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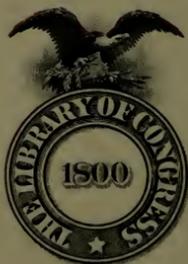
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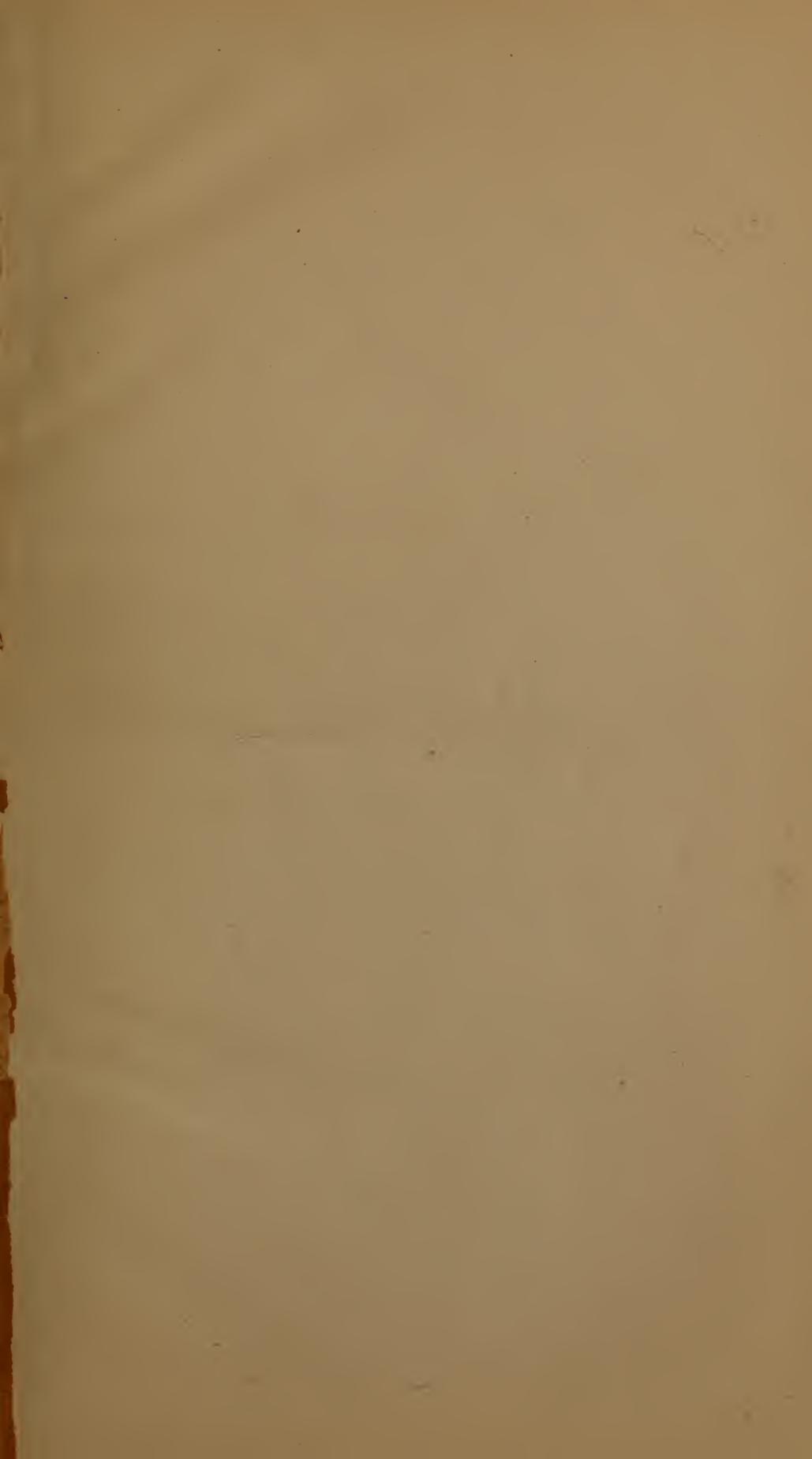
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J. F. MUSSEY.

Localisms; Rhymes;

Songs.

NEWBURG, WINTERPORT.

BY

*du*  
J. F. HUSSEY.  
1903.



THE ADVERTISER JOB PRINT,  
WINTERPORT.

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To the Reader:—

I hope no apology is necessary for intruding this little volume of Localisms upon my old friends and neighbors, and perhaps not necessary to state that none of the pieces contained were written for purposes of publication but for the lyceum, the Grange, for temperance societies and other societies, usually by request. Some of the more lengthy were written for my own amusement during leisure, and I may safely presume that the pleasure of writing them will far exceed that gained by any by its perusal.

In some of the older pieces, written in the sixties and seventies, I have used fictitious names where a substitute would answer, smoothed some places too rough for publication and discarded others. Some of the less pronounced I have inserted, not on account of their merits but for the mutual associations of our earlier experiences and vicissitudes in our life work, the historical part, in a measure, I might say of the years long gone by in my native town.

As the shadows lengthen these little reminders lose much of their force and with it comes a thought of sadness in view of the many who have passed on.

I fondly hope this unpretentious little volume will not be without interest to its small circle of readers; and that its influence for good will not be out-weighted by the bad influence engendered by its pessimism.

Winterport, Me., Aug., 1903.

Gift  
H. N. Pringle  
0. 2 '13

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## TO MY WIFE.

Thou partner of my early strife,  
 Thou sharer of my pleasures rife;  
 How blank would be the leaf of life  
 Were I without thy favor.

Thy joy I find my greatest joy,  
 And pleasure finds a rich employ;  
 For self adds not her base alloy  
 Where nature hath united.

To wish you joy I can't refrain  
 Is but to wish myself the same;  
 Whatever joy I think to name  
 Rebounds upon the giver.

That death might spare us each alike,  
 Tho' short thy days or dim my sight;  
 That we might join in spirit flight  
 And share our fate together.

## BABY KING AND MOTHER QUEEN.

Bright eyed cherub do I see,  
 Bubbling o'er with life and glee,  
 All so great and yet so wee?  
 And the mother, did she say  
 Little tot had gone astray,  
 That from heaven he'd run away?  
 Echo answers, did she say  
 That from heaven he'd run away?

Roguish eye of mellow blue,  
 Borrowed while he's passing through  
 From the skies, its deepest hue;  
 Did the mother's fond caress,  
 Many hundred, more or less,  
 Closer to her bosom press?  
 Echo answers, fond caress  
 Closer to her bosom press.

Waving ringlets, golden hair  
 Dancing in the wanton air;  
 Sought the sun, a place so fair,  
 Lingered as a time to spare,  
 Did the tangle prove a snare,  
 Caught and hold the sunbeams there?

Echo answers, prove a snare,  
Caught and held the sunbeams there.

Ruddy cheeks in healthful glow,  
Sweet they are the ladies know;  
Did the sunshine make them so?  
Lingered eager for the pose,  
Did the sunset's twilight close  
Paint his cheeks to match the rose?  
Echo answers, twilight's close  
Paint his cheeks to match the rose.

Azure sky and noonday's glare,  
Sunset blush hath made thee fair;  
Can the heavens forever spare?  
Can a loving arm refrain?  
Mother, hug him without blame,  
Since the heavens have such a claim  
Echo answers, without blame  
Since the heavens have such a claim.

Cherub, have you any grief?  
Mother's touch will give relief;  
Bitter tears will be but brief;  
Sorrow, like a summer dream,  
Sunshine with the showers between:  
Baby king and mother queen.  
Echo answers, showers between,  
Baby king and mother queen.

When to sleep in mother's fold,  
Little prayer is sweetly told,  
Pillowed head on curls of gold:  
Closed the mimic skies to view;  
Rosebud cheeks to catch the dew:  
Mother's kisses, none more true.  
Echo answers, catch the dew:  
Mother's kisses, none more true.

Powers of earth make smooth the way  
Lest his foot should go astray;  
Lest our joy should meet dismay:  
Guide for good the little son  
Lest the deepest sorrow come;  
Fleet the step, the race begun.

Echo answers, sorrow come  
 Fleet the step, the race begun.  
 Whence the mother's love supreme?  
 Stronger than the mountain stream;  
 Pure as shines the sunlight gleam;  
 Did the cherub in his flight  
 Bring from heaven its love and light  
 All to make the earth more bright?  
 Echo answers, love and light  
 All to make the earth more bright.

SCHOOL-HOUSE IN DIST. NO. 11, NOV. 1897.

The weather fine and on a drive one day;  
 I took my course along the smooth highway:  
 Not far from town I struck a quiet wood,  
 Where years before a barefoot boy I stood.  
 Half hid behind the tangled bush and vine,  
 Mid balsam tree and shade of lofty pine,  
 A school-house stood, what had been left to stand,  
 Where wanton youth had laid a reckless hand;  
 Two doors smashed in, a window wholly out:  
 A ghostly look gloamed all the place about;  
 So weird the scene my horse began to shy,  
 And I got out, I could not get him by;  
 And with a rope I hitched him to a pine.  
 Where cones I'd gathered in my boyhood time;  
 The pine leaf piped a sadly gruesome song;  
 A goblin's requiem for my schoolmates tear.  
 Through open door with sad and solemn tread,  
 Where oft in childhood by the hand I's led;  
 Those seats now vacant and in wrecks despair;  
 My thoughts grew heavy and my heartstrings tear;  
 There stands the rostrum, where, with weighty yoke  
 And, effort great, my little piece I spoke;  
 Those seats now marred, I've filled, row after row  
 Up to the back, commencing with the low:  
 None struggle now to lay an early claim  
 To favorite seat, and none would take the same;  
 How changed the scene, how deeply sad the sight,  
 Where winds assail and bats wing through by night.

And all the past seems like a hollow dream,  
 And inspirations press to swell the theme.  
 Where now the students that once trod these halls?  
 And where the voice that echoed to these walls?

Some went to teach; some earned a worthy name;  
 Some hoarded wealth; some gained a nation's fame;  
 Some went abroad; some plowed the ocean deep,  
 And scores on scores in scores of graveyards sleep.

But, mark you friends, where e'er success befell,  
*The schoolroom laid foundation first and well:*  
 Where life run easy with a constant flow,  
 Then praise your schools for they have made it so.

Had I the books my youth had pondered o'er,  
 Though, sadly soiled and leaflets somewhat tore,  
 They should not quickly for old rags be sold,  
 I'd hold them choice as misers hoard their gold.

These dear old walls, how much I owe to thee;  
 Once my restraint, but later made me free:  
 Yet not all thine shall be the meed of praise,  
 A mother's love has tempered all my days.

Farewell old house, though now of little use,  
 For all thy worth thou gettest but abuse:  
 At those dear walls 'twould not be mine to send  
 A club or missile at so good a friend.

---

#### FLOWERS.

Behold the beauty of the flowers so fair  
 That give their sweetness to the spicy air;  
 From jeweled cup the frugal bees partake  
 And art here revels in its high estate.

Arrayed in splendor more than art of man,  
 The poor, the rich, the weak, the learned may scan;  
 And youth and age, the sinful and the good,  
 Admire the blossoms of the field and wood.

Of charms unconscious, and unknown to sigh,  
 They freely smile on every passer-by;  
 Though rudely crushed no malice they assume  
 But give more freely of their sweet perfume.

Oh, erring man! can we no lesson take  
Of these pure blossoms of the field and lake?  
Sky tinted beauties, pointing us above,  
Do they not tell us plainly, God is love?

Indeed how desolate this world of ours  
If summer fields were destitute of flowers,  
Where childhood roams with early birds of spring  
And song and laughter with their garlands bring.

Sweet flowers! though wonders of a nature's art  
That finds a place in every human heart;  
In richest mansion or in lowly cot,  
Where will we go, indeed, where flowers are not?

In festive hall they mingle with the gay,  
Or soothe the bedside where the sick one lay,  
Or bank the walls to decorate the great,  
As steps the private to the halls of state,

Or deck the bride upon her wedding day,  
Or friendly gift in button-hole bouquet,  
In social circle, then how blank and bare  
Would be the walls if flowers were lacking there.

In marble death when friends are laid away  
Then flowers, the choicest, deck their mortal clay;  
And o'er the mound that marks the sleeper's face  
A wreath of flowers will show their resting place.

Sweet flowers! more royal than the art of man  
We'll always love and never tire to scan;  
Divinely formed to bless this land of ours;  
Would all our lives were beautiful as flowers.

---

ACROSTIC.

May thy bright joyous morning shine far into day  
And the fragrance of youth bubble over thy way;  
Unclouded thy noonday, bright as a June day;  
Delight cheer your pathway, nor sorrow attend  
Ever's the wish of truly, your friend.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JAMES FREEMAN.  
OCTOBER 1897.

The fields declare the dirge of parting year;  
And forests yield their foliage to the breeze,  
The swollen streams give cadence to the ear;  
The reapers gathered in their golden sheaves;

The wild flowers pale beneath the biting frost,  
And o'er the mead a rustic carpet spread,  
The sun bows low, reminder of our lost;  
All nature pays a homage to the dead.

A sister sleeps beneath a new made mound;  
In life the reflex of the summer's sun,  
Whose rays gave luster to her friends profound  
And sadness deep when all her work was done.

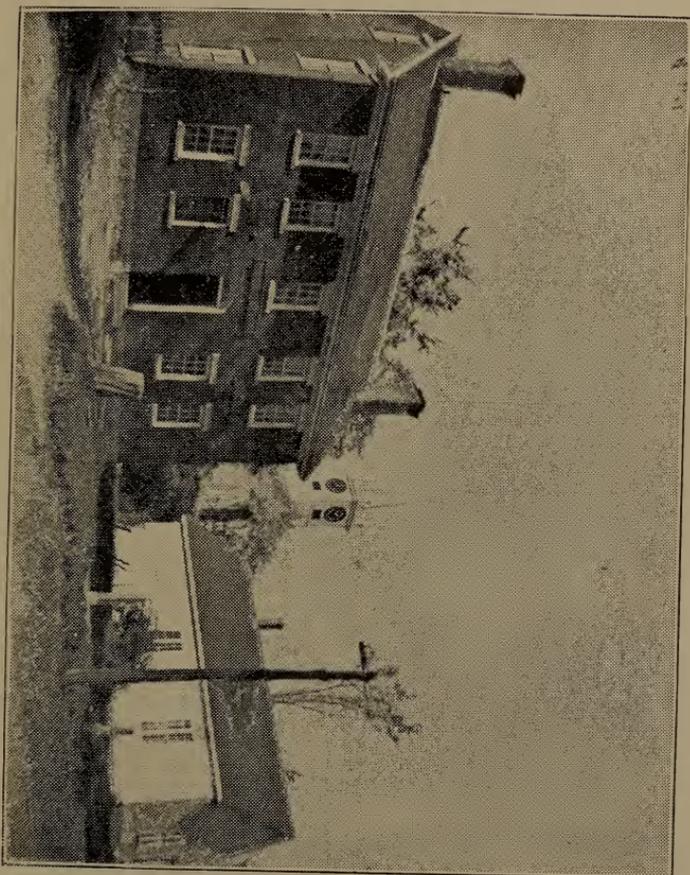
Gone from our band the first White Ribboned bow;  
The Autumn reaper claimed her as his own,  
And memories sweetest all that we may know,  
In compensation for the loved one gone.

A willing worker where her calling came;  
In church or temperance, in her quiet way,  
As if her heart was hallowed by the name  
Of Union for a purer world today.

Let choicest flowers blossom o'er her mould;  
Emblems of the sweetness of her worth;  
Emblems which a future may unfold;  
Emblems of the tender ties of earth.

ACROSTIC.

Leave me a nook in memory's path  
Among the cliffs that mark your way;  
'Mid summer's smiles or winter's wrath;  
O'er sunny meads, or blackened day;  
Remember me when no more near;  
Removed too far for present cheer;  
Engaged in friendship still more dear;  
Leave me a nook in memory's bier.



Post Office, Congregational Church and Vestry.



REFLECTIONS IN MEMORY OF  
MRS. HARRIET J. SIMONTON.

When the lamp of life is shattered  
 Shall the light in its dust lie dead?  
 When the rainbow cloud is scattered  
 Shall no lingering ray be shed?  
 When the last kind word is spoken  
 And the harp strings strained and broken,  
 Is there no lingering token  
 Of the music that is stilled,  
 On the heart strings that it trilled?  
 Ere her pure sweet life was ended,  
 Kindly deeds and nobly done,  
 Then our hearts were strongly blended  
 And their throbbings were as one:  
 Though the earth seems dark and drearer,  
 Yet the glowing stars draw nearer,  
 For to us none could be dearer,  
 For the lesson that she taught us,  
 For the sweetness that she brought us.  
 There were many friends who knew her  
 And their praise in bounty give;  
 Deep and long their hearts will rue her,  
 Though she's dead her precepts live;  
 And in heaven we hope to meet her,  
 Where the meadows breathe the sweeter  
 For the sickle of the reaper;  
 In the harvest of the kingdom;  
 Where the angels hold dominion.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF FRANCES E. WILLARD.  
 MARCH 3, 1898.

The earth is wrapped in snowy garments white,  
 And winter's blasts sweep over hill and dell,  
 The sun bows low and takes her Southern flight,  
 A sadly parting and a brief farewell.  
 And yet beneath the crystal carpet snow  
 All latent life awaits the spring's return,  
 And sun and rain in fullest bloom, we know,  
 Will clothe our hillsides as if death to spurn.

Oh, shade of Frances! had our weeping power  
 To bring to life within our fold again,  
 What warmth of heart and copiousness of shower  
 O'er every land and many a parching plain.

To say we loved were weak, for we adored: -  
 To fight a wrong thy potent arm we need;  
 Thy music voice more piercing than the sword:  
 Thy loving heart now still, and ours will bleed.

Our lives are better that we once have known;  
 The world is better that thou trodest here;  
 Thy cause we'll nurture as if 'twere our own;  
 Erstwhile we weep, and hold thy memory dear,

Though seasons pass and winter broods decay,  
 So long as woe is made another's gain,  
 Miss Willard's life will champion all her day,  
 And ceaseless spring will blossom o'er her fame.



#### IN MEMORY OF BIRTH OF HON. NEAL DOW.

In early spring we saw the leaves unfold,  
 And spring to life from out the blackened mold,  
 And wondered that a flower surpassing fair,  
 From bed so lowly could have slumbered there.

We saw the fruit push out from vine and tree,  
 And hill and vale clothed in rich scenery,  
 Clouds watered them, and warmed the glowing sun,  
 And life, from death in varied beauty sprung.

The birds sang sweet and trilled the mellow air;  
 Happy their lot for all around seemed fair;  
 Oh! man, take heart from all the scenes of life,  
 And learn the beauties of a useful strife.

How fair the land! yet 'twas not always fair;  
 Woods must be felled and timber lands laid bare;  
 Roads must be made and savage beasts be slain,  
 Before the fields could yield the yellow grain.

Go forth, thou reapers and your garners fill,  
 But spare the substance from dread death's distill;

And fruits and berries grown for good intent,  
Oh! spare their sweetness from a foul ferment.

Have empires fallen with a slow decay?  
And nations slumbered 'neath a tyrant's sway?  
Have crimes, unnumbered, stained our fairest land?  
And homes made wreck without a saving hand?

Then look you far with fair impartial eye,  
To see the cause the whole may underlie;  
The power of *moral force*, or from its lack,  
That has existed from all ages back.

We scarce could say that morals have full force,  
When rum runs riot in its freest course;  
And no scheme permanent comes to my mind  
*That did not have a moral force behind.*

Ripe was the time and brighter shone the morn;  
More fair the heavens became when Dow was born,  
For his the arm and moral force combined  
To sow rebellion in the moral mind.

When custom sanction with a genteel rage;  
And rooted evil marks an epoch's age;  
And statesman, rulers, princes, king and queen,  
And lesser lights join in the wretched scene,

And habit cankers all the world's domain,  
'Till misery curdles in a pulseless vein,  
'Tis then we need our wisest, staunchest men  
And if not then, Oh! human folly when?

The time was then, the time is with us now,  
And, coming forth, we see the hand of Dow;  
His blade was whet to make the forests thin;  
His arm was strong to thrust the sickle in;

His plow ran deep, and thickly did he sow;  
And faith was strong that some, at least, would grow;  
Not all his toil from rise to set of sun;  
Nor ever slackened in his work begun;

And naught deterred him in his moral might,  
He'd face a kingdom if he knew he's right;  
A patient tiller and his blows were hurled  
At social evils for a better world.

And years on years his labors did not stop,  
 'Till he had raised a prohibition crop;  
 And scattered seed for sister states to try;  
 And o'er the wave the little seedlings fly.

The earth brings forth the fruitage grandly well;  
 Wide flush the fields far over hill and dell;  
 And nations tribute pay to Dow, the cause  
 Of prohibition through the temperance laws.

The seed you sow that also will you reap;—  
 This Neal Dow seed is good to raise and keep;  
 'Twill yield a thousand fold for every grain;  
 If others raise, the more your own will gain;

Did Atlas lift the world? So Dow the State;  
 And Maine with all its legislative weight,  
 And weight of want and woe and crime beside  
 Was poised for justice on the hero's side.

---

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF  
 HON. NEAL DOW.

Majestic oak, pride of thy native land;  
 Thy roots took deep into our needy earth;  
 Thy branches spanning wide and nobly grand;  
 All nations tribute pay unto thy worth.

Rocked by the storms of many a frosty year,  
 With upward course thou didst outride them all;  
 Nor ever quavered with a coward's fear,  
 Or shrank from justice in a righteous call.

Thine age was passed the age of common man;  
 Thy worthy deeds outnumbered by the score;  
 And temperance lost her staunchest champion,  
 When, all too soon, we learned thou wert no more.

Then scatter flowers around the fallen oak,  
 In memory of the love we bear for him,  
 In token of his great immortal work,  
 The symbol of his kindness to his kin.

As flowers give incense to the changing breeze,  
 And constant beauty to admiring gaze,  
 So good deeds live like age of trees  
 To bless mankind beyond the count of days.

Thou heaven-born flowers, rich painted by the sun.  
 And watered by the weeping clouds and dew,  
 Pure as the loving source from which they sprung,  
 Teach us thine art to win, thy power to do.

All cannot be, like Dow, the stalwart oak,  
 For some the clinging vine, or tender flower;  
 And power of numbers stays the tempest stroke;  
 Strong public sentiment preserves our bowers.

When fails the law in giving just decrees,  
 And soft persuasion does no fruitage bear,  
 'Tis then White Ribbons quicken in the breeze,  
 And all the world the greater interest share.

---

ACROSTIC.

Beware of men, fast, truthless men;  
 Entrust to none too soon;  
 Let judgment play with greatest sway  
 Lest sorrow be thy doom.

Because thy kind and loving heart  
 A hasty step may take;  
 Remember well thy zealous mind,  
 Trust more to reason's make.  
 Let this not seem to thee reproof;  
 Enlisted as thy friend,  
 These words I've twisted to your name,  
 Trust they may not offend.

## TEMPERANCE.

To drink or not to drink:—thats the question,  
 And for himself must every man decide;  
 Although a host of others look inquiring on,  
 And watch the first faint symptoms, step by step,  
 As shapes his upward or his downward course.

A living panorama stretches out  
 Before our daily gaze, where all may see  
 The living actors in the world's great drama.  
 We need not ask of books or those abroad  
 To tell us that intemperance is a path  
 Of downward tread, leading the young to  
 Premature decay; blasting their young hopes,  
 Undermining health, incapacitating  
 Them for business, losing the confidence  
 Of others, bringing sorrow to his friends,  
 A cloud to lovers of the human race,  
 Who wish for happiness for every human heart.

To drink or not to drink, where many think  
 To swim but sink. Why should man boast?  
 Is he a stronger than the host gone on  
 Before? has he more friends than they to check  
 His downward way? has he a stronger will  
 Than all the mighty heroes gone to fill  
 A drunkard's grave, where bitter tears distill  
 And wives and babes have felt the chilly hand of  
 Want more piteous than the grave itself.

To drink or not to drink, where fortunes sink  
 Enough to flood the world from brink to brink,  
 Clothe, shelter, feed and furnish every need  
 To all the poor. Oh! what a kindly deed  
 Could all the worthy poor receive the aid  
 Where hearts now bleed, how happy were they made.

Who hath a spark of manhood in his veins  
 Would he pour out this liquid hell for gains?  
 Should this fair earth be blasted with the curse  
 Glad homes made wreck, to pestilence a nurse?

Is there more pleasure in a life of shame  
 Where there is all to lose and naught to gain?  
 Where wealth and health go down and friends ignore,  
 A stranded wreck upon a dreary shore?  
 Ignore the pleasant path that health may give,  
 Where all have title if they rightly live;  
 Where ruddy cheek and happiness combine  
 To rid the world of more than half its crime.  
 Where lies the beauty and wherein the joy  
 To be a victim to the arch decoy;  
 Oh! do not take him closely to your heart,  
 For he's an arrow with the murderer's art;  
 A very Sampson and his thousands slay,  
 And heaps on heaps, the innocent his prey:—  
 And sadness moves our very heart of clay,  
 To view the wrecks made o'er the world's highway;  
 All nature weeps, a pall hangs o'er the sky,  
 Shall human voice lack speech and pen go dry?

How sadly strange that man of crowning art,  
 With wisdom's genius and a human heart,  
 Who knows the laws that regulate the health,  
 Should take a course to desecrate himself.

How sadly strange that man should roil the stream  
 And drink the dregs where death is plainly seen;  
 The fount of health destroy, impede the flow,  
 Polute the blood; and wreck in worldly woe!

Should man of noble birth have such be said,  
 His home a step beneath where angels tread,  
 Made in God's image and to heaven bound;—  
 Where do we stand if not on holy ground?

High as the heavens and wide the vaulting blue,  
 So vast the field that opens into view,  
 White Ribbioned hosts their banners float in air,  
 Myriad the hands the silken banners bear,

Wrapped in their folds the breeze brings into view,  
 In letters plain the W. C. T. U.  
 The armored host, with woman's love and zeal,  
 United front and temperance is the deal:—

Thrice blest the foes that fall to them a prey;  
 Their captured throng they feed and do not slay;  
 Love is their sword, love also is their shield;  
 'Gainst willing foe the victor wins the field.

Wide wave their banners and their ribbons white  
 Bright galaxy of the boisterous night:  
 May silver lining show her quick display  
 Before thy sun, proud monarch of the day.

---

#### INTEMPERANCE.

The broadest evil of the land, if fitting it might seem  
 To one unskilled to pen a thought, intemperance were my  
     theme.  
 Not he alone with flowing cup, rum's poison in his vein,  
 Though death be constant on his track, not his alone the  
     shame.  
 Though rum may blast the fairest mind, spread ruin o'er our  
     land;  
 Bring crimes and blight and poverty widespread on every  
     hand;  
 Yet not alone would we impugn to excessive drink the name  
 Intemperance, for the word has more and broader claim.  
 While temperance grants a moderatè use of things well meant  
     to bless,  
 Intemperance as plain implies a using to excess.  
 The one who labors to excess is intemperate, we would say;  
 And warnings of the fact will come at no far distant day,  
 By lameness pains or some disease which may come slow but  
     surely  
 And if the mortal coil withstand, old age comes prematurely.  
 The tongue also needs much restraint to quell the burning  
     flame,  
 When maddened passion leads to broils, to sorrow, sin and  
     shame;  
 And in the lodge where members meet to work for some great  
     end,  
 Intemperance in the use of speech might chill an ardent  
     friend.

The constant loafer too, will find that he's intemperate too,  
 While loafing ever in excess, the loaves are rare and few.  
 Intemperate loafers have their ills of poverty and gout;  
 We find for health we'd better work than to be rusting out.  
 Intemperance, too, we see in dress, to this none can be blind;  
 Excessive cramping of the waist and waste of cloth behind.  
 If all the ills by fashion wrought were woven into rhyme,  
 With changing styles of bonnet, hat and dress extremely fine,  
 (For goods outwear the styles you know, and with the proud  
     it seems

A heavy tax on brain and sleep if limited in means.)

To pen a path by fashion trod would be a work supreme,  
 And he who labored at the task, intemperate with his theme.  
 If all were temperate every way in food and drink and dress,  
 In work and pleasure and in speech, the world would sorrow  
     less

There'd be less need of locks and jails and lawyers would be  
     few,

And doctors see their practice wane, and politicians, too:

And clergymen would have less care, if temperance held the  
     sway,

And e'en the fairy land itself would not seem far away.

---

#### SHOULD WOMEN VOTE.

Should women vote? What then! no harm I hope  
 If every woman in the land should vote.  
 What good? my friends, would laws be better then  
 Than laws we have, though made by men?

The laws we have fit every needed case  
 Where crime might find a lurking place,  
 And public morals in a march sublime,  
 Might rid the state of more than half its crime.

In *public morals* rests our firmest trust,  
 Confiding less to statute's moth and rust;  
 The law is plenty strong enough today  
 To banish crime from all our land away.

Were laws enforced no man would undertake  
 To trade in liquors for the cash he'd make;  
 Could women vote would better men instill  
 Their moral precepts in the public will?  
 Could women vote, we think they'd vote for style,  
 The handsome man, or one who had a pile  
 But men of talent yet of humble means  
 Would all be farmers, raising squash and beans.

Oh! ladies, do not leave your gentle ways  
 To mingle deep with politicians' maze,  
 Lest sympathy riot in her strong incline;  
 Let sterner justice rule the world of crime.

Should women vote? why if they want to, yes;  
 It is their right most deeply I confess;  
 As for their morals I should blush to say  
 They weren't a match for those who vote today.

---

GOOD TEMPLARS.

How much of good 'twere long to tell  
 A Templar's life-work has befell;  
 Through lights and shades and downcast eyes  
 Through darkness on to brighter skies.

A friendly word, a kindly look  
 May win to virtue's path forsook;  
 A timely hand stretched o'er the wave  
 From total wreck a soul may save.

Through varied scenes the Templars meet,  
 'Mid social charm and friendly greet;  
 A shade perhaps, of doubts and fears;  
 While joys stretch through declining years.

What wayward step on shifting sand,  
 Arrested by a Templar's hand?  
 What noble youth be taught to shun  
 The evils of the monster, rum?

A parent saved of noble birth;  
 A child redeemed of promised worth;  
 A better world, and there is need,  
 And fewer hearts be made to bleed.

The good we do when right we scan  
 Brings its reward on every hand;  
 What's for our noble Order's good  
 Is good for us, when understood.

'Twere good for all if sin and crime  
 Were blotted for all future time:  
 And all earth's sorrows no more known  
 As from intemperance has flown.

'Twere good if all within our band  
 Would work as one throughout the land;  
 None recreant to our cause be known  
 Till this great evil be o'erthrown.

Till then be this our cheerful lot  
 To toil in hope and weary not,  
 The fallen, aid with willing grasp  
 And joy will gladden to the last.

---

#### AUTUMN.

Rich autumn, with her golden fruit, rounds out the bounteous year:

And garnered fields with open palm bestows unstinted cheer;  
 The birds gave grace in summer song then sought a sunny clime;

And autumn spreads a common feast, most kindly to mankind.

Why do we gloam o'er fallen leaves that mulch the hungry soil:

A bank account when springtime comes, a friend to human toil;—

The sear brown leaf is but the husk that held the golden grain;

A latent life survives the blast to carpet field again.

The fruitage flush and store-house filled, the ruddy fireside  
 glow,  
 Proclaim to man and trusting beast to fear no winter's snow;  
 The withering frosts and biting blast that harbinger decay,  
 Give quicker life and clearer thought and should not bring  
 dismay.

'Tis autumn time, and in its gifts, the bounties of the year;—  
 To him who toils, to him who trusts, the winter hath no fear.  
 As swelling streams flow oceanward, and press their naked  
 banks,  
 Let all my soul press toward its goal in fullest, heartfelt  
 thanks.

Oh! dreamy brain, thou need'st the spurr that all the seasons  
 bear,  
 Of hopeful spring, of summer's toil and autumn's fullest  
 share.  
 To store the mind with needful things that nature freely  
 yields,  
 That winter storms may milder blow to winners in the fields.  
 As seasons roll, stern winter comes with storms and blinding  
 snow,  
 With indoor sports, and festive hall, and joys unnumbered  
 flow;—  
 And this the season best of all to store the hungry mind,  
 Where stores of knowledge without end await all those in-  
 clined.

And should some falter by the way, and need a little care,  
*All o'er the wide expanse of earth, White Ribboners are  
 there;*

And springtime bloom and song bird's tune will greet those  
 at the gate,  
 Who reap the harvest in its time, who work and do not wait.

## THE CLOSING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Good bye! old Century, good bye!  
We'll welcome in the new,  
Old age has settled on your limbs  
We have no use for you:

The weight of care is on your brow,  
Your eyes are getting dim,  
Your gait is less elastic now,  
Your flesh is growing thin:

A century of over-work  
Has made you very tired,  
Now we'll step in and fill your place  
And you shall be retired.

Ofcourse for all the good you've done  
You have our warmest thanks,  
For keeping off a foreign foe  
And managing the cranks:

For cutting off the forests wide,  
A thousand other cares,  
For building roads wherein we go  
And thinning out the bears.

For clearing up the hunting grounds,  
For homes and cultured farms,  
That shattered half your fondest hopes  
By warwhoops night alarms:

We thank you for the power of steam  
You've brought unto our aid,  
And for the thousand miles of rails  
All o'er our country laid;

We thank you for the trolley car  
Invitingly they fly,  
Although they strike the Hampden road  
Of Winterport they're shy:

The telegraph and telephone  
It gives and doth bequeath,  
And for another century  
The old will get relief:

A thousand, thousand other things,  
 We thank you from our heart,  
 But soon a century begins,  
 The old as soon departs:

The old is crippled with its work,  
 And spilling out its sands,  
 And soon the new steps in and takes  
 The deal from off its hands:

The time is drawing still more close,  
 The heart-beats quickly fail,  
 A tear-drop in the slot machine  
 Will find a turning scale.

Old century, good bye! good bye!  
 Right soon you'll end your flight  
 And we may cheer as well as sigh  
 And flag the mountain height.

The light still lingers in the West,  
 A pall hang o'er the sky,  
 Low twelve upon the dial tells  
 A century must die.

The old in slumber on his couch,  
 Nor heeds the moments fly;  
 Bequest is written on his brow  
 And in the New Year's eye.

The New Year takes the dying hand,  
 The pink is on his brow,  
 The morning of the century born  
 Is resting on him now.

When curfew rings the midnight bell  
 'Twill usher in the morn  
 That echoes o'er a happy land,—  
 A century new-born.

Good bye! old century, good bye!  
 Your work superbly done,  
 We take the trust which we bequeath  
 So worthily you won.

The century to come, we ask,  
For wonders in extent,  
To match the one already past,  
What can mankind invent.

How would a Home Week be to us  
Unspeakable in bliss,  
To walk the streets of Winterport  
One hundred years from this.

---

## BIRDS.

Thou joyous birds that wake the early morn,  
And trill the evening with your cheery song;  
With tiny throat, at every heaving swell,  
Echoes, aloud, the hill and wooded dell.

Who tuned your flute to make the tone so sweet?  
Who taught the tune that makes my cold heart leap?  
Sing'st thou a love song to a loyal mate?  
Or sing'st to chide me in my low estate?

Methinks, thou little warbler of the sky,  
Thou hast a tutor from thine home on high;  
And bring'st love's message to the drowsy throng;  
The olive branch, loud bursting into song.

Oh! hunter spare! let not their gorgeous plume  
Draw forth your deadly aim to seal their doom;  
At those sweet songsters deal no wanton blow,  
To rob the world of half its charm below:

Let not the whistling ball a requiem send  
To wreck the songsters of the hill and glen:  
Let not the rifle crack surcease the song  
That lures my soul in rapturous thoughts along.

Sing on, sweet birds, the world seems better when  
We hear your songs trill o'er the flowery glen:  
And more content I take my task along  
When list the carols of your sweet love song.

READ AT COUNTY COUNCIL, GRANGE HALL,  
SOUTH NEWBURG, DEC. 27, 1879.

Kind friends all hail! thrice welcome far and near;  
Thy tributes from a Patron's hand makes presence doubly dear.  
Six years have passed since in the soil of Maine  
The Grange took root; say Patrons did we plant in vain?  
The tiny germ we loved so well and wondered, as you know,  
If on the rocky coast of Maine the Grange could ever grow.

How is it now? How was it then? These questions often bring  
The music of the long ago on mem'ry's merry wing:  
What has been true of "Rising Star" was much the same  
with all,  
The schoolroom was the first resort, soon after that the hall;  
And now the Granger's merry homes stud thick the country  
o'er,  
And sometimes nestling 'neath its feet a lively, prosperous  
store.

How anxiously and ardent toiled is known by us alone;  
To rear these halls and win the hearts befit the Granger's  
home;  
Unskilled, unarmed as farmers were why wonder at our fears;  
Or wonder that a misplaced word should get us by the ears?

But principles are mighty things, oft hidden by the way;  
Or struggling like a prisoned germ, then budding into day.  
That principle we sought for then was but the social charm  
Where honest hearts as one unite to shield from outward  
harm;

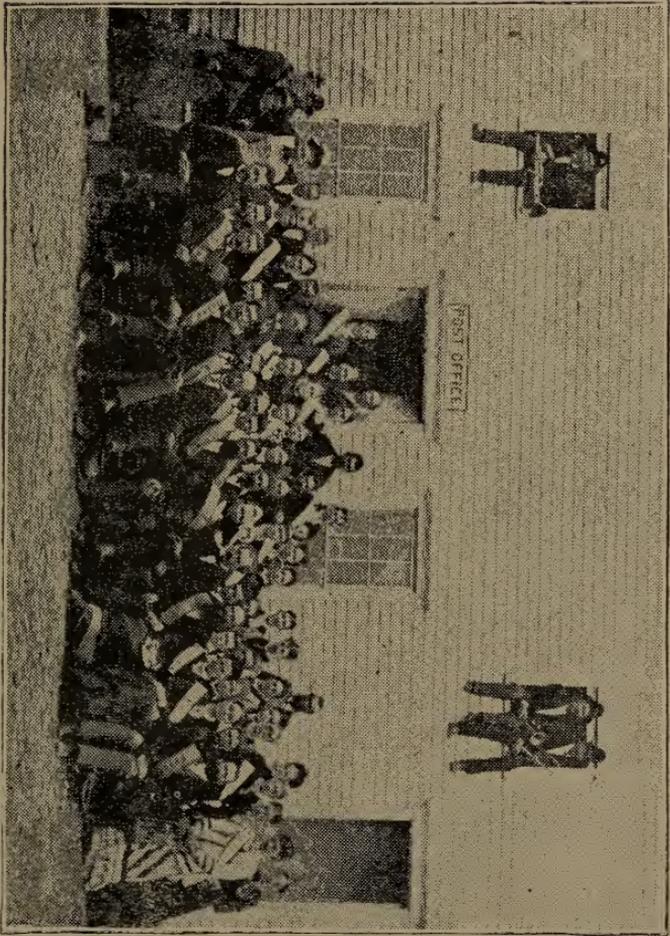
To cultivate, give strength and tone and also might be made,  
(Uniting hands as well as hearts) a far more prosperous trade.

And so it should when all agree and labor with a will;  
No sorrow could increase thereby or garner be less filled.  
How is it friends, East, North and South, what message do  
you bring?

Have all your efforts in the work produced the sought for  
thing?

Have names been dropping from the rolls, do members well  
attend?

Are dues well paid and all engaged been faithful to the end?



Grange store and hall So. Newburg, and members of Rising Star Grange.



Have some o'er worked and done the task that many should  
 have done?  
 Or fell behind for lack support when all might easy won?  
 Are some unmindful of morale if money can be made,  
 And patronize some other store to drive a sharper trade?  
 Do some withdraw or turn away to hug some party pique?  
 Or show a fin because some there to whom they do not speak?  
 Or raise a breeze because some friend can scarcely join at all?  
 While some may handle quite too free the black disasterous  
 ball.

Dear Patrons, shall these little things deter us on our way,  
 Or bring foreboding as of fate to lull us to decay?  
 The Grange was never meant to be a pleasing idle tale  
 To spur the heart to noble deeds and then relapse and fail;  
 But, rooted deep in principles of morals, truth and worth,  
 To yield the fruit abundantly that's worthy of her birth.  
 The Grange hath shelter for us all, young, old and every  
 grade  
 Who love the cause and will unite beneath its cooling shade;  
 Long may her branches cropping out dispell our inmost fears,  
 And waft her fragrance to the world for long unnumbered  
 years.

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#### GIVE AND BEQUEATH.

Wealth I withhold for wealth hath wings  
 And with it fly the friends it brings:  
 Of greater worth to thee, the *flail*;  
 And more thy life-work will avail;  
 For every stroke reveals the grain,  
 And health makes full the ruddy vein:  
 Heaven smiles upon the man who works,  
 And shuns the one who always shirks:  
 A little *pounding* of the sheave  
 Is music to the laughing sleeve.

## LITTLE THINGS.

GRANGE HALL, MARCH 1881.

The little things and not the great deserve our best endeavor;  
 The little threads of small events hold greater ones together:  
 A noble cause might soon take flight upon unsteady wings  
 If not sustained by binding cords of useful little things.

No *one* great mind year in, year out can hold the Grange to-  
 gether;

But many, willing lesser lights will stand the boisterous weather.  
 Tho' friendly words and kindly deeds are trifles it is true,  
 But utilize this social charm what blessings would accrue.

Yes, utilize, make moral use of every member here,  
 And trifling, though, each part alone 'twould warm with so-  
 cial cheer.

Now some lay back and seeming think they could not lend a  
 hand;

But look around for someone else to figure on the stand:

And think, perhaps when coming here and find our meetings  
 tame;

Because no great event occurs the Grange is on the wane.  
 Do not mistake and think by this that I would deign to teach;  
 Or that I think all members here could charm you with a  
 speech;

But this I mean that everyone should have some part to do;  
 If nothing more than listen; good listeners are too few.  
 If little things are done aright 'twill fortify the Grange  
 If little things are done all wrong 'twill make a direful change.

Two little words if heeded well the Grange would surely live;  
 One little word utility, the other is forgive:

To show the moral of this text, as a minister would do,  
 I'll note some things which I have seen tho' not entirely new:

First I'd utilize the gate keeper in the duties that are his;  
 And stop his running in and out in a way they have no biz;  
 He should not stray beyond the gate to greet the wand'ring  
 "stars;"

Nor while he's needed at the gate be kissing through the bars:

And while the Grange confers degrees a Patron, then, should  
wait;

And not display his squeaky boots by passing at the gate:  
So much clandestine passing out should have a little care;  
'Twould be utility at least, that they address the chair.

This little word utility, if all would heed it well,  
Would stop these side shows round the hall, and whispering  
would quell;

'Twould fill again these unused seats, such pleasure it would  
bring;

And, Patrons, it would pay, besides, to utilize this thing.

To make a good and proper use, alone would cause to live  
Then we would scarcely have to know the other word forgive.  
The little things more than the great deserve our best endeavor:

The little things make up the great by summing them to-  
gether.

#### THE FIDDLE AND HAND THAT HANDLES THE BOW.

READ AT R. S. GRANGE ANNIVERSARY APR. 9, 1880.

Where dwelleth the person whose spirit within  
Has never been charmed by the sweet violin,  
A box made of wood and fastened with glue;  
Four strings they call cat-gut though made from the ewe;  
With a diet of rosin and the skill as you know,  
That lies in the hand that handles the bow.

Like the fiddle so is life in its journey along;  
In tune and discordant and varied in song;  
Now sparkling and joyous, now sober and grim;  
As is the condition so the heart beats within;  
When the strings are accordant the music will flow,  
If the hand is made skilful that handles the bow.

As we muse on the thing and its musical strain;  
The viol we'd liken to Rising Star Grange;  
A six year old fiddle in a comparative way;  
Twelve score of beginners all learning to play:

Sometimes Yankee Doodle, the meter and rhyme;  
 Old Hundred more languid or somber Lang Syne;  
 Sometimes 'twas high "C" or pitched on low "G."  
 It being adapted to every known key:  
 So varied in rhythm our Grange could scarce bore,  
 Had she played but one string instead of all four;  
 Thus the musical charm for six years did flow  
 By the skill of the Patrons who handled the bow.

Six years with us passed and melted away  
 Since we took the big fiddle and first learned to play;  
 Each key in position, the bridge bore the strain;  
 Every string was responsive and joined the refrain;  
 Whether hornpipe or dirge, whether rapid or slow;  
 As moved by the Patrons who handled the bow.

As the viol is played on that tune it will play;  
 Whether sweet or enchanting or discordant the lay;  
 So our Grange gives the music, whatever the strain,  
 As each Patron plays 'tis re-echoed again:  
 As we turn on the keys, or touch on the string,  
 Or handle the bow, just such music 'twill bring.  
 Now, if growlers complain of our musical show;  
 They should put in a hand and help handle the bow.

Without jerking however in discordant chime;  
 Nor playing a hornpipe in Old Hundred time;  
 But yielding, by turns, giving each elbow room,  
 And play for each other his favorite tune;  
 And thus may we greet with our musical cheer,  
 And keep strung the fiddle for many a year;  
 When the ninth day of April, our birthday comes round  
 May the music be sweeter and more welcome the sound:  
 And our hearts swell with pride that success did bestow  
 A reward to the skilful that handled the bow.

Now ye violin lovers who delight in its cheer,  
 If you'd step by its music and hail each new year,  
 Then see that the viol is thoroughly strung, [come;  
 That the right notes may touch the good patrons who  
 That the keys be adjusted that hold the loose ends;  
 For slipping of these might be shocking to friends;  
 And be careful dear patrons of dust you may throw  
 Except what is needed to rosin the bow.

## THE BIRD THAT WON'T SING.

READ IN GRANGE APRIL 2, 1887.

It has been said in times of yore,  
 And been repeated on this floor,  
 The birds that sing of every grade,  
 Which can and will not shall be made.

Those talking thus, as it appears,  
 Are mostly mouth and little ears:  
 A coffee pot the symbol brings  
 All mouth back to the very hinge.

Now some may think just as they say,  
 Because they chant an easy lay  
 That every bird that hath a wing  
 Can take their key and straightway sing;

And so they might, as we'd suppose  
 Of hooting owls, or noisy crows;  
 But where's the music in the ring  
 Of one of these if made to sing?

Now, Patrons, if I should make amends  
 And try to make these birds my friends,  
 An empty choir would show the test;  
 Like last year's birds, flown from their nest.

Not there I'd look for feathered guests;  
 There are no birds in last year's nests;  
 Nor is there music in the ring,  
 Of any bird that's made to sing.

## ACROSTIC.

Fair fertile fields fanned by the prosperous breeze;  
 Lithe limbs line out with laughter in the sleeve;  
 O'er hangs the hill with fruit and bending boughs;  
 Replete the barn with sleek and thrifty cows;  
 Enough the chambers for the timbers creak;  
 Nor skip the cellar of a greater treat;  
 Content the farmer with a happy lot;  
 Enough for pocket and the boiling pot.

## UNCLE STEVE.

I own a farm the best in town;  
 Three thousand cash tells its renown;  
 Such crops of oats none other yields;  
 That fill my bins and deck my fields:  
 I whip the town, sirs, I believe,  
 And no mistake says uncle Steve.

Potatoes raised upon my land  
 Are ready peeled as by the hand.  
 So large and mealy and so nice,  
 I sell them quick at any price;  
 So mealy that we all take stand  
 Around the pot with fork in hand,  
 To grab them soon as they get hot,  
 Before they burst and go to pot.  
 I vow such sights you'd scarce believe,  
 And no mistake says uncle Steve.

My farm is lined with carts and plows;  
 My barn is filled with farrow cows;  
 Such floods of milk you ne'er have seen,  
 So rich, I vow 'tis mostly cream:  
 The greenbacks, sir, before they leave,  
 And no mistake says uncle Steve.

Sir, there's my horse, a mighty beast;  
 She'll haul the most and eat the least:  
 My buggy, sir, the best they make;  
 I ride or walk, sir, no mistake:  
 Another, sir, that Morrill made  
 For sixty-five, a mighty trade;  
 He took my note, sir, now you see  
 I'll discount that and make a V;  
 No borrowing now or lending even,  
 And no mistake, says uncle Steven.

My shoat, sir, four hundred pounds and hard  
 Of solid pork besides the lard;  
 My cellar's filled with pork I van;

My garret filled with choicest ham;  
No more I'll work, but always free,  
Each day I'll drink a pound of tea;  
On short lard cakes I'll live a man;  
Fresh eggs, and ham shall line the pan;  
I'll join the young that make me gay;  
I'll dye my hair that's growing gray;  
On ten per cent I'll live alway;  
This good old way I ne'er shall leave,  
And no mistake says uncle Steve.

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#### THE NEW STOVE.

Our neighbor S—has got a stove,  
A new style patent ranger;  
The rate she'll make the pie and cake  
Is a marvel to the stranger.

Now Mary keeps it shining black;  
By making vests she won it;  
We hope tobacco quids and juice  
Will not be spit upon it.

And Mary sings her sweetest song;  
The cat sings without danger;  
Canaries join the sweet refrain  
Of the kettle on the ranger.

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#### TO A NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE.

I wish you joy as far as heart can reach  
That lies beyond the power of pen or speech;  
And many moons your length of years prolong;  
And all your lives a happy "sweet love song."

## THE SILVER GRAYS.

In Newburg in her palmy days,  
 None could excell the Silver Grays:  
 And every day throughout the week  
 They chased the muse with willing feet;  
 From early eve to dawn of day,  
 The young could scarcely be more gay:  
 Nor distance with its wealth of woes  
 Of savage storms, or drifting snows,  
 Would stop them in their rapid flight,  
 Or check them in their heart's delight:  
 And down from Gospel Hill they'd go  
 To join with those from Jordan's flow,  
 And meet at Sodom's friendly call,  
 At Walker's store, (changed to a hall.)

Historians of an ancient type,  
 Gave us pet names, not quite polite,  
 And in return, as people will,  
 They got the name of Brimstone Hill.

A change came with the lengthening days;  
 A round-up for the Silver Grays:  
 All joys must sometime have an end,  
 Like parting with a new made friend;  
 Regrets may feel her darts most keen,  
 But time will soften all the scene;  
 And, as we note departing friends,  
 For faults, their silence makes amends.

The time thus spent needs not our praise:  
 Nor chide their close in burning blaze;  
 But thus they planned, these old gray head  
 To paint the town and make it red.

The hall was packed, in fact a swell;  
 All merry as a marriage bell;  
 The Silver Gray in music's whirl;  
 The younger men and blooming girl,

Such power of effort and of aim,  
Must need support which timely came:  
'Twas twelve, low twelve, and merry feet  
Were marching for a royal treat:  
Hot coffee steaming odors sweet;  
White wheaten loaves for sandwiched meat,  
And other things; and to complete  
The bivalves of the ocean deep.

And yet, to tell a sorry truth,  
This was not all beneath one roof;  
For, in this town, and had for years  
In social rank they all were peers;  
And for a slight they'd want to know  
Why invitations skipped them so.

The lights burned brightly in the hall;  
The echoing footsteps, few and small;  
And absent was the bow and horn;  
A calm before a coming storm.

An emblem of the codfish type  
Adorned the hall, hung full in sight;  
And on each back with chalk did fix  
The figures, seventeen seventy-six:  
And those returning quickly saw  
The gathering of a social war.

One had a bag of pepper red;  
A rock inside to sink, 'twas said;  
And what 'twas for the wise well knew  
For flavoring, for the oyster stew.  
By accident, for such things will  
Upon the dancing floor did spill  
By throwing round, by kick and cuff,  
Not knowing then how hot the stuff.  
I tell it as another sees;  
Not one was there but had to sneeze;  
And as the gathering crowd did come  
Down o'er the cheeks the tears would run.

And some one with a thoughtful grace  
 Got water to wet down the place.  
 But water with a lot of boys  
 There's danger to the equipoise:  
 Nor boys alone, this to their praise;  
 'Twa'n't safe to trust the Silver Grays.  
 One took a start with fair intent,  
 And sprinkled fairly as he went;  
 But sprinkling from an open pail,  
 Among a crowd was sure to fail:  
 And as each felt the water drip  
 He wished to take his turn at it;  
 Till all the pails and empty cans  
 With willing hearts found willing hands:  
 'Twas then the game to charge and fleet,  
 To load and fire and then retreat:  
 If some had filled with water first,  
 And been more temperate at the last,  
 I would not now be writing rhyme,  
 That simply is a waste of time;  
 Nor would the jingle of the muse,  
 So haunt me if I did refuse.

There is no need for me to say  
 That things were *wet* around that way;  
 Nor simply damp like morning dew;  
 But deluged, dripping through and through.  
 Some nearby ones, as we'd suppose  
 Struck out for home and got dry clothes;  
 The deluged floor not dry a spot  
 They whisked around with broom and mop.  
 With unshined boots and unstarched shirt,  
 They formed for dance and other work,  
 And this the motto and the game,  
 Who dine apart should dance the same.  
 One set formed on with angry glance  
 To dance some kind of kitchen dance;  
 Another followed in the wake  
 To dance the Lady of the Lake.  
 And these two sets as thus formed on  
 Showed what the food last dined upon;

But silent was the music's flow  
From horn or organ or the bow;  
But echoed through the hall profound,  
And through the still night air around  
The thunders of the lofty speech  
That Patrick Henry failed to reach,  
And statesmen of a modern day  
Might listen to in blank dismay.

And then 'twere fair, perhaps, to state  
That in the heat of the debate  
For warmth, or for the coming fray,  
Some took off coats and laid away;  
While others who were slow to think  
Had theirs yanked off as quick as wink.  
So words had followed fast to blows;  
I'll let him *tell* who better knows:  
And as for me 'twere better read  
To leave the other half unsaid:  
And yet I would not all ignore;  
Nor leave my subject "half seas o'er."

A number there I do believe  
Knew something "of an empty sleeve;"  
The coat they took, and, as we find,  
They left the empty sleeve behind.  
To dames were added to their cares  
The skill of mending and repairs;  
And peddlers who did next come round  
Said with their rags coats did abound;  
And hair thereon in great display  
Beside the young, the Silver Gray.

Now some will ask, (as time goes by  
When dust beneath their tombstones lie,  
The readers of bygone reports)  
Who were the ancient Newburg sports,  
And who the leaders of the fray,  
The heroes of the Silver Gray?  
Perhaps the man of lowly birth,  
Who bore the name of half the earth,  
Who took the ladies from the hall

And fed them, twenty-seven in all;  
 And took the gents off by the score  
 And treated freely at his store;  
 (Too freely, for I need not lie)  
 To "soft" and "hard" the very dry.

And other heroes of the night  
 Who risked their bones to stop a fight;  
 With forceful arm and smiling wit,  
 Who put a clownish face to it:  
 Some heroines, who took a stand  
 The guardians from a ruthless hand  
 The steaming stew that was their pride,  
 From hungry wolves who lurked outside.

Another, too, deserves our praise,  
 For music hath a charm always;  
 And music long had been denied  
 Lest that might some fine point decide;  
 Musicians, long, had ceased to play;  
 The horn and viol laid away;  
 To clear the crash they quick withdrew,  
 Or from the rest had passed from view;  
 Till one came forth and touched the string,  
 And through the hall the notes did ring;  
 And silence, for a moment reigned,  
 And to the crowd he then proclaimed;—  
 "Let mirth again your path pursue;  
 This is a dance, not 'Waterloo!'  
 'On with the dance' to music's flow,  
 For soon you'll hear the roosters crow."  
 Again he drew the magic bow;  
 Responsive soon the heel and toe;  
 Though slow at first, then quicker time  
 Till all the host was formed in line:  
 Then quelled, somewhat, the battle's roar;  
 'Twas seen the storm was passing o'er:  
 Not minding who the wet or dry,  
 How quick the step, how much too "high;"  
 Or minded that the suit he wore  
 Was *finished* but an hour before:

That from a coat, a collar gone;  
 Or from an arm a sleeve were shorn;  
 And buttons by the dozen score  
 Less on the pants than on the floor.  
 The hero of the escapade  
 Pronounced the dance a masquerade;  
 And, as he glanced his eyes around  
 But few he knew could there be found;  
 As if a cyclone swept a bower  
 And shook it with its withering power;  
 Or dropped from some far land, elsewhere,  
 A people strange and left them there;  
 Or, wakened from a troubled dream  
 With eyes upon a transformed scene,  
 And wonder wandering through his meat  
 If this wa'n't still delusive sleep,  
 No laughing matter as it ends,  
 No matter if you laugh, my friends.

The rising sun, the purpled snows,  
 Might tell the cause of many woes:  
 How sweet the sight of coming day  
 To chase the shades of night away;  
 That penetrates the darkest gloom;  
 And points us to a higher noon;  
 As rising to a lofty height  
 It seems to say "more light, more light;"  
 And, to my drooping eyes all wet  
 It seeme to say, forgive, forget;  
 And, softly sinking in the west,  
 It seems to say, to rest, to rest.

---

ACROSTIC.

Often on the ocean billowed;  
 Tempest tossed and briny pillowed;  
 Into sober smoother waters;  
 "Snug in Harbors" safer quarters;  
 Deeper joys, we hope prevailing, than upon the  
 deep seas sailing.

## WEDDING BELLS.

1879

No offence should be taken at effort of mine  
 For twisting the meaning in order to rhyme;  
 Take words at their worth when swelled in their seeming  
 For a word's worth no more'n the weight of its meaning.

No one thing of late which we can relate  
 Has caused so much gossip or social debate  
 As marriages happened, exceeding the talk  
 Of politics, potato bugs or that of the rot.

To go backward a little to make our report  
 When Allen got a plump shot from the "Fort"  
 Which doubled the painter in the strangest dilemma  
 While the paint in his heart-case flowed to the tune of  
 "Whoa Emma."

Passing on over the Fort and the ditches;  
 The Brass coupled Bridge connecting some Riches,  
 Where rings now the anvil by Lincoln undaunted  
 Blooms a flower of the "Marshes" by Lincoln transplanted.

Not far on the hillside seven flowers were reared,  
 A Garland was plucked when Josiah appeared:  
 Another we'd mention, a Miss Lora Flinn  
 Repelled not the Deaning most certain to win.

Another quite weighty more lately has come;  
 Wheeled off by a Barrow a Boy of a ton:  
 May their burdens grow lighter and may Boyington learn,  
 A Barrow to be a handy concern.

Another we'd mention which happened still later,  
 Where Willie partook of the feast and Etta:  
 We scarcely would say that Etta was ate  
 But that Willie partook of the Goodrich cake.

Since love rides on blindly wherever 'tis drawn;  
 Advice in such matters is scarce worth a song;  
 So to married and single we've nothing to say;  
 For they're much better suited to have their own way.

## FORTY-FOUR YEARS A STEP-MOTHER.

AUGUST 9, 1898.

Indeed so many years gone safely by;  
 A bird on wing so swiftly do they fly:  
 Once a green youth (and memory fresh doth bring)  
 I thought a *step* was just an awful thing.

Now forty-four, she says, how short they seem  
 A fleeting cloud so brief, a pleasant dream  
 But past events *now* show along their wake  
 That early *step* was not so bad to take.

Unlike the steps that some unlucky got,  
 Mine made good puddings and she served the hot  
 And gave in bounty, not intending harm,  
 The proof he carries in a scar burnt palm.

Those gentle hugs that ended in a rough,  
 In vain to make her say she's hugged enough,  
 With eye-balls bulged, and cheeks a fervid glow,  
 And cracking ribs compelled a letting go.

Can any say that love was lacking here?  
 Or *tenderness* surviving all the year?  
 And now we think when all the counts are done  
 The mother's fate was harder than the son's.

It was my fate 'neath lucky stars I's born,  
 That those of worth should train life's early morn;  
 And if the fruit has been supremely spare,  
 'Twas not the lack of mother's loving care.

## ACROSTIC.

Rose is a precious flower;  
 Oft may it deck my wreath;  
 Since love and innocence break forth;  
 Evolved from every leaf.

E'en though my wreath should fade  
 And fairer flowers appear;  
 Though thorns should hide within its folds  
 Oh! let thy praises still be told;  
 Nay, let thy music cheer.

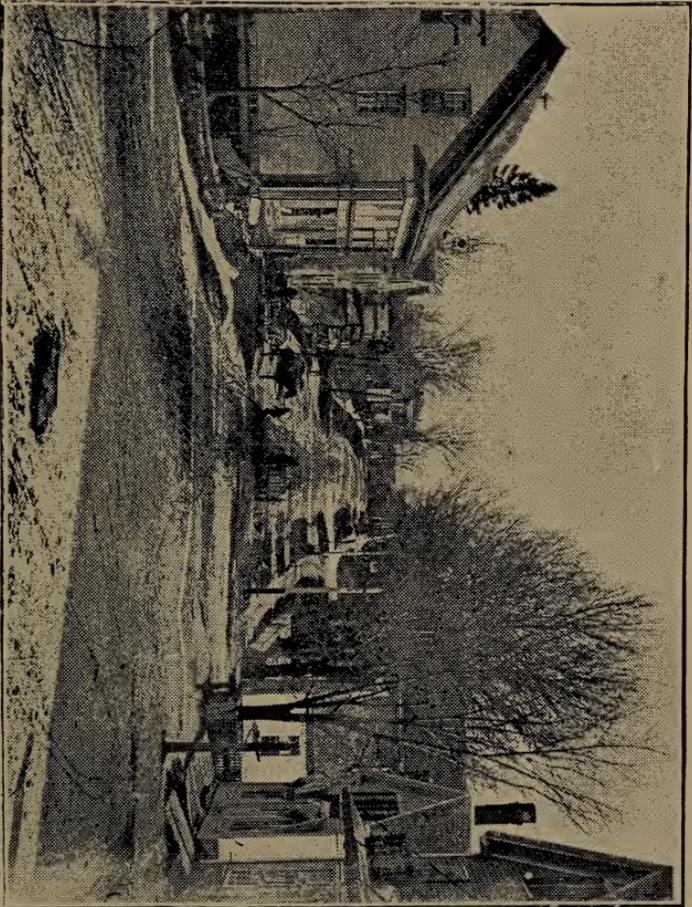
SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF MARRIAGE OF  
ANDREW FERNALD AND WIFE, AUG. 23, 1900.

Sixty years of wedded life  
How they're toiled both man and wife,  
Eighty-four and growing grey;  
Still they toil the same old way;  
Swing the scythe and shove the jack;  
Wield the maul with willing back;  
And their fields as fertile grow,  
As at sixty years ago.

Strawberry patch and waving grass,  
Climbing beans and garden sauce;  
Trees have grown to shade their door,  
Formed their rings of several score,  
Till their tops now kiss the skies;  
How a wedded lifetime flies!  
If a single life they'd led,  
Long ago they'd both been dead:  
Nor slacks the pace, the busy bride  
Toils on undaunted by his side;  
And as of yore, the traveling horde  
Smile blandly o'er the festive board;  
For nimble step and rapid whirl  
She quite o'ertakes the modern girl.  
And while their course, we here review  
We wish young folks might their's pursue.

We see our lives are not in vain,  
Nor for ourselves alone the claim;  
A frugal life, a thrifty care  
May save another's footsteps' snare;  
As o'er the path where others lead  
We follow with a safer speed.

Long may the fruits of August bear  
Abundance to this aged pair;  
And may they live in happy noon  
Till their tall poplars touch the moon.  
They planted those when life was young;



Lower Village, looking up Main St. The two-story building at the left is occupied by J. F. Hussey for store and dwelling; the one hidden mostly by trees on the right is the residence of Andrew Fernald.



Majestic now they woo the sun  
 From slender stem to towering blade  
 Now passers pause beneath their shade;

And lovers meet and freely woo  
 Less shyly than they used to do.  
 Well, let them spin their silken thread;  
 But after all is done and said,  
 'Neath smiling sun and honeyed moon,  
 'Mid winter's blasts and summer's bloom  
 For youthful pair 'tis well to know  
 That real life is not all show.

And whether brain or from the soil,  
 Success comes with a life of toil.  
 Wed to a girl and not to work,  
 Wed to a man who is a shirk;  
 Unfrugal in their early years,  
 Are wed to sorrow and to tears:  
 And if they'd lead a better life,  
 May learn of Andrew and his wife.

---

#### CONFESSION

I love to steal awhile away from every tangling snare,  
 And from bad company would steal and make my absence  
 there:

I also lie as well as steal, for I lie down at night  
 And sleep more sweetly for the tho't that I am doing right;  
 I oftimes murder with delight when woke from sleep pro-  
 found

The gouge armed "skeeters" thirsting blood that blows his  
 bugle round,

I seldom swear and when I do, I swear the truth to tell  
 Thus good is meant nor ill intent within my bosom swell.

Altho' I murder lie and steal and sometimes bravely swear,  
 'Tis but the name without the the game where satan sets his  
 snare

With all these crimes that I confess, and others of the heart,  
 No conscience mine gives warning ear nor fear for jailor's art.

## DOG-DAYS.

Dog-days have come with heat and fogs;  
 The dogstar gloams o'er human dogs;  
 Mosquitoes swarm and flies unite  
 To deal out torture left and right.  
 And in the river thickly seen  
 The steamboats ply Penobscot's stream;  
 And tourists seek awhile from care  
 And thron'g their decks to breathe sea air.  
 While those at home frown at their lot,  
 Denied to choose a fairer spot,  
 Tourists flock here every day;  
 Winterport's not the worst, they say.  
 They seek to breathe our fragrant air,  
 And in our sports to take a share;  
 Croquet, lawn tennis and all that  
 Of out-door sport with ball and bat.  
 And this is when the farmers sigh;  
 Mow down their grass and watch the sky:  
 And berry pickers, not a few,  
 Bring in their fruit, red white and blue.  
 Dog-days have come and with it scenes,  
 Potatoes new, delicious beans;  
 And heaped up plates of new green peas,  
 Where butter melts at sight, of these,  
 An ear in hand of well cooked corn;  
 Row after row to gnaw upon;  
 And live again an old-time joy  
 Lest you forget you's once a boy.

---

 WATER WORKS. JAN. 13, 1897.

Piped waters deep press 'neath the smooth highway,  
 And swell in fountains fierce with bending spray,  
 Or drown the flames from angry havoc's play,  
 In wanton luxury.

Outside the village on her Western flanks,  
Stand thick the hamlets of insurgents camps,  
To match the torrents of the rival cranks  
    In *wasteful energy*.

Heard ye the warwhoop echo 'long our ports?  
Or saw the conscripts march for Belfast courts?  
To spend the wampum, sparing well worn throats  
    To herald chivalry.

On Liaden when the beaming sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the white untrodden snow;  
But Winterport doth plainly footprints show  
    *Snow* tracks visible.

Full soon will be the joke a constant care  
To probe the pockets for the pennies there;  
For warfare oftimes claims the lion's share,  
    And scoops the taxes.

The dance is on! at first an easy grade;  
But whether dance or seek the cooling shade,  
The fiddler for the music must be paid  
    From out the taxes.

Is there no power the troubled sea to calm?  
While waters flow must all shake with alarm?  
Love of good neighborhood, hath that no charm?  
    No balm in Gillead?

---

ACROSTIC.

O'er all the earth where mortals deign to teach,  
Mankind pays tribute to the lofty speech;  
Engrafted to a heart that's good and true,  
Reforms result to build the world anew.

## NOT AS IS USED TO BE.

READ IN CIRCLE JAN. 1898.

“We drink the same stream, we feel the same sun,  
 We run the same course our fathers have run,”  
 Did our forefathers dream of the Circle’s glad hours,  
 Or revel in elegant suppers like ours?

And could it be said their tables were spread  
 With cakes dainty frosting, such white loaves of bread?  
 Would their cup of coffee a modern one please  
 Sweetened with ’lasses and flavored with peas?

Would it brighten our circle all brilliantly lit  
 To make an exchange for the dim candle dip?  
 I wonder what our old grandmas would say  
 To look in upon us and see us so gay;

No doubt they would quickly discover the new  
 And say, “not exactly as we used to do;”  
 Perhaps they would view with joys’ beaming looks  
 The shelves’ heavy burden of volumes of books,

And say, what a blessing if we in our day  
 Could had such great bounties to gladden our way.  
 Nor should we exult with revelric glee,  
 For they were quite as near heaven as we.

Ofcourse they would miss their bebies of kid,  
 Who were to be seen while nothing they did:  
 Though fewer in numbers its a pleasure to know  
 The little ones carry a part of the show.

And while their appointments were harder than ours, [ers;  
 They were clearing their jungles which softened our bow-  
 Their strong sturdy strokes made clearer the plain,  
 And people who follow may polish the same.

And yet in a measure we live in the past,  
 Our forefathers’ virtues in volumes are cast;  
 We read them with wonder and grateful surprise;  
 Our hearts lift more noble with tear tempered eyes.

Nor yet should we say our race is well run,  
 To follow their virtues, their follies to shun,  
 Unless we improve in life's tangled play  
 And show in our acting one better than they.

Oh! why not the "spirit of mortal be proud"  
 When the lining of silver is seen on the cloud;  
 And blessings unthought of in grandfather's day  
 Are *pressing* and *leading* to an easier way.

---

#### THE ICE GOES OUT.

The ice goes out; right glad to see it go;  
 With open arms old ocean waits your flow.  
 Long have we marked thy lingering stay,  
 Long hast thou bridged the liquid way,  
 Long spread thy flinty carpet sheen  
 Far Northward on Penobscot's stream;  
 Where Bangor felt thy tightened jaws,  
 And writhed beneath interstate laws;  
 With wistful looks we have no doubt  
 To Winterport's free passage out,  
 For 'tis our boast and rightly, too,  
 Our port is clear the winter through.

Hail, monarch! glorious orb of day,  
 Thy Southern march too long made stay.  
 Speed on, speed on, thy higher flight,  
 Increase thy heat, expand thy light;  
 Unclasp with thy dissolving ray  
 The frozen paths to spring's highway.  
 We hear the songsters of the air  
 Swell their glad throats, thy course declare.

The ice goes out; from shore to shore  
 It loosens to take hold no more.  
 Along the banks you hear the shout,

"The Bangor ice 's going out,"  
 It chafes and groans along the shore,  
 And thunders on its headlong roar;  
 She lifts her hat, a parting said  
 "Good bye, Bangor," at old High Head;  
 (Those do the same, not wont to roam  
 When leaving friends, they love, and home,)  
 Nor paused again but onward flew  
 Till Crosby's narrows came to view;  
 And there she claimed the right of way,  
 But rested with a tide's delay;  
 And, noiseless to the Cove she hied  
 Where spans the river still more wide;  
 A broken raft her members glide,  
 And shapes her course to flowing tide,  
 Nor scarce a welcome can she claim,  
 Till passing out beyond the main  
 Where, open ocean, with a smile  
 May claim her own, a truant child.

A bell rings out, a whistle's scream,  
 Penobscot's keel plows through the stream,  
 Nor scarcely waits the outward flight  
 Of floating ice, so plain to sight;  
 Though cautiously she picks her way,  
 The dangerous floes she keeps at bay,  
 The shores resound her noble flight  
 And Bangor welcomes her tonight.

The tugs pass by and draw a fleet  
 With well filled stores their keels run deep.  
 McDonough, loaded, waits a show,  
 And when he waits few else can go,  
 Others too, are looking out,  
 As from a den and just thawed out.

The ice goes out, and soon is seen  
 The trees, and fields, in mantle green,  
 And fragrant flowers perfume the way,  
 And birds pour out their sweetest lay.  
 Then who'd not gladden at the shout,  
 That welcome sound, "The ice goes out."

TOWN MEETING AND WHAT THE MODERATOR  
DIDN'T SAY. MAR. 28, 1899.

Teams line the snowy, slushy streets and voters pack the hall;  
The clerk comes forth with lengthy scroll and wields a time-  
scarred maul;

The old, the young, the bald, the gray, and shrill fruit vend-  
ing boys;

The clock strikes ten and all is life; the air is thick with noise.

Thump! Thump! Thump! To order come, far off and faint  
the cry;

The moderator pounds and pounds, behold the splinters fly:

Gentlemen, be quiet now; there's business old and new;

If you'll be moderate in your speech, I'll rush the business  
through.

Boys, be quiet over there and cease your noisy pranks;

And watch the scenes where soon you'll join as voters in the  
ranks;

For when the rogues have all reformed or sleep upon the hill,  
Then you will fill their empty shoes and exercise your skill.

And history will go to show, and your own record prove

Whether the world is standing still, or whether it doth move;

And likely boys make likely men, and towns make up the  
State,

And great assemblies of the good will make a nation great.

Now there is money to be raised and some of you, I know,

Will want a chance to watch the sun and lean upon the hoe.

The funds you raise will reach your wants and mend the  
broken way,

And all will join to vote the same who have no tax to pay.

Is there a man who does not choose a smooth, substantial  
road,

Where he may drive a lively steed or draw a heavy load?

Is here a man to pinch a tax, or shirk a manly zeal,

Who owns a farm beside the way or spins a modern wheel?

Have you a friend to favor you in case your party win?  
 Then ponder well how much for you, how little left for him.  
 When can we sing an old time tune and join the major throng  
 And cast aside the sleepy drone where boodle is the song?

And you will vote this afternoon most liberally for schools,  
 Though some may call us arrant knaves, we are not wholly  
 fools;

For criminals are dearly bought and one might cost you more  
 Than money spent to educate a self sustaining score.

And school-life is the fountain head of our great country free,  
 And as your schools are good or bad your government will be.  
 Then raise the standard of your schools where liberty unfolds;  
 Where every man is king who votes with freedom at the  
 polls.

And he who votes another's will, his own in shackles bound,  
 What better than an ape is he, or than a pigmy crowned?  
 Are we unloyal to our trust? Is freedom but a name  
 To perish with a patriot's dust and let our country wane?  
 Beside, a friend or relative may be thinking soon to teach,  
 And when the funds are scattered round some voters you may  
 reach;

School work is mostly pastime, now, when holidays begin;  
 Eight sessions, oftimes, fill the week and still the pay comes  
 in;

One hour for books, one for recess, and then a one hour's drill  
 In Cupid's arts; the young are apt, nor lack the teacher's  
 skill.

These are the merry lives they lead and none finds fault, we  
 see,

If schools commence at nine, half past, and closes up at three.

And when they graduate at home and seek for more renown,  
 And find they have not learned it all they can go out of town.  
 Schoolhouse in the eleventh must be voted on today  
 And what is to be done with it, the town will have to say.

The doors and glass are badly smashed, the seats no longer  
 good,

The Cuban flag unfurls its folds where once the chimney  
 stood;

'Tis mounted now on tempting skates, the boys assert their rights,  
And ask that they may run the house a coasting down the heights.

The library, free, will need some funds to mend the wear and tear,

Put on your gloves and go and see the thousand volumes there;  
For education need not stop where one leaves off at school,  
And infinite are wisdom's ways; life work should be the rule.

Gray heads may ponder well this chance and think of boyhood dreams,

When wantonly with hook and line he chased the little streams:  
What splendid volumes meet your gaze, how neat they look and clean.

While fiction's rags press every shelf and show their great esteem.

Now, gentlemen, I've said enough, so do the proper thing,  
And vote in lump, the program's made and handled by the ring;  
'Twill save much time, result the same and bring a glorious close,

Then step outside and get a drink and seek a sweet repose.

Where did you ask? Upon the street, a fountain flowing free  
Of sparkling waters pure and sweet, is good enough for me;  
Or, just go down the little slope within a shanty rough,  
There may fruition end in hope who wants that other stuff.

The walls will hide you from the gaze of every passerby,  
The roof will cast a darker shade more dense for angel eye,  
And safe are you from bars or fine in prohibition Maine,  
But time will reckon all the cost and politicians slain.

We wonder that the ladies wish a hand in town affairs,  
To weave their wiles and witching smiles with diplomatic airs;  
They would but deal the ballots out and longer make delay,  
And from another ring as large and lead our ranks astray.

Oh! shades of Father Washington who wore an honest crown,  
Who labored for the people's good and oftimes faced their frown.

Let thy pure mantle fall upon our Fatherland to-day,  
Where jobbery is the golden rule, small work, and extra pay.

## THE WHEEL GIRLS SOLILOQUY. OCT. 1897

In style, or not to be, that's the question;—  
Whether 'twere nobler in the girl, to ape  
The beck of outrageous fashion,  
Or, take up arms against this monstrous fraud  
And dress as we've a mind to, pretty much:  
For who would freely bear the changing style,  
The extra fret and worryment of life,  
By casting off a better suit, half worn,  
If not that some wise devotee of style might  
Open wide a critic's eye and send  
A stinging arrow through the tender heart.  
Or who would walk the weary road of life  
With boots to fit the style, regardless of  
The ponderous foot within, and sentinels  
Rebellious; witnesses of the outrage,  
As photographed upon the victim's face,  
If stylish so and so, with little foot,  
Didn't start the fad and wear a toothpick boot;  
So you and I must follow o'er the drowsy earth  
All carpeted with tacks to puncture us.  
We see long dresses trailing in the mud  
And scantiness of fabric at the waist;  
And hats for ornament of tiny size  
Compared with what it cost to buy them;  
Clergymen do wear fine goods of latest cut;  
And jewels sparkle in their borrowed light;  
Flashing o'er the subject of a meagre purse:  
Thus fashion doth make cowards of us all;  
For whether in the street or banquet hall,  
Or dizzy dance or church attendant go,  
The silken cord of fashion weaves her web;  
It hath a thousand eyes and not a soul;  
It hath the power to make the crimson cheek,  
And steal the treasure from a happy heart;  
A fit companion of the wealthy few;  
A close companion of the poor, who say

Hard times with flinty heel and heavy weight  
Doth stagger them, and shape their politics.

Then farewell to fashion, no longer I'll grieve,  
I'll shorten my dresses and add to the sleeve,  
The fleetest of horses, the smoke of his heel,  
I fear thee no longer when riding my wheel;  
No bird on his pinion that roams the blue sky  
Will skim o'er the landscape more swiftly than I;  
When weary with riding, in far distant grove  
I'll rest on the carpet which nature hath wove;  
Or on the green banks of a clear crystal stream  
I'll drink of its nectar and happily dream;  
When hunger gives warning, I've a luncheon close by;  
And spread out before me cold chicken and pie;  
And etiquette's doomed with the hunger I feel;  
I'd eat a cold buzzard after riding my wheel;  
No fork here, I thank you, my fingers will do,  
The bones I'll pick clean in a minute or two;  
I'm not at all dainty such vigor I feel;  
I'm never so happy as when riding my wheel;  
Then farewell to fashion with its glitter and show,  
But give me my wheel with health's ruddy glow.

Farewell, did I tell, that's a sorrowful knell;  
Not farewell to the place where I once loved to dwell,  
For enchantment would heighten when farther away  
And friends left behind me, forgotten? Ah! nay;  
The place of my childhood, remembered no more?  
The trees' heavy burden of fruits mellow store,  
The wild flowers we gathered where first melts the snow  
Flat Rock so romantic where picnickers go;  
When church bells I hear as distant I roam,  
Will memory chide me of church bells at home?  
Would tidings from Winterport quicken my ear?  
Any boom of the town does there lately appear?  
Do the boys still take interest in hose house and hose?  
Are the electrics a coming? If any one knows:  
Swift winged little fairy with sinews of steal  
What need I of pinions with you at my heel;  
Doth heart turn me homeward I ne'er would despair  
My wheel tried and trusty, I quickly am there.

## FLIRTATION AND FLOWERS.

Midsummer bloomed, and near a sluggish stream  
 That drained a bog, two lovers might be seen;  
 Beside the swamp far stretched the tangled wood;  
 A field nearby, wherein a farmhouse stood;

Unstained by paint; the ridge-pole settled some,  
 To match the burden of a father's son;  
 Askance the big barn doors that would not swing  
 A porous roof to let the sunbeams in;

And sunflowers grew in great profusion round;  
 A big dog sprung with yelp and furious bound;  
 Two others followed, one dog you plainly see,  
 Would not support the man, so he kept three.

In friendly wood within the thicket, trained,  
 The partridge beat his morning drum untamed,  
 To draw the hunter with his wanton gun  
 Away from mate, with brood of nestling young.

Beneath a branch a huge log spanned the ground;  
 And seated there, two lovers might be found;  
 Nor did they sit the full log's length apart  
 As lovers wont to do (who court by art.)

But sat quite close, so that their language, clear,  
 Might not fall heavy on some gossip's ear;  
 A fog spread o'er the bog her silken veil;  
 An owl perched overhead gave sudden wail,

To let this couple know, two all-seeing eyes  
 And wisdom's head, were viewing from the skies;  
 What birds may witness over hill and dell  
 Is more than lovers care to freely tell.

He'd note in hand and pen behind his ear,  
 In case his brain should tackle an idea  
 While in the weighty woods to jot it down  
 Before oblivion gave it wings of down.

The maiden spoke while raptures filled her mind;  
What pleasures thrill when nature is inclined;  
Such landscape this do you not see a theme?  
Please write upon and highly I'll esteem.

Pick me two flowers such as wild nature yields,  
You think the fairest of the verdant fields;  
For flowers have speech that soothes the aching brow;  
The fields are flush;—you see I'm writing now.

She stretched her hand among the thorns o'er head  
And plucked a rose, (her cheeks almost as red)  
And with deft fingers and approving nod,  
Her second choice she made the golden-rod.

He took the flowers which seemed supremely fair,  
Regarding more the maiden standing there;—  
“Beauty and wealth; enough, the two combined  
To turn the head of maid and all mankind.”

The rose and goldenrod; how made to mate?  
Since beauty fades too soon and riches come too late;  
A sprig of sage would be extremely nice,  
Not for its looks but for its mutual spice.

A rose for beauty and to lovers sweet;  
A bridal flower, if thou didst blush less deep,  
Thy leaves are fragile and will quickly fade,  
Thy roots more hardy will outlive the spade.

The goldenrod of deep and richest hue,  
The universal of the Union through;  
And, like its namesake, sought by all mankind,  
Those fond of gold who are not color blind.

And here you see down in its petals deep,  
Some little bugs, herein their vigils keep;  
And this our *caution* doth the more expound,  
Humbugs in gold quite often may be found.

This nosegay is a work of love divine,  
With you to love a greater worth were mine;  
I'll keep the rose, to me of gorgeous wealth,  
The rod and all its, symbols, keep yourself.

The flowers breathe love, and so all nature too;  
 Shall we not love and be to nature true?  
 He took her hand and did not even blush,  
 The owl looked down to view the fearful crush.  
 "So different and yet alike," said she;  
 What greater wealth than love can ever be;"  
 He pressed her hand and quickly gave alarm,  
 The treacherous thorn had made a bleeding palm.

Sad omen this to these young lovers bring;  
 But he a bungler and deserved the sting.  
 Pure love is tender like the tender flower,  
 A hasty act might crush it in an hour.

"Oh! yes kind sir, since riches flee away,  
 And flowers that bloom fall quickly in decay,  
 I'll seek new fields and look for fresher flowers;  
 'Tis nature's plan, why should it not be ours?"

Thus, with a smile that ended in a scream,  
 She sped away and was no longer seen.  
 With saddened look he said, she seeks the new;  
 She too grows old, can she keep that from view?"

Now let us hope that on some future day  
 She smiled on him and did not run away;  
 A little chill may give a richer hue;  
 An autumn leaf is quite as bright as new.

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ACROSTIC.

Evolved from pain there springs a tender germ;  
 Leaves bearing fruitage in the frosty air;  
 Love lingers there to do a kindly turn,  
 Adds gentle nursing to a swift repair;  
 Be thou the nurse and none a higher aim; to heal  
 the sick and banish human pain.

## BURLESQUE ON MAN.

"God made the country and man made the town;  
 The devil made man his greatest work to crown;  
 In his own image, as the saying goes,  
 What else than bad could anyone suppose?  
 To give a smile to cover up a frown;  
 To get on top and get the other fellow down;  
 To lie and cheat, to murder and to steal;  
 To go to war with every modern deal;  
 To follow fast with every evil deed;  
 To drink rebellion and to use the weed;  
 And long he worked in his satanic might;  
 And sweetly grinned to find his work all right:  
 And to his imps was very pleased to tell  
 The man he'd made would answer very well.

Were this presumption to a new made claim,  
*Or off tone parent to a higher aim;*  
 I do not cavil to another's fad,  
 Though monkey claimed he for his ancient dad:  
 The *fruit tells plainly* of the parent tree;  
 Let reason judge, and this my only plea;  
 The seed that's sown produces but the same;  
 If naught is good, there satan lays his claim;  
 The man who boasts his origin is higher,  
 Should live a life that's worthy of his sire.

The sun rose clear and kissed the morning dew;  
 All nature smiled in wonder of the view;  
 The foliage turned to greet her sparkling face  
 And bended far to meet his warm embrace;  
 The flowers sprang forth to yield free incense up,  
 With beauteous tint and honey in their cup.

God made the flowers for He is love and light  
 And all He made is beautiful and bright;  
 The rainbow arch His bounteous love to show,  
 He stretched from heaven to touch the earth below;

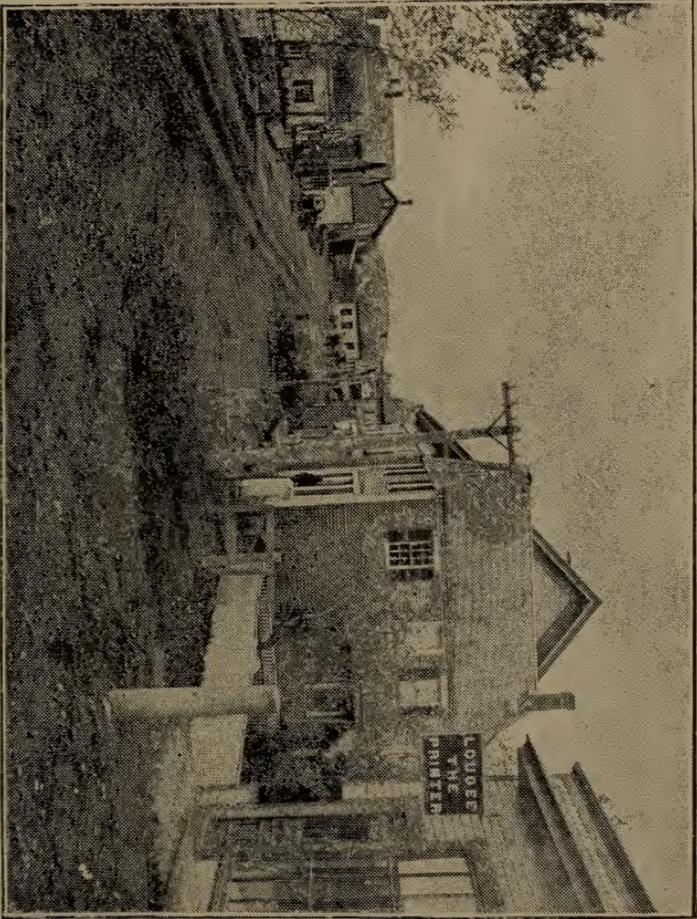
Free as they came to take or give their share  
 They used the tints to clothe their beauty rare;  
 The purple, orange, scarlet, blue and green;  
 And from the sky adown the rainbow stream.

Was there no eye to view the scene so fair?  
 Or hand to pluck the beauties sweet and rare?  
 Oh! yes, a lady came with hands outstretched;  
 Who'd chase the rainbow that she could not catch;  
 Around them fell bewildered with amaze,  
 Nor words could find that half deserved the praise;  
 God's handiwork stretched forth in every hue;  
 And loved lurked there all hidden from the view;  
 And she who touched the hues, but to admire,  
 Entranced with love, she found her soul on fire:

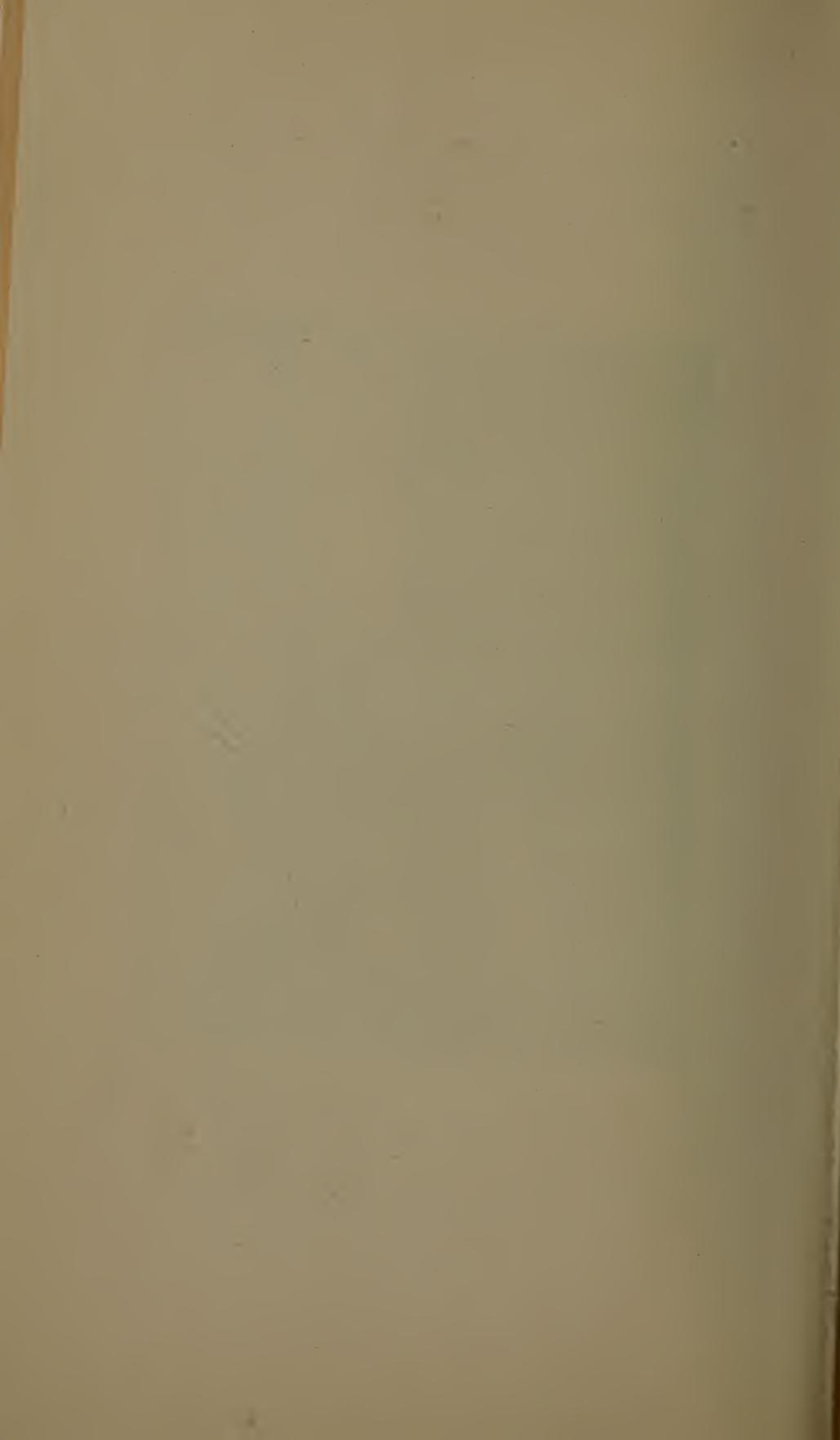
For God is love, naught did he make in vain;  
 And what He made was not to nuture pain;  
 Whate'er He touch from fountain head above,  
 Forever longs for immortality and love.

Oh! sordid man, whereof you freely teach.  
 Your sordid souls should never think to reach:  
 In touch with nature one might dare to dream  
 Of heavenly mansions and her sunlit gleam;  
 And bowers of fragrance breathing incense rare;  
 And flowers abundant, blooming everywhere;  
 Melodious birds that join the heavenly throng;  
 And all too full to check a flowing song;  
 And animals frisking in their joyous glee,  
 But not a man in all the realms you'd see.

A man in heaven? that place he ne'er could win,  
 Too thick his cheek, his checks are all too thin.  
 A man in heaven? how quick would he locate  
 And post a sign close by the pearly gate  
 In letters large and flaming glitters glare;  
 An opium joint or liquors rich and rare;  
 How soon you'd hear the hum, the click, the jar  
 Of moving wheels to manufacture war;  
 Of high explosives (where one of human faith  
 Might think that powder, sure, were fairly safe)  
 The rifle's crack along the sunny plain,



Lower Main Street, Advertiser Office on the right.



And canon thunders o'er the whole domain:  
And heaven's high arches echo to the tramp  
Of marching soldiers from their tented camp;  
And scenes fought o'er as oft on earth they saw,  
'Mid battle's havoc and the waste of war.

A man in heaven? Ah, no! Most surely no!  
For angel hosts would flock to bar the foe  
And send petitions to the imperial throne  
'Twould reach the earth and span from zone to zone;  
And to each name a pure white lily placed,  
Such seal of truth no man has ever faced;

To head the scroll, our Father God the prayer;  
Man is of earth, his home, oh, keep him there;  
We've watched his every course from day to day  
And traced his paths where feet were loth to stay  
And wept as angels weep where grief appears,  
As mothers weep when fountains fail of tears  
To see her darlings fall a willing prey,  
In slippery paths along the downward way,  
And fondly wish they were her babes again  
In heavenly innocence not known to men.  
Our father God, we saw thine earth below  
With pearly streams that to the ocean flow;  
Her emerald fields with flowers of every hue  
Warmed by the sun and watered by the dew;  
With mellow skies to hallow all by day;  
And diamonds set to mark her night display;  
Yet beauty fades before the sight of man;  
Nor his best thought, thy mighty works to scan;  
And o'er the earth like bounding billows flow  
The wreck of war, the wails of want and woe;  
And dire disease that deals a quick decay  
Infects the old and sweeps the young away;  
The pinch of need, the greed of wealth's display,  
Lust, leaning on the lap of luxury.  
And crimes in volumes mark the dark despair;  
And jails for rogues, the rogues not all are there;  
And justice courts, which are not always just  
Pretend belief, themselves they cannot trust:

An ocean's flow would scarcely wash them clean,  
 Thy waters pure are made a turbid stream.  
 This we submit, nor would our choice appear  
 If work of ours could make the passport clear,  
 But, failing this, the angel host as one;  
 And yet not ours, but thine own will be done.

No man in heaven? oh, no! but beasts called dumb,  
 Which roam the fields and speak their native tongue;  
 No doubt are there and instantly would know,  
 (For secrets are not there as here below)  
 If man were come. The horse, that noble steed,  
 Forget to prance, forget his daily feed;  
 And think as when upon the earth below,  
 Of how he fared and how he's forced to go;  
 Kicked, clubbed and stoned and knew the whip and spur,  
 And thin of meat, nor thick the well-worn fur;  
 When bleak the storm the man who owned his hide  
 Would shelter seek, and leave the skin outside  
 (That faithfulness of horse deny who can,  
 Excell the *horsepitality* of man)  
 Could horses vote that man, allowed to come  
 Could one conceive there'd be no kicking done?

The birds of song that wake the early spring,  
 And sing the songs as nature taught to sing;  
 From echoing hills across the silvery lake  
 A love song sweet to cheer a royal mate,  
 Or squirrels, bright eyed, alert, all life withal,  
 That live in holes or nest in treetop tall;  
 So lithe of limb, nor wanting athlete grace  
 From bough to bough, as rivals in the chase;  
 And gather seed and nuts from day to day;  
 That is their work, and work with them is play.  
 That they are happy who could e'er gainsay;  
 Who've seen them clinch and wrestle every way.  
 Arms end, the backs, side hugs mid eye-balls glare  
 As if a soul they had, and God was there.  
 If they are shy, then man is all to blame,  
 He made them so; of birds we'd say the same.

And here's the question, every man to say  
 And heaven to witness, give the week fair play;

Who's best entitled to the realms above?  
The animals that live alone to love,  
That do no harm and manifest no hate,  
And seldom fight excepting for a mate,  
That breathe free air and yet their course pursue,  
True to their God and to their nature true:  
Or vicious man whose work is to annoy,  
To build his own and others to destroy;  
Whose rifle's crack, well skilled and deadly aim,  
And wanton greed brings down the bleeding game;  
Who sheds no tears nor doth remorse attend,  
But like a foe he shooteth down a friend,  
And ends a life that but the day before  
Was sweet with song where joy was bubbling o'er.

Though man be free as all beneath the sun;  
Diverged his path, a wretched course is run;  
Perverted tastes his gifted art employ  
Refuses gold and grapples with alloy;  
Of what is just man takes a lofty view:  
He points to right and still the wrongs pursue;  
With form erect as if to heaven bound  
His ear is bent and leaneth to the ground;  
Whose caverns deep are made his earthly lair;  
Nor heavenly light can send her sunbeams there;  
The rich will grovel where their treasure lies;  
The poor for want will telescope the skies.

Now to the question:—every man his say;  
Vote as you think and give the weak fair play;  
Shall birds that soar within heaven's walls alight,  
Or beasts that burrow find no hole by night?  
Or man of darkness, puffed by self-conceit,  
Whose course was downward, swift with willing feet;  
Would he ascend or seek a place more dim,  
And think the city far too light for him?  
Mistrust, suspect, a guilty brow beneath;  
Such dazzling brightness were a fiery heath;  
How would he know, with no kind friend to tell,  
But that bright brilliancy was all a sell?

Man boasts him civilized! Oh! what a boast  
Were that to make to upright heavenly host!

Let angels blush and sprinkle tears red hot  
 To think the world could ever show the blot:  
 The germs it takes along its busy marts;  
 The parting ties the living broken hearts;  
 The lurking taint, the wine cup's luring glow,  
 The wasting draughts of misery and woe.  
 My vote is yes, for birds, for love, for light,  
 Though doomed my soul to an eternal night.

The tree of Knowledge spreads her branches wide  
 Nor heights nor depths can hedge her stately pride;  
 Drinks from the streamlets and old ocean's wave;  
 The boundless universe her architrave;  
 And science feeds upon her leafy mould;  
 Beholds decay and new-made worlds unfold;  
 And all her branches spanning thro' the skies  
 Pour down the fruitage of her rich supplies.

Some read their doom within the leaf's decay,  
 And seek her shade a partner to dismay:  
 While bursting buds beneath the sunny ray,  
 Cheers some to hope for everlasting day;  
 Some mount by faith as if on angels' wings;  
 By reason seek, would some to prove all things;  
 Some choose their partners where their leaves unfold,  
 And make their nuptials 'neath her shades of gold;  
 Some roam the fields and reap where others strew;  
 And knowledge flows; the fountain tapped by few;  
 Some gather high and pass the fruit along;  
 While some content to join the harvest song;  
 Some blithely start and soon are falling back,  
 And gain the rut to ride the well worn track;  
 Some grasp the sword that flames her warning high,  
 And banners wave and shout the battle cry.  
 The tree of Knowledge spreads her branches wide,  
 Nor heights, nor depths, can hedge her stately pride;  
 The *boughs bend earthward* and the fruit full grown;  
 Can we not pluck and let the sword alone?

If sentiment doth lack, lay there your blame  
 And in the logic I will lay no claim.

## PEN PICTURE OF CAMP ETNA, SEP. 2, 1900.

I dressed myself from top to toe  
And to Camp Etna I did go;  
With two fine ladies on my mind,  
And not a care for what's behind.

When morning sun proclaimed the day,  
We's on the road and far away,  
The air was sweet with balm distilled  
And through our veins the nectar trilled.

The fields were fair with fruit and bloom,  
And hailed the morn the song-bird tune,  
And o'er the landscape's fertile plains  
The homes of happy men and dames.

Far down the meadow's melting dew,  
The painted cottage scattered through,  
The fence, the fields, the outlined farms,  
The spacious yards and ample barns.

By bounteous grace, long years ago;  
Made richer for the ocean's flow;  
The hilltops, crowned with rock and tree,  
Were islands of an unknown sea.

Thine infant peaks, aspiring now,  
Atlantic's waters washed thy brow,  
Where now we gaze huge monsters swam;  
And ocean's billow o'er it ran.

The smiling sun which now we see  
Has found a better use for thee.

No more to muse o'er ancient seas  
We pass o'er hill among the trees  
Where lift their heads with power sublime,  
The hemlock and the lofty pine,  
To breathe deep draughts in eager mood  
From balsam of the Carmel wood  
Where tuft, and nook and o'er hung blade  
Tempt lovers to their cooling shade.

An ancient road some woodman knew,  
 Again the trees o'erhanging grew  
 In handclasp o'er the tunnelled ways  
 That pointed to the distant maze;  
 'Mid parting leaves, in penciled hue,  
 The mellow light came smiling through  
 And on the archway's painted floor  
 In red and green a carpet bore.

A heart's delight from nature's store  
 The ladies saw, the rapture bore;  
 With quick acclaim their voices rang  
 And nearly from the carriage sprang.

And o'er the hills we sped along  
 While birds gave forth their sweet love song  
 And while our course we still pursue,  
 And rising dust our distant view,  
 The rattling car-wheel on the rail,  
 A thousand hoofbeats on the trail,  
 The rising hill, the clanging bell,  
 The Echo, (that's the big hotel,)  
 The moving throng, all plain portend  
 The campground, and our journey's end.

Where many come with different view:  
 To leave the old, to grasp the new:  
 Where curious and the skeptic vie  
 To test his wit or doubt his eye:  
 Some come to listen to the lore,  
 Because its smart, and nothing more;  
 Some seek a job, to business wed;  
 Some seek a message from the dead;  
 And others come, as they pretend,  
 To see the show and meet a friend;  
 And others came with apish care  
 'Cause everybody else is there;

And other's come with gallant pride  
 Because its just a pleasant ride.  
 If eye could pierce the outer crust  
 Beneath the coat of peppered dust,  
 The vision then would plain disclose  
 That others came to show fine clothes.

Here Etna's camp of ample scope,  
Upon the hills' declining slope,  
A village breasts the northern breeze;  
That hides beneath her stalwart trees  
A roadway down the steep incline  
Arrests the train at camping time;

With fiery breath and smoking sides,  
'Twi'x't lake and woods the engine glides  
The woods return his warning screams  
And o'er the lake his eyeball gleams;  
The hillsides tremble at his power  
But stops obedient to the hour,

The train makes pause, his breath restore,  
From side and ends the people pour,  
The car-wheels feel the lightened load,  
And speed more swift the iron road.

To welcome bowers as nature knew,  
The crowds pass in and from the view;  
With quickened breath the cars steer clear  
Till distance lulls the listening ear.

With measured tread, the rising hill  
In swarms the road with people fill;  
And over roots and rugged stones,  
The heart-beats of a thousand homes.

The birds withhold their merry song  
In fright before the gathering throng;  
And squirrels, once so tame and bold  
Escape into the deepest mold.

Return, ye birds, renew thy lays,  
We'll render thee our hearty praise;  
No jealous thoughts should raise thine ire;  
Oh! birds return and lead the choir.

Stern sentinels, the lofty trees  
Spread wide their branches to the breeze,  
And strives in vain the orb of day  
To push the somber shades away;  
And, far or near, by sight or step  
The strangled shrubs scarce intercept.

In groups and pairs, the men and maid  
 Repose within their ample shade.  
 Majestic trees! The echoing tread  
 Of hosts beneath thy branches spread,  
 Long may the woodsman's ax disdain  
 To bow thy heads for filthy gain;  
 Long may the song of birds awake  
 The echoes of thy placid lake;  
 For other heart's responsive claim;  
 Not Etna's all the sweet refrain.

Within the woods, a hollow square,  
 The trees cut out, the mold lain bare,  
 And large hewed logs to make the frame,  
 And boarded rough and trimmed the same;  
 A monster roof to turn the storm;  
 To shield from sun since trees were gone;  
 Beneath are stumps of slow decay,  
 That pierce the floor of mold and clay;  
 In rows the rustic seats abound  
 Along the aisle aspiring ground,  
 That face the rostrum's low devise,  
 That's august only for its size;  
 The windows are the doors redoubt,  
 The doors are but the walls left out,  
 The surging crowds, the shimmering sun  
 Find doors and windows all as one;  
 At morning's hail or eve's adieu  
 Sun's golden beams come stealing through;  
 'Mid dangling locks of young or gray,  
 Without restraint the wild winds play.

A line drawn down doth quickly tell  
 The apex bears a swinging bell;  
 And, judging from the timely din  
 The wigwam has a soul within.

A ding a dong, the sounds proclaim  
 A Wiggin's and a Barret's fame;  
 The listening ear, the eyes' bright gleam  
 Are raptured with the newborn theme;  
 The thunders from the rostrum poured  
 Chain to the spot the listening horde.

The pigmy cots, outside, surround  
The mammoth audito' profound;  
(To gardener's gaze the symbol seems  
A pole that's planted round to beans;  
And brokers, wise, of pious pose  
Might figure on the crop that grows.)  
Save for the street, which, down below  
Makes standing for the overflow;  
And, from their doors where cotters wait,  
They hear the gospel up to date.

Beyond the trees, to meet their need  
They reared their cots where cattle feed;  
Excelling each as new ones built  
In pastures green that flow with milk.  
There's promises in their rivaled art  
That honey flows from every heart.

And such, each year, a pilgrim band  
Will journey to the promised land.  
Some pitch their tents of ample fold  
As did the Israelites of old:

While most the ancient tent outgrew  
And built in style that's wholly new;  
Their righteous thoughts once built within  
So like their tents though white, were thin,

And to their skill their arts apply  
And built of wood to catch the eye:  
With pillars like the ancient Greek,  
And combined arts which moderns seek;  
With shingles beveled to a glint  
And painted with a rainbow tint,  
Retiring gables, deeply traced,  
O'erhanging roof in fancy chased.

A room within, we scarce could doubt,  
And yet it is a room without.  
At morning hour or closing day,  
In rests retreat where soft winds play,  
On sofas deep upholstered arms  
The weary rest within her charms;  
Where youth might plight a welcome vow.

Where age may smooth the wrinkled brow,  
 Where comfort floods the heart in peace;  
 Where cares may with their thralldom cease,  
 For youth, by hope and fancy led,  
 The vision bright and straight o'erhead  
 While backward turns the eye of age  
 And lives alone in history's page;  
 Unless perchance, with hopeful eyes  
 He looks for mansions in the skies,  
 There to recount the good deeds done,  
 The milk that's split, the bee that stung.

The ample streets, far stretching back,  
 Outlined by cots of sardine pack,  
 A spacious square, the same confine  
 Of compact cot drawn in a line.

Within the park of antique mold,  
 Some scattered trees their leaves unfold,  
 In friendly shade their gifts bestow  
 O'er rustic bench that rests below.

Beneath a maple's o'erhung branch  
 Cold water comes but not by chance;  
 The o'erworked pump rebellion shows  
 Before the welcome water flows.

There is a hall quite easy found  
 Upon the left's ascending ground  
 Where music's charm allures the gay  
 And those who rather dance than pray.

Down from the hill's ascending slope  
 We hear the noon call's welcome note,  
 And steaming viands fill the air  
 That tell us of their bounteous fare;  
 Nor were it just our words withhold  
 Where others tongues' have freely told;  
 With equal praise they all declare  
 Who've had their board and lodging there.

When morning sun dissolved the dew,  
 The pressing hordes come streaming through  
 And down the slopes where vision fades  
 They pass from sight beneath the shades.  
 While many watch in eager wait

To see their friends pass through the gate,  
No need of speech when one has come  
For eyes beam with a magic tongue.  
Is there beyond a pearly gate,  
And friends passed on in eager wait?  
How would my eyes for joy o'erflow,  
If I could know, if I could know.

By man forsook the dusty ways,  
At midday's bright and burning blaze,  
And boatman from the lake draws nigh  
Beneath the trees that seek the sky.  
Three thousand souls at Etna Camp  
A thousand horse their fodder champ,  
And group on group beneath the shade  
Spread out their stores of food home made.

To smiling cheek and ready palm  
The early drive had lent a charm;  
With magic speed, to other spheres,  
The empty spread in front appears.  
Yet people eat and when survive  
Will thank the Lord that they're alive  
And oftimes sad they seldom know  
From whence their greatest blessings flow.

The noontime passed, the speaking done,  
The message and the last song sung,  
The hammer's clang, the moving team,  
Congested roads a living stream;  
Dissolving crowds dispersed in flocks,  
Woods emptied like a dinner box;  
And this the program brief expressed,  
Not speaking for the heart that's blest.

And like the bee that's homeward bound,  
Well laden with the sweets he's found,  
From goblet flowing to the brim  
Where breathed their fragrance deep within;  
Afar o'er hill and down the glen,  
He's poised upon the slender stem;  
From clover red and chocolate brown,  
From golden rod and thistle down,

No flower so small to meet disdain  
 So long as honey may remain;  
 No bloom so large to meet dismay  
 But to its depths he's forced his way;  
 And to his home he takes his treat,  
 And all his fellows call him sweet,  
 Where all is neat and all agree,  
 And just as sweet as it can be;  
 And as they pass among the comb  
 They fondly sing of "home, sweet home."

My theme, the language of the fields,  
 The sweets and fragrance nature yields,  
 Where rocks, the records of her pen  
 Astounds! Her written word to men:  
 Immutable her records show;  
 Unfold the page that I may know;  
 And store it in sweet memory:  
 With home the great dispensary.

The road reversed at setting sun;  
 The teams are dropping one by one;  
 Till o'er the hills long length of view  
 No one to wave a last adieu.

Our food box depths again explored,  
 The bedrock for our festive board,  
 Where berries, hold, within our clutch  
 Their sweetest for our eager touch.

The shadows lengthen from the trees,  
 And fanned the brow by evening breeze,  
 The dry moon swinging in the sky,  
 Night's sable curtain lifting high,  
 The horse hies off with hastening hoof  
 At near approach of friendly roof:  
 Another long drawn day is here,  
 A footprint of the solemn year.

In passions fierce and florid heat 'tis nature to be blunt,  
 And soon we learn an easy blow is better than a thump.

## TWO WAYS OF TELLING IT.

Prosy.

Good morning Mr. Poesy! I hope I see you well.

Poesy.

The stream of life runs smoothe and clear;  
 The smiling sun gives warmth and cheer:  
 All nature wears a winning charm,  
 A willing heart, a ready palm;  
 A glorious day by sleep refreshed;  
 No thought of malice in my breast.

Prosy.

But we are growing old; our heads grey and some bald.

Poesy.

The Winter's frosts and Autumn's breeze  
 Gives whitened fields and bares the trees;  
 Old Father Time is getting hoar  
 And every year knocks at our door.

Prosy.

Do you remember when we were lads how slowly the  
 time went and how anxious we were to have it pass.

Poesy.

'Twas the Springtime of life; days mellow and slow;  
 Our pulse running high, face beaming aglow;  
 When old Father Time his dial did place  
 At too slow a jog for childhood to chase;  
 But the sun must have time in his journey around,  
 So the pendulum hung and the timepiece was wound;  
 The sun marked the days in her circling sphere,  
 The moon marked the months to make up the year;  
 Had he made the months less, from what we now know  
 The apples would blight and the corn wouldn't grow;  
 Now the snows beat retreat to the march of the sun;  
 In the soft breeze the whisper of Spring that is come;  
 The trailing arbutus from his close hiding creeps,  
 From his blanket of frost most gaily he peeps,  
 The birds break upon us in melodies song,

The trump of a gabriel to wake the dull morn,  
 To quicken the dead from their wintry sleep,  
 For shackles to break from frost-bitten feet.

Prosy.

Those were happy days when we were young that we did  
 not then realize, exercises and eating our greatest pleasure.

Poesy.

We breathed the soft air from the odorous fields;  
 The balm of the flowers which the summertime yields;  
 And berries and fruit that bulged our glad eyes,  
 While they rushed to a spot more ample in size.  
 In high living there's push and the galloping vein  
 Will tickle the heel and will tackle the brain;  
 Correlation of force, conservation the twin  
 And the fun bubbles out where the berries went in.

Prosy.

It makes me sad to think of the associates of our youth  
 who have stepped out and how few of them remain and  
 that we, too, are fast traveling to the silent majority.

Poesy.

It's the Autumn of life and the grain fully grown,  
 The reaper comes round but to garner his own:  
 The trees shed their fruit from their small brittle thread:  
*The leaves chase the winds in the pathway we tread.*

Prosy.

That is grim, indeed! Haven't you anything better to  
 offer than that the dead leaves are *chasing* us?

Poesy

Again it is Winter, our rivers are sealed:  
 The snow spreads a shroud over forest and field;  
 The bloom spreading carpet of gorgeous array  
 Felt the breath of the winter and fell in decay:  
 In the bosom of earth lies the roots snugly wrapped,  
 Till the Spring shall awake from a long Winter's nap,  
 Then they'll dress in a style of the season so gay,  
 That the fashion plates vie but are lacking, they say;  
 No king on his throne could match the array,  
 Nor queen of the realm make an equal display;  
*Their jewels they yield to the sun they adore*  
 With the stars that release all the luster they wore:

And the flowers watch the stars as they sparkle at night  
And follow the sun in its luminous height;  
To those whom they love they will tell in their way  
And give them the time as it passes away:  
A banquet, they spread the most lovely to see,  
Of the berries unstemed and the fruits on the tree,  
And vases of flowers on the carpet of green  
As they sprang from the touch of the Artist, unseen,  
The guests were the birds and the valleys wide rang  
And the forests reechoed the toasts that they sang;  
An all summer feast, as the menu was read,  
And free for the warblers, a bountiful spread.  
Does this answer the question? Then spare me the task;  
For the leaves are now falling in the chill Winter's blast;  
I walk the crisp fields that are swift in decay  
And the question I ask, am I better than they?  
No answer they give in their freedom from cares;  
The question is mine and the secret is theirs;  
Though the darkness dispell 'fore the white winter's wing  
That covers her brood, some protection to bring  
To the pittance of life, where life may remain;  
'Tis a funeral march o'er the victims she's slain.

---

## THE STORY OF THE SHOES.

In quiet wood upon a summer day,  
 Where curtained trees forbid the sunny ray,  
 Two college students 'neath a tree reclined,  
 Who sought a solace from an o'er worked mind;  
 To list the music of the singing birds,  
 Unmixed from strain of Greek or Latin verbs:  
 To talk of prospects in the nearby days:  
 The "home sick" freshman and the coming "haze."  
 The catechism of a class before;  
 The scant umbrella and the coming pour.

A rustic road where lovers went to stray;  
 A stranger, bent, walked o'er the weary way:  
 And in the silence of the o'er grown trees,  
 Took off his shoes and hid them in the leaves;  
 With prudence prompted and his feet made bare:  
 Unscathed his pride, in leather, save the wear;  
 And on his way the stranger took the road  
 As if life's burden was a heavy load.

One student said, "while prudence is away  
 Let's hide one shoe and witness his dismay."

"I would not add a sorrow to that head  
 By grief already bowed," the other said.  
 "I'll put a half, you likewise do the same,  
 One in each shoe and then we'll watch the game."

"Agreed," and jovial to the hiding go,  
 A silver half they dropped in either toe;  
 Replaced the shoes precisely as they found,  
 And where to hide they next were looking round;  
 Some nearby spot amidst the leafy green,  
 Where they could see and still could not be seen;  
 And there to wait the lazy hours go by;  
 To watch the bees or brush a savage fly.  
 Some people wait for footwear of the dead,  
 While *these* watch o'er the path the living tread;  
 With livid thoughts and light the hearts concern  
 They earnest wait the "travelers" swift return.

But soon he comes with bowed and languid gait  
 Whose back seemed yielding to a mental weight;  
 And all his vision where his pathway led,  
 Nor gleamed for him the sunny rays o'erhead.

The shoes secure, within he plants a foot;  
 What's that inside? A stone, perchance a root;  
 Off comes the shoe, out comes the silver coin;  
 How came it there? I'm sure it is not mine;  
 How came the money there? Is this not strange?  
 He raised his eyes that took a sweeping range;  
 No sound is heard, no person that he sees;  
 Except the birds or sound of droning bees;  
 Or bounding hearts beneath the students' vest  
 That strove to leap the confines of the breast;  
 Mistook by him for plover's distant hum,  
 Or far off partridge at his evening drum.  
 "The piece is mine as far as I can see  
 But how it came's a mystery to me:  
 Kind Providence, perhaps, hath done the deed:  
 Unworthy me, how vastly great the need!"  
 He plants his foot within the other shoe  
 Another fifty dazzles in his view;  
 He rubs his eyes to make his vision sure;  
 He clinks the coins to see that they are pure;  
 "The mystery great I never can explain;  
 So Providence, to thee, I grant all claim."  
 On bended knee he poured his heart of hearts,  
 As strong men pray when want and faith imparts:  
 As only prays who knows his little brood  
 Is poorly clad and pinched for proper food.

In bush, nearby, some ears were willing bent;  
 No gift before was half so proudly spent;  
 And hearts grew soft to see the man so meek,  
 And tears welled down the manly students' cheek.

*The tale is old*; I've read in old style type.  
 When *f* and *s* were made so much alike:  
 But now and then the press again renew  
 Aud dress it up and make the story new;  
 And none doth follow to the very letter:

The story good then why not make it better?  
 And what if I, for rhyme or cast of care  
 Should shade a word, or deviate a hair?

In last account and of a recent date  
 The students followed, as I here relate,  
 To know their duty, or in need of care;  
 Why he so thankful for so small a fare.  
 That he was needy it was easy found;  
 That he was worthy was a fact profound:  
 In want of clothing and in want of food,  
 He'd stuffed his pride and starved his little brood;  
 The overseers informed, without delay  
 The town relieved which was the proper way.

I like the story for it has a charm;  
 What if I add a mite, is't any harm?  
 And wish the man might learn to smile with cheer:  
 And look above and see the skies more clear;  
 And see the rift not off so very far  
 And see beyond the "pearly gates ajar;"  
 And, looking down, no sadder be his muse  
 Than metal tips upon his children's shoes.

And further say the students reached renown;  
 And in their riches goodness did abound:  
 That people loved who met their kindly gaze;  
 On every tongue was but the words of praise;  
 When they were wed they lived 'neath happy skies;  
 And when they met they saw in each a prize;  
 That they got wealth and knew what wealth could do  
 By that small fifty in the prudent shoe:  
 And all who knew were of them justly proud  
 For there the "lining of the silvery cloud."

And for good deeds the place was noted round;  
 And got the sobriquet of Fairy Town;  
 And boys saved pennies that they need not use  
 For needy poor who wore the worthy shoes;  
 For they believed that all who planted so  
 Within their path a bounteous crop would grow:  
 A town that's famous for her lovely boys;  
 That filled their homes with smiles and peaceful joys.  
 Nor Independence with its fiery crack

Lured them from duty in a wayward track:  
 A kindly deed was all their constant aim  
 And saw no fun in causing others pain;  
 And July Fourth slipped peacefully away;  
 In other towns the lawless had their way;  
 As if a cyclone had its merry times;  
 Upsetting sidewalks and in moving signs.

In fairy town the sick could peaceful rest:  
 And all might sleep and wake the morn refreshed;  
 And view the sun in all her glory dressed;  
 And smiling o'er the village in her best;  
 Freedom to them meant freedom of the right;  
 Not sun for him who bars another's light.

In Fairy town it was not always fair;  
 For tiheves prowled round who walked the midnight air;  
 Strong, able bodied men, *if we may call them men*,  
 Who sneaked in darkness from a coward's den,  
 To visit fields where some poor man hath strown,  
 And thin the flocks most surely not their own,  
*And filch from widows their last turk or hen*,  
 These scamps unworthy, these *substitutes for men*!  
 This bred dissension in the Fairy place.  
 Where love had lulled, there came the *frowning face*.

And *deepest anger curdled* in the breast  
 By *indignation's* strongest forces pressed.

The young folks talked of gunning right away,  
 Of *hunting neckties* in a knowing way;  
 And by the fierceness of the eyeball's glare  
 The deacon feared the "kids would learn to swear.

The solemn Sabbath pealed the morning bell:  
 The choir's soft music on the fairies fell:  
 The "Ninety and Nine", that thrilled from pew to pew;  
 The story old, the hymn hath made anew:  
 The parson rose in softly solemn way;  
 His heart seemed filled, his words met some delay:  
 A loving soul withi'n his bosom swell:  
 Down o'er his cheeks the rapid tear drops fell;  
 His theme was love; his words of fitting choice  
 That flowed on smoothly from his sweet toned voice;  
 "Live but to love, be that your constant care;

God leaves the heart when anger rankles there;  
 For "God is love" and does not harbor hate;  
 And love and anger are no willing mate;  
 As you uplift the fallen from the mire.  
 Your soul uplifts and makes your standard higher;  
 And ere the setting of the Western sun  
 Release thy malice for the wayward one;  
 A better weapon, and unerring too  
 Than ball and powder, is in reach of you;  
 Where walks be lowly and sharp thorns infuse  
 Think of the story of the silvered shoes:  
 Diviner art hath paved the way in love  
 That rifts the clouds, that leads to light above;  
 Forsake the darkness of the misty shroud,  
 For "lined with silver" is the darkest cloud;  
 None are so good but bears the earthly taint,  
 And none so bad that good hath no acquaint.

---

THE EASIEST WAY IS THE BEST WAY.

When your pathway is uncertain  
 And you seek the topmost crest,  
 Take the road that's mostly traveled;  
 Then the easy road is best;  
 If your back is made of whalebone  
 And your shoulders broad and stiff,  
 You may venture on to glory  
 Up the tangled, rugged cliff.



## A BRIEF DEFINITION OF POETRY.

Poetry is the *music of words* corresponding to the sentiment and arranged with a regularity of accented and unaccented syllables which should also correspond or harmonize with the sentiment.

Were this too brief to suit a higher claim  
 Of Bards who write upon a lofty plain;  
 Who breath the soul of all created things,  
 Who bring the dead to life and giveth wings;  
 A cloud his chariot that's harnessed to the breeze;  
 Whose thunderbolts are forged in molten seas;  
 (Where vulcan fitful blows from ruddy cheek  
 His fiery blasts from out the mountain peak;  
 And lightnings flashing over all our lands,  
 The finished product from from his *nimble* hands;  
 On airy scroll he writes in heavy lines;  
 Speaks while he writes with thunder in his rhymes;)  
 Who hear the "morning stars together sing"  
 And through the corridors of heaven ring;  
 Who hear the "mountains clap their happy hands;"  
 And laughter ripples down the sloping sands;  
 To time gives *fingers* that the poet sees  
 Remove the hills and plant them in the seas;  
 And paint the fields in soft perennial bloom;  
 And build for world's a universal tomb;  
 And I suspect some bards among the throng  
 Were taught by Cupid in the art of song;  
 With finer fiber and a fertile mind  
 And waxen hearted of the melting kind:  
 And some, it seems, write with a seraph quill  
 Dipped in the dews where mellow rays distill;  
 As if their thoughts were in another sphere  
 And frail the thread that bound them with us here;  
 A thousand thousand that would wreck my mind,  
 Where poets see and I am color blind;  
 A page or two that critics call the best  
 Is all that I can read without a rest:  
 While they sublimely roam the misty deep,  
 I, from my little window shyly peek:  
 So I'm content that *each his own define*;  
 My efforts frail I simply call them *rhyme*.





SONGS.



WRITTEN FOR DEDICATION OF FREE MASON'S  
HALL, DIXMONT.

AIR: STAR SPANGLED BANNER. Oct. 17, 1867.

Oh, how dear is the spot on the spur of the hill,  
That so proudly gives cheer to the morning's first gleaming;  
Where our temple we've reared and our bosoms doth thrill;  
'Tis our embryo home that's aroused from its dreaming;  
'Tis to shelter the band with a fostering care,  
And a strong vigil keep with the level and square;  
'Tis the hall of Free Masons and long may it stand  
As a temple of strength and a power in the land.

I have breathed the pure air from thy mountainous hills.  
Overtopping the vale and the flowering meadow;  
Her fair fertile slopes where the dew first distills,  
And the centinal peaks where they cast their long shadow;  
I've been lulled to sweet sleep by her musical streams:  
And lured like a babe in sweet innocent dreams;  
And here stands the hall that is luring us on  
The temple we've reared, 'tis the temple "Arcon."

And the ones who have built with a patience and zeal;  
The workers and tillers our hillsides adorning;  
With a true trusting heart and sinews of steel,  
Whose voices we've heard with the birds of the morning:  
Who are skilled in the craft, and schooled in the arts,  
And bound to the cause in a union of hearts;  
Neither boasting nor yielding for our cause that is grand;  
At the temple we'll meet and fraternal our hand.

May the lodge that we love, now a year old it seems,  
Stand as long as the mount where the eagle is screaming,  
And aspire like her hills, and as pure as her streams,  
And as fertile as fields where the reaper is gleaming;  
Neither shade cloud her sun in the race now begun,  
And all bear a charm for new members that come;  
And turn a soft eye in a neighborly aim;  
Remindful to *do* full as much as to gain.

## THE NIGHT SHADES.

1867.

The smiling sun forearms the day for rogues eschew the light;  
In darker shades the just repose and thieves prow! round by  
night;

It's then that Dixmont's fertile fields to Jordan's waving  
plains

Invites the lazy sneak who drives to filch another's gains.

Those racked with fear and dire alarm, I'd point to more than  
one,

Like Ruel who has brought to use a long neglected gun:

The extra sweat that Sammy got when Tige was stole away;

Of Lincoln's grief and Bartlett's geese, Oh! the Dicken's is  
to pay.

Now some will ask in pensive grief who this poultry thief  
can be;

Some say it is the soldier lad or sailor of the sea;

The flinty hard tack, bullet proof, that langnished through  
the war

Is not the kind that's foraged for when there are turks to  
gnaw.

Complacent Jack and Harry Gill are playing off their charms;

They take Miss Pink and Fairy Rose and fold them in their  
arms;

But could the hills of Dixmont speak uncle Ed would take  
alarm

And father Dave would give a shout 'twould wreck most any  
barn.

## GOING HOME WITH THE GIRLS.

Johnny McDuff was a jolly young lad;

He went to the meetings for the fun to be had:

O'er the frosty fields where the wild wind whirls,

He'd wait at the door to go home with the girls.

But Johnny, one night, made a wretched mistake,

He took the wrong girl and it made his heart ache;

O'er the frosty fields in midwinter's chill,  
 'Twas over a mile o'er the bleak "Hardy hill."

The journey half made and deep his concern,  
 As the wild winds blew, of his safe return;  
 His arm took a slip and he took to his heels  
 And left her alone in the frosty fields.

O'er the hills, like the wind, an idle tale goes,  
 As hard to outstrip or to cause its repose;  
 The joke his companion that followed his heel  
 To the place where he sleeps in the frosty field.

Goes the news, like the wind, at a perilous rate,  
*And gathers the rubbish with its freedom of freight;*  
 The acts of our lives will follow our heels  
 To the place where we sleep in the frosty fields.

Some parties went gaily not minding the chill,  
 In life's first adventures, of the perilous hill;  
 But wished, later on they'd taken their heels  
 And left their companion in the frosty fields.

Use last line of each verse for chorus.

---

### FREE HIGH SCHOOL SONG.

AIR: RED, WHITE AND BLUE. 1874.

Education's the chief of the nation;  
 The life of the land that is free;  
 That will shield us from tyranny's despots,  
 And nourish proud liberty's tree.  
 Long chant we in heart swelling music  
 More knowledge and wisdom to see;  
 Three cheers for the days of free knowledge;  
 Three cheers for the schools that are free.

We trust not the vain politician  
 To keep this proud Union in place;  
 Free thinkers, hard drinkers and swindlers  
 Would soon bring this town to disgrace:  
 But knowledge, spread freely among us  
 Should make us more fully agree;  
 Three cheers for the days of free knowledge;  
 Three cheers for the schools that are free.

Neither trust we the fast growing Grangers  
 To keep this proud Union in trust;  
 A good woman's school for a quarter  
 Would help them to reckon their dust;  
 Intelligence only brings safety,  
 In this we must ever agree;  
 Three cheers for the days of free knowledge  
 Three cheers for the schools that are free.

Sharp fires have rained upon \*Sodom  
 And yet she is slumbering in guile;  
 Hot peltings from pulpits were useless;  
 Let knowledge flow in for a while;  
 Let knowledge that comes from the schoolroom;  
 Sweet knowledge there's welcome for thee;  
 Three cheers for the days of free knowledge;  
 Three cheers for the schools that are free.

\*A name given a place on the South road in Newburg.

#### THE RACES.

AIR; BILLY BARLOW.

This wide world I've traveled all over and through  
 And men of all nations I've seen every hue:  
 For cranks and conundrums, for talents and worth  
 Young Newburg is sweepstakes for the races of earth.

Chorus;—Oh! Oh! they never are slow

To scare up from trifles a mighty great show!

Such swarms to a horse trot can never be beat  
 As seen on the ice at the close of the week,  
 To show their fast stock which the owners call sound  
 Though foundered before and are spavined all round.

Cho.

A five dollar purse as the hat is passed round;  
 The jockeys to blow makes indeed a great sound;  
 King Millman to time them there's never a lack  
 With a four minute horse on a half mile track.

Cho.

All sects since the world in Newburg you'll find.  
 From the morally weak to the mentally blind;  
 The Advents and Spiritists and all up to date  
 Are pressing their course at the liveliest rate

Cho.

While old folks are drowsy and willing to wait,  
 The youngsters are in it a two-forty gait;  
 The chappies go courting before they can shave,  
 The girls are so fast old folks have to cave.

Cho.

Every twelve year old fellow to see the girls goes,  
 Every girl aged fourteen has three or more beaus:  
 No lady in Newburg so great or so small  
 But has a piano and a huge \*"waterfall."

Cho.

She's doctors and fiddlers and preachers a few  
 Who quarrel sometimes same as other folks do;—  
 And while we may smile at gossipers' frowns  
 We think they're no better in neighboring towns.

\*A fashionable way of wearing the hair at that time.

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#### FAST HORSES AND FAST PEOPLE.

AIR: BOB RIDLEY. 1878.

A fever raged in Newburg city;  
 Blood run high but that's no pity;  
 To old and young the fever came;  
 The fast horse fever was its name.

Cho: Whoa, horse jockey etc.

High Feeder long has had the fever  
 And long has kept an old red breeder,  
 And herds of colts press on his brain;  
 The Gideons get his hay and grain.

Cho. Whoa, High Feeder etc.

King Jockey, too has been well shaken;  
 Other "fevers" he has taken;  
 Long ago he got his fill.  
 For a jockey race is a race down hill.

Whoa, King Jockey etc.

Good Millman swapped with a Bangor Willie,  
 He saw the joke where the land was hilly;  
 Heels were light, the team moved slow:  
 There was no need of saying whoa.

Whoa, Good Millman etc.



## Chorus.

In life's long race none need to fear  
To help up those found in the rear.

You talk of horses here in town;  
Of Gilbreth Knox and Giddeon,  
But other hobbies take their place;  
The hobbies of the human race.

Cho.

With some it is the temperance cause;  
In politics or dog tax laws;  
Some make a hobby, it is strange;  
Of gospel rules and of the Grange,

Cho.

Some drive the best another's steed  
And pay the bills and furnish feed;  
Some watch more close another's lines  
And groan about the dull, hard times.

Cho.

Some drive their gay sectarian steeds  
And swarp them off to meet their needs;  
Some strike a circle to go round,  
Land where they start or underground.

Cho.

Some drive on swiftly for a day  
And soon are falling by the way:  
The steady driver leads the van;  
A reckless hobby drives the man.

Cho.

Just view the ground and you'll confess  
That all have hobbies more or less;  
In justice, then, we've naught beside  
But to wish all a pleasant ride.

Cho.

God speed the just who lead the van;  
Lift up the one in sinking sand,  
And if outsped oh, never mind,  
The winning horse is still behind.

Cho.

## STEP INTO THE WAGON.

AIR: WAIT FOR THE WAGON. Jan. 23, 1875.

We hail thee brother Patrons and sisters by your side,  
Aboard the Grangers' wagon where farmers now may ride;  
Too long we've been the pack-horse and now we'll be to blame  
As we're aboard the wagon if we don't hold the rein.

Cho. Step into the wagon etc., and farmers take a ride.

The wagon rides so easy and yet 'tis very strong,  
We do not fear its breaking 'twill hold the gathering throng;  
It has in it good timber, the heart of laborers true;  
And just the kind of mettle to help the farmers through.

Cho.

The wagon is a Western cart a speeding o'er the plain,  
To carry off our produce and bring us Western grain;  
'Twill break we hope, monopolies those mountains on the way  
Run down the credit system, and bring the better day.

Cho.

The "Stars" are fast arising to bring that better day;  
The "Eastern" first appearing to pioneer the way;  
Great constellations rising that Herchel never knew;  
The "Northern Light" is streaming to guide the farmer through

Cho.

There's a "Rising Star" in Newburg, one "Blazing" at Mon-  
roe;

One twinkles out in Jackson with "Progress" all aglow;  
Now they push on from Glenburn they're coming thick and  
fast;

And Hermon joins the "Union" long may the "Union" last.

Cho.

There's a Harvest Moon" in Thorndike that swells the flow-  
ing tide;

The shepherds young in astral are gazing on with pride;  
'Queen City" dots the river, one of the starry sheen;  
There Hall with mental vigor is hauling in the team.

Cho.

The "North Star" gilds the mountain and lends another ray;  
 Young mariners and bondmen pursue the constant way;  
 Long may its strong attraction draw laborers to their Grange;  
 'Til Dixmont heeds the compass, 'til liberty obtains.

Cho.

'Tis said there are outsiders who do not like our style,  
 Who think we ride a hobby in hopes to make a pile;  
 So often they've been cheated they fear to join the Grange:—  
 They have no lack of dignity, we hope they don't in brains.

Cho.

And some are looking sharply across the dusty plain,  
 To see if all goes smoothly aboard the Granger train;  
 To those who thus are waiting I'll freely give my mind;  
 Don't be waiting for the Wagon when the wagon's not behind.

Cho.

Those riding in the wagon I've just a word for you,  
 That each fill well his station and you'll ride safely through;  
 If you jostle one another and speak too much your mind,  
 They'll drop you at the station and you'll be left behind.

Cho.

#### OIL UP THE "WAGON".

AIR: WAIT FOR THE WAGON. 1876

I've a word about the "wagon" and will name it if you choose;  
 The wear and tear of running and about the quarter's dues;  
 The "Wagon" has been running, (though it \*backed up for  
 a while.)

For a plump and even quarter, now it needs a little "ile".

Cho. Then oil up the "Wagon" etc., more safely you will ride.

Three months make up the quarter and that has passed they  
 say.

All Fools' Day brings another; no fooling this away;  
 You've been blaming Bro. Hussey because he did not say  
 At the close of every quarter that there were dues to pay.

Cho.

Last March closed up the quarter and, Patrons, if you choose,  
 March round and see the Bro. and settle up your dues;  
 I know 'twill make him happy for he is fond of "tin";  
 He'll pass it to the Treasurer, 'twill also make him grin.

Cho.

This is a safe investment and joy it brings untold;  
 For harmony and union are more to us than gold;  
 And while you drop your quarters to swell the common fund  
 Let's stronger grow in union 'til our great work is done.

Cho.

But when our Master Clements is inclement with his steam  
 It takes a rapid \*Walker to keep up with the team;  
 And when the thing needs greasing, all axles do, you know,  
 A little\*Ham will answer to make the "Wagon" go.

\*Grange suspended by Amasa Walker Feb. 6, 1875 and reinstated by State Master Ham, March 13, 1875.

#### QUARTER'S DUES.

AIR: WAIT FOR THE WAGON. 1876.

I've a word about the "wagon" and will name it if you choose;  
 The wear and tear of running and about the quarter's dues;  
 We've near one hundred passengers that ride aboard this train;  
 It's been running for a quarter and needs oiling up again.

Cho. Oil up the "wagon" etc., and more safely you will ride.

'Tis thirty cents each member, as very well you know,  
 To be paid up every quarter to make the "Wagon" go;  
 Our State dues come off shortly, the first day of July;  
 Don't try your Ham, dear Patrons, nor run the "Wagon" dry.

Cho.

Our committee here on finance have been taking in the freight  
 Of coffee, tea and sugar and other kinds of bait;  
 Now while your coffee settles and you're telling o'er the news  
 Just form the settled habit of settling up your dues.

Cho.

We hear the story told us that two hundred years have passed  
 Since our forefathers fought for freedom and they won the  
 field at last;

Are our battles not as worthy for the tillers of the soil,  
 Though we use no ball and powder but the magic power of oil.

Cho.

## A GRANGE SONG.

AIR: ROOT HOG OR DIE.

The Grangers round about us are cutting a great swell;  
 And when they'll end their wild career 'tis difficult to tell;  
 They number now by millions and progress is their cry;  
 They meet all opposition with "root hog or die."

Chorus,

Hurrah three cheers the Grange is on the plan  
 To elevate the farmer and to make a better man;  
 The ladies join the chorus and unitedly we cry  
 Big pig, little pig, root hog or die.

There was Adam in the garden (a matter very strange)  
 Had made a plan with sister Eve to organize a Grange;  
 They talked with certain parties, 'twas done upon the sly,  
 They landed on a rocky farm to root hog or die.

Cho.

Thus good and evil started and here we also find  
 That farmer's toil gave little chance to cultivate the mind;  
 But now the gates are some ajar there's promise if we try.  
 To be of other service than to root hog or die.

Cho.

The farmers here in Newburg most loudly did complain:  
 They organized a Farmer's Club and blowed with might and  
 main;

But whether Club or Granger this thing they did descry  
 Instead of talking they must go and root hog or die.

Cho.

Now when the grange was started 'twas in a quiet way  
 O'er sanguine eyes could see no night but one eternal day:  
 If now you face a Granger and look him in the eye  
 You'll see the lesson he has learned, to root hog or die.

Cho.

The Grange here lacked an organ and the sisters did agree  
 That they would raise the money by having a levee; [fry,  
 Charades were learned and cakes were made and lots of other  
 For several days before the time 'twas, root hog or die.

Cho.

Full forty dollars on that eve was made from quilts and things  
 And thus you see the sure reward that labor always brings;—  
 Hark to the music of the thing this money is to buy;  
 It is the key note of success, root hog or die.

Cho.

This world is a great "grab bag" where those who pay may  
 grab;  
 But the one who gets the treasure is the one who holds the bag;  
 Now Grangers hold the bag awile, let politicians buy,  
 Let middle men join in the song of root hog or die.

Cho.

Although the Grange is started and making quite a sound  
 We fear there's many a Patron who is rooting under ground;  
 And birds must get their plumage before they learn to fly;  
 So Grangers ere you take to wings, root hog or die.

Cho.

Now, Patrons, I've a word for you and every mother's son,  
 Don't look too much among the "Stars," there's rooting to be  
 done;  
 Root out the tares, root in the wheat, root sorrow from the  
 eye.  
 Root farmers root, root Grangers root, root hog or die.

Cho.

---

#### ATTENTION ON THE "WAGON."

MAY 7, 1881.

A word about the "Wagon" its been running seven years:  
 The speed begins to slacken and there's trouble in the gears;  
 The freight is not so heavy and as the matter stands  
 The drivers are absenting and calls for section hands.

Chorus.

Attention on the "wagon" attention on the "wagon"  
 Attention on the "wagon" in the darkness of the hour.

The passengers are leaving and looking we've no doubt  
 For a fairer line of travel on a some more pleasant route;  
 Thus far theve rode on safely and judging from their tones  
 They do not fear upsetting, there's been no broken bones.

Cho.

'Tis time to call attention from the long and pleasant ride  
To things we would not mention but fear to let them slide;  
'Tis time to reckon profits and set the matter right,  
And overhaul the baggage; that may shed a little light.

Cho.

Now those who have invested and think you've dearly bought,  
The company your re keeping, just take account of stock;  
Would you trade off the old "wagon" that only needs the "file"  
And take another mule team just for the sake of style?

Cho.

'Tis time to call attention, we have no heart to blame;  
We love the cause too dearly to pause and see it wane;  
This rolling stock dear Patrons is music to the ear,  
When all is gliding smoothly and nothing out of gear.

Cho.

Attention on the "wagon" is what we need, you know,  
'Twill straighten out the mule team, 'twill feed and make it go,  
'Twill lubricate the bearings and choose a smooth highway;  
And passengers will gather for pleasure and for pay.

Cho.

---

#### INSTALLATION.

AIR: SAY DARKIES ALL. 1877.

Say, Patrons have you heard the trader complaining o'er the  
land,  
Because the Grangers out in Newburg built a peanut stand?"  
Because, say they, hard times are coming no money can be  
made;  
All-business dull, none dare to venture for the Grange has  
killed the trade.

Cho.

Now farmers, one and all,  
There's something you may do;  
But mind you this, and don't forget it  
Keep union through and through.

the Grange comes round to do our grinding and no harm do  
we propose,

But grind the corn of our own raising, not the corn of other's  
toes:

Then swell the song while stars grow brighter; let union join  
the train

And welcome toil in the field of labor in the harvest of the  
brain.

Cho.

While the farmer toils and builds his fences and sows broad-  
cast his field,

The politician guards the "gateway" and tolls him half the  
yield,

Then Patrons join to do your duty and what is right, maintain  
Till the nation's heart throws health and vigor though every  
laborer's vein.

Cho.

While new-made lights press thickly round us and join the  
Starry school,

There's room enough for all the shiners; observe the "Golden  
Rule;"

Let the rising "Stars" sing out together; each send her mel-  
low ray:

Nor care which one may glow the brighter till they set in the  
coming day.

Cho.

And while we view the shades around us and strive for nobler  
deeds,

'Tis well that each watch well his garden and check the grow-  
ing weeds;

Nor scan too close our neighbor's vineyard to see the foul seed  
grown;

Our own proud hearts may need a weeding, if so, first weed at  
home.

Cho.

Again we meet at installation; 'tis twice we've met before

And placed the badge of highest honor the farmer ever wore.

While some step up and others downward, or new ones fill  
the chair;

Thanks to the old, the new ones welcome; but union every-  
where.

Cho.

## LOOKING.

AIR: I'S GOING TO THE SHOCKING. Aug. 7, 1878.

I's just come out afore you to sing a little song  
 About the folks in Newburg and those who chance along;  
 I hear you's drefful wicked, I's just come out to see:  
 I's a white man here dis morning but den you know 'tis me,  
 Chorus.

Oh, people of the South road just look around and look;  
 De middle road and Dixmont way down to Jordan brook;  
 Just take dis darkies warning, don't be waiting 'til de morning;  
 Be looking round and looking, be looking round and look.

If all de stories going were made into a song,  
 About de folks in Newburg and those who chance along  
 And sung upon the rostrum 'twould make a nigger pale;  
 He'd be looking for de watch-house and a ride upon de rail.  
 Cho.

Dis darkey has been looking to see what he can see;  
 He sees der is no trouble when white folks all agree; [case  
 And when de white man's heart am black der's trouble in his  
 And when you see de heart am right no matter bout de face.  
 Cho.

I just come out afore you to sing a little song  
 About de folks in Newburg and those who chance along;  
 And while I hab been looking, I find it am de case  
 To mind another's business am not dis darkies place.  
 Cho.

## ELDER BERRY.

AIR: ROBERT RIDLEY.

An elder came to this fair city;  
 A little wild and more's the pity;  
 Convivial face, world wide his fame,  
 And Elder Berry is his name.

Cho. Ho! Elderberry ho! etc.

'Twas first the bush and then the berry;  
 And then the juice that makes one merry;  
 To many homes his prestige came,  
 And many learned to love the same.

Cho.

Some brothers, he who'r close and handy;  
 Twin whiskey, Cider, Rum and Brandy,  
 And, sweet, the thunder of their tones  
 Brings many to their marrow bones!

Cho.

Their converts are, alas! too many;  
 Converting wealth to not a penny;  
 Converting health to wreck and pain,  
 And joyful hearts to deepest shame.

Cho.

Converts the step that once was steady;  
 Converts the head and makes it giddy;  
 And what sad end do you suppose  
 Must follow where the spirit goes;

Cho.

At wrestling too he is quite clever:  
 Though deep the mud or fine the feather;  
 Skill and strength has no fair show;  
 The one the Elder grasps he'll throw.

Cho.

These clerics came to spend the season  
 Low their haunts and high their treason;  
 And, if you follow to their fold,  
 You'll learn the place that's seldom cold.

Cho.

Whence came these brusks and ardent gentry?  
 Fresh from your grain fields growing plenty;  
 Now count the cost, their long delay,  
 Who riot in the world's decay.

Cho.

Wide flush the fields and great the Giver;  
 Distiller's waste from us deliver;  
 A nation's peril bids you rise,  
 Your firesides and its tender ties.

Cho.

How harmless beams the smiles of Elder?  
 Bred at home what harm can tender?  
 A single thread; a cable tow,  
 That leads the hosts to utter woe!

Cho.

Kind friends, I'll tell you in a twinkle,  
 Do not either dip or sprinkle;  
 And Elder Berry and his clan  
 I'd vote to either jug or hang.

Chorus to last verse.

Ho! Elder Berry ho!  
 And all your clans in woe!  
 'Gainst nations greatest, gamest foe;  
 We'll strike our strongest blow.

---

#### TEMPERANCE.

AIR: AMERICA.

Temperate in food and drink;  
 Temperate in what we think  
 And what we say;  
 Temperate in daily care;  
 In rest or over wear;  
 Excess is but a snare  
 From day to day.

Temperance is but a name;  
 Living is wholly gain  
 For all that's good:  
 Better the homes and friends;  
 Longer the life attends;  
 Better the drama ends,  
 Live as we should.

'Tis nature's first great law;  
 A balm for every flaw;  
 Temperate in all.  
 Then lift your standard high,  
 And temperance be your cry;  
 'Tis good for earth or sky;  
 For great or small.

A law for perfect health;  
 A law for worldly wealth;  
 A sunny morn;  
 And for our morals, too;  
 And Christians 'tis for you;  
 For every perfect view;  
 Millenium's dawn.

'Tis well in every cause  
 Sometime to make a pause  
 From over zeal;  
 A good cause pressed too far  
 Might make a fatal jar;  
 To progress be a bar;  
 Or trig a wheel.

---

POLITICIANS.

AIR: ROOT HOG OR DIE. Jan. 6, 1880.

Politicians round about us are warming up the air,  
 And the bounties of their knowledge they are spreading ev-  
 erywhere;

But the country would be better most freely we'd confess,  
 If they'd do a little better and would talk a little less.

Chorus.

Hurrah, three cheers most heartily they cheer;  
 Election time is nearing politicians too are near;  
 Republicans, Greenbackers and Democrats you spy;  
 Big pig, little pig, root hog or die.

If you watch the several parties you'll find they work to win  
 And they're hard to drive to duty when they're at the public  
 bin;

Some animals are like them, you'll find them in the sty:  
 Big pig, little pig, root hog or die.

Cho.

You'll elect some politician who meets your best ideas,  
 And soon will find your man elect is mostly snout and ears,  
 Then you'll join another party where office seekers ply  
 And still it is the same old song of root hog or die.

Cho.

Why talk of honest parties? The thing has never been;  
 To find an honest party first find your honest men;  
 Don't look 'mong politicians, too useless far to try:  
 For 'tis big pig, little pig root hog or die.

Cho.

Now if you love your country or care for it a straw,  
 Vote for a staunch impartialist to execute the law:  
 Impartial to his party, his Country be the cry:  
 Big pig, little pig, root hog or die.

Cho.

Now, listeners, I've a word for you, please heed it every one,  
 You've always been a rooting yet there's more that should be  
 done;

Root out bad men, root in the good, who'd ever scorn to lie;  
 Root laborers root, root farmers root, root hog or die.

Cho.

---

#### THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

AIR; STAR SPANGLE & BANNER. June 29, 1901.

Oh! say can you see through the year's misty flight  
 What so proudly we hail as the day dawn is gleaming;  
 Where a true loyal band through the perilous fight  
 O'er the ramparts unfurled and so valiantly streaming;  
 The hosts gathered there and the white ribbon fair  
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;  
 Oh our loved temperance banner, long may it wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh say can you see to the front and the rear;  
 All over the earth to the most distant nation,  
 The fast swelling ranks of the brave volunteer,  
 Wherein is our hope for the cause in probation;  
 Though the tear dim the eye and our hearts beating high  
 Our banners unfurled where the earth meets the sky;  
 Oh our loved Temperance banner, long may it wave  
 O'er the lands of the earth and the homes of the brave.

Oh say can you see there's a dawning more fair  
 From the dark gloomy night, where justice laid bleeding,  
 Where our flag proudly floats in the ambient air,  
 An emblem of hope for a better than seeming;  
 For our homes that are dear, for friends that are near,



MRS. J. F. MUSSEY.



For the mothers that weep, for the truth that is clear:  
 Oh our loved temperance banner, long may it wave  
 O'er the lands of the earth and the homes of the brave.

Nor in lands far away need your long vision strain,  
 For on Winterport's banks where the wild billows heaving,  
 The robin and lark sing a cheerful refrain  
 While the lords of the town are asleep or are dreaming;  
 But the hard stuff is here tho' no markings are clear  
 Of cross bones or bug death, which should plainly appear,  
 Nor our loved temperance banner, oh long may it wave  
 O'er the lands of the earth and the homes of the brave.

---

AFTER THE FAIL.

AIR: AFTER THE BALL.

A little shaver climbed a poor man's knee;  
 Begged for a story do papa please  
 Why we so wretched in this old shell?  
 Why without money, say can you tell?  
 I had a fortune, years, years ago,  
 Why I am poor, pet, you soon shall know;  
 List to the story, I'll tell the tale,  
 Trust caused my downfall, cased me to fail.

Chorus.

After the fail is over, after the money's flown.  
 After your credit's doubted, after the assets known,  
 Many a heart is aching if you could read the tale,  
 Many the hopes that have vanished after the fail.

I was in business, bought and sold goods,  
 Trusted to others as traders would;  
 Money grew scarcer year after year,  
 Those I had trusted did not appear;  
 One day a letter came, it was a dun,  
 Can't trust you longer, the letter run;  
 One without money must shorten sail,  
 Same as I had to after the fail.

Cho.

Merchants who trust out, nearing the brink,  
 Printers trusting out are wasting ink;

Milkmen trusting milk will soon succomb,  
 Though he should skim it and water some,  
 Butchers and bakers, tin-knockers likewise,  
 Who think to get rich will get a surprise;  
 The ones who *mistrust* will have more avail,  
 Everyone thinks so after the fail.

Cho.

HOSE COMPANIES, NOS. 1 AND 2.

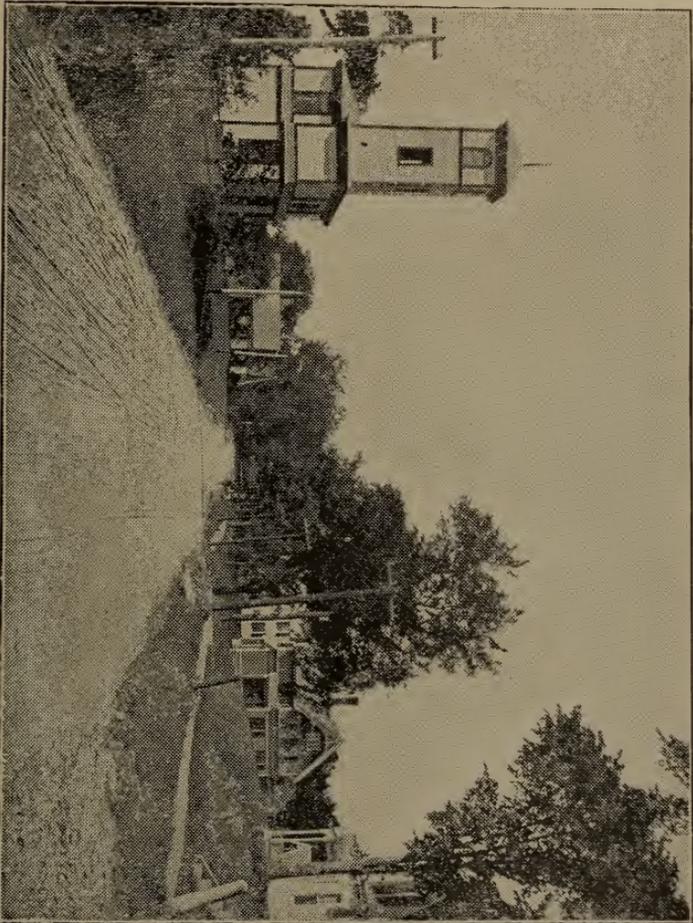
AIR: MARSEILLES HYMN. JUNE 1897.

Ye lads of town, wake from your dreaming;  
 Hark! hark! what cause bids you arise;  
 The fire bells ring and smoke is streaming;  
 Behold the tears and hear the cries;  
 Behold the tears and hear the cries;  
 Shall wicked flames our homes devouring,  
 Our walls dissolve in one sad hour?  
 To quench the flames is there no power?  
 Who has this night our homes in keeping?  
     Turn out, turn out brave lads,  
     Ere fire gain by delay;  
     March on, march on, bend on the hose,  
     Let water freely play.

Repeat four last lines for chorus.

Come number one with your "Defender,"  
 And "Kelly Hose" your forces raise,  
 For fire, tonight, is on a bender;  
 We'll sing more loudly to your praise;  
 We'll sing more loudly to your praise;  
 Those hydrants tap, deep throated fountains;  
 Wide span the hose with throbbing veins;  
 Let torrents press to down the flames;  
 Thy praise shall be beyond the counting.  
                                     Turn out etc.

Now darkness spans again the heavens;  
 The fires have slunk in quick surprise,  
 And peace dwells now within our bosoms;  
 Our homes are here, not in the skies;  
 Then dry those tears and wipe glad eyes;  
 Our painted walls echo our greeting;  
 No blacken ruin meets our view:



Kelly Hose House, South Main Street.



Though time and age, our hearts still new;  
With bounteous praise we trust the keeping.

All hail! brave lads, all hail!  
No fires can stand your play;  
March on, march on to victory,  
We'll sing your roundelay.

Repeat four last lines for chorus.

Rest sweetly now we fear no danger;  
Our homes are guarded well from fire;  
The Kelly Hose and the Defender  
Will make it slumber in its ire;  
Will make it slumber in its ire;  
God bless our boys and make them noble;  
Make them to love their firesides well;  
Defenders of our hill and dell,  
From fire or any double trouble.

All hail! brave lads, all hail!  
No fire can stand your play;  
March on, march on to victory,  
We'll sing your roundelay.

All hail etc,

---

#### GOT IT IN THEIR EYE.

Out backers and the villagers have cut an awful dash;  
And if not checked in their career the town will go to smash;  
They tapped the Low-brook fountain and turned it to the sky;  
And now we're dancing to the tune of root hog or die.

Chorus.

Hurrah, three cheers! most heartily they cheer:  
But look out for your jewels when they're twigging at your ear  
The whole confounded shooting match, the've got it in their  
eye;

Big pig, little pig, root hog or die.

What new arrivals yet to come to rankle and to vex,  
Were difficult as 'twere to tell where lightning will strike next;  
The churches are at loggerheads and others by the ears;  
And yet the town is neither dry of whiskey or of tears.

Cho.

They talk about improvements, and that's the proper view;  
 If they don't o'er tax the many to benefit the few;  
 To make one wallet very fat, a dozen very lean;  
 Oh, there is where I draw the line and that's the chap I mean.  
Cho.

Far too short is human life, the universe too big;  
 Who wears a hat and walks two legs should emulate the pig;  
 The world is big enough for all, and, as I older grow  
 I wonder people don't do right and why they quarrel so.  
Cho.

And those who practice what they preach and upright course  
 pursue,  
 Deserve the praise of all mankind because they are so few:  
 And may the jewels of the just reward as is their due,  
 And angels take them in their trust to light their journey  
 through.

---

#### GALOOTING AT THE WALDO COUNTY FAIR.

It is raining, raining, raining, it is raining everywhere;  
 When once started in to raining seems as if 'twould ne'er be  
 fair:  
 Thro' the summer all was drying and the grass was nearly  
 dead;  
 And the forests, too, were sighing, but no water could be shed,  
 Now 'tis raining, raining, raining all is water overhead.  
 And my best girl, too, has left me and she's gone to Monroe  
 Fair;  
 And she's gone off with a fellow or perhaps I shouldn't care:  
 And I hope that he'll get mellow and be ugly as a bear;  
 And that he will get quite boozy till they have a fatal flare;  
 And will have to walk to Frankfort and have no time to spare  
 But if she's only with me I'd not care about the rain;  
 For the sun would shine within me and fair weather all the  
 same;  
 And if sunny all the summer without either rain or dew,  
 Why that would all be honey with the moon a-poppiug through;  
 Whether fair or cold or stormy, oh I never should be blue.  
 A fellow can't be happy when his best girl is away; [stay;  
 When she's with another fellow with the prospect that she'll

Though its raining, raining, raining, still he'd never, never  
care,

While his best girl is galooting at the Waldo County Fair;  
If the weather had been fairer, I would likewise have been  
there.

Who would thought she'd gone off with him, with a fellow in  
the rain;

But the fair is so bewitching they will most all do the same;  
I hope she'll wet her bonnet and its beauty quite impair;  
Or he'd sit down square upon it and change its style a hair;  
So she'd be extremely sorry that she went to Monroe Fair.

I will go and see the doctor for my heart begins to wane;  
He will give me something soothing and keep it from my  
brain:

If it ever stops a raining I most solemnly declare,  
I will never stop for nothing, till I bust the Monroe Fair:  
Nothing else will stop galooting at the Waldo County Fair.

Use last line of each stanza for chorus.

---

#### SINCE THE BAND WENT DOWN.

We'd not withhold our heartfelt praise,  
The good old times of the olden days,  
When Winterport had a royal band  
That drew them praise all o'er the land;  
Her music's charm inspired our feet;  
A thing of pride for the town and street.

Since the band went down the ladies came in  
And started a band, horns made of tin  
The size of your thumb, and the zobos sing,  
Sixteen voiced through a grasshopper wing;  
And sweet they sing of a gone by day:  
Whatever they do, they've come to stay.

Since the band went down there's another crop  
Raised in the fields with the sorrel top;  
One plays the harp and his notes are fine  
As the notes of a flute from the pumpkin vine;  
And the timely notes of the big bass horn  
Would start the grass on a barren lawn!

Since the band went down their place to fill  
 This band comes up from Pumpkinville;  
 Their beards are long and of ancient rate.  
 They get the cheers so ofcourse they're great;  
 And the silvery tone of the sweet trombone  
 Would crack the earth from zone to zone.  
 To play tunes straight they laid no claim;  
 To play tunes *backward* was their game;  
 But they played as straight as any could do;  
 To the cheering crowd they played back to;  
 But they ate their hash as others do;  
 To pumpkin pie they stood face to.

---

#### THE WIDOW AND THE BOYS.

Some youngsters of a quiet town had planned to do the droll,  
 They knew a widow handy by and thither they did stroll;  
 The house was low, the roof was flat, no task to climb, you  
 see:  
 To cover o'er the chimney top, that's where the fun would be;  
 The wild winds blew in cheerless notes upon the window pane;  
 And loosened boards and unthached roof scant shelter from  
 the rain;  
 No sparkling embers on the hearth to give its ruddy cheer;  
 Nor wardrobe warm in friendly grasp to check the falling tear.  
 Cho.

The tale is old. A kindly deed in sunshine bathes its own;  
 The harvest is a bounteous yield; we reap what we have sown.

*"Oh thou who not'st the sparrows fall and calmest the  
 troubled sea,  
 Who knowest the widow's needs, my hope; I trust in thee;"*  
 As fickle as the falling leaves, so youth, their daring fled;  
 They listened to her words so brief and knew she prayed for  
 bread:

There's kindness in the human heart as circumstance disclose.  
 And, patent to a happy thought, one fellow did propose,  
 And quickly brought two wheaten loaves all brown and sweet  
 and new,  
 And climbed up to the chimney top and dropped them down  
 the flue.

Alarmed at first, so sudden came, and trembling in her fears;  
 And poured aloud in thankful heart and mingled with her  
 tears;

Nor did her hunger give her haste, but first her thoughtful  
 care

To thank the Giver of all good in simple heartfelt prayer.  
 A window barred the wretched scene, down low a shattered  
 pane;

An urchin placed his mouth within and thus he did declaim:  
 "Those loaves we of the baker bought, and dropped them  
 down the flue,

So you should render thanks to those where thanks are just-  
 ly due."

But boys are only boys at best that sometime will be men,  
 That in the fulness of their joys they fearfully offend;  
 Nor think that fun is not true fun that brings another harm;  
 That when they cause another pain that fun has lost its charm  
 With heart as light as fleecy clouds that float in ambient air;  
 Nor callous to the heavy yoke that's born of earthly care;  
 The widow made a swift reply as bitterness had taught;  
 The Lord hath sent this bread I know, altho' the devil bro't.

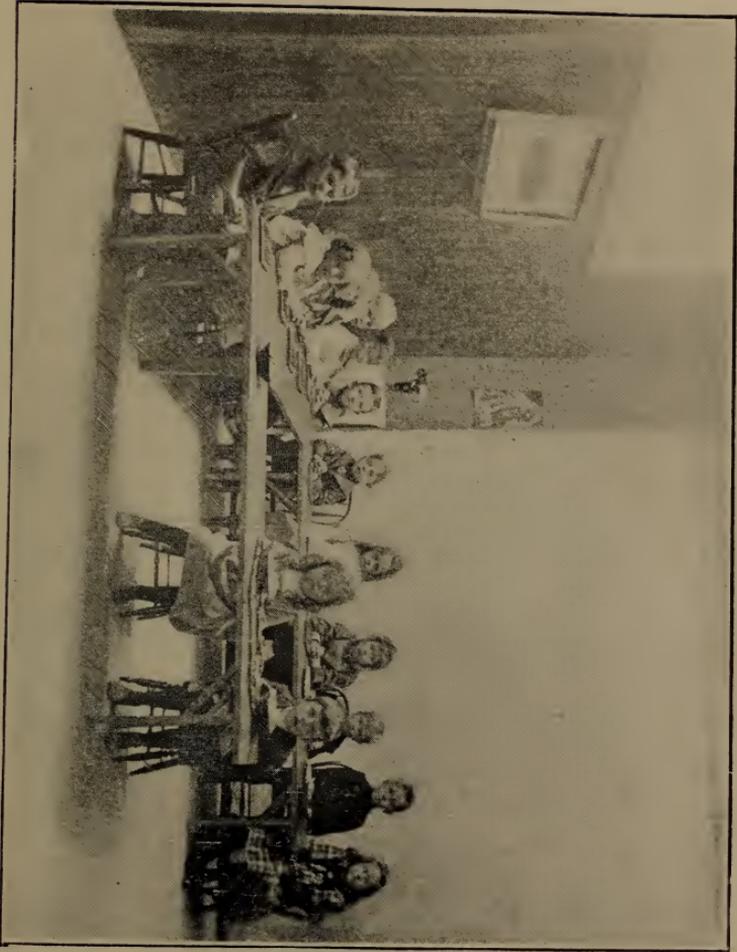
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### KINDERGARTEN.

SUMMER OF 1903.

Kindergarten pupils we;  
 Blithe and merry as can be;  
 First in town to sing its cheer;  
 First to dance the pioneer.  
 Where our school is, would you know?  
 Down to Nealey's Studio;  
 And the teacher we would name,  
 Jessie Black of Searsport, Maine:  
 And the names which now appear,  
 Tells you who the pioneer:  
 Elmer, Albion, Lyman B.  
 Three feet high and all so wee;  
 Donald, Newell, Frederick too;  
 Everett, Emmond, eyes of blue;  
 Charles and Harlow; all fine boys;  
 And they'll tell you of their joys:

Morning birds are not more gay  
As off to school we trip away;  
Outside the room we bare our head,  
And hang our rubbers on a peg:  
And the girls are seven in all;  
Very young and very small;  
Join they also in the games  
And I'll tell their given names:  
Frances, Margaret and Charlotte,  
Addie, Alice, not forgot;  
Dorothy, Helen that is all;  
Very nice and very small;  
And the teacher's merry eye  
Greets us when the time draws nigh;  
Meets us smiling at the door;  
The little brood of most a score.  
First the teacher takes the lead,  
Then the pupils quick proceed,  
Through the games for fun we go;  
"All the world's a stage," you know:  
Then we dance and sing and play,  
Eat our lunch or give away;  
And our teacher's nice, you see,  
Most as nice as mothers be.  
Papa tells us with a smile  
That were learning all the while;  
And that as we older grow  
What a lot of things we'll know:  
Seems to me all play and fun;  
Just as leave noon wouldn't come;  
Papa says that work is play  
When you're happy all the day.  
Mother says it gives her rest;  
For her little ones the best;  
For a higher paves the way;  
Hopes the school has come to stay.



Interior of Kindergarten School.



## BECAUSE IT WAS PURE.

SUPPOSED THOUGHTS OF A MAN IN PRISON WHO WAS EXECUTED AND AFTERWARDS PROVEN INNOCENT.

There's a bright, sunny world just beyond this inclosure;  
 Though chilly and damp is the touch of my cell:  
 A sunbeam comes in through the latticed exposure;  
 And checkered the path where the shadows had fell;  
 And a message it brings of the kindest greeting;  
 Imprisoned within as a treasure secure:  
 Who knoweth the heart when with sorrow 'tis beating  
 Hath sent me the sunbeam because it was pure.

It brings to my mind all my sweet sunny childhood;  
 And a dear mother's love where my bosom confessed;  
 With never a thought that I uttered a falsehood;  
 And showed me the pathway the smoothest and best;  
 There I crooned with the bees that were gathering honey;  
 The red apple bloom on their branches procure;  
 And the violets blue from the hillside most sunny;  
 My mother so loved them because they were pure.

And the church going bell unlike any other;  
 For it touches my heart and my bosom doth swell;  
 And I hear in its tones the sweet voice of my mother;  
 A beacon of hope and a sorrowful knell:  
 It tells of the scenes that I best can remember;  
 A haven of rest for the bond and the poor;  
 It tells of the scenes most loving and tender;  
 A message of love to the heart that is pure.

## I LIVE ON "EASY LANE."

AIR; "THE TALL YOUNG OYSTER MAN."

I'm living now in "Easy Lane," I own the number one,  
 I saved my pennies in my youth in the days of "easy come."  
 Sometimes I wore a ragged suit, my wife likewise the same;  
 'Twas then we lived on lowly street quite near to Shabby Lane.

Cho.

Fol de rol de rol de rol de ri do; tune de rol de ray.

And in the days of "easy come" all did not do the same;  
 For some commenced at number one and traveled down the lane;  
 They struggled with the "upper cuts" where life seemed swift  
     and sweet,  
 And quickly they would "lose their heads" and couldn't keep  
     their feet.

Cho.

To "turn up Jack" there was no lack in this they gained renown;  
 And if the Jack was apple-jack why then they turned it down;  
 And so the days of "easy-come" slipped easily away;  
 And this the treasure of old age, the poor-house and dismay.

Cho.

I meet those fellows every day who lived at Sadly-rue;  
 And wish they had their money back and health come with  
     it too;  
 And saved their pennies in their youth in days of "easy come"  
 Now they could own a number one and live on "Easy Lane."

Cho.

A "friend" I met from "Shabby-lane" he'd been upon a spree;  
 He says I hear you're very flush, won't you divide with me?  
 Now you've been *flush* for many years and this was my reply,  
 When I divide 'tis with a man that's worth as much as I.

Cho.

If there's a moral to this song 'tis meant to tell the young  
 To strike out for a higher grade, the downward course to shun;  
 And save their pennies while they may and treasure up the  
     same;  
 And happy feet may walk the street that leads to Easy Lane.

Cho.

The youth who make the sad mistake to think they are not ripe,  
 Unless they ape the older ones and monkey with a pipe;  
 Should learn for them 'tis well to know to serve in kindly  
     needs,  
 That he can sooner be a man by doing noble deeds.

Cho.

And he will chant in happy songs who travel with the just,  
 And in his might who deals aright and scoffs at sloth and rust;  
 Good fellowship his heart's delight, kind words the sweet re-  
     frain;  
 The big band wagon he can ride that plies at "Easy Lane."

Cho.

## THE COAL FIRE.

All the fields were as gay as are lovers astray,  
 And the sun went wooing all the day, the day;  
 And the flowers leaned that way to the sun's bent ray,  
 Same as fond lovers may, or as children at play;  
 For 'twas soft summer time and the birds' merry chime  
 Was wooing, was wooing all so fine, so fine:  
 What is love, any way, who has got the heart to say,  
 But a swift sunny ray that may change or pass away.

We toasted o'er the grate, myself and deary mate,  
 And the wild winds whistled thro' the chinks of the gate;  
 Coals sparkled on the hearth, yielding all their treasured  
 worth,

That were wooing on the earth, ten thousand since their birth;  
 Now returning to the sun what the wooing then had won,  
 When the sun went wooing in the fields all the day;  
 When the flowers leaned the way of the sun's bent ray;  
 Like lovers, or children in freedom at their play;

Our wooing days are o'er and our winnings are no more;  
 Sitting in the shadows of the sunshine gone before;  
 The embers swift undoing all the former years of wooing,  
 Where the sun gave her hand a thousand years or more;  
 And went wooing in the fields; to us her bounty yields;  
 And we're living in the sunshine of the days of yore;  
 What is love, any way, but a swift, sunny ray,  
 That may bend with a cloud or swiftly pass away.

There's a key to the earth where the coal treasures lie;  
 Where the sun went wooing in the long gone by;  
 Though the wild wind whistles thro' the chinks of the gate,  
 The sunbeams are smiling thro' the open grate;  
 And I think of the chime of the soft summer time,  
 Of the days gone by and what pleasures were mine:  
 Tho' the winds may whistle at an old-time rate,  
 The sun seems a wooing thro' the bright open grate.

Use last line of each stanza for chorus.

## A DAYDREAM OF CHILDHOOD.

Sadly sweet are the thoughts that restore me to childhood,  
That awaken the past like a fairylike dream;  
Again the soft skies invite to the wildwood,  
And again there's a voice from her musical stream:  
They tell of the days that were long in their measure;  
And the ripple of life bubbling onward with glee;  
And a pure mother's love the dearest to treasure;  
And makes all my childhood seem sweeter to me:

The stream ripples on to the arms of the ocean:  
My treasure is hid in the pitiless clay;  
The white marble tells of our transient devotion,  
And the flowers that we placed breathe a common decay:  
My knighthood of youth was a sky tinted treasure;  
My footsteps would hasten to traverse the way:  
The songs of the birds that thrilled me with pleasure;  
Now mingle with blasts that are sighing to day.

The dreams of my youth were the dreams of a fairy  
Compared to the lights and the shadows that fell;  
As I battled on blindly, too hasty to tarry,  
Till the shadows grew long over hillside and dell;  
And the home of my youth is the home of the reaper;  
The brown tint of Autumn her luster has shed;  
The dews of the night weep over the sleeper  
Whose record is made and the last chapter read.



\* Advertisements. \*

## TEA ADVERTISEMENT.

Twinkle, twinkle maiden's eye,  
 Like a star in heaven high:  
 Twinkle, twinkle, coy and shy,  
 Flashing light as she goes by;

Was't the diamond that she wore;  
 Strove her eyes to brighten more?  
 Sparkling diamonds, twinkling eye,  
 Strove each other to outvie?

Was't the teacher on her way,  
 Closed her school and got her pay,  
 Cloak or bonnet or a dress.  
 Captured eye that must invest?

Now I wonder here below  
 Why her eyes should twinkle so:  
 Was't a lad that she did know?  
 Flashed her eye upon her beau?

Was't a lover she did spy  
 Made the diamond in her eye?  
 I will ask her, she doth know  
 Though my cheek be blanched in woe.

Bright eyed maiden, ere you go,  
 Tell me why those eyes aglow?  
 For such happiness of heart  
 Doth defy the painter's art.

"That is easy sir" said she,  
 "Grandma sent to buy her tea,  
 Go to Hussey's, his is best,  
 His I've tried and all the rest;

Rich to draw so strong yet mild,  
 (As she spoke the maiden smiled)  
 'Twould amuse you should you see  
 Grandma drink this splendid tea.

As she sips it you should know  
 Grandma's eyes will twinkle so."  
 Twinkle so that named it we;  
 Hussey's famous twinkle tea."  
 Thank you Miss for all you've said,  
 Looks and words were closely wed.  
 Twinkle as your eyes today,  
 Heaven's brightest light your way:  
 All with grandmas, fond of tea,  
 Think of twinkle and of me;  
 Their's will twinkle still more bright,  
 Your's the more for borrowed light.

.....

TOWN ELECTION. MARCH 7, 1887.

What's in the air? What's in the air?  
 It's swelling sound is everywhere;  
 It is election, foul or fair:  
 We hear the parties fierce and bold  
 Uproarious for a firmer hold  
 Upon a voter's vote.

What's in the air? Hark, I will tell;  
 From morn 'til night and night as well,  
 Wherever man doth stand or dwell,  
 A varied host their voices lend,  
 "Up town ' down through the "tougher end;"  
 Election's in the air.

They say that Dyer was in the daze,  
 That Blaisdell's hand was in the blaze,"  
 (The suit that does not suit all ways.)  
 "That Hardy hardly fills the bill  
 And gets a miss to ply the quill,"  
 Election's in the air.

And yet the thing's not wholly new;  
 For three years past the air's been blue,  
 "The way town funds had been put through."  
 Then, as now, hot words engaged  
 And Wardwell's wordy warfare raged.  
 Election's in the air.

We heard about the "Min. Hill note,  
 Bonds passed without the usual vote;  
 The seventeenth district"—another joke,  
 We heard of this and vastly more;  
 "The town books burned with Arey's store,"  
 (They're in the air and are no more.)  
 Election's in the air.

And thus the thing doth wax and grow  
 Like hugh balls rolled from soft, damp snow,  
 And large and larger is the show:  
 Some silent, listen, barely nod,  
 For fear that they may lose a job.  
 Election's in the air.

Some faint ones ask what they shall do,  
 And say they're in an awful stew,  
 "Shall we back down or put it through?"  
 And, like the rider it would seem  
 Would swap his horse midway the stream.  
 Election's in the air.

---

MARY S BEAU. JULY 22, 1896.

That Mary had a little lamb  
 Don't everybody know?  
 But Mary had some other things  
 Among them was a beau.

And Mary was his sweetest "lamb"  
 Her neck was white as snow  
 And everywhere that Mary went,  
 His thoughts would surely go.

And after he had lingered round  
 And waited for a year,  
 He thought he would propose to her  
 To see how she'd "appear."

"My dearest pet, my sweetest lamb,"  
 He said in accents bold,  
 "I'd gladly be your shepherd hence  
 And take you to my fold."

'Tis said all stories come to end  
When dawns the wedding day,  
And would that gossip tongue might cease  
When lambs go not astray.

But folk did talk within the flock  
And gossips had their say,  
Then came around the butcher's son  
And took the lamb away.

He took her fondly by the throat  
And savagely did grin,  
For he was very fond of lamb;  
All "lamb" was lamb to him.

I'd point my friends who love the truth  
To the moral of this lay;  
Believe not all of your concern  
That other people say.

Nor is it always safe to change  
The friend that's proven true,  
(Because he may not talk so glib)  
And swap him for a new,

Another moral we would note.  
Apply it if you can;  
We slaughtered prices first of all  
But slaughtered not the "lamb."

Now if you've any goods to buy,  
You'll find that it will pay  
(We sell all wool a yard in width)  
To call around this way.

We punch your purchase on a card,  
Our profits fair and few;  
A splendid book is part reward;  
The pelt remains with you.

## WATER WORKS.

A rainbow by moonlight expanding the skies  
 Arrested my vision and great my surprise.  
 A rainbow by moonlight in absence of showers.  
 Is an unusual thing in this land of ours.

I saw in the East as I gazed on once more,  
 A beam of bright light from fair Italy's\* shore,  
 As it flashed through the mist and quivering still  
 Reflected the standpipe on slaughterhouse hill.

'Twas that which I saw, so easy mistook,  
 The moon's silvery beams from Lowe's pearly brook,  
 And swift in its cadence I heard in its song  
 The voice of out-backers go rolling along.

The voice of the farmer most certain the sound:  
 "The tax gatherer claimed all he could eke from the ground.  
 The voters had voted the surplus away,  
 Some voters owed taxes they never could pay."

They rushed to the polls being out of a job;  
 One fifty per day to dig out the sod  
 With shovel and pick-ax they'd quickly be blessed;  
 They chose a committee to do all the rest.

How proud beats the heart of a patriot man  
 As poor as Job's turkey, who works on the plan  
 To build up the town with improvements at will,  
 And votes that another must settle the bill.

Tho' the farmer may toil and his wife daily spin,  
 There's a leak at the fountain, a hole in the bin,  
 A leak of a thousand tho' he gather and sow  
 To water the village from out of the Lowe.

Shall we gather the moonbeams to make creamy cheese?  
 Or ply At-the-woods† for cool shelter and ease?  
 Can a stream leave its bank and Merrily† flow  
 To water the hillside in spite of the Snow?†

\*The work was largely done by Dagos.

†Atwoods were promoters of the Water Works. Merrills,  
 Snow, opposers.

Is blood in a turnip? As a farmer would say,  
 Or, use to chase *rainbows* for what it will pay?  
*Tho' a thing of great beauty that captures the eye,*  
*Tho' its planted on earth und painted on high.*

They promised us wealth that would welcome our door;  
 That factories would hum on our water-washed shore;  
 But the moon *looks askance* with a *silvery grin*;  
 And the rainbow I saw was a trifle too thin.

Tho' silver be standard, protection pass by,  
 Republicans losers and get a black eye,  
 Tho' plunderers prosper and innocence sigh  
 I still will look out for a bow in the sky.

Be of good cheer. Look on the bright side half the time.  
 Two mills additional tax on the dollar need not be oppressive  
 and is lower at twelve mills than in most towns. Buy nothing  
 you cannot pay for. Live within your means. Buy that  
 which is serviceable and good. Buy where you can the  
 cheapest and best and for cash and hard times won't bother  
 but pass you by like a song, in one ear and out the other.

---

#### INTERRUPTED COURTSHIP.

'Twas morning's sweet and balmy hour when o'er the tufted  
 sod

With naked foot and honest heart, fair Eve supremely trod;  
 No lady friend had she to love, no rival she to fear;  
 And Adam stood a mortal man, erect without a peer.

The air breathed love, and perfume sweet from trees of flowering spice,

And gaily robed in gorgeous plumes the birds of Paradise:  
And sweetest songs in fearless glee trilled all the mellow air  
To serenade in nature's way the first and well-matched pair.

The trees bent low with golden fruit their riches to declare,  
And bush and vine bowed with their sweets to make the spot  
more fair;

The bread fruit hung in ponderous size from trunk and branch  
o'er head;

What need had Eve to learn the art to manufacture bread?

The milk-tree flowed a lavish stream adown the gurgling  
moat,

What need had they to keep a cow or bother with a goat?

The soap-tree showed its bulbous roots above the flowery  
green,

That those unskilled might have some soap to keep their bodies  
clean.

The cataract came tumbling down and lashed to soapy spray,  
The smiling sun looked in upon where myriad rainbows play  
No more to play till wrath subside and anger turn to love;  
Till Noah shall take the olive branch that's tendered by the  
dove.

As eve beheld the fruits and flowers and warbling birds sub-  
lime,

Kissed by the breeze from lands and seas from every sunny  
cline,

She spi-d some fruit in clusters hung and plucked the same at  
will,

And freely ate of what 'twas said that day would surely kill.

Her blood flowed quicker in her veins and she to Adam flew,  
The fruit she ate had lent a charm, she saw the world anew;  
She threw her arms round Adam's neck and kissed him once  
or twice,

And gave a bunch for him to eat to see if they weren't nice.

"Oh Eve! don't tempt me with this fruit, it is the kind forbid,  
For I've been told I must not eat, 'twould kill me if I did."  
Says Eve, "I saw the squirrels eat and carry to their store,  
I saw the birds feed to their young and quickly come for more;

This fruit is charming to the taste, I ate without a fear,  
 Now, Adam, take another look you see no microbes here:  
 How fair this fruit to look upon, now Adam take a bite,  
 Its sparkling juice will stir your blood and hurt you not a  
 mite."

Then Adam of the fruit partook and wide his vision grew;  
 A ray of knowledge lit his mind, he good from evil knew;  
 And thanked her kindly in his heart, a pupil at her school;  
 Had she not took an active part he still would been a fool.

"Now Adam, we are naked both and I would like to know  
 From what I see in nature round, why this thing is just so;  
 I see the birds of paradise in gorgeous plumes attire,  
 In flounces, frills and furbelows in shades of living fire.

I saw the squirrels in the path, as they went whisking by,  
 Dressed out in furs as if to shield from rain or sunny sky;  
 And e'en the lazy butterfly in wings and worm-like bust  
 Was painted fine in fluted rows, in feathers fine as dust."

Then Adam spoke and said to Eve, "How should I ever know  
 Were you dressed up like crested birds in frill and furbelow,  
 With shoulder puffs and flowing sleeve and bustle spanning  
 wide,

A top-knot hat extending high, that Eve was by my side?

"Somehow I like you as you are, on dress we should agree."

"Oh! how intensely practical, just like a man" said she,

"Today I saw the tailor bird with fig leaves did invest,  
 With bill punched holes, with fiber sewed and made a lovely  
 nest:

And so may we, can we agree about the style you know,  
 Sew leaves in rows and dress alike without the furbelow:  
 'Twill keep the flies from biting us and keep the skin from  
 tan;"

And after they had talked awhile they settled on a plan.

And so they made two flowing robes sewed fast with fiber  
 string;

Indeed they were a happy pair and loudly did they sing;  
 And when they found their task complete, the labor of the  
 day,

They heard the gardener's footstep near and heard the gar-  
 dener say,

"What hast thou done? Why art thou clothed? Why did'st  
thou disobey?"

As best she could Eve made reply (her beau had run away)

"That long necked chap so slick and smooth who lives in  
brake and cane,

Said 'twas a healthy fruit to eat, a feeder of the brain."

Then Eve broke down, o'erwhelmed with grief, gave vent in  
sobs and tears,

And that has been the strong defense of womankind for years.

"Dry up your tears," the gardener said, "enough you'll have  
of pain,

'Tis that young sneak who ran and hid should carry most the  
blame.

"*You* were not told you must not eat, and well we knew  
you'd fall,

If that intruder made a break, got o'er the garden wall;

With all these beauteous things to tempt 'tis difficult to make  
A hedge that's fine and high enough to stop the wily snake.

As good and evil must exist and hold an even sway,

'Tis left for Adam's race to learn the law he will obey;

And since you criticise our art and wasteful hours beguile

We leave dressmaking all to you and let you run the style.

I'll leave the garden all untilled without the needed care,

And thistles, thorns and weeds and grass will grow up every-  
where;

And goats and herds will trample down and roam without a  
fear,

And travelers who pass this way would not think Eden here;

But all the fruits, vines, plants and roots, have got their little  
seeds,

And birds shall scatter them afar to fill the nation's needs;

And footsteps mine no longer heard about this hallowed place

And Adam, if he lingers long, will wipe a sweaty face."

Six thousand years have passed and gone since Adam wooed  
and won,

And now his race has planted foot on all beneath the sun;

And Eden's fruitage, birds and flowers, in great luxuriance  
grow

In lands adapted to their growth, for the nations here below.

And commerce lends her friendly aid by steam, by sea or rail,  
To take the surplus from the lands to others which may fail;  
And so we find in Winterport, this rock-bound coast of ours,  
The spice and fruits from sunny climes as if from Eden  
bowers.

And when we see a lady pass in winter or in June,  
We know some bird of Paradise is minus of a plume.  
And when a man goes reeling by, uncertain in his gait,  
We're forced to think forbidden fruit most surely was the  
grape.

From sunny skies and fairer lands, I briefly here would tell,  
Rare spice improved by careful growth, *I keep these things  
to sell;*

And patent flour, whose wheaten loaves none other doth  
excel,  
Since Eve plucked from the bread-fruit tree, the day that  
Adam fell.

Now do not quote that I have said that Adam *climbed* at all,  
But bread made right from out this flour was never known to  
*fall;*

The loaves so light and sweet and white, it is her greatest  
pride

The cook with smiles can suit her guest and does not care to  
*hide.*

And happy he who prizes health, as freely he partakes;  
And doth not say, "I ate a rock and dreamed all night of  
*snakes.*"

And soap we keep almost as good as that from "out the green"  
'Twill take the care from off the brow and keep the body  
clean.

Tobaccos, too, of different grades, for smoking and the quid,  
If folks will fool their cash away on what should been forbid;  
Choice teas we keep, from Eden's land 'neath Oriental sun,  
A tonic to an o'er worked brain, to soothe the weary one.

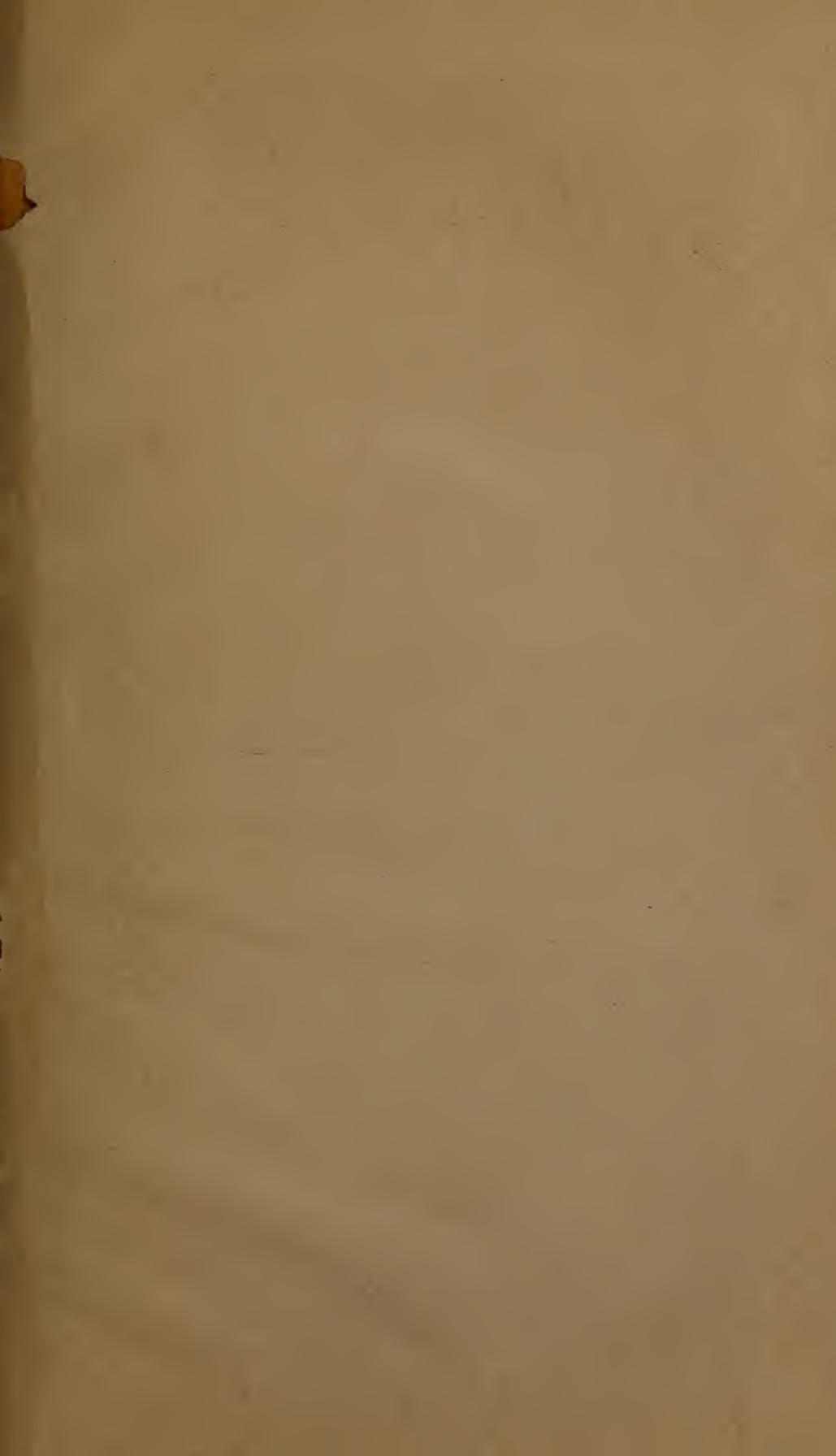
And coffees, too, the best that grow in East or Western land,  
Some think a breakfast is "no good" unless it is on hand;

And raisins, too, all fresh and new in layers stemmed or loose;  
"Beef, Wine and Iron," that's for the sick, or those who have  
a use.

West India goods and crockery, for use and for display,  
And many things not luxuries *now*, but were in Adam's day;  
And kerosene to light the night lest some fall by the way;  
Could I give *wisdom* with the light, I'd do it without pay.

In this case the tea was guaranteed while the "Interruption"  
was not *guaran-tead*.













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