

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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By
Crench and Trail

— IN —

Song and Story

By

ANGUS MACKAY
(OSCAR DHU)



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Trench and Trail

— IN —
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o

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ANGUS MACKAY
(Oscar Dhu)

Author of

"Donald Morrison—The Canadian Outlaw"

"A Tale of the Pioneers"

"Poems of a Politician"

"Pioneer Sketches"

Etc., Etc.

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INTRODUCTION.

A number of the songs in this collection have been heard by campfire and trail from the camps of British Columbia to the lumber camps of Maine. Several of the songs have been fired at the Huns "somewhere in France," no doubt with deadly effect. And also at the Turks on the long long hike to Bagdad and beyond.

And it is not impossible that some of my countrymen are now warbling snatches of my humble verse to the accompaniment of bagpipes on the streets of the New Jerusalem! Many of the verses have appeared from time to time in leading publications from Vancouver, B. C., to the New England States and Eastern Canada; while others appear in print here for the first time.

From all parts of the land I have received letters at various times asking for extra copies of some particular song in my humble collection, which I was not in a position to supply at the time.

I therefore decided to publish some of the songs for which a demand had been expressed, and in so doing offer to the reading public in extenuation of my offense the plea that in a manner this humble volume is being published by request.

I offer no apology for my "dialect" songs as they have already received the approval of music lovers whose judgment is beyond criticism.

For the errors which must inevitably creep into the work of a non-college-bred lumberjack, I crave the indulgence of all highbrows who may resent my inability to comb the classics for copy to please them. All the merit I can claim is the ability to rhyme a limerick or sing a "come-all-ye" in a manner perhaps not displeasing to my friends.

The lumberjacks will understand me, I am sure, and will appreciate my humble efforts to entertain them.

As for the genial highbrow, should he deem me an interloper in the realm of letters and imagine that my wild, uncultured notes are destroying the harmony of his supersensitive soul, I shall "lope" back to the tall timber again and seek sympathy and appreciation among the lumberjacks of the forest primeval, where, amid the wild surroundings and the crooning of the trees, there is health for mind and body borne on every passing breeze. Yes, there's something strangely healing in the magic of the myrrh, in the odor of the cedar and the fragrance of the fir.

There the hardy lumberjack is the undisputed lord of the lowlands and chief of the highlands, and at the present time no soldier in the trenches or sailor on the rolling deep has a more arduous task to perform or a more important duty to discharge than he.

Toil on, ye Titans of the tall timbers; steadfast soldiers of the saw, and able allies of the axe. Carry on till the stately trees which constitute the glory of the West are converted into ships and planes in countless thousands, to win the great war for freedom and to make the world safe for democracy—and lumberjacks!

THE AUTHOR.

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with 161st U.S.A. in France

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DESTINY

There's a grand, grand view unfolding
And it pictures our future goal:
There's a strong, strong army moulding
Our land into one great whole;
There's a world-wide movement holding
Firm the lines of our destiny:
And 'twill never cease
Till the earth finds peace
In the arms of Democracy!



THE SONS OF OUR MOTHERS

In the Ramah's of our day
Mothers grieve their hearts away,
Mourning comfortless as Rachel did of yore;
Hoping day by day to learn
Of their absent boy's return
And to hear his well-known footsteps at the door.
The lilies are blooming in far-away France—
Bloom O bloom!
The cannons are roaring retreat and advance—
Boom, O boom!
The hell of their fire is falling like rain,
And our soldiers before it are falling like grain,
While the voices of loved ones are calling in vain—
Home, sweet home!

Dear Canadians who fell,
Fighting nobly fighting well,
May the angels guard thy rest in lonely graves;
We'll remember "ridge" and "hill"
And rejoice in knowing, still,
That the dear old flag you died for rules the waves.
The wild birds are liting their lay on the breeze,
Soft and low:
As they croon to their nestlings asway in the trees,
To and fro—
The young of the robin will flit down the glen
And return in the spring to the dwellings of men,
But the sons of our mothers return not again—
No, ah no!

THE SONS OF OUR MOTHERS

And the absent from the fold?
What of those, the gay, the bold?
Fighting bravely, dying nobly, to the fore.
Shall we not avenge the slain?
Shall our mothers weep in vain?
Calling, calling for the boys who come no more.
Dear soldier boys dead in the trenches of war,
Work well done!
Your service for country there's nothing can mar,
Fame well won!
They fought for the right in a cause that will win—
They died in a fight that they did not begin—
And you'll pay the last groat when we enter Berlin,
Hun, oh Hun!



Christmas in Quebec.

CHRISTMAS IN QUEBEC.

This sketch is truer of the Quebec of last century than that of today. I am glad to hear that whisky blanc does not "cut the figure" in French festivities now that it did twenty years ago; and no one will rejoice more than Oscar Dhu to see the demon rum utterly destroyed in Canada ere many moons.

Yes, I sincerely hope that the day will soon dawn when the baneful influence of both De Kuyper and de Kaiser will be forever banished from my dear native province, queenly Quebec!

I got notice some tam lately
Wrote in Yankee dialec',
Ask me Joe how I spen' Chris'mas
On de 10 range of Kebec;
But ba gosh I don' wrote nottings
Till de New Year pass along.
Chris'mas tam I dance an' fiddle,
Eat an' drink an' sing some song!
Yes ma frien' dis ol' man's happy,
Jus' lak' leetle lamb in May!
Ev'ry year I grow lak young one,
W'en it come to Chris'mas day!
Hip ho-orah! I feel lak dancin',
Play for Joe an' kip good tam,
I'm mos' happy man in Weedon,
On his shanty jus' de sam'.

CHRISTMAS IN QUEBEC

Come Xavier and clear de room off,
An' one dance to you I'll show,
Dat I learn on Lampton Corners
More as t'irty year ago.

It's call cris-cross two-step, quick step,
Up an' down de center, too;
Right an' lef' and swing you' pardner,
Till de tack fly out her shoe!

Come I'll show you how to do it,
Tak' de one you love de bes',
Den you swing it ro'nd lak swirlwind
Or dat syclone in de Wes'.

Whoop up gee' jus wash ma dances
An' hole Paul will kip good tam,
On dis side de Lac St. Francis
I can skung dem all de sam'.

T'ro' dat stool on top de corner,
Push dat cradle from de room,
Joe hee's got dis floor for shak' down
An' he'll swip it lak de broom.

Jomp up Jacquel and strak dat ceilin'
Till de dus' fall on you' head—
Come Lucinda! stop dat squealin'
Or we'll sen' you off to bed.

Dis is Chris'mas an' one good one—
Chris'mas come but once a year;
Ope dat stove an' t'row some hood on,
An' we'll have one, two, t'ree cheer!

CHRISTMAS IN QUEBEC

Rig a gig a gig jus' wash ma moccasin
An' hole Paul you kip good tam!
Pass dat jug aro'nd de grog-is-in,
An we'll have w'at Scotch call "dram."

Pass it ro'nd de room ma Rosie
An' be sure you fill de glass;
Ma Joe sen' me twenty dollair
Jus' las' wick from Lowell, Mass.

Ev'ry year he sen' me monay
And he sen' some ol' clothes too—
But dem duty charge me custom
Jus' de sam' lak it was new!

Shoo! dat dance has mak' me tire—
Rosie pass de pipe of clay—
Plenty more rat here in Weedon,
We're Pete Tanguay give it 'way.

Here's tobac dat's raise in Compton,
Tak' it too an' pass it ro'nd—
Plentay more way do'n at Lampton—
Jus' for twenty cent one po'nd.

Smoke ma frien' an' tak' it heasy,
Till de fiddler res' his bow—
Smudge dis room till it grow hazy,
Den we'll have one nodder go!

Rig-a-gig-gig jus' wash ma feet go,
Put some movemen' in dat tune;
If a man is want for beat Joe—
Mus' get up before its noon!

CHRISTMAS IN QUEBEC

Oh ba gosh! de hole man's happy!
Wish you all feel sam' lak me.
Canada's de place spen' Chris'mas
Up at Weedon 'mong de tree!

I feel bad for Wilfrid Laurier,
An' for all de beeg Frenchman,
Who can nevair know henjoymen'
In dis worl' de sam's I can.

Troub' is all he gets for breakfas',
An' for dinnair too I guess—
Charlie Tupper's eat for supper—
An' hee's awful hard diges'!

Den de nightmare kick lak blazes.
W'en a leetle sleep dey foun'—
I can sleep me in dis shanty
Twice as fas' an' twice as soun'.

I don' henvey any rich man,
He can tak' ma house an' lan',
But he can't tak' ma henjoymen'
Lak de res' w'en hee's deman'.

Hee's live in one gran' beeg cassil—
All light up wit' 'letric lamp—
I am Joseph in dis shanty,
An' my shanty's in de swamp;

But ba gosh I'm far more happies
Den beeg man in house of stone—
Byemby he'll be lak Joseph—
Six feet land is all he'll own!

CHRISTMAS IN QUEBEC

Come here Pierre ma troat's grow wheezy,
Pass de glassware roun' for change—
Wash ma Rosie, a'nt she daisy?
She's de bes' cook on de range.

Ev'ry year w'en it come Chris'mas,
Rosie geeve me lots to heat—
Pie an' stoughnut—cake an' cookie—
Bun an' two t'ree kin' of meat.

Ev'ryt'ing she's good for cook it,—
An' de pork she's good for fry,
She can flip dat bockwheat pancake
Lak de twinkle of you' eye!

Yes ba gosh! ma wife hee's good wan,
Nevair scold me w'en I'm sick:
An' she raise it twenty young wan
Nevair learn dat "Yankee trick"!

Plenty vote to swing de 'lection—
Twenty-two or twenty-three;
But I'm ask for no Protection
For my Infant Industry!

Dat's de cry I like, "all ready"!
Sopper's on de tab' at las'—
Girl an' boy fall in ma hearty—
Hungry fom de midnight Mass.

Come Joseph an' bring Louiser,—
Don' be squeeze her all night long—
Joe, I know is lak hee's fadder—
Jus' de sam' w'en I was young!

CHRISTMAS IN QUEBEC

Now I'll pass de jug for luck, me,
Drink de he'lt' of frien' an' foe—
Plenty more at Dudswell Junction,
Ma frien' Gauthier tole me so.

Dis is firs' class liquidation,
Jus' one glass will pay de tax;
Two or t'ree will lif' de mortgage—
All de worl' is mine wit' six!

What's de use for feel downhearted?
Plenty life in barley juice;
Dat's w'at mak' dis ol' man happy—
But some tam it raise de duce.

Eat an' drink an' feel contentmen',
'Till de holiday pass by;
Den ol' Joe mus' tackle snow
An' chop de hood an' hew de tie.

I got credit from de storekeep—
Bean an' pork an' pea an' flour,
An' I promise pay in cordhood—
An' its tak' me many hour.

Scoonkin coat I got from Tanguay,
For to tak' me warm to church,
An' he tole me pay heem sometam',
W'en I haul de spruce an' birch.

Plenty work for Joe in winter—
Brak de road an' haul de hood,
But hole Joe hee's nevair worry—
Not so long hees he'lt' is good.

CHRISTMAS IN QUEBEC

Dis is holiday at presen',

I won't cut me one dem stick
'Till I have ma Chris'mas hoorah,
An' it always las' a wick!

Den I'll say good bye to ol' year

An' w'en New Year come on deck,
I'll tole Yankee how ol' Joseph
Spen' his Chris'mas on Kebec.

Rig-a-gig-a-gig, jus' wash me moccasin,

An' ol' Paul will kip good tam;
Pass de jug aro'n' de grog is in
An' we'll have w'at Scotch call "dram."

"THE CLEVELAND MESSAGE."

The seeming hostile spirit towards the United States pervading some of the sketches in this volume is more apparent than real, as they were introduced in the spirit of fun to accentuate the oddities of certain characters, and not to disparage our neighbor; for notwithstanding petty quarrels and misunderstandings we always loved our great big, bluff brother to the South.

We always maintained that closer relationship with our kindred people was our manifest destiny and that nothing could happen that would keep us permanently apart. According to this song, written many years ago, we have been "interwooing" and "intermarrying" for a long time. We have been flocking to their cities and they have been flocking to our farms, and naturally the ties between us have been growing stronger with the years.

Consequently when the present great war engulfed the world in a holocaust of blood, kindred cried to kindred and the resulting alliance was both natural and logical.

Time alone can prove the value of the services rendered the Allied cause in this great war by British Americans and Americanadians residing in the United States.

The Germans and pro-Germans of this country thot in their overweening pride with overbearing Kultur to obtain a greater "pull" with Uncle Sam than we possessed. By the most cunning propaganda ever known they endeavored to widen the breach between brother Jonathan and John Bull, but failed miserably. While they "hoched" for the "fatherland" till the cows came home, we "coached" for the "motherland" till the children came home!

Kultur may be a powerful persuader but the call of the blood is more powerful still, and when the old lion roared his appeal the sound went round the world, and the whelps, true to their breed, gathered from all corners of the earth, not into alien jungles, but home! The fur is now flying and blood is flowing, and when the combatants shall have emerged from the great conflict the two powerful branches of the English-speaking peoples will be bound together in ties of friendship stronger than ever before, and by thunder they will not be under!

THE CLEVELAND MESSAGE
or
**HOW CANADA AND THE U. S.
MAY BECOME ONE.**

It is such a fad at present
For each poet effervescent,
To assail the "cross" or "crescent"
And the "Cleveland message" grim;
That we pondered for a minute
Thinking we would not be "in it"
If we did not aid some Linnet
With a little of our din.

Now we're not at'all unwilling
To receive a course of "drilling"
If successful in dispelling
Just a little of the mist
Which is hanging thickly over
Our detractor, brother Grover,
And that rank sedition mover,
Called the jingo journalist.

There are men among you moving
Who're ostensibly peace loving,
While their conduct's always proving
The reverse to be their toast;
They eternally are blowing
Like a game cock, bent on showing
By his loud defiant crowing
That he's there to rule the roost!

THE CLEVELAND MESSAGE

Tho' you send a warlike "message"
Do not punctuate its passage
Crying "cut 'em into sassage,
Now beware, you crippled cuss":
All such ravings out of season
Should be classified as treason,
Guard your tongues and use your reason
In considering the 'fuss.' "

If again your mind should rove
Around the field of Carnage Grover,
We would have you think it over
In the light of common sense;
Ponder well the pain and labor
It would cause to quell your neighbor;
And be sure you hide your saber
'Ere you venture through our fence.

Why rely on jingo blowing
If you're bent upon subduing
Brave Canadians who've been growing
Since they met Montgomery?
Drop your systematic hounding,
And your epithets loud sounding
For we've pipers here abounding
Who could blow you out to sea!

If you saw bold piper Ronald
Of the warlike Clan Macdonald,
And the way in which he pommelled
O'er a hundred of your ranks;
You would soon be after wishing
You had always kept a-fishing
Right at home, instead of swishing
Warlines over Britain's banks!

THE CLEVELAND MESSAGE

And it seems to us so very
 Queer that Highlanders who quarry
Monumental stones at Barre,
 Did not scare away your frowns:
Had they started with their hammers
 Down among your city bummers,
It would take you many summers
 To repopulate your towns.
Yea, at prospects of a battle
 From old Bangor to Seattle
Each Canadian would skedaddle
 To defend his home and kin;
And from Picton to Vancouver
 We would welcome each one over;
Thus united, brother Grover,
 Would you have a chance to win?
Then relinquish Yankee dodges,
 We would warn you to be cautious;
Silence rabid Cabot Lodges
 And your jingo journalists.
Friendship's thread already slender
 Needs a sapient defender—
As the lion's tail is tender
 From so many ruthless twists!
We have often heard it stated
 When by jingoists berated,
That the people here were fated
 To be "taken in by Sam."
But believe us, brother Grover,
 Coming ages will discover
That you cannot get us over
 In that manner by a d——!

THE CLEVELAND MESSAGE

There's another way that's better
Than coercion and the fetter,
And we'll tell you in this letter
How to circumvent the end:
Cultivate a better feeling
For your neighbor in your dealing—
As you'll never see us kneeling
For the favors you can lend.
Let events their course pursuing
Glide along as they've been doing—
Let our people interwooing—
Intermarry—buy and sell;
Let your friendly salutation,
Be extended to this nation,
Let the law of gravitation
Do the rest—and all is well!
You have often sold a daughter
To some dude across the water,
While the title high(? which bought her
You so seemingly ignore;
Why not send us a cotillion
Of those girls who own a million
For our hardy northern gillian
On the old Canadian shore?
You may think this would not do, but
We can tell you that your "blue blood"
Isn't "in it" with the true blood
Of our bracing Northern clime—
Better far to take their chances
With Xavier at Lac St. Francis
Than to purchase the advances
Of coin hunters of our time!

THE SULTAN AT THE KAISER'S KOURT

Enter
SECOND SONS

Mohammed Dammed, gift of God!
The Sultan's second son,
Enjoys a pilgrimage abroad
With Eitel Fritz the Hun.

These second sons, of sons of guns,
Are sure some friendly foes;
But to what length their friendship runs
Jehovah only knows.

Just now the Sultan, also, dines
At Williams' kultured kourt,
And downs the Kaiser's doctored wines
While Kaiser downs his porte.

One day young Dammed said to Fritz:
"Who started this fool row?
Whoever did was void of wits,
As you must know by now."

THE SULTAN AT THE KAISER'S KOURT

Said Eitel, "Though I'm from Missouri,
Some say it was my Dad;
But as they're going to Bag-dad sure,
He'll wish he never had."

Said Dammed, "If they bag your Dad
They'll bag my Daddy sure,
And make him wish he never had
Come here to seek a cure.

"Your father promised mine to win
From Cork to Timbuctoo;
If we would throw our Turkey in
Your bloody Pots-dam brew!

"Besides, he promised on demand
Star-eyed Parisian pearls!
Great hunks of Greece, Manhattan and
A thousand chorus girls!

"He also swore by every beard
The prophets ever tore,
That great Mahomet had appeared
Before his chamber door.

"And hurled his mantle—so revered—
The blooming transom o'er;
And hence my foolish father feared
The awful robe he wore!"

THE SULTAN AT THE KAISER'S KOURT

Fritz gazed upon the rolling Rhine
With bleary, beery eyes,
And as he sips his foaming stein,
To Dammed thus replies:

"Thy father was a howling mutt
Thus to believe my sire;
For 'scraps of paper' never cut
Much ice with any liar.

"That he has promised you too much
Cannot be well denied;
For many things will 'beat the Dutch,'
I find since Hannah died.

"My dad and 'first born' started out,
To eat the world in gobs,
But now they're down to spuds and krout,
And what the army robs.

"I have no patience with the bunch
That failed to win from France,
The crown prince plainly lacks the punch—
Why not give me a chance!

"A million soldiers good and true
Went down to death for him,
And chances still of 'breaking thru,'
Are daily growing slim.

THE SULTAN AT THE KAISER'S COURT

"I love him not, nor yet his clique,
Who deem themselves so smart:
I'd like to serve them all a kick
Where their Prince Alberts part.

"To whip the French, they'll have to sail
Thru blood to gay Paree—
Here's hoping Poilus will not fail
To make crown prince of me!

"For O, I'd love to have a peep
Into that promised land!"
Thus saying Eitel fell asleep—
And snored to beat the band!

And while Eitel was dreaming,
Of something or other,
The son of the Sultan
Wrote home to his mother.

"On Linden when the sun was low,"
The Sultan's second wrote.
These mild impressions of the foe,
That has his father's goat:

"Dear ma, according to my pledge,
I write these lines to thee,
While sitting on the ragged edge
In dear old Germany.

THE SULTAN AT THE KAISER'S KOURT

"I'm at the court of last resort,
Our royal Ali Bill's:
And found my father at the port
Forgetting all his ills.

"Compared with livers over here
Dad's health is fairly good,
And sure, that boy was full of cheer,
On 'burning deck' that stood.

Great doctor Kaiser, best of men!
To cure dad's mal-a-dy;
Injects his Kultur now and then
In dad's anatomy.

"This Kultur is a German germ
That germinates a juice,
Which in its turn creates a worm
That generates the duce!

"I'm not well up on wormy laws,
Nor how this Kultur's spread,
I only know its use will cause
A swelling of the head!

"I think we'll not prolong our stay,
There are no harems here;
The women have no time for play,
The men no time for cheer.

THE SULTAN AT THE KAISER'S KOURT

"They's raising crops, but none to sell,
As few would want their goods:
The men are busy raising hell —
The women raising spuds!

"The spuds are raising women's sons—
The sons all fight for Bill,
And thus it runs that all the Huns
Are simply raising hell!

"I heard a 'concert of the Powers'
One stormy night of late,
And there, of course, the joy was ours
To hear the 'Hymn of Hate.'

"It seems to be the only song
That all the boches know,
And slips with ease from every tongue
Where 'Uber alles' grow.

"They sang the 'Hymn' with awful vim,
And turning round our way,
They looked at me and smiled at 'him,'
As much as if to say,

" 'There's not a Turk can beat that work,
Twas made in Germany!'—
"That may be so, but by my dirk,
I think the Turk will try!

THE SULTAN AT THE KAISER'S KOURT

"Yea classed with watchdogs of the Rhine,
And dastard deeds they've done,
Our dad, I swear, doth really shine
A saintly paragon!

"He felt ashamed that any race,
Of earth or Hell below,
Could so outshine him to his face—
In hatred of a foe!

* * * * *

"I pity the Armenian
When dad gets back to work again;
For he has tortures now in store
Eclipsing all he knew before!"

Enter the Clown Prince.

"The next upon the program was
The Kaiser's eldest son,
Who sang to thunders of apeplause
'Der land vare ve ver-dun'!

"And as his tears on Brussels flow,
His voice pathetic grew,
While singing solemnly and low
'I see my Waterloo!

" 'I'm sick and sore and sorry and
I'm licked and lonely, too:
Vile odders see der Vaterland
I see mine "Vaterloo"! Boo-hoo!"

THE SULTAN AT THE KAISER'S KOURT

"Dear mother it was sad I claim
To hear him blubber so;
The blooming boob is not to blame
For what he doesn't know.

"From infancy they taught the kid
To bank on 'right's divine';
And that no matter what he did
The Lord was with his 'Line.'

"And so, when shot and shell and trench,
And 'Me und Gott' und Co.
Had failed to crush the hated French,
It queered his status quo!

"But Kaiser Bill was on the job,
And said "it's getting late;"
We'll dry the tear and swab the sob
And sing the 'Hymn of Hate.'

And so they sang the 'hymn' again
To stimulate the prince:
And encored with that sad refrain
'The days of auld lang since.'

"Then Kaiser rising with a spring
Said, Gentlemen a-hem—
Our friend, the Sultan, now will sing
The "New Jerusalem"!

THE SULTAN AT THE KAISER'S KOURT

“ ‘And after that, excuse the joke,
He'll sing that song of caste,
The “Turkey in the Straw, that broke
The Camel's back at last.” ’

“The Kaiser's kounsel knocked the spots
Off father's self command,
For he had such unholy thots,
Anent the Holy Land.

“But he was game as old McBeth,
Resolved to do or die;
The odor of his very breath
Was ‘comin' thru the rye’:

“ ‘My breath is hot enough to stew,
My blood is hot within
From being chased like Moses thru
The “Wilderness of Sin.”

“ ‘They're chasing me across the sand—
Don't mention Waterloo!—
From Dan unto Beersheba and
A little further, too.

“ ‘The sand is hot along the trail,
Jersuaem how hot—!
And as I hear those bagpipes wail,
I murmur, Oh great Scot!

THE SULTAN AT THE KAISER'S KOURT

" 'Behind each chanter blows a Gael,
Loud, strong and piping hot;
And those en-chanters never fail
To make me, Turkey, trot!

"And woe betide deluded ones
Who meet this kilted race,
And deem the grim denuded ones
But females out of place!

"Engage them in a bayonet charge
And dupes will quickly find,
Those skirts are worn to camouflage
The dynamite behind!

"O demons of the fighting line,
Whose limits are the earth;
The empire great in which you shine
Doth bless thy place of birth.

"Ubiquitous, pugnacious Scot,
You've nobly done your share;
For, ever where the fighting's hot,
The Tartan flutters there!

"Yea Turkey Trot and Tanko tunel
Those dances are the style,
We hop to their compelling rune
From Baltic to the Nile.'

THE SULTAN AT THE KAISER'S KOURT

"The Kaiser didn't quite approve
The course the Sultan chose,
And deemed it time that he should move
The Turkish mouth to close.

"He's taken too much Scotch in tow
Their praises thus to sing:
The next we know he'll queer the show
And dance the Highland Fling!

"And as they led the Turk to bed,
He said the deal was raw—
Yes raw and red, 'pipe up,' he said
With 'Turkey in the Straw!'

"Here Sheik-Ul-Islam bang arose
And cried it wasn't fair,
To stem the golden flood that flows
From Allah's chosen heir.

"'Mine is the will,' said Kaiser Bill,
'That rules the world today;
No kings or khans or Gods or clans
Can these my words gainsay.'

"And then to prove that he was king
And Ruler over all,
He ordered Hindenberg to sing!
Or rather lead the bawl.

THE SULTAN AT THE KAISER'S KOURT

"Then Hindenburg mid many raus
 Essayed a clever line;
The song he sang with fervor was,
 'Fair Byng-in on the Rhine.'

"The song a sad one in its day,
 Brought some to verge of tears:
But when they heard Von Hinden bray
 The place was near all jeers!

" 'You're off your line,' the singers laugh,
 Von Hindenburg said 'Nay,
I'm only wobbling on the staff,
 My bass is weak today.'

" 'Your vocal chords are out of joint,
 Your lines are running wrong,
Therefore I think I will appoint
 Myself to sing a song.'

"So saying, Kaiser Bill arose
 And clearing out his throat,
Assumed that well known lordly pose!
 And sang without a note.

"The music with me still abides,
 My ears with discord ring:
Dear mother you would split your sides,
 To hear the Kaiser sing.

THE SULTAN AT THE KAISER'S KOURT

"O, why the agony prolong?
This was the burden of his song:

" 'On der shore of Italy
Mine Spag-etta waits for me,
I am longing so for thee
Mine dear Venus by der sea.

" 'Und anodder maiden fair,
She vos waiting 'over there,'

Und I'll take mine supmarine,
Und mine super-air-machine,
Und 'Columbia der Chem of der Ocean'
Vill soon be mine own Kaiserinel' "

Here Eitel woke and poked my ribs,
And whispered in my ear,
"The words to suit his royal nibs
Would thusly run, I fear."

"Fair Saint Helena is the maid,
That calls thee to her side—
She is lonely, I'm afraid,
Since her former war-lord died!"

THE SULTAN AT THE KAISER'S KOURT

'Twas at this point a warning dire
Came Hertling thru the hall,
And danced in words of lurid fire
Upon the gilded wall.

And "Mene, Mene," once again
A tyrant's eyes behold,
The writing on the wall was plain
As in the days of old.

And gazing on that fiery scroll
The guilty Kaiser quakes—
May God have mercy on his soul
When Germany awakes!

JOHN LABONNE'S DREAM
Or
A SAD AWAKENING

A Song of the Trenches

All las' night I was me dreamin',
 Dreamin' where de cannon's roar,
An' my spirit, so it's seemin',
 Wend its flight to home once more.
Dare I heard de church bells ringin'
 An' de robin red breas' singin',
Back to me de tam was bringin'
 W'en I part wit' Rosemarie.

Rosemarie! De bells are ringin', oh how sweet de
 melodie!

Rosemarie! De robin's singin', an' its always callin'
 me!

JOHN LABONN'S DREAM

It was springtam an' all nature
Seem to join de robin's song,
All de sheep an' cattle feel it,
For de winter was so long.
O, it was one joyful meetin',
Ev'ry creature give me greetin',
An' ma heart tattoo was beatin'
W'en I t'ink of Rosemarie.

Rosemarie, ma heart is beatin', O how sweet dat
pain can be!
Rosemarie, it kips repeatin', an' each beat is true
to thee.

Springtam creep along de meadow,
Springtam whisper on de hill;
W'ere de sunshine chase de shadow
Ro'nd ma home at St. Camille.
Dare it stood, ma well known dwellin',
Dat I love beyond de tellin',
And ma heart in me was swellin'
W'en I see ma Rosemarie.

Rosemarie, my heart is swellin', and it's all for
love of theel
Rosemarie, it kips on tellin' dat you're all de worl'
to mel

JOHN LABONN'S DREAM

Joyfully she come to meet me,
Wit' de love light in her eye;
Smilin' tru' de tears she greet me—
Nevaire more to say good bye.
W'en I see dem tear drop fallin',
Jus' lak dew of early mornin',
Hangal voices seem lak callin',
Callin' Joe to Rosemarie!

Rosemarie, de angels' callin', O how sweet dat
soun' to mel
Rosemarie, you' tear drops fallin' coax ma heart
across de sea!

Paradise den open to me,
As she whisper, "Welcome home."
To my arms her form I drew me—
Den, Sapre! I wake, an' boom!
Roar of gun for church-bell ringin',
Howl of Hun for robins' singin'—
Loving arms no more are clingin':
War is hell, sweet Rosemarie!

Chorus

Rosemarie, de bells are ringin,
O, how sweet dat melodié!
Rosemarie! de robins' singin'
An' its always callin' mel!

THE DERELICT

(When Seattle Was Wide Open.)

I will write a short sketch
Of that free hearted wretch
Whom all fakirs delight to espy.
He is seen every day
Just below Yesler Way,
Either "full" or distressingly "dry".

He alights from the train,
Or a boat from the main,
With intentions both honest and clear.
But the weak-minded wight,
Led astray before night,
Is filled full of doped whiskey and beer.

How alluring and bright
Is each glittering light,
As he joyfully watches the throng;
And his spirits are gay
As a bird's are in May,
And as gayly conducive to song.

How seductive the speech
In which siren's beseech
Him to share the delights of their spree.
Ev'ry man in the set
Is "hail fellow well met",
And each woman delightfully free!

THE DERELICT

There's a wink from the "traps",
And a meal with the Japs,
And a shuffle of cards as they go.
There's a trip to the play,
A few "smiles" by the way,
And a box by themselves at the show.

O how slyly they wink
As they sip at their drink,
And maliciously help him to his;
And he drinks it, alas!
'Though the foam on the glass
Floats around with a death-dealing fizz.

Thus the night passes by
Till the victimized "guy"
Is sufficiently "doped" to "go through";
And the stupefied lout,
When he's finally out,
Will possess but a nickel or two.

Wholly drunk, and half blind,
With confusion of mind,
And to rum-selling vultures a prey,
He is found at the "Mug"—
Takes a ride to the jug,
And there slumbers his potions away.

THE DERELICT

Coming out the next morn,
Sober, sick and forlorn,
To a world that has quickly grown cold!
A poor outcast he roams
While in sumptuous homes
Whilom friends(?) are enjoying his gold.

Where is now the glib friend
Of his bounty to lend
The poor devil the price of a plate?
He has vanished like mist
Of the morning, sun-kissed—
And the victim is left to his fate.

Not a wink from a lass,
Nor a clink from a glass,
With "your health", as it's borne to the
 lips;
Not a sign from a trap,
Not a bite from a Jap—
All his sunshine has suffered eclipse!

Not a kindly "invite"
From the friends of the night,
To "step in and have something on me."
Not a drop from the fakes
Just to steady the shakes,
And to "knock" the effects of the spree.

THE DERELICT

As he wanders the street
Not one friend does he meet,
Not a soul that will greet him today;
"Broke" and hungry—alone,
With a heartrending moan,
He must totter along to the bay.

O, the groans which now surge
With the tones of a dirge
From that soul so late given to song,
And how scenes long since fled
Like a wail from the dead,
Rise to hasten his footsteps along.

Yea, dim memories rush
To his mind, and a flush
Of deep shame drives all pallor away,
As he thinks of the East
And the home he has lost
By the life that leads on to the bay.

"Robbed and wronged all around,"
Is the sob of the sound,
But no mortal comes forward to save;
So with mutterings of wrath
He goes down to his death
Through the green, clammy depths of
the waves.

THE DERELICT

Hark the tones of despair
Which arise on the air
From the shades of the low moaning bay;
They will float through the years
And encircle the spheres,
And be heard at the great Judgment
Day.

Soon a poor, bloated form,
Tossed about by the storm,
Floating 'round on the crest of each wave,
With seaweed for a shroud,
Is beheld by the crowd,
And a failure is borne to his grave.

'Tis a jump from the train
And a trip up on * Main,
And a sip with a friend(?) on the way.
Just a step to the "Mug",
And a ride to the "jug"—
Then a leap to his death in the bay.

But the Lord from his seat
Looketh down on each street,
Where such hell-born inventions are on,
And with infinite wrath
He will sweep on their path—
And they'll reap on that day what they've
sown.

* Main Street, Seattle.

GAGNE'S CAVALRY
or
THE CANADIAN HABITANTS' ANSWER
to
THE FAMOUS "CLEVELAND MESSAGE."

My Rosie read to me somet'ing,
In pepper week ago.
She say, "De States he want to fight
On Canada and Joe;
An' dat de Yankee Presidon,
He write to Johnnie Bull,
An' tole him kip his nose at home,
Or it would get one pull."

An' two three Yankee Senator,
He mak' one Yankee speech,
An' t'ink dat all de Canaya
Will tremble in his breech—
He say to Honcle Sam, "Go up,
An' lick de hole dem crew—
Go, tak' Quebec an' Hottawa,
An' Lac Megantic too."

I jomp on top ma moccasin,
An' dance aroun' de floor;
I grine ma teet', I pull ma hair,
An' den I jomp some more;
I say, "hurrah for Canada!"
So loud as I can't yell,
Till Rosie say, "Ba gosh, hole man!
You're crazy I can tell."

GAGNE'S CAVALRY

"Oh I'm not crazy, Rosie,
I am only patriot—
Dat mean a man who never want
His country go to pot—
Yes, I'm 'hole man,' but don't you fret,
I'm not yet invalid,
I'm good for fight on any war
As ten men when she's dead.

I can't fight? Me? Ba gosh you hask
Ma honcle Polyeaux;
He used to fight lak' tiger
On de war of Papineau;
You know I'm just the sam' lak' him,
I'll do what he can done;
An' I can fight lak' tiger, too,
Dat Yankee son-of-gun."

Ma Rosie say: "You crack hole man,
Such tom fool speech to mak',
I t'ink you are most crazy man
Dat live on top de lac—
Your boy is in de State, you know,
An' work in Yankee mill,
An' w'at you do he lose his job,
His bread an' greenback bill?"

"Baa, you mak' mistak', dear Rosie,
If you t'ink we starve to dead;
If we can't get de Yankee work,
His brown bean an' his bread,
Grease pie, hot doughnut—biscuit,
Is good t'ing for mak' a dude;
But we got somet'ing better here
Den Yankee 'speptic food."

GAGNE'S CAVALRY

Chorus:

Ma peasoup am bully, boys,
An' buckwheat is good,
You nevair get one better t'ing
To work upon de hood;
W'en it get hold de handle axe,
It mak' de chip to fly
T'ick as snowflak' in de winter,
Or mosquito on July.

Paul will come from Manchester,
An' Xavier from Lowhell;
Joe will come from River Fall,
Immediate—pell mell;
An' every mill of Honcle Sam
Will have to close de loom,
W'en all our boys aroun' de State
Will come to fight at home.

O by de jomp up hooricane!
If Yankee don't stop brag;
She'll fin' more star on top his head,
Den he got top his flag;
She'll fin' one tiger on his track,
Wit' blood-shot on his eye,
And ev'ry Yank dat cross de line
For fight, is sure to die.



Gagne's Cavalry.

GAGNE'S CAVALRY

De Lac Megantic m'litia man
Is sure to tak de lead,
You bet your life w'en he get rouse
Someboda got to bleed!
An' w'en from Lac St. Francis
Come de Greenland Grenadier
He'll mak' all Yankee man he meet
Go home de top his bier.

De Horseman from La Patrie too,
Will come an join de fray,
An' blow his tin horn bugle,
On de top Canada gray;
De Voltigeurs from Weedon,
An' de Lampton Light Brigade,
Will come an' show to Jameson
De way to mak a raid.

O' we can fight dat Yankee man
As fadders fought before!
On battle of Chateaugay,
W'en five Frenchman kill a score!
De Hinglish, Scotch, an' Hirish, too,
Will join us, don't you fear—
Dere's notting top dis earth can lick
Canadian Volunteer!

An' for one more good leader man,
We'll send for Louis Cyr,
An' he'll tak' charge de Chesham Corps
An' Ditton Fusileer;
De Hinfantry from Emberton
Will join de Yankee hunt,
And Peter Gagne's Cavalry
Will gallop on de front!

THE GRIPPE

To see us now, deceivers
Would say this land of beavers
Was full of fitful fevers
 And other chills.
On all the passing breezes
There's nothing heard but wheezes,
With hacking coughs and sneezes,
 And other ills.

The bear, that northern prowler,
The 'Oonalaska howler,
And every other growler
 We read about,
With us have caught the churning
Whose cause is past discerning,
The demon that is turning
 Us inside out.

The monster's exultation
Is heard throughout the nation,
He stops at every station
 To spread himself ;
And no one can avoid him,
'Tis useless to deride him,
Impossible to hide him
 Upon a shelf.

THE GRIPPE

Whence come those sudden changes,
With all their train of twinges,
Grim foes of health that hinges

On atmosphere?

There surely is a reason
For this fantastic season,
That sets the world a sneezin'

About us here.

This "rushing" influenza,
Just taken for a mensa,
Most certainly will cleanse a'

Your system, man.

It has the knack to stick, too—
'Twould surely turn "Old Nick" blue
And draw his toenails quick through

His diaphragm.

No power can avail, man,
To drive him from the trail, man;
The patent drugs for sale man,

Can never cure.

He comes against your will, man,
And sneaks around to kill, man;
The rippling of his rill, man,

Is never pure.

THE GRIPPE

It droppeth like the rain, man,
Extracted by the pain, man,
And driveth one insane, man,

To think of it.

It robs us of our food, man,
And freezes up our blood, man—
And sleep! Nary a nod, man,

Or wink of it.

The old world it's been tearing—
Now we must have a hearing;
It crossed the strait of Behring—

Yes, bound to win.

Ah! now it overtakes me,
The shivering that shakes me
Is one that surely makes the
Whole world akin.

Across from coast to coast, sir,
You wander like a ghost, sir;
Every one can boast (?), sir,

Of having you.

You strike at high and lowly,
The wicked and the holy,
The poor, and they who roll thee,

Fifth avenue!

THE GRIPPE

No doubt our friend bold "Fairman",
And also John his chairman,
Are pulling out their hair(?), man,
 And looking wild.
If influenza has them,
My writing will not please them;
So, Oscar, pray don't tease them
 Or get them riled.

Gu'tchew! gu'tchew! gu'tchew! man;
"Good day, mar ha u diugh, man;
'Sda chuin *neanaib na shruth, man,
 Le-uiske beatha."
That's what I hear around me
Wherever Celtic sound be,
And also, O confound thee,
 America!

*Water spring.

TRUDEL'S TRAVELS

Joe

Said Joe, "I mus' go w'ere de win' she don' blow
For six mont' in de year, wit' its mout' full of
snow:

W'ere t'ermom' at de door don' sink down to de
floor,

Yes, to 40 degree below razo, or so.

"W'ere de breeze mak' you sneeze, an' de pump-
handle freeze,

An' de snow she is go up above to you' knees,
Is no place for me Joe, so I'm t'ink I will go
Lak de Hun to de sun, wit' ma wife an' Louise.

"I got pos' car' today from Eugene, an' he say
To sell out on de farm, an' go down rat away
To Lowhell on de mill w'ere I earn de green bill,
An' de Merri-mac sing, tra la ling, all de day."

Marie

But Marie said, "Oui, I am not jus' agree
Wit' de plan dat you han' for dat gran' beeg
movie;

If you start for de State jus' be sure not be late:
I will stay rat at home till you come, don' you see?

TRUDEL'S TRAVELS

"So skedad," she is yell, "an' go down to Lowhell,
W'ere de snow she don' blow and no ice clog de
well!

I will freeze if I please, or go sput' wit' de geese,
An' live 'long wit' ma niece in 'at ol' Lennoxvell."

Joe

"Yes, ma dear, I can hear, if you don' spik so
clear,

An' break in lak a bomb on de drom of ma ear;
You may fly wit' you' niece an' go live wit' de
geese,

If you promise to write in you' flight once a year.

"She is give me one glance an' at once I can see
It's more safer in France den at Lampton for me;
In her face it is war an' I notice, by gar,
It's more cold in her eye den de 60 degree!

"An' Marie, is she froit? Not to notice it yet!
For she scream till she steam an' she steam till
she's wet;

An' I notice once more as she stamp on de floor:
She is build on de line of de fin' suffragette!

"Ah! So cold lak de pump, or de frost on de
stump,

TRUDEL'S TRAVELS

An' her beautiful back is rise up in de hump;
Quick I mak' up my min' w'en I look on dat sign,
It is jus' 'bout de tam for me Joe mak' a jomp!

"In de quarr'l of a fam' don' it sure beat de ban'
How de neighbors butt in, jus' lak one of de
clan—

If ol' Liz' an' her phiz would kip out of my biz',
It is sure not be half de divorce in de lan'.

"Did I jomp? Well, I'm not geeve it secrets away
Dat's between man an' wife an' de pump any day,
But Marie w'en she's woun', tak's some tam to
run down,
An' before she collapse she me raps in dis way:"

Marie

"I am born for to toil, I am tie to de soil,
An' you t'ink it's enough if for once in a while
I can ride to Shalbrooke, wit' cheval dat you took
From de crows in de spring, jus' to show it my
style!

"Lak de queen I am feel wit' no grease on de
wheel,
An' t'ree pigs in a box nottings lef' but de squeal!
Wit' his snout stick it out through de slat lake a
spout—
An' his body come too but got knot on de tail!

TRUDEL'S TRAVELS

"An' I know I am show lak de scare of de crow,
W'en down Wellington street to de market we go;
An' garson in bare feet—all de blaggard I meet
Mak' me squirm lak de worm from ma head to de
toe.

"O ge whizz I am proud w'en we come on de
crowd,
An' damfool out of school, he is laugh it out loud;
But de glory to God w'en I t'ink of de load
An' de boneyard dat carry it over de road,
An' de squeak of de gig, and de squeal of de pig,
I don' blame it for laugh w'en he look at de rig!

"'Ha! ha!' he is cry, 'hope to die, how you feel?
Ain't it tam to give pig in dat box some more
meal?

You' horse it's too fat lak de edge of de slat;
Not 'nuff grease in de pig for to put on de wheel!
W'at you tak' it in cash for you' automosqueal?'
"Dat's de cry dat I hear on de top of ma ear
W'en Marie, dat is me, an' her chariot appear.
An' as sure I'm rebel as you' name is Trudel
If it's not some improvement in movement nex'
year."

Joe

"O, I know very well, ma cheval is poor breed,
But for trav' lak de dev' he is very fine steed;
It is true he is slim, but jus' look at his limb—
He is build lak de fly-machine—all for de speed!

TRUDEL'S TRAVELS

"Yes, Marie, I agree dat ma rig is look tough,
So I'll spik it to Ingram, or else to Ren Clough:
I will horder cheval of de bes' in his stall,
An' nex' trip you'll be queen of de May, sure
enough."

Marie

"You' sarcast' is not ask it is soun' lak de clown,
If you see you'se'f once as you look to de town
You would pull in you' horn jus' as sure you are
born,
For you haven't got sense enough sure to go roun'.

"Yes, sir, ma dear Joe, you don't seem for to
know,
On las' trip to de town you was mos' of de show:
Wit' t'ree quart whiskey blanc dat you pour down
you' craw—
O you bet you forget all 'bout 60 below!

"In Shalbrook on each trip you complain of de
grippe,
Dr. Bum is soon come wit' a "nip" on de hip:
You get sick very quick jus' before de physic,
But de cure is work sure after tak' de firs' nip.

TRUDEL'S TRAVELS

"Las' tam you was in you begin de ol' trick,
An' you' frien' soon atten' to tak' charge of de
sick;
Soon you smug' a beeg jug to de stall of you'
plug—
But Marie' dat is me, an' cheval mak' a kick.

"O dat 2-gallon stein of de jolly highwine,
In de provender mix, mak' a bully combine!
If it's good for a fool sure it's good for de mule,
An' dat is as true as twice four it is nine.

"I am t'ink if you drink till you' loaded for wreck,
I will geeve de ol' nag de sam' jag on de deck;
So I pour a few peck of de stuff down his neck
An' start in to smash record for trot in Kebec.

"Yes, I mix it de stuff, jus' de full of beeg pail—
Will he eat it or drink it? It's puzzle to tell:
But he gobble an' gobbed an' he slobber and
slobbered
Until nottings was lef' of de stuff but de smell!

"Bam by it was sly in de eye dat was dull,
An' he sneeze an' he wheeze an' de halter he pull;
Pretty soon he is grow to ac' jus' lak ma Joe—
Yes a man an' cheval is de sam' w'en its full!

TRUDEL'S TRAVELS

"Come hop on de wagon, it's ready for flight;
Load is leaving for Lampton, ol' Joseph sit tight.
Whoa, Boneyparte, whoa! An' Calamity Joel
Kip still till you bid (hic) ol' Shalbrooke good
night.

"An' de soun' of his feet as he dance on de street,
Seem to me lak de play of de drum w'en she's
beat;
An' he rattle his bones on de pavement of stones
Till it mak' me feel sure I am winning de heat!

"W'en we pass it pell mell thru' on ol' Lennoxvell,
Peop' is t'ink dat de college is practice hees yell;
I am know it's disgrace on such educate place—
But it mak' leetle differ to Joseph Trudel.

"For, more loud as before he is roar on de spot,
Boneyparte is respon' an fly on lak de shot—
Frank Bogash is stan' still on de top of Sand Hill,
An' say, 'glory to God, he can beat me for trot!'

"An' his tail in de win' is fly up wit'out bend,
Jus' as straight lak de pole dat de trolley car send.
Yes, it stick up behin' lak de mos' of its kin',
An' I'm t'ink dat de spark is fly out at de end!

TRUDEL'S TRAVELS

"W'en Joe lose it de vision he's courage come
back
An' he ask w'at she mean by de 'Frangach is
crack';
W'en I tole him he cry 'Dam Scotch haggis good
bye!
De nex' tam dat I trav' I will kip from you track!'

" 'Who is said I was 'fraid of de sick or de well?
I am not a bit scare of twin devils from Dell;
Not one man of my day, but de beeg George Mac-
Rae

Can lick one of de sides of me, Joseph Trudell!'

* * * * *

"Dat's de way dat you rave, an' behave, an' you
boast

On de night dat cheval an' his pal see de ghost:
An' de tremens was goad you so much on de road
I am wonder de load ever get to dis post.

"O, it's joy, for a wife, in dis worl' of de strife,
To be shame of de game till it stab lak de knife;
An' de peop' are all tell 'Dat's de mate of Trudel,
Who is travel lak hell on de jo'rney of life.

"Dat's why you are cry, an' you' heart feel it
sore,

An' you ask me to roam from ma home evermore.
Jus' you geeve up one t'ing, an' de birds it will
sing,

TRUDEL'S TRAVELS

An' de sonshine will cling w'ere it's shadow be-
fore!

"O dat man is de bes' who will cling to his nes'
W'ere he's born an' he's raise an' he's work an'
he's res';
If he don' mak' success rat at home, I confess,
Den it's slim hope for him in de Sout' or de Wes'.

"An' dear Joe, don' you know we have got no
hexcuse
For de way we offen', an' descen' to abuse?
Me you cannot deceive, for I know you are grieve
Jus' as much as Marie for de dear ones we lose.

"An' de pain is mos' kill, an' it's nevair kip still,
Since dey bury ma Mary an' boy on de hill;
W'en you ask it I fin' dat I can't leave behin'
Lonely grave of ma darlings, Marie and boy Bill.

"An' I'm feel it is true, half of me's bury too,
Since was lay in de clay leettle body from view!
So you do w'at you lak, I will try for to mak'
Jus' de bes' of de bargain, I promise to you.

"But I tole to you, Joe, if you t'ink I mus' go,
It is only half womans be wit' you I know;
For de res' of me stay w'ere de leettle ones lay—
In de summer an' flower, in winter an' snow!

THE END OF THE TRAIL

I was summoned in the gloaming to the bedside of
a friend
Who was passing through the shadows ever lurk-
ing at the end:
To the bedside of a comrade I had known long,
long ago
Back in dear old Compton County, where the sugar
maples grow.
Just a simple son of Lewis, careless, fearless, poor
and proud,
As becomes a Highland Scotsman of the royal clan
MacLeod.
He could sing the songs of loveland, as I've seldom
heard them sung—
Richest treasures of the Highlands flowed in music
from his tongue.
What a privilege and pleasure to have heard him
in his prime,
Ere his mellow notes were burdened by the cruel
strains of time.
When the gentle nurse had brought me to the
couch of poor old John
E'en a novice would not question that his race was
nearly run.
He was lonely in the city, longing for the spruce
and pine,
And his eyes grew bright with pleasure as he
placed his hand in mine,

THE END OF THE TRAIL

Saying: "Don't forget me, Angus, but come out to
see me here,
For the nights are long and lonely, and the days
devoid of cheer.
Yes, I know my days are numbered, all the signs
to me are plain:
I shall never guide the movements of the skid road
boys again.
There's a secret I would tell you that I've never
told before,
It was locked up in my bosom fifty years ago or
more:
It's of Mary, gentle Mary, whom I loved in years
agone—
Loved her then and will forever, and my Mary
loved her John!
But there came another wooer, who was rich as I
was poor,
And her parents looked with favor on this keeper
of a store.
I was wounded, yes, and angry, that their greed
should thus deny
Me the place they held for riches, so I bade them
all good bye,
And I left my Mary weeping, though she begged
of me to stay—
Left her weeping—to my sorrow—and I westward
took my way.
Then I drifted hither, thither, like the flotsam of
the sea:

TRUDEL'S TRAVELS

"He is wheeze on de breeze till I'm 'fraid he will
bus',

An' ma Joe, de ol' fou, is yell 'Go it, you cuss!'
Jus' as soon as he yell Boney do as he tell,
An' de city of Cookshire we leave in de dus'.

"It's rat here I got scare, an' declare to him 'Hil
Can't you steady you nerves an' come down from
de sky?'

But I fin' it's no use, for de dev' is seem loose,
An' de more as I coax it de louder he cry!

"On de top of de slope w'ere dey bury de Pope
I say, 'Joe, you go slow through dis precinct I
hope.'

But he yell for protection—'Hoorah for 'lection,
Free trade will be hang if it get some more ropel'

"An' I know rat away dat de dev' is to pay,
W'en he cry to de sky in dat blood curdle way
For John Henry arose, to meet frien' or de foes—
An' said, 'Ladies an' gentlemen, where's Laurier?'

"O, de stones on de graves is look white lak de
sheep,

An' de fear of ma scare mak' de hair on me
creep

TRUDEL'S TRAVELS

W'en he lif' up his head, look aro'nd him an' said,
'There ain't nothin' to it,' an' went back for more
sleep!

"Bam by I am get over de mos' of ma fright;
I don' look to de lef, I don' look to de right.
But kip rat straight ahead for more place ot de
dead—

For ma pals stop for nottings but spirits tonight.

"An' de rat de tat tat of his iron shoe hoof
Soun' lak hail in de gale dat is fall on de roof;
An' de stone dat is pass, an' de dus' in ma face,
Of de speed Boney mak' is one jolly good proof.

"An' at Bury, I guess, Joe is want me to res'
An' put down at de tavern of Peter Gilless;
But I tole to him plain he was on de wrong train—
No way station stop for de lightning hexpress!

"Whoa! Boneyparte, whoa! W'at's de matter wit'
you?
an't you jus for one minute go little bit slow?
But he don't seem to min' any more as de win',
An' pass out through de swamp w'ere de dam-
beaver grow.

TRUDEL'S TRAVELS

"W'en de Meadows we reach, lak de dev' he was
hump,
An' ol' Chimney de Hill he was climb in t'ree jump;
All de Scotch on de road say 'de glory to God,
It mus' sure be de ghost of ol' 'Caillach de fump!'

"At each place of de dead, I say 'Joe, prinnes
garde,
You kip still on dis hill, an' don' yellen so hard.'
But ma Joseph of course, jus' as crack as de horse
Kip on yell to beat tell w'en he see de graveyard!

"At one place as we pass, I t'ink down de Black
Eye,
Sleep some dear pioneer—80 year since dey die:
Here ol' Joe yell so loud for de clans in de shroud
Some is jomp up to see w'at de dev' is pass by!

"An' jus' leettle way down, Boney stop in his
track,
An' he spy, an' he shy, an' he try to turn back;
But Joe hit him a clip on de hip wit' de whip,
An' somebodda in Scotch is yell 'Frangach a cack.'

"But Boney don' need it de crack of de switch,
As he jomp through de stomp on de top of de
ditch,
Yellin' 'Caillach a rad cross! I am los', I am los'!
An' was chase in de race by de wil' Lingwick
witch!

TRUDEL'S TRAVELS

"O de glory to Gordon! her look mak' me chill,
As we shoot over reevers lak wisp-o'-de-will;
An' den down to de mill, an' up over de hill,
W'ere de capitol Gould ro'nd de scales is stan'
still.

"But not so de chariot dat's passin', you bet:
Too much hurry to talk to de peop' dat we met—
It's no stop-over right on Joe's ticket tonight—
He is head on for Lampton an' don' you forget!

"Yes, ol' caillach de crossing is scare Joseph blind,
An' I'm t'ink for a while it will help it—his
mind—

O you bet he was 'fraid of dat sweet highland
maid

Who was squeal lak de deil on our heel jus'
behind!

"We was gallop through Galson, till Tolsta ap-
proach,

Near de line dat's dividing de French from de
Scotch;

Here ol' hag of de fright, scream to Joseph 'Good
night!

On de witches of Winslow I mus' not encroach!

SERGEANT MAJOR LARRY OF THE GALLANT 58TH

In '96 the author served his Queen for two weeks on the plains of Rockland, near Richmond, Que., as orderly under the gallant Capt. Peter Gillies, now of Bury, P. Q. One of the subordinate officers becoming the butt of his comrades owing to unpopular tactics the following "Come-alleye" resulted. The author may add that this "drill" ended his military career—he hasn't been orderly since.

O come all ye loyal volunteers,
You're ordered for review:
Keep your eyes on Sergeant Larry
Of the famous "No. 2".
He's the model of a soldier,
And 'tis worth your while to watch
How he handles the maneuvers
In his drill among the Scotch.

Sure his "honors" sought him early,
He was here but half a week,
When the call came: "Forward, Larry,
You're promoted for your cheek:
Take your stripes and stand for orders
And reveal to No. 2
What a mixture of conceit and gall,
With brass and cheek, can do."

SERGEANT-MAJOR LARRY

And the "orders" are "Fall in, my men,
Look sharp, and don't be late!
Signed, Sergeant Major Larry,
Of the gallant 58."

Come, my boys, you need not grumble,
You have but to grin and yield,
For brave Kitchener's "not in it"
When bold Larry's on the field.

When we started down from Scotstown
We were just as big as him,
But his honors won so quickly
Made the rest of us look slim.
O, he swelled in regimentals
Till he quite outgrew his tent,
But he'll get the one he asked for
When old Hogan pays his rent.

O we are loyal volunteers,
Our red coats prove us so,
We are ready, aye, and willing now
To meet our country's foe.
Who would not be proud of Canada
And for her sake to bleed?
For success would crown our efforts
If bold Larry took the lead.

SERGEANT-MAJOR LARRY

Yes, the sword that dangles by his side's
A borrowed one, I know
But it matters not to Larry,
As it helps to make a show!
See him strut around the camp ground,
Like a peacock in the grass!
And the "staff" will send him higher
When it needs a boom in brass.

Such was Larry bold—in peace time—
He was brave as Lochinvar,
But he quickly changed his music
As the bugle called for war;
When the Highlanders grew wrathy,
With their hair straight up on end,
Sergeant Larry dropped at Bury,
As he wished to see a friend!

We were left without a leader
And the riot louder swelled,
Divers Scotsmen drew their bayonets
And for blood they madly yelled.
Ev'ry car was full of soldiers,
Noisy as salvation drum,
On the day we left Camp Rockland
And the troops came shouting home.

SERGEANT-MAJOR LARRY

After Larry comes the "Colonel,"
And a valiant man is he,
Tho' he never led his forces
From "Atlanta to the sea";
Yet, if e'er the country needs him,
Every clansman will awake,
From old Hampton down to Weedon
And from Lingwick to the Lake.

We will conquer with our music
If our fighting fails to win,
Whom bold Larry cannot vanquish
We will silence with our din;
Thus we'll proudly march to glory
And in midst of all the fray
We'll be cheered by French of Scotstown
As he whistles "Cabar Faidth."

And McLennan with his bagpipes,
He's a brass band in himself,
We will have him with his music
To conjure the fighting elf.
There is nothing so inspiring
As a loyal tune or song,
To arouse a soldier's spirits
And to cheer the "boys" along.

THE END OF THE TRAIL

Every year a little farther from my home in Tal-
labharee,
Till at last I came to anchor on the shores of Puget
Sound,
Where so many of my comrades in misfortune may
be found."
Here his speech grew slow and halting, as he said,
amid his groans,
He had feared for what might happen to his "poor
old aching bones."
"Do not let them sink my body where the dere-
licts are thrown,
For although I'm poor in pocket, pride was bred
within my bone.
When my limbs refuse their burden and I cannot
further go,
And the trail is dark and tangled where the fir
and cedars grow;
When the cord of life is severed and in death I'm
lying low,
And there's nothing left but tallabh of the John
you used to know:
Lay me down amid the shadows of the forest that
I love,
With the grey green moss around me and the skies
of God above;
Where no noises will disturb me save the whisper
of the woods

THE END OF THE TRAIL

And the night-birds' dismal hooting in the primal
solitudes,
Where the crooning voice of nature chants the
glory of the West,
Let the groves of God hold vigil o'er my everlasting
rest.
Over there beyond the shadows I will find my
Mary dear,
And we'll cruise the trails together that we missed
so sadly here."
When again I looked upon him death had wrapped
him in its chill,
Songs were silenced now forever and the lilting
lips were still.

HOMESICK.

I am tire now of roam', Rosemarie,
An' long to be at home 'mong de tree,
W'ere de Robin redbreas' sing
In de branches every spring,
An' de bes' of everyt'ing, You wit' mel

For de independen' man, Rosemarie,
Farmin' is de bettair plan, seem to me;
W'ere no boss is stan' an' swear
Till you feel lak pull you' hair—
Ol ba gosh I want ma fare rat away!

Yes, if man has got one soul, Rosemarie,
Don' it mak' him hot lak ol' Mont Peleel
To be order' ro'nd his work
Lak some lezzy dog-gone Turk—
By a boss call Barney Burke, O sacrel

☉, I long to see my farm, Rosemarie;
W'ere ol' Nature full of charm wait for me—
W'ere de angel painter deck
Ev'ry sod an' stone an' stick:
Ro'nd ma home in ol' Kebec, Rosemarie!

Yes, I dream abo't it all, Rosemarie,
Ev'ry tam to sleep I fall, night or day:
I can see dat bock-wheat fiel'
Dat is soon be turn to meal,
An' I hear de fat pig squeal, "hot gravie"!

O, ma heart is on de jomp, Rosemarie,
For be back among de stomp, You an' me:
Ma potato in de lot,
An' ma onion growin' hot,
An' de sweet pea in de pot, hully gee!



W.P. McKay

S

Sergeant-Major Larry.

SERGEANT-MAJOR LARRY

We will have them there from Scotstown,
From Ben gal and Echo Vale,
Men imbued with faith and courage,
Highland traits which never fail;
And to swell the fighting faction
We've the twins of Murray's Clan,
Who can fight their weight in wildcats—
Not to mention mortal man!

And we've armies to fall back on,
Whose supply will never fail,
Troops which cross the wild Atlantic
On all ships of steam or sail;
You will find them throughout Canada,
Wherever you may roam,
And the natives call them "home boys",
For they never stop at home.

Chorus

Beat the drums and blow the bugle, boys,
And whoop it all you're worth,
As a token to the nations
You are rulers of the earth!
If you wish to shine as soldiers
You must all be up to date,
And uphold the reputation
Of Battalion 58.

THE FENIAN RAID WHICH NEVER WAS MADE

During the Boer War a number of prominent gentlemen addressing a great mass-meeting in New York advised the Tammany Tiger to go up and clean out the Canadian jungles, intimating that the majority of the French Canadians were ready to cast off the "British Yoke."

From de country of de Yankee,
Where de heagle bird is roost,
Where de Star and Stripe is worship
All de way from coast to coast,
Comes a rumble of de danger
Dat is t'reaten us once more,
W'en de Fenian tak' hadvantage
Of our trobble wit' de Boer.

Some crank mans in New York City
Mak' beeg speech dat soun' lak' joke,
And he tell us "what a pity
Canadaw wear British yoke!"
And dey shout out to de people
In de clap-trap of de brave:
"We will send it men and money
For to liberate de slave!"

THE FENIAN RAID

P'raps dey mean all right for Joseph,
But I t'ink before dey come,
Dat someboda ought to tole it,
"Charata begin at home."
And dey try to move McKinley
In de favor of Oom Paul—
Not because dey love de Boer,
But because dey hate John Bull.

Now if Joe he know de feeling
Of d e U. S. at this tam,
All de foe of Queen Victoria
Is de foe of Honcle Sam.
It is hinsult to ma country
For dese men to yell and tell
Dat de Canuck don't is loyal
To de queen he love so well.

Tak' de history of ma people,
From de day of Wolfe-Montcalm,
An' you'll find it patriotic
To de backbone jus' de sam'.
I am sorry for dis fighting,
As I don't dislak de Boer;
But ba gosh w'en its mean troub', boys,
Den I lak' ma country more.

THE FENIAN RAID

Hip hoorah! for British soldier,
Hip hoorah! for British flag!
And God bless de Canuck forces
Gone to help uphold de rag!
Down wit' all disloyal member
Of de body politik,
French or Henglish, rich or poor mans,
By de power let him trek!
(I'm not onderstan' dis las' word,
Don't hinvent it in Quebec.)

Now I read it on de pepper
Dat J. Tarte is mak' some sneer
On de patrihotic feeling
Of de Canuck volunteer;
So I'll tole ma frien' Sir Wilfrid
For to check his runnin' mate—
T'row heem out de sam' lak Jonah,
Or he'll sink de ship of state!

Long ago w'en I was babby
Fenian mak' it one beeg "raid"
For to capture Canuck country—
Hole an' young an' man an' maid.
Up dey come from state of Var-mont,
Halso from de state of Maine,
To de state of destitution
Pretty near to Stanstead Plain!

THE FENIAN RAID

Dere dey met two t'ree hole farmer,
Wit' some sickle in her han',
An' she hask hinvading army
W'at dey want on top her lan'.
Dey could mak' no hones' hanswer,
So de farmer tole 'em "leave,"
An' before you say Jack Robin!
Dey skedaddle lak de dev'!

Yes dis rag-tag bob-tail soldier
Start across de "line" on run,
Jus' de sam' lak' Coxey army,
W'en it march from Washington!
Nodder tam two t'ree more Fenian
Come aroun' ma home to tak'
W'en ma fadder an' ma grandpa
Was off fish upon de lak'.

Noboda aroun' but womans
W'en de Fenian come dat day,
An' ma gran'ma wit' de pitchfork
T'rowim over fence lak hay!
No, I don't want Fenian, t'ank you,
For to lif' de British yoke,
I can wear it leetle longer
On ma farm at Centre Stoke.

THE FENIAN RAID

So, if stranger cross de border
For hinvason of dis' lan',
We will meet it in good order
Wit' strong weapon in de han'.
Yes, let Finnigan de Fenian
Cross de "line" to hole Quebec,
An' lak chicken of de story
She'll get somet'ing in de neck.

We will grab it by de collar,
And some place dat's near de seat,
An' dere rags will mak' a flutter
In de gutter of de street;
An' ba Christmas she will fin' me
Wit' ma shoulder to de "yoke,"
Waiting for dat rag-tag army
Of hinvason—watch ma smoke!

A LEAP-YEAR BALL AT LINGWICK

The night before last Hallowe'en
Tho' wet as any ever seen,
Must henceforth mark a date supreme
In Lingwick's social lore.
As on that eve the ladies all
Came forth to give their leap-year ball—
And long ere ten the dancing hall
Was crowded to the door.

Since Scottish heroes sang duans
Upon the field of Prestonpans,
So fine a gathering of the clans
Was surely never seen.
And brilliant Byron's "ladies fair"
Who danced in Belgium's balmy air
Could never with our girls compare
In beauty's realm, I ween.

Were I a Burns I'd sing their praise
In grateful sympathetic lays,
And tell them how a bard repays
The smiles on him bestowed.
O! for a pure poetic drift,
Or bard McRitchie's splendid gift,
To give those charming girls a lift
On chummy Hymen's road.

LEAP YEAR BALL AT LANGWICK

Since first the red man trod those lands,
In happy, reckless, roving bands,
Where now the town of Lingwick stands,
Until the present time.
No festal scene deserved such note,
Of such a scene no poet wrote,
Tho' painted with a double coat
Of stirring prose or rhyme.

The lively Galson girls were there,
With dancing eyes and wavy hair,
And roses stamped by caller air
On every blooming cheek.
And other ladies, fair and bright,
Who live near by, were there that night,
Contributing the keen delight
Of beauty, so to speak.

Oh bachelors, how sweet to glide
With such bright charmers by one's side!
And ev'ry heart a surging tide
Of leap-year sentiment!
You might perambulate around
Until you'd hear the trumpet sound—
No better quarters could be found
To pitch your earthly tent.

LEAP YEAR BALL AT LANGWICK

At 12 o'clock the ladies came
And took each blushing(?) humbled swain
Across the road, where Eddie's dame
Had placed a royal feast.
Each charmer paid (alas how rare!)
Her own and hungry fellow's fare,
And splendid food was furnished there
For o'er an hour at least.

We must congratulate each belle
From mountain, vale and Fisher Hill,
Who paid her leap-year tax so well
Last Friday night at Gould.
Had we our wish we'd gladly call
Twice yearly for a leap-year ball,
For surely we were happy all
The while the women ruled.

And we beseech you throw your charms
Around the lonely mountain farms,
Where bachelors are up in arms
Against your luring spell.
Fan to a flame the sluggish smoke,
Place Gibourd in a double yoke,
And give friend Finlay Ian a poke
To keep him hale and well.

LEAP YEAR BALL AT LANGWICK

Dear girls, keep up your enterprise
And dazzle all those "bache's" eyes,
Before the present leap-year dies
And robs you of your rights.
Take pity on the lonely men
From "Midnight" to big corner "Ken,"
Or later on "it might have been"
Will rob your sleep o' nights.

The 'legibles we'll briefly scan:
There's Merchant Donald B. Buchan,
Who is a dear, good-natured man,
And not too old to mend;
And Layfield, too, by George! you bet,
A closer friend it's hard to get—
Besiege their hearts, they're both to let,
And bliss will rule the end.

And finally O'Norman "Hoe",
Can Cupid's dart e'er conquer you,
And penetrate your bosom through
To kindle there a flame?
Shall living mortal ever see
A bouncing baby on your knee
Whose lispng tones will add with glee
"Papa" unto your name

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER
Or
THE HOLLERIN' HOHENZOLLERIN

Dear Gott! der weight of "right divine"
Iss on my shoulters heavy yet;
Und worries grow for me und mine
For fear our thrones should be upset.

Democracy disturbs my dreams
Und leaves Thy Villiam veak und vorn;
Der worldt iss upsite down, it seems,
Since Chermany was made to mourn.

Ve deemed der throne of "Nick" secure
From Gottless hordes who scheme and scoff;
But foes of mine und Thine, impure,
Rebelled und bowled der Romanoff!

Und also Greece went on der skids,
For Constantine, my Constantine!
Und other kinks may lose their lids
Till all are gone safe mine und Thine!

If von by von ve lose our crown
My schemes on earth vill be upset;
Und Gott! if Ireland turns us down
Ve're in der soup alretty yet!

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

Der Yankees, too, are now in France,
To aid der hateful Philistine,
Und swear they'll make der Kaiser dance
Der Turkey trot across der Rhine!

(Aside)

Yes, I vill dance und I vill trot,
Der Shottiss und der minuet,
But, by der power of "Me und Gott" '
U. Sam vill pay der piper yet!

Gott, I've been faithful to my trust
Since Thou did's't place me on der throne;
My sword wass-neffer known to rust
Vile it coult yet extract a groan.

Wheneffer yet I drew dot sword
To make der helpless victim bleed,
I always called upon der Lort
To guide my arm und bless der deed!

I sink der ships on all der seas,
My submarines are on der chob!
Despairing cries invade der breeze
Und music's in der dying sob!

I rain der pombs from oudt der sky,
On schools and hospitals below;
Der vimmen und der chiltren die —
For thus do ve reduce der foe!

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

Lort help me mit my war to prove
To all der swine as they shoul't know,
Thou are der ruler up above
Und I am ruler down below!

I am der Moses as of oldt,
I smite der heathen hip and thigh—
Lort send me Aaron yet to holdt
Thy fainting servant's handts on high!

On Gideon still holdt der sun—
Thou didst't for "Josh" in years agone;
Und let der melancholy moon
Still flood der vale of Ajalon!

(Aside)

O Chermany! dear Chermany!
Der Lort of Hosts vill see you through!
Ve are der chosen people ve,
Und not der Scotch or cunning Jew!

Vonce, Lort, Thou knowest ve vere chums,
Und everything did come my vay;
But now Thou'rt turning down der thumbs,
No matter how so loudt I bray!

Remember, Chermany's Thy friendt;
Upholdt it, Lort, for our dear sake;
Der line of Hintenburg is bent—
O help us, Gott, before it break!

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

I'm trusting in Thine aid divine,
Und bray und fight mit shot and shell,
But Himmel fails to hold der line
Against Canucks dot fight like hell!

I bray at morning, bray at night,
Und bray at noon ven it is hot;
But Gott is keeping oudt of sight—
He answers not, He answers not!

O! can it be, as scoffers say,
Der race iss for der von who runs?
Und dot no matter how ve bray
Der Lort is mit der biggest guns?

If so it be, then all iss lost;
Farewell, farewell, dear Chermany!
Lloyd Chorge can figure up der cost
And charge it all to Gott und mel

HOW WE SETTLED THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY QUESTION

These lines were penned long before the breaking out of the present great war. Note the remarkable spirit of prophesy which pervaded the poem, especially its allusion to the Armenians.

Now that little Venezuela
Has her navy back in tow,
With the "allies" in the distance
Waiting for the promised "dough",
It may not be deemed improper
For the mind that loves to roam,
Just to focus its attention
On some matters nearer home.

We are also growing weary
Of the "war clouds in the East",
Which bob up to entertain us
Once or twice a year at least.
And we'd bear the "bobbing" better
If it did not always bring
To the "concert of the Powers"
An unfailing chance to sing.

They are masterful musicians
With chin music as their forte,
And a penchant strong for love songs
When they serenade the Portel
While they sing the Sultan dances
Like a strolling Dago's bear,
Till one really feels the presence
Of roast Turkey in the air!

ALASKA YUKON BOUNDARY

Thus they exorcise the spirit
Of destruction in the Turk,
And adjure the imp to vamoose
And forego its bloody work.
Doth he vamoose? Yes, a season,
To return with "seven more,"
While the Sultan's still insultin'
And his fingers still in gore.

But we'll leave this doubtful concert
And its harem-scarem tones,
Meant to drown the voice appealing
In the dying Christian's groans;
And examine rather closer
Into troubles of our own.
To uproot the crops of mischief
Which old Satan may have sown.

People must with friendly feelings,
And the best intentions, try
To elucidate the muddle
Termed "Alaskan boundary."
There's a rumble in that region,
And it shouldn't louder grow—
Just a little cloud of worry
'Mid the flurry of the snow.

ALASKA YUKON BOUNDARY

Why, oh why, should kindred people
Quarrel over hunks of ice?
If they knew each other better
They would settle in a trice.
But Miss Canada is frigid
And Columbia is cold,
So in presence of the couple
There's an iciness untold.

Harken to the one bemoaning
Up among the northern lights,
How that 'tother is a "squatter"
And encroaching on her rights.
"It is mine by deed and title,
For as everybody knows—
Not to mention Rudyard Kipling—
I am 'Lady of the Snows'.

"See my cousin, Hail Columbia,
Who has settled thereabout,
She will soon take Root and Lodge there
If I do not Turner * out.
When I asked her 'please to vacate',
Can you guess the jade's response?
Why, she sweetly smiled and answered,
'After you, my dear Alphonse!'"

* Root, Lodge and Turner, the three American arbitrators.

ALASKA YUKON BOUNDARY

Thus the question rests at present,
Till the arbitrators meet;
And we trust when said time cometh
They will gravely take their seat
Near the base of all the trouble,
On the apex of the Pole,
Where they'll exercise the virtue
At the least of keeping cool!

Furl your "colors," then, ye fair ones,
In a truce of amity,
Till this august body settles
Where the "boundary" should be;
We've emerged from clouds of discord
And should never more go back
Whether Skagway's 'neath Old Glory
Or beneath the Union Jack!

DE GUARDS OF LAFAYETTE

Ma Rosie say to me today,
"You mus' prepare, ol' man,
For to join de Allied army
In de ranks of Honcle Sam.
De worl' is full commotion
Since explosion of de Hun,
An' de dev's to pay for Belgium
An' "position in de sun".

I say, "all rat, ol' woman,
Let de summon come today,
An' you'll fin' ol' Joseph ready
For to arm an' march away!
I'm as good for carry knapsack
An' to shoulder up ma gun
As I was in Reil rebellion
On de far Saskatchewan."

De home of ma adoption
Is as good a place for me
As across de line in Canadaw,
Ma native counteree.
Ma work, ma home, ma frien's, are here—
In fac', de whol' dem set!
So w'at can I do but join wit you
In de Guards of Lafayette!

DE GUARD OF LAFAYETTE

I don't care me for nobodda
But stan' up for w'at's right,
An' if Honcle Sam he geeve de word
An' say we got to fight:
Good-bye ma work on Amoskeag,
I leave it quick you bet,
An' join de boy wit' utmos' joy
On de Guards of Lafayette!

So don't mak' fuss abo't dis cuss,
An' don' be tak' it hard
If I, ol' Joe, go soon to show
Ma colors in de Guard.
You say I got some babby—
I mus' stay rat by dem? Nit!
I will march beneat' ol' Glory
In de Guards of Lafayette!

O ain't it mak' sensation
On de streets of Manchestar
W'en de order come from Honcle Sam
To march us off to war.
Nobodda'll know dat dis is Joe
From dear ol' Nicolet,
W'en off I march jus' stiff lak starch
In de Guards of Lafayette!

DE GUARD OF LAFAYETTE

Dear Woodrow, would you be so good
As send us Teddy R.,
To be commander of de chief
An' leader of de Guar' ?
Dis war, ma friend, is quick to end
If battle stage is set
For bol' Ted, on Armageddon
Leading Guards of Lafayette!

O sure it's be proud day for me
I nevair saw before,
W'en Johnny Bull an' Honcle Sam
Fight sides by side once more!
It's mak' one combination
Dat's tarnation sure to win
W'en Old Glory joins de Allies
On dat rough road to Berlin!

Mos' place I go dey ask me, "Joe,
Who start dis gol darn war?
Was it de Sultan-Kaiser,
Or de Austro Hungry Tsar?"
I hanswer, "well, it's hard to tell
Who start dis hell abroad,
But spite of Hun, de gas an' gun,
We'll finish it, ba God!"

DE GUARD OF LAFAYETTE

Den Rosie, dear, dry up de tear,
An' cheer up lak ma joy—
You know de Hun is turn his gun
On leetle girl an' boy!
Now dat we mus' join in de fuss
And Honcle Sam say, "Get!"
Jus' wish us well an' shout lak hell
For de Guards of Lafayette!

THE LUMBERJACK

We have songs on many topics,
New and old, beneath the sun,
But, alas, in many cases,
Minstrelsy is overdone;

So I'll sing a song of labor —
Where the muse is rather slack —
And my theme shall be of timber
And the hardy lumberjack.

Now republican traditions
Are so grafted in our bones,
That e'en monarchs of the forest
Must be tumbled from their thrones.

And to raze those ancient strongholds
We have armies of the axe,
Plucky pioneers of progress,
Known to all as lumberjacks.

He may lack the wings of angels
And the sanctity of saints:
If a town's in need of painting
He may furnish all the paints.

Yet he lapses but a moment
And again he hies him back
Close unto the heart of nature,
Does the lonesome lumberjack.

There amid his wild surroundings
And the crooning of the trees,
He finds balm for mind and body
Borne on every passing breeze.

THE LUMBERJACK

There is something strangely healing
In the magic of the myrrh,
In the odor of the cedar
And the fragrance of the fir!

Grind your axes, O my heroes,
Point your peavies, file your saws;
Let your ropes and chains and cables
Be examined now for flaws.

Fire up the iron donkey,
Till each rivet feels the strain,
Lumberjack has had his outing
And returns to camp again!

There is music in the axe fall
As it sounds upon the ear;
There is music in the sawing
When the dust is flying clear—

Aye, there's music for the lumberjack
Magnificent of sound,
In the crashing of the timber
As it thunders to the ground.

He will never lack for music
While the owl is keeping time
With the ceaseless serenading
Of the frog within the slime.

But the music ever sounding,
With the sweetest of appeals,
Is the ding-dong of the iron gong
That calls him to his meals!

THE LUMBERJACK

He's a credit to his calling,
To his country and his clan:
There is not a dude among them—
Every lumberjack's a man.

And you'll find him ever cheerful,
In the sunshine or the rain,
From the camps of B. Columbia
To the lumber camps of Maine.

He may show a rough exterior,
But his heart is warm within—
Mark him poring o'er that letter,
Just received from home and kin:

Tears will gather hot and blinding
And he cannot hold them back,
Reading words from distant loved ones
to their absent lumberjack!

'Tis, perchance, a loving message
From a sweetheart far away,
Or a tender admonition
From a mother old and gray.

O, ye lumberjacks, remember,
That wherever ye may roam,
There are anxious hearts awaiting
For an answer "back at home"!

When the sun in golden glory
Hath descended in the west,
They indulge in song and story
Till they seek their bunks for rest:

THE LUMBERJACK

There to dream of scenes of childhood,
Amid mountain stream or glen,
Till old Sol in morning splendor
Calls them to their tasks again.

Soft and soothing are the voices
As the shades of evening fall,
Stealing gently through the forest—
Brooding calmly over all.

By yon lake a loon is calling
And the night bird answers back,
Keeping vigil o'er the slumbers
Of the weary lumberjack.

O, the lumberjack is loyal
And he'll surely see to it,
In the grind against the Kaiser
That each axe will "do its bit";

He will spruce up for the allies
Till ten thousand airplanes hum,
All to win the war for freedom
And democracy, by gum!

Chorus

Grind your axes, O my heroes,
Point your peavies, file your saws,
Let your ropes and chains and cables
Be examined now for flaws:
Fire up the iron donkey
Till each rivet feels the strain,
Lumberjack will help the Allies
Win the war with ship and plane!

PADDY THE BOOK AGENT

Air

LARRY O'GAFF

The sun rose in splendor one foine summer morn-
ing

That marked me first effort at selling a book.
It's rays with soft beauty the landscape adorning
Sint thramps to seek bliss in some cool shady nook.
But no such rethrate the hot moments beguiling
Afforded relief to poor Pathrick O'Reilly,
Who canvassed that day epidermis parboiling
In air that would stifle a Florida cook.

I ambled along wid me pack on me shoulder,
And prayed for a cloud to o'ershadow me path:
Says I to meself, if it doesn't grow cowlde
Poor Pat you'll be afther sure milting to death.
I entered a town an' the first house I came to
Looked much loike O'Grady's, I intered the same
to,
And called for the misthress, though troth half
ashamed to,
An' sat for a moment to catch at me breath.

PADDY, THE BOOK AGENT

Be the council o' Cork I was not long awaiting,
The mistress appeared, looking black as a rook.
"The devil ye are wid yer impertince satin,
Yerself in me kitchen," she said wid a look.
Says I, "How is your rheumatiz, Mrs. O'Grady?"
And then quite politely I asked, "Can ye rade ye
Ould hathen, if not be me troth ye are nady;
Ye want to be afther sure buyin' a book."

She looked quite intint at aich bould handsome
fature,
And warm as it was, I could see that she shook.
"O'll tache ye a lesson," she screamed, "Ye vile
crature,
Ye cross twixt an ape an' a Bowery street crook!"
She jumped at me troat thin an' would you belave
me,
As quick as a wink through the dure did she have
me,
And howled as I struck—will her tones ever lave
me?—
"The divil fly off wid yerself an' yer book."

I left a square inch of me cheek at O'Grady's,
An' limped wid the rest to the house just fornint.
A winch in the dureway was paling some praties,
Who watched me approach wid a quizzical squint.
Says I wid the best of me Chesterfield graces,
"Good day me fair maid, ain't it hotter than
blazes,"

PADDY, THE BOOK AGENT

An' coaxingly swate I did ask, "If ye plaze, Miss,
To ordher a piece av me illigant print!"

Thank God for his gifts! this colleen was a daisy,
Who flashed me a glance from her eyes of deep
blue;

And smiling so swately said, "Pathrick, go aisy,
I see ye were born where the blarney stone grew."
"O yes, I was born in ould Ireland, God bless ye,
The compliment sure makes me long to caress ye,
And now be me troth I am timplted to press ye
To take all me books an' the book agent too!"

We published the bans then to tell Oi'm not mind-
ing,

Our lips did the printing as ach wint to press—
The type was O. K. and O. K. was the binding,
The sthrongest av bonds are two hearts that caress.
The saints be adored for the joys they were send-
ing—

The angels be bless'd on our nuptials attending—
For nothing can aqel in loife till its ending
The gift of a mate loike the wan I possess!



I am now one Lumberjack.

JEAN LABONNE.

I am now one lumberjack,
 Rosemarie,
An' I live in tumble shack
 By some tree;
Twice a year I leave ma lair,
Wit' the fir spines in ma hair,
An' win' up at Totem Square,
 Seattlee.

CHORUS

O, I'm good wan all aroun',
 Rosemarie;
I'm de bes' man on de Soun'
 Wit' peavie.
In de sunshine or de wreck
I am always on de deck,
Jean Labonne from ol' Kebec—
 Dat is mel

On de fourt' of each July,
 Rosemarie;
An' w'en Chris'mas day come nigh,
 You can see
Ev'ry lumber son of gun
On de States of Washington
Jus' lak Jean Baptiste Labonne,
 On de spree!

JEAN LABONNE

I am call' de "Skookum Kid,"
Rosemarie;
I'm grease lightning on de skid
Yes siree;
I can "team" or "tend de hook,"
I can "bark" or "fall" or "buck,"
An' w'en whisky's down de cook
I'm "cookeel!"

O, you'd lak for tak' one ride,
Rosemarie;
Do'n de steep ol' mo'nta'n side
'Long wit' me;
Dare is notting lak a jog
Do'n dat mo'nta'n on a log
Clinging to an iron dog,
Hully gee!

But w'en Skookum leave de rail,
Rosemarie;
For an independen' trail
Thru de tree;
Den you see somebodda jomp
Lak de dev' along de dump,
An' climb up on wan beeg stump,
Dat is me!

CANADIANS GUARD YOUR OWN.

During the Boer War at a time when the British forces were suffering severe reverses a certain Quebec paper stated that the British Empire was built on "feet of clay" and predicted that it would, like its Babylonian prototype, suffer a sudden fall.

We trust it's a long long way to that "fall," and thank God the dear old flag still waves.

"On feet of clay," false prophets say,
"On feet of clay, the Empire stands";
Great Power which braves tempestuous waves
For Freedom's cause in many lands.

Write not again, misguided pen,
Write not again our "woes" upon.
Compare us not with that vain sot
Whose misrule doomed old Babylon.

Is it because you love their laws,
Is it because you love the Boer,
You thus assail with bitter wail
The flag which waves your country o'er?

Flag of the brave, long may it wave!
Flag of the brave still rule the sea!
While Britain fights for human rights—
For progress and for liberty.

CANADIANS, GUARD YOUR OWN

Reverses may be ours today;
Reverses may our arms attend:
But Britain's might—with Britain's right—
Will surely conquer in the end.

Unwise Semaine why thus complain?
Unwise Semaine why idly rave?
If it be "sin" for us to win
'Tis sin to liberate the slave!

Pray cant no more anent the Boer,
Pray cant no more, 'tis but a ruse
For venting rage against an age
Ahead of Semaine Religieuse.

Our country needs no clashing creeds,
Our country needs no cliques nor clans.
United all to stand or fall,
Let's still be true Canadians!

A glorious name our children claim,
A glorious heritage is theirs;
Then why should we thus disagree,
And strew their path with racial snares?

The time is near, the edict's clear,
The time is near when racial strife
Will vanish quite before the light
That ushers in a nobler life.

CANADIANS, GUARD YOUR OWN

Your destined lot, deny it not,
Your destined lot is clear and plain;
Nor vicious kicks against the pricks
Can e'er retard the coming reign!

No bigot's sway shall rule our day;
No bigot of a bygone age
Shall ever stand in this free land
To preach a gospel born of rage.

Proclaiming peace, let rancor cease;
Proclaiming peace, let strife be slain.
Let Saxon trait and Gallic hate
Be merged in strong Canadian strain!

GUARD THE GAELIC.

An Exhortation to the Gael.

Is it not our bounden right
To uphold with all our might,
And with tongue and pen to fight
For our native Gaelic?

Guard the language known to Eve,
Ere the Serpent did deceive—
And the last one we believe,
Mellow, matchless Gaelic!

Pity the disloyal clown
Who will dwell awhile in Town,
And returning wear a frown
If he hears the Gaelic.

'Tis amusing to behold
Little misses ten years old,
When they leave the country fold
How they lose the Gaelic.

Some gay natives of the soil,
Cross "the line" a little while
And returning, deem it "style"
To deny the Gaelic.

GUARD THE GAELIC

Lads and lassies in their teens
Wearing airs of kings and queens—
Just a taste of Boston beans
 Makes them lose their Gaelic!

They return with finer clothes,
Speaking "Yankee" through their noses!
That's the way the Gaelic goes —
 Pop! goes the Gaelic.

Tho' the so-called "tony set"
Teach them quickly to forget,
They will all be loyal yet
 To their mother Gaelic.

Then abjure such silly pride
Cast the ragged thing aside—
Let your mongrel "English" slide
 Rather than the Gaelic.

What a dire calamity
And how lonesome we would be
If our honored Seannachie,
 Failed to charm in Gaelic!

GUARD THE GAELIC

Better far the "mother tongue"—
Language in which mother sung
Long ago, when we were young—
Ever tender Gaelic!

Findlay's ever ready muse,
Stricken dumb, would soon refuse
People further to enthuse,
If he lost his Gaelic!

And Buchanan, how could he
Sell his soda or his tea
On this side of "Talamh a righ,"
If he lost his Gaelic?

Also Merchant Edward Mac
Would not sell so much tomac
If his stock was found to lack
Lusty Lewis Gaelic!

And Pennoyer, what would you
At the Gould post office do
When you'd hear from not a few
"Ca mar u ha u fean a diubh,"
If you lost your Gaelic?

GUARD THE GAELIC

Little Donald with the plaid
O'er his buirdly shoulder laid,
Would go dancing in the shade,
And his glory soon would fade
If he lost his Gaelic.

From O'Groat's to lands'end, too,
What would brother Scotsmen do —
All the loyal clansmen who
But a single language know,
If they lost their Gaelic?

What would then become of those
Poems grand, in rhyme or prose,
Which in stately measure flows
From "Beinn Oran's" spotless snows!
"Chaibar Faidh"—the best that grows—
"Fhir a baitha"—how he rows!
What, I ask, would happen those
If we lost the Gaelic?

Then uphold the magic tongue
Which through mystic Eden rung
When Creation still was young—
Language in which Adam sung
To his Eve, Earth's first love song;
When the morning stars were flung
Into space, where since they've clung—
Ancient, Glorious Gaelic!



THE AMERICAN EAGLE

Lofty is his habitation, peerless dweller of the
skies—

Unafraid of all creation, where his rock-ribbed tur-
rets rise;

There's a confidence unbounded hedging 'round his
solitude

That should warn marauding mongrels with de-
signs upon his brood!

O, the outlook from his aerie is a grand one, it is
true—

Matchless beauty in the vistas which unfold before
his view;

Might and right and wealth and glory that shall
never know decline

Are his attributes to conquer ruthless robbers of the
Rhine!

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

You invaded his dominions, sowing discord on the
way;
Your besotted agents plotted to o'erthrow his
mighty sway:
Using all the wiles of Willie on pacifist Bob and
Pat,
Till some eaglets oversilly scarcely knew where
they were at.

He was patient with your pirates since you first be-
gan to raid
And usurp his habitation to pursue your hell-born
trade;
He was patient with your plotting till you piled
the final straws
Which broke down his toleration—now, ye devils,
mind his claws!

He looked on in consternation, scarce believing
what he saw.
When you sank his ships in anger in defiance of all
law:
Killing women and their children with a fiendish-
ness unknown
Since the first bloodthirsty monster was misplaced
upon a throne.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

Now the eagle's wrath is burning, he is eager for
the fray,

And the robbers who aroused him long will rue
the bitter day

When he sweeps down from his aerie in the fury
of his fire—

Sudden death will clutch the vitals of the victims
of his ire!

Yea, the eagle's wings are spreading, nobly spread-
ing to the breeze,

And their awful sweep shall bear him over land
and over seas:

Men and money move in millions where those
mighty pinions rest,

And God help misguided minions who have mon-
keyed with his nest!

Brave, determined northern neighbor, hold the
"hills" so dearly won—

Hold the hills until the Eagle strikes with you to
crush the Hun!

Courage! Allies, friends of freedom, in this war
we're all akin—

Carry on! Old Glory's with you on the red road
to Berlin!

IN MEMORY
of
DONALD McLEOD

Of North Hill, Lingwick, Who Died of Smallpox, at Flagstaff,
Arizona, on the 2nd day of March, 1882.

The sun hath set and leaves the day, as when the
soul hath left its clay,
The pale soft tints of twilight spread from east to
west.
The evening breeze that fans my cheek with mellow
cadence seems to speak,
Then sighing onward through the dusk it sinks to
rest.

On nights like this my fancy strays, to loved ones
lost in other days;
Whom gold had tempted to the sunset land afar;
Brave boys whose hopes of future wealth were
blasted by thy power O Death,
Whose mandates wage on old and young a constant
war.
Among the lads so kind and true, who sought the
land of golden hue,
To meet amid its glittering hopes an early doom,
Was Lingwick's strongest, lealest man, the joy and
pride of all his clan,
As brave a youth as ever graced a Compton home.

Dear comrade of my younger days, my muse is weak
to sing thy praise,
But love is strong howe'er so feeble be my strain;
And though you're sleeping cold and still, on Flag-
staff's distant pine-clad hill,
Fond memory often flits to thee across the plain.

DONALD McLEOD

I loved e'er childhood's days were passed: I'll love
you on until the last;
E'en when the clouds of death approach I'll think
of thee;
Oh, bitter fate! Oh, woeful hour! that cut thee down
in manhood's power;
Thrice bitter if death's chains could bind eternally.

But blessed promise, hopeful friend, that tells us
death is not the end,
That brighter prospects loom for all beyond the
wave.
Oh, sing aloud the glad refrain, that friend with
friend will meet again!
For love like this can ne'er be conquered by the
grave.

What though the red men roam at will, from arid
plain to cooler hill,
Regardless of the mounds that lie amid the groves:
What though our children find their graves with
ghosts of long departed braves,
The spot is one the God of nature dearly loves.

In Arizona's distant land, where cyclones drift the
heated sand,
And where the tall, majestic pine tree's branches
wave;
Where gaunt coyotes prowl for prey, through storm
and calm, by night and day,
There in their midst there lies a lone, neglected
grave.

DONALD McLEOD

Were eloquence immortal mine I'd sing of scenes the
most sublime,
Of any nature ever lavished here below.
God's majesty seems here unfurled as elsewhere not
in all the world,—
An earthly paradise o'erspread by heaven's glow.

How fitting that thy sun went down, so near the spot
that wears earth's crown,—
The Colorado Canyon country, weird and dim;
No grander land beneath the skies in which to die,
in which to rise;
And nature's God will care for all who sleep in Him.

What though, alas, fond earthly hopes are buried in
yon western slopes,
And gentle mothers grieve for loved ones lying
there:
Though maidens sigh with sad unrest, for lovers true
who died out west;
The bitter heartache soon will cease and all be fair.

But Donald's manly voice still rings within our ears,
and memory clings
To all the charms that marked his life while still
below:
And often now our fancy's flight doth wing its jour-
ney to that night,
That marks his lonely death amid the mountain
snow.

DONALD McLEOD

The prairie wolves of stealthy tread already seemed
to scent the dead;
Their fitful howls were borne upon the midnight air;
The western world was wrapped in gloom, from
sandy waste to heaven's dome,
When Donald closed his weary eyes and passed from
care.

The air within the mountain camp was uncongenial,
cold and damp:
And springtide gales were moaning dismally out-
side:
No loving hand was there to press his fevered brow
with fond caress,
No gentle voice to whisper comfort when he died.

Dear Balloch Ban, thou'rt now at rest; thy sun went
down far in the West.
Alas! no more to rise, until the Judgment Day;
No truer heart e'er ceased to beat, no braver soul O
Death did greet,
Thy awful presence since the earth hath owned thy
sway.

And now he sleeps beneath the sod, where grand
old mountain pine trees nod
Their lofty plumes beneath the far-off, distant dome!
Oh, stranger, should you linger near, drop on this
lonely grave a tear,
In memory of the boy that sleeps so far from home.

OVER THE TOP

A lusty lad from Lewis,—
Bright gem from Britain's crown—
Assailed by Huns with gas and guns
In "No Man's Land" was down.

No power on earth can save him,
'Tis madness, then, to try;
Still to the deed sprang forth with speed
A balloch ban from Skye!

He volunteered to enter
That zone of certain death,
And unafraid went forth to aid,
While thousands held their breath.

Thru all that hell of fire
He sped like mountain deer—
On shell-torn ground his comrade found,
And bore him to the rear.

Their comrades gather 'round them
To do what mortals can:
But—cruel fate!—they found them
Beyond the help of man.

OVER THE TOP

One whispers, "Da mar ha u?"
"Gla vadh," the friend replied;
Then rescuer and rescued
"Went over" side by side!

How marred the manly beauty!
Now torn by shot and shell—
Ye Huns have done your duty
And served your master well!

Poor bleeding, broken bodies
To mother earth consign—
The spirit of the laddies
Ye cannot more confine.

Over the top together—
Over the great gray host—
Homing like birds of freedom,
Back to their rock-bound coast.

Over the top together!
Out from the fighting list:
Home where the purple heather
Blooms in the Highland mist.

Sons of mothers returning—
Souls from the clod set free:
Back where the home guards, yearning,
Pray that their eyes might see—

OVER THE TOP

See through the veil between them,
Though but a brief, brief glance,
Into the eyes of loved ones,
Dead on the fields of France!

Home where the curlew's calling
Notes that are wild and free!
Home, where the mist is falling
Into a storm-tossed sea.

Parents of brave, dead soldiers,
Dear sisters, sweethearts, wives,
Is there no balm in Gilead
For all the dear lost lives?

Yes, there's a balm in knowing
They died for you and me:
Their precious blood bestowing,
The price of liberty!

Dear lusty lad from Lewis:
Brave blue-eyed boy from Skye:
In this great war you show us
How bravely men can die!

THE ALKILI LAND
or
A-ROAMING I WOULD GO.

I left my old home and my friends in the East,
Ambitious to better my fortunes, forsooth;
And seek amid scenes of the strenuous West,
The gold which had gilded the dreams of my youth.

But gold not alone, was the dochus mo chree
Which painted that faraway country so fair;
A lure more compelling was beckoning me—
The maiden I loved since my childhood was there!

I did what a man without money must do,
Just walked when the "brakies" were looking too
sharp.

I sang when I felt in the humor, 'tis true—
When lonesome, like David I hung up my harp!

I envied the lot of the fellow inside,
Who traveled in comfort asleep or awake;
While I, of all comfort and slumber denied,
Was beating my way on the beam of a brake!

THE ALKALI LAND

Thus onward I journeyed by night and by day,
Combating the problems of food and of rest—
Content as I traveled the wearisome way
To know I was nearing the wonderful West.

My pilgrimage, first uneventful and slow,
Changed color as Texas' vast reaches I struck.
Arizona the arid, and New Mexico—
Half hell and half heaven, were also my luck.

When tortured and weak by the heat of the sand,
And swollen my tongue and the water was done,
I wondered no more as I passed through the land
At the myriad bones bleaching white in the sun.

Yes, on as I plodded the limitless range,
In that land of hot sand and eternal clear skies,
How oft in my thirst did I long for a change
To my own native hills, where the watersprings
 rise!

O Compton beloved! what visions arose,
Of thy hills and dark vales and thy cold mountain
 streams!

And each fountain-like fuadhran* which bubbles
 and flows,
On the farm back at home in the land of my
 dreams!

*Water spring.

THE ALKALI LAND

Some tell me the beauty of Nature, abroad,
Surpasses in grandeur the country we boast—
They'd alter their views if they traversed the road
I wearily tramped on my way to the "Coast".

There may be a spot in some faraway clime
Where Nature in robes of perfection is dressed;
But give me her moods and her image sublime
As seen in the wild, woolly wastes of the West!

I slept with the red men who roam through that
land—

Gaunt remnant that tells of the white man's abuse;
And often, although I could not understand,
Was I lulled by the soft clucking language they use.

We never took thought on occasions like these
Of the dangers which lurked as we lay on the
ground—

Though the howl of coyote was borne past on the
breeze,

And the rattlesnake coiled with an ominous sound!

Asleep 'neath the stars of that beautiful clime,
In the shadowy gloom that same mesa had cast,
Undisturbed in my slumbers, I'd dream of the time
When the long dreary miles still ahead would be
passed.

THE ALKALI LAND

Mysterious mesas! how ghostly ye loom!
How spectral and huge o'er the alkali waste;
The secrets of ages thy vastness entomb,
Are seemingly safe in thy mystical breast!

When shadows of even' crept over the land,
And mountains around me grew ghostly and grey,
The fringe of the foothills I anxiously scanned
For lithe, tawny forms ever prowling for prey.

Oft during my journey I fancied that rain
Fell cool from a cloud on my thirst-swollen lips;
Yet cloudless the sky o'er that quivering plain—
'Twas the last ray of hope undergoing eclipse!

At times would the lure of this mirage prevail,
Till, reason returning, I'd hasten me back;
For I knew the safe trail was to follow the rail
Gleaming hot in the sun on the Santa Fe track!

The phantoms of fever thus beckoned in vain,
Where better and stronger than I had been lost;
Though the hell of Mohave was scorching my
brain,
I crossed it in safety and struck for the Coast.

THE ALKALI LAND

O boundless Pacific! I deem it no loss
To flee to thy arms from the cactus and sand;
How sweet on thy deep, heaving bosom to toss
After parching so long in the alkali land!

I boarded a schooner that slopped in the bay—
A tub of a ship for Seattle outbound—
And up from old Frisco we wallowed our way
To lovely Seattle, the Queen of the Sound.

And there on a hill; in a beautiful spot,
Overlooking Lake Union's low murmuring wave,
The love of my youth, whom so long I had sought,
Alone among strangers I found—in her grave!

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

On Christmas night I sallied forth,
To the Red Mountain in the north;
The bright abode of men of worth
'Twixt here and heaven;
Where Finlay's stakes in mother earth
Are firmly driven.

I ambled up the village road,
Past many an Irishman's abode,
And carried quite a heavy load—
The most inside;
I faith sincerely thanked the code
The way was wide.

Here conscience loudly whispered, "Dhu,
How oft hath it been told to you,
The end that way would lead you to
Should you persist—
With soldiers of the ribbon blue
At once enlist."

I answered conscience, "give me peace,
The time of pledges draws apace,
When we must swear to shun the glass
And all its riot;
We've but a single week of grace
So let's enjoy it."

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

I followed up by Keenan's gate
Unto the "turn" where two ways meet,
Thence to the left the mountain street
Would guide me right,
Tho' for my life I could not see't,
Just in that light.

For where two highways ran before,
I saw a dozen tracks or more;
And which to take, I wasn't sure,
By either eye;
'Twas but a chance against a score,
And yet I'd try.

I started on with divers tacks,
And strove to reconcile the tracks
Which darted round, like jumping jacks,
Before my gaze;
'Twould take a dozen crowd a cacks
Their course to trace.

Had I big John's and Eddie's charts,
To tell me where the highway parts,
Reducing by their magic arts
Nineteen to two;
I would have from my heart of hearts
Poured blessings due.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

Confusion worse confounded, gee!
On every track a horse I see,
And all alike it seems to me
As barley scones—
I vow, Pete Gagne's cavalry—
Proud, prancing roans!

Their bones were rattling in the cold
Like vales of which Ezekiel told!
A few indeed did seem too old
To nibble corn;
The colt among them all was foaled
Ere "Smoke" was born.

Ah! crippled, gaunt and wild-eyed steed,
Thy woes are great, your want is feed!
Reminds me of D. Bunker's breed
That gasps for breath;
Aye, one and all are built for speed—
To certain death!

I asked the leader of the band,
If he could tell, upon which hand,
The mountain turnpike pierced the land
Around those parts;
I'd shipped a sea, I told him, and
Had lost my charts.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

"The left!" he answered with a yell;
'Tis easy, sir, your course to tell;
And that will lead you down to—well,
To "Robert's road."
Then straight away on yonder hill
Is "Smoke's" abode.

The right hand road you must not take,
As that will lead to Moffat Lake,
Where Cookshire sportsmen saw "big snake"
Through Alden's glass.
And thots of serpents make me quake
From head to cass."

I gave my guide a social wink,
And started on, is cha ro blink,
Till my exuberance, I think,
Broke into song:
I said "good evening" to the "Mink,"
And passed along.

The air was keen, the night was bright,
And in the north that mystic light,
(In my exaggerated sight)
Was one to please;
The whole suggested yellow, white
Or greenish cheese!

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

I gained momentum down the ridge,
And jumped John Moggish's hump-backed bridge;
Then climbed the mountain, hedge by hedge,
Unto the crest.
And thought it there my privilege
To take a rest.

I could not find the mountain store
Which Channel mentioned in his leor,
My vision's better than before,
I really think:
Aye, C—— accounts for one or more—
And he don't drink.

But stores aside, I wandered on
To where the school house windows shone,
Altho' there seemed to me but one—
A dancing glare:
I thought the northern lights were on
The programme there.

And just within, O "hully gee!"
Is that a single Christmas tree,
Or is my vision still aglee?
For lack of breath—
A moving forest do I see
As saw Macbeth?

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

And better still the forest gleams
With all a youngster most esteems:
A greater crop, as groaning beams
Did there attest
Than Tupper saw in wildest dreams
Of wheat out West.

And bachelors (might they be fewer) !
I thought I'd see you single, sure,
But there they sit, at least a score,
On benches stuck;
Each one a wilted, lone wall flower
Awaiting pluck.

We pray you, O assultin Turk,
So noted for unholy work,
To send his devilship your clerk
Across the seas:
To drive our single men to kirk
With marriage fees.

Or send Armenians not yet dead
And take our bachelors instead;
Should you then hanker for their head
Just plant their hide:
And thus avoid that hellish dread
Infanticide!



Another Finlay like your own, you'll never know.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

Behold! I've reason now to stare!
For are there not two Finlays there—
And only one on earth I swear—
Come off my hat!
A worthier to fill a chair
Has never sat.

Red Mountain, thy neglect condone—
Within that "chair" your bard enthroned:
Instead of bread, don't give a stone
As others do—
Another Finlay like your own
You'll never know.

Sweet singer! may your mother tongue,
Embellished by thy gift of song,
Be ever heard the clans among
While print is read—
May future bards thy notes prolong
When thou art dead.

Thus on and on, while cycles roll,
May Gaelic—language of the soul—
Be heard in song from pole to pole,
From east to west,
Until the final tempests bowl
This earth to rest!

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

Concluding—I would humbly ask
All hypocrites to shun the task
Of shooting from behind a mask
Their fellow men—
And help us all to fling our flask
To Hinnom's glen!

We've heard the loud, despairing moan
Of sinners, reaping what they've sown,
In midnight fields with thistles grown
Where devils glean.
Yet let the first to cast a stone
Himself be clean.

No living mortal can invite
The gaze of creatures who delight
In showing spots upon the white
Which God hath gi'en.
Alas, alas, a little spite
Will find the stain.

But who's to judge? The serpent's there,
In every breast that breathes the air,
Though some with skill and acting rare
His form conceal;
While others full to view must wear
The squirming eel!