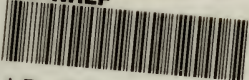


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Vagrant Fancies.



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POEMS.

VAGRANT
FANCIES.

BY

FRANCES GRANT TEETZEL.

Frances Grant.



MILWAUKEE:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1893.

59481



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TO

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES CATLIN

THIS BOOK IS

DEDICATED

WITH THE LOVE OF ITS AUTHOR,

FRANCES GRANT TEETZEL.

DECEMBER, 1891.



THIS book is for sale by Booksellers generally, or will be sent by mail upon receipt of its price by the publisher,

F. G. TEETZEL,

640 Island Avenue,

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

PRICE, - - - - - \$1.50



Vagrant Fancies.

As I went a-wandering, wandering, wandering,
Over the hillside and meadow fair,
Sad tones of a bell came through the still air,
As I went a-wandering—

As I went a-wandering, wandering, wandering,
I hurried over the grassy plain
And the sweet spring violets bloomed again,
As I went a-wandering—

As I went a-wandering, wandering, wandering,
Over the highway with weary feet,
World-worn were the faces I chanced to meet
As I went a-wandering—

As I went a-wandering, wandering, wandering,
“Haste, haste,” I cried, “to a place of rest—
For even the sparrow hath found a nest”—
As I went a-wandering—

As I went a-wandering, wandering, wandering,
I said, “Fancy, paint the heart’s desire—
Thy day-dream suffice my soul to inspire”—
As I went a-wandering—

FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1890, 3 P. M.

True Philosophy.

To — Palm Sunday.

Love with thy whole heart,
 Love with thy might,
 The wise, the glorious—
 All that is bright.
 Take in humility
 What God hath given ;
 Joy in thy laurels
 When thou hast striven.
 So shall thy days go
 With no regret,
 And memory show thee
 Naught to forget.

Love with thy whole heart,
 Love with thy might,
 The wise, the glorious—
 All that is bright.
 Take in humility
 If sent to thee
 In God's own wisdom
 What e're it be.
 Fight—help the weak
 Victories to win
 O'er wrong and misery,
 Sorrow and sin,
 On to the end of life—
 Let no one say,
 "He, weak, faint-hearted,
 Fell by the way."

MARCH 30, 1890.



The Old Homestead.

A sunny slope, a green hillside,
A grass-grown, winding path I see,
They lead me to that old red house
My heart's true home where e'er I be.

Broad, with a well-worn step of stone—
The wide south porch with rough deal floor,
Old as John Alden's courtship, too,
An ancient grape vine running o'er.

The odd, square windows, tiny panes;
That strong front door, its panels eight,
Its knobs of brass, well polished, there
Huge iron locks defying fate.

The quaint old hall with chimney wide,
And fireplace with its generous blaze,
The parlor bed, in recess dim—
A dreary tomb shut up always.

And then the "parlor bedroom," too,
'Tis up a narrow, dangerous stair,
So is the wood-house chamber low,
And, joy of all, the garret there.

But in that simple rustic home,
When father and the boys at night
Flocked to the kitchen warm and snug,
Free from all care, their hearts were light.

Beneath this castle Puritan,
No dungeon deep in gruesome dread :
All cobble walled a cellar dark
Filled with the year's good cheer instead.

'Tis but a dream, farewell, farewell,
Scattered thy children o'er the earth,
Oh, Homestead dear, New England's pride,
Gone, gone for aye who there had birth.

'Tis but a dream, farewell, farewell,
Stranger and pilgrim now I roam,
Naught can thy simple joys replace—
Never my heart may know a home.

The Elect.

Some lives, how blest, in peaceful valleys lie,
Sheltered from heaven's harsh winds like flowers rare.
Like joyous song-birds sporting in the light
These tranquil lives go on to their own work ;
They end in bliss for greater bliss to come.

Not so with the Elect. In number few,
The Elect, a chosen few in this sad world,
Are they who have been by the Omnipotent
Thus set apart as prophets were of old
To go before to lead in strange new ways,
As Greatheart led the Pilgrims by Despair.

Ah, the Elect! How are they in the van?
With iron resolution tread the road
As pioneers, through storm, o'er craig and glen,
Through darksome caves, and oft along the flower-
Wreathed borders of the abyss; oftimes jeered on
By impish, mocking laughter, oft with scorn,
Contumely—on, on through hanging mist
Whose dark folds hide the terrors of the way,
To make them more appalling, while yet far
Before in gloom often invisible
The silver cross, hidden by storm-clouds black
Veiling its radiant light.

Oh, Cross, Oh, Truth!

Elect, rough-hew the road, show us the way,
However dark, mysterious to Truth.
The awful solitude, the loneliness
Of the dread way, God knows. The sacrifice,
Renunciation all of what lends joy
To other lives is but a part of thy
Sad heritage,—thy armor for the fight.

JUNE 27, 1891.

The Song.

His days were heavy with grief untold—
The shepherd lad as he watched his sheep,
His father, the covenanter martyr bold,
His mother, heart-broken, in dreamless sleep.

Environed with jealous, hard-eyed foes,
The stripling pallid in wordless pain,
Dared nae to murmur for a' his woes
A heretic's tears are tears in vain.

But the fountain pressed down will bubble o'er,
And the sorrowing soul must give a sign ;
His burden of grief grew more and more
Till voicing itself in an air divine—

A melody sweet as the evening breeze,
Plaintive and sad as Hope's last breath,
As he whistled, then hummed on bended knee,
While his tears fell fast for his mother's death.

A little time, and the three had met,
Three nameless graves on the lonely heath.
O, land bereft! How wi' nae regret
Ye mourned not, nor crowned him wi' laurel wreath,

The singer, whose song died not wi' his breath ;
Down the years has it floated a sweet refrain—
Where Sorrow must speak, it there has part—
O, uncrowned singer, ye lived not in vain.

NOVEMBER 28, 1891.

Right Thoughts.

Despondency.

Oh, what a vain and thankless life is this—
Our heart's best hopes just in our grasp we miss.
How paltry our ambitions, loves, joys, hates,
And sorrow heritage that on each year awaits.

The day is beautiful: the pure white light
Is with us, o'er us.—Spirits of the night,
Ye ghosts of woe, not then our bitterest tears—
Our griefs, ye dare to come and mock thro' all the
years.

Unreal, implacable, the hours wear on.
Ah, Life, how like a night and then thou'rt gone.
The stars grow dim: I hear a bird's faint song—
Lift up thy downcast heart,—the night cannot be long.

JUNE, 1881.

The Present.

Song of the Weather-Vane.

Oh, what are the storms of the past to me,
Tho' they whirled me to and fro,
It was little cared I for their cold and sleet,
For my shivering in ice and snow,
I marked the changes every hour,
And I laughed to hear the winds blow.

As they often have come, so they'll come again,
As time ever on must go,
But I heed not with vague forebodings dim
What floods from yon moon may flow—
And I smile as the planets work a charm,
And I turn with all winds that blow.

I live in the present, I joy in each breeze.
Naught of old storms past will I know,
And the future as well, I give it no thought
For either, let all care go.
I'm a merry sprite, chop and change with each wind
That from any quarter dare blow.

1889.

Luxury.

A shaded lamp, a soft gold pen,
Unlimited my stock of ink,
Five hundred pounds of paper—then
A robe of down, its color pink.

Well out of sight, but just a hint
Of all the monthly books that come.
Of papers too, these without stint,
Even British journals cumbersome.

These all about my rug I strew,
I let them lie from week to week.
Its not so very neat, I know,
But “satisfying,” so to speak.

That lovely litter on the floor,
Papers and books in richest dress,
Makes life worth living, yea, and more,
As all (I doubt not) will confess.

Safe in my nook the world may go,
I feel I've conned its lessons well,
How can I wish its glittering show?
Already I in luxury dwell.

Soul Sick.

I.

Father, the night is come, we lose the light of day,
But this we know how e're we go
That Thou canst guide our way.

II.

Father, we shrink with dread : we cannot hear Thy
voice,
Yet for our grief, Heaven has relief,
Bidding our souls rejoice.

III.

Father, tho' desolate, soul-sick, we fain would rise,
Yet we are sure Thy love can cure,
Guiding to Paradise.

Decoration Day, 1891.

The cypress and the laurel twine to-day ;
Reverently we lay them on the soldier's grave.
Our country called—he hastened to obey,
Faithful to death, Oh, bravest of the brave !

Adrift!

Tempest tossed bark, by angry surges driven,
 Drifting deserted o'er the troubled sea,
 Battered by wind and wave, thy spars, planks riven,
 Lost in yon waste of leaden waters shalt thou be.

Tempest tossed soul, far from thy peaceful haven,
 Drifting in many a darksome doubt and whelming
 woe,
 Through gloomier wastes, haunted by voices craven,
 What anchorage, what port of refuge shalt *thou*
 know?

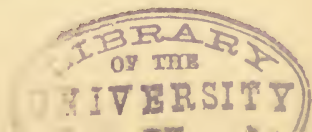
In a Rose Garden.

How sweet my garden in days of June,
 Now in the fragrant air,
 Wi mony a dead leaf all about,
 Is unco pleasure there.

For soft is the turf, the sky is sae blue,
 The sunshine in every nook;
 The heart heavy laden must needs grow light,—
 Nature's an open book.

Read all ye who may, rejoice and be glad—
 In June the roses were thine.
 But, behold, now a thousand summers gone
 Waft incense o'er her shrine.

What was, is now—sunshine, roses and love
 Let thy soul read howsoever,
 Be glad, rejoice, 'tis for thee—love is thine—
 Forever and forever.



Mozart's Requiem.

*Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis.
Salva me, fons pietatis.*

—REQUIEM MASS.

'Twas the Requiem, faint, hushed and dying :
Now the great gathering harmony rolled,
Now as night wind through foliage sighing,
The whisper of sorrow untold.
All in black for the last one who loved her,
To her dull ears, in mystical way,
Flowed the plaint, as from Heaven above her—
A soul cry, a sob—"Salva me!"

With a heart heavy laden she harkened :
Ah, me! what a poor, wasted life,
Never respite from sharp woes that darkened
The daily adversities' strife.
With the soul's inner conflict with sinning,
With common, small evils beset,
When so drear from the very beginning,
What must be the end, and how met ?

But now, Oh! a dim understanding,
Consolation she ne'er could express—
Blest influence, matchless, commanding,
Yea, grandeur profound to impress—
Peace, hope, love, now strange, new joy bringing,
As a blessed vision that day.
"Fount of Pity!"—her new prayer up-springing,
The cry of her heart—"Salva me!"

Uncertainty.

“Ye Never Can Tell What the End Will Be.”

The dawn was o'ercast,
The rain did outpour,
The storm did not last ;
And the tempest was o'er.
I said it was well,
So life's ills may flee,
For ye never can tell
What the end will be.

Away with repining,
Begone, doubts and fears !
Behold the sun shining,
So smile thro' thy tears.
Dear love, be it well,
Our sorrows may flee—
For ye never can tell
What the end will be.

FEBRUARY 16, 1887, 4 P. M.

The Scotchman's Choice.

Helen or Penelope ?

Now, by my soul, it's hard to choose
Between twa dames sae comely here ;
To take Penelope will bring
New charms tae Helen—this I fear.

The twa fair dames, than mortals fairer,
They cannot be a choice for me ;
For weel ken I a bonny maid—
She's Helen an' Penelope.

Gie Paris, then, his Helen dear,
Ulysses brave his wife hath he,
My love, my own, is *baith* in one—
With a little the less o' Penelope.

My Song.

If I sang a song to thee, dear,
I know what my song would be,
If 'twere simple and short and sweet, dear,
As a tale of love might be—
Or if like the heaven-soaring lark, dear,
My heart herself would outpour,
Still the theme would be the same, dear—
I love thee forevermore.

Lacking.

For billet-doux you ne'er would meet
Such gems, so fraught with phrases sweet,
So clear in style, so fond, so true,
With sonnets for her eyes of blue,
That golden hair, those twinkling feet,
His dearest girl, his love he'd greet.
He was a prompt young man and brisk,
Each task accomplished with a whisk
Of his ambrosial locks so black,
In business matters ne'er was slack.
Yet tried in vain his suit to win,
Each day he vowed it was a sin—
Grew hollow-eyed and oft would sigh,
While unshed tears lurked in his eye.
To Schlitz Park and to Whitefish Bay
Would see his dear girl steal away.
She'd go there with that bank-clerk shy,
Our friend could see no reason why—
For many a jolly, jolly lark
And down-right courting after dark.
In fact the papers soon did say
Her wedding would come off one day
In the near future, so it said ;
He cursed the lines and wished him dead.
How she that idiot ere could choose
And him so capable refuse !
But he in no long time was left
To rack his brains as one bereft
Of reason in his efforts vain
To know why she thus gave him pain.

Upon her wedding morn so bright—
The day he thought to him the blight
Of all his joy or hope in life,
Upon this morn there came by mail
His letters all, how did he quail—
Of those three hundred there the sight
Seemed three hundred small imps of spite.
What memories ! Yet bulk so small
He dashed them all against the wall.
In gothic hand one notelet writ,
He groaned and read as in a fit,—
“Next time,” it said, “if you desire
To waken in one’s soul the fire
Of love divine, my thrifty friend,
You need not save your time and send
Three hundred letters, like these scraps,
That one might think cut out perhaps
Of some newspaper to affright her—
And next time—*don’t use a type-writer.*”

AUGUST 7, 1887.

Scotch Song.

“The Worry o’ it.”

I.

She knew he loved her weel,
 For he told her sae one day,
 ’Twas in the kirkyard corner
 An’ she could not tell him nay.
 But, Ah me! the worry o’ it,
 Dear, dear, the worry o’ it—
 Wi’ Lady Jane, an’ Caroline, an’ Bess an’ Mary, too,
 Dear, dear, the worry o’ it,
 She kenned na what to do.

II.

Her Robin’s sic a lad,
 Sae comely an’ sae free ;
 His heart is hers for alway,
 He said it on his knee.
 But, Ah me! the worry o’ it,
 Dear, dear, the worry o’ it,
 Wi’ Lady Jane, an’ Caroline, an’ Bess, an’ Mary, too,
 Dear, dear the worry o’ it,
 She kenned na what to do.

III.

He whispered in her ear,
 Did Robin unco sweet,
 Yet he whispers to ’em a’
 Whene’er they chance to meet.
 She sighs for the worry o’ it,
 Dear, dear, the worry o’ it,
 Wi’ Lady Jane, an’ Caroline, an’ Bess, an’ Mary, too,
 But she’ll ne’er break her heart about it,
 Whatever else she’ll do.

Faith.

The day of our fête had come,
But, alas! it is too true,
Of mornings more damp, more heavy,
More cheerless than this there are few.

We children were watching the weather,
We were ready to take the train,
Save one, all were lamenting—
“How dark, how cold—it will rain!”

Save one—while we stood watching,
And the clouds at a breath disappeared,
While the warm south wind so welcome
Scattered the clouds we had feared—

Dear child, as the simplest fact
She cried as the clouds rolled away,
“I asked God to let the sun shine
So you see we’ve a pleasant day.”

MARCH 3, 1887.

Gone!

I went to find my love,
I found an open door :
 No voice from out
 That silent house,
No footfall on the floor.

Sadly I entered in,
Wandering from room to room :
 Books that she loved
 Were scattered there,
Flowers shed their sweet perfume.

There lay her garden hat,
There lay her veil of blue :
 Close by a dainty
 Wicker chair
Nestled her tiny shoe.

Soon would she come I knew.
Ah me ! a sinking heart
 That pictured to me
 What might be—
What if our lives should part.

“Thy home,” I cried, “so dark
When thou art gone, its sun,
 Is like my life
 Bereft of thee,
My light, my love, dear one.”

Presumption.

Arachne, filled with joy ecstatic, stood
 Before her latest triumph in the art
 She loved of all the arts—her first, her last,
 Her only gift vouchsafed her by the gods,
 Who know full well what best lies in our scope
 To execute with brain or hand more skilled.
 With thin, swift flying fingers, wondrous deft,
 Arachne with the needle wrought, as light
 In many a dainty touch flecks tree and flower,
 In subtle beauty. Weaving the soft web
 And broidering in rare device the art
 Of this vain maid, who deemed it all in all.
 Through eyes askant, with small head held quite
 low,
 Turned to the left, thus she stood gazing there ;
 Thus spake she in a conceit amazing :
 “Oh, apotheosis of useful art !
 Pallas, what canst thou do in kind ? How slight
 Thy boasted skill compared with mine ! Thy gifts,
 How little worth, yea, e’en thy proudest work !”

* * * * *

At this presumptuous speech, Pallas close by,
 Invisible, her glory veiled in cloud,
 Grasped with an angry hand her wand. Her wrath
 Was quick and fierce, dread Pallas, child of Jove,
 The Thunderer. Arachne cried aloud :

“Yea, yea, oh goddess, I do challenge thee.
I and thou shalt try our skill in this most
Cunning work. I do not fear with thee to
Take my stand, and thou mayst choose our judge.

He

Shall declare between us—” But now in fright
Arachne ceased to speak, a sudden light
Seemed all at once to fill both heaven and earth.
A shuddering moment when Arachne saw
Standing above her in sublimest scorn,
The fair-haired, blue-eyed Pallas, well beloved
Of Jove. The maiden felt her heart grow cold ;
How would the Immortals look upon her words ?
Would Pallas wise swift punishment send down ?
(Pallas oft sad with cares from all mankind.)
Arachne, vain to the last bitter end,
Tho’ in the august presence of great Jove,
Cast once again a look of pride upon
Her well-wrought web, then felt herself shrink dry
And hard ; saw deft, slim fingers, white, grow black
And change to hairy claws, herself grow small—
She turned her head to see the uplifted wand,
The pale, sweet face, silent in god-like rage,
In lofty scorn of what could ne’er approach
The understanding in its low estate—
Of love sublime, or noble works divine.
When from the light so suddenly withdrawn,
A darkness visible, Arachne knew
Herself a strange, new creature—feelings dim—
Each motion new, save flying fingers all,
That of themselves would sprawl. She felt the
change

Go on ; she dare not call, nor cry for aid—
For what is man against the immortal gods?
They will, and we are naught before their might.
Arachne gasped : “ Of my presumption see
The bitter cost.” Then a great silence fell.
A hideous spider now beside the loom
Arachne crouched, in form and being changed :
Such the hard fate of this presumptuous maid.
Pallas, how wise ! vain folly and conceit
To his complete undoing shall lure man.
Great are the gods, let us offend them not.

Fair Helen's Address to a Flirt.

I.

That you are clever, sir, 'tis true:
This is not flattery merely,
Your worth demands the truth from me,
Indeed, I speak sincerely.
I understand your little ways—
Who should, in fact, know better?
Like you, I'll own without a wince,
I've fifty, too, in fetter.

II.

Light chains of roses, light as air,
For fifty "gilt youth" charming,
Not one of all, I'll haste to say,
Has true love e'er been harming.
A flirt, a laugh, a smile, a word—
A call a trifle merry;
A matinee, a ride, or walk—
"His own best girl?"—a query.

III.

Just how it goes you know yourself,
With many a photo changing,
From panel grand to cabinet
A sweet assortment ranging.
Ah! bliss supreme, to sit alone
And study one's collection:
A gallant "crewe," may chance forbid
There's yet been a deflection.

IV.

Like precious gems see Charlies three,
Four Freds, one Will, one Josie;
With Jim and Gustav, Jack, and Paul,
Whose cropped locks might be rosy.
Sometimes they write, and if they do
I answer every letter,
Which from a single draft to suit
Save's time—no plan's a better.

V.

Reducing to a science thus
These innocent flirtations
A jolly life we lead indeed
Despite of trade's mutations.
Yet, brightest mind, pray tell me now—
Withal admit it frankly—
While "merry war" is not so bad,
How oft the days run blankly.

VI.

Comes to our hearts in some odd hour,
Perchance a vague surmising
Of richer life, of fervent love,
'Twere better there uprising.
One true, one only love our own
One glorious changeless passion—
Enough—no hint of sigh or tear,
For love that's out of fashion.

The Law of Necessity.

(Pathetic story of an aged pauper.)

I.

I started in life a millionaire,
I had wife and sons who lovely were,
And houses and land 'most everywhere,
But Necessity knows no law.

II.

Very near my mansion was a slum,
The stamping-ground of roughs who come
To grief and want thro' many a bum—
For Necessity knows no law.

III.

When wintry days grew short and cold—
This motley mob grew very bold,
To my face and eyes, to me, they told,
“Necessity knows no law.”

IV.

I stoutly differed from this rule—
I said the jail should be their school ;
They jeered me and said I was a ————,
That “Necessity knows no law.”

V.

So they stole my coal, they hooked my bread,
One gobbled a farm, another a sled,
My fighting sons they killed stone dead,
For, "Necessity knows no law."

VI.

Now a false friend came, a handsome man,
He seemed to work his little plan,
And soon my wife off with him ran—
For, "Necessity knows no law."

VII.

The thieves waxed worse from day to day—
Declaring this their only way.
In vain it was I cried, "Nay, nay,"
For, "Necessity knows no law."

VIII.

So now you see in my old age
Here in the poor-house the last page
Of my sad life—write in a rage
That, "Necessity knows no law."

The Scotch Mechanic.

Where shall we search his like to find?
We fear he's gane for iver,
Wi' mony a lick o' honest wark
That aye wad hang together.

Wae, wae's the day, wi' heavy heart,
Sae puir as puir could be,
The bra', strang man did gang awa',
Wi' a' his familie.

What goodly wark came fra' his hand,
In iron, wood, or stane;
What wad he mak' in cloth or steel—
Ye'll find it no again.

How proud he was to do right weel,
How faithful, humble, kind,
How loyal to his country's good—
Ne'er, ne'er his like we'll find!

That this bra' man maun gie his place
To blatant "labor knight,"
Mad socialist, wi' lang, wild hair
And armed wi' dynamite!

The wark o' yore sae nobly done,
The Scotchman's simple pride;
His love o' country, order, law—
Better than a' beside—

What, lost to us for aye guid mon?
Na, na; this ne'er shall be,
Coom back, here's wark and fortune, too,
Wi' our best love for thee.

Uncle Sam on Female Suffrage.

I.

Come, now, ye sentimental, come—
Ye women who would vote,
See if I can one grain of sense
Make plain for you to note.
With tears and groans ye vex my soul,
Vainly for suffrage cry—
Blind to the woes upspringing from
Rampant Democracy.

II.

Wise Miss Columbia tells you true,
That not in church or state,
An added number, more or less,
I need for votes to wait—
To help me crush the fatal throng
Who now have in their hands
A power unlimited to wreck
This fairest of all lands.

III.

Great Scott! had I from very first
Denied to one and all
The strangers coming over here
At idiotic call—

The right to vote, or have one word
In business politic,
My scanty hair would not be gray,
My heart of "Freedom" sick.

IV.

Do not demand, ye women, then,
To add to complications,
Forego your sentimental talk
Of legal "Prohibitions."
Just leave the ship of state alone,
Rest easy on your oars—
While Uncle Sam with practiced hand
Shall steer for calmer shores.

The Ballad of the Wise Troglodyte.

In prehistoric times
There lived a tribe nomadic,
Among them real advance
Was generally sporadic.

I mean by this, you know,
That to a man ungainly
The lofty heights of art
To scale they wished all vainly.

They yearned to till the soil,
To eat their fill of maize—
To build their huts of stone
Their longing was a craze.

When all were in despair
An able chief arose
Under whose wisest rule
It was as you'd suppose:

He gave each man a lot.
"There build thy hut, thou goose,
Haste sow thy stock of maize
Be done with life so loose.

And barbarous indeed,
Let other's land alone,
So now we'll rise in art
Unless comes a cyclone."

With many a cry of joy
The Trogs obeyed his will.
Before three moons went round
Of maize they'd had their fill.

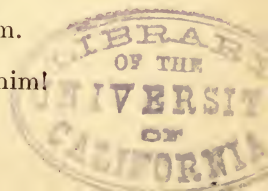
Behold the happy tribe,
Freed from dread of starvation,
Glad in their life ideal,
Give to their chief oblation.

Yum Sing, a churlish one,
Felt his heart sink with hate.
To take that chief's high place
He vowed should be his fate.

He talked with jabbering zeal
To one and all the tribe,
Sowing ill will so far
As e'en the squaws to bribe.

Each Trog had five of these
And soon they all were wild,
Praising Yum Sing sky high,
This by his words beguiled.

The chief waxed fierce in rage
He called the tribe about him.
"Go to," he cried in scorn.
How could they ever doubt him!



“ Ye cry for land in common,
To settle where each will !
Go to ! Yum Sing’s a fraud,
Now of *him* take your fill.”

The chief in anger turned,
His fairest squaw did call,
From malice glad to flee,
Left them for good and all.

Yum Sing now had his will,
With new land distribution
Saw anarchy’s mad rule,
Old feuds, old destitution.

The chief and his fair squaw
Escaped to parts unknown,
’Tis rumored that in Gaul
They built a hut of stone.

That fortune without stint
In maize, in wine and oil
With fairer olive sprouts
Came to his lot of toil.

And happiness and peace,
For this wise chief for broils
Felt in his breast no love,
Nor cared he for the spoils.

But meanwhile in the tribe,
Again a tribe nomadic,
Came famine, feud and war
One could have wished sporadic.

Disorder ruled them then,
Fierce rage 'gainst chief Yum Sing.
His work had brought this woe,
Too long he'd had his fling.

With pestilence and famine
Behold them in despair ;
Fierce to requite Yum Sing
They slew him then and there.

In prehistoric times
They slew Yum Sing with fire,
Yet saved they not their tribe
Whose last man did expire.

L'ENVOI.

'Tis said, and doubtless true,
That Yum's ignoble soul
Reformers age by age
Too often doth control.

But tribes are wiser grown.
They scorn new schemes ephemeral
They laugh and wink the eye
At Yum's whole brood in general.

Sold Out!**Ballad of the Foolish Troglodytes.**

I.

In prehistoric times
Near Gallia's fruitful region,
Lived a domestic tribe
Whose industries were legion.
They ploughed and sowed the fields,
Were rich in oil and wine,
While flagons huge of beer
Made each Trog's face to shine.

II.

Of all the cave men bold,
Of Troglodyte prosperity,
This tribe was surely first,
'Twas rich to all posterity.
But came one day a tribe
Of wily, artful strangers,
By cunning words of praise
Glossed over obvious dangers.

III.

In cunning words it cried,
"Here, men, behold our money
Sell out to us your lands,
Your oil, your wine, your honey."
"Oh, Trogs! we'll sell to you,"
Quick to reply the others—
"We're tired of our work,
Give us your gold, then, brothers."

IV.

“Nein, nein,” cried Yum, the chief,
“Come here, your gold is well,
Live with us as ye will,
But wherefore shall we sell?”
Yum’s wisdom went for naught,
They scorned him to his face,
Made haste to sell their all,
As men who win a race.

V.

Alas! too soon these Trogs
Their wine, land, gold all fled,
Cried, “We are in the soup,”
And groaned and wished them dead.
In grief and fear they cried
“Oh, for the days of yore,
Now we are beggars here,
Our glory is no more.”
At this the other tribe,
Of wary, artful strangers
Cried, “Kill and eat these men
So we’ll avoid all dangers.
These paupers in our midst
They shame all our prosperity.”
And thus the “sold out” tribe
Was handled with dexterity.

L’ENVOI.

In ancient times they say,
In utmost domesticity,
This wily stranger tribe
Then lived in great felicity.

The Touching Ballad of a Lost Tribe
of Troglodytes.

I.

In prehistoric times,
Plump down in fair Germania
One day there came a tribe
Fresh from Graeco-Romania.

II.

They came with battle-cry,
Red flag and cap, and shouting,
With frightful din and roar,
Their war-like ensigns flouting.

III.

As bees about a hive,
Or locusts o'er a prairie,
So did this rabble horde
Pause now to make them merry.

IV.

A hundred thousand strong,
Well armed with pike and hatchet,
“Fly, natives; view our strength,
We’d smile to see you match it.”

V.

Beside a murky stream
They paused to reconnoiter,
While chieftains of the tribe
Stragglers forbade to loiter.

VI.

Among them 'twas a rule
That meanest of the rabble,
As speakers should hold forth,
And lead them with their babble.

VII.

So now, when all was still,
While natives gathered near,
As Zend, and Slav, and Frank,
And wide-cheeked Boehm with leer,

VIII.

With Wend and Bairish maid,
With pale-haired Saxon man,
Hot-blooded Prussian Scout,
And Swabia's witless clan,

IX.

These one and all drew near,
The stranger tribe surrounded,
"What would this motley crew?"
Quoth native, quite dumbfounded.

X.

Then here and yon a voice,
In truth four score were lifted,
Yet none too few, if mean,
Not orators most gifted.

XI.

But loud the noise, and rude,
The native tribes now learning,
That hour, the wry-faced foe
Knew all, with anger burning.

XII.

For thus the speakers cried,
“ Here let us tent, my brothers,
Here is our land in store,
We claim before all others.

XIII.

For mutual benefit,
Let's all become producers,
No Croesus here, nor Midas' gold,
Of old things order new, sirs.

XIV.

No capital, no rent,
Ne'er fret our souls o'er taxes.
The voice of mobs is sweet
When tyrant kaisar waxes.

XV.

A halcyon time ; no work ;
We'll live upon a theory,
Each day a reason fest,
Towards nightfall getting beer-y."

XVI.

The native tribes in rage,
In noisy indignation,
With sledges grasped to fight,
Paused in exasperation.

XVII.

The chief called back his men.
A certain gray-haired poet
Stood out in front to speak,
They said, " He's sure to know it

XVIII.

All—why, then take heed,
Wisdom's rare voice not slighting."
His words were few and slow ;
His counsel was not fighting.

XIX.

With rage to instant mirth,
Each man now went his way,
The sequel soon to tell.—
"Oh, ho ! we've gained the day."

XX.

'Twas thus the strange tribe cried,
Those pitiless invaders,
'Gainst forms of order, law,
Most fierce and firm crusaders.

XXI.

My faltering pen is slow,
My heart fit to be broken.
Ah! fate unkind, I trow,
What sad words must be spoken.

XXII.

Yet in this o'er true tale,
To hide, by art concealing
What should be told, alas!
A nature base revealing.

XXIII.

So then of this wild tribe
Invading old Germania,
We trace one single year
Since fresh from Greek-Romania.

XXIV.

While German tribes waged war,
Of internecine merely :
The strangers not in peace.
As one might see most clearly.

XXV.

Would mine were pen of fire
To picture all the jangle:
Until, like Fury loose,
'Twas one unceasing wrangle.

XXVI.

Came then black day of May,
The First of mem'ry hateful,
Mad feud with smaller spite
Crowned mis'ry's climax fateful.

XXVII.

With hotter fury blind,
With fiery devastation,
That fell day's fatal work,
Complete annihilation !

XXVIII.

Nameless and lost that tribe,
Nor one to tell the story,
While rapturous German chiefs
Crowned their wise poet hoary.

XXIX.

For these his words came true,
"Ne'er deign to them obstruction.
Go, battle with yourselves,
They work their own destruction."

XXX.

Thus did the cave-men bold
In glorious old Germania,
The lucky Troglodytes!
Escape Graeco-Romania.

XXXI.

Nor did they drop a tear
O'er the sad fate primeval
Of that lost, nameless tribe
Wiped out in dire upheaval.

XXXII.

In prehistoric times
Throughout the land Germania,
They smiled to tell the end
Of anarchic Romania.

Peter the Hermit in the Nineteenth Century, On the Russian Outrages.

[To the memory of Mrs. J. B. Schramm, who died at her home on Ninth Street, Milwaukee on Christmas morning, 1872, a faithful wife, loving mother, kind neighbor and a devout daughter of Israel, beloved by all and mourned by all who came within the influence of her lovely character, this poem on the Russian Jews is dedicated.]

I.

Ho! every son of Israel,
Now haste ye to the front!
Have ye no souls to do and dare,
No wills to bear the brunt
Of vengeance for your myriad wrongs,
Your people's, through the ages?
Or can ye rest in luxury,
While yet the conflict rages?

II.

Out on you, sluggards, halting here!
Why wait ye idle now?
The sad, long story well ye know
Doth darken Freedom's brow.
The shameful tale of suffering
Of all mankind's dire sorrow
Thine, surely, Israel, is the worst;
And think, what of the morrow?

III.

Ah, Israel! know I've loved thee,
My heart's with anguish torn,
When I read from history's every page
What needless wrongs thou'st borne.
How thy country fair, thy temple,
Thy white-walled cottage home,
In blood and dire destruction
Were vanquished by proud Rome.

IV.

The proud old Roman Empire,
Exhausted rage on thee,
Then Moslem Turk and Christian—
Ah! where might Israel flee?
What refuge son or daughter
From cruel shame and scorn?
The brave, the fair, woe for ye all!
Well had ye ne'er been born.

V.

I see thy people, Israel,
There's one same mark on all,
It is the sign, deep-planted there,
Of hopeless misery's pall:
Yea, even in their faces,
Father, brother, son,
Grave matron, lovely maiden,
Or sweet child life begun,

VI.

Yea, see the down-cast sorrow,
'Tis even with thee yet,
No transient hous of trifling joys
Shall woo thee to forget.
Not those who live in freedom,
Nor they who dwell in peace,
Shall prove so dead to Israel's fate
That their heart's gsief may cease.

VII.

What! did I speak of Christian?
Who raised his hand in wrath
To add to all the anguish
That marked thy weary path.
Say not the word, sad Israel,
Nor think it in thy heart,
No follower of the loving One
E'er dared take such a part.

VIII.

The gentle Jew we worship,
Thy "Elder Brother," kind,
From very first his followers true,
Did his glad welcoming find
Among thy people steadfast,
How glad his words to know,
'Twas envy's spite and malice
That dealt the dreadful blow.

IX.

Alas! for temple's faction
Of priest and pharisee
Who led astray their followers
To Baal to bow the knee.
But in the heart of Israel,
Ye knew it from the first,
Who died to save His people,
Was worshiped, never curst.

X.

Thy fierce and mad detractors,
Who raged in tumult wild,
Usurped the name of "Christian,"
They shame sweet Bethlehem's child.
In all their guilt, sad Israel,
Thy enemies well know
No follower of the loving One
E'er sought thy overthrow.

XI.

Lift up thy head, Oh Israel,
Let not thy sad heart fail,
Tho' thou art crushed and helpless,
In sackcloth dost bewail
The doom of dear Jerusalem,
Her bondage to the Turk,
The newer wrong by Russian
Who did the shameful work.

XII.

Be brave to win thy freedom,
As they who run a race,
Go conquering unto conquer,
Nor hide thy tearful face.
Fight in despair for country,
With Turk and Russian fight,
First conquer them with iron hand,
Then teach them what is right.

XIII.

Ho! every lance in christendom!
I'll lead ye, if I must.
Haste, battle for thy brother
Crushed low into the dust,
See him; how brave, how helpless,
How has he suffered long,
Then speed ye to his succor
In one tumultuous throng.

XIV.

Undaunted in our warfare,
Our gallant new crusade,
We call our Lord Jehovah
To give his people aid,
'Tis he whose word was spoken,
He Israel, outcast,
Will gather in his kingdom,
The *first* shall be the *last*.



The Russian Students, 1889.

[On Nov. 6, 1889, Madame Sigida, a political exile at Kara, was flogged to death, having been ordered to receive one hundred blows from the knout. What the effect of this outrage was upon the Russian students, as well as upon every enlightened man, woman or child in Russia, citizens of a free and happy country can readily imagine.]

God pity them, help them—the brave young hearts
In that land of tyranny.
They shall suffer and die in their hopeless fight,
Alas! for their chivalry.

They are fired with the story of frightful wrongs
By Oppression's murderous band ;
How their hearts stand still; how their eyes burn dry,
At the tales from that northern land.

Alas! for their comrades in Kara's mines,
In Saghalien island gray,
Yea, all of Siberia's desert plains,
Vain hope for a brighter day.

What horror, what anguish wrung their hearts,
One victim, a crowning blow—
For thy name, Freedom, Alas! must she die?
Oh martyr of Liberty, woe!

“One hundred blows with the knout,” he said—
 The miscreant, coward, knave!
 One hundred blows for a woman fair,
 Who would die, not live a slave.

Come boy, come man, here in God's own land,
 America, home of the free;
 Come, matron and maid, from workshop and hall,
 Cry, “For Russia and Liberty!”

For the Russian students, the brave young hearts,
 Help them on with our prayers, our tears,
 With our sympathy and our strong right arm—
 A thousand times three cheers.*

[*NOTE.—In my possession is one letter that is a source of profound satisfaction. While observing that hundreds of thousands were signing petitions to the *Russian Government* urging upon it humanity towards the Jews and political victims, I thought of our own government, beloved of the God of Freedom, and as a tiny straw sent to it a protest against the extradition treaty with Russia. At least the protest *must* be read, and I had this answer, that proved that the letter as the tiny straw, was blown to its place by the wind of the same power which in its last expression—the office of the people in the department of state of the people—willed that with Russia there should be no extradition treaty.

[COPY]

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
 WASHINGTON, March 4, 1890. }

Frances Grant Teetzel, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

MADAM—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th ultimo, in which you protest against the making of an extradition treaty with Russia.

I am, madam, your obedient servant,
 ALVEY A. ADEE, Second Assistant Secretary.]

[I see the present administration has signed an Extradition Treaty, 4/23/93.—F. G. T.]

Sonnet.

“Jam Nox Est!”

[Cicero, vide III. Oration.]

B. C. 63 December—December, 1891 A. D.

Now night is come, night o'er her seven hills,
Two thousand years long past in pagan Rome,
Swift in his fury Cicero now fulfills
His work of vengeance, traitors to the home,
The city, country—death for all the foes
Whose cunning planned destruction to the state.
Golden his words. He tells of all the woes,
How base, how hardened, how t' annihilate
These fain had wrought.—Then to Jove on high
Safety for all the virtuous would implore.
Gone are they all, as cloudlets o'er the sky,
Lived they their span, and earth knew them no
more.
So doth night come; the shadows cease to fall,
For one great shadow now is over all.

Woe, Woe!

[Scattered about the town of Tarsus—at present very different from what it was in the days of St. Paul, being decidedly a mean city—there is a certain race of people known in the East as Ansairee, Nusayree, or Nasari. They emigrated from the Lebanon about fifty years ago. They practice a secret religion amongst themselves whilst outwardly professing to be Mohammedans. One of their beliefs is that Ali has always an incarnation of the Deity on earth on occasions when it is necessary. This incarnation is a great man, a leader of men, but this is not the invariable rule, and oftentimes the incarnation of Ali upon earth may pass unnoticed by those with whom he mixes.—From the *Cornhill Magazine*. Article entitled, “A Secret Religion.”]

CANTO I.

Via Dolorosa.

Alas, my soul is heavy, when the leaves
 Of Time's drear book are spread wide before me.
 Worn-out old world, thy crimes rise to the skies.
 Where canst thou find a friend? Is it in Heaven?
 Ah, no. Well, can I feel how Calvary
 Cost thee thy birthright, scorned by Heaven, not
 there
 May soul of sinful man e'er find a home.
 The Father's House hath many mansions. Find
 In some of these thy home, poor man, but ne'er
 In Heaven. Woe, earth, for thee. Th'all gracious King
 Had come to lead the way of truth and love.
 Behold the Man! God's triune spirit in
 This fleshly guise. What for the Christ, what for
 His chosen ones? World, answer what—and cry,
 “Ah, woe is me, Ah, woe is me, woe, woe.”

CANTO II.

Via Dolorosa.

A time, a time and half a time have flown.
 Yet darker grows the blacker pall of sin.
 Weep, angels, weep. 'Tis even. Florence, thrice
 cursed,
 Florence thy crimes are heavy, but this day
 Hath been thy day of doom, and with thee all
 Thy land, for time will go and soon we search,
 Yea, search in vain for all thy power and might.
 A Friday, May the month—under thy sky
 So blue, thy snarling mob may vent its rage.
 But all is o'er. 'Tis even; the work is done.
 Three monks to-day have hung in chains and burned.
 One, world renowned, but who this nameless one?
 This man of light, so wondrous fair, woe, woe,
 Is it again th' all gracious King unknown?
 O world—woe for Himself, woe for His friends.
 O soft spring night, weep for this day—woe, woe.

CANTO III.

Via Dolorosa.

Four hundred years drag on. Again a time.
 Behold a priest obscure, a man of God.
 God was in him. With winning words he strove
 To lead his people heavenward—vain again.
 With coldness, pride and folly they no heed
 Gave to his hand pointing the way of life.
 The tears were on his face. He bore their griefs;

Counted as one that goes down to the pit
He fell. His soul among the lions, His
Life for naught. Staggering beneath his load
He by the wayside fell. None know his name.
With heart that broke, with sorrow heavy laden—
Was this our King faded from sight of men?
Now, as of old his people suffer with
Him—now, as then, they weep, ground down be-
neath

The upper and the lower mill stone, now
Sacrificed to Moloch—crushed 'neath the dire
Dominion of the Calf of Gold, their cry
Goes up to Heaven, "How long, O Lord, how long?"
So the King faded from the sight of men.
No tear falls on his grave, a dead man out
Of mind, behold His suffering people,
O world, they with their Lord find naught in thee but
pain.

How shall we sing in thee, O Babylon?
How Zion's songs in thee; our hearts are full.
O world, O Babylon, in thee accurst,
What for the King, what for his friends? Woe, woe.
Let misery be thine. Weep now, for love
Is fled and vengeance is His own. O world,
Scorned by all Heaven—world, hast thou not a friend.
God is thy judge—Fear Him, His vials of wrath
Are full; now, world, tread thou the wine press—
weep.
Wring thine own hands—fall down, world, cry, "woe,
woe!"

Forgotten.

“Tho’ tossed about
With many a conflict,
Many a doubt.”

’Twas a dream, I heard angelic voices singing;
The rapture, how to tell of their songs divine?
Thro’ all my spirit thrilled the joy celestial,
And my guardian angel smiled with look benign.
“But why, beloved one,” I sighed, earth ridden,
“I see they never hymn a note of doubt, or pain,”
“Not so,” he breathed in softest, sweetest accent,
“With us ’tis all forgotten, all the sad, the vain,
The drear old words of woe, that gave to heavy-
laden
A bitterest burden—for no joy, nor rest
Was theirs, until in Heaven’s glad fruition
All was forgotten in mansions of the blest.”

APRIL 21, 1893.



POSTSCRIPT.



The National Flower.

MILWAUKEE CITIZENS' CHOICE.

Dot Leettle Hop.

Ton't sing to me of golden-rod,
 Ton't schpeak of binks or bansies,
 Te dandelion in te sot,
 Berhaps somepotty vancies—
 Dot leettle hop, he plooms for me,
 Von lofely flower for mine countree.

Now, schtup unt dink on dees schweet flower.
 I say, vhat ish te matter
 Mit hops in bier, in schady bower?
He's all right, I do flatter,
 Dot leettle hop, qvick, qvick for me,
 He iss te flower for mine countree.

Vhat iss dot hop vhen night iss here,
 Unt mit mine frau unt kinder,
 I schmokes mine pipe unt trinks mine bier,
 In summer unt in vinter?
 Dot leettle hop! Ach wohl, for me,
 Dere's notting like in dees countree.

So den, mine friendts, of flowers all,
 Of taisies, binks or roses,
 Of effery flower great or schmall
 That roundt mine house reposes—
 Dot leettle hop—ja, ja, for me,
 He iss te flower for mine countree.

The First Thanksgiving.

The short, dull gray of an autumn day
In the shadow of evening was fading;
On the icy shore the tireless roar
Of the drear old ocean was breaking,
And the vanishing crest
Of each wave, ne'er at rest,
Seemed an emblem of hope forsaking.

By the rock-bound strand stood the pilgrim band,
Small or great their hearts knew not fear.
In the stern, hard rule of that Puritan school,
A child would have scorned a tear:
They were silent from grief,
How they prayed for relief—
Speed the bread-laden bark to draw near.

Hard the woe from tyrants they'd left behind.
Hard the woe from pitiless waters.
"Say, man of God, have we 'scaped them all
To starve with our sons and daughters?"
"Oh, husband, be brave!
Is there no power to save
Tho' the surging ocean is wide?"

"Lift thy heart," said the pastor,
"And be of good cheer.
Know ye, our God will provide."
Scarce the words from his lips than his glad voice is
heard—



“A sail! Behold! A sail!
 The clouds of night
 May not hide from our sight.
 The ship close at hand,
 All hail!”

One outburst of rapture—
 Then, “Let us pray,”
 Said the man of God, none chiding,
 “And to-morrow shall be Thanksgiving Day
 For our Heavenly Father’s providing.”

Sonnet.

The Artist.

(*Fin de siècle*)

Not fire from Heaven inspired her as she wrought,
 As one who digs industrious her toil,
 Device of beauty, tricks of costume sought—
 And gold and gems and queenly robes her spoil.
 With burning zeal all art she would exhaust:
 Euterpe, Clio, fair Erato, too,
 Melpomene—O, tragic muse, what cost
 Of burdened hours thy gruesome gifts to woo.—
 Art, handmaid of the gods, best boon to man,
 In thee a balm for life’s supremest ill,
 Inspired by truth, by faith, by love thy plan,
 Come, gentle Art, thy gracious task fulfill.
 But she—O apotheosis of self victorious!
 Art weeps afar, while Rome cries, “Ah, ’tis glorious.”

Dinna Sing i' the Kirk.

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne."

Na, na, dinna sing i' the kirk,
It is truly a sin and a shame,
To worship your Father in Heaven
In a way sae hamely an' tame.
With one voice that may be too loud,
Anither too tremblin' an' weak,
Here a chiel wi' a voice too high,
There one wi' a bagpipe's squeak.

Now, the time's gone by for a' singing.
Hoof, maun youi choir gae for naught?
What a waste of skill, then, I trow,
An' no better for gold to be bought.
Haud your peace, haud your peace, gude folk,
I beg, frae this out be sae kind;
Leave the choir the music, I pray,
Wha'd wish ony better tae find.

Let me speak out my mind right plain—
Na never a whit I'll disguise,
That the song of the ransomed host
Shall be chanted in Paradise;
That the company o' the elect
For aught that I care or I know,
May sing as they will in Heaven,
But, I beg, don't sing here below.

Wisconsin Weather.

Old Prob, what's this you've told to me
About that icy lake?
This fog, this east wind and these storms,
Our lives a burden make.
What an odd way, upon my word,
Climate to modify.
Oh, weather man, you're to absurd—
What say you in reply?

“What do I say, you grumbling soul?
I say the answer's easy—
But first I pause to get my breath,
My breathing tubes are wheezy.
So, now, my friend, in summer time,
In spring and autumn, too,
Is winter duplicated here—
It's one the whole year through.
Thus is our climate modified,
An equal temperature—
Just cold as ice from first to last—
’Tis plain to see, I'm sure.”

1889.

On the "Reminiscences of Ananias."

Indeed! Why, Ananias! Well, I trow,
 From you, madame, Sapphira's agile pen
 Would be the proper thing, for as we know,
 The women now, in all, excel the men.

On Charles T. Bradley.

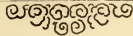
Died February, 1893, Aet. 74.

A long life; friend, hath been thy boon from Heaven.
 Well hast thou labored with a noble aim
 To lift thyself and all within thy ken
 Ever to peace, prosperity, or joy.
 A brave, an honest man—one never blind
 To art, or beauty, or true worth when found.
 In thee the giant West had pioneer
 That builded as he knew and lived to see
 His brightest visions realized—as grows
 A glorious picture, well devised beneath
 The skillful artist's brush.—Loved, honored, crowned
 With all the world gives to its favored sons,
 Heaven yet more kind gave happiness to thee,
 But now the last of earth. Rest, rest for aye.
 Stranger and friend will miss thee from the scene,
 Stranger and friend will sigh and tears shall fall
 For thee. We say, "Farewell," and give a prayer
 That thou in happy regions of the blest
 Shalt hear thy King say, "Faithful Heart, Well Done."

THE END.

APRIL 26, 1893.

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