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1912

# Pine-Cones and Needles



From the  
North-East

With  
Illustrations



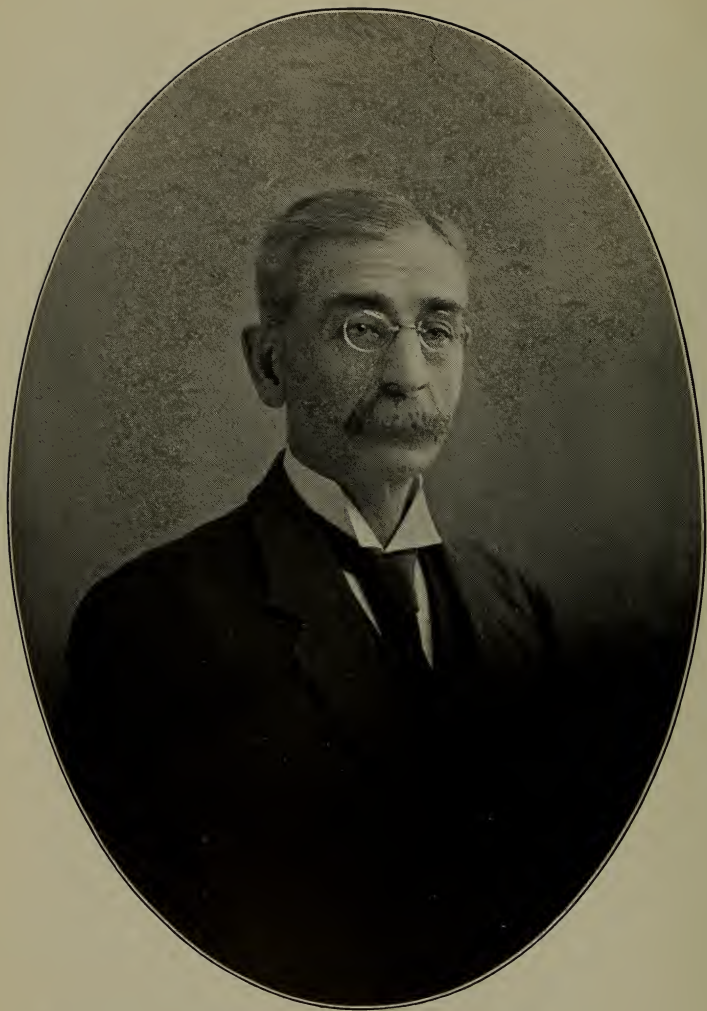
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Sincerely Yours,  
Edgar Foster Davis.









# Pine-Cones and Needles

A COLLECTION

of

POEMS

By

EDGAR FOSTER DAVIS

"

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1912

Printed privately and sold by subscription

PS 3507  
.A715 P5  
1912

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N. J. C.

## Inscription:

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To the Memory of  
My Mother, Elizabeth Foster Davis  
whose life from my earliest  
recollection has been to  
me the noblest of all  
Poems  
whatsoever



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## To the River at Mechisses

Mechisses, Mechisses, thy mad river hisses,  
And dashes, and splashes, the same as of old;  
As down through the valley its springs make a sally  
To join the wild waves by the Ocean uprolled.

It tumbles and rumbles; it groans and it grumbles;  
It moans as it stumbles o'er stones in its path;  
O'er boulders and pebbles it doubles its troubles;  
It boils and it bubbles, and roars in its wrath.

Through forest and meadow, in sunshine and shadow,  
It gleams and it glooms by day and by night;  
Past hillside and mountain, past millside and fountain,  
It glides and it slides, never staying its flight.

Under green-tufted ridges, past by-ways and bridges,  
And edges of ledges, and glistening sands;  
Through town and through village, through pasture and tillage,  
It winds as it finds its lone way through the lands,

Till the tide-waters leap, as from Ocean they sweep  
To welcome its ripples and mingle their foam;  
Now merrily married, far downward they're carried,  
Far onward and seaward in joyance to roam.

I love thee, sweet river, forget will I never  
The scenes where my childhood was spent long ago;  
Thy waves and thy billows, thy deeps and thy shallows  
More brightly than ever in memory glow.

Ye glad, dancing waters, where now are the daughters  
And sons of Mechisses with whom I once strayed—  
Fond lads and coy misses, whose tender caresses  
Were so dear and sincere when together we played?

Some have wandered afar toward the beckoning star  
Of evening, o'er prairie and stream;  
But yon mountains of gold no such treasures unfold  
As of childhood their beautiful dream!

All the others have flown to a region unknown,  
From these haunts they are gone, and forever;  
But their faces I see, and they smile upon me,  
When I walk the old paths by the River.

### Kind o' Grave

Our Sexton was an ancient man  
Of grave and solemn mien;  
With wrinkled skin, and flowing locks—  
The whitest ever seen.  
I well remember how we boys  
Beside him used to walk,  
And ask him foolish questions  
Just to hear him—"kind o' talk!"

His boys, he said, had all grow'd up,  
And kind o' gone away;  
His gals, likewise, had "merried" been—  
How long, he couldn't say;  
Two wives of his'n had gone to rest  
Above the golden stair;  
And oftentimes he'd kind o' wished  
His third was also there!

His politics remained the same  
As in his early prime:  
He'd voted for "Old Hickory,"  
Fust, last, and all the time;  
And when the Civil War broke out  
And filled our land with woe,  
He said, "I kind o' looked for this  
Nigh forty year ago!"

Whene'er he spoke of sacred things  
It was with reverence,  
Although to sinless purity  
He never made pretence.  
"My creed is short," he used to say  
In accents mild and meek:  
"I b'lieve that God is merciful,  
While I am poor and weak.

"It would 'a' been agin my vote  
To live this life at all;  
But God A'mighty placed me here,  
And He's responsible.  
So, when I go to Him at last,  
Confessing all my sin,  
He'll find a place to bury that  
And kind o' let me in!"

One day we missed him on the street  
And on the windy hill—  
For three-score years his chosen beat—  
'Twas said that he was ill.  
A week passed by, and then 'twas told  
In sadness, far and wide,  
How our good sexton, worn and old,  
At last had kind o' died.

From distant hamlet, hut and hall,  
From mountain, lake, and lea  
Came childhood, youth, and bowing age,  
His face once more to see.  
And then with reverent steps and slow,  
And eyes with weeping dim,  
We gathered round his lot of ground  
And kind o' buried him!

## 'Lizy Ann

My darter? Yes, that's Lizy Ann—  
As full o' grit as any man  
'T you ever see! She does the chores  
Days when I can't git out o' doors  
'Account o' this 'ere rheumatiz—  
And sees to ev'ry thing there is  
To see to here about the place;  
And never makes a rueful face  
At housework, like some women do,  
But does it *all*—and cheerful, too!  
There's mother—she's been bedrid now  
This twenty year; and you'll allow  
It takes a grist o' care and waitin'  
To 'tend on *her*? But I'm a-statin'  
No more'n the facts when this I say:  
There's never been a single day  
That gal has left her mother's side  
Except for meetin', or to ride  
Through muck and mire, through rain or snow,  
To market when I couldn't go.  
She's thirty-five, you say? Yes, more  
Than that—she's mighty nigh two score.  
But what o' that? She's sweet and mild  
To me and mother as a child.  
There doesn't breathe a better than  
Our only darter, 'Lizy Ann!  
Had offers? Wal, I reckon—though  
She's ne'er told me nor mother so.  
I mind one chap—a likely man,  
That seemed clean gone on 'Lizy Ann;  
And yet she let the critter slide,  
And he's sence found another bride.  
The roses in her cheeks is gone,  
And left 'em sort o' pale and wan;  
Her mates is married, dead, or strayed  
To other places; youth nor maid  
No longer comes to see her. Yet  
You'll hear no murmur of regret.  
"My life's a part of Heaven's own plan,"  
She often says. That's Lizy Ann.

## Per Noctem Ad Lucem

*"At evening time there shall be light"*—Zech. XIV, 7.

Some day—it may have come—my weary feet will fail me  
Upon the road whereon I've journeyed far,  
And ere the eventide my ambushed foe assail me,  
And order hence his prisoner of war.

Calmly will I submit, nor question his appearing;  
Him will I feebly follow as I may,  
Watching the shadows of the twilight ever nearing,  
Soothed by familiar sounds along the way:—

The music of the darkling, restless river rushing  
Beyond the willows in the vale below;  
The tremulous twitter of the sleepy swallows hushing  
Their fledglings where the silvery birches grow;

The distant lowing of the cattle homeward straying;  
The measured tinkle of their brazen bells;  
The merry shoutings of the little children playing  
Upon the village-green, or in the dells;

And sweeter yet by far, and on my ears more clearly,  
Like some celestial symphony shall fall  
The well-known voices of the friends I love so dearly,  
Subdued and soft, though not funereal;

And when the golden glory from the sky has faded,  
And the chill mists have up the valley rolled,  
The stage all mortals dread I shall not pass unaided—  
My victor's Victor will my heart uphold.

Although He will not stand between me and my prison,  
Its portal He will gently open wide;  
And entering I'll shout: "Behold, the Sun is risen!  
I shine like Him—and I am satisfied."

## Reincarnate—A.D. 2012

Oh, might I return to this wonderful world  
A hundred years from now,  
And find the Flag of the Free unfurled  
From every mountain's brow—  
Proudly waving o'er valley and hill,  
Peacefully floating o'er city and town,  
Waving and floating triumphantly still  
O'er the Fatherland, up and down.

Treading again this sacred soil  
Bequeathed by our sires of old,  
Redeemed by the sacrifice, blood, and toil  
Of their sons of the self-same mould;  
I should yearn to revisit their graves and lay  
My lilies and roses there,  
And greet every patriot faring that way  
My tribute of love to share.

What joy to journey from sea to sea,  
And even from Pole to Pole,  
And mingle with multitudes yet to be  
Here in serene control;  
Reclining at ease in aerial ships,  
Or in subterranean cars,  
And to hear men cheer from a billion lips  
For the *Flag of The Hundred Stars!*

I should haste to revisit the toiler's home  
And taste of his wholesome fare,  
Rejoiced that the loitering time had come  
For him to receive his share  
Of the wealth of the world—this bountiful world—  
And to smile at the millionaire!

But Oh, what rapture of soul to hear  
'Mid that multitudinous throng  
A single line from some poem of mine,  
Or strain of some heart-felt song,  
Still winging its way by night and by day,  
Rebuking injustice and wrong,  
Uplifting the lowly, and making men holy—  
For God and Humanity strong!



## Little Bo Peep

In Grandma's great attic what think you I found  
One morning last summer while mousing around  
Among tipsy old tables and broken-backed chairs,  
And bonnets, and gowns, such as nobody wears;  
And other old duds for which nobody cares—  
'Way down in one corner and facing the stairs—  
But a little toy-bedstead with coverlet neat,  
And mattress, and pillows, and bolster complete?  
In this soft, tiny nest, nearly covered from sight,  
The fairest of fairy-like dolls, day and night,  
Many summers and winters had lain fast asleep,  
Awaiting the call of our Little Bo Peep.

"Good night, Lena darling," the drowsy child said  
Through her clustering curls as she knelt by the bed  
And kissed the pink lady, "good night, and good-bye;  
I'll see you next summer. Till then do not cry,  
But wait for me here. I my promise will keep,  
And will love you forever," sobbed Little Bo Peep.

"Ah, flaxen-haired dreamer, asleep in your bed,  
Awake not to find you're forsaken," I said,  
Abandoned, forgotten, and left here to weep  
With me o'er the frailty of Little Bo Peep!"

## Josephine Miller\*

The war-cloud is gath'ring o'er Gettysburg vale,  
Portending hoarse thunder and death-dealing hail,  
The solid earth trembles, and rent is the air,  
With the rushing of squadrons, the loud trumpet's blare,  
The clanking of arms, and the shouting of men,  
And the neighing of steeds from each echoing glen;  
But unheeding the din and unhindered by dread  
Josephine Miller is baking her bread.

\* See note at end of poem.

Now the battle is on, and they warn her away,  
For her cottage it stands in the sweep of the fray;  
They say 'twill be shattered by shot and by shell,—  
But she answers by quenching their thirst from the well,  
And breaking her bread for the blue-coated men,  
And heating her oven and baking again,—  
Alone in the house whence the owner has fled  
Josephine Miller is baking her bread.

She hears on the roof bullets patter like rain—  
Bombs burst in the road and the dooryard. The slain  
By scores and by hundreds on every hand lie,—  
The wounded crawl into the cellar to die.  
With her cup of relief she is here, she is there;  
No cry is unheard, but with tenderness rare,  
Alone, all alone with the dying and dead,  
Josephine watches while baking her bread.

All through the long night and the long weary day  
She nurses the wounded, the blue and the gray;  
And tears silent fall—for sweet visions of home  
And of faces belov'd to each soldier will come  
When the maiden draws nigh. And the dying rejoice  
In the touch of her hand and the sound of her voice,  
And pray for a blessing to rest on the head  
Of Josephine Miller while baking her bread.

How wildly soever the tempest may sweep  
In its pitiless wrath o'er the land and the deep,  
There's a centre of calm where the bird may find rest  
Secure from alarm as in sheltering nest;  
So there 'mid the storm of demoniac war,—  
Of passion and hate raging frantic and far,—  
A gleam of old Bethlehem's glory is shed  
Where Josephine Miller is baking her bread.

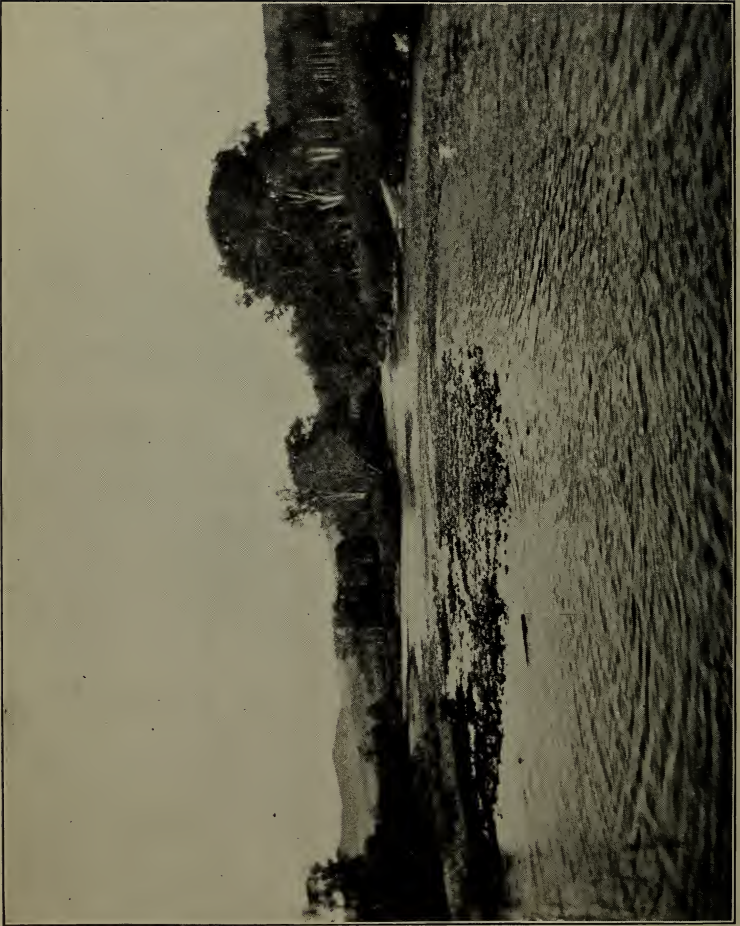
\*[In his reminiscences of Gettysburg, published several years ago, General Henry W. Slocum narrates this interesting incident: We called at the house which has always been an object of interest to all who visit this field. Near the line occupied by the brigade under command of Gen. J. B. Carr of Troy, N. Y., stands a little one-story house, which at the time of the battle was occupied by a Mrs. Rogers and her adopted daughter. On the morning of July 2, Gen. Carr stopped at the house and found the daughter, a girl about eighteen years of age, alone, busily engaged in baking bread. He informed her that a great battle was inevitable, and advised her to seek a place of safety at once. She said she had a batch of bread baking in the oven and she would remain until it was baked and then leave. When her bread was baked it was given to our soldiers, and devoured so eagerly that she concluded to remain and bake another batch. And so she continued to the end of the battle, baking and giving her bread to all who came. The great artillery duel which shook the earth for miles around did not drive her from her oven. Pickett's men who had charged past her house found her quietly baking her bread and distributing it to the hungry. When the battle was over, her house was found to be riddled with shot and shell, and seventeen dead bodies were taken from the house and cellar; the bodies of wounded men who had crawled to the little dwelling for shelter. Twenty years after the close of the war Gen. Carr's men and others held a grand reunion at Gettysburg, and learning that Josephine Rogers was still living, but had married and taken up her residence in Ohio they sent for her, paid her passage, from her home to Gettysburg and back, and had her go to her old home and tell them the story which they all knew so well. They decorated her with a score of army badges, and sent her back a happy woman. Why should not the poet immortalize Josephine Rogers as he did Barbara Frietchie?]

## My Wants

"Man wants but little here below  
Nor wants that little long."—*Dr. Watts.*

I do not want a palace,  
I do not want a farm,  
But just a humble cottage  
To keep me dry and warm;  
I do not want a family;  
My wife, and children four,  
Are most delightful company—  
Why should I sigh for more?  
I do not want a horse and "rig,"—  
I so dislike the care;  
I do not want an "auto,"  
And to "fly" I should not dare;  
So I do not want an air-ship,  
Or even a balloon;  
I do not want a "music-box"—  
Unless it be in tune!  
I do not want a rifle—  
I have a shot-gun now—  
Since youth I've grown a trifle  
Nearsighted, lame, and slow.  
I do not want a pulpit,  
I do not want a school;  
Most people think that "Poet"  
Is another name for "fool."  
Of faithful friends I have no lack,  
Heaven sends me more of those  
Till they outnumber, ten to one,  
My most malignant foes.  
I do not want to own a bank,  
But think it might be fine  
To have at hand at my command  
A sort of private mine.  
So I conclude that what I want—  
Why should you think it strange?—  
Is just a fathomless, unfailing  
Pocketful of "Change."











## Money Island

A mile below my land  
There rises an island  
That greets with a smile and  
    A mystic refrain  
My boat as it dances  
Alongside, and glances,  
Then downstream advances  
    In sunshine or rain.

Are Syrens of Story,  
Or Seraphs from Glory,  
Or Berserkers hoary  
    Concealed on the shore  
'Mid the rustling rushes  
And clustering bushes  
Whence melody gushes  
    And thrills evermore?

Some say the isle's haunted  
By spirits enchanted  
Of Pirates who planted  
    Vast treasures of yore  
In the caves near the summit,  
So deep that no plummet  
Has ever yet come at  
    The glittering store.

The timid youth homing  
From sea in the gloaming  
Beholds its crags looming  
    So ghostly and grim,  
And tells, never failing,  
How sorrowful wailing  
And shrieks unavailing  
    Have terrified him.

'Tis the music of ripples  
Uprolling the pebbles  
In altos and trebles  
    That floats o'er the sheen  
Of the murmuring river,  
Whose flow faileth never,  
But mirrors forever  
    The mountain-tops green;

'Tis the tide-waters whirling  
With fresh currents swirling  
And round the rocks curling  
    And mingling their foam;  
Thence comes the weird singing  
The lone isle is flinging—  
Which lingers, still clinging  
    To her as its home.

O fair fairy island,  
In lowland or highland,  
In far land or nigh land,  
    Wherever I stray;  
What scene so alluring,  
When toiling or touring,  
What joy so enduring  
    Illumines my way,  
As, rising mid-river,  
Thy face, frowning never,  
Sheds glory forever  
    By night and by day!

## A Confession

I fell in love with Mary Ann  
    Nigh twenty years ago;  
Since then we've trod, as wife and man  
    The paths of joy and woe.  
But though my head with silver thread  
    Is thickly garnished o'er,  
Another maid has won the heart  
    I thought I'd lost before.

'Tis not alone her eyes of blue  
    All running o'er with glee;  
Nor yet her cheeks of sea-shell hue,  
    That have entangled me.  
I still insist I could resist  
    This maid of matchless mien,  
But for her guileless innocence  
    That crowns my love a queen.

I see her in the morning glow,  
And in the sunset beam;  
In all the fairest flowers that blow,  
In each ecstatic dream.  
Whene'er her arm, so plump and warm,  
Around my neck is thrown,  
What happiness to feel that she  
Is mine—my very own!

Alas! I am in love once more,  
My wife—oh, tell her not!  
For having thought me true a score  
Of years, she'd have me shot!  
But I'll go near, and in her ear  
(Lest she should be beguiled)  
Myself will whisper: "My new dear  
Is Madge, our eldest child!"

### Little Boy Blue

O Little Boy Blue, while you tended the sheep,  
You might lie on the haystack and peacefully sleep;  
But that is all over, and here you are now  
Up-growing scarce knowing a lamb from a cow.

From the flowery meadows and verdure-clad hills  
They have whisked you away to the millionaires' mills,  
Where all the day long in a stuffy old room  
You clamber and climb 'round the clattering loom,

Barefooted, ragged, and jaded, and wan,  
With your ten little toes, like a bird, clinging on—  
And all for a pittance, to purchase a crust  
At the neighborhood Stall of the Bakery-Trust!

Ah, Little Boy Blue, there are thousands of you  
All over this country so free for the few  
Compared to the multitudes under the sway  
Of Syndicate Bondage by night and by day;

Thousands on thousands (poor lambs!), at the looms,  
Or toiling for bread in foul rookery rooms,  
Half naked, half famished, and cheated from birth  
Of all that is prized by the children of earth:  
Their CHILDHOOD, the WILDWOOD, FREE  
SUNSHINE and AIR;  
FREE SCHOOLING; whose loss they can never repair!

(Somewhat Satirical)

*Esperanto, The Universal Language*

Farewell, my noble mother-tongue,  
Farewell such scraps of Spanish,  
As I corralled when I was young  
Not dreaming they must vanish  
Erelong with German, French and eke  
The Portuguese (which *may* go),  
Farewell to Russian, Modern Greek,  
The Yiddish, and the Dago!  
We need no more to read their lore,  
Or speak a foreign lingo;  
A new-made, combination-tongue  
We now may use, by Jingo!

An Ocean liner at New York  
We board in early summer;  
And on the way, by night and day,  
We talk with every bummer;  
No matter whence the men may come—  
Leeds, London or Lepanto—  
We swap our lies and shake our dice,  
In limpid Esperanto.

Or p'r'aps we seek the Grand Saloon  
And chat with all the ladies;  
Some hail from Cooper and Cologne,  
While some belong in Cadiz.  
But all agree that life at sea  
Is just a grand couranto;  
And prattling there, they flirt, the fair,  
In sparkling Esperanto.



The ocean passed, we land at last,  
At Liverpool or Havre;  
We are not vexed, or ev'n perplexed  
By all the loud palaver  
One hears upon a foreign shore,  
Reminding him of Babel;  
But drive pell-mell to our hotel  
As soon as we are able.

Arriving there we pay our fare  
Without a fight with "cabby;"  
The "porter" shows his scarlet nose—  
His cheeks are fat and flabby.  
We bathe, we dine, we smoke; in fine,  
Do everything we want to,—  
Which could not be unless you see,  
We all talked Esperanto.

Thus, 'round the world we might be hurled  
From New Year's to December,  
On road, and rail, by steam and sail—  
But what I say remember:  
You must side-step each foreign tongue—  
(And if you try you can, too,)  
And tackle strangers old and young,  
In flowing Esperanto.

They will respond right off the reel,  
The Russian, Turk, or Frenchman;  
And giving you a rattling spiel,  
Become your faithful henchman.  
For you must know that high and low  
'Tween Boston and Otranto,  
From Peary's Pole to Holmes' Hole  
Are versed in Esperanto.

## Song—Day By Day

Oh, why should you struggle to carry to-day  
The load that belongs to to-morrow?  
Or why from the depths of the future essay  
Its griefs or its trials to borrow?

You've nothing to do with to-morrow, my dear,  
But with only the day that is shining;  
To fill up its minutes with duty and cheer,  
And to silence all useless repining.

For never to mortal did heaven yet give,  
Along with to-day, a to-morrow;  
Or a life-time, longer or shorter, to live  
With its days full of gladness and sorrow.

We have no to-morrows, but days, my dear,  
And they come not in troops or in masses;  
But one after other they find us here—  
Like a friend who salutes and passes.

For one little day your battle, I know,  
You can fight, and fighting, can win it;  
And by trustfully bearing your burden of woe  
Find, surely, a blessedness in it.

Then be still, troubled heart, 'tis yours and mine  
To live just the day that is shining;  
Each moment to mark with some service divine,  
And to silence our useless repining.

## The Dying Dominie

In a narrow street secluded of a little Scottish town  
Dwelt a preacher of the Gospel in a cottage old and brown;

Long this faithful under-shepherd had his flock with manna fed;  
Long the tender lambs protected and in fertile pastures led;

And, like all his race before him, dealt severe and telling blows  
Not on Satan's kingdom only, but on all sectarian foes.

But to-night his work is ended, and the dominie at last  
Lies upon his dying pillow, feels his life-tide ebbing fast;

While beside his couch a grandchild seeks with loving hand to  
soothe  
All the old man's dying anguish, all the dark'ning path to smooth.

Suddenly upon the maiden turns the hoary saint his eyes  
From whose depths a light mysterious gleams like star from Polar  
skies:

"Daughter, I hae warred a warfare lang, and tireless, and severe,  
In my preaching, and my praying, 'gainst a' ither churches here;

"A' my day I've stoutly striven for the doctrines auld and sweet;  
Fierce anathemas I've utered 'gainst the folk out owre the street;

"But the street I now am treading, daughter, has nae sides ava,  
Far beyond my een it reaches, bounded by nor curb nor wa'!

"Oh, could I my life live over, here upon this barren shore,  
I'd preach purity o' Doctrine less, and purity o' Life far more."

Smiled the other as she softly took in hers the clay-cold hand,  
"Are *you* heretical becoming as you near the heavenly land?"

"Little matters it," he whispered; "Names hae not the olden sound  
O' severity and terror that I've aften in them found;

“And since I hae lain here lanely, day by day upon my cot,  
Aft ae still, sma’ voice has spoken things wi’ holy sweetness  
fraught—

“Telling me that a’ our wranglings over doctrines, here below,  
Will for aye be silenced in that Kingdom whereunto I go;

“And as Love makes a’ men brithers—when I enter in at last,  
I shall find the place far roomier than I thought in times by-past!”

---

Weaker grew his voice, and fainter fell the falt’ring words and  
slow;  
Sank the weary head forever, closed the eyes to all below;

And as tearfully the maiden watched the light go out at last,  
Bending low she heard him murmur: “Than—I thought—in times  
—by-past!”

### “Captain Bouquet”

What, never heard tell of our “Captain Bouquet,”  
Our first volunteer in that long-ago Fray  
That set the whole nation in hostile array?  
Why, it seems to me now scarcely more than a day—  
Or a month at the longest—since Smith went away  
At the head of his company, looking so gay  
In his epaulets, feathers, and uniform gray!

The Mechisses militia! Ah me, what a joy  
To witness their “training” when I was a boy;  
To strut in their rear with a lath-edging gun,  
Or escort the brass-band—For us urchins what fun!

One "Fourth" I remember, "The Soldiers" turned out  
And paraded the streets of the village about  
'Mid the thunder of cannon, and welcoming shout  
From youths very slender and lumbermen stout,  
Till tired and hot from their long, dusty march  
They halted toward noon in the shade of an arch  
Built to face the old "Gun-house" on Liberty Green,  
Where they stood at "parade-rest," pleased to be seen.

As the Captain was clearing his throat for a speech  
To his gallant command, and to all within reach  
Of his trumpet-toned voice, there drew up at his side,—  
Like a garden of roses and pinks on a ride,—  
A bevy of muslin-gowned maidens, the pride  
Of the village at large, it could not be denied.

Approaching the stalwart and grizzled commander  
The belle of the town, with a smile, stepped to hand her  
Bouquet to his Highness—who waved her aside  
With his glittering sword, as he angrily cried:  
"Away with you, simpletons—this is no place  
For ribbons and bibbons and nasty bouquets!  
Attention-n-n—! Battalion-n-n-n; Right about face!"

Thus 'tis plain how it happened from that very day  
All Mechisses knew Smith as "Old Captain Bouquet"—  
Until home from Cold Harbor his body was brought  
And tenderly laid in his family lot  
Where the bobolinks sing amid sunshine and showers;  
And mourners come laden with beautiful flowers.

## My Little Kid Shoe

Out at the toe and down at the heel,  
Battered, and buttonless, torn, and worn;  
No storm-shaken wreck, without rudder or keel,  
That ever was stranded looked more forlorn—  
All that is left of a dainty, white pair  
That first protected her chubby, pink feet;  
Dear relic, you've followed me everywhere,  
From city to city, from street to street!

Souvenirs many of happier days,  
Simple mementos of youth and prime,  
Bring back the innocent, infantile ways—  
Sunshine and showers from Babyhood-clime;  
But nothing of all that I treasure with care  
Speaks to my heart in a tone so true,  
Sweet and endearing and sacredly rare  
As my long-lost baby-girl's poor little shoe:

It tells of a distant and mist-wreathed land,  
Of a life that is now but a vanished dream;  
Of a trustful heart and a clinging hand,  
Of filial affection's springtide stream;  
Of peaceful slumbers in cradle and bed;  
Of kisses fresh as the early dew;  
Such memories throng like ghosts of the dead,  
At the sight of my darling's little kid shoe.

O brave little feet, you have wandered far  
Out in the world since your toddling-time,  
Bearing your burdens of labor and care,  
Spurning the weariness, dust, and grime.  
Though you never turned back and with eager pace  
Sought for your babyhood's worshippers true,  
Still, thoughts of the dead days' tender grace  
Come to my heart in your little kid shoe.



Rhymed Address to The Northern New Hampshire  
Volunteers on the Eve of Their Departure to the  
Seat of the Spanish-American War

READ AT LITTLETON OPERA HOUSE, SEPTEMBER, 1898

Ready to go for a soldier,  
Ready, when morning shall come,  
To fall into line, and obeying the sign,  
To march at the beat of the drum;  
Ready to shoulder the rifle;  
Ready to put on the blue,  
And to battle with might for the cause of the Right,  
To Flag and to Fatherland true.

A down from the old Granite Mountains,  
Along by the surf-beaten strand,  
Through each flowery vale on the sweet summer gale  
Is wafted the word of command:  
And it's "ready, men, ready for action;  
Ready to do and to dare;  
Men of the northland, men of the southland,  
Duty is calling—Prepare!"

You've heard it, O men of the mountains;  
You heed it, and answer the call;  
You're ready to go and encounter the foe,  
And to sacrifice comfort and all;  
To follow "Old Glory" to battle—  
To fight till our banner shall wave  
Over Islands redeemed, over Peoples that dreamed  
Of naught but the fate of the slave.

Our foemen are proud and insulting,  
But we've shown them of what we are made:  
For one morning last May, at the breaking of day,  
Our fleet was for conflict arrayed;  
With a Green-Mountain man on the bridge,  
And with Granite State boys at the guns,  
"We remembered the Maine," and the "Flower of Spain,"  
Just faded and shrivelled at once!

You will sail to the "Pearl of Antilles;"  
Perhaps Porto Rico you'll see;  
Or varying scenes in the far Philippines  
The fortunes of war may decree.  
But the sight of yon tropical mountains  
When first from the Ocean they rise,  
Will remind you of home, and a something will come  
Like a mist, and bedarken your eyes.

You will toil amid Tophet-like valleys;  
You'll clamber with blistering feet  
Over steep, rugged hills, and will wade reddened rills  
Where the onset of foemen you'll meet.  
And deep down in the rough, tangled thicket  
Perchance you may fall in the fray,  
And there in the shade by the palmetto made  
Your spirit take wings and away.

You will think of our cold northern mountains;  
The valleys, the glens, and the streams;  
These orchards and farms lying safe from alarms—  
You will visit them oft in your dreams;  
The home of your childhood will haunt you;  
Bright visions of youth will arise,  
Which by day and by night with their beckoning light  
Will lead you to noble emprise.

You go not alone to your exile,  
You will march not alone to the fray;  
In the thick of the fight, in the vigil by night  
Will walk phantoms beside you alway;  
There are shadowy hands will defend you;  
Fond faces will smile as of yore;  
And all hearts that can pray as they're praying to-day,  
Will love you as never before.

You go not alone to your exile;  
You'll bear not your burden alone;  
Your patriot Sires have kindled the fires  
That burn in your breasts as their own.  
The bosoms whereon you were nourished,  
The hands that have toiled for you long—  
Father and mother; wife, sister, and brother—  
Around you will loyally throng.



But "though father and mother forsake me"  
The Psalmist of Israel cried,  
"There's a father above who will guard me in love  
Whatever on earth may betide."  
Then make Him the Friend of your exile,  
Your Leader, Defender, and King;  
*To the strong in the Lord* He hath given His word  
That Himself will deliverance bring!

Are you ready, then, men of the mountains,  
Ready when morning shall come,  
In Humanity's cause, in defense of its laws,  
To march at the beat of the drum?  
To march in the tread of the glorified dead—  
Crusader, and Knight, and Squire—  
Of the numberless host whose names may be lost  
But whose deeds are emblazoned in fire?

Ready to follow where Washington led,  
And Sullivan, Stark, and Lee?  
And Sherman, and Grant, who labored to plant  
And to nurture fair Liberty's Tree?  
Ready to join with the blue-coated braves  
Of Sampson, and Dewey, and Schley,  
Or to follow hard after our Merritt and Shafter—  
Who'll conquer the Spaniard or die?

"Ready, ay, ready" you answer,  
"Ready, whatever may come,  
To fall into line, and obeying the sign,  
To march at the sound of the drum;  
Ready to put on the uniform blue,  
Ready to shoulder the gun,  
And to battle with might for Justice and Right,  
Till the glorious vict'ry is won—  
To follow our Flag, till over each rag  
And mountain of "*Cuba Free*,"  
"Old Glory" shall wave and no Tyrant or Slave  
Shall be left on our side of the sea!"

## Colonel Ben, and His Compatriots

(—June 12, 1775—)

Sam Adams, John Hancock, "Put," Allen, and Warren,—  
Each beams as a bright and particular star in  
Our national sky, and we honor each name  
And blazon it high in the Temple of Fame;  
But what of *Ben Foster*, the bold pioneer,  
Who fought at Machias the very same year,  
In the very same week, when from Bunker Hill's brow  
The Britons were swept to the waters below—  
What of brave Colonel Ben, who had fought the King's foe  
At the Louisburg siege, at Lake George, and Fort "Ti,"  
And had come to Machias his fortune to try?—

Where the lumbermen made him Commander-in-chief  
Of the local militia; for 'twas their belief  
That the war-cloud now rising would darken the sky,  
And everyone said, "should its thunders roll nigh  
Colonel Ben is the leader on whom to rely!"

'Twas the second of June of that mem'able year,  
When two schooners dropped anchor not far from the mouth  
Of the River Mechisses, while half a league south  
Rode the black MARGARETTA, the royal corvette,  
Sent by Admiral Graves, over which he had set  
Captain Moore in command to convoy the fleet  
Of lumber-craft down to Machias, and meet  
Any sudden attempt that "the Rebels" might spring  
On the vessels and lumber to place an embargo;  
For the army in Boston much needed the cargo  
For the building of barracks and that sort of thing.

Now Ichabod Jones was a merchant well known  
To the men of Machias to whom he had shown  
Signal friendship and favors, they could not but own.  
But on this occasion the word went about  
That the old trader-Captain was in a great pout;  
For, exchanging his stores of molasses and meal—  
And of some *other goods*—for their hemlock and "deal,"

It was found that he favored the loyalist few  
While he "crowded" the "rebels"—all those whom he knew  
To have tossed up their hats when the tidings came through  
From Concord and Lexington, six weeks before,  
Which aroused all the settlers from mountain to shore,  
To renounce their allegiance forthwith to the Crown,  
And be ready the gauntlet of war to throw down.

It would make a long story  
To tell how the Tory  
Waxed angry and insolent day after day;  
Till at length Colonel Ben  
Called together his men,  
Not to learn if the *wind blew*, but rather *which way*.  
From the lakes on the North clear to Moose-a-bec Isle,  
Through the fresh-greening forests and round the bold shore,  
Speed the brawny young yeomanry, mile after mile,  
While the neighboring settlements turn out a score;  
Down come the O'Brien brothers, no less than four;  
Two Browns, and two Libbeys, two Fosters, or more;  
Sam Watts, and Sam Whitney, Ed Stevens, John Steele;  
John Barry, John Weston, John Wheaton, McNeil;  
Joe Getchell, Joe Clifford, Jim Coolbroth, John Hall,  
Armed with muskets, scythes, axes—yet these are not all;  
Taft, Hoit, Rice, and Merritt; John Weston, James Cole;  
And Dick Earle whose black skin thinly veils a white soul.

'Tis a bright Sunday morning—the sky is serene;  
The broad Bay lies basking afar in its sheen;  
Like a pavement of silver the River expands,  
Gently laving its ledges and glistening sands;  
Its margin a mirror where farmstead and town  
Repose in the shade of the forest's dark crown.  
The unladen ships at their cables swing wide  
At the tug of the inflowing, eddying tide,—  
Their tapering spars overtopping the ranks  
Of the towering pines on the steep river-banks.

Parson Lyon looks down from his pulpit's high perch  
On the largest assemblage he's seen in his church  
Since he came to his charge; yet he misses a few  
Of his staunchest supporters, though doubtless he knew

The cause of their absence. Still every rough pew  
Is filled with the officers, gunners, and crew  
From the ships in the offing, now moored in full view.

Deep down in the valley, not far from the village  
Another assembly—men stalwart and grim:  
The hard-handed toilers from saw-mill and tillage  
Are grouped near a stream where the tide-waters brim.  
All the morning is spent in a fruitless debate,—  
Some, urging the seizure of vessels and men;  
While others take counsel of prudence, and state  
With calmness, their reasons, again and again,  
For deeming it madness, half-armed, to attack  
A War-vessel's crew with a King at their back.

At last, tired of hearing their arguments, look!  
Like a boy the old Colonel leaps over the brook;  
And, drawing his sword, waves it over his head,  
While he shouts in a voice that might waken the dead:  
"Ye men of Machias, who long to be free  
From the yoke of the Tyrant, cross over to me!  
My vote is to capture yon vessels and crew,  
Or mingle our blood  
With the neighboring flood,  
To the cause of our country and Liberty true!"

His motion is carried, *nem. con.*, with a cheer  
That rolls o'er the Ocean and rings in the ear  
Of the Royal Oppressor, proclaiming the birth  
Of Freedom-for-all-the-enslaved of the earth.

The rest is plain History—read where you may  
How the Colonel, commanding his troop the next day,  
Pursued the corvette in her flight down the Bay:  
How they valiantly fought  
Till the convoy was brought  
In triumph up river—the first naval Prize  
Ever greeted the sight of American eyes.

All honor ascribe to the brave Colonel Ben,  
Bluff Jerry O'Brien, and the resolute men  
Who won our first battle of all on the seas,  
And who flung our Great Navy's first flag to the breeze!



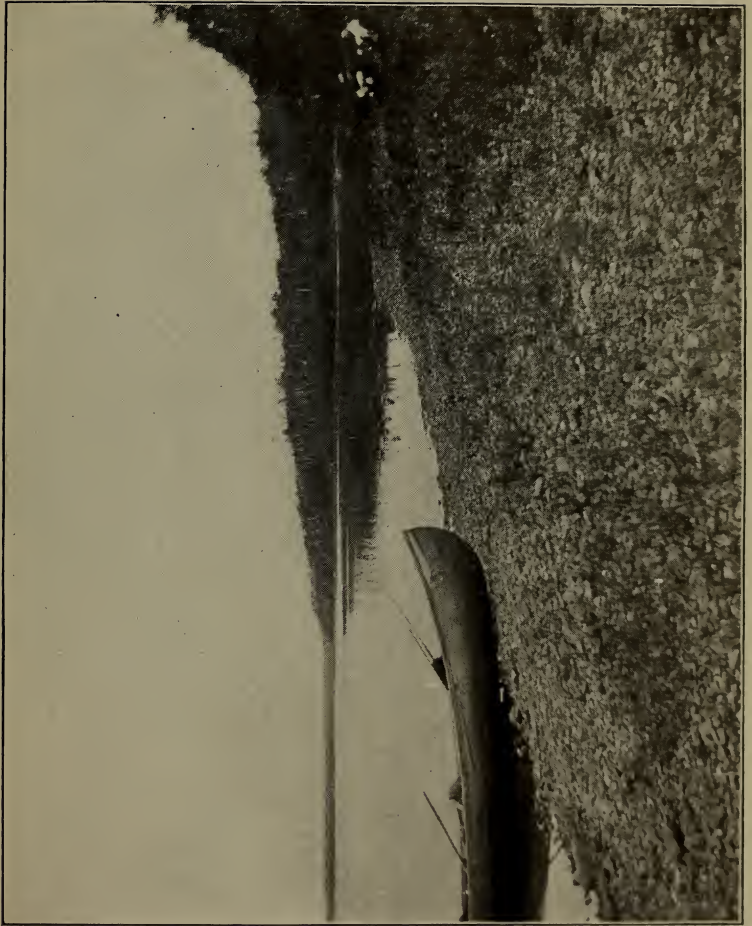














## Then and Now

Oh, had I but lived in Colonial times,  
In the days of the bold pioneer,  
When they talked about something save dollars and dimes  
And their cabins were filled with good cheer;  
When land was abundant, and fertile the soil,  
And ev'ry man grew his own grain,  
And raised his own pork, never minding the work,  
Though it taxed both the brawn and the brain.

Oh, had I but landed that day\* on the shore  
Of Mechisses, our beautiful stream,  
With the Libbeys and Scotts, those brave Argonauts,  
Of Scarborough farmers the cream;  
I'd have wielded my axe, and, with vigorous whacks,  
Felled timber enough in one day  
On the banks of Mechisses to build for the Mrs.  
And children a bungalow gay.  
What a life we had lived! What a picnic, for fair,  
With fuel so plenty and cheap;  
With the woods full of game; and the salmon so tame  
To our table had come with a leap.  
What peace and contentment our forefathers found  
Ere their settlement grew to a town  
With its tortuous roads and ramshackle abodes,  
Or its forests been burned and cut down;

'Ere the wand of Destruction waved over the vale  
Of Mechisses and "queered" her domain  
By damming her floods, doubly-damning her woods,  
Until only charred ruins remain;  
Ere the thundering trains of pulp-laden wains  
Rendered life in her valley a bore;  
And the swift-whizzing wheels of the Automobiles  
Made it death to step out of one's door!

\*May 20, 1763.

## Address to The Shade of Julius Caesar

For two and forty moons thou heldest sway,  
Great Cæsar, over all this peopled planet.  
A score of centuries have rolled away  
Leaving behind no master-mind to man it;  
Great Tsars and Kaisers have usurped thy name  
From age to age, but not eclipsed thy fame.

To quell all foes, to give the nations rest  
From war and tumult, and reform the State;  
To spread the light of knowledge east and west  
O'er all the earth to Freedom consecrate—  
All this to achieve in one administration,  
Commands mankind's undying admiration.

O mightiest Julius, hadst thou reigned alone  
As Prince and Primate of thy subject world  
A little longer! Yea, had not thy throne  
Of Power and Wisdom from its base been hurled  
To glut Satanic Envy, who shall say  
Millennial Glory had not come to stay?

A little longer—how thy lofty scorn  
Had blasted every lying superstition,  
And saved the generations yet unborn  
From priestly fraud and pious imposition;  
Thy throne a beacon-light whose rays intense  
Had shed o'er all the earth intelligence!

Grim-visaged Mars had washed his gory hands  
And Janus' Temple fall'n in shapeless heaps;  
While harvests burdened all the blood-soaked lands,  
The smiling valleys and the mountain steeps;  
A Golden Age of Peace and blest Content  
Had been till now thy noblest monument.

Soldier and Statesman, Orator, and Sage,  
Historian, Scientist, and Rhetorician;  
First of Reformers; idol of thine Age;  
Protector of plebeian and patrician;  
Hadst thou but lived, fair Freedom, long delayed,  
Had of thy realms her lasting empire made.

I love to think that thou by whom the Rhine  
And e'en the wild, tempestuous Strait of Dover  
Were safely crossed hadst braved the outer brine  
And to our Western continent sailed over,  
And reared thine "Eagles" on these shores forlorn  
From Peary's icefields down to Capricorn.

Magellan-like I see thee boldly steering  
O'er sunset seas, bright Hesperus before;  
With purpose calm, and patience, nothing fearing,  
A strange world circling, adding shore to shore—  
The Philippines, Cipango, old Cathay  
And India yielding to thy sovereign sway.

I see thee wearing on thy lordly brow  
The tardy laurels by Columbus won;  
And lands misruled by petty princes now—  
The fairest provinces beneath the sun—  
As jewels set amid the seas cerulean—  
Lands, seas, the whirling World, One Empire JULIAN!

I love to think how thou didst call to Rome  
Sosigines, and substance gastronomical  
Didst furnish him; and from his Orient home  
Didst order up his trappings astronomical  
To help thee rectify the Almanac,  
By making shift to shift the Zodiac.



Hadst thou but reigned one half as many years  
As there were moons in thine administration,  
Some Newton from the "Music of the Spheres"  
Had caught the wondrous theme of "Gravitation;"  
And some LaPlace had supplemented this  
With his bold "Nebular Hypothesis."

Some Franklin had for thee the Lightning tamed;  
Some Morse spelled "Salve Caesar!" on the "Ticker";  
Some Edison, or Tesla had proclaimed  
Their wizard-wonders ever coming thicker;  
And why might not Italia the sunny  
Have given to thee that thaumaturg, Marconi?

And Steam, too, had been harnessed. What a thought—  
Great Cæsar travelling in a Pullman car,  
Or on an "Ocean Greyhound" built by Watt  
Or Stevenson, and steaming fast and far  
From Ganges to the Icebergs—King, High Priest  
And Patron of all peoples, West and East!

But that thou would'st have scorned the flocs titanic,  
And driven thy fragile bark at topmost speed  
Through darkness, risking wreck, and death, and panic,  
To gratify men's purposes of greed,  
Pretending thy conveyance was unsinkable—  
Of Cæsar such a thing is hardly thinkable!

If thou hadst not thyself invented Printing—  
It seems so simple, now the thing is done—  
Some Gutenberg, employed, perhaps, in minting  
Saint Gaudens "Eagles," had the honor won;  
And then some Genius, scorning M-S-S-work  
Had glorified thine Age with Rotary Press-work!

What master-minds had managed all the "Dailies;"  
What gifted poets sung for Magazines;  
What Maros, Miltons, Shakespeares, Scotts, and Shelleys,  
Had piped thy praises in the Philippines,  
No less than in New Zealand and Chicago,  
Rome, Washington, The Hebrides, and Fargo!



I'm not contending that the world at once  
Had been enlightened, cleansed and purified;  
Or that all modern scientific "stunts"  
Had been of thy full years the crown and pride;  
But WAR thou hadst forever made an end of,  
And given to all mankind a mighty send-off!

We've men to-day as old as "Fulton's Folly"—  
Albeit in the sere and yellow leaf—  
And multitudes that antedate the "Trolley,"  
The telegraph, and telephone—in brief  
Methinks it would be difficult to mention  
A scientific, century-old invention.

A Phoenix-world new-risen from its ashes  
Resplendent in its plumage now appears,  
Whereof in olden times men caught but flashes,  
Enchained, benumbed by superstitious fears—  
A wonder-working world—no older than  
Our oldest, boldest, free American.

Triumphs like ours thou mightst have celebrated—  
A fitting close to thine auspicious reign;  
And then to thine Octavian delegated  
The vast machine with neither jolt nor strain.  
Alas, thy secret foes "turned down their thumbs,"  
Whereby our world lost two millenniums!

If thou shouldst rise from out thy realm sulphureous  
No doubt thy ghost our spirits would appal;  
But when we heard thy queries, quaint and curious,  
Concerning Rome and Boston, Greece and Gaul,  
We'd furnish thee much thrilling information  
And thus relieve the awkward situation.

We'd tell thee of Great Constantine's Conversion—  
Of powerful Pontiffs on the Cæsars' throne—  
The story of thine Empire's sad subversion—  
The darkest night Humanity has known;  
Of the refusal of the world to burn  
When the Millennial Year\* began to turn;  
\*1000 A.D.

We'd trace the blazing track of Rome's invaders—  
The wild, barbaric, hyperborean horde  
Less cruel than the hypnotized Crusaders  
Who ravaged Moslem lands with fire and sword,  
Consigning unto death and rayless doom  
The Infidels who scorned an empty tomb;

Of long and savage wars thou'dst hear the story,—  
Of battles fierce in every generation;  
Of murders foul and persecutions gory,  
To keep the Holy Faith in veneration—  
That so 'mid streaming seas of blood and tears  
The "Prince of Peace" might reign two thousand years!

The world is growing weary, Cæsar, weary  
With waiting for that "Peace" so oft foretold;  
The world is growing sick of all the dreary,  
Vain promises of treasures manifold,  
And wary now at last of being tricked  
By pious Fakirs, buncoed and gold-bricked.

Earth groans for a Millennium of Glory—  
A Golden Age, from War and Famine Free;  
When priestcraft with its superstitions hoary  
Ten thousand fathoms deep shall buried be;  
When Knowledge shall be spread from pole to pole,  
And perfect Law maintain supreme control.

When all the zigzag bounds between dominions,  
And heaven-derived (?) prerogatives of power;  
When all the clashing doctrines and opinions  
Of deities that never lived an hour  
From thoughts of men forevermore are banished  
To where the ghosts of ancient days have vanished;

When Commerce shall unfurl her silken sails  
On every ocean free and unrestrained;  
And Agriculture fling her golden flails  
O'er Midas-treasures in the soil contained;  
And, void of envy, shall each toiler share  
In Nature's bounties, as in light and air;

When there shall stand, broad-based, a social order,  
Of, by, and for our human brotherhood;  
And everywhere, to earth's remotest border  
Shall all and each subserve the common good:  
And so bring back the Primal Paradise,  
Nor longer mortgage earth to gain the skies!

## Revelation Revealed, or The Mystic Number

Ye Reverend and Right Reverend commentators,  
Divines and Doctors versed in Holy Writ,  
Ye learned linguists all, and tried translators,  
Come down, I pray, and with your servant sit,  
While he unfolds before your wondering eyes  
The dark Enigma of the centuries.

You and your school, the elders of the Church,  
Have told us laymen, in a thousand places,  
A certain scripture baffles all research,  
Refusing to reveal unto your Graces  
Its true significance; the verse I mean  
Is in the Apocalypse, Thirteen, eighteen.

Think you the writer of the Revelation  
Designed to make his meaning so obscure  
That only saints of keenest penetration  
Might of the Numbered Tyrant's name be sure?  
What Roman child or slave could fail to fix  
On CLAUDIUS in "Six Hundred Sixty-six?"\*

\*DCLXVI = CL<sub>A</sub><sup>V</sup>DIV [S]

Lo, what ingenious twistings of the Greek  
And Hebrew letters in all Christian ages!  
What varied speculations vain and weak,  
Encumber many dull patristic pages  
To torture from this verse the name of Nero,  
Mohammed, Bonaparte, or some late hero!

Here is the Master-key for which you've sought,  
But sought in vain, in every generation!  
The lost is found; and using it there's naught  
Obscures the page of Sacred Revelation;  
Apply the Claudian Key, and Bible history  
Discloses all its stores of storied mystery:

Was it not Claudius by imperial order  
Enforced the worship of the Deified  
Dictator Julius in every border  
Of his vast realm, in arrogance and pride?  
And slaughtered every saint that would not bow  
To Cæsar's image, and Christ disavow?

Declared he not a boycott 'gainst the Jews  
And Christian saints except they wore the brand  
Of Julius' hated name, or dared refuse  
To show it on the forehead or the hand?  
What would those livid scars suggest to you,  
Unless it were the *number, Forty-two?*\*

For eighteen hundred years and even longer  
The world has been demanding "Who was He—  
The ANTICHRIST—whose empire once was stronger  
Than all the powers of earth could ever be?  
Who was this mighty, dread antagonist,  
Belligerent, blaspheming Antichrist?"

\*IVLIV(S) = VVLII = XLII.

The ancient Fathers said 'twas Nero, who  
Ere long was coming back to vex the Church;  
As neither Christ nor Nero came to view  
But since their death have left us in the lurch,  
Succeeding scholars, with as small success,  
Have favored us with many a sapient guess:—

Mohammed some declared the Prophet meant;  
While others were as sure 'twas Papal Rome;  
And there be many now who rest content  
To say, 'The Antichrist is yet to come—  
Perhaps some Herod, Nero, or Voltaire,  
Napoleon Bonaparte, or Robespierre.

Ye Christian savants, might ye not have known  
That DIVUS JULIUS was that personage,  
Whose hateful deeds, albeit dimly shown,  
Are scattered broadcast o'er the Sacred page—  
'The WICKED ONE,' predicted by Isaiah,  
And doomed to be o'erthrown by the Messiah?

You might have solved the mystery but for this:  
You based your reasoning on a false assumption—  
A monkish legend—which record' amiss  
The true beginning of the world's Redemption:  
To wit, that Christ was born in Herod's reign,  
Though DANIEL tells you plainly He was *slain*

Well nigh a century ere the Christian Era—  
In *Eighty-seven*, a Year of Jubilee—  
And that in *Thirty-seven* He would appear a  
Second time, to set The Faithful free  
From Roman bondage: After that would come  
The Thousand Years of Peace—Millennium.

Thus Daniel prophesied, and Esdras, too,  
And Enoch, (of the seventh generation  
From Adam), and what *they* wrote *must be true*,  
Requiring no minute investigation.  
I would not say how much the priesthood added,  
Or that those solemn prohecies were 'padded!'

Who now so wise as to declare when first  
The Messianic Hope began to sway  
The Jewish race in misery immersed—  
Men lost in darkness, groping for the day?  
Perchance 'twas when the ruthless Pompey trod  
The precincts sacred to their fathers' God;

Or when the new ANTIOCHUS appeared—  
Pharsalia's victor proud and Sovereign Pope  
Of Pagandom, and in their Temple reared  
His golden statue—where was any hope  
Henceforth for God's elect save in that Arm  
So oft outstretched to shield their race from harm?

"He warred against the saints," this "Man of Sin,"  
"Blaspheming God and all the heavenly powers;"  
He crucified their priests who served within  
The Holy City's battlements and towers.  
The Desolater's deeds of vengeful ire  
The Prophet saw—his body burned with fire!\*  
\*Dan. VII. 11. See next poem.

And saw them, too, the sainted exile, John,  
In retrospective vision on the eve  
Of Judah's final tribulation,  
When not one stone their conquerors did leave  
Upon another of their Holy Place,  
Nor spared the vanquished, Gentile-hating race;

He saw the Man-child born ere Cæsar's reign—  
Messiah, destined to o'errule the earth;  
He saw the Fallen Angels strive amain  
To crush this being of celestial birth;  
The Christ of Revelation had descended  
Full two score years before that reign was ended.



He saw sev'n branches of the Living Vine  
    Sapless, and sere, and withered, one and all—  
Churches that once had nourished with the wine  
    Of Gospel grace both saint and prodigal.  
Shall we believe a single generation  
Witnessed their fruitage and disintegration?

Or rather that when all the expectant saints  
    Once felt the haughty Tyrant's heavy hand  
In bloody persecution, their complaints  
    United rose unto their Heaven-born and  
Anointed King, with prayers that he would come  
In power, and usher in Millennium?

What were the churches of the Gospel Age,  
    Whether by Peter planted or by Paul—  
But secret refuges against the rage  
    And hate of pagan priests and bigots all?  
Their members Socialists whose daily prayer  
Was "Give thy saints the earth—no pagans spare!"

Assembled, founded, organized, ah, when?  
    No record lives in which we may confide.  
We only know the work was that of men  
    Who fasted, prayed, and suffered, toiled, and died  
Long, long before Messiah's Incarnation  
According to New Testament narration.

'Ere yet the Book of Prophecy is sealed—  
    Now forward hastening to the "End" at hand—  
The mutilated Head whose wounds are healed—  
    The Divus Julius—at Messiah's command  
Ascends from Hades and stands forth revealed  
    In all his sanguinary pomp of power  
To reign as Antichrist a single hour.

Behold at last the Ten-horned, vanquished Beast,  
    With Claudius, the "False Prophet," seized and hurled  
Adown the black Abyss,—while all the rest  
    Of the idolaters throughout the world  
Are slaughtered by the falchion of the Lord,  
And by the vultures ravenous devoured!



## Caesar's Funeral

THE IDES OF MARCH, 44 B. C.

The Prophecy of Daniel, Chapter VII., verse 11, "I beheld even till the Beast (Cæsar) was slain, and his body destroyed, and he was given to be burned with fire."

Scholar and soldier and statesman,  
Orator, poet and sage;  
Pontiff, Triumvir, dictator,  
Reformer and Light of his age!  
Peerless in form and in feature,  
Apollo in beauty and grace,  
Raised on the funeral-pyre,  
And burned in the market-place.

Thousands on thousands surround him,  
Men who once quailed at his nod,  
Who e'en with divinity crowned him,  
And worshipped him here as their god;  
Women who loved and adored him,  
Their Elysium found in that face  
Now cruelly gashed and so gory  
And burned in the market-place.

Veteran men of his legions,  
Youths from each recent campaign,  
Despoilers of Gaul and of Britain,  
Of Afric and Pontus and Spain;  
They that have followed his eagles  
To triumphs thru perilous ways,  
All weep and bewail their lost leader  
Now burned in the market-place.

The priests he once rabbled behold him,  
Whose temples he erstwhile profaned,  
While scorning the dismal predictions,  
The fearless fanatics maintained;  
They joy in his fall, and they curse him,  
While cursing his conquering race,  
To Hades below they consign him  
When burned in the market-place.

They call him the "Beast" and "Destroyer,"  
The "Lawless One" often foretold  
Would resist their millennial Kingdom,  
And Satan's devices uphold;  
"In silence and darkness infernal  
Let Antichrist reign for a space,  
Till the day when the Powers eternal  
Allot him his sulphurous place!"

## **The Antichrist Unveiled**

### I.

When Mighty Cæsar swayed the rod  
Of empire o'er a world at peace,  
That he might give mankind release  
From Superstition, as a god

### II.

He bade men worship him alone,  
Both Jew and Gentile, bond and free,  
And in his noble image see  
Immortal Jove's heroic son;

### III.

And devotees from every land  
Made pilgrim journeys to his shrine,  
And incense burned to the "Divine,"  
And bowed them low beneath his hand.

IV.

Then rose the Messianic Saints,  
A priest-led, fierce, fanatic throng,  
Who wailed in protestations long  
Nor ceased to moan in bootless plaints

V.

Until that dark and fateful day—  
The blackest earth has ever known—  
When madness wrecked her loftiest throne  
And threw her noblest life away.

VI.

When they at last his form descried  
Calcined to ashes ghostly white  
Upon the funeral-pyre at night,  
Tearless they stood, unterrified:

VII.

“Behold the ‘Wicked One,’” they said,  
“The ‘Man of Sin,’ of whom Isaiah,  
Our prophet spake; will not Messiah  
Yet call him back from out the dead,

VIII.

“And blasting with His fiery breath,  
To black perdition send his soul  
To suffer while the ages roll  
The doom of everlasting death?”

IX.

“Behold their King, the ‘Little Horn,’  
Whom Holy Daniel saw arise  
Far off adown the centuries—  
Who put three rival kings to scorn!

X.

“Behold their god, at whose command  
Were temples builded, altars raised;  
Where daily his great name is praised  
Throughout this prostrate, pagan land—

XI.

“Th’ usurping god, whose image set  
Within our loved and Holy Place  
By men of our apostate race—  
Heav’n help us all—is standing yet!

XII.

“He is not dead; the ghastly wounds  
That drank his blood are henceforth healed:  
For ’tis ordained that he must yield  
To Christ his empire without bounds!

XIII.

“Sev’n years in Hades!—till HE come,  
The Anointed King from out the skies;  
To meet Him Antichrist shall rise  
To his last conflict—and his Doom!

XIV.

“The Anointed King—was He not born  
Well nigh a century ago  
In Old Judea? For even so  
Our priests have told us night and morn,

XV.

“And proved from ancient prophecy  
That He by wicked hands was slain;  
That from the grave He rose again  
In the last year of Jubilee.

XVI.

“Lo, when the next Sabbatic Year  
Shall bring our scattered brethren rest,  
We shall be numbered with “the Blest,”  
For Christ from Heav’n shall reappear

XVII.

“The Antichrist to overwhelm  
And sink in the Abyss of Hell  
With Satan to forever dwell  
And all the outcasts of his realm;

XVIII.

“And Sev’n years later, on His throne  
The Christ shall sit exalted high,  
With all His saints and angels nigh,  
And reign a Thousand Years alone.”

XIX.

Thus spake the priest-taught Saints of old,  
Exiles and slaves of Israel’s race,  
The spawn of that vast populace  
Which through the Sev’n-hilled City rolled.

XX.

What tongue can tell, what pen portray  
The anguish of that woeful Year  
Long set for Christ to reappear—  
What lamentation and dismay!

XXI.

Though patiently they scan the sky,  
With eyes upraised, and hearts elate  
With hope and trust, content to wait—  
To watch and wait till He draw nigh.







XXII.

No rift within the azure dome,  
No clouds uprolled by angel hands;  
No parting ranks of seraph-bands;  
No voice proclaims: "The Christ is come!"

XXIII.

The mornings rise, the noontides burn,  
The evenings deepen into night,  
As one by one they take their flight,  
And one by one the seasons turn.

XXIV.

The sad Sabbatic Year is gone—  
Its shattered hopes and streaming tears,  
And famine gaunt, and sick'ning fears;  
The Saints walk desolate and lone.

XXV.

The tide of Time's unceasing flow  
Sweeps onward still, while all around  
Reverberates the hateful sound  
Of Pagan Rites. And altars glow

XXVI.

By night and day; and sacrifice  
To him is made who walks the shore  
Of gloomy Styx, and evermore  
Lifts up his blear and baleful eyes

XXVII.

To gaze upon that farther strand  
Where phantom forms of heroes flit  
Among the trees, while sages sit  
Along the wave-washed, glistening sand,  
And catch the distant, peaceful hum  
Of spirits in Elysium.

XXVIII.

Well nigh a century has flown  
Since Divus Julius to his line—  
Whom all the Saints abhorred as “Swine”—  
Left vacant the Imperial Throne.

XXIX.

Behold, what changes Time hath wrought  
In that vast, surging populace  
Since thronging Saints in every place  
Wailed loud and long “Christ cometh not!”

XXX.

Scarce one remains whose youthful eyes  
Beheld dead Cæsar’s ebon throne  
And watched the flames that round it shone,  
Or saw his spirit mount the skies.\*

XXXI.

No mourning Saint remembers still  
When famished multitudes arrayed  
In white apparel watched, and prayed  
That Christ His promise would fulfill.

XXXII.

Meanwhile the infant Church has grown  
To lusty manhood. In all lands,  
On every sea, and isle, and shore  
The “Hope of Israel.” more and more  
The thoughts of homeless men commands;

XXXIII.

And Christian monks revise the tale—  
The simple story of the Christ—  
And adding whatsoever they list,  
Their Gospel give to every gale:

\*Apotheosis of Julius Cæsar.—*Halley’s Comet.*

XXXIV.

“When will our King to earth return—  
He that was born in Herod’s reign,  
And in the Holy City slain  
At the proud Roman’s mandate stern?

XXXV.

“When will the Lord from heaven come down  
The Pagan realm to overthrow,  
And crush “The Lawless One” below,  
And wear on earth the fadeless crown?

XXXVI.

“Oppression, cruelty, and hate  
Pursue His Saints were’er we dwell,  
“Six Hundred Sixty-six (of Hell  
High-Priest-to-be and Potentate).

XXXVII.

“Decrees that all the Elect of Heaven  
Shall worship Julius, the Divine  
And incense burn before his shrine,  
Else to the sword or cross be given;

XXXVIII.

And none shall buy or sell his wares  
Within this empire, far or nigh,  
Who on his hand or forehead high  
Shall fail to show, in branded scars,  
The letters of that hated NAME,  
Or NUMBER, which suggests the same:—  
The murmurings of myriad Saints.

“Be patient; wait,” their priests reply;  
“The Lord of Glory from on high  
Will hearken to your just complaints.

XL.

"Behold, the day is drawing near  
When Antichrist from Hades' gloom—  
The Impious' one—shall rise t'assume  
His trembling throne and empire here!

XLI.

"But know, that for a little space  
The Reigning Tyrant holds him down  
By magic arts to us unknown,  
And guards his doleful Prison-place.

XLII.

"When the Enchanter yields to death  
Then shall the "Lawless One" 'arise,  
Whom Our Deliverer from the skies  
Shall blast and burn with flaming breath!"

XLIII.

Deceived again. Yet Faith revives  
When cruel Nero lifts on high  
The flaming scourge, and far and nigh  
Ten thousand saints yield up their lives.

XLIV.

"Behold the tyrant and buffoon!"  
The wily priests cry out amain;  
"He stretches forth his arm in vain  
Upon the Holy City. Soon

XLV.

"Jerusalem must fall, 'tis true,  
God's Holy House in ashes lie;  
Yet of her people none shall die,  
He will avenge both them and you!

XLVI.

"Hear ye the words our Master spake  
Now nearly two score years ago—  
His prophecies of war and woe—  
To His disciples for our sake: \* \* \* \*

XLVII.

"Hear ye the Venerable Saint  
Who greeting sends from that lone isle  
Whereon he tarries yet a while,  
Grown white with worship, worn and faint:

XLVIII.

"'SEVEN KINGS!' he writes, 'of swinish race!  
And five have fallen, one remains;  
And he that comes shall hold the reins  
Of sovereign power a little space;

XLIX.

"Then, at his fall, The EIGHTH shall rise,  
To whom the kingdom shall be given—  
The eighth, albeit of the seven,  
Whose power on earth shall soon be riven  
By HIM who cometh from the skies!"

L.

The Holy City passed away,  
Her star went down 'mid seas of blood;  
And where Jehovah's Temple stood  
The Moslem lifts his prayer to-day.

\* \* \* \* \*

LI.

Begone, false Faith, delusive Hope,  
Thou filmy fabric of a dream;  
Nor sunlit sky nor Stygian Stream  
Will e'er their mystic portals ope.

LII.

The Antichrist has gone the way  
 Of all earth's kings and mighty men;  
 He ne'er on earth shall reign again.  
 But GOD is in His world for aye!

ADDENDA

The Antichrist Unveiled.

Notes, and references to Holy Scripture.

*Number of stanza.*

- III.....Revelation XIII, 4.
- VI.....Daniel, VII., 11.
- VII., VIII.....Isaiah, XI, 4.
- IX.....Daniel, VII, 8—25.
- XI.....Daniel XI.
- XII..... Rev. XIII, 3; Dan. VII., 18, 26-7.
- XIII.....Rev. XVII, 8.
- XV. The Year of Jubilee referred to was 87 before the Christian Era.
- XVI..... Daniel IX, 24-26; Rev. XIX-XX.
- XVIII..... Rev. XX, 4.
- XXIV.....Sabbatic year, 37 Before the Christian Era
- XXXVI. Six Hundred and Sixty-six = DCLXVI, or  
 CL<sup>V</sup>DIV(S) = *CLAVDIVS*

Compare Rev. XIII, 18.

XXXVIII. & XXXIX. *Name*, Julius; or *IVLIV* (s); Number, VVLII—XLII—42.

- XL, XLI, XLII..... 2 Thess. II.
- XLVI.....MATT. XXIV, etc.
- XLVIII, XLIX.....Rev. XVII, 7, et seq.
- I. Julius,
- II. Augustus,
- III. Tiberius,
- IV. Caligula,
- V. Claudius,
- VI. Nero,
- VII. Galba.

XLVIII.....Seven Kings (*Roman Emperors*)

The five fallen, or deceased, are <sup>1</sup>Julius, <sup>2</sup>Augustus, <sup>3</sup>Tiberius, <sup>4</sup>Caligula, and <sup>5</sup>Claudius: <sup>6</sup>Nero IS (living), <sup>7</sup>Galba cometh, and will reign but six months. Then will JULIUS (the First), rise from Hades and reign for a time as the EIGHTH!

## Epistle to a Modernist

My life-long friend and reverend brother,  
No less esteemed than wife or mother  
For loyalty and ev'ry other  
    Sweet Christian grace,  
Your known forbearance let me bother  
    A little space:—

Since you and I our work began  
Long years ago for God and man,  
Each following his chosen plan  
    As he was able,  
We've sought some grains of truth to fan  
    From chaff and fable.

From all you've told me it is plain  
Your boyhood's *faith* you still retain;  
A few old doctrines yet remain  
    You once did cherish;  
As for the rest you'd feel no pain  
    Should they all perish.

Likewise with me the years have wrought  
Great changes in my scheme of thought,  
Till now at length I find me brought,  
    Through love of truth,  
To a belief, thank God, that's not  
    That of our youth.

We have no use for man-made creeds  
That serve not common human needs,  
That heal no wounded heart that bleeds,  
    Nor sweeten life;  
And 'stead of kindling noble deeds,  
    Engender strife.



To us the Sacred Revelation,—  
The books of Jewish compilation,  
The annals of the Chosen Nation,—  
    Their ancient Laws,—  
Their grand poetic inspiration,—  
    Show many flaws.

The writings of the later ages,—  
Though well ascribed to saints and sages,  
Still have upon their faulty pages  
    Some monkish tales,  
Oft told on pious pilgrimages  
    Through Orient vales,

And wheresoe'er the wily priest  
Found homesick exiles, West or East,  
Imbued with hatred of the "Beast,"—  
    Their stern oppressor,—  
He thus set forth a *Gospel-Feast*  
    For Faith's professor :

"Long, long ago the Christ was born,"  
(The priesthood taught,) He faced the scorn  
And wrath of foes, and died forlorn  
    Upon the tree;  
But rose again on Easter morn,  
    From Calvary.

"In Heaven He now abides, but when  
THE ANTICHRIST shall once again  
Be freed from Hades' dismal den,—  
    His gashes healed,—  
The Christ unto the sons of men  
    Will be revealed.

“‘That Wicked’ He will overthrow,—  
Foredoomed unto eternal woe,—  
That as a Conqueror He may show  
    His matchless might,  
Till all the Powers of hell below  
    Tremble with fright;

“And then, behold, the day will come  
When He shall call His faithful home,  
No more to weep, nor longer roam  
    In exile drear,  
But reign throughout Millennium,  
    Their Savior near.”

The tale they told did truth contain,  
But mixed with coinage of their brain,  
To form a sweet and soothing strain  
    To souls aweary  
Of earthly woes; to us 'tis vain,  
    Useless and dreary.

To speak plain truth, in part they lied;  
The coming of the Crucified  
Again has been as oft denied  
    By truthful men,  
As reasserted far and wide  
    By tongue and pen.

Men knew too little to deny  
The tale; they listened to the cry  
Proclaiming far, “The Lord is nigh,”  
    And heavenward turned  
With hopeful heart and tearful eye  
    And prayed, and yearned,

Till even to-day some voice we hear  
Assuring us that He is near;—  
“Ascension robes don without fear;  
    His coming’s speedy;  
And fetch your offerings, brethren dear;  
    His church is needy.”

May God forbid that you or I  
Should hold or teach the hideous lie  
That sets HIM forth the enemy  
    Of all who fain  
Would to his glorious presence fly  
    And there remain.

O Love divine, the blood and tears  
Of Thy misguided worshipers,  
In ev’ry clime, through all the years,—  
    And streaming still,—  
Their blasted hopes and sickening fears  
    Thou didst not will,—

Didst not impart prophetic ken  
To earthborn, sinful, selfish men,  
Or send them forth, by tongue or pen  
    To propagate  
Their lurid fantasies, and then  
    The tale repeat;

Didst not in mortal form appear  
In any age or nation here  
To torture men with harrowing fear  
    Of pains eternal;  
Rather, to make the way more clear  
    To joys supernal.

In Thee, by mortals little known,  
Thou ever-present Soul alone,  
Who 'round my life Thy care hast thrown,  
    Is my delight;  
And shall be till before Thy throne  
    I find Thy light!

My friend, should you be called to stand  
Amid the small and tearful band  
Beside my unfilled house of sand  
    Some future day,  
Just take for me each mourner's hand  
    And gently say,—

“He bade me comfort you with this:  
    ‘Though oft through life I’ve done amiss,  
My heart was nigh to God, I wis,—  
    His Loving Care,  
His glorious Truth and Righteousness  
    I joyed to share.

‘Twas He that cleansed my inward sight  
And gave me, late, to see the light  
That soon will dissipate the night  
    Of error’s reign,  
And superstition put to flight,—  
    Religion’s bane.

‘Sons of the Living God, be true  
To the Ideal Christ in you,  
The Galilean keep in view  
    In all His beauty,  
Until the nightfall, and *you’re* through  
    With earthly duty!’ ”

## Faithful unto Death

April 15, 1912

“Not the least among the heroes of the Titanic disaster were the members of the ship’s orchestra, who, it appears, sent their music out over the waters to the very last, allaying panic, cheering the people who were taken away in the boats and helping their fellow victims with the power of sacred music to meet fate bravely.

Let fame, then, add a laurel for Hartley, Hume, Taylor, Clark, Woodward, Brailey, Krins and Breicoux. More than they did men could not do.”—*Boston Post*.

Borne on the fleet wings of Faith and Contrition,  
Cleaving the mists and the gloom of the night,  
Soar the sweet strains of the olden Petition  
To Him who is Lord of both darkness and light ;  
What music so solemn e’er rolled o’er the sea  
As “Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee ?”

Grouped on the deck of the drowning Titanic,  
Clark, Hume, Woodward, Taylor, Krins, Brailey, Breicoux,  
And Hartley, undaunted ’mid peril and panic,  
Stand wreathing their lutes—it is all they can do—  
While the prayers of the perishing rise from the wave  
To the wailing refrain of the Faithful and Brave !

The Band never falters, though surges around  
The dark icy flood from the merciless main :  
They’re sinking—they know it—yet utter no sound  
Save the ‘Song Universal’, again and again.  
Till swept from their station, no longer to be—  
It is “Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.”

## Memories of Old Mechisses; or Musings of a Machias Man in the West

Of OLD MECHISSES I love to dream  
At eve in my far-off western home;  
Of her wooded hills, and the glint and gleam  
Of her peaceful lakes where I used to roam  
As free as the sea-gulls to and fro—  
Ah me, that was many a year ago!

I love to picture the dear old town  
As it straggling lay on either side  
Of the rushing river winding down  
From the "Tunk Mills" bridge to the head of the Tide,  
And thence by the "Sluice" and the "Ship-yards" gray  
To the "Port" and the "fort" overlooking the Bay.

Though I live to be old I shall never forget  
The hill-side school-house, weather-stained;  
Or the Armory ("Gun-house" they call it yet)  
Where the braves of the village were mustered and trained;  
The break-neck ledges—Bob Munson's "Chute,"—  
And the ramshackle "Block" at the mountain's foot!

"Aunt Rachel's" horses of gingerbread,  
Displayed to the gaze of us hungry boys  
In her front shop-windows, while overhead  
Swung painted (and less indigestible) toys!  
Next, the "Union Store," and "Foot-bridge" frail  
That threatened to sink 'neath the weekly mail.

And the Old Academy on the hill  
With its play-ground broad, and towering "Swing;"  
What thronging memories haunt me still  
Of many a summer's evening  
Of *fighting, climbing*, or tossing the fair  
To the cooler clime of the moonlit air!

Then the "Cove" in winter, the glittering "Cove,"  
    Beyond the meadows and alders brown,  
And the frozen "Intervale" just above,  
    Where we 'cut great ice' till the sun went down;  
And by evening bonfires followed the fun  
Nor deemed it late when the Clock struck One!

And the "Gun-house" Hill—our favorite 'Coast'  
    When the skating was spoiled by the drifting snow;  
How meteor-like we rounded the Post  
    At Lowell's Corner—a score or so  
Of dare-devil urchins whooping loud  
From cutter or horse-sled through the crowd—

Down Post-Office Hill to the opposite ridge,  
    Past Old P. "Murphy's Grocery store,"  
And over the famed "*Suspension Bridge*,"  
    Safely upheld by its arches four!  
Past the Lumber-yard and Flag-staff tall,  
Clear to the Ow'n Smit Market-Stall!

Then the *Swimming-Nooks* when the days grew warm,  
    Or ever the ice from the stream had fled—  
How "Up at the Boom" we used to swarm,  
    Or down at the Tide-water's rising head;  
While the millpond deep had its group of merry  
(But seldom motionless) Statuary!

How we leaped off the Piers, how we dived under logs—  
    Maybe more than a score lying side by side;  
How we floated supinely, or paddled like dogs  
    To the opposite shore where the river was wide,  
Just taking a "sounding" now and then  
    Where the depth was but eight feet—nine—or ten!



Then the "Launching-Days!" How the Autumn sun  
Seemed to laugh outright as he viewed the crowd  
Come stumbling o'er timbers, one by one,  
And the crusty Carpenters bawling loud  
From under the bilge of the shining ship  
All rigged and arrayed for her maiden trip.

Like a sweet perfume from the Orient seas  
Is wafted the odor of Paint, and Pine,  
And Oak, and Oakum upon the breeze  
From over the trees and the billowing brine:  
No launching-scene do I still recall  
Without both *seeing* and "*smelling*" it all!

How fares it to-day with the gallant fleet  
That sprang from the brain of a CUMMINGS or KNIGHT,  
And spurning the strand with their fearless feet  
'Mid our echoing cheers took their plunging flight—  
"Hidalgo," and "Crusoe," and "Centaur," and She—  
The "Victor" of all, and the pride of the sea!

Like the hopes of my youth they are shattered and torn;  
Their bones lie imbedded in coral and sand;  
Lo, a hulk here and there, all dismantled, forlorn,  
By Ocean discarded, disowned by the land!

## Ode to Old Bowdoin

*Air:* "LA MARSEILLAISE."

Ye sons of Bowdoin, lift your voices  
To *Alma Mater*, loud and strong;  
What though she's old she still rejoices  
To hear us pour our choral song,  
To hear us pour our choral song;  
Shall we withhold from our dear mother  
The meed of praise so justly hers,  
Or give our best of voice or verse,  
As recreant children, to another?  
Up-roll the chorus high;  
"Old Bowdoin," be our cry;  
O *Alma Mater*, hear our song,  
We laud thee to the sky!

With hearts attuned to love's emotion,  
O reverend mother, kind and true,  
We come, and with sincere devotion,  
Enshrine thy name in honors new,  
Enshrine thy name in honors due;  
For, all we've gained of gold or glory  
From out the world's wide field of strife,  
We owe to thine inspiring Life—  
Our endless theme of song and story;  
Up-roll, etc.

O Bowdoin, reign a Queen forever,  
The laurel crown upon thy brow;  
Thy glorious empire, be it never  
Upheld by fewer hands than now,  
By fewer loyal hearts than now!  
May sons of men of ev'ry nation  
Exalt thy name and praise thy pow'r  
Till Time hath struck his latest hour  
And stilled the voice of acclamation!  
Up-roll, etc.

(February, 1912.)

## Song—Where Is New England?

(An Adaptation of the German Poet Arndt's "*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*")

"Where is New England?" they demand  
Who yearn for Freedom's favored land;  
Is't where majestic forests keep  
Their vigils o'er Maine's rivers deep?"  
Ah, yes; but grander yet must be  
New England, home of Liberty!

"Is that New England where bright rills  
Leap from New Hampshire's granite hills  
To join in fertilizing flow  
Vermont's clear mountain-streams below?"  
Stranger, the Pilgrim Fathers' land  
Must greater be and far more grand!

"Then tell us, is it not the strand  
Where rude Atlantic rolls his sand  
From Plymouth Rock to where his wave  
Connecticut's fair shores doth lave?"  
Thou hast not found it yet; demand  
Once more New England, Freedom's land!

"Where, therefore, lies New England? Name  
At last that land of noble fame:"  
*Wherever flows the Pilgrim blood  
That erst Oppression's power withstood;  
There shall it be, there shall it be;  
O stranger, 'tis the land for thee!*

*America* that land shall be,  
From Lake to Gulf, from Sea to Sea!  
God grant our teeming millions souls  
To fear Thee whilst existence rolls;  
To love with heart and aid with hand  
Our firm-united Fatherland!



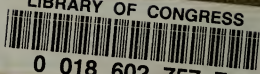


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