

THEY TURNED THE OCEAN
IN THE MIDDLE

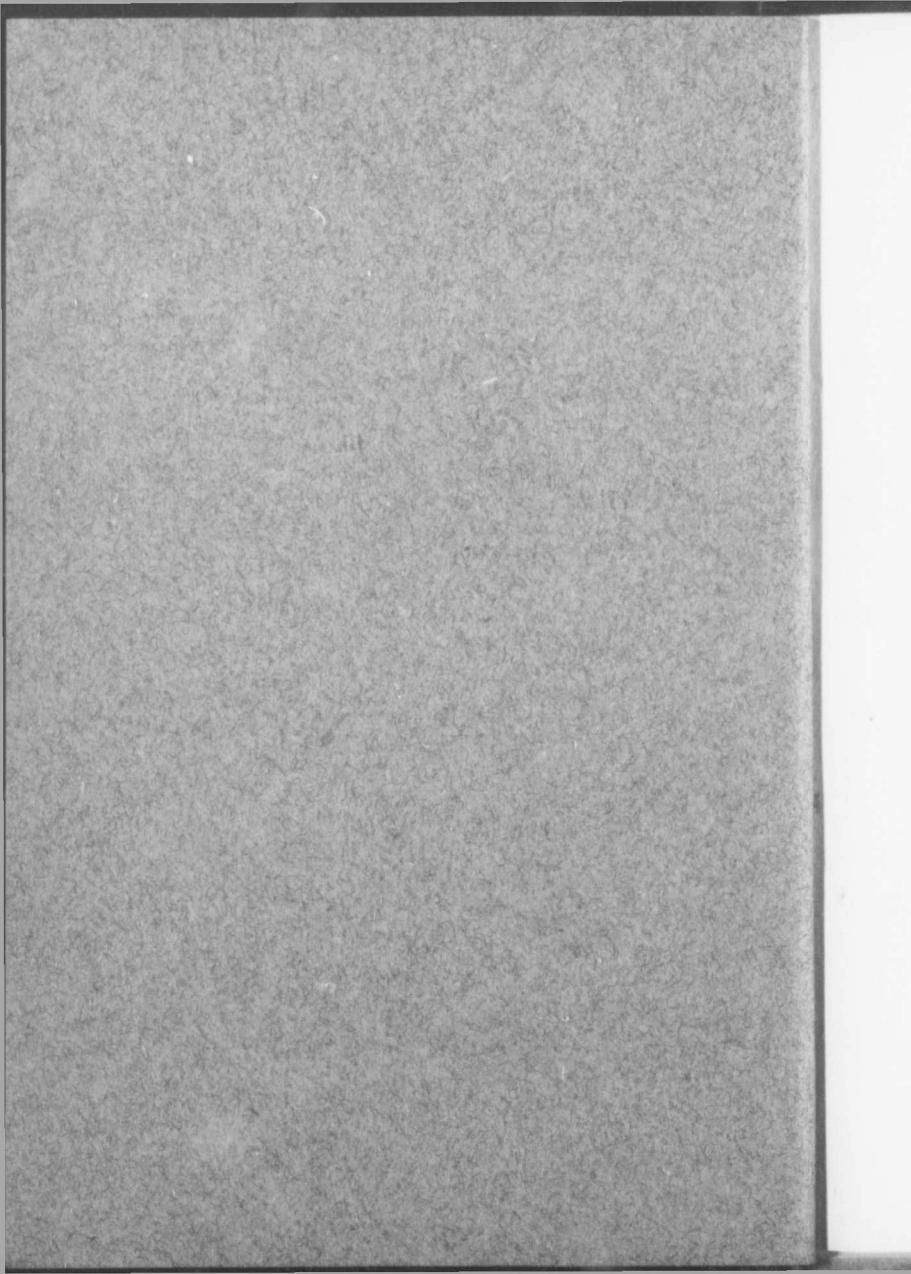
1891

OTHER FORMS

1891

1891

E. M. Colwell



R. M. C.



L. M. Cabell







THEY TURNED HER OUT
IN THE STREET
AND
OTHER POEMS

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

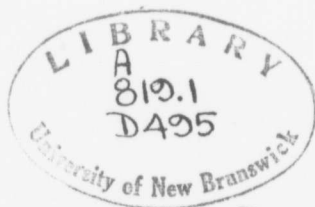
FRED. DEVINE

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R. M. Cobwell

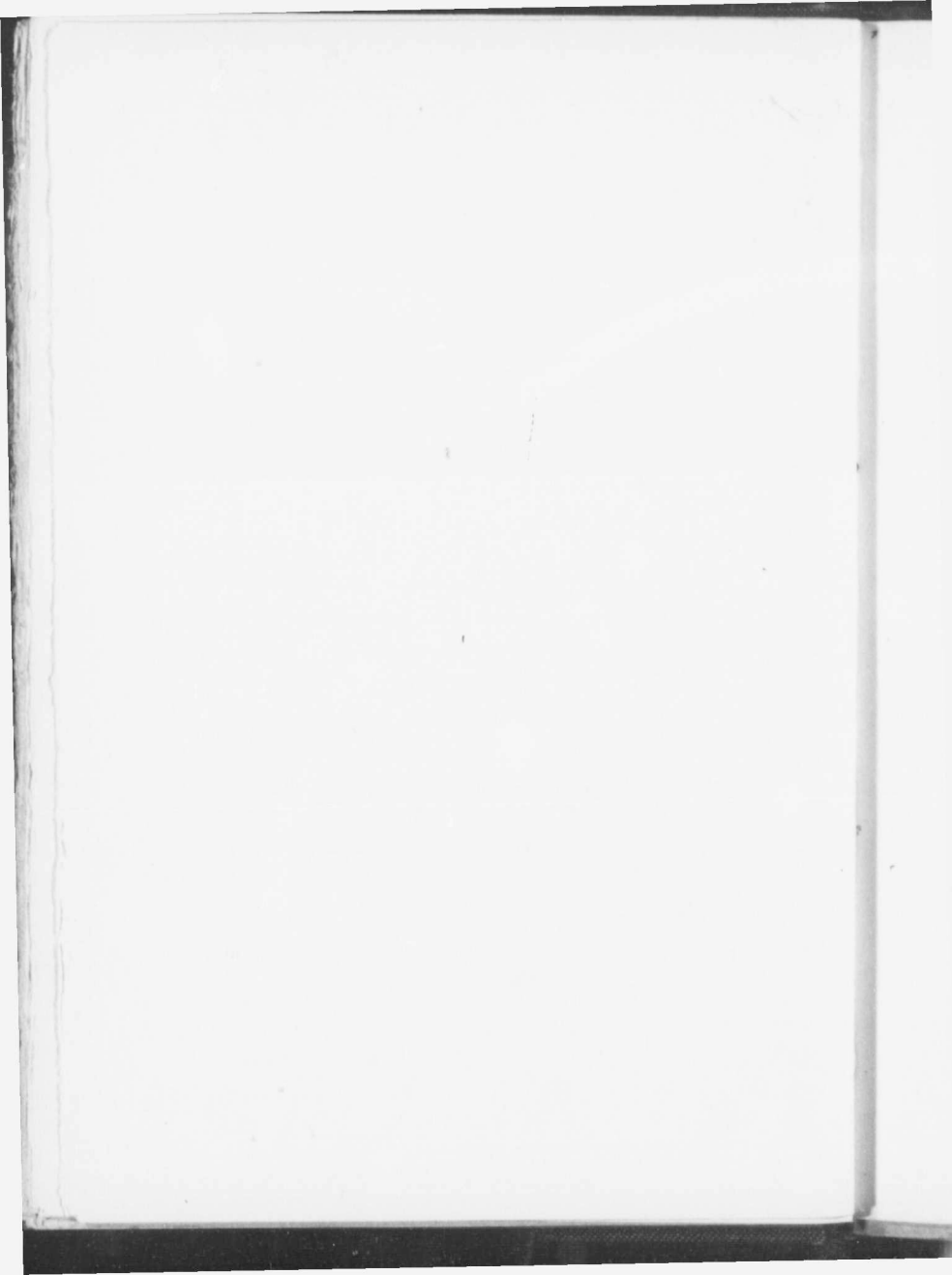
PRELUDE

I have gathered you, my children,
To your father's arms again,
And as I first begot you,
I wish you to remain.

Other hands have used you roughly,
Quizzing eyes your faults have seen ;
For a stranger soon discovers,
What a parent seeks to screen.

It is true your limbs are crooked,
And your feet lack equal length ;
But in breaking you to mend you,
They but robbed you of your strength.

So I've called you home, my children,
Dressed your broken limbs — with pain ;
And as I first begot you,
I wish you to remain.



While attending the Assizes at one of the northern circuits, in New Brunswick, the painful facts which suggested the following poem were brought to the knowledge of the author.

*THEY TURNED HER OUT IN THE STREET.

They turned her out in the street at night,
They turned her out in the street;
Her sorrow was heavy, her garments light,
They turned her out in the street!
In form a woman; in years a child,
Her weeping eyes were large and wild,
For her hopes were ruined, her love beguiled,
As they turned her out in the street.

Within the parlor was life and light,
As they turned her out in the street,
The cheerful fire was burning bright,
As they turned her out in the street,
She caught a glimpse of the daughters fair,
As they gathered around their mother's chair,
And all was warmth and comfort there,
As they turned her out in the street.

Without a friend; without a home;
They turned her out in the street,
Sick and helpless the town to roam,
They turned her out in the street.

**New England Magazine*, February, 1891; *The Review of Reviews*, March, 1891

THEY TURNED HER OUT IN THE STREET.

The pane was frozen, the mercury low,
Wildly drifted the wintry snow,
As they slammed the door and bade her go,
 And turned her out in the street.

The frost benumbed her shivering form,
 As they turned her out in the street;
And her sighs were drowned in the blinding storm,
 As they turned her out in the street.
She thought she heard the tempest cry,
"You deserve to die! You deserve to die!"
And sought a place in the snow to lie,
 As they turned her out in the street.

In a country cottage a mother prayed,
 As they turned her out in the street,—
Her spirit broken, her heart dismayed,
 As they turned her out in the street,—
That God would cherish her hope and pride,
Her only support (she had none beside)
And homeward to mother her steps would guide,
 As they turned her out in the street.

And her sighs and prayers were heard above,
 As they turned her out in the street,
By the Father of mercy and truth and love,
 As they turned her out in the street ;

THEY TURNED HER OUT IN THE STREET.

And she dreamed her child was free from care,
Robed in a garment white and rare,
And joined her again in the evening prayer,
As they turned her out in the street.

And the morning came, and the storm passed by,
Where they turned her out in the street;
And the sun shone out from a cloudless sky,
Where they turned her out in the street;
And a stranger driving along that way,
In his costly furs and his cosey sleigh,
Was sure he heard a spectre say,—
“They turned her out in the street.”

And peeping out from the drifted pile,
Where they turned her out in the street,
Was a woman's face with a heavenly smile,
Where they turned her out in the street;
A face so sad, a form so bare,
The cold snow matted in her hair,
And her prayerful eyes in a vacant stare,
Where they turned her out in the street.

And beside the mother and near the wall,
Where they turned her out in the street,
Wrapped in an old and tattered shawl,
Where they turned her out in the street,

THEY TURNED HER OUT IN THE STREET.

Like a spotless angel in disguise,
Was a little baby, a doll in size,
With its first tears frozen in its eyes,
 Where they turned her out in the street.

And the chimneys sighed and the steeples groaned
 " They turned her out in the street !"
And the breeze in solemn sadness moaned,—
 " They turned her out in the street !"
And the snowbirds warbled a doleful strain,
And sobbed o'er the helpless creatures slain,
And the hedges echoed the sad refrain,—
 " They turned her out in the street !"

THE WILD PRIMROSE.

Thou art as chaste as anything,
That nature from the earth can bring.
To purify the summer air,
And scatter fragrance, rich and rare.
Thou art a boon to busy bee,
A never tiring source of glee;
In thy sweet folds he can repose,
And sip thy honey, wild primrose.

When summer opens, fresh and sweet,
And birds and bees together meet;
Then thou dost bloom above the earth,
A blessing to thy place of birth!
Thy balmy and refreshing smell,
Perfumes the valley, hill and dell;
And nature gay, would dull appear,
Without thy presence and thy cheer.

The finest work that e'er was done,
By mortal man, beneath the sun,
Cannot compare with thee, sweet flow'r,
For thou'rt the work of Godly power.
Infinite wisdom, great and true,
Thy lustrous folds expose to view,
And well we know that thou must be,
A milestone to eternity.

THE SONG OF THE CLOCK.

I'm nothing but a common clock,
I check the moments, one by one,
Both day and night my pendulum,
I swing it as the time rolls on;
Although I'm often tired and sick,
I never wish to sleep or play,
My duty is to tick and tick,
And tick and tick the time away.
Sometimes my voice is low and sad,
And sometimes it is loud and gay,
As patiently I tick and tick,
And tick and tick the time away.
Tick—Tick—Tick—Tick
I never stop,
I never stay,
My duty is to tick and tick,
And tick and tick the time away.

I tell the truant boy at school,
"While in the sunshine, make the hay;"
He heedeth not that well-known rule,
He careth not for what I say,
But when at last, he wakes to find,
He has arrived at manhood's door,
With all his wasted youth behind,
And all his toilsome days before;

THE SONG OF THE CLOCK.

Then, vainly, stretching forth his arms,
He calls to me: "Oh, stay! Oh, stay!"
But still I tick and tick and tick,
And tick and tick the time away.
Tick—Tick—Tick—Tick
I never stop,
I never stay,
Just listen how I tick and tick,
And tick and tick the time away.

I have no past deeds to deplore,
I have no lost time to regret;
From man I differ on that score,
Because I go as I am set.
Each day I warn you, ev'ry one,
And beg of you to bear in mind,
That Father Time is striding on,
And never turns to look behind,
While thousands perish in an hour,
And empires totter in a day,
As patiently I tick and tick,
And tick and tick the time away.
Tick—Tick—Tick—Tick
I never stop,
I never stay,
My duty is to tick and tick,
And tick and tick the time away.

THE SONG OF THE CLOCK.

The gates are locked upon the past,
You cannot call back yesterday,
The tide of time is ebbing fast,
You have not very long to stay.
Then marshal all your noblest powers,
The thing of moment do, to-day!
Waste not the present, fleeting hours,
But listen to my voice, I pray.
Tick—Tick—Tick—Tick
I never stop,
I never stay,
My duty is to tick and tick,
And tick and tick the time away.

Ye caterers to vice and wrong,
Ye misers bending o'er your gold,
Ye hypocrites, with faces long,
Ye gadabouts, unkempt, and bold,
Ye frivolous, who never think,
Ye godless ones, who never pray,
Oh! listen how I tick and tick,
And tick and tick your lives away.
Tick—Tick—Tick—Tick
I never stop,
I never stay,
Just listen how I tick and tick,
And tick and tick your lives away.

A YEAR AGO.

A year ago, a year to-night,
How mem'ry brings it back again;
Then all was gladness, all was bright,
Now all is sorrow; all is pain.

He said his ship would sail at morn,
As we sat fondly by the sea,
My promise would his life adorn;
His heart remain behind with me.

His smile was sweet, his words were plain;
His love was shining in his eyes,
But I was young, and proud, and vain,
And sought my feelings to disguise.

And so I said I loved him not,
And harshly drew my hand away,
We parted on this lonely spot,
Alas! it seems but yesterday.

How little did I dream that then,
I looked my last on one so dear;
That in the future, ne'er again,
His accents cheering I should hear.

A YEAR AGO.

But, oh! too true, the dismal tale,
My earthly happiness to mar,
Conveyed on billow, foam and gale,
Was wafted o'er the seas afar.

How he, amid the stalwart crew,
By wreck abandoned to despair,
From duty's call ne'er flinched or drew,
But died the best and bravest there.

And now he sleeps serenely on,
Lull'd by the ocean's solemn roar,
While, bent with woe, I roam upon,
A dreary, bleak and barren shore.

EVENING

The setting sun is sinking fast,
The night is coming on;
A gloom all o'er the sky is cast,
Another day is gone,
The robin from the greenwood bough
Has flitted to its nest,
It sang its ev'ning song, and now,
It has retired to rest.

The night-hawk high up in the sky,
Receives the last sunbeams,
The hills and tree-tops, far and nigh,
Reflect its golden gleams;
The toads and frogs, in pools and bogs,
Proclaim the evening's close,
O'er yonder hill, the barking dogs,
Disturb the lambs' repose.

The meadow rings, the cricket sings,
The sun drops out of sight,
The breeze from field and forest brings,
The noises of the night.
The drowsy bat skims through the air,
The stars wink overhead,
The glowworm sparkles everywhere
Another day has fled.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF
QUEEN VICTORIA.

Dread news, a nation's sons appalling,
From north to south; from east to west;
Slowly a nation's tears are falling,
And mourning veils a nation's crest.

A royal home re-echoes sadness;
A gloomy stillness reigns around;
Where yesterday were mirth and gladness,
To-day are grief and sorrow found.

Slow and sad, in accents weary,
Toll the church bells o'er the land;
England lonesome is and dreary,
It has lost a fostering hand.

The world her character must own,
Unstained, exalted, without blame;
Unparalleled she graced her throne,
And left it with a spotless name.

But now she's gone to dwell above,
With Him who blessed her here below;
She's gone and ta'en a nation's love,
And left a nation's tears to flow.

JESSIE.

Chant, ye birds, your sweetest strain,
Jessie is coming down the lane!
Gliding with angelic grace,
Truth and honor in her face,
Queen of all the country side;
A father's pet, a mother's pride,
Pure and sweet; without a stain,
Jessie is coming down the lane!

Cease my heart; thy beats are vain,
Jessie is coming down the lane;
Scattering happy thoughts and gay,
All along the dreary way;
Wondrous eyes, in calm repose,
Lips outrivalling the rose;
Cupid lurking in her train,
Jessie is coming down the lane!

Like a sunbeam in the rain,
Jessie is coming down the lane!
Hurrying on where hearts are sad,
With dainty gifts to make them glad.
To dry the tear and hush the sigh,
And point the sufferer to the sky,
Chant, ye birds, your sweetest strain,
Jessie is coming down the lane!

THE MISER.

He is a man to be forsaken,
Whose thoughts cannot to pity waken,
Whose grip on gold cannot be shaken,
The miser.

Whose look a physic is — and worse,
Whose hand is clinched upon his purse,
To poverty he adds a curse,
The miser.

To spend a cent he can't endure,
To help the hardship-stricken poor,
'Twould lessen his much guarded store,
The miser.

Gold is his God; his only prize,
For gold he lives; for gold he dies,
And nobody pities, and nobody cries,
The miser.

Despise him, feeling people all,
Let mis'ry be his funeral pall,
And meanness burthen and enthrall,
The miser.

And when he's covered in the clay,
The worms will eat his heart away,
And glut on penury's decay,
The miser.

R. M. Caldwell

LET US KISS AND CALL IT EVEN.

Let us kiss and call it even,
End this dreariness and pain,
Long enough we both have striven
'Gainst our sentiments, in vain.
I have sought the past to smother,
And its memories to remove,
You have trifled with another,
You can never, never love;
And my life is sad and lonely,
And your face is full of care;
We have loved each other only,
Do not drive me to despair.

Let us kiss and call it even,
And renew the blessed hours,
When we thought the earth a heaven,
With its sunshine and its flowers;
As 'mid the apple trees we played,
Or field and road forsook,
And thro' the twining alders strayed
Along the neighboring brook;
Or sat beneath the lilies rare,
That decked the garden wall,
And fashioned castles in the air,
That never were to fall.

LET US KISS AND CALL IT EVEN.

Let us kiss and call it even,
 Fling deception to the winds,
Your mistakes are all forgiven,
 Overlook my many sins;
And when jealous foes are sleeping,
 And the slanderer's tongue is still,
And the silver moon is peeping,
 Thro' the elm trees by the mill,
Where the brook adjoins the river,
 On the beauteous pebbly shore,
Let us pledge our love forever,
 Vow to quarrel nevermore.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

What does it mean, in this planet of ours,
With its mountains of snow, and its gardens of
flowers,

Its churches and palaces, colleges, schools,
Its Biblical training, its ethics and rules;
What does it mean that the purest in mind,
Who can look with compassion on all humankind,
The man with a heart that can feel for the poor,
Who sendeth no beggar away from his door;
Is the one, very often, who's pressed to the wall,
And upon whom misfortune descends like a pall?
To answer the question, look under the screen,
Oh! what does it mean? Oh! what does it mean?

What does it mean that the libertine thrives,
Thro' disease and misfortune, and always
survives;

To hardships a stranger, he gluts in his den,
Completing his three score years and ten;
While the helpless and fatherless, left in despair,
Are often surrounded and caught in the snare;
Their characters blackened, their ruin complete,
They live in the slums, and they die on the street;
While the world moves along in its usual way,
And our preachers they preach, and our people
they pray,

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

And the sun in his splendour illumines the scene,
Oh! what does it mean? Oh! what does it mean?

What does it mean that the kernel of grain,
Possesses a secret that none can explain,
Which makes it to grow, and yield of its kind,
Abundance of food for the wants of mankind?
What does it mean, this mysterious life,
With its toils and its worries; its labors and
 strife?

How does it come and where does it go,
And what's its location; does any one know?
What does it mean when it's taken away,
And our bodies surrendered to death and decay,
That we never return, and are never more seen,
Oh! what does it mean? Oh! what does it mean?

RIPPLE, RIPPLE, LITTLE BROOK.

Ripple, ripple, little brook,
Ever and anon,
In and out each shady nook,
Thy grav'ly banks upon.

Thro' the yellow lily beds,
Onward to the glen,
Where water cresses raise their heads,
And drop them in again.

Ripple 'mong the waving reeds,
And tender lichens green,
Sparkle 'mid the flowery meads,
That crimson berries screen.

Babble out, by pleasant fells,
And verdant fields along,
Where sloping hills and shady dells,
Repeat thy rippling song.

Onward by a ruined wall,
A garden gate before,
And o'er a tiny waterfall,
In crystal grandeur pour.

RIPPLE, RIPPLE, LITTLE BROOK.

Shout to a lattice ivy hung,
Sing to a face most fair,
In rippings of thy silver tongue.
A mournful message bear.

And, if a stranger should be near,
Peep thro' the broken pane,
And chant it lowly in her ear,
And ripple back again.

Tell her, gentle little brook,
My pleasures all are flown,
No more for happiness I look,
But wander on alone.

And sadly view the hidden path,
Where oft, in infancy,
We watched the robins take their bath,
Beneath yon spreading tree.

When all was bright, and fresh and fair,
And happiness and bliss,
And I gathered roses for her hair,
As forfeits for a kiss.

And the shattered stile, where oft we stood,
And vowed to never part,
Where she promised all a woman could,
A life, a hand, a heart.

RIPPLE, RIPPLE, LITTLE BROOK.

Adieu! and still it is not night,
The farmer's at the plow,
Yet something hides thee from my sight,
I cannot see thee now.

But ripple, ripple, dash along,
Thy sunlit pebbles o'er,
And thro' the pane thy babbling song,
Into her chamber pour.

And sing a solo, soft and low,
Of love that lives in vain,
A ruined life and broken vow,
And ripple back again.

THE JOLLY "PORTASHER."

There is a jolly "portasher,"
Manly, alert and strong,
Who strives to do what he thinks right,
To curb what he thinks wrong.

His brain is big; his vision clear;
His belly round and full;
He owns an island where he lives,
They call him Johnny Bull.

Enraptured with his island farm,
In youth he toiled and grew;
And many a lad he had to beat,
Before his strength they knew.

His neighbors all line fences had,
Each owned his piece of land;
He knew he could not cut on them,
And yet he must expand.

So forth upon the seas he went;
He sailed from zone to zone,
And any unfenced land he found,
He took it for his own.

THE JOLLY "PORTASHER."

He explor'd regions wrapped in snow,
Where herbage never grew;
No place on earth too difficult,
For John to "portash" through.

Himself he cut the mangroves down,
Cool, confident and grim;
He swept all en'mies from his path,
No danger ruffled him.

His busy axe rang loud and clear,
The chips like rockets flew,
As fearlessly he cut his way,
The stubborn forest through

And when a land he had subdued,
And its allegiance won,
To govern and develop it,
He left it with a son.

And when the older warriors sought,
To compass his downfall,
He promptly met and challenged them,
And beat them, one and all.

Till, after dire experiences,
Ere long all others knew,
That none might trespass on the land,
That John had "portashed" through.

THE JOLLY "PORTASHER."

Wherever he annexes land,
There fare his subjects well,
He seeks their welfare to promote,
As history's page will tell.

Protected by his powerful arm,
Peace and content they find,
But, when they disobey his laws,
He whips them till they mind.

Some sons he has with mighty farms,
In whom he takes great pride;
For, well he knows, in times of need,
They'll march forth at his side.

And now, when home, he takes his ease,
He, from his chair, can see,
In every quarter of the globe,
His fruits of victory.

His massive hands he rests upon
His belly, round and full;
He still retains whate'er he won,
God bless you, Johnny Bull!

BURNS

Famed Burns! but to review thy lays,
Majestic and sublime; eternal praise,
Not undeserved, bestows on fame
So great, and while thy name,
Hence, many ages, shall be new
To lit'rature and lore, methinks but few
Shall take as high a stand
'Mong Scotland's honored sons. Thy grand
Heart-thrilling lyrics ne'er shall fade,
Nor pass away, until the shade
Of earth's destruction, o'er the land
And sea, shall spread its magic wand,
And change to space this universe, but until then,
"Rab Burns" shall be a famous name to men.

THE FRENZIED MOTHER.

Oh! where's my baby, my life, my joy?
Oh! what has happened my baby boy?
But a moment ago, I left him here;
Oh! where's my turtle dove? Where's my dear?
I kissed his chubby and dimpled cheek,
And the peach-drop lips, too young to speak,
He looked up into my face and smiled!
Oh! where's my cherub? Oh! where's my child?
He is not on the stairs; he is not in the hall;
He is not — not — anywhere, at all!
I just but stepped out to the lawn,
And now my precious — he's gone! he's gone!
My head is swimming! I cannot see!
Oh! where can ever my baby be?
A ravenous wolf? A vicious bear?
Hush! Hark! What's that? Well, I declare;
Why, here he is! I quite forgot;
Tucked safe away, in his little cot.

BECAUSE.

Why do I love her and long to woo?
I love her because her eyes are blue!
Because her lips are a luscious red,
And a wealth of auburn crowns her head;
Because her form is erect and grand,
As she moves like a princess through the land;
Because her teeth are a pearly hue,
And because her beautiful eyes are blue!

Why do I love her? You'd love her too!
Because her beautiful eyes are blue;
Because she has talents that few possess,
Is plain in manner, and neat in dress;
Because to the poor she is good and kind,
Her sympathies boundless, her speech refined;
Because she is noble! and pure! and true!
And because her beautiful eyes are blue!

AGE.

With flowers the fields are now abounding,
The small birds hop from tree to tree,
Again the forest bowers are sounding,
With peals of merry minstrelsy.

Once more I see the verdure springing,
The ivy grasp my window-sill;
Once more I hear the robin singing,
And the cow-bell tinkle o'er the hill.

The lambs upon the green banks lying;
The gray bird chirping in the wood;
The evening breeze in the orchard sighing;
Recall the days of babyhood.

But quickly fled youth's happy dream,
Then active manhood swiftly passed,
And now old age life's ending gleam,
Has white as snow my ringlets cast.

And as I stagger down the hill,
To the grave so still and damp and cold,
Thoughts of my youth my bosom fill,
And tell me I am very old.

AGE.

Yes, age recalls gay pleasures sweet,
And childishness does youth renew,
Then death arrives our souls to greet,
And we must bid the world adieu.

Again will bloom the roses gay,
The birds' sweet carols echo round,
This poor old form will then be clay
And mingled with the churchyard ground.

But up above there is a home,
Sublime and grand and free from care,
Where pilgrims rest, no more to roam,
Oh! how I hope to enter there.

WHENEVER THOU ART NEAR.

Your face is not a pretty one,
Your eyes are only gray,
Your little hands are rough and brown,
You toil from day to day;
Your life is but an uphill fight,
With nothing much to cheer,
But, oh! my heart, it gives a bound,
Whenever thou art near.

Upon that first bright morn we met,
As in the church you stood;
I watched you while the parson prayed,
You bent, in solemn mood;
And somehow, as I caught your glance,
I felt so strange and queer,
And, now my heart it gives a bound,
Whenever thou art near.

Before we met, I did not know,
And could not understand,
That pow'r that makes me tremble so,
When now I clasp your hand;
I never thought a woman's face,
To me could be so dear,
That quick, my heart would give a bound,
Whenever she was near.

HEALTH.

You need not classic poetry,
Your honor to defend;
You could not be an enemy,
And fondle like a friend.
You're just your precious, honest self;
You're gentle and sincere;
And, oh! my heart, it gives a bound,
Whenever thou art near.

HEALTH.

The weak are subject to decay,
Like flowers that bloom before their day
And, in like manner, fade and fall,
Before the season's warning call.
For Health is but a gift of love,
Descending on us, from above;
A sacred dower, a blessing great.
Its worth we cannot estimate.

GIVE.

A sure cure for those who experience ennui,
Is spelled with these four letters: G-I-V-E.
O friend! if a beautiful life you would live,
Then open your heart and your purse-strings
and Give!

Give of thy heritage; give of thy land,
Give! It will help thee to feel and expand.
Give, that the pangs of the hungry may cease;
Give to help scatter the doctrine of peace.
Give for the morrow, as well as to-day,
For those who must follow and tread the rough
way.

Give of thy time and thy strength and thy skill;
Give with thy heart and thy soul and thy will!
Give, that sweet virtue may flourish abroad;
Give, for thy country, thy home and thy God!
Give! and when death comes and fastens thine
eyes,

Thou shalt have a great tombstone that mounts
to the skies!

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

Two little hands in a fisherman's boat,
A-tossing the fishes about;
Two little screeches from one little throat,
Two ruby lips in a pout.

Two dreamy eyes, gazing up into mine;
"You're looking for papa? Oh, dear!
He's gone o'er the hill, to see after the kine,
In a moment or two he'll be here."

"I want not your papa, but since yesterday,
Have been roaming in yon forest wild;
The road to the village please tell me, I pray,
I am hungry and weary, my child."

"'Tis right up the river, and near to our home,
And papa will take you along,
And you can have supper with us, if you come,
And mamma may sing you a song."

I went to the cottage and shared in the meal,
So neatly and cleanly prepared,
Nor anxious nor willing to go did I feel,
My affections were fully ensnared.

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

Her father was friendly, her mother was kind,
Their language most simple and pure;
But few of the mansions, among the refined,
Could rival that home of the poor.

And many sweet hours round the beautiful place,
I spent, in a dreamland of Heaven;
Enchained by the smile of a winning face,
As ever to mortal was given.

And one night on the river, the bright stars
above,
And the rippling waters aflame,
I asked and received the sweet promise of love,
That I prized more than riches or fame.

But happiness vanished; the following day,
To the field I was ordered to go;
For I was a soldier, and glad to obey,
When my country encountered a foe.

And as sadly I kissed her and bade her good-bye,
On the old rustic seat, by the door;
She sobbingly whispered, "I cannot tell why,
But I feel I shall see you no more."

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

And that night in my dreams, as her vision arose,
A dark cloud came sliding between;
And whene'er I attempted her form to enclose,
I was stopped by a hideous screen.

Then I heard, in my slumber, a terrible noise,
And awoke, in confusion and dread,
For a cyclone had burst from the turbulent
skies,
Destruction and ruin to spread.

Oh! loud were the wailings on every hand,
As the sunlight foreshadowed the day,
For the messenger Death had swept over the
land,
And borne many loved ones away.

And down by the beach, where, for shelter she
fled,
On the boulders so cruel and bare;
I found my own darling, disfigured and dead,
Her gentle hands folded in prayer.

And they made her a grave near an evergreen
shade,
In a nook where the buttercups bloom;
And I came from the battle, with honor arrayed,
Alas! but to visit a tomb.

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

And for years I have tended the grave on the
hill,

And often, at evening's close,
I gather wild flowers, the vases to fill,
And sometimes fall into a doze.

And fancy my spirit away in the skies,
On heavenly waters afloat;
With the two little hands and the two dreamy
eyes,
And the two ruby lips in the boat.

LOVE IS CONSTANT.

Love is constant in the morning,
Love is constant in the night:
Love is constant in the ev'ning,
When the stars are shining bright.
Love is constant in the cottage,
Poor and humble tho' it be;
Love is constant in the palace,
With its feasts and revelry.
It will battle for thy honor,
Like a hero in the field;
And on those who would traduce thee,
It will turn an iron shield.
Thro' the paths of pain and sorrow,
It will follow all the way;
And tho' other friendships leave thee,
It will never, never stray.
Love is constant in the morning,
Love is constant in the night;
Love is constant in the ev'ning,
When the stars are shining bright.

THE WONDERING ATOMS.

I.

The atoms got wondering what to do,
As about in limitless space they flew;
And they found a plane in the nether air;
And they built a planet and placed it there.
But, again, as back into space they flew,
They still kept wondering what to do.

II.

The atoms kept wondering what to do,
When the beautiful world was fresh and new;
Then they created both beast and bird,
And the glorious planet with life was stirred;
But, on and on, as the aeons flew,
The atoms kept wondering what to do.

III.

The atoms were wondering what to do,
And they thought, "We will start our work anew,
And make a being whose rule shall be
Obeyed by all creatures on land and sea!
With thoughts unlimited, boundless skill,
And a passion all great works to fulfill."
And they gathered ingredients, near and far,
From the depths of the earth to the farthest star!

THE WONDERING ATOMS.

From the first life sap of the tenderest plant,
To the gratings of hardest adamant!
Then they found a river with sands of gold,
And mixed their potions in its rich mold;
And, like sunshine, they scattered it everywhere,
Till it mixed with the clouds, and the sea, and
the air!

And the thunder broke with a deafening sound!
And huge bolts of lightning pierced the ground!
And the atoms joined in the thunder's roar,
Till the sky cleared off and the storm was o'er.
And a stately creature before them stood;
And the atoms saw that their work was good!
And in myriads round him they wildly ran,
And with glad hozannas proclaimed him Man!
And they summoned all creatures on land and
sea,

To welcome their master that was to be.
And they came on fin on foot and wing,
To greet and honor their future king!
And gathered in anxious myriads round,
And crouched in suppliance on the ground,
And he stood erect while the creatures bowed,
And the atoms of their great work were proud
And they said, "He is greater in form and mind,
Than all our other great works combined!"
And they placed a sceptre in his right hand,
And he strode forth boldly and took command,

THE WONDERING ATOMS.

With the gifts of a god, and the faults of a fool!
And the stubbornness of a balky mule!
Then again into space the atoms flew,
But they still kept wondering what to do.

IV.

The atoms were troubled and could not rest,
For they felt they had not attained their best;
And they strove together with might and main,
And gathered the elements back again.
And they said, "We will never rest until
We have made a more beautiful creature still!"
And they found a place for their last great plan,
Where the roses blossomed as tall as man,
And the brooklets rippled, and flowers bloomed
fair,
And the sun's warm kisses were everywhere,
With fine soft, mossy carpet spread,
Well fitted for angels' feet to tread,
Where sweet sounds floated from hill and dell,
Surpassing the ditties of Israfel!
Then they gathered a petal from every flower,
And threw on the rose trees, in one great shower,
And when the garden was hid from view,
Far again into space the atoms flew.
And they gathered rare elements near and far,
The hue of the shell and the glint of the star!

THE WONDERING ATOMS.

And unknown scents of the scarcest grades,
And the rainbow's changing and choicest shades;
And the rarest perfumes the heavens could yield,
And the sweetest odors from flower and field.
And a witch's charm, and a perfect gloss;
And a magic philter that killed all dross!
And again returned to their garden sweet,
And mixed their finds in a blend complete;
And upon the petal-strewn garden-bed
Their priceless treasures they proudly spread.
And they called on the Sun and bade him bring
To life, this precious but unseen thing!
And the lightning flashed and a bolt from the blue
Struck right where the atoms had pointed to!
And a creature stepped from the flowers between,
The fairest mortal that earth hath seen!
And the atoms saw that their work was done,
And they bowed in reverence, one by one.
And the birds of the air and the fish of the sea,
All joined in one glorious symphony!
And the atoms spread their wings on high,
And in a pæan that rent the sky,
"A woman! A woman!" the atoms cried,
And they went away and were satisfied.

THE MOVER.

I.

This house in which I have lived so long,
Is tottering to decay;
The shutters are crooning a weird death song,
And I must move away;
The ceiling is falling; I have no fire;
The floors are clammy and cold;
The basement and cellar are filled with mire,
And the beams can no longer hold.
The wind and the rain through the cracked
chimney
Like fiends make a weird carouse;
So, I'm going to move to a strange country,
To live in another house.

II.

Of the countless houses I've left before,
I remember but this one.
For once I crossed its threshold o'er,
All mem'ry of them was gone.
And this old dwelling I leave to-day,
Will share the fate of them all.
All mem'ry of it will pass away,
When I enter my next new hall.
The thought of what I there may be,
All my youth's lost hopes arouse,
For I'm going to move to my next country,
To live in my other house.

THE MOVER.

III.

Of this strange world to which I go,
 Queer thoughts are haunting my mind;
My future fate I cannot know,
 Or what I there may find;
I am filled with expectations great,
 For some prescience urges me on;
I feel rare blessings me await
 When that shore I shall land upon.
Who knows, but what I may once more,
 My long lost love espouse,
When I have crossed to that unknown shore,
 And shall live in my other house?

IV.

Ecstatic visions beset my sight,
 And my feelings fill with joy;
The future holds ambitions bright,
 As when I was a boy.
Youth's innocence once more fills my heart;
 Fresh blood infuses my veins;
New pleasures cause me again to start;
 I forget life's sinful stains!
What boots it though my dwelling here,
 Be equipped for a king or a mouse,
When I have moved to my life's next sphere,
 To live in my other house?

P. M. C.

APHORISMS.

V.

This house which I shall leave to-day,
I did not choose at all,
And I'll gladly leave it and move away,
Just as soon as its walls shall fall.
It is true I have spent many pleasant years,
As its tenant, when it was new;
But also within it have shed bitter tears,
And I'm willing to bid it adieu.
So let the crumbling walls decay,
And the wind through their chinks carouse;
For when they fall I'll move away,
To live in my other house.

APHORISMS.

Truths are truths and lies are lies,
And they cannot be altered by any disguise.

The hardest thing on earth to do.
To write a poem that is new.

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

Where hissing shells burst in their flight,
The firing he outlined;
One eye flashed like an eagle's bright,
The other one was blind.

"My Lord, the Admiral's signal flies,
Up yonder in the breeze;
'Tis plainly focussed by all eyes,
It says the fire must cease."

Placing the glass to his blind eye,
In mock obediency,
"Both far and near I've scanned the sky;
I see it not!" said he.

A lull the other ships crept o'er,
But one fought bravely on,
And shot and shell and grape did pour,
The foeman's decks upon.

Confronting death, he knew not fear;
Both fore and aft was he;
He thrilled all with his magic cheer,
And matchless bravery!

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

Pealed forth the guns, with awful din,
The gunners reeled and fell;
As one dropped out, the next stepped in,
Quicker than tongue could tell!

Then ship by ship, the others came,
The "Elephant's" crew to aid;
For miles the ocean seemed aflame,
So glowed the cannonade!

The foeman's ships were seen to blaze;
The masts were seen to fall;
The en'my all seemed in a daze,
Nor knew what might befall.

Then Elsinore was filled with woe,
And "Nap's" career forecast,
As, one by one, each fighting foe,
Flung white flags from the mast!

And now our much beloved land,
Queen of the waves is she;
Because that premature command,
Brave Nelson would not see!

"CRAZY BILL."

Stranger, marvel not, I pray,
 Why I wander up and down
This lonely beach, at close of day,
 So far away from yonder town.

For years ago these rocks among,
 I won a fair and gentle bride,
And here at eve we sat and sung,
 And watched the ebbing of the tide.

A bright and witty child was ours,
 The image of my cherished wife,
She loved the bees, she loved the flowers,
 She was the sunshine of my life!

Her cherub face was wondrous fair;
 Her voice was like a silver bell;
And streams of yellow, waving hair,
 About her tiny shoulders fell.

And when I fished the mossy brook,
 Or mowed the grass upon the lea,
She brought her little picture book,
 And, singing, toddled after me.

"CRAZY BILL."

But on a morn, at break of day,
As was my custom oft before,
From wife and child I drove away,
And left them on this rugged shore.

And as I neared the shady lane,
My baby shouted loud and clear:
"When you shall come back again,
Papa, I will meet you here!"

Then all day long those accents sweet,
Like heavenly chants rang in my ear;
From shop to shop, from street to street:
"Papa, I will meet you here!"

And when my homeward way I turned;
My heart o'erflowing with good cheer,
Oh, Sir! how anxiously I yearned,
To clasp again my baby dear!

But when I reached the trysting place,
No childish prattle could I hear
Nor did an angel-baby face —
Search where I would — to me appear.

Then when I passed my neighbor's cot,
And farther homeward took my way,
Heart-smitten gazed I on the spot —
My little house in ashes lay!

"CRAZY BILL."

But when I asked for wife and child,
And learned that they had perished too;
Oh, Friend! Oh, God! It drove me wild!
And then it was my senses flew.

Then all the neighbors gathered round,
And sought my broken heart to cheer,
And yet I heard no other sound,
But "Papa, I will meet you here!"

And ever since, as years roll by,
Each night I roam about this hill,
And sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry;
The neighbors call me "Crazy Bill."

AARON LEE.

W'en the measles took the rest o' 'em,
An' I wos left alone,
Woth me father an' me mother,
On the farm at Barrenstone,
I wos somewhere nigh sixteen er so,
An' sassy as could be,
Fer the measles in 'em others,
Made 'em think the more o' me.
Then the fields wos full o' blossoms,
An' the woods wos full o' song
An' the brook wos full o' suckers,
Six an' seven inches long,
An' the only bit o' work
I ever done in all me life,
Wos to dig the stubbles from me feet,
At ev'nin' woth me knife.

But one day, as I wos restin'
Like I allus used to be,
Then me dad he come an' called me out,
From 'neath the apple tree;
An' he said unto me, "Aaron,
Now you've grew to be a man,
An' we both have wro't an' swetted,
Fer to help you all we can,

AARON LEE.

An' we've sot our heads together,
An' on this we both agree,
That you'd better sot a-thinkin' on
Wot yer a-goin' to be."
An' I said unto me father then,
That wot he said wos true,
An' I'd go an' sot a-thinkin' on,
Wot I wos goin' to do.

Then me ma she went an' bo't a book,
To teach me how to spell,
An' I hearn 'em often talkin'
How as I wos doin' well;
An' as how I'd build a larger house,
An' batten in the barn,
An' lift the mortgage off the place,
An' change the hull consarn.
An' as how within a few short years,
They knew that I would be,
A gin'ral in the army,
Or a gov'ment employee.

But w'en I got 'em out o' sight,
I pitched away the book;
Tucked me britches up an' petered,
Woth 'em suckers, in the brook;

AARON LEE.

An' as the months an' years rolled on,
I sot aroun' an' grew;
Just a-sort o' sot aroun' an' tho't,
Wot I wos goin' to do.
An' w'en father come to dinner,
I wos allus at the book
Sort o' lookin' blankly at the stuff,
An' thinkin' o' me hook.
Woth the backer twisted in me cheek,
I'd sort o' lie an' chew;
Sort o' lie an' chew, an' sort o' think
Wot I wos goin' to do.

But as the years went slowly past,
Dad sort o' weary grew,
An' 'gan to say I'd better do,
Wot I wos goin' to do.
Then he commenced to call me names,
An' look me o'er, as tho'
I wos some freak o' natur,'
In a pesky cattle show.
An' used to up an' say to ma,
As his bald head he scratched,
I had sot so long onto it,
Why in thunder wan't it hatched?
That so far as depth o' stomach went,
In that I didn't lack;

AARON LEE.

But it 'peared to him I didn't have
No gravel in me back.
An' as how it wos a pesky shame,
Wos objus to his mind,
That he had to mix manoor an' mud,
Till he was color-blind;
While a son woth woskers on his face,
Could wear his britches thro'
Just a-sottin' 'roun' an' thinkin' on
Wot he wos goin' to do.
An' as how as sick he grew each day,
O' hearn ma talk o' me,
Bein' a gin'ral in the army,
Or a gov'ment employee.
But at last he took the blues one day,
An' went to bed an' died.
An' 'bout another month poor ma,
Wos restin' at his side
Then all alone, from day to day,
I sot aroun' an' grew,
Sort o' sot aroun' an' sort o' tho't,
Wot I wos goin' to do.

Then the neighbors kept a-talkin'
O' a woman that they knew,
An' they told me o' her cookin',
An' the labor she could do.

AARON LEE.

An' at last they fetched her to me,
An' we talked it up a while,
An' she gloated on me featers,
An' I sort o' liked her style.
An' I took her to the parson,
An' he stanchioned us fer life,
An' I loved her nigh as much as tho'
She hadn't been me wife;
An' as she labored on the farm,
An' done the house work too,
I would tell her patronizin' like,
Wot I was goin' to do.
An' as how I'd make a parachute,
An' travel thro' the air,
An' start a sort o' wonder,
That would cause the world to stare,
An' as how in futur' centeries,
Her picter' it would be,
Pointed to as "Faithful Sarey Ann,
The wife o' Aaron Lee."

But the third year we was married,
She just went an' sot aroun',
An' the farm produs got smouldered,
An' the weeds clogged up the groun'.
An' I went an' up an' told her
That she certingly must know,

AARON LEE.

If the seeds was not sot in the groun',
The produs wouldn't grow.
An' she answered me quite sassy;
She could sot, an' I could sot,
An' we'd see who'd sot the longest,
On the nurtur' o' the tho't.
Then she refused to tend the farm,
An' tired an' tir'der grew,
An' said she'd sot aroun' an' think,
Wot she was goin' to do.
Till, at last we fit an' parted,
Almost every second day,
An' she shunted to her father's house,
A couple farms away.

An' the last time that she shunted,
She was nigh to three days gone,
An' they found her drowned in the well,
Woth both her rubbers on.
An' w'en they hooked her out they foun'
A paper in her breast;
It was folded like a letter,
An' to me it wos addressed:
An' this wos wot wos on it,
W'en they held it up to view;
"Lazy sluggard, stop o' thinkin' on
Wot yer a-goin' to do."

AARON LEE.

An' now she's been a-lyin'
In her grave, this many a day,
An' I've seen me neighbors wither
An' me enemies decay.
An' I've foun' as how its seldom
That the microbes ever kill,
W'en the feet is restin' easy,
An' the hands is lyin' still.
An' so, serenely have I sot,
All thro' the pleasant years,
I have lost no time in worry,
I have shed no salty tears.
I've not dabbled in pilantropy,
Nor got up nothin' new,
But I've done a lot o' thinkin'
On wot I wos goin' to do.

