

APPENDIX.

- Beaver roars hoarse with meltin' snows, 65  
 An' rattles di'mons from his granite :  
 Time wuz, he snatched away my prose,  
 An' into psalms or satires ran it ;  
 But he, nor all the rest thet once  
 Started my blood to country-dances, 70  
 Can't set me goin' more 'n a dunce  
 Thet hain't no use for dreams an' fancies.
- Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street  
 I hear the drummers makin' riot,  
 An' I set thinkin' o' the feet 75  
 Thet follered once, an' now are quiet,—  
 White feet ez snowdrops innercent,  
 Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,  
 Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't,  
 No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'. 80
- Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee ?  
 Didn't I love to sec 'em growin',  
 Three likely lads ez wal could be,  
 Hahns an' brave an' not tu knowin' ?  
 I set an' look into the blaze 85  
 Whose natur', jes like theirn, keeps climbin',  
 Ez long'z it lives, in shinin' ways,  
 An' half despise myself for rhymin'.
- Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth  
 On War's red techstone rang true metal, 90  
 Who ventur'd life an' love an' youth  
 For the gret prize o' death in battle ?  
 To him who, deadly hurt, agen  
 Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,  
 Tippin' with fire the bolt of men 95  
 Thet rived the Rebel line asunder ?
- T'ain't right to hev the young go fust,  
 All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,  
 Leavin' life's paupers dry es dust  
 To try an' make b'lieve fill their places. 100