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# ODDS *and* ENDS *Poems*



HUMOR



MUSIC

MOORE

*By the*



LOVE

HON. WILLIAM ROBERT



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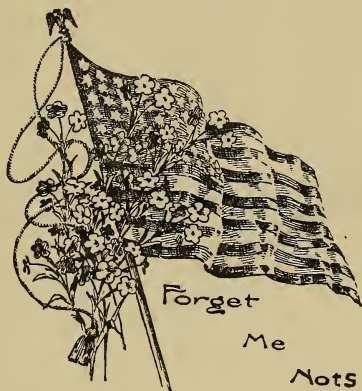




very truly &c

Wm R Moore  
" i

# *Odds and Ends*



*Poems and Memoirs*  
*of*  
*William Robert Moore,*  
*Memphis, Tenn., U. S. A.*

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## DEDICATION

TO THE SEVERAL DISTINGUISHED AND HONORABLE  
GENTLEMEN WHOSE FRIENDLY NAMES ARE PLAYFULLY INTER-  
WOVEN INTO SOME OF THE HUMOROUS VERSES THAT  
HEREINAFTER FOLLOW, THIS UNPRETENTIOUS  
AND HARMLESS LITTLE BOOK IS KINDLY,  
AND CORDIALLY, AND RESPECT-  
FULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR



THE PRICE OF THIS BOOK IS  
ONE DOLLAR  
PROCEEDS TO BE DEVOTED ALONE TO  
CHARITY

## PREFACE.

This little volume is purely an afterthought. It is in no sense a candidate for fame. Its merits or demerits are not up for consideration. It was not written with even a remote purpose or view to publication in book form. Its varied matter—Love, Patriotism, Sentiment, Satire, and what not—without pretence or affectation, was flung off from time to time without forethought and merely for the author's own diversion and amusement.

At odd, and sometimes widely recurring intervals, during a long life of strenuous, commercial activity, not devoted alone to lucre, the author would find relief and recreation in this sort of innocent occupation; and has only at this late day been prevailed upon, by, perhaps, too partial personal friends, to publish as a mere reminiscence, in permanent form, and cast the little waif without revision upon the boundless Sea of Literature, quite oblivious of all resulting consequences, and fully content

## P R E F A C E .

to abide by and submit to whatever storms may dash it against the rugged rocks of criticism. With this frank explanation, therefore, and without apology to the impartial public :

The brat is mine, make of it what you will  
You'll pore it through before you get your fill ;  
And should you find some lines you may not like,  
Don't fall into a rage—keep cool, don't strike ;  
And don't imagine everything here writ  
Contains quintessence of superior wit ;  
Nor, on the other hand, reject what's good  
Because some carping critic says you should.

Like many other books that crowd the shelves,  
And like (who knows?) it may be e'en ourselves,—  
It's good and bad so well may blended be,  
That e'en the blind can hardly fail to see.

It follows in no antecedent train ;  
Its motives each are lofty in the main ;  
'Twas written to give pleasure, and not pain :  
And if its playful thrusts cut now and then,  
They're only meant for stalwart, public men,—  
Men, who, themselves the practice first begun,  
And through the habit some distinction won.

But lest some stranger reader should conclude,  
Some verses tow'rds some good man might seem  
rude,

Such purpose is here strongly disavowed  
And all disclaimers boldly made aloud,—  
They're penned, alone, in Charity—be sure,  
And signed in good faith,—

WILLIAM ROBERT MOORE.



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MEMOIRS.



## MEMOIRS.

We present in our columns today an excellent likeness of one of our most conspicuous fellow-citizens. Mr. Moore is a native of Huntsville, Ala., but has lived in Tennessee since he was six months old, and for more than forty years in Memphis. His widowed mother, now eighty-six years old, and unusually vigorous, is living near Fosterville, in Middle Tennessee, in the same house that she built more than fifty years ago. To say that Mr. Moore possesses striking characteristics is but speaking truly. He has for more than a generation been one of our most active and successful business men, paying through all the vicissitudes of trade, one hundred cents to the dollar, and has been at all times an earnest promoter of whatever policy tended to build up the material interests of both Memphis and the surrounding country.

Originally an old line whig in politics, he, later on, joined the Republican party, voting for Abraham Lincoln, and every Republican ticket since that time. He has never sought nor asked for an office. In 1866, having been nominated and lawfully elected to our State legislature, he went to Nashville and was sworn in, but thereupon voluntarily resigned, because there had been a technical violation of the law, a reason

which forbade his high sense of honor holding an office in even a remote manner tainted with political irregularity. He was, later on, without his knowledge or consent, nominated for, and was elected to the Forty-seventh Congress of the United States, over the distinguished Hon. Casey Young. He was unanimously renominated but declined a re-election. He was voted for, unanimously, for Vice President of the United States, by both the State delegations of Mississippi and Tennessee, at the Chicago Republican National Convention of 1888, that nominated Benjamin Harrison for President; but in a three minutes' speech before the convention declined that distinguished honor. He has been repeatedly urged—for the last several terms—to allow the use of his name for Governor of Tennessee; but his disinclination for official honors has prevented his acceptance.

He is a pointed, vigorous and sententious writer, in the fields of both prose and poetry; in the latter of which he frequently indulges as a mere matter of diversion and pastime, an illustration of which appears in today's Graphic. He is a very positive sort of man; indeed there is nothing negative in his character or past history. He is not, perhaps, wholly destitute of all terrestrial virtues; nor does he claim to be quite yet properly prepared for celestial transport. He, like all positive men, has perhaps his fair share of enemies; but has nevertheless a yet greater array of earnest friends, who are cabled to him by hooks of steel. He, in short, claims only to be an every-day, all-round,

human sort of man—not better than everybody else; but, perhaps, quite equal with, and up to the full average; and his chief regret is that he is not better than the best of his fellows. He is a married man, without children, but with an accomplished and beautiful wife to whom he is faithfully devoted.

He belongs to no secret society. He neither smokes, chews tobacco, nor drinks whisky. His religion is broad, reverential and catholic; and of that sympathetic and charitable sort which “suffereth long and is kind.” His ideal books are Shakespeare and the Bible; and he regrets not having had time to commit all of each to memory.

His ambition is not for personal popularity; but rather, first to earn and then to retain the enlightened approbation of both his own judgment and his own conscience. He knows “ ’tis not in mortals to command success; but he desires more—to deserve it.”—  
From the Memphis Social Graphic.



**M**OOORE, WILLIAM ROBERT. Robert Cleveland Moore, the father of William R., was of English descent, and family tradition says that he was a descendant of Oliver Cromwell. His mother, also of English lineage, was descended through a long line of ancestors named Martin and Cleveland, and run back directly to Colonel Ben Cleveland, who was in chief command and killed at the battle of King's Mountain, during the war of the Revolution. Mr. Moore's direct American ancestors were all Virginians, and slave-holders. He was born March 28, 1830, in Huntsville, Ala. When he was six months old his father died, leaving his widow and two children in straitened circumstances. They at once removed to Beech Grove, Coffee county, Tenn. After a residence there of six years she married John Mills Watkins, and went to live at Fosterville, Rutherford county, Tenn., where she still resides in the house she erected fifty years ago.

Mr. Moore's youth was spent on a farm, and his facilities for obtaining an education were limited. As he grew to manhood he utilized all the means within his reach to discipline his mind and store it with practical knowledge. At the age of fifteen he became a clerk in a country store at Beech Grove; a year later

he went to Nashville and became a salesman in a retail dry goods store, where he remained three years, with an annually increasing salary. Chafing under a business which was becoming distasteful to him, he secured a position in the then wealthy and highly respected house of Eakin & Co., wholesale merchants, of Nashville, with whom he remained for six years. He then went to New York City and entered the wholesale dry goods house of S. B. Chittenden & Co., as a salesman. At that time the New York merchants with known anti-slavery proclivities were boycotted by Southern customers, but Mr. Moore succeeded, nevertheless, in bringing to the establishment of Chittenden & Co. a large Southern trade, and two years later, or in 1857, as a consequence, he became a junior partner in that prominent firm.

He had meanwhile discerned the prospective greatness of Memphis, and he determined to cast his lot here. Accordingly in 1859 he severed his connection with the firm of Chittenden & Co., and established an exclusively wholesale dry goods house in this place, with Joseph H. Shepherd, formerly of Nashville, as a partner, under the firm style of Shepherd & Moore. A lucrative trade at once came to this house, but the breaking out of the war interrupted and seriously embarrassed for a while the business of the firm. Mr. Moore although born and reared a Southerner, was an open opponent of secession, and this tended still more to embarrass the business of his firm. His Union position, however, enabled him to obtain unlimited

credit in New York, and when in 1862 the Federal forces occupied Memphis, and free intercourse with the commercial metropolis of the nation was resumed, Mr. Shepherd dying meantime, the prosperity of the house of William R. Moore & Co. revived. Mr. Moore invested his Confederate savings largely in real estate, and thus avoided the losses which came to many by reason of investment in floating Southern securities.

Mr. Moore's position on the question of secession aroused a feeling of antagonism, which did not at once subside at the close of the war, but was for some years thereafter a very serious hindrance to him in his business. Gradually, however, this feeling wore away, his trade extended, and prosperity crowned his efforts. In all the vicissitudes of business here and elsewhere he has been solvent, and has never failed to pay dollar for dollar on his obligations. During more than twenty-eight years no change has been made in the business or in the name and style of the firm. He is owner of the store buildings now occupied by his firm, which extend through from Main to Second street, 325 feet, five stories in height on the former and four on the latter, with about two acres of flooring surface.

Allusion has been made to Mr. Moore's position on the question of secession. Prior to the war he had given but little attention to political matters, but devoted his energies mainly to business. He had no taste for partisan politics, but the firm stand which he took in

opposition to an overwhelming majority of his fellow-citizens on the great question which divided the country, brought him into a prominence which he had not sought. He conscientiously believed that the course pursued by the South was wrong, and he was firmly loyal to his convictions. He foresaw the ruin secession would ultimately bring on the people of the seceding States, and gave his influence in favor of that course which he believed would avert as far as possible the evil consequences of the war. It is hardly necessary to say, for every one can imagine, that the position which his convictions compelled him to assume was an exceedingly painful one. He was born and reared in the South. His affections and sympathies were with the people among whom his life had been passed, and it grieved him to find himself isolated from and in opposition to these people; but he believed he was right. In the controversies into which his position led him he always refrained from personalities.

Perhaps no better illustration can be given of his position than the following communication from him, which was published in a Memphis paper—*The Argus*, on the eve of the presidential election in 1864:

“Editors *Argus*: I am glad to congratulate you upon the firm, unequivocal, and dignified position taken by you upon the great question of our country’s unity. Not that I would even dare to intimate that you ever intended to occupy any other; but because I have firmly believed that the policy and party (democratic) whose claims you have urged while ostensibly claiming to be national were in reality and practically directly opposite in their tendencies

to every interest of true nationality. You are now, I think, traveling in the great highway toward the accomplishment of the nation's greatness and security. As one of her humblest citizens, I bid you God speed. It is sometimes a very difficult matter for even patriots to discard the claims of personal friendships and preferences; but their relinquishment in such cases, as at present only proves more clearly and forcibly how deep, after all, is the predominance of that love of country, which every true man feels when free from the passion and prejudice of the hour. And by love of country I do not mean an attachment to some particular spot, because we may have happened to live upon it—as of Mississippi or Massachusetts—but an abiding love of the whole country; of Maine and Minnesota, of Texas and Florida, and every other foot of American soil made sacred by our past associations. This is what I mean by love of country, and this is the idea sought to be secured in the re-election of Mr. Lincoln on next Tuesday. There are many good people throughout the country who freely admit that there are others whom they think better qualified for the position of chief magistrate of the nation than he whose claims we urge. But that is not now the question. He is the constitutionally chosen executive, and his claims have been properly put forth for our suffrages; and believing him to be honest and devoted to the main work of restoring the national authority, while the opposing ticket, if successful, will fritter away in useless and vain parleyings with the enemy all our present advantages, every patriot must see the surpassing importance of rallying at all costs, around the banner of his country, and of frowning forever upon the mutinous and wicked spirit of rebellion. When that shall have been put down (and it will be done effectually during the incoming administration) it will be time enough to adjust side issues. Till then we each and all have a great work to perform—a great duty to be done. And in this connection I cannot more clearly express my views than by quoting from a letter written by me not long since upon this subject, in reply to one from a friend in Middle Tennessee, who, while being firmly for the Union, still opposes the election of Mr. Lincoln. In that letter, among other things I said:

“I have noted very carefully the political allusions to the times, which mark a prominent place in your letter,

and regret to see the mistaken view, as I think, you take, of the great questions which absorb the attention of every patriot in this and other lands. When four years ago this question began to assume the shape it has since taken, I hoped that one so humble as myself might live it through without the necessity of taking any active participancy in the great struggle. The quiet and comparatively obscure life I had led furnished me a strong reason for the hope. The question, however, has continued, to grow in magnitude, until even ordinary men like myself seemed to be forced to take active grounds for or against their country, and to show unmistakably whether they wish to maintain its nationality or suffer an institution which the Christian world condemns, to choke forever the arteries of its benign existence. I have studied carefully and prayerfully for four years, by the lights of reason, conscience, and the best educated intellects at my command, and I am to-day (however circumstances may have led me in the past a little to waver, as regarded the wiser course to pursue) I am, I say to-day, firmly and conscientiously convinced that the duty of every man—at any rate my duty is to support that party—I care nothing personally for Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Johnson, General McClellan, or any other man—who is in favor of putting down treason by the strong arm of superior physical force; who is in favor of putting out of the way now and forever the only thing which has ever been the seriously disturbing element in our national family; of settling for ourselves and those who are to come after us, whether there is inherent strength left in a republican government to enforce the obedience of just laws from malcontents who may set themselves up as the peculiar talent, virtue and integrity of the world, simply on account of ownership in an institution which most of the best men of this and other countries have never hesitated to condemn even while tolerating. I do not undertake to justify the individual outrages of this or any other administration. I would to heaven that there were ways to manage this question so that every man might sleep serenely beneath his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make him afraid. This, however, in a great war like the present cannot be. If I thought the party which General McClellan represents was in favor of that policy which will most effectually end in honor to the country this devastating war, I would certainly favor his election.



But while I am frank in saying that I believe him to be an educated, accomplished patriot, I firmly, at the same time, believe that George H. Pendleton and the Chicago "immediate-cessation-of-hostilities" platform to be cowardly and contemptible in the last degree, and certain, should they be successful, to end the war in the final and complete disintegration of this our glorious country. I therefore heartily oppose them. I am not going to vote for men in this contest, but for the representatives of ideas and principles. I would prefer were I authorized to make the selection, others than Johnson and Lincoln to represent those ideas and principles; but it has so happened that they have been duly selected. I believe it, therefore, to be my patriotic duty to yield them my hearty support. I have entered for life upon that contest which is to decide whether we are to have one grand, happy, homogeneous, and free people, or a multiplicity of miserable, little, bickering dependencies, built upon the "corner stone of slavery." It is easy for me to decide between them. You speak of the probable election of Mr. Lincoln as likely to result in the subjugation of the people and social equality of the white and negro races. I am quite surprised to hear a man of your ordinarily clear and cool judgement make such an allusion. The very opposite will be the inevitable consequence. No people on which the sun ever shown have labored under a greater burden and thralldom of public sentiment than the people of the Southern States—yourself and myself among the number—who have been forced by the arrogant and imperious demands of that all-pervading Southern idea which positively forbade even those of us who mildly disliked the institution, to speak, and especially to write against its pernicious influences.

"Mr. Lincoln's election will disenthral every such mind, and enable both the friends and enemies of slavery to speak and write for or against it, as they may elect to do. I never, as you well know, had any disposition to touch, or even to have it touched, the institution where it exists. I felt that it were far better to bear the ills we had than fly to others that we knew not of. But Mr. Davis and his sect said no; we will not have the government under which we were born, nurtured and kindly protected, rule over us; we will establish upon its ruins others—one whose "corner stone" shall be slavery. The issue being



boldly put forward by the insurgents, the adherents to the parent government had nothing to do—have now no other alternative than to meet with overwhelming forces those arrayed against her legitimate authority. But it is clamorously argued that Mr. Lincoln intends to lower the whites to the level of the negroes, and hold the rebellious States as conquered and subjugated provinces. I can see no necessity for undue alarm on that score. I have no fears of negro equality, amalgamation, miscegenation, or any other of the thousand and one bugbears put forth by simpletons who have never sought to look half an inch into the great questions of an enlightened political economy. After the operation of this great rebellion shall have freed, as it surely will, the whole country of this fruitful institution, this Pandora box of national ills, the negro will soon be jostled by the operation of circumstances into his legitimate sphere of subordinate labor and service. If he can black your boots, plow your potatoes, shoe your horse, or perform any other needed service more cheaply and better than another, you and I will not hesitate to hire him to do it. The negroes, when freed, will not number more than they did as slaves. They will understand as well then as before their line of duty, and can be employed by voluntary effort, as has been practically proved by trial, far more profitably than by the old system of enforced service. This is perfectly plain. The white man, too, will be the gainer. Whenever it shall be thoroughly understood that this everlasting question shall have been finally and forever settled, intelligent free white labor will begin to pour its sparkling streams into our fertile valleys, and make our fields and shops and forges resound with the music of a thrifty happiness. Our broad acres of rich alluvium will yield their whitened annual treasures with a freer bounty, and all our mineral mountains will melt in shining money their ores of countless value. The prospects of one great, free, united country is worth fighting for. It may cost yet much precious blood and treasure. If it cannot be avoided let them be given cheerfully. The government of the United States, mangled and bleeding as she is, is a great, magnanimous, and noble government. She seeks the subjugation of none, save those who seek her destruction. She will have obedience to her just laws, and may in the execution of a great work like the present, occasionally trespass upon the temporary rights of some

of her subjects. She does it not willingly. She will yet, I believe, come out of this struggle like gold tried in the fire—one great, free, enlightened, magnanimous, and Christian nation, whose God is the Lord. And this is the reason why I support her against any and all opposition. Pardon me for thus elaborating upon a theme which grows upon me every day.’”

On receiving the news of Abraham Lincoln’s assassination in April, 1865, Mr. Moore’s business premises were immediately closed; the entire front thereof was heavily draped in mourning, and over the door was placed an inscription, written by himself, as follows, viz:

“The great American heart bleeds of grief, and all civilization mourns the lamented dead.”

At an immense mass meeting in Court Square, Memphis, on the 3d of May, 1865, just after General Lee’s surrender, Mr. Moore offered the following resolutions:

“Resolved, That as native-born citizens of the South, who have heretofore and all our lives been closely identified with the institution of slavery, nursed in its lap, and fed upon its labor, we are nevertheless, regardless of our former preferences or prejudices, now fully prepared as practical business men, to realize and accept for ourselves and for our posterity the system of free labor which has been pressed by the unyielding demands of an inevitable political necessity upon our whole people.

“Resolved, That believing this system of labor to be the only one which can ever hereafter exist in the United States, by the consent of her sovereign people, we do hereby pledge ourselves as loyal and law abiding citizens, to use our best endeavors to aid by every means in our power, in adjusting our new condition to the wants and welfare of our whole population.

“Resolved, That recognizing in the recent surrender of

the two principal armies of the 'Confederacy,' the final extinguishment of all possible hope of success to even the most sanguine of its well wishers, and believing that the time has now come when every man's own judgment must condemn as utterly futile all further persistence in this fruitless, foolish, and unavailing strife, we earnestly urge upon all persons throughout the country to cease their opposition, and come at once to the fold of the old government, which is able to and will protect all those who are willing to lend her their allegiance."

These resolutions were almost unanimously rejected amid storms of anger and disapprobation.

In 1868 he was nominated for the Legislature because of his position on the question of merchant's taxation. Though he was declared technically elected he did not, because of some election irregularities, consider himself fairly entitled to his seat, and on being sworn in at Nashville, he at once resigned, refusing to be a candidate at the special election which his resignation necessitated.

It is due to Mr. Moore to say that, though he was a Republican, he was always strongly in favor of the enfranchisement and rehabilitation of those who had been in arms against the Union. He gave as his platform, "Reduced taxes, Senter, and suffrage," in his political campaign.

In 1880 he was, without any knowledge of the fact that his friends intended to make him a candidate, nominated as the representative of his district in the Forty-seventh Congress, and was elected after a most bitter and angry campaign, over his competitor, Hon. Casey Young, although the district

was strongly Democratic, and every one of the fifteen Democratic newspapers in the district (there was then as now, no Republican paper in the district) vigorously opposed him.

His career in Congress cannot be better understood than by a reference to the leading speeches which he made. These were a speech on "Chinese immigration," in which he advocated the right of all people alike to voluntarily become citizens of the United States; on "civil service reform," in which he claimed that appointees should be in sympathy with the views of the dominant party; in "the contested election case of Lynch against Chalmers," in which he advocated the seating of Lynch; on "American shipping," strongly advocating encouragement by the government to the development of an American marine; on "common schools," in which he took the position that a national system of even compulsory education should be established; on "Mississippi River improvement," in which he advocated the policy of keeping the great water highways navigable by general government appropriations. He also strongly urged the policy of protecting American industries under any and all circumstances.

On the question of the settlement of the public debt of Tennessee, he was earnestly opposed to repudiating any just portion of it; and his brief remarks upon that subject in the Forty-seventh Congress drew from the patriotic press of the country the liveliest enco-

miums, the following from the New York Herald of February 20, 1883, being an illustration, viz :

"The country ought to erect another monument in Washington of bronze 1,000 feet high, and upon its base should be the words, 'Erected to the honor and memory of William R. Moore.' Though he came from Tennessee he was an honest man."

Mr. Moore was the author in Forty-seventh Congress of the following as an amendment to the Constitution :

"Congress shall have power to provide by appropriate legislation for the legal enforcement of the obligation of contracts entered into by any of the States of the Union."

Mr. Moore has for more than forty years been closely identified with the business interests of Memphis, and has been foremost among the advocates of every measure for the improvement of the city. At a mass-meeting of citizens held on the Bluff, November 15, 1879, he offered the following resolutions :

"Resolved, That a committee of fifteen be appointed by the chair to devise and agree upon a plan, in conference with the National Board of Health, whereby the citizens of Memphis can suggest to the Legislature whatever action may be necessary, looking to the improved sanitation of Memphis."

The adoption of this resolution and the appointment of the committee thereunder was the initial step in the great sanitary improvement of the city, the establishment of the sewer system, etc.

Mr. Moore has been an extensive traveller, both in the United States and Europe; and has thus familiarized himself thoroughly with the condition of all parts, especially of his own country; and this famil-

ilarity has tended greatly to enlarge his views on questions of national policy.

In February, 1878, he married Miss Charlotte Haywood Blood, a native of Hamilton, Ont., but for twenty years previously a resident of Memphis. She is the daughter of George H. Blood, esq., of Memphis. Mrs. Moore is a woman of extraordinary personal attractions, intelligence and culture, and is an Episcopalian in religion.

Mr. Moore was brought up in the Presbyterian faith, but while recognizing the grand achievements of Christianity, and while profoundly respecting the conscientious individual opinions of each and every other sincere man, of no matter what religious or political belief, his continuous study, reading and research have constantly broadened his own convictions, until he has discarded, as too narrow to bind his own rule of life, adhesion to any particular sectarian religious denomination.

He has, the rather, long since adopted as his guide the golden rule of "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you;" and upon this broad and solid base, he has chosen to commit the confident hopes of his hereafter.

He desires, rather than the applause of his fellows, the silent approbation of his own conscience, and wishes at the last no better epitaph to be graven upon his tombstone than the six little monosyllables, "He did the best he could."—Keating's History of Memphis.



**ODDS AND ENDS.**









"Every Rose  
Has Its Thorns"

RETROSPECT, INTROSPECT. PROSPECT.

**S**TANDING on expectation's Mount today,  
And looking back through life's long, devious  
way,  
A thousand treasured memories o'er us rush  
And thrill us with a deep, oppressive hush.

We seem to see, with retrospective eye,  
An artless boy, whose hopes e'en then beat high,  
As through the cedar glades he trudged to school  
With stern resolve to shun the Dunce's Stool  
That Teacher Roberts—simple, guileless man—  
Had set in front for lazy boys to scan.

Ah! Those were days of innocence and ease,  
When wants were few and Boys not hard to please.  
The days when stage coach drivers blew their horn  
To 'rouse the sleeping postmaster at morn,  
And notify him of the approaching mail  
As down "Lee's Knob" their teams would fairly sail  
With champing bits and foaming nostrils wide,  
Drawing their human freight, worn out with ride,

To Fosterville—the village of the rocks,  
Cedars and sinkholes—village of hard knocks.

The village school house, built of cedar logs,  
Between whose cracks might crawl the boys and dogs,  
With Webster's Speller, Pike's Arithmetic,  
And "Rule of Three," (where stupid boys would  
stick)

And Murray's Grammar—seemed enough to know  
For any modest boy on earth below.

This good old Teacher taught, and oft' would sing,  
That too much learning was a dangerous thing;  
And that to read, to cipher and to write,  
Was all boys needed, if not too much quite.  
"These College notions," he would often say,  
"Are apt to lead our country boys astray;"  
And then, to illustrate his sage advice,  
Would to himself refer, "look here, how nice."

But that was more than sixty years ago,  
When Ox carts ruled and all the world went slow;  
Before steel rails were laid or wires were strung  
That now fill space and talk in every tongue;  
Before a "Trust" or Millionaire was known  
Within our temperate, sublunary zone.

Old Fosterville! We look back on thee now  
With tender thoughts, and often wonder how  
And why it was that we, together thrown,  
Should ever to the outer world be known.

We call to mind those far back halcyon days,  
The 'Possum and the 'Coon hunt's joyous ways,  
And all the boys,—they called one "Butting Ram,"  
Others, John, Bill and Jim, Steve, Bob and Sam.

But all are gone, strange things have come to pass,  
These boys are scattered, dead, alack, alas!  
One of them fought in blue, the others gray,  
But all now sleep in church yards, far away;  
Their strifes, then fierce with bitter, angry hate,  
No longer live to vex our noble State.

No matter now, the rushing world goes on,  
Nor heeds, nor recks the myriads who are gone.  
Where then "a hundred thousand" almost stunned,  
"A billion" now seems but a common fund;  
Our Nation then, comparatively weak,  
Stands strong today, ready when called, to speak;  
And no great move, dare other Nations make  
Until of us they careful counsel take.

These things may well impress the thoughtful mind,  
And charge the philosophic how to find  
The causes of these marvels—how they came—  
And will proportioned future growth be same?

But, after all, it may be best that we  
Shall not the future's far off secrets see;  
'Twere wise, perhaps, to hug the happy hope  
That all good things will come within our scope,  
If, patiently, we justly bide our time,  
And work and wait, in prose as well as rhyme.

Judging our progress by the century past,  
We ask ourselves the question, "can it last?"  
Yet reasoning fairly from analogy,  
No optimistic mind can fail to see,  
At no far off, remote, or distant date,  
Aerial palaces floating through the State,  
Making their daily landings without jars,  
At all Earth's ports, and e'en, perhaps, at Mars.

But these things pass our comprehension. Stop  
And let us now these flighty visions drop;  
Let us return to homely, commonplace,  
And meet our hum drum duties face to face.  
Let us consider what we each may owe

To help the others as we cheerful go  
Along our tortuous journey through this vale,—  
Sometimes, it may be, with a loss of sail.

Our duties, if we will, are plain and clear,  
“The Golden Rule,” should to us all be dear;  
Its simple teachings point the unerring way,  
Which, daily kept, no man can go astray;  
Lived up to honestly, no one need fear  
God, man or devil, hereafter nor here.  
Keep out of debt, owe no man anything,  
Then you need envy Potentate nor King;  
And when the time to lay your burden down  
Comes on apace, you will have earned the crown  
Of honor; and the music will begin,  
“Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter in.”

January 10, 1903.

#### OUR NAN.

WHEN Nan saw the popcorn, Shetucket  
And hid it in her painted tin bucket;  
Then ma said, “sure’s you’re born  
Some one stole my popcorn,—  
But I’ll never believe that Nantucket.”

## I THOUGHT OF THEE.

## I.

IN Venice as I sailed along  
Her liquid lanes, without a care,  
And heard the sweet Italian song  
Flow soft from throat of gondolier;  
My thought—wild truant—wandered far  
Beyond and westward of the sea,  
And nestled 'neath the beauteous star  
I named, dear Lottie, once for thee.

## II.

Again within the palace walls  
Of rich, romantic Miramar,  
Whose frescoed and Mosaic halls  
Resound no more to tread of war;  
Where poor Carlotta's seen no more,  
And Maximilian's spirit's free,  
Where Adriatic's waves still roar  
And murmur,—there I thought of thee.



## III.

In Florence, cradle of the arts,  
Mausoleum of history,  
Where Genius has played many parts,  
And many more perchance may be;  
Where all that painter's brush can do  
Or poet's pen to make men free;  
E'en there the beautiful and true  
Enthralled me, and,—I thought of thee.

## IV.

And when among the Appenines  
I steamed along above the clouds,  
And revelled 'mid the clambering vines  
With purpling fruitage lowly bowed;  
Majestic, grand as was the view;  
E'en perfect though it seemed to be;  
The mind, yet sought still others too,  
And far up there,—I thought of thee.

## V.

And in sweet Arno's lovely plain,—  
Through which her beauteous river runs,—  
All bending rich with grapes and grain,  
And glowing under softest suns;  
Where stands grim Pisa's leaning tower  
Six hundred years—I marvelled me,  
As, resting on its top an hour,  
In musing mood,—I thought of thee.

## VI.

At Herculaneum, Pompeii, Rome,—  
Triumvirate of all that's grand,  
Sublime and lofty in the tome  
Of art, engraved by Titan hand;  
Where six or sixty thousand years  
Lie buried in oblivion's sea,  
With hopes, regrets, joys, treasures, tears,  
Here mute I gazed and—thought of thee.

## VII.

On Mount Vesuvius' awful cone,  
Forth belching sulphurous flames from Hell,  
I stood in wonder, dazed, alone,  
With feelings I can never tell:  
And as I gazed, in silence hushed,  
Within this Hell beside the sea,  
A thousand memories o'er me rushed,  
And there, again,—I thought of thee.

## VIII.

And when today I stood where Paul,  
The great apostle, wrote of old,  
His chief epistle, within call  
Of self-same steps, as I was told  
The Saviour trod at Pilate's bar  
(And reverently shown to me)  
I sought too for the "guiding star"  
And lo! at once,—I thought of thee.

## IX.

And so, on mountain, gulf or plain,  
On river, lake, or widest sea,  
Where'er I wander, comes a train  
Of memories ever dear to me;  
And calling often in array  
The loving friends I fain would see  
In this strange, far-off land away,  
I breathe thy name, and,—think of thee.

Rome, Italy, Sunday afternoon, July 4th, 1875.

## TO MY LITTLE ANGEL, M. W.

WHEN weary of the tiresome toils  
Which daily Duty e'er imposes,  
How sweet, forgetting all its broils,  
To breathe her influence,—pure as roses.

## A SUNDAY POEM.

OUR little life is but a span,  
A short step on the way  
That leads to Everlasting Night,  
Or else to Endless day.

'Tis but a trifling eminence  
Inch high above the grave;  
A fleeting breath that vanisheth—  
Alas, 'tis all we have.

And yet, vain fools, we strive and fret,  
As if 'twere ours to keep;  
We move, forgetting e'en today  
May note our final sleep.

If, then, our reason teaches this,  
Why should we not prepare  
For what hereafter we would be  
In Earth, or Heaven, or Air?

We cannot know beyond today,  
No, no, not even that;  
Can only hope that when we're "called,"  
We're ready to "stand pat."

## THE FAKIR BOY FROM PLAINS OF ALKALI.

1896.            THEN AND NOW.            1900.

ONCE on a time there met a wild convention—  
 The time and place 'twere needless here to mention:  
 Its delegates were many, multifarious;  
 Their characters were honest, doubtful, various.  
 They started out to call it "democratic,"  
 But if it was, 'twas sure the most erratic  
 Conglomeration ever got together  
 Beneath the sun in torrid July weather.

Its engineers-in-chief were of secession—  
 Men noted for their fight for retrogression;  
 Men of the past, famed for their opposition  
 To every movement, every proposition  
 Looking to progress, national honor, glory,  
 Beneath our flag, within our territory.  
 They met within the most progressive city

Of all the world, (and more it is the pity)—  
 The place prodigious by a sea unsalted,  
 Where Push and Thrift run hand in hand exalted;  
 Where no conception that imagination

Can think or shape, but finds realization;  
Where grow the Fields, the Pullmans and the Palmers,  
The Kohlsaats, Gages, Rockefellers, Armours—  
Within a modern, mighty coliseum,  
And christened it with *popudem te deum*.  
Alas for human frailties, that I write it,  
But truth historic says I must indite it.

The looker-on of that vast seething ocean  
Of human kind without united notion,  
Could not but see and fear foreboding trouble  
From men well known with power to carry double.  
He could but know it was not in the power  
Of that incongruous mass, within their hour,  
To harmonize with principle cold pelf,  
But rather, for pure place exalt mere self.

Ten thousand men possessed of one conceit—  
To fool each other and the world to cheat—  
When massed together find it not so easy  
To win their ends—they're apt to become "breezy:"  
And so it was with this agglomeration  
Of anarchy, deceit, repudiation.

The ball once opened, Self began to utter  
Her plaintive cries for place and bread and butter;

And ere the first day's notes had died away,  
The country looked upon them with dismay.

The heterogeneous forces soon began  
To show the shallow purpose of the clan,  
And to develop what was feared before,—  
But now so plain that doubt could be no more—  
Namely, to bring our starry flag to shame  
Through policies that patriots blush to name.

The Altgelds, Pitchfork Tillmans and the Coxeys,  
Together with their kind and ail their proxies,  
The Harrises, the Blackburn blatherskites,  
The "bloody bridles" Waites and the Debsites,  
Had planned their schemes and each had now already  
His loyal forces massed outside and steady,  
To batter down the ranks of the old guards  
Who'd thought till now they were the nation's wards.  
But when proceedings fairly had begun,  
The old guards found the Pops had them outdone,  
And of their assets took complete possession,  
Which, howsoever sad, they made confession.

These are but facts; I greatly grieve to say it,  
But when we owe a debt, we'd better pay it;



At least this is the lesson taught at school,  
And it is now too late to change the rule.

But, to be brief as fairness well can make it,  
The "Simon Pures" concluded they would "shake it,"  
And let the Pops direct this wild convention  
Whose wickedness forbids here public mention:  
And so, in deep disgust, the Whitneys, Flowers,  
The Palmers, Hills, Braggs, Bynums rained down  
                  showers

Of vengeful wrath and righteous indignation  
That men could stoop to such base degradation;  
And packing up their traps in bourbon dudgeon,  
Each swore he'd not be taken for a gudgeon.

But so it was, this old guard, urged by anger,  
By no means characterized by lazy languor,  
Shook off the dust and left the place disgusted,  
And published to the world: "Our party's busted;  
We'll go to Indiana, start a new one,  
And advertise it as the only true one."

Meanwhile, our muse must not forget to mention  
The leading Star of that free-mob convention.  
'Tis never wise to write a thrilling story  
And leave out Him entitled to all the glory;

And therefore will we sing awhile of Bryan,  
The man who had so long been slyly tryin'  
Through secret silver arguments to capture  
The unsuspecting masses, and enrapture  
The simple minds of those uneducated,  
Whose patriotism had been underrated.

So when the time seemed ripe and all was ready,  
When Pitchfork Tillman had made all unsteady,  
The Fakir Boy, from plains of alkali,  
Was trotted in and told his hand to try.

Knowing that wind and words were chiefly wanted,  
And that the Fakir Boy had ne'er them scanted,  
They felt he was, of all their train, best suited,  
To blow their silver bazoo so long bruted:  
So when with lung and endless volubility  
He lumbered on with asinine agility  
Until he reached his stolen "cross and crown,"  
That was too much; it brought his hearers down.  
It mattered not that he had not been known,  
It mattered not that he had never shown  
Capacity for even the small affairs of life;  
He could say words and words could bring on strife;  
And that, at least, they thought would raise a breeze  
Which they could ride to office on with ease.

And so they named him as their candidate,  
To occupy the exalted chair of State.

But not so fast. Although his nomination,  
Through frenzied craze, came on by acclamation,  
The sober second thought soon took possession  
Of thinking minds not moved by such digression,  
And, like the "greenback craze" of years gone by,  
They said, "We'll mangle this; it, too, must die;  
This land of Washington, of Lincoln, Grant,  
Must ne'er dishonored be by fraud and cant;  
Our flag of stars and stripes, known as "Old Glory,"  
Must float in honor through the ages hoary.  
This heritage, God given, this honored nation  
Must ne'er through fraud suffer humiliation."

No wonder, then, with this determination,  
The Fakir Boy soon saw the situation;  
And started on a campaign of bold bluster  
With all the silver nonsense he could muster;  
And as he whirled along, noon, night and morning,  
Haranguing ears, bucolic, asleep and yawning,  
He stood a picture, rare, unique and curious,  
Some making happy, others quite as furious;  
His pocket filled with feet of graveyard rabbit,—  
No tale of Pops but he would eager grab it;

Believing, in his heart of superstition,  
That heaven had sent him on a special mission  
To wreck the country's credit and her honor  
By loading vile repudiation upon her ;  
Exhibiting a physical endurance,  
A confident, apparent, blind assurance,  
That in six hundred speeches, each like other  
So much that any one was twin to t'other ;  
All full of wind and words, and words and wind,  
As rich in froth as gold in fabled Ind,—  
All these, we say, make up a thing to ponder,  
When nothing else we have about to wonder.

But as with all things, this, too, had an end ;  
The election came, the voters said, "We'll send  
The Fakir back to plains of alkali,  
Where cyclones sweep and mountains skirt the sky ;  
'Tis there he seems best fitted to remain ;  
We would not give him grief or needless pain."'  
His callow years may plead him some excuse ;  
When older grown he may become of use ;  
But if, with ripe experience he will not  
Learn wisdom, then his name will surely rot :  
If light and knowledge by him now be spurned,  
And from his late campaign he's nothing learned ;  
If he shall lend to Silver Kings his name,

To them exploit at cost of country's shame ;  
If he shall fight to pay them prices double  
For what they grow, there surely will be trouble ;  
And farmers, seeing this, will surely mutiny  
And his ambition kill with damning scrutiny.

They'll ne'er consent to pay Nevada more  
Than market value for their silver ore,  
Which no more sacred is than grain or cotton—  
Let this stout fact be ne'er lost nor forgotten.

The products of the mines and of the fields  
Are worth alone but what the market yields,  
And copper, silver, lead, 'tis clear and plain,  
Must bide the rules that govern cotton, grain.

But let us hope with patient rest, reflection,  
He'll soon recover from his late dejection,  
And that with growing age and observation—  
Sure cures for silly, sanguine expectation—  
The boy will realize his recent follies,  
And turn his back upon his melancholies.

Defeated by six hundred thousand votes,  
The ponderous, staggering load, he onward totes ;

And, like the boy beneath the old hay pile,  
 Essays to drag it with a sickly smile.

But hope eternal springs—he yet may learn  
 From out the fullness of our life's rich urn,  
 The uses of adversity are sweet  
 As dainty viands that we long to eat ;  
 And the pert boy who by the mule was kicked,  
 Though not so fresh, was wiser after licked.

But, briefly to sum up—returning reason  
 Has come again to stay a lengthened season.  
 The heated passions of the campaign hour  
 Have passed away like fructifying shower ;  
 And, pondering nightly on their pillows, inly  
 The Boy's best friends are glad now 'tis McKinley.

\* \* \* \* \*

Four years have passed—four prosperous happy  
 years,

And all the Nations greet us with their cheers :  
 Throughout the Earth our flag is honored now,  
 All tongues salute it with obeisant bow ;  
 In tread of nations we march at the front  
 And for the hidden Best we ever hunt ;  
 Our Credit is the highest known to men,—

What motive can there be to change it then?  
From dullness to well nigh industrial death,  
In which our feverish people held their breath,  
We've come triumphant from the last campaign  
To sit upon "The Fakir Boy" again.

The tramps, agrarians, anarchists and all  
The discontented Idlers, great and small,  
Throughout the land have named this wordy King  
Their hollow, airy, empty claims to sing—  
This shiniest fraud of all the pinchbeck gems  
In coronet of Popusilverdems,—  
This bald Itinerant daily begging power  
At modest charge of "five hundred per hour."

The last campaign, his song "sixteen to one"  
Proved so disastrous that this windy son  
Determined to adopt another tack  
To bring gold-democrat deserters back,  
And so this "fighting Colonel," *cap-a-pie*  
Caparisoned as he was wont to be,  
With spurs and feathers, plunged into the war  
That he might after tell he had been there.

He shrunk from thought of Spaniard e'er to kill  
But hoped it might his balloon fame help fill:

He had no purpose to attack the foe,  
 But merely into "dress parade" to go:  
 And so, when sunny Florida was reached,  
 He could not see why he should be impeached  
 Were he to "shake" his regimental braves  
 And seek again his popudemic caves.

'Twas thus this patriot, (?) eloquent and true,  
 Decided promptly what he'd better do:  
 He'd doff his Colonel's uniform, and pose  
 As soldier, statesman,—either "these" or "those,"—  
 Besides—"five hundred" for an hour's work  
 As statesman, justified a soldier's shirk.

But, reader, do not think this man of blood—  
 This Colonel brave, whose better name is "mud,"  
 Would "go back" on his army record now,  
 For if he did, vile shame would brand his brow.

'Tis true he fired no gun to Cuba free  
 But talked for it at every champagne tea;  
 And begged his friends results to ratify,  
 Which but for that "the Treaty" sure must die.

Now comes another humorous, funny tale,  
 Which to excite broad guffaws cannot fail,



“The Fakir Boy” being in an ugly hole  
Thrown by himself, appears exceeding droll ;  
He talks “Imperialism” day by day,  
Forgetting that but for his single say  
The Spanish Treaty would not now exist,  
And if 'tis wrong his name should now be hissed.

“Imperialism” has a far off sound,  
In which all real issues might be drowned  
If popudems could have their freakish way ;  
But, fortunately, others too have say.  
The solid citizens of this good land  
Are not misled, but clearly understand  
The term is pressed to hide the real thing  
Which, to the masses, their best blessings bring.

There's only one “Imperialist” in the land,  
And he much needs the thing the boys call “sand ;”  
If talk is wanted he shines like a rocket  
And totes his pie-bald party in his pocket.

At Kansas City, in the Pop Convention,  
One single name alone had public mention ;  
And though “sixteen to one” was badly battered,  
And though it had few friends, and they much scat-  
tered,

This Emperor boldly summoned all his clan  
And said, "sixteen to one"—I am the man—  
Your master, and shall dictate what you do,—  
Write that in platform, if you know "who's who."

Obsequious to this Emperor, this Czar,  
His minions crouched, but wrote the sentence there—  
With heavy hearts then left, each, for his home,  
And sadly broke up this wild Popodrome.  
And since that day no friend has silver seen—  
From "Fakir Boy" to lowest layman green.

If querists ask "would you in silver pay  
The bonds that might be offered day by day?"  
The "Fakir Boy" in sullen mood replies  
"I'll answer that when seems good in my eyes."

But Cynic Schurz, of whilom goldbug fame,—  
Grown now insensible to public shame,—  
Steps nimbly up and volunteers to say  
The danger's past, "that dog has had his day."  
E'en should existing law permit such thing  
'Twere easy for the Congress in to bring  
A bill preventing, ere next fourth of March,  
And thus from out "the Boy" to "take the starch."  
But he has "flopped" so oft in his career

That no one has respect for him or fear;  
 And since from Germany he ran away,  
 The poor man has not had a happy day.

“The Fakir Boy” at every step he goes,  
 Gives “aid and comfort” to our Tagal foes;  
 And Noah Webster says that this is “treason,”  
 Regardless of this Sophist’s flimsy reason:

What! candidate for President a TRAITOR?  
 It is enough to shock the great Creator.

Amazing, then, that he could ask support  
 From those who bear our flag and man our forts.

To sum up all,—when men are doing well  
 Why seek a change? Will some wiseacre tell?  
 Since policy of our government was changed,—  
 Since Tariff laws and money each were ranged  
 Along new lines, we all can truly say  
 Prosperity has sped along our way.

The dollars that we use are based on gold,  
 The sum, per capita, the people hold  
 Is greater than was ever known before:  
 Why strike out, then, upon a desert shore?

*ODDS AND ENDS.*

Let Boutwell, Atkinson and Altgeld brothers  
Flee to the Mount of Hepsidam with others:  
Let all the patriots raise their voices high  
And down "the Fakir Boy from plains of Alkali."

Let him and his "go 'way back and sit down"  
Amid bucolic scenes far from the town;  
Let him inhale his chill Nebraska zephyrs  
And milk his own "five hundred dollar heifers;"  
Let him his "Commonest Weakly" print and push,  
And stuff its verdant readers with the slush.  
Like other comedies of harmless rot,  
It has its day, and then is e'er forgot.

Content, the "Weakly Commonest" to run,  
Let Him—this flint-lock, smoothbore, harmless Gun,  
In quiet breathe Nevada's cyclone zephyrs,  
And milk his own five hundred dollar Heifers.

## THE EDITOR AND THE CORRESPONDENT.

**H**E who directs the managerial pen  
Of a great journal, owes it, now and then,  
To the dear Public it would daily reach,  
The duty to be taught as well as teach;  
And may, with profit, ply the homely rule  
“The wise may sometimes learn from e’en the fool.”

Both Editor and Public have their parts,  
Each may offend or please by fits and starts,  
Each thinks the other sometimes right or wrong,—  
No matter which, ’tis always same old song:  
But whether right or wrong,—how better far  
For each, between themselves to place no bar  
To obstruct the small sweet courtesies that should play  
In cultivated life from day to day.

It may have been, a thousand years ago,  
The savage custom to give cut for blow;  
But times have changed,—the bludgeons and the  
swords  
We’d now supplant by polished, courteous words.

If, as 'tis said, Truth lies betwixt the extremes,  
An able, honest, courteous press, it seems,  
The most effective vehicle to use  
To scatter and to spread it where we choose.

An independent press we would defend  
(Perhaps the greatest power, in the end,  
If fairly used) but if its columns be  
Locked up against a swelling, surging sea,—  
Closed tight against a firm, dissenting thought,—  
If they for filthy lucre can be bought—  
(As has occurred in times now past and gone)  
Then were, indeed, our liberties undone.

But ours are lines cast in these haleyon days,—  
We proudly boast of better, happier ways;  
We have our little bickerings and our spats  
That end, at last, in merely harmless chats.  
The editors their correspondents fight,  
And correspondents hurl back with their might;  
Each fumes and frets, and vainly thinks he  
thinks,  
Then both retire and hobnob o'er "the drinks."

## TO A PRETTY LITTLE HYPOCHONDRIAC

(Who was complaining of having more than her share of trouble).

SURPRISED I am, sweet girl,  
That thou with joys like thine hast sorrows  
    blended ;  
For Heaven did never send  
    Perplexing cares upon thee unattended.

Adown the fitful stream  
    Of life's eventful yet precarious winding,  
'Twill doubtless sometimes seem  
    That thou hast ample reasons for repining ;  
But thou'lt be happy yet,  
    Despite the envious elements around thee ;  
Thy troubles thou'lt forget  
    When Love and Friendship's chords have firmly  
    bound thee.

Then cheer up, never sadden ;  
    The darkened Future sure hath joys in store  
Thy timid heart to gladden,  
    To make thee happy, blest, forevermore.

HISTORICAL, ALLEGORICAL,  
METAPHORICAL.

Suggested by failure of Tennessee to make an exhibit at the Chicago  
Centennial World's Fair, 1893.

**H**ISTORIC pages tell us of a State  
Whose people and whose prowess made her great;  
Whether of ancient or of modern time  
Is not important in our present rhyme.

The God of Nature, bounteous and benign,  
Had on her 'scutcheon 'graved the golden sign;  
Had generously dispensed sunshine and rains  
Upon her hills, her valleys and her plains,  
Had buried in her mountains wealth untold,  
And wisely blended temperate heat and cold;  
Had planted forests that would furnish ships  
For all the continents—each ten thousand trips;  
A land of animals, of birds, of flowers,  
Of luscious fruits and fructifying showers;  
A land of noble men and women fair,  
A land where liberty rides on the air;



A land of milk and honey—land of dreams,  
Land watered with pellucid, sparkling streams;  
A land where plenty smiles on patient toil,  
Whether in bank, in workshop or in soil:  
A land of fertile soil, deep, rich and rotten,  
A land of live stock, grain, tobacco, cotton;  
A land of marble, minerals, iron, copper,  
A land whose progress, curs'd be he who'd stop her;  
A land whose people were supremely blest—  
The land, perhaps, of all the world the best.

This goodly land, like all things else on earth,  
Had, too, some little things of trifling worth,  
For whether we measure merchandise or men,  
Each has a value, fixed by mortal ken.

\* \* \* \* \*

As rumbling rolled the wheels of time along,  
There came a day when nations, in a throng,  
Seized hold upon the car of progress grand,  
To load it with their stores and "show their hand"  
In famed Beyonda—wonder of the earth—  
Prodigious city of a full-orbed birth.

Kings, queens and czars their gates wide open threw,  
 And vied with zeal to try which most could do  
 In strengthening peace, developing the arts;  
 Cementing brotherhood 'tween distant parts  
 Of North and South, and those that might be sent—  
 Whether from occident or orient—  
 To strive for mastery in device or skill,  
 In literature, in science, or what you will.

\* \* \* \* \*

The occasion came. The genius of the world  
 Assembled in one grand and mazy whirl,  
 The German, Frenchman, Russian and the Turk,  
 Had each "put in" the proudest of his work;  
 The sturdy Englishman, stolid and slow,—  
 But finally getting in there, "don't you know:"  
 Asiatic millions sent their pigtails, too,  
 While Afric's sons joined in the grand bazoo;  
 Atlantic and Pacific joined in glee  
 To welcome each their farthest sister sea;  
 The world, in short, with friendly zeal inspired;  
 Were in Beyonda—in best robes attired.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now let the dance proceed—joy unconfined—

The World of Peace were in a happy mind ;  
 Let but the Nation's Chief the button press—  
 Was this a thing of life? all answered yes,

\* \* \* \* \*

A hermit, lonesome, all unused to mirth,  
 Had lived apart, secluded, on the earth,  
 Hearing, by accident, of this wondrous show,  
 Could not resist the impulse now to go ;  
 And with an idle, though a curious pen,  
 Jot down his thoughts of things as well as men.

So, starting on his thronged and winding way—  
 Each view inviting more prolonging stay—  
 Ten hundred thousand wonders met his eye,  
 Culled from far quarters of the earth, sea, sky.  
 The mansions built and owned by each great state  
 Were ranged in lines of beauty round the gate,  
 With architectural skill, in grand designs,  
 And built of costliest marble, stone and pines.  
 Their furnishings and the draperies of their rooms,  
 Were chosen from selectest, costliest looms,  
 And everything that art and skill suggest  
 Were placed within to tempt the stranger's rest.

Yet, sad to say, like all things here below,  
A single blot did mar this beautiful show.  
Within a space, left vacant to be filled,  
There grew rank weeds, a garden, all untilled,  
Upon it stretched a patched and grimy tent,  
Forbidding, dark, repulsive and much rent.  
Its keeper seemed ashamed, as if to say,  
"Who would hold up his head should keep away:"  
This spot, intended to be beautified,  
Was left untouched because its owner died;  
Not that his mortal part lies underground,  
But that his public "spirit" can't be found.

True, that a few staunch friends, now deeply hurt,  
Friends ever faithful, active and alert,  
Have thought to make some honest, poor amends,  
By raising funds to carry out these ends:  
But what can single efforts, single action do,  
Where great States are concerned, and nations too?  
What use for individual tax to raise,  
And gain contempt, instead of honest praise,  
By giving that, which to each man though large,  
Would, to the State, be but a trifling charge,  
By undertaking what would surely, by  
Comparison, make every giver sigh?

Thus saying, the hermit went his quiet way,  
Reflecting on the events of the day;  
And wondering if 'twere possible to find  
In all this favored land a State so blind.

*Moral.*

The nettle gently touched may cause a sting,  
But grasp it firmly, 'tis a harmless thing.

## TO MISS M. B.

| ONCE knew an elegant, reigning gourg Belle,  
Whose name and whose home it were needless to  
tell;  
Suffice it to say she was all that I write,  
And much else beside,—charming, lovely and bright.

This Belle was peculiar,—had views of her own,  
As you'll see by the rythmical lines herein shown :  
She did not like letters,—I've seen such before,  
And good grounds they had, very often, I'm sure.  
But then as to music, and flowers and fun,  
Few, few could excel her, perhaps, indeed, none ;  
And with softly-brown, lazily-languishing eyes,  
She seemed near-related to one from the skies.

Yet with all her simplicity, modesty, grace,  
The tell-tale young mischief would speak through her  
face ;  
And though true to her friends as the needle to pole,  
'Twas not until first they'd enlisted her soul.

With a coy, and a quiet, though coquettish air,  
She made all her beaux think the weather was fair;  
And though hundreds took voyage with fair-seeming  
sail,  
Not one blessed rascal e'er weathered the gale.

*Moral.*

Now all you gay voyagers thinking to sail,  
Beware of this "naughty-cal." floating female,  
And before you take voyage, be certain to see  
That you're fully insured, for if wrecked, blame not  
me.

## APOSTROPHE.

To Whiskey.

O H demon Whiskey, favorite child of Hell,  
The ruin thou hast wrought, no pen can tell;  
The Stinging Viper coils in thy embrace  
And poisons, blears and bloats the eyes and face.

This hated tempter with his gloating grin,  
Steals slyly up and thrusts his presence in,  
Then slinks away into his Devil's den  
To note his victim's certain death—and when?

He comes not at you like an open foe,  
But sings the songs he thinks you'd like to know;  
In grassy meadows he e'er leads the way  
And, all unconscious, thus you're led astray.

As listless lovers on a moon light sail  
Above Niagara,—heeding not the gale,  
Are drawn into the swirling current's din  
Until the dashing "Rapids" they are in,  
So whiskey's victims revel on purblind  
Until they wake at last themselves to find  
Plunged o'er "The Falls" into the Hell below—  
And ending in unutterable woe.



## POLITICAL POLLIWOGS.

Respectfully dedicated to William McKinley, President  
of the United States.

OUR home-made Tagals, in and out of season,  
Are daily mouthing odious hateful treason;  
They scout "Expansion" as if we'd not expanded,  
And stab their government with malice bloody handed.

That they're not promptly punished only shows  
The nation's leniency to local foes.  
Good patriots all should down the demagogues  
Who're plotting mischief with these Tagalogs,—  
Political, pestiferous polliwogs,  
Whose head machines are run with broken cogs.

The people's patience yet, o'erstrained, may break,  
And treasonous knees might then be made to shake;  
The Atkinsons, the Masons and the others,—  
The cynic Schurz, with Bryan and their brothers,  
Were wise if in their troubled minds they'd fix  
The ringing words of brave old General Dix,—  
"If any man, official or what not,  
Haul down the flag, then shoot him on the spot."

## "GOOD TIMES ACOMIN'."

By Rev. Ole Uncle Scipio, at beginning of the late Spanish War.

**M**ARSE Sampson churned de ocean blue  
 A lookin' fur he dunno who;  
 From Habana to Martinique  
 Lo'd how he make dem big guns speak.

Dey said de Spanish gone to Cadiz—  
 If he cotch dem dey'll go to Hades—  
 And dar dey'll think de wedder cool  
 To what dey felt on dis footstool.

Ole Massa Dewey beat 'em all,  
 He run 'em down an' make 'em small;  
 An' in Maniller now dey pray—  
 "Lo'd take Marse Dewey clean away."

But jes' you wait for ole Marse Lee,  
 He'll show you somethin' wo'th to see;  
 An' when his "corn-fed" boys sing out,  
 Dem Spaniards dey'll go up de spout.

Sich times hab neber yet been seed.  
 As sho' will come when Cuba's freed;

Dis niggah'll shout in loud hosannas,  
 "Fi cents a duz fur fat bernanas."

Wid watermillions cent a piece,  
 De trade will run as slick as grease;  
 Den add de gov'ment pensions too,  
 An' we'll have no mo' wuk to do.

I neber tho't to see dis day—  
 But let us gib de Lo'd his way;  
 He knows it all—we'll take his 'vice,  
 (Altho' he's fooled me once or twice.)

Wid Miles, Joe Wheeler, Fitzhugh Lee,  
 Totedder is a sight to see,  
 "Ole Glory" in de lead we say—  
 My brederin', sistern, let us pray.

TO ALICE, FROM WILLIAM.

In answer to request for a pun on these names.

"**A**LL ICE," until melted, is flinty and cold,  
 All hearts that be honest are fearless and bold,  
 All friendships of value and like to endure,  
 "Will-i-am" persuaded remain warm and pure.

## "MY LITTLE COQUETTE."

To Miss L. T.

'T WAS at a card-party I met her,  
We all round the table were set,  
She said that she thought I could get her,  
But said I little "smarty" not yet.

I escorted her home from the party,  
That night I shall never forget,  
Her manners were earnest and hearty,  
Yet they all showed "the little coquette."

I called on and took her a riding,  
She said she was her papa's pet;  
Said I you seem very confiding,  
Do you think as you did when we met?

That evening we thus spent together,  
I thought not of dry or of wet,  
Till I found myself tied as with leather,  
To this bright, little, flirting coquette.

She promised to marry and love me,  
She was "poking" her fun you can bet,

For as the bright stars shine above me,  
'Twas a ruse of "the little coquette."

Now all you young men under thirty,  
A lesson allow me to set;  
Don't "engage" to a woman who's "flirty,"  
Till you think of "the little coquette."

TO MISS B. N.

In after life should troubles lower,  
And griefs be piled up mountain high,  
I'll turn me back to this bright hour,  
And dream of pleasure with a sigh.

And should rough winds blow cold and chill  
Upon a spirit proud, yet free,  
I'll cling with an unyielding will  
To those sweet joys I've shared with thee.

And memory, with her latest breath,  
Will fondly whisper near thy side,  
How much she loved thee e'en in death,  
And wished to clasp thee as her bride.

## GOODBYE, OLD YEAR,

GOODBYE,  
Hand locked in hand together,  
We've trudged along  
Through sleet and summer weather ;  
Now, thou art gone !  
We've no resources other  
Than to make pleasant terms  
With thy young, lusty brother.  
Goodbye, Old Year, Goodbye.

Goodbye, Old Year, and when,  
Hereafter, all thy books are posted ;—  
The bad forgotten,  
And the good deeds toasted ;  
May each and all  
Of Ninteen Hundred One,  
Rest-pardoned sins,—  
Their righteous verdict writ—Well Done.  
Goodbye, Old Year, Goodbye.

## TO MISS M. W.

On her birthday.

ONE rosy morn in May when all was joy,  
 Old Nature woke in buoyant, radiant mood:  
 Let's make, quoth he, one gem without alloy,—  
 'Twas done, and sweetly christened Mary Wood.

## KALAMAZOO.

A TESTY old banker I knew,  
 Got angry and mad "through and through;"  
 He would rip, rant and fuss,  
 He would quarrel and cuss,  
 And damn out the whole household crew.

There was nothing on earth suited him;  
 He seemed to have only one whim;  
 And that was to "blow"  
 About "building," you know,—  
 But the prospect for "building" was slim.

He hated the sweet singing birds;  
 And for them could never find words  
 To express his disdain;

But to make it more plain  
Would throw shoes till the blood almost curds.

He seemed not to know what to do,  
When he found himself minus one shoe;  
So with true German grit  
He concluded to quit  
And betake him to "Kalamazoo."

Some day when he's older than now  
He will wonder the why and the how  
He could ever have "lost"  
His grim head at such cost;—  
But, no matter, to fate he must bow.

In his palace he threatens to build,  
On his beautiful lot—when 'tis filled;  
He can fashion a room  
And nurse daily his boom  
Till his amiable life has been stilled.

And when he lies down at the last,  
To dream of his ills then off cast;  
May he find the lost shoe  
And march on in it too,  
To the haven where troubles are past.



## THE STARS AND STRIPES.

**Who Will Haul It Down?**

Respectfully Dedicated to the Rev. Dr. N. M. Long.

**A**ND is it so? How can it be,  
A preacher of Christianity  
Would have the flag of liberty,—  
The flag of Freedom, Common Schools,  
The flag where justice reigns and rules,  
The holy flag our Fathers won,  
The flag of Jackson, Washington,  
The flag of Lincoln, Grant and Lee  
Hauled down? No, no, it shall not be,  
It shall not be.

Can it be possible to-day  
That men set up to lead the way  
Of truth and righteousness, can say,  
In frozen type,  
Haul down our flag?  
The flag that waved o'er Bunker Hill,  
That sends a patriotic thrill

Wherever Freedom reigns?—  
The banner without stains?

The flag shall NOT be furled,  
'Tis the noblest of the world;  
It makes all Tyrants quake,  
And monarchs' thrones to shake;  
It would make all men free  
In the coming time to be,  
On land and on the sea.

No statesman's forethought planned the scheme  
To float o'er the far-off Isles;  
'Twas human destiny, 'twould seem,  
And providential smiles:  
Just as it was in our great strife  
When slavery was slain,  
So, in the coming century's life  
It may come once again.

To him who says we are to blame,  
Let every patriot cry shame, shame.

No, no, we are not to blame,  
But Godlike is our aim;

We wage war not to enslave,  
 But Liberty to save:  
 We'd spread throughout the Islands of the seas  
 The healing influence of the Prince of Peace.

The pen that wrote "pull that soiled banner  
 down  
 And trail it humbly in the dust,"  
 Should canker in its coppery ink,  
 Until the hateful sentiment shall stink,  
 And in oblivion forever drown,—  
 As verily we think it must  
 Until old time itself shall age and rust.

The war in which we fight  
 Is one of spotless right.

No sordid motives urged us to the task;  
 The only question of ourselves we asked,  
 Was, does our solemn duty call to arms?  
 Will conscience warrant heed to these alarms?

Affirmatively answered, then we said  
 We will avenge four hundred thousand dead  
 Reconcentrados in the Cuban Isle  
 Who have been and are starving now the while.

We sent our peaceful Maine  
 Without a hope of gain,  
 Upon a friendly mission with supplies  
 To succor starving poor;  
 Back in our face they slammed the hostile door  
 And answered,—to our horror and surprise,—  
 With dynamite and death to ship and men;—  
 Ah, who would say we should do nothing then?

What could we do? “Oh pull it down”  
 Says one who ought to know  
 He has no solid ground for saying so;  
 And when he writes the chilling words,  
 “Oh pull that unjust banner down,”  
 The blood of patriots almost curds,  
 And justice answers with an angry frown,  
 We will not haul it down—  
 No, no, 'tis there to stay;  
 We are not sucklings; 'tis our way  
 To ponder well before we raise our banner,  
 And e'er do so in just and lawful manner;

The Philippines are ours by right as just  
 (And keep we shall and must)

As any e'er obtained:

It is not stained

By any drop of "clotted blood

Of man who looked to it for good."

Our title is as clear, unsullied, clean,

As sunshine's purest golden sheen;

Our flag shall not come down—

Shall not come down.

The Nation, (like the man) that fails to move

Along the lines of progress day by day,

Will soon awake, enchained within the groove

That leads to certain and to swift decay;—

We must move on, it is not that we "may";

And when we plant our flag, we plant to stay.

Now who will haul it down?

It shall not down,

No, no, it shall not down.

February, 1899.

## A TOAST TO THE LADIES.

**H**ERE'S to the Ladies,—Heaven bless their souls,—  
They play the chief parts in Creation's roles;  
No matter what the prize, they're in the play,  
And always win the final, parting say.

Of inconsistent things they are the most,—  
Today all sunshine,—tomorrow a hoar frost:  
Their chattering, chirping tongues are never still;  
And when they say they won't they mean they will.  
If Satan goes a-gunning for big game,  
He's sure to make some comely belle or dame  
His agent,—knowing well her cunning wiles  
Are apt to trap his victim with her smiles.

And yet for them, Lords to perdition run,  
And scratch their fingers off from sun to sun;  
They coddle and bamboozle us every day,  
And for the fun, we villains love to pay.

## THAT'S SO.

(To Miss E.)

I 'M in love with a charming young lady,  
 But of this I'll say nothing to you;  
 Such matters were better kept "shady,"  
 Till you're certain she's honest and true—  
 "That's so."

Should you tell her you love her, too, truly,  
 She would turn from you soon in disgust,  
 And very soon get so "unruly"  
 That she'd "kick up" a nice little "dust"—  
 "That's so."

The best way,—they tell me,—to woo them,  
 Is to keep them in fear and in doubt;  
 But having no wish to "undo" them,  
 I'll never, no, "let the cat out"—  
 "That's so."

Of one thing, however, I'm certain,  
 My sweetheart's a charming young girl,

And when we sit screened by her curtain,  
I kiss her and toy with her curl—

“That’s so.”

The next time I pay her a visit,  
She has promised to close “the affair;”  
Then think what sweet joys—oh! exquisite,—  
Will be those of this new-married pair—

“That’s so.”

A TRUE WOMAN,—WHAT IS SHE?

**A** BEING gentle, soft and full of cheer,  
Dispensing smiles and blessings everywhere,  
Inciting Lords (so-called) to deeds of fame,  
And lifting fallen man from sin and shame,  
A beacon light to erring masculinity,  
His Polar Star, his Angel, his Divinity.



## OLD UNCLE NICODEMUS AND HIS COON DOGS

## 1

OLD Uncle Nicodemus was  
A pious cullud man,  
Who lived down South in Dixie  
In good old Dixie's lan',  
He would run de night pra'r meetin's, whar  
He used to raise de tunes,  
An' from dar he'd go a huntin' for  
De possums and de coons.

## 2

No matter what de darkness was,  
Old Nick was neber fooled,  
For it was an occupation, dat,  
In which he had been schooled;  
He knowed all kinds of varmint, too,  
Dat nightly roam and prowl,  
An' could tell a plump spring chicken from  
De ugly screechin' owl.

## 3

Old Nick, he had three coon dogs,  
De bes' de country roun',  
Named "Shaggy Jack," and "Spotted Bose,"  
An' "Howler," measly brown;  
An' when you'd hear old Howler yelp,  
You'd know de coon was dar,  
For Howler was an' hones' dog  
Dat always toted fa'r.

## 4

De dispositions ob dese dogs  
Was mighty like some men;  
Jack, he would wag his tail, an' whine,  
An' smile, an' grin, 'an den,  
Would snap you in de calf o' leg  
Wheneber you'd turn roun'—  
An' yet he was a useful dog  
Ef watched an' kep' sot down.

## 5

Now Bose he was a diffe'nt dog  
An' mighty hard to match;  
He'd run up to a hollow log,  
An' smell, an' bark, an' scratch;  
An' when you thought de coon was dar,  
Dat dog would run away,—  
An' fool you jes' as slick as some  
Smart men I knows to-day.

## 6

Old Howler was de only dog  
I put my 'pendence in;  
He wasn't very purty,—he  
Was long, an' lank, an' thin;  
But if eber good dogs goes to heben,  
Old Howler will git dar;—  
Leastways, it is my daily wish  
As well as nightly pra'r.

## 7

One col', col' night, long years ago,  
I neber shall forgit,—  
Pete Jones, Sam Billins an' old Nick  
Got mighty nigh fros' bit;  
Dem dogs was yelpin' in de woods,  
An' when we went to see—  
Dey had a big fat possum up  
In dat old 'simmon tree.

## 8

We cotched dat possum, took him home,  
An' cooked him in de pot,  
Wid gravy an' sweet tater yams  
All steamin', rich an' hot;  
An' den we called de nabors in  
An' had a merry feast,  
An' eben unto dis good day  
Dey 'members dat ar beast.

## 9

A venerable man was Nick,  
With wool of silver gray;  
With shuffling but persistent gait  
Dat "got dar" ebery day;  
An' Uncle Nick knowed all de boys,  
An' all de boys knowed Nick,  
An' had for him a friendship dat  
Was mighty sho' to stick.

## 10

Now Nick was full of reverence  
For sacred things an' sich,  
He loved de Lo'd an' sung his praise,  
But neber could get rich;  
He was mighty po' in money, but  
Was rollin' rich in faith,  
An' put his whole dependence in  
De words, "thus the Lord sayeth."

## 11

If Nicodemus had a want,  
His habit was to pray,  
An' ask his master in de sky,  
To tell him what to say;  
An' so at last he grew to feel  
Dat all could be obtained  
If only he would ask in faith,—  
Unwavering, unrestrained.

## 12

One day in springtime Uncle Nick  
Began to feel quite "off,"  
He thought he had de roometics,  
Nooralgy an' a cough;  
And, diagnosing for himself,  
Prescribed spring chicken, fried;  
An' prayed de Lamb to send it to  
His chile for whom he died.

## 13

Now having offered up his pra'r,  
He laid him down resigned,  
And duly waited till de Lo'd  
Might feel himself inclined  
To send his faithful Nicodemus,  
"Poolay" plump and fat,  
To ease his pains, sate appetite,  
Digestion an' all dat.

## 14

A few days passed, no answer came,  
What could de matter be?  
Perhaps de Lo'd was "not at home,"  
Old Nick would sen' and see;  
And humbly on his knees once mo,'  
De good old man went down,  
To "rastle" wid de Lo'd above,  
And pray away his frown.

## 15

A second and a third day passed,  
 No chicken came to Nick,  
 De old man's stomach 'gan to feel  
 A "goneness," sorter sick;  
 An' cogitatin' to himself  
 A halleluya song,  
 I don't know what's de matter wid de Lo'd,—  
 Dar's somethin' wrong.

## 16

De pra'rs I sent him for de chick,  
 Appeared to me all right,  
 But somehow it seems mighty long  
 Since las' week's Sunday night;  
 I asked de Lo'd to sen' to me de chicken,—  
 Dat was wrong—  
 I might ha' knowed dat words like dese,  
 Was 'tirely too strong.



## 17

An' on de second thought I said,  
I'll change my fo'm of pra'r,  
An' 'stead of askin' him to sen'  
De chicken—sen' me dar;  
So bress de Lord, when dis was done,  
Befo' de break o' day,  
Old Nick had on his cookin' stove  
A juicy, fat "poulay."

*Moral.*

Now all you foolish niggers hear,  
Take lessons from dis tale,  
Don't ask de Lo'd to sen' you things,  
Or you perchance may fail;  
If you would have your wants supplied,  
Go arter dem yourself,  
For 'tis de only way to heap  
Rich treasures on your shelf.

## VALENTINE.

Written for Mr. R., at his request, to send his sweetheart  
on Valentine's Day, 1863.

AS the custom is old,  
Pray think me not bold,  
If I send you this short valentine;  
And if it seem dry,  
"It is all in my eye,"  
Don't presume for a moment 'tis mine.

In these troublesome times,  
The making of rhymes  
Is a business, I know, rather small;  
But, believe me, 'tis true,  
That I love none but you,  
And will speak though it cost me a fall.

I have loved, oh! how long,  
With a passion as strong  
As e'er filled a swain's troubled breast,

And though I ne'er told it,  
It has pained me to hold it,  
And well nigh deprived me of rest.

Since I thus to you speak,  
You must have "a bold cheek"  
To refuse, if I ask you to wed me;  
And will e'er rue the day,  
I beg pardon to say,  
That to "court" you, young Cupid has led me.

But else, (which I hope)  
If the portals you'll ope,  
Of a heart filled, I'm sure, with affection;  
Then, in that case, I'll feel  
That your bosom's not steel,  
But of metal of softer complexion.

And now that that day  
May be not far away,  
Is the dream of my happiest hour;  
For when it shall come,  
It will bring the whole sum,—  
All the joys that dame Fortune can shower.

But,—one word 'fore I close,  
If you think there be those  
    Who may, by chance, urge an objection  
To our union so sweet,  
Let me stop to repeat  
    That my life is laid bare for inspection.

I have sinned, it is true,  
In too much loving you,  
    But that is no fault of my own;  
For if it be a crime,  
Man must sin all the time,  
    Or, at least, long as you live alone.

This being the case,  
My sweet little grace,  
    Let me love you, adore you I pray;  
And “when the war ends,”  
We will join hearts and hands,  
    And be happy fore'er and a day.





It e'er should be prohibited  
by law, he said, and "orter;"  
'Twas only good to sail our ships  
and quench our raging fires;  
And any man that said not so,  
was one of Eagan's liars.

A regular jobbernowl was Moike,  
unsightly, green, ungainly;  
The butt of all the emigrants,—  
the female portion mainly:  
But Moike, although a gawky chump,  
was not devoid of knowledge,—  
He had that homely natural sort,  
that ne'er was gained at College.

He always took his whoiskey sthraight,—  
and he took it early, often,—  
He said it had the tendency,  
his sterner stuff to soften;  
And when full up he'd sit him down,  
and scribble off brief verses  
With airy rhyme and touch of wit,  
for children and their nurses.





Like water from a canvas back,  
he'd shed his every sorrow.

But Moike had genius, latent, hid,—  
although he didn't know it;  
The time had not been opportune  
and place for him to show it;  
Until at last the hour came,  
the day and the occasion,—  
When Bungalow aloud, called out,  
“come, Moike, without evasion.”

Our vacant Editorial chair  
is empty, come and fill it;  
Our Herald's last bad Editor  
did all he could to kill it;  
We hope that you can make alive,  
bring back its circulation,—  
For or against, write as you will,  
'twill meet our approbation.

And so the b'y unto himself  
said now's the time to nail 'em;

All men have chances to do well  
if they would but avail 'em,—  
I'll strike the iron while it's hot,  
and beat it to my shaping;  
I'll take the popudem old hulk  
and give it thorough scraping.

I'll satirize, philosophize,  
write politics and verses;  
I'll comment on all sorts of things  
the daily Press rehearses:  
And if, perchance, some layman writes  
a simple virtuous poem,  
I'll "take him off" in cheap burlesque,  
and to my readers show him.

I'll run the Bungalow to win,  
I'll veer it with the weather;  
The party has no conscience left;  
its hide is tough as leather:  
I'll advocate whatever seems  
today most like to carry;  
And if tomorrow issues change,  
why they and I will marry.

What's principle in politics?  
    who cares for so-called honor?  
The Bungalow is not that kind,—  
    don't bring that charge upon her;  
The Bungalow seeks not to lead,  
    but servilely to follow,  
If gainful, any prejudice  
    how ever cheap or hollow.

Thus spake our hero to himself,  
    in gleeful satisfaction,  
Apparently in buoyant mood,  
    delighted with his action;—  
His readers, too, enjoyed the fun,  
    they voted Moike a daisy;  
But the owners of the Herald said,  
    “go slow Moike, take it aisy.”

## TO MISS J. L.

While ill.

Alas! the frailties of our mortal life,  
One scene of changeful yet continuous strife,  
Where all our pleasures are at best allied  
With sickness, sadness, sorrows multiplied;  
Where all our happiest fancies are but mixed  
With imperfections in our natures fixed,  
And where our purest purposes are twined  
With pains, and griefs, and woes that fret the mind.

Is there no clime where this shall have an end?  
No country where we ne'er shall lose a friend?  
No realm in which, our happiness complete,—  
Shall ne'er be trodden by unhallowed feet?

Is there no place where this shall all be changed?  
When what we suffer, love, be re-arranged?  
And 'stead of suffering, love be ours alone,  
Far out beyond this sublunary zone?

There is: There is, a brighter happier place,  
Where radiant beauty beams in every face;  
And where, when one I know, shall enter in,  
Sublimier strains of music shall begin.

## OSHKOSH.

A MAIDEN out west in Oshkosh  
Went a shopping without her goloshe;  
    And although she knew well,  
    Yet she never would tell  
How her beau pulled her out of the slōsh.

## TALE OF A WAG-POOT.

Courteously dedicated to Editor Carmack.

I N a city once growing and great  
Lived a Wag-poot o'erflowing with hate;  
    He would gnaw an old file,  
    Writing fustian the while,  
Because a man lived in the State.

This Wag-poot was childlike and bland,  
But never could quite understand  
    How a man could be true  
    Or a just act e'er do  
Unless he with Wag-poot would stand.

Though this Wag-poot was young, fresh and callow,  
Of the genus described as marshmallow ;  
    He could pen page on pages,  
    Criticizing the sages,  
Not dreaming the while it was shallow.

'This Wag-poot did not think it wise  
To see things through different eyes ;  
    And should a man dare  
    To have views, he would swear  
That 'twas time for the country to rise.

A thoroughbred Wag-poot was he,  
As all could most easily see ;  
    He would paw like Bashan  
    If one mentioned this man,—  
The “red rag” to this Wag-poot bull-ee.

Notwithstanding all this it was said,  
This Wag-poot wagged on until dead ;  
    Time and progress moved on,  
    Just as though he'd not gone,—  
And the people continued well fed.

THE DEMOCRATIC EDITORS.

FROM THEIR FRIEND.

Respectfully dedicated to the bright young editor of the  
Nashville American.

THESE Democratic Editors,  
Good fellows one and all,  
Save when they write of politics,  
They're bitter then as gall;  
One must not think that they mean ill  
Because their words seem stern,  
They'd run a mile at any time  
To do you a good turn.

E'en when they use the harshest terms  
They often mean the best;  
And when they stab you with their pens,  
They do so but in jest;  
They bruise and batter with their types—  
You'd think they meant to kill,  
But, bless your soul, they only seek  
Their columns scant to fill.

Your Democratic editor,  
Earns all his pay, and more ;  
His Bourbon readers look to him  
For "Rep." scalps by the score ;  
And if, perchance, the tables turn,  
And "Reps." take his instead,  
His paper is required no more,  
Then better were he dead. .

It is no easy task to write  
So as to please each man  
Who may a deadhead reader be  
And leader of the clan ;  
For often 'tis, that those who make  
Most noise and pay the least,  
Are first to clamor for the front  
At every Bourbon feast.

My admiration knows no bounds  
For knights of the goose quill ;  
And yet I frankly own sometimes,  
'Twere better they be still ;  
They cannot heighten much their fame  
Unless in Truth's rich mine



They dig and delve from day to day,—  
'Tis only there they'll shine.

I would not think by this to cast  
By any means a slur;  
I would not e'en insinuate  
A Democrat could err;  
And yet if I could catch his eye  
I'd point to him the way  
Of safety for an editor  
To travel day by day.

But after all, the world is young,  
Scarce peeping from its shell;  
And editors who seek for fame  
Would wisely work and well,  
Should they adopt the standards high  
Of courtesy and truth,—  
These are the rounds by which to reach  
The mark set in their youth.

A thousand years or so from now  
We all may be forgot;

L. of C.

It may not matter much that we  
Wrote poetry or not;  
But should we, whether editors  
Or readers, aye aspire,  
We're mighty apt to hear "Well done,  
Enough, now come up higher."

TO MISS M. W.

(Written on the back of my presented photograph.)

'MID all our journeyings in the silent past,  
Some clinging memories cleave and hold us fast,  
Each in its train presents some good or ill,  
And each we cherish or reject at will.

If, looking back through all the joys we've known,  
Thou canst recall the brightest of thine own,  
May this mute image Friendship herewith send,  
Be coupled with them till thy Being ends.

## COMMON SENSE AND COMMON HONESTY.

Respectfully dedicated to the "Unlimited" Idiot.

WE prize old things, but sometimes like them best  
When furbished brightly up and newly dressed.  
We tire at times of even the best of fare,  
And find relief in change of scene and air.  
When dinned in musty prose "Sixteen to One"  
Day in and out into our ears we shun  
The very thought of having silver "free"  
Thrust at us morn, noon, night, eternally.

If therefore, now my audience will be quiet  
They shall be briefly fed on different diet,  
Which if digested well may prove not only healthy  
But tend to make them wiser each, and wealthy.  
So putting it in verse—,to aid digestion,—  
Let's seriously discuss this vexing question.

(I)

Two parties of the nation stand  
Today in war arrayed,  
Each pointing at the other's throat  
With keen and whetted blade;

## (II)

And both are honest in their cause,  
And both seem firm intent  
To wield the strongest weapons  
That their genius can invent.

## (III)

And what is all this noise about,  
And all this cannon roar?  
Why all this wild commotion now,  
That spreads from shore to shore?

## (IV)

No foreign foe insults our flag,  
No warships threat our ports;  
Why be alarmed about our land  
Or anxious for our forts?

## (V)

Ye men of this United States,  
If you will lend your ear  
I'll tell you why dark dangers lurk  
And hover round us near.

## (VI)

It is because dense ignorance—  
Though honest—wields a lance,  
And through our boasted ballot box  
Finds e'er its chiefest chance,

## (VII)

The enemy we've most to fear  
Throughout the nation's life,  
More dreaded in her brave career  
Than any form of strife.

## (VIII)

A combination, rare indeed,  
Of causes not foreseen,  
Has forced the question of finance  
The parties all between,—

## (IX)

Of all the questions in the world  
Most intricate, abstruse,  
And yet from noisy, shallow minds  
To get the most abuse.

## (X)

The issue that today has set  
The nation by the ears,  
And filled the patriotic heart  
With dark foreboding fears.

## (XI)

Is simply "money"—mammon's god,  
The quantity, the kind,  
And whether "Standards" one or two  
Is best for us to find.

## (XII)

"Bimetallism" seems the want,  
And to this we all agree;  
And this is what the nation's had  
Since eighteen seventy-three.

## (XIII)

In all that time there has not been  
A single lonesome day  
When silver dollars would not meet  
A debt that gold would pay.

## (XIV.)

Though measured by the wants of trade,  
Raw silver has fall'n below  
The value of the "Standard" gold,  
As all our people know—

## (XV)

Yet still our nation has kept the price  
At parity with gold,  
Because its honor and good faith  
It meant to ever hold.

## (XVI)

But now, when silver has gone down  
To half its price before,  
When cheapening processes have it made  
More plentiful and lower:

## (XVII)

Not all nations of the earth  
Are strong enough to say,  
"We'll pay for silver one hundred cents,  
Worth fifty cents today.

## (XVIII)

And why should any honest man  
Desire now to be paid  
For either his produce or his toil  
In money of cheapened grade?

## (XIX)

Does not the farmer's toil and sweat  
Entitle him to the best?  
Does not the workman at his bench  
Deserve full pay and rest?

## (XX)

Does not the forgerman, all begrimmed  
With thick, though honest dirt,  
Deserve best dollars in the world  
To buy his bread and shirt?

## (XXI)

Can it be true that any man  
Growing cotton, sugar, grain,  
Would advocate their payments in  
The dollars that have a stain.



## (XXII)

“Confederate” men especially,  
Who “have been there” before,  
And know by sad experience  
The great losses that they bore?

## (XXIII)

We do not now, *per se*, spurn silver,  
But want to use it well;  
We want it at the highest price  
That it will daily sell;

## (XXIV)

But to coin it for a dollar when  
'Tis worth but fifty cents  
Would be a bald dishonor  
Without e'er a recompense.

## (XXV)

Suppose we had the silver law,  
“Unlimited” and “free,”  
What difference would it make to us?  
Let's cast about and see.

## (XXVI)

We have no silver bars to coin,  
And could not hope to get  
A dollar from the Government,  
Unless we bought it net.

## (XXVII)

But the "silver kings" who own the mines,  
They'd have a "jamboree;"  
They'd swap each half-a-dollar's worth  
For a dollar in currency;

## (XXVIII)

And with this cheap stuff they would buy  
Our cotton, sugar, grain;  
Do you think you'd like to have this done  
Over and o'er again?

## (XXIX)

No, no, my artless honest friend,  
'Twould tire you very soon;  
You'd want to change the policy,  
Ere the morrow afternoon.

## (XXX)

The world is run on Confidence,  
Good faith 'twixt man and man,  
And should a nation mar that rule,  
'Twould sink beneath a ban.

## (XXXI)

Nations, like individuals,  
Have limits to their power;  
Let them exceed these limit lines,  
And faith goes in an hour.

## (XXXII)

Our silver dollars now extant—  
Four hundred millions odd—  
We've pledged to keep at par with gold.  
(They're stamped, "We trust in God.")

## (XXXIII)

But should, in evil hour, there come  
A reckless policy  
Which coins them in an endless count,  
"Unlimited" and "free;"

(XXXIV)

Such so-called dollars soon would line  
Our name with Mexico,  
And level this great nation down  
To depths e'en far below.

(XXXV)

What is it that the farmer needs  
To make prosperity?  
What is it that the merchant asks  
When he sends his ships to sea?

(XXXVI)

What does the manufacturer want  
To make his engines whirr?  
What all the honest, busy world,  
To keep affairs astir?

(XXXVII)

'Tis stable, honest Government,  
And dollars that will buy  
As much next year as they do today,  
With ever a good supply.

(XXXVIII)

These, with a benign Providence  
And steady, manly toil,  
Will make our nation prosperous  
Beyond the risk of foil.

(XXXIX)

'Tis not the stamp and printing press  
That make a people rich,  
But honest toil of hand or brain—  
Important both and each.

(XL)

Wealth is the creature of hard work,  
And only this be sure;  
And not mere wild-cat promises;  
To be thought of never more.

(XLI)

Well nigh two hundred years ago  
One John Law taught the way  
To make the idlers "money kings"  
(As Bryan does today)

## (XLII)

By simply stamping fiat notes,  
With no redemption date;  
But his wild scheme went all to smash,  
And his name was held in hate.

## (XLIII)

He died in misery and want,  
Disgrace and abject shame;  
His scheme is held in keen contempt,  
And history scorns his name.

## (XLIV)

'Tis strange in this progressive age  
Of righteousness and truth,  
That men held up for leadership  
Should blindly stand aloof

## (XLV)

From all the teachings of the past,  
And shut experience out;  
What wonder, then, if some conclude  
Their wits were gone about?

## (XLVI)

But let us hope cool, common sense  
Will guide us in the right,  
And that the nation's honor will  
Survive this desperate fight.

## (XLVII)

What is there in this world of ours  
Worth striving for at best?  
What is there that will most insure  
A peaceful, honored rest?

## (XLVIII)

When toils of busy life are o'er,  
And all its strifes have ceased,  
Is it to feel that some poor soul  
By us has been oppressed?

## (XLIX)

Is it to know, by some sharp trick,  
We've settled some just debt,  
And though we hold a clear receipt  
We really owe it yet?

(L)

That may pass muster in this world,  
But not in that to come;  
Mars' Peter will not ope' the gate  
When such would enter home.

(LI)

The way for honest men to do  
Is to make no false pretense,  
Don't call a thing a dollar when  
It's only fifty cents.

(LII)

Deal justly with your fellow men,  
Strive for the golden rule,  
And thus act out the teachings  
Of the American Common School.



## BEFORE AND AFTER.

Respectfully dedicated and "consecrated" to the Big Bourbon Behemoth of Buzzard's Bay, Hog Island and the Dismal Swamp.

THE demmies once sang, "Give us Grover,"  
And for four years we'll all roll in clover,  
Now the Devil's to pay,  
And they've nothing to say,  
For their fat is completely fried over.

Like the braying of thoroughbred asses,  
They sang sweet as ten-cent molasses;  
The fools yelled for "a change,"  
Till their crowd caught the mange,  
And you hear nothing now but alas! es.

For thirty years past as objectors,  
And ballot-box stuffing electors,  
They won great success,  
But they've made a sad mess  
Now that Fortune has made them collectors.

Their mugwump from old "Injiany,"—  
Chief player on Grover's piano;  
    With Mills, "Isham" and Dan,  
    And their "paramount" man,  
(Not to name Lil-i-u-o-ka-lan-i.)—

These have "busted" their wretched old party,  
Which has won the contempt, warm and hearty,  
    Of every good man  
    From Beersheba to Dan,  
From Hans Blitzen to Mike Moriarty.

Having lost the respect of the people,  
They are now hiding in the "Trust" steeple,  
    Where with Gorman and Brice,  
    And another small Fice,  
The chances are good that they'll sleep ill.

But alas! 'tis the fate of all liars,  
Beginning with old Ananias,  
    Since the world first began,—  
    Whether party or man,—  
To be tortured at last with Hellfires.

## TO MISS A. C.

'Twas springtime's rosiest hour. The little birds  
Were carolling their softest sweetest notes.  
The flowers were blushing 'neath the genial rays  
Of the warm sunshine. Streams were rolling on  
Their unimpeded currents lazily  
Towards the sea,—their grand receptacle.

The Sabbath bells had chimed their matin peals,  
And the gray saint and youthful worshipper,  
But just returning from the house of prayer;  
Were pondering o'er the precious truths just heard.

The sacred stillness that surrounded him,  
While seated in his lonely solitude,  
Reading from books that make men better men,  
Impressed itself with more than wonted weight  
Upon a mind long seeking to be fed  
With food, of which, if he should haply eat,  
He may not hunger more. And while he sat—  
The young man—silent, yet with restive will,  
A thought involuntary flit athwart

The vista of his mind,—that he would stroll  
Into the city's crowded, 'wilderling lanes;  
And if, perchance, the social impulse rose,  
While yet he mused along the thoroughfare,  
He might step in and pass a pleasant hour  
With one,—a charming maiden, chaste and pure.

He called: His summons met her at the door,  
And with a grasp of friendship did he take  
Her taper fingers in his uncouth hand  
And pass the usual friendly salutations.

But lo! aside in radiant beauty sat  
Another, who, till now, he had not known,  
Save by report, unheeded yet, of those  
Gallants who herald all fair visitors.

Her name to him had been but nothing more  
Than the mere leaf blown by upon the breeze:  
But when the presentation came, and she  
With an unearthly sweetness all akin  
To Heaven, rang out in silvery tones a voice  
Of music sweeter than Aeolia's lute,  
'Twas then that every fibre of his frame  
Thrilled to the sound of that sweet harmony;

And stranger though he had been to that hour,  
And aimless as had been the uncertain past,  
And helpless though the future seemed to be,—  
The Present was all beautiful and bright,  
Because illuminated by her smile.

He had not lived in vain; that vision would  
Suffice, no matter for the frowns of Fate,  
To sweeten all his life through grief or gloom,  
And charm his being with the dear remembrance.

## MORNING—TO MISS A. B.

Sunrise at Mammoth Cave.

WAKE, dearest, from thy dreams,  
And kiss the rosy morn,  
As o'er the East he seems  
Fresh into Beauty born;  
Behold his soft blue eyes,  
As waking into life,  
It seems a sweet surprise,—  
He'll find it full of strife.

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## THE FLAG—AN ALLEGORY.

Dedicated to "The Fakir Boy."

THE world do move," old Jasper said,  
 And none will dare gainsay it;  
 If any debt we owe the Dead,  
 It is but right we pay it.

A custom held in high esteem  
 Through all the buried ages  
 Today is good enough, we deem,  
 To apply to modern sages.  
 And when we speak of sages, here,  
 We mean the new edition;—  
 The kind that "rush where angels fear  
 To tread,"—in brief transition.

We do not mean the sages grand  
 That thrilled our admiration  
 In times long past, in every land,  
 Of this or other nation,—  
 We speak alone of modern sort,  
 Who've won a brief distinction  
 Through supreme gall, then sailed to Port  
 Of final, lost extinction.

Those ponderous, bull-headed souls,  
Who think there are no others  
In all the world between the poles,  
Fit to be called their brothers,—  
Fat-witted egotists, who live  
In blissful sweet indulgence  
That their imagined charms but give  
Round all, a bright effulgence:  
Children of destiny,—they think,—  
For all the world to woo them;  
The toasts for silly Chits to drink,  
And bat-winged birds to coo them.

And then there is another class  
We meet with in our travels;  
(Aligned with neither mule nor ass)  
My muse here now unravels.  
They're mostly made of words and wind;  
(These seem their chief possession;)  
And when their talk-machine you grind  
It goes without repression.

Should one but mention cross of gold;  
Or crown made up of thorns;

At once this gab-fest class, we're told,  
Will carry off "the Horns."

Alike these classes,—yet unlike,—  
Each bids for public favor;  
And hopes, in party wrecks, he'll strike  
On some sweet smelling savor.  
The one would have "sixteen to one,"  
One Hundred cents the other;  
The Fakir Boy would take a gun,  
But ne'er a gun the t'other.

The Behemoth, if President,  
Would spurn to join Hawaii;  
The Fakir Boy to war is sent  
The fledgelings to decoy.  
He's unsophistocate and young,  
He's somewhat fresh and callow;  
Not so the Behemoth, his tongue  
Is trained, but tough and shallow.

And yet though true, 'tis strange to say,  
These antipodes, each, flatter  
Themselves, that, at a later day,  
Their foes they yet may scatter.



Mistaken souls! what vain conceit  
Should in their visions enter;  
They're, both, back numbers,—in retreat  
To farthest verge from center.

Does any sane mind e'er presume,  
Our boys who've gone to battle,  
To give our growing nation room,  
Would yield like driven cattle,  
And give these captured Islands back  
Where they have raised "old glory"?  
If such there be, they sadly lack  
Sound stuff in upper story.

No, no, last year's bird's nests are not  
By patriot voters wanted;  
The Fakir Boy and Behemoth  
Will not, henceforth, be vaunted.

Our Nation's eyes are to the front,  
They see no retrogression;  
Our ships the far off stations want,  
And we will keep possession.

Conquest was not the impelling force  
That set our war in motion;

'Twas Human Rights that led our course,—  
The most enlightened notion.

Will any Yankee Soldier Boy  
Who fought for justice, honor,  
Consent to throw by, as a toy,  
Rich Islands thrust upon her?

We want no fossil, dead men's bones  
Our offices to encumber;  
They should be,—like rejected stones,—  
Cast out with rubbish lumber.

We want live, sound, progressive men,—  
No Behemoths nor Fakirs;  
No last year's birds' nests once again,—  
They're for the undertakers.

The coming century we'll start,  
Embalmed in song and story;  
We'll trust in God, act well our part,  
But ne'er haul down "Old Glory."

TO L. E.

(By Request).

O N a cold wintry day  
In his room far away  
Sat a batchelor lonely and sad;  
He had no one to cheer  
'Mid the silence so drear;—  
No loved one to make his heart glad.

How he wished for some friend  
Who his step might attend,—  
Whose light-hearted prattle and glee; —  
Whose sweet, silly mirth  
Might ring out round his hearth,—  
Like the tones of some fresh "G. & G."

## BEAUTIFUL BATHERS.

Written on the back of a Long Branch Hotel bill of fare.

O H swelterer beneath the rays  
Of Dixie's torrid sun;  
Come spend with us, these glorious days  
Until your summer's done.

The luxuries printed on this page,  
Come, with us freely share;  
We'll show you, too,—dame Fashion's rage—  
Bath dresses thin as air.

Their draperies cut with artist skill,  
Thin pretence to conceal,  
But plainer show the snowy hills  
I must not here reveal.

And when in ocean's waves they splash,  
Keep one eye skinned forsooth;  
And you may make a killing "mash"  
Upon "the torch of truth."

## EPITAPH

On an Unfortunate Bachelor.

THE man who lies beneath this stone  
Lived through the world and died alone;  
He spent his talents, time and money  
Among the sweets, but got no honey;  
Till at the last, with brave devotion,  
Gave up the ghost, and found his portion.

*Moral.*

Ah! if in Heaven there be no Ladies,  
He'll move his lodgings down to Hades.

Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, Va.,  
Summer, 1873.

## TO MISS E. T.

During the thick of war, 1863, who requested me to write  
some poetry.

You ask for poetry. Rememberest not  
How loth the poet's pen essays to write?  
The times are sad. One cannot write in strains  
To charm the senses as in days of eld,

When mirth and melody, with all their train  
Of joys attendant, rang our bright homes through.  
One cannot now, as then, call up the muse  
And force him into cheerful revelry.

The merry music and the giddy dance  
That erstwhile called our fancies into play,  
Attract us not with their light levity ;  
And scenes once charming tempt us now no more,

But yet why grope amid these darksome days ?  
The clouds that lower black athwart our sky,  
Will melt away when dove-winged peace shall come  
With all her brood of sweet-tongued harmonists.

War's rumbling thunders, which now shake the land,  
Will die again away ; and then we each  
Shall feel how sweet the friendship of old friends  
Made doubly dear because again come back  
To share our joys the old home roof beneath.  
Till then, sweet girl, I cannot think to write  
Or poetry or prose, e'en page or line.

## PHILOSOPHY IN SUNDAY CLOTHES.

(Midnight on Chicago Beach.)

WHENCE, where and what, these stars that shine  
so bright?

That peer upon us through the black of night?

Is't true that they are separate worlds, alone,

Far out beyond this sublunary zone? .

Has each, like ours, its rivers, lakes and seas?

Its valleys, mountains, and whate'er you please,

Its men and women rushing to Klondike,

Its good and bad—whatever sort you like?

Has each its churches, schools and its saloons?

Its music, discords and harmonious tunes?

Do Corbetts and Fitzsimmons' "strike out" there?

Or is their climate filled with purer air?

Do "Pullmans" draw their dusty souls along

And dump them out to jostle with the throng?

On gay "Chicago Beaches"—can it be?

Oh! how delightful, could we only see.

Have they their Cubas, and Hawaiis— these—  
Their Californias, with their mammoth trees?  
Their parks of Yellowstone, their deserts drear,  
Where sound of Man is heard not in the year—  
Their lands of plenty, where the hands of toil  
Tickle successfully their fertile soil?  
Their Coxeyes, Altgelds, Bryans and their Peffers,  
Their “Bulls and Bears” and too, mayhap, their  
                  heifers;

In short, have they, like we, the best and worst  
With which a nation e’er was blessed or cursed?

Have they their Eries, Michigans, Superiors,  
Compared with which all others are inferiors?  
With gilded ships that onward ply the main  
Like monstrous shuttles forth and back again?  
Have they Yosemite, Niagara Falls,  
Whose roarings are but Nature’s ceaseless calls?

Have they the nameless new machineographs  
To bring back, fresh, forgotten cries or laughs?  
Have they McCormick Reapers, Armour Beef—  
Such things are not, in this age, past belief —  
When man may call to man across the sea,  
The days of wonder need no longer be.



And are these myriads worlds, or great or small,  
To come at last within electric call  
Of this small earth—the babe, for aught we know—  
At any rate no man shall say, “not so.”  
The time is ripening rapidly, let us hope,  
When Mystery’s locked-up chambers all shall ope,  
And when what now seems veiled in darkest night,  
Shall stand ablaze with keen effulgent light.

All these and more, we ask ourselves—but why?  
It is not given to men below the sky;  
We speculate and wonder, then we dream,  
But only know things are not what they seem.  
And as the waves break on this pebbly shore,  
We wonder on in silence all the more;  
And ask ourselves the question, “Is it true”  
That no man knows what’s best for him to do?  
The books we read tell, each, a different tale,  
And where one wins, a hundred others fail;  
And then we drop outside the busy throng,  
Perhaps without a single sigh or song.

But after this, what then? What visions tell  
Our destination—whether Heaven or Hell?  
But is there Heaven, and is there also Hell?

Alas! could we but know, 'twere for us well.  
Our "Standard Guide," in language always vague,  
'Tells just enough our curious minds to plague,  
And treats in phrases so dark and abstruse  
That ere we catch fast hold, we let it loose.  
We, with intent, to pulpit teachings lean,  
But come away not knowing what they mean;  
We strive to glean the wheat from out the tares,  
But come back empty to our load of cares.

The teachings of the fifteen hundred creeds—  
Each sowing multiplicity of seeds—  
Confuse our faith and make us doubt the whole.  
To satisfy the longings of the soul;  
And then in dense philosophy we turn,  
The midnight lamp to studiously burn,  
To see if in this pregnant world around  
A spiritual ray of light is found.

But are the other myriads circling stars  
More worlds like ours, outside the bounds and bars  
Of space, more populous than is our own?  
And if, by scientists, it has been shown  
That they are peopled too—what must we think  
As, standing upon speculation's brink,

We would with finite figures try and name  
The millions, billions, trillions—all the same—  
The numbers infinite, now gone before  
To that unknown and unimagined shore  
Where all are going, be it soon or late—  
(No priest can tell) to meet an endless fate?

We ask ourselves if, in this little earth—  
(Whose being is of very doubtful birth)—  
There dwell, of millions fifteen hundred souls;  
Between the Arctic and Antarctic poles;  
And further ask, if in each generation  
These die and are transferred to other station,  
To be succeeded by as many more  
As those forgotten, who have gone before  
During the six or sixty thousand years  
This little earth has whirled amid the spheres;  
We plaintive ask—if all these things be true—  
What is a hungry, starving soul to do?  
And to what creed is he to safely tie  
To give him satisfaction if he die?

'Tis never safe to cling to orthodoxy,  
Continuously, in person or in proxy;

For each proclaims the other heretic,  
And there are times the charge is apt to stick.

The better way, we think, for each to do,  
Is, first of all, be sure to self be true,  
And it will follow, as the night the day—  
No man e'er trod a safer, better way.  
Then add to this the homely "Golden Rule,"  
With daily practice in his working school;  
Treat others as you'd have them aye treat you,  
Pay to your fellows all that is their due;  
Be ever just and fear not man or devil,  
And to the hungry poor be always civil,

With these your guerdon, guide, you need not fear  
Your future life, because you're happy here,  
And those whose worldly lives are thus well spent  
Are safer hereafter—no odds where they went.

Chicago Beach Hotel, August 26, 1897.

## A BOULEVARD BELLE.

A BELLE on our best boulevard  
Said she feared all her chums might think hard;  
Because she stole all their beaux  
And pulled them in by the neaux,—  
Then slipped them out through the back yard:

But the girls soon caught on to her game,  
And agreed 'twas a sin and a shame;  
And should she again dare,  
They would snatch her back hair; —  
But her beaux vowed she wasn't to blame.

## ON THE BALCONY, BY MOONLIGHT.

Written for Miss L. T.

'TIS sweet to sit on a night like this,  
Beside the girl you love;  
And while you sit to steal a kiss,  
And thus enjoy sublimer bliss,  
Than spirits do above.

'Tis sweet with your arm around her waist,  
To dream away the hours;  
And slyly sip a sweet foretaste,  
Of pleasure more exquisite, chaste,  
Than rarest gems or flowers.

'Tis sweet beneath the pale moonlight,  
To catch her languid sigh,  
And feel she loves you in her sight,  
More dearly than the stars love night,  
Ah! thus 'twere sweet to die.

Yet sweeter far than this, than these,  
With your head upon her breast,  
To bask in rapturous, perfect ease,  
Her tapering hand the while you squeeze,  
And rest, and rest, and rest.

## THE RED WAGON OF PROGRESS.

A Political Moral.

Dedicated to the "Rope-Bridle Democracy."

## 1

I N passing up the street today,  
Observing things along the way,  
A scene caught my attention;  
'Twas not within itself of worth—  
(And this is true of all on earth)—  
But prized for what I mention.

## 2

A superb wagon green and red,  
Fresh painted all—pole, wheels and bed—  
Drawn by two thorough spankers  
Stepped briskly on, as if they knew  
Exactly what they ought to do—  
The breed for which one hankers.

## 3

Five cotton bales of "middling fair"  
Were drawn along by this game pair  
As if it were their pleasure;  
They seemed to know their driver's will,  
As on they cantered from the mill  
Pulling their fleecy treasure.

## 4

I further saw, far, far behind,  
A go-cart of an antique kind,  
Exhumed from former ages;  
It seemed to come from Noah's Ark,  
Its life had lost the vital spark  
That burned in previous ages.

## 5

It had no body, bed or pole,  
'Twas all in pieces—had no whole,  
Its so-called wheels were rotten;  
They zigzagged here, and zigzagged there,  
(The driver did not seem to care)—  
With one bale "dog tail" cotton.



## 6

Two starveling mules composed its team,  
One blind, one spavined—roan and cream—  
With broken ropes for bridle;  
And as the wheels would scream and scream,  
These stolid mules would seem to speak  
Their watch-word, Idle, Idle.

## 7

And so, I set to musing much,  
To see if I could draw from such  
Scenes eloquent, a moral;  
'Tis not worth while through life to go,  
Said I, unless we seek to show  
The good that may be for all.

## 8

The application thus to make  
Of this experience, now I take  
The present apt occasion;  
And make each incident apply  
So clearly that the layman's eye  
May see without evasion.

## 9

One party types the "dog-tail" bale  
The starveling mules, the credit sale,  
The rotten, screaky wagon;  
While 'tother types the thoroughbred,  
The painted wagon, green and red—  
You never see it lag on.

## 10

It looks ahead, and not behind,  
It wants the best of every kind,  
It's always for progression;  
While 'tother, hungry, ragged, gropes,  
Well satisfied with knotted ropes,  
Sees naught but retrogression.

## 11

We come today with offers fair  
To ask if men have pluck to dare  
To vote unbiased tickets;  
Which wagon do you like the best?  
The "painted" or the "antique" pest,  
The new, or that with "rickets?"

## 12

Americans are worthy all  
The good things on this little ball,  
And, specially, best money:  
The Philippines and the Canal,  
We'll give you—yes, we surely shall,  
And make our Future sunny.

## 13

Now, in conclusion, let me say,  
Our accomplished guest is here today  
To represent our party;  
Jump in our "red" wagon, take a ride,  
We'll land you safe on glory's side—  
Hans, Pierre, and Moriarty.

## MRS. SHODDY SMITH.

WHEN Smith had amassed a few dollars  
Mrs. Smith grew too big for her collars;  
Then she turned up her nose  
And said, "See my fine clothes,—  
They beat Mrs. Johnson's all hollers."

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

To Miss S. R.

'T IS Saturday night—the week is closed,  
Its labors hushed and done;  
Its toils, cares and anxieties  
Have ceased with setting sun;  
And mammon, whom we serve so well,  
So loyally, so true,  
Shall be deprived, at least one day,  
Of thought and service too.

We'll wreathe around our lonely hearth  
In freshest, sweetest smiles,  
In flowers of fancy, absent friends  
Whose memory time beguiles;  
We'll to each fragrant bud give name  
Of those we hold most dear;  
And twine them 'bout our heart of hearts,  
An exquisite parterre.

## TO MISS F. T.

On receiving from her a beautiful bouquet.

I 'VE KNOWN a thousand pretty girls  
With pleasing forms and faces,  
I've watched the sweetest flow'rets grow  
In trellised nooks and places.

I've seen the rainbow span the sky  
In her serenest splendor,—  
The maiden look with loving eye  
Upon her brave defender;—

But none of these, though sweet indeed,  
Were charming half as Florence  
Within whose eyes,—if one would read,  
See love in gushing torrents.

She is the darling of my life,  
The paragon of beauty,  
And if she would but be my wife,  
How sweet would be life's duty.

For then earth's choicest gifts, I'm sure,  
Would fall on me like showers;  
And all my home-joys be more pure  
Than are these sweetest flowers.

## MRS. FUSSER, OF FUSSERVILLE.

Did you see Mrs. Fusser,  
Of Fusserville Town,  
As she drove in the park  
In her gorgeous new gown?  
All berigged top to toe  
In the finest, you know,  
Of exquisite things  
From the late Paris Show;  
The women all staring  
Admiringly so.  
And yet, yet, yet,  
She would fret, fret, fret,  
Because the old  
Vandergould, Asterbilt set  
Had costlier jewels  
Than she could e'er get—  
This beautiful fusser,  
This envious fusser,  
This unhappy fusser  
From Fusserville Town.

Did you watch, as she sat  
In the velvet-lined pew  
Of the godless "Swell" church  
On the Fifth avenue,  
That she prayed with one eye  
On Miss Banker's new bonnet  
And trilled from gold prayer book  
An opera sonnet?  
This beautiful fusser  
From Fusserville Town.

Did you notice her baggage,  
Just landed from ship,  
When it sailed into harbor  
Back from a long trip  
On a voyage of pleasure  
Around the wide world?  
Did you count all her trunks,  
Satchels, handboxes, each,  
As they lay helter-skelter,  
Strewn on the long beach?

If you did, you can answer  
This truly, I'm sure,  
There were two to five dozen,

Perhaps even more—  
All filled with gems, diadems,  
Rich treasures galore,  
Culled, gathered from every  
Conceivable shore;  
And yet, yet, yet,  
She would fret, fret, fret,  
Because the old  
Vandergould, Asterbilt set  
Had costlier treasures  
Than she could e'er get—  
This beautiful fusser,  
This envious fusser,  
This unhappy fusser,  
From Fusserville Town.



## TO MISS M. M.

Who asked me to write her some poetry.

HOW can I write when virtue's charms  
 O'erwhelm me with a thousand fancies?  
 How can I speak when angel eyes  
 Confront me with celestial glances?

Indeed I can't, but I can love,  
 Intenser far than words discover,—  
 And, like bright halos from above,  
 My holiest thoughts can round thee hover.

## CHRISTMAS CAROL, 1894.

An "Owed" to my lover, Eddie Wagpoot Carmack.

## I.

I 'LL mount my untamed Pegasus  
 And roughly ride him ba'r back;  
 And should he run down some poor cuss,  
 Let's hope it won't be Carmack—  
                   No, Carmack, Oh, Carmack,  
 Not Eddie Wagpoot Carmack.

## II.

For years he's loved and sung of me  
And kept me on his car track ;  
Now, it but fair would seem to be,  
I make return to Carmack—  
                    Good Carmack, sweet Carmack,  
Dear Waggie Wagpoot Carmack.

## III.

Though weak and wordy, meek and mild,  
He sometimes takes a war tack ;  
Though Poppy's, Demmy's petted child,  
He's always Wagpoot Carmack—  
                    Yes, Carmack, 'poot Carmack,  
The same old sorrel Carmack.

## IV.

He is no flop-eared, common mule,  
But a blue ribbon star Jack ;  
And though he needs the common school,  
We all dote on our Carmack—  
                    My Carmack, your Carmack,  
Our Eddie Wagpoot Carmack.

## V.

Grown gaunt on grazing Bourbon fields  
And munching "ole Pete" har'-tack;  
He finds it little profit yields  
To Waggie Wagpoot Carmack,  
                    So, Carmack, Sick Carmack,  
Is tired of Wagpoot Carmack.

## VI.

Thus, let our herald sing and write,  
And turn our thoughts 'way far back  
To that amoosin', harmless mite  
Now known as "Pooty" Carmack—  
                    Chaste Carmack, fresh Carmack,  
The only Wagpoot Carmack.

## KEY WEST.

**A** JUNIOR 'way down in Key West,  
Stole his arm 'round a pretty girl's waist;  
Then she said, "if you please,  
Give a hard and long squeeze, —  
For we girls all like that sort the best."

## "SHE WAS NOT THERE."

To Miss S. M.

I WENT to see Vestvali play  
"Gamea, or the Jewish Mother,"  
And saw sweet Silvia stolen away  
And taught to lisp for Ma another.

I gazed upon that numerous throng,  
And scanned each face with anxious care,  
And, though well done, the play seemed long,  
Because Miss Lena was not there.

The crowd was dense, the scene was gay,  
All eyes looked bright save one sad pair,  
But they looked on as if to say,  
"I'm lonely now,"—she was not there.

And oft when in the future, I,  
In giddy crowds, put on an air  
Of pleasure, with an inmost sigh  
I'll to myself, "she was not there."

Niblo's Theatre, New York,  
Tuesday Night, October 13th, 186—.

## WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

To Miss B. V.

WHEN the heaving tides of ocean  
Cease to mark their ebb and flow ;  
When a talking, tattling woman  
Fails to tell what she may know ;  
When to seek its lowest level,  
Rippling, sparkling water fails ;  
When we may expect from heaven  
Copious showers of roasted quails ;

When the sun doth cease to lighten  
This our planet with his beams ;  
When the oath-devoted lover  
Is exactly what he seems ;  
When the fresh and early morning  
Fails to follow after night ;  
When our conscience gives no warning  
Of the violated right ;  
When the frigid frosts of winter  
Cease to chill our morning breath ;

When our lives are unaffected  
 By the cold, grim monster, Death;  
 Then may we expect forever  
 Woman constant,—till then, never.

Written on board Pennsylvania R. R. sleeping car,  
 near Altoona, Dec. 20, 1864, 8 o'clock a. m.

#### LINES TO A COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENT.

**M**OST correspondents write too long and much,  
 Hence this advice is proffered to all such.

In business letters ne'er exhaust your text,  
 But always keep back something for the next;  
 The meaning of each word be sure to know,  
 And let your motto ever be "go slow."  
 Be diplomatic, don't get in a hole,  
 And thereby lose your power of self-control.  
 Multum in parvo,—much in little say,—  
 This is the wise and always safer way.

If you will daily practice these blunt rules  
 The world will never class you with its fools.

TO MR. AND MRS. EDWARD H. CRUMP.

On their wedding day.

ON the journey of life,  
To both husband and wife,  
There will come much to test your devotion;  
Don't be tempted away  
By the wiles of the day  
From pursuits of the straightfoward notion  
To unitedly fight  
For the Truth and the Right,—  
Come fair or come foui, stormy weather;  
And whatever you do  
Never fail to be true,  
But e'er pull strong and steadfast together.

## GRO' AND LIL'.

(Air—"Two Souls With But a Single Thought.")

"For Gro' Loves Lil and Lil Loves Gro'."

OH, Lil, dear Lil, you naughty thing,  
 Why will you fret me so,  
 Your sable charms I daily sing;  
 You're "paramount," you know,  
 (For Gro' loves Lil, and Lil loves Gro')

You know I sent my servile Blount  
 To find your shattered throne;  
 And though he made a treacherous hunt,  
 His answer came "found none."  
 (For Gro' loves Lil, and Lil loves Gro')

Still later Willis went with words  
 Addressed "my great good friend,"  
 With music sweet as island birds,  
 But purpose base to lend.  
 (For Gro' loves Lil, and Lil loves Gro')

And when he asked brave Sanford Dole  
 To let Lil have his head,



The answer came "upon my soul  
Not until all are dead."

(For Gro' loves Lil, and Lil loves Gro')

Though poor old Gresham gave his soul  
To Demmies for a price,  
To put his rival "in a hole,"  
Himself fell in a trice.

(For Gro' loves Lil, and Lil loves Gro')

And having earned impeachment now  
By violations gross,  
Of duty sworn and public vow,  
"My Congress" should enforce.

(For Gro' loves Lil, and Lil loves Gro')

Oh, Lil, sweet Lil, what shall I do?  
Too much for you I've said,  
I've soiled our flag to honor you,  
I wish that I were dead.

(For Gro' loves Lil, and Lil loves Gro')

Though fifty thousand cash, we hear  
Grove's "paramount" was paid  
For coddling Lil, we greatly fear

No light on't will be shed.

(For Gro' loves Lil, and Lil loves Gro')

Oh, how, on Buzzard's Bay I wish

In cat-boat we could sail,

And angle for Hell Grummet fish,

Or suckers, or for whale.

(For Gro' loves Lil, and Lil loves Gro')

But if, perchance, that cannot be,

Hog Island's charms are ripe;

In sweet retirement there could we

Hunt woodcock, duck and snipe.

(For Gro' loves Lil, and Lil loves Gro')

No Willis, Blount nor Hornblower there;

Could mar our blissful souls;

We'd bask in sweet communion e'er,

Unvexed by Hills and Doles.

(For Gro' loves Lil, and Lil loves Gro')

And though "My Congress" and "My Throne"

Might e'er endangered be,

We'd rest serenely in our own

High prize of Lil and G.

(For Gro' loves Lil, and Lil loves Gro')

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Chattanooga News*, calls our attention to the fact that a very industrious rhyme carpenter of this town has been selected by the "South Pittsburg Republican" for the United States senate, when next the Republicans shall have control of the legislature. We're willing. Whenever the one event occurs let the other come to pass. Either contingency is so remote that we can contemplate it with equanimity. In the meanwhile, the thing in question will continue to dip its pen in the pig trough and write scurrilous diatribes against white men.—Editorial in *Memphis Commercial Appeal* of December 13th, 1895. E. W. Carmack, Editor.

## DITTY.

*To Eddie Wagpoot Carmack.*

Air—"The Clock in the Steeple Strikes Ten."

*Mama.*—Oh Waggie, dear Waggie, what makes you  
so sweet?

You dear little Dickie, Dum Dee;  
You worry your mama, and make her repeat  
Her chidings to her Teeny, Wee Wee.  
Unless you do better, dear Pootie, Poot, Poot,  
She'll level you down 'cross her knees,  
And give you a spank with the sole of her  
boot,

That'll make you cry, "No more ma,  
please."

"No more, no more,  
Oh mama, no more mama, please."

*Pootie.*—I know I am bad, but I've been badly foiled,  
You should in my childhood have seen  
That "sparing the rod" is the thing that has  
spoiled

Your boy, mama, now who's so mean.  
If you had but switched him a dozen a day,  
The lesson had been lightly learned;  
But now, mama dear, it but grieves him to  
say

That your precepts, though wise, have been  
spurned—

    Been spurned, been spurned,  
Yes, mama, they all have been spurned.

*Mama.*—Dear Pootie, you've e'er been the hope of  
your ma.

She has always looked after your good;  
And though your bad nature came straight  
from your pa,  
She has taught you to squelch 't if you  
could:

But she finds out—too late—that it's no use  
to hope—

The "Old Boy" has on you firm clasp ;  
And though she would save you, nor prayers  
nor the Pope

Can extricate you from his grasp ;—

His grasp, his grasp,

Poor Pootie, the Imp has you bound in his  
grasp.

*Pootie.*—I own up, dear mama, to all that you say ;  
You were ever an angel of light ;  
But somehow or other I was bad from the  
day  
That my red top first blazed in the light ;  
But now 'tis too late and the time is long  
past,  
Since hope beckoned onward to me ;  
I am lost, mama, lost, buried deep, overcast,  
In the depths of a fathomless sea,—  
Of a sea, woe is me,  
In the depths of a pitiless sea.

## EVANESCENCE.

“OH, why should the spirit of Mortal be proud,”  
 When, at best, but as dust blown away in the  
 cloud;  
 When, at most, but an insect to buzz and to sing  
 For a moment of time and then off on the wing.

## JUST FOR FUN.

A Toast to the Ladies, Delivered before the annual meeting  
 of “St. Andrew’s Society.”

THE Ladies! God bless them, I’ve nothing to say  
 That could e’en remotely, exalt them today  
 In your estimation or mine, what’s the use  
 Then, attempting a task that must baffle my muse?

The subject’s so vast, comprehensive and wide,  
 That ’twould seem simply folly to have the thing tried,  
 And specially so, since, remembering the man  
 Whom you’ve chosen to speak has no definite plan:

And yet, without purpose 'twere easy to name  
A long list of virtues they justly may claim;—  
And, may be, some vices,—but these we'll pass o'er,  
For though they may have them, of this we're not  
sure.

But one thing we do know, and that is so clear,  
That the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err,—  
We know that without them 'twould be indeed sad,  
And man would, most likely, go soon “to the bad.”

If there were no good wife to patch up his pants,  
To receive his abuse when her drunken lord rants,  
To sit up till midnight and put him to bed,  
'Twould not be many moons till he woke up quite dead.

If there were no sweethearts we'd pity the boys,—  
For theirs would indeed be a life without joys,—  
A life filled with sadness where hope never came,—  
A life of such gloom that we give it no name.

For, talk as you will, of the world and its woes,  
(And that all have their share is a fact that each  
knows,)

There's one consolation to every young man,—  
To marry his sweetheart,—provided he can.

There's such solid comfort in being well wed  
To a dear little wife with a pretty red head,—  
A docile, obedient spouse who always  
Stands ready to do what her lord Tyrant says.

It's so nice in the morning to lie snug in bed  
While she lights the fire and bakes the brown bread,  
Goes out to the market and brings home the fish,  
And serves for her master a fresh dainty dish.

In this august presence, if there be a soul  
Who would not feel honored in having control  
Of just such a treasure as that here set forth,  
Then indeed he's too mean to appreciate true worth.

If there be a man living so stupid or base,  
Let's not in our circle admit him a place,  
But cast him outside with such feeling of scorn  
That he'll ever regret the dark hour he was born.

For be it well known up and down the broad land,  
That this is the platform on which we all stand, —  
“We honor the ladies,”—this is the main plank,—  
For if we've aught good in us, them we must thank;  
They are first in whatever good enterprise starts,  
“They're first in our pockets, and first in our hearts.”



## REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN SONG.

(Air—"Benny Havens, Oh!")

THE Free Trade, Bourbon parrot cry,  
    "The tariff is a tax"  
Cannot be made to tally with  
    The cold and frozen facts.  
Our everyday experience is,  
    Things never were so low  
As since the Grand Old Party made  
    The tariff all the go—  
    Made the tariff all the go,  
    Made the tariff all the go,  
As since the Grand Old Party  
    Made the tariff all the go.

The Democratic editors who  
    Pooh pooh this true song,  
Down deep within their heart of hearts  
    Must feel that they are wrong;  
The pens that forge their free-trade slush,  
    Their paper, press, type, ink,  
All—all are less than e'er before

And yet they will not think;  
And yet they will not think,  
And yet they will not think,  
All, all are less than e'er before,  
And yet they will not think.

We only ask good government,  
Low taxes and fair play;  
Protection to our workingmen,  
Who toil for daily pay;  
We ask that paupers, criminals,  
And European scum,  
Shall not be let within our gates,  
No matter whence they come;  
No matter whence they come, my boys,  
No matter whence they come,  
Shall not be let within our gates,  
No matter whence they come.

It may be well for England,  
Late "mistress of the seas,"  
To fight for pauper labor,—a  
Political disease.—  
But Uncle Sam's dominions, now,  
Are not the proper place

To flaunt this British doctrine in  
The Yankee workman's face—  
In the Yankee workman's face,  
In the Yankee workman's face,  
To flaunt this British doctrine in  
The Yankee workman's face.

Our wages-earning boys well know  
That Bourbon Free Trade means  
Conditions here precisely same as  
Foreign daily scenes;  
They know that competition with  
Redundant Europe's hordes,  
Would drag our workmen to the plane  
Of that controlled by lords,—  
Of that controlled by lords,  
Of that controlled by lords,  
Would drag our workmen to the plane  
Of that controlled by lords.

Our Yankee Nation though yet young,  
The bottle has put by,  
As one among the nation's grand  
Her mission is to try  
To elevate her masses all—

Make men and women free,  
 Through well-paid Labor, Tariff, Schools  
 And Reciprocity—  
 Schools and Reciprocity,  
 Schools and Reciprocity,  
 Through well-paid labor, tariff, schools  
 And Reciprocity,

Mechanics, Farmers, Workers,—all  
 Who wish their money sound,  
 Had better scan the dangerous clause  
 In Demmy's platform found;  
 Which seeks to start again State banks,  
 Shin-plasters, wild-cat stuff,  
 To buy the poor man's merest needs  
 A bushel's not enough.  
 A bushel's not enough, my boys,  
 A bushel's not enough  
 To buy the poor man's merest needs,  
 A bushel's not enough.

The thirsty Bourbons never were  
 So hungry and so lean;  
 The equal of their fight for "pap"  
 Has never yet been seen;

But Cockran, Sickles, Flower, Hill—

All say "Grove" cannot win,

'Tis useless for the boys to part

With any of their tin—

With any of their tin,

With any of their tin,

'Tis useless for the boys to part

With any of their tin.

The seventy-two State delegates

Who went to Michigan,

To nominate a candidate,

And name their strongest man,

Were all agreed 'twould never do

To put up Grover C.

While whetted razors lurked within

The sleeves of David B.,

The sleeves of David B.,

The sleeves of David B.,

While whetted razors lurked within

The sleeves of David B.

Their faithful sage of Tammany,

Who left a precious leg

Upon his country's battlefield,

Will never budge a peg  
 From what he said in Illinois  
 A few short weeks ago;  
 "The soldier boys will never vote  
 For Grover," no! no!! no!!!  
 For Grover, no! no!! no!!!  
 For Grover, no! no!! no!!!  
 The soldier boys will never vote  
 For Grover, no! no!! no!!!

The big Free-trade disciple  
 Who lives on Buzzard's Bay,  
 Cannot again be President,  
 The tariff boys all say;  
 And they mean "biz" you better bet,  
 They're in the proper mood  
 To send him up Salt River  
 To "innocuous desuetude"—  
 To innocuous desuetude,  
 To innocuous desuetude,  
 To send him up Salt River  
 To innocuous desuetude.

Our Benny is the boy they want,  
 The boy they mean to have,

His term has been a great success,  
Wise, firm, and true and brave;  
The business men and laborers, too,  
Will rally and stand "pat,"  
For Harrison, Protection, and  
Our old Grandfather's hat,  
Our old Grandfather's hat, my boys,  
Our old Grandfather's hat,  
For Harrison, Protection, and  
Our old Grandfather's Hat.

## A PAIR OF YOUNG LOVERS.

A PAIR of young lovers at Heaton  
One moonlight night went to prayer meetin';  
But before they reached there,  
They both got on a "tear,"  
And concluded they'd rather go "skeatin'."

## "PROTECTION VS. FREE TRADE."

Schoolboy debat: between Jim Cheep and Sam Sterling.

WHAT is Protection, tell me, Pa,  
I hear so much about?  
The chaps down at the grammar school  
All yell, and scream, and shout,  
And argufy with so much noise,  
My studies they prevent;  
I wonder sometimes why such boys  
To school at all are sent.

Jim Cheep, you know, is mighty smart,  
And thinks he's "up to snuff";  
And when it comes to say his part  
He thinks he knows enough.  
But Sammie Sterling don't say much,—  
He lets the others talk;  
In all the school there's not one such—  
With sober, studious walk.

When Jim is in the baseball pen,  
Then Sammie's at his books;—



You ought to see him now and then,  
And watch how grave he looks.  
I tell you, Sammie knows it all,—  
And, come down to “hard tacks,”  
He’s solid as a garden wall,  
And talks alone in facts.

You never hear him blow and brawl,—  
He is not built that way;  
He never says “dog gone it all,”  
But studies night and day.

The other day the boys sat down  
Beneath the old oak shade;  
Said one, let’s have a little roun’—  
“Protection” ’gainst “free trade;”  
We’ll let Sam take “Protection’s” side,—  
He always leaned that way;  
While Jim has noised it far and wide  
Free trade would better pay.

Jim said the choice would suit him well,  
Because ’twas his belief  
Of all wise public policies,  
That surely was the chief;

And that no nation could be great  
Unless they stuck to this ;  
His father taught him that a "state"  
Could never go amiss  
If built upon that ancient faith,—  
And he believed it, too ;  
"All right," said Sam, I know "thus sayeth,"  
Though strong's, not always true.

For me, I much prefer to bank  
On homely, common sense,  
Which teaches me the wrong is rank  
That drives our workmen hence.

I freely yield the point you make  
That goods would cheaper be  
If branded with a foreign make  
Of labor, far from free.  
But cheapness is not always best  
For stalwart, noble men ;  
There is a higher, holier test  
Due to our human ken.

Said Jim, I take the selfish view,  
And buy where I can get

The biggest pile for my "spondoo,"—  
 In trade, I have no pet.

Suppose, said Sammie, Europe paid  
 Her labor less than half  
 The wages that our rule has made  
 For toil and its behalf:  
 Do you believe we, therefore, should  
 Buy all our goods from them?  
 And thus deprive our laborers food?  
 Could they starvation stem?

If all the stuffs that we consume  
 Came here from foreign parts,  
 Our poor-houses would not have room  
 To hold the bleeding hearts.  
 Our toilers—men and women, too—  
 Should be our primal care;  
 They only ask for work to do,  
 And they should have full share.

Now Jim, suppose we take your plan,—  
 What would our workmen say?  
 How could our, even, hundredth man  
 Find work from day to day?

Where would their wives and children go,  
And who would foot their bills?  
The thought is fearful, Jim, you know,—  
You could not count the ills.

Oh! come, now Sam, you look ahead,  
I only for today;  
What difference, when we both are dead  
What those who come may say.  
I owe Posterity no debt; .  
It has no claims on me:  
My mind is on the present set,  
I'd let the Future be.

I know, dear Jim, that is a view  
Preached freely through the land;  
And while in theory may be true,  
In practice, will not stand.  
A government cannot be wise,  
Whose laws fail to provide  
Especially for the weaker class  
Who walk, and seldom ride.  
The poor with you ye have always,  
And labor is their lot;  
And, that one's honest labor pays,  
Should never be forgot.

We read that years and years ago,  
Before "Protection" came,  
That laborer's wages were so low  
They scarce deserved the name.  
Whereas, now Jim, we all can show,  
And see it every day,  
That workmen fewer hours know,  
And get near twice the pay.

Where once they lived in squalid huts,  
They now their houses own;  
With mirrors, carpets, artist cuts,  
And gardens, flower-grown.

But even take the sordid view;  
To thinkers it is plain,  
To give the masses work to do  
Is e'er the public's gain.

Look at our Dingley tariff, Jim,  
'Twas ne'er so high before:  
Then think how hungry, ghastly, grim,  
The one you so adore.  
Your Wilson-Gorman, free trade thing  
Brought idleness and rags,

And every neighborhood did ring  
With tramps, soup-houses, "vags."  
Distress pervaded every nook  
And corner of our land;  
While bankruptcy and failure shook  
The base on which we stand.

How is it now? Look where you may,  
Prosperity abounds;  
And laborers get the best of pay  
In all their daily rounds.

The richest nation of the earth,  
And freest, too, today;  
We stand to labor's cause more worth  
Than words can ever say.  
Developed thus we never could  
Have been, with your "free trade;"  
"Protection" was the primal good  
That all these blessings made.  
And should your party e'er again  
Through some upheaval come  
Into possession of the rein  
That guides our country, some  
Free traders like yourself, dear Jim,

May live to see the day  
When from rags, hunger, gaunt and grim  
Our workingmen will pray.

The "good book" says we must provide  
First for our own hearthstones;  
Nations must not this rule deride,  
Or they will end in groans.  
What might be wise for England, France,  
Might not be well for us;  
And this is a great circumstance  
Free traders should discuss.

I own up, Sam,—the facts all seem  
Indeed to be with you;  
But free trade theorists love to dream,—  
They've little else to do.  
I'm frank to say, Sam, in my heart,—  
I think Protection best;  
But should I "give away" my part,  
I'd be a common jest.

## JACK AND I.

WHEN Jack and I went out a sleighing  
Ma cautioned us well against staying;  
Said she, "if you run off the track  
And get snow down your back,  
There's no telling what girls will be saying."

## TO MY SWEETHEART.

THEY sat upon the portico,  
One moonlight night in May;  
And talked of what all lovers know,  
Until, enchained, he could not go,  
And yet he feared to stay.

His arm her Venus waist entwined,  
She thought it not amiss;  
As, on his breast, her head reclined,  
In tender mood and yielding mind,  
He quaffed the nectared kiss.



A thousand twinkling, envious stars  
Peeped slyly on them there;  
Soft breezes blew a tuneful chime  
That with their hearts beat perfect time,  
And fragrance filled the air.

The honeysuckle's sweet perfume  
Gave pleasure to the scene;  
While distant music soft and sweet,  
Enlisted daintiest little feet,  
And made the bliss serene.

And still he stayed,—blame those who may,  
His cup ran brimming o'er;  
The clock struck twelve,—he only knew  
Of two sweet words,— of “Heaven” and “You”—  
But these, alas! no “Moore.”

Ah! if within the world to come  
There be such joy as this;  
May sinful mortals, such as he  
Be granted privilege to see  
And feel that past is his.

## ADVICE TO BOYS OF THE Y. M. C. A.

THE boy who would in life succeed  
Must early lessons learn to heed  
Of self denial, sacrifice,  
To shun all roads that lead to vice;

Must learn that virtue ever brings  
Perennial pleasures, like the springs  
That send their sparkling currents forth,—  
More prized than richest gems are worth;  
Should learn that poverty is not a curse,  
That many other things are worse;  
That honest toil, good men, good books,  
Are they toward which the wise boy looks,  
That idleness is the bane of life,  
The cause of drunkenness and strife,  
To every boy the greatest foe  
That good men yet have learned to know.

Of course not every boy can be  
A Vanderbilt or Carnegie;  
And wise it is that this is true,  
For then what would the millions do?

Mere dollars do not mean success ;  
On this is often too much stress ;  
But Justice, Honor, Truth combined  
In character like gold refined.

The boy who works, who thinks, who reads,  
This is the boy who e'er succeeds ;  
While idle boys with cigarettes,  
(Sometimes their parent's pampered pets)  
Run to perdition by Express.  
And make of life a horrid "Mess."

Now boys of this Y. M. C. A.  
If you will hearken what I say,  
I'll tell you how you each may win  
In whatsoever you begin.

Remember, first, integrity  
Must be your base, if you would see  
At last a life of honor, ease,  
And such conclusions as would please :  
Then comes the Engine, Energy,  
To drive you on where e'er you be ;  
Economy, her hand-maid too,  
These, all combined, will take you through.

What is there in the future far,  
That each should make his polar Star?  
No matter what, be more or less,  
Than each desires his "happiness."

If, then, that is the final goal  
Of every restless, anxious soul,  
Where shall we find it—not in hell—  
But heaven, at last, where all is well.  
But what is Heaven, and what is Hell?  
Each has his right to think and tell:  
That Love is Heaven, and Hate is Hell,  
In two short lines may be said well.

The Heaven or Hell we wish or fear  
We may have daily with us here;  
And need not wait until we die  
To find above or 'neath the sky.

Now boys, to sum up, let me say  
There is but one safe narrow way:—  
To each and all your fellows do  
As you would have them do to you.  
Live up to this from day to day,

And fear not what your foes may say;  
Then when Old Time calls for your Checks  
You'll hand them in with naught to vex.

May 19th, 1902.

## TO A LITTLE "SUNBEAM."

Miss M. W.

A LITTLE "Sunbeam" shy and stray,  
Shone in upon my heart one day,  
When all was toil and strife;  
It woke new echos pure and deep,  
And lulled the Evil all to sleep,  
But warned the Good to life.

## A DUTCH SUPPER.

ONE night at a famous Dutch supper,  
Attended by none but the "upper;"  
A young man, it is said,  
Lost completely his head,  
And went home minus collar and crupper.

## MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

(Dedicated to Editor Carmack.)

MARY had a little lamb  
Whose fleas were white as snow;  
And everywhere that Mary went  
The fleas were sure to go.

The sex of Mary's little lamb  
I never yet did know;  
But think it must have been a Ram  
Because she loved it so.

Now every girl should have a lamb,  
As well as little Mary;  
'Tis better than preserves or jam  
A maiden's life to vary.

If editors had each two Rams  
To daily "if" and "but"  
Within their editoriams  
'Twould save them many a cut.

The Ram, in short's, a useful thing,  
(A truth too plain to utter)  
He is in every risk and ring  
Whose end is bread and "butter."

## TO MISS F. K.

Answer to "I Did'nt Mean It."

WHEN I was twenty one or two,  
I loved, oh! how sincerely,  
A pretty girl (twixt I and you)  
Who loved me back right dearly;

The hours we spent in happy glee  
Were sweet, exquisite, many,  
And she alone I went to see  
In preference to any.

But time passed on, and she, like all  
The women, changed her notion,  
Until the gulf, at first though small  
Between us, grew an ocean.

The sweet communings we had had,  
Grew colder still and colder,  
And that which erewhile made all glad,  
Shocked now each new beholder.

Experience thus so dearly bought,  
I prized at its true value,  
And took the lesson that it taught  
(Just as I surely shall you,—)

With resignation, patience, hope,  
That all is for the better,  
And, as you shall have ample scope,  
Have her own way, I let her.

The world wagged on,—and so did I,  
With purpose fixed, undaunted,  
I never stopped to ask her why  
My name had been supplanted,

I took the adage that, within  
The sea there are good fishes  
As ever swam with golden fin,  
Or gratified one's wishes.

And so with philosophic view,  
Right on I trode the highway  
Of firm Resolve, and dared to “do  
Or die,” (but not in by-way)



Until I found the charmed one  
Above all others higher  
Than topmost peak of Washington  
Is 'bove Vesuvius' fire.

'Tis strange that, knowing thousands, I,  
Of many points superior,  
Should take to one (I wonder why)  
In lesser things inferior;  
And yet 'twill be accounted for  
By those wise ones who've travelled  
The thorny road old maids abhor  
And those who've Love unravelled.

Suffice to say, again in love  
In spite of the pre-decision  
To let the "darling" creatures rove  
Amid my cold derision,—  
I'm not so sure what is the best  
Or wisest thing to do,  
And so shall let the matter rest  
Until I hear from you.

Now dearest darling, seeing this  
Dilemma that surrounds me,

Will you not comfort with a kiss  
 The case which so confounds me?  
 And in addition tell me true,  
 That you desire to marry,  
 And that Moore is the man for you,  
 And he'll rejoice,—“by Harry.”

## A LITTLE BLONDE.

**A** PLUMP little blonde with eyes blue,  
 Said “I really don’t know what to do;  
 If the men don’t propose  
 Soon I’ll be out of clothes—  
 And, then,—oh it’s awful,—boohoo.”

## ON YOUNG’S PIER.

**O**NE bright moonlight night on “Young’s Pier,”  
 When they both thought nobody could hear;  
 He asked his girl for a kiss,  
 But just then heard a hiss,—  
 Oh, ’twas awful! Her mama stood near.

## LINES TO AN ATHEIST.

O H, why, we ask,  
And then again ask why,  
These mountain peaks,  
That seem to pierce the sky,  
Were thus flung out  
To thwart infinite space?

Who made their bowels reek  
With mineral wealth,  
And caused their breezes blow  
Perpetual health?

Who crowned their dizzy heights,  
With brown, and gray, and green,  
With moon's oft rays  
And sunshine's golden sheen?

Who ran the sparkling rivers  
At their base,  
With waterfalls to drive their mills apace?

Who hurled the mighty boulders  
From their tops,  
Into the depths below?  
Was it some dread Cyclops  
Who lived  
A hundred thousand years ago?

Who threw a pall of darkness  
O'er the Night,  
And flooded Day  
With radiant, beaming light?

Who spread the seas,  
And bound them in their bed,  
If not a God—  
The only Fountain-head?

Who set the Myriad Stars  
That shine by night,  
If not "I Am"—  
The eternal source of light?

Whose thought conceived  
This vast prodigious plan,

And made all subject  
To the will of Man?

A God, a God, oh weak of faith,  
It must have been a God.

Gawley Kiver,  
Alleghany Mountains,  
West Virginia.

“A TENNESSE CLUB” GIRL.

A GIRL from the Tennessee Club  
Said she was dying to get her a “hub;”  
And if he didn’t come soon  
She’d go into a swoon,—  
But where is he?—ah, there is the rub.

## OUR JONES.

WHAT! never heard tell of our Jones?  
And the burdensome riches he owns?  
His lands and his lots,  
His silver ingots,  
And the wealth under which he e'er groans?

Why! he could not sit down at the table  
Without telling all, he felt able  
To buy out the old town,—  
(If they'd mark the price down,—)  
Oh, Jones thought himself formidable.

Jones worshipped one God,—that was mammon,—  
All else in his world was mere gammon,  
Through clouds and sunshine,  
Jones would fish, hook and line  
For suckers,—but never for salmon.

At night before going to bed  
Jones would carefully count every "red;"

And in the morn when he rose,  
Ere he put on his clothes,  
He would count it again,—it was said.

Some wicked wight said Jones aspired  
To be by the ladies admired;  
But his gait was so vain,  
And his poses so plain,  
That the most of them said they got tired.

But we all merely laughed at our Jones—  
Whose weakness was bred in his bones,—  
For he thought it no harm,—  
And it was his chief charm,—  
Oh, his dollars and he were twin cronos.

## MISS BLIGHT.

A DOZEN famous New York belles,  
Composing many noted "swells"  
Among "Four Hundred's" proud array,  
Sipped champagne at "Waldorf" today.

A stranger near sat looking on,  
With admiration at the "Ton;"  
And wondering who they all might be,  
Engaged in gossip light and free.

Their styles were "fetching," many-hued;  
Their gowns—some gorgeous, others good:  
Their hats, creations, each, of art  
That always play a vital part.  
Shapes,—some were plump and others lean,  
While others some were 'twixt and 'tween.

And as in walked a stately "Brune,"  
A bachelor half in a swoon,  
Profanely swore, By Jove, I'm gone —  
I've loved no girl before, no, none.



But strange,—another then tripped in,  
So full of sanctimonious sin,  
And witching beauty, type of blonde,  
That he could see no heaven beyond.  
What shall I do, says he, I swear  
I can't take both, I must forbear;  
I must decide 'twixt Blonde and Brune  
Or else I shall go crazy soon.

In this dilemma he withdrew  
To study what was best to do:  
He counted o'er the Brune's sweet charms,  
Her Venus face, her bust, her arms,—  
Perplexed as man was ne'er before  
Because he did them both adore;

At last, inspired by happy thought  
Of "heads and tails," he said, I ought  
Perhaps to throw for "wet or dry,"  
For chestnut brown or heaven blue eye;  
For women are, at best you know,  
A lottery game of "high" or "low."

So suiting action to the word,  
And acting thus in strict accord,

He threw the dice three times in turn  
That he might from it surely learn  
Which maid to take,—when lo, behold,  
At every throw one spot of gold  
Appeared conspicuously in sight,  
And what do you think,—he named it “Blight.”

Now was not this a strange event?  
Or was it by good spirit sent  
To aid him and to be his guide  
And help him wisely to decide?

A bachelor,—you ne'er may see  
Again this dream of beauty,—she  
May marry soon some trifling “cuss”—  
The very worst of all of us;  
Who, leaving her may go to join  
The vilest in the “Tenderloin;”  
And end in fatal fight, or force,—  
Perhaps Dakota sham divorcee.

Waldorf-Astoria,  
New York.

## CAMPAIGN SONG.

Air—"The Bonnie Blue Flag."

LET all the boys that love the flag,  
The flag of the Stripes and Stars,  
Shoot down repudiation's rag

That Billy Bryan bears;  
It is the emblem of the bad  
The wicked, and the unjust;  
Let's tear it into a thousand shreds  
And grind it into dust.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

And grind it into dust,  
Let's tear it into a thousand shreds  
And grind it into dust.

Prosperity is what we want,  
And we can have it soon,  
If we can put the "Poppies" down  
By next November's moon;

But should they get a tightened grasp  
Upon the country's throat,  
The poison of the deadly asp  
Could not more plainly show 't.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Could not more plainly show 't;  
The poison of the deadly asp  
Could not more plainly show 't.

An easy remedy's at hand,  
If men will only do;  
Not merely talk and idly stand  
And wait upon a few  
To carry on this great campaign,  
To save the Nation's faith,  
Which now is threatened with the pain  
Of palsy, if not death.

Alas! Alas!

Of palsy, if not death,  
Which now is threatened with the pain  
Of palsy, if not death.

Then shed your coats, men, one and all,  
Go lustily to work,  
Roll up your sleeves, sound loud the call,

And see that none may shirk ;  
McKinley calls, none ever more  
Deserved success than he ;  
To vote for him and Hobart sure  
Means great prosperity.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Means great prosperity ;  
A vote for him and Hobart sure  
Means great prosperity.

## TOAST TO MEMPHIS.

Upon her triumphant entry into the Twentieth Century.

Hail Memphis, Mississippi Valley's Queen.

We'll sing her praises 'mid the joyous scene :  
She sits enthroned on Chickasaw's grand bluff,  
Our highest tribute not half rich enough.  
Her jeweled fingers pointing east and west,  
Inviting from all climes whate'er is best.

Her natal day, coincident with our own,  
Has prided progress to the country shown ;  
And spite of adverse gales that on her blew  
She's entering, lusty, on the century new.

Her bands of steel, now circling the whole land,  
Confirm and fix her base on which we stand ;  
And the bright future of her promise lies  
In action she must make both just and wise.

The twentieth century, soon now to begin,  
One hundred thousand souls finds now herein,

With zeal and purpose to prepare the way  
For half a million at no distant day :

The census names her third in all the South  
Of those not now afraid to ope their mouth  
In heralding her beauteous tempting charms—  
She freely offers all with open arms.

Grown great enough to clasp all Faiths and creeds  
And wise enough to aid in all her needs —  
With hopeful eyes fixed on the rising sun,  
She looks not back but on to duty done.

She knows that cities mighty cannot grow  
Where scummy prejudices reek and flow ;  
And thus impressed, she offers all a chance  
To come and with us wield a liberal lance.

Her pavements, sewers, waterworks and parks,  
Electric plants, her railways, public works,  
Her trolley cars, her telephones and wires,  
Her manufacturers, with their furnace fires—  
Her union stations, palaces, hotels,  
Her sanitation through artesian wells,  
Her system of both high and public schools,

In which are taught and pressed the golden rules,  
Her lawyers, merchant princes, doctors, all  
Her artisans, mechanics, great and small,  
And last, not least, her women, bless their souls,  
The truest, sweetest, best between the poles.

The mighty Mississippi rolling by,  
Through which a nation's commerce soon shall try  
The shorter cheaper route to foreign lands  
In our own shops made by our own skilled hands ;

And not far hence when all shall be complete,  
The waters of the lakes and gulf shall meet  
In one grand stream, Chicago to 'Orleans—  
Through river and canal—how much it means  
Computed cannot be by mortal pen—  
We've but to wait and calculate it then.

These are the solid reasons that we give  
Why all should bring their families here to live :  
But pardon if we seem to grow profuse,  
'Tis hard to curb a wayward truant muse ;  
Our theme grows on apace, don't think us vain,  
For Memphis shall not look upon her like again.



GRAND MARCH OF "THE NATIONAL EDITO-  
RIAL ASSOCIATION" OF THE  
UNITED STATES.

THE flight of Time through ever-widening space—  
More rapid than the eagle's swiftest pace,  
Has passed the milestones of six thousand years—  
Or sixty thousand,—'mid the whirling spheres:  
Has witnessed wars for conquest and for peace,  
For which good men have ever asked surcease;  
In all the cycles, not an atom lost,  
But only changed, with daily added cost.

The myriad millions of the buried Past,  
Whose names and memories were not born to last,  
Have mingled with the dust from whence they  
sprang—  
Their deeds forgotten, if in fact e'er sang.

The seasons, in their turn, have come and gone,  
Beneficently bringing blessings on:  
Our favored land has yielded rich increase

Of annual bounties, wool and cotton fleece;  
Of precious metals, food and raiment, too,—  
All these have stood in front to tempt and woo.

Our toiling masses better paid and fed  
Than those of other lands, alive or dead;  
Their children daily taught in Public schools,  
With justice and equality of rules;  
The way to Honors open unto all,—  
The Poor as well as Rich, the great, the small;  
The Fount of Knowledge flowing rich and free  
As Mighty Mississippi to the sea,—  
Where *all* may drink, and, drinking ne'er be dry,—  
Are ever open to the Low and High:—  
*These* are the glorious truths which stand today  
Confronting our wise Editors on their way.  
And as they come from South, North, East and West,  
Bringing from each and all, their views the best,  
We welcome them with hospitable cheer,  
Within our gates this Nineteen hundredth year.

They come presenting their composite thought,  
Of what should *not* be, as well as what ought;  
Both they and we, in some things, likely, wrong,  
Yet striving each for Right, in act and song.

Each has been educated in the schools,  
Perhaps, enforcing different sets of rules :  
Yet looking all to patriotic ends,  
To which our Yankee Nation ever bends.

Why are we met together here today  
To ponder over what each has to say ?  
Why have you come a thousand miles or so ?—  
Because each for himself desires to *know*  
Exact conditions all the country through,  
And of each phase to write precisely true.

Your calling makes it plain to all, and clear,  
That new investigations every year  
Through Editorial search, should e'er be made  
If you would hold profession up to grade ;  
You can't afford to take at second hand  
The facts that lie direct at your command.

The Century now ushering in its mighty tread  
Along the way by Art and Science led,  
Is pregnant with developments untold,  
Of unimagined Grandeur, Gain and Gold.

Our Governmental policies today,  
Political and Industrial, we may say,

Which rule our land and give it voice abroad,  
Mark Progress upon every mile of road;  
And teach the Nations, in a language plain,  
“Behold! all things are new,” and old things slain.

The world is growing better every day,  
No matter what the pessimists may say.  
Even “Steam,” a few short years ago endowed  
With praises and with paeans long and loud,  
Is relegated to a seat in rear,  
Behind the cushioned place of “Compressed air;”  
And “Electricity,” while almost new,  
Is e’en now fighting for its “front seat” too.

These things we merely mention as we pass,  
To show their evanescence, as the grass:  
And though we wonder how it all can be,—  
Our minds so finite that we cannot see,—  
We yield obedience blindly to what is,  
And, Yankee like, say, “Guess” it is our “biz.”

Comparing with one hundred years ago  
Our later years, the old seem tame and slow;  
And yet the seeds then planted in our land  
Have sprouted, grown, continued to “expand,”

Until today we spread from sea to sea,  
One Nation indivisible and free.

Our Armies, led by Shafter, Lawton, Lee,  
By Otis, Wheeler, *et id omne ge*;  
Together with our ships by Dewey, Schley,  
Have hung our banners up athwart the sky  
In far-off Islands, there to wave for aye,  
For Right, for Justice, Liberty, we pray.

Inertia is a foe to Nature's laws,  
We cannot stop,— 'twere death if we should pause,  
We *must* move on, it is not that we *may*,  
And when we plant our flag, we plant it to stay.

The wars we wage were not of our own choice,  
And even now a Universal voice  
Would swell the air for Peace from our whole land,  
If but our foes could only understand  
We fight for equal rights and liberty,—  
That Governments shall make their subjects free.

The twenty thousand Editors today  
Have, each, his own important part to play:  
He helps to mold the "Public Sentiment,"

Which through the throbbing wires is hourly sent ;  
And, knowing his responsibilities,  
Should set his standards high above the trees ;  
He should make daily, vigorous war on Wrong,  
For, at the most, he can't fight very long.

This being true, his conscience and his skill  
Should strive with Best, his columns e'er to fill.  
His unsophisticated neighbors at Frogtown,  
Who scan the Paper Head, then throw it down,  
Are satisfied with Squire Jones's view,  
Because "they say" Jones knows a thing or two ;  
'Tis said he owns a ten-cent Dictionary,  
Can spell from "B-A-Ba" to "Luminary ;"  
Jones tells them that your views are sound and just,  
And whatsoever Jones says, "goes,"—it *must*.

Your duty is to *lead*, to civilize,  
To lift the masses, and to turn their eyes  
To loftier heights, *not* grovel in the ground  
Of Ignorance and Prejudice,—fast bound  
In rusty, clanking, galling, festering chains,  
That leave their inextinguishable stains.  
*Your* heaven-sent mission is to spread the Truth  
In beauteous phrase ; to educate the youth

In Purity and Patriotism high;  
Fit them to nobly live, and grandly die;—  
*These* lofty motives urging you along,  
Will make your daily lives one glad, sweet song.

And now, good friends, my task being nearly done,  
I'll broach a subject sweetest 'neath the sun,—  
A subject that has baffled wisest men,  
Beyond the Painter's brush, or Poet's pen:

You ask what is it? 'Tis "the Ladies dear."—  
Dispensing Sunshine, Music and Good Cheer,  
As blushing maids—superlatively sweet,  
As loving wives—yet holding higher seat:  
Without them, man were savage and a beast,  
With them, he's Lover, Charlatan or Priest.  
When troubles come, She's always at our back,  
And for sweet sympathy we never lack.  
When duty calls, you'll find her ever near;  
If sorrow comes, She's first to wipe a tear:  
She's first in every charity that starts,  
First in our pockets, and first in our hearts.  
If Husband says "I've stayed too late at Lodge,"  
She, smiling, says, "my dear, that's an old dodge;  
It seems to me *that* 'Chestnut's' served before,—

But, never mind, this time I'll pass it o'er."  
 Then "Hubby" turns away, and (in his mind)  
 Says "Mine's the only woman of the kind:  
 Of all the women in the land, she's sweetest,  
 The best, most lovable—the discreetest;  
 Smith brags about *his* wife at every minute,  
 But 'side o' *mine*, Smith's wife was never 'in it.'"

February 23, 1900.

The following

LINES

are inscribed upon a polished panel in center of the massive granite wall encircling the family cemetery at Midland, Rutherford County, Tennessee:

WATKINS—McLEAN.

THE families of the Watkins and McLeans,  
 Regardless of the sunshine, snows and rains  
 Rest sweetly here within these sacred walls  
 Until the God they served shall sound his calls  
 For each to join the innumerable throngs  
 That chant in Paradise their Angelic songs.

A. D. 1900.



## HELP THE NEEDY.

On April 24th, the Woman's Auxiliary of Calvary Church gave a "sock reception" at the residence of Mrs. W. P. Proudfit. The scheme and purpose of the reception were set forth in verse, a copy of which was mailed to Mr. Moore, and this is how it ran:

HON. WM. R. MOORE,  
Memphis, Tenn.:

THIS little sock we give to you  
Is not for you to wear;  
Please multiply your size by two,  
And place therein with care,  
In nickels or in cents,  
(We hope it is immense).

So if you wear a number 10,  
You owe us twenty, SEE?  
Which dropped within the little sock  
Will fill our hearts with glee.

'Tis all we ask; it isn't much;  
And hardly any trouble,

But if you only have one foot  
We'll surely charge you double.

Now, if you have a friend quite dear,  
You'd like to bring with you,  
Or if you know some one who'd come,  
We'll gladly give you two.  
So don't forget the place and date,  
We'll answer when you knock,  
And welcome you with open arms,  
BUT DON'T FORGET THE SOCK.

And if perchance you're kept away,  
Why, send the full sock anyway.

When a copy, as above, reached the desk of Mr. Moore, that gentleman at once dashed off the following response:

TO THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY OF CALVARY CHURCH:

THE ways to "raise the wind"  
Are cunning, sharp and many;  
But the "sock reception" dodge  
Is the "cutest" way of any.

I wonder how it came,  
What genius claims the invention?  
In whose mind was it born?  
And what the first intention?  
Did its author charge a fee?  
Or make request for patent?  
Did male or female start it?  
Or was the sex kept latent?

These queries vex the mind  
On conning o'er the poem  
By women sent today—  
Oh, how we'd like to know 'em.

God bless their darling souls,  
They always get our money;  
And though sometimes provoking,  
We vote them sweet as honey.

We SAY we won't, but DO—  
We know that we had better;  
And, therefore, in "the sock" we send  
One dollar with this letter.

Please send us prompt receipt,  
And spend this dollar wisely;  
Let your outgoings be discreet,  
And keep your books precisely.

## BE EVER JUST AND TRUE.

**M**Y printer wants a single verse  
To fill this final page;  
And asks me to indite one terse  
And proper for the age  
Though modest his request, I own  
'Tis difficult to do;  
And, therefore, press this line alone,  
"BE EVER JUST AND TRUE."

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE YOUNG MEN AND  
BOYS OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

My Dear Young Men and Boys :

Let all the people rejoice. The national election has passed ; and the flag of liberty, of justice and of civilization waves proudly tonight above our Titanic young nation—not only between the two great oceans, but, also, upon her righteously acquired possessions in the islands of the far-off seas, which, with the early completion of the Isthmian Canal, are soon to open to our young American men illimitable opportunities for their restless endeavors.

We have a valid right, therefore, to reverently exclaim “Glory to God in the highest,” and to adopt as our gonfalon, “Peace on earth, good will to all men.”

It would not be either wise or magnanimous now to gloat over the thoroughly defeated party of multitudinous political sins and heresies ; but it is both wise and proper to rejoice that the combined patriotism of the nation, regardless of party names, has, by a majority approximating a million votes, saved them from them-

selves, by snatching them as brands from the Bryan burning.

No man now—not even the Carmack Aguinaldoists—feels any alarm for our flag or anxiety about the continued prosperity which, like a mighty river, has, during the present Republican National Administration, overflowed and flooded all parts of the country and every class of its population.

The fear that every business man has felt at even the bare possibility of populist Bryan's election, has now passed completely away, and been supplanted by a serene, steady and unshaken confidence that the broad, wise and humane national policies that have for the past four years ruled our heaven-blest nation will for four years longer be vigorously pressed, and enable each and every class of workers—whether employers or employes—to move confidently on in the undisturbed prosecution of their business plans and purposes.

Confidence and stability are all-important factors in the calculations of all business men; and nobody—not even the veriest populite—now doubts what the national industrial policies will be under the Republican administration. Capital and labor, hand in hand, can and will now move harmoniously on together in

the development of our unimagined national resources.

There is no longer a miscegenated, populite, democratic party standing in threatening attitude to frighten and disturb and choke business enterprises.

Of course there will be, as there always should be, an opposition political party; but the piebald and mosaics thing lately, by common courtesy, called Democracy, will never again disturb the dreams of the future.

“The old thing” has died the ignominious death that knows no waking. *Requiescat in pace.*

The chief cause for national congratulation now is the final burial of that superlative egotist and pestilent demagogue who has for the last four years been itinerating on rear end trains throughout the nation trying to array the honest laborers against their employers.

The party upon whom he thrust himself, now realizes that he has been too expensive a luxury; and henceforth he can never again, with that one or any other party, cut a national figure.

No political organization will ever again attempt to force fraudulent 46-cent dollars on the farmers and wage-earners of the country. No considerable party

will hereafter attempt to discredit our soldiers and belittle the American flag.

No little bob-tail bull will ever again undertake to butt the great American engine while it is speeding with electric and accelerating velocity along the Bessemer rails of progress and prosperity.

No, no! All this sort of wickedness is forever ended.

But, my dear sirs, this unparalleled victory over the debased money advocates, repudiation and attempted humiliation of the dear old stars and stripes, suggests a moral which it were wise for us all to now both appreciate and appropriate.

May I, therefore, be pardoned when I suggest that my birthplace, my accumulated years, and my long business experience, each and all justify me in kindly saying a few words to the present generation of young American voters, especially of those in the Southern States. I do not presume to speak to those of my own age.

Your commendable love and loyalty to your ancestors have heretofore been strong enough to lead you away from the political leanings of your own enlightened, better judgments and dumped you into the pools of sodden provincial party prejudices.



You have hesitated to break away from their political teachings; and this is creditable to the promptings of your sentimental nature: But as you have looked around and about, you cannot have failed to observe that the mighty currents of modern progress were rapidly drifting the Nation irresistibly away from the narrow and isolated stage-coach and ox-cart methods of ante-bellum days.

You have been taught and educated in the theory that the United States *were* a confederacy; whereas, by the arbitrament of war—the highest and last court of nations—the political entity known as the United States IS now a nation.

Old things have passed away; behold all things have become new; and, better than all, you are now a proud citizen, not merely of some little provincial locality, unknown abroad, but, higher still, an important integer of THIS great United States, before whom every nation of the earth stands, now uncovered, hat in hand, ready to do respectful obeisance.

No intelligent and thoughtful young Southern man can have failed to notice that the political policies urged and persisted in by the now discarded leaders of the so-called democracy of the Southern States, have been, ever since the great war, continuously, in their effects, obstructive and reactionary.

They have generally insisted upon prosecuting those political theories taught by John C. Calhoun, embodied in the general idea that "a part is greater than the whole," while the overwhelming majority of the American people—earnestly rejecting these political heresies—have accepted and are now vigorously acting upon the opposite and common sense view that our nation of forty-five States is now infinitely greater and grander than any one of its parts.

These are suggestions worthy to enlist at least the careful study and consideration of every ambitious and studious young man in the Southern tier of States—especially of every one who may in the future desire to become president of the United States. (And why should not our Southern young men so aspire?)

No matter how lightly he may now heed these warnings, their thoughtful consideration can do him no possible future harm. If he has ambition that covers his whole country, he must strive to become a part and parcel of it, and not be satisfied to lag superfluous as a mere sullen, unwilling and pouting appendage upon the ragged edge of the proud American procession as it marches on in mighty phalanx to grandeur and to national glory.

Only a few days more, and this red-letter nineteenth century will have passed forever away.

Its industrial, financial and political achievements have surpassed all the centuries that have gone before. What the twentieth century may bring forth is now wisely hidden in the great womb of the future. But, judging by the past, the nation may reasonably expect to reach nobler heights than "eye hath yet seen, ear heard, or that it hath entered into the heart of man to even conceive."

We of these Southern States, especially, have a most encouraging outlook. Nature has given us mountains of minerals, valleys of golden products, rivers of priceless wealth and water, and a climate of unequalled salubrity.

Riches lie undeveloped beneath every rood of our territory, and beyond the value of mathematical computation. But they need development. Who will dig and delve for it? Not the indolent and lazy sloth, laggard and grumbler who is merely always consuming the productions of the thrifty and blocking the mighty car of progress.

The young man who is to win is the now poor boy who stands ready to defend his country's flag; who is now patiently poring over his books by night and

toiling assiduously by day, with the firm purpose and resolve to carve his name, later on, among the noble American names that were not born to die. To aid him, therefore in his commendable purposes, let him be careful in his political party alliances.

He cannot hope for success if he chains himself to some rotten and decaying political carcass that will forever act as an offensive brake upon his noblest efforts. He cannot successfully pull an effete and obsolete political corpse.

Then rather let him seek out and co-operate only with that party which has inscribed upon its banners, in flaming letters, the words: "Justice, Progress, Unity, and the Stars and Stripes."

Living up to the higher ideals contained in this communication, and with an unfaltering faith in the God of our fathers, the way to honorable success lies today invitingly open to every honest and industrious young American boy and man.

I have the honor to be, my dear sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM ROBERT MOORE.

Memphis, Tenn.,  
Nov. 8th, 1900.













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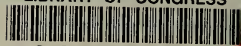
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