
SENTIMENT

learning. His parents, who are undecided whether to put him in a bank or educate him for the ministry, would be considerably astonished did they know the martial aspirations, the unbridled longings for a wild and roving existence that surge and throb and burn within his boyish breast. This effusion—which was written on the page of his copybook where the intention had evidently been that he should inscribe innumerable times “Zealously Endeavor to Improve”—may not be a perfect composition, any more than the others are, but it carries its meaning clearly:

I'd like to be a sailor bold,
The raging main to roam,
And pace the decks and be shiprecked,
And bring rich treasures home.

I'd like to be a warrior brave,
And fight and lick the foe:
And what care I though death be nigh,
To Glory I would go.

I'd awful like to be a chief,
And lead my braves to war,
And scalp the other injin men,
And whoop, and yell, and roar.

Or a cowboy, riding a bronko wild,
With big boots, and armed to the teeth:
And a belt and fringe, and a wild fierce look
That scares folks most to death.

I wish I might be a deteketive smart,
And catch the villain bold,
And get rewards and praise and that,
And about me have stories told.