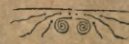



Ingersoll Rhymings



— BY —

Richard Grigg.



INGERSOLL :

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE OXFORD TRIBUNE,

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PREFACE.

Some time ago, some one wrote to the London "Free Press" asking, how many poets there were in Canada. The "Free Press" replied that there were about 75,000 who thought they were poets. So in presenting this little tract (not to the world) but to Ingersoll and vicinity, I sin in a very large company, and numbers make one bold. I have been urged by a few friends to collect these little effusions together and print them. A few of them, they are pleased to say, being worth preserving, and as it is easy to jump in the direction of one's vanity, I may confess I have been fairly easily persuaded. I will not vouch for either grammar or strict adherence to the rules of composition, for really, I do not know much about either, but such as the verses are I present them, believing they will not hurt anyone very seriously.

R. GRIGG.

INGERSOLL, MAY 9, 1894.

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RUBBING ALONG.

Aladdin, in the days of old
 Did wandering go—a cave he found,
 In it were trees whose fruit was gold
 And radiant gems bestrew'd the ground.

In this deep cave he saw a lamp,
 He took it home its light to try,
 His mother saw 'twas somewhat damp,
 She took a rag to rub it dry.

She rubb'd and Lo ! with din, and clatter,
 A great big niggah filled the room,
 She scream'd aloud, "What is the matter;
 For gracious sake why do you come ?"

"I come" he said, "to do his will
 Or hers, who doth this old lamp hold !
 All orders I can quickly fill,
 So great my power, it can't be told.

If aught you wish for, give a rub
 And I will come and be your slave ;
 I'll rip the globe from rim to hub,
 For anything you wish to have."

Aladdin rubbed for power and might,
 Rubbed for a princess for his bride,
 Rubb'd not so much for level right
 As for himself and few beside.

If we Aladdin's lamp possess'd,
 And the big niggah who attends,
 What should we rub for—to give zest
 To life, and serve our scanty friends.

We'd rub for common sense and health,
 From taint a soul and body free,
 A little rub for moderate wealth,
 For loving heart one rub should be.

For labor strong some brains to pen,
 Despising no true useful work,
 Be cheerful, humble, honest men,
 Speaking our thoughts, ashamed to shirk.

For faithful friends about our size,
 Who music love, with song and fun,
 Who books, and wit, and humor prize
 That women pure can smile upon.

Loving the past to view again,
 Scanning the paths past men have trod
 Judging from what hath been, if men
 Are really growing nearer God.

Seeing the hand and will of God
 In every flower and leaf and stone,
 Feeling his goodness spread abroad,
 Believes his love denied to none.

But cannot ope a gaping mouth
 To swallow all might be scooped in,
 Loving o'er all things real truth,
 O'er interest, ease, o'er wealth or sin.

Who will not bow the servile knee
 To idolize knave-tainted wealth,
 Who every toil-marked worker see,
 Full, fair and open; not by stealth.

Who tries to love his neighbor, too,
 Who is not lofty, sour and glum,
 Nor proudly claims, the very few
 Should all things say, the many dumb.

Is patient with the old, the sad,
 The awkward, rough, coarse visag'd ones,
 Nor acts not, as if all were bad,
 But dainty, smooth, æsthetic fawns.

We might desire still further good,
 But will not too exacting be,
 Were we with every grace endow'd
 We might be vain and proud—d'ye see?

Alas ! the lamp we cannot get
 Old Nig, our summons won't obey,
 We'll rub along, try not to fret
 And fight thee as best we may.

Ingersoll, July 25, 1884.

ELEGY

ON A DEFUNCT LITERARY SOCIETY.

[About the year 1883-4 there was a literary society in Ingersoll, which held weekly meetings in the rooms of the Ingersoll Mechanics' Institute, over the "Chronicle" office: I was librarian at the time, and so, was in touch with the Society. Mr. J. C. Norsworthy, who was a member, used to invite the members to his house, (about half a mile east of the town), to a little supper once in the winter. On one occasion he kindly invited Poet McIntyre and myself; we were all expected in turn to make a speech, sing a song or tell a story. I remember Mac, got off some rhymes about an Indian girl and her pantalettes, which, in the interest of real good morality, he did not publish in his books; I stammered a few words, "not being accustomed, etc., etc." but while I sat there listening to the rest, I formed a plan for the next year, and blocked out my rhyme then and there, but before the year came around the Society died, leaving my song on my hands. I altered it a little and published it in the Ingersoll Sun as an elegy on the defunct society.]

In this good town of Ingersoll
 There was a bright society
 Of talking men with learning full
 And brighter still in piety.

But all things in this world below
 Doth change; and interest will flag,
 Their eloquence hath ceas'd to flow—
 Their fiery tongues no longer wag.

I sing to keep their memory green;
 Perchance that eyes unborn may see
 The glories our dull eyes have seen,
 Transmitted to posterity.

I see them as they sat to sup,
 Contentment shining on their faces;
 With fancy's tongue I call them up,
 And note their various points and graces.

A poet first, who rightly said *
 "The cream of thought is poesy"
 A poet who is not afraid
 To rhyme, and rhyme incessantly.

His Homerish head, his wildish eye,
 Lit up by genius' frenzied gleam,
 Singing of Romley's rabbit pie,
 Of milk, and whey, of curds and cream.

* James McIntyre.

Singing of royal queenly cheeses
 From numerous cows like swarms of bees,
 No little flies its huge bulk seizes ;
 No bold bad flies annoys and teases.

Its unctuous sides the cheeseman greases,
 Its fragrance loads the evening breezes,
 It spreads our fame which still increases,
 No Yank now at our cheeses sneezes.

Sung of Dan Hebner, tall and strong,
 Who wild cats, coons, and wolves defied,
 Sung of his feats when he was young,
 He ate a bear and tann'd its hide.

Of maidens' cries for looking-glasses,
 Of gushing maidens' nervous "go ma's,"
 Of scheming, artful, wily lasses,
 For some dark purpose wanting sofas.

His later lay was of his hen,
 His ardent hope for gentle spring,
 When buds are bursting, then, O then,
 * New lays his fertile muse will bring.

To-day he puns upon the poets,
 Happy poets they are dead,
 Could they but hear, and see, and know it,
 Would they not pun and pun—ch his head.

A less ambitious rhymster sings †
 Some rugged measures rude and simple,
 A little harmless satire flings,
 E'en tries to paint the beauties, dimple.

He diggeth in a doggerel vein,
 Snaps out his thought sometimes unruly ;
 Who so hath reason to complain,
 He beggeth pardon, humbly, truly.

‡ Two magnates from the Institute,
 Collegiate, we have here before us,
 Scholastic giants who can do it,
 Teach us, lick us, never bore us.

* He was about to publish a new edition of his poems.

† R. Grigg.

‡ Mr. Merchant principal of the Collegiate Institute and Mr. Briden afterwards principal.

One in the clouds, one walketh lower, *
 An unmatched team, but they can go
 Through logic, figures, themes a score,
 All language from their tongues can flow.

Down from the east there comes a sage,
 Sober, solid, staid, demure,
 Broker, banker, middle age,
 Whose ways and words, and notes are sure.

His name is sometimes called "Nors"—worthy.
 Worthier is his tongue we know ;
 Sophistry falleth topsey turvey,
 Beneath his intellectual blow.

J. C. Hegler, brilliant lawyer,
 Story teller, humerous joker,
 Masonic magnate, tip top sawyer,
 Looses the goat, and heats the poker.

Sung the song of Williams' baby,
 Sung what Aaron said to Moses ;
 Speculated on what may be,
 Consequence of Caswell's doses.

Here, J. B. Jackson running o'er
 With modern instances, and saws
 Full to the tongue with legal lore
 Can mend, or make (?) the widest flaws.

He pesters not with petty costs
 His litigations mild, serene
 Estates and chattels, rarely lost,
 He gently, safely, tows them in.

We had a word for Doc. McKay †
 We made a cap we thought would fit
 But almost fear to say our say,
 To fully loose our pungent wit.

For he's the coroner, bedad !
 And him we must not irritate ;
 If we should vex and make him mad
 He'll sit upon us sure as fate.

There's brother Sumner's shimmering beard, ‡
 Whose lofty brow denotes the poet,
 He hath not yet been fully heard,
 But when he speaks the world shall know it.

* Mr. Merchant was very tall, Mr. Briden rather short.

† Present (1894) M. P. P., for South Oxford.

‡ William Sumner, Insurance agent, ex-Editor, etc.

We know his note, we've heard him toot,
 We go in raptures when we hear him ;
 Some are entranced, some lift their boot,
 To dance or kick in wild delirium.

Angus McLeod, we do believe, *
 That for your measured mystic knockings
 Some proper boon you should receive,
 For faithful guarding secrets shocking.

Put out your tongue and on its tip
 Some angel may, put living fire,
 Then we shall hear some racy lip,
 When Angus speaks his full desire.

And Arthur Williams, M. D.,
 Who skilfully can lance and leach;
 Which loves he best next to a fee ;
 To roll a pill, or roll a speech.

He sniffs afar the wordy fighting,
 Would roughly rasp our dear conceit,
 Would knock our favorite theories kiting,
 And follow close when we retreat.

And now the wine kept for the last
 In fancy let it freely flow,
 In pleasant memories of the past,
 For future joys, for little Joe. †

Silver-tongued little Joe,
 Whose tongue one said hung in the middle,
 And touches notes both high and low,
 Both grave and gay like Urso's fiddle.

Hopeful, mournful, gay, pathetic,
 On every theme the changes ringing;
 Humorous, witty, sharp, emphatic,
 The test of truth to all things bringing.

Will not to petty bigness pander,
 To mark of right for ever pointing,
 From common sense will never wander,
 Is never false or disappointing.

Now on the top dear Joey is—
 He's Mayor of Ingersoll my boys ;

* Angus McLeod woodworker at Noxon's factory and
 tyler at the Masonic Lodges.

† Joseph Gibson, ex-Mayor, of Ingersoll, postmaster, a
 talented speaker and local preacher.

Assumes no far-off freezing phiz,
 And humble friends may share his joys.

Long may he live, long may his tongue
 Instruct, amuse, or gently scold us;
 To brains and eloquence belong
 The right to teach us, form us, mould us.

Long may he at the wicket stand
 To hand us love, and money letters,
 From friends in this and older lands,
 And invitations from our betters.

Ingersoll, March 1, 1886.

ORTHODOX HERTERODOXY.

Why do we, little purblind men,
 Indulge in scolding, nagging, wrangling,
 With rough edged tongues, and gall tipped pen,
 Cursing, glowering, hotly jangling ?

Ever ready to call hard names,
 Consigning folks to awful places ;
 We must see through their color'd panes,
 Or else they load us with disgraces.

Can not keep still, keen for a fight,
 Tap fingers, roll eyes, stamp and shout,
 With logic, or not, wrong or right,
 About things we *know* little about.

The good God who reigneth above,
 And sideways, and endways, and under,
 Is a God of vast wisdom and love ;
 Man can't cut his great plans asunder.

Man cannot help God, or defy him,
 Too little are we, he so vast ;
 Can't hurt him, e'en should we deny him,
 His power is so firm and fast.

Can we curb the stars in their flight,
 Or stay the wild hurricane's power ?

Can we change the day into night,
Or check the globe's course for an hour?

Or grow to an hundred feet high,
Or live on for five hundred years,
Or will that we never shall die,
Or sleep for six months like the bears?

What is, what to be, what hath been,
Is just what God means it to be ;
By laws some we see, some unseen,
He worketh the grand destiny.

In set path the shining orbs fly,
The pulses of life blindly beat,
The seasons and time flickers by,
And man goeth on to his fate.

If we break His just laws, what then ?
We suffer, and rightly we ought ;
If we do it again and again,
Face to face with grim death we are brought.

Dire sorrow, dull sadness, black woe,
Despairing regrets, wringing pain,
Are the fruits of the seeds we sow,
When we break His mild laws so benign.

For God, although loving and good,
Pardons not, nor cannot, such sin ;
His laws, be it well understood,
Must be kept, we must walk well therein.

God's love, like a bright golden thread,
Runneth through all the works of his hands ;
For man, from his birth till he's dead,
God shapeth with love all his plans.

'Tis joy to breathe in His pure air,
To feel quick life thrill in our veins ;
When wearied with labor or care,
Kind sleep sootheth out all our pains.

When thirsty to drink, oh how good,
How sweet is the water he gave ;
Enjoyment goes down with our food,
With every function we have.

He gave us the beautiful flowers,
So fragrant, so graceful, so sweet.

The birds flash and sing in His bowers ;
He carpets the earth for our feet.

His dew, like gems, pearly and clear,
When his sun shoots its glances below,
And perhaps, if the summer were here,
I might mention the " beautiful snow."

His was the magnificent gift,
The glorious power of song,
And given, that through it we lift
Our grateful souls up to His throne.

But greatest and sweetest of all
His great gifts is the power of love ;
To know some may spring at our call,
A foretaste of heaven above.

Yes, God is our father and king,
Who doeth all things well and wise ;
Lift up soul-tune'd voices and sing
Heartful homage to God of the skies.

But man—crafty man—loveth power,
And wealth, and display, and control,
Cajoled from the first to this hour,
The poor little credulous soul.

For power what will he not do,
With blarney and sophistry stuff us,
Say that which is really not so,
Hoodwink us, and cheat us, and bluff us.

And some fibs of the past, oh my !
They were whoppers, and yet some do say,
We must swallow them now, you and I,
In this truth loving, close searching day.

Some can, but others can not ;
Pray what's to be done in this matter ?
When unto this pass we have got,
We must drop out the doubtful for better.

And the better for me and for you,
To be just, humble, gentle and kind,
Faithful, honest, pure minded and true ;
Seek in all men what good we can find.

We are none of us quite free from guile,
Might be juster and wiser no doubt ;

Though our crochets may cause a grim smile,
If they're harmless why let them come out.

We should never admire or condone
Mean vices in any grand phases,
Let no wealth or position atone
For the practice of reckless hard cases.

Live up to the teaching of Jesus,
When he taught us to love one another ;
Avoid what (in reason) displeases,
Acknowledge each man as a brother.

And not be contemptible snobs,
Be grateful to patient rough "hands".
Nor fancy the depth of the fob,
Is the gage for the soul of a man.

Ingersoll, 1885.

GRIGIOUS, MACIBUS, GAELIUM, BELLICOS.

[Some one replied in the "Ingersoll Sun" to "Orthodox Herterodoxy" and used Latin phrases I did not understand, I replied in "Grigious, Macibus, Gaelium, Bellicos.]

Arouse thee Mac ! * and "Gael" my hinnie ;
A fearful danger loometh up !
Another poetizing ninny
Has woke up and may never stop.

He comes ! He comes !! is "bellum" !!! shouting
Some barbarous, heathenish, Latinizer ;
I judge from his fierce style of spouting
He feeds on Globe and Advertiser.

Up Mac, and muster all our forces !
Flash out your blinding fiery genius !
Back in his throat cram his discourses—
Choke him they must—they are so heinous.

Go for him, puissant, potent Mac,
And whop him till you lay him out ;

* James McIntyre.

And "Gael" and I will help-whack ! crack !
He's done, no more will poets flout.

Then, Mac, you know a "trick to play" him ;
Forever end his wicked chaff ;
I'll find a stoney place to lay him,
And you shall write his epitaph.

"Insanit Homo" goes for me,
With heavy rhymes meant to be drastic,
And dealeth (as is usual) free,
In platitudes, ecclesiastic.

I won't review his fifteen verses ;
(To call them verses I'll agree):
My thought and life somewhat asperses,
Painteth unfairly sombre—ly.

As usual stretcheth things a bit,
Keeps back, puts forth, and colareth ;
Determin—ed my words shall fit
His bugbear of distorted faith.

One verse, the child of ^{let's} ~~his~~ spleen,
While charity his lips were preaching ;
Alas ! Alas ! how oft' are seen,
The ways of men belie their teaching.

He says from habit I write rough ;
I own at paltriness I jeer,
But I can scribble smooth enough,
For those I love, what I revere.

I love and worship God above,
Love truth, and men—have used them right,
The gentler, purer part I love—
Prototypes from angels bright.

Ingersoll, April 1, 1886.

"INGM BEXIGURM."

[The last piece was again replied to by the same party, still using Latin phrases. I invented the word "Ingm Bexigurm" to poke fun at him, I afterward heard he hunted the Latin dictionary to find the word and so I had the laugh on him. Ingm Bexigurm is a reply to his effusion.

My learned, my polyglot friend,
A truce to this "showing off" fighting,
Let our ways like the weather, amend,
No longer innueudoes inditing.

The sky hath put on its light blue,
The dry air is now fit for breathing,
The clouds trim with rick rack anew,
The spring like a baby is teething.

The buds show the promise of green,
A bee pass'd me yesterday humming ;
Not a patch of drab snow to be seen,
Through the windows we hear the old strumming.

The frogies—the gay festive frogies—
Sing the song we are most of us singing ;
On the "stoop" in the sun sleep the dogies,
The cow-bells already are ringing.

The dark veils are off the fair faces,
The velvets give place to bronze green ;
No longer March winds tan the graces,
Though at all times they're good to be seen.

We will watch for the opening flowers,
For the swallow who skims the soft air,
For the warm the life-giving showers
Which clotheth the fields that were bare.

The anthem sung by the deep thunder,
For the lightning (six miles away.)
It is glorious and grand; but close under
It scareth some folks till they pray.

So my polyglot friend you perceive
My taste runs not always to fighting ;
But for you and your future I grieve,
'Tis you who rough things have been writing.

You are doom'd, for the unchristian sneer,
(Too near truth,) when you said we were glum ;

But you stretched it to make it appear
We are "crabbit" and spleeny "to hum."

Don't you know "things are not as they seem?"
Seeming sweet is oft tearfully tart,
Seeming sour, hidden sweets may redeem ;
Under rugged, rough heads, gentle hearts.

But I said I was fighting no more,
Yet I slip to it easy again,
And whatever I scribbled before
I will stick to through thick and through thin.

But why do you make such a fuss,
Since you're sure I am wholly mistaken ?
You take up the cudgels for "us,"
As if your big house could be shaken.

Truth never need tremble or fear,
'Tis error that ever is squirming ;
Truth proved, established, clear,
Needs not so much angry affirming.

You were speaking of recriminations,
I confess that at that you excel ;
And the word hath some ugly relations
You had better avoid them.—Farewell.

April 14, 1886.

CANADA JUBILEE SONG.

Come, let us sing a song, a hearty song,
A song of honest praise to her who reigns ;
Our noble, gentle Queen, to whom belongs.
The best notes we can raise, our sweetest strains.

Shall tremble with rich cadence, or shall roar,
With thundering chorus in a storm of praise ;
For who, in present time, or times before,
Is worthier the song to her we raise?

Her glorious reign of fifty happy years,
 We celebrate with pride and thankfulness ;
 Grateful and proud to know that fewer tears
 Well up from bleeding hearts, that woes are less.

And blessings greater now, than on that day
 Of fifty years ago, and we have seen
 Her power and glory grow, her righteous sway,
 O'er ever widening lands, and every inch a queen.

Virtuous, kindly, just and pure her life,
 A beacon light for Britain's womanhood ;
 A loving, natural mother, faithful wife,
 Her pride and glory—ever doing good.

Near fifty years ago we heard the roar,
 The cannon's thundering roar, and felt the jar ;
 We saw the rushing rockets heavenward soar,
 We heard the joyous clarions echoing far.

Clanging bells, in flag-draped towering steeples,
 Rattling drums, shrill fifes, dread wars array ;
 Streets like rivers flowing streams of people,
 Shouting till hoarse to celebrate that day.

Full fifty thousand voices rent the air,
 We saw the bunting stream from stern to stem,
 We saw from hundred ships the blue lights glare,
 The day Victoria our queen became.

The cannon of this day shall louder roar,
 The rockets of this day reach nearer Heaven ;
 Ten times the number shout than did before,
 A hundred million shout for freedom given.

In every clime where'er her rule extends,
 Where loyal hearts respond to honest laws,
 There peace and happiness with safety blends,
 There light and progress, truth and knowledge grows.

And truth will grow ; higher ! ever higher ! !
 And men grow nearer God, more just, more kind ;
 Less bigoted and mean, have less desire,
 For power or wealth to blindly lead the blind.

When labor takes its own well-earned place,
 The frothy cornice grateful to foundation ;
 When grasping greed and lust is foul disgrace,
 And useless drones the still ones of the nation.

And these good times will come, for God doth reign,
 He wisely reigneth, all his laws abide ;
 His ways immutable, what he ordains
 Will be ; man cannot turn his deep laid-plans aside.

God save the Queen, God keep us British men
 From lawless follies, from all mad desire ;
 May common sense guide every tongue and pen,
 And every step we take, be higher ! Higher ! !

Ingersoll, May 10th, 1887.

A SEA-SICK LAY.

The engine thumps, the water swishes,
 The Babel tongues above are clashing,
 The cooks are rattling plates and dishes,
 In one unending, noisy washing.

This ship has learned some shameful tricks,
 Her bad behavior "beats the Dutch,"
 Cocks up her nose, she rolls, she kicks,
 She even takes a drop too much.

Such wobbling stairs, who ever saw ?
 She turns her floors to sidling roof,
 She seemeth drunk, breaks every law,
 Takes no advice and scorns reproof.

My stomach heaves, head seems to split,
 All smells are vile, this horrid motion
 Won't let me eat or sleep a bit—
 I fear I hate this dam—p old ocean.

I seek the refuge of my bed,
 And think of friends I left behind me,
 When lo ! I hear close by my head
 * A joyous laugh that does remind me

* A lady in the adjoining berth. Some weeks after, while strolling in Kew gardens, London, I came across a lady, who was on the ship, and who remembered my face. On comparing notes I found it was her who was in the next berth, and the fun was, she was heavy and fat, and had to climb up to the top berth, the two other young women helping her and laughing over the fun.

Of other laughers, far away ;
 But, not so far but still I hear them—
 In darkening night, and opening day,
 Mysterious something brings me near them.

She's off again ! Ha-ha-ha-ha !
 Like silver bells on rippling water,
 Like singers, trilling la-la-la,
 Happy, hearty, joyous laughter.

Laugh on, laugh on, thou unknown lass,
 'Tis good to hear you laughing so ;
 And, may it never come to pass,
 Your laugh be drowned in sea-sick woe.

White Star Steamship, Baltic, June 25, 1887.

CHEESE SONG.

(After McIntyre.)

Still another song of cheese
 Numerous cows like "swarms of bees"
 Flowing vats like white capp'd seas
 Curds the cheeseman cut and squeeze
 Flavor'd, color'd, taste to please
 In whatsoever style it pays.
 Muddy farm yard, whoa's and gee's
 Under dripping maple trees
 Swaying in the rainy breeze
 In cloudy sombre stormy days
 Or scorch'd by Sols slant evening rays
 Bit by ravenous flies and fleas
 Singing shrill in various keys
 Who sting and buzz and bite and tease

Hired man on his bended knees
 Rippeth out the big, big D's
 Vents his ire in awful ways
 In angry, smashing, bloody frays
 Not waiting till his victim prays.
 Milk maid stripping at her ease
 Hears, but doubts, his rural "lies"
 May, or may not yield the fees
 She owes to him, he boldly says,
 Or cruelly his ardor freeze
 If sweeter swain the maiden sees
 Now having drawn down to the lees
 We end our silly song of cheese.

HOME-MADE THEOLOGY.

Long, long ago, back countless years,
 When men were low, low down the scale,
 When slaves to ignorant, barbarous fears,
 When every mystery turned them pale.

In every sound God's anger heard,
 In ever pain His vengeance felt,
 What'ere they did not know they feared,
 To all things strange, in terror knelt.

Believed men saw and talked with God,
 Whose awful face forever frown'd ;
 Upon the earth He fiercely trod,
 Spreading dismay and misery 'round.

Before his fiery, withering breath,
 As leaves before devouring flame,
 Unnumbered millions fell in death,
 In fear and terror of his name.

Whose hand let fly the lightning stroke,
 Whose voice frowned in the thunder's roar
 The screaming winds His threat'nings spoke,
 Engulfing waves displeasure bore.

As King of Love men knew Him not,
 They saw Him through their hate and fear ;—
 For love in men was scarce begot,—
 Judged God to be just as they were.

Then craft uprose, which claimed to scan
 Behind the veils of mystery ;
 To stand between dread God and man,
 To turn His vengful wrath away.

Taught gleams of truth 'mid heaps of lies,
 Tasted of power and found it sweet,
 Fill'd awe-struck ones with dumb surprise
 And brought them trembling at their feet.

Doing some good, but how much wrong !
 They "skinned" the slaving, laboring poor ;
 Greedy, repacious, high fed, strong,
 Crying forever, "More ! Give more !"

Then strife crept in, hard words arose,
 False prophet, heathen, heresy,
 Till whoso struck the deadliest blows
 Decided what belief should be.

Still theologians thump and fight,
 Still warring creeds hot shot deliver,
 Each doubly sure "they only right,"
 To-day, to-morrow and forever.

With fiery zeal seek yet to force
 On this keen, thoughtful, reasoning age,
 Some misty myths from mortal source,
 Ere history scrawl'd her prentice page.

If God appeared in those dark days,
 When men were ignorant, brutal, low,
 He hath not changed His law nor ways,
 As He did then, so He does now.

What is the truth ? What shall we own ?
 Doth God appear to man to-day ?
 Yes ! In His works He's partly shown,
 And love and goodness mark His way.

He speaks to those who love to hear,
 Is seen by who have eyes to see ;
 His voice is heard distinct and clear,
 In glorious, endless harmony.

In murmuring streams, the roaring sea,
 The thunder's anthem deep and grand ;
 The diamond lightnings, wild and free,
 The full cloud bursting on the land.

In insects' hum, the birds' refrain,
 The gentle breeze, the leaflet's sigh,
 The blessed cry of summer rain,
 The sportive fire-fly flashing by.

The starry hosts, the blushing light,
 Spread o'er the face of Northren skies,
 The stranger comet's headlong flight,
 As 'round its master, "Sol" it flies ;

The hissing song of potent steam,
 The locomotive's "vrill"-like * puff.
 His strident gait, his curdling scream,
 Whose fiery maw ne'er cries enough.

Roaring, tearing, thundering, flying,
 Rushing eighty miles an hour,
 The echoing hills and dales replying,
 Emblem of grand, resistless power.

The handiwork of modern man,
 In imitation of his God,
 Who *lent* him brains to bridge and span
 Both time and space, to look abroad.

To see and learn His certain laws,
 To know and feel His glorious might,
 To search and find effect and cause,
 To see the wrong, to choose the right.

To watch His modes, His skilful plans,
 To see that love marks all His ways,
 Our march is onward, never still,
 And knowing more sing more His praise.

No going back, but onward moving,
 No matter what the creeds may say,
 For even creeds may need improving,
 Accepting truths revealed to-day.

For God is Love, and God is just,
 But old-time men were steeped in gall,
 Who taught that fire and brimstone must
 Be meted out to almost all.

And these whom good men say are blind,
 Accept, revere what Jesus said :
 The loving, honest, gentle, kind,
 "The just need never be afraid." †

Bulwer's Coming Race.
 Psalm xv.

Ingersoll, Ont., Aug., '91.

OUR SALLY.

Our Sal, is the fairest and dearest,
 So piquant, yet modest and mild ;
 Her voice was the sweetest an clearest,
 And sat all the song singers wild.

Her movements are graceful and gay,
 So sylph like, so easy, so airy ;
 Her face flashes light on our way,
 Which without her is dreary, so dreary.

Her lips are a pair of twin roses ;
 Her teeth ; well, we think we may venture
 To say, pearls her sweet mouth discloses,
 At least two or three in the centre.

Her breath must be fragrant as posies ;
 Her cheeks, not too white nor too red,
 A study for sculpture her nose is,
 Well poised is her neat little head.

Deep and blue as the sea are her eyes,
 'Twixt silver and gold is her hair,
 When Nature her prettiest tries,
 She makes such as Sal—O so rare !

Such, such is sweet Sally our dear,
 We strongly suspect that we love her ;
 We've other convictions quite clear,
 We could not from spinsterhood move her.

For she certainly turns up her nose,
 And we know that her shoulder is cold ;
 No north wind more chillily blows,
 If we look, speak, or act the least bold.

She will trot on her tony highway,
 But trot by her side, we can never ;
 No look, no word, that way can she say,
 Never, no never, for ever.

Oct. 20, 1886.

ANOTHER ODE TO BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

[Some one wrote and published in the papers another ode
 beautiful snow, in the ordinary pater, I tried my hand at it too
 below.]

Beautiful snow, beautiful snow—
 'Tis thus romancing poets greet you ;
 We cannot sing as others do,
 We neither wish to know or meet you.

Beautiful snow, beautiful snow,
 We own you show some pretty prisms,—
 But something more we sadly know,
 We know you bring us rheumatisms.

Beautiful snow, beautiful snow.
 Had you a spark of christian feeling,
 Out on the road you'd always go,
 Not ever on the sidewalk stealing—

Where soon you turn to guilty slush,
 Sending death chills up through our bodies—
 And yet some gentle poets gush
 About your charms, as if a goddess.

Then out comes Northgraves * from his lair,
 "Clear ! clear !! the walk in six short hours,"
 And don't forget it, if you dare
 He'll have you up in Chadwick's bowers. †

Is there a place you do not get ?
 You heavy on our woodpiles sit,
 You make our valued kindlings wet,
 Our split wood will not burn a bit.

Oh ! heartless, soulless, lifeless snow,
 What have you got to brag about ?
 We're always glad to see you go—
 Be off, be off, get out, get out.

Northgraves, Chief of Police.
 Chadwick, police magistrate.

TOULL'D HIS LOVE.

On the marriage of Mr. John Toull to Miss Miller.
 Jan. the eighteenth, one eight eighty eight
 Toull told his love, Miller took Toull

Proving that all men can find a mate
If the body contains a good soul.

Hammer and pegs, lap stone and leather
Hammer triumphantly, hammer with joy
Hammer in solus, Hammer together
Hammer in praise of the gallant old boy.

His best strung bow, gay Cupid took,
Took careful aim, let arrow fly,
And hit a kindly, genial cook,
Full fair and square, in heart or eye.

She being hit, what did she see ?
A fine, big man ; head grandly shaggy ;
For her he moved quite gracefully,
To her his best clothes were not baggy.

O ! what a blessing, Cupid can
Pull color'd wool across bright eyes ;
Dear, loving eyes that see poor man,
Not as he is—but as a prize.

To win and love, to fuss about,
To mend his rents, to comb his hair,
To scold him when too late he's out
To class, or lodge, or any where.

Shoot on gay Cupid—low and high,
Right and left, and up and down—
A well aimed love-tip't dart let fly,
For every loveless wight in Town.

Ingersoll, January 23rd, 1888.

THE FAIR FOR THE BRAVE.

Lines on the third marriage of James McIntyre, Esq. the
Ingersoll poet.

Oh Mac ! yon wily, secret sinner—
You meek eyed, Oscar Wildish daisy—
How did you go to work to win her ?
So quick, so slick, so safe, so easy.

While others lag in blank despair,
And slowly limp far in the rear

You marching up, with courage rare.
With flying colors to your dear.

Which of your ditties did you sing her ?
What song did you put on your hook ?
What stanza did you use to bring her ?
Or, did you bait with all the book ?

Well, Mac., we wish you all the joys—
White cuffs, full buttons, collars gleaming,
And should fate send you girls or boys,
We hope fate will not send them screaming.

Accept good wishes, genial Mac.,
And when the honey mooning's over
We'll all be glad to see you back,
The happiest man—a married lover.

WHO IS "SHE."

Like sunbeams on a wintry day
Breaking through the sombre clouds,
So is a lady womanly,
Who is not haughty, cold, nor proud.

She seems to warm a coldish town,
She seems to leave a ray behind her,
She neutralizes many a frown
And as she grows in years grows kinder.

She does not snub, she does not cut,
She's far above such small-beer ways ;
With dignity at ease she puts
The grateful hearts who sing her praise.

The poor, the sad, bask in her smile,
She knows the young, the fair, the strong,
Should do their duty all the while,
She doeth hers ; and hence my song.

Who is this lady, genial, fair ?
Handsome, winsome, no one kinder,
I must not dare her name declare,
Observe the ladies till you find her.

Ingersoll, Oct. 29th 1886.

PECCAVI.

[Mr. E. B—gs inserted in the "Sun" a very good picce, as an original "Ode to spring." It was very good indeed, so good that I suspected it was not original, but was meant as a take down for me, I put two verses in the following week's paper which drew from him the following bit of real B—gs :

Ingersoll's bard to life hath woke
And venomous words his pen hath wrote
His artillery in vain he tries to bring
To bear upon that "Ode to Spring"
His right hand grasping the assassin's knife,
Aims his deadly blow at the author's life
And oh, with what dreadful pains
Must have ran through his dudeish brains
Like the mountain that brought forth a mouse,
He only could bring forth a little louse.

Be merciful, O stay thy wrath,
Thy fiercely gleaming eye avert ;
We'll cease to trespass on your path,
No more will deadly venom spirt.
We'll throw away the butchering knife,
No more will aim the murderous blow,
We'll spare your precious. precious life,
The world can't spare you yet—we know.

But still we have a lurking thought
That you can make mistakes—'tis clear ;
'Twas not in vain the critic brought
His "red artillery" to bear
Upon your "ode" to poor young spring,
You squeal as if you had been hit,
Else why indulge in that mad fling,
And foam and fume, as in a fit ?

'Tis you, we notice, wield the knife,
'Tis you who slash, and wound and pain,
'Tis you are worrying out our life
By jibes and libels on our brain ;
And sneer, and twit, and snicker "dude."
Of course we shave, we wax, perfume,
Our tone is high, blue is our blood,
And when we walk must have some room.

That "louse" the "product" of our skill,
Its mission fill'd,—we understand ;
It bit the sage of Strawberry Hill,
Whose cry is ringing through the land.

1885.

OFF WINTER—COME SPRING !

Begone, grim winter ! Clear out ! Go !
Pick up your traps, and haste away ;
Pack in your trunks, your ice and snow,
And take a long—long holiday.

Your leaden clouds, roll up in bales.
And load them on your blizzard car ;
And may the kindly southern gales
Push strong behind and push you far.

Your deadly breath, direct away,
Nor turn not, look not, back again ;
March—till you reach the pole—we pray,
And when you get there—there remain.

Now, smiling spring, the way is clear !
Now bring your work, come in ! come in !
You have a lot to do, my dear !
You have to paint the landscape green.

You have to breathe among the trees,
For where you breathe the blossoms glow ;
You have to wake the slumbering bees,
And bid the maple's sweetness flow.

The flowers paint, red, purple, blue'
To give an eye to buds and leaves ;
To match the colors hue,—to hue ;
To bring the showers the earth receives.

To give the birds the true key-note,
To wake the frogs in rushy cove ;
To pour from every warbling throat,
The one great song, the song of love.

Ingersoll, April 5, 1888.

GRICIOUS, MACIBUS AGAIN BELLICOSE.

Gabriel, Gabriel, blow thy horn,
I have heard the critic's fiat ;
I am sober'd, sad, forlorn,
Yet even now, cannot be quiet.

On King Street West, this ogre sits, *
 Calling our wit and pathos "Rot !"
 Delights to give our muses fits,
 Would send poor Mac. and I to pot.

O ! Thunderbolts and Charleston quakes,
 O !! cyclones, hurricanes, arise !
 O !!! mumps, and measles, ague shakes,
 Go for this monster, till he cries.

Enough, enough, have mercy, G..
 But G. will not ; he's been too bad ;
 Brass bold was he, and made so free
 That mercy now cannot be had.

Where can we find a dam—p cold place
 Deep enough to jam him, stuff him,
 Cover him with black disgrace,
 Legal, Literary, Ruffian.

* * * * *
 Wonder if we let him up,
 Would he be so bad again ?
 Would his vile revilings stop ?
 Would our treatment make him sane ?

* * * * *
 I'm cooling down—I do not know
 But I'll forgive him ;—Let me see,
 Yes,—he shall buy a gallon—raw †
 And Mac. and I, be asked to tea.

* J. H. Hegler, Sr.
 † Gallon of oysters.

A COMMON DOG-DAY WHINE.

We seek to pierce the far-off haze,
 And wonder, where is Dolly gone ?
 From north to east instinctive gaze,
 Dreaming of Doll, the truant one.

Muskoka-ward we see a light
 Reflected in the northern sky—
 Can it be Dolly, all in white,
 Is it a flash from Dolly's eye.

What "worn one" basket in her smile,
 Catching the pearls her lips may drop ?
 Oh ! Ugh !! we dread once in a while,
 The stream of pearls may neatly stop.

Oh, dear ! we fear a sorrow near,
 We fear some (s)-camping, fishing fellow
 Will hook our Dilly, Dolly, dear,
 While all are "left," to sulk, or bellow.

A SONG ABOUT THE INGERSOLL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY.

(An advertisement for the Ingersoll Mechanics' Institute Library 1887.)

West side of Thames street half-way down,
 There is a table thickly spread,
 Where wits and authors of renown
 Are waiting, waiting to be read.
 In volumes large, medium and small,
 Here wise old saws and pungent wit,
 Come up, kind friends, come one, come all—
 Come fill ye full, or pick a bit.
 Here's dear old genial, peerless, Charles,*
 Who truly painted youth and age,
 Here's keen St. Barbe,† though said to snarl,
 He snarls with vice on every page.

Of days gone by some tell the story,
 Tell many truths, and perhaps some lies,
 Of nation's shame, of nation's glory,
 Of foolish people, people wise,
 Of battles fierce, of victories won,
 Of dire defeats, of truth beat down,
 Of shameful deeds, of vile wrongs done
 By sharpest fangs of human hounds,
 Of privileged tryants brought to book,
 Of vulgar bullies straightened out
 When trod-on sufferers courage took,
 And brought a righteous change about ;
 Of noble deeds, of courage grand,
 Of men, bold in defence of right,
 Who planted justice in the land,
 Who built on truth and love their might,

* Dickens, † Thackery.

Who met the proud, lust-pampered foe,
 The foe who ground beneath his heel
 All other's rights, and made to flow
 His dastard blood, with gleaming steal.

Some wander o'er the mountains grand,
 Or tell of valleys deep and sweet,
 The beauties limn, of every land,
 The sylvan glade, the city street,
 The hoary tower, the donjon keep,
 The rampart high, the cannon grim,
 The storm-swept coast, the rocky steep,
 The lava stream, the crater's rim,
 Of burning sands, of fervent heat,
 Of fierce tornado's awful roar,
 When earth and clouds in fury meet,
 When lightnings blaze and torrents roar ;
 Of icebergs from the frigid north,
 Glittering, gorgeous, towering high,
 Grandly moving slowly forth,
 Drifting southward, there to die,
 Impelled by fate their fate to meet—
 Onward till the god of day,
 With fatal kisses, warm though sweet,
 Kiss their beauteous forms away.

The poet's dish, fit for a king—
 Or, better still, for woman sweet—
 Composed of every dainty thing,
 Of cherub's wings, of angels' feet,
 Of pearly dew, of maidens' tears,
 Of blessed hopes, of longing sighs,
 Of faithful hearts, of groundless fears,
 Of chaste desire, of loving eyes,
 Of passion pure, of gentle peace,
 Of consolations from above,
 Of hopes, and joys that never cease,
 All flavored with God's nectar—love.

Longfellow sings "Evangeline,"
 Grand Alfred's verse flows like a river
 Of noble thoughts in glorious rhyme,
 Which like his "Brook" may flow forever ;
 Tom Campbell, winds his martial note,
 Tom Hood, weeps o'er his frail forlorn,
 Tom Moore, pipes through his dainty throat,
 And Collins, raves through passion's horn

And belted Will,* of all,—the king,
 And yet may no one ever prove
 One dolorous song the king did sing,
 That true love never did run smooth.

Of fiction much is very good,
 Humorous, witty, full of feeling,
 Healthful intellectual food,
 To solid common sense appealing—
 Showing we should be not too stiff,
 Showing we're mortal, everyone,
 Subject to quips, and cranks, and tiffs,
 And sometimes sting in wanton fun.

But some we will not brag about,
 Nor recommend it very squarely,
 Some we might get along without,
 Or take it in small doses, sparely—
 Revels in wealth and great display,
 Of priceless gems, of countless gold,
 Of generals, admirals, cavaliers gay.
 Of haughty, beauty, proud and cold ;
 Of lawyers, bishops, politicians,
 Judges, presidents of banks,
 Of factory magnates, great physicians,
 Of scheming syndicate cranks—
 Setting our hopes and aims too high,
 And common life disparages,
 For things we cannot get we sigh,
 And loathe the humble marriages.

Of magazines a goodly store,
 Harper, Century, "Pop," Cornhill,
 Scribner, Chambers', several more,
 Enough your heads and minds to fill.

Come bring your dollar, quickly bring it,
 Come every mother's son and daughter,
 I make this song (and try to sing it)
 Because I really think you "oughter."

And now perhaps enough is said,
 Our limping rhymes should fully stop ;
 The books are waiting to be read,
 Pray, do not let us shut the shop.

* Shakespeare.

CANADA, OUR CANADA.

Dear Canada, our own, own land,
How beautiful thy lakes and streams,
Around thy waist like silver bands,
They rush, they ripple, sparkle gleam.

Glittering wavelets, gently swelling,
Kiss'd by summer zephyrs playing,
Murmuring, like to love tales telling,
And fancy hears what they are saying.

Fair are thy valleys, wide thy fields,
Green and golden alternating,
Generous crops thy harvest yields,
Peace and joy thy bounties bring.

The roseate fruit of laden trees,
• Flavor'd by the sweetening sun,
Health and life, is in thy breeze.
Pure the brooks that through thee run.

Warbling birds and fragrant flowers,
Trees umbrageous, lofty, grand,
Sparkling springs in shady bowers
Bubbling up in all the land.

Even thy snow is doubly pure ;
Crystal ice thy winters make,
Dazzling harvest, always sure,
The thirsts of summer heat to slake.

Snow-capped mountains, towering high,
Bathed in splendor, grand, sublime,
Piercing the clear cerulean sky,
Eternal beauty, robing time.

The whitest clouds, the bluest skies,
Above, the purest atmosphere ;
Matching thy maidens' limpid eyes
Beaming, laughing, truthful, clear.

Thy honest, manly, sterling men—
Men not afraid of work nor foe,
As they have done, will do again,
Where duty calls they grimly go.

This is our land, our own, our own,
Shall we prove recreant to our trust,

Shall we bow down before the throne
Of greed and blather, in the dust ?

Toward the south we cast no glance,
Will not be to their turmoil tied ;
We will not to their piping dance ;
We will not squabble by their side.

Will not for sake of place and power,
Trade our country, foul our nest ;
While hungry "Outs" may scold and glower,
We'll keep in power the very best.

We will not wish our chieftain dead, *
But rather wish him life forever ;
The clearest, wisest, level head ;
Genial, jovial, honest, clever.

It once was said the traitor's hand
Was on thy throat, Ontario ;
Who are the false ones in thy land ?
'Twere well we all should really know.

Are they the men to choose and trust,
Who'd sell our country for a song,
Who'd drag our honor in the dust,
Merely to make their purses long ?

The greed of power, the greed of purse,
The lying frauds of idle men,
Have ever been a nation's curse,
May ever bring a bloody end.

Awake, Awake, all honest men !
Down with the brazen party god !
Walk in the patriot road again,
The road you once with honor trod.

Nor will we break the family tie,
The lore of twice five hundred years ;
We will not let grand memories die,
Our heritage as much as theirs.

Ungrateful backs we will not turn
On dear old Britain in her age ;
With her rejoice, with her we mourn,
Together stand if tyrants rage.

John Macdonald.

Hip! hip!! hurrah!!! for Canada,
 Hurrah for our great Empire's flag ;
 For all our friends again, hurrah !
 For jealous foes a trailing rag.

Ingersoll, Oct. 22, 1888.

A DEVONSHIRE MOORLAND PICNIC.

[An accidental picnic, at the Lee Moor porcellian clay works, on the south edge of Dartmoor, ten or twelve miles from Plymouth, South Devon, England, in August, 1887. The party was made up of strangers to me. We rode down to near Plymouth, on the horse-drawn tram trucks, on a load of flat tiles through lovely scenery. We went slow enough to enjoy it, as well as plenty of tongue fun.]

I half believe I'm "mash'd" Miss Bella,
 But don't believe you meant to do it ;
 I thought it was that other fellow,
 And quite believed he'd never rue it.

We were cold strangers—you and I,
 You rich and cultured, I—ah—hum ;
 But waiting till the trucks roll by,
 We break some ice before they come.

The purple heather bloom'd around,
 The dwarf oak leaves were whispering ;
 The earlier ferns were coloring brown,
 The fluttering skylark 'rose to sing.

We heard the wild wood pigeons coo,
 The foaming stream its anthem singing ;
 The golden plovers whistling flew,
 And down the vale the *bells were ringing.

Across the sky, so clean and blue,
 The marshall'd clouds were slowly moving ;
 And sobering hues their shadows threw,
 Where Devon kine and sheep were roving.

High rugged tors—an ancient mound,
 The boulder litter'd upland steep ;
 † "Pen Beacon's" eye glance'd calmly down,
 And watchful "Shell Top" took a peep.

* The beautiful deep-toned bells of the Old Abbey Church of Plympton, St. Mary, situated in a deep valley.

† Two sharp points of rocks, on the moorland ridge, about a mile apart—1,200 feet above the sea level, which is about 11 miles distant.

Some timbers lay beside the road,
 We put the balanced teeters going ;
 Some watched the clay trucks slowly load ;
 Some played the common game of wooing.

You teeter'd with such easy grace,
 And even fell off gracefully ;
 While innocence bewreathed your face,
 In "G sharp" laughs proclaim'd your glee.

One said (and it was true,) "you're sweet,
 Your mien and manner womanly ;"
 I did not note your arched feet,
 Your kind frank face, enough to see.

My joke of "mash'd" was only fun,
 I can't control a vice of chaff ;
 Though many a friendship hath begun,
 And grown immoral through a laugh.

The friendship born on Martin's* tiles,
 Which lived and died in half a day,
 My small beer wit, your bantering smiles,
 Were not all lost or thrown away.

For what is life, but give and take,
 You charmed with grammar, I gave brogue ;
 No harm could come, you did not quake,
 In fear the brogueist was a rogue.

The kindly words, the accents sweet,
 The graceful ways of ladies fair ;
 Are dear to rough old men they meet,
 And cherished long, as treasures rare.

So Bella —, I wish you well,
 I have no more to sing or tell ;
 No youth or heart to give or sell,
 But 'tis a pleasant memory Bell.

Ingersoll, August 28, 1887.

* "Martin" the name of the owner of the works.

REMORSE.

[When I was Librarian of the Ingersoll Mechanics' Institute
Some ladies complained the Library was not kept neat enough.
They were not far wrong,—but perhaps made it out to be a little
worse than it really was.

In this most literary town
There is a table thickly spread
With inky blotters, black and brown
And stumps of pencils, lacking lead.

Some rusty pens, and paper scraps
Some mouldy bottles (vile array)
Some straggling strings and parcel wraps
Some matches lit and thrown away.

Upon the chairs there is a crust
How thick I hardly dare to say
Of most disgraceful dusty dust,
The windows scarce let in a ray.

The corner dirt a twelvemonth old
The stove with ashes nearly full
The woodpiles secrets can't be told
Even the gas is faint and dull.

I can't go on—my conscience pricks
I burn with shame my head hangs down
Come ! some one !! give me cuffs and kicks
My shiftless ways and sin I own.

Remorse ! Remorse!! O ! O!! O!!! O!!!
Forgive dread ladies, O forgive
I'll dust, I'll sweep, I'll bow me low
O let the contrite slattern live.

TO LU-LU.

Lu-Lu, suggests this valentine
Lu-Lu, who stamps the fillagree
Lu-Lu, who is not yours or mine,
Would not jump high for you or me
She sits amid red, white and blue,
'Mong golden floss her fingers gleaming
Her buds and leaves are outlined true
As on her art her eyes are beaming

Stitch on, stamp on, knit on, Lu-Lu,
Till some one comes to stay your stitches
And we'll sit back and wish for you
Good health, good sense, friends, love and riches.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

[Some one, of Ingersoll, wrote a poem praising and glorify-
ing Scotland—(it had been done once or twice before). The writer
claimed, too, that people said "England" too much, instead of
"Great Britain." The poem was first read at a concert and after-
wards published in a local paper. Prompted, I suppose, by natu-
ral depravity, I put the following two verses in the same news-
paper the next week:—

Oh, wicked England, blatant bull
You hoof poor Ireland in the dust
Your cup of crime is now brim full
You tramp on holy Scotland "wuss"

Arise! in rage!! up!!! Angus! up!!
The claymore seize cease useless fretting
And cut! and slash!! and never stop
Till England ownes we are Great Britain

I got a rap on the knuckles the next week in the shape of "A
Word of Advice," as below.]

Well R. G. we saw your pitiabe verse
And think—(if possible)—your fast getting worse
Your intellect seems in a rapid decline
Judging at least from the style of your rhyme
And we hope this advice will not be in vain
Never,—write,—such,—sickly,—rubbish,—again.

Had the "Old Harry" only got it in time
And gived poor Job a dose of your rhyme
I doubt if the story had ever been told
Of the patience and faith of the good man of old
But stop, and be wise, while yet there is time
And quit once and for ever your detestable rhyme.

MORE "RIME."

[The first four stanzas of the following, answers "A Word of Advice."—The others refer to some good humored banter or fun poked at me, which I will not speak about.

"Mr. Unknown,—I scorn your advice
I will not cease rhyming to please you
Though you rave, though you scold, or talk nice,
I'll still rhyme a little to tease you.

"Tit-for-tat! Those who give must take back,
There are two sides to every thing;
Scots wallop England, I the Scots whack,
But in fun and with mild humor sing.

"'Old Harry' won't look at my rhymes,
He hateth all good—you should know;
When he dealeth with outrageous crimes,
He needs other rhymes down below.

"Poor Old Job—with his horrible sores—
Whose fame hath come down to our times;
Small were his sores, compared to the bores
(Apart from R. G.) who make rhymes."

* * * * *

One said we should never be missed,
My brother, 'twas truth you were telling;
One by one, as we drop off the list,
The debris of death ever swelling.

Remembrance soon fades away,
When our singing or sighing is done;
The flowers are as sweet and as gay,
And the sun shines as bright when were gone.

Have we done our square duties like men?
Have we honestly carried our loads?
Are we worn out by labor? Why, then,
Off, off to our lonely abodes.

Rarely missed for the work we have done,
Hard service is quickly forgotten;
While honors are oft crowded on
Wily schemers whose morals are rotten.

Have we whispered, and slandered and stung?
Have we skinn'd folks; made love to their wives?
And jilted their girls; and then sung
Of our deviltries half of our lives.

Such may be remembered awhile,
Through the stings they are leaving behind;
By the tears that have blotted out smiles,
By the wrongs they have done to their kind.

And why should it be, if some sing,
And their notes be passably mellow;
Why should all the long-ear'd things bring
Their brayings to bear on a fellow*?

Expect that poor genius will kneel
To the waddlers with featherless wings,
Who are hurt, and annoyed, and who feel
'Tis an outrage that poets *will* sing,

Poor genius will do no such thing,
Bold genius will snap out its say;
Its honest thoughts sing, with a ring,
If the sky falls—convictions obey.

For twaddlee Twaddlee Twad
Political, Social, Religious
Will blaaf bad is good, and good bad,
With sophistry truly prodigious.

Ingersoll, Feb. 15, 1888.

* A dig at some one who was always going for me hard.

POKING THE POETS.

Ye bards of Ingersoll, awake!
Marshall your rhymes in dread array,
March boldly in, to take the cake
Which bard can sing the wildest lay.

In faultless tune screw up your strings,
Play flats, and sharps, and natural key,
Your keenest wit, and pathos bring,
To win your fame this trial day.

Come forth, bard Mac., you lead the van,
'Twas you began the rhyming strife,
Rhymed when a boy, rhyme now, a man,
Will cease to rhyme when ceases life.

You sung—"though distant hills seem green,
Illusions false may intervene,
Roseate glamors spread between,
May sadden hearts when nearer seen.

You sung of cows, like swarms of bees,
Of extraordinary cheese,
Made out south by one James Harris,
And carted off as far as Paris.

Of Romley who a rabbit shot,
And stewed him in his iron pot,
But the police soon was him "arter,"
And Romley bribed him with a quarter.

Of many other thrilling themes
Around, about, Canadian Thames,
Of nooks, and glades, and rippling streams,
Did sing our genial laureate James.

Now pensive one, recite your lays,
In mournful cadence, soft and low,
In tender plaintive minor keys,
Your own, and others grief and woe.

Or sing another dearer theme,
Of soulful pipes, of Highland clan,
Whose broadswords flashed a fiercer gleam,
Than e'er was flashed by southern man.

Although her eyes have never seen
The heather bloom on Scotia's hill's
Nor mountain crag, nor valley green,
Nor roaring tide, nor sparkling rills,

Yet, in her heart she knows so sure
There are no hills so grand as those,
No grass so green, no air so pure,
The thistle sweeter than the rose.

No men so grand, no girls so sweet,
No brains so keen, no blood so pure,

None quite so brave, no feet so fleet,
No hearts so true, no words so sure.

Upon the hill above the town *
Reclinng in his easy chair,
In different ways one looketh down
Upon the many strugglers there.

His muse can grasp a million years,
Epoch's and era's clearly seen ;
He waves his wand and lo ! appears
The sapphire tinge, the silvery sheen.

The myriad stars, the changing hues,
The lights, the shades of evening time,
The gathering gloom, the pearly dews,
The crisp keen air, the frosty rime.

Or, in his buggy graceful sits,
Dictating to his old black nag,
Or else, in argument giving fits
To whosoever he can gag.

* Mr. Wm. Hunt.

At "Evendale" the robin grusome sings,
Through chilly haze his dubious note is heard,
He oftentimes makes mistakes about his springs,
When snow storms prove him a too previous bird.

But, when spring really comes with all his soul,
With wings, and tail, with head, eyes, throat, and
tongue,
Out gushes his full song, without control,
At early morn, at eve, and all day long.

Is it to God he pours his joyous lay ?
Or is it to his mate, his setting hen,
Defying perhaps, some chap some trees away,
Regardless of the way the planets wend.

He hardly thinks of God, yet does his will,
The line his maker mark'd he follows true,
He mates, he builds, he feeds, he sings his trill,
Repeats the story old, yet ever new.

One twangs his lyre to A B C, *
To D and E, to F and G,
To X Y Z, to U and I,
His Masolene to glorify.

Wistful eyes, pathetic pleading,
Sweetly, smoothly, poetizing,
Mama's buying after reading
His soul stirring advertising.

* A. D. Hogg.

O. J. may you get lots of trade, *
Yours is a goodish doggerel puff,
The lines you scratch are fairly made,
Showing O. J. is up to snuff.

* O. J. Mitchell.

James Sinclair strikes the patriot keys,
And strikes them with a master hand,
Through wily, sordid, humbug, sees,
Strikes boldly for all British lands.

Down at the bottom of the class,
Misbehaving, scribbling free,
His rhymes confess, alas, alas,
Scant grain, much chaff, all mark'd R. G.
1889.

ON TO WOODSTOCK.

[There is a town ten miles east of Ingersoll called Woodstock, in that same town there is a newspaper called the Sentinel-Review, that same paper had the unparalleled impudence, the reckless temerity, the presumptuous, effrontery, to poke fun at Ingersoll poets; it said it felt a great deal of sympathy for Ingersoll, on account of its being so afflicted with poets, that the population were leaving, would continue to leave, must leave, that in addition to the misery of a town poet (an old established affliction) a certain barrister had been making and "singing" topical songs, and now as the last feather to break the camel's back, "One Grigg" had been at it; this same "One Grigg" took up the cudgels in defence of the persecuted muses; but the offence could not be condoned, or atoned for by any ordinary scolding; by law, or by diplomacy, nothing short of war, fierce, hot, blazing, burning, withering war. So with colors flying, drums beating, and faces black and stern, he headed an army, sat down before Woodstock, promulgated his demands, brought them to terms, and marched home again without the loss of a man or a woman.]

Ho! men of Ingersoll, arise,
Ten miles away sits down the foe,
His night lights tinge the North East skies,
Now up, and strike a stunning blow.

We have accounts to square with him,
Dry jokes and jibings by the score,
Now, set your faces stern and grim,
And revel in some kind of gore. *

We've had an army several years,
No battle have they fought as yet,
Now is the time to test their spears,
Now is the time to "up and get."

Come, Jim—my Child, come ensign Nap.
Fling out of your banner, march away,
Come Aunt—te—Right, let both eyes snap
Look black toward the East this day.

Now march!—and march through Centerville,
Augment your force with volunteers,
The Centrevillians have the will,
To settle all the vast arrears.

Of insults heap'd upon their town,
Their blood is up, they will not fail, †
To kick the Woodstock court house down,
And vent their ire upon the jail.

Speak not to Beachville, on the fence
She sits,—and squinteth up and down,
Dreamily smiles, gives no offence,
To which she thinks the biggest town.

Ho! Woodstock! list to our demands,
Before we wholly chew you up,
We do not want your gold nor lands,
We neither ask a bite or sup.

We ask not genius, wit, nor skill
We need no orator or poet,
Of such fine game we have our fill,
Your ruffled feathers clearly show it.

High toney Woodstock! Don't suppose
We want your belles, desire to catch 'em

* A part of Woodstock I believe is built on a gore.

† This event took place in the old court house times, before the new one was built.

We've human Violets, Lillies, Rose,
You've nothing in your town to match 'em.

But we will have a saucy fellow,
A paper man, too fond of chaff,
His name sounds something like P——llo.
We want to make the scoffer laugh

The other side of his sweet mouth ;
To be in future much more civil,
If not, we'll take this portly youth
And harness him with his own d——l.

Or tie him to some common Tory,
The contrast will be sharp and glaring,
Of course he'll scratch with chestnuts hoary,
He may seek solace in tall swearing.

A fearsome thing this man hath done,
A crime of deepest, darkest dye ;
He hath been poking wanton fun
At J. C. Hegler, Mac, and I,

At J. C. Hegler, I and Mac,
Poets of divine afflatus,
And we insist he taketh back
The words with which he did berate us.

And in the future well behave,
He must, he "shall" be less uncivil ;
Else nothing can his bacon save
Down! Down!! he goes to ——

Now soldiers, turn toward the West,
Back to the haven whence you came,
Back to enjoy your well earned rest,
Back to receive your meed of fame.

You stole no spoils, no wedge of gold,
You left no stain of blood behind,
Would have no captives young or old,
To Woodstock's faults were even blind.

But, Woodstock !—heed the words we speak,
Don't irritate our bards again,
For if you do,—the lightning streak,
The pounding hail, the floods of rain.

The thunder crash, the roaring wind,
The hissing cyclone, ruin blue,

All this is gentle, mild, benign,
Compared to what we'll do to you.

Ingersoll, Nov. 12th, 1888.

PRETTY PORT HOPE.

A dawdling stranger from the smooth-faced west,
Would sing thy praise, Port Hope, (if you can stand it)
Your score is high and ranges "good to best,"
That we must use our choicest marks to brand it.

The healthful breeze from off the wavey lake,
Flavor'd and filtered through your tremulous pines ;
Your crazy brawling stream wild babblings make,
But gives the sun-like gleam that nightly shines.

Your crested streets, your valleys deep and green,
Your tasteful villas, nestling in sweet nooks ;
While here and there the blue expanse is seen,
And little songs are sung by little brooks.

Your ups and downs are like a smiling face,
A woman's loving face, and blushing flowers,
Your pretty dells and winsome hillsides grace,
And happy homes half buried in your bowers.

Behind your back the hills in bold outline,
In clear cut beauty, or in hazy hues ;
Distant or near, a panorama fine
Of hill and dale, of varied sun-fleck'd views.

Off to the south Ontario's vastness lies
In shimmering radiance, shining in sweet peace ;
Reflecting back the clear cerulean skies,
As love reflecting love its joys increase.

The Devon tongue we hear "zumtimes, and zo"
We "zing our zong" in "that there" slipshod brogue ;
As spoke Salvation Yeo, at "westward hoe,"
Long ere the crispier English came in vogue.

Pretty Port Pope, good-bye, and I will flit
Eight score hot miles before I let this off ;
In fear of those who give poor poets fits,
Who laugh, and jump on faults, and jibe, and scoff.

Port Hope, Aug., 1889.

ANOTHER MAPLE TREE ODE.

Come, Mac! let us sing of the trees !
 Just now, they are gorgeously gay,
 Blushing, they sway in the mid-day breeze,
 And blush in the dim waning day.

In purple, green, yellow and brown,
 In silver drab, dappled with red ;
 Some hold the fort, some flutter down,
 Sleepy and going to bed.

Up leafy, unbrageous Thames street,
 The colors with light and shade play,
 Glint in and out, like fairy feet,
 Who dance through the tinted way.

How good is our Father above,
 Who gave so much beauty so free ;
 How boundless His kindness and love,
 Who gave us the privilege to see

The glory above and below,
 The beauty so lavishly spread,
 The exquisite flowers that glow,
 The grand stars that blaze overhead—

The bright hill, the valley, the stream,
 The landscape which seemeth to smile,
 The lakes, how like silver they gleam,
 How grand is the vast rocky pile.

Fresh breezes in glowing sunshine,
 The song of the birds, and their sheen,
 The face of our dear is divine,
 Who reigns in our hearts, king, or queen.

Let us thank him for health, for love,
 For song, for speech, for sight,
 For the mystery of muscles to move,
 For the sleep that comes with the night.

For life, with its numberless joys,
 For crochets to hang jokes upon,
 For good girls and (sometimes) good boys,
 And year in and year out, for Sir John. *

Ingersoll, Oct. 5, 1890.

* Sir John McDonald.

THE OXFORD KNIGHT.

[The four following (poems?) were written during the unrestricted reciprocity agitation, which I considered a disloyal bid for annexation to the States ; that the leaders in the fad were not the loyal men ; enemies of the Empire, rather. The first one of the four was suggested by hearing Sir R. Cartright's, now celebrated "Ingersoll speech."]

Sir Richard came to Ingersoll,
 To give his henchmen soothing pap,
 And fal, lal, lal, and tol de rol,
 Did sing this knightly muddling chap.

In seeming deference to the pope,
 Just hinted at the Jesuit,
 (Being chary to destroy a hope),
 He did not sing that song a bit.

He came to show our state was bad,
 To show ours is a dangerous case,
 Came riding on a Yankee fad,
 On which he hopes to ride to "place."

To tell us we should bend the knee,
 And beg the Yank to yank us in,
 To yank our trade and coun-tr-ee,
 To own to him we've naughty been.

To give up house and home, and board
 With uncle Sam and bolt his hash ;
 To wait upon his bumptious word,
 To mix with his anarchist trash.

Protection ban'd, and cursed, and yet
 Would tie us to the greedy States,
 Who build up tariffs high, and set
 Up tall and thick protection gates.

He told us patriotic John*
 Was really wicked,—vile, indeed—
 Although an able, loyal one,
 Was bad as Walpole, worse than Tweed.

Censured the press, (Tory be sure),
 Surmised it was not white as snow—
 As is his Globe, whose ways are pure,
 Honest and fair, as all men know (?).

* Sir John McDonald.

The country to the dogs doth go,
 And he would save it, in his way ;
 Turn out wise men at once, and so
 The cash shall roll where he shall say.

In that nice way it might be met,
 Restore the tactics we have seen,
 The Tories bounce, and let the Grit
 His old-time muddling ways bring in.

Bow to the Yank, snub Father Bull,
 Be traitors to our race and Queen,
 With Judas lucre purse be full,
 Down British flag, up stripes, or green.

But no ! old John, the skilful elf,
 Will not let go, nor can we make him ;
 He shows the dangdest phase of self,
 And holds on tight, the d——I take him !

O, hope deferred ! O, heart so sick !
 We hope 'gainst hope, from year to year,
 Bootless each demagogueic trick,
 We starve ! we shrink ! O, dear ! O, dear !

Ingersoll, Nov 20, 1889.

A RHYME FOR HONEST REFORMERS.

A wail goes up througout the land,
 A simulated dry-eyed cry—
 A hungry, sour, impatient band
 Grows reckless as the years roll by.

Doleful times and ruin, crying,
 Grimly painting black and blue :
 A morbid fancy, fibs supplying,
 Put forth the false, keep back the true.

Droning in the minor key,
 Their songs so mournful, dour and sad,
 Flatter, flatter, day by day,
 Artistic stars at singing bad.

Yet sing with method, with an aim—
 Which all may see, if all will look—

The meaning of the wily game
 Is patent as an open book.

The drift, the hope, behind the whine,
 The spring, the motive of these cranks,
 The front and rear of their design—
 Would sell us to the greedy Yanks.

Canadian men of British stock,
 Are you content to be thus sold ?
 To stand as slaves upon the block,
 By those who hope for Yankee gold ?

What wage doth Sour-boy plan to win ?
 What hope doth Slimby hope to fill ?
 Will Wrastie slip his fingers in ?
 With Globby grabble in the till.

And all strut big at Washington ?
 And all unite to jab John Bull ?
 To glory in the injury done—
 With Britains foes conspire and pull ?

Will you stand that ? Will you stand still,
 And let these frauds beguile your brains ?
 Have you no pride ? Have you no will,
 To give them ashes for their pains ?

This is our country, fair and wide,
 By valor won, by manly toil—
 Which we will hold, and stand beside
 Our brave old sire, and help to foil.

The wiles of mean, unchristian hate—
 Hatred begot by blatant lies,
 Which venomed tongue and pen repeat,
 Whose heathenish rancour never dies.

Idle frauds, who rave and swagger,
 Dark and crafty, matchless liars,
 Prowl with dynamite and dagger,
 Whose only law are mad desires.

Shall such as those your allies be ?
 Choose ye for masters such like men ?
 To mourn the days when you were free
 But can't retrace your steps again.

Awake and think, and, thinking, see
 That faith to party may be wrong—

That party oft is tryanny,
And hope of power and pickings strong.

Let not small hope of petty gain,
Or little place, your actions sway—
Unpatriotic, grovelling, mean,
Are those who ever squint that way.

And minds should change with circumstance,
For changes come which we should note,
In honor with the times advance,
For love of country cast our vote.

When creed sets creed above the law,
When creed inculcates racial hate,
There's work to do; there is a flaw
To find, and mend, e're 'tis too late.

When opposition's sour and glum,
Wage civil war with tongue and pen ;
'Tis well to vote to keep them home,
And rule the land by wiser men.

Ingersoll Oct. 20, 1890.

THE (K)NIGHTLY RAMPAGE.

We came upon the *Glob* one day,
A tattered copy some weeks old,
We read, then threw the thing away,
But noted what we had been told.

We noted Richard's speech again,
Which *Globby* prints and flings abroad,
Where we are told the preaching men,
With loyal hearts, are pious frauds.

Who sit upon his sophistries,
Who can't endorse his spiteful blather,
Throughout, throughin the parson sees
Reminders of an "evil father."

Good truths and love the parsons teach,
Is either much in Richard's way ?
When he is seeking to impeach
Good men and measures day by day?

Sir John A. is, he tries to show,
Of evil things the incarnation ;
But who is there who does not know
He acheth for Sir John A's station.

He scolds with words so blazing hot,
The angry, wordy, stumping snarler ;
Hoping to send Sir John to pot,
That he may run a tinted parlour.

'Tis power and place great Richard wants
To jostle out a better man ;
But spite of Philippic and Rants,
We hardly think *sore* Richard can.

He tells us Canada is sick ;
'Tis no such thing, she's very well,
And will not take from doctor Dick
The quackeiers he wants to sell.

Our Canada is sound—not ailing,
She's fair and strong, and "charming thankee" ;
Nor will his grimaces or wailing,
Turn her fair face toward the Yankee.

On figurative marrow bones,
With tearful pleading Dicky begs ;
In penitential prayerful tones,
For Sam to take our surplus eggs.

But Sammy answers "I will not"
I'll hamper you as you shall see
Your eggs and all things else may rot,
Unless you knuckle down to me.

But Sam, old boy, this world is wide,
And every lane may have its turning ;
Oft bullying bounce and puffy pride,
May change to unexpected mourning.

Are you quite sure your way is clear,
The world is getting to distrust you,
You may have cancerous growths to fear,
Or inside tumors that may "bust" you.

Dick cries for Reciprocity,
And Sam snarls back, "I will not grant it
Unless you sell your souls to me,
Your country too, you know I want it."

Short of that price you cannot have it,
 And help me pull old England down ;
 Set up Parnell, or dove-like Davitt,
 That love and peace may more abound.

Give aid and love to every foe,
 Old Britain has, or may provoke,
 For any wrong and hatred go
 For blood and thunder, fire and smoke.

The grand old flag fair men respect,
 Appears to Richard glaring red,
 With flaming eyes, and stiffened neck,
 With rampant tail, with low down head,

With tones and gestures so alarming,
 Tramps on old love, bawls for another,
 The stripes are now to Dick more charming
 Than father, mother, sister, brother.

Reformers are not half blind fools,
 They see his tactics are too thin,
 And will not be his passive tools,
 Merely to put such wranglers in.

The bulk of them have level heads,
 And honest hearts; their country love,
 Have some objection to be lead
 In treason's paths by this small Jove.

We're all Canadians, and are proud
 Of our great country, rich and fair ;
 We'll speak with voice decided, loud,
 We will remain just as we are.

Till we have strength to take the reigns,
 To drive amongst the foremost nations,
 To claim respect, protect our gains,
 Do right, and meet all obligations.

OUR JOHN.

[After the general election of 1891 when the conservatives
 with Sir John McDonald were returned again.]

John A. has the helm again,
 John who knows the way to steer

O'er the noisy, frothy main,
 John A. sees the course so clear.

John who shapes the minds of men,
 John who points the way to vote,
 Teaching all with tongue and pen,
 Proving all he spoke and wrote.

John who loves his count-ree,
 Guards her honor like a man,
 Lets mistaken blinkers see,
 None can guide as Johnny can.

Nips their nonsense in the bud,
 Watches all their curious pranks,
 Slaps them in the Gritty mud,
 Shows them up as jealous cranks.

Sneerers at our old red flag,
 Those who hoped to see it trail,
 Were too quick to crow and brag,
 And came out with a dragged tail.

Those who hated old John Bull,
 Loved those who hated him,
 Got enough, with gall, cupfull,
 Future hopes are woful slim.

Farrer fired his Guy Fawkes fad,
 Slimby whet his logic keen,
 Mongrel 'Rastie's pointed gad
 Went for nought, all was too thin.

Scolding Dicky snarled in vain,
 Could not budge Canadian hearts,
 Tho' he charged again, again,
 Fibs and fallacies his darts.

Long'd for power, oh, so much,
 Hoped this time he would not slip,
 With actual treason was in touch,
 No matter tho' he sunk the ship,

Danger past ! We breathe again,
 We are still Canadian men,
 Friends to those across the main,
 They, our friends with sword and pen.

For John A. has the helm again,
 John who knows the way to steer,

Level head and mind serene,
John A. sees the course so clear.

Sadly own we one dark spot,
*London ! London ! O! for shame,
Why did ye yield to tin and pot,
Win back ! Redeem ! Your lost good name.

March or April, 1891.

* London had always been Conservative, but in this contest was lost, but was afterward redeemed.

NEW YEAR CARD.

Dear Hannah I'm clear out of rhyme,
Exhausted and empty am I,
The demands of this Christmas time,
Hath drained my poetic well dry.

I'll try to pump up one small lay,
I'll sing you a song to remember,
In your village I spent my first day,
Sixty-five years ago last September.

My life hath been mixed pretty fair,
With sunshine and shade, pain and joy,
Since I ran with my head and legs bare,
A meddlesome, close, peering, boy.

Soon, soon will the journey be done,
We limp down the well beaten road,
Let us hope when we've had all our fun,
We shall rest in the angel's abode.
Jan. 1st, 1885.

BRITON'S PULL TOGETHER.

[The following lines were read at the last meeting of the Imperial Federation League, held on Friday evening last, by Mr. R. Grigg and was well received :]

All ye who love the grand old land
Firm anchor'd in the stormy sea,
Come, brothers, lend a helping hand
To shape a nobler destiny.

But e'er we plan our fabric fair,
The world's great nations notice claim,
Their ways and ours we may compare
And claim the right to praise or blame.

Despotic Russia, strident, treads,
Her wily, crafty, grasping hand,
With fraud and force together leads
Her mongrel hordes on every land.

The hoary Kaiser whets his sword,
His groaning land despondent yields,
When Moltke and Bismarck's ominous word
Bids myriad hosts to bloody fields.

And France, though pleasant is her land,
Her speech is smooth, her words polite,
Yet pride and envy shapes her plan,
Her feverish love to snarl and fight.

The spangled banner flaunteth high,
But waves o'er many doubtful things,
It shelters vile conspiracy
Where blatant, loud mouth'd license rings.

An out-growth from it seeks to build
A nation new on, dynamite,
Whose murderous acts the world hath fill'd
With loathing horror, pale-faced fright.

We own, Sam acted prompt enough,
When he was hurt, did quick arise
And smote the mad communist rough,
Put Sam is deaf when England cries.

Say, lukewarm friends, or covert foes,
Who in our midst would jibe and sneer,
Which for your master, will ye choose
From the dread list we show you here.

Shall knouting Russia's iron heel,
Shall Moltke and Bismarck bend you low?
Shall fitful France's cruel steel?
Shall tricky Sammy's bounce and blow?

Mark out the path your feet must tread
And make you dance as they may sing,
You humbly follow where they lead,
You tribute to their, coffers bring ?

No ! we will stand by Britain's flag,
 Nor let green jealousy, or hate,
 Nor sordid gain, conspire to drag
 Its glories to ignoble fate.

Can we a nobler flag unfurl ?
 Do not fair minded men confess
 It blazes out all round the world,
 A synonym for righteousness.

Come ! let us plant it firmer still,
 Come ! let us raise it higher ! higher !
 Defending right, to do God's will,
 To higher Christian life aspire.

Where can we find old Britain's peer ?
 Where nobler men ? more true, more just ?
 By Christian rules, who lives more near,
 Who safer than her sons to trust ?

Then let us firmer bind the tie,
 Prove to the world that blood will tell,
 Build up our Empire broad and high,
 And govern justly, wisely, well.

And now we've traced our Christian plan,
 On righteousness our union build,
 Our grand design that every man
 Shall reap his own, where he hath till'd.

May love and truth our motto be,
 May even justice guide our hand
 And own at last that industry
 Must reign the "King" in every land.

Come stand together, east and west,
 Come Africa, and teeming India,
 Come Canada, our own, the best,
 Stand back to back with Australia.

While all stand by old father Bull,
 A generous father he hath been,
 And thus united, who shall pull
 Such friends apart?—God Save the Queen.

Ingersoll, Sept. 24, 1886.

A SNARL AT BIGOTRY.

Oh bigotry—great are thy crimes—
 How bloody the road thou hast trod ;
 From earliest, down to our times,
 Thy hands have been dripping with blood.

Like Nebuchadnezzar of old,
 (Whose after fate was to eat grass,)
 He set up his idol of gold,
 As you raise your forehead of brass.

You tell honest men, who love truth,
 They are blind,—that only *you* see ;
 You rave bold assertions as proof
 That truth outside you cannot be.

Is the God of the universe weak ?
 Is he foolish and poor, that your aid
 Is needed, and that *you* should speak
 Of the way His great laws should be made ?

Like glow-worms, directing the sun
 How to warm, how attract, how to shine
 To keep the vast worlds on the run—
 He needeth no help such as thine.

What oceans of blood hath been shed,
 With bellish and horrible pains,
 What myriads of men have been led
 To agonies, loaded with chains.

Crowning with thorns, crucifying,
 Weary 'neath galling cross bending,
 Long days and nights slowly dying,
 Life in dread agony ending.

Poison, starvation, and stake,
 Faggot and fire, bloody swords,
 Devilish inventions, to make
 Good people accept lying words.

Water, drip, drip, numbing, freezing,
 Starving and thirsting, no sleeping,
 Cutting and flaying and squeezing,
 Down on the jagged rocks leaping.

Darkness and nakedness, dirt,
 Friendlessness, gibing contempt,

Sickness unsoothed, every hurt,
All misery, from no woe exempt,

In hopeless and gnawing despair,
In dungeons dark, stinking and deep,
In coldness and mire lying bare,
'Mid loathsome, vile vermin to sleep.

What is it that prompts your fierce zeal ?
What whets you to clamor for blood ?
What makes your bad heart hard as steel ?
So unlike the merciful God.

Is it interest, ease, sordid pelf,
Love of power, of place, of control ?
Is it luxury, gold, love of self,
Under cover of love for man's soul ?

Our Father, who holds in His hands
The reins that are guiding the stars,
He driveth so true to His plans,
That His universe rolls without jars.

He never has made a mistake,
He never stops short of His plan,
And when He determined to make,
Did he make a poor bungle of man ? ?

Ingersoll, Nov. 10th, 1889.

WATCH NIGHT SONG

The heads droop low, in humble prayer
Before great God,—and may we now,
Out from our hearts, the pet sin tear
That "I" am better clay than thou.

The moment's past—the clanging bell
High in the tower, proclaims the year
Is gone,—and tolls its funeral knell,
While yet we kneel around its bier.

Now joyful bells, the new year greet !
Come in new year, bring buoyant hope,
Bring hearts together, fit and meet
The rugged steeps of life to cope.

Bring health and love, more honesty,
More common sense, more thinking men,
More Christian dames from small pride free,
More faith and trust twixt friend and friend.

O, God ! what little ways have we,
Hard and greedy, proud and cold,
We use each other cruelly,
Still claiming place in Jesus' fold.

O ! help us to be just and kind—
Pretense and lust and pride strike down ;
Stamp out the sins that keep us blind'
That god-like love may more abound.

Ingersoll, January 1st, 1886.

PATRIOTISM.

Englishmen ! Arouse !! 'Tis time,
Treason stalks and struts about you,
In every land, in every clime
Jealous hatred longs to rout you.

Hold to your place, 'tis yours to lead,
As down the centuries you have done ;
'Twas by your sense fair laws were made,
'Twas by your valor rights were won.

Hold on, till better men arise,
Who nobler, juster, ethics bring,
Grand men, more Christ-like, gentle, wise,
Who own industry as their king.

Till then, keep watch, for foes abound ;
The price of peace is strength and skill,
In union ever faithful found
Your world wide duties to fulfill.

Waste not your strength in petty fights,
For you have other fish to fry ;
'Tis yours to stand for human rights,
As did your sires in days gone by.

Grit and Tory, to the devil,
To the devil party strife ;
Politicians rant and drivel,
Point the dagger, whet the knife,

Warp the judgment, blind the eyes,
Give your foes the hole they seek ;
Lurking, waiting to surprise
By any specious, wily trick.

Look back three hundred years and more,
The dread Armada looms in view ;
We know the lore the galleons bore,
Bull, interdict, rack, stake, thumb-screw.

Your English fathers waited not
In maudlin hope, the storm would pass,
But met them prompt with prow and shot,
And sent them back to mumble mass.

There's danger now, and you asleep,
Awake ! The snares are laid around you ;
Let not your foes your watch towers keep,
Who watch for chances to confound you.

Say, shall a thousand years of strife,
For level rights and liberty,
For honest laws, for upward life—
The seed of peace and equity ;

Shall countless lists of noble deeds,
The freemen's thoughts ennobling life,
That hews and smooths the path that leads
To sweet content, where peace is rife.

Shall these be lost, and we return
To old time bigotry and lies ?
To see again the stake fires burn,
Again hear martyr'd maiden's cries ?

Again to wade through streams of blood,
To bend beneath an hateful yoke ?
See "Fabrique" where your free church stood ?
See gee gaws where your teachers spoke.

Scotchmen ! Welshmen ! Orangemen !
Let go dead Gaelic, put by clan ;
Small sores, small pride, forget, and then
Pull strong together, every man.

Britons, all, arouse ! 'Tis time,
Thankless treason stalks around you ;
In every land in every clime,
Barbarous hatred would confound you.

Ingersoll, July 1, 1880.

LOOKING BACK.

[The first church I remember was Plympton, St. Mary, in the South West corner of Devon, England, 4 miles East of the large town of Plymouth; I attended it till I was 18 years old, after that I do not remember being in it for fifty years, till one Sunday in August 1887, I found myself sitting in it again. While looking at the congregation, not one of whom I knew, and noting the changes of half a century, my mind went back to the old days about 1824. It seemed as if I could in fancy (and memory too) see and hear the people of those days as clearly as if only a week instead of more than 60 years had passed. I got to rhyming) in my mind) and jotted them down when I got to where I was stopping, and now I present them.

To a gray old church, sixty odd years ago,
I toddled, and dawdled, with round, childish eyes ;
With a feeling of awe, a foreboding of woe,
Half scared at what possible sprites might arise

The graves in the yard, seem'd to beckon me in,
The bells grumly grow'd up some mysterious place ;
The terrible sexton was worse than a fiend,
Severe was the butt-woman's woe begone face.

The stocks in the porch, so threatning and grim,
Where legs of rude culprits were pinched for their sins ;
For pilfering trifles, when nights were dim,
For whopping with fists when the cider was in.

The earl and the squire, came in in great state,
The hob-nailed boys enjoyed their own clatter ;
The red-faced farmers' slow, bulcolic gait,
The shame-faced girls in pattens would patter.

The high up Parson's big sonorous voice,
The Clerk, through his nose, entoning "a—men ;"
Bewildering choir—bawled „Rejoice ! rejoice !"
Repeating and fugeing again and again.

The red fiddles shriek'd with flourishing din,
When Giles in broad brogue would bawl "Let us zing ;"
The big double-bass put its discords in,
The damp old church playing tricks with its string.

With the last word said, the final a—men,
With scamper and rush they hasten away ;
Like dissatisfied sheep, from a hateful pen,
They joyfully fly to the outside day.

Sixty odd years ago the above was the style,
 With morals and practices just so ! so !
 The Squire and the Church held the whip all the while,
 The poor drank their cup of dull labor and woe.

We enter again—after fifty long years,
 No face do we see that ever we knew ;
 Though the days of our youth, our sorrows and fears,
 Flash back ! Oh, so clearly, remembrances true.

With memory's eye, we still seem to see,
 The long-gone faces, some kindly, some stern ;
 Still hear (in fancy) the rough harmony,
 Of the voices and days that can never return.

Rich and poor, proud and humble are gone—all gone
 Friends and foes resting peacefully under the flower,
 And I clean forgotten—forgotten as one
 Who never had played in the shade of its towers.

And poor Jennyette, I hear she is gone,
 Gone from a life that was sad ! So sad !
 Link'd to a brute, who her young love had won,
 Who used her shamefully ! shamefully bad !

In the Devonshire lane I met her once
 Coming from church, with her new silk on ;
 I thought her a Queen ! But felt like a dunce,
 Ashamed of the thought that my love she had won.

I wonder ! I wonder if it could have been,
 The love that I gave her, 'twere wise to return,
 Would she have remained my darling, my Queen,
 Or would love have died and as dead love be mourn

Who knows, who knows ? We out-grow one another,
 Drifting away, through diversified souls,
 One feels, hears, sees, what is trash to the other,
 One values and loves what the other annuls.

And so the half lust, of green, callow youth,
 Which we fancy is love, will not bear the test
 Of reason, of years, of taste, of truth,
 And sooner or later, we long for the best.

But the bells still ring ! Their jubilant voices
 Still fling their harmonies o'er hill and dale ;
 Waking the echoes, with nature rejoices,
 Up to the moorlands, up Nuneham Vale.

Through Chaddlewood glades, 'gainst Plympton Castle,*
 Down Saltram Woods, o'er the tide water ;
 Drowning out Plympton bells, who vainly wrestle
 With giants, who answer their tinkle with laughter.

Glorious old bells ! I, even now, hear them,
 Hundreds ! Aye, thousands of miles away ;
 What is the mystery, brings me so near them ?
 Have they souls ? Do they ride on the wings of the
 day ?

Good-bye ! Old Church ! I may never again
 Dream and rhyme, by your old granite walls,
 My story is closing ; but few years remain
 Ere I answer "*adsum*," when the Great Master calls.

* The remains of an old Norman castle, in the town of Plympton,
 which is one of the old boroughs disenfranchised by the Reform
 bill of 1832, and about a mile from Plympton, St. Mary ;—Bells
 small compared to the old Abbey church, lower down the valley.

TO A LADY.

Sitting in Plympton, St. Mary's church, 1887.

I have seen once or twice in the course of my days
 A star flash down from the realms of space ;
 Lighting the night with its splendrous rays,
 And so twice or thrice, I have seen a bright face.

Flash out from a crowd, her soul in her eye,
 With purity stamped so clearly upon her ;
 A halo of love 'round her as she passed by,
 Kindliness, gentleness, truthfulness, honor.

Cross barr'd, and stiff, the white dress she wore,
 The parson's broad back toward her beautiful face ;
 'Twas well for his prayers, she sat not before,
 He surely would stammer, perhaps quite lose his place.

ANOTHER SONG.

About Plympton, St. Mary's Church and Parish.

I toddled to church in the days long gone by *
 Where Giles (through his nose), long entoned A—men ;
 About the year 1824.

When all things seem'd strange to my round childish eye,
When all things I heard were wonderful then.

When "Coppers"* was parson, with sonorous voice,
When Giles in broad brogue, would bawl "Let us zing"
Tom Cross, and Dick Grigg,† sung rejoice, rejoice,
Bill Tall, the cross sexton, the big bell did ring.

Bury Elford, Jem Berry, Tom Witnal, George Lake,
The red fiddles scraped with flourishing din ;
Gay Jonathan Toop, the bass part did take,
And Stephen "the brave" wove the counter point in.

Elias Crooker, did thunder, on big double bass,
Bill Marchant (the wild one) the smaller one played,
A mother and daughter, a sweet voiced lass,
With Mary Toop, sung, and fair music they made.

"Early"‡ Morley, George Woolcombe, G. Rosedew, Squire
Strode,
Paul Treeby the hunter, who "Kittibats"§ wore
Major Symons, George Salteau, Zack Mudge, Cap'n. Podge
Were the nobs of the church in the old days of yore.

Stern Pollard of Newnham, was head of next grade,
Yalland of Merivale, up check by a Jowl ;
Creber the bankrupt, of Applethorn slade,
Horton of Edgecoome who loved the bowl.

Dewdney, of Holland, John Beer of Coombe,
Pearse (I think) of Chaddlewood 'ood ;
Cork of the farm who met a sad doom,
Borindon Butland who ploughed so good.

Willing of "Yardick"|| the Yealmstone Pearse,
The Rustic Rowe of fair Challons leigh ;
White of Smithleigh so fussy and fierce,
Olver, of Venton, Barnes over the way.

Kingdons and Stanburys, Brookings and Listers,
Badcock's and Worth's and Anderson's buns ;
Old Dr. Osbourne, whose bleedings and blisters
Killed or cured, as the luck might run.

Next came the tramp of the humbler fry,
Stockmans, and Duckhams, Gulletts and Lukes ;
Bill Cannon, Sam Patch, the Cockrams (Oh fie)
Ned Trethwey, Joe West, Prue Smale¶ with her boe

* Coppard. † Uncle Dick. ‡ The Earl of Morley. §
kind of leggins. || Hardwicke. ¶ Prue Smale was
village fortune teller.

Sixty years after, I saw the green mounds,
Marking the spot where most them sleep ;
Beneath the old tower where still the bell sounds,
That toll'd their last knell in the valley so deep.

A DULL PARSON. *

And the consequence.

O dear this poor parson is flat,
I feel I must sing a bad song ;
If rhymes should come wickedly pat,
I must sing them, if even 'tis wrong.

Now what shall my song be about,
Shall I sing of some dark dreamy eyes ;
Of some lips,—though I have seen them pout,
As clouds tone the light of the skies.

Of her velvety cheek, like a peach,
Of her carriage so stately and grand ;
Shall I sing,—but keep out of the reach
Of her shapely, her tapering hand.

Or rave of the sheen of her hair—
Oh, the parson has come to his "Now to"
And Uderwood's smiling back there,
And E. looks as if she must bow to

The master of infinite love,
Her ideal of sweet purity ;
Who smiles from His throne up above,
On those who his *true* followers be.

Now the organ is going to roar,
I must cease, and be rhyming no more ;
Or I may be set down as a bore,
Even told !! that my verses are poor !!!

A stranger.

TO THE NOBLE ARMY OF SINGERS.

A Song of praise.

A song to the singers; we hold singers dear,
Though they thank us, or flout us, still praise is due,

For tones full, decided, ringing so clear ;
Brilliant, yet mellow, tender and true.

We have a wild fancy, the souls nearest God,
Are those whose sweet voices relationship prove,
Warbling their way to their father's abode ;
Prompted, impelled, by the Spirit of Love.

The deep toned thunder re-echoing high,
The roar of the tempest, sounds far and near ;
The wave's solemn rhythm, the zephyr's soft sigh,
Are all set to meter for those who can hear.

But sweetest of all the sweet music we know,
The thrillingest, purest, the crown of the whole,
Are the tones of the woman—when haply they flow
From the gentle, the humble, the true loving soul.

For strains they pour over the singing seat's rail
We thank them, we bless them—long may they sing
Sweeter, still sweeter, their voices ne'er fail ;
May hearers be prompted full tribute to bring.

I too am a singer and venture a bit
On the notes I can manage, risking the sneers,
Of those who are crying, conceit, conceit,
Of those whose esthetical critical ears,

Cannot, Oh, cannot endure the dull strain,
Warbled outside a thin shakey high wall ;
We must chirp our note not wishing to pain,
Meaning no wrong to the great nor the small.

Ingersoll, April 1, 1889.

UP THERE.

The glorious city of radiant light,
Lit up by the sun of God's gracious love,
There angels and cherubs in dazzling white,
Welcome tired mortals to mansions above.

O, city of rest, where grief never comes,
Pride never stingeth, gentleness reigns,

Poor ones on earth find beautiful homes,
Free from all toiling, from wearying pains.

Sorrow and suffering fly far away,
Anger and spite no citizen knows,
No lies there, nor greed, lust cannot stay,
Envy faints dead in the city's repose.

Jealousy withers, for love is supreme,
And God over all, the lover of all—
The light of His smile doth equally beam
On humble and sad ones, great ones and small.

Love never cooleth, ill humor not known,
Peevishness banished, high treason to pout,
No scowling, no nagging, no black looks shown,
No snapping, no snarling, no tempers put out.

The flowers of earth though graceful and sweet,
Fade into nothingness, when they compare
With blooms of that city, where angel feet
Gleam 'mong the fragrance of blossoms so rare.

Diamonds and rubies are 'kin to their glow,
Aromas, exquisite, fill the sweet air,
Beauty and color the earth cannot show
Filleth that city with brightness so fair.

Through the great arches the echoes will roll,
Of music all glorious, ravishing, grand,
Symphonies voicing the joy of the soul,
Led by the viols of the angels' string band.

The voice of the tempest, the lightning's hiss,
E'en the thunder arranged in choruses rare—
And we'll join the song, recounting our bliss,
When called by our Father to mansions "up there."

Ingersoll, June 26, 1889.

NEW YEAR PATTTER.

One more small song, a Christmas rhyme,
Serving as well for New Year's day ;
For all should sing this festive time,
The smooth-haired young, the old and grey.

I sing to wish all every good,
 May full-voiced joy be our refrain,
 All seeming queerness understood,
 All tangled things and thoughts made plain.

Sweet, purring peace, delightful health,
 The dearly-loved one's answering smile,
 A good, big pile of well-won wealth,
 A Christ-like hand to spread the pile.

Clear, cheerful minds, and tempers sweet ;
 Gentle and kindly, fair and square ;
 Clean, genial humor, well-timed wit,
 Soothing sad sorrow, drowning care.

Courage to speak our real thought,
 Good common sense to shape our mind,
 Not easy sold or cheaply bought,
 Nor lag in progress much behind.

Seeking all truth, nor fear to seek it,
 Loving all truth and hating lying,
 Every falsehood, prick it, break it,
 Shoot it crowing, crawling, flying.

Give what is due to every one,
 Bury vile envy ten feet deep,
 Small jealousy be sat upon,
 Carping sore ones put to sleep.

Should pride assert itself, be sure
 Of scrip or patent for our pride ;
 Beneficent, creative power,
 To give us claim to stand aside

As better folks,—or strength to dig,
 Or skill to hammer, brains to plan,
 To do and make things grand and big,
 A proudly skilful working man.

Singing in tune, nor shrill, nor flat,
 With true expression, crisp and neat.
 Pure and clear, and clean, and pat,
 Sprightly, joyous, tender, sweet.

I could sing more, but will refrain—
 I'll make none sick with needless chatter,
 And should I never sing again,
 Condone, kind friends, all by-gone patter.

Ingersoll, December 28, 1892.

MORE NEW YEAR PATTTER.

The new year hath come again; how the years fly,
 As fields seem to fly past a fast-moving train,
 A shadow, a gleam, and the seasons flit by,
 As white blossoms bloom but to languish again.

So life flieth past—so our pleasures and pain,
 Old time keeps his course, and we haste to our goal,
 Rejoicing and sorrowing, sunshine and rain,
 We worry for body, alarm for the soul.

Some are wise, some foolish, some sorry, some glad,
 And fate pricketh all (more or less) with his sting ;
 Few faultlessly good, some almost quite bad,
 All folly, well followed, its bitter fruits bring.

Wealth lifteth some heads, bright beauty is proud,
 Position a joy, and power is sweet,
 And gold in its arrogance crieth aloud,
 Come worship, come worship, fall down at my feet.

From the birth of the year to its dying day,
 The struggle, the strife is for gold—more gold ;
 Is gold every good, is cold pride always
 The blessing of blessings, to hug and to hold ?

Yet all may be proud, with the best claim the right,
 Though not clothed in beauty nor moulded with grace,
 Not loaded with cash, not "first cut" quite,
 Not top of the heap, nor first in the race.

God hath many gifts and he giveth to all
 Something or other—to some, inner eyes,
 Or ears of fine fibre, to hear His kind call
 In the wind's faintest whisper, the song of the skies.

To note nature's modes, as we sit at a play,
 Her ten thousand beauties, God's wonderful plans,
 To need no dear ticket, have nothing to pay,
 To feel he hath wealth for the moneyless man.

The turretted clouds, like to castles hung high,
 The lightning's wide reach, the thunder's grand roar,
 The colors of promise, the bow in the sky,
 The rollicking winds and the blessed down-pour.

The white gleaming beach, the glittering sea,
 The rain stippled waves as they tumble and roll,

The great, grand ship dashing through fire-like spray,
The amythest gleams flashing up from the pole.

The birds chant God's praise in his beautiful bowers,
The cloud shadows race over purple hued heath,
The smile of our Father is seen in his flowers,
Their exquisite fragrance, a hint of His breath.

God gives some good humor, good temper, good health,
Who take life's small ills with a reconciled smile ;
Who love not hot greed, whose great God not self,
Not spiteful, nor hateful (but once in a while).

He gives some the glory of heaven-like grace,
To some holy beauty's all-conquering spell,
The love owning eye, the half divine face,
The touch, tone and rhythm of music's sweet swell.

To some he gives strength, to some he gives wit,
And many there are who have got common sense ;
A few think they have it, who have not a bit,
And some have no status—just straddle the fence.

And some feel and act in the spirit of love,
Are gentle and kindly, honest and true,
Are proud to do duty, all meanness above,
Who smile on the many as well as the few.

Are proud of the conscience which hateth all wrong,
Who love not to deal out gratuitous pain,
Who reap where they sow, who singeth the song
Of square honest labor with hand or with brain.

Who are not thin skinned, who drag no coat tail,
Who itch for no fight for the sake of the fray ;
Who if they can't govern don't gruesomely wail,
Are prompted by reason, truth, sense and fair play.

And now pass the plate, the sermon is done,
Is it worth a copper, or good humored smile,
For life is a farce without some small fun,
And men may be cheerful without a BIG pile.

Ingersoll, Jan. 1, 1894.

"WHAT ARE THE WILD WIRES SAYING ?"

What is it the wild wires are saying,
What themes are they humming and strumming,
What are the weird tunes they are playing,
What stories are going and coming ?

Like spirits dissatisfied wailing,
Their anger or sorrow expressing,
Low growl or exuberant feeling,
Approving, or cursing, or blessing.

The tramp of the armies resounding,
The dread of dire war cries and pain,
Distrust of the navies abounding,
The G. O. M. prosing again.

The bomb fiend is seeking to set
The world right by murderous wrong,
That those who have nothing may get
The wealth of the world for a song.

Red apples are up, says the cable,
And cheese is a quarter cent higher,
But poor wheat is really not able
To look in the face of the buyer.

The earthquakes are quaking and shaking
The cities and towns to the ground,
And death, his grim tribute is taking,
The cholera is prowling around.

A hum from far south, the old story,
The joys of Republican ruling,
The bomb-shell, the sword stroke is glory,
No safety, no progress, no schooling.

I hear of great Samuel awaiting,
Sings not as he did, when he bragged,
McKinley can't keep banks from failing,
And still his horizon looks jagged.

Peppery France gloats over her plans,
Like her old plans of long years ago,
Eyes aglare on other men's lands,
Sniffing for carnage, rapine and woe.

Zulu of Europe, screaming for blood,
Dubbing it glory—and it were well

We look to our arms, see they are good,
Ready to meet a possible yell.

I place my ear to the humming post,
Some angry squeals come over the wires
Like the wail of a comfortless ghost
When old Harry is stirring the fires.

For red Home Rule poor Ireland hums,
Red is the rule at New York we hear,
We hear of vile political slums,
We hear, too, they make others fear,

A chitter which sounds P. P. A. like,
Though faintly, it comes very clear,
With a threat to upset in the dyke
Some schemes there seems reason to fear.

Dear Sandy lets off a slight scream,
Because folks say "England" too cheeky,
Won't own (as they should) that the cream
Of the empire is north, at "Auld Reckie"

'Tis a heart-rending trouble, a sore
That can't be endured much longer,
That twenty-five millions or more
Can't see that four millions are stronger.

Friend Sandy, we own to your merit,
You can hold your head high with the best,
In intellect, courage and spirit,
But you're just on a par with the rest.

A grand hum, pull, pull, all together,
Send jealousy back to the devil,
No needless distinguishing feather
Allowed to work old-time evil.

A fierce, shrill note, like an angry bee,
With strong suggestion of sting behind,
War ! war ! hot war against heresy,
'Gainst questioning doubt of every kind.

We know we are right and you are wrong,
Our creed, the only one quite true,
What'er your thought, whatever your song,
As I believe, why so must you.

Or else look out, sad, sad your case,
You're bad without, you're bad within,

No good at all in any phase,
Corrupt, depraved, just soaked in sin.

A snake like hiss, the note of black hate,
Jealousy, envy, slander and spite,
Snarls of the churches, lies of the state,
To show right is wrong, to prove wrong is right.

But listen with care, when coarse passions lull,
For notes voiced by heaven, tender and sweet,
Softly, yet joyful, with harmony full,
The song sung by love, for small and for great.

Gentleness, kindness, honesty, truth,
Beauty and purity, tongues smooth and clean.
Feeble old age well treated by youth,
A rare pleasant song, a happy refrain.

But list, like a soft whisper stealing,
In tones gentle, childlike and winning,
To all and to any appealing,
The poor Outs may soon have their inning.

Then hunger and debt, deadly cold,
Hardupness and want will be flying,
Mortgages paid, none bought nor sold,
No trouble no sickness, no dying.

Ingersoll, Jan., 1894.

A RIME OF THE SEA.

Read at a concert on board the State Line steamship, Nebraska,
Sept. 26, 1887.

The good staunch steamship, State Nebraska,
September sixteenth, eighty-seven,
Sped away from roaring Glasca',
Pointing prow to New York haven.

At ten o'clock the tide was deep,
The night was dark, the Clyde not seen ;
We growl'd, then went below to sleep,
Next morning woke in green Erin.

Twelve pleasant hours at Larne we lay,
Stroll'd o'er the fields, the landscape scan'd,

On jaunting cars some spent the day,
Then night flew by, lost was the land.

The sky was blue, dark blue the water,
Clean cut the horizontal line ;
From stem to stern the gleeful laughter,
Joyous uprose, like sparkling wine.

Our ship did play some shippy tricks,
She taught the people's heads to swim ;
But, did not show the fancy kicks
She knew so well, when in the trim.

We sang, and played, in tune and out,
Charm'd some maybe, and some disgusted,
But pleased ourselves without a doubt,
In scouring notes a little rusted.

We organized, pianoforted,
Let off shrill trebles, various basses ;
The women thought the men transported,
The men felt sure they charmed the lasses.

We Saved the Queen, and Yankee Doodle,
We Ruled Britannia, Hailed Columbo ;
For ten whole days heard nought of boodle,
Nor knew the fight o'er poor old Jumbo.*

Fiddled a bit on several strings,
To tinkling trills by Lady Parclay,
While would-be wits said such mean things,
And nudged and winked and whispered darkly.

'Twas said there was some flirting done,
About midships, and fore and aft ;
It could not be—no not upon
This sober Presbyterian craft.

War's horrid face, with portents dire,
Appeared, with baleful, threatening mien ;
But, peace uprose, no deadly fire
Blazed out, and all remained serene.

Stern justice sat enthroned on high,
To try a loathsome, brutal fellow,
Who caused a trusting lass to sigh—
We heard the angel even bellow.

* Poor old Jumbo had been killed at St. Thomas, Ont., just before.
There was some jangle about who was responsible for the loss.

The sentence passed was dreadful, dreadful,—
We must not tell you what it was—
'Twas fearful, terrible and fateful,
But sweet to angry pa's and ma's.

A human bud burst into flower,
A little life its race began ;
So he should grow from hour to hour,
Till he grows up a sailor man.

To captain, mates and engineers,
To seamen rough, to stokers grim,
Whose skill and care dispelled all fears,
We tenders hearty thanks to them.

To cooks and waiters thanks are due,
For tripe and onions, grapes and figs,
For oranges, and Irish stew,
For chickens, ducks, calves, lambs and pigs.

A special vote to Captain Braes,
For he is genial, kindly, frank—
A jolly fellow, too, he is—
So, captain dear, accept our thanks.

North Atlantic Ocean, lat. 41, lon. 70.

MORE GRIGGERTONIAN RHYMES.

[Although Mr. J. H. Hegler, Sr., who died a year or two ago, and I were friends, yet our friendship did not keep him from poking unmerciful fun at my rhyming, in fact he called it "Rot" and Griggerton rhymes, and such like disparaging names. I felt justified in being a little "killed" and went for him in a seven stanza sonnet (page 39) wherein I called him an "ogre;" then J. H. was mad, and engaged a journeyman poet to go for me, to snuff me out, to shut me up. This poet produced a long string of verses he represented himself as a householder, having a wife and a cellar, this cellar was infested with rats, who would not eat poison nor get into traps, nor let cats catch them. At last the wife thought of "Griggerton Rhymes" and laying a few near the rat holes, was delighted to find the rats could not endure them, but went off disgusted, and never came back; then he said the man owed an exacting lawyer a sum of money he could not pay just then. The lawyer came one day looking very glum and grim, they were afraid of him, but were very nice and civil, asked him into the house, etc., and noticing some white hairs on his coat, he having driven after a white horse, offered to wipe them off, but instead of taking a wisp, or a brush, took some "Griggerton Rhymes;" the man sickened at once, went home and died, and they never heard of his claim afterwards. Then he said that I was "gone" on a lady, that she did altogether, entirely, object, but for the rhyming; that she could not stand, and so it came to nothing. The poem was signed, "Cris Columbo." I will now tell you what became of the rats, and where the lawyer went,—The Lady? There "wasn't no sich a pusson."

O Mac, my canny friend, our day is past—
Our glory pales before a greater light ;
The heaven-born poet has come, is here at last,
We must step down and out in obscure night.

But, e're we pass to dull oblivion's shade,
We'll give one little kick, as we go by ;
We'll call in question, statements he hath made,
And prove that even heaven-born poets lie.

Chris. had some clever, cultivated rats,
Who scorn'd and scouted all his bungling traps,
Who laughed at all his sleepy tabby cats,
And 'neath his cellar walls, dug holes and gaps.

Poison, to Chris., was Griggious lute-like rhymes.
To rats he thought they might be poison, too,
So to the cellar went one even-time,
With grim intent those clever rats to "do."

They sniffed them quick, and squeaked, "why ! why, !
O ! O !"

What's this delightful fragrance we do smell ?
One gentle one squeaked out "I know, I know,
'Tis Griggious rhymes we smell, I know them well.

Then off they ran, on myriad hurrying feet
To find out Grigious, longing to get more ;
They cried, "come, gentle Griggious, sing, sing sweet,
Sing sweeter than you ever sang before.

Upon their tails they sat, enraptured were,
While Grigious sang a simple natural lay ;
And while he sang, "Presto," they changed to fair,
Sweet sprites, and fairies, singing, dancing gay.

Then off they flew on fancy's handy wings,
"To where the wild thyme grows," where roses bloom ;
And that dear wife, her cakes and pies and things,
Were safe and she the mistress of her room.

Chris. thought a lawyer he might surely cheat—
(We note his song began with hints of "mammon")—
We see he thinks 'tis fair to gouge and beat
A blue bag man with any kind of gammon.

With rhymes he rubbed the man, who cried, "what' this?"
I feel an extraordinary thrill,
A strange, ecstatic, soothing, nameless bliss,
A kind of wafting up on Zion's hill.

Don't stop me now, let me be upward driven,
Good-bye old earth, and sordid pride, and pains,
I'm soaring somewhere, surely 'tis to heaven,
I'm going up with Griggious rapturous strains.

G. hopes he's thankful for the blissful favor
Of being sent up that free, dead-head way,
For many say their general behavior,
Should take them,—well,—I hardly care to say.

And yet, that wild, romancing, awful fibber,
Did say the man was dead, and gone (below?)
Where, among bold, bad men, is there a glibber
One, to say the thing that is not so.

Chris. fibbed again and said that I was "gone,"
Slander be dad ! perhaps damages to pay ;
But, even if we were, is he the one,
To blab of sacred things in that bold way.

He said my lady loves not poesy—
I know she must, I know her soul abounds
With every sweet and melting melody,
And revels (as she should) in dulcet sounds.

Is cheerful, gentle, humble, pure and true,
Industrious, saving, skillful, makes her dresses,
Is sunshine in her home—outside it too—
Wherever she goes and all she meets she blesses.

'Twas sweet to hear him say, she loveth me,
(But such a fib !) for, oh ! too well we know
By sure instinct by which we clearly see,
There is no love for old men here below.

We'll change the tune. And now old Chris. Columbo,
You are four hundred years behind the times,
A so-so poet, but a towering Jumbo
In the menagerie of awful rhymes.

In future, when you see a pretty thing,
A fragrant flower, a singing bird, a poet,
Don't all your cutting wit and satire bring,
And print in papers that the world may know it.

My rhyming folly now, I think is done ;
No harm has come, no broken bones, or skin.
Only a little literary fun—
Where none are hurt unless their skins are thin.

Ingersoll, Nov. 18th, 1886.

PRINTER PRATTLE.

What's the use of papers,
If we do not use 'em?
Show our kinks and capers—
If we've foes abuse 'em,
If we've friends amuse 'em.

We go to school and college,
We learn a hundred things ;
Let us spread our knowledge—
The wisdom learning brings.

The Chronicle, Tribune,
Sun—of radiant glory,
Will play you any tune,
Grit, Prohiby, Tory—
Peaceable, or gory.

Do you ride a hobby ?
Do you feel you can
Father theories nobby,
Surprising mortal man ?

Have you lucky guesses ?
Can you see ahead ?
Warning of distresses,
All who run may read.

Have you knack of rhyming
Wild imagination ?
Music in you chiming,
Songs to move a nation.

Fire them off !—nor mind
If they're not first rate ;
Practice !—you may find
Crank fame on you wait.

• Have you had a bad ache ?
Found a way to cure it ?
Pray tell for mercy's sake,
So no one else endure it.

How would it do to tell
Sacred love distresses ?
Waft words to *distant* belle,
Hints of soft carresses ?

Why not? We cannot keep
Follies under covers ;
From some small chink will peep
Secrets, of daft lovers.

Have you a wish to buy ?
Or anything to sell ?
For cash the press will cry
Your wants, both loud and well.

Then, like a little man,
You'll pay the printer's due ;
He'll squeeze your pretty hand,
And think so much of you.

Then, through the potent press,
Our wit and learning show ;
That "thick heads" may be less,
When they learn what WE know.

1888.

NO REST.

(For the Wicked.)

"O, Wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us." *

Well, that depends what eyes are peering,
The medium through which eyes may peer ;
Capacity and love for sneering,
Upon the chance of cheap or dear.

Upon the brains behind the eye,
Upon the nature of the heart,
The disposition to decry
All others, small attempts at art.

Bursting, perhaps, with learning big,
Feeling humor, wit and skill,
Is not worth a little fig,
Unless it dribble through *their* quill.

We hardly need the powers implore
To show our faults, our shaky places,
The work-shop, lodges, streets, the stores
Will sift our characters and cases.

* The above quotation was sent to me through the post
anonomously.

It is not true we always are
 As some folks see us, pride and hate,
 Dislike and vanity declare
 As some would wish us—such is fate.

My friend, I cannot even guess
 Who dubbed me "Rhymster," through the post,
 I won't be mad, nor rhyme the less,
 Nor feel all joy in life is lost.

Ingersoll, Sept. 19, 1888.

RUTH PENN.

A bright sparkling lass was "Ruth Penn,"
 But a dire ruthless power she had,
 She only would shine in the eyes of the men
 When O ! they were "took" very bad,
 Ve—ry bad, ve—ry bad
 Took dumpish, and glumpish, and sad.
 With her roses, and lilies and smiles,
 Her pure thrilling voice and her singing ;
 Her artless and beautiful wiles,
 Sober men to her feet she was bringing,
 Bringing, Oh ! bringing,
 Because her sweet tones were so ringing.
 They looked, and they dream't, may be sighed,
 Almost long'd, but hoped never a bit ;
 For they knew they must not, hope ever denied,
 So they tried to think better of it,
 Better of it, better of it,
 And prayed to be cured of their fit.
 O pretty, O piquante Ruth Penn,
 O how did you, why did you do it,
 Why wind your sweet spells around foolish poor men,
 Who had nothing to do but to rue it,
 Rue it, Oh ! rue it,
 For you never can ever undo it.
 We will wish for her health, a long happy life,
 A sterling young fellow, to wed her and love her ;
 He a firm manly friend, she a true loving wife,
 While good stars shine brightly above her,
 Above her, above her,
 And everyone speak kindly of her.

Ingersoll, Oct. 1882.

FIGHT FOR YOUR OWN JOHNNY.

A. Mr. Donnelly of (I think) Illinois wrote a book trying to prove
 Shakespeare was not Shakespeare, but possibly, F. Bacon.

What's the world coming to ; turned upside down ?
 Solid old landmarks are fading away ;
 The noisest blather is dining around ;
 What was true now is false—the blatherers say.

I've seen it in print—I cannot mind where—
 That the big, stupid Saxon is born without wit ;
 That none but a Celt could have been sweet Shakespeare ;
 But, as usual, John Bull stole the glory of it.

We were proud of great Shakespeare, we thought him our
 own ;
 But Paddy-Whack Donnelly finds we're mistaken ;
 The first step he takes our "Will" to dethrone,
 Is to swear by the pigs, he was nothing but Bacon.

The next thing we'll know, 'twas an Irish hog
 The Bacon was made from; that no Saxon pig
 Could have the fine flavor that's born of the bog,
 If history's mine we carefully dig.

Now, they tell us John Bunyan was nought but a thief ;
 That an old Gallic priest told the story so grand ;
 They tell us—is it with a sigh of relief ?
 The glory belongs not to Johnny Bull's land.

Now, mark my words well, the next thing we'll know,
 'Twas Dan'l O'Connell wrote Oliver Twist ;
 In Celtic soil, only, such rich fruit could grow ;
 No Saxon mills grind out such humorous grist.

That civilized safety, justice and law,
 Were born in green Erin; but Johnny Bull stole
 All the good things from Erin Go Bragh—
 Stole skill, stole invention, stole wind, tide and coal.

Ingersoll, Oct. 11, 1888.

WHO ARE THE "BEST?"

While strolling in the woods one day,
 We saw the owls and eagles meet,
 And as they met we heard them say
 We are "best birds," we the elite.

Why are they "best?" we doubting ask—
 Because they scream? tu whit, tu woo?
 Because they on the top branch bask,
 And scout the singing birds below?

Because they murder with their bills?
 Because they pluck, and tear, and flay?
 Because their rushing charges kills
 The weak and simple, day by day?

We doubtly doubt if they are "best"—
 What do they do that name to claim?
 For real worth there is a test,
 Does greed and grab deserve the name?

In this great world of mad turmoil,
 Where wrong seems right, and right seems wrong,
 Are they not "best" who bear the toil,
 Creating that for which men long?

Are they not "best," who, honestly,
 Stern study meet with patient love,
 Working and waiting faithfully,
 Reflecting (faintly), God above?

Who do not cause unneeded pain,
 Whose lives are honest, pure and true,
 Who will not, for unlawful gain,
 Ignore the right, to all men due.

Who scatter blessings as they walk,
 In gentle manners, looks and mien,
 Are not ashamed to kindly talk
 To rough old folks whose lives have been

A fight with labor, storm and heat,
 A fight with cold, with aches and pain,
 Who totter down with weary feet
 Worn out, to make, what others gain.

We build big churches, bow down low,
 We pay big salaries, and say

We love the Christ, who, long ago
 Taught love and goodness day by day.

Say—do we practice what we preach?
 Say—do we love as we profess?
 'Tis easy work to talk and teach,
 But hard, so hard, to love and bless.

Ingersoll, Jan. 13, 1889.

SONG FOR THE TIMES.

Sweet 20-year-old Summer Girl, poor, (pretty and petted) to friend, "I could not endure the thought of marrying any one but a gentleman, highly educated and rich."—

Prompted to a prosy preach
 From the text we heard above,
 We will humbly try to teach,
 Cold ambition is not love.

Love is heart, and soul,—to life,
 What the sun is to the day,
 So is *not* a loveless wife,
 Nor a husband "built that way."

Wealth is good, but wealth may be
 Bought too dear and breed regrets,
 Bogus, loveless ecstasy
 Turns to spats, and pouts, and frets.

Walking at the close of day,
 Clothed in her imperious air,
 Picking her exclusive way,
 Keenly conscious she is fair.

Seeing few and *knowing* less,
 Floating in her cloud of pride,
 Waiting till one comes to bless
 With heaps of wealth, a haughty bride.

Will he come? the lord, the knight,
 Banking magnate, millionaire?
 Will her hopes mature aright,
 Will her skies be warm and fair?

Will he come ? or will she wane,
Wane to loveless spinsterhood ?
Wait and hope, alas, in vain,
Vexed she did not—if she could.

Some perhaps felt towards her, kind,
Held by beauty's; potent spell ;
* "When she walked perhaps looked behind,"
But was unapproachable.

Such is life, as in the past
It will be in coming times,
Hope and love still run to waste
As will poet's unread rhymes.
1890.

* Longfellow.

FAREWELL OUR HOPES.

So sweetly reticent and still,
So gentle, modest, mild and meek ;
We hoped and thought with many a thrill
The time would come when he would speak.

But as the Scottish ploughman said,
"The best of plans may 'gang alee,"
Our hopes are flattened out, dead, dead ;
Aghast, and so surprised are we.

As eagle swoops upon the fold,
The gentlest, whitest lamb his prey,
A western birdie, fair, and bold,
Hath swooped him off this very day.

The postage stamp hath lost its charm,
Slate pencils are not what they were,
Vain were our smiles—he took alarm,
And fealty own'd to other fair.

ANN ELIZA MATILDA JANE.

Ingersoll, May 26, 1886.

OUR FLAG.

[It was suggested to me to try my hand at a patriotic song, on the occasion of raising the flag on the new flag pole at the Public School at Ingersoll, on Dominion Day, 1891. I did so, as below. I composed, too, four or five tunes, so there would be a choice, hoping it might possibly be sung, but no—no honor in one's own town—and so my song and tunes went to waste.]

"The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze."

Raise our voices, let us sing,
Heartfelt, joyous, clear, true notes ;
Cadence whisper, chorus ring,
Leaping from Canadian throats.

Float our flag ! this gladsome day,
In our healthful northern air ;
May it wave from now always,
Proudly, honest, fair and square.

Flag of stalwart, manly men,
Men who work and men who sing ;
Hammer, planer, plough and pen,
Land and sea your fealty bring.

Gentle women, good and fair,
Safe, beneath its folds repose ;
'Neath its gleam what men will dare,
Every foeman fully knows.

Ring out with our English tongues,
Union, loyalty and truth ;
Press and pulpit, prose and song,
Teach it fuller to our youth.

Teach that sterling honesty,
Honesty in act and word ;
British faith and probity,
Must not, shall not be ignored.

Round the world our flag shall fly,
Honor, Justice, still its aim ;
Right protect, the wrong defy,
Floating on to higher fame.
Ingersoll, June 6, 1891.

VALENTINE DAY

To-morrow is Valentine Day,
 When lovers grind out their wild lines ;
 Now, grab your steel and scribble away,
 Handsome and homely, sad ones and gay,
 Fervent and cool, in earnest or play,
 Go each for your own valentine.

Short ones and tall, old ones and young,
 Big ones and small, sour ones and sweet,
 Rich ones and poor, weak ones and strong,
 Those with short purses, those whose are long,
 Those who choose rightly, those who choose wrong,
 You all are poor slaves at the feet

Of Cupid, whose arrows are keen,
 Who shooteth outrageously wild,
 Making the fat ones to hanker for lean,
 Even "good folks" may sigh for the mean ;
 Very poor subjects to long for a queen,
 Pricked on by the darts of that child.

Yet, 'tis better to love than to hate,
 'Tis better to sing than to cry,
 What e'er your condition, status and state,
 Your road rough or smooth, whatever your fate,
 'Tis better to walk and sing with a mate—
 As 'tis better to live than to die.

So grab your steel pens, sing your lay,
 Be it your woe, notes or joys,
 To-morrow, to-morrow is Valentines' Day,
 Smooth out your paper and scribble away
 There can't be much harm, nor the d——l to pay
 If we sing with the rest of the boys.

Ingersoll, Feb. 13th, 1889.

SHORTFELLOW'S FIRST POEM.

[An item was going the rounds of the papers, entitled, "Longfellows' First Poem." This suggested another poem by another fellow, and that still another by one more fellow.]

JAMIE :—

We have got an old tom cat,
 And he is good for to watch
 The hole where he thinks there is a rat,
 And he doth hope that rat for to catch.

Up in garden hundred cats,
 Down in field is fifty cows,
 In the barn five hundred rats,
 In the pig-pen forty sows.

PA :—

Jamie, Jamie, tell me why
 You do fib outrageously ?
 The tale you tell seems like a lie
 So many cats there cannot be ;
 I'll go myself and take a look.

JAMIE :—

No my pa you need not bother,
 A liberty with truth I took,
 There's only our cat and one other.

I have got some apples, O !
 Small green apples, oh, woe, woe !
 Oh my b——y acheth so,
 I must bellow, boo, boo-o !

PA :—

Jamie, my prophetic eye
 Penetrates the misty years ;
 I see your glorious destiny,
 I see the myraid listning ears.

Waiting music from your lips,
 Waiting from your mouth the pearls
 Of Johnny Roe and Reuben Tripp,
 And charming "curls" and maple "nurls."

Singing hopes of joy forever,
 (Though mixed a little bit with gore,)
 For Brantford's grand and sparkling river,
 Brantford chanteth evermore.

Of horses never needing oats,
Of horses' proof against the botts,
Who, on a mount of labor gloats,
Who never tireth when he trots.

Of coons and crows, of wolves and owls,
Of bees and bugs, of doves and hogs,
Of fox, and onions, bears and growls,
Of tigers, crocodiles and dogs.

Of cheese and pumpkins, minks and whey,
Of curds and jackals, whales and trout,
Of snakes and codfish, Georgian Bay,
So many things you'll sing about.

Of ducks and oysters, eagles, cows,
Tramps and brooms and big fat pot,
Seals and moons, and fishes, mows,
Of maple sap and candy hot.

LOCAL CAROL.

Reply to a pretty compliment paid to me by Mr. James Sinclair of
Ingersoll.

J. S. for kindly words of praise,
I give you thanks, - but hardly thought
My simple unambitious lays,
Deserved the compliment you brought.

In life's experience what more sweet,
Than frank faced welcome home again,
When dawdling up or down the street,
Eyes shine to eyes of manly men.

For Uncle Sam I've some regard,
Would like him better if I could,
His rasping tongue, his blow so hard,
His rancourous spirit is not good.

His covert threats, his causeless ire,
His hankering for his neighbor's coast,
His foe like laws against his sire,
Rejoicing when he hurteth most.

I have lived long and noted men
The past and present history scan,
Had I my life to live again,
I'd live again an Englishman.

You hint I dream and theorise,
So much of truth we can but guess,
I do love truth, I do hate lies,
And what I think I dare express.

From what hath been, judge what may be,
A gleam, may burst to glorious light,
From dire mistakes may struggle free,
As daylight drives the sombre night.

"Past the time when folly wages,"
Never ! Jamie, till we're dead,
'Tis seen in poetasters pages,
In various freaks were fancy led.

Thankful be those who 'scape Scot free,
So those whose sins ne'er see the light,
Those who at last their folly see,
Who fight their sins, and walk aright.

Fight lust and greed, the twisting tongue,
Fight envy, malice, bigotry,
Belittling pride, fight every wrong,
Fight every form of cruelty.

I note you say I'm blessed with health,
Long time I've thought me somewhat sick,
But where, ! O where, ! my hidden wealth,
O Jamie, ! Jamie, ! tell me, quick ! !

Friend Mac, you noted, did forge
The chance to clothe himself with glory,
I was surprised he was so slow,
In deathless rhymes, to tell the story.

Of Johnny Ruddick's ten ton cheese
"From numerous cows like swarms of bees"
Which no Chicago flies dare seize
Our great big whopping Canuck cheese.

I scribble thus for harmless fun,
Perhaps, now and then, a thought may flash,
A spark of humor, wit, or fun,
'Mong ordinary rhyming trash.

I come then with my local carol,
If you think right I should attain,
I'll share with you the local laurel,
And you and I, will jointly reign.

Ingersoll, 1893.

RETRIBUTION.

While on a visit to Port Hope in (I think) 1890 some one put an item in the Ingersoll Tribune stating that it was more than probable that I would not return empty handed, anyone could properly interpret the diabolical suggestion; I sent the following rhymes, as a hint to him, what would happen when I got home.

Some bold bad one of Ingersoll,
Having no fear before his eyes,
Who loveth long bow tales to tell,
Coquetting on the brink of lies.

Suspecting this, surmising that,
Because at Hope I take a squint,
He jumps at wild conclusions pat,
And puts his wicked thoughts in print.

Old boy, if ever I come home,
I'll find my way to your old side,
And will not empty handed come,
But grimly bring a big Raw hide.

BLYTHE AND MERRY.

Blythe and merry, frank and fair,
Open as a summer day,
A sunny face, a loveing air,
Beaming, blooming, genial, gay.

A beam of light, a general pet,
And just as nice as she can be,
Her smile is sweet as love, and yet
I've known her give a smile to me.

I hope the course of her true love,
May smoother flow than my poor rhymes,
Her husband ever lover prove,
And both have easy jolly times.

I hope the course of her true love,
A brimming stream may smoothly flow.
All honest men and saints above,
Conspire to bless her here below.

May health and hope, may love and peace,
From year to year her steps attend,
May joy and gladness never cease,
May friends be true till life shall end.

Ingersoll, Jan. 1, 1883.

TIT FOR TAT.

A Mr. McCrinnon of (I think) Zorra in Oxford County, Ont., published in one of the local papers, a characteristic Scotch song full of eulogy of Scotch bravery, etc., etc., it was written with special twits and sneers at the "Southron," and in the spirit that might have existed 300 years ago, the following lines are intended to be "sarkastical."

We humbly sing of the Englishman,
If Celtic Sandy will permit us,
In reverence bow to holy Clan,
In fear lest awful Mac should meet us.

Not like McCrinnon ; we shall find
Poor Englishmen are small and puny,
No stalwart limbs, no giant mind,
But silly, shallow, homely, lunny.

From Gretna Green to Scilly isles,
The heavenly bagpipes rarely screels,
In consequence there are no smiles,
No soul the lumpish saxon feels.

There is no beauty, sense nor wit,
No valor, gallantry, or worth,
For Mac hath scraped up every bit,
And lugged it all beyond the Forth.

No genius, skill, nor enterprise,
No singers, poets, truthful writers,
Their histories are Saxon lies,
They are not, nor were ever, fighters.

'Tis they who always shirked the steel,
'Tis they who always ran away,
To Sandy always humbly kneel,
Was never known to win a day.

We've heard of battles where the Celt,
Did scamper off like common men,
When they the gleaming metal felt,
They turned their tails and may again.

McCrinnon, cease your boasting cant,
The days you rhyme of, long are past ;
The days of bigotry and rant,
Of barbarism haply lost.

And thank your sister isle for much,
You now enjoy, and cultivate
Respectful love, the friendly clutch,
Write no more stuff which fosters hate.

LUELLA.

There is a lass with winning way,
Through the breast high wicket peering,
Dealing trump cards all the day,
In other ways endearing.

Her love lit eye, her smile oh my !
Bewildereth the fellows,
They loiter by, they sigh and cry
Luella, oh Luellos.

But they may gaup, but they may stare
May whine, may groan, may bellow,
This sweet faced lass, this maiden fair
Is not their Lu Luella.

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM

The tug boats' bello w, whistles scream,
Pandemonium a roaring,
Awoke me from a lovely dream,
With din e'en greater than my snoring.

My dream was of a peerless belle,
I never dream of any less,
And feel impelled my dream to tell,
Because 'tis proper to confess.

I dreamt I was not old, but young
Wealthy, winsome, tall and slender,
And march'd on her street hale, and strong,
With heart (and feet) and feelings tender.

To where one waited at a gate.
And from the step she made a spring
And landed,—where, I will not state,
Nor blab, nor gab, of anything.

'Twas then the devilish whistles yell'd,
And tore to shreds my short lived bliss,
Off, off she flew could not be held,
Although her lips (seem'd) purs'd to —.

And I awoke to age and pain,
To creepy chills, and agueish shakes,
And laugh—ed at myself again,
For dreaming thus with all these aches.

Jan. 1, 1892.

ANARCHICAL.

I once was dubb'd an anarchist,
A grotesque missive stirred my *music, muse*
I reckoned up a longish list,
Who loved that crass word whip to use.

What is an anarchist' we ask,
Is it not one who hates the law ?
And loves to break it, shirks each task,
And fills the world with lying jaw.

The law declares, thou shalt not lie,
Thou shalt not take another's life,
Nor steal, nor perjure, bold nor sly,
Nor hanker for thy neighbor's wife.

But many break the law to smash,
They lie and steal in various ways,
Impell'd by love of unearned cash,
They even murder, if it pays.

We galvanize, adulterate,
We fill thin cloth with nasty shoddy,
Give nippy measure, scrimp in weight,
Mix poisonous drugs, to sell as toddy.

Keep back the truth, prevericate,
 Sell shakey things and call them sound,
 Roll up big cost, 'gainst those whom fate,
 Puts in our clutch, we do them brown.

The honest world is sorely cursed,
 With anarchists both high and low,
 'Tis hard to say which are the worst,
 From which the greatest miseries flow.

The high in faultless accents lying,
 Burning stores and scuttling ships,
 Robbing banks, on dark nights flying,
 Broomstick marrying seal clad snips.

The low ones steal in other styles,
 Are coarser in their modes, and grammer,
 With brutal force, or sneaking wiles,
 With drill, with dynamite, and hammer.

Spouting slangy rant and blather,
 Claiming the world owes them a living,
 That good and bad should share together,
 Industrious to the lazy giving.

Both skin the patient working man,
 Both feel contempt for those who toil,
 Both feel 'tis right if they can plan
 To squeeze the delver in the soil.

Square justice is not anarchy,
 Who fights for labor fights for right,
 Equipp'd and armed with honesty,
 The victory's sure and is in sight.

Before we call hard names be sure,
 We know for certain what we state,
 For many a slander men endure,
 Is born of greed, of pride, or hate.

REUBEN FLAREUP, CRITIC.

Some one wrote some very good poetry which the London Free Press often published, after a while some critic went for the poet savagely, I having a kind of fellow feeling in my "buzzum," took up the cudgels for the poet, as below, but got the usual reward for meddling.

They cried down the poets of Greece and of Rome,
 Abused the sweet singers of Britain "Galore"
 Turned up their small noses at warblers of home,
 As they make jealous Flareup's* cranky and sore.

We need not hang Homer, 'twas done in his time,
 The Flareup's lived then as they vegetate now ;
 Old Virgil was told he could not make a rhyme,
 His pathos, nor wit, would the Flareup's allow.

The strains of our Milton were sold for a song,
 The deer stealing Shakespeare, despised and ignored,
 But Flareup's could not snub them down very long,
 Though they lunged with proud tongue or with dull
 wooden sword.

The Nightingale filling the gloaming with joy,
 Roars "Rough like a lion" a donkey might say,
 Say music is noise, as pipes this green boy,
 Unless with his own voice he bellows the lay.

We know Reuben Flareup, his aunties and cousins,
 Abnormal high stomachs afflict the whole crew,
 Book crammed and priggish they swarm now in dozens,
 Sneering friend Hayseed at "Grangers" like you.

They spat on young Bryon, struck Chatterton dead,
 Called Wordsworth a noodle, starved poor Tommy
 Hood,
 E'en dear Tom Pinch Charley, was low and ill bred,
 Said Titmarsh the great one, was not *very* good.

Sing on Harry Hayseed, your notes true and clear,
 The black feathered crows will be croaking of course,
 Don't heed them at *all times* nor falter nor fear,
 Though they croak in grim chorus and croak themselves
 hoarse.

JINGLE JANGLE.

On the 12th of Feb., 1894, there was a great snow storm ; very severe at Ingersoll. the weather was very cold, and for some days the snow was six feet deep on Thames street. Times were dull, business very much depressed, and faces blue.

High piled the snow, and through the street
A howling, whirling, Roaring blast,
With pelting, Stinging, small shot sleet,
Merci-less-ly whizzing past.

Spectre-like streets betinged with blue,
Reflected from the sober faces,
As day by day they longer grew,
As fewer came the packing cases.

But from the corner drug store beams,
The smiles that cheers the saddened streets,
George Beck, next door,—his barrel teems,
With sweets to match the corner sweets.

Tasty herrings, Finnan haddies,
Oranges and nuts and crackers,
Dainties in aesthetic caddies,
Great flat oysters, oh ! such whackers.

Jolly Alex, brushing watches,
Jeweller is A. McCarter ;
Eyes and specs he deftly matches,
Sells you fair ones for a quarter.

*Couch, next door, a public joy,
Warms in winter, summer cools us,
Shapes with grace, both man or boy,
Gives us fits and seldom fools us.

†Browett hoping all will dye,
All to feel they needed pills,
All to have a questioning eye
So he may cure all blurry ills.

Jones, in chains, and varnish revels,
Tar and anvils, carpet sweepers,
Axes, glue, and spirit levels,
Binding twine for Noxon's reapers.

Gibson, sweet, among the sweets,
Ice Cream, candies, cakes and tarts,
Tempting girls to smile for treats,
Dickering with the boys for hearts.

* Ice and coal merchant, and clothier. † Optician and druggist.

Sir Henry Hearn, cannot be stern,
Smooth as his silks, his wools and flosses,
He cannot let resentment burn
No matter what his luck or crosses.

William Woolson—butter, honey,
Gracious mixture, salmon, codfish,
Flavor'd all with jokelets funny,
Pinch of wit in every dish.

Next the "Chronicle" the newsful,
Then Jim Berry, and we know sir
He is most "Oncommon useful"
But he cannot, cannot blow sir.

Measures, cuts and fits for swell ones,
Watches too, the country's rights,
Grits and Tories, the old bell ones,
Here they wage their tonguey fights.

Bi-o-lo-gy, the-o-lo-gy,
The-os-o-phy, mesmerism,
Politics, North Pole, all history,
Squareing circles, light and prisims.

Near by a council daddy stays,
In fact next door he's heard and seen,
Piano, organ, fiddle plays,
He's music magnate to the Queen(s).

In paintings by the masters old
I have seen angels by the score,
With halo'd heads of reddish gold
Some linger here about this door.

A "Sun" beams from an upstairs place,
Somewhat gritty, quite prohibby,
A spot or so upon his face
Like all, politically fi—y.

R. H. Young, a gentle man,
Making harness good and strong,
Next, Borland, barber, spic and span,
Makes old faces look like young.

*And now, "off hats"! for right in there
Among the chairs, a poet sings,
The soulful, tuneful McIntyre,
Whose harp hath many quivering strings.

The valley of the Thames his theme,
The sunlit hills, the flowery dales,
A hint or two of Oxford cream,
A hundred other thrilling tales.

Next, handsome Stephen, stoves and tinware,
Stovepipes fit, he swears, ? no never,
He loves his song, admires the fair,
A Devon worthy, shrewd and clever.

McNeil, the baker, home-made bread,
His fruit cake such as angels eat,
Rich bride cakes—and 'tis also said
His melting taffey can't be beat.

Waterhouse—good hats and neckwear,
Coats and trousers, vests so dandy,
Genial Manning, near about here,
Pens and paper all things handy.

Gems of art his valentines are,
Globe and Empire snug together,
Toys and playthings, stories so rare,
Bound in paper, cloth or leather.

Joking William, story telling,
William Thompson, he's the fellow,
Paints like nature, dado's selling,
Green, gray, brown, blue, red and yellow.

Now we jump a vacant lot,
McMurray's tavern looms in view,
Fragrant hints of steaming pot,
Cups of coffee (?) oyster stew.

Tender beef hath Callahan,
But there is beef that's really tough,
Tries teeth and temper of a man,
Provoking words a *leetle* rough.

Josiah Page is quite of age,
A rather pretty alto sings,
To paint or paper he'll engage,
Or fill a house with chairs and things.

Across the street, about north-east,
Where em-bry-o pianos twang,
Progressing till they prove the best
To play on, sing with, or to bang.

Wide awake triumvirate,
Nellis, Seldon, Watterworth,
Whose grand pianos, chaste and neat,
Fling harmonies so sweetly forth.

Now up the street we stroll again,
Oh ! all 'round *Jamie worketh here,
Of inches few but long in brain,
Whose pen can fasten logic clear.

Can turn a rhyme and hold his own
Among the foremost of this town,
In sense, in clearness, loyal tone,
Not easy turned, or pooh pooh d down.

We miss poor Tom, who died last week,
The genial, skillful Henderson,
With true regret we kindly speak,
Of him who lately "passed on."

Birrs the comley, doctoring shoes,
Boles the younger, scooping nails,
Boles the patriarch, making clothes,
Next a grocer, brooms and pails.

Gentle Robertson, ahoy !
And smooth McKay—a polished pair,
Their palace stove, the farmers joy,
Stoves, forks and shovels, knives that pare.

Next grocer Dyer, what men desire,
He keeps to sell, and takes their money,
Something to chew, or burn with fire,
Which seems to some folks rather funny.

One Boles more, dry goods galore,
Lusters that shine with silk like sheen,
The "Fair" and saint-like girls, next door
Who never try to take us in.

Hath + "Sairy's" angel passed this way,
We something sniff not bad to smell,
Is it, is it, old Rye whiskey ?
Don't understand it very well.

We'll leave this smell while safe and sound
And crack a bit with Barraclough,
No better boots than his are found,
No better man, as all men sound.

* James Sinclair. † Sairy Gamp in Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit."

Next, bran new store, with big plate glass,
Through which we see a host of things,
Next fairy Edson and his lass
Whose hands inspire the warbling strings.

Charles Bloor for sure, hath handsome store,
Dundas, Menhennick, earthenware,
Aesthetic, graceful, even more,
In form and color rich and rare.

Gayfer hath drugs and such like gear,
D. White serves well the high and low.
(If such distinctions holdeth here)
There may be, but we do not know.

Here's, T. F. Fawkes, good day, good day,
I hope I see you very well,
And that your business well doth pay,
That lots of watches you may sell.

Walley, Hutchinson, Crawford, Curtis,
Then we come where lovely Fred is,
Doctering watches where the hurt is,
Making, mending rings for ladies.

But hark! a rumble overhead,
Like muttering thunder's far off roll,
Or tremor of great Harry's tread,
Or E. B. pouring out his soul,

Or straightening out the country's kinks
Pointing the way all men should go,
How all should vote, how all should think,
Infallable (or nearly so).

I step out on the street to see,
And see some inky youthful codgers,
And what I heard turns out to be
The TRIBUNE engine printing dodgers.

Logee's foot gear weareth well,
So doth Logee,—and may he
Continue long good shoes to sell,
And may he sell some more to me.

And now for Smiths and Robinsons—
I spoke of Jones some time before,
*There were bad boys long time ago,
It can't be them I'm pretty sure.

* There was in the old English spelling books a story of Smith, Jones and Robinson who played hooky.

I wish them well—abundant trade,
All honest fun, and priceless health,
And when their fortunes all are made,
Maybe they'll let me see their wealth.

Though wearied out, I'll try to cross
The street, where Harry Richardson
Lights up the scene with golden gloss,
Reflected by the Western sun.

George Clark, 'gainst you I have no spite,
What must be, must be, all must see,
You carry people out of sight,
And soon I s'pose will carry me.

Ingersoll, Mar. 2, 1894.

A WILD WISH.

Friend A., I thank you, that you bid
A heavy, limping, dull old man
To come and see you duly wed,
To note the love that smoothly ran.

*"Zilver and things" I cannot bring,
Would bring them gladly if I could,
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, sparkling ring,
And crystal glassware clear and good.

It would be nice if I could spare
A thousand dollar banking cheque,
Put tiara on your brow so fair,
Hang golden chains around your neck.

Or should I find a pile of gold,
As big as,—big as—let me see,
As much as one horse cart could hold,
I'd give at least a keg to thee.

I wonder would you like to have,
Say,—fifty thousand in the bank;
So that you need not scrimp and save,
So with the big folks you could rank.

* An old relation of the family used to sing a Cornish song about
"Zilver and things."

An "architectoloora!" home,
 The furniture mahogany,
 To entertain friends when they come,
 To visit for a holiday.

A spanking team, both strong and safe,
 A carriage on the easiest springs,
 Soft harness that won't rub nor chafe,
 And rugs, and robes and such nice things.

And wishing this,—if it should come,
 I'll not be envious 'cause you have it,
 Be glad you're happy in your home,
 Nor dictate to you how to leave it.

But there is something more than wealth,
 Though wealth is good, it is not all,
 One glorious good is priceless health,
 And pure true love within our call.

Good common sense, a temper sweet,
 Nice gentle manners, mind serene,
 May blessings follow where'er your feet
 Trip through the home where you are Queen.

To bless a man,—a real man,
 Honest and kindly good and true,
 Whose love will live, will firmly stand,
 You loving him,—him, loving you.

Ingersoll, 1893.

"NEVER, DICK, NEVER."

I ne'er spoke of love by word, song, nor letter,
 Some walls stood between us a thousand feet high,
 One wall was position, she held herself better,
 And rightly she held so, I could not deny.

She was milking a cow,* I, playing the fife,
 Like an angel she sung, (so it seemed to me),
 In a dull dismal road, the light of my life,
 Was this maiden who warbled the sweet melody.

I put down my fife and with both ears and eyes,
 Drank deep of her beauty, her soul thrilling notes,
 As her sweet eyes gazed off to the sun set skies,
 And the skylarks above us poured songs from their
 throats.

From her stool by the cow, she glanced in my face,
 And ceased for a moment her oboe toned quaver,
 And gently, half sadly, with woman like grace,
 Shook her beautiful head and said, "Never Dick Never."

May, 1894.

* At Coombe farm, Plympton, Devon, England, 1836.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sleep on, dear friend, sleep on,
 Life's strife and worry o'er,
 Sweet rest and peace are won
 Forever ever, more.

Though lost from sight a while,
 You still in memory live,
 Your step, your voice, your smile,
 Is with us while we grieve.

We keep your memory green,
 And tears may tremble yet,
 For sorrow true and keen,
 Does not, cannot, forget.

FINIS.

Written on the last page of a lady's album.

There is an end to every road,
A finis page to every book,
A parting time from each abode,
A last regret, a last fond look.

A last word said and wish expressed,
A last embrace and parting kiss,
The last of home, the love confessed,
The last time people call you Miss.

And so upon this book's last page,
My latest wish I wish for you,
Wish health and love, a good old age,
With common sense to guide you through.

Not wealth enough to make you proud,
To raise your nose high in the wind,
To make you hard and rude and loud,
To cut poor friends you leave behind.

A humble mind a temper sweet,
A smile for friends and even foes,
The love of whosoe'er you meet,
A feeling heart for others woes.

Be yours a quiet peaceful life,
Loveing all good things pure and true,
If gentle maid or happy wife,
May all good fortune come to you.

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