

When he stepped on the verandah the sight that met his eyes
Left him speechless for a moment in a dazed sort of surprise.
There grouped upon the lawn, like chorus in spectacular,
In costumes quite correct to most minute particular,
The gentlemen in shirt sleeves, carrying mugs and wooden flails,
The ladies in their milkmaids dress all holding milking pails.
The moment they caught sight of Prince they gave him three
loud cheers,
The gentlemen dipped mugs in pails—then drank his health in
beers.

Next came a song. It plainly shows a city woman's hands,
It came to me signed Clarinda—I give it, as it stands.

Prince Dollar's a farmer, a farmer bold,
And a right kind of farmer is he,
His spade is of silver, his plow is of gold,
And his crops are a marvel to see.

His "rye," he will tell you, is quite forty odd,
The cows yield milk punches and flip,
And dear little mushrooms grow out of the sod
To serve with his roaster—a "slip."

Mint juleps he grows by a cool shady stream,
Egg-nogs are laid fresh by his hens,
A nanny supplies him with plenty of cream,
The lambs eat green peas in their pens.

Apple saute to his pork is fed for a relish,
To his mutton goes capers galore,
The turkeys eat cranberries out of a dish,
Punkin pies grow in fields by the score.

The strawberry shortcake in hot house is grown,
But his raspberry dumplings grow wild,
The gooseberry tarts are everywhere sown,
Apple pies 'neath the trees are oft piled.