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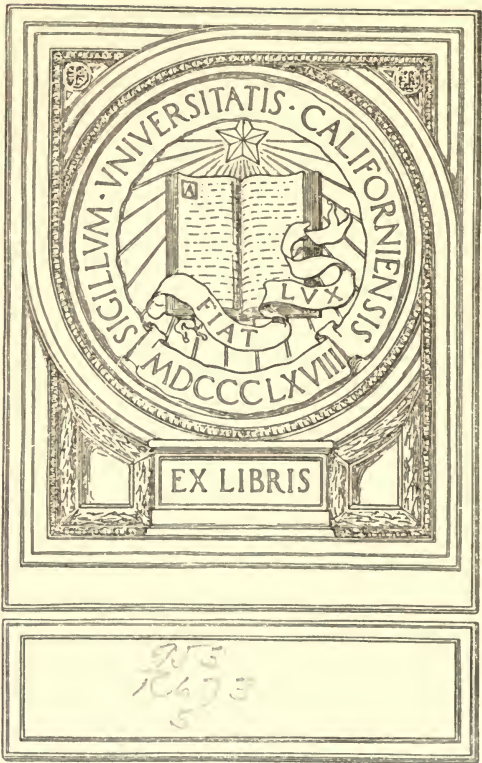
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SONOS AND
SATIRES



JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

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SONGS AND SATIRES



PERSEPOLIS.

SONGS AND SATIRES

BY

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

11

“The foam-flakes that dance on life’s shallows
Are wrung from life’s deep.”



BOSTON
TICKNOR AND COMPANY

1887

TO THE
AUTHORS

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University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

TO

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

“ . . . My very good friend, and an honorable gentleman.”

SHAKESPEARE.

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CONTENTS.



Songs.

	PAGE
PERSEPOLIS	11
THE WAY OF THE WORLD	13
FOR THE PEOPLE	14
NETCHAIEFF	17
HUBERT THE HUNTER	19
EGYPT	24
THE WATER-LILY	26
KING MOB	27
THE CORPORAL'S LETTER	30
EDELWEISS	33
SELF-RIGHTEOUS	34
SERGEANT MOLLY	36
THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN HALL	38
CHARLES DICKENS	40
WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME	42
SPOTS ON THE SUN	44
THE SONG OF THE SEA	46
BABYLON	48
THE FLAG	50
MY COMRADE	53

	PAGE
ANDROMEDA	54
PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE	55
THE GOSPEL OF PEACE	57
THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST	59

Satires.

THE V-A-S-E	63
A SAILOR'S YARN	65
A CONCORD LOVE-SONG	69
FROZEN OUT	71
ENIGMA	74
IF	76
A TITLE CLEAR	77
THE PREADAMITE	80
TO T. D.	82
THE SPECTRE MULETEER	84
"SCHOOL KEEPS"	88
THE DOLLAR OF OUR FATHERS	90
WHAT THE TELEGRAPH SAID	92
THE FO'KS'LE	93
"DON'T"	96
THE TWIN RELIC	97
MY HATED RIVAL	101
AD LYDIAM	102
ON RE-READING TÉLÉMAQUE	103

SONGS.



SONGS.



PERSEPOLIS.

VELLOW the sand on the palace floor,
Heavy the dust on column and wall ;
Without, the jackal's sycophant call
Echoes the lion's angry roar.

Trespassers we on a king's domain,
Who chafes outside in his royal rage :
Patience, your Majesty, while a page
Of history we peruse again.

Here was a mighty monarch's throne ;
There was the altar men raised to him,
Where the bones of beasts lie white and grim :
How the servile knees have worn the stone !

Here is his statue, but all defaced
His royal features beyond recall ;
And prone it lies in the dust and all,
From its lofty pedestal displaced.

Time, sweeping by with his noiseless wings,
Swept off the date and the mighty name.
Only three words remain to fame :
Somebody once was a " king of kings."





THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

THE hands of the King are soft and fair ;
They never knew labor's stain.
The hands of the Robber redly wear
The bloody brand of Cain.
But the hands of the Man are hard and scarred
With the scars of toil and pain.

The slaves of Pilate have washed his hands
As white as a king's may be.
Barabbas with wrists unfettered stands,
For the world has made him free.
But thy palms toil-worn by nails are torn,
O Christ, on Calvary !





FOR THE PEOPLE.

WE are the hewers and delvers who toil for
another's gain, —
The common clods and the rabble, stunted
of brow and brain.

What do we want, the gleaners, of the harvest we
have reaped?

What do we want, the neuters, of the honey we
have heaped?

We want the drones to be driven away from our
golden hoard ;

We want to share in the harvest ; we want to sit at
the board ;

We want what sword or suffrage has never yet won
for man, —

The fruits of his toil God promised when the curse
of toil began.

Ye have tried the sword and sceptre, the cross and
the sacred word,

In all the years, and the kingdom is not yet here of
the Lord.

Is it useless, all our waiting? Are they fruitless, all
our prayers?

Has the wheat, while men were sleeping, been over-
sowed with tares?

What gain is it to the people that a God laid down
his life,

If, twenty centuries after, his world be a world of
strife?

If the serried ranks be facing each other with ruth-
less eyes,

And steel in their hands, what profits a Saviour's
sacrifice?

Ye have tried, and failed to rule us ; in vain to direct
have tried.

Not wholly the fault of the ruler, not utterly blind
the guide ;

Mayhap there needs not a ruler, mayhap we can
find the way.

At least ye have ruled to ruin, at least ye have led
astray.

What matter if king or consul or president holds the
rein,

If crime and poverty ever be links in the bondman's
chain?

What careth the burden-bearer that Liberty packed
his load,

If Hunger presseth behind him with a sharp and
ready goad?

There 's a serf whose chains are of paper ; there 's a
king with a parchment crown ;
There are robber knights and brigands in factory,
field, and town.
But the vassal pays his tribute to a lord of wage and
rent ;
And the baron's toll is Shylock's, with a flesh-and-
blood per cent.

The seamstress bends to her labor all night in a
narrow room ;
The child, defrauded of childhood, tiptoes all day
at the loom.
The soul must starve, for the body can barely on
husks be fed ;
And the loaded dice of a gambler settle the price of
bread.

Ye have shorn and bound the Samson and robbed
him of learning's light ;
But his sluggish brain is moving, his sinews have
all their might.
Look well to your gates of Gaza, your privilege,
pride, and caste !
The Giant is blind and thinking, and his locks are
growing fast.





NETCHAIEFF.

[Netchaieff, a Russian Nihilist, was condemned to prison for life. Deprived of writing materials, he allowed his finger-nail to grow until he fashioned it into a pen. With this he wrote, in his blood, on the margins of a book, the story of his sufferings. Almost his last entry was a note that his jailer had just boarded up the solitary pane which admitted a little light into his cell. The "letter written in blood" was smuggled out of prison and published, and Netchaieff died very soon after. He had been ten years in his dungeon.]

NETCHAIEFF is dead, your Majesty.
You knew him not. He was a common hind,
Who lived ten years in hell, and then he
died —

To seek another hell, as we must think,
Since he was rebel to your Majesty.

Ten years ! The time is long, if only spent
In gilded courts and palaces like thine.
E'en courtiers, courtesans, and gilded moths
That flutter round a throne find weary hours
And days of *ennui*. But Netchaieff
Counted the minutes through ten dragging years
Of pain. His soul was God's ; his body man's,
To chain and maim and kill : and he is dead.
Yet something left he that you cannot kill, —
The story of his hell, writ in his blood :

Plebeian blood, base, ruddy, yet in hue
And substance just such blood as once we saw
Baptizing the Ekatrinosky road :
And *that* blood was your sainted sire's, the same
That fills your veins, and would your face suffuse
Did ever tyrant know the way to blush.

The tale? But to what end repeat
A thrice-told tale? Netchaieff is dead.
Ten thousand others live. Go view their lives :
See the wan captive in his narrow cell ;
Mark the shrunken frame and shoulders bowed and
bent,
The thin hand trembling, shading blinded eyes
From unaccustomed light ; the fettered limbs,
The shuffling tread, and furtive look and start.
Bid the dank walls give up the treasured groans
The proud lips still withheld from mortal ear ;
Ask of the slimy stones what they have seen,
And shrank to see, polluted with the blood
Of martyred innocence, — youth linked to age,
And both to death ; the matron and the maid
Prey to the slaver's lust and driver's whip ;
All gladly welcoming the silent cell
And vermin's company, less vile than man's.

See these and these in twice a score of hells,
And faintly guess what horrors lie behind
That you can never see ; and you shall guess
Why we rejoice that Netchaieff is dead :
Kings cannot harm the dead.



HUBERT THE HUNTER.

LORD HUBERT lived, long years ago,
In good King Pepin's reign,
The lightest heart and heaviest hand
In all broad Aquitain.

He loved his home, he loved his king,
He loved a winsome face,
He loved right well his noble self ;
But better loved the chase.

The foremost in the knightly joust,
The first in hunting train ;
The bravest brand in all the land
Was crossed with his in vain.

Small favorites with Hubert bold
Were bookish clerk and priest ;
And sore he chafed when sport was barred
By frequent fast and feast.

'T was in the blessed Lenten time,
The holiest week of all ;
The silence of the Day of Woe
Fell like a funeral pall.

No joy-bell rang, no light was there,
Nor sight or sound of mirth ;
The sadness of the Sacrifice
Was on the mōurning earth.

By holy men in penance garb
The shrouded cross was borne,
When o'er the hill rang loud and shrill
A merry bugle-horn.

The baying of a hound was heard
Along the distant road ;
With bow and spear and hunting gear
Lord Hubert reckless strode.

With mock obeisance spake the knight :
“ Good father, ban me not ;
No saint nor Pharisee am I,
But sinful man, God wot.

“ But deeds of grace may wash out sin—
I pledge a hunter's word,
The fattest buck in gloomy Hartz
This night shall grace thy board.”

Then answered mild the holy man :
“ Forbear the wanton crime
Of him who sheddeth sinless blood
In holy Easter time.

“An erring servant of the Lord
Nor ban nor curse may say,
But may the gentle Christ forgive
Thy foul affront, I pray.”

The town is passed ; the forest deep
Is still and cold and gray ;
So silent, you might deem the brutes
Revered the sacred day.

Now deeper, deeper grows the wood,
And darker grows the gloom ;
And deathly chills assault the heart,
Like breezes from the tomb.

The broken twig hangs motionless,
The budding leaf is still ;
The sunless winter of the North
Is not more dark and chill.

Lord Hubert bore the stoutest heart
In all broad Aquitain,
Yet, but for very shame, had wished
Him fairly home again.

“Good faith !” he cried, “the holy man
Shall venison lack to-day ;”
When lo ! before his startled gaze
A quarry stood at bay.

Stout Hubert drew a deadly shaft, —
His aim was true and keen ;
And fairer mark a hunter's skill
Had seldom found, I ween.

He drew the arrow to the head, —
His aim was keen and true ;
Then sudden fell the bow and shaft,
And fell stout Hubert too.

For mid the branching antlers there,
Upon a forehead white,
The symbol of the gentle Christ
Was marked in dazzling light.

At holy cross on beastly front
The huntsman pressed the sod,
And heard, like him of Israel,
The accents of a God.

.
The joy-bells rang on Easter morn ;
The good folk held the feast,
And watched the conscious rising sun
Dance gladly in the East.

Lord Hubert knelt in humbled heart,
And prayed for grace to teach
The lesson taught by Heaven to him
Through brute's inspired speech :

That gentle sport in season meet
Awakes not Heaven's wrath ;
But woe the wretch for sinless life
Who no compassion hath ;

That bird and beast are in His care,
Whose lives are but a span,
And he that wastes offendeth God,
Who gave the breath to man.

And honest sportsmen evermore
Are merciful indeed ;
For good Saint Hubert blesseth him
Who heeds his gentle creed.





EGYPT.



SHORT arc bounds the limit of our sight ;
With level gaze we scan the earthly floor,
And all our skill shows not an inch beyond
The vista of our seventy inches height.
The bounded deep to us is never more
Than the horizon of a narrow pond.

The future lies beyond the rounded rim ;
The present beats before our puny feet ;
The past was washed out on the morning tide ;—
Past, Present, Future are as one to Him
Who bids the wave advance, be still, retreat,
And mercifully doth the future hide.

The sad-eyed Sphinx has seen the cycles roll,
The pyramids arise, and nations fall,
The mighty deeds of kings inscribed with pain
Lost in the glory of a keyless scroll,
Rubbed by the very dust from sculptured wall—
Graving and wall to dust resolved again.

Deep was thy guilt, O Egypt, when the Lord
In anger smote thee with a heavy hand,
Thy pleasant waters turned to blood, and sent
O'er all thy land the crawling things abhorred,
Darkened thy skies with wingèd venom, and
In night and blood the crowning punishment.

Thou hast beheld the mighty come and go ;
Greek, Roman, Moslem, in successive tide
Sweep o'er thee, triumph, shudder, and depart, —
Sad eldest-born of earth and heir of woe,
Prometheus of nations, death-denied,
The vultures ever at thy living heart.

What is thy crime, O Egypt, now, that God
Such retribution on thy head should send,
Than His ten plagues tenfold more fraught with woe ?
Ask of the stony Sphinx whose vision broad
Has seen the stubborn pride of Pharaoh bend,
And Gordon's crumble as the sands below.





THE WATER-LILY.

IN the slimy bed of a sluggish mere
Its root had humble birth,
And the slender stem that upward grew
Was coarse of fibre and dull of hue,
With nought of grace or worth.

The gelid fish that floated near
Saw only the vulgar stem.
The clumsy turtle paddling by,
The water snake with his lidless eye, —
It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and the honey-bee,
The sun and sky and air,
They marked its heart of virgin gold
In the satin leaves of spotless fold,
And its odor rich and rare.

So the fragrant soul in its purity,
To sordid life tied down,
May bloom to Heaven, and no man know,
Seeing the coarse vile stem below,
How God hath seen the crown.



KING MOB.

DOT in the down-trod, slavish East,
Where king is god, and subject beast,
Where thousands starve that one may feast

On the plenty wrung from slavery ;
Not where the Czar o'er millions rules,
Or Sultan grinds time-serving fools,
Or Chinese despot reigns with tools
Of priest-craft, fraud, and knavery, —

Not there the foulest despots reign ;
No tyrant's serf e'er forged his chain,
Or freedom vilely sold for gain ;
Such shame is not base-born.
To us reserved the double shame,
Free-born to stain fair Freedom's fame,
Our fetters gilding with her name,
Herself our worthless scorn.

Our monarch claims no right divine ;
No royal blood, no noble line,
Nor bold usurper's deeds define
His patent right of ruling.

By vulgar fraud, transparent guile,
 Ill-gotten wealth, corruption vile,
 Nor least by Worth's indifference, while
 Disdaining ballot-schooling.

By such, a tyrant mean and base,
 Coward as all of tyrant race,
 Freedom's shame and Man's disgrace,
 Lives Mob, who rules the City ;
 Where triumphs Fraud, as Justice sleeps,
 And Vice her shameless revels keeps,
 And Death from Vice his harvest reaps,
 Unchecked of ill-timed pity.

Who, watching manhood's progress, spies,
 Look though he may with partial eyes,
 Foul License wear fair Freedom's guise,
 And timid Virtue cower,
 As shrinks the serf from lash's sting,
 In dread of Mob, the unclean thing —
 Slave, self-elected, of the Ring,
 And "manhood suffrage" power, —

Who, seeing this, as all men see
 The rotten fruit of freedom's tree,
 Yet keeps his faith in manhood, he
 With boundless faith is gifted.
 And he is right ! For manhood still,
 Though stained with wrong and tutored ill,
 Its noble mission must fulfil,
 To higher things uplifted.

As shrinks the night when morning breaks,
As thief in sight of gallows quakes,
So trembles Guilt when Justice wakes ;
 So Mob dethroned will falter,
When o'er Corruption's teeming field
Justice and Right the sickle wield,
To reap the sheaves of rankest yield
 And bind them with a halter.





THE CORPORAL'S LETTER.

WHEN the sword is sheathed and the cannon
lies

Dumb and still on the parapet,
For the spider to weave his silken net
And the doves to nest in its silent mouth ;
When the manly trade declines and dies,
And hearts shrink up in ignoble drouth,
When pitiful peace reigns everywhere,
What is left for old Corporal Pierre ?

Nought remains for an honest wight,
But to write for bread, as the poets do,
Beggary scrawls for paltry sous.
The billet-doux and the angry dun
To the writing-machine are all as one.
What matter the word or sentiment ?
If the fee be paid he is well content.
To have heart in one's trade, ah ! one must fight.

“ M'sieu, if you please,” and a timid hand
Is laid on the soldier's threadbare sleeve.
Pierre was bearish that day, I grieve
To say, and his speech was curt,
As will happen when want or old wounds hurt —

“ I wish you to write a letter, please.”

“ All right. Ten sous.” But the little boy
Has turned away. “ *Morbleu!* Well, then,
You have n't the money? You think that pen
And ink and paper grow on trees?
Halt! Can't a soldier his joke enjoy
But you must flare up? I understand.

“ A begging letter, of course. And who
Shall be favored to-day? Dictate — ‘ M'sieu ’ ” —

“ Pardon. 'Tis not ‘ M'sieu.’ Madame,
La Sainte Vierge.” The writer stopped,
And the pen from his trembling fingers dropped ;
The desk was shut with an angry slam.

“ Sapristi ! You little rascal, you
Would jest with the Holy Virgin too? ”

But the child was weeping, and old Pierre
Suppressed his wrath and indulged a stare.
“ My mother, M'sieu, she sleeps so long,
These two whole days, and the room is cold.
And she will not awake. It is very wrong,
I know, for a boy to be afraid
When a boy is as many as five years old.
But I was so hungry, and when I prayed
And the Virgin did not come, I thought
Perhaps if I send her a letter, why — ”

He paused, but old Pierre said nought.
There was something new in the old man's throat,
And something strange in the old man's eye ;
At length he took up his pen and wrote.

Long it took him to write and fold
And seal with a hand that was far from bold ;
Then : " Courage, small comrade, wait and see ;
Your letter is mailed, and presently
An answer will come, perhaps to me.

I will open my desk. Behold, 't is there !
' From Heaven,' it says, ' à M'sieu Pierre.'
You do not read? N'importe. I do.
'T is a letter from Heaven, and all about you,
And, what? 'Mamma is in Heaven, too.
And her little boy must be brave and good
And live with Pierre.' That 's understood.
While Pierre has a crust or sou to spare,
There 's enough for him and thee, mon cher."

Do you think that letter came from above
Freighted with God's and a mother's love?
The child at least believed it true,
So, at the last, Pierre did too,
When the heavenly mail came once again,
To a grim old man on a bed of pain,
Whose dying eyes alone could see,
And read the missive joyfully.
He knew the Hand, and proudly smiled,
For it was as the hand of a little child.





EDELWEISS:

FAIR and far is the mountain crest,
In the summer skies a-glowing ;
Safe and sweet is the hither side,
Where the bees and the sweet-breathed kine abide,
And the soft south wind is blowing.
Maiden true, with your hand in mine,
I look to the heights untrod, divine,
Where the perfect flower is growing.

Did I lose the good when I sought the best ?
Loving you past all measure,
Could I choose but say, My love, I love ?
Be it mine to say, be it yours to prove
Me worthy of love's dear treasure —
For I have climbed the heights divine,
Hoping and fearing, to wait the sign
Of your love or your displeasure.





SELF-RIGHTEOUS.

MOHAMMED prayed, when pious Hassan fell
In battle vanquished by the infidel,
That God might stay the hand of Azrael

The Pitiless, who right nor mercy knew :
“ O Allah ! Is it well that we, so few
And weak, should fail, who have thy work to do ?

“ The world and Eblis triumph over Thine,
While weaker grow our dying hopes, and mine
Are all but dead. O Allah ! Grant a sign ! ”

Then straightway was unsmiling Azrael sent,
And stood before the weary Prophet's tent :
“ Thy prayer is granted — for thy punishment.

“ O'er Islam's hosts the keys of life are thine —
For lo ! thy wisdom doth excel Divine —
Watch that thy hand be merciful as mine.”

When next they met the foeman on the field
The sword of Azrael was Islam's shield,
And Death rejoiced to reap a bounteous yield.

Great was the joy at first : with prayer and fast
And humble thanks to Allah's mercy, passed
Each day of victory ; but at the last,

Grown turbulent and proud with quick-won power
And evil lusts, its ever fatal dower,
The poison weeds of sin began to flower ;

And when the Prophet would have stemmed the tide
Of fatal luxury, they him defied :
" Allah is with us ! Let the dotard chide."

Blaspheming some more impiously said :
" With us or not, we neither know nor dread
This God disarmèd. Azrael is dead ! "


Once more with troubled soul Mohammed prayed
That God might send another sign to aid.
The answer came, — with it a Moslem blade,

Clutched in the hand of one he loved too well,
A parricide in heart and child of hell ;
But Azrael smote him, and the traitor fell.

Mohammed then his impious wish deplored,
And Allah pitying gave back his sword
To Azrael, who wisely served his Lord.



SERGEANT MOLLY.

HE snows were melted from Valley Forge ;
The blood was drunk by the sodden
clay ;

And, counting the score against King George,
They sharpened their swords for Monmouth day.

But the devil may take the caitiff Lee !
In the front of battle his courage quailed,
And the lions leaping to victory
Fell back when their leader's hare-heart failed.

Till the Chieftain came with his face aflame,
And an angry hand on a ready hilt,
Halting the mob with a taunt of shame,
And a hot, fierce curse on the traitor's guilt.

So we see him now in his godlike wrath,
Firing the souls of meaner men,
Standing athwart the coward's path,
And driving the victor back again.

And once again when, the battle won,
And the beaten foe in ignoble flight,
He calls for the soldier who served the gun
In Wayne's brigade on the bloody right.

How the soldiers cheer, in their comrade pride,
As a woman steps from the cannoneers,
And her mantling blushes fail to hide
The smoke of battle and stain of tears.

She is only a soldier's Irish wife ;
But yesterday, when the fight went hard,
The hot heart's blood of her soldier's life
Made a pool by his gun on Monmouth sward.

And the captain turned away his head, —
“Take out of the battle the idle gun ;
There's no one to serve it now,” he said :
But a white-faced woman cried, “Yes, there's
one.”

And all day long, through the fire and smoke,
And the din of battle and bullets' hum,
The battery's thunderous voice outspoke,
And Pitcher's cannon was never dumb.

Powder-stained is the brown hand yet,
As the Chieftain holds it and speaks his thanks ;
And “Sergeant Molly,” by his brevet,
Goes proudly back to the cheering ranks.





THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN HALL.

THE day was night, and the night was day,
And the earth was cold and drear ;
An iceberg nigh loomed ghostly high
O'er a funeral train and bier.

The starry flag hung half-mast high,
While the kindly stars above
In the night-in-day looked down away
With a distant, helpless love.

God's sun was dead so long ago
We lived in endless night,
But the sad far stars gazed through the bars
Of the weird Boreal light.

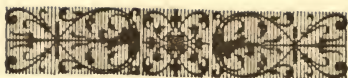
The Polar blast swept o'er a plain
As smooth as the waveless sea,
Like a voiceless breath from the lips of Death,
So fiercely, silently.

We scooped his grave in the iron earth
Of the ever frozen zone ;
And the strong man lay with his kindred clay,
As cold and dead and lone.

No choir may sing his requiem,
No shaft may mark his tomb ;
Go place his name on the roll of fame,
Where the brave find ever room.

Though flowers deck not the distant grave,
Nor tears bedew its turf,
We hear his dirge in the solemn surge
Of the ever sounding surf.





CHARLES DICKENS.

HEAR the voice of Christmas Present —
Heavenly speech in mortal tongue —
Childhood's lips translating pæans
By its fellow-cherubs sung.

He that read aright the language
Held communion with Above,
Standing near to God and childhood
In democracy of love ;

Winning weary hearts to gladness,
From the world's harsh pain and care ;
Bearing hope and joy to sadness ;
Teaching patience to despair.

Breathe his name in nought of sorrow,
Mourn him not as of the dead,
Though the gentle master's spirit
From a loving world hath fled.

Earth can claim but earthly ashes,
Not the spirit Heaven gave ;
For the heart, a world embracing,
All too narrow is the grave.

If in battling wrong to conquer,
Ever on the weaker side, —
If to dwell in hearts unnumbered,
Be to live, — he hath not died.

Pure apostle of the mission
Of the “Peace on earth to men ;”
Rare expounder of Christ-loving
Was his love-compelling pen.

In the light of Christmas Present
Be the master’s mission seen ;
And for that he loved his brother
God will “keep his memory green.”





WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME.



YOUNG man stood by the summer sea,
In the flush of the rising sun,
And the wavelets gleamed as the light down
streamed,
Gilding them one by one.

Over the waves with the tips of gold,
At the sun and the shining sea,
Like an eagle, he gazed, with eye undazed,
And a soul all young and free.

“Youth and the world are mine !” he cried ;
“Honor and hope and love.
Calm as the sea is my life to me,
And bright as the skies above.

“And the blue-eyed lass with the golden hair,
Who has given her heart to me, —
Ah ! she will be mine with her love divine,
When my ship comes over the sea.”

An old man stood on a barren beach,
Shading his haggard eyes
With a hand that shook, while his weary look
Went from earth to sea and skies.

And never a one to pity him
Of all the friends of his youth ;
For Hope was dead, and there lived instead
The sinister lesson, Truth.

And the gold-haired lass that had looked on him
With her eyes of heavenly blue,
Had gone, with his fame and riches and name,
As blue-eyed goddesses do.

Haggard and broken his shadow fell,
Clouding the laughing foam ;
Wrecked in the strife and storm of life,
His ship had never come home.





SPOTS ON THE SUN.

A FABLE.

IN a far fair land, in the early days,
Ere a purer faith was born,
Men simple-souled and of artless ways
Knelt down to the sun, and their song of praise
Was lifted to him each morn.

For they saw, as the days did come and go,
That he loved the sons of men, —
That for them he had taught the corn to grow,
The fruits to ripen, and flowers to blow,
And Earth to conceive again.

But a wise man came, with his soulless creed,
Narrow and hard and cold, —
He had weighed their sun, and measured his speed,
And reckoned his years to a day, indeed, —
And he scoffed at the faith of old.

He made him a lens of the crystal glass,
And steadily bent his gaze.
“There are spots on the sun,” he cried. “Alas
For your god ! he is all one murky mass.
Where now be his glorious rays ?”

But the-simple people made answer none :
They saw in the wise man's eyes
That the centred rays of the angry sun
Had smitten him blind ; and they knew no one
Is so simple as the wise.





THE SONG OF THE SEA.

FROM the noisome garrets and cellars,
From the kennels and dens of shame,
The city's wild cavern-dwellers
One day into sunlight came ;
For a magic singer had found him
A song with a new refrain,
And the outcasts thronged around him
And took up the mighty strain. —
Aux armes, aux armes, Citoyens !
Formez, formez vos bataillons !
Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur abreuve
nos sillons !

He had lain on the rocky shingle
By the rim of the sounding sea,
Where the warring voices mingle
And melt into harmony ;
And he listed the note that lingers
In eternal monotone,
When the sea with his strong white fingers
Beats on the keys of stone.

Breakers twain, and another,
And the third is a vengeful cry ;
Ever the same, nor other
Shall be till the seas be dry :
The first bids the slave awaken ;
The next is a call to fight ;
The thrones at the third are shaken,
And the People is king by right.

The gilded court's shrill babble
Was stilled when the dumb ones spoke,
And the grand, sad, patient rabble
From its sleeping ages woke.
Then the wrongs that were built of granite
Were weak as a lie laid bare ;
No room for wrong on the planet
When Oppression begets Despair.

Ah ! new bastiles have been builded,
And tyranny grows again,
But the freedom-song that thrilled it
Dies not from the heart of men ;
For prisons will crumble under
The spell of a magic word,
And fetters shall fall asunder
When the Song of the Sea is heard. —
Aux armes, aux armes, Citoyens !
Formez, formez vos bataillons !
Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur abreuve
nos sillons !



BABYLON.

HER robes are of purple and scarlet,
And the kings have bent their knees
To the gemmed and jewelled harlot
Who sitteth on many seas.

They have drunk the abominations
Of her golden cup of shame ;
She has drugged and debauched the nations
With the mystery of her name.

Her merchants have gathered riches
By the power of her wantonness,
And her usurers are as leeches
On the world's supreme distress.

She has scoured the seas as a spoiler ;
Her mart is a robbers' den,
With the wrested toll of the toiler,
And the mortgaged souls of men.

Her crimson flag is flying,
Where the East and the West are one ;
Her drums while the day is dying
Salute the rising sun.

She has scourged the weak and the lowly
And the just with an iron rod ;
She is drunk with the blood of the holy, —
She shall drink of the wrath of God !





THE FLAG.

AN INCIDENT OF STRAIN'S EXPEDITION.

I NEVER have got the bearings quite,
Though I 've followed the course for many
a year,

If he was crazy, clean outright,
Or only what you might say was "queer."

He was just a simple sailor man.

I mind it as well as yisterday,
When we messed aboard of the old "Cyane."

Lord ! how the time does slip away !
That was five and thirty year ago,

When ships was ships and men was men,
And sailors was n't afraid to stow

Themselves on a Yankee vessel then.

He was only a sort of bosun's mate,

But every inch of him taut and trim ;
Stars and anchors and togs of state

Tailors don't build for the like of him.

He flew a no-account sort of name,

A reg'lar fo'cas'le " Jim " or " Jack,"

With a plain "McGinnis" abaft the same,
Giner'ly reefed to simple "Mack."
Mack, we allowed, was sorter queer, —
Ballast or compass was n't right.
Till he licked four Juicers one day, a fear
Prevailed that he had n't larned to fight.
But I reckon the Captain knowed his man,
When he put the flag in his hand the day
That we went ashore from the old "Cyane,"
On a madman's cruise for Darien Bay.


Forty days in the wilderness
We toiled and suffered and starved with Strain,
Losing the number of many a mess
In the Devil's swamps of the Spanish Main.
All of us starved, and many died.
One laid down, in his dull despair ;
His stronger messmate went to his side —
We left them both in the jungle there.
It was hard to part with shipmates so ;
But standing by would have done no good.
We heard them moaning all day, so slow
We dragged along through the weary wood.
McGinnis, he suffered the worst of all ;
Not that he ever piped his eye
Or would n't have answered to the call
If they'd sounded it for "All hands to die."
I guess 't would have sounded for him before,
But the grit inside of him kept him strong,
Till we met relief on the river shore ;
And we all broke down when it came along.

All but McGinnis. Gaunt and tall,
Touching his hat, and standing square :
“ Captain, the Flag.” . . . And that was all ;
He just keeled over and foundered there.
“ The Flag ? ” We thought he had lost his head —
It might n't be much to lose at best —
Till we came, by-and-by, to dig his bed,
And we found it folded around his breast.
He laid so calm and smiling there,
With the flag wrapped tight around his heart ;
Maybe he saw his course all fair,
Only — *we* could n't read the chart.





MY COMRADE.

HE love of man and woman is as fire,
To warm, to light, but surely to consume
And self-consuming die. There is no room
For constancy and passionate desire.
We stand at last beside a wasted pyre,
Touch its dead embers, groping in the gloom ;
And where an altar stood, erect a tomb,
And sing a requiem to a broken lyre.
But comrade-love is as a welding blast
Of candid flame and ardent temperature :
Glowing most fervent, it doth bind more fast ;
And melting both, but makes the union sure.
The dross alone is burnt — till at the last
The steel, if cold, is one, and strong and pure.





ANDROMEDA.

THEY chained her fair young body to the
cold and cruel stone ;

The beast begot of sea and slime had
marked her for his own ;

The callous world beheld the wrong, and left her
there alone.

Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen who
denied her,

Ye left her there alone !

My Beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and thy
pain ;

The night that hath no morrow was brooding on
the main :

But lo ! a light is breaking of hope for thee again ;

'T is Perseus' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of day
proclaiming

Across the western main.

O Ireland ! O my country ! he comes to break thy
chain !



PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.

FOR Syrian fields preparing,
Dunois the young and bold,
While trumpet-calls were blaring
And drums impatient rolled,
Two boons the best and rarest
At Mary's shrine implored :
"To love the maiden fairest,
To bear the bravest sword !"

True faith outvalues daring ;
Dunois was sword and shield,
His liege's banner bearing
On many a bloody field.

Still faithful, fearless, prayed he,
In camp or march or fight :
"Be mine the fairest lady,
Be hers the bravest knight !"

"And now we are victorious,
Dunois," declared his lord ;
"By thee my name is glorious,
And this be thy reward :

My daughter Isabella
Straightway her love shall plight ;
The fairest damozella
To match the bravest knight !”

At Mary's altar kneeling
They pledged their vows of love,
While wedding-bells were pealing
A blessing from above.

“ Be love and fame their dower !”
All cried out in delight ;
“ For she is beauty's flower,
And he the bravest knight !”





THE GOSPEL OF PEACE.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, NOV. 7, 1873.

AY, let it rest ! And give us peace.
'T is but another blot
On Freedom's fustian flag, and gold
Will gild the unclean spot.

Yes, fold the hands, and bear the wrong
As Christians over-meek,
And wipe away the bloody stain,
And turn the other cheek.

What boots the loss of freemen's blood
Beside imperilled gold ?
Is honor more than merchandise ?
And cannot pride be sold ?

Let Cuba groan, let patriots fall ;
Americans may die ;
Our flag may droop in foul disgrace,
But " Peace ! " be still our cry.

Ay, give us peace ! And give us truth
To nature, to resign
The counterfeit which Freedom wears
Upon her banner fine.

Remove the Stars, — they light our shame ;
But keep the Stripes of gore
And craven White, to tell the wrong
A prudent nation bore.





THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

IN MEMORIAM G. F. R., DEC. 30, 1885.

TE summoned not the Silent Guest,
And no man spake his name :
By lips unseen our Cup was pressed,
And 'mid the merry song and jest,
The Uninvited came.

Wise were they in the days of old,
Who gave the Stranger place ;
And when the joyous catch was trolled,
And toasts were quaffed and tales were told,
They looked him in the face.

God save us from the skeleton
Who sitteth at the feast !
God rest the manly spirit gone,
Who sat beside the Silent One,
And dreaded him the least !

SATIRES.





SATIRES.

THE V-A-S-E.

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art ;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown, —

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo, —

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

• • • • •
Long they worshipped ; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said : " What a lovely vase ! "

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries : " 'T is, indeed, a lovely vase ! "

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims : " It is quite a lovely vase ! "

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteslee
And gently murmurs : " Oh, pardon me ! "

" I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vase ! "

*Dies erit prægelida
Sinistra quum Bostonia.*



A SAILOR'S YARN.

THIS is the tale that was told to me
By a battered and shattered son of the sea,—
To me and my messmate, Silas Green,
When I was a guileless young marine.

'T was the good ship Gyascutus,
All in the China seas,
With the wind a-lee and the capstan free
To catch the summer breeze.

'T was Captain Porgie on the deck,
To his mate in the mizzen hatch,
While the boatswain bold, in the forward hold,
Was winding his larboard watch.

“ Oh, how does our good ship head to-night?
How heads our gallant craft? ”
“ Oh, she heads to the E. S. W. by N.,
And the binnacle lies abaft ! ”

“ Oh, what does the quadrant indicate,
And how does the sextant stand ? ”

“ Oh, the sextant ’s down to the freezing-point,
And the quadrant ’s lost a hand ! ”

“ Oh, and if the quadrant has lost a hand
And the sextant falls so low,
It ’s our bodies and bones to Davy Jones
This night are bound to go !

“ Oh, fly aloft to the garboard strake !
And reef the spanker boom ;
Bend a studding-sail on the martingale,
To give her weather room.

“ O boatswain, down in the for’ard hold,
What water do you find ? ”

“ Four foot and a half by the royal gaff
And rather more behind ! ”

“ O sailors, collar your marline spikes
And each belaying-pin ;
Come stir your stumps and spike the pumps,
Or more will be coming in ! ”

They stirred their stumps, they spiked the pumps,
They spliced the mizzen brace ;
Aloft and alow they worked, but oh !
The water gained apace.

They bored a hole above the keel
To let the water out ;
But, strange to say, to their dismay,
The water in did spout.

Then up spoke the Cook of our gallant ship,
And he was a lubber brave :
“ I have several wives in various ports,
And my life I 'd orter save.”

Then up spoke the Captain of Marines,
Who dearly loved his prog :
“ It 's awful to die, and it 's worse to be dry,
And I move we pipes to grog.”

Oh, then 't was the noble second mate
What filled them all with awe ;
The second mate, as bad men hate,
And cruel skippers jaw.

He took the anchor on his back
And leaped into the main ;
Through foam and spray he clove his way,
And sunk and rose again !

Through foam and spray, a league away
The anchor stout he bore ;
Till, safe at last, he made it fast
And warped the ship ashore !

'T ain't much of a job to talk about,
But a ticklish thing to see,
And suth'in to do, if I say it, too,
For that second mate was me !

Such was the tale that was told to me
By that modest and truthful son of the sea ;
And I envy the life of a second mate,
Though captains curse him and sailors hate,
For he ain't like some of the swabs I 've seen,
As would go and lie to a poor marine.





A CONCORD LOVE-SONG.

SHALL we meet again, love,
In the distant When, love,
When the Now is Then, love,
And the Present Past?
Shall the mystic Yonder,
On which I ponder,
I sadly wonder,
With thee be cast?

Ah, the joyless fleeting
Of our primal meeting,
And the fateful greeting
Of the How and Why!
Ah, the Thingness flying
From the Hereness, sighing
For a love undying
That fain would die!

Ah, the Ifness sadd'ning,
The Whichness madd'ning,
And the But ungladd'ning,
That lie behind!

When the signless token
Of love is broken
In the speech unspoken
Of mind to mind !

But the mind perceiveth
When the spirit grieveth,
And the heart relieveth
Itself of woe ;
And the doubt-mists lifted
From the eyes love-gifted
Are rent and rifted
In the warmer glow.

In the inner Me, love,
As I turn to thee, love,
I seem to see, love,
No Ego there.
But the Meness dead, love,
The Theeness fled, love,
And born instead, love,
An Usness rare !





FROZEN OUT.

A TALE OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL, A.D. 19—.

COME hither, little Britisher, and listen while
I tell
About the great climatic change that long
ago befell.

Take off your little Arctic shoes, hang up your
reindeer hood,
And you shall have some blubber pie if you be nice
and good.

'T was in the old and wicked days your Uncle Sam
began
To dig his great canal beside the river San Juan ;
And when they saw him work so hard and get along
so slow,
The foreign nations laughed ha ! ha ! and eke they
laughed ho ! ho !

But when the work was done at last, and he began
to build
His mighty forts on either side, with anger they
were filled.
They met in hasty conference one morning at Berlin,
The very day that he had fixed to let the water in.

And as the water and the talk did simultaneous flow,
The Caribbean Sea ran dry and the Gulf of Mexico.
The great Gulf Stream which used to wash and
warm all Europe free
Was siphoned through the new canal into the
Southern Sea.

Next day a little Cablegram covered with ice and
snow
Came staggering over to Sandy Hook, and this its
tale of woe :
A wave of more than Arctic cold had suddenly ariz,
In spite of grammar or precedent, and the whole of
Europe friz.

And every port was blocked with ice, and every
town with snow ;
You could travel on skates from Liverpool to the
Bay of Biscay O.
The savans all were at loggerheads the reason to
unfold ;
For some maintained it was lack of heat, others
excess of cold.

“ Whatever the cause,” said the Cablegram, kicking
its frozen heels,
“ Europe for sympathy and help to its Uncle Sam
appeals.”
“ The reason is plain,” said Uncle Sam, and he
winked his aged eye ;
“ You’ve neglected to pay your water rates, and
I’ve cut off the supply.”

He laughed ha ! ha ! and he laughed ho ! ho ! did
wily Uncle Sam,

As he sent in his little bill of costs by the little
Cablegram.

The air of Europe was black that day with blasphemy
and sin,

But the nations did as we all must do when the
plumber's bill comes in.

\$100,000,000,000 cash ! and, oh ! they roundly
swore

When they found the Gulf Stream did n't flow as it
useter did before.

It was a pious dodge, my child, to put down war
and slaughter,

For it made the nations keep the peace to keep 'em
out of hot water.





ENIGMA.

I AM hot ; I am cold ;
I am craven and bold ;
I am youthful and old,
And middle-aged too ;
I am living and dead,
I've no body or head,
And my color is red,
Orange, yellow, green, blue.

I've no trunk and no limb,
Yet can fly, walk, or swim,
Or across the seas skim
Like a free ocean bird.
Though a bodiless sprite,
Yet by day or by night
I'm in every one's sight
And by every one heard.

I am ten cubits high
But can crawl through the eye
Of a needle, though nigh
Twenty thousand miles broad.

I'm an unheard-of stone
That is very well known,
And my substance alone
By an iceberg is thawed.

I shine in the sky,
And in caverns lie,
And no mortal man's eye
Hath my form e'er seen.
I lived at earth's dawn
And expire each morn,
Though but yesterday born
And aged nineteen.





IF.



H, if the world were mine, Love,
I'd give the world for thee !
Alas ! there is no sign, Love,
Of that contingency.

Were I a king — which is n't
To be considered now —
A diadem had glistened
Upon thy lovely brow.

Had Fame with laurels crowned me, —
She has n't up to date, —
Nor time nor change had found me
To love and thee ingrate.

If Death threw down his gage, Love,
Though life is dear to me,
I'd die, e'en of old age, Love,
To win a smile from thee.

But being poor we part, Dear,
And love, sweet love, must die —
Thou wilt not break thy heart, Dear ;
No more I think, shall I.



A TITLE CLEAR.

MAYBE it was the Sunday fare ;
Maybe the Sunday sermon ;
Perhaps 't was but a plain nightmare —
I never can determine.

I dreamed I was an errant shade,
With other shadows hieing
Along a road whose downward grade
Was simply terrifying.

Before them all, with haughty head,
One held the chief position,
Whose lofty mien and stately tread
Proclaimed his high condition.

While in the eyes of all the rest
Sat trouble and dejection,
His gold-rimmed orbs alone expressed
Approving introspection.

We reached a river and embarked
Upon a galley gloomy ;
The seat the stranger took, I marked,
Was elegant and roomy.

When Charon came to punch his fare,
The awe-inspiring spectre
Transfixed him with a stony stare,
And seemed to say, "Director."

We reached at length the heavenly gate —
The press had free admissions —
The common herd was forced to wait
And loaded with conditions.

The stranger handed in his card,
While round the door we hovered,
And to the high celestial guard
His shapely head uncovered.

I saw St. Peter smile and bow,
Urbane and deferential ;
The stranger's greeting was somehow
A shade more consequential.

"Angel!" the saintly tyler cried,
A page straightway appearing.
(I don't remember that I tried
To wholly keep from hearing.)

I caught the words "Orchestra chair —
Be sure you get the right one —
See the harp-tuner ; and take care
The halo is a bright one.

“Look lively, too,” St. Peter said,
“The gentleman is waiting.”
“Please register.” — he bent his head,
The great book indicating.

The stranger wrote. I read the scrawl
The sacred page engrossed on ;
The name was nought, the place was all, —
“J. Winthrop Wiggins, Boston.”





THE PREADAMITE.

HO, for a rhyme of the good old time,
Ere Adam or Eve was born,
When the saurian slept in the sluggish
slime

With the unique unicorn.
When the mermaid smiled on the mammoth mild,
And the dodo sang her lay,
And the behemoth breasted the billows wild
With the plesiosaurus gay.

Oh, a happy wight was the Preadamite !
He basked in the griffin's smile,
Or followed the dragon's sportive flight,
Or wept with the crocodile.
An omelet made of the roc's egg stayed
His appetite so rare,
While whale on toast and walrus roast
Were his steady bill of fare.

No hotel bills or doctor's pills
Impaired his appetite ;
He laughed at gout with his stomach stout,
And kept his molars bright.

Ho, a tear and a sigh for the days gone by,
And a dirge for the doughty dead !
Let the sea-serpent shuffle his coil and die,
For the good old days are sped.





TO T. D.

WE're growing old, my comrade true ;
We've fallen on autumn weather ;
The skies that smiled so long on us,
The sun that shone so strong on us,
Are darkening together.

We loved the sun and sea and sky,
And idleness and folly ;
Life never was too bright for us,
Sun never shone too light for us,
We knew not melancholy.

Thou camest to me so virgin white,
No lips but mine e'er pressing ;
I loved thee then as dear as now,
I found thee aye sincere as now,
As warm, as sweet caressing.

But ah ! the fire was in thy breast
Is waxing colder, dimmer ;
The light that once could brighten me
Now pales enough to frighten me
With its expiring glimmer.

Thou wert as dear as nearer friends,
And truer to the end ;
When love hath smiled and lied to me,
And fortune falsely cried to me,
Thou wert mine only friend.

Thou art not of the race of man,
But other, nobler clay.
I bought thee for two copper sous,
And having served my proper use,
I throw thee thus away.





THE SPECTRE MULETEER.

(AFTER HOOD.)

JOHN MAULER was a gondolier
On Erie's verdant shore ;
His walk was humble, but his gait
Was something to adore.

The locksman's lovely daughter had
For him a passion strong,
And though she was quite short and small
He vowed he loved her long.

Love's course is often sweet and mild,
And like the limpid wave
Of calm canals, whose rippling tides
Their soft embankments lave.

But crosses come, as freshets do,
And cruel sires there be,
Unfeeling guardians whose wards
Are always under key.

Her father's haughty castle stood
Beside the fair Mohawk ;
He did n't lock her in the keep,
But kept her in the lock.

“Think not to wed a driver low !
Thou art too rare a prize ;
Canalers to *canaille* may stoop,
But not to wed-lock rise.”

So spake her parent scornfully ;
The maiden heard in fear,
And when he laughed his horsey laugh
She dropped her muleteer.

“Oh, Sarah Jane !” her lover cried,
“My honest love you scorn,
And since you 've given me the sack,
I 'll take it in a horn.”

John Mauler's manly heart grew weak,
For gin and grief soon shook it ;
And when his mule kicked in his side,
He sighed and kicked the bucket.

The lovely maiden pined away,
And said, with many a tear,
“Although he 's gone before, I 'll stay
And be his pioneer.”

The locksman lives a changèd man,
With sorrow in his eyes ;
For every night his hair turns white,
And every morn he dyes.

For in the hour when Nature sleeps
And bargemen blithely swear,
A grim procession wakens him
And elevates his hair.

A ghostly barge, a spectre mule,
A phantom driver grim,
Beside the haunted lock are seen
To pass an hour with him.

Their purpose is a paradox
To make the blood run cold ;
For though they go without a word
They're waiting to be tolled.

And then the spectre barge departs
Along the sluggish pool,
Beside a fleshless driver and
Behind a bloodless mule,

Past Syracuse and Utica,
And Ilion's ancient walls,
And where the mighty Mohawk flows
From Rome to Little Falls,

Till boat and mule and driver fade
Before the sun's bright face ;
The very harness vanishes,
Nor leaves a broken trace.

But Richfield convalescents say
That every morn they find
Some extra sulphur in the springs,
And brimstone in the wind.





“SCHOOL KEEPS.”

SO you think it is “splendid to be a man
And done with the books and school,” my
boy?

Ah, but school keeps on after youth is gone,
Under a harder rule, my boy.

Our teacher’s name is Experience ;
His price of tuition is high, my boy.
We can skip if we please, but he always sees,
And lays it on till we cry, my boy.

How long the term shall be for each
We know nothing at all about, my boy ;
The school is always open to teach,
But the scholars keep dropping out, my boy.

Some get prizes, and many blanks ;
The prizes are mighty few, my boy.
But the one most envied in all our ranks
Would be quick to change with you, my boy ;

Wisdom and wealth are prizes rare
With which no one would dispense, my boy ;
But the rich and the sage would swap for your age
All of their dollars and sense, my boy.

Don't envy the great who rides in state
 Down the middle of life's broad road, my boy ;
 The black imp, Care, is behind him there,
 And his steed carries double load, my boy.

Old Vanderbillion, with fourteen cooks
 To see that his dinners are right, my boy,
 Would pitch cooks and wine to the dogs, to dine
 On a crust with your appetite, my boy.

The sun is shining upon your face :
Our shadows are all before, my boy ;
 And they lengthen out with our every pace —
 Soon they will fall no more, my boy.

Harvest the sunshine in your heart,
 Gather its heat and light, my boy :
 You 'll want it all when the shadows fall,
 And you feel the chill of night, my boy.





THE DOLLAR OF OUR FATHERS.

FATHER, I've heard our member cry
For the "good old dollar" of days gone by,
While the tear bedewed his massive cheek,
And his faltering voice was sad and weak.
Oh, what was that coin beloved of old? —
Was it heavy and bright and virgin gold?
Not much, my child.

Then, was it of silver fair and bright,
Round as the silver moon at night?
Did "we trust in God, 900 fine,"
And in Mr. Jones who owned the mine?
Was it milled and stamped in cunning style,
And was eighty cents the size of its pile?
Scarcely, my child.

Oh, was it of copper smooth and round,
A hundred bung-downs weighing a pound,
And some of 'em buttons, and some of 'em brass,
That onto a blind man you might pass?
Were those the particular kind of brads
That made up the dollar dear to our dads?
Not quite, my child.

Then, was it the sweet shinplaster note,
Upon which the wild-cat bankers dote?
Or was it a bill on a bank that bust
Whenever you wanted to draw your dust?
And had it a discount of one per cent,
Like a coupon, every mile it went?

Well, no, my child.


The dollar your member doats upon
Is a dollar you never will see, my son :
The dollar which pays all sorts of debts,
And leaves a stake for election bets ;
The dollar you pass when you hire a hack,
And a dollar and a half in change comes back ;
The dollar you flip and it comes down head
Or tail, whichever you may have said ;
The dollar that buys whatever you will,
And is earned by steady sitting still, —
The dollar pure and unsoiled by sweat
Is the dollar they want “ restored,” you bet !
And if you would know whereof ’t is made,
Go ask of the india-rubber trade ;
But if you inquire why it is styled
“ The Fathers’ Dollar,”

You’ve got me, child.





WHAT THE TELEGRAPH SAID.

AYLY the wind sings through the wires,
Touching the chords with fingers light ;
Singing of love and its sweet desires
To the maid who listens with fond delight.

Sadly it sways the trembling lines,
Waking a plaintive song of woe ;
Breaking a heart that wearily pines
For the music of hope that was long ago.

Singing to each a well-known strain
Caught from the keynote in every mind :
Oh, sings it for me of peace or pain,
This harp that sways in the winter wind ?

What message carries the lightning slave
Over the mountains, under the sea ?
And this the answer the ticker gave :
“ Wheat is quiet at 83 ! ”





THE FO'KS'LE.

A REVELATION.

IN the dark and grimy galley
Of a vessel from afar,
Sits a pitiful impostor,
Who is called a "Jolly Tar."

In his dress and speech and manner
He betrays a painful lack
Of the stock characteristics
Of the stage and novel "Jack."

For he does n't speak the jargon
So familiar on the stage,
And forbears to hitch his trousers,
With a reverence for age.

His jacket is n't tarry,
But of dubious glossy hue,
And his pantaloons are loudish,
Not an unpretending blue.

No poetic, trim tarpaulin,
But a cap of greasy prose,
Hides his close-cut locks, and covers
Both his eyes and half his nose.

And when I hail him "Shipmet!"
He does not reply "Belay,"
But he growls a salutation
In his surly, salty way.

He spins no naval yarn,
And he sings no naval song,
And his language is sententious,
And sulphurous and strong.

He grumbles at the hardships
Of a life upon the blue;
He reviles the mate and captain
And the boatswain and the crew.

He has curses for the owners
Of his thrice-accursèd ships,
With profanest recollections
Of preceding cursèd trips.

He blasphemes about the "lobscouse"
And the "plum duff" and the "prog;"
And he mutters imprecations
On the 'baccy and the grog.

He is low and coarse and dirty,
And is very, very far
From my picturesque ideal
Of the jolly Jack-a-Tar.

And I think of Susan's William,
But I know they called him Bill,
And of Kidd and Vanderdecken,
Who is navigating still.

And I've doubts of solemn Bunsby,
And of Cuttle sagely mild ;
And I say, " A tar is tarnished,
As a pitcher is defiled."





“DON'T.”

YOUR eyes were made for laughter,
Sorrow befits them not ;
Would you be blithe hereafter,
Avoid the lover's lot.

The rose and lily blended
Possess your cheeks so fair ;
Care never was intended
To leave his furrows there.

Your heart was not created
To fret itself away,
Being unduly mated
To common human clay.

But hearts were made for loving —
Confound philosophy !
Forget what I've been proving,
Sweet Phyllis, and love me.





THE TWIN RELIC.



HE moral sense of Bitter Creek desires to be heard

About the sad unpleasantness which recently occurred,

Particularly as the world has been surprised and grieved

By false reports through which it was maliciously deceived.

If any Tenderfoot is moved to treat the case with levity,

He will not find the exercise conducive to longevity.

Our marriage laws have always been the Creek's especial pride,

Freedom in this as other things being our trusty guide.

The hideous plague Polygamy had never stained our town ;

The vaccine virtue of divorce sufficed to keep it down,

Though some confusion thence ensued, producing a variety

Of complications conjugal among our best society.

The ribald sneer and thoughtless scoff, I grieve to
say, were heard

When Deacon Jones's seventh spouse became
Judge Potter's third.

But to my mind no fairer sight since Eden has
been seen

Than when the groom's three former wives were
bridesmaids to Miss Green.

'T was all too sweet to last. The Creek, in virtue
wrapped and amity,

Was drawing to a bobtail flush against a straight
calamity.

A citizen from down the Gulch one day the tidings
bore,

That Barbarism's tents were pitched outside our
very door, —

That on the ground which Christian sharps pro-
spected long in vain,

And even Chinamen had scraped in bootless quest
of gain,

A Mormon horde, with nigger-luck in all its blank
exuberance,

Had struck it rich and got on us the undisguised
protuberance.

It was too much, we said, and swore this scandal
must not be ;

Those diggings must and should be jumped for
pure humanity.

To think and act, to draw and shoot, with Bitter
Creek were one :
We met in Pettingill's saloon, and each man brought
his gun ;
Resolves to the above effect were read and passed
unanimous,
After we'd taken out and lynched a little pusil-
lanimous

And morbid cuss who voted " No," thinking by
such a plan
That he could trample on free speech, the holiest
right of man.
But ah ! alas for Bitter Creek, alas for earthly
pride,
When moral suasion does n't work and shot-guns
are defied !
Our missionary labors failed with those degraded
foreigners,
Who proved remarkably well fixed to lay out work
for coroners.

Envenomed calumny has raised the cry that Bitter
Creek
Has shook its principles and taken water, so to
speak,
Because on sober second thought it was resolved
to change
Our marriage laws, conforming to conditions new
and strange.

Preponderating widowhood came forward unob-
trusively
But firmly, and arranged affairs to suit itself ex-
clusively.

A constitutional convention met, and thus de-
clared :

“That Mormonism’s standard here should never
be upreared ;

That marriage sanctity remains, as it has been,
the pride

Of Bitter Creek ; and that our laws be hereby
modified

As follows.” This amendment then was passed
without a negative, —

“That simultaneous wedlock shall henceforth re-
place consecutive.”





MY HATED RIVAL.

SHE takes his head upon her breast ;
She kisses and caresses him ;
She 's all unhappy and oppressed,
If anything distresses him.

She sings his praises to his face,
Until he swells with vanity,
But silent takes it, with the grace
Of insolent inanity.

He is n't witty, wise, nor fair ;
His voice is not melodious ;
His manners are beyond compare —
Comparisons are odious.

And yet I 'd take his visage grim
And clumsy form, and pay for it
Right royally, to be like him, —
Thrice happy Dog ! — her favorite.





AD LYDIAM.

WHERE'ER I wander near or far
I see that winsome face ;
By land or sea, by ship or car, —
It haunts me every place.

And though I fly to solitude
And be an anchoret,
The lovely vision will intrude
And smile upon me yet.

Like good Saint Anthony, in shame
I close my fevered eyes ;
Her burning looks my heart inflame,
And bid wild passion rise.

Yet never in my life have I
Wrought her or weal or woe, —
Then, lovely Lydia P-nkh-m, why
Dost thou pursue me so ?





ON RE-READING TÉLÉMAQUE.

“ Calypso could not console herself.”



PLACE thee back upon thy shelf.

O Fénelon, how scant thy knowledge,
Who seemed as Solomon himself
To me, a callow youth at college !

No need to say thou wert a priest ;
No need to own that I am human ;
Mine this advantage is — at least
I 've learned the alphabet of Woman.

And yet but half the truth is told :
I do thee wrong, sagacious Mentor, —
Calypso could not be consoled
Until another man was sent her !



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