

Yours Truly  
Donald Watson

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
DONALD WATSON  
WITH MEMOIR

---

OVER TWENTY ENGRAVINGS

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DONALD WATSON

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THIS VOLUME IS  
DEDICATED  
TO MY BELOVED WIFE



MRS. DONALD WATSON

"Thus enshrin'd need I care, for earth's fiery strife,  
With Mary, my darling, my own loving wife."

## DONALD WATSON

---

The author, Donald Watson, was born in a house owned by his father in the beautiful town of Inverness, generally called the Capital of the North Highlands of Scotland. When he was seven years old his father and the family removed to Renfrew, on the River Clyde, about five or six miles from the city of Glasgow. Here he spent his youthful days, going to work at an early age. He also served his apprenticeship as a marine engineer, in the shipbuilding yard of Simons, Brown & Co. Shortly after his apprenticeship was finished he shipped on one of the Anchor Line steamers, and came to America, where he worked as a machinist for several years, receiving the highest wages then paid. Thus he was able to save enough money to go back to Renfrew, Scotland, where his father and mother still resided, and open a stationery and fancy goods store. Later he opened another store in Argyle Street, Glasgow.

In 1878 he married Miss Mary Parish of Oneonta, N. Y.

In 1889 he returned to America and again worked as a machinist. After living in New York and other places he came to the Watervliet Arsenal, where he has worked several years, residing in the City of Watervliet.

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## FAIRYLAND

As near the Isles of Greece we glide,  
Our vessel steaming by the tide,  
Methought a damsel by my side  
    Gave me her hand  
And said: "Come mortal, I'll thee guide  
    To Fairy Land."

I felt like moving through the air,  
By some strange pow'r I knew not where,  
'Till landed on an island rare,  
    So bright and grand  
That earth could never stand compare  
    With Fairy Land.

When landed on that mystic shore,  
I could do nothing but adore;  
Here quietness reigned, no tempests roar  
    Was near at hand,  
But all seemed peaceful to explore  
    Bright Fairy Land.

The grass looked charming, green and fine,  
The blooming flowers they seemed divine,  
Majestic trees in beauty line  
    The brilliant strand,  
And streamlets clear throughout did shine  
    In Fairy Land.

I strayed among sweet fragrant flowers  
That might well grace old Eden's bowers,  
And thought all nature's greatest powers  
    With lavish hand  
Had sent her gifts in richest showers  
    O'er Fairy Land.

With admiration and delight,  
I gazed on that transcendent sight,  
No earthly vision half so bright  
    I ere had scan'd  
As this unveiled to fancy's flight  
    In Fairy Land.

Hark! now a sweet melodious sound  
That seemed to issue from the ground  
In thrilling raptures most profound,  
    Did now expand  
O'er hill and dale and all around  
    Bright Fairy Land.

And hardly had it ceased to be,  
When all at once surrounded me  
In sportive joy or dancing glee,  
    A pretty band  
Of maidens lovely for to see  
    In Fairy Land.

I watched them as they formed a ring,  
And now again they sweetly sing  
As one unto their queen did bring  
    Her magic wand;  
She waved it and they hailed me King  
    Of Fairy Land.

A silken carpet some unrolled,  
Two divans set, of Eastern mold,  
And one a diadem of gold,  
    And brilliants grand  
Placed on my head and said, behold  
    Your Fairy Land

We honor the poetic art,  
Be brave, fear not, but do thy part,  
Your visit here will nerve your heart  
    And brace your hand,  
Such gifts our gracious Queen impart  
    In Fairy Land.

In state reclining at my ease,  
Some bring me produce from the trees,  
Delicious fruits of all degrees  
    Mine to command,  
Fruit that an epicure might please  
    In Fairy Land.

They brought me wine, I looked afraid,  
The Queen me eyed and smiling said,  
"Drink, mortal, this is different made  
    Than British brand,  
No alcohol doth evil spread  
    In Fairy Land.

We pledge and drink the nectar up,  
All sip the pure and cheering cup,  
Then merrily the maidens trip  
    Near to the strand,  
With song and dance they gayly skip  
    In Fairy Land.

Each face did great perfection show,  
Each bosom whiter than the snow,  
Half hid by locks that down did flow,  
    E'en passed the band  
Of gold that at their waists did glow  
    In Fairy Land.

I ne'er saw beauty shine so strong  
Nor never heard a sweeter song  
Then warbled from that happy throng,  
    As hand in hand  
Their joyful glee they did prolong  
    In Fairy Land.

And as enraptured still I gazed,  
I noticed that the Queen them praised,  
And bade them go as high she raised  
    Her magic wand;  
They vanish, and I felt amazed  
    In Fairy Land.

Then turning round the Queen did say:  
"Come mortal, come with me away  
To earth, for ere the coming day  
    Hath fairly dawned  
You must be far from where you stray  
    In Fairy Land."

"Fair lovely Queen," I made reply,  
"For earth I neither long nor sigh;  
For here all things do please the eve  
    From strand to strand:  
Here let me live or let me die  
    In Fairy Land.

"Then have your wish," she smiling said,  
"But you'll repent it, I'm afraid;  
Much better were your lowly bed  
    Than where you stand,  
For here be neither man nor maid  
    In Fairy Land."

"Do tell me then, most gracious queen,  
Where's all the maidens that I've seen  
Dancing so gaily o'er the green  
    'Till by your wand  
They vanished like a parting scene  
    From Fairy Land?"

"Ah, them and me, you think so fair,  
Are naught but phantoms of the air,  
Who never can with mortals share  
    Their love nor hand  
'Though them we sometimes steal from care  
    To Fairy Land."

But mighty Queen, your power is great, 's  
Do change me then from man's estate  
To share the fortunes and the fate  
    Of your bright band,  
If now you cannot be my mate  
    In Fairy Land."

"Ah, mortal, vain's your wild desire,  
My power, though great, can ne'er aspire  
'To what you ask, for one much higher  
    Has mankind planned;  
But fare thee well, I must retire  
    From Fairy Land."

I know a maiden whose sweet smiles  
Await you in the British Isles,  
If you depart, this ring 'gainst guiles  
    Take from my hand,  
And you'll soon be a thousand miles  
    From Fairy Land."

"But whither, sweet one, would you haste?"  
I said, and made to clasp her waist,  
But, ah, my hand but smote my breast,  
    And hand o'er hand  
I stood alone and much depressed  
    In Fairy Land.

Sweet fragrance filled the balmy air,  
Rich beauty sparkled everywhere,  
And diamonds pure, and stones most rare  
    Bestrewed the sand,  
But sad felt I and full of care  
    In Fairy Land.

Tho' clothed in Fancy's grandest mould,  
Tho' on my head a crown of gold,  
Yet pleasure they could not unfold,  
    Tho' rare and grand,  
For now I would for freedom sold  
    All Fairy Land.

And as I wandered all alone,  
Still wondering where they all had gone,  
I, on a height of precious stones,  
    The island scan'd  
For company, but there was none  
    In Fairy Land.

And now a melancholy gloom  
Which shadows forth an exile's doom  
Did seem to say, "Select your tomb  
    While yet you stand,  
Choose out the spot, there's plenty room  
    In Fairy Land."



But hark! a voice the echo swells,  
"Don, wake; it's just gone seven bells;"  
The voice was that of Steward Wells,  
    And his rough hand  
Brought me right back where mortals dwells  
    From Fairy Land.



MARY WATSON (SISTER MARY) AND JOHN ANDREWS

## SISTER MARY

*Air: Wacs' me for Prince Charlie.*

Companion of my childhood days,  
Tho' now we're severed fairly,  
I still do treasure up the time  
He wandered late and early,  
Down by the bright green Capolaunch,  
Or far as Kissock Ferry,  
A thousand thoughts of Inverness  
Cling 'round my Sister Mary.

Or when at Grandpa's at the North,  
We climbed the hills together,  
We wild flow'rs pull'd, we chased the bee,  
Or rov'd amidst the heather,  
We gathered shells nigh ocean waves.  
Or mid' the rocks we'd tarry.  
Oh! surely these were happy days  
I spent with Sister Mary.

But now the family's wide apart,  
Who once abode together.  
Australia claims our Katty dear,  
America your brother,  
Whilst you and our fair Annabelle,  
Do still in Scotland tarry.  
And there's where I do hope ere long  
To meet my Sister Mary.

Our Father and dear Mother gone,  
But yet we should not sorrow,  
For they're now in the realms of bliss  
Without a care to borrow.  
I trust like them their family may  
With grace their crosses carry;  
That we may all in Heaven meet,  
I pray, dear Sister Mary!

## MISS MARY WATSON TO HER DENTIST

*Who gave four teeth and charged for five.*

BY SISTER MARY, *Scotland.*

Of teeth, sir, I bargained for five,  
Now, tho' I'm not much of a scholar,  
By giving me four you contrive  
To swindle me out of a dollar.  
No doubt you will laugh in your sleeve,  
And think you've got something to joke at,  
But sir, on my word, I perceive—  
The best of the joke's in your pocket.  
And yet, sir, my thank's you deserve,  
As dentist you quite did your duty,  
For my looks you have help'd to preserve,  
Though I ne'er was much of a beauty.  
As for teeth I've lost, no lament  
Shall escape from my lips, oh, never.  
Since toothache, that horrid torment,  
Shall keep from the new ones, forever.

---

MARY WATSON TO WILLIAM MUNRO

BY SISTER MARY, *Scotland*, 1869.

Ah, cousin dear, my heart doth warm  
When thinking of the loving care  
You take to keep from want and harm,  
My aunty, and your sisters fair.  
And now that fortune calls you forth,  
Away in foreign lands to tarry,  
Still there is one to prize your worth,  
In your affectionate Cousin Mary.

## A NURSE TO HER FORMER CHARGE

BY SISTER MARY, *Scotland*, 1867.

Lizzie, dear, I'll now endeavor,  
To write the lines I promised thee,  
And I hope you're good and clever,  
As I know you used to be.

Lizzie, for me, take the baby.  
Give the darling kisses ten,  
For the same I'll owe you twenty,  
When I see you down again.

Of't I think of little Jessie,  
And the thought across me steals,  
'That I hear her merry prattle,  
As when trotting at my heels.

Tell to James, your little brother,  
Next time I come by the rail,  
I am surely going to bring him  
'That white horse, with the green tail.

Tell your Andrew to remember,  
That he bears his father's name,  
Tell him that should surely stir him  
For the highest place in fame.

William's fast approaching manhood,  
And I hope, as when a boy,  
Throughout life he will continue,  
Still to be his parent's joy.

Tell your mamma I've been hearing,  
Dr. Sommerweil up here,  
And I'm sure his congregation  
Ought him highly to revere.

Papa's surely's very busy,  
Since he to the counsel fell,  
Yet I'm sure he doth his duty,  
For he loves his family well.

Lizzie, it is close on Narday,  
That great day of sport and fun,  
Tell your mamma then I'll see her,  
And will taste her currant bun.

Bedtime now is fast approaching.  
Therefor I must say good-night,  
But the news from dear Old Renfrew  
Lizzie, be you sure to write.

## TO A SOLDIER LEAVING HOME

BY SISTER MARY, *Scotland.*

When Britain calls her sons to arm,  
She finds them loyal, true and brave,  
All ready at the first alarm,  
To meet the foe by land or wave.

Tho' mothers, sisters, maidens, weep,  
Yet through our tears we bid you go,  
Our honor and our fame to keep  
Untarnished from the assailing foe.

Now many thanks, my noble friend,  
For thy kind token of esteem.  
I'll pray for him that did it send,  
And will it aye a treasure deem.

## SONG OF THE SEAGULL

BY MARY WATSON, *Scotland.*

The seagull, the beautiful sea gull,  
Who skims o'er the ocean for miles.  
I gaze on their movements with wonder,  
As I sail in the "Lord of the Isles".

Our boat it has left Inveraray,  
To sail back again to the Kyles,  
These birds on their silvery pinions,  
Still follow, the "Lord of the Isles."

When sailing is past, for a season,  
'Till Summer, the Winter beguiles,  
The sea gulls sweep over the ocean,  
In search of the "Lord of the Isles."

How graceful, these rovers of ocean,  
Sweep down, for the crumbs 'mid our smiles.  
Their beauty awakes our devotion,  
As we watch from the Lord of the Isles.



## THE APPRENTICES' SUPPER AND LAST OF THE CHUMS' APPRENTICESHIP

*"From Arthur Emery."*

The five years of our hero's apprenticeship were fast coming to an end. Jem's time would be out in a few days, and Len's had only about another month to run.

The Chums had been as one during the five years, standing by each other at all time, and now the time was soon coming when they would be separated.

It was the almost universal custom of the shops, that when a young man finished his apprenticeship, he should go elsewhere to work before he received full journeyman's wages. But the Manager, who all along had taken a great interest in our hero, offered to make him the exception. Arthur knowing, however, that Len and Jem would not share in his good fortune, refused to stay, without giving his reason.

The rest of the apprentices, out of respect for the Chums, met and appointed a committee to arrange for a supper to be given at the principal hotel on the Friday night before Jem left; the Chums to be the guests, and the others paying half a crown apiece. This supper was one of the great events of the season; and our friend Jem put the particulars into rhyme at the request of the boys, who repeated it with great gusto in after years.

When the eventful evening arrived, two dozen young men, varying in age from fourteen to twenty-one, filed into the well lighted hotel parlors, and were soon seated around the table, which was laden with substantial fare.

The beaming faces of the boys, showed that they

anticipated having a glorious time. Not only was there to be an excellent supper, but there was arranged also a programme of songs, recitations, speeches and stories.

When the boys had found their places around the festive board, the chairman, Mr. Young, requested George Hislop to ask a blessing. And as Jem put it:

Now first and foremost in the place,  
Brave Georgie Hislop said the grace,  
Without a stammer or a budge,  
And quite as solemn as a judge.

But scarcely had the grace been said,  
When all laid seige, none seemed afraid,  
But charging boldly without fear,  
Soon made the supper disappear.

At the head of the table was a fowl, which a young man, who bore the sobriquet of "Garabalda", was dissecting and when he discovered the much coveted marriage bone, he passed it to McGilp, who it was said, intended to marry a pretty young lady at an early date.

Hislop was sitting on the opposite side of the table, facing McGilp and noticing what had been sent to him, at once challanged him to pull and see which would be successful in getting the larger portion.

McGilp at once arose to his feet, holding the wish bone firmly by the small finger of his right hand, Hislop, in turn arose and caught the other end in a like manner.

But here we will again take Jem's description:

Now for a moment calms the strife,  
The boys had raised with fork and knife,  
And all attentive view the tilt  
Between brave Hislop and McGilp.

I'll be empire for your good,  
Said Young, the chairman, as he stood,  
Be steady, level hold your hands,  
Don't pull till I give my commands.

A little higher so, just there,  
I think you now are balanced fair.  
Pull for your life, the umpire cries,  
And quick the bone asunder flies.

Hurrah, cried Hislop, victory's mine,  
McGilp, give up that girl of thine.  
But Hugh, now smarting from defeat,  
In silent mood resumes his seat.

This little incident was the theme of considerable joking, especially at McGilp's expense.

Although many of the boys ate heartily of the various dishes, they all seemed to enjoy the fine dessert, and the fruit especially was not neglected. After supper was over and the wreck cleared away, the boys returned to the table where the banquet was prepared. The chums and a number of their temperance friends were supplied with temperate drinks, although there was no restriction, each was allowed to order whatever he thought best.

The chairman had to assert his right to be heard in a pretty loud key, before he had perfect attention.

But here we will quote Jem :

Young's prompt command all talking stopp'd,  
A pin you'd heard it had it dropped,  
The chairman then his programme eyed,  
Next rubbed his head and then he sighed.

At length he found his voice and said,  
My speech is short, don't be afraid,  
Our varied programme's long, but bright,  
And will you surely all delight.

Now fill your glasses to the brim,  
Drink health to Arthur, Len and Jem,  
Each drink it in your favorite cheer,  
I'll drink their health in ginger beer.

And since the chums are all teetotal,  
They'll drink of lemonade a bottle;  
All ready, stand, drink without pause,  
They drink, then thunders of applause.

Arthur made answer for the Chums in a pretty little speech, in which he did not forget to bring forward many events of interest that had transpired during the five years of their apprenticeship. He then concluded his speech by again thanking them for their great kindness in thus showing the Chums, in what high esteem they were held, by their fellow apprentices. Arthur received an ovation at the conclusion of his speech.

A comic song was next sung with great effect, and Mr. Knox told a humorous story. Then followed a smart speech by Garabalda comparing the world to a cone. And as Jem put it:

Then he went on to speak of princes,  
Dukes and earls and other dunces.  
But when of famous engineers,  
The house resounded all with cheers.

So thus with songs and hearty cheer,  
Stories and recitations queer,  
The time flew by with rapid speed,  
But who was there to give it heed.

The supper was a great success, and it was well on to morning when the party broke up, singing Auld Lang Syne for a final.

On the following week the Chums met at Hope Cottage for the last time ere they left to better their fortunes, separating from each other to pursue their different journeys of life.

Mrs. Emery having invited Jem and Len to tea, she and her little daughter Rose did their best to make it pleasant for the boys. Len and Jem were far from home, and Mrs. Emery had been like a mother to them. As for Rose, or "Apple Blossom," she had ever been like a bright ray of sunshine on their path; and now that they had met for the last time, no wonder they felt rather sad as they reflected on what Hope Cottage had been to them.

The tea passed pleasantly, and although the Chums did not break into their usual hilarity, the conversation was animated and interesting.

Mrs. Emery and Rose retired early, leaving the boys to discuss their future prospects in life.

"I did not tell you," said Len, "that my uncle in England has invited me to go to Liverpool where he is head draughtsman in a large shipbuilding yard, and he thinks it will do me some good to serve one more year under his care and instruction in the drawing office; and as I fancy it will do a great deal of good; so I say, 'hurrah for merry England,' the moment my time is finished."

"As for me," said Jem, "a friend of mine well acquainted with Mr. Hardy, the foreman in McConnie's Engineering Shops on the south side of Glasgow, has told me that I can have a start there as soon as I like, and as they do a different class of work from what we are accustomed to, I think it will be well for me to accept the offer."

"Mr. Jones," said Arthur, "my dear old friend, has been speaking to one of the Hendersons to get me a place on board one of the Anchor Line steamers; I trust he will be successful, for I long for some adventure, and wish to cross the wide Atlantic to the land of the free."

Thus did the faithful companions of the last five years, unvail their hopes and anticipations to each other. It was late before they parted, and as they did so, they vowed eternal friendship; and made a resolution to meet at Hope Cottage if alive and well, May 15th, five years hence; and in the interim to keep each other posted of their whereabouts at home or abroad, on land or sea; Hope Cottage to be always the center of communication. And now, as the poet put it at parting,

"Ah, now dear Chums, we separate,  
For we must yield to Luck and Fate,  
But whether near or far we be,  
Our friendship shall outreach the sea."

And this is a true picture of what takes place on the banks of the Clyde; for at the end of the apprenticeship of marine engineers, one goes to India, another to China, a third to America, and so on, all over the world are found the off-shoots of the busy shops of the Clyde.

## LINES TO MARY S. PARISH

ACROSTIC. 1878.

Dear Mary, here our names entwine,  
May it betoken fonder ties,  
Oh, how I long to cail you mine—  
A cease from all those weary sighs.  
No other maiden, it can share,  
Right royally thou've won my heart,  
And surely 'ere you room could spare,  
You bid your own, to me depart.  
Long had I wander'd, far and near,  
Seeking a kindred spirit true.  
Despairing almost, now no fear,  
Peace comes, dear maid, by loving you.  
With youth's wild fancy, I admir'd  
An artful, heartless beauty fair,  
And what tho' wealth she hath acquir'd,  
Right poor I'd been her lot to share.  
The gaudy tinsel soon doth fade—  
I seek no fancy gilded toy.  
Such intellect as thine, fair maid,  
Surely to share is lasting joy.  
Our mutual trust naught can alloy,  
Happy through life's dark wearing strife,  
Near me, dear Mary, as my wife.



LILLIE C. PARISH  
Mrs. G. Goldsmith



## LILLIE PARISH

*On arriving in Scotland from America.*

## ACROSTIC.

Little wanderer, far from home,  
I wonder how you dared the ocean?  
Let me know what caus'd you roam,  
Love or some romantic notion?  
I know not that I should enquire,  
E're yet we're properly acquainted.

Perhaps I'd better not desire,  
Answers that might be lamented.  
Right or wrong, be sure of this—  
I will always fondly cherish,  
Sincere regard for you, dear miss,  
Happy, bright-eyed Lillie Parish.

## LINES TO MISS MARGARET McDONALD

*After looking over her pretty Scrap Album.*

RENFREW, SCOTLAND.

(Acrostic).

Maggie, as I viewed these pages,  
Aglow, with scraps, from friends and sages.  
Roguish Cupid, I see lurking,  
Good or ill, he's always working.  
Ay, quoth he, I'll aim. Take care you—  
Rascal, shouted I, how dare you?  
Enraged, he then let fly an arrow,  
Take that, he said, your heart I'll harrow.

Mad with pain I seized his quiver—  
Cry then Cupid did, and shiver!  
Do, oh save these points so jaggie,  
Or I can ne'er again face Maggie.  
Now, if you do, her heart I'll enter,  
And write your name upon the center,  
Let it be so, she's tender hearted—  
Do that, I said, and friends we parted.

## ACROSTIC

*Recited by Mrs. Jones at a meeting of the King's Daughters.*

Harrietta, our beloved President,  
A happy birthday greeting from all here.  
Right glad am I our Circle's now intent  
'Round you this day to rally and to cheer.  
In token of our love, a gift we bring,  
E'en tho' our gratitude it feebly tells—  
To one who's led the Daughters of the King,  
To love their leader thus the Circle owns,  
All from the eldest e'en to baby Jones.

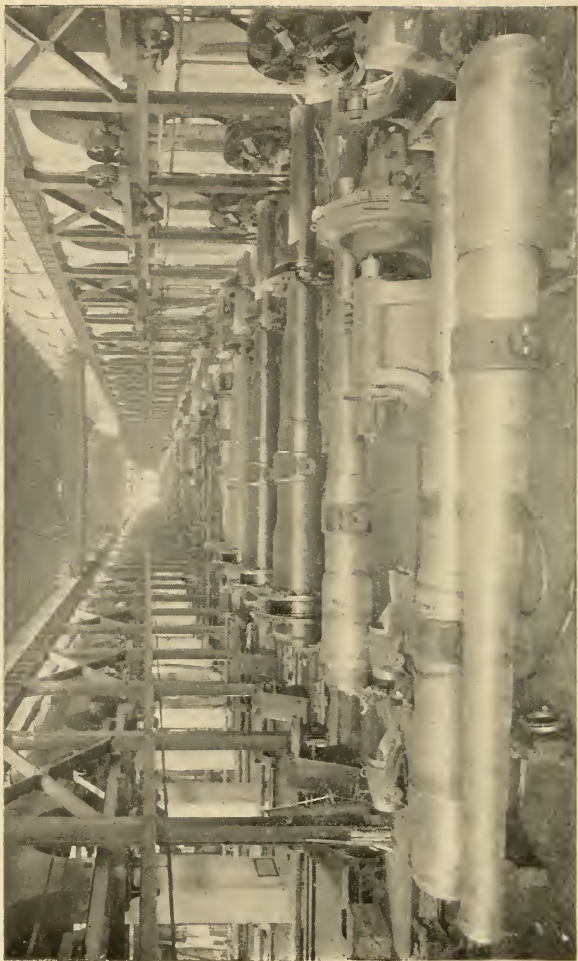
But we are also here to celebrate,  
United all our Circle's natal day.  
Cheerful and happy, are we now to mate,  
Honor'd events, that bring a joyful ray.  
As how we've help'd the poor with work or dime,  
No need for me to say who aid hath given,  
A faithful record's kept beyond all time,  
Nor shall we know until we meet in Heaven.

---

SARAH J. HORTON

ACROSTIC.

Snugly housed amid the hills,  
Away from city din and strife,  
'Round thee, music of the rill's  
Add a thousand charms to life,  
Happy, Sarah, should you be,  
Joined to such a paradise.  
Hearing Nature's melody,  
Or viewing flowers you greatly prize.  
Rich in beauty, yonder glen.  
There, where lovers fondly stray.  
Oh, may Heaven's blessings then,  
Never cease to thee, I pray.



COAST GUN SHOP

## WATERVLIET ARSENAL

## ACROSTIC.

War with its horrors we all do abhor,  
And trust Uncle Sam will see to our shore,  
That it be secure we surely desire,  
Equipping his guns all ready to fire.  
Right ready is he all danger to face,  
Vigilant care will insure us peace,  
Lookout, be ready, your power keep dry,  
Is still the watchward he wants to apply;  
Ever remember the forts and our sons,  
They would overwhelm a foe with such guns.

At Watervliet, our Arsenal stands,  
Renown'd for her guns, her fame still expands,  
Surely in comfort, we can take our ease,  
Ever possessing such cannon as these,  
Nowhere can finer be built on the land,  
Against any nation our ships they can stand,  
Let us still supply our forts and and our fleet.

Nor stop making guns at Watervliet,  
Ever we welcome to share of our store,  
Wrong'd and oppress'd that come to our shore,  
Young or the old, here in freedom can tell  
Of safety to all 'neath our banners that dwell.  
Remember these guns wherever you are,  
Know they are for peace and do prevent war.

## ACROSTIC TO MISS T—

1867.

My sweet one, I hope thou art merry,  
At these lines I write unto thee.  
'Round my heart I feel a great flurry,  
Yourself may the cause of it be.  
Thy bright eyes, hath sent me a-dreaming.  
How could I resist thy fair charms,  
Oh! Cupid, thee goddess, is seeming  
My future to hold in her arms.  
Soft whispers the breezes keep bringing  
Of one very dear unto me.  
No wonder then, tho' I keep singing,  
Day and night, fair lassie of thee,  
Of sweethearts, I'm sure you have many,  
Ne'er mind but this tribute receive.  
Altho' it may cost but a penny,  
Loves token, will seldom deceive.  
Don't think for a moment I'm joking,  
When you read these verses I send.  
Ah! bother, I've burn'd my good stocking—  
Titts! it, I am sure, you can mend.  
So now I will cease from my fretting.  
Oh, the time is fast rushing by,  
No more, but I'm heaving a sigh.

## FAST, FAST AWAY

Tune : Far, far away.

Spring, with the Summer and Autumn, had fled,

Fast, fast away, fast, fast away.

Time flies regardless of living or dead,

Fast, fast away, fast away.

Spring lends the country her mantle of green,

Summer adds beautiful flowers to the scene,

But they, with the Autumn, die ere they're seen,

Fast, fast away, fast away.

All mortals must die, for seal'd is our doom,

Fast, fast away, fast, fast away.

Each moment that flies but leads to the tomb,

Fast, fast away, fast away.

The time that is pass'd, no one can recall,

Where are the millions that liv'd since the fall?

They're gone to the dust for time taketh all,

Fast, fast away, fast away.

But those that are bless'd need fear not to die,

Fast, fast away, fast, fast away.

Angels will bear them to mansions on high,

Fast, fast away, fast away.

Where saints are all cloth'd in garments of white,

Where the sun never sets, for God is the light,

If Heaven's secur'd, oh, happy's the flight,

Fast, fast away, fast away.

## JESUS STILLS THE STORM

The ship had left Old Galilee,  
And Jesus sought repose.  
But hark! the tempest strikes the sea,  
And billows wild oppose,  
As near engulf'd by storm and tide,  
The lov'd ones are afraid,  
And clinging near the Master's side,  
Him wake and seek for aid.

## REFRAIN.

Save, oh save: or we perish, Lord,  
The storm is raging high.  
Save, oh save: or we perish, Lord,  
For death seems almost nigh.  
No aid, but thine, can save us Lord,  
From out this troubl'd sea.  
But Thou can save, oh save us, Lord,  
We humbly plead of Thee.

In majesty the Saviour stood,  
Rebuked the storm and wave,  
The aw'd disciples felt 'twas good,  
Their Master thus could save.  
No more they'd fear the tempest's rage,  
Nor dread the billows' roar,  
For Jesus' presence would assuage,  
Their fears on sea or shore.



## REFRAIN.

Praise, oh praise, to Thee, Holy Lord,  
Our ship is safe at shore.  
Praise, oh praise, to Thee, Holy Lord,  
We love Thee and adore.  
The winds and waves obey Thee, Lord.  
Now peaceful is the sea,  
From storm Thou hush'd to rest, dear Lord,  
The lake of Galilee.

## A MOTHER'S LULLABYE

Tune: Last May a brae wooer, &c.

Sleep gently my baby, and dinna ye fret,  
For mother is close here beside thee.  
To guard her, wee lammie, her own darling pet,  
And see that no harm can betide thee, betide thee,  
And see that no harm betide thee.

Oft' when you are sleeping I look up above,  
And as my wee darling I'm kissing,  
I pray from the heart that the Father of love,  
May send on my laddie, His blissing, His blissing,  
May send on my laddie, His blissing,

When watching your innocent gambols and play,  
They banish my cares, all together.  
And dearer art thou to my heart every day,  
For thou art the joy of thy mother, thy mother,  
For thou art the joy of thy mother.

Assist me ye ministering angels of love,  
To guard him that's come as a treasure.  
And may he be spar'd, that his manhood will prove,  
Unto his parents, a pleasure, a pleasure,  
Unto his parents, a pleasure.

## MARRIAGE HYMN

Behold the bride cometh, be glad, and rejoice,  
For soon will she wed, to the man of her choice.  
With grace she advances, in reverence to bow,  
While blossoms of orange, encircle her brow,  
While blossoms of orange, encircle her brow.

Flower girls, bestreweth the path of the bride,  
Her maidens of honor rejoice by her side.  
With music and voices our hymns we will raise,  
And pray our good Father, to accept our praise.  
And pray our good Father to accept our praise.

May heaven's rich blessings descend on you now,  
As each pledge the other in keeping the vow.  
May pleasure attend you, abroad or at home,  
Wherever life's journey may cause you to roam,  
Wherever life's journey may cause you to roam

## THE BAPTISM OF JESUS

On Jordan's brink the prophet stood,  
In rude attire of camel hair.  
Wild honey, and the locust food,  
For long had been his humble fare.  
Repent, and be baptized he cries.  
Prepare ye for your coming Lord,  
The unrepenting sinner dies,  
This is Jehovah's spoken word.

Someone approaches and behold,  
A change comes o'er the prophet's mood,  
Who like Elijah, brave and bold,  
Had warn'd the people to be good.  
But now with reverential bow,  
He ask'd the stranger him to bless.  
But Jesus said, "let it be so,  
"We must fulfill all righteousness."

The prophet's task is at an end,  
A vision flashes from above.  
The Holy Spirit doth descend,  
And broods o'er Jesus like a dove.  
With awe a heavenly voice is heard  
Saying "Thou art My beloved Son,  
In whom I am well pleas'd", and then  
Did Jesus Christ, the Holy One,  
Begin to preach, to fallen men.

## OUR FAMILY ALTAR

Around our family altar  
We worship Thee, dear Lord,  
And sing the songs of Zion,  
And read Thy Holy Word.  
We humbly ask forgiveness  
For that we have done wrong,  
As with hearts of thankfulness  
We raise our voice in song.

We pray that all our lov'd ones  
Thy counsels may obey.  
Them guard from strong temptation  
Where e'er their feet may stray.  
Oh may Thy gracious Spirit  
Our hearts with wisdom fill,  
That we may all with pleasure,  
Obey the Father's will.

Dear Lord, still send Thy blessings  
Our hearts and home to cheer,  
And come what will tomorrow  
Be thou still ever near.  
And when life's journey's ended,  
And all our wanderings o'er  
May we be all united,  
Upon the golden shore.

## JESUS AT BETHESDA

The feast brings to Jerusalem,  
A crowd to spend the holiday,  
And 'round about Bethesda's pool,  
Are objects that for pity pray.  
One man, impotent, who for years  
Had try'd to reach the healing pool—  
Is jostled rudely by the crowd,  
His turn ignor'd, he's called a fool.

But who is he, comes by the porch  
That walks with dignity and grace?  
See now beside the man he stands,  
With love and pity on his face.  
Would thou be whole? he asks the man.  
Yes, Master, many years I've tried,  
When the good angel stirr'd the pool,  
But I've been always push'd aside.  
No need of waiting angel now,  
It is the Saviour, that doth talk,  
And to the helpless man he said,  
"Arise! take up thy bed and walk."  
For eight and thirty years this man,  
Was bound as with a heavy load,  
But now releas'd, with joy he walks,  
And seeks the temple thanking God.

Our Saviour is as strong to day,  
To save the soul in sin that lies.  
Accept him, sinner, and you will—  
Receive a life that never dies.  
For tho', an outcast here below,  
Yet Jesus takes you by the hand.  
And leads you to the home above,  
Where Heaven is the Fatherland.

## TO MISS FANNY J. CROSBY

THE BLIND POETESS.

*Sent to her on her last visit to Troy.*

Sister, thy sweet song doth bring,  
Many comforts, hopes, and joys,  
Consecrated to our King.  
Bless'd art thou in his employ.  
What of earth is beautiful,  
Other eyes than thine can see,  
But for work done dutiful,  
Yours eternal gain shall be.

From thy store, a melody,  
Often brings repentant tears,  
That some troubl'd heart set free  
May have joy in coming years.  
I have heard a thousand sing,  
A rich chorus from thy lore,  
Teaching all to praise our King.  
With a love unknown before

Surely, if thine eyes are dim,  
God's good spirit hath made bright  
Thy dear soul, that trusts in Him;  
He will soon restore thy sight.  
Think how Jesus will thee crown,  
\* Many jewels you shall see.  
And your songs will bring renown,  
Even to eternity.

## I'M TRAVELING HOME

No longer I'll linger, but homeward will go.

I'm traveling home, I'm traveling home.

Away from temptation, and sorrow and woe,

I'm traveling home, I'm traveling home,

Mother and father will welcome me there,

With Jesus the glory of Heaven to share,

My precious Redeemer will free me from care,

I'm traveling home, I'm traveling home.

To dear ones already that hath gone before,

I'm traveling home, I'm traveling home.

I'm longing to meet them, on Heaven's bright shore,

I'm traveling home, I'm traveling home.

How happy united once more we will be,

No parting, no weeping, by the crystal sea.

By Jesus we're ransom'd, from sin we're set free.

I'm traveling home, I'm traveling home.

Oh, weary one, join me, we'll talk by the way.

I'm traveling home, I'm traveling home.

The spirit is praying, no longer delay.

I'm traveling home, I'm traveling home.

Oh, come where the river of life ever flows,

Be faithful and Jesus will ease all your woes,

For he all your trials and trouble well knows.

I'm traveling home, I'm traveling home,



## ENDEAVOR

Endeavor, is our watchword,  
Our banners are unfurled,  
With Jesus for our leader  
We'll triumph o'er the world.  
We'll rally 'round our Captain,  
Who hath salvation plan'd,  
And the cross of Calvary,  
We'll send to every land.

## CHORUS.

Endeavor now to right the wrong,  
Endeavor with a word or song,  
Our noble cause to help along,  
And faithful be forever.  
Then bravely forward let us go,  
To fight all evil here below,  
Until we conquer every foe,  
This be your life's endeavor.  
Christian, put your armor on,  
And gird you on the sword,  
For the Master calls to arms,  
Ye soldiers of the Lord.  
Thus endeavor so to shine,  
That sinners of the night,  
May leave haunts of vice and crime,  
For paths of pure delight.  
Try each one some soul to save  
That's on the downward road,  
Point them out how Christ hath died,  
To bring them back to God.  
Tho' the battle fierce may rage,  
We'll conquer in the end.  
Joy and peace will then be ours,  
With Jesus for our friend.

## MISS MARY S. PARISH

*Miss Parish was visiting on the Continent, I residing in Renfrew, Scotland.*

Return thou fair wander'r, I'm lonely without you.

Oh, come and recline, on thy true lover's breast.

Oh, haste, that my arms may entwine 'round about you.

Then would'st thou fondly be kiss'd and caress'd.

Oft' I think of our walking, so happy, together—

'Round the Point where the Cart, wed's the fam'd river  
Clyde,

When the stars, tho' in brightness, they vied with each  
other,

Were eclips'd by the jewel that shown by my side.

I've been to the meadow, where wild flow'rs are bloom  
ing,

But gay, rustic beauty, gives pleasure no more.

I bade the sweet birdies to cease their wild tuning,

Since Mary, my darling, was far from our shore.

Return, thou fair wander'r, I'm lonely without you.

Oh, come and recline, on thy true lover's breast.

Oh, come, that my arms may entwine 'round about you,

Then will you fondly be kiss'd and carress'd.

## ALBERT EDWARD JONES, STEEL EXPERT

For years he made the anvil ring,  
But Albert now hath got his swing,  
As steel expert he's on the wing—  
    A crack-o-jack.  
Of steel he knows most everything  
    From away back!

Albert comes squarely by the deal,  
His forefathers were men of steel,  
You bet your boots he now doth feel,  
    Dash through his veins,  
Steel molecules that doth reveal—  
    Magnetic brains.

It is a caution him to hear—  
Discussing speeds of cone and gear,  
And of the tools, what rake and shear,  
    Will cut the best,  
And how to place them without fear, \n    Firm in the rest.

Steel of all brands and every sort,  
That's made at home, or we import,  
Their qualities it's almost sport—  
    To hear him name.  
But high speed steel is now his forte,  
    And Rex his fame.



ALBERT E. JONES, ALBANY, N. Y.

He knows this country's in the race,  
And wants to go no laggard's pace,  
And therefore he would try to place  
    America,  
So that her ample trade's increase  
    Would have no flaw.

As brother, let us shake old boy,  
Where e're you go\* we wish you joy,  
May fortune in your new employ—  
    Ne'er cause a sigh,  
And still uphold without alloy,  
    The mystic tie!



MRS. A, E. JONES (POLLY)

## POLLY

*Waterlooliet, September 6, 1909.*

“What’s in a name?” the poet said.

Then tells what he supposes.

But Polly is a name to me,

As fragrant as the rose is.

She was a winsome little girl,

Bright, happy, gay and jolly.

Tho’ Mary was her proper name,

I lov’d to call her Polly.

But why the change I will explain,

I have a sister Mary,

And Mrs. W. also claims,

The name first call’d our Fairy.

I saw that it would never do,

And so to stop all folly,

When calling for my little lass,

I always shouted Polly.

For years she brighten’d up our home,

Too short she single tarried.

But now she’s children of her own,

And’s very happily married.

Her friends admire her cheerful ways,

They banish melancholy.

These friends now call her Mrs. Jones,

But I still call her Polly.

## LINES TO A YOUNG LADY

*Renfrew, Scotland, 1866.*

My pretty lass, I promised you,  
That I would write a verse or two,  
And since that promise now is due,  
    It is my duty  
To write, and send these lines, tho' few,  
    To thee, bright beauty.

Thy lovely form, one's mind doth fill  
With admiration's pleasant thrill,  
It's not the first that's stood quite still  
    To gaze and wonder  
If those bright orbs of thine could kill,  
    Like rays from thunder.

For who ere saw your pretty face,  
Might whisper, that it well might grace,  
A lofty sphere, in some fine place,  
    That I wont mention.  
But here your elegance and grace  
    Doth claim attention.

But there's a lad, you know him well,  
Who deep in love with you hath fell,  
And hopes you both your names may tell  
    Some time together.  
But thee I'll love, where ere I dwell,  
    Like a fond brother.



## LINES TO MISS MILLER

FOR HER SCRAP BOOK.

*Renfrew, Scotland, 1869.*

Miss Miller, or Jessie, as I write what you wanted,  
It reminds me how once I was fairly enchanted  
By a sweet little damsel as trig as a fairy.  
She had orbs like your own, but her name it was Mary.  
Yes, her dark rolling eyes I have cause to remember.  
From the first of the year to the last of December,  
And the wounds I received when we both had to sever,  
When I gaze upon thine they're cut deeper than ever.  
Oh! her manner was charming, she never got frettish,  
Yet she was like yourself, just a little coquettish.  
But let similies end, for from this to Oporta,  
There's none can you beat at the pianoforte,  
The subject you gave me is one that's infinite,  
And cannot be told, or described in a minute,  
But of this I am certain a bard from the highlands,  
Has resolv'd he will write the next verse with a vailance,  
For you, stolen Cupid's quiver, and if we look further,  
I fear that you ought to be haul'd up for murder,  
For of twenty young fellows, I guess you're the killer,  
By the lightnings that flash from your eyes, Jessie Miller.

## LINES TO ALEXANDER MUNRO

*On leaving Scotland.*

It's neither gold nor silver,  
Nor jewels, rich and rare,  
Dear Cousin, at our parting,  
I now offer you a share.  
But it's a little tribute,  
Ge'en with a kindly wish,  
So pray accept my off'ring,  
Altho' it's but a brush.

And when you cross the Ocean,  
'Midst strangers, for to roam,  
To follow fickle fortune,  
Far from your native home.  
Perhaps you will remember,  
What ever be forgot  
Of those you left in Scotland,  
When ere you brush your coat.

## TO COUSIN MARY MUNRO

AFTER A SEVERE TOOTHACHE.

I should have written long ago,  
But, cousin, I have suffer'd sadly,  
Yes, sore affliction's been my woe,  
Alas, I've had the toothache badly.

Perhaps you'll laugh, when this you read,  
And think it nonsense or a bleather,  
But it drove laughing out my head,  
And made me nearer crying rather.

But Mary, I've been real glad,  
For what you sent me in affliction,  
It brought me joy, when I was sad,  
And help'd to keep from distraction.



RALPH PARISH

## A BOY'S VISIT TO THE CITY

My name is Ralph, I'm six years old  
And other boys I pity,  
Who have not had a chance like me  
To visit New York City.  
My papa's farm is on the Plains,  
Near Susquehanna river,  
And we've a pony there called Babe,  
I tell you its right clever.

From Oneonta I went down,  
Along with Uncle Walter.  
The engine skipped right fast ahead,  
It never seemed to falter.  
We crossed from Jersey to New York  
By Forty-second ferry,  
And soon found Thirty-second street,  
Where lives my Aunt Mary.

Next morning we went to the park,  
And what seems very funny,  
We saw a number splendid shows  
Without the aid of money.  
We saw the hippopotamus,  
And lions, bears and monkeys,  
And camels, snakes and elephants  
And little boys with donkeys.

We saw the swan boats on the lake,  
But steam should have its uses;  
I thought the men that paddled them  
Instead of swans were "gooses."

'The merry-go-rounds their music play'd,  
And swings that went up "skier,"  
And I was scared, yet ladies there  
Still wanted to go higher.

In one big house a thousand things  
We saw around in cases,  
Beasts and birds of every kind,  
And owls with cat-like faces.  
A whale and Indian canoe  
Swung right down from the ceilings,  
But seeing pins through butterflies  
Did rather hurt my feelings.

On the high railway we went home,  
And isn't it a pity  
That miles and miles of houses should  
Keep me from seeing the city!  
I went with Aunty to the store,  
Where boys were dressed like pages,  
And where, instead of climbing stairs,  
They pulled you up in cages.

What sights and sights of things I saw  
Would take too long to mention,  
But when upon the ferry boat  
One thing took my attention.  
'Twas dark, the lights and houses soon  
Seemed all to be in motion;  
My uncle smiled as he explained  
The boat moves, not your notion.

## ON THE SAD DEATH OF A COMPANION

(WILLIAM SHAW), 1863.

Aye, little dreamed I of this dark cloud of sadness,  
When parting with William, my comrade and friend.  
But, alas, cruel death hath robbed me of gladness,  
By bringing our friendship so soon to an end.

In vigor of health and with bright expectations,  
I saw him depart for his own native home.  
There to spend a few days in joyful exertions,  
Along the sweet valleys and meadows to roam.

But death, that stearn monarch, oft' cuts down the  
strongest,  
Nor cares he for childhood, nor waits he for age,  
But taketh the oldest, and spares not the youngest,  
But keeps friends lamenting on earth's lonely stage.

I pity his parents, that's nigh broken-hearted,  
And his friends that now mourn for one lov'd so dear.  
But tears cannot bring back the dear one departed,  
For now he is far from all suffering and fear.

The wind it may pass o'er the place where he's buried,  
And waken the echoes around where he lies,  
But tho' to the grave his body was hurried,  
Yet his true, noble soul hath fled to the skies.

There to dwell with the saints and sing with the holy,  
Where Jesus abides as the center of love,  
Where no pain can enter, no sadness or folly,  
For all is contentment in Heaven above.

## DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

America well may be proud of her sons,  
Who startle the world with their fame,  
The Wrights and brave Curtis, the prince of the air,  
Their triumphs we surely acclaim;  
And now Doctor Cook hath conquered the North  
And planted our flag at the pole,  
We hail him as king of all travelers henceforth,  
So bravely he captured the goal.

It's but a short time since we almost despair'd  
Of e'er being able to fly,  
But now aviators do spread their broad wings,  
And with the bold eagle do vie;  
Then justly we're proud of America's sons,  
Yes, forward they dare to advance,  
From Burbank, the wizard of nature's own laws,  
to Harriman, king of finance.

But this latest achievement of brave Doctor Cook  
I think the most daring of all;  
And well he deserves all the praise he will get  
Around this terrestrial ball;  
But two Eskimos, along with some dogs,  
Help'd this geographical search,  
And nobly stood by as Cook planted the flag  
On top of earth's desolate perch.



## PEARY VS. COOK

Why should Peary sulk and fret,  
He's always been the Nation's pet,  
And for brave deeds excell'd by few.  
Both fame and honor is his due.  
To fume and bluster is no use  
E'en tho' the Doctor cooked his goose,  
And Shackleton, if he's too slow,  
Then Cook for the South Pole must go.

All things are fair in love and war,  
Altho' they often cause a jar.  
'Tis better far to live in peace,  
And take our medicine with grace.  
Then my advice to these brave men,  
It's shake and be good friends again,  
Nor further this harang pursue,  
For there is fame enough for two.

## STEAMBOAT "RUBY"

*Built at Renfrew, Scotland, 1859.*

The famous Henderson and Sons,  
Hath built a splendid boat,  
She's named the Ruby, and is now  
The swiftest boat afloat.  
Her trial trip has prov'd that she  
All vessels can outsail,  
And easily beats the boats on Clyde,  
And very near the rail.

Both rich and poor, you all must know,  
To see her will come down,  
To see the champion of the Clyde,  
From famous Renfrew town.  
And the Ring boys may hush their noise,  
Or they may go to pot,  
Since our bright Ruby hath eclipsed  
Their silly looking boat.

Now all that work'd on her deserves  
To get three hearty cheers,  
For both in speed and beauty she  
Will bear the palm for years.  
Success to Henderson and Sons,  
Long may the Ruby speed.  
For now all other boats on Clyde  
Deserve but little heed.

## MY POSTAL ALBUM

Dear Friend, you're welcome to explore,  
This Album and to view its pages,  
And surely you will add one more,  
Since sending post cards now the rage is.  
But sure we'll prize your Souvenir,  
No matter whether sage or funny,  
For what on earth could be so dear,  
That costs so very little money.

And if you journey o'er the seas,  
It matters not where e're you wander,  
Amongst the Japs or the Chinese,  
A few cents there on cards just squander.  
And friends will know your whereabouts,  
For tho' you would not write a letter,  
Just drop a card when you're en route,  
And you and we will all feel better.

The skycycle by science soon  
Will furnish trav'lers new sensation,  
So they can travel to the moon,  
As well as to a foreign nation.  
Just think, a card from Luna sent,  
"We soon to earth will be returning,"  
With Luna post stamp marked one cent,  
Would this not save a heap of mourning?

But leaving joking all aside,  
A card from you for my collection,  
Will in my album long abide,  
And be a token of affection.  
Then send a card from where you roam,  
The tribute will recall the giver,  
Altho' myself should stay at home,  
Your debtor I shall be forever.

## ADDRESS FROM THEODORE'S CROWN

Lift me up, ye British heroes!  
Place me on some nobler head.  
I've too long encircled passion!  
But my cruel master's dead—  
Dead, and let him be forgotten!  
His short reign hath been too long.  
Never tell his deeds in story,  
Never sound his praise in song.

Take me, for ye are twice welcome!  
Bear me to your peaceful shore  
Where no slaves need dread oppression,  
Where no captive need deplore.  
Take me where sweet love and mercy  
Gleam o'er justice like a star—  
Where the brave's ne'er taught to practice  
Fierce or cruel deeds in war.

'Twas not plunder led you forward!  
No, nor yet your love to slay,  
But 'twas justice sent you hither  
To break down a tyrant's sway.  
Who e'er heard of such an army,  
Conquering, yet scarce shedding blood?  
Hath time got it upon record  
Down the ages from the Flood.

Was it so when Alexander  
Made the conquest of the world?  
Was it so with a Napoleon,  
When his banners were unfurled?

No; but rapine and destruction  
Marked their path where'er they trod,  
Effacing in their wild ambition  
Hallowed works of man and God.

Come, ye sons of Ethiopia,  
View your conquerors not with fear,  
See! they've read the world a lesson  
Coming ages yet may hear.  
Then be taught, ye swarthy chieftains  
How to reign in peace and light,  
And with love, instead of terror,  
Guide your people on aright.

Weep not though I'm sent to Britain;  
Hither I shall bear your claim,  
When the mighty of that nation  
Gaze upon this diadem.  
Then I'll speak in stronger language  
Than a living tongue can tell,  
So take comfort, then, my people,  
Though I bid you all farewell.

## LAMENT OF THE MICROBE

Great changes have swept o'er every clime,  
Since earth first swung into her cycle of time  
Huge monsters that roved our valleys and plains  
Are now only traced by their fossil remains.  
Genera and species have gone by the board,  
That's left scarce a vestige for man to record.  
And now Science comes with her glasses to see  
Great things hath been done by the small microbe.

For ages and ages we've had our own way,  
Our march was triumphant, and naught could us stay.  
Both London and Paris have bent to our power;  
And Mecca's still with us to this very hour.  
Last year we tried New York, but it was no good:  
For Wilson watched clothing, and Lassing watched  
    food.  
Next Russia we sought, where conditions were free;  
But there winter's too cold for the microbe.

There's Seacord, the dentist, I'll tell you forsooth,  
He won't let us dwell in the cave of a tooth.  
And Edison, too, ere he stops I do fear;  
Will invent some machine, our converse to hear.  
With such odds against us, I've scanned all the stars,  
And think we best skip to the planet of Mars,  
For Science and art very soon, I can see,  
Will make earth too hot for the wee microbe.

## THE TAIL OF A SHIRT

*Watercleft, July 28, 1909.*

Hood hath written the tale of a shirt,  
In rather a doleful vein.  
But I will write the tail of a shirt,  
In a somewhat merrier strain.  
Cupid got busy in Hudson town,  
With a man in an automobile.  
Who was going to take his charming bride,  
Along the road for a spiel.

The road was dusty, so his machine  
He left, his duster to get,  
And pulling it on hurried back  
In fear that he would be late.  
The people all stared as he rush'd along,  
He only thought of his bride,  
Nor knew the laugh was at his expense,  
As he swung along in his pride.

One said he's got his nightshirt on,  
Does he think he is going to bed?  
No, said another, that's premature,  
For we know he's not yet wed.  
It was his mistake Cupid did laugh.  
They rode on, no one was hurt.  
And now with apologies to all concerned,  
This ends the tale of the shirt.



ADMIRAL DEWEY



## BATTLE OF MANILA BAY

Just as the sun began to shine,  
Our fleet had passed the Spanish guard,  
And through the isles of Philippine,  
The storm of shot and shell is hard,  
For Dewey's gain'd Manila Bay,  
And faced the mighty fleet of Spain.  
By noon he's fairly won the day,  
A fearful vengeance for the Maine.  
Our men their duty've nobly done;  
With skill and courage bound to tell,  
They bravely worked each ship and gun  
Regardless of the shot and shell.  
The victory was most complete;  
We fought for right and freedom's laws,  
God must have shielded our brave fleet  
And gave no deaths to dim our cause.  
'Twas wonderful thus to obtain,  
A victory surpassing grand  
To silence forts and ships of Spain  
And add more honor to our land.  
We've surely taught the boasting Don  
A lesson that the world may see,  
Americans may proudly own.  
Brave men require no pedigree.  
Yes: all the famous battles fought  
All o'er the world by sea or land  
In loss of life was dearly bought,  
Compared to this that Dewey planned.  
And where is now the Spanish fleet  
That thought Manila they could save?  
Or why the forts their silence keep?  
Go ask it of the rolling wave.

## CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD

Who hath not heard something about  
Brave Captain Jack, the poet scout,  
A hero and a veteran stout,  
    Who loves Old Glory,  
And in its praise a song can shout  
    Or tell a story?

Far o'er the prairies' trackless road,  
Alone with steed he's often trod,  
And found repose on virgin sod;  
    And, nothing fearing,  
He's heard the heart of nature throb,  
    So keen his hearing.

I'm glad that I the other night  
Heard him with wit and humor bright,  
Telling of stirring scene or fight  
    That us enraptured.  
For two whole hours time stopped her flight,  
    Our hearts were captured.

'Twas grand his sermon to the boys;  
His skill for good he here employs  
And sends truth home, but ne'er annoys  
    With dread alarming.  
His temperance speeches one enjoys,  
    I think them charming.

His poetry is pure and good  
Breathing of sunshine, dale and wood;  
Far in the western solitude  
    He's won his power  
To thus entrance the multitude,  
    E'en by the hour.

For Klondyke he is bound I'm told  
Her hidden treasures to unfold.  
A spirit that's so brave and bold  
    Her wealth should harry,  
And find a nugget of pure gold  
    He scarce can carry.

## A FANCY ORNAMENT

On my mantleshelf there stands,  
A little ancient looking figure,  
With a beerpot in his hands—  
See him grinning like a nigger.

He's about as broad as long,  
Has a fearful corporation,  
Looks as saying health and song,  
Happy with his choice potation.

He's got on a yellow coat,  
His unmentionables are scarlet.  
Green's the tie around his throat.  
Of color white he's got a rare lot.

Just behold his old black hat—  
Filled with holes for ventilation.  
See the top is perfect flat,  
E'en the rim's worth contemplation.

Do not let him catch your eye,  
Or he's sure to get you rattled,  
If your soaring e'er so high,  
You'll be ousted when you've battled.

Once I ceased and shook him thus,  
A—chew that was a foolish caper,  
Hatless, yet he caused a fuss,  
A—chew, a—chew, his inside's pepper.

## LINES

On the sudden death in Scotland of Mrs. W. G. Andrews, sister of D. Watson.

Oh Death! what mystery thou art!  
Earth feels thy stroke from pole to pole,  
Today you've saddened my poor heart,  
And sorrow's wave sweeps o'er my soul.  
Sad news hath come across the sea,  
My feelings I can scarcely tell,  
"She's dead," the message reads, I see,  
My loving sister Annabell.

Gentle and kind thou ever wert,  
The flower and sunshine of our home,  
Ere fortune tempted me to part,  
Afar in other lands to roam,  
And later, when you chose your mate,  
The one you loved and suited well,  
I pity him, for hard's his fate,  
To lose my sister Annabell.

And the dear children of your love  
Shall miss a mother's tender care.  
Too soon for them she's gone above,  
The mansions of the blest to share.  
Ah, yes! it's well I now recall,  
How sad it was to say farewell,  
Nor dream'd I that the last year's Fall  
Was our last parting, Annabell.

Far, far away thy brother sighs.  
Nor tear can drop above the sod  
In Renfrew, where thy body lies,  
He knows thy spirit's fled to God,  
And when my task on earth is o'er,  
I trust we'll meet, where no farewell  
Shall sound along the Golden Shore,  
My dear departed Annabell.



WATSON EARL PARISH.

## A FARMER'S BOY

My name is Earl, and I'm just ten  
My papa's farm's near Parish Glen,  
Where I and Major often jog,  
You know that he's our Collie dog,  
And when with me he climbs the hill  
It's very hard to keep him still;  
For he and I are full of joy,  
I'm glad that I'm a farmer's boy.

When Springtime comes, we plow or sow,  
Or sometimes I a-fishing go  
Down to the pond, near the old mill,  
Or in the river try my skill;  
Or chase the butterfly or bee  
Amid the blossoms on the lee.  
Yet bird's nests, I would not destroy.  
I'm glad that I'm a farmer's boy.

In Summer, when all nature's gay  
I help my papa to make hay,  
Or gather wild flowers near the burn  
Or watch the wily woodchucks turn.  
Or if it's wet, when hens do warn  
I hunt for eggs all o'er the barn.  
I always can find some employ.  
I'm glad that I'm a farmer's boy.

The Autumn brings the golden corn  
And reapers work from early morn.  
Then ruddy apples lie about,  
And chestnuts from their burrs peep out.

The squirrel with his bushy tail  
Soon hides them in the hollow rail.  
To gather nuts it gives me joy,  
I'm glad that I'm a farmer's boy.

E'en winter with its snow and ice,  
Hath many a joy that's very nice;  
As on our skates, we gliding go,  
Or have our battles with the snow;  
Or as our joyful chorus swells  
From dashing sleigh with merry bells.  
And then glad Christmas brings sweet joy,  
I'm glad that I'm a farmer's boy.

I have a pony gray, and him,  
I would not change for grandpa's Jim,  
Who's fat and big as he can be,  
And some think quite a sight to see.  
At school I'm trying to attain  
The rules to measure land and grain;  
But tho' they're hard and do annoy,  
I'm glad that I'm a farmer's boy.



## THE GRAND OLD MAN

A cablegram flashes across the wide ocean,  
The grand old man Gladstone, the statesman, is dead,  
Ah, well may the British bow low in devotion,  
For sad is the loss that upon them is laid.  
His life was devoted to add to the story  
Of Britain's vast empire, and better her laws,  
Until now the world all resounds with his glory,  
So true was his heart to humanity's cause.  
No long sounding titles his fair name doth fetter,  
Though many an honor to others he gave:  
"The grand old man," surely no title e'er better  
Befitted the loved one now laid in his grave.  
'Twas thus that the people delighted to greet him  
Wherever the mother tongue, English, was heard,  
And friends who have had the good fortune to meet  
him,  
As nature's true gentleman him did regard.  
With intellect almost that seemed superhuman,  
With faith ever strong in the great God above,  
From youth to old age he was ever a true man  
Adored by the children and wife of his love.  
Our sympathy goes out to her in her sorrow;  
May God still sustain her in this bitter hour;  
How tender a wife all his cares she would borrow,  
But true faith in God was the source of their power.  
In Westminster Abbey his body reposes  
With those that the Briton delighted to praise,  
With character pure as the fragrance of roses,  
Right grand are the memories that tell of his days,  
Americans join in their just admiration,  
As statesman or scholar he surely was grand;  
A worthy example to every nation,  
He well might be studied on every hand.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY

## OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT

The Queen of cities, Buffalo, looks gay,  
With flags and banners streaming in the breeze,  
Her citizens make joyful holiday,  
Decked in their best their honor'd guest to please.  
With love and gratitude our ruler sees  
How loving hearts and hands have decked his way.  
The exposition is a fairy blaze  
Of flowers and bunting brilliant in array,  
And thousands upon thousands cheering, greet the day!

But Hark! There's something wrong! What's that I  
hear?

Two shots are fired, and our great Chieftain falls,  
A villain decked in friendship's guise came near—  
And from his weapon fired the venom'd balls.  
A deed so base, so villainous appalls.  
The fiend, those near him would in pieces tear,  
But that the President, tho' wounded, calls,  
"That they shall hurt him not", and they forbear;  
What Christ-like magnanimity this later year!

A few more days, 'mid hope and fear we wait,  
"But 'tis God's way, God knoweth what is best,  
So said our loved one of his cruel fate,  
Then calmly pass'd from earth and entered rest,  
To be at home with Jesus and the blest.  
But now a hush of gloom, sweeps o'er each State,  
For one whose character had stood the test.  
Flags drop half-mast, and cannon, long and late,  
Tell the sad tale of mourning for one truly great.

A wave of sorrow's felt the world all o'er,  
All nations send their tribute to his name,  
And mourn with us that he is now no more,  
Who from a humble birthright did attain—  
Up to the world's high pinnacle of fame.  
The brave, and true, and noble we adore,  
And all the nations, grieving, do the same:  
As statesman, soldier, husband, yea and more—  
As Christian gentleman he's known from shore to  
shore.

## THE OTSEGO LAKE

Full three decades have roll'd along  
Since first entranc'd I stood,  
And view'd with pleasure and delight  
Thy water, fell and wood,  
And now, as then, I still admire,  
My spirit thou doth rule—  
And makest it soar in ecstasy  
For thou art beautiful.  
The roving Indian of old,  
Would seek thy peaceful shore,  
(As Cooper has us told) and he  
Thy beauties would adore.  
There oft' he'd launch his bark canoe,  
To fish with steady skill,  
Or 'round the margin of thy shore.  
Pursue wild game at will  
Gone hath the Indian, but now,  
From North, South, East and West—  
Come multitudes by rail and train;  
To glide upon thy breast,  
There seek they rest, and happiness—  
From worry, toil and strife,  
For thy sweet loveliness brings calm  
Unto each weary life.  
There verdure, and the wild flowers vie  
To kiss thy silver wave,  
And trees, their mirrored branches fain  
Would in thy waters lave.  
The trees, the flowers, and birds thee praise;  
Them thy bright bosom cheers.  
And now I pray thy grandeur may  
Endure ten thousand years.

## “OWED” TO THE EDITOR

A New York gentleman who chanced to be a few months in arrears for *The Herald* sent us the following pithy poetical effusion on Tuesday, along with the money for a full year's subscription in advance:

Dear Mr. Editor: I'm sad  
And horrified to see  
On the margin of the paper  
That I your debtor be.  
When wed I made a solemn vow  
Which I shall ne'er forget,  
That tho' I humbly had to fare,  
I'd still keep out of debt.

My wife then nobly backed my vow,  
And to the present day  
No other debt save yours can claim  
From me the right to pay.  
I always trusted she would see  
The Herald duly paid;  
But she's been out of town of late,  
Which caused it, I'm afraid.

Althou' I am a peaceful man  
And have a gentle frau  
Methinks 'tis well two hundred miles  
Do separate us now;  
For I am nearly dancing mad,  
It gives me lots of pain—  
But, Mr. Editor, I trust  
It won't occur again.

## BURNING OF THE ONEONTA NORMAL

Hark to the startling shouts that fill the air,  
The Oneonta Normal school's on fire.  
Fire! fire! they shout as hurrying they repair,  
Urged by the clanging firebell's tale so dire,  
They speed toward the building they admire.  
Alas, the fire fiend with a mighty rush  
Gains his dread victory and reigns entire.  
Great fiery tongues through roof and rafters flash,  
And down the noble structure comes with awful crash.

The surging crowd looks on with sad dismay,  
To see the ruin that an hour has wrought.  
Here educated wisdom held her sway  
And students, far and near, her knowledge sought.  
Far famed her teachers are, and so they ought  
To be, with such as he now standing at their head,  
Who for their good untiring always fought,  
And with his cultured knowledge had them fed.  
So come whatever might they would not be afraid.

Though dark and gloomy now the ruins look,  
Which, once like Beauty, sat upon the hill,  
Here yet shall rise from every darkened nook,  
Proportions fair, the work of ready skill,  
And earnest students here may drink their fill,  
From streams of knowledge, sure ere-long to flow.  
No blast of future ere their hearts can chill,  
Who, thronging here, in future years shall show  
How grandly rose again what Fate's fell hand laid low.

## TO REV. DAVID NELSON

*Renfrew, Scotland, 1868.*

Weep not that Maggie fell asleep,  
For now she's borne away,  
On angels' wings, to realms of light,  
And everlasting day.  
She, like a little flower, was sent,  
And to her parents given.  
But now's transplanted, in the bud,  
To bloom anew in Heaven.

Her pleasant little countenance,  
E'en now I think I see,  
As when she lisped the pretty hymns,  
Upon her mother's knee.  
I wonder not then, tho' her friends,  
To keep her, hard had striven.  
But God requir'd the little lamb,  
So took her home to Heaven.

Her little sisters now she'll join,  
That left this world below,  
To dwell where joy forever reigns,  
And living waters flow.  
They'll sweetly tune the harps of gold,  
Which unto them are given,  
And sing the song that's never old,  
Yet always sung in Heaven.



She was the very child to gain,  
A loving parents heart.  
And heavy must they've felt the stroke,  
Which sever'd them apart.  
But let us pray, that they may still  
Have strength and wisdom given,  
So that at last, they all may meet,  
"A family whole in Heaven."

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## FAREWELL TO A FRIEND

1867.

Farewell, dear friend, since o'er the sea,  
To foreign lands you're going,  
Where fortune's star now beckons thee  
With hope that's bright and glowing.  
But when your far away from land,  
Tho' waters loud are hissing,  
Think of your own dear native strand,  
And send her up your blissing.

Think of her lofty highland hills,  
And of her blooming heather,  
Her rolling rivers, running rills,  
And bless them all together.  
But fare thee well, companion dear.  
The best of friends must sever.  
I bid a long adieu, I fear,  
Yet hope it's not forever.

## BALLONE CASTLE

*Near Tarbetness, Scotland.*

Stranger, when you enter here,  
Pause, one moment, 'mid your viewings.  
Have you not for me a tear?  
See, I'm desolate in ruins.

Mock not at my crumbling walls,  
Sneer not at my tumbling towers.  
Mine were once majestic halls,  
Firm, defying earthly powers.

Call me not by vulgar names—  
For my ruins still evinces,  
Here hath been right noble dames,  
Chieftains, nobles, kings and princes.

Time hath been, when music's sway  
Filled my halls, with sweet resounding.  
Hearts as happy, young and gay  
As your own to it rebounding.

Wretches once came here from Tain,  
For to pull me all asunder,  
Them I view'd with cold disdain,  
Silence saying more than thunder.

Gypsies too came seeking gold,  
See the holes that they've been making,  
Reckless beggars, strangely bold,  
But I gave them naught worth taking.

Stranger, ere you disappear,  
Pause, one moment, 'mid your viewings,  
Shed for me one parting tear,  
See, I'm desolate in ruins.

## ALEXANDER DUNCAN

Man, Sandy, what's the matter wi ye?  
I fear a flitting I mun gi' ye,  
To treat your trusty chum, why be ye,  
    This him forgetting?  
An' him mest deeing for ta', see ye'.  
    It setts him fretting.

Says I unce mere in rhyme I'll write him,  
And use the Doric for ta flight him,  
This ta his senses I may right him,  
    For something funny  
Has happen'd him "that doth benight him,"  
    It can't be money.

I hope the turbines and their whirring  
Winna gae ye to much worr'ing,  
As the great ship you send a hurrying,  
    Time and tide fighting,  
Just for a minute stop your stirring  
    An dae some writing.

It's terrible the speed your running,  
It seems a'most, as if your sinning,  
An' sellin' of yer mind for winning.  
    "Your record crazy."

But Sandy, noo, if ye' be cunning  
    Ye'll tak' it easy.

But dinna think I'm writing sermons,  
I'm proud the way ye' trim'd the Germans,  
They stole our plans an' men the vermins,  
    Then let us whistle.  
But ere again they try their harm on's,  
    They need mun hustle.



ALEXANDER DUNCAN  
Chief Engineer of the S. S. Lusitania, Cunard Line

My wife first in the paper saw it,  
An' cry'd hurrah; your chum hath won it,  
I was mest dazed for half a minute,  
    Wi' broken records,  
Ta think ye've been an' gone an' done it.  
    Fame the brave rewards.

The Lusitania's a dandy.  
Ye're like a fether ta' her Sandy  
I'm sure y've a' things right and handy,  
    E'en telifony.  
To you her fame's like sugar-candy  
    Tho huge, she's bonnie.

Kind love, ye're wife, an' bairns, we're sending,  
Since this epistles near its ending.  
For enclos'd poem here papers lending.  
    Their space to spread it.  
For merit I am not contending,  
    But ye can read it.

## WELCOME NEWS FROM THE OLD COUNTRY

*From "Arthur Emery."*

Our hero had been over a year in America, when one morning to his great joy, he received a long letter from his old chum, Leonard Lowrie, giving an account of his stay in England. The year he had spent under his uncle's instructions had been very profitable to him in the knowledge that he had gained of the business, so much so, that at the end of that time he was appointed manager of a small ship-building and engineering firm, and thus had bright prospects. This and many other things of interest did Arthur find in his chum's letter; but what pleased and amused him most was the copy of a poem sent from Jem to Len, the former still residing in Scotland. At the request of Len, the poem was written partly in Doric or broad Scotch. We will give our readers the benefit of the poem without attempting any alteration.

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### Lines to My Dear Old Chum

ALEXANDER DUNCAN.

Man, Sandy, you're an awfu' cheil,  
Though some way aye I lo'd ye, weel  
But now you're spinning aff the reel  
    Wi' perfect nonsense  
To seek for rhyme a-weel a-tweel  
    You've lost your conscience.

For though I whiles tak' rhyming turns,  
Ye manna think I'm Rabbie Burns,  
Although the Muses never spurns  
    A humble bard,  
Who wi' poetic genius burns,  
    Reaps some reward.

Sae 'ere I lose a chum like you,  
Lad I mun try what I can do,  
For 'mongst my friends I ken but few  
    I like sae weel,  
As Arthur and yoursel' and noo'  
    Your want I feel.

Since Arthur and your sel's awa',  
In Scotland I've nae chum ava',  
But wander out by Kelvenhaugh  
    Alane to think  
How in days gone we ane and a'  
    Old care did jink.

With us how strangely Fortune plays  
Her pranks; and sends us divers ways,  
But let us hope her golden rays  
    We yet may see,  
For I'm assured she's better days  
    For a' us three.

Ah, siller, it's for lack o' thee  
Folk aft' their country ha' ta' le'e,  
For foreign lands far o'er the sea  
    Ta hunt ye doon;  
My chums ha' a' forsaken me  
    And the old toon.

But why lament the golden gear  
When it has come sae very near,  
For now in Scotland I hear  
    The shining gold  
Is gurring folk that art ta' steer  
    Bath young and old.

Sae noo ye see anc's fortunes made  
Gen his the pluck ta' take the spade,  
Then Sandy, come, don't be afraid,  
    Le'e English biggins,  
And for the engineering trade  
    Let's try the diggins.

But if my chums won't come to me,  
I fear I too mun try the sea  
And leave old Scotland on the lee;  
    To go to Spain  
I've had an offer, but I'll see  
    And right again.

Let's ken gen next you write to me,  
What kind of folk, the English be,  
That's whither they are kind and free,  
    Or proud and saucy.  
And tell if deep in love you be  
    Wi' some braugh lassie.

For tho' ye are a canna cheil,  
We bonnie lassies, ye can deal,  
An' e'en a kiss can shylysteal,  
When in a corner,  
Min' he who writes doth keen ye weel,  
    For he's no for'ner.



But since it's noo lang after ten,  
Lad it is time, to dry my pen,  
Sae ta conclude my love I sen'  
    To thine and thee,  
An' I'll expect that soon again,  
    You'll write to me.

---

Coming to a public fountain one very hot day and being very thirsty, I found it surrounded by a number of young ladies, who were leisurely passing the cup to one another. I saw it was going to be too long to wait my turn so striking a dramatic attitude, I exclaimed:

Oh, would I were a lady,  
    That I might be the first,  
To get a mouthful to assauge,  
    My wild and burning thirst.

Whether they feared hydrophobia or wanted to save a life, I know not, but they quickly divided and gave me a clear path, the lady with the cup filling it and gracefully handing it to me I drank to health and beauty and left them, getting a cheer for my extempore rhyme.

## LUSITANIA, QUEEN OF THE OCEAN

Great Britain rejoices, her sons hath with glory,  
Regain'd the blue ribbon, to flaunt in the breeze,  
This triumph is greater, than one that is gory,  
The triumph of having this badge of the seas.  
Lusitania now, the pride of the ocean,  
Thy grandeur, and power resounds far and wide.  
With turbines a humming, your crew with devotion,  
Hath conquer'd old Neptune, the storm and the tide.

Majestic thy beauty, "tho' huge thy dimensions,"  
As you float, like a bird, on ocean's vast breast.  
We hail thee with gladness, your many inventions  
Have given the travelers a palace of rest.  
The dread of sea sickness, no longer need worry  
The timid to travel, across the wild main,  
And friends thus long parted, may now without flurry,  
Renew their acquaintance with pleasure again.

Hurrah, for the captain, for the crew hip-hurrah,  
We all do them honor for this new record,  
Their work hath been splendid and without any flaw,  
To cheer them, and praise them we well may afford.  
But what of the firemen and the brave engineers,  
Them surely we cannot forget when we cheer.  
One other I'll mention whom his company reveres  
It's noble A. Duncan, the chief turbineer.

## ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES

Cold winter has laid icy hands  
On fair Onega's lake,  
As merrily down the bank I go  
My favorite sport to take.

My trusty skates are soon made fast,  
With oaken stick in hand  
I now dash past the Russian crowd  
I cannot understand.

For I'm a stranger in these parts,  
Their tongue sounds odd to me,  
I want to be alone to shout  
Some Scottish melody.

Ere now I have spread eagles made,  
And other tricks with ease,  
And when I'd write my name they'd grin,  
It seem'd them much to please.

But now I glide far down the lake,  
I want to be alone,  
And Luna with her steady light,  
She seem'd to lure me on.

On, on I go, delight with  
The wild romantic views.  
That flits before mine eyes as I  
My favorite sport pursue,

At last, I make a pause to view  
A frozen little burn  
That through a stately forest came  
With many a winding turn.

On either side the lofty trees  
Their branches do entwine,  
Forming an archway overhead,  
Romantic and sublime.

Large icicles hang from above,  
Which shine like silver bright,  
I gaze and am enchanted with  
The splendor of the sight.

At length I up the archway glide  
In happy, joyous mood,  
And peer into the dark and wild  
Recesses of the wood.

Right merrily I skip along  
My native airs I sing,  
Till with my songs of wild delight  
I make the forest ring.

And now I shout hurrah, hurrah,  
To skate's a noble art;  
Again I shout hurrah, hurrah,  
From joyfulness of heart.

But hark, ere yet the echo dies,  
There's borne upon the breeze  
A sound that makes my face grow pale  
And very blood to freeze.

A moment terrified I stood,  
Then came that sound again,  
More dreadful than when stormy winds  
Rage o'er the rolling main.

I'd often heard of Russian wolves,  
I knew their dreadful yell,  
No wonder then my blood ran cold,  
Nor that my face grew pale.

I turn and dash with headlong speed  
To gain the lake once more,  
And glancing round I now perceive  
Their forms along the shore.

Though swift, ere I the burn had left,  
The wolves did me precede,  
And leap'd at me from off the bank,  
But did not guess my speed.

'Twas well for me they missed their aim,  
Some time it keeps them back,  
But they as soon's their feet remain  
Run howling on my track.

No laggard's pace I now dare take,  
No time to pause or tire,  
My frantic efforts make my skates  
Quite frequently strike fire.

Still rushing onward with all speed,  
I turn my head to view,  
And see my dreaded enemies  
Like demons me pursue.

On, like some panting deer I go,  
When chased before the hound,  
And still my howling foes dash on  
And gain at every bound.

Oh, horror! Now I hear them breathe,  
They never seem to lag,  
Till "Hope the anchor of the soul"  
Itself begins to drag.

'Tis dreadful, but a bound or two  
And am I doomed to die?  
Oh God of mercy, save me now,  
This is my earnest cry.

'Tis hard to image the sad thoughts  
That flash before my mind,  
And who shall tell my fate, these brutes  
No vestige leave behind.

And am I thus to perish now  
Upon a foreign shore,  
And shall I ne'er again behold  
My loved ones any more?

The leader of the fearful pack  
Is close now by my side,  
I hear his horrid jaws play snap  
As if me to deride.

With one short cry for aid my staff  
I swing right at his head,  
'Twas well directed, that fell blow,  
My foremost foe lay dead. \*

The motion caused me to swerve  
A little to the right,  
I noticed then that wolves on ice  
Can't quickly stop their flight.

For when they try to turn they fall  
And howl with rage and pain;  
They rise to follow, then I dodge,  
And now they fall again.

Hope once again, like some bright star,  
Seem'd brilliantly to burn,  
The wolves now slack their pace and on  
Their prostrate comrade turn.

Though not quite dead, with bloody maw  
They tear him limb from limb;  
I shudder when I think that fate  
Was meant for me, not him.

Two minutes sufficed for the pack  
To clean their leader's bones;  
But now I see the friendly lights  
And men with staves and stones.

They come to me, they heard my voice,  
The wolves have turned and fled,  
And soon my weary frame's at rest  
Upon my humble bed.

I certainly a lesson learned,  
Though at a fearful price,  
For now I cannot bear my skates,  
Nor do I like the ice.



## AGNES AND LILLIAN

There's two little fairies, as bright as can be,  
Who loves us sincerely, and comes us to see,  
They both do sing sweetly what songs come their way,  
And on the piano, the eldest can play.  
Yes, Agnes, tho' only a little past eight  
Her music is charming, in fact it is great;  
And Lillian also some five years along,  
Can warble correctly a popular song .

Their features are pretty, their eyes lovely blue.  
With lips like the ruby, their curls sunny hue,  
They're active and graceful as kittens at play,  
And gladly I hail them, these fairies so gay,  
Yet, tho' they are lovely, they're foxy a wee,  
For they know how to get all my pennies from me.  
To spend at Wilson's small store above,  
But what then are these pennies compared with their  
love?



Yes, Time, with his chisel has furrowed my brow,  
My hair is some scanty and snowy I vow,  
But they kiss and caress as if I was fair,  
Nor notice a blemish in face or in hair.  
The dear little lassies they love without art,  
And know that I love them way down in my heart.  
Now grandma and grandpa do think it a treat  
To have the dear darlings at Watervliet.

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## LINES TO MY LITTLE SWEETHEART

*Renfrew, 1870.*

My pretty little lady,  
As I've a little time,  
I thought my little sweetheart,  
Would like a little rhymn,  
Which with a little token,  
In a little after this  
The little Renfrew postman,  
Will hand my little miss,  
And should it please a little,  
A little I'll be glad,  
But if offend a little—  
I'll be twice a little, sad.  
Now the reason, I've put little  
In every little line,  
Is because a little lady,  
Is my little Valentine.

## DOLLY ROSE

*Watervliet, 1905.*

Child's Song. Air, Echo. Sung by Agnes Jones, aged 6, in Jermain Chapel, Watervliet.

Dolly has come to see you here,  
And wishes you all the best of cheer,  
My dolly you know, is always good,  
And not like girls that're wild and rude.  
Dolly, dolly, my dolly Rose.

Dolly is smart, with feet and hands,  
She sits all alone, see now she stands.  
She's smart as a whip, you all can see,  
See, she is nodding her head at me.  
Dolly, dolly, my dolly Rose.

Sister, and I, and dolly Rose.  
When dress'd all quite nice in Sunday clothes.  
Went for a visit to Watervliet,  
And grandmamma said we all look'd sweet.  
Dolly, dolly, my dolly Rose.

## THE CHUM'S REVENGE

*Renfrew, 1864.*

Come all ye lads that's fond of fun,  
And like a joke when it's well done.  
If you will listen unto me—  
A simple tale I'll tell to thee.  
It happen'd on the first of May,  
When fields and woods were looking gay,  
And merrily sang the little birds,  
That Hughy Wilkie thought of curds.

Thus thinking on his curds and cream,  
Hugh thought thereby to gain a name.  
So through the shop he went to know,  
If all the journeymen would go.  
But all the chums he pass'd them bye,  
And on them never set his eye;  
Now they got nettl'd at the miss,  
And said, we'll play some trick for this.

The chums then met that very day,  
To see what sort of trick they'd play.  
And one, our artist, soon procured,  
What once had been a drawing board.  
On this he drew Hugh's portrait well,  
As if he'd been some mighty swell,  
Fast supping curds beside a mule,  
From off a high, three-legged stool.

Now soon's the breakfast whistle blew,  
Away for porridge Wilkie flew.  
Now was our time for us to place  
The board, poor Wilkie's lathe to grace.

I knew the breakfast hour was short,  
So hasten'd down to join the sport.  
And soon beheld that boys and men  
Began to gather in the Pen.

Turners and fitters came to see,  
And laughed and clapp'd their hands with glee,  
E'en rivet boys, their fires forgot  
And hasten'd running to the spot.  
They from the yards and foundries came,  
All anxious they to see the game.  
The fact is that gen nearly ten  
You scarce could enter in the Pen.

The foreman also read with glee,  
The full particulars of the spree.  
And some they laugh'd and others smil'd,  
To see how Hugh, had been beguil'd,  
'Twas at this stage when all serene,  
Poor Wilkie enter'd on the scene,  
And as he through the crowd did tear,  
He got a wild derisive cheer.

As soon's the picture met his view,  
Hugh at it like a Tartar flew,  
He smash'd the board, then went straightway,  
To storm and rage at Sandy Gray.  
But Sandy met his wrath with scorn  
And told him for to blow his horn.  
Your threats I neither fear, nor care,  
You try and touch me if you dare.

But hark the whistle to begin,  
It settled all that might be done.  
The chums were pleas'd as you may guess.  
About their plan and its success.  
But now the chums must separate,  
For they must yield to luck or fate,  
But whether on the land or sea,  
They are the boys that's bright and free.

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### WRITTEN ON A 'CARTE DE VISITE'

Dear Jane, the chiel this represents,  
Hopes you won't be too hard,  
But pardon him, tho' he's been long,  
In sending you his card.

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### TO A MATE'S WIFE

You ask'd for my card and with kindest regard,  
That same I now render to thee.  
And I hope your dear mate may a captancy get—  
When next time he comes home from sea

## LINES TO MISS EDGAR

*When leaving town.*

Oh, dear Miss Edgar, we feel sad,  
That such a brilliant star;  
Should leave our horizon, now dark,  
To shine from us afar.  
But we will fondly hope that soon.  
Your lustre may again  
Dispel the gathering clouds of gloom  
Like sunshine after rain.

And tho' you go to friends most dear,  
Who's right it is to claim,  
Your kind attention, which may cheer  
The sad, in heart or frame  
Yet, dear Miss Edgar, if we ought,  
One thing we'd have you do:  
To give's, at least, one passing thought,  
For ours will be with you.

'Then let us hope, your sojourn may  
Be fraught with pleasant joy.  
And whilst with loving friends you stay  
May nothing you annoy.  
Altho' it's sad for us to part—  
From grief we must refrain.  
And hope, your kind and friendly heart,  
We soon may share again.

## MOXIE

*Waterziet, June 15, 1906.*

When days are hot, and thirst is great,  
Just you try Moxie.  
A temperance drink that's hard to beat,  
Is cooling Moxie.  
Just take a bottle off the ice,  
And you will find it very nice.  
One should have it at any price—  
This drink, called Moxie.

Insomnia may you distress,  
But you take Moxie.  
Or apathy may you oppress,  
The cure is Moxie.  
For nerves it is the best of food,  
By taking it you will feel good,  
Most ills are now it's understood  
Dispell'd by Moxie.

It is the fluid for the brain,  
For mild is Moxie.  
No headache or no after pain  
Results from Moxie.  
Yet it is better far than beer,  
It doth invigorate and cheer,  
And you can take it without fear,  
The beverage Moxie.

You want a bracer for the nerves,  
Then just take Moxie.  
You'll find this purpose it well serves,  
This charming Moxie.  
Then pass around the cheering cup,  
Let everybody have a sip,  
In friendship we will drink it up—  
Here's luck to Moxie.

## THE STONE OF INCHINON

1866.

Companion dear, since thou hast gone,  
I've paid a visit to the stone,  
In summer, where we used to rest  
To watch Sol sinking in the west,  
And making everywhere around,  
Look as it were enchanted ground.

Tho' bare to hail, snow, sleet and rain,  
Still doth the hardy stone remain,  
As if it never felt the blast,  
Of winter's storms as on they pass,  
Which shows the stone will still exist,  
When we have moulder'd into dust.

Ah, surely those were happy days,  
When first we tuned our sportive lays,  
As arm in arm we gayly trod,  
From Renfrew, o'er Inchinon road,  
With hearts and pockets light and free,  
Then neither care nor fear had we.

If stones could speak, that stone of old,  
Could many a wond'rous tale unfold,  
Of scenes perhaps before the flood.  
Of tales of love, or deeds of blood.  
But come down soon that we may roam  
Once more to see the hardy stone.



## IN REPLY TO A FRIEND

1871.

Dear Eliza, with great pleasure,  
I have read the lines you sent.  
And your sentiments I treasure,  
For my own they seem to vent.  
Yea, for I have dreams of childhood,  
Even in my waking hours.  
Memory brings me to wildwood,  
Where I've gathered pretty flowers.

Once there were an humble dwelling,  
Standing close beside the sea,  
Even now my bosom's swelling,  
Tell's how dear it was to me.  
Tho' no costly decorations  
Beautified its humble walls,  
Yet no palace 'mongst the nation's  
Louder to my memory calls.

See an aged pair keep watching,  
From that humble cottage door—  
A boy, that now and then keeps snacking,  
Shells or pebbles from the shore.  
Or see the boy now swiftly chasing  
After butterfly or bee,  
For a moment scarcely ceasing,  
In his happy, childish glee.

Years have past, now scenes are springing  
As we wander to and fro.  
But the best to memory clinging,  
Are the scenes of long ago.  
Those happy scenes when I remember  
Are a sweet and soothing balm  
That heals the mind, tho' like December,  
And brings it to a summer's calm.

## TO MY DEAR WIFE

*Mrs. W. was at this time keeping house for her father  
after her mother's death.*

Oh, my own, my dearest darling,  
What is life apart from thee?  
Soon I'll come to Oneonta,  
Then our joys will doubl'd be.  
Nigh a score of years we've travel'd  
O'er the rugged road of life,  
But on earth I found no other  
Half so sweet as my dear wife.

Easter holidays are coming,  
Precious holidays to me.  
Oh, what joy, what hope in prospect—  
Leaving toil for bliss with thee.  
Sweet the kiss of fond affection,  
When I'll clasp you in my arms.  
For you know I'm still your lover,  
And your beauty still me charms.

What fear I for chilly winter?  
Basking in thy genial smile—  
It will seem like summer weather,  
For sad care you do beguile.  
Friends may for a time show kindness,  
But my Mary's ever true.  
Oh, my own, my dearest darling,  
I scarce live apart from you.

## WASHINGTON PARK, ALBANY, N. Y.

Not far from Albany's grand Capitol—

You take the Pinchills car to strike the Park.

No fairer spot on earth's revolving ball,

Has beauty's blandishments crown'd with her mark.

When weary with the city's din and strife,

I often wander there to meditate—

To reinvigorate, and get new life,

I feel the calm as soon's I pass the gate.

Dame Nature here, her sweetest gifts bestows,

Enhanc'd by art, and man's efficient skill.

Flow'rs of rich hues in wild profusion grow,

The summer air they do with fragrance fill.

Or even in the fall, when foliage

Takes on a thousand changing tints and hues,

'Tis pleasant then to view from the lake's edge,

Such scenes as these, which heart and mind subdues.

Around are monuments where e'er one turns.

The donors of the same deserve our praise,

Such gifts as Moses, and of Robert Burns,

Are generous, e'en for our wealthy days.

With woodland, hill and dale, doth nicely blend.

The fountain and the lake do add their charm.

Here poor, as well as rich, the day may spend

In recreation free from all alarm.

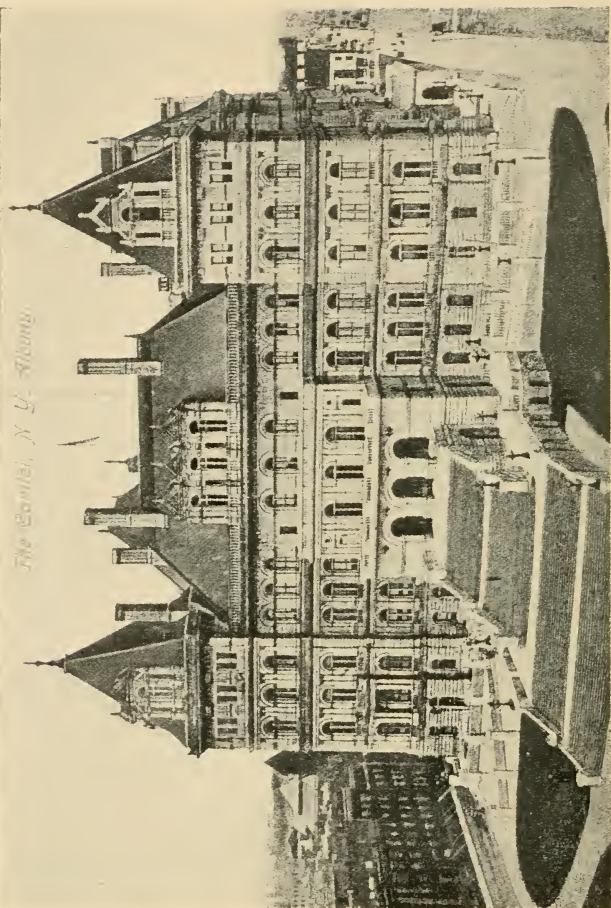


LAKE GEORGE FROM BALDWIN

## LAKE GEORGE

My holidays hath come, and I  
To fair Lake George again will hie,  
"And leave the mad'ning crowd behind,"  
A thousand pleasures there to find,  
Forgetting city din and strife,  
I will renew the springs of life,  
Woo nature at her very best,  
And for a time have perfect rest.  
From when French Point the steamer bounds,  
Until the lake's extreme she rounds,  
What visions of delight we see,  
Our hearts are filled with ecstasy.  
See yonder crystal riv'lets glow,  
As down the mountain side they flow,  
Thus as we wind by hill and gorge  
We are entranc'd with fair Lake George.  
And when we've sailed thy waters o'er,  
We love to wander by thy shore,  
Or climb the hills some crag to view,  
And in thy woodland game pursue,  
Or nestle by a shady nook,  
Lull'd by the music of some brook,  
Thus shall we take our diverse way,  
And peaceful spend each happy day.  
Around thy islands we will row,  
Or to some cove a fishing go,  
Enhale the fragrant laden breeze,  
Shed by the wild flow'rs and the trees,  
And then the sun dips in the west,  
We too will seek our peaceful rest,  
And thus when holidays are done  
We'll wish they only had begun.

*The Capitol, N. Y. Albany.*



## STATE CAPITOL

ALBANY, N. Y.

On State Street, near thy base I've often stood  
In admiration, viewing thee all o'er,  
A monument, meant for the people's good,  
No wonder that the artist's thee adore,  
And at thee gaze and want to see thee more.  
Majestically thy fair proportions stand  
Like tale of stone, from the Arabian lore,  
In situation thou 'rt exceeding grand,  
And as a whole, thou art the pride of all the land.

Far up in conical design we see  
Thy lofty towers pierce the azure blue,  
Nor finer entrance to thy halls could be,  
Than thy grand stairway, as it comes to view,  
In grace and amplitude, excell'd by few,  
Around your balustrades the carvers' art  
Of rich design, show what the skill'd can do, \\\nView'd from afar, or near your every part,  
Pronounce you beautiful, of Albany the heart.

Nor is thy structure all there is of thee,  
For oft within thy halls hath men of fame,  
Made laws to bless the whole community  
Laws that are famous and entwine your name.  
"Alas! that any laws should mead our blame,"  
Right proud are we that still around thy walls  
Are pictures of our mighty great that claim  
Our praise, and rightly too, for in thy halls  
These men were ready to obey "when justice calls."

## REFRACTORY

*Washington Park, Albany.*

When you have wander'd through the Park,  
It's beauties to explore.  
Row'd on the lake, or had a walk,  
Around its pretty shore,  
Or on your auto, had a spin,  
Or bicycle a ride,  
You'll find that appetite's demands,  
Can not be put aside.

To obviate that we advise,  
The place for you to go,  
Is to the Park Refractory,  
For there you ought to know,  
On the veranda, you may have—  
Lunch you can eat with zest.  
Ice cream with cake, and sandwiches,  
And soft drinks of the best.



## SECOND EPISTLE TO ALEXANDER DUNCAN

Noo re'ly, Sandy, it's exciting,  
Ta think ye've been sae lang in writing,  
And tho' I ne'er was fond of fighting,  
    Yet, by my sang,  
Ye noo deserve a right guid fighting,  
    'Ta' wait sa lang.

The kindly letter you sent hither,  
Claims the affection of a brither,  
Altho' it puts me in a swither,  
    Towards it's close.  
Whither I should rhyme a nither,  
    Or give ye prose.

But here's for rhyme, since best you like it,  
Tho' learned folks might wish me kicked,  
Or put me doon as daft, or wicked,  
    Were I ta' claim,  
For my poor verse the Muses' ticket—  
    A poet's fame.

Then tho' 'mid snears, some count it folly,  
Yet I'll reject their counsel wholly,  
And lang as Pegasus drives jolly,  
    Still will I sing.  
For if I'm ever melancholy,  
    It joy doth bring.

But how ye teen the botheration,  
Ta write sae daft-like a quotation,  
About a chiel who's rank and nation,  
    Would cease to be,  
If a like him ae generation,  
    Would single dee.

But as for me the bonny lassies  
Are far above such bachelor classes,  
Such men they mun ha' hearts like cassies,  
    Wha beauty spurns.  
And I would ca them "senseless asses",  
    Wi Rabbie Burns.

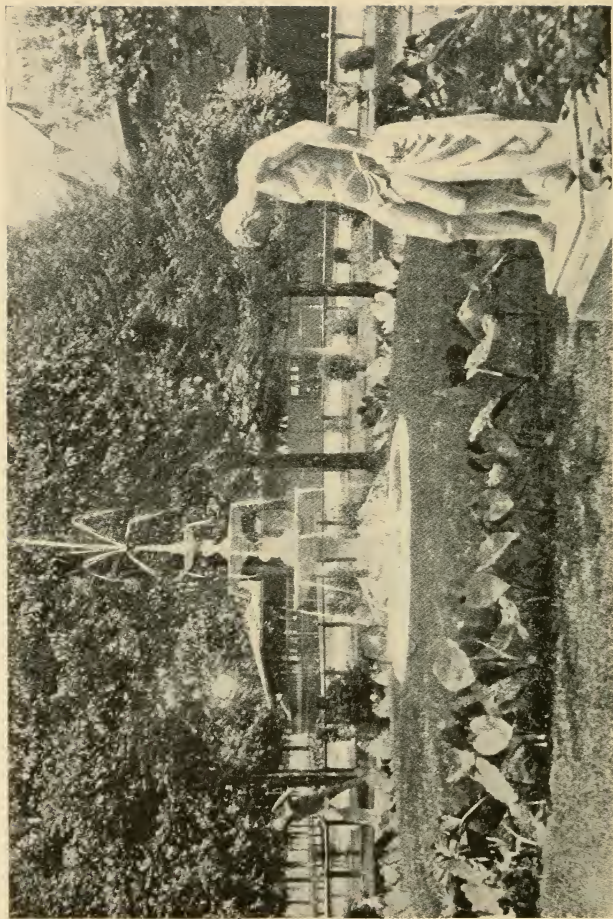
And then about that middling budy,  
Wha lately wrought in Miller's Smiddy,  
'Twas he, if ever breathed a cudgy  
    Wi thout the lugs,  
Altho' he pass'd as being steady  
    Mong' some big bugs.

And next you ask the reason in it,  
Why I've not sent my carte de visite,"  
Weel in your care, I'd like to place it,  
    Lang, lang 'ere noo.  
But, I've been waiting you may guess it,  
    To get them new.

Noo in mi album there are places,  
I'd like ta fill, wi honest faces,  
An such as yours a boon the graces,—  
    I'd truly prize.  
Sae send it lad in card cases,  
    Ne'er mind the size.

I'm glad wi health your kind, dear sister,  
 Good Providence once more hae bliss'd her ,  
 And for your sake I would hae kiss'd her,  
     But then you ken,  
 Her sweetheart might think that a twister,  
     For single men.

But, Sandy, I mun stop my singing,  
 For ever time is swiftly winging.  
 I wish, and hope, ye joy its bringin<sup>g</sup>.  
     So noo guid night,  
 An' dinna hae me hard ye dinging  
     Gen next ye write.



RACE TRACK GARDENS, SARATOGA

## SARATOGA

Saratoga, fair to see,  
Crown'd with grand historic glory,  
Love and war thy pedigree,  
Often hath been told in story.  
Here the nation's freedom came,  
Washington, our darling hero,  
Gained success and lasting fame,  
When things almost seem'd at zero.

Nature's gifts are lavish'd here  
'Round thy springs of healing water,  
If we look it doth appear,  
Beauty's here we need not flatter,  
Thy surroundings all are grand,  
Wheresoe'er we wish to wander,  
Art and Nature hand in hand,  
Make a scene that can't be grander.

What a gay and merry throng  
Come to see thy famous places,  
Seeking health some come along,  
Others come to play the races,  
Some seek masquerade and ball,  
Some prefer to go a fishing,  
There's diversion for them all,  
Each can follow what they're wishing.

Often lovers here have met,  
For thou art lovers' paradise,  
Here they've seal'd their happy fate,  
And they forevermore rejoice,  
If young folks would mated be,  
Do not go to Chattanooga,  
That is down in Tennessee—  
Rather go to Saratoga.

## EDISON

Great wizard, thy fine intellect,  
Hath been a marvel now for years.  
Thy genius touch'd the lightning's flash.  
Behold a steady light appears.  
Both town and city now rejoice,  
Who dreaded once the coming night,  
For thy bright lamps dispel the gloom  
And causes darkness take to flight.

In early days who would have thought,  
One buffeted by Fate's decree,  
Could ever rise to such a height  
Of Fame, sublime almost to see.  
But Fortune recognized her child,  
And with the ticker tried his hand.  
She smiled to see the task well done.  
Then handed him her golden wand.

Thy great inventions doth procure  
The toil that brings to millions bread.  
And over all the world we find  
Thy genius like a blessing spread.  
You've form'd an epoch in our time,  
Since we receiv'd the phonograph.  
So many brilliant gifts as thine,  
Hath never come to mortal's path.

## LINES TO MISS CAMPBELL

SCOTLAND, 1868.

Sweet, lovely maid, I am afraid,  
That I'm too long in writing.  
But never mind, since now I find—  
A song I'm now inditing.  
And tho' the sun, his race hath run,  
Yet sleep I won't take any  
Until my promise I fulfill,  
To thee, sweet maid of Deny.

To work away, the summer day,  
Pent up in Glasgow city.  
Hard is our fare, no country air,  
It really seems a pity.  
Yet it is meet to make more sweet,  
When holidays we've any,  
O'er fields to rove with pretty girls,  
Such as the Belle of Deny.

But gen the Fair, one day from care,  
In pleasant recreation.  
My bonny lass, I hope to pass,  
By your kind invitation.  
And wild flow'rs then, from Carran Glen,  
I'll gather a good many,  
To make a wreathe to crown yourself,  
The sweetest flow'r in Deny.

## COUSIN JESSIE

*Mrs. James Irvine.*

ACROSTIC.

Jessie, when yet a child I lov'd thee well,  
Ere yet from Tarbetness we sever'd were.  
Sweet recollections in my heart doth dwell,  
Since, when in childish glee, we sported there.  
In life since then our paths hath seldom met,  
E'en now the mighty ocean doth us part.  
Roam where we may I hope in friendship yet  
Once more to meet you and your own sweetheart,  
Soon home in England, from Penang to stay,  
So now God bless and keep you all I pray.

---

## TO A YOUNG LADY

Dear Miss, altho' I have not gain'd,  
As yet a Milton's name.  
And tho' my verse hath not attain'd  
Perchance a Byron's fame:  
Yet pray excuse a humble bard,  
Regardless of all that,  
Who now his thanks to you award,  
For brushing his old hat.

One windy day going along the street my hat blew off and got somewhat soiled. I stepped into a restaurant where I sometimes dined and asked the young lady in attendance for a brush, but she kindly brushed it for me and I at the same time wrote her the above few lines, which seemed to please her much.



## A TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN

The storm hung o'er the city like a pall,  
As hurrying people, now for shelter seek.  
And Nature's teardrops they begin to fall,  
And all around look's dismal, dark and bleak,

I weary wand'ring through the city streets—  
Now see approaching the electric car,  
And hasten to the crossing, and soon greets  
The motorman, who stops it with a jar.

The tall and short the ignorant and skill'd  
The stout or lean all here doth blend  
Tho' large the car yet all the seats are fill'd,  
And two hang on the straps at either end.

From where I sit a trio caught my gaze—  
A husband, wife, and very pretty child.   \  
He to his knees the little one did raise.  
Her lovely happy face, at him now smil'd.

A working man the husband seem'd to be,  
Still bearing on him, honest marks of toil.  
The wife, she had been shopping one could see,  
Her parcel told of bargain counter's spoil.

The little one was pretty, had fair hair—  
The apple blossom seem'd to tint her cheeks.  
With rosebud lips and skin surpassing fair,  
She was just such a child the artist seeks.

The little maid still standing on his knee,  
With chubby, dimpled hands his cheeks caress,  
Saying: "Oh, my papa, papa, I love thee,  
Then held her pretty lips for him to press.

You've seen a sunbeam strike a rippling wave,  
So ran the smile that lit up every face.  
A moment since the faces all looked grave,  
And now a smile on every one you trace.

The stern conductor even had to pause  
And on his face you could detect a grin.  
I thought how true to nature still it was,  
"A touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

## GRANDMAMMA'S INVITATION

1899.

When our little grand-daughter was one year old Mrs. W. was at Oneonta and Mrs. Jones asked if I would try and get her to come to Albany. These lines were the result.

Dear grandmama, I wish you would come here,  
For on next Sunday, I'll be just one year,  
A birthday party I'm to have you know,  
For birthday parties, now are all the go.  
We'll have it on the Saturday I deem,  
This change the day to suit, as doth the Queen.  
The little Mitchell girls will come together,  
And they are going to bring their little brother.  
And mamma has invited, as she owns,  
My charming little aunty, Edith Jones.  
In blue, mamma will dress me, it doth seem,  
And papa's going to give us all ice cream.  
Dear grandmamma, just come, I'll do my part,  
And grandpapa says I am real smart,  
Now grandpapa he ought to know, because  
'Twas he me taught to show how big I was,  
And how to patty-cake, and count my toes,  
And tell me all about how piggy goes.  
When at the table if reach it I can't,  
Grandpapa gives me any thing I want.  
And mamma sometimes acts a little wild,  
Sayin' goodness, grandpapa, you'll spoil the child.  
Miss Tellers' kittens we now see no more,  
But dear old Prinnie, he still lives next door.

Dear grandmamma I soon will need a broom,  
For now alone I walk across the room.  
And when the ragman comes and makes a noise,  
I too cry rags, just like the girls and boys.  
And when my mamma plays a lively tune,  
I sing and dance with papa like a coon.  
I also can say papa, and mamma,  
And grandpapa will teach me say hurrah.  
There's other things, if you will come, I'll do,  
And show you four sharp, little teethies, too.  
Dear grandmamma, wait not for telephones,  
But come to your grand-daughter, Agnes Jones.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

*From "Arthur Emery."*

On the eve of St. Valentine's day, the Chums had met at Hope Cottage with the object in view of sending their friends and foes comic and sensational valentines.

At this time St. Valentine's day was observed by the youth of Scotland very much more than now-a-days. Christmas and New Year cards have now taken the place of valentines to quite an extent.

The Chums were in the best of spirits, and had gathered together a variety of comic Valentines and other oddities to do up in parcels and mail.

The prolific pen of the poet Jem, the artistic pencil of Len, and the wit and tact of Arthur, here had an ample field to run riot in. Let us look in and see what they are about.

Arthur is giving the finishing touches to a splendid specimen of a well-known long-eared quadruped which Len has drawn, and to which Jem has attached an amusing comic rhyme. Arthur's contribution was a line coming from the animal's mouth, saying "You're another." They then folded it up until about an inch and a half square, and put it into an envelope, then in one larger, and so on until they had covered it with about a score of envelopes from the smallest up to the largest they could find. When ready, they addressed it to the head draughtsman, whom the Chums considered altogether too officious. One or two others followed, when Jem said, "I thought after we proposed to meet here, that it would be a good joke to write a love epistle to Christina, Mr. Jones' cook, as coming from Matthews,

the fat gardener on the estate; and one from her to the same party."

"That's the very ticket," said Len. "Let us hear what you have written; we will do the old Saint honor by making the bouncing cook and the fat Adamite acquainted." Jem then read the following:

### From Matthews to Christina

"Christina, charmer of my heart,  
You've set me all in raptures,  
And ere I all my love could tell,  
I'd need to write whole chapters.

I've long been looking for a wife  
To be my darling dearie,  
So take me now and all your life,  
I'm sure you'll never weary.

For I desire no fickle maid  
Who rants about for sport aye,  
But give to me one settled down,  
Sweet, rosy, fat and forty.

Now since you are my whole desire,  
And since I love none other,  
The best thing that we both can do  
Is to get spliced together."

"Bravo, semo, simo, excelantino," shouted Arthur.

"You will surely be Poet Laureate yet," said Len; "but I see you have another piece, read it also." Jem then read:

## From Christina to Matthews

“Matthews, you are surely stealing  
The affection of my heart,  
Even now I long for sealing  
When for life we ne’er need part.

Other beaus have come a wooing,  
But they never moved me so.  
Matthews, you are me undoing,  
Be my Valentine and Joe.

What tho’ some prefer the city,  
To the country bright an fair,  
Their sad lack of taste I pity,  
For I love the purer air.

Wealth I crave not, no nor beauty,  
Any more than what I’ve got ;  
I desire to do my duty  
In some humble little cot.”

Arthur and Len again complimented the poet, and they selected two suitable love valentines which they enclosed with their respective lines to the cook and the gardener. The boys merely wishing to have some sport with the two, for they knew them well, never dreamed of what it would result in ; but which result we may as well give our readers.

It was noticed shortly after St. Valentine’s day, that the gardener had considerable business to transact with Mr. Jones : and it was also noticed that Mr. Jones’ cook was more particular with her hair, and wore extra clean

aprons. In fact, the upshot of the whole matter was that in less than six months Mr. Jones lost his excellent cook, and a certain gardener was made wonderfully happy. The chums were invited to the marriage, but dared not whisper their part in the matter.

We will now retrace our steps to where we left the Chums hard at work. It was a late hour when they finished, and they had quite a load to carry to the post-office. Len and Jem divided the burden between them, and undertook to see them posted on their way home.

The boys were on their way out when little Rose opened the parlor door and stepped up beside her brother; the poet was making some remark, and was about to follow Len who just stepped outside the door, when Rose slipped something into the poet's pocket and shook her pretty head. Jem was the only one to notice the movement, and remarked, "Well, Apple Blossom, whatever are you doing out of bed at this time of night?"

"Because Mamma allowed me to stay for Arthur, and to read my new book; you must see the pictures next time you come; they are lovely, and Miss Jones was very kind to give me such a pretty picture book."

We may here remark that the poet was ever a great favorite with children, and especially with Rose, for on his first visit to Hope Cottage, when she was only four years old, she looked up into his kindly face and remarked in her innocent childish way, "I like you." And ever afterward did she make him her confidant; showed him all her new playthings; and he in turn giving her dolls and animals, names; and often, while Len and Arthur were solving some intricate problem, Jem would leave them, having no special taste for figures, and be-



take himself to the parlor to discuss the merits of some new book with Mrs. Emery, or have a romp with Rose and her pets. He often found sweets in his jacket pockets when arriving home after a visit at the cottage, put there by little Apple Blossom, as he called her, which she did not wish the others to see.

So he was not surprised when he noticed that the little maid put something in his pocket, and thought it was some candies she had saved for him. Judge then of his surprise when he arrived home, to find, not the expected sweets, but a pretty little valentine addressed to him in Rosie's childish hand-writing, and with the old rhyme :

“The rose is red, the violet's blue,  
The honey's sweet and so are you.”

At first, Jem smiled and then felt rather sad, that he had not sent his little favorite a valentine. It was now too late to get one, but he looked over his box until he found one that would do, and sat down and penned the following :

### Lines to My Little Sweetheart

My pretty little Blossom,  
As I've a little time,  
I thought my little sweetheart  
Would like a little rhyme,  
Which, with a little token,  
In a little after this,  
The little busy postman  
Will hand my little miss.

And should it please a little,  
A little I'll be glad;  
But if offend a little,  
I'll be twice a little sad.  
Now the reason I've put little  
In every little line,  
Is because a little lady,  
Is my little Valentine."

The poet then, late as it was, sent out and posted the Valentine to Rose.

Though few knew it, yet thus early in life were the threads of two lives beginning to twine into one, even the parties most concerned not realizing the fact until a time of separation came; and then as the years rolled by, a certain maiden beautiful and fair would not be wooed nor induced to marry for wealth or any other consideration. And a certain handsome young man, genial and much sought after by the fair sex, could not find a mate, but wandered about with a void in his heart until good fortune brought together cause and effect, resulting in the two threads forming a happy union as they twisted into one, never more to sever. The reader may well guess what this little allegory means, but we must not anticipate too much.

## NIAGARA FALLS

I well remember when I first beheld the Falls,  
As o'er the bridge to Canada we went.  
I thought it strange that vision so appalls,  
To pilgrims and to tourists hither bent.  
But soon I had to change my tune, and lent  
My whole attention to admire the grand,  
Wild, rush of waters, ever onward sent!  
A mighty pow'r we scarcely understand.  
Thy rocky banks that guides thee, ever shields the land.

Tho' we acknowledge thy tremendous pow'r,  
Yet there's a subtle element in man  
That can control thee and divert thy store.  
He puts you into harness and doth plan  
To have thee wed the lightning and then can  
His travel and his factory run with ease,  
And make the darkest night shine forth like dawn.  
Yes, man hath got thee, and one surely sees  
He doth control thee now, just as it doth him please.

We've heard Oriska's sad pathetic tale,  
And many others out of Indian lore,  
How in their frail canoe they swiftly sail  
From earth that they might gain the spirit shore,  
And meet their fate amid thy sullen roar.  
And of the phantom Maiden of the Mist,  
Who's said to lure some weaklings to adore.  
But from these tales of woe we turn, and trust  
That nature's grandest cataract will long exist.



TARBATNESS LIGHTHOUSE, PORTMAHOMACK  
Third Highest Lighthouse in Scotland; Height, 134 Feet

## TARBETNESS LIGHTHOUSE

I have roved over land, I sailed over ocean,  
And have wandered afar from the land of my birth;  
I've seen the great billows, in wildest commotion,  
And have tested the sorrows and pleasures of earth;  
But today my poor heart with joy is rebounding  
And my soul it is stirred to its utmost recess  
As I gaze from the top whilst waves are resounding  
On the rocks 'neath the lighthouse of Old Tarbetness.

How grand, how impressive, the sight from thy tower.  
As we viewed the dark clouds and horizon around,  
We thought of your flashlights, that send with such  
power

Their message of welcome, to ships homeward bound.  
The mariner hails thee, and steers out of danger;  
Thy clear light thus saves him from rocks and  
distress;

He counts thy bright flashes and tho' quite a stranger  
Then he hails thee as lighthouse of Old Tarbetness.

Long, long may, brave keepers, your works still see  
turning

A beckon of safety, even seen from afar.  
The glow from thy bosom, through midnight still  
burning,

Shall illumin' the dark like a bright shining star;  
With delight we admire thy lofty construction,  
So white and majestic we thy beauty confess,  
And thank God that man has had every instruction  
To build such a lighthouse upon Old Tarbetness.

## OLD JENNIE'S KETTLE

Now a ye bards in rhyme that's dealing,  
Come sing wi' me a dirge o' feeling,  
An' frae ye're e'en let tears be stealing  
    As it ye're singing,  
A'tho' ye'd rub them wi' a' feeling  
    Frae aff an ingan.

For now poor Jennie, canna settle  
Since Cameron's laddie burned her kettle.  
A pity, but he'd gripped an nettle,  
    Or burned his fingers  
When lifting up the polished metal  
    Upon the hingers.

But how it happen'd I mun narrate,  
Weel Dunkie went up ta the garret  
One day when Jennie's out for carrot  
    Or some such errand,  
And left nane in but her old parrot  
    Some bread a tearing.

A laughing, stirring cheil was Dunkie,  
An' supple as an eel or flunky,  
An' fu' o' tricks as ony monkey,  
    E'er nut that craket,  
An' for his likes he was sae spunky,  
    Cared no a taket.

Right in he gets the door to flinging,  
An' now he hears the kettle singing,  
Sa' o'er he goes an' sets it hinging  
    Above the ingle,  
'Till clouds o' steam their way were winging  
    In clouds to mingle.

An' as the puffing steam did soar hi'  
Wee Dunkie he was in his glory,  
An' when it stop'd he seem'd na sorry,  
    Nor note was taking  
That this the subject o' our story  
    Now fast was cracking.

But when it chirp'd like to a cricket,  
He kent he had done something wicked  
Sa' like a cat that had been kicked,  
    He quickly sallies  
Right down the stairs an' through the wicket  
    Fra' Jennie's palace.

Now, Jennie she is hame returning,  
Not dreaming of her kettle's burning,  
But wi' a sang dull care was spurning,  
    'Till in her garret;  
But then her joy was turned to mourning  
    O'er sad to narrate.

Oh! had ye seen her consternation,  
As Jennie view'd the devastation,  
Ye would break down wi' fair vexation,  
    An' fa' a greeting  
E'en the mast hardened in the nation  
    Her might be pitying.

To her a' things look'd dull and dreary,  
The very parrot e'en look'd erie,  
That she had left so gay and cherry,  
    An' stopp'd its swinging  
As Jennie viewed her dearest dearie  
    In ruins hinging.

Who served ye sae, my guid auld crony,  
She said as tears fell fast and mony,  
I'm sure I left ye shinning bonnie  
    A wee ta' settle,  
But tea again ye'll ne'er make any  
    My guid auld kettle.

In fact the scene's o'er sad ta paint it,  
Puir Jennie, she had nearly fainted,  
An' when the nei'bour bodies kent it,  
    They up did hurry,  
An' teen the kettle much lamented,  
    Awa' ta, bury.

Now Christian freens that's kind in ga'ing  
If this should come within your seeing,  
Send tea to help a fellow being,  
    For some here ettle,  
To give ta Jennie who's mest deeing,  
    Another kettle.

The poem was printed in a local paper, adding to Don's fame as a poet. A number of his customers, after making inquiry about the facts, were pleased to contribute a number of packages of tea to give her. This pleased the kind-hearted poet exceedingly. Jennie, thus being brought before the public, although in a burlesque way, never had to buy any more tea, for a number of kind friends not only bought her a handsome new kettle, but all saw that she always had a good supply of tea in her canister.



## ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF JOHN SOUDEN

*Aged thirteen, he had taken the Golden Medal for  
Scholarship shortly before his death.*

Renfrew, 1868.

'Twas Autumn, and the reapers' joyful lay,  
Resounded from amid' the golden corn.  
As two young lads, from Renfrew, take their way  
To where the Nushet Isle looms out forlorn.  
And now they happily cross, the time to wile,  
Yet notice not how fast the time doth glide  
As they around for mushrooms search the Isle,  
'Til they're surrounded by the treach'rous tide.

Their danger now they see, yet bravely try,  
But only one hath gain'd the solid shore.  
The surge rolls on, alas, no help is nigh,  
One sinks amid' the waves, to rise no more.  
So young, and yet he's gone, one who had been  
His parents greatest earthly hope and joy.  
Yes, his were talents that are rarely seen  
To grace maturer years than of a boy.

No master's chiding voice to him was heard,  
For misdemeanor, or for tasks unlearn'd.  
But for the lessons he so well prepar'd,  
Prizes for Latin, French and Greek he earn'd.  
Is't any wonder, we had hop'd to see  
Him shining forth among' the stars of fame,  
And handing down to all posterity,  
For some great work, a never dying name.

But only God, omniscient is and wise,  
And orders all things for our lasting good.  
Then let our hearts, above our sorrows rise  
In prayer to God to give us fortitude.  
And tho' it's sad, to part with those we love,  
Yet He who gave can take the living soul  
From earth below to realms of peace above,  
Where storms rage not nor angry billows roll.

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## HYMN FOR THE BIBLE CLASS

*Free Church, Renfrew, 1863.*

Our Father, look down from your mansions above,  
And enrich Thou our class with thy blessing and love,  
Oh, teach us and guide us to love the right way,  
Or we, in our folly, will wander astray.  
Our kind-hearted pastor, we surely revere,  
And I trust we'll remember the words that we hear.  
And tho' there be partings and trials for us,  
At last let us meet in the regions of bliss.

## RENFREW MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

1867.

Dear friends, excuse me if I blunder,  
In thus your precious time to hinder,  
For now I really would not wonder,  
    'Tho' some one should  
Now chide me in a voice of thunder  
    For be'ng so rude.

But since our chairman gave permission  
To write some verses for discussion,  
And I hope the coming session,  
    With all its fuss,  
Will prove some here in full possession  
    Of Pegasus.

And when debating let us ever  
Try and use our best endeavor,  
Nor hasty be, but very clever,  
    To hold our own;  
Yet be kindly to each other,  
    'Tho' right or wrong.

Then with our hearts and bosoms swelling,  
Ne'er mind tho' humble be our dwelling,  
Let us do our best in telling,  
    The simple truth.  
And criticise without us railing  
    On sage or youth.

So if we're constant in attending,  
To banish wrong, but right defending,  
I'm sure before the sessions ending,  
Which we've begun,  
We'll think that time's too quick in sending,  
To end our fun.

Then let us hope and fondly cherish,  
That our society may flourish,  
'Till everyone in Renfrew Parish  
Will acknowledge  
That we more firmly wisdom nourish,  
Than any college.

---

### EPITAPH ON EDWARD IRISH

For such a son as Edward was,  
A mother well may weep,  
And friends may mourn with tearful eyes,  
That he hath fell asleep.  
But oh, there's one now far away,  
From where he lowly lies,  
Feels sad at heart to think how soon,  
Death took him as a prize.

---

### EXTEMPORE ON MISS C—

Dear little maid, I am afraid,  
You'r stealing my poor heart,  
One moment stay, don't run away,  
Let's kiss before we part.

## LINES TO COUSIN ANNIE MUNRO

*Renfrew, 1867.*

Annie, I have heard it said,  
And really it's a blessing,  
That thou'rt a good and bonny lass—  
My own affectionate cousin.  
But Annie, think not hard of him  
Those lines that's now inditing,  
But freely pardon and forgive  
His negligence in writing.

I do remember well the time,  
When child-like I would wander  
Up the hillside near to your home,  
And chase the geese and gander.  
And then with Aunty Ann I went  
The pretty shells to gather,  
Or watch the waves by Tarbet shore  
That seem'd to chase each other.

Ah, many years since then hath fled,  
Yet memory seems to go back  
With lightning speed and bring to view  
These scenes of Portmahomack.  
Methinks I see the cottage now,  
Where dwelt my good old granny,  
And there I've often watch'd her spin  
With speed, and yet so canny.

And close beside the cottage stood  
A shed, we call the boosan,  
And sometimes there, to tease grandpa,  
I set his lathe agoiñ.  
But now that honor'd man hath gone  
To join that blessed Center,  
Where wiser men than we hath said,  
Few kings shall ever enter.

Dear Cousin, give my kind regards  
To all my friends together,  
But more especially bear in mind  
Your own kind-hearted mother.  
Tell granny that I hope to come  
Down soon to get her blessing.  
No more, but that I still remain  
Your own affectionate cousin.

## SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S GRIT

The recent declaration of Sir Thomas Lipton that he would again try to win the American yachting trophy was an indication of that grit which appeals to the sturdy Scotch character and brought forth the following tribute from D. Watson, a native Scotchman and now a highly esteemed resident of Watervliet :

Sir Lipton, tho' the Emerald Isle  
Is proud of having such a man,  
Yet we all love your genial smile  
For you are cosmopolitan.  
We all admire your nerve and pluck,  
To bring another Shamrock here.  
Who knows but this time your good luck,  
May take the trophy we revere?

But win or lose, which ever way,  
We'll pledge you as we sip your teas,  
And as we drink the amber gay  
We'll think who brought it o'er the seas.  
Yes, sir, we'll pledge you one and all—  
The world admires a man of grit,  
One whom a title makes not small,  
But does him honor and well fit.

From Erin, you had wit and birth;  
From Scotland, youth and common sense,  
And England gave your manhood girth,  
To do a work that is immense.

Thus England, Ireland, Scotland. too,  
All bless'd you with their kindly smiles,  
So that the world in you may know  
A product of the British Isles.

Come, then, Sir Lipton, to our shores,  
America will welcome thee.  
We will all jealousy ignore,  
In this bright land of liberty.  
You have our hand, the mystic tie  
That binds the brotherhood of man,  
So come, and all of us will vie  
To welcome you the best we can.



## LINES TO COUSIN MARY MUNRO

*Renfrew, Scotland, 1867.*

Oh, Mary is a pretty name,  
Our native bard hath sung the same,  
And Bible history doth proclaim,  
    On it a blessing .  
But I'm not going to write its fame,  
    Just now, my cousin.

I merely out of friendship's sake,  
The pen for auld langsyne I take,  
Perchance some rhyming lines to make,  
    Which would need mending,  
If critics through them had to rake,  
    With stern contending.

Dear cousin could I but inherit,  
A part of Rabbie Burn's spirite,  
I'd sing anew, my country's merite,  
    And praise her beauty  
'Till all the world would own and hear it,  
    As 'twere their duty.

Her highland mountains I adore,  
'Bove which majestic eagles soar,  
My heart oft' beats for Scotia's shore,  
    In wildest rapture.  
No wonder writers turn her o'er  
    In many a chapter.

I love sometimes to rove at will,  
Where naught but nature breaks the still,  
With fragrant air to breathe my fill,  
    From flow'ry meadow.  
Or rest beneath some heather hill,  
    Where trees o'er shadow.

But I will see you bye and bye,  
For now my holidays are nigh,  
And when they come away I'll hei-h  
    'To the North Highlands.  
So cousin, until then I'll try  
    My sighs to silence.

## ADDRESS TO THE BRITANNIA C. C.

*Renfrew, Scotland, 1865.*

Success to you, our worthy Chairman,  
And all that's here, who list' and hear, can  
Please lend an ear, and give attention,  
And I'll a few things try to mention.  
I'm going to make no long oration,  
About the great folk of the nation,  
Nor dwell on art, nor speak of science,  
Nor show what puts them at defiance.  
And if your quiet and very civil,  
I will not speak about Gartnavel.  
I'm glad at this our session's ending.  
This evening we're so happy spending.

We know it's charming, in fine weather,  
In joy, to meet with one another,  
And march along with bat or wicket,  
Intent to have our game of cricket.  
Our game's not dull, but needs exerting,  
Then glorious is, and quite diverting.  
I mean not that it's free from danger,  
Nor yet from accident, a stranger,  
Ah, no, for 'twas this very season,  
A ball flew off the bat like treason,  
And struck poor Len, not over civil,  
Somewhere between the knee and navel.  
Fast to the ground it sent him flying.

And for some time we thought him dying,  
But now I'm wasting time in speaking,  
Since here he's all alive and kicking.  
New office bearer, we've elected,

Of them a great deal is expected.  
To guide us, so they need not blame us,  
Until our fame becomes more famous.

There's our late Captain, goodness bliss him,  
Were I a maid, I'd surely kiss him,  
And praise him, but for one occasion,  
When met for some deliberation,  
Well, as we this and that were saying,  
About a match we thought of playing,  
And when we voted to refuse it,  
You're fools, our Captain cries, confuse it.  
One said by jingo, that's a closer,  
Another said, yes, that's a poser,  
Now, had that been another's notion,  
We'd banish him far o'er the ocean,  
To some lone isle, till he relented,  
And of his rashness had repented.  
But when he said it, he was heated,  
So pass it by and no more heed it.  
For even here our noble skipper,  
Has done his duty by the supper.  
And now, as we are gay and happy,  
I pray be careful, of the "drappy",  
And tho' tonight we're met for pleasure,  
Let no one here, o'er step the measure.  
And bring for me, since I'm teatotal,  
Of lemonade another bottle.  
And to conclude, a toast I'll han' you,  
"Three cheers for our brave club, Britannia."

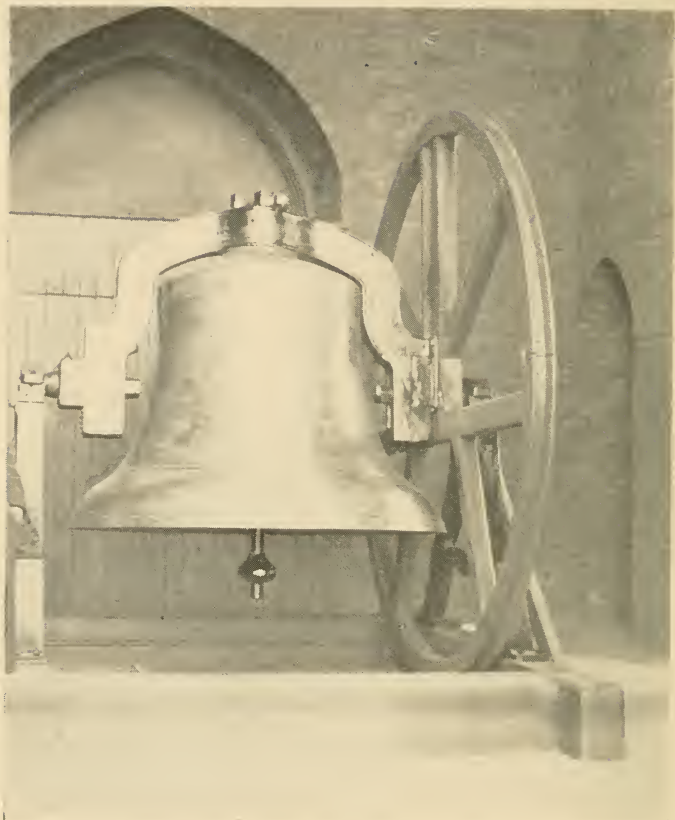
## ST. PATRICK'S BELL, WATERVLIET, N. Y.

The bell of Saint Patrick's, at Watervliet,  
Has been consecrated and now is complete.  
The Saint, if he heard it, sure he would rejoice,  
That down through the ages his mission finds voice.

It's tones from the tower will ring through the air,  
Thus calling it's people to worship and pray'r.  
I'm sure Father Sheehan felt glad in his heart,  
To see the completion of this work of art.

We thank the Meneely's, their skill we admire,  
It will ring out their fame, when swung in the spire.  
In size and in finish it surely excels,  
The State must acknowledge it king of the bells.

For ages its musical cadence shall roll,  
Rejoicing the faithful, in body and soul.  
They will come from afar, to hear it repeat  
This bell of Saint Patrick's, of Watervliet.



For ages its musical cadence shall roll,  
Rejoicing the faithful in body and soul ;  
They will come from afar to hear it repeat,  
This bell of Saint Patrick's at Watervliet.

Largest swinging bell in State of New York. Weighs  
7,500 pounds. Over 6 feet in diameter. Cost about  
\$3,500. Consecrated June 2, 1907

## FAME OF RENFREWSHIRE

1868.

All hail, ye Royal Burrough!  
All hail, both shire and town!  
For 'round thee shines a lustre  
Of glorious renown.  
Yea, men hath risen from thee,  
And gave you such a name,  
That ages, upon ages,  
Shall never dull, thy fame.

The hero, William Wallace,  
Here spent his youthful days,  
That truly noble patriot,  
Whom poets love to praise.  
Here Tannahill, the famous song  
Of "Annie Lawrie" sang.  
Park's inspiring melodies—  
Here's where they first began.

'Twas here, that Robert Pollock,  
Compos'd his "Course of Time",  
A book that makes him famous,  
As long as there is rhyme.  
And here dwelt Habbie Simson,  
Whom many people say,  
His equal, ne'er yet was found,  
Upon the bagpipes play.

Henry Bell, now known afar  
As one of Scotland's pride,  
From here did launch the "Comet",  
First steamboat on the Clyde.

Here Watt, the great inventor,  
And famous engineer,  
The world did quite astonish,  
And still do him revere.

They say that Dr. Marshall,  
That highly gifted man,  
Show'd how lightning could be sent  
By wire, that was his plan.  
And he we should remember,  
When darkness comes at night,  
For he by his great genius,  
Show'd how to get gas light.

Wilson, also, rose from here,  
The ornithologist.  
And others, by whose wisdom,  
The earth's been greatly blessed.  
But let these few, now suffice.  
Altho' I know of lots,  
"For what could Paisley bodies  
Well do without their Coats."

Then is it any wonder,  
The heir to Briton's crown,  
Is titled now as Baron,  
Of ancient Renfrew town.  
All hail, then famous burrough!  
Of grand old Renfrewshire!  
Thy sons hath brought thee glory—  
The world must all admire.



## THE MIRAGE OF THE DESERT

The weav' trav'ler on his way  
Along Arabia's desert drear,  
Still hastens on, he must not stay,  
But forward goes 'mid hope and fear.

And tho' he's travel'd many days,  
The desert still before him lies,  
The sun sends down its burning rays,  
No cloud is seen to deck the skies.

With heat and thirst he is oppress'd,  
And looks for aid but all in vain  
For water or a place of rest,  
He cannot find in all the plain.

But what is that now take's his eye,  
That fills and thrills him with delight,  
See now, for joy he'd almost cry,  
Alas his joy is near its height.

For soon the trav'ler's doom'd to know,  
What he had thought was water grand,  
Was but the sun's reflected glow  
Upon the desert's burning sand.

He saw the waters spread afar,  
And hasten'd for to reach its edge,  
It leads him on like some false star,  
Then turns to nothing but mirage.



SAN FRANCISCO—MARKET STREET BEFORE EARTHQUAKE

## SAN FRANCISCO

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Come, sail along the golden gate and view  
Grand San Francisco, the Pacific's pride;  
Of this world's cities there are very few  
More beautiful seen from the water's side.  
Of the fine bay she is a fitting bride;  
See her majestic buildings line the shore.  
Her wealth and culture doth for miles abide,  
Rich scenic, beauty covers her all o'er,  
And as we on her gaze, we surely must adore.

Hark! what's that horrid noise that strikes the ear,  
See now the solid earth waves to and fro,  
There's something dreadful going on we fear,  
Alas! for San Francisco, she's laid low,  
The earthquake has her, sad the overthrow.  
Wild cries of pain and sorrow fill the air,  
As crush'd and bleeding some to safety go,  
All hades seems let loose the lurid glare  
Of fire's destructive flames complete the wild despair.

But from sad scenes to brighter we would turn,  
For there's a silver lining to the cloud,  
It shows that still within our hearts doth burn,  
A sympathetic feeling, and we're proud  
That other nations help and do not spurn,  
But show the world-wide brotherhood of man,  
Nor shall her debris be the city's urn,  
But phenix like arise again she can,  
A fairer, purer home her citizens shall plan.

## MARCONI

Marconi, we are proud of thee,  
For thine's a name to conjure with,  
You send the lightnings o'er the sea,  
Nor need the cable underneath,  
Your message leaps from tow'ring spars,  
Nor stops for storm, or mountain range,  
Soon we'll expect to hear from Mars,  
And scarcely will we think it strange.

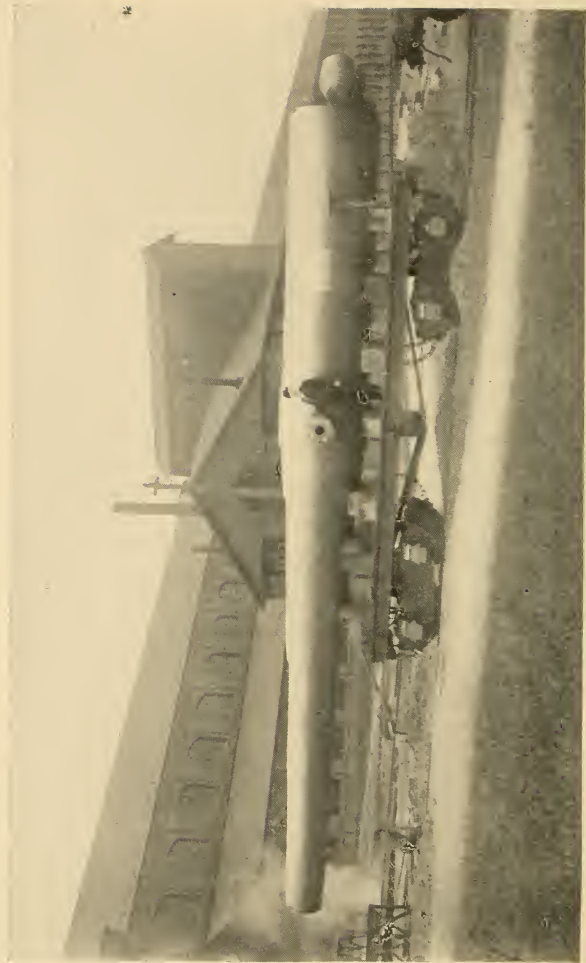
Three thousand miles from shore to shore,  
A message but a moment takes,  
The fabl'd gods could not do more,  
This nigh divine thy power makes.  
Such genius well deserves to be,  
Recorded on the scroll of fame,  
And science will delight in thee  
And love to quote thine honored name.

## EPISTLE TO ALEXANDER DUNCAN

FROM GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

Dear friend, it's not a month today,  
Since I receiv'd your letter,  
But tho' it's rather long to wait,  
I pray excuse your debtor.  
I'm real glad you have arrived,  
In England, well and hearty.  
And that your safely hous'd once more,  
Amongst your bachelor party.  
Next as you say fault No. 1,  
It needeth explanation;  
But if you disappointed were,  
I too, had my vexation.  
Yet, how you thought I jilted you,  
For some fair prima donna.  
I wonder more at that, than at  
The whale, to swallow Jonah.  
For I my promise would have kept,  
As true as any Spartan.  
But the confounded "India",  
She grounded near Dumbarton.  
This was on Friday, and some men,  
Your chum amongst the number,  
Were hurried down, that we might try,  
To clear some heavy lumber.  
For she when sailing from New York,  
On board had a disaster,  
That frighten'd passengers and crew,  
From cabin boy, to Master.  
A heavy balance weight got loose,  
And smash'd her air-pump column.  
But if I should tell all the facts,  
'Twould surely fill a volume.

Now as it was the Sunday ere,  
We managed up the river,  
To see you on the Saturday,  
I surely would be clever.  
And as to how my hand got burnt,  
For which you were so sorry,  
Well, Sandy, as we used to say,  
It's quite a frightsome story.  
It happen'd on a Saturday,  
Just after we had dinner,  
That I got Mason for a mate,  
A somewhat careless sinner  
He brought some naphtha in a can,  
Without a lid or cover,  
And let it catch the flame, and then—  
I thought that all was over.  
For soon as ever it caught fire,  
Great was my consternation.  
He pitched the stuff all over me,  
Causing a conflagration.  
And as I pull'd my jacket off,  
Which quickly I did manage,  
I got one hand severely burn'd,  
But that was all the damage.  
The lines amus'd me 'bout the girl,  
That left the chap, a mourner.  
But Sandy, lad, what do you think,  
I've turn'd once more a turner.  
Now, as I know you like a song,  
I send my last production,  
With kind regards, and hope it may,  
Give pleasure and instruction.



OUR BIG GUN

## MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT

Sweet Alice, we're happy, you've our admiration,  
For now we can see, you are loyal and free,  
In that you are wedding a son of our Nation,  
Instead of succumbing to false pedigree.

## CHORUS.

Then here's to our Alice, since no prince, or palace,  
Could win her away from the land of her birth.  
We surely shall cheer her and in our hearts bear her,  
And pray that good angels will guard her on earth.

When touring the nations, far over the ocean,  
The world had its critical eye upon thee,  
But now they can see your unfailing devotion,  
Is still with your people, "and land of the free."

Soon shall the marriage bells ring for the happy day,  
And gifts from all quarters shall flow in to thee.  
This small wreath of poesy send I without delay,  
Since no gift of jewels a poet's can be.



## OUR BIG GUN

THE MOST POWERFUL GUN IN THE WORLD

You see my picture in this card,

Just as the boys me took,

When ready I for shipment was

To go to Sandy Hook.

Of course my carriage is not here,

And I dismantled am,

But I'll be fixed in proper style,

By good old Uncle Sam.

Then wave Old Glory in the sun,

Let it fly near to me,

Our country's praise we're sure to win,

We stand for liberty.

Think of the projectile I send

Throughout my rifled bore,

I'll clipp the foe right on the wing

At twenty miles from shore.

The mechanism of my breech,

A marvel is of skill,

Watervliet of it is proud,

It shows of brain and will.

When I upon my trunnions hinge,

A child can swing me round,

Yet of such pow'r no other gun

Can in the world be found.

To send my thund'ring charge along,

It needs the lightning's flash,

And when I land amongst the foe,

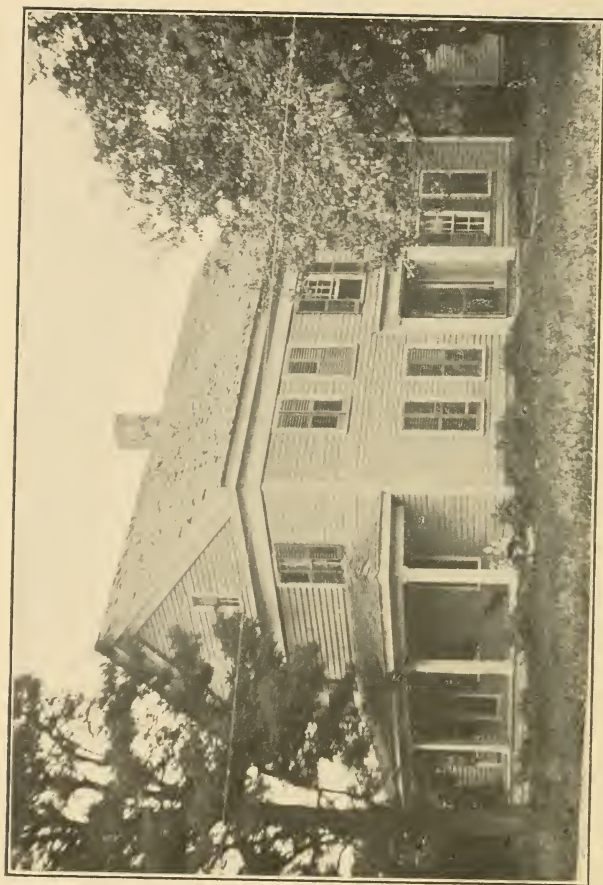
There's going to be a crash.

At Uncle Sam's command I'll be

Quite ready any day.

To fire, and then our foes look out,

They better keep away.



MR. AND MRS. DONALD WATSON'S RESIDENCE, ONEONTA, N. Y.

## MY OWN DEAR WIFE

I have wander'd afar, I've sail'd over seas  
In search of a something my fancy to please,  
A thousand wild notions had whirl'd in my breast,  
Which caus'd me to suffer a world of unrest.  
But now I am happy and sing all the day,  
I am anchor'd at home and seek not to stray,  
And the reason is plain; the joy of my life  
Is Mary, my darling, my own loving wife.

Dull care he is banish'd away from me now,  
For her sweet loving smile chases gloom from my brow,  
My darling's attendants they come from above  
The names that I call them are faith, hope and love.  
There's no other blessing on earth can compare  
With a true loving wife's affections to share.  
I'll merrily jog through the journey of life  
With Mary, my darling, my own loving wife.

No doubt it is pleasant to have plenty pelf,  
And fame to a poet is dearer than wealth,  
But why need I grumble, I've found treasure-trove,  
It's far above rubies, the breadth of her love,  
Fair Fame may elude me, Oh! well, we may part;  
To me it is famous to dwell in her heart,  
Thus enshrin'd need I care, for earth's fiery strife,  
With Mary, my darling, my own loving wife.

## MRS. DONALD WATSON

*(From Times Union, Albany, N. Y.)*

Mrs. Watson was born in Oneonta, N. Y., and received her education at the State Normal college, Albany, N. Y. She taught a few years and then went abroad where she married Donald Watson, who at that time was a merchant near Glasgow, Scotland. During her sojourn in the old world she used the opportunity to visit London, Paris, several cities of Switzerland and many other art centres in England and on the continent. Here she studied many of the great masterpieces of which later she made copies. Her art education began under a Professor Hunt of New York, who formed a class of young people in Oneonta. She studied under him for several months and while under his direction painted her first picture, a scene in the Catskills. Her next teacher was Miss Morrison, of Julian Institute, Paris. Her most famous instructor was Calino of Rome, Italy, under whom she studied in New York City. In 1903 Mrs. Watson began to study china painting under Miss Viola Pope of the Emma Willard school, Troy.

Among the many copies of famous masterpieces which Mrs. Watson has made she has been successful in no one more than in that of Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, an especially difficult picture to imitate because of the action and the number of figures portrayed. The figures she has succeeded in bringing out with wonderful vividness. Another difficult likeness to copy was that of the Peace Ball, showing Washington introducing his mother to Lafayette after the surrender of Cornwallis at Saratoga in 1781. The copy was made from a book portrait

measuring about four by eight inches. The thirty figures in the likeness are, considering the circumstances, brought out with extraordinary distinctness. Christ Before the Doctors and the famous balloon scene in the Metropolitan museum in New York are among other great pictures which Mrs. Watson has endeavored to copy.

Mrs. Watson has been more successful, however, in original paintings, in which she shows much creative power. She delights in bright, sunshiny scenes especially, which are a truer reflection of her own nature. She never painted a storm scene in her life. Her "Spring" is an admirable piece of work. It shows a young girl with apple blossoms in her hands and extended over her head. It is a tapestry painting and now occupies the walls of the home of her daughter, Mrs. Albert Jones, Albany, N. Y.



MARY ROSS, WATERVLIET, N. Y.

Miss Ross was born in Watervliet and began her musical education when but eight years of age, and from that time to the present she has been a thorough student. After deciding to make music a specialty she went to Cleveland, Ohio, studying there with Professor Clemons, and later she entered the Emma Willard Conservatory, where she graduated in 1902 as a piano pupil of Miss Sim. While at the Conservatory she began voice culture with Mr. Lindsay, and two years ago was a pupil of Herbert Witherspoon of New York. To this branch of music she has given the same careful study, and at present is and for the last three years has been soprano in the Second Street Presbyterian Church of Troy, N. Y.

## MISS MARY ROSS, OF WATERVLIELT

*Watervliet, February 21, 1906.*

Beauty, music, wit and worth,  
After viewing all creation,  
Met, to see if they could fit  
All on one, their coronation.  
Searching north, south, east and west,  
At West Troy at last they tarry.  
After passing all the rest,  
Plac'd their diadem on Mary .

## CHORUS.

Miss Mary Ross, this winsome lass,  
All other maidens doth surpass.  
Her manner and her charming voice,  
Like sunshine make's our hearts rejoice.  
Not because of rich attire,  
Nor because we know she's witty.  
It's the beauty of her mind,  
Makes her so extremely pretty.  
Thus doth Mary charm us all  
With her sweet, inherent graces.  
Yes, her lovely personal,  
'Bove all others Mary places.  
May good angels still her guard,  
And preserve her from all sorrow,  
So that she may still us charm,  
When our minds would sadness borrow.  
May the one that wins her hand,  
Be a man of truth and duty,  
For the best man in the land,  
Is none to good for our beauty.

## MY CITY GIRL

Flossie's pride of all the city,  
For she's sweet and very pretty,  
And I think it is a pity,  
    That from her I must part.  
Now the reason may seem funny,  
But it is the lack of money,  
That doth make me leave my honey,  
    And nearly break my heart.

## CHORUS.

Now, dear Freddy, break away.  
This she unto me did say,  
Go; but don't go in a huff,  
We've been spooning long enough.  
If you want to marry me,  
Some more cash I'd like to see.  
If you get of gold galore,  
Fred, I'll love you ever more.  
For a year I've been her steady,  
That I'm broke she knows already,  
And she seems to love her Freddy,  
    But now I've scarce a cent.  
I have dress'd just like a dandy,  
Every night I was quite handy,  
And supplied ice cream and candy,  
    And to the plays we went.  
I must go, I cannot tarry,  
Nor dare meet her at the ferry,  
Without chink she will not marry,  
    To Klondyke then I'll go.  
There I'll dig both late and early,  
For the girl I love so dearly,  
And at last will please her fairly,  
    When shining gold shall flow.



## A GOOD CUP OF TEA

While poets, the praises of liquors prolong,  
A good cup of tea is the theme of my song.  
Of wines and of brandies the others may sing,  
But the amber that flows is the cup you can bring.

## CHORUS.

A good cup of tea for you or for me,  
A good cup of tea will make the heart cheery.  
A good cup of tea while lov'd ones we see,  
We'll drink of this cup that never is dreary.  
In friendship or love, then bring it along,  
Your hearts it will cheer, driving out what is carie.  
Then join in its praise and sing you this song,  
A good cup of tea will make the heart cheery.

They bring it from China, and the Japanese,  
As well as Sir Lipton, supply us with teas,  
The herb when infus'd right doth work like a charm,  
And the best of this cup, 'twill do you no harm.

If weary with toiling, or if you are sad,  
A draught of this nectar will make you feel glad.  
It brings joy and comfort, and eases our care,  
And soothes like a balm, that is priceless and rare.

## ANDREW CARNEGIE

Some years ago from Scotland came,  
A poor boy seeking work and fame.  
Our Andrew soon became a part,  
Of this great land with brain and heart.

## CHORUS.

Oh, Carnegie, oh, Carnegie,  
'The people are admiring thee.  
Of you it is extremely good,  
To feed our intellects with food.  
Your libraries will give you fame,  
Your noble gifts, a lasting name.

Old Scotland's sons, where'er they be,  
They surely are quite proud of thee.  
If you had liv'd in Burn's day,  
I'm certain you would catch his lay.

We wish you still long life, and joy,  
Since now your time you do employ,  
This in the best way you can find,  
To make your riches bless mankind.

## THE BRAVE ATHLETE

To Boston and Cambridge I often have been,  
Where students and others at play can be seen,  
But one there's excelling all comers by far,  
Has won my affections, for he is a star.  
My heart's in commotion, I'm deeply in love,  
He's brave as a lion, yet kind as a dove,  
His fine form and figure hath won me complete,  
And surely I'm proud of my graceful athlete.

## CHORUS.

Yes, he is a hero, both skillful and fleet,  
I love him, I love him, this daring athlete.  
Yes, he is a hero, both skillful and fleet,  
I love him I love him this daring athlete.

I've watchd him at football, admir'd him on base,  
And no one can touch him, when he's in the race.  
He puts all his ardor and vim in the game,  
And surely his deeds will be handed to fame,  
With all his attainments he's as kind as can be,  
He's faithful and truthful and loving to me.  
Then is it a wonder he's won me complete,  
This active, this graceful and dashing athlete.

We're often together, this student and I,  
I fear if I'd lose him, I surely would die.  
I know that he loves me wherever I go,  
For each post doth bring me a sweet billet doux.  
I'll always be faithful, to him I'll be true,  
What more for a sweetheart, can any girl do.  
And when we are married, our joy'll be complete,  
For I will be proud of my husband athlete.

## THE SKYCYCLE

I'll build me a new motor skycycle,  
To carry me up to the stars.  
And forming a company, then I will,  
Establish connection with Mars.  
When there, all about their canals, I'll see.  
Returning I tell what I saw,  
And tip our own Teddy the wink that he  
May use it to dig Panama.

## CHORUS.

Then buy up our stock, each one take a block,  
For now we are selling at par.  
And soon will equip our skycycle ship,  
And hitch it right on to a star."

No Morgan we need, our airship to float,  
Our stock doth no water require..  
And big millionaires o'er money that gloat,  
Their service we do not desire.  
But fellows, don't think I'm giving hot air,  
The skycycle needs that to go.  
So now if you want to purchase a share,  
Just say so, and hand up the dough.

To planets we'll sail, where no one has been,  
To Jupiter, Venus, and Mars.  
And when we have all of them fairly seen,  
We'll sail away off to the stars.  
Belted Orion, the Dipper, as well,  
And North Star, we'll visit them all.  
The Pleadies Sisters, them we will tell—  
That we're merely making a call.

## THE TURBINEER

I've been for a trip, on the turbine ship,  
This noble vessel, so charming to see.  
And as we did glide, swift over the tide,  
Cupid I'm fearing he hath done for me.  
A young man quite smart, hath stolen my heart,  
And now what to do is not very clear.  
For he hath told me, his wife I would be,  
When he would be made, the chief turbineer.

## CHORUS.

My sweetheart I'll pray, may safely return,  
To one he has pledg'd to hold ever dear,  
My heart until then with love it shall burn,  
For him I adore, the brave turbineer,  
For him I adore, the brave turbineer.

The storm king may blow, but far down below,  
The turbines run merrily spinning all day,  
And tho' somewhat warm, it seems like a charm,  
To hear how the steam on the turbines play.  
Here down with the mate, I first met my fate,  
He, who to me now will ever be dear.  
We had a short chat, ah, well after that,  
My heart was possess'd by this turbineer,

It's pleasant to sail with a gentle gale,  
Free from all sickness that maketh one sad.  
With scarcely a jar, our pleasure to mar,  
We breathe the pure air, and then we feel glad,  
We dance and we sing, away care we fling,  
Or dolphins we watch when sporting quite near,  
But my greatest joy, that had no alloy,  
Was making sweet love to the turbineer.

## THE FIREMAN'S SONG

*Watercleft, January, 1906.*

This song records a thrilling incident in the City of Chicago which happened to Chief Champion, who headed a volunteer party that rescued a number of firemen overcome by the smoke. His own son, who was Captain of the Fire Department, was one of the rescued.

The fire bells are sounding, each man takes his place.  
The horses dash onward at maddening pace,  
The clang from the engine seems plainly to say,  
Make room, we are coming, keep out of the way.  
The hose are soon coupl'd, the fire plugs are turn'd,  
But much of the building is already burn'd.  
Tho' water in torrents is play'd with true aim,  
The task is a hard one to conquer the flame.

## CHORUS.

Then here's to our firemen, so noble and brave,  
Who risking their own lives, they many do save.  
We'll cheer them as bravely, their duty they do,  
For they are aye ready, willing and true.

But why this commotion, there's something gone wrong.  
Some firemen are missing, it's whispered along.  
When one from the people, along well in years,  
Said he was already to join volunteers.  
They know the old chieftain, who often had led,  
Where danger was thickest, so on with him sped.  
We'll save them, my hearties, be quick and be sure,  
It's only a minute we'll have to endure.

The scene was now thrilling, the crowd stood in awe,  
'The minutes seemed ages, in dread of a flaw.  
But through smoke and debris, they soon reappear,  
And the shout of that crowd was more than a cheer.  
'The men were all rescu'd, though very near dead.  
But none was more happy than he who had led,  
For the light now reveals amid the alarms,  
'Twas the Captain, his son, he held in his arms.

## BELLA MUNRO

(Song, air—"Bonnie Dundee.")

I know a sweet damsel who's witty and gay;  
Yet modest, tho' bonnie and bright as the day.  
Her voice it is charming and chases dull care,  
She plays, and sings sweetly beyond all compare.  
For music dwells with her and comes right to hand  
To usher new pleasure and joy at command.  
Now, this charming maiden, if you wish to know,  
She goes by the name of sweet Bella Munro.

## CHORUS.

Then who's to compare? Come, tell if you can?  
To find such another the earth you may scan,  
And travel far over the land and the sea,  
But you cannot find fairer nor sweeter than she.

The greatest republic, the pride of the earth,  
America claims her as giving her birth;  
Old Scotland may also be proud of her gains,  
For blood of her chieftains now flows in her veins.  
I pray that her future be happy and bright,  
And thank her for giving such pleasant delight.  
Wherever I'll wander, wherever I'll go,  
I'll always think kindly of Bella Munro.



## THE QUEEN'S WELCOME TO RENFREW

*Scotland, 1888.*

Welcome, beloved Queen! Vast tho' thine Empire be,  
Surely old Scotland still basks in thy smiles.

Ours are devoted hearts that would, o'er land and sea,  
Strain every nerve for The, Gem of our Isles.

Long may you reign, we pray;

Gently thy sceptre sway.

Emblem of liberty wave o'er the free;

Ring loud throughout the world,

When banners are unfurl'd,

Welcome, Victoria! welcome to thee!

Renfrew, our Royal town, welcomes thy Majesty;

Arches triumphant we'll spread on the way;

Elyswood's old mansion-house opens her doors to thee,

Glady inviting thee kindly to stay.

Campbell will do his part,

Branch of the Douglas heart.

Her ladyship, also of high pedigree,

Shall preside in her place,

With courtesy and grace.

Welcome, Victoria! welcome to thee\*

Grand's been thy triumphs since youth's early morning,

Wedded so happy to Albert the Good,

History can give no such annals, adorning

Progress so rapid that lasting hath stood.

Science and art have shone,

Building thy fame and throne;

Hearts of thy subjects still loyal and true;

Then here's a hearty cheer

For her whom all revere.

Welcome, Victoria! welcome to thee!

## JESSIE MACLACHLAN, QUEEN OF SCOTCH SONG

God bless you, fair singer, your songs we adore,  
They bring us in touch with old Scotland once more.  
Their cadence and richness, our hearts surely sway;  
In "Come ye by Athole" or "Auld Robin Gray."  
In love song, or war song, you surely excel,  
You charm all your hearers, they're bound with a spell.  
We hail you right welcome, and pray that you long  
May glory in that you're the Queen of Scotch Song.

Tho' far from the land of our birth we may roam,  
The Scot ever blesses his own native home.  
Be he from the lowlands, or heath covered hill,  
The songs of old Scotia his bosom will thrill,  
And you from Fair Oban, hath caught the sweet flow,  
Of music and grandeur around it that glow.  
Of thousands that's heard you there's none of the  
throng,  
But hails the sweet Jessie, the Queen of Scotch Song.

If Burns, our great poet had heard you, your name  
Would now be immortal, and handed to Fame.  
But your triumphs shall grow, and your fame will go  
forth,  
Tho' sung by the humblest bard of the North.  
Such power and sweetness of song like a flood,  
Our hearts set in motion, and stir all our blood.  
To hail you and crown you, we cannot be wrong,  
As Jessie Maclachlan, the Queen of Scotch Song.

## THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER

From your fair source, to Chesapeake,  
Six hundred miles you wander  
And join with many a silver creek,  
That makes your flow the grander.  
But there's a spot I love to scan,  
It clings to memory ever,  
Where Oneonta bridge doth span  
The Susquehanna River.

Full oft' I've stood upon the bridge  
To watch thy gliding motion;  
Thou waitest not for stone or ridge  
But speed to join the ocean.  
I love to contemplate by thee,  
But fortune doth us sever,  
Yet surely I'll return to see  
The Susquehanna River.

Thy verdant banks on either side,  
Are clad with life and beauty—  
And in thy stream the fishes glide,  
To bear them is thy duty.  
The birds sing sweetly on the trees  
Near where thou rollest ever;  
There woo'd by nature and the breeze  
Flow! Susquehanna River.

## CECILIA JONES

Away with fabled tales of yore,  
Of nymph, or fairy pedigree,  
Who tuned their harps from Music's core,  
Whose every note was melody!  
For why? one need not leave the earth  
To hear such sweet melodious tones  
Since music has again found birth  
From thy sweet lips, Cecilia Jones.

The finest instruments of sound,  
When played by masters of the art,  
In richest harmonies abound,  
That vibrate through both soul and heart;  
But tho' their cadence richly roll  
Yet lack they thy strange mystic tones.  
The finer fibers of the soul,  
Confess thy power, Cecilia Jones.

I love to hear, and who doth not,  
The feathered songsters of the grove,  
Pour forth from each sweet tuning throat,  
Their thrilling little songs of love;  
But e'en the nightingale seems dull,  
Compared with thy rich, swelling tones,  
Yea, music's essence thou dost cull,  
To breathe anew, Cecilia Jones.

I've heard Sims Reeves when at his best,  
And felt the mighty power of song,  
When she deemed queen of all the rest  
Sweet Jenny Lind, amazed the throng;

But tho' their merit need our praise,  
Yet lack they thy bewitching tones  
Which highest admiration raise  
When thou dost sing, Cecilia Jones.

A Milton with poetic fire,  
May soar away on fancies wing,  
Until he hears the Heavenly Choir,  
And tells how sweetly angels sing,  
But we poor mortals here below,  
Do seldom hear angelic tones,  
Such as those airs which richly flow,  
From thy sweet lips, Cecilia Jones.

## GOLDEN RINGLETS

I have been capitvated,  
By a fascinating girl.  
Her hair is up in ringlets,  
That has put me in a swirl.  
For her I'm nearly crazy,  
I can scarcely stand the strain,  
Altho' I must acknowledge,  
It's a very pleasant pain.

## CHORUS.

Golden Ringlets, her I name,  
She will surely grow in fame.  
Of her curls so dazzling bright,  
I am thinking day and night.  
Some say, Willie, why not wed?  
Of refusal I'm afraid.  
Oh, my brain it fairly whirls,  
When I see her golden curls.  
The first time that I saw her,  
It was down on Coney's beach.  
I thought she was a mermaid,  
But soon saw she was a peach.  
She wore a fancy garment,  
And it hardly reach'd her knee,  
But it was her golden ringlets,  
Knock'd the senses out of me.  
Altho' she's so bewitching,  
Her my love I've never told.  
My heart is quite affected,  
When I see her hair of gold,  
I fear I've palpitation,  
But to ask her I scarce dare,  
For I am quite bamboozl'd,  
With her sheen of golden hair.

## DEAR FLAG

*Water-vliet, December 17, 1908.*

Dear flag, ever emblem of Freedom—  
Borne by the heroes of right,  
We hail thee and hope that forever,  
Thy glorious stars may shine bright.  
The red, white and blue ever blending  
In a beautiful harmony.  
May our flag, the pride of our Nation,  
Be forever the joy of the free.

## CHORUS.

Bright flag with your beautiful colors,  
We, like our fathers, adore.  
And comrades shall love thee forever,  
As heroes hath lov'd thee before.

The red speaks of brave hearted courage,  
That many a battle hath won.  
True blue is the patriot's color,  
That reaches afar to the sun.  
The white stands for pure-minded honor,  
The strength of our National love.  
The stars and the stripes thus together,  
Are blessed by the Powers above.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT



## THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Flash went glad tidings o'er land and o'er ocean.

Peace is triumphant, the war's at an end,

Thanks to our Chieftain, who 'mid the commotion,  
Stepped in the breach, as a counselor and friend.

His was a noble part,

Showing a Christian heart.

Bravely he did his best, peace to restore.

'Then shout with best intent,

God bless our President,

Theodore Roosevelt, him we adore—

Theodore Roosevelt, him we adore.

Long shall all Russia lament, her disasters,

Long shall brave Japanese, weep for their slain.

Victor or vanquish'd, the Fates are their Masters,

War and destruction, brings sorrow and pain.

Surely 'twas time to cry—

Stop! why should brave men die,

Cease this wild carnage, the world doth abhor.

Then did our noble chief,

Come to the world's relief.

Theodore Roosevelt, thee we adore—

Theodore Roosevelt, thee we adore.

Hark! all the nations are singing thy praises,

Earth is delighted to honor thy name.

Yours is a strenuous life that ever raises—

One that doth right to the Temple of Fame.

We do thy name revere,

And would it loudly cheer—

'Till spheres far away re-echo it o'er.

With gifts so full and free

Yes, we are proud of thee.

Theodore Roosevelt, thee we adore—

Theodore Roosevelt, thee we adore.

## THE BRITANNIA CRICKET CLUB

*Renfrew, Scotland, 1864.*

Tune: Captain with his whiskers, &amp;c.

My friends and companions attend unto me,  
And a few things I'll mention, to which we agree.  
Now first there's our banner, so graceful and true,  
And our motto, "Forever the red, white and blue".  
Oh, proudly it looks when unfurl'd in the breeze.  
It's honor'd on shore, and's the pride of the seas,  
And we, like our banner, are bound to be free.  
The Britannia of Renfrew, it's the Cricket Club for me.

Delightful's the park, where we practice and play,  
No wonder our boys are so happy and gay.  
On one side it's shaded by high waving trees,  
The Clyde on the other ripples down with the breeze.  
It's surroundings are grand, it's charms they are great.  
And lovers when strolling do think them a treat.  
With batt, ball and wickets and grand committee,  
The Britannia of Renfrew is the Cricket Club for me.

They talk 'bout their matches in England and Wales,  
The Yankees they boast of their great cricket swells;  
But let them come over to Scotland's old shore.  
And a lesson we'll give that they ne'er had before.  
For should we be spar'd for a season or two,  
There are few clubs need try our skill to outdo.  
And then when our fame, it resounding shall be,  
All England's eleven we will challenge you will see.

## THE TWO HEARTY LASSIES

*Renfrew, Scotland, 1868.*

Tune: The Laird of Copen.

I'm no going to sing 'bout the kirk or the state,  
Nor yet will I sing 'bout the poor, or the great,  
But hand me my harp, and I'll try a bit tune  
For two bonny lassies that came to our town.

## CHORUS.

But all you young fellows, I'd warn you take care,  
And of these fair damsels, I bid you beware.  
Or I tell you, by jingo, they'll lead you a dance,  
These two bonny lassies that serve in the Manse.

The cook, Jennie Moffat, they call her by name,  
And somewhere near Leadhills her home she doth claim,  
Whilst Maggie McDugal, the nurse, they do say,  
She cometh from Saltcoats, or some thereaway.

But where that they came from, or where their going to,  
I think with my song, it hath little ado,  
But two or three horses, I'm sure could not draw,  
All the hearts that these lassies have stolen awa'.

But Jennie, I hear's, got a handsome young man,  
Who wishes to marry, as soon as he can.  
And also sweet Maggie, some pity will take,  
On one that's near daft, for the dear lassie's sake.

These two hearty lassies, are charming to see,  
And they sing a good song, with spirit and glee.  
And I, tho' I purpose to cross the wild main,  
Will long 'till I see their sweet faces again.

## CHRYSSY

Leaving town, both sad and weary,  
For the country, bright and cheery,  
There I met a winsome deary,

Free from city art.

She's a maiden, kind and tender,  
Pure and good, yet not too slender,  
Cheerfully I will defend her,

For she's won my heart.

## CHORUS.

Hurrah, for sweet Chrissy, the girl that I love,  
She's charming, and witty, and kind as a dove.  
It's pleasant to ramble in meadows, so green,  
With such a companion, as Chrissy, my queen.

Chrissy's cheeks are red and rosy,  
Grander than the finest posy,  
Don't forget it, we'll be cosy,

Whatsoe'er betide.

As we rambled the farm over,  
'Mid wild flow'rs and scented clover,  
She accepted me as lover,

And will be my bride.

Darling Chrissy's gay and sunny,  
And her lips are sweet as honey,  
And we're saving up our money,

For a cottage home.

All the boys are nearly crazy,  
Since they know I've won this daisy,  
But my own heart's now quite easy,

And no more I'll roam.

## MATILDA JONES

Away with fabl'd tales of yore,  
Of nymph, or fairy, pedigree,  
Who tuned their harps from music's core,  
Whose every note was melody :  
For why ? one need not leave the earth,  
To hear such sweet melodious tones,  
Since music has again found birth,  
From thy sweet lips, Matilda Jones.

## CHORUS.

Sing on sweet maid in ecstasy,  
Your song brings joy up to its height,  
You flood my soul with melody,  
That fill and thrill me with delight.

I love to hear, and who doth not ?  
The feather'd songsters of the grove,  
Pour forth from each sweet tuning throat,  
Their thrilling little songs of love.  
But e'en the nightingale seems dull,  
Compar'd with thy rich swelling tones,  
Yea : music's essence thou doth culi,  
To breathe anew, Matilda Jones.

A Milton, with poetic fire—  
May soar away on fancy's wing,  
Until he hears the saintly choir,  
And tells us how the angels sing.  
But we poor mortals here below,  
Do seldom hear angelic tones,  
Such as those airs, which richly flow,  
From thy sweet lips, Matilda Jones.

## HURRAH FOR McKINLEY

(AIR:—BATTLE OF STERLING BRIDGE.)

Hurrah! the battles o'er;  
With shouts the air is rent,  
We hail McKinley, and adore,  
Our coming President,  
Who with brave heart and steady head,  
Us nobly on to victory led,  
Without a single error.  
We'll rally round him to a man,  
And help our chief in every plan;  
To evil he'll strike terror.

Hark! now a hum of joy,  
We hear all o'er the land,  
As industries that give employ,  
Awake from strand to strand.  
In this we see the Major's sense;  
Sound money brings us confidence.  
And now the time's not far off,  
McKinley with his pow'r of state,  
Will soon e'en pay our national debt,  
With well-adjusted tariff.

Our flags in honor wave,  
And beauty to the world,  
The stars and stripes, our standard brave,  
Gives freedom when unfurled.  
And the oppressed that seek our shore  
May dwell in peace for ever more,  
For here they find a haven.  
The good and noble we revere,  
But tyrants dare not enter here.  
To them no show is given.

## VIOLA

My love, she is a maiden fair,  
And charming is viola.  
My life, my heart is in the care  
Of this sweet girl, Viola.  
She's beautiful in form and face,  
In all her movements, there is grace ;  
She is a queen in any place,  
Yet gentle is Viola.

I know the heart is kind and true  
Of my own dear Viola.  
My soul, my all I'd trust it to  
The keeping of Viola.  
She is my sweet, my tender dove.  
I am consuming with her love.  
No pow'r below, no pow'r above  
Can rend me from Viola.

All nature seems to try and lend  
New graces to Viola.  
My future days I hope to spend  
With my own love, Viola.  
And thro' this life, if spared we'll go,  
Until our heads are tinged with snow ;  
Yet ever in my heart shall glow  
My love for dear Viola.

## MY PRETTY NELL

*Sentiments of Earl Shear.*

Saw ye my Nellie, with bright golden hair,  
My pretty Nell, my pretty Nell.  
She is a beauty beyond all compare,  
Well known as a charming belle.  
Nellie is handsome, and witty and bright,  
Pink of perfection she doth what is right.  
Love's in her eye and her lips are so sweet,  
To kiss them is bliss complete.  
My pretty Nell, my pretty Nell,  
My pretty, charming Bell.

Loved by sweet Nellie, sure I need not care,  
My pretty Nell, my pretty Nell.  
Richer I feel than a big millionaire.  
For she in my heart doth dwell.  
She is my sweetheart, her heart's wholly mine,  
Think of me getting one almost devine.  
No one, I'm sure is as happy as I,  
We're to be wed bye and bye.  
My pretty Nell, my pretty Nell,  
My pretty, charming Belle.



## ICE CARNIVAL

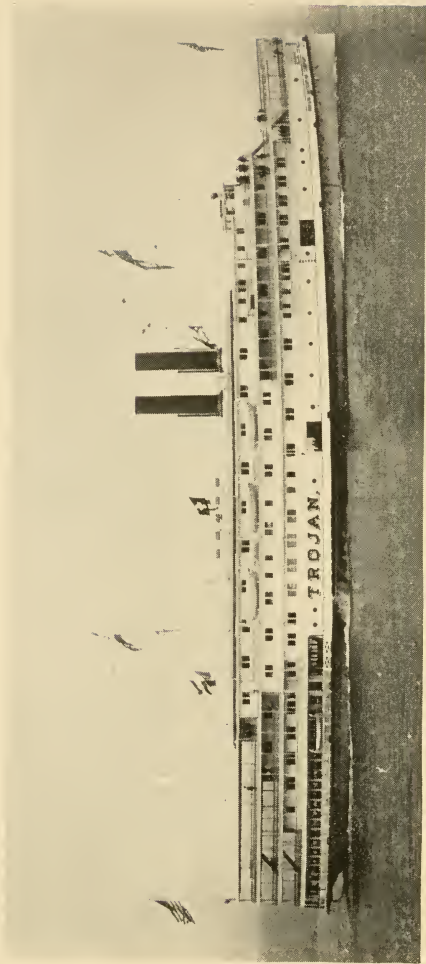
The poets love to write about  
The spring and summer time.  
And deave you with their songs of them,  
In every kind of rhyme.  
But there are times in winter, that  
Are every bit as nice.  
No summer sport can charm us like  
The carnival on ice.

## CHORUS.

Gliding, gliding, over the ice we go,  
Gliding, gliding, to music's gentle flow.  
Gliding, gliding, there's nothing that can charm  
Like to have your best girl gliding arm in arm.

In springtime I had wooed my love,  
But she was rather shy,  
And when the summer came around,  
With flowers I did her ply,  
But nothing seem'd to win her heart,  
No matter what the price,  
Until I happily took her to  
The carnival on ice.

Then is it any wonder that  
To winter I incline.  
'Twas then my darling pledg'd to me  
That surely she'd be mine.  
I'm happy she's to be my bride,  
And soon we'll have the rice.  
So I shall love for ever more,  
The carnival on ice.



STEAMER TROJAN

Launched October 26, 1908, at Newburgh, N. Y. Length, 339 feet, width 76 feet. 250 staterooms.

## HUDSON RIVER

Have you sail'd upon the Hudson?  
 Have you view'd its beauties o'er  
 From on Board her palace steamers,  
 As they glide along the shore?  
 Where there's perfect ease and comfort,  
 E'en the throbbing of the wheels,  
 They do add a pleasant feeling  
 Of content that o'er one steals.

## CHORUS.

Flow, bright river to the sea,  
 Health and joy we get from thee;  
 Winding through thy gentle stream  
 Almost like a fairy dream  
 Spring or summer, or in fall,  
 Thy bright beauties never pall;  
 Brain and heart doth feel thy calm,  
 Bringing them a perfect balm.

Delightful river, ever flow  
 On thy course toward the sea;  
 As we upon thy bosom float,  
 We would sing a song to thee;  
 Thy battlement of rock doth save  
 From the tempest that we fear;  
 No fierce breakers, here are found,  
 Nor the dreaded *mal de mer*.

From where the river tumbling falls,  
 Forming the green island fork,  
 Of loveliness it is one scene  
 From Troy city to New York:  
 Nor must the tourist fail to see  
 Our State Capitol, so grand,  
 And other sights that come to view,  
 Beautiful on every hand.

## THE MARINE ENGINEER

The Marine Engineer, is the theme of my song,  
Let the billows make way as he steameth along,  
Let his vessel swing clear, for his race o'er the wave,  
And we'll shout "hip, hurrah," for we honor the brave  
Old Boreas may blow, but they heed not his blast,  
And Neptune's proud sceptor they have conquer'd at last;  
Even Old Father Time, he's now left in the rear,  
By the speed now attain'd by the brave engineer.

## CHORUS.

Pull the gangway aboard, blow the whistle once more,  
As the passengers wave to their friends on the shore,  
Give her steam, go ahead, let the signal be clear,  
And we'll give him three cheers, the Marine Engineer.

If our forefathers could us revisit again,  
And go on a liner, steaming over the main,  
How amaz'd they would be as they found without fear,  
In a month we accomplish what would take them a year.  
I fancy Columbus, too astonish'd to speak,  
To see his long voyage done in less than a week.  
Stephenson and Fulton and other pioneers,  
Would be ready to praise our Marine Engineers.

The Marine Engineer is now found on all seas,  
And his vessel it waits neither tide nor the breeze,  
Alert, when on duty he looks out there is steam,  
His fireman and stokers making furnaces to gleam,  
With engines in order and with throttle to hand,  
He is ready to stop or to go at command;  
Then outward or homeward, let us give him a cheer,  
Saying, "hip, hip, hurrah, for each brave engineer."

## A STORM AT SEA

'Twas near mid-ocean, as with steam and sail,  
Our gallant ship went merrily along.  
One thousand souls enjoyed the gentle gale,  
And spent the time in frolic or in song.  
But now the wind assumes a surely blast,  
The gentle breeze becomes a hurricane.  
The studding sails are ripped from off the mast,  
And stormy winds in fury lash the main.

## CHORUS.

The cry went up, oh, pity us, and save,  
Oh God, for Thou canst calm the raging wave.  
Oh, aid us Lord, we humbly Thee implore,  
Our prayer hear, and stop the tempest's roar.

The passengers are order'd down below,  
The mighty ship reels like a drunken man,  
Yet fiercer still the hurricane doth blow.  
The crew toil on, to save the ship they plan;  
They batton down the hatches fore and aft,  
And lash secure all things upon the deck,  
But a huge wave comes tumbling in abaft,  
The cabin fills, the wheelhouse is a wreck.

For many days with fury rag'd the sea,  
Our gallant ship like a small chip is borne  
On mountain waves, that's full of dread to see,  
And all on board are looking quite forlorn.  
At length the storm abates, and ocean's breast  
Assumes a calm, and now we near the coast,  
Where on the shore again we soon will rest,  
And welcome find, from friends who thought us lost.

## THE MINSTREL'S LAST SONG

*Renfrew, Scotland.*

Air—"Battle of Sterling Bridge."

Far up the mountain steep  
His harp, the minstrel bore,  
And as he viewed the rolling deep  
Which girt his native shore,  
"I'll tune my harp once more," he said,  
"Ere nature lays me with the dead,  
For soon we now must sever,  
But first united let us raise  
Our latest song to Scotland's praise,  
Ere we be hush'd forever."

Hark now the aged bard  
Pours forth his soul in song,  
And clear his harp and voice is heard,  
The mountain range along.  
"All hail, fair land," the minstrel cried,  
Long for my native home I've sigh'd.  
For Scotland's hills and heather.  
Yea, tho' I o'er the world did roam,  
O! still at heart thou wert the home,  
Where I have long'd to weather."

"No land such brilliant fame  
Can to their sons impart,  
There is a freedom in thy name,  
Unconquer'd still thou art ;

And even now methinks I hear  
The pibroch sounding loud and clear  
My clansmen brave together;  
When tyrants would usurp their land,  
They to the death would bravely stand  
To guard their land of heather."

Tho' many years have roll'd,  
Adown the gulf of time,  
Since when inspired the minstrel old  
Sung forth his song sublime,  
Yet still the echo seems to rise  
From hill and glen toward the skies,  
And still the brave would gather;  
In liberty to keep from stains,  
While Scottish blood flows in their veins;  
Their thistle and their heather.