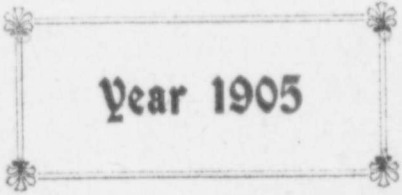


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Year 1905

by W. Eugenio Perry

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The Farin
Dauphin
Man

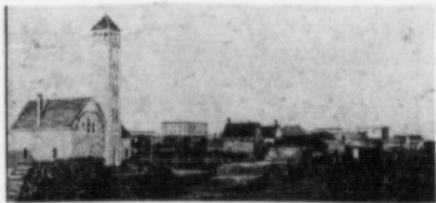
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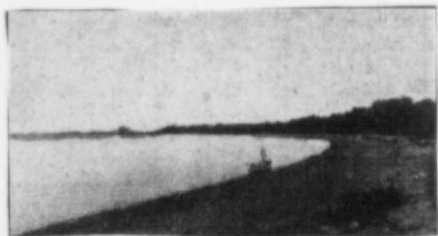
Main St. North



Dauphin Race Course



24032 *Old Fire Hall*



Lake Dauphin

The Katy-Did.

Along by the shore, where the breakers roar,
 (When the lake is rough and wild),
 In a tiny boat, we slowly float
 On a morning, calm and mild.

There is no one near, to see or hear ;
 But every now and then,
 A gull whirls by, with it's piercing cry,
 Whirls by, and is gone again,

The face of the man, with a healthy tan,
 Shines brown in the summer sun ;
 His eyes are clear, his gaze sincere
 As all may read, who run.

His merry smile, is free from guile,
 As his heart is free from care ;
 And dreamily he looks at me,
 As he whistles a careless air.

Then he speaks " what bliss, to drift like this
 On the lake so calm and clear.
 For a million years, or a billion
 years—"

And he gazes that gaze sincere.
 And the Katy-Did, slips on amid
 The rippling waves, serene ;
 Through the tall green reeds and the
 floating weeds,
 That dull the water's green.

Then o'er the swell, the dinner-bell
 Rings out, (alas, my conceit ;
 No mortal man, since time began,
 Could resist the call to eat).

He could float, could he, on the lake with me,
 For a million years or more ?
 His paddle dips—through the water
 slips ;
 The Katy-Did, headed for shore.

Lake Dauphin
July 1903

The Trapper's Story.

Howdy Miss Nan, what's yer hurry? I swar
 One 'ud think that you walked on a wager,
 Ahustling along that-a-way.
 What luck? Purty good; that's a fine feller thar.
 Mink is toler'ble dear, an that critter's
 Worth four-dollars-ten any day.

So the young folks hes taken to snow shoes agen,
 (Mind, ye'll ketch in that trap lest yer keeful.)
 Wal, I vow! How it do take me back;
 'Tis amost twenty years, though it don't seem
 like ten
 Since I snow-shoed for fun down the river;
 Twenty years—how time flies, fer a fact.

I declar! I'd hang roun' on the river fer hours,
 Jest in case she'd come by accidental.
 Say! She must a ben just 'bout your age.
 Brown eyes, too—and hair some like yourn, by the
 powers!
 She wuz purty; an sweet as a daisy;
 But land! How her old dad did rage.

A swell English Johnny, with none too much brains,
 But some cash, an in coorse he went farmin,
 But a lawyer got next to his style;
 Got him mixed up in land, an he got, fer his pains,
 Soire experience, more than than he pined fer—
 But the lawyer chap got his pile.

So he hadn't much left but his pride—thought his girl
 Heaps too good fer an ornery trapper,
 An threatened to pack her off home.
 But the lass vowed her Bill wuz as good as an earl;
 An she use ter slide out on her snow-shoes,
 While I waited roun' yere in the gloom.

An the Willers above on the banks drooped their
 heads,
 Jest like they do now, Miss, exactly ;
 An our speerits wuz mighty sublime ;
 (Say ! I reckon, I need'nt tell you all we said.)
 Then one day we sneaked off to the preacher's
 An got buckled up fer all time.

Wal ! She never regretted her bargain ; not her.
 Though her life wuz not easy, I reckon ;
 Poor lass, she's been dead these ten year—
 Too frail fer our cold northern winters, she wer,
 Hang it all ! How my sight do be failin ;
 Lor ! Now, Miss ; it sure weren't a tear.

Wal ! I do declar, Miss ! I hed almost fergot
 To tell ye, I seen a young feller
 Trackin' by, jest afore you kem down.
 Tall—dark—mebbe he's waitin' fer you,
 mebbe not.
 I'm off to my traps ; guess ye'll find him
 At the next bend, jest hangin' ar'orn'.

Nov. 1905



Kawenodeb.

Where the zephyrs murmur softly
Thro' the fragrant balsam trees,
Where the waves come drifting, drifting,
Till upon the shore they break,
Where the sunlight, glancing ardent
Thro' the boughs stirred by the breeze,
Casts dim shadows, shifting, shifting,
On the shores of Balsam Lake.

There a dusky Indian maiden,
(Kawenodeb), so they say,
Neath a balsam, spreading, spreading,
Sitting only half awake,
Hears the foot of white invaders ;
(Never heard before that day),
Down the portage treading, treading,
Towards the shores of Balsam Lake.

One light-hearted lad, among those
Traveling in Champlain's train,
Thro' the balsams singing, singing,
Causes echoes to awake ;
Echoes that soon find a haven
In one maiden's heart and brain,
Round her heart-strings, clinging, clinging,
As she skims o'er Balsam Lake.

Back along the ancient portage,
Back along the Indian trail,
Go the white men, careless, careless,
From the shores where whitecaps break.
And behind them sad and lonely,
Sits the maiden of this tale,
Sitting, weeping, cheerless, cheerless,
On the shores of Balsam Lake.

July 1901

Solitude.

Where the wind sighs through the poplars,
Through the Manitoba maples,
Sighs, and softly sighing, dies,
Where the wild duck, rising, startled,
From his home amid the marshes,
Rends the air with strident cries :

Where the billows, rolling, heaving,
Woo the shore from morn till evening,
(Never ceasing in their quest) ;
There, where peacefully Queen Nature
Holds her court, and wields the sceptre,
I would pitch my tent and rest.

For my heart, of towns, grows weary,
(Where, 'midst constant toil and worry,
" People, most do congregate ") ;
There, each, for himself, is living,
In a constant round of striving,
Malice, jealousy and hate.

Where the timid deer comes stealing,
Down to drink in calm of evening ;
And the loon's laugh thrills the air ;
I can dream my dreams, unhampered
By propriety's dull standard,
Free from folly, fashion, care.

Yet, I humbly beg—Oh ! Fortune—
One more boon, add to my portion,
That my life may be complete ;
Give me one loved friend—one only—
In whose ear to whisper, softly,
Whisper, " Solitude is sweet."

Sept 1905

Minitonas.

Twilight shades are falling, falling,
Softly grey, o'er hill and valley.
Round the little group of tepees,
Silence, grim and deep is brooding ;
Nothing on his realm intruding,
Save the sighs of whispering pine trees.
On the top of Minitonas
One lone whip-poor-will is calling.

Soon a maid comes creeping, creeping,
From the Chief's (her father's), tepee
Stealing from the village, ever
Moving upward from the hollow ;
Fleet, lest one should see and follow,
One who swore that never, never,
Should she wed the pale-face trapper,
For whose sake, this tryst, she's keeping.

Soon the summit, gaining, gaining,
Of the lone hill, Minitonas ;
Hill of ghosts, where none dare venture,
Save a love-sick maid, dissembling,
For her love, her fears, yet trembling,
Lest some sprite mar her adventure.
Naught she hears, save her heart's beating
And the pine trees, low complaining.

Down the trail comes riding, riding,
One, whose eyes are blue as sapphires ;
Jim, the trapper, fondly dreaming
Of a girl whose dusky tresses,
Oft' have felt his fond caresses ;
From whose dark eyes, lovelight gleaming,
Sweetly thrilled his very being
In his heart for aye, abiding.

Towards his heart comes flying, flying,

Even now a poisoned arrow,

'Long the forest pathways, gliding,

Skulks an Indian Brave, exulting,

Gliding onward, never halting,

While his victim, downward sliding,

From his saddle, sinks unconscious,

'Midst the violets, dying, dying.

Night has settled dark, appalling,

On the wierd, and ghostly hill top,

Home, a weeping maiden, stealing,

Deems him false, who, never, never,

While he lived had ceased to love her :

Even thus his sad fate sealing,

On the top of Minitonas,

One lone whip-poor-will is calling.

April 1902



The Woodland Way.

Have you heard of the man and the maiden fair ;
(She had hazel eyes and golden hair) ;

Who strolled, on the loveliest Autumn day,
Through the myriad turns of a woodland way,
When the trees, with the tints of the Autumn,
were gay,

And the month, was the month of September.

They were hunting for hazel-nuts, were they,
Down the myriad turns of the woodland way.

Old Sol, above, looked down, and smiled ;
For the man, with a lover's arts, beguiled
The time, as they passed down the pathway wild,

On that day, in the month of September.

Soon they came to the cosiest shady nook,
On the bank of the sparkling, noisy brook ;

A beautiful spot, I know you'll say,
If you find it, when wandering down, some day,
Through the myriad turns of the woodland way

Where they strolled, on that day in September.

The handiest log, the fates had brought,
To this most secluded, and rustic spot ;

And the trees hung down, in the coyest way ;
And the man, and the maiden, were glad that
they,

Had strolled, through the turns of the woodland
way,

On that day in the month of September.

But alas ! An intruder, that Autumn day,
Came down through the turns of the woodland way ;

(And he says, and we must believe him, I fear),
That all the hazel the man found there.

He found in the depths of her eyes so clear,
On that day, in the month of September.

And they say, that the man, and the maiden fair,
(She has hazel eyes and golden hair),

Go wandering down almost every day,
Through the myriad turns of the woodland way,
For it seems, now, to them, the trees always
look gay—

And the world—as in brilliant September.



'The Woodland Way'

240327



Vermilion St. North



Burrows' Block

Yours Sincerely
W. Eugene Perry
Dauphin
Man "