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When John Bull Comes A-Courtin'

BY

Lucien V. Rule



Carlton Publishing Company

Louisville,
Ky.

When John Bull Comes A-Courtin'.

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When John Bull Comes A-Courtin'

AND OTHER POEMS

— BY —

LUCIEN V. RULE,

Author of "THE SHRINE OF LOVE."



LOUISVILLE:
CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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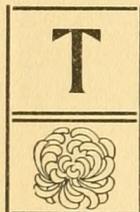
To Ernest Crosby.

Great-hearted minstrel, let me take thy hand,
And call thee comrade for thy noble lines
Pleading their cause who in dark midnight mines,
And smoking factories of every land
Still tremble at a master's stern command—
The slaves of Capital, whose whip is keen
To lash o'erburdened Labor, causing scene
On scene of bloodshed. Founded on the sand,
The structure of our modern state must fall;
And thou, O sleepless watchman on the wall,
Hast sounded such a thrilling trumpet blast
That all the Israel of Toil at last
From Babylon returned shall build anew
Fair Freedom's temple, and Love's altar true.

The True Patriot.

I feel now profoundly how imperfect my services have been to my country, compared with its desert of noble services. But I am conscious that I have given all that I had to give, without fear or favor. Above all earthly things is my country dear to me. The lips that taught me to say "Our Father" taught me to say "Fatherland." I have aimed to conceive of that land in the light of Christianity. God is my witness that with singleness of heart I have given all my time, strength, and service to that which shall make our whole nation truly prosperous and glorious. Not by the lustre of arms, even in a just cause, would I seek her glory, but by a civilization that should carry its blessings down to the lowest classes, and nourish the very roots of society by her moral power and purity, by her public conscience, her political justice, and by her intelligent homes, filling up a continent and rearing a virtuous and noble citizenship.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.



THE theme of my first volume of verse was Woman; that of my second is Man. The first told of love individual; this I trust, tells of love universal. Yet, had I not felt the former I could never have experienced the latter sentiment. I am conscious of a radical change in my convictions; and I am very well aware that the little circle of readers which so kindly received "The Shrine of Love" four years ago, may be surprised, if not pained, at discovering certain tendencies of thought and feeling in the present volume. But let them not judge me hastily.

A discerning critic recently wrote me with reference to this change of view:

"I think that your conversion to socialism is a most fortunate thing for your literary future. It will give you a new supply of raw material for your poetic work-shop. You have already a skilful weapon; you only needed a cause to fight for. I see from the notices of your book that you have been very successful in presenting the ancient subject of romantic love; but really this is so trite that it is scarcely possible to say anything that has not already been said. But the mine of love for humanity has hardly been touched. You have a new point of view, and your description of the simplest things now from that point of view will be sure to have originality. But in this new field you must expect recognition to be slow. The public which appreciates it is yet very small."

Good, wholesome truth this is, though rather chilling to my enthusiasm and vanity as a sonneteer. I am still a pupil in the new school of political philosophy and do not claim to speak with authority therefor in the present poetical utterances. Furthermore, at this materialistic time when one must needs apologize to the public for expressing himself in verse at all, I would say that this collection includes only those pieces which have met with a decidedly favorable reception when published in various newspapers and periodicals; and this booklet, or pamphlet of verse, whichever one pleases, is intended only for that audience which has an eye on our national and international tendencies, political and spiritual, at the present moment. For the consolation of those who like me better in the role of lover than satirist I would remark that I still have in reserve several hundred sonnets on the tender passion, which, when my purse prospers sufficiently to defray the expense of publication, I will give them in homeopathic allowances. With reference to the present work I would, in the language of Lowell, say: "If I put on the cap and bells and make myself one of the court-fools of King Demos, it is less to

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

make his majesty laugh than to win a passage to his royal ears for certain serious things which I have deeply at heart."

I would not have my Uncle Samuel deem me unpatriotic. I adored our George the First when a child and hated England's George the Third when I read the school histories. I always remembered the Fourth of July to observe it, and till I was sixteen dreamed of becoming a Major-General. I was familiarly known as "Major" while a cadet at the Kentucky State College, and was so patriotic an orator while at Old Centre that I was termed "Revolutionary Yardstick," my spread-eagleism and long, Abraham-Lincoln-like figure readily suggesting such a cognomen to my fellows. When "The Shrine of Love" appeared the *New York Nation* very justly remarked that I might more appropriately have named it "The Shrine of Hate" so terrific were my poetical, patriotic broadsides fired at poor old Spain, which were included in the love volume mentioned. A distinguished critic, who took a kindly interest in the little book, thus plainly expressed himself to me with regard to the spread-eagleism of its martial sonnets:

"As for the 'Lyrics of Liberty' I must confess that I liked them less than any of your other poems. Your emotions are genuine but uncontrolled. You are entirely too hard on Spain, showing that you have allowed your patriotism to get the better of your reason. In this the whole country has unfortunately kept you company. Martial poetry of this order is out of date, out of touch with the best aspirations of the time, and serves to stir up passions that are not far from savage. You falsify history and follow the newspapers in your sonnet—'What is this Boastful Spain?' The ruling class may boast to keep up their spirits; but what of the millions who are oppressed by their bad government, which has come from no fault of their own, but as a result of conditions from which we Americans have been free, with our magnificent resources, our distance from European complications, etc.? You must forgive me for my comments, but I am so much interested in your work and in your power for good that I regret to see you ally yourself with those who have set to work to change our ideals and to bring us down to the level of the bickering and grasping Continental Powers. * * * * *

You will of course reply that your motives and those of your friends are pure. So they are; but you have suffered the politicians to exploit them, and have whipped a fourth-class power amid wild hurrahs and the groans of soldiers who rushed into war because they had been seized by the popular frenzy, and died because hurraing and calling upon the God of Battles will not equip an army."

At the time I was scarcely able to see the reason and feel the force of such criticism, so anxious was I to pose as a patriotic minstrel; but after four years I prize the counsel as gospel truth. Yet I must make the admission that when the Boer War broke out I penned a number of sonneteer trumpet-peals in behalf of England and offered them gratis to the leading London dailies, fondly dreaming that the return cable news would transmit my fame to America. But my effusions froze as they fell on the

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

chill atmosphere of British silence; and somehow, the report of my patient poetical explosives, meant to demolish the moral might of the Boers and knock the persimmon of fame at the same time, did not reach the ears of the American public; and I continued to do business at the same old stand of obscurity.

My conscience slumbered for a while, such an ardent Anglo-maniac was I, but William Watson's magnificent political utterances in verse, and Tolstoi's powerful protest against militarism and race hatred in "Resurrection" aroused me as I had never been before to the horrors of the whole war business—sending men out to fight each other without any moral occasion for it. It then dawned upon me that I was a political agnostic without any deep convictions; and the stale platitudes with which I had been attempting to justify the unjustifiable in national and international conduct were rapidly displaced by newer and nobler conceptions of political truth. It was then that I came in touch with the great modern movement called Socialism, which is simply the reappearance, in new and forceful form, of the same old ideal divine of human liberty and brotherhood that has moved the imagination of prophets and apostles, sages and dreamers from Moses and Isaiah till now. It is the working of the religious sentiment, destined to revolutionize the world of political morals to-day as did the Abolition movement in the last century. The kingdom of a new humanity is at hand. Let us obey the heavenly vision.

To talk in plain English; though I am not a political prognosticator, nor a son of one, my opinion is that the issues arising out of the wars recently waged by the Anglo-Saxon, and particularly the American people, are profounder and more far-reaching than many of us realize, even as the issue of Abolition transcended the conception of every one except men like Whittier, Garrison, and Lincoln. To my mind as "Pathfinder" John C. Fremont was the great fore-runner of the Lincoln of Abolition, so now Theodore Roosevelt, the Rough Rider, precedes another Lincoln of Labor, a Socialist, who will arise in this country ere long and solve the problems now so painfully pressing. The times are big with possibilities good or ill, as we elect. Let us bear and forbear. Let us watch and wait. The Old Democracy is rapidly dissolving as did the Whig party of the past; but a new and invincible Democracy of Humanity, such as Walt Whitman dreamed of, will soon arise. Aye, it has already arisen, and is now even at our doors. God only knows what trials still await us; but I for one face the future confident that Freedom's Dawn is nigh at last.

The mighty organism of modern industry needs but the inspiration of the Socialistic impulse to make it human and humane: and as a further result of that inspiration we may confidently look for the greatest revival of art, poetry and religion in a hundred years, for it will mark the opening of one of the happiest eras in human history.

L. V. R.

When John Bull Comes A-Courtin'.

WHEN JOHN BULL COMES A-COURTIN'.

Sundry Meditations on the Rumored Matrimonial Alliance Between J. Bull, Bart., and His Cousin, Lady Columbia.

BY PATRICK HENRY WHOONOT, LATE DRUM-MAJOR FIRST REGIMENT UNITED STATES SONNETEERS; AND CHIEF BUGLER "BUFF COCHIN BRIGADE," BOER ARMY, GENERAL DE BILITY COMMANDING.

Inscribed to his friend Michael Angelo Maniac, and edited by Gen. Bragg A. Docio, author of "The South-Africa Fuss" and "The Philippine Predicament."

I

Columbia is a Lady now,
And John Bull comes a-courtin';
He has recovered from the row
Pa Samuel had such sport in.

Forgotten is the feud that filled our infant days with slaughter,
When Anglo-Saxon blood was spilled by Sam and John like water.
But still the school-boy loves to hear each fellow tell his story;
And John B. is inclined to sneer when Samuel claims some glory.
The row that ripped John's pants apart was not Pa Samuel's picking;
For John just simply got too smart, and John soon got a licking.
The thing that made Pa Samuel hot as hades still a-heating
Was that he worked but John would not; yet John did all the eating.

So, stranger, that is why John's fat and Sam looks like a steeple;
John hath a paunch for he can craunch the grub of other people.
John may be slick to play that trick upon poor human dummies;
But that's his use—to take the juice, and leave to them the pomace.
We buy John's books and pauper princes to please our women folks;
But when we poetize he winces, and says "That minstrel croaks."
Well now, we do not make pretension to shine with Shakespeare's set;
But we would like a little mention as minnows in the net.

John oft will "cuss" when he discusses his coz this side the sea;
Then Sam spunks up, and soon the fuss is as bad as bad can be.
To some it rather sounds alarming, but not to them that know;
For soon like school-girls sweet and charming the chums together go.
Now Sam and John, they raise no thunder when they mean what they say;
And that is why they fill with wonder this world of ours to-day.
They have made up, and scarcely mention the fracas any more;
And 'tis henceforth John's high intention to help the eagle soar;
And we will cheer the royal lion when he gets in a fuss;
Then hip, hooray! When these two tie on, the world can't handle us.

WHEN JOHN BULL COMES A-COURTIN'

But I am waxing patriotic, and so right here will pause,
To say conditions are chaotic and call for better laws
Than any land has yet enacted; so selfish are we all.
Old Mother Nature seems distracted because her children bawl.
Both Sam and John are civilizers with a big C, they say;
But they whipped out those undersizers in such a bluffish way,
The world don't dance to Yankee Doodle, nor Hail Columbia now,
And says Britannia Rules by "boodle." But doubtless that's "pow-wow."

Now Samuel is mighty swell in his imperial coat,
And some declare he looks less spare since dining table-d'hote.
Some time ago he talked Monroe 'bout little Venezuela;
But he lets John now sit upon the spunky little squealer;
He feels for Ven., but fuss again he thinks he hadn't oughter;
For John you know is now the beau that sparks Sam's blooming daughter.

See here, Pa Sam, is Jim a clam about the Filipinos—
That Jim Monroe who makes you blow when telling folks what he knows?
And ask John this: Is Jim amiss among South Afric farmers—
The doctrine that we should "stand pat" when foreign foes would harm us?
John wants a paw in Panamaw, and don't know how to get it
Except to trap Columby's Pap, and shrewdly he hath set it.
If Samuel bites, two shining lights will rule the calm Pacific;
And then, whoo-wee! this century will see some times terrific!

II

Columbia is a Lady now,
And John Bull comes a-courtin';
He has recovered from the row
Pa Samuel had such sport in.

John beat the Dutch but on a crutch he came home sadly hobblin',
And lies awake to sweat and shake about that Budget Goblin.
The wherewithal must go to Paul; but how shall he rob Peter?
His game is known in every zone; and so he smiles the sweeter
On Cousin Sam and his pet lamb, whose purse this person's after.
The Continent won't loan a cent, and riles him with it's laughter;
And so his bond this side the pond is fixed to get him out, sir;
And that's the cause of John's applause of Sam, beyond a doubt, sir;
In '61 when Sam had none to join in Yankee Doodle,
John tuned his mouth to help the South raise Dixie, like Fitz Noodle.
King Cotton was the secret cause of John's desire for Dixie;
And diamond mines made his designs upon the Boers so tricksy.

Forgive us, John, nor say "doggone"; we would not make you mad, sir;
A little truth will help forsooth, again to make you glad, sir.
So take our song, or right or wrong, for just what it is worth, sir;
It may restore the smile you wore when you led all the earth, sir.
Sam has the cash, then make a mash, and get his charming lassie;
We wish you well, so cut your swell, nor deem the minstrel "sassy."

WHEN JOHN BULL COMES A-COURTIN'

You're feeling bad, but don't get mad because we laugh a little;
We've worn fools'-cap ourselves, old chap; and more, it didn't fit ill.

Now Sam would be a Pharisee did he not make confession
Of well-known sins that barked his shins; for meeting's now in session.
It gives us pain to talk so plain, as well as you to hear it;
But in our youth we told the truth; what reason now to fear it?
Your Cousin Sam does jobs for jam, and wouldn't lest he got it;
He's rather rash, like you, for cash, and speedily can spot it.
We talk of God until we nod and fall asleep on Sunday;
But wide-awake for Mammon's sake, you bet we are on Monday.
The pulpit spouts to down Sam's doubts; but Sam don't *live* religion;
And national pride on every side struts like a puffed-up pigeon.

Sam did like you and felt as blue after the spree was over;
In Mexico long time ago he thought he was in clover;
But in due time his foolish crime came home to roost above him;
For he paid dear with many a tear o'er civil war, God love him!
And even yet you cannot bet that Sam is free from folly;
The Philippines contain some scenes that cause him melancholy.
His row with Spain was moral gain to both himself and "Cuby;"
But scarcely so his later blow for that far-orient ruby.

Aristocrat with white cravat, he never does the fighting;
The dainty dove might soil a glove; leave common curs the biting.
But when the way is clear, hooray! he comes to take possession
With such swift speed it doth exceed the poet's rapt expression.
Dives is not a patriot until he scents a dollar;
Then war is just, but Laz'rus must the grape and sharpnel swallow.
Poor pussy's paw, you see, must draw the nuts for Mammon's monkey;
But pussy cat will tire of that, and some day will act spunky.
Then Mammon's face will show the trace of pretty lively scratching.
The people learn that fire will burn; and common sense is catching.

Beatitudes for Sunday moods, not business, says the banker;
But treasured store shall be no more, and shining coin shall canker.
The modern school sneers at the rule of Love; but now the fact is
It better pays than brutal ways, would statesmen dare to practice.
Since Heathen knows we deal him blows when'er he fails to suit us,
He's not to blame when in the game he pulls a gun to shoot us.
'Tis very well to break the spell of brother Heathen's blindness;
But why use force to change his course when there's the milk of kindness?
The strong and great must educate the weakling in his wildness,
But murderous greed will not succeed in taming him like mildness.

The trade of war is fiendish for the Christ was not a Colonel;
Yet church and state still follow Hate, and cheer its flag infernal.
But Bethlehem's Star still gleams afar above Love's lowly manger;
And nations all shall cease to call each other foe and stranger.

WHEN JOHN BULL COMES A-COURTIN'

III

Columbia is a Lady now,
And John Bull comes a-courtin',
He has recovered from the row
Pa Samuel had such sport in.

So, John, when right we'll take delight in sticking to you, pardner;
But not when wrong; for Freedom's song is not a conscience-hardener.
Your foreign fuss has been a muss of toil and tears and trouble,
And likewise ours, which blackly lowers, a very devil's double.
No former fame can hide the shame of deeds so dark and gory;
Nor ocean's flood could cleanse the blood that blots your ancient glory.

When honor dies, then talk of ties that bind us twain together
To lust and loot, and bring forth fruit fit for the regions nether.
The name of Man is more than clan; the Boer is, too, our brother;
And 'tis for him our eyes are dim with tears; not for another
Whose cruel hand laid waste a land he had no earthly claim to,
And left to time a tale of crime the whole world turns with shame to.
In days to come they will be dumb, who now their country call thee;
Couldst thou but see thine infamy its blackness would appall thee.
Yet there is One who looks upon both sides in every battle;
Who leaves men free to do and be far more than common cattle.
And, lo, on high their names, who die by thy red hand, are written;
Above their cross, who gain through loss; FOR HOME AND FREEDOM
SMITTEN.

* * * * *

Yet John's cast-iron constitution is good for many a day.
In man's great moral evolution the sword, alas, doth slay;
But oft convulsions most volcanic produce the guileless dove,
And forces that first seem Satanic disclose at length God's love.
John Bull will down you when you dare him, or die in the attempt;
You cannot force, you cannot scare him; so thus far he's exempt.
This Boer affair may nearly "bust him," as common folks remark;
But wait a while, you that still trust him all day from dawn till dark;
And John will rise, serene, resplendent to nobler heights than now,
While Liberty and Truth, attendant, adorn his manly brow.

John has his faults for he is human; but he has virtues too;
And time will show he was a true man when things looked mighty blue.
His brutal traits are common tattle in every foreign land;
But John behaves in every battle as did the Daniel band;
When fiercer flames affliction's furnace his head is cool and calm;
Though sorely tried at every turn is his heart, he sings a psalm
Like an old Cromwell covenanter; yea, like his brother Boer.
Though dull and slow, he comes instanter where death is certain sure.
Though selfish, he makes sacrifices the world knows nothing of;
And in the midst of your surmises he smiles with sudden love.

A PAEAN OF PEACE

He has a rough, unseemly manner that oftentimes repels;
But, somehow, when I see his banner my bosom heaves and swells
With strange comminglings of emotion as though the Stripes and Stars
Were twined therewith on land and ocean, sacred to hero scars.
And well I know the world is debtor to Sam and John for much;
That God through them builds Freedom better, and brings mankind in
touch.

The storms shall lift and leave their glory unshadowed by a cloud.
Though chequered is life's tearful story, the dumb shall sing aloud
At last; the blind their sight recover; the lame arise and leap;
The moaning maiden regain her lover; the widow cease to weep.
Ah God, how did we ever doubt thee? Thy hand was in it all;
'Twas when we tried to walk without thee that came the fatal fall.
Forgive, O Lord, and guide our going as in the days of old;
Yea, let thy Love, forever flowing, our hearts from hate withhold,
Till like the gentle Galilean the world hath learned to live;
Till Peace shall sound her happy paean; O God, forgive, forgive!



A Paean of Peace.

Peace, Peace, at last; the bugle blast has died on sea and shore;
The cannon's boom and battle gloom disturb thy dream no more,
O weary world. War's flag is furled. Then take thy rest to-day.
Peace, Peace, appears, and all thy tears shall God now wipe away.

Peace, Peace, again on land and main; let angels sound the song
Till mortals learn of Love's return to earth from exile long.
O realms laid waste, arise, make haste, your future task unto!
Peace, Peace, descends to make amends; your borders bloom anew.

Peace, Peace, prevails. Love never fails while men still nobly die;
And they who fought like brutes are brought to put dark passions by,
While Mercy stands with outstretched hands to lift the fallen foe.
Peace, Peace; repeat the strain so sweet that all mankind may know.

Peace, Peace; awake, O world, and shake thy sack-cloth off for aye;
Thy sons were slain for glorious gain—to find the better way.
By flood and fire is God's desire concerning thee attained.
Peace, Peace; be still; His holy will decreed the pangs that pained.

Peace, Peace; the hymn sweet through the dim and shadowy dawn comes
down,
While wondering eyes behold the skies aglow o'er hill and town.
The Christ-to-be of Liberty and Love is born at last.
Peace, Peace! Prolong the choral song through all the heavens vast!

Entre Nous.

Men cherish kings and other things
They have no earthly need for;
They think it nice to pay the price;
'Tis red tape that they bleed for.

Most men are fools, and many schools
Of learning help them stay so;
A little sense would save expense;
But don't you dare to say so!



The Kentucky Squire.

The Nail Keg Club holds daily meetings up at the Goshen store
Where farmers "gas" and exchange greetings when summer work is o'er.
The local Squire whose head is level, he occupies the chair,
And when the members "raise the devil" he warns them to beware.
He loves the weed we call tobacco, and chews a good-sized quid;
But that is like your true Corncracker, he learns it when a kid.

The Nail Keg Club are mostly chewers, who munch and meditate
Like milk-cows, for the weed secures composure of the pate;
And doubtless many a day's discussion of crops or politics
Would end in rackets truly Russian, and interchange of licks
Were not the weed among the members so very freely used.
It smothers out wrath's smouldering embers and calms one when abused.

The Squire is cool, with mein commanding; his diction clean and clear;
In any crowd he would have standing, in any court have ear.
His stalwart, six-foot figure towers above the rest like Saul's;
And, self-possessed, his mental powers respond when danger calls.
He can be fair without offending, his law is common sense;
And many a matter that needs mending he rights at small expense.

If courts were all so constituted, were judges all so just
No National treasury would be looted, no business man would "bust."
A summer hat-brim broad, umbrageous, adorns his lofty brow,
And his haw-haw is so contagious 'twould even quell a row.
It does one good to see him coming in sickness or in health, [wealth.
For sad hearts soon some tune are humming; his words are more than

He has a smile for melancholy, an open purse for want,
A wise reproof for youthful folly, an apt reply to taunt.
At sixty-eight he is as tender a lover to his wife
As when she was a maiden slender just blooming into life.
A cheerful faith what'er befalls him, no truer man e'er trod
Kentucky soil, and hence she calls him a noble work of God.

Jim Monroe To Date.

ACCORDING TO SENATOR SPREADEAGLE AND CONGRESSMAN JINGO.

Says Uncle Sam, "Right here I am;
And here I mean to stay, sir;
And, bet your boots, my cannon shoots
The man that says me nay, sir.

" 'Tis all a hoax to feel for folks
Like these fool Filipinos;
This Canaan's mine by right divine,"
Says Uncle Sam; and he knows.

"Now you keep off from my feed-trough!"
Says Uncle Samuel hotly;
"I'd call it fun to pull a gun
On any crew so motley.

"My Jim Monroe, he says to blow
Your brains out in a minute
When you come 'round where I abound;
For Jim says you ain't in it.

"My Jim is smart; knows every part
Of international law, sir;
'Their jig is up', says he 'the cup
Belongs right with the saucer.'

" 'This mundane sphere afar and near,
Was made for you, my papa;
So take it all, and put a ball
In him who bellows, 'Stop her!' "

And that I will, come good or ill;
So swiftly get you gone, sir;
Haul down that rag; up with my flag;
I mean it, sure's you're bawn, sir!"

The Watah Cuah.

BY COLONEL BUNCUM OF KENTUCKY.

“That watah cuah
Is beastly, suah,”
Says Colonel Buncum of Kentucky;
“And I admiah
The native fiah
That fought the plagued thing so plucky.

“I’d fight it, too,
And so would you,
The same as if ’twas Prohibition.
They’d have a pull
To pump me full;
They would, you bet, suh, by perdition.

“I’d let ’em try
With good red rye,
And pump me till I nearly busted.
But watah! Well,
I’ll simply tell
You that a gentleman’s disgusted.

“It is a shame
Upon our name,
Suh, as a decent Christian nation,
And almost wipes
The Stahs and Stripes
Clean off my fohmer admiration!”



Court-Martialed.

The memory of his murderous deed remains,
And the dark record that he left behind.
Since God forgives, he may forgiveness find;
Christ’s blood can cleanse the foulest human stains.
But sound no more for him the nation’s strains,
Whose brutal deed belies the glorious scars
Received in battle for the Stripes and Stars
On Cuban ramparts and lone Western plains.
Silence the cheers that hail him as your chief,
Ye valiant freemen, for disgrace and grief
O’erwhelm us, while defenseless widows weep
Because of him beyond the sundown deep.
Freedom demands the uniform he wore,
And bids him sheathe her sword forevermore!

The Fallen Leader.

Be still my song, the soldier comes
Whose name hath filled the nation;
But hark! No bugle note nor drums
Exalt him to high station.
No shouting crowds nor pompous plumes;
No garlands of fair flowers;
No welcome smile the land illumines;
No bell taps from tall towers.
No cannonades along the coast
Announce his home-returning;
The mouth is dumb we thought would boast;
His cheeks with shame are burning.

An aging man, he hears the news
That means his service ended;
"O native land, thy love to lose;
O flag I long defended!
O battle-fields where once I fought:
My uniform, not wear it?
O comrades, are my nerves o'erwrought?
God give me grace to bear it!"

One thinks of Arnold and of Burr
In olden days departed,
And feels a tear his vision blur,
Who is not stony-hearted.
A fate like this for failing age,
Reproach for hairs grown hoary;
A brave heart broken, ah, what page
Can tell a sadder story?
Man after all is human still,
Triumphant or defeated;
And such a tale doth deeply thrill
To pity when repeated;
Doth melt our malice and disarm
Our hatred toward each other;
What heart can wish another harm
When taught to call him brother?

William Penn and Samuel Sword.

I

Said William Penn to the Red Men; "My brothers, let's deal squarely.
No need to fight, I'll do the right, and treat each fellow fairly."
The Indians gazed, amused, amazed, and murmured "Do you mean it?"
"I do," he said, "and overhead the shining sun hath seen it."

Then they shook hands and sold him lands at really pauper prices—
The choicest parts, those honest hearts that trickery ne'er entices.
He built his town and settled down—this man so Philadelphish;
And not a life was lost in strife of passions dark and selfish.

II

But Uncle Sam, says he, "I sham, an' trick 'em like a Yankee;
That Quaker cuss ain't one of us; he's too confounded cranky.
He prays an' sings, an' sich fool things, jes' like a long-faced preacher.
Ain't got no pards nor playin'-cards, an' talks jes' like a teacher.

"He wouldn't fight ef you should smite him squarely on the jaw, sir;
Nor would he sue to get the due thet's give him by the law, sir.
In times o' war he wouldn't dror his sword to save a sinner;
An' as fer flags an' soldier rags, he wouldn't cheer the winner.

"War may be hell; but lemmy tell yer, war ain't worse 'n treason;
An' sech a pup, I'd string him up the fust convenient season.
I know whut's right, an' I *will* fight, whate'er the parson preaches.
Bring me my gun—that newest one—an' them star-spangled breeches.

"John Bull is out beyond a doubt a-huntin' Boers this minnit;
An' here I stay, day after day, mild as a little linnet.
I'll jine the boys an' raise some noise in regions Oriental;
This Christian calm an' Gilead balm ain't worth a continental.

"Been takin' pills to cure my ills, an' spring-time sarseparilly,
When all I need is my war-steed an' some months in Manilly.
This Bible biz means rheumatiz an' national indigestion;
An active life chock full o' strife is mine beyond a question.

"There ain't no mirth upon the yearth like huntin' down the heathen;
'Tis royal sport to take a fort; it makes yer feel like breathin'.
The game's all gone, as sho's you bawn, at home—there's scarce an Injun.
But I declare! Jes' look a-there! Why, where yer been, John?
A-huntin' Boers, Ole Lion roars, an' sets my Eagle screamin';
I'll jine yer, John, at onct. Doggone, ef I ain't been a-dreamin'!"

The Rough Rider.

I

He sits at ease in any saddle, and knows the broncho's tricks;
But don't you dare believe he'll straddle in party politics.
He strikes straight out from his right shoulder, be skies or black or blue;
He's not a screamer nor a scolder; his words are fit and few.

His telling truths occasion trouble; but what cares he for that?
He's not a dude that dances double while politicians pat.
Some call him wild-cat, but the people applaud his self-conceit;
For if you'd throw him from a steeple he'd light upon his feet.

It may be that dear Grandma Senate considers him too smart;
But still he sticks to one clear tenet; Be true as steel at heart.
He wastes no time in idle talking, but buckles down to work;
And he soon sends a fellow walking when he shows up a shirk.

He has Abe Lincoln's homely manner and Hickory Jackson's nerve;
And if you serve beneath his banner, for nothing you must serve—
Unless you care for conscience only, or individual views;
Be moral if you would be lonely, and all mankind amuse.

He turns society topsy-turvy (if not already so);
But noble-minded men are nervy, and set one's soul aglow.
He will not stand much yankee-doodle around his office door;
And as for forms and fashions feudal, he deems them all a bore,

And out of place in a republic that's something more than name.
And hence his every honest club-lick makes our home lordlings lame,
And sends them back to royal England, where they by rights belong;
Columbia shall not be a king-land while Teddy's teeth are strong.

II

When Grandma Senate moralizes the children should keep still;
But oh, her wind, when'er it rises she cannot pass a bill;
And when she's through none can tell whether she knows herself what's
what;

And folks feel so tired out a feather would floor them on the spot.

The Record Angel sure must suffer from cramping of the hand;
And Judgment Day will be a tougher when Grandma takes the stand.
'Tis said there is a seemly fitness in all things, and the Court
Of Heaven will have to tell that witness to cut her long report:—

“Remember, Mrs. Senate, please ma'am, you're not at Washington;
So take a pinch of snuff and sneeze, ma'am; but business must be done!”
Then let her learn from grandson Teddy that talk is not the thing;
For though he seems a little heady, he's master in the ring.

TOI,STOI

Not on the golf-field or the sofa found he that moral force;
Nor all the fabled gold of Ophir could tempt him from his course;
You wonder how he found that muscle? By fighting for reform
In many a long and tedious tussle, in many a trying storm.

He threw himself where thugs were thickest, and hellish hate was sure;
And where the city was the sickest, he purged and made it pure.
The Tammany sachems can recall him; he killed their nine-lived cat;
And told them when they came to maul him, "You're talking through
your hat!"

He made some foreign folks walk Spanish, who did the Cubans wrong;
And likewise from our shores he'll banish some home-made kings ere
long.

We have in him at least one leader who thinks of those that toil,
When every stumper is a pleader for party and the spoil.

He may not be the great law-giver so sadly needed now;
But still he struggles to deliver, and glory lights his brow.
He may not solve aright the riddle of national disease;
But while small statesmen fool and fiddle, in quest of fame and fees,
He plunges in where God assigns him—a toiler tried and true—
And hums a tune when man maligns him; what more could mortal do?



Tolstoi.

The rounded century hath not a name
More noble on its royal roll of fame,
O mighty master of the Law of Love.
The Christ who brought glad tidings from above
Would cry thee hail; and all the glorious line
Of Israel's dreamers deem thy words divine.
Like favored Enoch thou dost walk with God
On shining heights where saintly feet have trod.
Like father Abraham His friend thou art,
O lofty thinker with the child-like heart.
His modern Moses, thou dost lead mankind
The fairer land of liberty to find;
His chosen servant whose unerring eye
Discerns the causes deep that underlie
All mortal ills; the wondrous, pitying soul
That hath the oil of Love which maketh whole;
That heals the helpless blind of unbelief,
And to the famine-smitten fruitful sheaf

WERE WHITTIER HERE

And harvest song restoreth. Even so,
Wherever war doth waste and leave its woe.
Thy message sets the shackled prisoner free,
And saves the vilest wretch on land or sea.
The simple weapon of thy truth alone
Shall shatter Superstition's tyrant throne
And free the doubting mind from dark dismay.
When mosque and temple crumble to decay,
When creed and ritual are forgotten lore,
When scribe and Pharisee dispute no more,
Christ's Love religion that thou dost declare
Shall be the true religion everywhere;
For man shall meet his Maker face to face,
And heart to heart, around Love's altar place.



Were Whittier Here.

Were Whittier here his fiery songs
Would vengeance sound against the wrongs
Wrought on the toiling little ones
In Mammon's Mill that ceaseless runs.

Were Whittier here his wrathful words
Would smite the moneyed fiend that herds
His fellow men in filthy holes
To sweat for him who owns their souls.

Were Whittier here his trumpet tone
Would wake the land where widows moan
In squalid hut and tenement,
Whose master still demands more rent.

Were Whittier here his flaming tongue
Would voice the woes of maidens wrung
By rich employers till the spell
Of hunger drives to haunts of hell.

Were Whittier here his noble muse
In God's high name would now accuse
The laws that suffer such to be
Within a realm so great and free.

Were Whittier here his prophet speech
Would stir the world's remotest reach,
Till crimes so dark would disappear,
Were Whittier here; were Whittier here!

What Right Hast Thou?

What right hast thou to more than thou dost need
While others perish for the want of bread?
What right hast thou upon a palace bed
To idly slumber while the homeless plead;
A vicious and voluptuous life to lead,
While millions struggle on in rags and shame?
What right hast thou thus vilely to inflame
Thy fellow men with hate, O fiend of greed?
What right hast thou to take the hallowed name
Of God upon thy lips, or Christ's, who came
To save the race from sorrows thou dost cause?
Not always helpless 'neath thy cruel paws,
O Beast of Capital, shall Labor lie;
Thy doom this day is thundered from the sky!



Walt Whitman.

Companion of the winds and waves was he,
And intimate of universal life.
His voice exultant sang the awful strife
Of primal elements, and worlds to be,
So vast his view of law and liberty.
Yet tender as a modest maiden's dream,
And mellow as an unseen meadow stream,
His love notes were, O man for you and me.
The Old World scoffs at mention of his name,
The New rejoices in his deathless fame;
And when Love's kingdom shall have truly come,
Then only will our eyes behold the sum
Of all his labors, and his manly scars,
Who sings to-day in realms beyond the stars!

Socialism.

I

Like a majestic cloud from out the west,
When all the world is sickened with the heat,
She rose with shadowy wings and solace sweet.
And lo, th' unbearable beauty of her breast
Was changed to lightning wrath where men did wrest
The wages of the toiler from his hand,
And dared despoil the widow of the land;
But heavy-laden hearts with dreams were blessed.
And when she spake some trembled at her voice,
While others, wiser, wakened to rejoice.
Her words struck terror to the souls of some,
While others were from very rapture dumb.
Then saw I that truth is to him who reads
Or hard or kind according to his deeds.

II

Then I desired of men to know her name,
And many appellations were applied.
Some said she was the very Devil's bride,
Co-worker with him in the realm of shame.
Others, she was the fierce, consuming flame
Of God against oppression's prince and priest;
But Christ-like healer of the very least,
And lowliest—yes, the ill, the blind, the lame.
Then did I marvel at this two-fold tale,
And asked within myself, How can it be?
Sure not at once both good and evil she.
Then was it solved. Self-blinded souls still nail
Love, that would heal them, on th' accursed tree;
But wise men come to worship with All Hail !

The New Knighthood.

Arise, my soul, put off thy dark despair;
Say not the age of chivalry is gone;
For lo, the east is kindling with its dawn,
And bugle echoes bid thee wake to wear
Majestic moral armor, and to bear
A worthy part in truth's eternal fray.
Say not the muse inspires no more to-day,
Nor that fame's flowers no longer flourish fair.
Live thou sublimely and then speak thy heart,
If thou wouldst build an altar unto art.
Stand with the struggling and the stars above
Will shower celestial thoughts to thrill thy pen.
Put self away and walk alone with Love,
And thou shalt be the marvel of all men !



To Father McGrady.

Another martyr made; another name
Added to glory's list already long.
Come, comrade, march with Truth's triumphant throng.
The hand that smote thee, it shall bear the blame
When children's children curse the deed with shame !
Let others slumber like a Samson strong,
Lulled in Delilah-laps of lawful wrong;
Thou nobly scornest such submission tame.
The blinded multitudes that still adore
Tradition's idol, thou shalt make them see,
Who left the Christ of theologic lore
To serve the Christ of all humanity.
So passed the prophets who before thee trod
The road of fire that leads to Freedom's God.

The Lincoln of Labor.

'Tis midnight, and the noblest are dismayed.
Sleepless, we wonder what the morn may bring,
While to the storm-tossed boat of Truth we cling
With trembling hands, and wish the winds were stayed,—
When, hark ! a friendly voice: “Be not afraid !”
And soon the presence of a mighty soul.
Dark passion's billows will less wildly roll
When he hath spoken, and the healing wing
Of Love be lifted o'er the land ere long.
Dumb, shackled Labor shall resume its song,
From lordly Capital at length set free.
His going forth is like th' o'erwhelming sea
That swallowed up the Pharoah-hosts of wrong;
Yet, lo, a heart of Christ-like love hath he.

Immanuel.

A MESSIANIC ODE.

I

Religion now is but a name—a mouldering creed and code,
A childish tale so trite and tame 'twould scarcely touch a toad.
The world declares that God is dead, and laughs His Christ to scorn;
And hence the hungry go unfed, the fatherless forlorn.
Yes, this is why the widow weeps, while devils dance and dine;
Yea, this is why perdition deeps of doubt now undermine
The faith our fathers builded on, our mothers reared us in,—
A glory now forever gone, as though it ne'er had been.

The money magnate doth despoil the worker of his wage,
And breeds a beast that will embroil the world in war's wild rage.
Yet to the temple still he goes with prayers so loud and long
That men believe he only knows the Lord in all that throng.
Our costly structures cleave the sky imperiously grand;
Yet multitudes unnumbered die without a helping hand.
We wear thy robes and read thy word O Lord, yet are we thine
When in our hearts is seldom heard thy wooing voice divine?

Yea, loveless lips compose our choirs, and no true worship warms
Our souls, dead to divine desires through pompous, empty forms.
The Mammon of Unrighteousness sits proudly in the pew,
And courage fails us to express the truth we know is true.
He talks of Christ yet hath enticed his country to dishonor;
And men should know he wrought her woe and put the shame upon her—
At home, abroad, we call him lord; he regulates the laws,
And moves the realm to overwhelm weak nations without cause.
His armed hand doth give command and millions do his will;
And woe to them who dare condemn his plot to spoil and kill.
The national airs and temple prayers are heard alone for him
Whose moneyed might doth blast and blight—this glutton monster grim.

His splendor blinds the feeble minds of dumb, adoring fools,
While Freedom dies with smothered cries, so royally he rules.
He saps the strength of Truth at length, and Song attunes her lyre
To celebrate the reign of Hate; this Devil of Desire.
A god of greed, a cut-throat creed; a bank-book for a Bible;
Almighty God, thy righteous rod should smite for such a libel!

IMMANUEL

The blatant mouth of Unbelief now mocks the suppliant's prayer;
And thou, O Christ, our Chosen Chief, the sad reproach must bear.
The worldly-wise now wag their heads and say, "Where is your God?"
Thy temple vail is torn in shreds where priests unsandaled trod.
And yet, dear Lord, the fault is ours, and we must bear the blame;
How canst thou send refreshing showers with us committing shame?
We must confess within the fold are hirelings that destroy;
Yea, Lord the filthy lust for gold deprives of peace and joy.

Thy sun shines on within the blue; still blaze thy stars above;
Thy word is truth, and Thou art true, though we forget thy love.
Thy heart is soft when ours is stone, is steadfast when we fail;
Thy mercy lasts, and thou alone wilt hear when we bewail.
Do thou forgive that we may live, for none are worse than we;
Man still enthrones dead stocks and stones, O Lord, in place of thee;
His hardening heart amid the mart is doomed to slowly die.
Though thou art near to heal and cheer like yonder sun in sky,
Believing lies, our blinded eyes have lost the light of day;
Tradition takes truth's place and makes thee seem so far away
That even we who trust in thee now scarcely know thy name.
O Lord, relieve, we still believe, though blind and halt and lame.
Arise, reveal, and make us feel thy Spirit's potent power;
Yea, Lord, illumine our midnight gloom, and lift the clouds that lower!

II

Dear Son of God, we need Thee still; thy work is but begun,
In heaven and earth thy holy will shall yet, O Lord, be done.
Dear Son of God, thy sacrifice still melts the heart of man,
For all Love's wondrous secret lies in the great Gospel plan.
A sin-sick world still waits to hear the story of thy cross;
And deems its lore, however dear, beside thy love but dross.

Still unto Calvary's summit come the weary of our race;
The lame and halt, the blind and dumb shall find the Father's face.
Thy tenderness still heals the soul, and brings the heavenly birth,
For thou hast power, from pole to pole, to re-create the earth.
Not in our creeds, so crude and cold, art thou contained, dear Lord;
But in Love's gospel lived and told, in deed no less than word.

The tribes of Israel return to worship at thy feet;
And we, who dreamed we served thee, learn how sad was our conceit
Alas, dear Lord, our pride hath kept unnumbered hosts from thee;
Yea; but for us lands that have slept in sin had now been free.
We bore thy name yet knew thee not, nor thy salvation sure;
Forgive us, Lord, that we forgot, corrupting truth so pure!

IMMANUEL

O send thy Spirit down to-day as in long ages gone,
That we may feel once more its sway, and back to thee be drawn.
The deep foundations of our trust are laid in Love alone.
Creeds and philosophies are dust; eternal is Truth's throne.
Yea, and since Beauty, Truth, and Love are thine, we build on thee;
And nevermore shall doubt remove a faith so great and free !

* * * * *

O Christless Song that rights no wrong within a world of woe,
Take snuff and sneeze, and strive to please with shallow wit and show !
O worthless Art that hath no heart, no human end or aim,
No moral mind; to Beauty blind; that deems the times so tame !
Yet something thrills the ancient hills and deep calls unto deep
That God is nigh in sea and sky, the Shepherd of His sheep.

A piteous prayer from death's dark lair, the crowded tenement;
A bed of straw in winter raw; a rich wolf howling "Rent !"
A storm of sleet; cold shoeless feet; a widow and her child
Thrust forth to shift; no hand to lift; my lady's glove defiled
Would be to touch a sister such as she who toils with tears !
But wait ye poor; the stars are sure; a God in heaven hears !

From city slums, whence swarming comes the swinish herd of sin,
Shall pass the spell that maketh hell and man to fall therein—
Old Alcohol whose blight on all the heart holds dear is laid;
Who damns the home and haunts the dome where Freedom's laws are
made;

Whose hellish fires now lick the spires that lift to Love's clear light;
Whose horror holes send human souls to dark abysmal night;
Whose maddening lust betrays the trust of wife so sweet and true;
A drink of rye; a blood-shot eye; a child lashed black and blue;

A social glass with lad or lass; a soul besmirched with slime;
A game of cards with tipsy pards; a branded Cain of crime.
O land, lend ear, the dollar dear lies at the root of all;
But wake, beware ! The Hand is there ! It writes upon the wall !
Belshazzar's lords fling down their swords; the walls wear crimson stain;
His wealth and wines and concubines are scattered, spilt, and slain !

IMMANUEL

III

Lord, let me pity not alone thy hapless poor, oppressed,
But him whose proud, imperial throne is reared o'er man's unrest.
His lot, O Lord, hath greater need of mercy than the meek,
Who, though he smite them till they bleed, still turn the other cheek;
For when the day of reckoning comes, and Sinai thunders sound,
Mid bugle blast and beat of drums, oh where shall he be found?

The mind is staggered with the thought, the heart with horror chills;
Deliver, Lord, a world o'erwrought, and spare the blood that spills!
Delay, O Lord, a little while the vengeance threatening now;
This modern Sodom may be vile, but some to thee still bow!
Deal kindly, Lord; O Lord relent, though Mammon still rebel;
Withhold the destined punishment—the horror strife of hell!

Lord, need it be the world must quaff the wine of war once more,
And loose the fiends that howl and laugh when drunk on human gore?
Oh let the prayers of love prevail, and for our sins atone;
Silence, O Christ, the widow's wail, and comfort those that moan!
Speak peace where passion is supreme, and hope where broods despair;
Send slumber sweet and gladsome dream to souls weighed down with care!

Though with the trumpet of thy Truth a Gabriel blast I blow,
In wrath I would remember ruth—Love's lute so sweet and low,
Whose melting music after all excels the bugle's ring;
The gain of strife is hatred's gall; 'tis Love that leaves no sting.
Then give me Faith that may remove the mountains in my way;
And let good Hope my helmet prove; but Love shall be my lay!
So with the morn the world may wake, and put her sackcloth by;
While captive souls their shackles break, and song succeeds to sigh!

* * * * *

From yonder height there flames a light that fills the world with awe;
A Sinai within the sky, the thundering of His Law;
But hark, I hear, now faint, now clear a strain unheard before;
The music of Immortal Love, God's anger burns no more!
His punishment with sin is sent; but Love will save the lost;
For Christ shall reach where souls beseech, whatever be the cost!

That Love sublime nor space nor time is able to restrain;
Its truth exceeds our narrow creeds, and shall not wait nor wane
Till tribes and lands beyond the strands of our belief shall live,
While we, alas, so proud, shall pass like water through a sieve.

IMMANUEL

His kindly care is everywhere, in matter and in mind;
We live in Him with yonder dim, and distant worlds, designed.
Each to fulfill the All-Wise Will that moves the universe.
Immortal made is every blade and leaf the seasons nurse;
They fall to earth, but nobler birth awaits them where He wills;
In higher spheres each reappears where some sweet warbler trills.
The insect choir He doth inspire to chant His praise in spring;
And every bird is likewise stirred His genial love to sing.

The streams that leap from winter's sleep take up the happy strain;
And all day long their choral song repeat to hill and plain.
Leave doubt behind and strive to find the upward path to peace;
And in due time the heights sublime will smile with sweet release.
The rich and poor shall both secure their rights and be at rest;
Love's circling arms soothe all alarms and fold us to His breast.

IV

Thy guiding hand rules every land, O God, both great and small;
Thy Law is Love, below, above; thereby we stand or fall.
The same decrees that spread the seas and fixed the steadfast hills,
Still move with might and tender light of truth to heal earth's ills.
The shot and shell of hatred's hell, like lightnings in the air,
Must clear the way for that glad day of Love now dawning fair.

Wild bugles ring, and on the wing are dire destruction's darts;
But still the Star of Peace afar inspires our hoping hearts.
The Bloody Beast hath made a feast with Error's bats and owls,
And all his hordes now draw their swords with fiercely fiendish howls.
Against the One who sits upon Truth's shining steed they go;
The battle-field, as John revealed, brings Armageddon's woe.

But Christ shall take the Beast and break the bonds his captives wear;
Despotic sway shall pass away, and with it man's despair.
From this last strife shall nobler life leap forth for all mankind;
A newer birth awaits old earth, now stumbling, sad and blind.
The love that starts within our hearts to win the world is one
With Love Divine whose might benign sustains the circling sun.

Dear Son of God, whose feet once trod familiar paths of men,
Thy potent power this very hour moves in our midst again.
The goodly days thy spiritual gaze perceived and prophesied,
Are nigh at hand when every land in brotherhood shall bide.
Love's choral song shall burst ere long from out the blue profound,
And starry spheres through endless years that heavenly strain shall sound !