answered gruffly:

"What of sin and why should you

Care to talk of things so foolish?

Come, we'll have this matter through,

Straighten out this horrid tangle

Who were slaves and who were free.

Did you say he had five children?  
     What about the chubby three?"  
 "This the way it was, dear Maxie,"  
     Said old Wilson at his side,  
 "Three were paid for, not this free-born:  
     Fourth one, nearly, but she died;  
 And, you know, I could not lose it,  
     So I kept this free born one.  
 Though born free, I may yet hold her;  
     If I don't we'll have some fun.  
 Though we know the law is with us  
     If we bribe the court and all.  
 If we fail, we must then steal her,  
     Send her farther south next fall.  
 She is worth a thousand dollars,  
     And no foolishness must be.  
 We must not in this make errors,  
     Listen to my plan and see.  
 If the court should side against us  
     We must steal her from the place;  
 Kill her father, knock him senseless,  
     Anything to win our race.  
 "He is free," said Wilson, dryly,  
     "And you know he still may win;

If he does you must be ready  
With the team, our Buck and Fin.  
Then you bear her off to safety,  
Where you'll be they'll never know.  
Now to bed as all is ready  
You prepare to strike the blow.  
Ere to-morrow's sun is setting,  
Money, or the girl is mine.  
At the court house you be ready,  
You be ready, rig and line.  
Then to bed they crept off gaily  
In their base and sinful glee.  
Men of nobleness, all called them,  
Living in a land that's free.

Just across the Mississippi,  
In a land where all were free,  
In a cabin sadly sitting  
Man and wife and children three.  
As the fire glowed like demons  
On the wall with brilliant light,  
Sadly shook a grey head slowly:  
"We will know to-morrow night,  
We will know if Lydia, darling,  
Will be with us, well and free.

We will know if we can win her.  
 Wife, to-morrow night we'll see.  
 Yes, I know I had those papers,  
 But they're gone, I know not where,  
 And the law, and we are negroes,  
 If on laws true, well we'll fare  
 But to bribery they'll resort to  
 They will steal my darling child.  
 Thou, O, God! can't thou have mercy!  
 Oh! the thoughts, they drive me wild!  
 Yes, I'll win, or I will kill him!"  
 And his face grew ashen white.  
 'Then he cried "May God, forgive me!"  
 Then he walked into the night;  
 Down beside the Mississippi,  
 Wending down his feeble way,  
 'There beside her muddy waters  
 Humbly knelt he down to pray,  
 "Wilt thou help me, God of mercy!"  
 Prayed the old man bent with years,  
 "Give me back my Lydia, darling,"  
 Sobbed he through his sighs and tears.  
 Then, returning to his cabin,  
 Went the old man on his way,  
 Thinking of the coming morrow,  
 Praying for the coming day.

Jimmie, Alf and Daniel, crying,  
Leaped on father so forlorn;  
Then all sat and watched together  
For the court on coming morn.

Nine o'clock one summer's morning  
Rang a court house bell so clear,  
Soon to tell the fate of Lydia,  
Pealed the bell afar and near.  
Round inside there sat the jury  
With their faces grave and wise,  
Ready for the days proceedings  
Duly sworn by all the skies.  
In a seat inside the railing  
Sat a beaming, smiling face  
Ah, too young to understand  
Why she sat within that place.  
Close upon a bench was sitting,  
With his boys, the father grey,  
Boys were waiting for their sister  
To be free that sad, bright day.  
Not a word to them was spoken,  
As the court went through its form.  
All the trial was going with them,  
Clouds were going from the storm.

Wilson swore she was not free born,  
That was all for lying gain,  
While the old man bent more lowly,  
Never once his faith did wane.  
Soon the trial was all over  
And the jury went to find  
That the fraud was all with Wilson  
Dyed in sin for good, long time.  
When the jury from their closet  
Came out with their verdict sealed;  
Then the old man gained his footing,  
As the judge his case revealed  
"There's no cause for action," said he,  
With a voice loud, clear and strong,  
"That girl Lydia's free as water  
And this case is surely wrong."  
Quickly o'er the railing sprang he  
The old man to clasp his girl;  
But a figure stepped between them  
In the busy court house whirl.  
There the father saw her vanish,  
Saw her dragged upon her feet,  
With one great and mighty effort  
He stood by her empty seat.

Then he saw the open doorway,  
And through it he quickly sprang,  
But a blow from but-whip felled him  
To the floor with one hard bang.  
There stood Lydia, frightened, crying,  
While a man around her bound  
Rope, and swinging her half fainting,  
From the window to the ground.  
That's the last he ever saw her,  
Though he hunted far and near  
Over cities. and prairie,  
Still with hopings, scorning fear,  
Till his days were sadly ended,  
Till he sank into his grave,  
Did he watch and search for Lydia,  
Till he died, she still a slave,  
Then his children, when in manhood,  
Searched to find their sister, lost,  
With their strong hearts brave and dauntless  
Minding not the work or cost,  
Where she was or wherê she's living  
Though the war has freed them all,  
Will be known by Him in Heaven,  
When we answer Gabriel's call.

I am hunting with this poem  
    Hoping that she may still read,  
That she's not forgotten, Lydia,  
    May it to her loved ones lead.

SOME SAY.

Oh, some say that 'tis true that this mobbing  
should be,

That the laws of our glorious land  
Should be stained by the blood of a man  
never tried,  
Who could not for himself lift his hand.

Oh, some say that these mobs should surge  
down through the street,

With their masks tightly drawn in the  
night;  
That their victims are ignorant fiends at the  
best,  
And cannot for their lives do the right:

Oh, they say that no law could be made  
strong enough,

That the groans of a man must be heard,  
As he's burned to a stake 'neath our dear  
stars and stripes,  
With no tribune to there hear his word.

Oh, we say, punish crime, but bring proof  
that 'twas done,

Have decisions by manhood and law,  
Have they not slaved enough to compensate  
the right,

With broad backs bruised bleeding and  
raw?

Oh, the day will sure come when they'll  
think of the past,

As they think of slave days that are done;  
Then our dear stars and stripes in a far truer  
light

Will speak justice for white and black one.

## THE BROOK.

Dashing, splashing,  
Over the stones,  
Murmuring, murmuring,  
Peace to thy homes;  
Pattering, splattering  
Over the falls;  
Whispering, whispering  
Nature's own calls;  
Whirling, purling  
Round in a pool;  
Ripp'ling, ripp'ling;  
Waters so cool;  
Winding, finding  
Places to rest;  
Sleeping, peeping,  
Brook, thou art blest!  
Bearing, carrying  
Schoolboys' toy boats;  
Taking, breaking,  
Cute little floats.

Singing, clinging,  
Close by the shore;  
Telling, spelling,  
Peace evermore;  
Widening, broadening,  
Deeper, more grand,  
Into a river  
Mighty in land.

## A GARLAND.

Oh, how gently I wove, from the choicest of  
flowers,

A sweet garland of hope in true love's  
pleasant bowers.

There were lilies and bluebells and roses rare,  
And I plucked them so tenderly, wove them  
with care.

Round my heart did I weave them, so gently  
was seeming

All those velvety petals that soothed in love's  
dreaming;

But my sweet garland faded, was broken  
apart:

Now the thorns of my garland are deep in  
my heart!

## THE OLD ALUMNUS.

### AN ACROSTIC.

Through the hall in silence walking!  
He has trod this hall before,  
Early in his days of yore.

Union chimes the campus tower,  
Now the clock begins to chime;  
In the hall there comes a rushing,  
Very like the olden time.  
Earnestly the youth is surging,  
Rushing, for his place in life;  
Silently he stands there watching;  
In his heart this long past strife  
Tells a story, strange and solemn  
Years are passing; ceased the chiming.

Oh, how gladly, Oh, how sadly,  
Fall these footsteps in the hall.

Many years come back, are passing,  
In the minds of those who go  
Calmly down these aisles of learning,  
Having thoughts of years ago.

In the campus shade and sunshine,  
Gather all to talk life o'er,  
As the chimes, chime sadly, gladly,  
Naming joys in days of yore.

## DOES HE SEE IT ALL?

God is above when this mobbing is done,  
And Christ is beside his throne;  
Does he plead in vain,  
As these victims are slain,  
Or does He deny His own?

Does Christ e'er think of His days on earth—  
Of man as all heaven he dares,  
As he mobs in Christ's name,  
Though man mobbed Christ the same,  
Does Christ hear a victim's prayers?

Now on the air,  
In wild despair,  
Does something say:  
The Judgment Day!  
The Judgment Day!

## IN MEMORY OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Once from the portal of heaven  
An angel winged its way,  
And came to this earth in the ev'ning—  
A princess was born next day.

Then England's queen grew mighty,  
And ruled by the power of love;  
God in his wisdom had blessed her  
With this heritage from above.

Then was seen a wretched people  
Borne down in wild despair,  
And she eagerly sought to befriend them,  
To lighten their burden of care.

God alone knows the stigma of slavery,  
Good men are oft tempted by gold—  
But we have forgotten, forgiven,  
The blocks where our people were sold.

Still the turning of history's pages  
Brings to light the past veiling of time,  
And we read in a most brilliant splendor  
Her name, to our hearts half divine.

## THE RACE PROBLEM.

Are we doing our best  
    In this world full of strife?  
Are we braving our test  
    In this prejudice life?  
Are we standing the strain  
With might and main—  
With an honorable name,  
Are all striving the same?

For our problem is hard,  
    We must figure it out,  
And our backs they are scarred  
    By hard blows that were stout,  
But we'll rise by our worth,  
In this prejudice earth,  
For our work makes the man—  
Be a man, be a man!

PAST.

All seems past that was golden,  
All seems past that was gay;  
Happiness seemed in days olden,  
Only in childhood's day.

## TWO PATHS OF LIFE.

Two young men in early youth,  
Went to seek a life's long way;  
Both were manly bright and free,  
Both hoped not to go astray.

With light hearts they started out,  
Down life's long and brilliant way,  
By a shady wayside path,  
Both were happy, joyous, gay.

Birds sang sweetly as they went,  
Nature looked with brightest smiles  
There upon the hopeful two,  
Who ahead had many miles.

Miles and miles they walked along;  
Never sorrow cast a ray;  
Soon ahead they saw two paths,  
Parting east and west away.

Soon up to the forks they gained,  
Wondering which way they'd take.  
Then they saw near, down each way,  
Maidens standing e'er they spake

Both were fair the young men saw,  
And they knew not which to ask;  
But soon each a path went down  
To find aid upon life's task.

## WISDOM'S PATH.

“Ah, fair maid,” said one young man,  
When he came to maiden fair,  
“Which way does this road lead me,  
Down through pleasure or through care?”

“Wisdom is my name, young man,  
And I'm here to lead thee on,  
Down this way of mighty lore,  
Through life's sunshine, through life's  
dawn.

“This is wisdom's path, my friend,  
And it leads thee to Success;  
See it glimmering down the way,  
Does it not thy soul impress ?

“Can you see its lordly light,  
Shining in yon far off sky,  
Telling thee by splendor rare  
That its station is up high?

“Wilt thou let me guide thee on,  
 Lead thee to that brilliant goal,  
 By yon mountains, by yon streams,  
 Safe into successful fold?”

“I will lead thee safely through,  
 I will guide thee day and night,  
 By sublime and lofty mien;  
 Take this way and you’ll do right.”

“But, fair Wisdom,” said the youth,  
 “I am with another man,  
 Who has started to there learn  
 If that road through pleasure ran.

“Let me get him, and we three  
 Will go down thy brilliant way,  
 For, I think that he will come.  
 We’ll together through life’s fray.”

“Nay, my friend,” the maiden said,  
 “He has chosen Pleasure’s route.  
 She is fairer far than I;  
 He has followed Pleasure’s suit.”

“Then I’m with thee,” said the youth,  
“Now we’ll start upon the way;  
“Take me, Wisdom, for I know  
With thee I will never stray.”

Then with Wisdom turned the youth,  
Both together down life’s way,  
On towards bright, far Success,  
Smiling, wise in youth’s bright day.

By the streams and mountains’s way,  
With a firm and happy stride,  
Years and years they walked along,  
With the surging worldly tide.

By the cities and the towns,  
Through the schools that Wisdom fills,  
Crossed the path of sorrow’s frowns,  
Over Pleasure’s pleasant rills.

While they traveled down their way,  
Crossing o’er the paths of life,  
Once they found one very broad,  
In their busy, onward strife.

“What road is this, Wisdom fair,  
 That here lies across our path?  
 See how hard they struggle on,  
 See the people wrought in wrath.

“See its misery and its pain,  
 See its passion and its care,  
 See! 'tis filled with shame and sin!  
 Who are they who travel there?”

“That broad way,” said Wisdom sad,  
 “Is of drunkenness and vice;  
 Mind it not, but keep with me,  
 Death's its ending and its price.

“More, as bad, lie on ahead,  
 In our path before Success,  
 Ready to lead thee away  
 From the right to dark distress.

“They that choose to take this course  
 Live in misery and in woe,  
 Slaves to passion and to lust.  
 Never in that pathway go.”

Farther on was one more way,  
Just as wide but brighter strewn,  
All with beauty, all with grace,  
Trees and waysides, richly hewn.

“This,” said Wisdom,” is the way  
That your brother, years ago,  
Sought to tread with Pleasure fair,  
Soon its ending he will know.

“See its trees, its beauty rare;  
Here it looks as if a dream;  
Pleasure’s crossing Wisdom’s path  
Truly in her brightest sheen.

“But it crosses other ways,  
Such as sorrow and of pain,  
Often wending down this way,  
Seeking pleasures down that lane.”

“Ah, dear Wisdom, may not we,”  
Said the man there at her side,  
Seek more pleasure down this way,  
Let us shortly here abide.

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“See yon glimmering ahead,  
     Mark its nearness and its light;  
 Straying takes us from its way,  
     Come with me, ’twill end in plight.”

Then fair Wisdom pulled him on,  
     Though he lingered long and sad,  
 Looking, hoping just to have  
     Pleasure’s beauty and its fad.

After years of fruitful toil  
     Did they reach their aim, Success.  
 In the light of that bright goal  
     Did he Wisdom thus address.

“I have followed thee long years,  
     I have trod thy way all through,  
 I’ve been useful in this life,  
     And my thanks all go to you.

“Mark the good that I have done,  
     As I’m at my journey’s end.  
 Why not still abide with me?  
     Leave me not, my dear, true friend.

“ Though I know that this is all  
That you promised in my youth;  
I am sorry we must part,  
But I'll mind thy guiding truth.”

“ Wrong thou art, I'm with thee still,  
We are not yet to the end;  
Though you've reached success in life,  
I am still thy guide and friend?”

Years went by and in success,  
Did they at that place abide;  
Then to city of Old Age  
Did he walk on with his guide.

In old age he lingered long,  
Still with Wisdom ever near;  
Always with her guiding hand,  
Was she just as true and dear.

PLEASURE'S WAY.

Pleasure's waiting was now o'er,  
When a young man came to see  
If that path was Pleasure's way,  
And from care he'd be made free.

“Yes,” said Pleasure, with a smile,  
    “’Tis the only way through life.  
I am here to lead thee on,  
    Joyous, free, through worldly strife.

“Look far down my shady path,  
    See its grace, its beauty grand,  
See thou life’s most gracious gift,  
    Come, my dear youth, take my hand.”

“Yes, but may I get my friend?  
    ’Tis the way he sought to go.  
He and I have come thus far,  
    And good seed we wish to sow.”

’Tis no use, he’s gone with her  
    Who was standing down that way.  
She has flattered and has said  
    That with her he’ll never stray.

“He’s had time to come this way,  
    If he had not sought to go  
Down her way of work and toil.  
    Pity him, he will soon know.”

“See that light far down his way,”  
Said the youth at Pleasure’s side,  
“What’s its meaning and its name,  
Will he in that place abide?”

“Yes, that place is far Success,  
Sought by all, but reached by few;  
Have no thought of greatness, youth,  
Do not let it trouble you.

“Struggle not for what is far,  
Enjoy pleasure year by year;  
Look at false ambition’s fight,  
Deal with it with care and fear.

“Think of names and fame oft won,  
Think of riches, wealth and lore;  
When men die they leave behind  
All their fame forever more.

“Live, while living; when you die  
You can’t take your fame or wealth.  
Death will come with his dark hand,  
And take you with that old stealth.

“Come with me; your friend has gone  
 Down the way I said he would;  
 You are right, you keep with me  
 And 'twill end all well and good.”

Pleasure and the youth then turned  
 Down their way, o'er pleasure's path,  
 Hoping to avoid through life  
 All the cares that sorrow hath.”

Years of pleasure, ruddy wine,  
 Balls and parties never care,  
 Boating, sailing, joyous life,  
 Hoping ever to well fare.

Years and years they went along  
 Joyous, gay, with happy hearts,  
 Sorrow's path crossed many times,  
 And in life played many parts.

Many times did Pleasure's way  
 Wind on down through care's broad path,  
 Many times did Pleasure's way  
 Wind far down in vice's wrath.

Once, through pleasures, both were lost,  
And soon found themselves astray,  
Wending down to drunkenness  
Till they found a brighter way.

“What road is this?” asked the man,  
When they saw the light of day,  
Which had shown to them the path,  
That seemed like a heav’nly ray.

“This is Wisdom’s path,” said she,  
“Let us take it till we find  
Our own way, and ne’er again  
Will we stagger with the blind.

“Never did I think we would  
Go too far on down with this,  
But here’s Wisdom to our aid,  
And ’twill lead us back to bliss.”

Then on down meek Wisdom’s path  
Did the two then seek to use  
Wisdom’s knowledge in their need,  
The wise and prudent e’er will choose.

“There’s that light upon this path,”  
 Said the man to woman fair,  
 “Oh, how near it seems to be!  
 Why does it so brightly glare?”

“That’s Success, I told thee once,  
 Seeming near, but far away.  
 All it means is toil and care;  
 Mind thou not its tempting ray.”

“But,” he said, “is my friend there,  
 Is he far within that sphere?  
 Why can’t we, dear friend of mine,  
 Seek to go, and that place near?”

“Nay, my friend, ’twill take long years  
 For him e’er to reach that goal.  
 Maybe he has turned astray  
 And is now a long lost soul.”

“Is life real?” then groaned the man,  
 “How uncertain does it seem!  
 What hard toil is it to go  
 On towards that brilliant beam.”

For a time all things went well—  
Finally tiring of the place,  
And soon finding pleasure's way  
    Tempting them from Wisdom's grace.

Joyously they laughed on down  
    From the path of Wisdom grave,  
Hoping ne'er again to find  
    Such a prison for a slave.

Joyously again did they  
    Journey down their own broad way,  
Thinking not of future's wants,  
    Never of a rainy day.

And while crossing o'er want's path  
    Did they feel their careless wrong,  
But again on Pleasure's way  
    They soon broke in mirthful song.

Years went by and then they came  
    To the city of Old Age,  
With their volume nearly filled,  
    Many sufferings on each page.

## OLD AGE.

Once while strolling round the streets  
Of this city, I am told,  
Did two feeble old friends meet  
As on down their way they strolled.

“Once again we meet in life,  
In the city of Old Age,”  
Said the man of Wisdom’s way,  
Who was feeble, but a sage.

“Yes, dear sage, we meet again,  
But our ways were far apart.  
If you could do o’er again,  
Would you on that hard way start?”

“Yes,” dear friend, “I reached Success,  
Which was all in life I sought.  
Art thou fully satisfied,  
Was thy pleasure dearly bought?”

“Nay dear friend, I enjoyed life.  
I had cares as others do,  
And we stand here in Old Age;  
I’m a man as well as you.

“When we die our names are blanks,  
Which the young will surely fill.  
I’ve had pleasures, you’ve had toil,  
What’s thy pay for all thy will?”

“Well,” said he, “of Wisdom bright,  
I will leave a name in earth,  
That will stand long years to come  
In true manliness and worth.”

“And my children can now look,  
On a sire great in name.  
Now, I ask thee, friend of mine,  
Can thy children do the same?”

“Thou art right, I see it now,”  
Answered he to wise man, grey,  
“’Tis too late for me to mend,  
I must keep my same old way.

“Youth was wasted, past is done,  
And retrace I cannot now;  
I’ll keep on until the end,  
As beneath my age I bow.”

In Old Age the two oft met,  
 And their lives they oft talked o'er,  
 By a river, broad and deep,  
 Both together by the shore.

Then the parting in Old Age  
 Came along one dreary day,  
 And the man of pleasure's path  
 Stepped forever from his way.

Then the one of Wisdom's path  
 Crossed death's river, deep and black.  
 Never more in walks of life  
 Would he ever make a track.

THE END.

In a city, old and still,  
 Seemingly to touch the sky,  
 Stands a marble statue, grand,  
 Pointed out by passers by.

'Tis in mem'ry of the sage;  
 May it stand forever more,  
 To guide people to the end,  
 Just as great in mighty lore.

Far away from statue grand  
Lies the man who'd pleasure sown,  
Buried 'neath a willow tree,  
Soon forgotten and alone.

'Tis the end we all must meet;  
Mark in youth the way you'r led;  
Ne'er forget these sleeping ones  
In the City of the Dead.

## BROTHER BILL'S LAST MOUNT.

Five years ago I rode this track.

Oh! I remember well that day!

'Twill live forever in my mind,

And time cannot its horror stay.

I rode with brother Bill, just twelve,

Upon that sad and fatal run,

The day he died, was killed, my friends,

Was pale and cold ere setting sun.

It was, as now, the Derby Day,

With fortunes staked to win or lose.

He rode Gray Bess, the fastest horse

That sharp experts could ever choose.

The night before the race, I slept

In stall with horses, watched with care

My mount, lest danger should there come,

And make him lose by ways unfair.

At two my brother came to me,  
And tears were in his youthful eyes.  
He said: "O George! good news I bring!  
We ride the best beneath the skies."

"To-morrow night our fortune's won  
If we should see this race go through.  
Our horses are the swiftest ones.  
The race now lies between us two.

"The rest are green—all two-year-olds,  
And swift just in their owners' eyes;  
And we must win this Derby race  
And fame is mine—just watch me rise.

"Gray Bess looks like a greyhound rare.  
She knows she'll win; I told her why;  
And ere to-morrow's setting sun  
For us the cheers will rend the sky.

"I left her with the stable boy.  
He's trusty as a deacon's word;  
And now, good bye, my brother George;  
She'll make the wire like a bird."

And then the young one went away,  
    Back to his charge in "No. 10,"  
And left me all alone with mine,  
    My gallant, trusty Flying Ben.

That afternoon the race came on  
    And raised our joyous spirits higher;  
And we prepared to make our race  
    And cross ahead the finish wire.

The owners of Gray Bess and Ben  
    Were gay with hopes, and staked their all  
Upon Gray Bess, the thoroughbred,  
    Then waited for the judges' call.

The young one wore our Nation's stripes—  
    His blouse the red, and white, and blue.  
He wore a look upon his face  
    That made me know that he was true.

The gong was sounded, clear and long.  
    I saw him swing upon his mount,  
Then smile at me—his last—dear boy,  
    And then began to jockeys count.

I, swinging, then, upon my Ben,  
Rode after him out on the track;  
We, ten in all, rode down the stretch  
One hundred yards, and then rode back.

And then—the gong! we dash'd ahead,  
All fighting for a better place,  
And by the wire went we ten,  
On to dear Bill's great fatal race.

He rode just half a length ahead,  
I spurred up to his horse's side,  
And stole one glance right in his face  
Five minutes just before he died.

One-half a neck ahead we shot,  
Both side by side, we rode our foal;  
The eight they followed hot behind,  
Just as we passed the quarter pole.

And then they closed upon us two  
When at the half we neared our way,  
And urged ahead one-half a length,  
But at that place they did not stay.

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For at the stretch, just at the turn,  
    We let our horses lengthen out  
And dashed ahead one-half a neck,  
    Then from the grand stand rose a shout.

And then we whipped and spurred all ten,  
    And yelled, and urged them to the end.  
On by me flew Gray Bess and Bill,  
    And then the crowd the air did rend.

Again I shot up to his side.  
    All eight they followed close, the rear,  
And then I lost my place once more,  
    And Bill ahead was without fear.

And then the crowd much louder yelled,  
    The drums beat, and the flags waved higher,  
For Bess and Bill, a length ahead,  
    Were safe—they dashed beneath the wire.

But there, he reeled, he swayed and fell,  
    Gray Bess hoof struck him in his back;  
And Bill lay dying, though he'd won,  
    Right there upon this same race track.

“Speak, Bill,” I cried, when I rode back,  
And knelt down by his dying side.  
“You’ve won!” I cried, “your fame is won!”  
He moved and smiled, and then he died.

## THE MOSLEM'S TRUST.

It ceased its carnage, clashing war,  
The day was won by Moslem foes,  
And Spain lay drenched in crimson blood,  
And moaning in her robe of woes.

The sun was gently sinking there,  
And soon would leave in silent gloom  
The brave, young sons of Spanish name,  
The prize of infidel and doom.

Upon the hill the Moslem camp  
Was gleaming, with its revelry;  
The crescent and the scimeter  
Shone bright o'er conquered chivalry.

And Taric's dark and brilliant eye  
Glowed with the spirit of his brain  
And proud ambition's fiery zeal,  
As he stood gazing on the slain.

But hark! from out the camp there came,  
As ev'ning's sun was sinking low,  
A horseman, steed with flowing mane,  
With graceful limbs and neck abow.

Upon her back a Mussulman,  
With eyes as black as sable night,  
Was riding down the broad roadway,  
To bear a message by his flight.

His skin was brown from southern sun,  
His locks were black as ebony;  
His form was like the chiseled work  
Of ancestry across the sea.

Beside him hung his scimeter,  
That glittered in the last sunlight;  
Upon his back a quiver hung  
Beside his shield, so strong and bright.

His horse beneath his supple form  
Was graceful as an arrow's flight,  
As she with proud but gentle ways,  
Was galloping the road that night.

By battlefield he swiftly went,  
And nearly all was left behind;  
But now he paused beside a spring,  
To quench his horse's thirst inclined.

And when his horse had drunk her fill,  
 He gathered rein in hand to mount:  
 He heard a groan, a wailing sigh,  
 That made him start and weapons count.

Again he heard the near-by groan,  
 A low, increasing, wailing cry;  
 So near it made him look about,  
 And start again to mount and fly.

A voice! he heard it low and weak,  
 In bushes there, some paces few  
 Across a stream of narrow span,  
 Where many rushes thickly grew.

In Spanish tongue it spoke to him,  
 It spoke in voice so low and clear,  
 A trap its object could not be,  
 So there he turned his eager ear.

“A foe or friend be thou?” it asked.  
 “Thy foe in strife,” the Moslem said,  
 “But, man with man, I am a friend  
 To all who bravely fought and bled.”

The warrior spoke in tender tones,  
For pity touched his soul and heart;  
He thought of those who fell that day  
And bravely met death's cruel dart.

To the strong body of a tree  
He tied his gallant, faithful steed,  
The pride, the queen of cavalry,  
The swiftest of Arabian breed.

Then drawing out his scimeter,  
Lest danger should be lurking near,  
He leaped across the narrow stream,  
On the alert, but without fear.

And there in armor lay a man,  
Whose voice he heard so low but clear—  
A Christian with his sacred cross,  
The object of his hate and fear.

From out the greaves of armor flowed  
His life in streams of crimson gore;  
And soon the noble Moslem learned  
Aid must be quick or hope was o'er.

The armor that upon him hung  
 Seemed heavy as if made of lead;  
 He could not rise up for its weight,  
 Without some aid, he'd soon be dead.

The Moslem gently lifted up  
 The wounded Spaniard, lying there  
 Encumbered by his armor's weight,  
 His helmet then removed with care.

His trembling form the Moslem placed,  
 Reclining 'gainst a fallen tree,  
 And there he soothed and bathed the wounds  
 Of him who was his enemy.

The Christian's voice was choked with sobs  
 When by the Moslem he was told  
 Of Spain's defeat, its pride brought low—  
 The haughty, gallant pride of old.

He tried to stand, but was too weak;  
 Heroically he struggled long,  
 And would have fallen were it not  
 For Moslem hands both kind and strong.

“Art thou,” he said to his brave friend—  
A friend in need—now by his side,  
“My friend, my hope, the only one——.  
He paused for breath and wept and sighed.

“Oh, help me in distress,” he said,  
While desert's son was weeping, too,  
“Help me to save my darling child;  
My life, my joy now rests with you.

“Take off my armor, bind my wounds,  
And bring my horse tied over there.  
To her, God helping, I will go,  
And save her or her fate will share.

“My daughter's lovely as a dream,  
Dishonor is her lot if found  
By foes—they'd take her far away;  
Oh, better she were in the ground.”

“Tell me,” the noble Moslem said,  
“Where thy fair daughter now may stay,  
I'll seek her, save her, true to thee.  
By Allah! I will not betray!”

“Not far,” the Christian answered him,  
    “Five miles, perhaps, along this path,  
“I’m sure my castle can’t resist  
    The storm of the barbarian’s wrath.”

The Moslem said: “It is too far  
    For thee, brave Christian, now to ride;  
Tempt not thy fate so recklessly,  
    ’Twould be, indeed, like suicide.

“Hast thou not friends much nearer here,  
    To whom thou couldst for safety fly?  
Go not, trust me, I am thy friend,  
    With loss of blood you’d faint and die.”

“I have some freinds, a mile or more  
    Along the road thy courser trod,  
Secreted in a hidden cave,  
    Relying on the help of God.

“Where goest thou, my new won friend,  
    Or canst thou not to me unfold  
The object of thy lonely flight,  
    With danger, peril, all untold?

“I go, the Moslem said, “to bear  
A secret message far away;  
Oh, ask me not—no matter where—  
My trust I never would betray.

“I’ve trusted thee more than I should;  
To-day thou wert my deadly foe;  
But, Spaniard, I will bring thy steed,  
And to the cavern we will go.”

The Moslem then, with gentle hand,  
Removed the Spaniard’s armor bright,  
And staunched his blood and dressed his  
wounds,  
And brought his charger to the knight.

Then gently helping him to mount,  
He lead his steed the winding way  
That they together were to ride,  
Who had been foes that very day.

The Moslem sprang upon his steed,  
And with the Christian onward went,  
Toward the cavern that they sought,  
In friendship’s purpose both intent.

“Have you a daughter?” asked the knight,  
“As glowing as a beaming star,  
Who waits thy coming in thy clime,  
As lovely as the angels are?”

Then back went Moslem’s tortured thought  
To a long-past, but dreadful day,  
When southern tribes on a slave-raid  
Had lured and stole his child away.

He thought of her so far from him,  
’Mid slavery’s trials, woes and pain;  
Perhaps on scorching desert sands,  
By savage people rudely slain.

“Oh, where’s thy daughter, Christian knight?  
I’ll bring her to thee at the cave.  
I’ll fight my way, but I will bring  
’Thy child, or find a bloody grave.”

“Wilt thou? Oh, kind art thou, my friend,  
I trust thee, though thou art my foe,  
To bring my daughter to my side,  
For weak am I and cannot go.”

“ I swear by Allah, great and good,  
As thou dost wish it shall be done,”  
The noble Moslem thus replied,  
“I'll bring thy child, thy own loved-one.”

The Christian said: “ Here, take this ring,  
She'll know 'tis mine and that you speak  
The wishes of my heart and soul,  
And that for her you safety seek.”

Then from his hand the warrior drew  
A ring that was of ancient Gaul,  
A signet of the Moslem's faith,  
That he was true as castle wall.

Like brothers true, each trusting each,  
They reached the place where they must  
part—

The knight to seek the cave near by,  
The Moslem on his mission start.

A road diverged, the Christian said:  
“ This is the way that thou must take,  
Go, bring my darling child to me;  
Be true, brave Moslem, for her sake.

“Four miles along this winding road,  
And thou wilt reach my castle wall;  
To guard, most vigilant, announce  
Thy presence there with trumpet call.

“Tell him that at the cave I am,  
And cannot come, and that you bear  
My ring, to prove thy story true.  
And for my daughter thou wilt care.

“When thou dost come, thy bugle blow;  
I’ll hear it there, upon yon height;  
Then follow on the narrow path;  
I’ll wait thy coming in the night.”

“Away!” the Moslem said to him,  
“Thou art too weak to tarry more.  
I’ll do thy bidding, friend of mine,  
But we may meet here never more.

“Now, fare thee well! I take thy trust;  
I must make haste and soon return;  
My way is long and time does fly,  
And threat’ning dangers I discern.

They parted then with fond embrace,  
And tears were in both warriors' eyes;  
May they, though with such different faith,  
Meet once again, beyond the skies.

The Spaniard up the narrow pass  
Began to ride his hopeful way;  
The Moslem watched him out of sight,  
Then on he spurred his steed away.

What a grand soul there must have been  
In that good Moslem, true and brave,  
To run such risk for Christian foe,  
Perhaps to find a bloody grave.

Swiftly on his career he rode,  
And like a deer his charger sped;  
The night was bright with silv'ry light,  
The moon and stars glowed overhead.

Fair Summer wore her sweetest smile,  
And all was lovely and serene;  
The Moslem looked on ancient Spain,  
Saw beauty that he'd never seen.

Ride on, thou son of Ishmael, ride!  
 God sees thee in thy noble flight;  
 But peril lies not far ahead,  
 And danger is thy lot to-night.

But thou shalt win, it is decreed,  
 Heav'n's with the brave, the true and strong,  
 And God's all-seeing, guarding care  
 Will shield thee if assailed by wrong.

Two miles the charger quickly flew,  
 And still with vigor sped along;  
 • The steed, the queen of cavalry,  
 Worthy of minstrel's praise and song.

He thought of his dear, native land,  
 Of loved ones far across the sea;  
 And prayed that when the war had ceased  
 He might soon see his children three.

Undaunted, with heroic will,  
 The Moslem sped his dang'rous way,  
 With ears alert and watchful eyes,  
 And thus far met with no delay.

But now his journey's end was near—  
Before him loomed the castle wall,  
The portal drawn, and lights aglow;  
Yet war's dread gloom seemed over all.

Then, riding up the narrow way,  
To where the drawbridge, strong and tall,  
Was hanging by its iron chain,  
He paused and gave the trumpet call.

“Whose there?” came question from within,  
What art thou, stranger, foe or friend?  
If friend, thy welcome will be warm,  
If foe, our castle we'll defend.”

“A friend in garb of foe am I;  
I bear your wounded master's ring,  
For wounded at the cave he lies;  
To him I must his daughter bring.”

“His ring, thou sayest? It is well!”  
The cry from out the portal rang;  
Then groaning pullies soon were heard—  
The drawbridge fell with creak and clang!

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The Moslem crossed the deep canal,  
 Beneath, its turbid waters flow;  
 He saw his form reflected there,  
 In wat'ry mirror down below.

And when across the bridge he was,  
 And standing by his charger's side,  
 A maiden came, beside him knelt,  
 Fair as a saint, who faintly cried:

“Oh, tell me, thou in garb of foe,  
 What brings thee here, this sorry night?  
 Was my heroic father slain,  
 Or was he wounded, in the fight?”

“Thy father lives,” the Moslem said;  
 Wounded, secreted in the cave.  
 He bade me bring thee to him there,  
 To nurse and save him from the grave.”

The maiden, rising, stood erect.  
 “What proof hast thou of what you say?  
 His ring! I see! Now I believe,  
 And with thee I will speed away.”

As in a dream, the Moslem saw  
The lovely maiden, beauty's queen.  
Was she an angel in disguise?  
Or was it all a mystic scene?

Ah, no, she touched the warrior's hand,  
As he displayed and gave the ring.  
"Be quick," he said, "my lovely maid,  
Armor's disguise will safety bring."

Into the castle sped the maid,  
And soon appeared in knightly mail;  
Her steed was brought at her command.  
Her heart was brave, her face was pale.

Then mounting on their chargers true,  
They rode across the drawbridge old,  
And when their chargers sped away,  
They heard it rise back to its hold.

Away! away! along the road,  
The warrior and the brave, young girl  
Rode side by side, that moonlight night,  
With waving plume and flying curl!

Away! away! the maiden sped!

The Moslem ever closely near,

In admiration he beheld

Her charms that fairy-like appear.

“Was she, so fair, of human kind?”

The Moslem thought with kindling brain;

So beautiful in maiden grace.

His honor scarce could stand the strain.

Oh, tempter why art thou so near?

Could mortal man escape thy hold?

Why tempt the noble Moslem thus,

To sell his honor for vile gold!

“She’s worth a fortune all for me,

If I could lure her now away

To Moorish camp,” the Moslem thought,

“And sell her at the break of day.

“Begone, O tempting demon thought,

Great Allah! help me this to bear!

And true to trust and true to vow,

And last, not least, his daughter’s care.”

God heard his prayer as He will hear  
Those who despise all earthly sin.  
Blame not the Moslem, he was weak,  
And tempted as we all have been.

“Thank Allah, I am free from thee!  
A warrior's honor was at stake;  
And I have conquered thee, O sin!  
My oath to him I'll never break.”

But, hark! what sound was that he heard?  
The Moslem clutched his charger's rein,  
And looking back he saw behind  
Four gaining riders, flying mane.

“No friend or foe must see us here.  
'Tis dangerous for thou and me;  
Spur on thy steed, we must ride fast,  
And far away we must soon be.”

An urging word and on they dashed,  
On down the road toward the cave.  
The Moslem vowed with hero will  
He'd die the lovely maid to save.

His steed could soon outstrip them all,  
Not so the maiden's at his side.  
So there he rode, her fate to share,  
And there with danger he'd abide.

The fierce pursuers nearer came;  
And but one mile they'd yet to go;  
Then letting go his charger's rein,  
He quickly drew his trusty bow.

And fitting on the leathern strings  
An arrow he from quiver drew,  
Then turning round and taking aim—  
At gaining foes the arrow flew!

It struck a man who wore no mail,  
And he in saddle weakly reeled;  
Up went his arms and off he rolled,  
And then his doom was quickly sealed.

On came the three who still were whole,  
And at the Moslem arrows shot;  
But he was ready with his shield,  
And dared them touch a vital spot.

He checked their speed, and that was all  
The Moslem cared to do just then;  
His bugle to the maid he gave.  
To blow when safely up the glen.

“ Here is the road, leads to the cave,  
Thy anxious sire now waits for thee;  
And now farewell! Spur on thy steed!  
Thy shield against the foe I'll be.

“ Away! away! delay no more!  
When thou art safe thy bugle blow;  
I'll hold the foemen here in check  
"Till thou art safe I fully know.”

The maid rode up the winding pass  
With thankful heart and tearful eyes—  
Protected by that warrior true—  
On to the cave where safety lies.

The Moslem then turned round his steed,  
And bravely fought the angry foe,  
Who'd spent their arrows in the chase,  
But kept safe distance from his bow.

The Moslem saw among his foes  
 Count Julian's face and armored form—  
 The man who caused the treach'rous war—  
 Betrayed his country to the storm.

Then cried the Spaniard in loud voice:  
 "Who art thou, traitor to my will?  
 Lay down thy bow and yield to me,  
 Or death thy doom will soon fulfill."

The Moslem answered in a tone  
 That made Count Julian cower and start:  
 "Thou art the traitor, thee I know,  
 Thou art Count Julian, black at heart.

"The lowest one of Spanish birth;  
 Because the king thy child betrayed,  
 For his own wrong thou dost betray  
 Thine own, thy home, plan deeply laid.

"Lay by thy rein and thee I'll fight,  
 And see who's traitor to thy cause,  
 I saved that maid from slave's disgrace,  
 Defying thee and Moorish laws.

“And thou, Count Julian, meet me not;  
Stay on thy steed, or make thy will.  
’Tis better thou shouldst live—to rob  
Thy country and thy coffer fill.”

And then far up the rocks there blew  
The bugle with its welcome blast,  
And joy to Moslem was the note—  
The lovely maid was safe at last.

“Farewell, Count Julian—I will leave,  
I can no longer stay with thee;  
For duty calls and I must go,  
Base wretch, adieu, remember me!”

Then drawing out his scimeter,  
He grasped the rein away to dash,  
And spurring on his Arab steed,  
He disappeared like sudden flash.

Pursuit, Count Julian, is in vain!  
Thou and all hell can't catch him now!  
He's gone from thee forever more—  
The noble Moslem kept his vow!

## DAYS A COMIN'.

I think of days a comin',  
When our modern army guns  
Will look as strange and ancient  
As the old colonial ones.

I think of days a comin',  
When our armored cruisers, grand.  
Will be as long dead lions,  
Layin' harmless on the strand.

Just like the ancient galleys  
That have ceased so long to be,  
Will now unborn inventors  
Fill new places on the sea.

## THE SONS OF VETERANS.

“They are coming, they are coming,  
Coming are the S. of V's!  
See them coming, fifing, drumming,  
With Old Glory to the breeze!  
Help me to that open window,  
Let me breathe that martial air.  
Quick, dear! help me to the window,  
Just to see those bayonets glare!  
Just so I can cheer their coming,  
See their faces lit so bright,  
Just to hear that same old drumming  
That made me so bravely fight.  
Quick, I say! O help me darling!  
See them! look! they counter all!  
There! that's right! God bless you, darling!  
Now they see me! Shall I call?  
Ay, there boys, God bless your calling!  
I was there, all through the war,  
And I fell, amid the falling,  
Wounded; I'm a G. A. R.

I was there, my boys, all through it;  
     I fought in the two Bull Runs,  
 Fought and bled as shells the air split,  
     Fought with boys for rebel guns.  
 I was with the great Phil Sheridan,  
     Right among the bursting shells,  
 When he bravely raised our burden,  
     Earth seemed like a hundred hells!  
 Though I'm crippled, I can see you,  
     See your faces young and firm,  
 See you clad in U. S. true blue;  
     Boys from duty never turn.  
 Fight beneath that starry ensign,  
     As your daddies have before.  
 Stand for union or for war time,  
     Till we meet on heaven's shore.  
 For, dear boys, we'll soon be yonder,  
     And to you remains the trust  
 To remind them of the soldier  
     Who crushed slavery to the dust."

"Yes, we will!" came back the answer  
     From the throats of S. of V's,  
 "Yes, we will!" rang loud the answer  
     On the noon-day's silent breeze.

Out of sight, on down the roadway,  
    Marched the youthful soldier boys,  
To the firing at the noon-day,  
    'Mid its clanor and its joys.  
Sadly standing soldier saw them,  
    Watched the flag he loved so well,  
Saw them vanish as he watched them,  
    Then he whispered: "All is well."  
Then in chair he went to napping,  
    Near beside the open door,  
Crippled soldier, dreaming, napping,  
    Dreamed of battlefields once more—  
Saw the shelling and the fighting,  
    Heard the beating of the drum,  
Saw the cannon and the sighting,  
    Fought beside his same old chum,  
Heard the cheering—he was dreaming—  
    Felt his musket's old recoil,  
Just as natural it was seeming  
    As in days on Southern soil.  
Sleep thou on, O crippled soldier,  
    Dream thou of those days gone by,  
Dream thou of thy comrades, soldier;  
    You will meet them far on high.

## THE WARRIOR AND THE SAGE.

A warrior and a sage one day  
Were sitting 'neath a shady tree,  
The warrior said to sage so wise:  
“What dost thou in thy wisdom see?  
Thy fame is tame, so dull, so cold,  
Without life's fire or its vim,  
Without life's raptures, passions strong;  
O sage, thy calling is so slim,  
Why sittest thou and ponder long  
All oe'r thy books so worn and old?  
Oh, wake to greater missions, sage,  
And seek for greater fame and gold.  
Why dreameth all thy life away,  
Among the stars far in the sky?  
Come, follow me and wield a blade,  
And fight for fame or bravely die.  
What dost thou in thy wisdom see,  
I ask thee o'er and o'er again?  
Come, be like me and leave thy books,  
And be like other strong, brave men.  
We'll scale the walls that foeman build

And drag their kingdoms down to dust;  
We'll ride with buckler, sword and lance,  
And doom our foes to ruin and rust.  
Our steeds will prance with warlike grace,  
As through the cheering crowd we ride;  
We'll surge along in fame, dear sage,  
And wreck great kingdoms in our stride;  
We'll face the bowman's sling and spear,  
And make a name for history's page.  
Oh, follow, sage, come follow me,  
And be the hero of the age."

"Ah, nay, ah, nay, you ask in vain;  
My warlike friend, it cannot be,"  
Said sage in answer to his call,  
"For I in war no pleasure see.  
We build the kingdoms that you'd pull  
To ruin and want in endless waste;  
We fashion weapons, keen and strong,  
To guard our homes from wrathful haste;  
We search the sky to mark the time;  
We make all law in war and peace;  
A Nero's fame we do not wish,  
But Plato's I'd much sooner lease.

Thy youthful blood doth leap for fame  
    To false ambition's mithy sphere,  
But age and wisdom soon will come,  
    Then to their call you'll turn your ear.  
Go on in war and learn its sting,  
    But mark its fast retreating step,  
Which gives away to wisdom's lore,  
    For safe therein's war's secrets kept.

## DESPAIRING.

I was thinking, I was dreaming,  
On the strand one summer's day,  
Sadly thinking, just day-dreaming,  
Just to pass the time away.

Melancholy, sat I, thinking,  
On the beach that afternoon,  
As the sea gulls shrieked and fluttered,  
Telling trouble sad and soon.

And the billows in the distance  
Answered back their frantic cry:  
"Thou art doomed to woe and sadness,  
Thou art doomed to brood and sigh."

"Am I doomed?" I groaned in anguish,  
"Am I doomed to dark despair?"  
"Thou art doomed," came back the answer,  
Thou art doomed to pain and care.

Then the echoes grew still louder,  
As I sat that afternoon,  
Thinking o'er past wrongs and troubles  
That had come in life so soon.

“Never, never,” cried I, rising,  
    Shalt thou take me tide despair!”  
Then I saw the tide was coming.  
    Through despair did I go there.

My despair had caused my wandering  
    To the beach that summer’s day;  
Lo! I turned my face to Heaven,  
    Just one word to softly say.

Then I saw my safety yonder,  
    Far away from coming tide,  
And I ran, in desperate madness,  
    With a mighty, heavy stride.

But the angry waves, mad lashing,  
    Followed close to drag me down!  
“Never! Never!” vowed I firmly,  
    “In despair here shall I drown.”

Closer, closer, gained they on me,  
    Round my feet the wild waves lashed,  
But I braved the dreaded danger  
    And to safety onward dashed.

Then I turned and facing seaward,  
Bade my worry all to leave;  
Bade my life of woe and sadness  
Fare thee well, no more I'd grieve.

Then I faced the world, its beauty,  
Seeing pleasures, seeing joy,  
Seeing all that was so glowing,  
Just as bright as when a boy.

Life is sadness if we make it,  
Life is sorrow if we will,  
We can drink its dregs so bitter,  
We can quaff them to our fill.

## TRUTH AND PROPHECY.

Long ago in Rome were sold  
England's fair haired sons 'tis told;  
By a slaver's hand they went,  
Sold for gold, from mothers sent;  
Now the power of that land  
Stretches out her mighty hand  
Over seas, her navies hold,  
Mightier than Rome of old,  
Looking down upon the past,  
Fearing naught from conquest's blast.

Though we've bowed beneath that yoke,  
Trembled at a slaver's stroke,  
History will change again,  
Long before the last amen;  
We will walk as others do,  
Just as proud the world all through,  
God is just and He'll fulfill,  
If we strive with main and will—  
To the lofty, great, sublime,  
We'll attain in coming time.

## DOUBT.

Will later years' more careful song,  
Teach me the lesson, I was wrong  
    To heed a voice to make a start,  
    To breathe the impulse of my heart,  
That youthful song was weak and wrong?

I may regret, because so young,  
That from this heart I've meekly sung;  
    I may regret with bitter tears  
    This impulse of my early years—  
I may regret, I may regret.

'Tis hard to think 'tis all in vain  
That precious time was idly slain;  
    That I was born for other things,  
    And not the song that in me rings.  
How bitter yet I may regret!

## YET TO LIVE AND LEARN.

Though lofty themes within me burn,  
I cannot reach their height.  
Though page and page I tear, I turn,  
These themes I cannot write.

Soon in my brain a ray of hope  
Lights up my soul to lore;  
I have it then, oh, dear, sweet hope,  
It thrills me more and more.

My pen I clutch in eager grasp,  
And bend to write this theme,  
With blot—it falls from out my clasp—  
'Twas but a deep soul dream.

Of dreams that I may hope to sing,  
Yet dreams I can't impart,  
I try, I try, they only bring  
An aching to my heart.

Of humble themes I've yet to dream;  
I've yet to live and learn;  
I've yet to hail hope's brighter gleam,  
And then to them may turn;

## KEEPS A-SAWIN' WOOD.

Ef day calls yo' cracked and crazy,  
Keep right on a-sawin' wood,  
Kos day nebber does git je'lous,  
When yo' haint no good.

Ef day says yo' is big headed,  
Kos yo' acts a gentleman,  
Show dem dat yo' would befrien' 'um,  
But keep sawin' all yo' can.

Some will try to take your woodpile,  
When yo's sawed a lot ob wood.  
Try toe lie an' get position  
In de berry place yo's stood.

Some will try to 'buse a neighbor,  
Kos he's sawed mo' wood dan day,  
An' day allus git de hoo do,  
An' despisin' fo' dar pay.

When day sees dat yo' is sawin',  
An' how folks respect yo' name,  
Day will quit dar pesty jawin',  
An' will turn an' do de same.

Fo' dis worl' am full ob sawyers,  
Men day nebber can keep down;  
Do day smote dem day will rise up,  
Mid dar curses an dar frown.

Set a 'zample do yo's crazy,  
Keep right on a sawin' wood,  
Kos day nebber does git je'lous,  
When yo' haint no good.

## BILLIE BLUE.

There was a boy named Billie Blue,  
Who did the weed tobacco chew.

He'd twist his kitten's tail in knots,  
From pigs he'd try to knock the spots.

Tin cans on dogs he'd slyly tie,  
And blame it on a passer by.

A colored man he'd call a coon,  
A German sauerkraut as soon.

This Billie Blue he stuttered, too,  
Unless, most slow his words he drew.

But when he did his talking fast,  
You'd smile to hear the word at last.

Excitement was one greatest cause,  
Without he never made a pause.

- One day he found a large, whole pie,  
And swiftly down the street did fly.

But night came on, back home he went  
To leisurely this act repent.

In bed he crept and soon asleep  
He dreamed of stoning cows and sheep.

But soon his dream of bliss was o'er;  
He heard a knocking at the door.

In stepped his mother with a lath  
And on her face a look of wrath.

“Does y-y-you, d-does you, w-w-w-want  
me, d-d-does you?”

“Get up,” she said, “I d-do, I do!”

“I d-d-done it, cause, I d-dd-done it  
cause ——.”

But she grabbed Billie in the pause.

She quickly turned him cross her knee,  
Soon Billie was in misery.

He wished he'd died when he was  
young,  
As that lithe lath our William stung.

And soon his back grew awful hot,  
Because she always struck one spot.

“ O p-p-p-please, oh, please,” said he,  
“ oo-oo please,  
Please sc-scatter, s-s-scatter these!”

At last he yelled in tones that split:  
“ Maw, scatter them a little b-b-bit.”

## REASONS UNPARDONABLE.

“Have you been fighting my Willie?  
Look at the blood on your nose,  
Why did you fight your friend Georgie,  
Tearing and soiling his clothes?”

“I’d be ashamed of such fighting;  
Bad boys alone act that way;  
If you can’t keep from that jangling,  
Right in this yard you must stay.”

“Please, won’t you listen dear mamma,  
What do you ’spose that George said?  
He said his ma was the bestus,  
An’ could beat you making bread,”

## COLORED TOES.

Little Emma was just eight,  
She had golden, floating hair,  
Hanging round her baby face,  
All in beauty, rich and rare.

In a house beside her lived  
Ella Ray, a colored girl,  
Just her age and just as big;  
But her hair much more did curl,

'Neath her curly, raven locks,  
Was a brow of darker hue;  
But the difference was a blank.  
Never coming to the two.

All their mud pies did they bake  
On the same board in the sun,  
All their apples did they share,  
Taking half the biggest one.

Not a word was ever passed  
In their happy childish play,  
That a feeling ever caused,  
Till one bright and sunny day.

Then while Emma o'er the fence  
 Leaned and watched some boys at  
 play,  
 Did she hear an odd, strange word,  
 And this word she learned to say.

In the ev'ning of this day  
 Both were playing long and late;  
 And our Emma said the word  
 That will make a negro hate.

Ella, crying, soon went home,  
 Emma sighing could not see  
 Why she'd left her all alone,  
 When all seemed so light and free.

Then her mother all she told,  
 While she stroked a forehead curl;  
 "Don't say that my little dear;  
 Say a little colored girl."

Well, one day her pa came home  
 Bringing nuts for her to eat,  
 And she asked what kind they were  
 All in innocence so sweet.

“Those are nigg—r toes, my dear,  
Though Brazillian’s their true name  
That they go by, little one,—  
That’s the place from whence they  
came.”

Then our Emma went to find  
Ella whom the reader knows,  
Then she said: “My Ella, dear,  
Will you have some colored toes?”

## THE CANDY FISH.

While strolling down the street one day,  
I saw a little girl and boy;  
Both had a troubled, worried look  
That told me there was else than joy.

Into a well the little ones  
Were fishing with two crooked sticks,  
And so I asked them what there was  
Down in the well, among the bricks.

The boy began in hurried tones:  
"Please help me dit my toy fish;  
I tought I'd let him swim awhile,  
I did it tause 'twas sister's wish."

"Ah, yes, I'll help you," I began,  
"Don't be so hurried, and we three  
Will try to get your toy out,  
Give me your stick and I will see."

"Oh! please be twick," began the boy,  
"My little fish will not long stay,  
He's been down there a long, long time,  
He's tandy, and he'll melt away."

## A COLORED MAN'S MISTAKE.

One day to restaurant did there go  
A colored man to get a meal,  
For he'd been working all day long,  
And hungry did he feel.

He climbed the counter's big, high stool,  
The waiter then he hailed,  
Who went and got an order large,  
And back to him he sailed.

When in the midst of his repast,  
Four minstrels came inside,  
Laid down their ancient instruments,  
And on four seats did slide.

From Rome immortal had they come,  
He thought from there how said,  
That they were hungry, every one,  
And wanted to be fed.

The waiter stacked up pork and beans  
And all such solid stuff,  
As any one would care to chew  
Until he had enough.

The fat one, who laid down the harp,  
 Sat turning round his pie,  
 Then looking down the counter's length,  
 He squinted up his eye.

And then he said, this dark man thought;  
 "The one negar pass down!"  
 "Could he mean me?" then hard he thought,  
 And at him did he frown.

"The one negar," said he again,  
 "The one negar send up!"  
 It was too much, the man meant him,  
 He seized a heavy cup.

The waiter then came to his aid,  
 And said: "Why speak that way?  
 That man's all right, if he is dark,  
 He's got der price ter pay."

The smaller man beside his stool,  
 Who played the big guitar,  
 Said: "Friend you does not understand,  
 He wants the vinegar."

## IF WOMEN WERE TO VOTE.

If women had the right to vote  
And make our Nation's laws,  
Oh, how much different things would be—  
A country without flaws.

Oh, how they'd stand around the streets,  
The handsome little things,  
And talk Expansion and Reform,  
And show new hats and rings.

And if they were to go to war,  
To do just like a man,  
They'd dress so gay in laces fine,  
With parasol and fan.

And then suppose they'd march on down,  
Ten thousand strong, to fight  
For this great land of theirs—their home—  
To put a foe to flight.

And if they marched ten thousand strong,  
Through cornfield or a wood,  
With impulse, sure of victory,  
We'd have to say: "They're good."

And then suppose some little mice  
Right there themselves revealed,  
'Twould take a full twelve thousand men  
To bear them off the field

## SUNDAY HUNTING.

“ Hay dar, Marchus, whar’s yo’ been?  
Been a huntin’ wid dat gun?  
What’s yo’ got beneaf yo’ coat?  
Usin’n Sabif day fo’ fun?

“ Haint I teached yo’ better, boy?  
Sunday am de day fo’ rest.  
Haint yo’ shamed toe fool yo’ dad,  
Wid sech foolin’? I’ll be blest!

“ What’s de reason, Massy White,  
Dat yo’ tote de boy away  
Out a huntin’ in de woods,  
On dis holy Sabif day?

“ Don’t yo’ know I’ze teached him well,  
Allus toe de debble spurn;  
Nebber toe go wrong or sin,  
An’ de Bible allus learn?

“ I’ze his fodder, an’ yo’ know  
Dat yo’ should not coax him off  
Wid such sinful sport dis day,  
'Stid o’ teachin’ sin toe scoff.

“ Look yo’, Marchus, what’s yo’ got  
     Right beneaf yo’ coat, young man?  
 Out wid it, an’ let me see,  
     Or yo’ britches I will tan!

“ Yes, yo’s got a possum, boy,  
     Shot it on de Sabif day;  
 Oh, so sinful yo’ hab been!  
     Frow dat possum right away!

“ Frow him o’r de fence, young man,  
     Don’t yo’ stan’ an hesitate;  
 Quick, I say! frow it away!  
     Or I’ll crack yo’ brainless pate.

“ Bring a possum here to eat,  
     Dat was killed dis Sabif morn?  
 I would starve dan touch dat t’ing,  
     How I does sich actions scorn.

“ I’ze a deacon, Massy White,  
     An’ yo’ know he has done bad  
 To go a huntin’ on dis day,  
     ’Stid o’ prayin’ wid his dad.

“ Well, good day to Massy White,  
    ‘Kaze I’ze goin’ right in dat do’,  
Wid no malice ’gainst yo’, White;  
    Do not take de boy no mo’.”

(*Old man from door five minutes later :*)

“ Say dar, Marchus, am he gone?  
    Am he way up out ob sight?”

“ Yes, he am. What do yo’ want?”  
    Said the son in angry fright.

“ Bring dat possum here, ma boy,  
    Since yo’s brought it on de place,  
Taint no sin to eat it up,  
    Ef we say most solemn grace.”

## HE CAME AGAIN.

The finest barber shop in town  
Was one that caught the transient swells;  
The men who came, the men who went,  
The men who rang the hotel bells.

Inside this shop worked one big man,  
Upon a chair just near the door;  
He worked the men for tips and praise,  
As soon as they would strike the floor.

He thought he was the only man  
That ever soaked and scraped a chin,  
And that all others butchered hair  
In ways that seemed to him a sin.

One day a little man came in  
And soon got in this big man's chair.  
He told him to remove his beard,  
Also to shorten up his hair.

"Fine day," the barber said to him,  
As he put towels upon his breast.  
The little man then heaved a sigh,  
For well he knew he'd get no rest.

The barber said: "Who cut dat har?"

And then he gave a little laugh:

"What ails my hair, was it cut bad?"

Said stranger, willing for his chaff.

"Ef I'd done cut yo' har like dat,

Ah couldn't hold dis job, ah say;

De man who done dat job, ma man,

Should chop de wood from day toe day."

"Now, dar," he said, when he was through,

"Dat am de best yo' ebber got.

Now, when yo' comes aroun' agin,

Jist come to me right in dis spot.

Three days went by and then there came,

A man to get a first chair shave.

The man who lathered up his face

Began about his hair to rave.

"Ef ah cut har like dat, ma frien',

I could not hole dis job, ah say;

De man dat hacks up har like dat

Had oughter nebber git his pay.

“De next time just come 'roun' toe me,  
An' den ma work you'll allus seek.”

“Now here, my friend, the short man said,  
You cut my hair yourself last week.”

## A BITIN' CHICKEN.

“Har, yo’ brack rascal, look under dat tub,  
Whar did yo’ git dat young chicken yo’ cub?  
Whar did he cum’ fruun? Yo’ tell me right  
quick!

Stealin’ an’ eatin’ will make us bo’f sick.

“Long hab I libed an’ no chickens hab stole;  
Tell me, yo’ rascal, no lies must be tole.”

“Well, my dear mudder,, dat chicken’s toe  
blame;

I took de chicken, an’ yo’d done de same.

“Now jist suppose dat yo’ cum’ down de street,  
An’ dat dar shanghigh bit yo’ in de feet;  
Wouldn’t yo’ eat him an’ teach him to know  
Fo’ to respect dis har berry sore toe?”

“Well, I ’spect likely dat I’d done de same,  
Now dat I know dat de chicken’s to blame.  
An’ since he’s bit yo’, we’ll bite him in turn,  
An’ dat smart shanghigh a lesson will learn.”

IS WE TO BLAME.

Is we to blame  
For white blood in de vein?  
De black blood came  
In a shackle or chain.  
We isn't to blame.

## RASBIN SMITH'S DIGGIN'.

Rasbin Smith had puzzled all,  
For some twenty miles around,  
By the way he dug a ditch  
In the hardest kind of ground.

Not a soul could see just how  
Such a little man as he  
Ever could do so much work—  
Just as much as any three.

Once, while strolling in the wood,  
Came I on this well known man,  
While he sat upon a stump,  
Letting air his whiskers fan.

Sitting down upon a log,  
I then asked him how it came  
That he beat all other men,  
Even though the work the same.

“Well,” said Rasbin, turning round.  
Looking me square in the eye,  
Ebery man who habs success,  
Habs toe study fo' he die.

“ Ditchin’ am ah trade, young man,  
     Dat all men can nebber git;  
 Ah hab mastered it, ma son,  
     An’ most proudly does ah sit.

“ Like all else if yo’ knows how,  
     Anyone can do de work;  
 But yo’ habs toe hab de stuff  
     Dat will make yo’ nebber shirk.

“ See yo’ dat right by de log,  
     Tucked right down dar radder snug?  
 Dat’s de stuff yo’ habs toe hab,”  
     Said he, pointing to a jug.

“ Dat’s de stuff dat makes me work;  
     But ah must bring brains in play,  
 Or ’twould be de worse fo’ me;  
     It am brains will win de day.

“ Now dis am de way ah does  
     When ah starts to go to work;  
 By dis system does ah go,  
     *Den arm sure to nebber shirk.*

- “ In de mornin' when ah comes,  
Nebber does ah tich a drop;  
But ah starts an' goes to work,  
Till I'ze dry an' has toe stop.
- “ Den ah takes ma much earned drink,  
Den right down de way ah dig,  
Does ah fro de jug away,  
Den ah works fo' one mo' swig.
- “ All day long ah fro ahead  
Dat ole jug right by de log,  
An' most hard ah habs toe dig,  
Ef ah wants dat good ole grog.
- “ Now yo' understan', ma boy,  
Dat's de secret an' de truf;  
It am brains as well as strength,  
An' ma diggin' am de proof.”
- “ Well, good day,” I said to him,  
As I started on my way,  
Knowing that I had found out  
How he worked from day to day.

And while on my way back home,  
 After hunting all that day,  
 Did I come again on him,  
 Working like a horse away.

Clouds of dust flew from the ditch,  
 I'd to yell to make him hear;  
 Then he said: " Don't bodder me,  
 I'm afeared ah hab some fear.

" Don't stop me, ma dear young frien',  
 Awful hard de jug ah whirled,  
 An' ah wants annudder drink,  
 'Fo de sun sinks in de world."

## TOO MANY QUESTIONS.

WITH OBLIGATIONS TO SENATOR K——.

A Northern man was south one day,  
Among its orange groves and birds,  
And strolling round a depot's walk  
He met a man of witty words.

The man was black, with pearly teeth,  
That shone with ev'ry smile and look.  
His name was Bill, the stranger found;  
He was a gamester and a cook.

“What have you there?” the stranger asked,  
Of him who was so gay and bright.  
“Ah, sir, I habs some chickens good,  
Dey fairly melt. Dey's browned just right.

“Dey's all corn fed—I seen it done.  
I'ze cooked dem nice and brown, ma fren',  
An' ef you wants a chicken, sar,  
Dis am toe yo' a Heaben's sen'.

“Yo’s from de Norf, I think, ma fren,  
    Ah, an it true—yo’ looks like one  
Who am a fren’-toe colored men,  
    Now, hab a chicken and dis bun.”

“I am a friend to colored men,  
    I’ve been that way for forty years;  
I fought to save the wretched slave  
    From vice, and crime, and misery’s tears.”

“And you, my friend, I’ll help you out,  
    As you are full of enterprise,  
I’ll take that one that lies right there.  
    It is the best—of largest size.”

“They’re beauties, every one, I see.  
    From where came this one nice and brown?  
A nicer one I never saw.  
    Was it raised in this southern town?”

“Ah, Massy Lincom’s son, from Norf,  
    Is yo’ quite shore yo’ is ma fren,’  
Or does yo’ talk dat way for fun,  
    Or would you to me trouble sen?”

“Of course, I am a friend to you.  
I *am*, I mean just what I say;  
Why, think you that I tell a lie,  
To bring to you a sorry day?”

“Now, if yo’ is ma fren’, white man,  
An’ as yo’ say, went fru dat spat,  
Why does yo’ ask, me dis, ma fren’,  
Where did I get de chickens at?”

NOT 'CAUSE HE TOLE DE TRUF.

FROM EUGENE'S STORY.

An old man said to son, one night,  
"A watermelyon let us fine',"  
Across de fields not far from here,  
Days riply growin on de bine.

And when the father plucked one off,  
It caused a watering of the mouth;  
It made them sigh, it beat corn-bread,  
It took them back away down south.

Then homeward went they, on their way  
A-talking of the thing so good,  
They smiled, and laughed, and talked of it,  
And put it in the coolest place they could.

"Now, den," the father said to son,  
"We'll let dat watermelyon cool;  
We'll hab a feast when dat gets right.  
Den, now, we'll sing, yo' take dat stool."

They sang long songs, and stories told,  
And then the father said to son  
“Now, here, my boy, am story ole,  
It am of him, George Washington.

“De man who nebber tole a lie.  
When he was young, a boy of five,  
He gets a little hatched sharp,  
An’ at a cherry tree did scribe.

“At last he downed dat little tree.  
All o’er de groun’ de chips did fly.  
‘Did you, my George?’ his father asked,  
‘I did, I cannot tole a lie.’

“Now, den, my son, remember dat  
An’ all us tell de truf, my boy,  
’Twill sabe yo’ lots of trials,  
An make de worst’ all full of joy.

And then the two went forth to bed,  
The father went soon sound asleep;  
The boy with only covered head  
Soon out from there began to peep.

**And finding that his dad had gone  
Far in the lands of happy dreams,  
He jumped right out of bed to see  
Just how cool watermelon seems.**

**And then he went out to the well  
To get the watermelon cool,  
Then got a knife and cut his prize,  
And thus the old man did he fool.**

**Just when he'd downed the last sweet slice,  
He heard his father gently rise.  
He caught his son, who bravely said  
"I did, my paw, I'll tell no lies."**

**The old man grabbed the youngster's neck  
Then reached and got his razor strap.  
He drew him up and turned him round,  
And pulled the youngster 'cross his lap.**

**Oh! friends, I shall not tell you more,  
But when he'd done with that young felon  
He sobbed: "Why whip, de truf I tole,"  
"Not fo' de truf, but fo' de melon!"**

## THE FATE OF BRINDLE.

Broiling was the sun that day;  
Alligators slept and hissed,  
As old Goby drove his load  
Through the wood with curve and twist.

“G’ dar,” said he, now and then,  
As the oxen drew their load  
Down toward the steamboat’s wharf,  
Where his master smoked and strode.

“Well, you’ve come, I see, old Tobe,  
But you watch that brindle ox,”  
Said the master to the slave,  
“He’s as cunning as a fox.”

“Shaw, now, Massy, don’t yo’ say  
Dat dis chick am young wid sich.  
I’ze drove oxen years ago,  
Ober ribber, road, and ditch.

“An’, yo’ bet, dat brinnel ox  
Will not git ole Toby down,  
Kase he knows jest how toe do  
Wid sich mud, sich dingy brown.

“I’ze his equals, mo’, yo’ bet,  
 An’ ol’ Brinnel’s not de stuff  
 Dat can run all t’ings his way,  
 Kase I takes no pesky bluff.

“Dar’s de steamboat for dis wood,  
 See! she’s cummin’ roun’ de bend,  
 Soon she’ll whistle long and shrill,  
 I’ll de duce to Brinnel send.

“Yes, de duce I’ll gib him, quick,  
 Ef he eben crooks his tail,  
 Watch me lacerate his back  
 Wid dis bran’ new hick’ry flail.

“Who-o, now, Brinnel, don’t yo’ move.  
 Stiddy, watch yo’ little q’s,  
 Soon she’ll whistle, an’ yo’ min’  
 Dat yo’ kan’t ole Toby lose.”

“To-o-o, to-o-o, to-o, to-o-o!”  
 Blew the packet’s whistle long;  
 Brindle raised his tail and ears,  
 Then he bellowed loud and strong.

“To-o, to-o-o, to-o, to-o-o!”

Crash they went, load, Tobe, and all,  
With old Brindle’s head in air,  
Onward, to his mighty fall.

“Wh-o-o, yo’ pesky villain ox,

Has yo’ lost yo’ senses, fool?  
Stiddy, stiddy, Brinnel, now,  
Won’t yo’ stop? Oh! please get cool!”

On they dashed, on down the road,  
Through the trees at desperate gate;  
Toby’s flail fell off behind,  
As they ran at pell mell rate.

“Oh!” groaned Tobe, when just ahead  
Was a tree right in their way,  
So he could not turn them out,  
With the team it was all day.

“Bang!” they went, and Brindle struck  
What made him a hopeless wreck,  
Never more to run away,  
For the tree had broke his neck.

“Look, ole Brinnel, can’t you rise?”

Said old Toby at his head,

“I’ll forgive yo’ ef yo’ will.”

But old Brindle was stone dead.

“Now you’ve done it,” said a voice,

“And I’m going to “cat” your back,

You have killed that brindle ox

On account of foolish slack.”

“Please, good Massy, don’t hit me,”

Sobbed old Toby as he spoke,

“Dat ole Brinnel was no good,

His neck was cracked befo’ it broke.”

## WHAT DE EAGLE DONE.

Dey gaffed de eagle ready,  
For de lions har ob Spain.  
Dey trimmed an' spurred dat chicken  
An' he rode de lion's mane.

He stood an' rolled his eyes 'round,  
An' wus mad fir pas' two years.  
An' gettin' mighty tired  
Seein' Cuba soaked in tears.

He uppercut de lion  
An' de lion tucked his tail;  
De eagle, he's a dandy,  
Let de eagle eber sail !

## WRECKED ON THE SEA.

I hailed a sail on the bounding lea,  
The ship in full sail bore down toward me.  
I'd seen the ship there gleaming afar,  
With its sharp cut prow and its glittering spar.  
In loud, clear joy the crew all sang,  
The nearer they hove the louder it rang.  
Lo, I'd been wrecked and here was my hope,  
And I beckoned the captain to cast me a rope.  
"Oh, take me away from this desolate isle,  
And give me the world for a little while.  
I'm weary of thought, from the world all alone,  
With nothing save care that I call my own—  
I'm weary of all that is logic and rule,  
I'm an outcast alone as a self-made fool,  
And there is the wreck of my shattered craft  
At which many a man has pointed and  
          laughed.  
Though wise men look sad, they sail on by  
With a voice full of praise, but a doubt in  
          their eye,  
And all alone in this desolate isle,

I'm lonely and sad and pray for a smile.  
I wanted to sail on the mighty main  
And the sight of my wreck has maddened  
my brain.

Oh, take me away from this desolate isle!  
Oh, take me aboard for a little while!  
Oh take me back to revel in joy,  
That shines in the world with a sterling alloy."  
But the captain looked down and shook his  
head,

And my heart like an anchor sank back in its  
bed

As if rust and ruin had eaten the chain,  
And snapped my cable of hope in twain.  
The captain spake: 'twas thus said he—  
"This bark of mine on the foamy sea,  
Was built by my hand and alone by me,  
And thrice was I wrecked on the billows of life;  
But I built again in sorrow and strife,  
And now I sail on the foamy crest,  
'Mid the praises and songs of the souls that  
are blest.

Full many will ride and sing with the gale,  
If you build the boat and spread the sail.

a

Drag out the good from thy floundered wreck,  
 And build again to a stronger deck.  
 Then raise aloft the stout, straight spar,  
 And put to sea with a guiding star.  
 Again start out on the foamy main,  
 If wrecked or floundered build again,  
 And it may be you will sail by me,  
 On the bounding waves of the foamy sea.  
 It's life to sail and it's life to wreck,  
 That others may learn from the worth of your  
 deck.

There's a million of ships in a watery grave,  
 To the hundred which rally the bounding  
 wave."

'Twas thus he spake and sailed away,  
 At the fall of the eve, at the close of the day.  
 Then I sighed o'er my wreck, ah woe is me,  
 And I watched the sail as it put to sea,  
 Again they burst into mirthful song,  
 And sang with a will that was loud and strong.  
 Farther and farther the salt sea air  
 Bore back their joy to my dark despair—  
 Fainter and fainter the nearby spray,  
 Drowned his song as he sailed away.

And I watched the gleam of the glittering spar,  
Till it blended lost with a distant star.  
Then up I sprang, I'll build once more,  
A ship that will sail from this desolate shore,  
I'll sail the seas from realm to realm!  
And I dragged from my wreck my still whole  
helm.

Then I placed my helm full straight with the  
gleam,  
Of the star that shone with its dazzling beam,  
And night and day, and day and night  
I shaped my ship and planned my flight.  
At last my spar to the deck I raised,  
Then on my full-rigged ship I gazed,  
And I'll weigh my anchor, spread my sail,  
When I feel the breath of the coming gale.

## LITTLE CLOY.

There lived one day a little boy,  
The pride, the pet, his mother's joy,  
The living idol of her heart  
For whom she tried a mother's part;  
A jewel that gleamed in strands of gold,  
His baby face intaglio mould.  
His name was Claud, this little boy;  
But known to all as "Little Cloy."  
The house in which he lived was grand,  
With lawn and drives on every hand.  
Inside this gorgeous mansion's walls  
Looked like an eastern prince's halls.  
With all of this, of little Cloy's,  
He was a boy like other boys.  
And oft too near the fountain played,  
Or in his glee loud noisc made,  
And when too near the fountain's spray,  
They'd seek to frighten him away,  
By saying that some bogie man  
Would catch him if too near he ran.

The fittest subject for this fright  
Was Newton Lews, as black as night.  
Ungainly lad was Newton Lews,  
He wore just number fourteen shoes,  
And if this size he could not find,  
He'd let his heels stick out behind,  
And as he'd never been trained to socks,  
His feet would turn the sharpest rocks.  
The holey coat that graced his back,  
Was made of antique coffee sack.  
His hat, which covered half his head,  
Had partly to a goat been fed;  
Or else some tattered scare-a-crow  
Had to the wind just let it go.

Ungainly lad, untaught, unlearned,  
His brow by learning neer'd been turned,  
And all he knew was lowly toil,  
Which, oft time, was a sharper's spoil.  
Was worth, perhaps, a dollar note  
When it was time to cast a vote.  
He lived within a little shack,  
Which looked to have a broken back,  
Yet in his home when work was o'er,

His voice in song came from the door.  
 In life he played the humbler part,  
 Ere guided by a simple heart,  
 Of hearts which in these humble breasts  
 Are often tried by mighty tests.  
 The learning of the earth and skies,  
 Had ne'er been bared unto his eyes,  
 And what to him had ne'er been bared,  
 He heeded not and little cared.  
 And past the home of little Cloy,  
 Would daily go this colored boy,  
 And then in foolish innocence  
 They'd say to Cloy, "Look through the  
    fence!

Now from the fountain you must stay  
 Or he will get you right away."  
 'Twas thus learned Cloy in childish glee,  
 To fear Lews as his enemy.

One day came slouching down the street,  
 This Newton Lews with portly feet;  
 The birds sang sweetly in the trees,  
 And on the noonday's silent breeze,  
 A tenor to Lews' whistled notes,

Came bubbling from the birds' sweet throats.  
Ah, not a care on earth had he,—  
And as the birds his soul was free.  
A model of man's careless joy  
Appeared this day this colored boy.  
And louder, louder, rang his song,  
When suddenly he heard a gong—  
And fire engines down the street  
Came dashing up in smoking heat.  
The regular clanging of the gong,  
Kept time to lunging horses strong,  
The clanging, banging of the gong,  
Came nearer, nearer, loud and long.  
This common sight Lews'd often seen,  
But suddenly he heard a scream,  
Which seemed to rend the summer air.  
He turned and saw a lady fair,  
Come running, screaming, "Save my child!"  
In shrill accents, loud, frantic, wild—  
Then in the road Lews saw the boy,  
He was her darling little Cloy.  
A moment lost, and in the street  
He'd fall beneath the horses' feet.  
Quick as a flash, this Newton Lews,

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Who wore just number fourteen shoes,  
Sprang out to save this treasure rare,  
This priceless jewel with golden hair—  
But Cloy, he saw his face with fright,  
And shrank from Lews as black as night.  
Alas, too late, for both were struck,  
Dead, by the hook and ladder truck,  
And to God's grand, Eternal Joy,  
Went Newton Lews and Little Cloy.

## THOUGH THOU ART DEAD.

Today I tread where we have trod  
Happy and young and gay,  
And now I stand o'er thy firm green sod,  
With you beneath in the clay.  
Oh! what is life and what is death,  
And what is joy and pain!  
Are they a pulse and parting breath  
That God shall give again?  
Though thou art dead, yet does thy voice  
Appear to dwell on earth.  
The objects of my fervent choice,  
Speak of thy noble worth.  
The brook which babbles on its way  
Dost speak thy voice most clear  
And takes me back, oh happy day!  
When life was sweet and dear.  
Sweet memory brings refracted sound,  
From songs of long ago,  
What music fills the air around,  
In this echo sweet and low.

The virtues of ye women hold,  
     The moral balance of mankind,  
 Inclined toward good precepts old,  
     That we in nobler living find,  
 And it is so with thee, I feel  
     An influence of might—  
 A something o'er me gently steal  
     That yearns within for right.  
 I see the western sinking sun,  
     A low and purple disk,  
 Ah, is it so with thee loved one?  
     My faith in thee I risk,  
 That where afar God's Son does shine  
     Far o'er that Higher Land,  
 That thou art waiting, love of mine  
     To greet me with thy hand.  
 The darkness lowers o'er the earth,  
     And yet the crimson west  
 Speaks to the inner man of worth  
     And makes me long for rest.  
 I think of thee as if 'twere then—  
     Oh, last and fond goodby,  
 Ah, fear thou not we'll meet again,  
     Again beyond the sky.

## THE DRUMMER OF WATERLOO.

List and hear of the drummer boy,  
Of the drummer of Waterloo,  
Who beat the charge for Marshal Ney,  
Ere he La Haye Sainte broke through.  
Who beat the famous cuirassier charge,  
Ere he the British lines broke through.  
At twelve o'clock the battle was on,  
And at eve they paused for breath,  
While the black smoke hovered above the  
field  
Like the wings of the angel Death.  
The French had charged the British lines,  
They'd charged them all in vain,  
But the musketry drove their columns back  
Through their dying, writhing and slain.  
The drummer had pleaded to beat the charge,  
He'd pleaded to them in vain,  
For the officers waved the drummer boy back,  
While the bullets fell like rain.  
But he was a son of Normandy,  
Broad bowed with a dark blue eye.

And his hair was black like the raven's wing,  
     That soared in the upper sky,  
 And his face showed through his sable locks,  
     Like the glow through saddened sky.  
 Five times had he sought an officer;  
     But they drove him from the spot;  
 And his heart which rose so high in hope  
     Sank down like a shrapnel shot.  
 The battle had raged in stubborn heat  
     Now Ney was to turn its tide.  
 But ere he lined up the cuirassier horse  
     This drummer boy sought his side  
 "Oh, I can beat a charge, sir,  
     That will raise the valiant dead,  
 To almost spring in the files, sir,  
     And die again if led.  
 Please let me beat the charge, sir,  
     Then charge with the old drum's roll,  
 And I know they'll break through their  
     batteries, sir,  
     I can feel it in my soul."  
 And Ney then smiled at the drummer boy,  
     At the drummer of Waterloo,  
 And said " You beat the charge, son.

And the British lines go through"—  
And now they come—to the beat—of the  
drum,

To the beat—of the drum—they come—  
they come,

The great horses prance—in a warlike dance,  
As forward they come—to the beat—of  
the drum.

Then louder we hear the roll of the drum,  
The rattling roll of the rumbling drum.

Then the brazen bugles, the braying bugles,  
Buoyantly blew a blast,

Trilling, and thrilling, then dying away—

Like an avalanche swept they past—

With a clang—and a clash—and a clatter of  
hoofs,

Like a serpent they say with a soul,

Brilliantly blazed their helmets of brass

As upward the cuirassiers roll.

Then the thundering boom of the mighty guns,

With the hissing scream of shell,

Announced the terrible conflict on,

And anon 'twas beginning to tell.

'Twas here that Wellington wavered,

And hoped that Blücher would come,  
 And never he knew that that fierce charge,  
 Had been caused by the beat of a drum.  
 Gallantly stood the British squares  
 As if they were rooted to earth;  
 But none can deny had Blücher not come  
 These squares must have died in their valor  
 and worth.

'Twas here that the cheer rose up from the host,  
 The Prussians had come and were forming,  
 And Napoleon's Old Guard dashed bravely  
 ahead;

But they died in their chivalrous storming.  
 Ye know how the musketry cut them down,  
 When fate had o'er shadowed them never,  
 Their eagles that soared in a score of campaigns  
 Swooped down from their glory forever.  
 Five chargers had fallen neath Marshal Ney  
 Still he brandished his broken sword,  
 And vainly he strove to rally his men  
 As volleys of death from the Prussian guns  
 poured.

And now Ney called for the drummer boy;  
 Ere the cuirassiers broke and fled,

He called and searched for the drummer boy,  
But the drummer boy was dead.  
That's why Napoleon waited so long,  
Why he stood in that falling square  
While his followers fell on every side,  
He eagerly waited him there.  
That's why he lost the battle,  
The Battle of Waterloo,  
By the death of the drummer who beat the  
charge,  
Ere the British lines broke through.

LUCINDY AN' DE HOO DOO.\*

Gader 'round ole Efram chillun,  
An' a story he will tell,  
'Bout a hoo doo lille chillun  
Dat he once knowed berry well.  
We worked on de same plantation,  
Hoed de shugar cane an' corn,  
Went to many shuckins chillun,  
To git home in early morn.  
He was monstrous large ma chillun,  
Wid a frame just like an ox,  
Wid an eye jist like de eagle,  
An' as cunnin' as a fox.  
He could hoo doo yo' ma chillun  
By de twinkle ob his eye,  
Gib yo' chills an aches an feber,  
Dat woul' pester till yo'd die.  
He had done gone met de debble,  
Yes, it am de truf ah say!  
He had done gone met de debble,  
An' had sold himsel' away!  
But afo' dis lille chillun

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\* This poem was conceived from a superstition that if a live frog be placed in a perforated box, and taken to an ant-hill, that when the ants have eaten the frog to a pile of bones, a hooked bone and a scale will be found among them. It is thought by hooking the hook into a woman's dress, it will cause her to love the person doing so, even against her will. But should the frog croak while dying, it is believed that it will make the conjuror deaf.

He had did gone fell in lub  
Wid a yaller gal, Lucindy,  
De plantation turtle dub.  
Dis here gal ma lille chillun  
Wuz jist like a ripened peach,  
Dat had riped in fairest summer  
Far above de common reach.  
Many of the chock'late cullud  
An' de ginger cullud boys  
Had done told her day did lub her;  
But she said, "Hush up yo' noise!"  
A' dar wuz *one* lille chillun  
Dat had won dis maiden's heart,  
Day had swore to lub each odder,  
An' fo' nebber mo' toe part.  
He wuz gracful as a willer  
Dat is bendin' in de breze,  
Wid a boice as sweet as summer  
Dat is moaning in de trees,  
An' it haint no wonder chillun  
Dat Lucindy's lub he won,  
Fir a finer lookin' couple  
Nebber walked beneaf de sun.  
I can see dem zif'twer yonder  
b

Now a-walkin' in de wood,  
 War day wooed an' won each odder  
 In a way dat's honest good.  
 But de debble an' de hoo doo,  
 Bof as cunnin' as a fox,  
 Wuz bof lookin' at um chillun,  
 Frum behind de trees an' rocks.  
 Day wuz happy, ah, too happy  
 Fo' dis worl' toe ebber win  
 Fo' de dice ob fate ma chillun,  
 Had been loaded down wid sin.  
 An' de hoo doo hel' um chillun,  
 An' it wuz his time toe fro,  
 Keep yo' quiet dar, yo' Rachel,  
 Ef de bes' part yo' would know.  
 Now de debbil tole de hoo doo,  
 Fo toe go and git a frog,  
 Dat wuz sittin' dar befo' um  
 On a fallen libe oak log,  
 Take de frog den said de debble,  
 And yo' put 'im in a box—  
 Listen now ma lille chilun,  
 'Bout dis debblish debble fox.  
 "Wid de frog yo' put a dollar,

Den yo' nail the box up tight,  
An' yo' take it to an ant-hill  
On de darkest kind o' night;  
But afo' dis does yo' bore  
Dat air box chuck full ob holes  
So de ants can eat de reptiles,  
Dat exists widout no souls.  
Den de ants will eat de bullfrog  
Clear down to a pile ob bones—  
(But watch out dar Mr. Hoo doo,  
Ef de bullfrog croaks and groans)  
Mid de bones dar'l be one hooked,  
An' annudder like a scale,  
Take dis dollar an' dese two bones  
An' right to dat gal yo' sail,  
Take de hooked bone an' hook it  
Fas', safe in dat maiden's dress,  
An' she'll lub yo', man, fir ebber,  
Wid a lub toe nebber res'.  
Well den chillun, dis here hoo doo  
Ketched dis reptile ob a frog  
Dat wuz rollin' 'round his eyes  
Most unconscious on de log,  
An' he goes an' gits a dollar

What did hab no buzzard on,  
 An' he takes dem to an ant-hill  
 For toe trick dis gentle fawn,  
 Who'd done tole him kine ma chillun  
 Dat der lub was not fir him;  
 But fir Zekel, dis here feller  
 Graceful as a willer limb.  
 Now dis hoo doo, Henry Frisby,  
 Wuz not beautiful toe see,  
 He wuz cullud like a tater,  
 An' as sneakin' as a flee,  
 An' he swore he'd hab Lucindy,  
 Ef hit took his berry life,  
 He would wed de fair Lucindy,  
 Handsome Zekel's promised wife.  
 When he thought de ants had eaten  
 Dat air frog all down toe bones,  
 Did he gladly go toe git hit,  
 Nebber thinkin' 'bout de groans.  
 An' de frog was livin' chillun,  
 It is honest 'yond belief,  
 An' de bull frog's painful groanin'  
 Made dis hoo doo Frisby deaf.  
 He was deaf ma lille chillun

An' he nebber heard agin;  
But hit diddent stop him chillun  
Frum his mad career ob sin,  
Fo' he waited long ma honeys  
Till de bones wuz in a pile,  
And he gits de hook an' dollar  
An' de scale in triumph's smile,  
An' he says to sweet Lucindy,  
On her berry weddin' day.  
"Break yo' gagement off wid Zekel,  
Or I'll hab yo' any way."  
But Lucindy nebber feared him,  
Lille did de sweet girl know,  
Dat when things are blithe an' happy,  
Fate does strike it's hardes' blow.  
Straightway did dis hoo doo Frisby  
Right beneaf Lucindy's nose,  
Take dis hooked bone an' hook it  
In Lucindy's weddin' clothes.  
Den de spell commenced toe workin',  
An' dis deblish debble art  
Made Lucindy lub de hoo doo  
Wid a madly jealous heart,  
Wid a lub dat wuz unceasin'

On, until his day wuz done,  
 Fo' de hoo doo got his needins  
 Do his game he meanly won.  
 He wuz married to Lucindy  
 In de ebenin' jist at seben  
 An' de hoo doo wuz the winner,  
 Fo' he had done frowed eleben.  
 Fo' de spell wuz hard a workin'  
 An' de power ob her will,  
 Wuz wid Frisby, dis here hoo doo  
 Who wuz desp'rate nuff toe kill,  
 An' he says, "Ah, married Cindy,  
 When dat purty Zekel boy  
 Tought he had de sweet Lucindy  
 Wid de worl' chuck full ob joy."  
 Lille chillun, lille chillun,  
 Purty Zekel wuz so sad,  
 Dat de worl' seemed all ob darkness,  
 An' day tought he'd done gone mad.  
 Dis here hoo doo kept Lucindy,  
 All de time so near his side,  
 Dat hit almos' killed poo' Zekel  
 In his madly jealous pride.  
 Here's de way de story ended,

As de hoo doo he wuz deaf,  
An' he'd stole de lub ob Cindy,  
By dark power frum beneaf,  
So de light ob heaben chillun  
Wuz'nt wid him any mo'  
An' he walked dis earf ma chillun  
Mighty near de furnace doo.  
So one day when he wuz walkin',  
Down along de railroad track,  
Cause he couldn' hear the engine,  
Hit done struck him in de back,  
An' his soul went toe de debble,  
Who had waited long toe win,  
Wid de hottest fire blazin'  
Did de debble pitch him in.  
When he died de spell wuz broken,  
An' Lucindy she wuz free,  
From de hoo doo and de debble  
An' toe Zekel she did flee,  
An she splained it all toe Zekel,  
Doo he knowed hit all de same,  
An' he nebber hel' Lucindy  
In the leastest bit toe blame,  
An' day married in de mornin'

Ob a balmy June-time day,  
An' dar libbin' ole an' happy  
Singin' dar las' days away.  
Now de moral am dis chillun  
Koz yo's sleepy fo'de de bed,  
When yo's foolin' wid de debble,  
He will allus git ahead.

## THOUGHT.

With a river alone away from the world,  
I drift and drift,  
And in parts of this river my bark is whirled.  
With a lift, and lift,  
From the banks of this river comes sweet per-  
fume  
Which is borne on the air from the roses' bloom,  
And the birds in the trees are singing to me;  
But mine is a river you cannot see,  
Where I drift and drift.  
Afar up the shore they beckon and call,  
For mine is a river not charming to all,  
Where I drift and drift.  
I've ridden this river for years and years,  
Through the glens of glad hope, through the  
valley of tears.  
Through sunshine and joy, through the black  
of the night,  
Where the caverns of gloom stood full in my  
sight,  
And methinks that I hear far down the shore,

The singing of birds past the cataract's roar.

    As I drift and drift.

And methinks that I smell perfume on an air

That comes from a land of the ideal so fair,

Where the cataract's sprays in a rainbow leap

And the nightingale sings the bluebells to sleep,

It seems, ah soon, the end shall be,

If I hear not far eternity

    As I drift and drift,

    With a lift and lift.

## THE BURNING POEM'S SOUL.

Long ago when he was younger, longing grew  
a poet's soul,  
E'er he sated poesy's hunger on his early  
labor's roll  
Of the verses he'd collected, dreary dream-  
ings of his heart,  
Voicing feelings unprotected by the cultured  
world of art.  
He had labored, oh he'd labored t'ward his  
ideal's lofty height,  
Which to heart seemed nearly neighbored;  
but his soul was dark as night.  
Who was he of lofty learning, who could tell  
him he had done,  
That the poem of his yearning was completed,  
glory won?  
Suddenly a superstition flashed across his  
fevered brain—  
Conjurers sure can give nutrition for this  
seething mental pain,

Conjurers of the wierd magic, kindred to the  
    spirit land,  
With their eyes of crafty tragic, sure can point  
    the index hand.  
Thus his hopes he started rearing on a dreary  
    skeptical art.  
Little of the danger fearing e'er it bled his  
    brooding heart.  
To the mountains wild and cragged he began  
    his hopeful flight,  
For the sooth of woman ragged with a face of  
    ebon night.  
All his labor in his writing, he had placed  
    beneath his arm,  
And his soul o'er omen fighting, nerved him  
    to impending harm.  
Somber drew the eve's declining, clouded  
    darkly sank the sun,  
And his soul was in him pining e'er the wind-  
    ing path he won,  
Where the lovers hopeful wander, 'mid the  
    homes of bats and owls,  
For prophetic conjurer ponder where the wild  
    beast haunting prowls.

Where the men of fortune waning seek in  
cover of the night,  
For this woman ever feigning gifts of mar-  
veled second sight.  
Darkness outward lowered gloomy as he  
gained the conjurer's cave,  
An apartment strange and roomy echoing loud  
with tremor grave.  
Scarce a moment was he under, 'neath this  
dusky conjurer's roof  
E're a crashing peal of thunder thrilled his  
soul with ample proof,  
That forboding evil hovered in dark phan-  
toms of the night,  
While within the fire smothered, threw a low  
fantastic light.  
All within was silent, lonely—"Where art  
thou my prophet crone?"  
Night-wind gave him answer only in a wail-  
ing weird moan—  
'Twas a moment he stood dreaming, then he  
sought the cavern door;  
But the rain and night-wind screaming drove  
him back inside once more—

Here his soul began to sicken, dropping in  
                   the conjurer's chair,  
 Odors death-like seem to thicken, o'er his  
                   wildly dark despair.

Suddenly the poet rising dropped his poems  
                   on the floor,  
 Then in hatred deep despising did he scan  
                   his labor o'er—

“Trash, oh trash! Thou voice of beauty, thou  
                   it is who brought me here,  
 Thou the art of grace and duty dragged my  
                   soul to quake and fear.”

Thou I worshiped, never ceasing, working e'er  
                   to raise thee higher—”

Then he cursed them, wrath increasing, flung  
                   his poems in the fire.

Slowly blazed the paper burning, then it  
                   leaped in lurid flame,  
 And to shape of mortal turning, stood a  
                   woman staring blame

Wildly from her eyes that flaming searched  
                   into the poet's soul,  
 Then reproach more scornful blaming burned  
                   his heart like living coal,

E'er she spoke in accents thrilling, "Why  
dost burn thy sacred art?"  
All his blood within him chilling gushed  
back frozen in his heart.  
"I'm the soul of poem burning, though thy  
doubt did know it not,  
Thou didst have thy heart's great yearning in  
a poem thou forgot.  
Fool, oh fool is mortal being with a soul to  
do and doubt,  
Ever in the darkness fleeing, only hoping for  
without.  
I shall burn within thee ever, 'till my soul  
shall come once more.  
From thy soul that thou didst sever in thy  
doubting days of yore."  
Suddenly the poet feeling hands of dampness  
clutch his own,  
Turned in frightened languor reeling to the  
dusky prophet crone.  
Driven from the night's wild storming, had  
she gained the hut too late,

All the demons in her forming spoke these  
words of angry hate,  
“Self and angels, demons, devil all didst  
doubt e’re I fortold,  
Soon thy work to dust shall level, I’d have  
told thee for thy gold.”  
Then a moan came from the blazing, of the  
soul before his eyes,  
She with moan and gestures dazing leaped to  
lightning in the skies,  
And this moan he heard forever—wildly broke  
he to the night.  
In his garret works he ever for this flame of  
lurid light.  
While within he feels the burning of the poem  
he has lost,  
In his heart there is the yearning, think it  
back at any cost.

OH WHERE IS THE LOVE.

Oh where in the world, in the wide, wide world,  
Is that love that's intended for me,  
The one with the love that is loving love,  
That I in a vision see ?

Oh when will this love in the wide, wide  
world,  
Reveal itself to me,  
That I may know its loving love,  
As love is intended to be ?

Oh who is the love in the wide, wide world ?  
Oh where does this love abide;  
With dear, true love that is loving love,  
Is she far or near at my side?

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## LONGING.

I've a longing, I've a longing,  
 Deep within my inmost soul,  
 Is some feeling, strange, uncertain,  
 Thrills me like the ocean's roll.  
 Oh this longing, deep within me,  
 Would to Him, I knew its name,  
 Seems this longing is uncertain  
 Is no longing after fame—  
 But a power deep within me  
 Struggling hard to lead me on  
 Onward to some sublime ending  
 Where earth's sorrow shall be gone.

Oh this longing, oh this longing,  
 Is it longing for some love,  
 Some angelic, mental creature,  
 Gentle as a morning dove.  
 For this heart so constant loving,  
 For this soul of natural care?  
 What's the meaning of this longing,  
 Is it caused by earnest prayer,  
 Of some friend to make me better,  
 Kneeling with uplifted hand,

Causing thus a spell from heaven  
Wafted from that higher land ?

All my years I've had this longing,  
Every day I've felt its might,  
Like some guardian angel's beckon,  
Safely from my mortal sight.  
Seems at times its might within me  
Tempts me on—I know not where,  
Onward to this sublime ending,  
Where the earth shall loose its care.  
Is it Heaven that thus beckons ?  
Would to God I knew its call.  
It may be I long for Heaven,  
And this longing God gave all.

## TANTALIZIN'.

He tole about dat possum,  
     'Till ah almost had de gout;  
 He made dis old mouf wattar,  
     Hardly knew what ah's about.  
 He tole of brown, sweet taters,  
     Laying all aroun' his ribs  
 An he woulden' stop his tellin'  
     Dem tantalizin' squibs.  
 What makes folks like toe tease one  
     Till he almost grinds his teaf  
 On his tongue in magination,  
     Makes him wis' dat he was deaf.  
 Dar haint no possum Norf here  
     'Cause day live away down Souf,  
 An he'l fool wid dis ole fellar  
     Till he smacks him in de mouf.

## TO-MORROW.

I'll press thy hand to-morrow,  
I'll look into thine eyes,  
They will lighten a burden of sorrow  
Like the summer's azure skies  
Enlighten the soul to dreaming  
Of wonderous love far there,  
With the benediction of deeming  
That life is something but care.

We'll stroll together to-morrow,  
To-morrow until the dawn—  
Nepenthe sweet I shall borrow  
Until the day is gone,  
And when the sun is setting  
And the flowers are kissed by the dew,  
I'll part with regretting,  
To wander and dream of you.



EVELYNE MAY.

Fair as the day is Evelyne May,  
    Fair as a June time day.  
Delicate flower from loves' gentle bower,  
    Beautiful Evelyne May.  
The song she sings like silver rings  
    The songs of Evelyne May  
Warbled so sadly, trilling so gladly,  
    Bore my heart away.  
Every day bright and gay  
    I think of Evelyne May.  
Of her laughing of her chaffing,  
    Evelyne's far away.

I ONLY KNOW I LOVE YOU.

(SONG.)

I only know I love you dear,  
What future'll bring I do not know.  
Though shadows darken o'er our path,  
We'll hope as down through youth we go.  
Oh true I'll be forever love,  
Wilt thou be e'er the same?  
Oh, may I see within hope's star,  
My glory in thy name?  
I only know I love you dear,  
What future'll bring I do not know;  
But by the stars that gleams above you  
I know, know I love you.  
I see thee in the sunshine,  
Thy voice is in the air,  
All nature smiles and speaks of thee  
In pictures true and fair.  
Ah! may I hope that we some day  
Our future may entwine  
In love's sweet garland rich and rare,  
Love, may I say that thou art mine?  
I only know I love you dear,  
What future'll bring I do not know;  
But by the stars that gleam above you,  
I know, know, I know I love you.

ECHOES FROM LONG AGO.

I hear the voice of one I loved,  
    Once long ago it seems,  
She seems to tempt that same old love,  
    She seems to call those same old dreams.  
Ah, had she known this heart of mine,  
    Ah, known its burning pain!  
Its holocaust can never flame  
    In that old love again.  
Full many tears that ne'er were shed,  
    Lie stagnate on the soul,  
And many hearts with secret kept  
    Seethe like a moistened coal.

## WE WONDER WHY.

Oft' times we wonder how some win  
A name so high in earth,  
A name that's spoken o'er the world,  
To shine in splendid worth.  
Ay, some do sneer but wonder why,  
That in so brief a time,  
Some few have risen high in fame  
And reached a goal sublime.  
Ay, some have slept to wake at dawn,  
And tower far on high  
The architectural work of fame,  
While others wonder why.  
They say God gives this mighty might,  
In part this truth we own,  
But toil is e'er a mortal's lot,  
And all he won alone.  
Oh if we could, long years before  
Have seen this shining light.  
His early days were not so grand,  
He struggled hard for might  
To build the great foundation wall  
Which now holds high his name.  
Unseen in toil he reared alone  
The record of his fame.

## LOVE'S DREAM.

I'ze thinkin' ob yo' honey,  
 In a kin' o sort-o-dream,  
 Better dan a dream ob money,  
 Sweeter dan de roses seem.  
 Seems de air aroun' me, Nancy,  
 As ah sits an tinks ob you  
 Makes me kin' o hab a fancy  
 Dat dis dream am comin' true.  
 When ah tole yo' dat ah lubed yo',  
 Dat ma life wuz all fir de,  
 When beneaf yo chin ah rubbed yo',  
 Wid my han' so tanderley,  
 Ah did mean it lille honey,  
 Ah did mean it ebery word,  
 'Kos my brea'f grew gone so funny,  
 Sumfin which ah nubber heard.  
 An ah knowed dat cular feelin'  
 Ment de worl an all to me,  
 For ah knew dat lub wuz stealin'  
 All ma mine away from me.

## THE REVISION OF AN ADAGE.

**“Think twice befo’ yo’ speak,” de prechar said,**

**“When angry allus think jest twice ahead,”**

**In ebery libbin thing yo’s gwine toe do**

**Yo’l fine dat hit will allus help yo’ fru.”**

**By doin’ dis it really seemed to me,**

**Dat tings woul’ act most beautiflee,**

**An’ den ah thought ah seen de truf in all**

**Until ah passed a great high buildin’s wall,**

**An jist above did some one loudly say:**

**“Look out below dar, look out dar—hay!”**

**Den ah t’ought once, dats what de prechar  
said,**

**Befo’ ah thunk agin, a brick lit on ma head.**

**Dis wuz a ’ception den, ah thought, an so**

**Ah thought ah’d see ef dat idee would go.**

**One night Malindy saved a possum’s leg**

**An fo’ dat possom did ah tease and beg**

**But den she says, to-morrow night will do**

**An den we’ll cut de possum’s leg in two,**

Nex' morn ah thought how rash dat ah had  
been,

An how ma haste had almost made me sin,  
An so ah says ah'll do jist like de prechar said,  
An bof ob us ul be mos' amplee fed

"Take half," she said, when we sat down to  
sup,

Fo' twice ah'd thunk she'd et de pussum up.

In speakin' its all right to do it las'

Think twice an' speak, but do yo' actin' fas'.

## TILL DE JUNE BUG COME AGIN.

Will yo' lub me lille Rosa,  
Till de June bug comes agin ?  
Till de shugar cane am growing',  
An de sweet partater's in ?  
Fru de sweetest flowers bloomin',  
On de hill top o'er the way ?  
Will yo' lub me lille Rosa,  
Till de summer goes away ?  
While de water melyons gleamin',  
An' a growin' on de bine,  
Will yo' tink ob me, ma Rosa,  
While yo' eats it toe de rine ?  
Fru de suckin' and de huntin'  
Till one year frum now, toe day ?  
Den ah'll build our cabin, Rosa,  
Where we'll lib dis life away.  
Ober yonder in de flowers,  
Where de humin' bird, and bee  
Will be buzin' sweetes music

All alone fir yo' an' me.  
 Ah'll be kine toe de, ma Rosa,  
 All dats honest an' what's good,  
 I will plant de co'n and cotton,  
 An' will carry ał de wood.  
 An' I'll lub de chillen, Rosa,  
 Ef day eber comes to us.  
 An' ah wont drink gin, my Rosa,  
 Nor no udder stuff what's wuș,  
 Ob de ham bone an de possum  
 Ah will gib yo' all de bes'.  
 Gib yo'self to me, ma Rosa,  
 An den ah will do de res'.

Tell me, tell me, lille Rosa,  
 'Tell me, tell me once agin,  
 Dat yo'll lub me till next summer,  
 Till de June bug come agin.

## WHEN BEAGLE HOUNDS IS BAWLIN'.

When de beagle hounds is bawlin'  
An' de ole man gits his gun,  
Den yo' all git ready chillun,  
'Kase dar's gwin toe be some fun,  
Fo' ole Efram knows de possum,  
He is onter all his ways,  
He can tell jist how he's runin'  
By de way de lead dog bays.

Day can talk ob white folks music  
An' long trainin' ob a ban',  
But a pack ob hounds a bawlin'  
Am de fines' in de lan'.

Was dar eber any music  
Sweeter dan de bass and lead  
An de baritone and tenor  
Ob de ole time beagle breed?

Oh, de yelpin' and de bellows!  
Day is full an quarter notes,  
As day come like rollin' thunder

When de soun' rolls from dar froats.  
 Ober glen an' up de holler  
 Does he lead houn' lead um on,  
 Den de dogs git silent chillun  
 An' we tinks day has done gone.

Purty quick we hear de beller.  
 How it makes dis ole heart bounce,  
 How it makes me jump an' holler,  
 An' right after dem ah founce.  
 Louder, louder, gits de barkin',  
 An' de hotter is de track,  
 An' ah tinks about de possum,  
 An' ma mouf begins toe smack.

Up an' down and up de balley  
 Does day bark an' chase de game,  
 Till ah feels a tired honeys;  
 But ah gits dar jist de same.  
 Soon de ole lead houn' is barking;  
 Day is got 'im treed at las',  
 An' day'll hole 'im till ah gits dar,  
 'Kaze right den ah's runnin' fas'.

When Beagle Hounds is Bawlin'. 197

Den we takes de lantun, chillum,  
An' day hol's it o'er ma head,  
Den ah sights dat good ole musket,  
An' ah shoots de possum dead.  
Yes, yo' knows the rest ma chillun,  
When de possum's nice and brown;  
Like de goodest kine o' eatin'  
Does we chaw dat possum down.

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## ROSES.

Once, in evening's mellow twilight,  
When the sun was sinking low,  
Lighting up the western heavens,  
In a mighty tableaux,  
Wandered I among the roses  
Where the brooklet babbled down,  
O'er the mosses and the pebbles,  
Through the meadows green and brown.  
All of roses was I thinking,  
All of roses rich and rare.  
Wending through them, I beheld one  
Stately grand and strangely fair.  
Of the roses, all the roses,  
This was strangely then my choice—  
Thou art mine of fairest flowers,  
Murmured I in rapture's voice.  
Mine of all that's grace and beauty,  
Mine to press unto my heart,  
Mine forever, ay, forever,  
Mine for never more to part,  
And I clasped the august rosebud;

But a thorn struck in my hand,  
And the rose fell in the brooklet  
And went singing through the land.  
With the babble of the brooklet;  
With the singing of the birds,  
So light-hearted, ah so gaily,  
That I shuddered at its words,  
And went wending through the roses  
Blankly staring at the ground,  
Hearing not the voice of nature,  
Which was singing all around.  
Afterwards I saw the rosebud,  
Which in colors rare did blend,  
With its torn and faded petals,  
In the bosom of a friend.  
Oft' I wander through in the bower,  
'Of the roses by the stream,  
Mid their fragrance and their pleasure,  
Do I friendly muse and dream.  
There are roses other roses,  
Just as grand and just as fair,  
Dew-damped roses in the twilight,  
Sparkling jewels of nature rare.

## THE WRONG KINE O' TAIL.

We did foun' a lille dog,  
A lille white folk dog,  
Wid a nose dat wasen' bigger  
Dan a puff ball on a log.  
An' we sicked him on a rabbit;  
But de dog he woul' not hab it,  
Dis good fir nuffin' white folks' dog.  
Yes, de tail upon dis dog,  
Was a skurious sort o' ting,  
Curled up useless on his back  
In a hairy lille ring,  
An' he woulden' chase a rabbit,  
Cause it hadden' been de habit,  
Ob dis good fir nuffin' white folks' dog.

Den ah wondered what's de cause,  
Dat he wouldent chase no game,  
Do it bounce up neaf his nose,  
It wus to de dog de same.  
Do we fru him on a rabbit,  
De dog he woulden't nab it,  
Dis good fir nuffin' white folks' dog.

Den ah says toe brudder Ras'  
Dat air tail am jist what ails.  
Dar's de bull pup an' de houn,  
Day haint got sich curley tails,  
And yo' sick dem on a rabbit,  
Day is allus sho toe grab it,  
Not dis good fir nuffin' white folks' dog.

Now dar wuz de bull pups' nose,  
Hit wuz jist de same ez pug's,  
An' de fault wuz all in tail,  
Cos day wuz de same in mugs,  
Still he wouldn't ketch a rabbit.  
Coz hit hadden been de habit,  
Ob dis good fir nuffin' white folks' dog.

Dar's de bull pup an' de houn,  
Dar's de short tail and de long,  
An' de reason's all in tail,  
Cos de pug's tail 's twisted wrong;  
Cos we sicked him on a rabbit,  
An' de dog he wouldn't nab it,  
Dis good fir nuffin' white folks' dog.

An' we fetched him toe a log,  
Stretched de tail frum off his back,  
An' den Rasbin got de ax,  
An' we chopped de tail off whack,  
Still he wouldn't ketch a rabbit  
Cos it hadden' been de habit,  
Ob dis good fir nuffin' white folks' dog.

### THE STAR OF HOPE.

There's a star to every soul  
That's radiantly bright;  
A star that glimmers true,  
To light a hopeful flight.  
And though we stand near by the edge  
Of some steep obscure slope,  
We see the star, that radiant star,  
The star of blessed hope.

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