

Unpolished Pebbles

— 87 —

James Martin Shawhan



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# Unpolished Pebbles

—BY—

James Martin Shawhan.

*Marietta, Ohio.*

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TO MY MOTHER,  
EVA A.

W. H. BROWN  
NEW YORK

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## INTRODUCTION.

---

In presenting this book to the public, knowing well, as I do, that it will ever remain a living tell-tale of an unschooled mind, I cannot help but feel abashed. However, I did the best I could.

For the little storehouse of knowledge from which I have gleaned enough to compile this volume I am indebted chiefly to those three great, kind and impartial educators, MOTHER, NATURE and the PUBLIC PRESS.

I would have it understood that I do not present these verses under the mistaken idea that they are *gems*, but give them to you just as I found them, plain, unpolished pebbles picked up on the play grounds of the hard school of life; and if while scanning them you should find one stanza wherein my heart has beat in unison with yours I shall feel amply repaid.







THE LITTLE COT AGAINST THE HILL.

## The Little Cot Against the Hill.

---

A little cot against the hill,  
With scarcely ground to hold it there;  
But then the sun peeps in as sweet  
To warm the tiny baby's feet  
As though it was a mansion rare.

No bricabrac bedecks the wall;  
No costly carpet spreads the floor;  
But I'll be fully satisfied  
If love and peace will just abide,  
And never ask for any more.

For all I do the best I can,  
The table's often scantily spread;  
But while I still confide each day  
In Him who leadeth all the way,  
I know I'll never want for bread.

With baby's arms around my neck,  
I rock the evening hours away,  
Kind Providence is ever near,  
And the good wife of mine to cheer;  
So I for nothing more will pray.

The little cot against the hill,  
With scarcely ground to hold it there;  
But then I love its cheerful hearth—  
The dearest place to me on earth—  
The only one for which I care.

## Christmas Eve on Harmar Hill.

---

'Tis midnight hour on Harmar Hill,  
The city slumbers down below.  
Electric lights like fire-flies glow,  
And ev'rything is hushed and still.  
As slow the hours drag away,  
I think about the days ago.  
And anxiously await the dawn  
To usher in the holy day.

In rapturous dreams of baby dolls  
My little one now calmly sleeps,  
While here and there a shadow creeps  
Along the dingy cottage walls;  
And, as I hang her little toy  
Upon the tiny Christmas tree,  
The distant years come back to me  
And I am but an anxious boy.

For, while I dream beside the hearth,  
I seem to hear a dear one tell  
A story that I loved so well  
About the Babe of Royal Birth.  
I list' to catch her voice again,  
But singing breaks the magic spell,  
And soft and sweet, o'er hill and dell,  
Comes "Peace on earth, good will to men."

## Home.

---

There are times when we grow weary  
Of life's troubles and its cares.  
'Tis then the thoughts of home are sure  
To occupy the brain.  
Beset by earth's temptations,  
And its ever luring snares,  
No wonder that we long to see  
The dear old place again.

No voice like mother's voice to sooth  
And lull us into rest.  
'Tis a balm of consolation,  
When tempest tossed and sore.  
With such a panacea when  
We're weary and oppressed,  
Is it strange that we should want to see  
The dear old face once more?

As the compass to the seaman,  
In the blackness of the night,  
When the elements are raging,  
And the foamy billows roll;  
As the star unto the wise men,  
With its grand and holy light,  
So the home is but a magnet  
To the needle of the soul.

## Beautiful Eyes.

---

Beautiful eyes, Oh beautiful eyes!  
Could you peep out of the azure skies,  
From where you are lingering this Sabbath eve,  
And give but a glance, it would soon relieve  
This weary heart that is longing for you,  
As I stand and gaze at the mystic blue.  
For no sweeter solace the world supplies  
Than one warm glance of your beautiful eyes.

Nightly I scan o'er the starry space,  
And oft-times imagine I see your face  
Wreathed in smiles as it used to be,  
When the whole year round seemed June to me.  
But earthly visions, by far too dim,  
Blotted and bleared by the virus of sin,  
To peer through the portals into the skies  
To where you are lingering, beautiful eyes!

Sometime, somewhere, in the unknown land,  
Face to face and hand in hand,  
I shall meet you again, for the words were true,  
When He said: "I go to prepare for you,  
That where I am thou may'st also be;"  
Oh, comforting words of hope to me.  
On His wonderful promise my soul relies,  
As I watch and wait for your beautiful eyes.



## When Th' Fields is Full O' Dandelines.

---

Listen to th' spatter and th' clatter of th' showers,  
Luren back th' fish'n worms, and beckonen th' flowers,  
Wish't I was a little codger like I use to be;  
Waden in the water puddle's good enough fer me.  
Noth'n ever eny sweeter, heaven only knows,  
Than to feel the mud a squashen up between yer toes.  
That's what I call life worth liven, heart so full o' cheer  
When the fields is full o' dandelines and violets is here.

Wisht that I could swap th' present fer a day or two  
Of play'n steamboat in th' gutter like we use to do,  
I can see th' barrel stave schooners, how they used to scud  
Up and down th' swollen gutters, laden down with mud.  
We never heard of mortgages and prom'sory notes,  
All we had to bother us was looken after boats.  
That's when life was worth a liven, 'bout the time o' year  
When th' fields was full o' dandelines and violets was here.

Once a man and twice an infant so th' scripture tells,  
Is it really any wonder that at certain spells  
A feller longs to live'm over, happy childhood hours,  
When he hears th' rain a splash'n coax'n back th' flowers?  
Then we never knowed o' sorrow, never heard o' pain,  
All we had to do wus paddle in th' mud and rain;  
That's what I call life worth liv'n, sweetest time o' year,  
When the fields is full o' dandelines and violets is here.

## A Miser's Fate.

---

Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands a mansion old and queer;  
Where lived a miser, so 'tis said,  
With callous heart and hoary head,  
Who ground the poor from year to year;  
For those who ask for alms, they say,  
Were empty handed turned away.

He never knew what pleasure was,  
No children ever climbed his knee,  
He never knew a wife's embrace,  
And on his horrid wrinkled face  
There shown a tinge of misery.  
And all he did from day to day  
Was hoard his filthy wealth away.

They found him cold in death one day,  
His eyes were set with glassy stare,  
His hands were tightly clinched, I'm told,  
As if he held them full of gold;  
They opened them but naught was there,  
They closed them on his bony breast,  
The first he ever knew of rest.

No funeral cortege followed him,  
No tender words were said that day;  
No farewell hymn, no parting prayer,  
They simply took and laid him there  
Within his narrow house of clay,

As humble and as nude that morn  
As on the day when he was born.

They telegraphed the country o'er,  
No friends had he that they could find.  
And so the lawyers took a hold;  
They falsified and swore and stole  
The fortune he had left behind,  
And finally got the whole estate.  
And such is law, and such is fate.

## Boyhood Days.

I often think of boyhood days,  
How in the early spring  
The sun would shed its balmy rays  
And make the meadows steam,  
And crack the mud along the run  
That settled from the rise,  
Where we would chase each day for fun  
The yellow butterflies.

'Twas there we had a slippery slide,  
And it was smooth as ice,  
Where down the bank we used to glide  
Into the creek kersplash.  
And oft a piece of mussle shell  
Was sticking in the track,  
But where it was no one could tell  
Till it would rake his back.

Those were happy days to me  
I never shall forget,  
With breeches rolled above my knees,  
And always wringing wet.  
An old straw hat all gone to seed  
From seining in the run,  
Oh, those were happy days, indeed,  
With nothing else but fun,

If I could take the cares of life  
And lay them all aside,

Forgetting all the toils and strife  
And earth's deceit and pride;  
Then wander back to childhood hours,  
A barefoot boy at play,  
I would not change for kingly power,  
With all its lordly sway.

## Whisper'n O' May.

Th' sun is com'n back to meet us,  
Whisper'n o' Spring,  
Easter flowers are gap'n open,  
Birds begin to sing.  
Jest a little windy weather,  
Then th' winter's o'er.  
Dandelions 'll soon be peep'n  
All around th' door.  
Dear ole robin, then we'll hear her,  
At th' break o' day,  
For th' sun is draw'n near'r,  
Whisper'n o' May.

When I see her in th' morn'n,  
Peep'n o'er th' hill,  
Seem to ketch th' smell o' blossoms,  
Like a feller will.  
When he hears th' hum and buzz'n  
Of th' honey bees,  
Steal'n every bit o' sweetness  
From th' cherry trees,  
Kind o' sets a feller dream'n  
Of his childhood hours,  
When he sees th' sun a stream'n,  
Coax'n back th' flowers.

Mighty glad th' winter's over,  
Never liked th' snow,



In Memoriam---Nira Belle Messick.

---

There came, upon one Sabbath night,  
A messenger in snowy white,  
With sorrow to our humble door,  
And, with his icy finger tips  
He gently touched and sealed the lips  
Of one we loved—then all was o'er;  
We bowed our heads in grief and sighed  
When Nira died—when Nira died.

It made our heavy hearts feel glad  
To know the many friends we had  
To sooth us in those trying hours.  
With tender care and loving hands  
They fastened back her silken strands  
With garlands of the rarest flowers,  
Until she seemed a sleeping bride—  
When Nira died—when Nira died.

It seemed to us so comforting  
To hear the village choir sing  
The dear old hymn she loved the best.  
And when the services were o'er  
We looked upon her face once more,  
Then gently laid her down to rest  
Beneath the daisies and the sod,  
Secure with God—secure with God.







WHERE MOTHER LIES SLEEPING, PLACE OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

## Bring Ye Sweet Flowers.

---

Bring ye flowers, sweet flowers of every hue,  
Scatter them over each slumbering head,  
Just as their own loving fingers would do  
If they were here again and we were dead.  
Come with your baskets full—graves we have many;  
Remember those God-given treasures of ours,  
Scatter them everywhere, don't neglect any;  
O bring ye sweet flowers, bring ye sweet flowers.

Scatter white lilies where baby reposes,  
Emblems of purity, like the wee tots.  
Where mother lies sleeping, place old-fashioned roses,  
And throw on a bunch of forget-me-nots.  
Part the tall clover. Look where the ivy creeps,  
Some graves are hidden almost from our view;  
Hunt the old pioneer; find where the soldier sleeps  
And deck them with garlands; 'tis all you can do.

In all the wide world, with its different Nations,  
There isn't a land that is washed by the sea  
Where they care for God's Acre with sweet decorations  
As they do in the land of the Brave and the Free.  
So, come with your baskets full, graves we have many,  
Scatter them tenderly, each mound above.  
Scatter them everywhere, don't neglect any;  
O bring ye sweet flowers, fair tributes of love.

## I Trustingly Wait.

---

Of all of the birds  
That ever were heard,  
The one that sings saddest to me  
Is a bit of a thing,  
And all it can sing  
Is sugar-tree, sugar-tree-tree.

When I hear sugar-tree  
How it brings back to me  
A Spring-time of long, long ago,  
And two eyes that were bright  
As the stars in the night,  
And two hands that were whiter than snow.

Just plain sugar-tree,  
Yet it brings back to me  
The scent of white lilies one day,  
And two eyes that were closed  
In a peaceful repose,  
And two hands that were colder than clay.

Still I trustingly wait  
At the Mystical Gate  
That shall close on all sorrow and sin,  
And reveal to my sight  
Two eyes that were bright,  
And two hands that shall welcome me in.

## Marching Through Cuba.

---

We are coming, gallant Gomez,  
To avenge the nation's wrong;  
Just hold the fort a little while,  
We won't detain you long.  
We are Johnny Rebs and Yankee Boys,  
Two hundred thousand strong,  
As we go "Marching through Cuba."

### CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Now don't forget the Maine,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll sound the joyful strain,  
We will paralyze the Spanish, then we'll all come  
home again,  
When we go "Marching through Cuba."

We have clothing for the naked,  
And provisions by the ton;  
There's pork and beans sufficient  
For to feed you every one,  
And when we charge the Spaniards  
We will show them how 'tis done,  
When we go "Marching through Cuba."

When we hear the cry for freedom  
Coming from the distant shore,  
How it fills our souls with vengeance  
'Till our blood is boiling o'er.  
We'll annihilate the Spanish  
'Till you'll hear of them no more,  
When we go "Marching through Cuba."

## John Barleycorn.

---

Who made my nose this crimson red,  
And caused the pain within my head  
That makes me wish that I was dead?

John Barleycorn.

Who makes my wife sit up at night  
In readiness with me to fight,  
When I go home a little tight?

John Barleycorn.

Who racks the minds of brainy men,  
Until within the prison pen  
They go to ne'er come out again?

John Barleycorn.

Who takes the strongest and the brave  
And makes of them a perfect slave  
To finally fill a pauper's grave?

John Barleycorn.

Who robs my children of their shoes  
To pay internal revenues  
To men who sit in cushioned pews?

John Barleycorn.

Who sits and laughs with scorn at me  
When he has shaped my destiny  
For a damned eternity?

John Barleycorn.

Who takes into its treasury  
Twelve million dollars annually  
For all this crime and poverty?

Our Government.

## The Judge.

Remember the Judge?—well I reckon so;  
Never forget him—don't suppose;  
Can see him ez plain to-night somehow,  
Ez tho' he wuz standin' afore me now;  
Even the specs on his nose.

Can see him saunt'rin 'long the street;  
Remember well how he used to stand  
With his toes turned out and his knees turned in,  
And standin' collar up to his chin,  
And his umbrel in his hand.

Things went wrong for a week or two;  
All my work seemed gettin' behind;  
So lonesome didn't know what to do;  
Seemed sort o' waitin' on—didn't know who.  
Then the Judge'd pop in my mind.

Tender o' heart an' kind wuz he,  
Blithe an' jolly the live-long day;  
Couldn't say no to a friend in distress,  
An' that's the very reason, I guess,  
Hated to hear o' his passin' away.

Felt mighty sorry indeed that day  
When word went round the Judge had died;  
But that's the way o' the world, you know,  
And sooner or later we all must go  
Over the darkened tide.

Some time or other—who can tell?  
Reckon we'll meet him again, don't you?  
And see his face with the old time smile,  
An' clasp his hand for a little while  
Just like we used to do.

## The Grape Vine Swing.

---

Under the trees where the grape vines cling,  
Hid from the noontide sun,  
That's where I go with my baby to swing  
When my week's work is done.  
And, as I am swinging her to and fro  
I think of the times to be,  
When the years will come and the years will go  
And take her away from me.

I think of the future from day to day,  
Laden with sorrow and sin,  
And snares that are lurking along life's way  
Waiting to lure her in.  
So I swing her all day with a lullaby song,  
And do all I can to cheer,  
For I know very well it will not be long  
Till the baby will not be here.

But I hope some day in a beautiful clime,  
In the home of the pure and blest,  
The baby and I may meet some time  
Where our weary feet may rest.  
Then we will be happy as we can be  
In the land of eternal spring,  
And swing 'neath the shades of the evergreen trees  
On a great big grape vine swing.



## Ed. Skinner.

---

Know Ed Skinner? Well, I reckon I do,  
Can't jes remember when first we met,  
Think it wuz back in Seventy-two,  
Or Seventy-three, I jes forget.

Genial sort of a soul wuz he,  
Worse to himself than to other folks;  
Didn't think nothin' of a little spree,  
And could beat th' Dick'ns tellin' jokes.

Remember th' faces he ust to make  
Entertainin' the country school;  
Laughed till my very sides'd ache  
At th' blamed ole critter act'n the fool.

His constitution, I always found,  
Wuz built for endurin' lots o' rest;  
Doesn't do nothin' but potter around,  
Both thumbs hooked in th' sides o' his vest.

Always a springin' somethin' new;  
Always inventin' terrible schemes.  
First thing you know it'd all fall through—  
Jes one o' Skinner's idle dreams.

Saw th' ole codger tother day;  
Don't seem a bit th' worse for wear,  
'Cept he's lookin' a sprinkle gray  
And somewhat wrinkled with years o' care.

He's good fer a dozen years or more  
Afore he shuffles this mortal coil.  
Hope he may find on th' unseen shore  
Ample rest fer his years of toil.

## To Sol Smith Russell.

---

Turn down the footlights, turn them down lower,  
Roll up the scenery of life,  
Ring down the curtain the last act is over  
In the drama called worry and strife.

Turn the lights up again, let them burn bright,  
There's a tableau yet on the roll  
Of a beautiful figure in garments of white,  
And the place called the Home of the Soul.

## Beverly Long Ago.

---

It ain't the town that I used to know,  
Back in the good old days gone by,  
When the smoke from the foundry cupola  
Whirled and curled till it kissed the sky.  
It's nothing at all like it used to be;  
Everything is so changed, somehow;  
Each face I meet seems strange to me,  
And little I'd care to see it now.

Silent the loom in the woolen mill;  
No busy shuttle flies to and fro.  
The hand that tossed it is cold and still  
Down in the vale where the daisies grow.  
Bridged is the river from shore to shore  
Where the old fashioned ferryboat used to be,  
And I look in vain for the splashing oar  
And the ferryman with crooked knee.

Little we knew of worldly cares;  
Joys were plenty and troubles few.  
Folks those days didn't put on airs  
If they happened to have a dollar or two.  
No sweeter boon could be given me;  
No king could ask for a grander treat  
Than to see the old town as it used to be  
Back in the days when life was sweet.

## Please Send The Register.

---

While lookin' through the paper, kind o' eager like for  
news,  
Readin' sojers' letters an' their sentiments an' views,  
I run across an article that teched the tender spot,  
Jes like the blamed things will sometimes ef you want' m  
to or not.  
'Twas a letter from Camp Alger an' it says "If you  
see fit  
Please send us your old Register when you are through  
with it."

'Tis somethin' mighty singular, no matter where we  
roam  
We've an over anxious feelin' jes to hear a word from  
home.  
'Tis a balm of consolation jes to git a bit o' news;  
It lightens up the burden so and drives away the blues.  
I guess 'at that's the reason why they said "if you  
see fit  
Please send us your old Register when you are through  
with it."

Jes as I said a while ago, it teched a tender spot  
Jes like it will sometimes, you know, ef you want it  
to or not.  
I'm a little old an' cranky, yet the sympathetic chord  
Will vibrate jes as easy as it use to, thank the Lord!  
For the humble supplication kind o' teched me, I'll  
admit,  
When they said "Please send the Register when you  
air through with it."





OH, FITTING EMBLEM OF A CENTURY.

## The First Church.

---

The evening sun sinks slowly o'er the hill.

I sit and watch the last long rays of light  
Until the lazy shadows climb the hill,  
And kiss the city water tanks goodnight.

The twilight softly deepens into grey.

An ancient church from view now disappears,  
Whose sacred towers are going to decay—  
Whose hallowed bells have chimed a hundred years.

Electric lights now glimmer here and there.

The College clock now tolls the evening knell,  
While soft and sweet upon the frosty air  
There comes a chime of solemn clanging bells.

'Tis service time, the church is all aglow.

Belated forms now pass within the door.  
The choir begins to sing so soft and low,  
A hymn my mother sang in days of yore.

But, old church, few have thought it worth the while

To even write one kindly word of you  
Because you look so quaint and out of style,  
Pride leads their minds to other ones more new.

As for myself, I always love to look

With pride upon your weather-beaten towers.  
Thy history is but an open book  
With which I spend the evening's leisure hours,

Fond mothers for the erring ones have prayed  
    In solemn tones before thy altar rail.  
There, too, baptismal hands were gently laid.  
    There, too, hath stood the bride in snowy veil.

Since you were consecrated unto God  
    No human mind can ever comprehend  
How many feet your hallowed aisles have trod,  
    That now within the tomb await the end.

Oh, Sacred Edifice, to memory dear—  
    Oh fitting emblem of a century,  
Today you stand without a single peer  
    In Marietta's early history.



## Spring.

---

The merry month of May is here,  
The weather's getting dry and hot;  
While in some cool secluded spot  
The red-nosed man now sips his beer.  
And while he drinks behind the screens,  
His care-worn wife from day to day,  
To keep the grinning wolf away,  
Is on the hillside hunting greens.  
He loafs around, the lazy sot,  
This human shark that we call man,  
With fishing pole and oyster can,  
And never seems to have a thought  
That while he's lying in the shade  
His precious wife with hoe and spade,  
Is digging up the garden spot.

## When the Leaves Turn Red.

---

The hazy Autumn days have come, the sweetest time  
o' year;  
The sun looks kind o' crimson through the smoky  
atmosphere;  
The echoes keep a mockin' when the fact'ry whistle  
blows,  
And the blackbirds are a flockin' to where—dear only  
knows.  
It's the time o' year that ketches me, as I have often  
said,  
When the goldenrod is yellow and the leaves turn red.  
What hallowed childish fancies seem to come and go  
at will  
As we watch the sunbeams dancing and a painting all  
the hill,  
And hear the crazy cricket sing his old familiar song,  
And watch the lazy thistle-down as it floats along,  
And the katydids a chirpin' in the branches overhead  
When the goldenrod is yellow and the leaves turn red.  
For all we love to see so well the golden tinted trees,  
There's something sort o' melancholy mingling with  
the breeze,  
When the peppermint and catnip, pennyroyal and all  
Are hanging on the rafters, where we keep them every  
fall;

And the cobwebs set to flying like a million silver  
threads,

And the goldenrod is dying and the leaves turn red.

When the time for making apple butter comes around  
once more,

I can see it spit and sputter as I did in days of yore;

I can hear my mother humming as the stirrer went  
around,

And see the bees a coming as the butter simmered down.

For the spicy boiling cider would tempt the very dead

When the goldenrod is yellow and the leaves turn red.

The women folks are flocking to the country ev'ry day;

You can see them every Sunday as they walk along  
this way,

A hunting dying grasses till they're crazy as a loon,

But you never see them passing when the daisy is in  
bloom.

They've a sort of fascination for ev'rything that's dead

When the goldenrod is yellow and the leaves turn red.

The turkey gobbler struts about with pugilistic air,

And knocks the smaller turkeys out and doesn't seem  
to care,

As he wonders with amazement at the generosity

With which the farmer fed him till he's fat as he can be.

Soon he'll be a different fellow in the grand Thanks-  
giving spread,

For the goldenrod is yellow and the leaves turned red.

When I think about the future and the land that "Is  
to be,"  
Where the season never changes, why, it kind o' seems  
to me  
As if I wouldn't care about a living there at all  
Unless they had a month or so of hazy, lazy fall,  
For that's the time that catches me, as I have always  
said,  
When the goldenrod is yellow and the leaves turn red.

## John Anderson, My Jo John.

---

John Anderson, my Jo John,  
When in the prime of life,  
You courted and caressed me, John,  
And took me for your wife.  
You promised you would treat me good  
Until the day you died,  
But that was all a falsehood—  
John Anderson, you lied.

When you and I were married, John,  
Of dollars we had many,  
But ev'ry blessed nickel's gone  
And now we haven't any.  
You spent it all for rum, John,  
In the long ago;  
Now we both are penniless,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo John,  
When we were first acquainted  
Your breath was like a rose, John,  
But now 'tis badly tainted.  
You have a stoppage in your throat,  
Your locks are like the snow—  
You're nothing but a common bloat,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo John,  
We've climbed the hill together  
For more than fifty years, John,  
Thro' every kind of weather.  
I have been a faithful wife,  
As all the neighbors know,  
Washed, and kept you all your life,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo John,  
When I recall the day  
That we stood up together  
In the kirk across the way,  
And see you as you was, John,  
My heart begins to glow!  
Wish you'd punch the clothes down,  
They're boiling over, Jo.

## Autumn in Two Cities.

---

The russet tree is naked and bare;  
Up in its boughs is plain to be seen  
The home that robin and his mate built there  
In the balmy days of early spring.

Buckeyes are tumbling all around,  
Dead leaves are heaped in the gutter ways.  
The children's lips are a walnut brown—  
These are hints of the winter days.

The North wind sweeps thro' the city park,  
Hurrying feet pass to and fro.  
Here and there, thro' the coming dark,  
Eager to sit by the warm hearth's glow.

---

Over the river, against the hill,  
Lieth a city marble white;  
The streets are deserted and deathly still—  
No feet are hurrying there to-night.

They who are slumbering over there  
Heed but little the north wind's blast.  
What care they if the streets are bare?  
What care they if the summer's past?

They are but fallen leaves that lie  
Awaiting the dawn of eternal spring,  
To bloom in their beauty by and by  
Where brooklets ripple and fields are green.

O, dismal autumn with barren meads  
And flow'rs withered and songsters gone,  
How plain you teach us the way which leads  
Down through the vales of the Great Beyond.

## My Friend.

---

True friends are few and far between,  
But I have one who stands by me,  
And he is true as true can be,  
Through shadows well, as through the sheen.  
Misfortune tended him at birth,  
For ere his eyes beheld the light  
She breathed upon his form a blight  
That shadowed all his hopes of earth.

He comes to visit me each day,  
And always greets me with a smile,  
And sits and chats a little while,  
To pass the lonely hours away.  
And I am always glad to hear  
The coming of his crippled feet  
And tapping cane upon the street,  
For then I know a friend is near.

I read his mind with ease, somehow,  
For when he sits with head bowed down,  
And turns his thumbs around and round,  
There's trouble written on his brow.  
We never seem to disagree  
No matter what the trouble is;  
His views are mine and mine are his,  
So we're contented as can be.



Life's shadows lengthen day by day;  
Its sinking sun begins to wan,  
And soon another morn will dawn  
Just o'er the narrow, untried way.  
And when life's toils and cares are o'er,  
I hope my friends and I may meet  
Where weary sounds of crippled feet  
Will ne'er be heard forevermore.

## Retrospection.

---

Little yellow Dandelion, herald of the spring,  
You are looking just as fine in your gold and green  
As you did in days of yore, in the long ago,  
When we plucked you by the door for your down to  
blow.

One o'clock, two o'clock, just as we desired,  
We would blow your downy top until we were tired;  
Then we'd split your milky stems into silvery curls,  
Into garlands weaving them, little boys and girls.

You're the first to come in spring, e're the snow is gone;  
Of all the flowers to which I cling you're the dearest  
one.

Though you have another name, I can ne'er decline  
To love you just the very same, Yellow Dandelion.

See these bony fingers now—all the dimples gone;  
Furrows scattered o'er my brow, life's begun to wane.  
Could I blow the hours to-day back to olden times,  
Then my head would be less gray, little Dandelion.

I may never see you more in the coming hours  
When you dot the landscape o'er with your golden  
flowers.

Other hands the same as mine then to you will cling,  
Little Yellow Dandelion, herald of the spring.

## What Shall It Profit?

---

Misfortune from the cradle has cast her pall  
O'er the pathway of many an honest man,  
And the world rejoices to see him fall  
Rather than lend him a helping hand.

He may be honest, kindhearted and pure,  
As it lies in one's power to be,  
The world will discard him if he chance to be poor;  
'Tis a matter of money, you see.

'Tis a matter of mansions and terrace and lawns,  
And the cut of the clothes that he wears,  
And the banquets he gives and the style he puts on,  
It is not by the name that he bears.

No pockets are made in the long white shroud;  
No sense of touch in a pulseless hand.  
Oh, how can you take it beyond the clouds—  
The wealth you store in the present land.

Then what will your mansions and millions be worth,  
Thou hast ground God's poor these years to hoard?  
You will take at death what you brought at birth;  
And that will be nothing, I thank the Lord.

## Sometime.

---

What tho' the hillside and the plain  
Lies ankle deep with crusty snow;  
'Twill vanish softly, as it came,  
    When south winds blow.

What tho' the sky looks cold and gray,  
No song of birds, no scent of flowers;  
Springtime will bring them back some day,  
    'Mid April showers.

What tho' at times we feel oppressed,  
And galling seems the yoke we bear,  
We feel and know that we shall rest,  
    Sometime; somewhere.

Look upward to the light, faint one,  
If with the ransomed thou would'st sit  
At his right hand, when life is done,  
    And God sees fit.

## Wait Not.

---

Wait not until kind hands draw down  
The lifeless lids o'er baby eyes  
To scatter garlands all around  
The casket where she calmly lies.

The silent lips can never speak,  
Though lilies white and roses rare  
Be heaped against the marble cheek,  
So little will the baby care.

'Twill be of little use to press  
A kiss upon the brow of snow,  
Or clasp the hands in fond caress,  
For little will the baby know.

But while the darling ones are here,  
'Tis then they need our love and care.  
Oh, fill each childish heart with cheer,  
And scatter sunshine everywhere.

## Crystals of Sadness.

---

The tear-drop, how calmly it speaks,  
How truthful the story it tells,  
As it moistens the care-worn cheek  
From the wound in the heart as it swells.

Eyes that once sparkled with gladness,  
Now moistened with sorrows untold,  
Plainly tell of the heart aches and sadness  
Which the lips would forever withhold.

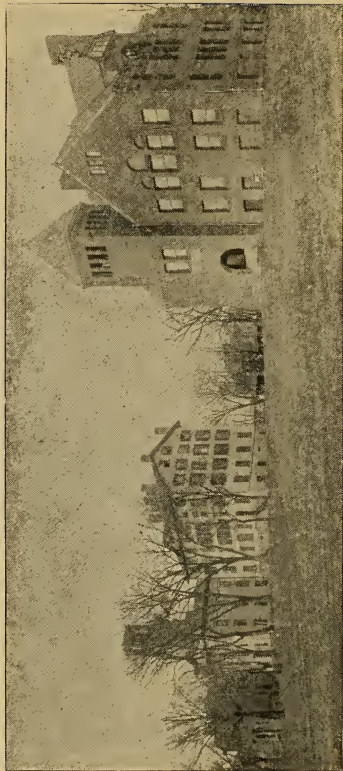
It tells of the hearse with its treasure,  
Nodding its snow-white plume,  
Wending the way at its leisure,  
Teaching the lesson of gloom.

Just a wee glimpse of the dresses,  
That is sufficient, you know;  
And only one touch of the tresses  
Causes the crystals to flow,

Scalding the cheeks of a mother,  
As briny and bitter as gall,  
Silently chasing each other  
They te'll their message to all.

Tears both at morning and evening,  
Tears through the livelong year.  
Nothing but doubting and grieving,  
Nothing but worry and fear.





AND COLLEGE BUILDINGS, OLD AND GRAY, THE DEAREST OF THEM ALL.



## Marietta.

---

No grander place can e'er be found  
To view the old historic town  
Than from this window where I write  
And watch the shadow of the hill  
Steal slowly o'er the scene until  
The day is fading into night.

I often look, yet never tire  
Of ancient church with towering spire  
And ivy covered wall.  
And St. Clair's homestead o'er the way  
And College buildings, old and gray,  
The dearest of them all.

Thy history we commemorate  
On granite slab and copper plate,  
Where'er the eye is cast.  
And as we read thy scenes anew  
Pass huddled as if in review,  
A perfect panorama of the past.

Old City, thou art small, yet grand,  
As here between the hills you stand,  
A Mecca for the weary soul,  
A Plymouth where the Pilgrims flocked,  
A cradle where the state was rocked,  
A Bethlehem of old.

## The Stingy Man.

---

Once there wuz a stingy man, with money by the peck,  
And all he lacked to be a hog wuz bristles on his neck.  
He occupied a mansion with no one but his wife,  
An' he never gave a nickel to an orphan in his life.  
He lived so high on luxuries he had rheumatic gout,  
An' the devil surely got him when his light went out.

At breakfast, noon an' supper time he never thought  
o' grace,  
An' went to church on Sunday with a long, religious  
face.

He couldn't hear the sermon for thinkin' of his stocks,  
An' he never put a penny in the missionary box.  
Without a bit o' jokin', I think, beyond a doubt,  
The devil must a got him when his light went out.

### Advice.

---

Here's a piece of advice for you, my boy,  
Ere you enter the battle of life:  
Should you ever grow vexed on account of your sex  
Never don the attire of your wife.

Of man's garment you should always feel proud;  
'Tis an honor, and not a disgrace.  
And, while onward you plod, you should strive to show  
God  
That his confidence wasn't misplaced.

## Life's Lease.

---

This life is but an oil lease, where each man may run  
his tower,  
Tho' trials and adversities may gather every hour.  
For all we do the best we can, there's a fishin' job on  
hand,  
And a thousand more misfortunes ere the bit has  
reached the sand.  
Still we should not be discouraged, feel down-hearted  
or forlorn,  
For we'll all be judged according to the way the tools  
are worn.

The man who drills a wild-cat well is always called a  
fool,  
And is never given credit if he opens up a pool,  
But if he hits a duster, why, his friends will turn and go  
With the old familiar adage, "I always told you so."  
Still he should not be discouraged, there will come a  
brighter morn,  
When he will be rewarded by the way his tools are worn.

The Oil of Fame is hard to find, its pools are very small.  
For some it flows abundantly, for others not at all.  
There is Dewey, Schley and Hobson only run a tower  
or so  
When the amber-colored fluid filled their tanks to over-  
flow,

While a hundred thousand privates must await the fu-  
ture morn

To only be rewarded by the way the tools are worn.

Some drill in the dusty mine, some in the scorching  
mills,

While others build their derricks on Alaska's snowy  
hills.

It doesn't make no difference where we locate the well,  
For nothing but eternal grit and drilling tools will tell.  
And if life's well's a failure and our hands are sore and  
torn,

We may kindly be remembered by the way the tools  
are worn.

For all we meet reverses and the tools are often stuck,  
We should never falter, but should still show nerve  
and pluck.

So give the screw another twist, and hold a steady hand,  
Your bit may just be entering into the golden sand.

What tho' your tank be empty, on the final gauging  
morn

God will judge you kindly by the way the tools are  
worn.

## When I First Tuck The Grip.

---

I remember very well when I first tuck the grip,  
How th' little blisters gathered on my upper lip.  
I coughed an' sneezed an' snorted till I tho't my bones'd  
break.

I tried an' couldn't go to sleep, nor couldn't keep awake.  
My throat wuz sore an' kankerd till I couldn't hardly  
speak.

The chills run up an' down my back a playin' hide an'  
seek.

We sent'n got the doctor, 'bout an hour or so he come;  
I asked him if he didn't think some hot Jamaica rum  
Was jest th' thing I needed, my head wuz hurtin' so.  
My wife she kind o' looked at him an' then he an-  
swered no.

I'd a give the hull creation jest to had a little nip,  
Fer there's nothin' any better when a feller hes the  
grip.

He felt my pulse, an' thumped my breast, said he,  
"you're out o' whack;  
We'll have to put a mustard plaster clean along your  
back."

They made an onion poultice that wuz bigger than my  
vest,

An' when they got it good an' hot they slapped it on  
my chest.

They put some mustard on my feet, hot bottles at my  
hip,  
An' filled me full o' calomel, when I first tuck th' grip.  
I puffed an' sweat an' smothered till I couldn't git my  
breath,  
But when they pulled the kivers down I tho't I'd freeze  
to death.  
I coughed until it sounded like a young one with th'  
croup,  
An' all they ever give me wuz thin pertater soup.  
I hadn't eny whisky thro' th' whole eternal trip,  
An' that wuz all I tho't about when I first tuck th' grip.

## It Snows.

---

"It snows," cries the bum,  
As he sees the snow come,  
And he feels in his pocket for chink.  
'Tis a most bitter lot  
For a man to be caught  
Such weather with nothing to drink.

"It snows," cries the boy,  
And his heart leaps with joy,  
Till he fairly goes into a trance;  
Then tumbles in bed  
With a knot on his head,  
While his mamma, she half-soles his pants.

"It snows," cries the dude,  
But he feels in a mood  
To nestle up close to the fire.  
He would take his best girl  
And go out for a whirl,  
But he hasn't the price of the hire.

The coal merchant smiles  
At the snow as it piles  
And fills every corner and crack;  
"This weather, I'm sure,  
Must be hard on the poor;  
It may be I can sell them some slack."

"I love to see snow,"  
Said a ragged hobo,  
As he brushed the white flakes from his coat;  
"Then I seem but a child,"  
Said he as he smiled,  
And swallowed a lump in his throat.



### Memoriam--Geneva Roney.

---

There came a tiny flower, one day,  
With sunshine to our humble room,  
And scarcely bursted into bloom  
Until it drooped and passed away.  
I clasped her fondly to my breast,  
Looked up to God and questioned why  
That one so pure as she should die;  
Then came to me this sweet reply:  
'Tis for the best, 'tis for the best.

## The Old, Old Town.

---

There are no towns like the old, old town;  
You may look th' country over,  
She is brisk and alive as bees in th' hive  
When th' blossoms are on th' clover.  
'Tis hustle and bustle th' whole year around  
With the brick and mortar flyin';  
We're pushin' along with a laugh an' a song,  
While the mushroom towns are dyin'.  
They call it a sleepy and dead old place,  
'Tis an old maid town they tell us,  
But it seems to me, from what I can see,  
They are only a little jealous.  
Only a little jealous, I guess,  
From th' way they're always blowin',  
But what care we, as long as we see  
The old, old town agrowin'.  
So here's th' health of th' old, old town,  
She is better late than never.  
May she multiply as th' years go by,  
And keep on forever and ever.

## Christmas.

---

If all you little boys and girls  
Will come and stand around my knee  
I'll tell you how the whole thing was,  
And all about old Santa Clause,  
And why old Santa came to be.

Some nineteen hundred years ago,  
Men folks were very bad, they say.  
They worshiped idols, I am told,  
Of brass and stone and precious gold.  
And some were made of common clay.

The world was awful wicked then,  
And men and women folks so bad  
That God concluded He would bring,  
That we might have Him for a King,  
The only precious son He had.

And so, one day in Bethlehem,  
Long, long ago this holy morn,  
Over the sea and far away,  
Among the cattle and the hay,  
The little baby King was born.

And when the folks around the place  
Had heard about the royal birth,  
They one and all began to bring  
Fine presents for the baby King,  
For He was Ruler of the Earth.

And since that very day, somehow,  
Old Santa Claus has taken pride  
In bringing fancy books and toys  
To all the little girls and boys,  
Each year at merry Christmas tide.

January 1st, '98.

---

Oh, January First, as thou art almost here,  
We await the chiming of thy advent bells;  
Not knowing what thou hast for us this year,  
Each poor heart swells.

We thank thee, though, that we cannot see  
What is awaiting us down life's road;  
Too weary and faint we would only be  
To bear the load.

We do not wish to scan thy coming hours  
Till each new day to us is born,  
For if we could, we'd gather all the flowers  
And leave the thorns.

Grant us Thy presence, Lord, we need Thee so  
To guide us through the untried year;  
'Twill be such satisfaction to know  
That Thou art near.

So, mete our portion out to us each day,  
As in our turn we come;  
Though it be joy or sadness, we will say,  
Thy will be done.





THERE SHE GOES.

## The Ferry Boat.

---

Listen to the ferryboat,  
All the live long day.  
See her as she proudly floats  
O'er the water way.  
Here she comes, and there she goes,  
Now at Williamstown;  
See, she puffs, now she blows,  
There, she turns around.

Ever going to and fro  
Through the storms that gather,  
Through the rain and through the snow,  
Every kind of weather.  
See the throng of eager men  
Waiting on the bank,  
Anxious to get home again  
From the drill and tank.

From early dawn 'till eventide,  
Through the dreary year,  
Longing for the other side  
And the friends so dear;  
Thus we linger on the shore  
Of life's fretful sea,  
Waiting to be ferried o'er  
To eternity.

## From the Cradle to the Grave.

---

All must enter in the strife;  
All must toil and slave  
In the mystic march of life,  
From the cradle to the grave.

Little dimpled baby hands  
Scarcely feel the first caress  
Till they cross the border lands  
For eternal rest.

Some have their allotted time  
Of three score years and ten,  
Daily worshipped at the shrine;  
Faithful to the end.

Many feet have weary grown  
Of the thorns upon the way;  
Many hearts have joy unknown,  
Vainly trusting day by day.

Every pain is but a knife  
Cutting little nicks, you know,  
In the counting stick of life,  
As we onward go.

When we pass the silent valley  
Into vast eternity,  
He'll reward us by the tally  
That was cut out for you and me.

Though the way seems dark and dreary,  
Still be strong and brave;  
Then the feet will grow less weary  
From the cradle to the grave.



## June.

---

Oh, there ain't no signal service  
That is any better sign  
Of when the weather will be gloomy  
Or the sun agoin' to shine,  
Or when it will turn colder,  
Or when it's goin' to rain,  
As when your legs are achin'  
With an old rheumatic pain.

There's a time a feller wishes  
That he never had been born,  
When his knees are soakin' muddy  
Gettin' down to shuck th' corn,  
And his bones, they set to achin'—  
Till he hardly can refrain  
From asayin' something naughty  
When he knows it's goin' to rain.

There ain't no use athinkin'  
Of the cattle in the shed,  
Or the horses in the stable,  
And the hogs that ain't been fed—  
When a feller's back's ahurtin'  
An' his legs refuse to walk;  
Then there ain't no use o' thinkin'  
Of attendin' to the stock.

When the chickens oil their feathers  
And the sun is settin' red,  
An' the rooster hoop-de-doodles  
After flyin' up to bed;  
Then there ain't no use o' thinkin'  
Of endurin' all the pain,  
When the rheumatism's hurtin'  
An' you know it's goin' to rain.

No sweeter time of year to live,  
So Whitcombe Riley thought,  
Than when the frost was on the pumpkins,  
And the fodder's in the shock.  
If he'd a had rheumatics,  
He'd have changed the time, I ween,  
To when the tater bugs are feastin'  
On the farmers' paris green.

Then the days are nice and balmy  
And the weather warm and dry,  
And the bees are on the clover  
And the blossoms on the rye.  
Oh, give to me the June-time  
With the happy, rosy morn,  
When the bug is on the taters  
And the dew is on the corn.

## Phantom Ships.

---

Thoughts are little ships that go  
Flitting ever to and fro  
On life's raging main;  
When the tempest's swelling high,  
Then we see them sailing by  
With their freight of pain.

Even in the midnight slumbers  
They will pass in countless numbers  
Thick as heaven's stars;  
With their snowy wings unfurled  
Sailing all around the world,  
Seeking pleasure's bowers.

When the ships come o'er the sea  
From the land that "is to be,"  
How we shade our eyes,  
Looking for the loved ones dear  
As they one by one draw near  
To the land of sighs.

Some sail in from baby-land,  
Somewhere on the crystal strand,  
When the tide is low,  
Bringing curly locks of gold  
And dimpled cheeks we knew of old,  
In the long ago.

From the cradle to the tomb,  
Through the sunshine and the gloom,  
On life's foamy crest,  
Sail they till the storm is past,  
When the anchor will be cast  
Near the isle of rest.

## Passing Scenes.

---

We sit and pass the time away  
And watch the scenes upon the street,  
And listen to the tramping feet  
That throng the place from day to day.  
We scan each face that passes by,  
From babyhood to ripe old age;  
They are to us an open page  
Whereon we read each smile and sigh.

While some are garbed in gaudy dress  
With jewels of the rarest kind,  
Another follows close behind  
With scarce to hide his nakedness.  
For some the fairest flowers grow  
In clusters all along life's way;  
Just why it is we cannot say;  
We only know that it is so.

A pleasure carriage whirls along  
With cracking whip, and laughter gay;  
But ere its sound has died away  
'Tis followed by a mournful throng.  
'Twas ever thus in bygone years;  
'Twill ever be till end of time.  
The funeral knell, the wedding chime  
Peal out at once upon our ears.

Why some should never know of strife  
And others never feel but pain,  
We are unable to explain;  
We only know that such is life.  
Tho' strange the world to us appears,  
We soon shall see with clearer eyes  
All the *wherefores* and the *whys*  
Beyond this vale of toil and tears.

## You're Not Dead Yet.

---

If you chance meet a feller  
Do not deal too harshly with him,  
Speak to him in words o' kindness,  
Tell him of his downward journey  
Fools air not th' only drinkers,  
Men with college educations,  
And remember what I tell you,  
For, to err is only human,  
And  
    you're  
    not  
    dead  
    yet.

Bear ye one another's burdens,  
If you are your brother's keeper,  
For the sake of little children,  
Drunkards once reformed will oft'n  
Everybody has their failin's;  
    Sech wus th' command.  
    Lend a helpin' hand.  
    Plead with him again.  
    Make th' best o' men.  
    You have some, no doubt,

Which would turn your cheeks a crimson  
If we found'm out.  
So, remember what I tell you,  
Never once forget,  
For, to err is only human,  
And  
you're  
not  
dead  
yet.

Don't annoy him with yer nonsense,  
All yer tracts 'n creeds  
Never, never will redeem him,  
'Tisn't what he needs.  
Whisper words 'o consolation,  
That'll cheer him up,  
And encourage him to battle  
With th' tempt'n' cup.  
Tho' he seems to you unsightly  
In his tattered clothes,  
Do not feel yerself above him,  
Nor turn up yer nose.  
For remember what I tell you,  
Never once forget,  
For, to err is only human,  
And  
you're  
not  
dead  
yet.

### Circumstances Alter Cases.

---

Some folks are always harpen 'bout  
Th' place where they wuz born,  
And 'bout the little winder  
Where th' sun peeped in at morn,  
And how they'd like to wander back  
And see th' place once more,  
And roam th' hills and hollers  
Ez they did in days of yore.  
They ken do it ef they want to,  
And stay there ef they choose,  
But ez fer me agoin' back,  
I'd ruther be excused.

Th' vines, no doubt, are climen o'er  
Th' milk-house by th' spring.  
Th' clover fields are jest ez sweet,  
The birds, perhaps still sing.  
But still there's somethin' lackin'  
That wuz dearer far than all,  
We kind o' miss th' faces that  
Have passed beyond recall.  
They ken visit ef they want to,  
And see it ef they choose,  
But ez fer me agoin' back,  
I'd ruther be excused.



It's well enough to talk about  
Th' things that used to be,  
Th' sun, fer instance, peepin' in  
Wuz very nice to see;  
But it don't cut eny figer  
Fer to tell of so and so,  
They can't bring back th' faces  
That childhood use to know.  
So, let them go and visit home,  
And see it ef they choose,  
But ez fer me agoin' back,  
I'd ruther be excused.

Ef all the folks wuz livin'  
As they wuz in long ago,  
I wouldn't mind to see th' place  
And stay a month er so,  
But circumstances alter cases,  
So th' school book said,  
And since I cannot see th' faces  
Of th' friends now dead,  
Let other people visit home  
And see it ef they choose,  
But ez fer me agoin' back,  
I'd ruther be excused.

## Her Letters.

---

I've kept her letters all on file,  
Thro' all the years from long ago.  
I've guarded them, for well I know  
It will be soothing afterwhile  
When my boon bosom friends have flown  
And I am wrinkled, old and gray,  
To take them down some darkened day  
And ponder o'er them all alone.

With age they've turned a saffron hue,  
And yet to them I fondly cling  
Because they always quickly bring  
A sunny face my boyhood knew.  
They bring her back—so close to me  
I feel the radiance when she smiled  
Just as I did when but a child—  
And there I stand beside her knee.

And so with them I keep her smile—  
The joy they bring repays the care;  
I treasure them as jewels rare,  
For, in the gloaming afterwhile  
When my boon bosom friends have flown  
And I am feeble, dour and gray,  
I'll take them down each darkened day  
To ponder o'er them all alone.

## To The High School Cadets.

---

On last Decoration Day,  
As I watched you march away,  
In your neat cut suits of gray,  
These are thoughts that came to me:  
"We must lean some day on thee."

Defenders of the stripes and stars,  
With silvery heads and battle scars,  
Daily pass beyond life's bars.  
Should on you their harness fall,  
Answer, "Ready to the call."

A general, no doubt, today,  
Is on the campus ground at play;  
Just who it is we cannot say.  
But, for fear it might be you,  
Be ye loyal, brave and true.

Happy, youthful school-boy band!  
Some of you, perhaps, may stand  
On the bridge, and give command  
On some stately man-of-war,  
Ere your unseen life is o'er.

O, ye rising generation!  
Drain the fount of education;  
For, remember this dear nation  
And the stripes with field of blue  
Will depend some day on you.

## Old Time Joys.

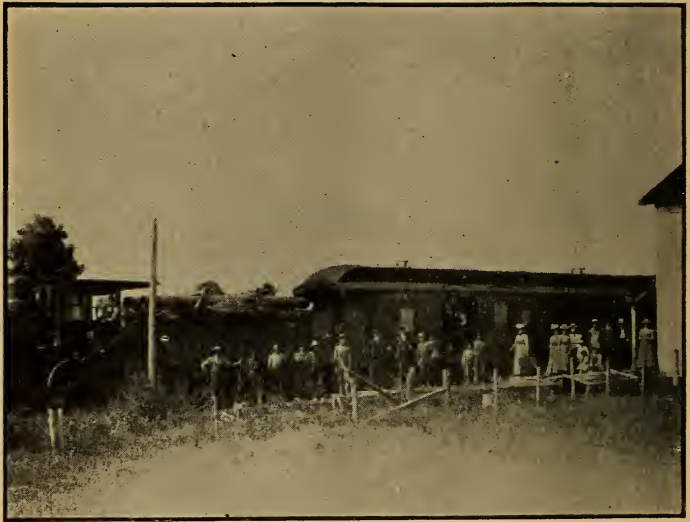
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How would you like to forsake th' street  
An' steal out in th' woods somewhere,  
Miles from the crowded thoroughfare,  
An' rest awhile from the dust an' heat,  
Far from the rattling trains an' bells,  
The screaming whistle an' noisy mills,  
'Way out yonder in the quiet dells,  
An' stay all summer among th' hills?

Or spend a day with a fishin' pole  
An' lots o' chubs in th' minnow box,  
Down where th' waters splashes th' rocks,  
Pure and white as a seraph's soul,  
'Way down yonder by the shady pool,  
An' bury your feet in the moistened sand,  
Where the cat-tails nod an' th' air is cool,  
Oh! my brother, wouldn't that be grand?

Never again, oh, brother mine,  
Shall such pleasures as those be ours.  
We can only yearn for the fields an' flowers,  
The shining chubs an' the hook an' line.  
We are old men now with forms bent low,  
Yet we love to dream of the childhood joys,  
Back in the years of the long ago  
When you and I were but chunks of boys.





AT THE LITTLE COUNTRY STATION.

## Out Along The T. & O.

---

THOUGHTS GLEANED AT THE DEPOT LUNCH COUNTER.

Whatever else we may forget,  
Thoughts of home still linger yet,  
Ever in the crowded brain,  
Alluring it to us again;  
That is just the reason why  
I am going, by and by,  
For a week or two of rest  
In the place I loved the best,  
Where the zephyr breezes blow,  
Out along the T. & O.

How I long to romp again  
Down the clover-girted lane,  
Past th' tangled berry patch,  
Where th' Bob-whites used to hatch;  
Why, it seems to me, somehow,  
I can hear him calling now,  
Whistling with a'll his might  
For the wayward Mrs. White,  
When the sun is sinking low  
Out along the T. & O.

Thoughts of home, and then one feels  
Sudden jarring of the wheels  
At the little country station,  
Swarming thick with dear relation.

We imagine we can take  
Hold of loving hands and shake  
Till we feel the warm caress  
Of the lips that used to press  
To our own so long ago,  
Out along the T. & O.

After while and I will pack  
My old duds and saunter back,  
Where the gauze-winged katydids  
An' crickets by the myriads  
Are singing where th' grape vines creep,  
Lulling drooping eyes to sleep,  
Far beyond this city life  
An' the turmoil and the strife,  
With the friends I used to know  
Out along the T. & O.



## The Man With the Hod.

---

When I think uv Edwin Markham, an' his feller with  
th' hoe,

There's a question that arises; I would really like to  
know

How he'd ever find a market for th' taters and th' wheat  
Ef it wasn't fer th' dollars uv th' toilers uv th' street.

I believe in givin' credit to th' feller who deserves;

But th' hayseed, with his whiskers full of jelly an' pre-  
serves,

Would starve to death, b' thunder, from the tillin' uv  
the sod

Ef it wasn't fer th' feller who manipulates th' hod.

I've a heap o' admiration fer th' man who plows an' sows  
An' plants th' taters an' th' corn, an' chops th' weeds  
an' hoes,

But I'd like to call attention fer a moment, ef you  
please,

To th' way he spends th' winter months in lux'ry an'  
ease,

While th' toilers uv th' city, in th' never endin' strife,  
Dassent stop a blessed minit through their whole en-  
durin' life.

You kin talk about th' farmer, Sir, an' cheer him up,  
an' laud,

But he really isn't in it with th' bearer uv the hod.

When the carpenter wuz preachin' on the shores uv  
Gallilee  
The people flocked about him jes to see what they  
could see;  
But they didn't understand Him—an' th' kind o' man  
he wuz—  
It wuz jest a case o' ignorance I guess, wuz bout the  
cause.  
So do not be unmindful of this meek an' lowly soul  
Who bravely fills his mission as he staggers to th' goal;  
Tho' a common beast of burden, he's an image of His  
God,  
A builder of th' builders—humble bearer of th' hod.

## Only Waiting.

---

Did you ever have a feelin' come a creepin' and a stealin'  
Through your whole entire anatomy, you couldn't  
understand;

An' you'd ketch yourself embracin' some ole sweetheart  
or relation,

Who had passed beyond the river to th' hallelujah  
land?

An' you ask yourself "what is it?"—Why, 'tis jest an  
angel's visit,

For they always come to cheer us when th' spirit's  
kind o' low.

We can tell when they are comin', when we ketch our-  
selves a hummin'

All th' ole familiar lullabys we knew so long ago.

Did you ever sit an' ponder o'er th' friends now over  
yonder,

An' you somehow kind o' hankered, for th' olden,  
golden years?

An' you felt a constant yearnin', till your very soul wus  
burnin';

An' th' past seemed kind o' misty, lookin' backerd  
thro' th' tears.

Yes, we're aged, an' bald an' wrinkled, and our locks  
with gray are sprinkled,

Yet there's better times a comin' that will be sur-  
prisin' grand;

We shall clasp, some day, I reckon, phantom hands that  
sweetly becon

From th' fairy, airy mansions of th' hallelujah land.

## When Fall Comes Back.

---

When fall comes back an' apples pick'd;  
Th' corn all shuck'd an' fodder rick'd,  
An' taters dug an' seedens through,  
There's little else but chores to do,  
An' gether up th' rakes an' hoes,  
An' hang 'em on th' jice in rows,  
Where nails are driven for everything  
We're likely not t' need till spring,  
When fall comes back.

When fall comes back, how sad th' words,  
Farewell t' flowers, good-bye t' birds;  
For down along th' garden walks,  
Where bloomed the blushen hollyhocks  
An' mornin' glories, white and red,  
Their leaves lie scattered, brown an' dead.  
Look where you will, most any place,  
Death seems t' stare us in th' face  
When fall comes back.

When fall comes back with weather drear,  
It's kind o' lonesome livin' here,  
Especially in th' ev'ntide,  
I set here drowsin', droopy-eyed,  
An' listen to th' cricket sing  
His doleful song, it seems t' bring  
Fond memories back again to me,  
An' faces from Eternity,  
When fall comes back.

When fall comes back with lowerin clouds,  
An heavy mist th' Earth enshrouds,  
It teaches us a lesson grand  
That all may read an' understand—  
To live again, all things must die;  
I guess that is th' reason why,  
That, in his wisdom, God has willed  
All Nature's laws to be fulfilled  
  When fall comes back.

## Retrospection.

---

I remember well the place where I was born,  
The scraggy hills that towered above the stream,  
And every nook in which I spent life's happy morn  
Comes back to me as but a happy dream.  
I'd like to see the place again, somehow,  
If everything was like it used to be;  
But many years have passed since then and now,  
And everyone would seem so strange to me.

I remember the little baker shop  
Where oft I stood and looked with anxious eyes,  
When on my way to school each morn I'd stop  
And long to taste the ginger bread and pies.  
I'd count the cakes, and count them o'er again,  
With flattened nose against the window pane,  
And life to-day seems just the same as then,  
My counting and my yearning is in vain.

I'd like to see old uncle Cyrus Black,  
Who used to drive the old gray horse to town,  
And always brought some apples in a sack  
To treat the boys who chanced to be around.  
He always smiled and spoke to me so kind,  
I never shall forget the dear old soul,  
Whate'er his load he never whipped behind,  
But let me sit astride the coupling pole.

I often think of little Johnnie Sowers,  
The Ernest boys, and curly Dan Maloy,  
Who played with me in childhood's happy hours  
Long, long ago when I was but a boy.  
I'd like to see them all again, somehow,  
If everything was like it used to be,  
But many years have passed since then and now,  
And some, no doubt, are in eternity.

## If I Could Write.

---

If I could write as poets write,  
I'd tell about an angel band  
That sang a hymn one winter's night,  
Of "Peace on earth, good will to man,"  
And all about the shepherds' fear  
When first the choir began to sing  
"Be not afraid—be of good cheer,  
Glad tidings of great joy we bring."  
I'd tell about our dear Christ's birth  
And why the Savior come to be,  
And of His trials here on earth,  
From Bethlehem to Calvary—  
I'd never lay the pen aside  
Till every boy and girl would know  
Just why we have a Christmas tide,  
And Santa Claus with face aglow,  
Who comes each year with glad surprise,  
With bats and balls and fancy sleds  
And baby dolls with blinking eyes  
And frizzled bangs and curly heads—  
And many other childish toys  
I'd like to tell about to-night,  
To fill each anxious heart with joy—  
If I could write as poets write.



## Dear Old Home.

---

AFTER A VISIT TO THE OHIO PENITENTIARY.

Dear old home, O, place divine,  
Where the morning glories twine  
Round thy eaves in leafy June,  
Where the sparrows sweetly croon:  
Would that I had ever stayed  
'Neath thy roof, and never strayed  
From the shady, cool retreats  
To the crowded city streets,  
Far from mother's love and care,  
Where the tempter's luring snare  
Led me on and on and on  
Till all self respect was gone.

Just a little while, and then  
I will homeward turn again,  
Through the guarded gate that locks  
From my feet the grassy walks  
Leading 'neath the orchard trees,  
Swarming wild with honey bees.  
How I'll quaff the sweet perfume  
Oozing from the apple bloom,  
And drink deep the balmy air,  
Wafting o'er the meadows, where  
Once I roamed a little child,  
Holy, pure and undefiled.

When the world is wrapped in sleep  
And the shadows round me creep,  
Shackle chains with iron jaws  
Must succumb to Nature's laws  
When the soul desires to stray  
O'er the fields and far away.  
Often in the silent night,  
Fleet and swift as swallow flight,  
Past the watchful sentinels,  
Over hills and down the dells,  
Nightly in my dreams I roam  
Back to you again, old home.

Just a little while, and then  
I'll return, old home, again,  
Where at rosy eventide  
Mother's standing, shaded-eyed,  
Peering down the distant lane  
For a glimpse of me again.  
Ah, the sleepless, dreary years,  
Sorrowing, regrets and tears  
Will be over by and by  
When together she and I  
Stand in fond embrace once more,  
Long in parting at the door.

## When th' Gas Plays Out.

---

I've figered and I've figured but I can't make out at all  
'Bout how they read a meter thro' a solid cellar wall.

When th' meter's in th' cellar and th' door is bolted fast  
I can't make out exactly how they figer up th' gas.

But there's one thing mighty certain, if we burn the  
gas er not,

We have to pay 'em jest the same, so make 'er good  
an' hot;

For monopolies 'ill skin us, beyond a bit o' doubt,  
And the coal man 'ill git us when th' gas plays out.

I've thought th' whole thing over and I'm fully satisfied  
That th' man who reads th' meters is a little tech cross-  
eyed;

Fer we went away this summer, and wuz gone a month  
er more,

But the figers on th' postal card wuz like th' one before.  
So I've come to th' conclusion that there ain't no use  
to fuss

Or argie with th' millionaires, monopolies an' trusts;  
There determined fer to skin us, beyond a bit o' doubt,  
And the coal man 'ill get us when the gas plays out.

## Old Times.

---

There are no days like the good old days of the Christ-  
mas long ago,  
When Santa would come with trumpet and drum, and  
the hills were mantled in snow.  
I remember well how we bounced down stairs ere the  
Holy day had dawned;  
But what a surprise to our childish eyes to find he had  
come and gone.  
We were children then in our innocence, but now we  
are old, old men,  
Yet once in a while, with a tear and a smile, we think  
of those times again.

There are no girls like the old time girls we use to  
know, God love 'em;  
They were plump and neat, and pure and sweet as the  
flowers that grow above 'em.  
We loved 'em, too, with a love that was true, that time  
nor death can sever;  
Our hearts still yearn and the sparks still burn, and  
will forever and ever.  
We are aged and wrinkled with years of care, deserted  
and all alone,  
But the hands that becken, some day, I reckon, we shall  
fondly hold in our own.

There are no songs like the old time songs and the  
sweet old lullabys  
Our mothers sung when the soft clouds hung in the  
golden sunset skies;  
When the world grew dark and our feet were tired from  
frolic and childish play,  
It was sweet to rest on a mother's breast at close of the  
long, long day.  
We are old men now, yet we feel, somehow, we would  
gladly exchange our gold  
For one sweet strain from the lips again, we pressed in  
the days of old.

## When There's Ice Friz in the Basin.

---

When th' fog is hangin' heavy o'er th' river and th' rills,  
And nothing left astickin' out but West Verginie hills,  
And the dust and heat is over and the summer season's  
past,

Then I'd like t' hoop and holler if I tho't I on'y dast;  
For there's somethin' sort o' fascinatin' 'bout the time  
o' year

When there's ice friz in th' basin and the frosty nights  
is here.

When the leaves are turnin' speckled like and sailin'  
all around,

And the buckeyes keep a rappen and a tappen on the  
ground;

When the sun is in a circle and the air is full o' haze,  
It takes a feller back again to good ole happy days;

Then the air is kind o' bracin' and the heart is full o'  
cheer,

When there's ice friz in the basin and the frosty nights  
is here.

When there's ice friz in the basin 'bout as thick as  
window pane,

Old Deacon Johnson's turnip patch comes back to me  
again,

And all the ragged rowdies my boyhood used to know,  
Who foraged in the turnip patch, some thirty years ago;

And a thousand other memories come back to me each  
year,

When there's ice friz in the basin and the frosty nights  
is here.

## In the Afterwhile.

---

I never liked a pessimist, growlin' day and night,  
Always lookin' out fer shadders, missin' all th' light;  
Never liked that mode of livin'—find it doesn't pay,  
Ort to take what heaven sends us, not a word t' say.  
Ef our plans don't work exactly ez we think they should  
Never pay a bit attenshun, it's only for our good.  
So in times o' tears an' troubles, jest look up and smile,  
You will understand the meanin' in the afterwhile.

What's the use t' fret and worry till your hair is gray,  
'Cause th' things you calculated didn't come your way?  
Never pays to growl and grumble, er t' raise a fuss;  
Better thank th' Great Creator 'cause it wusent wuss.  
When misfortunes overtake us, best fer you and me  
If our brains could understand it an' our eyes could see;  
So jest wait and be contented as a little chile,  
You will understand the meanin' in th' afterwhile,

Take the world jest as you find it, that's the better plan,  
And in hours of tribulation do the best you can.  
Everybody hez their troubles, very few hev none,  
So, you see, in earthly trials you ain't all alone.  
Tho' th' cradle's in th' garret, and a tiny chair,  
'Sides a dozen other trinkets stowed away somewhere,  
Try and make yourself contented and be reconciled,  
You will understand the meanin' in the afterwhile.

To Isaac and Rebecca Williams.

---

'Neath a little grassy mound,  
Close beside the ancient town,  
They are sleeping now, those grand old pioneers.  
They are resting in content  
From a life so nobly spent,  
And their memory grows dearer with the years.

Many years have passed away  
Many times the flowers of May  
Have bloomed around the knoll where now they sleep;  
And the bread of time they cast  
On life's waters in the past  
Is coming back—God's promises to keep.

Now the day is near at hand  
When the monument so grand  
We will decorate the hallowed mound above,  
For in history or fame  
You will find no dearer name  
Than the one we West Virginians love.



## Deal Justly.

---

REUNION OF 77 AT STOCKPORT, OCT. 9TH, '97.

I've been thinking of late of a question,  
And one that is hard to define;  
Why the soldiers cannot all be pensioned  
When they are now in years of decline?

Wasn't one man as good as another,  
If he manfully battled the foe,  
Though a brigadier general or private?  
Is a question I'd like to know.

And why is an officer's widow  
Entitled to any more pay  
Than the wife of a private soldier?—  
It has puzzled me many a day.

Wasn't her husband as dear to her,  
And wasn't the parting the same,  
When he waved good-bye as he marched away  
Never to return again?

Thirty odd times have the flowers bloomed  
Since shoulder to shoulder they marched away;  
Now weary of waiting, they seek the tomb,  
Never receiving their pay.

What is a pension to clay, cold hands,  
Now pulseless and free from pain?  
For prayers were useless in their just demands  
For the pension that never came.

Be honest, deal justly with all,  
    Regardless of title or rank;  
No odds where the laurels may fall,  
    Give honor, give credit; give thanks.

There's a feeling I always shall cherish  
    For the hero that offered his blood  
That the stars and the stripes should not perish  
    That's the private that tramped in the mud.

## The Last Tribute of Love.

---

While scanning the paper with earnest care,  
Eager to hear of the Spanish fleet,  
There comes a rattling on the air  
Of a rub-a-dub-dub and tramping feet.  
As a fellow's will, my heart beat high  
As I went to the windows, where I could see  
The ocean of flowers drifting by  
Under the banner of Liberty.

Close in the wake of the stripes and stars  
Came the boys' drum corps with manly tread;  
Then the High School Cadets and the G. A. R.  
With tributes of love for the cherished dead.  
Then came the little ones back in the rear  
With garlands of roses and lilies between,  
Decking the heaps of earth so dear,  
Keeping their memory fresh and green.

I solemnly gazed as they marched away  
And I felt a thrill that I cannot explain,  
And I wondered if some kind hand would lay  
A wreath of flowers on the sunken Maine.  
For many a soul lies slumbering there,  
Fresh in the Nation's memory yet,  
And many a mother kneels in prayer  
And many a sweetheart's eyes are wet.

## After the Bitter Comes the Sweet.

---

Down in the valley under the hill,  
Lieth a river calm and still,  
Gentle and meek as a new-born lamb,  
Softly rippling over the dam.  
One to see it would never suppose  
That it was the bit of a creek that rose  
Over the banks and into the town,  
Driving us up to the higher ground.  
But it is the very identical stream,  
Running as smooth as a summer's dream,  
Teaching a lesson we all should heed,  
Whate'er our station, whate'er our creed,  
As it whispers back from its low retreat,  
"After the bitter comes the sweet."

And just as the river is passing by,  
So we are drifting, you and I,  
Down through the valley into the sea,  
Out on the tides of eternity,  
Where the ships lie rocking to and fro  
With sails as white as the driven snow.  
And up from the harbor on the hill  
Lieth a city white and still,  
Where waters never o'erflow the street;  
So, after the bitter comes the sweet.





THE OLD WOODEN GATES ARE ALWAYS AJAR.

## Restingville.

---

Over a river, upon a hill  
Of a valley not far away  
Stands the hamlet of Restingville,  
Where wanderers go every day,  
And none are debarred from the beautiful streets,  
We are welcome to enter at will,  
And linger awhile where the flowers are sweet  
And the grass is soft to our tender feet—  
In the hamlet of Restingville.

The old wooden gates are always ajar,  
And many a road leads in,  
And many a traveler comes from afar  
To rest from the noise and din,  
Forsaking the world for the dear old town  
Where everything is so still,  
And trials and troubles are all laid down  
And nothing but slumber the whole year around,  
In the hamlet of Restingville.

Some of the mansions are tall and grand  
And some are of granite gray,  
While others are made of the coarsest sand  
And some are of common clay.  
And some of the houses are crumbling low  
In the village upon the hill,  
But somehow or other we love them so,  
And our eyes grow wet and we long to go  
For a slumber in Restingville.

## The Maine.

---

Once the pride of the navy,  
Now a thing of the past.  
Only a wreck in the harbor,  
Only a piece of mast.  
Pierced is the heart of a nation,  
Wounded to the very core  
For the gallant Main and her martyred crew  
Of Yankee boys in coats of blue  
Who sank to rise no more.

Only the victim of Weyler  
Who hungers and thirsts for blood.  
Only the form of a sailor  
Covered with slime and mud.  
Bury him not in Havana soil—  
It isn't fit for a freeman's grave;  
Bring him back to the land of God  
And bury him under his native sod,  
In the home of the free and brave.

The dastardly deed of a coward,  
Who hadn't the valor to fight.  
Only the work of a villain,  
Only a thief in the night.  
Hurt is the pride of the nation—  
How bitter the sting of the crime;  
But we will avenge the wrong some day  
In the true American way,  
In God's own time.



Down with the diver into the wreck,  
Never abandon the gruesome task  
Till he signals back to the upper deck  
"Hoist away, we have found the last."  
Then bury him not in Havana soil,  
Cover him not with the blood-stained earth;  
But bring him back to the land of God,  
Where he can rest 'neath the pure sweet sod  
Of his home and his place of birth.

## Modern Hypocrisy.

---

“Good morning, Mrs. Neighborly,  
I thought I'd just drop in  
To find out who those people are  
That live with widow Flinn.  
Why, don't you know, I never knew  
That they were there before,  
Until I saw old man McGrew  
Tack crape upon the door.”

“Well, I declare! Miss Slendersoul,  
And hain't you really seen  
That woman at our Sunday School?  
She wears that old satine.  
She has an old 'new market' coat  
That strikes her 'bout the shin;  
I thought I'd burst right out and laugh  
When she came walking in.

“The baby that she had with her  
At church last Sunday night  
Must have been the one that died,  
You know the crepe is white.  
And then the notice on the hall  
Said, 'infant daughter Mary'—  
I hadn't time to read it all,  
For I was in a hurry.

“I heard they came from Canaansville,  
I think their name is Brooks.  
Her husband labors at the mill  
Where John is keeping books.  
Of course, its bad enough for them  
That they have lost their child,  
But they must put their trust in Him,  
And still be reconciled.”

“Well, good-day, Mrs. Neighborly,  
Come over when you can  
And see the cake I baked to-day,  
I think it’s simply grand.  
I baked it for the parson’s wife—  
’Tis her birthday, you see—  
’Tis lettered with the words so nice,  
‘For sweet charity.’”

Miss Slendersoul had scarcely left;  
Her neighbor closed the door  
And went to singing to herself  
A hymn she loved of yore—  
“A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.”

## When We Lie Down.

---

When we lie down in the mother earth,  
Whate'er our station it matters not,  
Whether we came of royal birth,  
Or born 'neath the thatch of a peasant's cot,  
Millionaire, pauper, beggar and king,  
Landlord and tenant, master and slave,  
All must succumb to the terrible sting,  
And equally share in the gloom of the grave.

Why should we envy the fortunes of others,  
Gold cannot enter the tomb, I am sure.  
Equally born, we are simply brothers,  
O! why should the wealthy look down on the poor?  
When we lie down in the flower-strewn sod,  
'Twill count but for little the wealthy may own;  
We will all be the same in the eyes of God,  
Whether we came from a cottage or throne.

We should remember that we are but mortals,  
Born like the coral, to live but a day,  
Naught but the spirit can enter the portals  
When all that is earthly has faded away.  
The lord in the castle, the poor in the hovel,  
The trowel, the scepter, the helmet and crown  
Lose all distinction and come to one level,  
When we lie down, when we lie down.

## When Spring Comes Back.

---

When spring comes back I seem t' hear  
Th' cowbells tinkle soft an' clear,  
An' with th' bells it kind o' brings  
Along with it ten thousand things  
That makes me dream these daylight dreams  
Till everything I think jes seems  
Ez natural an' jes ez plain  
Ez if I wuz a child again,

When spring comes back.

When spring comes back I kind o' wish  
That I could go again an' fish  
Along th' creek, jes ez I did  
When I was but a ragged kid;  
An' set upon th' rocks agin  
An' let my legs jes dangle in  
Th' water ez it bubbles by  
Until I'd get my satisfy,

When spring comes back.

When spring comes back, an' appletrees  
Are jes alive with honeybees,  
An' birds, with straws and strings, commence  
T' build along th' orchard fence,  
An' south wind coaxes back the grass  
An' blossoms on th' sassafras;  
Then everything smells sweet an' nice  
An' this ole world's a paradise,

When spring comes back.

When spring comes back with shine an' smiles,  
Then sugar trees are full o' spiles;  
An' crows an' blackbirds seem t' come  
From every part o' Christendom;  
An' dandelions, like golden stars,  
Stretch out beyond th' pasture bars;  
An' ivy vines peep thro' th' wall  
Jes ez th' did when I wuz small,  
                    When spring comes back.

When spring comes back with skies o' blue  
An' streaks o' sunshine streaming thro'  
Th' lattice at th' kitchen door,  
An' stretches clear across th' floor  
An' tints our silvery hair with gold;  
Then we forget that we are old—  
But ah, these dreams are all in vain,  
For we can ne'er go back again,  
                    'Cause Spring comes back.

## Rose Hill School.

---

I often think with pleasure of the little country school,  
And when we missed our lessons how the teacher  
made us dance;

I remember how he rapped us o'er the knuckles with  
his rule,  
And what delight he seemed to take in dusting out  
our pants.

I can see the sloppy corner, where the water bucket  
stood,  
And the rusty bottom tin-cup, sitting on the window-  
sill,

Where the breeze came in at summer-time, smelling  
mighty good  
With fragrance from the clover blossoms out along  
the hill.

What became of all the Glens, can anybody tell?

I scarce remember all of them, it's been so long ago.  
There was Nick and Nat, Tom and Jack, Ned and little  
Nell,  
And Het and Mag, whose cheeks were red as roses in  
the snow.

Joe Taylor went to Washington; George Schrader's in  
the West;  
The last I heard of Dobbins he was down in Mexico.

Jarve Mathews and his brother John are numbered  
with the blest,  
And what became of Dilley Crage, nobody seems to  
know.

I'd like to see the place again, and all the happy throng  
Who used to play at plumps for knucks, and two old  
cat with me;  
But that, you know, is all in vain, my playmates all are  
gone,  
And I have naught to ponder o'er but treasured  
memory.



## Uncle Sam.

---

Who is this Uncle Sam, pa,  
Who looks so lank and thin,  
And has a sort o' lantern jaw  
And whiskers on his chin?  
He wears such funny striped clothes  
And looks so cute and sly,  
And holds his finger on his nose  
And winks his tother eye.

I'll tell you who he is, my son,  
And of his royal birth.  
He's related to George Washington,  
The greatest man on earth.  
He was born of Yankee parents,  
Many years gone by,  
In a place called Philadelphia,  
On the fourth day of July.

Why, he's the man you read about  
In the papers every day,  
Who knocked the Spanish navy out,  
Down in Manilla Bay;  
And bottled up Cevera,  
In the Santiago jug,  
And corked him up securely  
With his patent Hobson plug.

Why is all this cruel war?  
I can't quite understand,  
And what they kill each other for  
In battle, hand to hand.  
Why, that is plain enough, I'm sure,  
For any one to see,  
Old Uncle Sam could not endure  
The Spanish treachery.

Has Uncle Sam'l any wife?  
Well, no, not yet, my son,  
But, I will bet my old jack-knife,  
Some day he will have one.  
He has his eye upon a maid,  
Across the sea, 'tis said,  
And all of Europe feels afraid  
That Sam and her'll wed.

America and England  
Will some day be allied,  
And Uncle Sam will then demand  
His fair and blooming bride.  
We'll hear no more the dreadful sound  
Of war and its alarm,  
And Uncle Sam'll strut around  
With Victoria on his arm.





FAR, FAR AWAY, UP THE "QUIET MUSKINGUM."

## Up The Muskingum.

---

Far, far away, up the "quiet Muskingum"  
Just over the crest of the hill,  
Stands the dearest old cabin in all of God's kingdom,  
I fondly remember it still.

In fancy, I'd stand at the bars in the gloaming,  
When the sun's sinking low in the west;  
I can hear the bells tinkle and see the cows coming—  
Old Brindle and Cherry and Bess.

In my dreaming I pass by the barn, where the swallows  
Used to chatter so soothingly sweet,  
And leisurely stroll down the lane to the hollows,  
Where someone and I used to meet.

No more the bells tinkle, I hear not their humming,  
The swallows have deserted their nests;  
Yet someone is waiting, I know, for my coming,  
Some where in the "Valley of Rest."

## Happiest Days.

---

I stood on the corner and watched the procession,  
When Forepaugh's circus was here,  
And my eyes filled with moisture in spite of the dickens,  
When I heard the boys holler and cheer,  
"Ho, ho! here he comes with his old baggy britches,"  
Then quickly they circled around  
Th' little red wagon and lippy-eared donkey,  
Then toddled along with the clown.

I watched the old fool till he got to the crossin'—  
The boys I no longer could see;  
Then the gay prancin' horses and riders in spangles  
Had lost all their sweetness to me.  
An' I thought of a home in an old country village,  
The dearest I ever have found,  
An' I sighed for the days when, a bare-footed urchin,  
I trotted along with the clown.

## Whitcomb Riley's Poems.

---

I'll tell you what I like to do  
To pass the lonesome Sunday nights;  
Jes set aroun in my sock feet  
And read of days when life was sweet  
In pomes Whitcomb Riley writes.

I like to read the "Swimmin' Hole,"  
It takes me back to long ago,  
I seem to see 'twixt smiles 'n tears  
Adown life's rode some forty years,  
An' all the boys I us't know.

I like to read "Ike Walton's prayer;"  
He seem'd so humble in his way,  
He only ast fer simple grace  
To look his naber in th' face  
With onesty frum day to day.

No treasure heaps of gold ast he,  
He never prayed fer land nor kine,  
But only ast fer his poor sake  
The smilin' face of her to make  
His humble cot a place divine.

Then thers "The Old Mulberry Tree,"  
I read that pome o'er and o'er,  
It seems to sooth a feller's brain  
An' sort o' wafts him back again  
The happy days he knew of yore.

Another favorite pome of mine  
Longfellow wrote about the clock,  
But then, lau sakes, it aint as fine  
As one 'at Riley wrote one time  
Bout "when the fodder's in the shock."

There's one 'at always ketches me,  
About 'at ole sweetheart o' his;  
I read along and never care  
Until it comes about to where——  
Well I can't tell you now—Gee whiz!

There's something kind o' comfortin  
When things air dull and times air slow  
To jes rap up in Riley's books  
An paddle in the ole time brooks,  
It kind o' lulls and sooths us so.



## A Common Occurrence.

---

Don't talk t' me, Matilda Jane—your breath is vainly  
spent—

I'll never hev my life insured, not for one single cent.  
Now there wus Jenkins, over there, he owned a house  
an' lot,

An' peach an' plum an' apple trees, an' little garden spot.  
They seemed to be contented an' as happy as you please,  
An' when they got along in life, where they could live  
at ease,

Well, he went out one chilly day without his overcoat,  
An' took th' influenzie an' th' kanker in th' throat;  
Then pneumonia started in, his lungs commenst t' fill,  
An' 'fore th' family doctor came, he had a nervous chill.  
Th' doctor told him tenderly thet he would soon expire,  
An' if he had a word t' say they'd better get th' 'Squire.  
"No will hev I to write," said he, "but all thet I possess,  
Th' house an' lot an' garden spot, when I hev gone t'  
rest,

Beside a hansom' policy, I've kept up like a man,  
I leave t' her in widowhood, my wife, Samantha Ann."  
Thro' all th' night his mortal light wus burnin' kind o'  
low,

Th' shadows on th' bedroom wall wus movin' to an' fro,  
An' with th' first streaks of morn, when day begin t,  
dawn,

Ole Simmson came across th' lot and says, "Well, Jinks  
is gone."

He hed the biggest funeral, the meetin' house wus full,  
An' when they closed th' casket up they hed t' pull  
an' pull

To get Samantha Ann away, fer she wus weepin' so;  
It tuck th' whole community t' coax her fer to go.  
Well, time went on as usual, Samantha moped around  
An' wore a great big mornin' veil thet nearly teched th'  
ground.

But she, one day, by accident, as she wus passin' by,  
Espied a bow-leg'd bach'lor thet sort o' filled her eye.  
He wus a lazy, worthless shirk, an' all he did wus dress.  
He never did a lick o' work in all his life, I guess,  
But he wus sort o' cunnin' like, an' boldly pushed th'  
case,

An' finally swooped Samantha Ann, then owned th'  
hull blamed place.

An' any day you pass that way you'll see him settin'  
there

Upon the porch, in idleness, without a thought o' care.  
He smokes an' chews an' reads th' news, contented as  
kin be,

Injoyin' life with Jinks' wife on her big policy.  
But that's th' way it always goes, I've noticed now for  
years,

I find thet when a feller's gone the widder seldom keers.  
'Tis fifty years this very spring since we stood side by  
side,

Then I was fair with golden hair, an' you a blushin'  
bride.

I told the deacon plainly I'd take you for my wife,  
Thet I'd be true an' kind t' you through all your  
blessed life;  
But, through th' whole blamed questionin' it never  
once wus sed  
Thet I'd be held accountable fer you when I wus dead.  
So, don't you talk, Matilda Jane, your wind is vainly  
spent,  
I'll never hev my life insured, not for one single cent.  
I'll keep th' house an' barn insured, an' if they burn,  
well, then  
I'll take th' money thet I get an' build 'em up again.  
But ez for a life policy; look here, I'll jest be durn'd  
Ef eny man'll spludge around on money I hev earned.

## When I Wuz Jest a Kid.

---

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE PREACHERS.)

I remember very well when I wuz jest a kid,  
They hed pertracted meetin' every winter, so they did,  
An' mother hed the preacher fer t' come an' dine with  
us,

An' then she'd go to bakin' pies an' make the mostes'  
fuss.

The day that he wuz comin' she would kill a hen or so  
An' hev a chicken pot-pie and noodles out o' dough.

When 'twas time for him to come she'd say, "Look here,  
now, boys,

You fellers jest skedaddle out and don't make eny noise.  
Your pants air aiful ragged, your feet air on the ground;  
You know th' preacher's comin', so you musn't hang  
around.

Jes play about th' barn awhile until the meal is thro',  
An' when th' preacher's gone away I'll come an' call fer  
you."

An' so we raced around the barn, John an' Bill an' I,  
Thinkin' all th' while about th' noodles an' th' pie.  
Soon she'd holler "Hoo-hoo," in the sweetest kind o'  
tones,

But when we went to dinner there wuz nothing left but  
bones;

Th' chicken it hed disappeared except th' neck an' wing'  
Of custard pie an' noodles, well, we couldn't find a thing.

I'd like to be a child again, ef I only could;  
I'd give th' hull blamed chicken to th' preacher, so I  
would.

I wouldn't care a thing at all fer custard pie to eat,  
If I could jes hear mother call, with accent soft and  
sweet,

Her old familiar "Hoo-hoo," jes as she always did  
In the happy long ago when I wuz jest a kid.

## A Vision.

---

Ingathering Day at the Woman's Home  
Brings many a happy thought to me.  
I sit and dream till my mind will roam  
Back to the days that used to be—  
Back to the happy long ago,  
And see the faces I used to know.

I see an old lady with frill and cap  
And hair so white it would shame the snow,  
With knitting piled up in her spacious lap  
And the glimmering needles pass to and fro;  
That was the face I loved the best,  
Dearer by far than all the rest.

She used to sit by the broad fire side  
When the Holidays were drawing near,  
And tell us a tale of the Christmas tide  
And Santa Claus with his sled and deer.  
When I think of Santa I seem to be  
A child again at my mother's knee.

They found her asleep in her chair one day  
Beside the fire in her same old place;  
They knew that her spirit had passed away  
From the smile she wore on her dear old face.  
The stockings were finished out to the toe  
And tied with yarn at the ends just so.

They took her away to the Old Ladies' Home,  
Somewhere over the jasper sea;  
Yet where e'er I wander, where e'er I roam,  
My old mother's face comes back to me.  
I can see her smile as she used to smile  
When I was only a little child.

## Thanksgiving.

---

Thanksgiving Day has come again

And finds us as it ever should,  
With hearts brim full of thankfulness  
For everything that we possess;  
For life and health and daily food.

Peace reigns supreme throughout the land,

The clash of war has passed away.  
The guns which shook El Caney's hill,  
Like Morro's batteries, are still  
And silent as the tomb to-day.

Proud floats our flag from fort and mast

O'er new possessions of the sea.  
We craved them not, great God, through greed,  
But that their subjects might be freed  
From galling yokes of slavery.

The rod of Spanish Tyranny

Has lost its power and lordly sway.  
Crushed lie the chains fair Cuba bore,  
Unshackled hands lift up once more  
In gratitude, this holy day.

Of all the blessings we enjoy

Our liberty we prize the most.  
We kneel not unto earthly powers,  
To coronetted Queens nor Czars,  
But Thee alone, Lord God of Hosts.

Protect us through the coming years;

We need Thee for our God and Guide.  
We need Thy presence every day,  
To cheer us o'er the untried way;  
Lord God of Hosts, with us abide.

## The Man on the Dump.

---

Yes, poetry lies everywhere;  
We need not search through stately halls,  
Nor where the rippling water-falls  
Send high their misty spray in air.  
'Tis scattered broadcast o'er the land.  
'Tis written everywhere we turn  
In lessons that the wise might learn,  
Could they but see and understand.

Now, there's a subject, wholly grand;  
You see that old man over there  
With silvery beard and snowy hair,  
And note the pitchfork in his hand?  
Contentedly he's growing old.  
Yet in the furrows of his face  
There lingers yet a little trace  
Of some old love-tale yet untold.

Unmindful of the public's gaze,  
See, there he stands with head bowed down,  
Intently staring at the ground,  
In dreams, no doubt, of better days.  
For wealth nor fame he never lusts;  
His horny hands have yet to touch  
The tempting bribe now sought so much  
By some who fill the public trusts.



Aged and decrepit with trembling knees,  
A picture, seemingly, divine,  
He falters on the crossing line  
Between the two eternities.  
O! guardian of the garbage pile,  
Altho' thou hast not wealth nor fame,  
A king might envy you your name  
And future in the afterwhile.

## The Grand Review.

---

An army is camping just over the way,  
Awaiting the grand review,  
Some are in garments of beautiful gray,  
And others in blouses of blue.  
You may cross their lines in the dead of the night  
And never be halted by *Who goes there?*  
For the sentinel's fallen fast asleep  
And none but the angels vigils keep  
Over their forms so fair.  
They are peacefully waiting the judgment day  
When, as a groom and bride,  
At the great command they shall march away,  
One by the other's side.  
For the Savior hath said, "*I will come again,—  
Come, and claim My own.*"  
Then the command will be, *File to the right!*  
Out of the darkness into the light,  
On to the great white throne.  
So, watch for your boy in the grand review  
As the army goes marching away;  
I'll look among the blouses of blue  
And you look among the gray.





I STOOD 'AN WATCHED THEM PASSIN'.

## Our Volunteers.

---

When the notice in the Register appeared the other  
night,

That new recruits wuz wanted for to carry on the fight,  
The people on the corners jes begun to hum and buzz,  
An' the town went clear beside itself, jes like it allus  
does,

An' when they called the roll next day 'bout a hundred  
answered "Here,"

For the town of Marietta's where the boys 'll volinteer.  
They kin roast ole Marietta an' laugh till they air sick,  
An' make fun of Matamoras an' Lower Salem, up the  
crick;

The little town o' Newport never gits a bit o' thanks,  
An' she has a dozen soger boys a swellin' up the ranks;  
They kin laugh at little Lowell with her Dutch an'  
Lager Beer,

But they know jes where to come to when they want a  
volinteer.

The first place in the County for to make a sacrificize  
Is the brave ole town of Beverly, where Private Wor-  
stel lies;

An' there's ole Constitution, why, they don't know her  
at all,

But she answers to the bugle ev'ry time they make a call.  
They kin laugh jes as they want to, an' snub ther nose  
an' sneer,

But they come to this ole County when they want a  
volunteer.

I stood an' watched them passin' as they gaily marched  
away,

An' my throat commenced to tickle when the band be-  
gun to play;

I follered to the depo' for to see the last "good-byes,"  
An' I couldn't see a single thing for somethin' in my  
eyes;

The pressure got too heavy when the crowds begun to  
cheer,

So I turned and said "God bless our Marietta volunteer."

Why, the blamed ole railroad ingin thet wuz waitin' on  
the track,

Had a patriotic spasm from the way she humped her  
back;

An' the steam cocks in her cylenders wuz whizzin'  
ruther loud,

An' the coaches thet the boys wuz in wuz feelin' rather  
proud.

It's a sight thet I'll remember if I live a hundred years,  
When the train pulled from the depo' with our loyal  
volunteers.

## To My Friend, E. R. Alderman.

---

A useful man has passed away,  
Not dead—I'd have you understand—  
Just simply filled his mission through,  
Then changed the old life for the new,  
Protected by the same dear Hand.

Life's walks to him were often rough,  
He never knew the word—defeat—  
But ever looked toward the light,  
And daily strove to do the right;  
'Twas this that made his life complete.

A friend to me, full tried and true,  
He used me kindly through the press,  
And when he held this hand of mine  
I seemed to feel a thrill divine  
That spoke his inward manliness.

The firmness of his fearless pen  
Drew censure from his fellowmen.  
With mind made up he staunchly stood;  
Despised the wrong, but loved the good;  
He catered not to clique nor clan.

He did not live for self alone;  
To get and hold was not his greed;  
Oft helped the worthy in distress,  
Nor showed a tint of selfishness—  
A man in every act and deed.

'Twas thus he jogged along life's way—  
Reserved and modest to the end.  
He said but little, thinking much;  
And he with whom he came in touch  
Became an everlasting friend.

Deserving of a well-earned rest,  
Like some old faithful water-mill,  
Time-worn by the heartless past,  
Whose burrs run slower—till at last  
The weary wheels of life stood still



## Doug and Bill.

---

'Twas Sunday morn, and all around  
The autumn sun shone bright and clear,  
When, on the unsuspecting ear  
There came a dull, terrific sound.

A loud report, a fire alarm,  
The clang of gongs, the wild patrol,  
But ah! too late, for one poor soul  
Had passed beyond all earthly harm.

Brave, manly hearts were put to test,  
In vain they plied a dozen streams,  
A seething mass of tangled beams,  
Full well the public knows the rest.

Two hearts that beat as one, had they,  
And side by side, from little boys  
They shared each other's griefs and joys  
Until that sad and fatal day.

If I had Doug again with me  
I would not care at all, said Bill,  
And then his eyes began to fill,  
They grew so dim he could not see.

In speaking of his recent loss,  
Said he, "It was an awful strain,  
But I must try and not complain  
For everybody has a cross."

A little joy, a little pain,  
A little laughter mixed with tears,  
A little drifting with the years  
And Doug'l be with Bill again.

## Old Fashioned Flowers.

---

You may talk about cysanthemums and lilies if you  
please,  
And how they shed their fragrance on the early morn-  
ing breeze,  
And all about the bridal rose, geraniums and such,  
There isn't any flowers that will thrill my soul so much  
As the old-fashioned hollyhocks, my boyhood knew,  
And the dear old morning-glories in their red, white  
and blue.

I like to see the roses bloom around the cot,  
The daisies in the orchard and the sweet forget-me-not,  
But their isn't any flowers that will thrill my soul with  
joy,  
And bring me back the happy hours I knew when but  
a boy,  
As the old-fashioned morning-glories, loyal and true,  
In their patriotic colors of red, white and blue.

If you visit home once more on fancy's downy wing,  
And see the place you know of yore and hear the robin  
sing,  
Just take a big red hollyhock and hold it to your nose  
And shut your eyes, and draw breath and sink into re-  
pose.

You can see the little cabin where the morning-glories  
grew  
In clusters o'er the window, in their red, white and blue.

## Just Day By Day.

---

If we could look adown the unseen years,  
And see our lives just as they are to be,  
Besprinkled thickly here and there with tears,  
Vicissitudes and cares and misery,  
How quickly we would look with upturned eyes,  
And whisper softly, "Father, stay Thy hand,  
We cannot bear to say these sad good-byes;  
This grief is greater far than we can stand.  
Oh, draw the veil upon this scene, we pray,  
And let us live our lives, just day by day."

We should not worry so, and plot and plan  
And borrow trouble from a future day,  
For life at best is but a little span;  
We scarce have come until we pass away.  
It isn't best that you and I should know  
What future hours now hold for you and me;  
Our cups, perhaps, would fill to overflow,  
If we could pull the veil aside and see.  
So, let us be contented while we may,  
And simply live our lives, just day by day.

## Beneath the Shades of Harmar Hill.

---

In seventeen and eighty-eight,  
To seek a home and battle fate,  
A sturdy lot of Pioneers,  
Who daily watched 'twixt hopes and fears,  
Through poverty and pestilence,  
With trust in God and Providence,  
Strove bravely on with trusting soul,  
Still longing for the shining goal,  
Until at last with weary feet,  
They rested where two rivers meet.  
Now, as I write this silly rhyme,  
I look across the lapse of time—  
A century has passed away;  
A city fair now stands to-day,  
With steepled church and noisy mill,  
Beneath the shades of Harmar Hill.  
And where the block house used to stand  
To shelter that heroic band,  
School children cut their childish pranks  
Along Muskingum's drowsy banks.  
Another century has dawned,  
The Pioneers have passed beyond.  
Time's pendulum swings to and fro—  
The winters come and the summers go;  
The years pass on incessantly,  
And we are drifting out to sea.

Oh, let us ever emulate  
The founders of this grand old State,  
And strive each day to do our best,  
That when the time has come for rest,  
Our names like theirs may ever be  
Emblazoned in State's history.  
Now just a word before I close:  
I'd like to kindly say to those  
Who take an interest in the town,  
The valleys and the hills around,  
Let no man ever change a name  
Now known in history or fame;  
But ever keep inviolate  
The birth-place of the Buckeye State.  
I question not my neighbors' rights  
To call the hill-tops, Fairview Heights;  
But while I dwell in this abode  
That stands above the graded road,  
And have a hand to shove the quill,  
I'll proudly write of Harmar Hill.

## Happy Hans Schneider.

---

I love dose leattle home uf mine,  
I neffer loaf der streeds about;  
I'm vorkin beasy all der dimes,  
Youst pullen veeds ter feed der schwines,  
Und hoe der cabbage fer der krout.

I dond gid lonsom all der vile;  
I spade der garten fer der peans,  
Und ven id rains das mox nix ouse  
I helb de vimens ine der hous  
Und read der papers in betwens.

Der Register I all ways dake,  
I lights mine bipe und read und schmoke.  
I lofe to read dose vuny dings  
Dur City Council dose, py chings;  
I laf undil mine sides vas proke.

I bidders not mit bollidies,  
I notings care about der vars,  
Und ven I dinks of Ladyschmit  
Und Spionkop, I yout say nit  
Dose Shony Pulls can't fip der Pores.

I vork youst like some honey pees;  
I dack der grape vines round der borch,  
Und ven dose grapes got red ill make  
A leattle vine for stomach sake;  
You ort ter daste dot vine, py schorge.

I dond comblain ov any dings;  
Fen sorrow comes I bodders not.  
I allvays loft my fellow mans,  
Und dry ter do der pest for Hans,  
Und all mine droubles lief mit Got.

## Spring Fever.

---

Clover blossoms on the breeze,  
Butterflies hez come,  
Yellow leg'd bumble bees  
Begin to buzz and hum.  
The atmosphere is hazy,  
Sort o' smoky hue,  
Feller feels so lazy  
Don't know what ter do.

Ort to plow the garden spot  
'Stead of loafin' 'round.  
Still, the sun is mighty hot  
Fer dig'n in the ground;  
Guess I'll wait till last o' May,  
And plow it all together;  
Garden stuff won't grow, they say,  
This air kind o' weather.

Think I'll cut a fish'n pole—  
Got a hook and line—  
Like to take a little stroll,  
Say, they're bit'n fine.  
Guess I'd rather hunt the shade—  
Ain't got any bate.  
Hunt'n fishworms with a spade,  
That air's what I hate.



## One Look.

---

I often go back to the scenes of my boyhood,  
To the days of my longing to see the old home;  
Back to the roadside where the old-fashioned home  
stood—

Its visions will haunt me wherever I roam.

There was old Jerry, I shall always remember,  
How I rode him to mill with a grist on behind;  
How all the boys "hollered" like crows in September,  
Simply because the old fellow was blind.

And many more troubles I had in my childhood,  
That do not seem pleasant just now to recall;  
But one that I hated far more than the others  
Was the wood that I chopped along in the fall.

I thought when I struck on the hard, knotty dogwood—  
Then looked the pile over for something more green—  
That my careless old mother could burn up more stove-  
wood

Than all of the women I ever had seen.

I have seen the grand city with all its temptations;  
I have looked for its pleasures and fancies in vain;  
I would willingly chop all the wood in creation  
For one, only one, look at mother again.

## Heroes of The Merrimac.

---

What became o' them,—who can tell?—

Th' heroes who sailed on the Merrimac,  
An' entered th' very gates of hell?

Air they livin'? Did they come back?  
Well, ef they did it is awful queer,  
For the name o' Hobson is all we hear.

I aint no pessimist in my views—

I only argy for the right;  
I b'lieve in givin' th' devil his dues,  
And cheer'n th' feller who fit the fight,  
Though he be coxswain or ingineer;  
But it seems that Hobson is all we hear.

When Schley had completed Cervera's fall,

An' swept his eyes o'er the wreck-strewn sea,  
Said he, "There's honor enough for all,"

An' that is the kind of a man for me;  
But Hobson, he's claimin' the hull blamed cheer,  
An' the name of his comrades we never hear.

## Where Ships Lie Moored.

---

While plodding on from day to day  
A down life's mystic, untried way,  
Remember, you are not alone.  
Though storms may rise,  
Though dark the skies,  
There is an ever shining light  
To guide you through the darkest night  
And lead you to the great unknown.  
God guides your bark from hour to hour,  
Though billows roll and tempests rage,  
Until it finds an anchorage  
Beyond the reef, beyond the bar,  
Where ships lie moored with sails all furled,  
No more to go about the world.

## Life's Problem.

---

I've studied life's problem over and over,  
The sunshine, the shadows and all,  
And I'm puzzled to know if the proverbial honey  
Is equally mixed with the gall.  
I've balanced the storm with the calm that comes after,  
I've weighed all the hopes with the fears,  
And I've wondered if all of the joy and the laughter,  
Repaid for the toil and the tears.

I've counted the profits along with the losses,  
Successes along with mistakes,  
And I've thought that the crowns underbalanced the  
crosses  
And the soothing fell short of the aches.  
I may have judged wrong, if I have I am sorry,  
'Tis nothing but human to err,  
But what is the use for to bother and worry  
When trials and troubles occur.

So I'll jog up the highway of life at my leisure,  
No odds what reverses I meet;  
I'll take what is given of sorrow or pleasure,  
The bitter as well as the sweet.  
Though snares may allure us and dangers alarm us,  
We should battle the world with a will,  
And pull for the goal though we die in the harness  
Down at the foot of the hill.



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