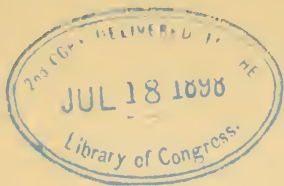


Farm *and* Festivals



Will Carleton

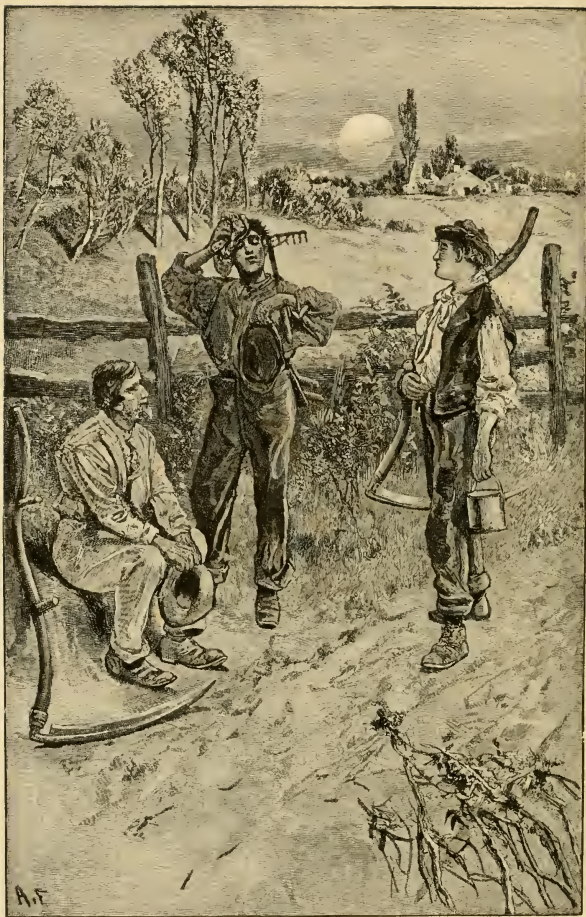


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS 1257
Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf. *F4*
1898

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



[Page 104

“ WITH SUN TROD FACES AND HORN-GLOVED HANDS ”

FARM FESTIVALS

BY

WILL CARLETON

AUTHOR OF

"FARM BALLADS" "FARM LEGENDS" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

NEW EDITION FROM NEW PLATES



NEW YORK AND LONDON

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

1898

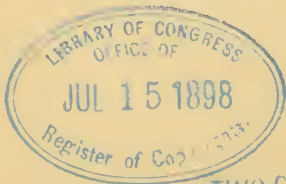
PS 1257
.F4
1898

9793

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by
HARPER & BROTHERS,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

All rights reserved.

Copyright, 1898, by HARPER & BROTHERS.



2nd 571,
1898.

TWO COPIES RECEIVED.

38087

TO
SISTERS AND BROTHER
ALL GONE ON
THROUGH SAD, MYSTERIOUS MISTS
INTO
THE GREAT BRIGHTNESS

P R E F A C E

NOT all the festivals of the farm have been attempted in these pages ; there are still more in the author's heart than in his book.

Such only have been selected as might best help to express the thoughts, fancies, and memories which were uppermost in his mind, and (in a few cases) to garner certain poems already written.

Some of the characters were drawn from people he has known — some of the incidents from scenes in which he has participated ; but the names used are, of course, all fictitious, though taken at random from such as are likely to be found in any community.

With these few words of introduction he respectfully presents to the public this third number of *THE FARM SERIES*, and will be more than pleased should it gain as kind and generous a greeting as have been given its predecessors.

W. C

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE FESTIVAL OF REMINISCENCE; OR, THE PIONEER MEETING	1
SONG OF THE AXE	4
THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY	6
ELIPHALET CHAPIN'S WEDDING	19
THE SECOND SETTLER'S STORY	22
SLEEP, OLD PIONEER!	29
THE FESTIVAL OF PRAISE; OR, THANKSGIVING DAY	31
THE FESTIVAL OF GOOD CHEER; OR, CHRISTMAS MONOLOGUES	43
THE FESTIVAL OF ANECDOTE; OR, AN EVENING IN THE COUNTRY STORE	48
OUR TRAVELLED PARSON	50
A DIRGE OF THE LAKE	58
THE DEAD STUDENT	61
THE DEATH-BRIDGE OF THE TAY	64
THE LIGHTNING-ROD DISPENSER	73
THE FESTIVAL OF CLAMOR; OR, THE TOWN-MEETING	80
THE FESTIVAL OF MELODY; OR, THE SINGING-SCHOOL	86

	PAGE
THE FESTIVAL OF INDUSTRY ; OR, THE COUNTY FAIR .	94
DIALOGUE OF THE HORSES	95
SONG OF THE REAPER	97
THE LABORING MEN	104
THE TRAMP'S STORY	109
THE FESTIVAL OF INJUSTICE ; OR, THE LAWSUIT . .	115
THE FESTIVAL OF DIS-REASON ; OR, THE DEBATE . .	123
THE FESTIVAL OF REUNION ; OR, THE GOLDEN WED- DING	133
THE FESTIVAL OF MEMORY ; OR, CONVERSE WITH THE SLAIN	137

ILLUSTRATIONS

“ WITH SUN-TROD FACES AND HORN-GLOVED HANDS ”	<i>Frontispiece</i>
“ THE OLD GUARD OF THE WOODS ”	<i>Facing p. 2</i>
“ HER LITTLE SCRUB CLASS IN THE SUNDAY- SCHOOL ”	“ 10
“ NOW, WHEN HE DROVE HIS EQUIPAGE UP TO HIS SWEETHEART’S DOOR ”	“ 20
“ ‘ COME ON ! I SAID, ‘ WITH YOUR FIERCE LIPS RED ’ ”	“ 26
“ SLEEP, OLD PIONEER ”	“ 30
“ THE WOMEN PLY THEIR KNITTING-WORK ”	“ 36
“ ASKS IF THERE’S ‘ ANYTHING FOR US TO-DAY ’ ”	“ 48
“ I FOUND HIM IN HIS GARDEN ”	“ 54
“ BUT LOOK ! LOOK ! THE MONSTER IS STUM- BLING	“ 68
“ A HALF-DAY WE CLAMORED AND VOTED ”	“ 82
“ WHAT A MONARCH HE WAS TO US TUNE-KILL- ING WIGHTS ”	“ 88
“ THE INDIAN CORN-EARS, PRODIGAL OF YIELD ”	“ 94

“THAN SHE HAS, WHEN HER BAKING COMES OUT RIGHT”	<i>Facing p.</i> 100
“THE DOGS HOWL CURSES AT ME”	“ 112
“AND THE PARSON'S VIRGIN DAUGHTER, PLAIN AND SEVERELY PURE”	“ 134

FARM FESTIVALS

FARM FESTIVALS

THE FESTIVAL OF REMINISCENCE;

OR,

THE PIONEER MEETING

I

WITHIN a grove, where maples strove
To keep their sweet-tongued goods,
Met, worn with years, some pioneers—
The Old Guard of the woods;
Who came once more to linger o'er
Their youthhoods and their primes,
Renewing here the grief and cheer
Of happy, hard old times.
Rough clad were they—unkempt and gray—
With lack of studied ease—
Yet beauty-strown with charms their own,
Like brave old forest trees,

Their eyes seemed still to flash the will
Of spirits wont to win ;
Their hands were marred ; their cheeks were
scarred
By deep wounds from within.

With awkward grace and earnest face
Of effort-bought repose,
With troubled ease and shaking knees,
Their president arose.
The crowd in view from him first drew
That flustered word, " Ahem !"
He who when found on equal ground,
Could talk so free with them.
('Tis strange how one who well has known
His friends, from day to day,
Those same ones fears, when he appears
On higher ground than they !)
But he arose, and his snub nose
Twanged with a sound immense ;
Which bugle-blast, about him cast,
Gave him self-confidence.
And while a look of reverence took
His anxious-wrinkled face,
He begged the good old elder would
Invoke the throne of grace.

A sweet old man, of clean-cut plan
And undissembling air,
Rose in his place, with fervent face,
And made a business prayer.



"THE OLD GUARD OF THE WOODS"

He never threw his voice into
A sad, mysterious wail;
He ne'er aspired to make Heaven tired,
With gossip weak and stale;
He did not ask a toilless task,
Or claim undue reward,
He did not shout opinions out,
Or "dance before The Lord";
He did not prate of town or state,
Suggesting them by name;
With his calm voice no precepts choice,
Or general orders, came,—
Thanks—many a one—for favors done,
Hopes—modest-clothed—for more,
Praise, love, and fear, and all sincere,
And then his words were o'er.
So old was he, it seemed to me,
In this strong, feeble prayer,
He knocked once more at Heaven's front door,
And soon would enter there.

With side-turned head, the chairman said,
"To help this meetin' 'long,
My eldest son, George Washington,
Will perpetrate a song."
Uncouth of view, George W.
Rose in his ample tracks,
And gave, in voice not over choice,
The loud

SONG OF THE AXE.

They called me off of the hard couch of my rest—
 “Wake up! wake up! for the morning breaks!” they
 said.

To the bath of the white-hot fire they bared my
 breast—

The lash of the iron sledge fell on my head.

Far and near

My pain-cries bounded;

Shrill and clear

The anvils sounded;

“Work!” they cried:

“The day has broke!

The forests wide

Await the stroke

Of the serpent-spring of the woodman’s cordy arm,
 As it flings the white-toothed axe against the
 tree;

The noon shall gleam on many a prosperous farm,
 And the growing grain the forest’s child shall be.”

I went to the streetless city of the wood—

I carried there destruction’s surest pang;

The tree that many a hundred years had stood,

Now fell at the touch of my silver-gleaming fang.

Far and wide

My voice was calling;

Every side

The trees were falling;

“Cease,” I said,
“Your barbarous cheer,
And bow the head,
For death is near!”

And the oak-tree gazed at its steadily gaping wound,
And nursed the stinging pain that it could not
tell;
Then grandly drooped, with an agony-moaning sound,
And dashed and crashed through the brush, and,
thundering, fell.

Where'er are heard my voice's ominous sounds,
The half-clad feet of the homeless millions run;
They pitch their tents of wood on my battle-grounds—
They eat the fruits of the work that I have done.

Toil that dares
Is tenfold glorious;
All earth shares
Its march victorious;
“Haste!” it cries;
“Your venturous deeds
Will win a prize
For human needs!”

So I strike the key-note of the national song
Of empires that shall star through future years;
And the artist-tribes do but my strains prolong:
And I am the pioneer of pioneers.

II

Came speeches, then, by withered men,
 In language brusque and plain;
 And, as it happ'd, most of them tapped
 A reminiscent vein.
 Age loves through ways of olden days
 With Memory's lamp to grope;
 As proud Youth peers at future years,
 Lit by the torch of Hope.
 How far between are Memory's scene
 And Hope's unclouded view!
 False is each one, and overdone—
 Yet both are wondrous true.
 And toward the close, there calmly rose
 A sad-eyed veteran hoary,
 And with a fair and modest air,
 Told

THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY.

It ain't the funniest thing a man can do—
 Existing in a country when it's new;
 Nature—who moved in first—a good long while—
 Has things already somewhat her own style,
 And she don't want her woodland splendors battered,
 Her rustic furniture broke up and scattered,
 Her paintings, which long years ago were done
 By that old splendid artist-king, the Sun,
 Torn down and dragged in Civilization's gutter,
 Or sold to purchase settlers' bread-and-butter.

She don't want things exposed, from porch to closet—
And so she kind o' nags the man who does it.
She carries in her pockets bags of seeds,
As general agent of the thriftiest weeds;
She sends her blackbirds, in the early morn,
To superintend his fields of planted corn;
She gives him rain past any duck's desire—
Then maybe several weeks of quiet fire;
She sails mosquitoes—leeches perched on wings—
To poison him with blood-devouring stings;
She loves her ague-muscle to display,
And shake him up—say every other day;
With thoughtful, conscientious care, she makes
Those travellin' poison-bottles, rattlesnakes;
She finds time, 'mongst her other family cares,
To keep in stock good wild-cats, wolves, and bears;
She spurns his offered hand, with silent gibes,
And compromises with the Indian tribes
(For they who've wrestled with his bloody art
Say Nature always takes an Indian's part).
In short, her toil is every day increased,
To scare him out, and hustle him back East;
Till finally it strikes her, some fine day,
He entered that locality to stay;
Then she turns 'round, as sweet as anything,
And takes her new-made friend into the ring,
And changes from a snarl into a purr:
From mother-in-law to mother, as it were.

Well, when I first infested this retreat,
Things to my view looked very incomplete;

But Nature seemed quite cheerful, all about me,
A-carrying on her different trades without me.
These words the forest seemed at me to throw :
"Sit down and rest awhile—before you go ;"
From bees to trees the whole woods seemed to say,
"You're welcome here—till you can get away,
But not for time of any large amount ;
So don't be hanging round on our account."
But I had come with heart-thrift in my song,
And brought my wife and plunder right along ;
I hadn't a round-trip ticket to go back,
And if I had, there wasn't no railroad track ;
And drivin' east was what I couldn't endure :
I hadn't started on a circular tour.

My girl-wife was as brave as she was good,
And helped me every blessed way she could ;
She seemed to take to every rough old tree,
As sing'lar as when first she took to me.
She kep' our little log-house neat as wax ;
And once I caught her fooling with my axe.
She learned a hundred masculine things to do :
She aimed a shot-gun pretty middlin' true,
Although, in spite of my express desire,
She always shut her eyes before she'd fire.
When I was logging, burning, choppin' wood—
She'd linger 'round, and help me all she could,
And kept me fresh-ambitious all the while,
And lifted tons, just with her voice and smile.
With no desire my glory for to rob,
She used to stan' around and boss the job ;

And when first-class success my hands befell,
Would proudly say, " *We* did that pretty well!"
She *was* delicious, both to hear and see—
That pretty wife-girl that kep' house for me!

Sundays we didn't propose, for lack o' church,
To have our souls left wholly in the lurch ;
And so I shaved and dressed up, well's I could,
And did a day's work trying to be good.
My wife was always bandbox-sleek ; and when
Our fat old bull's-eye watch said half-past ten
('Twas always varying from the narrow way,
And lied on Sundays, same as any day),
The family Bible from its high perch started
(The one her mother gave her when they parted),
The hymn-book, full of music-balm and fire—
The one she used to sing in in the choir—
One I sang with her from—I've got it yet—
The very first time that we *really* met ;
(I recollect, when first our voices gibed,
A feeling that declines to be described !
And when our eyes met—near the second verse—
A kind of old-acquaintance look in hers,
And something went from mine, which, I declare,
I never even knew before was there—
And when our hands touched—slight as slight could be—
A streak o' sweetened lightnin' thrilled through me!
But that's enough of that ; perhaps, even now,
You'll think I'm softer than the law 'll allow ;
But you'll protect an old man with his age,
For yesterday I turned my eightieth page ;

Besides, there'd be less couples falling out
If such things only were more thought about).

Well, we would take these books, sit down alone,
And have a two-horse meeting, all our own;
And read our verses, sing our sacred rhymes,
And make it seem a good deal like old times.
But finally across her face there'd glide
A sort of sorry shadow from inside;
And once she dropped her head, like a tired flower,
Upon my arm, and cried a hal' an hour.
I humored her until she had it out,
And didn't ask her what it was about;
I knew right well: our reading, song, and prayer
Had brought the old times back, too true and square.
The large attended meetings morn and night;
The spiritual and mental warmth and light;
Her father, in his pew, next to the aisle;
Her mother, with the mother of her smile;
Her brothers' sly, forbidden Sunday glee;
Her sisters, e'en a'most as sweet as she;
Her girl and boy friends, not too warm or cool;
Her little scrub class in the Sunday-school;
The social, and the singings and the ball;
And happy home-cheer waiting for them all—
These marched in close procession through her mind,
And didn't forget to leave their tracks behind.
You married men—there's many in my view—
Don't think your wife can all wrap up in you;
Don't deem, though close her life to yours may grow,
That you are all the folks she wants to know;



“HER LITTLE SCRUB CLASS IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.”

Or think your stitches form the only part
Of the crochet-work of a woman's heart.
Though married hearts in happiness may live,
Each needs some help the other cannot give.

Well, neighborhoods meant counties, in those days;
The roads didn't have accommodating ways;
And maybe weeks would pass before she'd see—
And much less talk with—any one but me.
The Indians sometimes showed their sun-baked faces,
But they didn't teem with conversational graces;
Some ideas from the birds and trees she stole,
But 'twasn't like talking with a human soul;
And finally I thought that I could trace
A half heart-hunger peering from her face.
Then she would drive it back, and shut the door;
Of course that only made me see it more.
'Twas hard to see her give her life to mine,
Making a steady effort not to pine;
'Twas hard to hear that laugh bloom out each minute,

And recognize the seeds of sorrow in it.
No misery makes a close observer mourn
Like hopeless grief with hopeful courage borne;
There's nothing sets the sympathies to paining,
Like a complaining woman uncomplaining!
It always draws my breath out into sighs
To see a brave look in a woman's eyes.

Well, she went on, as plucky as could be,
Fighting the foe she thought I did not see,

And using her heart-horticultural powers
 To turn that forest to a bed of flowers.
 You cannot check an unadmitted sigh,
 And so I had to soothe her on the sly,
 And secretly to help her draw her load ;
 And soon it came to be an up-hill road.
 Hard work bears hard upon the average pulse,
 Even with satisfactory results ;
 But when effects are scarce, the heavy strain
 Falls dead and solid on the heart and brain.
 And when we're bothered, it will oft occur
 We seek blame-tinder ; and I lit on her ;
 And looked at her with daily lessening favor,
 For what I knew she couldn't help, to save her.
 (We often — what our souls should blush with shame
 for—

Blame people most for what they're least to blame for.)
 Then there'd a misty, jealous thought occur,
 Because I wasn't Earth and Heaven to her,
 And all the planets that about us hovered,
 And several more that hadn't been discovered ;
 And my hard muscle-labor, day by day,
 Deprived good-nature of the right of way ;
 And 'tis no use—this trying to conceal
 From hearts that love us what our own hearts feel !
 They can't escape close observation's mesh—
 And thoughts have tongues that are not made of flesh ;
 And so erelong she caught the half-grown fact :
 Commenced observing how I didn't act ;
 And silently began to doubt and grieve
 O'er old attentions newly taken leave :

Some kind caress—some little petting ways—
Commenced not coming out on rainy days;
(I did not see 't so clear then, I'll allow;
But I can trace it wondrous clearly now);
And Discord, when he once had called and seen us,
Came round quite often, and edged in between us.

One night I came from work unusual late,
Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate—
Her supper struck me wrong (though I'll allow
She hadn't much to strike with, anyhow);
And when I went to milk the cows, and found
They'd wandered from their usual feeding ground,
And maybe 'd left a few long miles behind 'em,
Which I must copy, if I meant to find 'em,
Flash-quick the stay-chains of my temper broke,
And in a trice these hot words I had spoke:
"You ought to 've kept the animals in view,
And drove 'em in; you'd nothing else to do.
The heft of all our life on me must fall;
You just lie round and let me do it all!"

That speech—it hadn't been gone a half a minute,
Before I saw the cold black poison in it;
And I'd have given all I had, and more,
To 've only safely got it back in-door.
I'm now what most folks "well-to-do" would call:
I feel to-day as if I'd give it all,
Provided I through fifty years might reach,
And kill and bury that half-minute speech.

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds ;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead ;
But God himself can't kill them when they're said !

She handed back no words, as I could hear ;
She didn't frown—she didn't shed a tear ;
Half proud, half crushed, she stood and looked me o'er,
Like some one she had never seen before !
Then such a sudden anguish-lit surprise
I never viewed before in human eyes.
(I've seen it oft enough since in a dream ;
It sometimes wakes me, like a midnight scream !)

Next morning, when, stone-faced, but heavy-hearted,
With dinner-pail and sharpened axe I started
Away for my day's work—she watched the door,
And followed me half-way to it or more ;
And I was just a-turning round at this,
And asking for my usual good-bye kiss ;
But on her lip I saw a proudish curve,
And in her eye a shadow of reserve ;
And she had shown—perhaps half unawares—
Some little independent breakfast airs—
And so—the usual parting didn't occur ;
Although her eyes invited me to her ;
I with a short "good-morning" shut the door,
And left her as I never had before.

Now, when a man works with his muscle smartly,
It makes him up into machinery, partly ;

And any trouble he may have on hand
Gets deadened like, and easier to stand.
And though the memory of last night's mistake
Bothered me with a dull and heavy ache,
I all the forenoon gave my strength full rein,
And made the wounded trees bear half the pain.
But when at noon my lunch I came to eat,
Put up by her so delicately neat—
Choicer, somewhat, than yesterday's had been,
And some fresh, sweet-eyed pansies she'd put in—
"Tender and pleasant thoughts," I knew they
meant—
It seemed as if her kiss with me she'd sent ;
Then I became once more her humble lover,
And said, "To-night I'll ask forgiveness of her."

I went home over-early on that eve ;
Having contrived to make myself believe,
By various signs I thought I knew, and guessed,
A thunder-storm was coming from the west.
('Tis strange, when one sly reason fills the heart,
How many honest ones will take its part ;
A dozen first-class reasons said 'twas right
That I should reach home early on that night.)

Half out of breath, the cabin door I swung,
With tender heart-words trembling on my tongue ;
But all within looked desolate and bare :
My house had lost its soul—she was not there !
A pencilled note was on the table spread,
And these are something like the words it said :

"The cows have strayed away again, I fear;
 I watched them pretty close; don't scold me, dear.
 And where they are, I think I *nearly* know:
 I heard the bell not very long ago—

* * * * *

I've hunted for them all the afternoon;
 I'll try once more—I think I'll find them soon.
 Dear, if a burden I have been to you,
 And haven't helped you as I ought to do,
 Let old-time memories my forgiveness plead;
 I've tried to do my best—I have, indeed.
 Darling, piece out with love the strength I lack,
 And have kind words for me when I get back."

Scarce did I give this letter sight and tongue—
 Some swift-blown rain-drops to the window clung,
 And from the west a rough, deep growl proceeded;
 My thunder-storm had come, now 'twasn't needed!
 I rushed out-door; the air was stained with black;
 Night had come early, on the storm-cloud's back;
 And everything kept dimming to the sight,
 Save when the clouds threw their electric light;
 When, for a flash, so clean-cut was the view,
 I'd think I saw her—knowing 'twas not true.
 Through my small clearing dashed wide sheets of
 spray,
 As if the ocean waves had lost their way;
 Scarcely a pause the thunder-battle made,
 In the bold clamor of its cannonade!
 And she, while I was sheltered dry and warm,
 Was somewhere in the clutches of that storm!

She who, when storm-frights found her at her best,
Had always hid her white face on my breast!

My dog, who'd skirmished 'round me all the day,
Now, crouched and whimpering, in a corner lay;
I dragged him by his collar to the wall—
I pressed his quivering muzzle to a shawl:
"Track her, old boy!" I shouted: and he whined,
Matched eyes with me, as if to read my mind—
Then with a yell went tearing through the wood.
I followed him, as faithful as I could.
No pleasure-trip was that, through flood and flame!
We raced with death;—we hunted noble game.
All night we dragged the woods without avail;
The ground got drenched—we could not keep the trail.
Three times again my cabin home I found,
Half hoping she might be there, safe and sound;
But each time 'twas an unavailing care:
My house had lost its soul; she was not there!

When, climbing the wet trees, next morning-sun
Laughed at the ruin that the night had done,
Bleeding and drenched—by toil and sorrow bent—
Back to what used to be my home I went.
But, as I neared our little clearing-ground—
Listen!—I heard the cow-bell's tinkling sound;
The cabin door was just a bit ajar;
It gleamed upon my glad eyes like a star!
"Brave heart," I said, "for such a fragile form!
She made them guide her homeward through the
storm!"

Such pangs of joy I never felt before :
"You've come!" I shouted, and rushed through the
door.

Yes, she had come—and gone again.—She lay
With her sweet young life crushed and wrenched
away—

Lay—the heart-ruins of our home among—
Not far from where I killed her with my tongue.
The rain-drops glittered 'mid her hair's long strands,
The forest-thorns had torn her feet and hands,
But 'midst the tears—brave tears—that I could trace
Upon the pale but sweetly resolute face,
I once again the mournful words could read—
"I've tried to do my best—I have, indeed!"

And now I'm mostly done; my story's o'er;
Part of it never breathed the air before.
'Tisn't over-usual, it must be allowed,
To volunteer heart-history to a crowd,
And scatter 'mongst them confidential tears,
But you'll protect an old man with his years;
And wheresoe'er this story's voice can reach,
This is the SERMON I would have it preach:

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
"Careful with fire," is good advice, we know:
"Careful with words," is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God himself can't kill them when they're said!

III

With added calm, untangling from
The twists of bench-repose,
When silence called, serene and bald,
The President arose ;
And with bowed head he humbly said,
"To help this meetin' 'long,
My second one, James Madison,
Will now submit a song."
James M. appeared, his infant beard
Hopes for the future shedding,
And sung in strains of anxious pains

ELIPHALET CHAPIN'S WEDDING.

'Twas when the leaves of Autumn were by tempest-
fingers picked,
Eliphalet Chapin started to become a benedict ;
With an ancient two-ox wagon to bring back his new-
found goods,
He hawed and gee'd and floundered through some
twenty miles o' woods ;
With premaritimonial ardor he his hornéd steeds did
press,
But Eliphalet's wedding journey didn't bristle with
success.

Oh no,
Woe, woe !
With candor to digress,
Eliphalet's wedding journey didn't tremble with success.

He had not gone a ten-mile when a wheel demurely
 broke,
 A disunited family of fellow, hub, and spoke;
 It joined, with flattering prospects, the Society of
 Wrecks;
 And he had to cut a sapling, and insert it 'neath the "ex."
 So he ploughed the hills and valleys with that Doric
 wheel and tire,
 Feeling that his wedding journey was not all he could
 desire.

"Gee, Bright!

G'long, Buck!"

He shouted, hoarse with ire:

No; Eliphalet's wedding journey none in candor could
 admire!

He had not gone fifteen miles with extended face
 forlorn,
 When Night lay down upon him hard, and kept him
 there till morn;
 And when the daylight chuckled at the gloom within
 his mind,
 One ox was "strayed or stolen," and the other hard
 to find.
 So yoking Buck as usual, he assumed the part of Bright
 (Constituting a menagerie diverting to the sight);
 With "Haw, Buck!
 Gee, Buck!
 Sha'n't get there till night!"
 No; Eliphalet's wedding journey was not one intense
 delight.



“ NOW, WHEN HE DROVE HIS EQUIPAGE UP TO HIS SWEET-
HEART’S DOOR ”

Now, when he drove his equipage up to his sweet-heart's door,
The wedding guests had tired and gone, just half an hour before ;
The preacher had from sickness an unprofitable call,
And had sent a voice proclaiming that he couldn't come at all ;
The parents had been prejudiced by some one, more or less,
And the sire the bridegroom greeted with a different word from " bless."

 " Blank your head,
 You blank !" he said ;
 " We'll break this off, I guess !"

No ; Eliphalet's wedding was not an unqualified success.

Now, when the bride saw him arrive, she shook her crimson locks,
And vowed to goodness gracious she would never wed an ox ;
And with a vim deserving rather better social luck,
She eloped that day by daylight with a swarthy Indian " buck,"
With the presents in the pockets of her woollen wedding-dress ;
And " Things ain't mostly with me," quoth Eliphalet,
 " I confess."
 No—no ;
 As things go,

No fair mind 'twould impress,
That Eliphalet Chapin's wedding was an unalloyed
success.

Eliphalet Chapin started home—

IV

Once more unbent the President,
With face grown sadly long,
And said, "How many more, if any,
Such verses has that song?"
With smile unchanged, the minstrel ranged
Four fingers and a thumb,
And said, "There'll be just twenty-three
More stanzas yet to come."
With look of dread, the father said,
"You need not sing them here,
But get your man home, if you can,
Some time this coming year."
Without a frown, James M. sat down,
Stripped of his vocal glory;
And then an old rough patriarch told

THE SECOND SETTLER'S STORY.

A han'some night, with trees snow-white,
And the time say ten or more,
Saw wife and me, with a well-fed glee,
Drive home from Jackson's store.

There was wife and I, and some things folks buy,
And our horses and our sleigh;
And the moon went along with its lantern strong,
And lit us as light as day.
We'd made roads good, drawin' logs and wood,
For thirty years ago;
And the wear and tear had sustained repair
From Road Commissioner Snow.
As we trotted along, our two-thread song
Wove in with the sleigh-bells' chimes;
Our laugh run free, and it seemed to me
We was havin' first-rate times.

I said "first-rate," but I do not say 't
On a thoroughly thorough plan;
I had won my wife, in legitimate strife,
Away from her first young man.
'Twas a perfect rout, and a fair cut-out,
With nothing sneaky or wrong;
But I wondered so as to whether or no
She had brought her *heart* along!
A woman half-won is worse than none,
With another man keepin' part;
It's nothin' to gain her body and brain,
If she can't throw in her heart.
And I felt and thought that I sometimes caught
A chillness out o' her mind;
She was too much prone to thinkin' alone,
And rather too coldly kind.
But things seemed right this partic'lar night,
More so than with average folks;

And we filled the air with music to spare,
And complimentary jokes.
Till, as I reckoned, about a second
All happened to be still—
A cry like the yell of hounds from hell
Came over a neighboring hill.
It cut like a blade through the leafless shade;
It chilled us stiff with dread;
We looked loud cries in each other's eyes—
And—" *Wolves!*" was all we said.
The wolf! grim scamp and forest-tramp—
Why made, I never could see;
Beneath brute level—half dog, half devil—
The Indian-animal, he!
And this was a year with a winter more drear
Than any we'd ever known;
It was '43; and the wolves, you see,
Had a famine of their own.
That season, at least, of man and beast
They captured many a one;
And we knew, by the bite of their voice that night,
That they hadn't come out for fun.

My horses felt need of all their speed,
And every muscle strained;
But, with all they could do, I felt and knew
That the hungry animals gained.
'Twas but two miles more to our own house door,
Where shelter we would find,
When I saw the pack close on to our track,
Not a hundred yards behind.

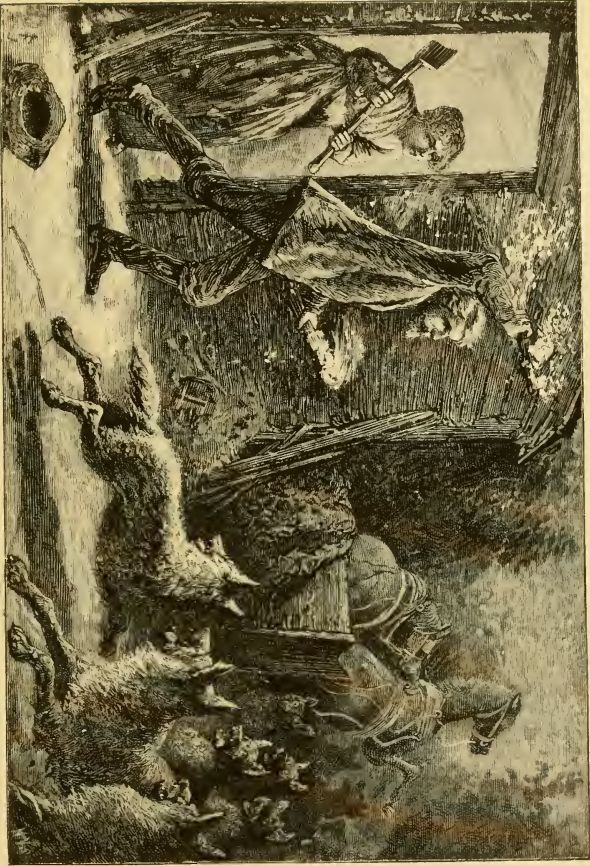
Then I silent prayed : " O God! for aid—
Just a trifle—I request !
Just give us, You know, an even show,
And I'll undertake the rest."
Then I says to my wife, " Now drive for life!
They're a-comin' over-nigh!
And I will stand, gun and axe in hand,
And be the first to die."
As the ribbons she took, she gave me a look
Sweet memory makes long-lived ;
I thought, " I'll allow she loves me now ;
The rest of her heart has arrived !"
I felt I could fight the whole o' the night,
And never flinch or tire :
In danger, mind you, a woman behind you
Can turn your blood to fire !

When they reached the right spot, I left 'em a shot,
But it wasn't a steady aim—
'Twasn't really mine—and they tipped me a whine,
And came on all the same.
Their leader sped a little ahead,
Like a gray knife from its sheath ;
With a resolute eye, and a hungry cry,
And an excellent set of teeth.
A moment I gazed—my axe I raised—
It hissed above my head—
Crunching low and dull, it split his skull,
And the villain fell back dead !
It checked them there, and a minute to spare
We had, and a second besides :

With rites unsaid they buried their dead
In the graves of their own lank hides.
They made for him a funeral grim—
Himself the unbaked meat;
And when they were through with their barbecue,
They started for more to eat!

With voices aflame, once more they came;
But faster still we sped,
And we and our traps dashed home perhaps
A half a minute ahead.
My wife I bore through the open door,
Then turned to the hearth clean swept,
Where a log-fire glowed in its brick abode—
By my mother faithfully kept;
From its depths raising two fagots blazing,
I leaped like lightning back;
I dashed the brands, with my blistering hands,
In the teeth of the howling pack:
“Come on!” I said, “with your fierce lips red,
Flecked white with poison foam!
Waltz to me now, and just notice how
A man fights for his home!”
They shrunk with fright from the feel and sight
O’ this sudden volley of flame;
With a yell of dread, they sneaked and fled,
As fast as ever they came.

As I turned around, my wife I found
Not the eighth of an inch away:



“ ‘COME ON!’ I SAID, ‘WITH YOUR FERCE LIPS RED.’ ”

She looked so true and tender, I knew
That her heart had come—to stay.
She nestled more nigh, with love-lit eye,
And passionate-quivering lip;
And I saw that the lout that I cut out
Had probably lost his grip.
Doubt moved away, for a permanent stay,
And never was heard of more;
My soul must own that it had not known
The soul of my wife before!

As I stanch'd the steam on my foaming team
These thoughts hitched to my mind:
Below or above some woman's love,
How little in life we find!
A man 'll go far to plant a star
Where fame's wide sky is thrown,
But a longer way, for some woman to say,
"I love you for my own."
And oft as I've worked, this thought has lurked
'Round me, with substantial aid:
Of the best and worst men have done since first
This twofold world was made:
Of the farms they've cleared—of the buildin's reared—
The city splendors wrought—
Of the battle-field, where, loth to yield,
The right 'gainst the right has fought;
Of the measured strains of the lightning-trains,
The clack of the quick-spoke wire—
Of the factory's clash and the forge's flash,
An' the furnace's plumes of fire;

Be 't great or small, nine-tenths of all
Of every trade and art—
Be 't right or wrong—is merely a song
To win some woman's heart.

V

With haste well meant, the President
Laboriously arose,
And said, "'Tis near the time, I fear,
This meetin' ought to close.
But ere we grieve this spot to leave,
To help the meetin' 'long,
My youngest one, T. Jefferson,
Will *contribute* a song."
Like sheep that fly, when lingers nigh
Some foe their leader fears;
Like boys at play, when far away
Parental wrath appears;
Like anything that fright can bring
Into the average throng,
The crowd withdrew from casual view,
To dodge the threatened song.
With better pluck than vocal luck,
And face of hardy cheer,
Young Thomas J. closed out the day
With

SLEEP, OLD PIONEER!

When the Spring-time touch is lightest,
When the Summer-eyes are brightest,
Or the Autumn sings most drear;
When the Winter's hair is whitest,
Sleep, old pioneer!
Safe beneath the sheltering soil,
Late enough you crept;
You were weary of the toil
Long before you slept.
Well you paid for every blessing,
Bought with grief each day of cheer:
Nature's arms around you pressing,
Nature's lips your brow caressing,
Sleep, old pioneer!

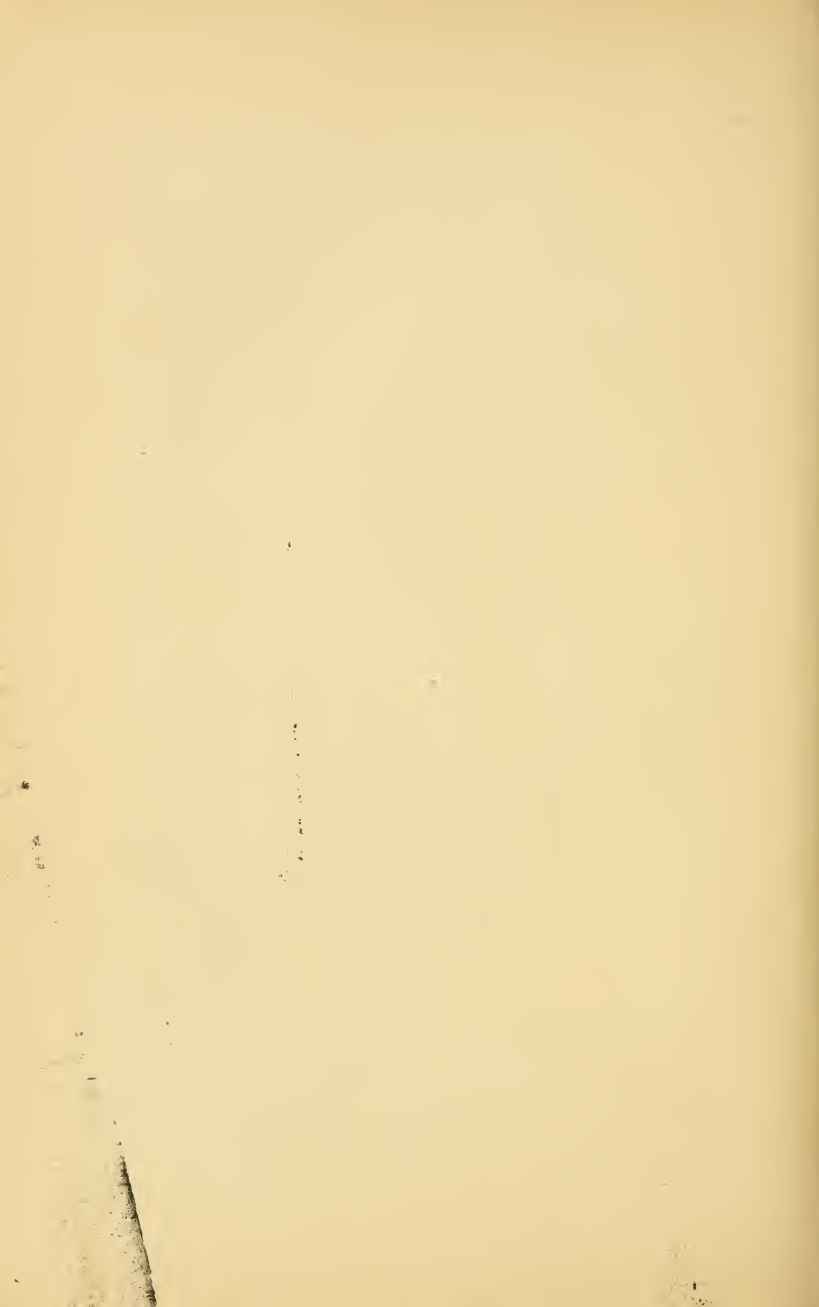
When the hill of toil was steepest,
When the forest-frown was deepest,
Poor, but young, you hastened here;
Came where solid hope was cheapest—
Came—a pioneer.
Made the Western jungles view
Civilization's charms;
Snatched a home for yours and you,
From the lean tree-arms.
Toil had never cause to doubt you—
Progress' path you helped to clear;

But To-day forgets about you,
And the world rides on without you—
Sleep, old pioneer!

Careless crowds go daily past you,
Where *their* future fate has cast you,
Leaving not a sigh or tear;
And your wonder-works outlast you—
Brave old pioneer!
Little care the selfish throng
Where your heart is hid,
Though they thrive upon the strong
Resolute work it did.
But *our* memory-eyes have found you,
And we hold you grandly dear:
With no work-day woes to wound you—
With the peace of God around you—
Sleep, old pioneer!



“ SLEEP, OLD PIONEER ”



THE FESTIVAL OF PRAISE;

OR,

THANKSGIVING DAY

'TIS in the thrifeful Autumn days,
When earth is overdone,
And forest trees have caught the blaze
Thrown at them by the sun;
When up the gray smoke puffs and curls
From cottage chimney-lips,
And oft the driving storm unfurls
The black sails of his ships,
Or Indian-summer, dimly fair,
May walk the valleys through,
And paint the glass walls of the air
In tints of dreamy blue;
When Summer is mislaid and lost
Among the leaflets dead,
And Winter, in white words of fro,
Has telegraphed ahead;
When far afield the farmer blows
His fingers, numbed with cold,
And robs from stately corn-hill rows,
Their pocket-books of gold;

When, with a weird and horn-like note,
The cloud-geese southward fly,
In branches leafed with wings, that float
Along the liquid sky;
When to their meals the gobblers strut,
In gastronomic mood,
And little dream that they are but
A food-devouring food;
When chains adorn the chimney-vests,
Of apples hung to dry,
And in his barrel-coffin rests
The porker, doomed to die,
Or, still the recent cruel sport
Of knife-engendered pangs,
His blushing corpse, with lessened port,
Upon the gallows hangs—
'Tis then good prosperous folks display
A reverential cheer,
And thank their Maker one whole day
For all the previous year.

The President proclaims that thus
His duty does direct;
The Governor has written us
Unto the same effect.
Now let the housewife's nets be cast,
And all the poultry kind
Begin to realize, at last,
For what they were designed;
Now rob your fowl-yards of their game,
Till tables groan, anon,

That they who eat may do the same
A little further on ;
Now let your clans of cousins meet,
And talk their blessings o'er,
And voice their thanks for what they eat,
By eating all the more ;
Now let your industry's reward
Achieve a fair display,
And hearts and stomachs thank The Lord
Alternately all day !

The patriarch-farmer, worn and tanned,
Has all his heart alive
To sight his married children, and
Assist them to arrive.
The open gate he rushes through,
With step surprising fast,
And hails the first that drives in view,
"Ho! ho! you've come at last!"
He helps his daughter-in-law alight,
With elephantine grace,
And kisses hard each toddling wight
All o'er its tender face ;
And soon as "Mother" comes and throws
The woman-greeting scream,
Together with his son he goes
To help him stall his team.
So constantly new-comers gain
Old greeting from the sire,
And soon they form a sparkling chain
Around a blazing fire.

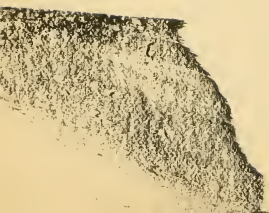
And Reminiscence deftly trips
Them and "old times" between,
And tempts their conversation-lips
With memories sweet and keen.
Old happenings are handled o'er,
In stories somewhat true;
The family all is raised once more,
Here in an hour or two.
There is no speech too dull to quote—
The last tale is the best;
Biography and anecdote
Are each an honored guest.
The family-liar may be here,
And is not greatly grieved
To know his tales, unduly queer,
Are kindly disbelieved;
Full many words are gayly spoke,
Illiterately bright;
And every crippled, veteran joke
Is stirred up to the sight;
And tales are told of childhoods tipped
With follies wisely hid,
And how the good boy oft was whipped
For what the bad one did;
Of many a brain and muscle bout,
By plastic memory fed,
In which the one who tells comes out
Invariably ahead
(For people's lives, you know full well,
Two sets of things recall:
The one of which they often tell,
The other not at all);

The children romping rush and lurk,
And demonstrate their lungs;
The women ply their knitting-work
With unimpeded tongues.
Live fast, you selfish, thankful throng,
For life to-day is fair,
And when the dinner comes along,
Take in a goodly share!
The future keeps just out of view,
And sorrow waits ahead:
There may be days when some of you
Will beg a bit of bread.
The blessings of this day do not
Secure a future one;
This is to thank The Lord for what
He has already done.
And every laugh, however gay,
By grief shall yet be quelled;
O'er each heart that is here to-day
A funeral must be held.
Laugh on again, with careless voice,
As soon as grace is said!
God loves to see His folks rejoice,
No matter what's ahead.
You're sure of this Thanksgiving Day,
Whose blessings on you fall;
A million thanks you should display
For having lived at all.
Grief should be checked, with crafty plan,
But ne'er by dreading nursed;
Care for the future all you can,
Then let it do its worst!

The remnants of the poultry tribes
Lugubriously confer;
Each selfish-sad the loss describes
That worries him or her.
They who survive man's greedy choice—
The thinnest of the clans—
With half-raised foot and trembling voice
Discuss their future plans.
The turkey-orphan now and then
Around her wildly looks;
Her sire is in yon tyrant's den—
She smells him as he cooks.
The mother of the crowing wights
Whose necks were lately wrung
Leaves her spasmodic appetites,
And plies her mournful tongue;
Or scratches absently about,
Her luckless prey to view,
Forgetting, as she picks them out,
That worms have mothers, too.
Her helpmeet, whose defiant crow
Struck morning's earliest chimes,
Has left her side not long ago
And gone to warmer climes;
Her dearest friend of heart and kith,
Her gossip and her aid,
The one that she changed cackles with
Whenever either laid,
Has very suddenly moved on,
With close-tied yellow legs,
To where in days forever gone,
She shipped so many eggs.



“ THE WOMEN PLY THEIR KNITTING-WORK ”



The hateful Now each moment mocks
The over-happy Then ;
Through sorrow's vale she sadly stalks,
A crushed and broken hen.
Cheer up, old girl, and do not mind
Fate's death-venomous gibes !
God's bird-regards are not confined
Unto the sparrow tribes.
By him your shrill, queer mercy-prayer
Was never once unheard ;
He built you with as tender care
As any other bird.
Fling off the grief that round you crept,
Your cherished loves to lose ;
Contact with friends is naught except
A list of interviews ;
And each and all must have an end—
Stars rise, when others set—
If you live right, old speckled friend,
You have a future yet.
Brush by the care that blocks your way ;
Strike a progressive mood !
Fly round, and make a nest, and lay,
And hatch another brood !

The pauper will, as like as not,
This festive day abhor,
And try to find what he has got
To thank his Maker for.
With grim suspense of gratitude
He views his last disease,

His ragged bed and broken food,
And says, "It isn't these!"
He brushes, with his mournful eye,
An ancient coat or hat,
And, standing back, with rueful sigh,
Reflects, "It isn't that!"
He thinks of various friends he had,
Who do not stand him true;
And, with a frown indignant-sad,
Remarks, "It isn't you!"
And yet, he knows his meal to-day
May show unusual cheer,
For Charity, when people pray,
Creeps softly up to hear;
And when their eye she slyly brings
To their abundant shelves,
They send the paupers various things
They do not want themselves.
But food bestowed is apt to be
Unshapely to the eye,
And something of a parody
On food that people buy.
Though maybe given with good grace,
And motive quite sincere,
The poor of the provision race
Comes often also here:
The fowl, unclogged with fleshly pelf;
The bread-loaf underdone;
The hash, a dinner of itself—
Ten courses merged in one;
The steak, once stoutly clinging nigh
Some over-agéd bull;

The meek and lowly veteran pie,
Of reminiscence full.
But emptiness must ever yet
Deem any filling rare;
And stomachs love to work which get
Much leisure time to spare.
With hearts that thanks can well afford,
They gather, hungry clan,
Around the mildly-festal board,
And do the best they can.
Here two old men, of meek intent,
The past are dwelling on:
How they might have done different,
If they had different done;
They look back, and discern the cause
Of each misfortune past,
And whose rascality it was
That ruined them at last;
Ah, me! they might be wealthy men,
With honors on each brow,
If they had calculated then
As well as they do now!
The idiot in a corner lurks,
And eats in bland disgrace;
Perhaps because his good mind works
In an unhandy place.
You idiot boy, I like you much!
Relationship I find;
Perhaps, indeed, we all are such
To the celestial mind.
Perchance the charter angels call
Us fit for laughter's ban,

Because we've fallen, since The Fall,
A good deal lower than
Themselves, whose sails have had a chance
At Heaven's progressive breeze,
While we 'gainst head-winds must advance,
And toss on passion-seas.
You idiot boy, be vaguely glad ;
Your puzzled griefs discharge !
You have some rich relations, lad ;
Your family is large.
I rather think that through some trade
Not far now in advance,
Arrangements will be duly made
To give your mind a chance.
The old-wife feebly gnaws a bone—
Her wits are half awlirl ;
To-day she is a withered crone :
She was a handsome girl.
Here is a drudge who's never shirked
Her duty, it appears ;
And for herself has only worked
In these her feebler years.
Here is—but let us turn away
From life's pain-printed leaf !
I have known comely hair turn gray
With other people's grief.
Good-bye, dear ones ! for you are dear
To souls that yearn above ;
If graves could open, you would hear
Some genuine words of love.
The smiles that once your brows caressed
Are still upon you thrown ;

Your lips are yet by love-lips pressed ;
'Tis but the types are gone.
Good-bye, dear ones! for you are dear
To One most high of place ;
And He, with research long and clear,
Has studied up your case!
He knows your mind and body pains,
And when to soothe them out ;
He knows what yet for you remains ;
He knows what He's about.
Your humble path is not agleam
At this praise-spangled date ;
Your thank-material none can deem
Bewilderingly great ;
But some day, when the time is fit—
On some joy-lighted morn—
You'll thank Him for the whole of it,
As sure as you are born !

The God above! what can we say
Or do, with eyes so dim,
To make this Thursday-Sabbath day
Thanksgiving Day to him?
What love, though grace and beauty clad,
Can thrills to him impart,
Who 'all the love has always had
Of every brain-fed heart?
What can we sing to One whose verse
Eternal song unbars?
What give to Him whose cloud-fringed purse
Is full of gleaming stars?

A doubly pious way consists,
When we our thanks would bring,
In recollecting He exists
In every living thing;
That when or beast or man we touch
With pity-helping care,
'Tis known in Heaven just as much
As if we did it there;
That when our voice in kind behalf
Of any grief is heard,
Heaven's ever-list'ning phonograph
Is taking every word;
That when a heart the earth-heart serves,
Of diamond or clod,
It thrills the universe's nerves,
And glads the soul of God.

THE FESTIVAL OF GOOD CHEER;

OR,

CHRISTMAS MONOLOGUES

[FARMER]

BLOW—blow—bushels o' snow—
As if you had lost your senses!
Rake with your might long winrows white,
Along o' my walls an' fences!
Hover and crowd, ye black-faced cloud!
Your look 's with comfort mingled;
The more o' ye falls on these strong walls,
The better my house is shingled.
Swarm, swarm, pale bees o' the storm!
You bid the world look whiter;
Your very ire but stirs my fire,
And makes the blaze burn brighter!

I ha' worked away more 'n one hot day,
With the harvest-forge a-glowing,
To kindle the cheer of Summer here,
When sharp winds should be blowing.

I ha' braced my form 'gainst many a storm,
When the gale blew helter-skelter—
O'er side-hills steep, through snow-drifts deep,
I ha' climbed, to make this shelter.
My debts are raised, The Lord be praised!
They left my old heart lighter;
That mortgage I fed to the fire-mouths red—
And it made the flame burn brighter!

There's a smile that speaks, in the plump red cheeks
Of the apples in these dishes;
They go down square, with a business air
Of consultin' my stomach's wishes.
I am feelin' the charms of comfort's arms,
Which never opened wider,
With the sober frown of my doughnuts brown,
And the laugh of my sweet-kept cider.
(Of course I know that this all must go,
In a whirl of death or sorrow;
But there's nothing lost in the work it cost,
If I knew I should die to-morrow!)

My mind will play, this Christmas Day,
Round the sad-faced little stranger
That smiled on them at Bethlehem;
And I wish it had been my manger!
I'd ha' told 'em square to get out o' there,
For I hadn't o'er-much o' shed-room,
And move that lad and what else they had,
Straight into my parlor bedroom.

'Twas a story too true, and stranger, too,
Than fairy tale or fable ;
An awkward thing for that preacher-king
To be tossed about in a stable !

'Twould ha' been a joy to ha' given that boy
A quiet heart ovation,
Before He was known as heir to a throne,
Or had struck His reputation.
But I think I've read some words He said,
In one of His printed sermons,
"Of the least of these," in which one sees
The poor, the weak, the infirm 'uns ;
So I b'lieve I know ten turkeys or so—
Each one a fat old sinner—
Who'll wend their way to the poor-house t'day,
And probably stay to dinner.

Growl—growl—ye storm-dogs, howl
As if ye was tryin' to tree me !
For all o' your tricks, my grown-up chicks
Are comin' to-day to see me !
My best I've done for every one—
My heart gets their caressing ;
It seems to me like a Christmas-tree,
Hung round with every blessing.
(Of course I know that this all must go—
But grief wasn't made to borrow ;
And I'd get my pay for the fact to-day,
If I knew I should die to-morrow !)

[FARMER'S WIFE]

Let's see — there'll be ten — eleven — twelve — on this
side,

The old table's growing too small ;
Our larder, as well as our hearts, must provide,
And our hearts will make room for them all.

There'll be Jim with his jokes (and I hope they'll be
new,
Not those he has told twice before);
There'll be Sam with his stories, more startling than
true,
Which always remind him of more ;

There'll be Kate, with her fat little pig of a lad,
Whose stomach unceasingly begs ;
And her other one, who, though not cut out for bad,
Is a hurricane mounted on legs ;

There'll be John, with his tiny brown tribe of brun-
nettes,
And Lue, with her one little blonde ;
And Tom, with two armfuls of wife and their pets,
A trifle too startingly fond !

For 'tis dangerous business—this loving too well—
It somehow brings Heaven over-near ;
When our hearts their sweet stories too noisily tell,
The angels are certain to hear ;

The angels are certain to hear what we say,
In their search for the brightest and best;
And they're likely to carry our prizes away,
To make Heaven more happy and blest.

Though our table be short, yet our hearts extend wide—
This food's with no stinginess chilled;
Let's see: there'll be ten — eleven — twelve — on this
side—
And—the chair that will never be filled.

Oh my poor darling boy, lying silent to-day,
With the storm spading snow on your breast!
The angels, they found you, and made you their prey,
In their search for the brightest and best!

My boy-love! I did not believe you would go!
How I begged and implored you to wake,
As you lay here so white, on that dark day of woe,
That they brought you home, drowned, from the
lake!

And whoever may come, and whatever betide,
You still have your room and your chair;
Is it true that I feel you sometimes at my side,
And your lips on my forehead and hair?

The house will be running clear over with glee,
We all shall be merry to-day;
But Christmas is never quite Christmas to me,
With one of my loved ones away.

THE FESTIVAL OF ANECDOTE;

OR,

AN EVENING IN THE COUNTRY STORE

I

AN evening in the quaint old country store!
While Winter's feet were kicking at the door,
And Winter's white-nailed fingers striving hard
To raise the windows he himself had barred;
Save when he chased upon their weary rounds,
Through tracks of air, his yelling tempest-hounds.
Bark louder, storm-dogs! to our dreamy sight,
Your voices made the fire-cheer twice as bright,
Promoting high beyond a moment's doubt,
The value of the dry-goods shelved about.

There's little you'll be wanting, cheap or dear,
That has not something somewhat like it here;
Whatever honest people drink or eat,
Or pack their bodies in, from head to feet,
Want what you may, you'll get it—search no more—
Or imitation of it—in this store.



“ ASKS IF THERE’S ‘ ANYTHING FOR US TO-DAY ’ ”

The body's needs not only here you find,
 But food, too, for the sympathies and mind;
 For in one corner, fed by many lands,
 The small post-office dignifiedly stands,
 With square, red-numbered boxes in its arms,
 Well stocked with white and brown enveloped charms.
 Here the lithe girl, irresolutely gay,
 Asks if there's "anything for us to-day";
 Here the farm lad, who wider fields would seek,
 Comes for the county paper once a week.
 Through this delivery port-hole there is hurled
 Printed bombardment from the outside world;
 The great, far world, whose heart-throbs, up and
 down,
 Strike pulses, e'en within this quiet town.

The quaint, well populated country store!
 A hospitable, mirth-productive shore,
 Where masculine barks take refuge from distress,
 In the port of an evening's cheerfulness.
 The rusty stove, with wood-fed heat endowed,
 Shoots hot invisible arrows at the crowd,
 To which the chewing population nigh
 Send back a prompt and vigorous reply,
 And find time for side-battles of retort,
 In various moralled stories, long and short.
 Here laws are put on trial by debate,
 Here solved conundrums, both of Church and
 State;
 Here is contested, with more voice than brain,
 Full many a hot political campaign;

And criticisms the minister gets here,
From men who have not heard him once a year.
Or maybe some inside the sacred fold
No longer their experiences can hold
Within the flock, who've harked to them so oft,
Invariably referring them aloft,
That, tired of this monotony, they yearn
A little godless sympathy to earn.
And maybe it is one of these, who now,
With elevated feet and earnest brow,
And face where sentiment flits to and fro,
Tells sorrows he has felt not long ago:

[OUR TRAVELLED PARSON]

For twenty years and over, our good parson had been
toiling,
To chip the bad meat from our hearts, and keep the
good from spoiling;
But suddenly he wilted down, and went to looking sickly,
And the doctor said that something must be put up
for him quickly.
So we kind o' clubbed together, each according to his
notion,
And bought a circular ticket, in the lands across the
ocean;
Wrapped some pocket-money in it— what we thought
would easy do him—
And appointed me committee-man, to go and take it
to him.

I found him in his study, looking rather worse than ever;
And told him 'twas decided that his flock and he
should sever.

Then his eyes grew big with wonder, and it seemed
almost to blind 'em!

And some tears looked out o' window, with some
others close behind 'em;

But I handed him the ticket, with a little bow of def-
erence,

And he studied quite a little ere he got the proper
reference;

And then the tears that waited—great unmanageable
creatures—

Let themselves quite out o' window, and came climb-
ing down his features.

I wish you could ha' seen him, when he came back,
fresh and glowing,

His clothes all worn and seedy, and his face all fat and
knowing;

I wish you could ha' heard him, when he prayed for
us who sent him,

Paying back with compound int'rst every dollar that
we'd lent him!

'Twas a feast to true believers—'twas a blight on con-
tradiction—

To hear one just from Calvary talk about the crucifixion;

'Twas a damper on those fellows who pretended they
could doubt it,

To have a man who'd been there stand and tell 'em
all about it!

Why every foot of Scripture, whose location used to
stump us,
Was now regularly laid out with the different points o'
compass;
When he undertook a subject, in what nat'ral lines
he'd draw it!
He would paint it out so honest that it seemed as if
you saw it.
And the way he went for Europe! oh, the way he
scampered through it!
Not a mountain but he clim' it—not a city but he
knew it;
There wasn't any subject to explain, in all creation,
But he could go to Europe and bring back an illus-
tration!
So we crowded out to hear him, quite instructed and
delighted;
'Twas a picture-show, a lecture, and a sermon—all united;
And my wife would rub her glasses, and serenely pet
her Test'ment,
And whisper, "That 'ere ticket was a splendid good
investment."

Now, after six months' travel, we was most of us all
ready
To settle down a little, so 's to live more staid and
steady;
To develop home resources, with no foreign cares to
fret us,
Using house-made faith more frequent; but our parson
wouldn't let us!

To view the same old scenery, time and time again
he'd call us—

Over rivers, plains, and mountains he would any minute haul us;

He slighted our soul-sorrows, and our spirits' aches and ailings,

To get the cargo ready for his regular Sunday sailings!

Why, he'd take us off a-touring, in all spiritual weather,

Till we at last got home-sick and sea-sick all together!

And "I wish to all that's peaceful," said one free-expressed brother,

"That The Lord had made one cont'nent, an' then never made another!"

Sometimes, indeed, he'd take us into old, familiar places,

And pull along quite nat'ral, in the good old Gospel traces:

But soon my wife would shudder, just as if a chill had got her,

Whispering, "Oh, my goodness gracious! he's a-takin' to the water!"

And it wasn't the same old comfort, when he called around to see us;

On some branch of foreign travel he was sure at last to tree us;

All unconscious of his error, he would sweetly patronize us,

And with oft-repeated stories still endeavor to surprise us.

And outsiders got to laughing; and that fin'ly galled
and stung us
To ask him, Would he kindly once more settle down
among us?
Didn't he think that more home produce would im-
prove our souls' digestions?
They appointed me committee-man to go and ask the
questions.

I found him in his garden, trim an' buoyant as a feather;
He shook my hand, exclaiming, "This is quite Italian
weather!
How it 'minds me of the evenings when, your distant
hearts caressing,
Upon my dear, good brothers I invoked God's choicest
blessing!"

I went and told the brothers, "No; I cannot bear to
grieve him;
He's so happy in his exile, it's the proper place to
leave him.
I took that journey to him, and right bitterly I rue it;
But I cannot take it from him; if *you* want to, go
and do it."

Now a new restraint entirely seemed next Sunday to
enfold him,
And he looked so hurt and humbled, that I knew that
they had told him.
Subdued-like was his manner, and some tones were
hardly vocal;
But every word and sentence was pre-eminently local!



“ I FOUND HIM IN HIS GARDEN ”

Still, the sermon sounded awkward, and we awkward
felt who heard it;

'Twas a grief to see him steer it—'twas a pain to hear
him word it.

“When I was in”—was maybe half a dozen times re-
peated,

But that sentence seemed to choke him, and was al-
ways uncompleted.

As weeks went on, his old smile would occasionally
brighten,

But the voice was growing feeble, and the face began
to whiten;

He would look off to the eastward, with a wistful,
weary sighing,

And 'twas whispered that our pastor in a foreign land
was dying.

The coffin lay 'mid garlands, smiling sad as if they
knew us;

The patient face within it preached a final sermon
to us;

Our parson *had* gone touring—on a trip he'd long
been earning—

In that wonderland whence tickets are not issued for
returning!

O tender, good heart-shepherd! your sweet smiling
lips, half-parted,

Told of scenery that burst on you, just the minute
that you started!

Could you preach once more among us, you might
wonder, without fearing:
You could give us tales of glory that we'd never tire
of hearing!

II

The grave sends fascination with its fear:
We shrink and dread to see it yawning near,
But when on others falls the endless spell,
We like to talk about it very well;
And handle o'er, with unabated breath,
The gruesome, grim particulars of death.
Never can horror so a tale unfold,
But curious mortals love to hear it told,
As if they were not of the race they view,
And subject to the same conditions, too.
When the last speaker had a period found,
And placed his parson safely under-ground,
Mortality of every phase and age
Became at once the conversational rage;
And he was sachem of our gossip-tribe,
Who had the dolefullest death-pangs to describe.
Most well I recollect, of course (though least),
My own addition to the horror-feast.
I had seen two men hanged for some red crime
Committed in drink's murder-harvest time;
By sheriff-usher through the jail-yard shown,
They walked unto this funeral of their own;
Their rites were said by one in priesthood's guise:
Two empty coffins lay before their eyes.

One scarcely yet had left youth's pleasure-vale ;
(His mother waited for him near the jail.)
The other had his tutor been in crime,
And sold the devil half a manhood's time.
They did not flinch, when first frowned on their
sight

Their gallows death-bed, standing bolt-upright ;
But when the youngster turned and took his place,
A cold wind brushed the noose against his face ;
Then first that feigned indifference seemed to fail ;
Death, when it came, made not the boy more pale.
(I saw him in the coffin after this ;
It was a face that woman-eyes would kiss.)
Close to his side, I saw the older pass :
Teacher and pupil, standing in one class.
This rogue had learned a knack to calmly die,
And glanced the younger wretch a cold good-bye ;
But he, unmagnetized from past control,
With silent-moving lips prayed for his soul.
(The black cap hid the last part of his prayer,
And shut it in, but could not keep it there.)
He had prayed for his body, had he known ;
For while the older died without a groan,
When with a "thud!" the two went bounding high,
He struggled, gasped, and wailed, but could not die,
Till the slow-gripping rope had choked him quite,
And strong men fainted at the piteous sight.
(I thought I told this pretty middling well ;
But was eclipsed by an old sea-dog swell,
Anchored by age in our calm rustic bay,
Who'd seen twelve Turks beheaded in one day.)

Then followed accidents, by field and flood,
Such as had fettered breath or loosened blood;
Fires, earthquakes, shipwrecks, and such cheerful
themes,

Furnished material for our future dreams.
And when at last there came a little pause
(The silent horror-method of applause),
A lad, with face appropriately long,
Said, "Jacob, won't you sing that little song
That you sat up all t'other night to make,
About the children drowned in the lake?"
Jacob, whose efforts none had need to urge,
Promptly materialized the following dirge:

[A DIRGE OF THE LAKE]

On the lake—on the lake—
The sun the day is tingeing;
The sky's rich hue shows brighter blue
Above its forest fringing.
The breezes high blow far and nigh
White cloudlets, like a feather;
The breezes low sweep to and fro,
And wavelets race together.

Up the lake—up the lake—
The busy oars are dipping;
The blades of wood that cleave the flood,
With streamlets fresh are dripping.

A graceful throng of golden song
Comes floating smoothly after ;
Like silver chains, ring loud the strains
Of childhood's merry laughter.

By the lake—by the lake—
The lilies' heads are lifting,
And into night the warmth and light
Of happy homes are drifting.
The bright sun-rays upon them gaze,
In pity unavailing ;
With laughing eyes, between two skies
They for the grave are sailing.

In the lake—in the lake—
The barge is sinking steady ;
A startled hush, a frantic rush—
The feast of Death is ready !
A pleading cry, a faint reply,
A frenzied, brave endeavor—
And o'er them deep the wavelets creep,
And smile as sweet as ever.

'Neath the lake—'neath the lake—
The wearied forms are lying ;
They sleep away their gala-day—
Too fair a day for dying !
With hands that grasped, and nothing clasped,
With terror-frozen faces,
In slimy caves and gloomy graves,
They nestle to their places.

From the lake—from the lake—
 They one by one are creeping;
 Their very rest is grief-possessed,
 And piteous looks their sleeping.
 Upon no face is any trace
 Of sickness' friendly warning;
 But sad they lie 'neath even-sky,
 Who were so gay at morning!

O'er the lake—o'er the lake—
 A spectre bark is sailing;
 There is no cry of danger nigh,
 There is no sound of wailing.
 They who have died gaze from its side—
 Their spirit-faces glowing;
 For through the skies the life-boat plies,
 And angel hands are rowing.

III

There was among our various-tempered crowd,
 A graduate; who, having last year ploughed
 The utmost furrow of scholastic lore,
 Now boarded with his father, as before.
 His course was hard, but he had mastered all:
 Aquatics, billiards, flirting, and baseball;
 And now, once more to rural science turned,
 Was leisurely unlearning what he'd learned.
 The death-theme made him sad and serious-eyed,
 About a college comrade who had died;

And with a sudden, strong sigh-lengthened breath,
He gave this boyish paragraph of death :

[THE DEAD STUDENT]

'Twas mighty slow to make it seem as if poor Brown
was dead ;
'Twas only just the day he died he had to take his
bed ;
The day before he played first base, and ran McFar-
land down ;
And then to slip away so sly—'twas not at all like
Brown.

'Twas hard for my own life to leave that fellow's life
behind ;
'Tis work, sometimes, to get a man well laid out in
your mind !
It wouldn't have shaken me so much, long after all
was o'er,
To hear a whoop, and see the man go rushing past
my door !

Poor Brown!—so white and newly still within his
room he lay !
I called upon him, as it were, at noon the second day.
A-rushing into Brownie's room seemed awkward-like,
and queer ;
We hadn't spoken back and forth for something like
a year.

We never pulled together square a single night or day:
Whate'er direction I might start, Brown went the
other way;

(Excepting in our love affairs; we picked a dozen
bones

About a girl Smith tried to get, who fin'ly married
Jones.)

He worked against me in our class, before my very
eyes;

He opened up and scooped me square out of the
Junior prize;

I never wanted any place, clean from the last to first,
But Brown was sure to have a friend who wanted it
the worst.

In the last campus rush, we came to strictly business
blows,

And with the eye he left undimmed, I viewed his
damaged nose;

In short, I came at last to feel—I own it with dismay—
That life would be worth living for, if Brown were out
the way.

He lay within his dingy room, as white as drifted snow—
Things all around were wondrous neat—the women
fixed them so;

'Twas plain he had no hand in that, and naught about
it knew;

To 've seen the order lying round, it would have made
him blue!

A bright bouquet of girlish flowers smiled on the scene of death,
And through the open window came a sweet geranium-breath ;
Close-caged, a small canary bird, with glossy, yellow throat,
Tripped drearily from perch to perch, and never sung a note ;

With hair unusually combed, sat poor McFarland near,
Alternately perusing Greek, and wrestling with a tear ;
A homely little girl of six, for some old kindness' sake,
Sat sobbing in a corner near, as if her heart would break ;

The books looked pale and wretched-like, almost as if they knew,
And seemed to be a-whispering their titles to the view ;
His rod and gun were in their place ; and high where all could see,
Gleamed jauntily the boating-cup he won last year from me ;

I lifted up the solemn sheet ; the honest, manly face
Had signs of study and of toil that death could not erase ;
As western skies at twilight mark where late the sun has been,
Brown's face showed yet the mind and soul that late had burned within.

He looked so grandly helpless there upon that lonely bed—
Ah me ! these manly foes are foes no more when they are dead !

“Old boy,” said I, “’twas half my fault; this heart makes late amends.”

I grasped the white cold hand in mine — and Brown and I were friends.

IV

“That was a sudden death, ’twill be allowed,”
Said a half-Yankeed Scotchman in the crowd :
“We never know what paths may help or kill ;
Death has a-many ways to work his will.
It is his daily study and his care,
To utilize earth, water, fire, and air,
Seduce them from their master man’s employ,
And make the traitors murder and destroy.
Men call this ‘accident.’ Of one I know,
That came about not very long ago,
Where I once lived, three thousand miles away ;
I read it in my paper, yesterday.”
Then, with a strong voice that came not amiss,
He told the story, something like to this :

[THE DEATH-BRIDGE OF THE TAY]

The night and the storm fell together upon the old
town of Dundee,
And, trembling, the mighty firth-river held out its cold
hand towards the sea.
Like the dull-booming bolts of a cannon, the wind
swept the streets and the shores ;

It wrenched at the roofs and the chimneys—it crashed
'gainst the windows and doors ;
Like a mob that is drunken and frenzied, it surged
through the streets up and down,
And screamed the sharp, shrill cry of "Murder!" o'er
river and hill-top and town.
It leaned its great breast 'gainst the belfries—it perched
upon minaret and dome—
Then sprang on the trembling firth-river, and tortured
its waves into foam.
'Twas a night when the landsman seeks shelter, and
cares not to venture abroad ;
When the sailor clings close to the rigging, and prays
for the mercy of God.

Look! the moon has come out, clad in splendor, the
turbulent scene to behold ;
She smiles at the night's devastation—she dresses the
storm-king in gold.
She kindles the air with her cold flame, as if to her
hand it were given
To light the frail earth to its ruin, with the tenderest
radiance of heaven.
Away to the north, ragged mountains climb high
through the shuddering air ;
They bend their dark brows o'er the valley, to read
what new ruin is there.
Along the shore-line creeps the city, in crouching and
sinuous shape,
With firesides so soon to be darkened, and doors to
be shaded with crape!

To the south, like a spider-thread waving, there curves,
for a two-mile away,
This world's latest man-devised wonder—the far-
famous bridge of the Tay.
It stretches and gleams into distance; it creeps the
broad stream o'er and o'er,
Till it rests its strong delicate fingers in the palm of
the opposite shore.
But look! through the mists of the southward, there
flash to the eye, clear and plain,
Like a meteor that's bound to destruction, the lights
of a swift-coming train!

O cruel and blood-thirsty tempest! we sons of human-
ity know,
Whenever and where'er we find you, that you are our
faithfulest foe!
You plough with the death-sharpened cyclone wherever
life's dwellings may be;
You spur your fire-steeds through our cities—you
scuttle our ships on the sea.
The storm-shaken sailor has cursed you; white hands
have implored you in vain;
And still you have filled Death's dominions, and
laughed at humanity's pain.
But ne'er in the cave where your dark deeds are
plotted and hid from the light,
Was one half so cruel and treacherous as this you
have kept for to-night!
You lurked 'round this bridge in its building; you
counted each span and each pier;

You marked the men's daily endeavors— you looked
at them all with a sneer ;
You laughed at the brain-girded structure ; you deemed
it an easy-fought foe,
And bided the time when its builders your easy-plied
prowess should know.
O tempest ! feed full with destruction ! fling down
these iron beams from on high !
But temper your triumph with mercy, and wait till the
train has gone by !

O angels ! sweet guardian angels !— who once in the
body drew breath,
Till, wearied, you found the great river, and crossed on
the black bridge of death,
You who, from the shores of the sun-land, fly back on
the wings of the soul,
And round your frail earth-loves yet hover, and strive
their weak steps to control,
Look out through the mists to the southward ! the
hearts on yon swift-coming train,
So light and so happy this moment, are rushing to
terror and pain !
Oh whisper a word to the driver, that till morning the
bridge be not braved ;
At the cost of a night lost in waiting, full many a year
may be saved !

'Mid the lights that so gayly are gleaming yon city of
Dundee within,
Is one that is waiting a wanderer, who long o'er the
ocean has been ;

His age-burdened parents are watching from the window that looks on the firth,
For the train that will come with their darling—their truest-loved treasure on earth.
“He’ll be comin’ the nicht,” says the father, “for sure the hand-writin’s his ain;
The letter says, ‘Ha’ the lamp lighted—I’ll come on the seven-o’clock train.
For years in the mines I’ve been toiling, in this wonderfu’ West, o’er the sea;
My work has brought back kingly wages—there’s plenty for you an’ for me.
Your last days shall e’en be your best days; the high-stepping youngster you knew,
Who cost so much care in his raising, now ’ll care for himself and for you.
Gang not to the station to meet me; ye ne’er shall run round for me more;
But when ye shall hear the gate clickit, ye maun rise up and open the door.
We will hae the first glow of our greeting when nae one o’ strangers be nigh,
We will smile out the joy o’ our meeting on the spot where we wept our good-bye.
Ye maun put me a plate on the table, an’ set in the auld place a chair;
An’ if but the good Lord be willing, doubt never a bit I’ll be there.
So sit ye an’ wait for my coming (ye will na’ watch for me in vain),
An’ see me glide over the river, along o’ the roar o’ the train.



“BUT LOOK ! LOOK ! THE MONSTER IS STUMBLING ”

Ye may sit at the southernmost window, for I will
come hame from that way;
I will fly where I swam, when a youngster, across the
broad Firth o' the Tay.'"

So they sit at the southernmost window, the parents,
with hand clasped in hand,
And gaze o'er the tempest-vexed waters, across to the
storm-shaken land.

They see the bold acrobat-monster creep out on the
treacherous line;
Its cinder-breath glitters like star-dust—its lamp-eyes
they glitter and shine.

It braces itself 'gainst the tempest—it fights for each
inch with the foe—

With torrents of air all around it—with torrents of
water below.

But look! look! the monster is stumbling, while trem-
bles the fragile bridge-wall—

They struggle like athletes entwining—then both like
a thunder-bolt fall!

Down, down through the dark the train plunges, with
speed unaccustomed and dire;

It glows with its last dying beauty—it gleams like a
hail-storm of fire!

No wonder the mother faints deathlike, and clings like
a clod to the floor;

No wonder the man writhes in frenzy, and dashes his
way through the door!

He fights his way out through the tempest; he is
beaten and baffled and tossed;

He cries, "*The train's gang off the Tay brig! lend help
here to look for the lost!*"

Oh, little to him do they listen, the crowds to the
river that flee;

The news, like the shock of an earthquake, has thrilled
through the town of Dundee.

Like travellers belated, they're rushing to where the
bare station-walls frown;

Suspense twists the blade of their anguish—like mani-
acs they run up and down.

Out, out, creep two brave, sturdy fellows, o'er danger-
strewn buttress and piers;

They can climb 'gainst that blast, for they carry the
blood of old Scotch mountaineers.

But they leave it along as they clamber; they mark all
their hand-path with red;

Till they come where the torrent leaps bridgeless — a
grave dancing over its dead.

A moment they gaze down in horror; then creep from
the death-laden tide,

With the news, "There's nae help for our loved ones,
save God's mercy for them who hae died!"

How sweetly the sunlight can sparkle o'er graves
where our best hopes have lain!

How brightly its gold beams can glisten on faces that
whiten with pain!

Oh, never more gay were the wavelets, and careless in
innocent glee,

And never more sweet did the sunrise shine on the
town of Dundee.

But though the town welcomed the morning, and the
firth threw its gold lances back,
On the hearts of the grief-stricken people death's
cloud rested heavy and black.

And the couple who waited last evening their man-
statured son to accost,

Now laid their heads down on the table, and mourned
for the boy that was lost.

"'Twas sae sad," moaned the crushed, aged mother,
each word dripping o'er with a tear,

"Sae far he should come for to find us, and then he
should perish sae near!

O Robin, my bairn! ye did wander far from us for
mony a day,

And when ye hae come back sae near us, why could na'
ye come a' the way?"

"I *hae* come a' the way," said a strong voice, and a
bearded and sun-beaten face

Smiled on them the first joyous pressure of one long
and filial embrace:

"I cam' on the train far as yon side; but Maggie, my
bride that's to be,

She ran through the storm to the station, to get the
first greeting o' me.

I leaped from the carriage to kiss her; she held me
sae fast and sae ticht,

The train it ran off and did leave me; I could na' get
over the night.

I tried for to walk the brig over—my head it was a'
in a whirl—

I could na'—ye know the sad reason—I had to go back
to my girl!
I hope ye'll tak' kindly to Maggie; she's promised to
soon be my wife;
She's a darling wee bit of a lassie, and her fondness it
saved me my life."

The night and the storm fell together upon the sad
town of Dundee,
The half-smothered song of the tempest swept out like
a sob to the sea;
The voice of the treacherous storm-king, as mourning
for them he had slain;
O cruel and blood-thirsty tempest! your false tears are
shed all in vain!
But, tempest, a bright star in heaven a message of com-
fort sends back,
And draws our dim glances to skyward, away from thy
laurels of black.
Thank God that whatever the darkness that covers his
creature's dim sight,
He always vouchsafes *some* deliverance, throws *some one*
a sweet ray of light;
Thank God that the strength of his goodness from
dark depths ascended on high,
And carried the souls of the suffering away to the
realms of the sky;
Thank God that his well-tempered mercy came down
with the clouds from above,
And saved one from out the destruction, and him by
the angel of love.

V

What mind-smith that can trace the subtle links
Which join a man's ideas, when he thinks?
Given the thought by which he's pleased or vexed,
Who can predict what one will strike him next?
Given a memory, who can tell us all
The other memories that its voice may call?
Given a fancy, who betimes can read
What other unlike fancies it may breed?
Given a fact, who surely can foreknow
What distant relatives may come and go?
Beneath our thoughts, thoughts hidden thickly teem;
Each mind is but a stream above a stream.
Given a story, what dissimilar one
May 't not remind you of before 'tis done!
Scarce had the Scotchman's tale been fairly told,
When a quaint farmer, wrinkled but not old,
Hastened to execute a cross-leg change,
And with no consciousness of seeming strange,
Contributed, with countenance severe,
These notes, from his pecuniary career,
As if the average listener it might strike,
That the two tales were sing'larly alike:

[THE LIGHTNING-ROD DISPENSER]

If the folks that's here is willing, I've a word or two
to say
Of a lightning-rod dispenser that came down on me
one day;

Oiled to order in his motions — sanctimonious in his mien—

Hands white as any baby's, an' a face unnat'ral clean;
Not a wrinkle had his raiment, teeth and linen glittered white,

And his new - constructed necktie was an interestin' sight!

Which I almost wish a razor had made red that white-skinned throat,

And that new-constructed necktie had composed a hangman's knot,

Ere he brought his sleek-trimmed carcass for my woman-folks to see,

And his buzz-saw tongue a-runnin' for to gouge a gash in me!

Still I couldn't help but like him — as I fear I al'ays must,

The gold o' my own doctrines in a fellow-heap o' dust;
For I saw that my opinions, when I fired 'em round by round,

Brought back an answerin' volley of a mighty similar sound.

I touched him on religion, and the joys my heart had known;

And I found that he had very similar notions of his own!

I told him of the doubtings that made sad my boyhood years:

Why, he'd laid awake till morning with that same old breed of fears!

I pointed up the rough path that I hoped to Heaven
to go :

He was on that very ladder, only just a round below !
Our politics was different, and at first he galled and
wincèd ;

But I arg'ed him so able, he was very soon convinced.

And 'twas gettin' tow'rd the middle of a hungry Sum-
mer day—

There was dinner on the table, and I asked him, would
he stay ?

And he sat him down among us—everlastin' trim and
neat—

And he asked a short crisp blessin' almost good enough
to eat !

Then he fired up on the mercies of our Everlastin'
Friend,

Till he gi'n The Lord Almighty a good first-class rec-
ommend ;

And for full an hour we listened to that sugar-coated
scamp—

Talkin' like a blessèd angel—eatin' like a blasted tramp !

My wife—she liked the stranger, smiling on him, warm
and sweet ;

(It al'ays flatters women when their guests are on the
eat !)

And he hinted that some ladies never lose their youth-
ful charms,

And caressed her yearlin' baby, an' received it in his
arms.

My sons and daughters liked him—for he had progressive views,
And he chewed the cud o' fancy, and gi'n down the latest news;
And *I* couldn't help but like him—as I fear I al'ays must,
The gold of my own doctrines in a fellow-heap o' dust.

He was chiselin' desolation through a piece of apple-pie,
When he paused and gazed upon us, with a tear in his off-eye,
And said, "Oh happy family!—your joys they make me sad!
They all the time remind me of the dear ones once *I* had!

A babe as sweet as this one; a wife *almost* as fair;
A little girl with ringlets—like that one over there.
But had I not neglected the means within my way,
Then they might still be living and loving me to-day.

"One night there came a tempest; the thunder-peals were dire;
The clouds that tramped above us were shooting bolts of fire;
In my own house I lying, was thinking, to my blame,
How little I had guarded against those bolts of flame,
When crash!—through roof and ceiling the deadly lightning cleft,
And killed my wife and children, and only I was left!

“ Since then afar I’ve wandered, and naught for life
I’ve cared,
Save to save others’ loved ones whose lives have yet
been spared ;
Since then it is my mission, where’er by sorrow tossed,
To sell to worthy people good lightning-rods at cost.
With sure and strong protection I’ll clothe your build-
ings o’er ;
’Twill cost you—twenty dollars (*perhaps a trifle* more ;
Whatever else it comes to, at lowest price I’ll put ;
You simply *sign a contract* to pay so much per foot).”

I—signed it ! while my family, all approv’in’, stood about ;
The villain dropped a tear on ’t—but he didn’t blot it
out !

That self-same day, with wagons came some rascals
great and small ;
They hopped up on my buildin’s just as if they owned
’em all ;
They hewed ’em and they hacked ’em—ag’in’ my loud
desires—
They trimmed ’em off with gewgaws, and they bound
’em down with wires ;
They hacked ’em and they hewed ’em, and they hewed
and hacked ’em still,
And every precious minute kep’ a runnin’ up the bill.

To find my soft-spoke neighbor, did I rave and rush
an’ run :
He was suppin’ with a neighbor, just a few miles far-
ther on.

“Do you think,” I loudly shouted, “that I need a mile
o’ wire,
For to save each separate hay-cock out o’ heaven’s
consumin’ fire?
Did you think, to keep my buildin’s out o’ some un-
certain harm,
I was goin’ to deed you over all the balance of my
farm?”

He silenced me with silence in a very little while,
And then trotted out the contract with a reassuring
smile;
And for half an hour explained it, with exasperatin’
skill,
While his fellow-rogues kep’ probably a-runnin’ up my
bill.
He held me to that contract with a firmness queer to
see;
'Twas the very first occasion he had disagreed with me!
And for that thunder story, ere the rascal finally went,
I paid two hundred dollars, if I paid a single cent!

And if any lightnin’-rodist wants a dinner-dialogue
With the restaurant department of an enterprisin’ dog,
And if any of them fellers wants to undergo the luck
Of a threshing so that he will think the lightning has
just struck,
Let him set his mouth a-runnin’, just inside my out-
side gate:
And I’ll bet two hundred dollars that he don’t have
long to wait!

VI

“Goin’ to shut up,” the lean store-keeper said :
“It’s time that honest people was in bed.
And all this crowd I honest hold to be,
And penniless, so far as I can see ;
If there’s a cent here, it’s well out of sight ;
My cash-box has not seen it ; friends, good-night !”

THE FESTIVAL OF CLAMOR;

OR,

THE TOWN-MEETING

'Twas our regular annual town-meeting;
And smooth as a saint could desire,
Our work we were swiftly completing,
Till it came to electing a "Squire";

Which office retained a slight vestige
Of old country power, as it were,
And most of the honor and prestige
A township like ours could confer.

Which office (with latitude speaking),
Commencing nobody knew when,
Had long been industriously seeking
Two very respectable men;

For in virtuous political cases,
'Tis known as the regular plan,
That the man must not seek for the places;
The places must seek for the man.

But past these two men, and around them,
The squireship had happened to roam,
And, strangely, had never yet found them,
Although they were always at home ;

And manfully laid fear behind them,
And whispered to friends far and wide,
That if office was anxious to find them,
They never were going to hide !

And now, in undignified action,
Themselves and their partisans fought,
To decide, to their own satisfaction,
Which one 'twas the office had sought.

A half-day we clamored and voted,
And each to success drew him nigh,
But neither as victor was quoted :
It always resulted "a tie" ;

All voted for one or the other ;
Except two young barbarous elves,
Who, simply proceedings to bother,
Kept voting, like sin, for themselves ;

(Except a few times, it was noted,
Some charges of self-love to smother,
A conf'rence they had, ere they voted,
Then proceeded to "go" for each other !)

So all of our voting and prating
To neither side victory brought,

While the office stood patiently waiting
To find out which one it had sought.

Till, tired of these constant reverses,
A few of the bad of each clan
Loaded up their word-guns with sly curses,
And fired at the opposite man.

And morally petrified wretches
These two men to be were allowed,
In small biographical sketches
That began to appear in the crowd.

The one, as a swindler high-handed,
Was painted unpleasantly plain;
With pockets like bladders expanded,
And filled with unstatesmanlike gain;

They stated that all his life-labors
Were tinged with pecuniary sin;
That things left out nights by his neighbors,
They frequently failed to take in;

And a letter was found that convicted
This man to have some time been led
To have some time somehow contradicted
Some things that he some time had said.

But, surely, until very recent,
His name had not been a bad word;
But naught he had done that was decent,
To the minds of his foes now occurred.



' A HALF-DAY WE CLAMORED AND VOTED "

His nature was kindly intentioned,
And free from ungenerous taint;
A fact not obtrusively mentioned
In his enemies' bill of complaint.

He rose from a low, humble station;
His boy-life was sturdy and good;
He was hard-striving youth's inspiration;
They kept that as still as they could.

He was cultured, and broad, and discerning;
Strong thoughts on his countenance sat;
He dwelt by the fountains of learning;
They never accused him of that.

In short, had he heard the malicious
Black words that were throttling his cause,
He'd have shuddered to learn what a vicious,
Unholy old villain he was;

And, terms theological using,
He e'en might have wished he were dead,
Had not the same linguistic bruising
Adorned his antagonist's head.

They said *he* was haughty in greeting;
Above all his neighbors he felt,
And to make him look slender in meeting,
Wore under his jacket a belt;

That he always had hoped and expected
The place he now openly sought,

But knew not enough, if elected,
The office to fill as he ought ;

That he just hummed the ancient tune "Tariff,"
When other folks shouted and sang ;
That he once had the luck to be sheriff,
When a woman was sentenced to hang ;

That his mind he had long been diverting
With future political fame,
His head in a barrel inserting,
And shouting out "Squire" to his name ;

And while, like a ball, the words bounded,
And doubled themselves o'er and o'er,
He pondered how pompous it sounded,
And went on and did it some more ;

And that this rather terse conversation,
And having been oft at it caught,
Comprised all the qualification
He had for the office he sought.

Now his life had the grim, noble beauty
The deed-painter's brush loves to tell ;
He was one who had studied his duty,
And done it exceedingly well ;

He was one of the bravest and quickest
To shield threatened Liberty's form ;
He stood where the bullets were thickest,
To cover her safe from the storm ;

Well framed for his foes' admiration—
 Well-named by his friends "The Superb";
 A part of the edge of the nation—
 His whole life a transitive verb—

He was worthy and grand—who could doubt it?
 His fame was as fresh as the morn;
 But his foemen forgot all about it,
 And drabbled his name with their scorn.

No odds how turned out the election,
 Concerning the lesson I'd teach;
 But my conscience that night, on reflection,
 Made me this political speech:

" 'Tis over high time you repented
 In yonder word-fight being found,*
 And being to-day represented
 In that idiot asylum of sound!

" Henceforth, in these conflicts exciting,
 Learn, whether by speech or by pen,
 With *principle's* sword to be fighting,
 And not to be slandering *men*."

* This poem was suggested by the Garfield-Hancock presidential campaign, which was peculiarly noted for personal attacks made upon the two leading candidates.

THE FESTIVAL OF MELODY;

OR,

THE SINGING-SCHOOL

MR. ABRAHAM BATES was a tune-stricken man,
Built on an exclusively musical plan;
With a body and soul that with naught could com-
mune,
Unless it might somehow be set to a tune.
His features, harmoniously solemn and grim,
Resembled 'a doleful old long-metre hymn;
His smile, half-obtrusively gentle and calm,
Suggested the livelier notes of a psalm;
And his form had a power the appearance to lend
Of an overgrown tuning-fork, set upon end.
They who his accomplishments fathomed, averred
That he knew every tune that he ever had heard;
And his wife had a secret we all helped her keep,
That he frequently snored a rough tune in his sleep.
When he walked through the fields, with an inward-
turned ear,
And a general impression that no one was near,

He with forefinger stretched to its fullest command,
Would beat quadruple time on the palm of his hand
(So firmly his singing-school habits would cling),
With his "Down, left, up! down, left, up! down, left,
up! Sing!"

What a monarch he was, to us tune-killing wights,
When he stood in the school-house on long winter
nights,

With a dignity born our young souls to o'erwhelm,
Proclaiming the laws of his musical realm!
The black-board behind him frowned fierce on our
sight,

Its old forehead creased with five wrinkles of white,
On which he paraded his armies of notes,
And sent on a raid through our eyes to our throats;
From the scenes of which partly harmonious tur-
moils

They issued, head first, with our breath as their spoils.
How (in his particular specialty) grand
He looked, as he tiptoed, with bâton in hand,
And up, down, and up, in appropriate time,
Compelled us that slippery ladder to climb,
As he flourished his weapon, and marched to and fro,
With his "Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol, la, si, do!"

Nathaniel F. Jennings! how sadly you tried,
With your eyes a third closed, and your mouth opened
wide,

To sport an acceptable voice, like the rest,
And cultivate powers that you never possessed!

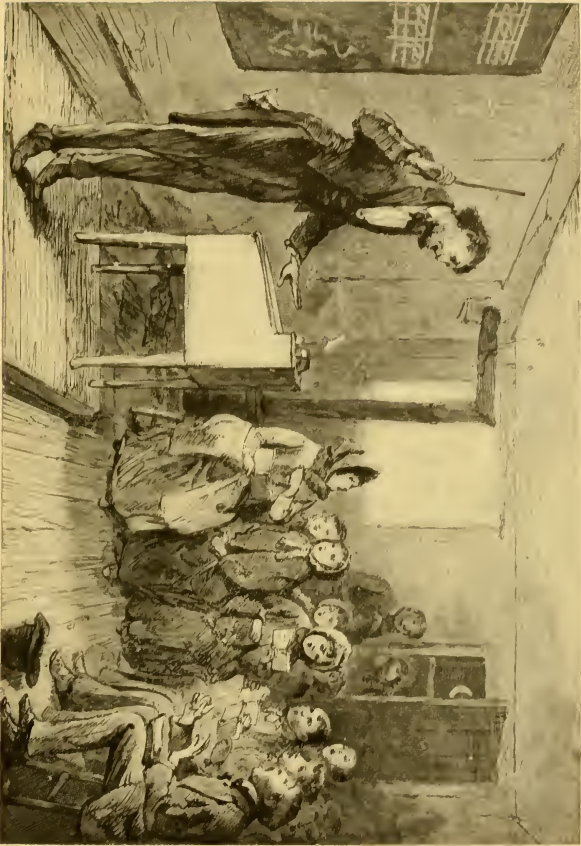
They were just out of music, it used to be said,
When they drafted the plan of your square, shaggy
head.

You fired at each note, as it were, in the dark,
As an amateur rifleman would at a mark;
And short of opinion, till after the shot,
Of whether you'd happened to hit it or not.
E'en then you didn't know, till your sharp eye was told
By the way that the master's would flatter or scold.
The latter more oft; for your chances, sad wight,
Were seven to be wrong against one to be right,
And ne'er was a tune so mellifluously choice,
You could not embitter the same with your voice.
But though your grim head hadn't the shade of a tone,
Your heart had a musical style of its own;
And we all found it out, 'neath the forest-trees wild,
The last night we hunted for Davis's child.
"May as well give it up," said our leader: "No good;
We've hunted three days and three nights in this wood;
We may as well look at it just as it is:
He's eaten or starved, long enough before this."
And Davis spoke up: "It's a fact, boys; he's right";
But he leaned 'gainst a tree, looking deathly and
white.

You exclaimed, when your eyes his mute agony met,
"I'll be blanked if I'll stand this! I'll hunt a week
yet!"

Poor Davis crept round till he got by your side,
Caught hold of your hand like a baby, and cried,
A picture of grateful, incompetent woe—
('Twas rather dramatic, as incidents go;)

“WHAT A MONARCH HE WAS TO US TUNE-KILLING WIGHTS”



Then we all of us yelled, in a magnetized cry,
An absurd proposition to find him, or die.
It was only an hour and a quarter from then
Your wing-shout came speeding o'er woodland and
glen,
As if to go round the whole world it would strive,
"I've found the young blank, an' he's here an' alive!"
Your voice had, as usual, less music than might,
But you led a remarkable chorus that night;
An anthem of joy swelled from many a throat,
And you, as our chorister, gave the first note.
When your hand was near squeezed out of shape by
your mates,
None shook it more warmly than Abraham Bates;
Who, suggesting (to you) an impossible thing,
Shouted, "Down, right, up! down, right, up! down, right,
up! Sing!"

Little Clarissa Smith! how you thrilled through us all,
When you made that young soul-sweetened voice rise
and fall!

The whippoorwill's voice has a thrill that endures,
But never a heart and a spirit like yours;
The lark trails the music of earth through the skies,
But the flame of her song does not flash from her eyes!
Our girl prima-donna!—Your fame was not spread,
Nor by world-wide applauses your vanity fed;
But you star with a grand brilliant company now:
The laurels of Heaven have encircled your brow.
'Twas a dreary procession you led on that day
When so still in the old-fashioned coffin you lay;

No delicate casket, grief-laden with care,
 And trimmed with exotics expensive and rare,
 Had ever more tears on its occupant shed
 Than you, in your old-fashioned casket of red.
 'Twas strange how the unstudied wiles of your art
 Had soothed and delighted the average heart;
 How much of Heaven's glory had glittered and smiled
 Through the cultureless voice of an innocent child.
 You looked very pretty, and half saucy, there,
 With natural flowers in your girlish-combed hair;
 And a little old half-worn-out book on your breast,
 Containing the hymns that you used to sing best.
 The roughest old villain that lived in our town
 Stood back from the grave and, with head hanging down,
 Was heard, in a reverent whisper, to say,
 "Heaven needed that voice, and God took it away."
 And Abraham Bates, who, 'twas general belief,
 Had never before given rein to a grief,
 Felt sorrow sweep over his heart like a storm,
 When it came, as it were, in a musical form;
 And choked down and sobbed, with eyes filled to the
 brim,
 While attempting to lead in the funeral hymn.
 And long when the sound of that sorrow had waned,
 In his rough old heart-caverns its echo remained;
 And audible tears to the surface would spring,
 Of that "Down, left, up! down, left, up! down, left, up!
 Sing!"

Mrs. Caroline Dean, how *you* revelled in song!
 There was no singing-school to which you didn't belong,

Save in some locality far away, so
That you and your meek little husband couldn't go.
What a method was yours of appearing prepared
To make every tune in the note-book look scared!
Your voice was voluminous, rather than rich,
And not predistinguished for accurate pitch;
But you seemed every word to o'erpoweringly feel,
And humbled and drove away skill with your zeal.
The villain referred to above, on the day
That you and your larynx were safe stowed away,
Didn't make the remark he was credited with
At the time of the burial of Clarissa Smith,
But muttered, as low with himself he communed,
"I suppose she will do, when they get her retuned."
Though the strains of the choir sounded weak and
afraid

Without your soprano's stentorian aid,
Mr. Abraham Bates, if I was not deceived,
Worked lighter in harness, and acted relieved;
And when the hymn stated you "lovely and mild,"
And "as summer breeze gentle," he very near smiled;
For those who had learned his biography knew
He had rather encounter a tempest than you,
When he dared, with a placating, angular smile,
To venture a hint on your musical style.
You remember how promptly he wilted, among
The tropical rays of your scorn-blazing tongue;
For your talents you easily turned, when you chose,
From fancy-gemmed song into plain business prose.
You knew how to make him as miserably meek
As a milk-peddler's horse at the close of the week.

You knew how to make a most desperate thing
That "Down, left, right, up! down, left, up! down, left,
up! Sing!"

Sweet hymn tunes of old! You had blood in your
hearts,

That pulsed glowing life through your several parts:
From bass to soprano it surgingly climbed,
As grandly the chords of your melody chimed!
"Coronation," that brought royal splendors in view,
And solemn "Old Hundred," invariably new—
That golden sledge-hammer, of ponderous grace,
That drove every word like a wedge to its place;
"Balerma," of melody full to the brim,
And "Pleyel's" grandly plaintive melodious hymn;
With others, that memory's ear loves to greet,
Which, with different names, might have sounded less
sweet.

Then with what a loud concatenation of sounds
We charged in our might on the glees and the
rounds!

There was nothing, though polished or harsh and un-
kempt,

That we had not courage enough to attempt;
And if tunes, when suggestion of murder arrives,
Were not gifted, like cats, with a number of lives,
There's many a living and healthy old strain,
We'd have sent long ago to repose with the slain.

O strong Winter nights! when all earth was aglow
With crystal stars dancing on meadows of snow;

When the blade of youth, hilted with pleasure's gold
wreath,

Flashed out of its home like a sword from a sheath,
And advanced o'er the plains and the hill-tops, to dare
The quick-cutting edge of the frost-tempered air!
How through foaming drifts we careened to and fro,
And tossed the white waves with our skiff of the snow,
Which fluttered far back, as we sailed swift along,
A streamer of rich elementary-song!

O tall, queenly nights! to eternity's haze
You have followed your short little husbands of days;
But jewelled and braided with youth-freshened strains,
Your memory-ghosts walk the hills and the plains.
Not one of life's glittering subsequent nights,
With feverish pleasures and costly delights,
On treasure-fringed harbors and sail-whitened bays,
Not nights lit with fashion's cold, variable blaze,
Not when the gay opera's beauty-sown song
Plants passion's red flowers in the hearts of the throng;
No nights, dressed in splendor and carried with grace,
Old brave Winter nights, can e'er stand in your place;
Till the long one of death may perhaps bring us nigh
To the star-lighted singing-school held in the sky.

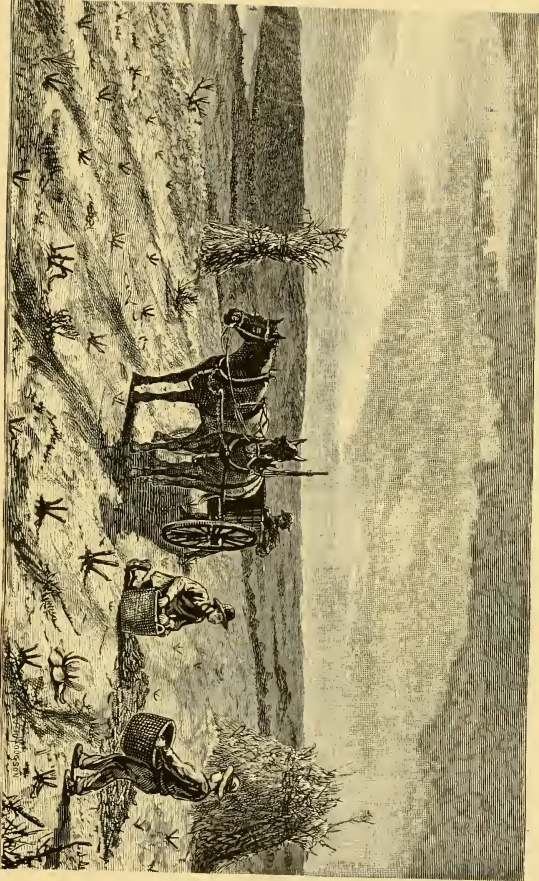
THE FESTIVAL OF INDUSTRY;

OR,

THE COUNTY FAIR

I

THEY brought the best and sleekest of their flocks—
The milkiest cow, the squarest-shouldered ox;
The bull, with mimic thunder in his cry,
And lightning in each eager, wicked eye;
The sheep that had the heaviest garments worn,
The cock that crowed the loudest in the morn;
The mule, unconscious hypocrite and knave,
The horse, proud high-born Asiatic slave;
The playful calf, with eyes precocious-bright,
The hog—grim quadrupedal appetite;
The Indian corn-ears, prodigal of yield,
The golden pumpkin, nugget of the field;
The merriest-eyed potatoes, nursed in gloom,
Just resurrected from their cradle-tomb;
Rich apples, mellow-cheeked, sufficient all
To 've tempted Eve to fall—to make them fall;
The grapes, whose picking served strong vines to prune,
The peach—rich alto of the orchard's tune;



“ THE INDIAN CORN-EARS, PRODIGAL OF YIELD ”

The very best the farmers' land had grown,
They brought to this menagerie of their own.
But listen! from among the scattered herds
Came to my hearing these equestrian words:

[DIALOGUE OF THE HORSES]

FIRST HORSE

We are the pets of men—
The pampered pets of men!
There is naught for us too gentle and good
In the graceful days of our babyhood;
We frisk and caper in childish glee—
Oh, none so pretty and proud as we!
They cheer and cherish us in our play—
Oh, none so smilingly sweet as they!
And when a little our lives have grown,
Each has a table and room his own,
A waiter to fill his bill of fare,
A barber to clean and comb his hair.

Yes, we are the pets of men—
The pampered pets of men!
They show us, gayly dressed and proud,
To the eager eyes of the clamorous crowd;
They champion us in the rattling race,
They praise our beauty and cheer our pace;
They keep for us our family trees—
They trumpet our names beyond the seas;

They hang our portraits on their walls,
And paint and garnish and gild our stalls.
Yes, we are the pets of men—
The pampered pets of men!

SECOND HORSE

We are the slaves of men—
The menial slaves of men!
They lash us over the dusty roads,
They bend us down with murderous loads;
They fling vile insults on our track,
And know that we cannot answer back;
In winds of Winter, or Summer sun,
The tread of our toil is never done;
And when we are weak, and old, and lame,
And labor-stiffened, and bowed with shame,
And hard of hearing, and blind of eye,
They drive us out in the world to die.
Yes, we are the slaves of men—
The slaves of selfish men!
They draft us into their bloody spites,
They spur us, bleeding, into their fights;
They poison our souls with their senseless ire,
And curse us into a storm of fire.
And when to death we are bowed and bent,
And take the ball that for them was meant,
Alone they leave us to groan and bleed,
And dash their spurs in another steed!
Yes, we are the slaves of men—
The slaves of brutish men!

II

The grim mechanic waves a hardened hand—
Behold! on every side his trophies stand :
The new-made plough, with curving iron beam,
The thresher, with its snowy plume of steam ;
The cultivator, striped, gay, and proud,
With new ideas and dental wealth endowed ;
The windmill, now once more a work for men,
Like some old help discharged and hired again ;
The patent churns, whose recommends would seem
To promise butter almost without cream ;
Sewing-machines, of several-woman power,
And destitute of gossip, sweet or sour.
The loud piano raised its voice on high,
And sung the constant chorus, Who will buy ?
The patent washer strove to clinch the creed
That cleanliness and laziness agreed ;
The reaper, resting idly on its wheel,
Held forth a murderous arm of iron and steel,
And seemed to think 'twas waiting over-long
Before it might begin its rattling song :

[SONG OF THE REAPER]

My grandfather was right little and old,
And crooked and worn was he ;
But his teeth were good, and his heart was bold,
And he swam the waves of a sea of gold,

But he couldn't keep up with me—me—me—
 Couldn't keep up with me.
Then hie! away to the golden plain!
We will crash and dash through glistening grain,
And gather the wealth of earth and sun,
And the world will eat when our work is done!

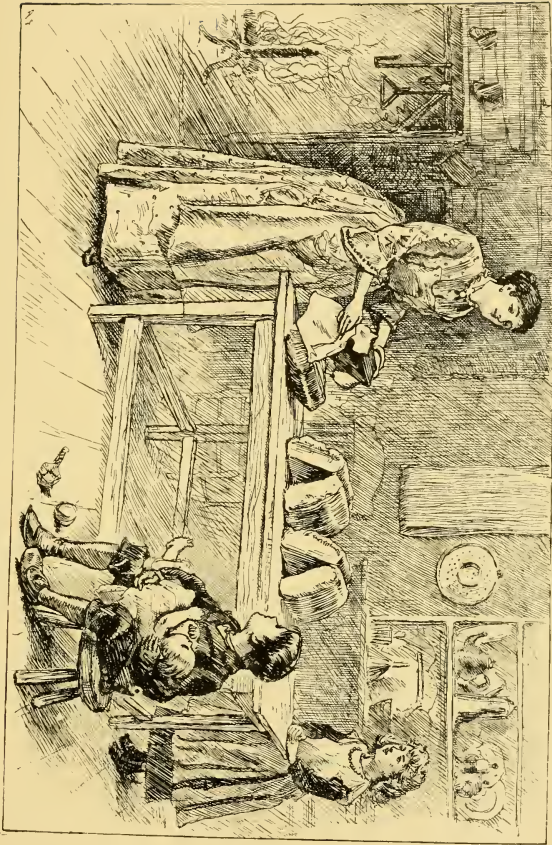
My father he was bent and lean,
 But a wide-spread hand had he;
And his fingers they were long and clean,
And he swung his broadsword bright and keen,
 But he never could fight with me—me—me—
 Never could fight with me!
Then hie! away where the sunlight sleeps,
And the wide-floored earth a granary keeps;
We will capture its bushels, one by one,
And the world will eat when our work is done!

The grain-stalk bows his bristling head,
 As I clatter and clash along,
The stubble it bends beneath my tread,
The stacker's yellow tent is spread,
 And the hills throw back my song—my song—
 The hills throw back my song!
Then hie! where the food of nations glows,
And the yellow tide of the harvest flows,
As we dash and crash and glide and run;
And the world will eat when our work is done!

III

Edge deftly with me into "Floral Hall,"
Where toil's handwriting, on each crowded wall
Weighs Industry in balance, o'er and o'er,
And finds the greater part not out-of-door.
The bread-loaf, in an unobtrusive place,
Displays its cheerful, honest-featured face :
A coin of triumph, from the mintage struck,
Of chemistry, skill, faithfulness, and luck.
What statesman, moulding laws, can understand
The far-eyed cunning of a housewife's hand?
What queen her subjects with more anxious eyes
Can watch, than she her "emptyings," as they rise?
What conquest gives what warrior more delight
Than she has, when her baking comes out right?
(Ah me! we oft know not, till over-late,
What things are truly small, and what are great!
'Tis sometimes hard to tell, in God's vast sky,
What's actually low, and what is high!)
Here rests, not over-free from pain and ache,
Bread's proud, rich, city-nurtured cousin, Cake :
Gay-plumaged as his sisters are, the pies—
Food chiefly for the palate and the eyes.
These canned fruits, like the four-and-twenty birds
Imprisoned in the nursery ballad's words,
Will be expected, when at last released,
To sing sweet taste-songs for some Winter feast.
Proudly displayed, rich trophies there are found
Of the fierce needle's thread-strewn battle-ground :

This is a bedquilt—its credentials show—
Stitched by a grandame, centuries ago ;
That is embroidery, made this very year,
By some unteened miss, who is lurking near.
The picture family is abroad to-day,
Dressed up in every gaze-enticing way :
Here an oil-painting pleads for truthful art,
Wrought by some local genius with his heart ;
He sighs to see his soul misunderstood,
And hear them call the picture “ pr'tty good.”
Work on, poor boy, with courage that endures ;
Stars have burst forth from blacker clouds than yours.
Feel with your own heart — think with your own
mind,
And make the canvas speak the thoughts they find.
The eyes may not be very far away
That will, on some glad, unexpected day,
Bring other eyes within your strong control,
And lift your name along-side of your soul.
This is the town photographer's display ;
Who shows his showiest patrons here to-day.
He places in his pillory of frames
The faces of the town's most talked-of names :
The mayor, with his eyebrows stiffly arched,
And collar unconditionally starched,
Shows, through this careful chemical design,
His last majority, in every line.
His wife hangs in an advantageous place,
With new-discovered beauties in her face ;
Some of their subjects dangling here are found—
A settlement of faces clusters round—



“THAN SHE HAS, WHEN HER BAKING COMES OUT RIGHT.”

A kind of kingdom, as it were, in sport :
The mayor holding photographic court.
Each one in half-fictitious splendor 's dressed,
And each is doing his pictorial best.
The artist, grinning down a look of gall,
Worked for these baby-pictures most of all ;
Dear, dear ! how low he had to bow and scrape,
To keep his infant popinjays in shape,
And hold the sinless villain's glance in check,
To save the shadow enterprise from wreck !
To keep this little wandering Arab-eye
He made himself a miscellaneous guy ;
He was this petty tyrant's vassal true,
His portrait-painter, and court-jester, too ;
And, that a first-class picture might be done,
Made himself into a ridiculous one ;
Said " Hooty-tooty," and that sort of thing,
And made the rattle-box insanely sing.

But, passing from these posy-sprinkled bowers
(For children's features are the facial flowers),
Come with me, where white hands have thickly strown
The horticultural house-pets they have grown.
What are but weeds beneath a southern sky,
Are here as house-plants, rated precious-high ;
As villains go to uncongenial climes,
But, being less known, have better social times.
(So our old Mullein, here of deference scant,
Struts round in England as " The Velvet Plant " ;
And " Cactus "—Thistle when in south-land met—
Is here a prickly flower, to keep and pet.)

But woman's wandlike nature can, indeed,
Make beauty spring from e'en a common weed ;
How much more, when, around some flower-gem rare
She throws the setting of her tender care !
Sweet window-gardeners ! with dainty arts
Tracing the floral language of your hearts,
Making The Home, with these gay-liveried slaves,
A bloom-fed island 'mid the winter-waves ;
In which the frost-bit caller can commune
With bright hours stolen from some day in June.
'Tis your sweet, cultured taste that bids us call
This niche of labor's temple "Floral Hall!"

IV

The people stood about on every side,
And keenly these familiar wonders eyed,
Each minute seeking some new ocular prize ;
But, as they gazed about, their greedy eyes
On nothing queerer than mankind could fall,
And so they watched each other most of all.
There was the thrifty farmer : quickly he
Had seen about all that he wished to see,
And knew, while up and down condemned to roam,
How much more he should feel at home, at home.
The farmer's wife, with smiles of rural grace
O'erflowing from her soul into her face,
Screamed loud as each acquaintance hove in view,
And gave the cordial cry, "How *dew* you dew?"

The farmer's boy bore vigor in his tread,
And in his hands a block of gingerbread ;
The farmer's girl was, somewhat prone to flirt,
Watched by her mother, lest she come to hurt ;
Whose words had full as much effect as when,
Around some pond, an anxious-eyed old hen
To draw away her gosling-children strives,
And take them from their life, to save their lives.
The doctors, lawyers, merchants, and that kind,
Looked round, their old-time customers to find
Or shun—and smiling 'mid the verbal din,
Dilated on *their* country origin.
A writer for the Agricultural Press,
Who farmed (on foolscap) with complete success,
Who raised great crops of produce in a wink,
And tilled large farms (with paper, pen, and ink)—
Who, sitting in-door, at a regular price,
Gave large amounts of good out-door advice,
And, as his contribution to the Fair,
Had brought himself and an oration there—
Arose, in somewhat over-conscious strength,
And gave his views at any amount of length.
As when the sun at morning upward crowds
His kingly path through thickly gathered clouds,
Sometimes, behold ! these vapor-birds have flown,
Driven by his rays, and left him there alone,
So from this luminary, fancy-fired,
The saddened audience gradually retired ;
Though still stayed where they were when he be-
gan,
Three children, and a very deaf old man.

And even these showed signs of weakening,
 When the sad poet rose, and with a fling
 Of paper that a ragman might rejoice,
 Remarked, in timidly defiant voice :
 "Spirits of earth-dead agriculturists!
 If the ghost ear to rhythmic nonsense lists
 (And if I have a hearing, that must be,
 For I'm not jostled by mortality)—
 Spirits, if you should deem attention due
 To one who soon must starve his way to you
 (A process that this rich world, by-the-way,
 Is aiding quietly, from day to day,
 Seeming to think the poet's proper place
 Is 'mongst his own—ahem!—angelic race),
 Oh list to me, said spirits, here declare
 My contribution to the County Fair
 To be a drop of rhythm from off my pen,
 Which I denominate

THE LABORING MEN

Who are the laboring men?
 We are the laboring men :
 We, the muscle of tribes and lands,
 With sun-trod faces and horn-gloved hands ;
 With well-patched garments, stained and coarse—
 With untrained voices, heavy and hoarse ;
 Who brave the death of the noontide heats—
 Who mow the meadows and pave the streets ;
 Who push the plough by the smooth-faced sod,
 Or climb the crags with a well-filled hod.

Yes—we are the laboring men—
 The genuine laboring men!
 And each, somewhere in the stormy sky,
 Has a sweet love-star, be it low or high;
 For pride have we to do and dare,
 And heart have we—to cherish and care;
 And power have we: for lose our brawn,
 And where were your flourishing cities gone?
 Or bind our hands or fetter our feet,
 And what would the gaunt world find to eat?
 Aye, where were your gentry then?
 For we are the laboring men!

Who are the laboring men?
 We are the laboring men:
 We who stand in the ranks of trade,
 And count the tallies that toil has made;
 Who guard the coffers of wealth untold,
 And ford the streams of glistening gold;
 Who send the train in its breathless trips,
 And rear the buildings, and sail the ships;
 And though our coats be a trifle fine,
 And though our diamonds flash and shine,
 Yet we are the laboring men—
 The genuine laboring men!
 We bolt the gates of the angry seas;
 We keep the nation's granary keys;
 The routes of trade we have built and planned
 Are veins of life to a hungry land.
 And power have we in our peaceful strife:
 For a nation's trade is a nation's life;

And take the sails of our commerce in,
 Where were your "artisans' pails of tin?"
 Aye, where were your "laborers" then?
 For we are the laboring men!

Who are the laboring men?
 We are the laboring men:
 We of the iron and water way,
 Whom fire and steam, and tide obey;
 Who stab the sea with a prow of oak—
 Who blot the sky with a cloud of smoke;
 Who bend the breezes unto our wills,
 And feed the looms and hurry the mills;
 Who oft have the lives of a thousand known,
 In the hissing valves that held our own!

 Yes, we are the laboring men—
 The genuine laboring men!
 And though a coat may a button lack,
 And though a face be sooty and black,
 And though the words be heavy of flow,
 And new-called thoughts come tardy and slow,
 And though rough words in a speech may blend,
 A heart's a heart, and a friend's a friend!
 And power have we: but for our skill,
 The wave would drown, and the sea would kill;
 And where were your gentry then?
 Aye, we are the laboring men!

Who are the laboring men?
 We are the laboring men:

We of the mental toil and strain,
Who stall the body and lash the brain;
Who wield our pen when the world's asleep,
And plead with mortals to laugh or weep;
Who bind the wound and plead the cause,
Who preach the sermons and make the laws;
Who man the stage for the listening throng,
And fight the devils of Shame and Wrong.

Yes, we are the laboring men—

The genuine laboring men!

And though our hands be small and white,
And though our flesh be tender and light,
And though our muscle be soft and low,
Our red blood-slucies are swift of flow!
We've power to kindle Passion's fire
With the flame of rage and fell desire;
Or quell, with soothing words and arts,
To throbs of grief, the leaping hearts.

And who shall question, then,

That we are the laboring men?

Who are NOT the laboring men?

They're not the laboring men:

They who creep in dens and lanes,
To rob their betters of honest gains;
The rich that stoop to devour the poor;
The tramps that beg from door to door;
The rogues who love a darkened sky,
And steal and rob, and cheat and lie;
The loafing wights and senseless bloats
Who drain their pockets to wet their throats!

They're not the laboring men—
The genuine laboring men!
And all true hearts that the price would give
For honest joy and a right to live,
And every soul to truth alive,
Willing to thrive and let others thrive,
Should rise with a true and steady hand,
And mark these foes with a villain-brand;
And shame them into the ranks of toil,
Or crush them under their kindred soil,
Away from the laboring men—
The genuine laboring men!

V

Before the reading of this rhyme had ceased,
A crowd near by, that gradually increased,
Had gathered round a tramp, old, bent, and gray,
Who somehow through the gates had made his way
For human pity rather than for pelf:
This clanless gypsy, wandering by himself.
No face and brow more wrinkles could have worn;
His clothes were most spectacularly torn;
But something in his general effect
Drew from the throng a rough, unkempt respect;
For crushed old age, in heart-enlightened lands,
Carries a pathos with it that commands.
He had been talking to the one most near:
Those standing by were not averse to hear,
And soon about him formed a massive ring:
His audience swelled like valley-streams in spring.

Crowds gather crowds by wondrous swift degrees ;
One comes to see what 'tis another sees.
For curiosity has ever shown
A greedy-grasping avarice of its own,
And few there are in this world, high or low,
Who do not like to know what others know,

He, with no oratorical display,
Spoke to the farmers in their own rough way,
And they looked at him as some prophet cast
Out of the dusty cobwebs of the past,
With nineteenth century rags about him hung,
And current lack of grammar on his tongue,
He *was* a prophet ; for he clear could see
The past—dead father of what is to be ;
He who what has been faithfully can tell,
May prophesy the future pretty well.
With half-defiant and half-modest air,
With sad eyes flashing, and his silver hair
Tinged by the sun's last rays of autumn-gold—
This is the story that the old man told :

[THE TRAMP'S STORY]

If experience has gold in it (as discerning folks agree)
Then there's quite a little fortune stowed away some-
where in me,
And I deal it out regardless of a regular stated price,
In rough-done-up small packages of common-sense
advice ;

The people they can take it, or run round it as they
please ;
But the best thing they'll find in it is some words like
unto these :

*Worm or beetle — drought or tempest — on a farmer's
land may fall ;
But for first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst
them all.*

On my weddin' - day my father touched me kindly on
the arm,
And handed me the papers for an eighty-acre farm,
With the stock an' tools an' buildin's for an independ-
ent start ;
Saying, " Here's a wedding present from my muscle
and my heart ;
And, except the admonitions you have taken from my
tongue,
And the reasonable lickin's that you had when you
was young,
And your food and clothes and schoolin' (not so much
as I could wish,
For I had a number eatin' from a some'at scanty dish),
And the honest love you captured when you first sat
on my knee,
This is all I have to give you — so expect no more
from me."

People 'd said I couldn't marry the sweet girl I tried
to court,
Till we smilingly submitted a minority report ;

Then they laid their theories over, with a quickness
queer to see,
And said they knew we'd marry, but we never could
agree ;
But we did not frame and hang up all the neighbors
had to say,
But ran our little heaven in our own peculiar way ;
We started off quite jolly, wondrous full of health and
cheer,
And a general understanding that the road was rather
clear.

So we lived and toiled and prospered ; and the little
family party
That came on from heaven to visit us, were bright, and
hale, and hearty ;
And to-day we might ha' been there, had I only just
have known
How to lay my road down solid, and let well enough
alone.
But I soon commenced a-kicking in the traces, I
confess ;
There was too much land that joined me that I didn't
yet possess.
When once he gets land-hungry, strange how ravenous
one can be !
'Twasn't long before I wanted all the ground that I
could see.
So I bought another eighty (not foreboding any harm),
And for that and some down-money put a mortgage
on my farm.

Then I bought another forty—hired some cash to fix
up new—
And to buy a covered carriage, and of course the
mortgage grew.
Now my wife was square against this, 'tis but right
that you should know
(Though I'm very far from saying that I think it's
always so);
But she went in steady with me, working hard from
day to day,
For we knew that life was business, now we had that
debt to pay.

We worked through spring and winter—through sum-
mer and through fall—
But that mortgage worked the hardest and the steadi-
est of us all ;
It worked on nights and Sundays—it worked each
holiday—
It settled down among us, and it never went away.
The rust and blight were with us sometimes, and some-
times not ;
The dark-browed, scowling mortgage was forever on
the spot.
The weevil and the cut-worm, they went as well as
came ;
The mortgage stayed forever, eating hearty all the same.
It nailed up every window—stood guard at every
door—
And happiness and sunshine made their home with us
no more.

"THE DOGS HOWL CURSES AT ME."



Till with failing crops and sickness we got stalled upon
the grade,
And there came a dark day on us when the interest
wasn't paid ;
And there came a sharp foreclosure, and I kind o' lost
my hold,
Grew weary and discouraged, and the farm was cheaply
sold.
The children left and scattered when they hardly yet
were grown ;
My wife she pined an' perished, an' I found myself
alone.
What she died of was "a mystery," an' the doctors
never knew ;
But *I* knew she died of *Mortgage*—just as well 's I
wanted to.
If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctors'
art,
They'd ha' found a mortgage lying on that woman's
broken heart.

I am helpless an' forsaken—I am childless an' alone ;
I haven't a single dollar that it's fair to call my own ;
My old age knows no comfort, my heart is scant o'
cheer,
The children they run from me as soon as I come
near.
The women shrink and tremble—their alms are fear-
bestowed—
The dogs howl curses at me, and hunt me down the
road.

My home is where night finds me; my friends are few
and cold;
Oh, little is there in this world for one who's poor
and old!
But I'm wealthy in experience, all put up in good
advice,
To take or not to take it—with no difference in the
price;
You may have it, an' thrive on it, or run round it, as
you please,
But I generally give it wrapped in some such words
as these:

*Worm or beetle—drought or tempest—on a farmer's land
may fall;
But for first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst
them all.*

THE FESTIVAL OF INJUSTICE;

OR,

THE LAWSUIT

THERE was a lawsuit in our town:
Two honest farmers, White and Brown,
Who'd been near neighbors all their lives,
Had from the same home won their wives,
Had interchanged celestial views,
On Sundays, from adjoining pews,
Subjecting in the self-same church,
Their neighbors' sins to weekly search,
Had shared each golden Christmas chime,
And "changed works" every harvest time,
Had felt a partnership, half hid,
In everything they said and did,
Had always, on town-meeting day,
Talked, yelled, and voted both one way,
Who each, whate'er he wished to do,
Had all the influence of the two
(And two united, as men run,
Are more than twice as strong as one),

Whose children, through youth's sun and shade,
Had with each other fought and played—
These men fell out, one raw March day,
In something like the following way :

White had a sheep he boasted o'er :
Value two dollars—maybe more.
Brown did a brindle dog possess :
Value, two cents, or maybe less.
The sheep, one night, was killed by stealth ;
The dog retained his usual health.
White felt the separation-shock
As if the sheep had been a flock ;
And reaped a crop of mental blues
(We always value what we lose).
Brown's heart the theory could not hear,
Which White propounded to his ear,
That his dog's life should make amends
(No cur so mean but has his friends).
White vowed, in words profanely deep,
That Brown's canine had killed his sheep
(Which accusation was o'er-true ;
The dog himself well knew it, too).
Brown, unconvinced and anger-eyed,
Insisted that his neighbor lied.
White skirmished round, by day and night,
In hopes to shoot the dog at sight ;
Brown kenneled him beneath his bed,
And sent bad language out instead.
Suit for the sheep was brought by White ;
Brown fought him back with all his might.

Thus are the reasons jotted down,
Why we'd a lawsuit in our town.

White's lawyer was, when fairly weighed,
The meanest of that tempted trade ;
With all the vices of his clan,
And not a virtue known to man.
In almost every calling, he
Had shown how little men can be ;
Had demonstrated, teaching schools,
That small men can be monstrous fools ;
Had preached awhile, at his own call,
With hearers few, or none at all
(For souls to cling are seldom prone
Round men who have none of their own) ;
At farming once had tried his hand,
But laziness grows poor on land.
He had, for half a month or more,
Been salesman in a country store,
Where, though his talents he ne'er hid,
Some of the cash somebody did ;
And he, before his sphere enlarged,
By his employer was discharged.
Then his frowzed head and lantern-jaw
Had fin'ly drifted towards the law
(Not *to* it—candor must admit—
But only just in sight of it) ;
And so he took a dead-head trip,
On pettifoggery's pirate ship,
Coming at last, it may be said,
To be its brazen figure-head.

This wolf became, at one fell leap,
Attorney for White's missing sheep.
Brown's lawyer equal praise would bear ;
Ah me ! they were a pretty pair !

Such villains cast no shade of blame
On any honest lawyer's name ;
There are those do not hew their life
Into the kindling-wood of strife,
To fire men's hearts and homes in turn,
That they may rob them as they burn ;
Who only take such causes as
The eternal Right already has ;
Who, when a client comes along
Upon the fragile stilts of wrong,
And strives to make law help him bear
His weight through Error's putrid air,
Show him the sin on which he's bent,
Induce him, maybe, to repent,
And send him home, with altered plan,
A wiser and not poorer man.
Such, with strong heart, and head, and hand,
Are benefactors to the land ;
It is not to the craft's disgrace
That such were absent from this case.

Scarce did the rage-envenomed din
Have leisure fairly to begin,
Through the thick crowd an old man strode,
Making himself a ragged road ;

With gestures lower than his looks,
 Upset a pile of huge law-books,
 Inked a half-quire of legal cap,
 Also Brown's lawyer's left-hand lap;
 Ignoring, with a scorn profound,
 The judge and jury clustering round,
 He climbed his greatest tiptoe-height,
 And made this speech to Brown and White:

So you're at it, sure enough—
 Side-hold, square-hold, kick and cuff—
 Any way to down each other, if it's only brought about;
 With two rogues in your employ,
 For to hollo out "S't boy!"
 An' to superintend your pockets, an' pick up what rattles out.

An' your folks, too, it appears,
 Have been gettin' by the ears,
 All prepared to hate each other, for forever an' a day;
 The devil gives a shout
 When a family falls out;
 But what is that to you 'uns, if you only have your way?

An' your friends an' neighbors, too,
 Have been wranglin' over you;
 Your example has been followed, as to brother fightin
 brother;
 There is more bad blood round here
 Than 'll drain off in a year;
 But what is that to you 'uns, if you only bleed each
 other?

Can our church such things endure?
 You're agoin' to bu'st it, sure!
 An' the hosts of sin are ready to begin their triumph-
 revel;
 But what would you 'uns give
 To save all the souls that live,
 So you just can clinch together, an' go rolling towards
 the devil?

And the Lord that o'er us reigns:
 He has taken extra pains
 For to put you two in harness, so's to pull together
 square;
 'Stead o' which you kick an' bite,
 With a reg'lar ten-mule spite;
 Do you think that, strictly speaking, you're a-treatin'
 on Him fair?

O you poor cat's-paws of spite!
 Ain't there 'nough things for to fight—
 Ain't there rust an' blight an' tempest—ain't there
 misery sore an' deep—
 Ain't there ignorance an' wrong,
 An' what woes to them belong,
 But that you must fight each other 'bout a brindle
 dog and sheep?

Why, man is just one race,
 In a very ticklish place,
 With a thousand forces fightin' for to lay him on the
 shelf;

Don't it strike you, foolish men,
As a losin' business, then,
When he tears down his defences, an' goes fightin' of
himself?

An' these lawyers round here gawkin'—
Who has tried to stop my talkin'—
If they come it once too often, I— I vow I'll smash
'em both;
What d'ye s'pose they care for *you*,
Or for what *they* say or do?
For they don't pay no expenses, an' they ain't put
under oath.

Shake han's now, an' be friends,
An' say, Here the matter ends,
An' divide the costs between you—what has so far been
incurred;
It 'll make this world less sad—
It 'll make all heaven glad!
“Peace on earth,” is just as good news as the angels
ever heard.

Here the judge spoke, with angry air:
“We have no jurisdiction there;
It's more than all our work is worth,
To keep things steady here on earth;
We can't pretend, best we can do,
To litigate for angels too.
I hereby fine you, for this sport,
Ten dollars, for contempt of court,

And you will in the jail be laid,
Until th' aforesaid sum is paid.
Remove this person from the place,
And go on quickly with the case."

With look most cheerful and polite,
The old man turned to Brown and White,
Saying, "For your good I made this speech:
Pray lend me now, five dollars each.
I've been a-throwin' you advice
You couldn't ha' bought at any price.
If you will give my words an ear,
They're worth ten thousan' dollars clear."

His eloquence had no avail;
They took the old man off to jail.
The suit went on—the regular way—
And is not finished to this day.

THE FESTIVAL OF DIS-REASON;

OR,

THE DEBATE

THEY came in sleighs and cutters down the snow-
paved country road—
No farm-house in the district but sent something of
“a load,”
No home so high or humble but threw in its mental
mite
Towards an equitable judgment on the issue of the
night;
For the question to be settled was an elemental one:
Namely, whether fire or water had the greater damage
done.

O Peace! thy famous mantle is a lovely thing to view,
And what unimportant matters can suffice to tear it
through!
Now a three-month had this “district” been by thee
as much inspired,
As a first-class summer evening, when the sun has just
retired;

Till some indiscreet debater fired the battle's signal gun,
Asking whether fire or water had the greater damage
done.

As when the housewife, whisking through her culinary
toil
Bathes the inside of a kettle, it will foam and seethe
and boil,
As when a brawny blacksmith, with his iron all agleam,
Stabs the unsuspecting water, it will hiss and yell and
scream,
So the most pronounced convulsions it had ever
known as yet,
Made life lively in this neighborhood when fire and
water met.

Not when the choir, one Sunday, chirped a secular-
sounding song;
Not when the pastor married diametrically wrong;
Not when the new school-master, with a sweet and
cheerful smile,
Flogged three champion school-house bullies in im-
proved athletic style,
Had there been so fierce excitement. — Naught more
bitter words can make,
Than discussion where the parties haven't anything at
stake.

O War! thy grim material pauses not at guns and swords:
There are campaigns of opinion — there are carnages
of words!

Now that neighborhood, so peaceful till this unexpected day,
Formed itself, as if by magic, in belligerent array,
Full of empty emulation, and disinterested ire;
About half denouncing water—the remainder fighting
fire.

There were deadly feuds engendered, in that clash of
word and will,
That have crept through generations, and are living
even still ;
There were families embittered—sacred friendships rent
in twain—
In that well-nigh useless contest of the heart and of
the brain.
For the fight on this occasion had grown bitter and
intense,
In proportion as the issue was of little consequence.

Old Squire Taylor took his children out of school,
without delay,
When the teacher taught Volcanoes in an underhanded
way ;
Deacon Stebbins, it was whispered, gave his son a
whipping rare,
Just for drawing on the Deluge in his verse at morn-
ing prayer ;
And the good but shrewd old preacher—half in love
and half in fear—
Scarcely mentioned fire or water in his sermons for a
year.

There were fisticuffs and lawsuits bred among the
brawny men—
Women who ne'er borrowed sugar at each other's
house again ;
And the children called their playmates, when they
fell out, in their games,
"Water-fowl," and "Papa's fire-bug," and such like
endearing names ;
While a keen demand existed 'mongst the people,
great and small,
For the evening when this question should be settled
once for all.

They came in sleds and cutters down the snow-paved
country roads ;
They swarmed like bees in anger, from the depths of
their abodes ;
They urged their bell-fringed coursers ; they hurried,
with one will,
To the little old red school-house at the summit of
the hill.
For 'twas there that the discussion was appointed to
take place,
And the fiercest of debaters met each other face to face.

O little old red school-house ! your prosperous days
are flown !
You are a sad old school-house, decrepit and alone.
Within your grimy ruins, half-crumbled to the ground,
The wind repeats its lessons, in a listless, droning
sound ;

The snow-flakes leap your windows, and cluster on
your floor,
Or, like belated youngsters, creep slyly through the
door;

Your painted rival perches on the yonder neighboring
hill ;
The restless feet that sought you are lying very still.
The flowers of many summers upon their graves have
grown ;
You are a sad old school-house, decrepit and alone.
But you have had your triumphs ; and, if accounts be
right,
You were not over-lonely on that famous winter
night!

Oh, what a crowd had gathered, and how wide awake
they were,
To see this mighty struggle of the elements occur !
The buds and blooms of beauty of that region had
turned out,
Also all the brain and muscle of the country round
about ;
For, as some one gravely mentioned — 'twas an inter-
esting time—
A trial whose attorneys gloried in their clients' crime.

There was Corporal Joseph Bellamy, a veteran fierce
and gray,
Whose left leg took a furlough on the field of Mon-
terey,

And who whispered, "How'd the Waterites get away,
he'd like to know,
With the fire that burned the powder in our war with
Mexico?"

There was Captain Abel Stockwell, who the raging
man had ploughed,
And had some old claim of wreckage which he wished
to get allowed;

There was Andrew Clark, a bully, who remarked he
couldn't debate,
But could lick the biggest waterin'-trough that spouted
in the State;

There was pretty Jessie Miller, with her blushing face
half hid,

Who didn't say much on the question—just because
her lover did;

There was "Uncle Sammy," smiling gay and happy—
nothing loth

To dispute with either faction, or, if necessary, both;

There was dear old Sister Dibble, amiable and pleas-
ant-eyed,

Who agreed with all she talked to, and no matter on
which side;

There was Uncle James K. Hopkins, who espoused one
cause to-day,

And to-morrow morning early, always thought the
other way;

There was Township Treasurer Hawley, who a theory
could frame,

That the Law of Compensation made them both de-
stroy the same;
There was Road Commissioner Reynolds, who, as pres-
ident, would state
The true meaning of the question they had come there
to debate;
But was checked by Uncle Sammy, with his back firm
'gainst the wall,
Who declared, as if astonished, that that wasn't it at
all!
So an hour they wrangled, trying to discover, beyond
doubt,
What it was that all the people had been quarrelling
about.

As well might be imagined, 'twas a trifle ludicrous
To hear this crowd discussing as to what they should
discuss;
Until the conversation reached the pure assertive
stage,
The pattering of word-drops turned to thunder-peals
of rage,
And young Napoleon Peaslee, with his black eyes
opened wide,
Shook his fist at several others, and informed them
that they lied.

When this argument was stated ('tis a not uncommon
one),
Andrew Clark bobbed up his body, like the rammer
of a gun

When the load at last is driven, and remarked, with
aspect hot,
That into his department the discussion now had
got ;
Then, striding o'er three benches, to the speaker he
drew nigh,
And advanced a heavy argument at Napoleon's near-
est eye.

As when the thrifty farmer his cold yard with fodder
strews,
Two sturdy youthful bullocks will develop different
views,
And join belligerent issue — then their rage infects the
herd,
Till the peacefulest old mulley feels her blood with
battle stirred,
So this meeting joined in conflict ; and affairs assumed
a shape
As if sin's unpleasant future had effected an escape.

No prestige was respected, in the storm of rage that
rose ;
The deacon shook ten knuckles underneath the elder's
nose ;
The squire upset the sheriff, with undignified display,
When the latter "Peace" demanded, in a very warlike
way ;
And even Sister Dibble her fat fist to shake began,
And vowed to goodness gracious that she wished she
was a man !

E'en the stove — a shattered veteran, which for many
years had stood
On two legs, and two frail crutches made of bricks
and blocks of wood,
And, like some worthy people who are nothing if not
plumb,
Had no single earthly merit save its equilibrium,
Lost even that; and, falling 'mid this clash of frantic
souls,
Smashed, and emptied out a bushel of the liveliest
kind of coals.

As when the juvenile shepherd scares his flock of
timid sheep
Through the narrows of a fence-gap, they will rush
and plunge and leap,
So the bravest and the strongest and the fiercest that
were there,
Loitered not upon their journey to the free and open
air;
Which, flying from their presence, rushed into the
open door,
And scattered coals and fire-brands all about the
school-house floor.

“It's a-burnin' up the buildin'!” was the universal shout:
“We'll be taxed to build another, if we do not put it
out!”
The debaters, each forgetting his rhetoric ends and aims,
Rushed in with snow and water, to subdue the rising
flames;

And 'twas even hard to tell there, when the victory
was won,
Whether fire or whether water had the greater damage done.

They drove their sleighs and cutters homeward o'er
the snowy road ;
Their clothes were wet and freezing—their hearts with
anger glowed ;
E'en those agreeing differed ; cutting up the question,
they
Disagreed on its divisions, and disputed by the way,
And only one was happy who to this affair had come ;
And he was underwitted, and was also deaf and dumb.

O thinkers and debaters ! be moderate and more slow ;
You can't make true opinions—they have to seed and
grow.
Be generous in your conflicts ; look very sharp to see
What points you can discover whereon you may agree ;
Remember, mere assertion to mere brutishness comes
nigh,
And the shallowest of arguments is the poisoned
words, " You lie !"

THE FESTIVAL OF REUNION;

OR,

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

WAKE up, wife!—the black cloak of Night begins to
fade,
And far in the east The Morning his kitchen fire has
made;
And he is heating red-hot his stove of iron-gray,
And stars are winking and blinking before the light o'
day.

Mind you what I was doin', just fifty years ago?—
Brushing my Sunday raiment an' puttin' my best looks
on;
Clothin' myself in courage, so none my fright would
see;
An' my coward heart within, the while, was pounding
to get free!

Ten mile wood an' bramble, and three mile field an'
dew,
In the cold smile of morning, I walked, to marry you;

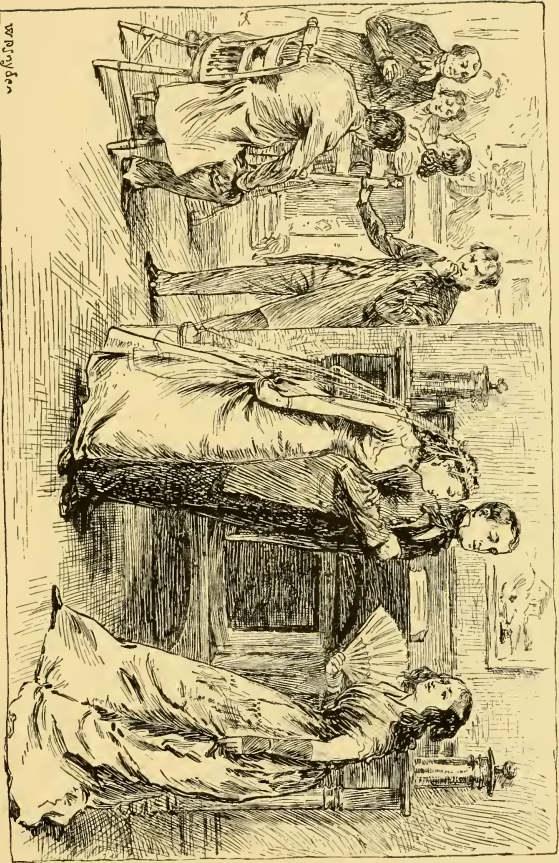
No horse had I but my wishes—no pilot but a star;
But my boyish heart it fancied it heard you from afar!

So through the woods I hurried, an' through the grass
 an' dew,
An' little I thought o' tiring, the whole of my journey
 through;
Things ne'er before nor after do so a man rejoice,
As on the day he marries the woman of his choice!

And then our country wedding—brimful o' grief an
 glee,
With every one a-pettin' an' jokin' you an' me;
The good cheer went and came, wife, as it sometimes
 has done
When clouds have chased each other across the Sum-
 mer sun.

There was your good old father, dressed up in weddin'
 shape,
With all the homespun finery that he could rake an'
 scrape;
And your dear-hearted mother, the sunlight of whose
 smile
Shone through the showers of tear-drops that stormed
 her face the while;

Also your sisters an' brothers, who hardly seemed to
 know
How they could scare up courage to let their dear one
 go;



W. P. Ryden

“AND THE PARSON'S VIRGIN DAUGHTER, PLAIN AND SEVERELY PURE”

An' cousins an' school-house comrades, dressed up in
meetin' trim,
With one of them a-sulkin' because it wasn't him ;

An' there was the good old parson, his neck all dressed
in white,
A bunch o' texts in his left eye, a hymn-book in his
right ;
And the parson's virgin daughter, plain an' severely
pure,
Who hoped we should be happy, but wasn't exactly
sure ;

And there was the victuals, seasoned with kind regards
an' love,
And holly-wreaths with breastpins of rubies, up above ;
An' there was my heart a-wonderin' as how such things
could be,
And there was the world before us, and there was you
and me ;

Wake up, wife! that gold bird, the Sun, has come in
sight,
And on a tree-top perches to take his daily flight !
He's old, but never feeble ; an' he will sail away,
As he has done so often since fifty years to-day.

You know there's company coming—our daughters an'
our sons :
There's John, and James, and Lucy, an' all their little
ones ;

And Jennie, she will be here, who in her grave doth
lie
(Provided company ever can come from out the sky);

And Sam—I am not certain as he will come, or not;
They say he is a black sheep—the wildest of the lot.
Before a son's dishonor, a father's love stands dumb;
But still, somehow or other, I hope that Sam will
come!

The tree bends down its branches to its children from
above—
The son is lord of the father, and rules him with his
love;
And he will e'er be longed for, though far they be
apart,
For the drop of blood he carries, that came from the
father's heart.

Wake you, wife! the loud Sun has roused the sweet
Daylight,
And she has dressed herself up in red and yellow and
white;
She has dressed herself for us, wife — for our weddin'-
day once more—
And my soul to-day is younger than ever it was be-
fore!

THE FESTIVAL OF MEMORY;

OR,

CONVERSE WITH THE SLAIN

[*Read at the National Cemetery on the Custis Farm, Arlington Heights, Virginia, Decoration Day, 1877*]

HERE, where the Nation's domes salute our eye,
And lift their fingers up to Freedom's sky,
Here, where, by green-flagged hill and flowery glade,
Camps evermore the Nation's dead brigade,
And, while our stars upon the day are tossed,
The gleaming head-stones tell of what they cost,
And Triumph's guns are decked with Sorrow's strain,
Let us hold converse with the Nation's slain.

I

Strong men fast asleep,
With coverlets wrought of clay,
Do soft dreams o'er you creep,
Of friends who are here to-day?

Do you know, O men low lying
 In the hard and chilly bed,
 That we, the slowly dying,
 Are giving a day to the dead?
 Do you know that sighs for your deaths
 Across our heart-strings play,
 E'en from the last faint breaths
 Of the sweet-lipped mouth of May?
 When you fell, at Duty's call,
 Your fame it glittered high,
 As leaves of the sombre Fall
 Grow brighter though they die.
 Men of the silent bands,
 Men of the half-told days,
 Lift up your spectre hands,
 And take our heart-bouquets.

[RESPONSE]

Our heads droop on the world's broad breast;
 Our work is done, and we have gone to rest.
 These footsteps, lingering round our bed,
 The sun that shines, the storm that sweeps o'erhead
 The summer hour, when naught sounds nigh
 Save the low, drowsy humming of the fly,
 Or the wind's moan when day is done,
 All feed our sleep, and all to us are one.

When morning sows the sky with gold,
 To blossom forth at noon a millionfold,

When, shaded from the setting sun,
The weary father clasps his little one,
While she whose chastened love ne'er dies
Leans on them with her patient mother-eyes,
When the brown frame of even-time
Is pictured deep with song and laughter's chime;

Of all these sweet and pure and blest,
Not one avails to call us from our rest.
Fought we for wealth? We own, to-day,
Death's tattered robes, and six good feet of clay.
For noisy Fame's bright coronets?
The world applauds us, but it soon forgets.
And yet, on royal robes we fall:
We fought for Love—and Love is king of all.

II

Women, whose rich graves deck
The work of Strife's red spade,
Shining wrecks of the wreck
This tempest of war has made,
You whose sweet pure love
Round every suffering twined,
Whose hearts like the sky above
Bent o'er all human kind,
Who walked through hospital streets,
'Twixt white abodes of pain,
Counting the last heart-beats
Of men who were slowly slain;

Whose thrilling voices ever
Such words of comfort bore,
That many a poor boy never
Such music heard before;
Whose deeds were so sweet and gracious,
Wherever your light feet trod,
That every step seemed precious,
As if it were that of God;
Whose eyes so divinely beamed,
Whose touch was so tender and true,
That the dying soldier dreamed
Of the purest love he knew;
O martyrs of more than duty!
Sweet-hearted women-braves!
Did you think, in this day's sad beauty,
That we could forget your graves?
Could you think, of these yearning hours,
None from your memory grew?
That we brought a garden of flowers,
And ne'er a blossom for you?
Great is the brave commander,
With foemen round him slain,
But greater far, and grander,
Is she who can soothe a pain.
Not till selfish blindness
Has clouded every eye,
Not till mercy and kindness
Have flown back to the sky,
Not till a heart that is human
Within this world beats not,
Shall the kind deeds of a woman
Be ever by man forgot.

Heaven's best evangels,
Artists of mercy's arts,
Earth-types of the angels,
Take these flowers from our hearts.

[RESPONSE]

Sound and deep our bodies sleep
'Neath a bright-green covering,
Slender shades of tender blades
Over us are hovering.

Fragrant sheaves of floweret leaves
Sweetest odors fling to us,
Merry birds with music-words
Perch aloft and sing to us.

Butterflies, with wings of eyes,
Flash a kindly cheer to us,
Stalks of clover, like a lover,
Bend and whisper near to us.

And we bless, with thankfulness,
All the flowers you give to us,
And we greet, with feelings meet,
All the hours you live to us;

But while we, 'neath hill and lea,
Floral favors owe to you,
We above, with smiles of love,
Blooms of blessings throw to you.

Once we stood, in doubtful mood,
On a hill-top, listening—
Gazing where, supremely fair,
Heaven's domes were glistening:

Widowed wives, whose own good lives
Their great grief had cost to them:
Mothers who till death were true,
Maids whose loves were lost to them;

They who strove, with deeds of love,
To keep back the dying ones,
Until *they* were drawn, one day,
'Mongst the heavenward flying ones:

So we stood, in doubtful mood,
On a hill-top, listening,
Gazing where, supremely fair,
Heaven's domes were glistening;

Wondering why there came not nigh
Some who all had dared for us,
Sad together wondering whether
Our sweet dead yet cared for us!

At a sound we turned around:
They had stolen near to us,
They whom we had yearned to see—
They who were so dear to us;

So, while you these heroes true
Praise, and with flowers cover them,
We above throw looks of love,
And caresses, over them.

III

Men who fell at a loss,
Who died 'neath failures frown,
Who carried Strife's red cross,
And gained not Victory's crown,
Whose wrong fight was so brave
That it won our sad applause,
Who sleep in a hero's grave,
Though clutched by the corpse of a cause:
Sleep sweet! with no misgiving,
By bitter memories fed,
That we, your foes when living,
Can be your foes when dead!
Your fault shall not e'en be spoken;
You paid for it on the pall;
The shroud is Forgiveness' token,
And Death makes saints of all.
Your land has in its keeping
Our brothers, doomed to die:
Their souls went upward, sweeping
Through storms of a southern sky;
The dead sons of our mothers
Reach for your hands of clay;

So we, with your living brothers,
 Would clasp glad hands to-day ;
 That this young Queen of Nations,
 As famous as the sun,
 That has lived through tribulations
 A hundred years and one,
 Shall wrap the centuries round her
 Again and yet again,
 Till their gleaming braids have wound her
 In a thousand years and ten !

[RESPONSE]

From our dead foemen comes no chiding forth ;
 We lie at peace ; Heaven has no South or North.
 With roots of tree and flower and fern and heather
 God reaches down, and clasps our hands together.

IV

Men of the dark-hued race,
 Whose freedom meant—to die—
 Who lie, with pain-wrought face
 Upturned to the peaceful sky,
 Whose day of jubilee,
 So many years o'erdue,
 Came—but only to be
 A day of death to you ;
 The flowers of whose love grew bright,
 E'en in Oppression's track,

The mills of whose hearts ran right,
 Though under a roof of black ;
Crushed of a martyred race,
 Jet-jewelry of your clan,
You showed with what good grace
 A man may die for man.
To cringe and toil and bleed,
 Your sires and you were born ;
You grew in the ground of greed,
 You throve in the frost of scorn !
But now, as your fireless ashes
 Feed Liberty's fruitful tree,
The black race proudly flashes
 The star-words, " We are free !"
Men who died in sight
 Of the long-sought promise-land,
Would that these flowers were bright
 As your deeds are true and grand !

[RESPONSE]

Oh ! we had hearts, as brave and true
As those that lighter covering knew ;
Love's flowers bloomed in us, pure and bright,
As if the vases were of white !

And we had homes, as sweet and rare
As if our household gods were fair ;
But Death's was not the only dart
That came to force our joys apart !

And we had souls that saw the sky,
And heard the angels singing nigh;
But oft in gloom those souls would set,
As if God had not found them yet!

Columbia brought us from afar—
She chained us to her triumph-car;
She drove us, fettered, through the street,
She lashed us, toiling at her feet!

We prayed to her, as prone we lay;
She turned her scornful face away!
She glanced at us, when sore afraid;
We rose and hurried to her aid!

White faces sank into the grave—
Black faces, too—and all were brave;
Their red blood thrilled Columbia's heart—
It could not tell the two apart.

V

Boys, whose glossy hair
Grows gray in the age of the grave,
Who lie so humble there,
Because you were strong and brave;
You, whose lives cold set
Like a Winter sun ill-timed,
Whose hearts ran down ere yet
The noon of your lives had chimed;

You, who in the sun
Of girlhood's smiles were basking,
Who left fresh hearts all won—
White hands to be had for asking;
You, whose bright true faces
Are dimmed with clouds of dust,
Who hide in the gloomy places,
And cringe in the teeth of rust;
Do you know your fathers are near,
The wrecks of their pride to meet?
Do you know your mothers are here,
To throw their hearts at your feet?
Do you know the maiden hovers
O'er you with bended knee,
Dreaming what royal lovers
Such lovers as you would be?
Ruins of youthful graces,
Strong buds crushed in Spring,
Lift up your phantom faces,
And see the flowers we bring.

[RESPONSE]

We struck our camp at break of day—we marched
into the fight;

We laid the rose of pleasure down, and grasped the
thorns of right.

The drum's roll was joy to us; the fife was sweetly shrill;
The waving of our country's flag—it made our pulses
thrill.

They cheered us as we walked the streets; they
marched us to and fro;
And they who stayed spoke loud to us how brave it
was to go.

Our faces set with iron deeds that yet were to be done;
Our muskets clean and bright and new, and glisten-
ing in the sun;

It was so like some tournament—some grander sort
of play—
That time we bravely shouldered arms, and marched,
marched away!

There came a sudden dash of tears from those who
said good-bye—
We set our teeth together tight, and made them no reply.

There leaped a moisture to our eyes, but Pride was
there, on guard,
And would not pass the aching tears that came so
fierce and hard.

'Twould never do to droop our heads so early in the fray!
So gallantly we shouldered arms, and marched, marched
away.

But when the cold and cruel night about our tents
did creep,
And Memory took the midnight watch, and Pride had
gone to sleep;

When hard Endurance threw aside the mask that he
had worn,
And all we had a day ago seemed ever from us torn ;

And when the boy within us had to perish for the
man,
Twas then the holiday was done—'twas then the fight
began !

Full many arts of agony can Trouble's hand employ ;
And none of them but she will use upon a home-sick
boy !

The old house came back to us ; and every scene was
there,
The bright and cheerful morning hour—the singing
and the prayer ;

(Before us, every olden scene in perfect outline lay ;
There never was a view so clear that seemed so far
away !)

The neat and tidy noon-time—the evening banquet
spread—
The smiles that flew from face to face—the pleasant
words we said ;

The evening ramble down the road — 'twas then our
fight began,
When first the boy within us had to perish for the
man !

The morning broke ; and ere the dark retreated from
the sun,
Came shuddering through the fresh air a heavy signal-
gun ;

And oh ! it was a grand time when, through the bat-
tle's cry,
We went, to show, if needs must be, how bravely boys
could die !

It seems so like some brilliant dream—that glory-
painted day,
We turned our faces towards the fight, and marched,
marched away !

But when, the frantic battle done, we lay amid the slain,
Our blue coats trimmed with crimson blood—our
bodies stabbed with pain—

When, with no friend to care for us, we stretched us
out to die,
Without a shelter to our heads except the distant sky ;

'Twas then the agony of war in all its woe we knew ;
We ordered up our hearts' reserves, and fought the
battle through !

But soon the hand of suffering its heavy weight up-
bore—
And sweet Relief came near to us, and opened Heav-
en's door ;

The spirit brave from every clime gave welcome to
their band;
Old heroes smiled into our eyes, and grasped us by
the hand!

We were the honored guests of Heaven — the heroes
of the day;
With laurel wreaths upon our brows, we marched,
marched away!

VI

Sleep well, O sad-browed city!
Whatever may betide,
Not under a nation's pity,
But 'mid a nation's pride,
The vines that round you clamber,
Brightest shall be, and best;
You sleep in the honor-chamber—
Each one a royal guest.
Columbia e'er will know you,
From out her glittering towers,
And kisses of love will throw you,
And send you wreaths of flowers;
And e'en in realms of glory
Shine bright your starry claims;
Angels have heard your story,
And God knows all your names.

FINIS

BY E. F. BENSON

THE VINTAGE. A Romance of the Greek War of Independence. With Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 50.

"The Vintage" is a story of adventure in the best sense of the term. Originally published as a serial in HARPER'S WEEKLY at a time when the eyes of the whole civilized world were turned upon Turkey and Greece, it attracted widespread attention because of its fidelity, virility, and rapidly shifting interest. In book form "The Vintage" is seen to be a compact, forceful, and absorbing story. The Greek and Turkish characters are extremely well portrayed; there are many thrilling incidents, with descriptive passages of remarkable power, and (most important of all) the love-story is wholly uncommon.

THE JUDGMENT BOOKS. Illustrated. Square 32mo, Cloth, \$1 00. (*In Harper's Little Novels.*)

An odd, suggestive story. . . . The tale is well told, the conceit a striking one.—*Hartford Courant.*

Mr. Benson is at his best thus far, in this new book rather than in "Dodo," and that best is excellent.—*Boston Advertiser.*

LIMITATIONS. A Novel. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 25.

A real novel, with depth as well as sparkle, and no small degree of literary merit.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A strong, interesting story of English life to-day, with plenty of humor but much underlying seriousness and suggestion. . . . The novel has something more than cleverness to it.—*Hartford Courant.*

NEW YORK AND LONDON

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

BY S. R. CROCKETT

LOCHINVAR. A Novel. Illustrated by T. DE THULSTRUP. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 50.

Admirers of S. R. Crockett will find occasion for neither surprise nor disappointment in his new story, "Lochinvar." It is just what we might expect of him after the assurance his other writings have given of the stability of his capacity for fine romantic fiction. He gives every indication that he is in the plenitude of his powers and graces as a constructionist and narrator.—*Washington Times*.

The author of "The Stickit Minister" will add measurably to his popularity by his latest story, "Lochinvar." . . . The story moves steadily, the romance is interwoven with the clash of arms and the excitement of adventure.—*Christian Work*, N. Y.

THE GRAY MAN. A Novel. Illustrated by SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 50.

A strong book, . . . masterly in its portrayals of character and historic events.—*Congregationalist*, Boston.

Unquestionably a vigorous and thoroughly engrossing tale; one that adds to Crockett's fame.—*Standard*, Chicago.

It is a book at once striking and original. It imitates nothing and nobody, and it holds the reader under the spell of a strong fascination from the moment when he first takes it up until he reaches the close.—*Speaker*, London.

NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

THE MARTIAN. A Novel. Illustrated by the Author. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 75; Three-quarter Calf, \$3 50; Three-quarter Crushed Levant, \$4 50. (A Glossary of the French and Latin expressions in the story is included.)

The romance has the ring of Mr. Du Maurier's best romancing; the simple, almost naïve, admiration of the boys for Barty shows the author as we have known him in his highest estate—true, wise, free from the slightest suspicion of sentimentality or cant. "The Martian" opens again the portals of his delightful world, the story revives the tenderness, the sweetness, the original magic which many readers have feared could never be recaptured—*N. Y. Tribune*.

SOCIAL PICTORIAL SATIRE. Reminiscences and Appreciations of English Illustrators of the Past Generation. With Illustrations by the Author and Others. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 50.

A LEGEND OF CAMELOT. Pictures and Verses. Oblong 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, Full Gilt, \$5 00. (*In a Box.*)

TRILBY. A Novel. Illustrated by the Author. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 75; Three quarter Calf, \$3 50; Three-quarter Crushed Levant, \$4 50.

PETER IBBETSON. With an Introduction by his Cousin, Lady **** ("Madge Plunket"). Edited and Illustrated by GEORGE DU MAURIER. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 50. Three-quarter Calf, \$3 25; Three-quarter Crushed Levant, \$4 25.

ENGLISH SOCIETY. Sketched by GEORGE DU MAURIER. About 100 Illustrations. With an Introduction by W. D. HOWELLS. Oblong 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, \$2 50.

NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

BY WALTER FRITH

THE SACK OF MONTE CARLO. An Adventure of To-Day. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 25.

Mr. Frith, in search of adventurous situations, has not thought it necessary to hark back beyond the present day, or to take for the scene of his story any out-of-the-way and unfamiliar locality. The scheme of this "adventure" is as daring as it is novel, and yet, if not possible, it is at least made to seem eminently so. There is no lack of humor to relieve the more serious complications which arise in connection with the project, and the book as a whole is a rare combination of dashing adventure and skilful pleasantry.

IN SEARCH OF QUIET. A Country Journal, May-July. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 25.

Mr. Frith's book is possessed of charm—real, undeniable charm; and the genuine article is, as every one knows, indescribable. Some other qualities have gone to the making of this delightful volume. There is restraint and much delicacy of perception and daintiness of touch. There is, too, not a little sentiment, held in check by a great deal of humor, all dominated by an original and kindly outlook on human life. . . . His effects are brought out by no tricks, but come and go with an appearance of great ease and spontaneity. His portraits are not elaborated, but are drawn clear and distinct by means of a happy phrase or word.—*Athenæum*, London.

NEW YORK AND LONDON

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

BY W. PETT RIDGE

BY ORDER OF THE MAGISTRATE. A Novel. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental. (*In Press.*)

SECRETARY TO BAYNE, M.P. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 25.

Mr. Ridge's fiction, always distinguished for apt and epigrammatic style, has reached its high-water mark in "Secretary to Bayne, M.P." Characterization, humor, and dialogue are all excellent, as are also the incidental glimpses of Cockney life and manners. As a piece of brightly told fiction it is a more than worthy successor to "A Clever Wife" and "The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst."

A CLEVER WIFE. A Novel. Post 8vo, Cloth, \$1 25.

"A Clever Wife" contains some strikingly clever analysis of character, and opens fresh sources of delight to the reader.—*Boston Herald.*

THE SECOND OPPORTUNITY OF MR. STAPLEHURST. A Novel. Post 8vo, Cloth, \$1 25.

There are situations which are charmingly droll. It is a really clever, humorous, original book.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

NEW YORK AND LONDON

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

BY H. G. WELLS

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS. With Illustrations.
Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 50.

The power and brilliancy of this extraordinary story will hardly be questioned by the most captious critic.

Mr. Wells has already made himself known as a writer to whom the construction of that most difficult type of story, the "impossible," is a thing to be courted, and by whom it is a thing well done.

The daring conception upon which this story hinges is not a mere bit of invention. "The War of the Worlds" is, as Mr. Wells has himself said of it, "the story of a possibility, a piece of realism." Whether or not we agree with the author as to this, there is no denying the strange air of reality with which he has contrived to invest this astonishing narrative of the invasion of Earth by the inhabitants of Mars. It is a wonder-story for "grown-ups," and one of the deepest interest and most fascinating style.

THE INVISIBLE MAN. A Grotesque Romance.
Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 50.

In his audacious imaginative insight into the romantic possibilities underlying the discoveries or the suggestion of modern science Mr. Wells stands unrivalled. . . . It is just like a transcript from real life, recalling the best work of Poe in its accent of sincerity and surpassing it in its felicity of style.—*The Spectator*, London.

Stands out by reason of its humor, freshness, and originality as a thing to be grateful for. . . . Mr. Wells has humor keen and unforced, great imaginative power, and a substantial basis of thorough scientific knowledge, and his style is in general natural and polished, while his versatility is shown in the wide range of these stories.—*N. Y. Sun*.

NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

BY I. ZANGWILL

DREAMERS OF THE GHETTO. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 50.

To lovers of the best in fiction, Zangwill is a name to conjure with. The singular force and vigor, the inimitable delicacy of light and shade, the shrewdness of insight into human nature which made "The Master" one of the most widely read books of its year, are here again to lend charm to "Dreamers of the Ghetto." The book is a veritable mosaic of word-pictures, characteristically vivid and clean-cut. Mr. Zangwill does more than write interesting stories, however skilfully he may do that. He goes beneath the surface and brings to light the great human impulses which prompt the actions of the children of his pen, so that the reader becomes one with them in thought, and is swayed by a living sympathy in all their sufferings and wrongs. "Dreamers of the Ghetto" is full of this power. It is intensely poetical, intensely human, and, withal, it never loses its intensity of interest.

THE MASTER. A Novel. Illustrated by T. DE THULSTRUP. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 75.

He who begins "The Master" will find a charm which will lure him through adventures which are lifelike and full of human interest. . . . A strong and an enduring book.—*Chicago Tribune*.

To those who do not know his splendid imagery, keen dissection of character, subtle views of humor, and enthralling power of narration, this work of Mr. Zangwill's should prove momentous and important.—*Boston Traveller*.

"The Master" is the best novel of the year.—*Daily Chronicle*, London.

NEW YORK AND LONDON


HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

BY SIR WALTER BESANT

- IN DEACON'S ORDERS. 12mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 25.
BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth,
\$1 50.
ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.
ARMOREL OF LYONESSE. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 25;
8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
DOROTHY FORSTER. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.
ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. Illustrated. 12mo,
Cloth, \$1 25; 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
LIFE OF COLIGNY. 16mo, Cloth, 30 cents.
CHILDREN OF GIBEON. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 25; 8vo, Paper, 50
cents.
FIFTY YEARS AGO. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, \$2 50.
HERR PAULUS. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.
FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 25;
8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
KATHERINE REGINA. 4to, Paper, 15 cents.
SELF OR BEARER. 4to, Paper, 15 cents.
LONDON. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$3 00.
ST. KATHARINE'S BY THE TOWER. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth,
\$1 25; Paper, 50 cents.
THE BELL OF ST. PAUL'S. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.
THE HOLY ROSE. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.
THE IVORY GATE. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 25.
THE REBEL QUEEN. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.
THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN. Illustrated. 12mo,
Cloth, \$1 25; 4to, Paper, 25 cents.
THE INNER HOUSE. 8vo, Paper, 30 cents.
TO CALL HER MINE. Illustrated. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.
UNCLE JACK, AND OTHER STORIES. 12mo, Paper, 25 cents.

NEW YORK AND LONDON

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

 *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by
the publishers, postage prepaid, on receipt of the price.*

JUL 15 1898



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 215 285 3