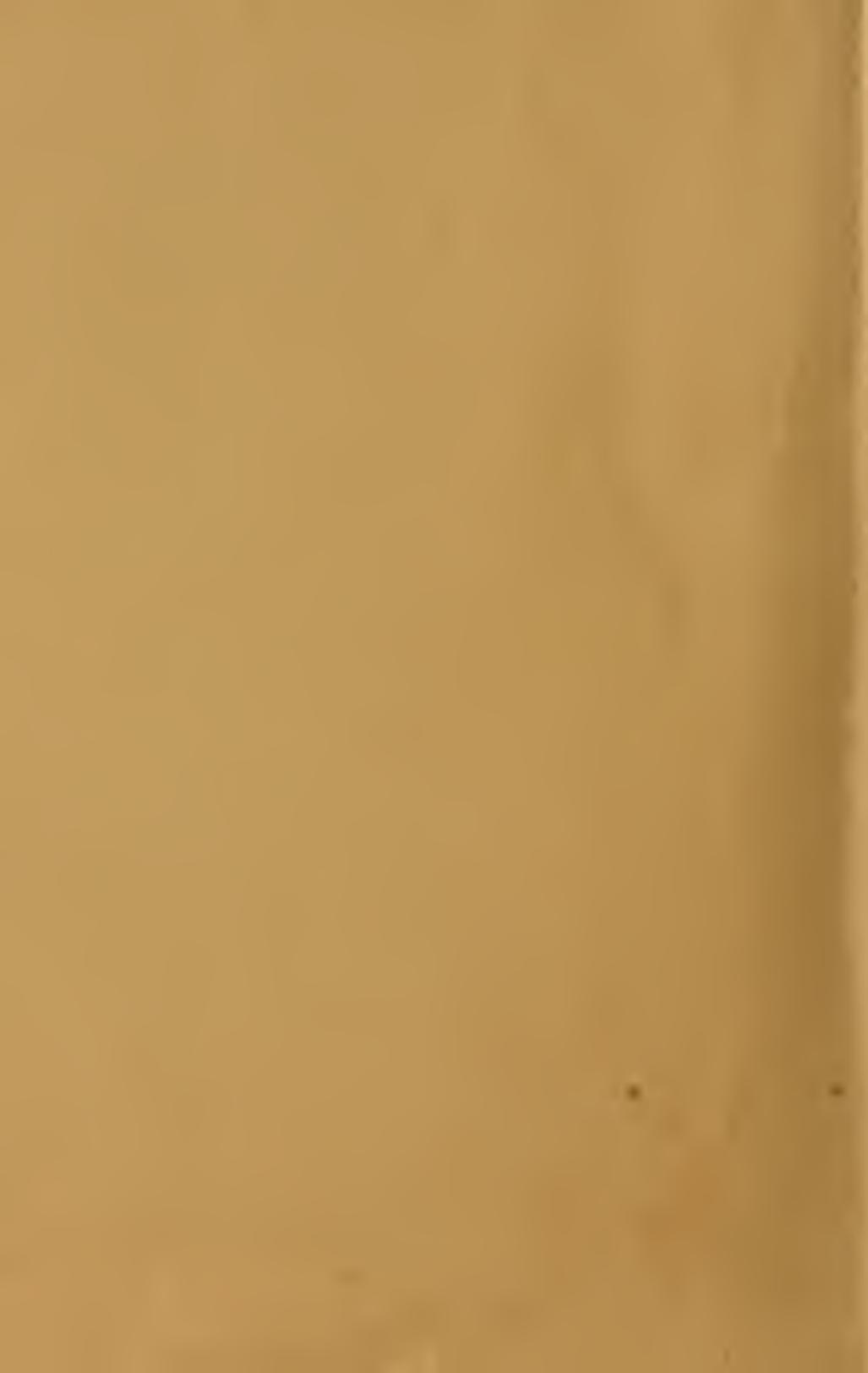


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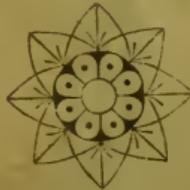
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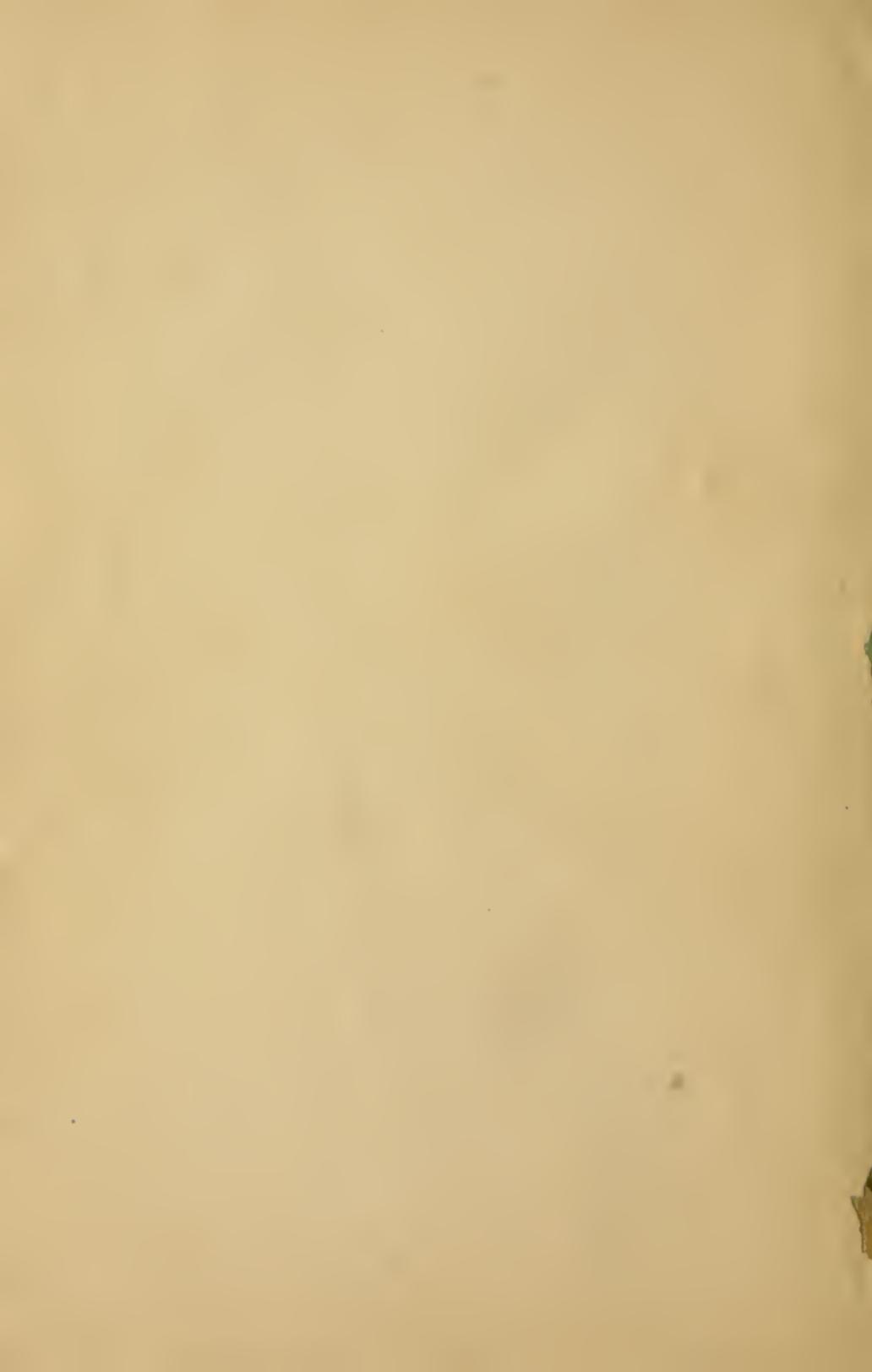
OF



IDAHO.



PRICE, 50 CENTS.



Poems of Idaho

BY

H. F. Johnson.



WITH NOTES BY THE PUBLISHER.



1895

SIGNAL JOB PRINTING HOUSE
WEISER, IDAHO.

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Publisher's Note.

In the latter part of July of last year, I was encamped for a few days, with several good gentlemen, near the North Star mine on the headwaters of Rapid river, and Mr. Johnson arriving one evening, those of the party who possessed the proper vein in their natures gradually turned the social channel into a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." "Dickens in Camp" would have brought a very meek feeling to Bret Harte could he have been present. During the great variety of literary research and criticism which was indulged in, Mr. Johnson favored the company with a rendition of the second poem in this volume—"The Home of the Mountaineer." There, with true nature in all her vastness and grandeur spread out beneath us, (we were at an altitude of about 8,000 feet) with the green forests stretching away for miles, with mountain "turrets reaching to the sky" above us, it was easy to appreciate the impulses which inspired the lines. Having myself just repeated some lines of Bryant which I greatly admire:

"All dim in haze the mountains lay,
With dimmer vales between,
And rivers glimmered on their way
By forests faintly seen."

And being immediately followed by Mr. Johnson, I was deeply struck with the favorable manner in which his lines compared with Bryant's; and with the "visible forms" of nature on all sides, his words carried such an inexpressible beauty that on the spur of the moment I proposed to him that I publish a volume of his poems. This explanation of how this little work came to be printed and offered for sale is perhaps unnecessary, but it will serve the purpose sufficiently well for an introductory.

Mr. Johnson has been accused of plagiarism, but I fail to recognize, in looking over his poetry, anything coming under that head. Some of the verses, herein, contain a vein of underlying sentiment that fully entitles them to preservice. Others are of a much shallower character, but are mostly connected with some incident, or reminiscence of this section, which will cause the volume to be a pleasant souvenir in the years to come. It is true that its production necessitated the risk of a few dollars on an enterprise the fate of which might be considered doubtful, and at a time when dollars are not to be risked without some hesitancy, but on the whole I think it is well timed. It is trusted that it will meet a sufficient degree of favor with the public to at least guarantee the sales.

Respectfully,

Weiser, March 1, 1895.

R. E. LOCKWOOD.

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25

POEMS OF IDAHO.

Sunset at Rapid River.

Slow the orb of day's declining,
In his golden beauty dressed,
While the fleecy clouds at evening
Linger in the glowing west.

Painted by the sun's bright pencils,
In their radiant beauty shine;
Pencils tipped with golden sunbeams,
Wielded by a hand divine.

In the vales the twilight lingers,
On the hills the sober gray;
While upon the mountain's summit,
Still the golden sunbeams play.

Slowly fade those scenes of glory,
With the sun's last golden ray;
While the mountains, grand and hoary,
Kiss the lingering beams of day.

On the hill the twilight gathers,
Darkness shrouds the valleys now;
While the gray a moment glimmers,
On the rugged mountain's brow.

Softly fall the shades of evening,
Over mountain, hill and plain;
While the gloom that round us gathers,
Whispers night has come again.

The Home of the Mountaineer.

[No one who has beheld the majestic mountain grandeur of Northern Washington County can fail to appreciate the beauty of the following lines.]

Some sing of life in cities fair,
Some sing of homes in valleys green,
Some sing of pleasures on the beach,
Where wealth and gayeties are seen.

But I will sing of grandest scenes
That ever met the human eye,
Of forests green, of crystal streams,
Of turrets reaching to the sky.

Give me the grand old mountain range,
Their lofty summits crowned with snow,
Their canyons weird, grand and strange,
Through which the crystal fountains flow.

Their evergreen, their shady groves,
The feathered songsters' loved retreat,
The flowers of every hue that blows
And sweetly nestles at their feet.

I could not live in vales below;
The wild and weird scenes so rife
That cluster round those peaks of snow
Are interwoven with my life.

The lordly elk, the timid deer,
That graze upon the foliage there,
The eagle, bird that knows no fear,
With freedom cleaves the mountain air.

Far up among those rocky peaks
The mountain goat, with fearless tread,
From crag to crag, with nimble feet,
Leaps free, with neither fear or dread.

Amidst those craggy snow-crowned peaks,
That glisten in the morning air,
A home the fearless eagle seeks,
And safely builds his eyrie there.

I know the meaning now of Tell,
 Who rushed with outstretched arms to greet
 His mountain home, where freedom dwells,
 Nor fears the tread of tyrants' feet.

And when my work of life shall cease,
 And I on earth no more shall dwell,
 May I forever rest in peace
 Amidst those scenes I love so well.

The Seven Devils—Review of the Camp.

[This poetastry is not given as meriting a place, as poetic literature, with the two preceding productions, but for the object it may accomplish of impressing the unfamiliar reader with the magnitude of the Seven Devils copper fields.]

Once more the Devil takes a tramp,
 Around the Seven Devil camp,
 To note improvement that's been made
 In miners' work of every grade;
 To see the ore shining bright,
 That toiling men have brought to light;
 To hear the news of every kind
 About the Seven Devil mines;
 And then report to men of sense
 The facts, which are our best defence,
 Against the cur who roams about
 And swears the mines are all played out,
 Then sneaks about, devoid of shame,
 To jump some working miner's claim;
 Before the public then parade
 The great discovery he has made,
 With such a thieving, lazy pup
 The Devil yet will settle up.
 With pen and paper in our hand
 We start to view the promised land,
 From Snake River toward the east,
 Without the fear of man or beast,
 We move along the rough divide
 And note the mines on every side.

The first development that's seen
Is made upon the River Queen:
Red copper oxides here abound
Both on the top and under ground;
And when their tunnel strikes the mine,
In depth they will their fortunes find,
And then, in justice, they can claim
The mine is worthy of its name.
Both up and down this rapid stream
Can many other mines be seen.
Towards the north the lime peak stands,
A noted point within the land;
Around its face a group of mines
Already found, and more to find;
And ore rich can there be seen,
Where miners will their fortunes glean.
The next development we find
Is on the Charley Leithstrom mine:
The Cranky is the name, I believe
That from its owners it received,
Gray copper ore here we trace,
With silver mixed to help the case,
And here we may as well declare
No lazy crank is working there,
Across the gulch the Box mine lays,
Rich copper glance the mine displays,
The Little Rock, the next we find,
Will surely prove a paying mine,
Still moving east along the route
We note the name of Silver Sprout,
A mine where little work is done
Yet showing croppings number one,
We climb the ridge and on its crest
We find the Golden Eagle's nest;
And here the ore brought to light
Would charm a mining expert's sight;
The eggs we find are sprinkled through
With silver, gold and copper too,
As rich as any in the land,
Let those deny the facts who can:

And as they sink the shaft below
The mine will in its richness grow.
Another ledge upon the ground
Where Chloride ore has been found,
Is well defined and ten feet wide,
Free milling silver ore beside.
On the same ground and close about,
The old Mott ledge is cropping out.
These lodes will prove the Eagle's nest
The great bonanza of the West.
But eastward still we hold our course,
In search of this great mineral source.
Joining the Golden Eagle mine
Toward the east the prospect's fine.
The Northern Bell is looking fair,
Its croppings stand up in the air,
With Peacock ore and copper glance,
The owners stand a splendid chance
To glean their fortunes from the mine,
To last them through all coming time.
Again we climb the mountain side,
And on a small but rough divide
The Cliff mine stands, with Peacock ore,
Gray copper, too, they have in store.
Across the gulch, toward the east,
The Hannibal our vision feasts;
With Peacock ore and copper glance,
And gold its value to enhance,
And silver, too, with them are found,
Improving as they sink it down.
Then if you think this not enough,
Step down and view the Silver Bluff.
Below the Cliff mine, near the road,
You'll find this mammoth silver lode.
The croppings stand above the ground,
Where copper gray, and silver's found;
A million tons in sight, will pay
For smelting in an early day.
Here many other mines are claimed,
No work yet done upon the same.

But croppings good on all we find,
Which indicate a paying mine,
We move along the wagon road
And note the forests grand and good,
With timber here to work the mines,
For ages yet of coming time.
On Lockwood Saddle now we stand
And gaze upon the promised land.
Then higher up the hill we climb
To catch a view of all the mines.
Here we behold a grand display,
And naught obscures our visual ray:
But all around on every side,
From lofty peak to low divide,
The mines in groups of two or more
Dazzle our eye with glittering ore.
Far to the south and to the east,
On mineral wealth our vision feasts.
The Mountain King, Alaska too,
The Cleveland and Maud S. will do,
The Sampson, Belmont, Mountain Queen,
And Copper Crescent there is seen.
The great Blue Jacket next we find,
Which proves a well developed mine.
The Legal Tender on the west
May yet turn out one of the best:
While on the south does Helena
Her treasures to our sight display.
Still onward, south, the Ella mine
Beside the Fireside there we find.
Then turning east and up the creek,
The mines loom up both fast and thick.
The grand Decora, in her pride,
The Arkansaw close by her side,
On which development has shown
A mine we all would like to own.
To these we add, without regret,
The mine they call the Calumet.
Across the creek, and up the hill,
The old French ledge is booming still;

Rich both in gold and silver too,
With tons of ore there in view.
Still further up this grand divide,
And on the south, or Bear creek side,
We see the Allen silver mine:
The ore proves of the richest kind.
And in the Placer Basin, too,
Are many mines both good and true.
But here again, with glad surprise,
We turn to view with eager eyes,
The mines developed to the west,
And all along the mountain's crest.
The Lookout and the Lockwood, too,
Pomeroy and Circle C. will do;
The Dora's bright, rich ore we see,
To this a lady holds the key.
The Anaconda comes into view,
And Young America is there too.
The Tussle, Crown, and Hidden Treasure,
Are rich in ore, beyond measure
Estella May, Last Chance and Ophir,
Grand prospects to their owners offer.
Virginia next, and then Bill Nye,
New Moon and little Nelly Bly.
The Copper Key, it will unlock
The treasures in the mountain rock.
The Wedge mine, next, and Standard there,
And Bodie, all are looking fair.
The South Peacock next comes to view,
And here the ore would charm a Jew.
And ore found within the mine
Is gold and copper both combined,
And samples found here, not a few,
With wire gold pierced through and through.
The mine will prove one of the best
Developed in the growing West.
But as our work has scarce begun
We'll leave this mine and hasten on.
The Old Peacock, a noted mine,
Is known almost in every clime.

Tons upon tons of ore lay
There basking in the sun's bright ray:
Just such a sight we've never seen,
Of copper mines it is the queen.
It makes the Devil laugh to think
What wealth they'll find when down they sink.
When opened up in splendid style
This mine will make the owners smile.
And furnish work for laboring men,
Till many generations end.
Around this claim a group of mines,
Almost of every size and kind,
Are owned by men of nerve and pluck,
Who will their hidden wealth unlock.
The North Peacock, and Badger, too,
Black Garnet, Steamboat, Idaho;
There's West Peacock, and Statehood, too,
With Confidence our faith renew:
And Copperopolis, how grand,
With Silveropolis at hand;
And Hazel, Laura, Victoria
Will not our confidence betray.
The Tamarack is sure to win.
The St. Louis is coming in.
The Wiggins, and the Memphis there,
While brightly shines the Morning Star.
The Evening Star is not yet set,
But shines with brilliant rays, you bet.
The Edith, Ellen, and Climax;
The great White Monument comes next.
There's copper here, and silver too,
With free gold sprinkled through and through.
At free gold, here, one single glance
Would make a Wall Street broker dance:
He'd try to lock the whole thing up,
And rob the world, the thieving pup!
Calamity Jane we see at last—
We hope the calamity has passed.
There's East Climax and Hellen Blazes:
The Boston's wealth we cannot measure.

The Emma, and the Humboldt, there,
And Pocahontas looking fair,
The Gem of this great mountain range,
The Chieftain, Hecla and Exchange,
The Tiger, Crown Point, Copper King,
We need not here their praises sing.
Eureka, Dublin, and the Whale,
And California cannot fail.
Salubria, Cougar, Alliance,
We see them all here at a glance.
And many more we have not named,
May yet prove mines of wealth and fame;
And hundreds more that are not yet found
Whose croppings shine on vacant ground,
Awaiting prospectors there to trace
The rich ore to its hiding place,
And locate mines, and fortunes glean
From mineral ledges yet unseen.
The country rock throughout, we find,
Is granite, porphyry and lime.
Now and then the slate appears
But on the whole is rather scarce,
No better formation can be found
For mineral wealth beneath the ground.
The water here, and wood supply
Will last till generations die.
A wagon road, good and "substanch,"
From Weiser to the Huntley ranch.
From here the Klienschmidt road we find
Complete up to the Peacock mine;
And teams more plenty, hauling ore,
Than they have ever been before.
Men scarcely yet preceive the good
Derived from this new wagon road.
'Twill help to pierce this mountain belt,
And show the world our mineral wealth.
And men of sense will come and see,
Then spread the news from sea to sea.
That here in Idaho they find
The largest and the richest mines

That ever yet on earth was seen
By any living human being;
And when the world these facts shall know:
Thousands will come to Idaho,
To build up homes, their means invest,
And live and prosper in the West.
West of the Peacock, close at hand,
The embryotic city stands;
And men of means, who here invest,
Will prove their judgment of the best.
Helena is the city's name,
The village soon will rise to fame;
Equal, if not surpass, the best
Of mining cities in the West.
We saw one woman in our round,
The first, I believe, within the town;
We hope that many more will come
To help adorn our mountain home
As mothers, daughters, sisters, wife,
To add a charm to mountain life.
Although we're told by men of old,
They taught the world to sin,
Without their aid love's star would fade,
And life would not be worth a pin.
Shame on the man, whose sordid soul,
Within his heart could find
The will and power to teach the world,
Such nonsense as divine.
But here it may as well be known,
That this great camp is not alone;
From Peacock mine we take a run
Nine miles toward the rising sun:
Here we behold the Sommers camp,
That richly pays us for our tramp;
The royal metals here we find,
Are gold and silver both combined;
The ledges on this great divide
Will measure two to six feet wide.
'Tis said the richest rock will run
Three thousand dollars to the ton.

While all the ledges yet in view,
Are rich in gold, and silver too.
There's many found that bear rich ore,
And plenty room to look for more;
From here, northwest for many miles,
Good prospects meet us all the while:
With timber plenty, and to spare,
With crystal streams and purest air;
For life, and health, the world around,
No better heritage could be found.
But soon, we are told, travelers can find
A railroad track laid to the mine;
The locomotive's snort we'll hear,
We'll greet him with a hearty cheer;
We'll load him down with ore bright,
And send him on his outward flight;
And while he is gone with loads of ore,
We'll sharp our tools and dig for more.
But here we are compelled to pause,
And who will deny we have just cause,
To speak of all the wealth that is here,
Would take the Devil many a year.
"Then tell us not in mournful numbers,"
Mining is an empty dream;
For the millions here that slumbers
In these geologic seams;
We know by miners' picks and shovels
And the power of dynamite;
With the aid of drills and hammers.
These will yet be brought to light.
Now some old foggy shakes his head,
And will not believe what we have said;
We've stated facts, just as they be,
If you don't believe it come and see.



Love.

Love is but the flowers of life
That bloom in warm affections bowers:
It softens care, and tempers strife,
And gilds with joy our social hours.

Let love depart, then friendship dies,
And life is but a dreary waste;
Naught else is found beneath the skies
To crown with joy the human race.

I know but one that I could love,
With love eternal, firm and true,
And, as I hope for heaven above,
That one is none else but you.

And yet I know the sacred prize
To me is lost by fate's decree,
While on an other beam the eyes
That should have oped with love for me.

I know that love is laughed to scorn
By those who deem themselves most wise,
They think if wealth their homes adorn,
'Twill make this world a paradise.

But wealth may glitter in the home
Where dwells the monsters, hate and strife.
Where love and joy doth never come
To lift the cares from man and wife.

The love that's true will surely live
Through all the ages yet to be,
What it receives 'twill truly give,
'Till time unvails eternity.

Then love should be our guiding star
Through all the changing scenes of life,
For only those who truly love,
By nature's law are man and wife.

Farewell to Idaho.

Come all ye heroes of the land,
We'll sing of Western life,
Ye pioneers who led the van
Through danger, toil and strife;
Who planted freedom's starrv flag,
In spite of savage foe,
Upon the rugged mountain peaks
And plains of Idaho.

You saw the land in days of yore,
When savage foes were 'round;
You heard, through valley, cove and dell,
The warwhoop's dismal sound;
You've scaled her lofty mountain peaks.
You've crossed the torrents arch,
You've met the grizzly in his path,
The warrior on his march.

The wild deer bounded from his lair,
And sped across the land;
The elk, that noblest beast of chase,
Were seen on every hand:
The cougar's savage growl was heard,
The gray wolf's dismal howl,
The coyote yelping on the plain,
Made music for us all.

The scene has changed; alas, no more
The wild deer scuds the plain,
The lordly elk, a sylvan god,
With us but few remain;
Our savage foeman, once so strong,
Is feeble now at best,
His star of empire, once so grand,
Is setting in the West.

We will see no more the trapper's day,
The hunter's fame is gone,
The game and fur have passed away,
No more can they return;

But in their stead domestic life
Is teeming on the hills,
The lowing herds and tinkling bells.
The air with music fills.

The civilizing magic wand
Has touched the primal plain:
Where roamed the savage beasts of prey
Now waves the golden grain;
Where stood the dusky warrior's lodge
The school house proudly stands,
Where rose the savage warrior's cry
The songs of peace ascend.

Where, in the mountains' solitude,
Was heard but nature's song,
The miner's pick and anvil's-ring
The chorus still prolong;
The mountains yield their precious store
To beautify the land;
While labor, toil and enterprise
Is seen on every hand.

While some have reached the golden shore,
And dwell in fairy land,
Some struggle on with hope's bright star
Still shining in the van;
While some beneath the churchyard sleep,
Some rest in unknown graves,
Some met the storm king on the deep,
And sleep beneath the waves.

To those who reached the golden shore
By the just and honest way,
May peace and plenty crown their board,
Till life shall pass away;
To those who struggle on in hope
We give a hearty cheer;
To those who sleep in unknown graves
We drop a friendly tear.

And now farewell to Idaho,
 Her clear and sparkling streams,
 Her mountains robed in purest snow,
 Her valleys clothed in green;
 'Tis fate's decree that I must go,
 And to my fate I yield:
 I'll call and see you all again
 When fortune turns the wheel.

That is the way I used to sing,
 But now I've changed my tune,
 My talk of leaving Idaho
 Was a little bit too soon:
 Dame Fortune smiled, I've struck it rich,
 And the best thing I can do
 Is change my mind, and settle down,
 And see the country through.

To My Mother in the Spirit World.

Mother dear, how dark and dreary
 Seems the rugged path I've trod.
 Wandering, homeless and weary,
 Since we lay thee 'neath the sod.

There no parting words were spoken
 In that sad and solemn hour,
 When life's golden thread was broken:
 Speech had lost its magic power.

In the coffin, pale and silent,
 Lay the form we loved so well;
 And we viewed it, with what anguish
 Human speech can never tell.

Slowly moved the sad procession
 From our home, where joy had fled,
 To that dark and silent chamber,
 Where repose the sacred dead.

Tenderly we lowered the coffin
To its place of sacred rest;
While the sad farewell was spoken
Sorrow reigned in every breast.

Though we knew 'twas but the casket
That must moulder with the dead,
While the jewel, bright and joyous,
To a fairer world had fled.

Time may dim my mental vision.
Age creeps on—my youth is o'er;
But my sacred love maternal,
Lives till time shall be no more.

Mother from thy spirit mansion
In the beauteous summer land,
Guide my footsteps on life's journey,
Lead me with thy loving hand.

Then when death's cold icy fingers
Firmly grasps my aching heart,
I'll not shrink but bid him welcome,
Bid him hurl his fatal dart.

Though our lives may be eternal,
Death must set the spirit free;
And each turn of earth diurnal,
Brings me nearer home to thee.

Sunset at the Seven Devils.

It was evening and the orient sun
Into his bed was moving on;
The air was cool, a gentle breeze
Came whispering through the waving trees;
The feathered songsters of the west
Were seeking for their place of rest;
The lowing herds, their music stills,
And sink to rest upon the hills.

The sun was sinking in the west,
A golden shield upon his breast.
A sudden impulse seized my soul;
The impulse got beyond control;
And in my frenzy off I hied
To climb the rugged mountain side
To gaze upon receding day,
And watch the golden sunbeams play
In vivid streaks across the sky
To paint the clouds that floated by.
And, oh, I thought those clouds were blessed,
They moved so sweetly from the west;
In colors gorgeous and grand
As ever left a painter's hand,
The yellow tinge, the golden hue,
The scarlet red, the lovely blue;
The silvery gray, the white, the black.
No colors did the picture lack.
But all in beauty gathered there,
Suspended in the evening air.
And while those clouds in beauty float,
Like fabled fairy's pleasure boat,
I gazed upon the western skies
Bespangled with unnumbered dyes,
In admiration and surprise
I turned to view the eastern skies.
The grand mountain's lofty height
Reflected still the beams of light;
Down at his feet, in sombre mood,
The Titans of the forest stood;
While up above the timber lines
His sunlit brow in beauty shines;
That brow that stood serene, sublime,
Despite the spoiling hand of time—
A monarch, by ages undefiled—
Ere man had trod the western wild.
But while I gazed the light had fled,
And sombre hues had crowned his head.
I stood in silent thought profound,
Till twilight let her curtains down,

And in the eastern sky afar
 She pinned them with a shining star.
 Then all was silent, hushed and still,
 And darkness shrouded plain and hill:
 And night her sable mantle hurled
 In peace around a sleeping world.

-----♦-----
 In Memory of My Old Saddle Horse, Curley.

Pause stranger, here, with feelings kind,
 With reverence this ruin scan;
 It once was clothed with life divine,
 The noblest, truest friend of man

Farewell, old horse, thy race is run,
 No more on earth thy form is seen;
 Thy bones lie mouldering in the sun,
 To feed the flowers and grasses green.

None claim exemption from thy lot,
 But all to fate's decree must bow,
 To sleep in death and be forgot,
 The fate of all that's living now,

As time rolls on, the fair, the brave,
 Must sleep in death by fate's decree;
 The king, the monarch and the slave,
 Must share their humble bed with thee.

The vain and haughty sons of men,
 The proud imperious lords of birth,
 Must pass away at fate's command,
 And mingle with their mother earth.

Thus time rolls on an endless chain,
 While youth and age must pass away;
 Then why should man be proud and vain,
 Who's life is but a summer's day.

Charles Bradlaugh, the English Freethinker.

[Charles Bradlaugh was born in 1833 and died January 30, 1891, the following being written shortly after. He was a noted member of Parliament and wrote the "Impeachment of the House of Brunswick." He was a prominent social reformer but vigorous anti-socialist.]

Across the wide ocean a wailing sound comes,
 A hero has fallen in battle array;
 Lower the flag to half mast, muffle the drums,
 For the Champion of Freedom who's passing away.

A braver and truer the world hath not known:
 A foe to oppression, and tyrant's stern might;
 With his weapons of reason the foe was o'erthrown,
 Like a giant in the arena, he stood in the fight.

Long years he has battled for freedom and right;
 With justice and truth like a bright sword of flame,
 He stood with his face to the foe in the fight,
 Never quailing before their false heroes of fame.

No bribery or threats of the foemen could conquer
 Our champion of justice and truth in the fight;
 And millions unbound will rejoice that the hero
 Stood firm in defence of their freedom and right.

No monument's needed to mark where he slumbers:
 His memory's embalmed in the hearts of the world,
 He'll live in the future through ages unnumbered:
 His banner of justice can never be furled.

Farewell, noble Champion, thy deeds are immortal.
 They shine like a star on the records of time;
 The hand of the tyrant can never efface them;
 Thy life was a struggle, heroic, sublime.

Thy name will be honored through ages unnumbered
 By the champions of freedom, truth, justice and
 light;

A beacon to guide us till tyranny slumbers,
 And freedom shall conquer the world for the right.

When truth and justice shall conquer the nations,
 When tyranny's minions from earth shall be hurled:
 Thy name shall be honored in every station,
 Thy deeds, like a rainbow, encircle the world.

I'm Growing Old.

I'm growing old, I'm growing old,
 Oh, would I were a boy again,
 To sit by mother as of old,
 And listen to the soft refrain
 That from her sacred lips would fall
 In melody to bless us all.

To hear the lullaby once more
 That softly like the sunshine fell
 Around our lives in days of yore,
 To tell the household all was well,
 To soothe the boy's peaceful rest
 That sweetly slumbered on her breast.

Oh mother dear, the years seem long,
 And life is loosing half its charms;
 Oh could I hear again thy song
 And sweetly slumber in thy arms!
 Then wake to meet thy loving smile,
 That soothed and blessed thy weary child.

To see thy smiles, to hear thy voice,
 That haunts me still in manhood's prime,
 Would make my weary soul rejoice;
 To linger on the verge of time,
 To listen to the heavenly strain,
 And live my boyhood o'er again.

To hear once more my father's voice,
 That ever sought our lives to cheer;
 Whose kindness made our hearts rejoice,
 Who watched our steps with tender care,
 Who taught that honor, truth and right
 Should be our guide both day and night.

But they have passed beyond our sight,
 No more their voices greet our ears,
 In memory's tablets pure and bright,
 Their sacred image still appears
 A beacon light to guide our way,
 Along life's journey day by day.

I often wander back again
 In memory to my childhood home,
 In thought I listen to the strain
 That filled the room from base to dome,
 With melody and words of cheer,
 That banished sorrow, hate and fear.

Perhaps I'll wander back some day
 To see the home I dearly prized,
 Ere fate decreed that I should stray
 Far from Willamette's sunny skies,
 To see the graves that hold in trust
 Father and mother's sacred dust.

A Legend of the Seven Devils.

[The following relates to past history of the Seven Devils section and will be readily understood by those acquainted with the camp's career. At first some hesitancy was felt in inserting it, on account of the delicate references contained, but it is Mr. Johnson's production not the publisher's.]

There were some men of great renown,
 Came from the north to look around
 To see if copper could be found,
 To make a show
 Sufficient for them to settle down
 In Idaho.

They found a camp they thought would pay:
 The Seven Devils, so they say;
 They marked them for their lawful prey,
 And then began
 To teach the miners to obey
 At their command.

They thought, as they were men of fame,
 They'd try their little freeze-out game,
 And keep the camp back all the same,
 And get their grip
 Upon the miners' richest claims,
 Then make them skip.

But, strange, no matter how they'd squeeze,
 The working miner would not freeze,
 But worked his mine and lived with ease
 From year to year;
 And would not bow, these lords to please,
 In want or fear.

But Yankee Doodle came around;
 He saw that copper had been found,
 In heaps and heaps upon the ground,
 The ore lay:
 The Yankees thought, with judgment sound,
 The thing would pay,

And now, the northern nabob's fate
 Is sealed, since Idaho's a state;
 They stuck their shovels in too late
 To make it pay.
 The men of wealth from Yankee state
 Have come stay.

The northern nabobs are no good,
 They'll hire men to work a road,
 At wages that would starve a toad,
 They pay in check,
 That's worth, if taken by the load,
 Six bits a peck.

Montana take the curses back,
 And keep the d——d. infernal pack,
 They every noble impulse lack,
 That makes a man;
 They labor rob, with worthless checks,
 Whene'er they can.

A man who's deemed a millionaire,
 Who, in making change, would split a hair,
 And on a railroad bum his fare,
 Is devilish mean:
 And none who believe in acting fair,
 The curse would screen.

And now farewell to all such men,
 To wish them well, would be a sin,
 Because they never fail to skin
 The poor and weak:
 The means they use to gain their ends,
 Would shame a sneak.

The World's Needs.

The world's in need of men of brain,
 Who in the right will never falter;
 Who honor's record will not stain,
 Nor bow before the mystic altar.

Who will not bow before a throne,
 Nor tremble at a monarch's nod;
 Who dare assert his soul's his own,
 Nor fear the tyrant's chastening rod.

Who stands erect in manhood's prime,
 With justice, like a sword aflame,
 To drive the tyrant's lying brood,
 Back to the source from whence it came.

Who grasps the truth wherever found,
 And waves its standard in the air;
 Who tramples falsehood's minions down,
 And lifts the weak with tender care.

And women true, beside the men,
 As mothers, daughters, sisters, wife,
 Should stand his help, and dearest friend
 Through all the changing scenes of life.

And they should surely understand
 That health, and love is worth their strife,
 And never grasp the deathly hand
 That fashion reaches for their life.

But dress for beauty, ease and grace,
 For health, that with the others vie;
 That love may shine from every face,
 That joy may sparkle in the eye.

We need the heroine who's true
 To noblest thoughts that fill the mind;
 Who scorns dame fashion's tyrant crew,
 Nor kneels at Mother Grundy's shrine.

Who stands erect with love-lit eye
 To search Dame Nature's secret store:
 With freedom scan the earth and sky,
 And wisdom's paths of life explore.

If such their banner would unfurl,
 The brave and true would rally to it,
 And tyranny from the earth be hurled,
 Then all would be the better for it.

The Grave of the Stranger.

[About two years ago three strangers on their way to Seven Devils, camped on Lick Creek. One fell ill and the other two took him to a house near by, gathered up their outfit, left the locality and returned no more. Mr. Johnson was passing soon after and his attention was called to the stranger, who was dying. There being no burial ground there they laid the dead man to rest out in the hills south of the crossing of Lick Creek.]

Pause, traveler, a moment in passing this spot,
 The mortal remains of a stranger lie here;
 His name and his memory will soon be forgot,
 By all the vast millions that people this sphere.
 Deserted by comrades who should have remained
 By his side in the hour of distress,
 When lonely and sad he was tortured by pain,
 A stranger alone in the west.

But his troubles have passed and he quietly sleeps,
 Alone where the wild flowers bloom;
 No kindred was near by his coffin to weep
 And lay him to rest in his tomb.

But the hand of the stranger has laid him away,
 Where the wild flowers will annually wave;
 Where the wild birds will warble their musical lay,
 While he quietly sleeps in his grave.

Farewell to the stranger, and calm be his sleep,
 No monument marks where his ashes repose;
 But wild flowers in springtime their vigils will keep,
 And winter will mantle his tomb with its snows.

Can This Be All.

I sat one day in thought profound,
 Alone within a silent room,
 My mind unruffled by a sound.
 I strove in vain to pierce the gloom,
 That shrouded like a funeral pall,
 The future destiny of all.

It seemed when death my form enfolds,
 And I of life shall be bereft,
 No ray of hope could I behold
 Beyond the borderland of death;
 But all was dark, no signs appear,
 The life and hope of man to cheer.

While thus in meditative thought,
 Alone I sat within the room,
 A ray of light my vision caught,
 That seemed to pierce the midnight gloom:
 This ray of radiance seemed to spread
 Till all the gloom of night had fled.

Within those lucid beams, so bright,
A lovely babe, with sunny curls,
Danced in the golden rays of light,
A bud to bloom and bless the world:
A mother's love its radiance shed
Around this lovely being's head.

The mother's heart-strings seemed to twine
Around this little fairy's form;
The thought alone, within her mind,
To shield its tender life from harm;
And on life's journey guard its way
From sin and sorrow day by day.

I looked again; The mother sat
Beside a couch, to weep and moan,
For death had nipped the tender flower,
Ere it on earth had fully blown;
Then all her joys of life had fled,
Or withered with her sacred dead.

I saw her clasp the lifeless form
In sorrow to her aching breast,
As though to shield it from all harm,
And guard once more its peaceful rest.
I gazed upon its funeral pall,
And then I asked, Can this be all?

I looked once more: The picture changed.
A lovely maid, with beauty rare,
In all the nobler graces trained,
Was sporting in the balmy air:
Her life all love, without a blight;
Her step was joyous, quick and light.

Around her life the flowers of love
By friends and relatives were strewn;
The golden sunbeams from above,
Fell softly 'round her peaceful home:
And all was joy and love and light,
Within their home both day and night.

I looked again: With fevered brow
Upon a couch the maiden lay.
While loving friends surround her now,
To watch the life tide ebb away;
Feebler and shorter comes the breath,
Till life is swallowed up in death.

And then the sobs, and mournful sounds
Of grief—hopeless, despairing wail
Of broken hearts—and sad despair
Rose upward on the evening gale;
No star of hope their vision guides
Beyond the shore of death's dark tide.

I saw them kiss the lips of clay
That once had wreathed with joy and mirth;
I saw them lay the form away,
To mingle with its mother earth;
I heard their prayers, their wailing call,
And then I asked, Can this be all?

Again I saw a sprightly youth,
Beloved by all within his sphere;
A mother's hope of love and truth;
A father's pride and faithful care.
Along youth's joyous happy road,
With aspirations high he strode.

But ere he reached the noon of life,
His sudden death his friends deplore;
Disease had checked his manly strife;
I saw him fall to rise no more;
I saw decay his form enthrall.
And then I asked, Can this be all?

Again I saw a lovely form;
An aged matron, crowned with years.
Her husband's hope in adverse storms;
Her childrens' guide in joy and tears:
Her life a song of joy and love,
As bright as sunbeams from above.

But lo, the scene is changed: Once more
That life of love and joy has fled.
With millions that have gone before;
She sleeps with the unnumbered dead.
I heard the orphans' wailing call,
And then I asked, Can this be all?

Again I saw the man of years,
Strong in his love of human kind;
Who lifts the fallen, dries their tears,
And helps to make their lives sublime;
His life a pleasant murmuring stream,
That sparkles in the sun's bright beams.

I saw his form of life bereft,
No trace of love and joy was there;
Pierced through by death's relentless shaft,
All melted into viewless air;
I saw them fade beyond recall,
Again I asked, Can this be all?

But while I mused upon the scene,
Appeared a lovely vision grand.
Across death's dark and turbid stream
I saw the flowery summer land.
From those I thought beyond recall,
The answer came, It is not all.

I saw beyond the stream of death,
Where friends and relatives had passed:
I heard their voices, soft and low;
They rose above the waves at last,
To tell us death is but the door
That leads us to the flowery shore.

I heard their music's grandest strain,
And listened still, with bated breath;
I heard the soft and grand refrain
That swept across the tide of death,
To tell us that life's bud will bloom
Beyond the cold and silent tomb.

For love immortal cannot die,
 But still continues to expand;
 From earth it reaches to the sky.
 To lead us to the summer land;
 To meet again our friends above,
 To dwell in homes of light and love.

The grandest man the world has known,
 Has said, and with his noblest breath:
 "I'll hope and believe in life beyond
 While love shall kiss the lips of death:
 If love immortal can not die.
 To kill that hope I need not try."

For love will hover round the dead,
 And kiss the very lips of clay;
 Will guard with care the lonely bed:
 Till life shall cease and pass away;
 But love will live in spirit life,
 Beyond these scenes of earthly strife.

It is not all. Not even fate,
 Could be so cruel in its strife,
 To rob us of the love and hope
 That gilds for all another life;
 Life where all can taste the bliss,
 A recompense for living this.

A Rough Outside No Sign of Depravity.

The brightest gems are often found
 In uncouth dress beneath the ground,
 And flowers of rarest beauty stand
 Surrounded by the desert sand.
 Beneath a rough exterior part
 May often throb the purest heart:
 The siren's smile, with winning grace,
 May shine in beauty from the face,
 While from within the heart may spring.
 The slanderer's dart and poisoner's sting

A Trip to Rapid River,

[There is scarcely a noted camp on the west coast but has its song; and in 1892, when the copper and gold discoveries were first made on Rapid River, it was thought that a great rush would immediately follow, as the song conveys. The isolation of the district has kept the camp back, but there is time yet for it to come out. The song gives a very graphic idea of a party of western miners hastening in to a new discovery, and the experiences they undergo.]

It was on the twenty-fifth of March, eighteen
hundred and ninety-two,
There met in Council Valley a jolly mining crew;
Three of them from the Webfoot State, the other
three, we know,
Had lived for many years within the State of Idaho.

CHORUS:

You hear of Rapid River! You take the golden
fever!
Got a pretty girl at home? Go right away and
leave her;
Saddle up your old cayuse, and through the valley
go it.
And if you strike a good thing let everybody
know it.

We were bound for Rapid River, we scarcely had
a dime;
It was just before the rush began, the weather was
sublime;
But now the snow is melting fast, the mud is to
our knees;
Before we reached the camp that night I thought
we'd surely freeze.

Chorus:—You hear of Rapid River, etc.

We reached the Salmon Meadows, the snow was
very deep;
The Webfooters took a cut-off, which almost made
them weep;
They'd travelled many hundred miles and at a great
expense,
And in the Salmon Meadows had to coon a barbed
wire fence.

Chorus:—You hear of Rapid River, etc.

Then down the Salmon Meadows, through mud, ice
 and snow;
 The road turned out so very bad we had to travel
 slow.
 We reached a Mr. Campbell's, a place we all admire;
 We found a spot where we could squat and build
 a small campfire.

Chorus:—You hear of Rapid River, etc.

Early in the morning the earth was white with snow.
 But soon the rain began to fall and that was forced
 to go;
 The drizzling rain and chilling blasts made every
 member shiver.
 But nothing could our zeal surpass; hurrah for
 Rapid River!

Chorus:—You hear of Rapid River, etc.

Early after breakfast we loaded up our train,
 In disregard of wind and storm we hit the road
 again;
 We crossed the Little Salmon from east to western
 side;
 We crossed Round Valley on a charge and hit the
 mountain side.

Chorus:—You hear of Rapid River, etc.

Before we reached the summit we had a small
 mishap;
 Though nothing very serious, 'twas strange to
 Webfoot chaps;
 The snow was four to six feet deep; with all our
 care and skill,
 One pack horse slipped upon the trail and tumbled
 down the hill.

Chorus:—You hear of Rapid River, etc.

At last we crossed the summit: we did not this
 regret;
 For still the rain was falling fast and everything
 was wet.
 We reached the Little Salmon, we left the snow
 behind;
 Here wood and water's plenty, but grass we could
 not find.

Chorus:—You hear of Rapid River, etc.

Our ponies all seemed restless, they did not like the
 camp;
 The grass so short and very scarce, they thought
 they'd take a tramp;
 They waked us from our slumbers before the break
 of day;
 We had to tie the leaders up and fed them on stake
 hay.

Chorus:—You hear of Rapid River, etc.

We packed up in the morning and left that camp
 with speed;
 We had to camp quite early, to let our ponies feed:
 The wind and snow and rain that night made every
 muscle quiver,
 But still we kept the music up; hurrah for Rapid
 River!

Chorus:—You hear of Rapid River, etc.

But still some distance we must go before we
 reached the camp.
 Across the mountain through the snow, ten miles
 we had to tramp,
 But courage boys, the end is near, and fortune will
 deliver
 All those who scale the mountain peaks that
 border Rapid River.

Chorus:—You hear of Rapid River, etc.

And now we've reached the golden shore; the mines
are rich, no doubt.

We'll run our tunnels, sink our shafts, and take
the ore out,

Then when we make our fortunes we'll end this
toil and strife,

We'll go back home, we'll wed our girls, and live a
happy life.

Chorus:—You hear of Rapid River, etc.

Girls I Cannot Understand.

I've lived in almost every clime,

I've seen the various tribes of earth,

I've heard the grand old ocean roar,

I've watched the cyclone from its birth,

Their history's all at my command,

But girls I cannot understand.

I've read the history of the world,

Of wars that drenched the land in blood;

I've seen all nation's flags unfurled,

I've studied deep the Word of God,

I've seen the rocks along life's strand,

But girls I cannot understand.

To learn the history of the stars

That circles round the orb of day,

To weigh correct the planet Mars,

Or analyze the Sun's bright ray,

Is play to what I have on hand

When girls I try to understand.

I cannot tell why Maud or May,

Or Lucy greets me on the street

With smiles that dim the sun's bright ray,

And voice of music, low and sweet;

That thoughts of purest love inspire,

That almost sets my blood on fire

Tomorrow comes, we meet again,
A frown has settled o'er the face,
That chills the blood within my veins,
And makes me long for death's embrace,
That cancels every hope of joy,
And brightest dreams of love destroy.

Yet I have struggled long and hard
To solve this riddle of the fair,
Till hope, that promised this reward,
Has vanished in the ambient air:
So I must yield to fate's command,
For girls I cannot understand.

The Seven Devil Miner's Bear Fight.

One morning in the month of August,
Early while the air was cool,
High up in the Devil mountains
Wandered I in seach of gold.

Strolling onward, much delighted
With the rugged grandeur there,
I in sudden horror sighted
Up the hill a grizzly bear.

Oh, I had the queerest feeling,
Must have turned a little pale,
When I saw the grizzly demon
Sitting on his stubby tail.

And I knew he saw the motion
That was quickly made by me
When I, with a sudden notion,
Dodged behind a giant tree.

He my hiding place detected;
On he came with giant stride;
With his battle flag erected,
Thundering down the mountain side.

When I saw his mouth wide open,
And his fiery eye balls glare,
I thought the Seven Devil miner's
Time had come to say his prayer.

Then I began to scratch the gravel,
In a race with danger rife,
As 'round and 'round the tree we travel,
He for grub and I for life.

While the war was thus progressing,
Every nerve was brought to play,
Still my mind was busy guessing
Which at last would win the day.

When the bear would seem to leave me,
Dismal thoughts would fill my mind,
I knew when space in front was widening
It was shortening up behind.

Then with a superhuman effort
On I bounded in the charge,
With despair and desperation
Fell upon the bear's rear guard.

Then he surprised, and I delighted,
Bruin thought to change his race,
Demoralized and much affrighted,
Lowered his flag and left the place.

Out of breath and much exhausted,
On the battlefield I lay,
Satisfied to be the victor,
Happy thus to win the day.

Slowly I drew myself together,
On this bloodless battle plain,
Gathering up the scattered fragments
Wandered back to camp again.

Although I'm fond of meat for dinner,
I would wish it understood,
That for the Seven Devil miner
Grizzly bear meat is no good.

Advice For All.

The man who in his manhood's prime,
Can in such actions pleasure find,
As threshing children for no crime,
Is but a brute;
Although dressed up with feathers fine
And gay surtout.

His brutal instincts base the sway,
And rules his actions day by day!
Far from his home, 'tis safe to say,
Joy lights her lamps,
Nor stoops to shed one golden ray
Upon such scamps.

Around such home, the hell of strife
Clouds every golden ray of life,
Surrounds with gloom both child and wife
As dark as night.
So dark that angels curse the life
At such a sight.

'Tis said, from Heaven—God's dwelling place—
His eye can pierce eternal space:
He knows the thoughts of every race,
Of every soul.
Then why endow with life and grace
Such cursed mould.

Whose only joy is being mean,
Whose actions would disgrace a fiend,
Who owns no blush of shame, to screen
His mean desire
That like the monster Polypheme,
His soul inspire.

Oh mother earth! Take back the dust
That thou unfortunately cursed,
When on humanity, you thrust
Such human mold,
To strangle joy at its birth,
In snaky folds.

They live here but to torture life,
 To shroud in gloom both child and wife,
 To foster trouble, care and strife,
 Their aim from birth
 To make a hell, to torture life
 Upon the earth.

Then take it back, and if thou must
 Endow again with life such dust,
 Just make a dog, for then it must
 Have better sense,
 And not all love and joy curse
 At thy expense.

Sunrise at Seven Devils.

One morning ere the dawn of day
 Had come to chase the night away,
 I rose from sleep, with hasty stride
 To climb the rugged mountain side,
 To view with pride the grand display
 When Sol should usher in the day.
 The moon had sunk behind the hill,
 And darkness reigned in silence still:
 No clouds were floating in the air;
 But all was calm, serene and fair.
 The stars looked down calm and serene
 Upon a world of evergreen,
 While all around in sombre shades
 Stood nature's lovely colonades.
 The giant mountains, crowned with snow,
 Looked on a sleeping world below.
 Far in the east there greets my sight,
 Faint streakings of the morning light,
 Slowly changing to silvery gray,
 The monarch's herald of the day;
 And as the streaks become more bright
 Towards the west recedes the night.
 The stars with all their brilliant fire
 Before the monarch's face retire.

Slowly the gray was changed to red,
The crown that decks the monarch's head,
And while I gazed with eager eyes,
I saw the day king's chariot rise;
Above the hills with flag unfurled,
He comes to rouse a sleeping world.
Some to renew the strife for gain,
Some to a life of toil and pain,
Some to misfortune, vice and crime,
Some to improve the present time
By scattering sunshine on the road
To help the weary bear their load;
And teach the people life is worth
The living here upon the earth.
I watched the orb of day arise
Up through the blue ethereal skies;
I saw his golden beams impart
Life, light and beauty to each heart.
The feathered songsters wake from sleep,
And through their leafy bowers peep;
They shake the dewdrop from their wing,
Then rise, the monarch's praise to sing.
The herds rise from their beds again
To wander over hill and plain.
The nimble deer from where they lay
Rise up and lightly bound away,
Brushing the dewdrops from the grass
As swiftly o'er the hills they pass.
The dewdrops sparkling in the light
With many colors charm the sight;
Pierced by the morning sun's bright ray,
Slowly they fade and pass away.
And flowers of every hue are found
In bud and blossom all around.
And while I gazed with great delight,
On lovely scenes that charm the sight,
Far down beneath the sunny skies,
From vales below there seemed to rise
An ocean grand, whose waters lave
The mountain sides with crested wave.

That now and then would float away
 Dissolving in the sun's bright ray.
 While here and there the mountain's crest
 Nestled like islands on its breast.
 Slowly the ocean seemed to rise
 Toward the blue and domed skies;
 While one by one those isles of green,
 Submerged by waves, no more are seen,
 Till not an island could be traced
 Within this mystic desert waste.
 The ocean like a mirror gleams
 And sparkles in the sun's soft beams.
 I watched the silvery sheen arise
 From craggy peak to sunny skies:
 Vanishing in the day God's ray
 The mimic ocean passed away.
 Then all was clear, no clouds were seen,
 The sun looked down, calm and serene.
 On hills and plains, with beauty rife,
 A world aglow with light and life.

Awake.

Hark! hear ye not the groans of the past as they
 mingle

With the savage's shout, and the maniac's laugh,
 The shrieks of despair, that in agony tremble
 On lips that are pleading in Mercy's behalf?

The night has been long, and the darkness appal-
 ling,

But slowly the morning light's gleaming apace:
 Truth, Justice and Mercy in triumph are calling;
 Awake to your duty, ye slumbering race!

Slowly, but surely, the march of progression
 Keeps step to the music of science and truth:
 While the myths of the past that fancies created
 Are passing away, like visions of youth.

The brave and the true are unfurling our banner.
Come rally beneath it, ye children of toil;
Our foemen, the tyrants, and usury leeches,
Are robbing the nation, and cursing the soil.

Look now at old India, the land of the ancients:
Her daughters degraded, her sons are enslaved;
By the minions of wealth, they were forced to
surrender
The toil of their hands to the robber and knave.

Old Egypt, the land that once glittered in splendor,
Surpassing in richness the nations of earth.
Was doomed to decay, and her wealth to surrender,
The moment the usury robbers had birth,

And Greece, the fair land of the statesman and hero;
The land of the classics, the home of the brave,
Was robbed by her tyrants and usury grabbers:
Her glory has faded, her sons are enslaved.

Old England, still later, her freedom surrendered;
Triumphant in war, she invited defeat
And slavery and toil to the nation's defenders,
When she licensed the robbers of Threadneedle
street.

Shall Americans, with such examples before them,
Still vote for the tyrant, and rivet their chains
On the limbs of children, their sons and daughters,
Until not a vestige of freedom remains?

No! No! Let us rally, like soldiers of freedom;
The Knights and farmers have issued the call;
Our motto should be, while our banner is waving,
"United we stand, but divided we fall."

Then rally, my brothers, let discord depart;
In harmony work for the sake of our cause.
Like the heroes of old we'll unite hand and heart,
And the tyrants dethrone with their robber laws.

A Reply to a Critic.

What ails you now, you old galoot,
With pen and ink to black my snoot,
Because that romance did not suit
 Your giant mind,
To lash my back beyond dispute,
 You feel inclined.

Now I'll explain, so you may know,
I aimed at neither friend nor foe;
My arrow barbed, I bent my bow,
 And turned it loose.
And in its grand aerial flight,
 It winged a goose.

The bird, it fluttered to the ground,
And in a circle flopped around,
With broken wing, the game was found
 Upon the shore;
It hissed and hissed, and strutted around,
 But did no more.

The wounded bird was forced to stay
Upon the ground from day to day,
It could no longer soar away
 Above the earth,
And give the world a grand display
 Of noble birth.

Just like the bird, some men are found;
They soar too high above the ground;
Their head gets light, they whirl around,
 And come to earth,
And then by all, the game is found
 Of little worth.

Keep cool, my friend, don't soar too high
Beyond the reach of mortal eye;
To watch your flight I will not try;
 My vision fails,
You're lost to sight within the sky,
 All but the tail.

Why you defy all modern rule,
 With pen deliberate and cool,
 To write yourself a natural fool,
 I can't make out.
 You've proved yourself a rich man's tool
 Beyond a doubt.

I hope you'll come to earth again,
 And with us here awhile remain;
 I'll try my best to entertain
 You as a guest.
 Although I may not all explain,
 I'll do my best.

The Journey of Life.

One evening alone, on the the crest of a mountain
 Away from the sounds of trouble and strife,
 Reposing awhile, by a beautiful fountain,
 I thought on the toils and struggles of life.
 My mind wandered back to the days of my childhood
 When care was unknown, and pleasure was rife,
 When joy and gladness dispelled every sadness,
 And I had just started on the journey of life.

My mother sat by in the twilight of evening,
 My father had finished the toils of the day,
 My brothers and sisters were laughing and singing
 In joy and gladness, at innocent play;
 The clock, in its place on the mantel, was standing
 As faithful as ever in marking the time;
 I stood as of yore in the twilight of evening,
 And listened again to its silvery chime.

The babe in its cradle was laughing and cooing;
 Old puss in the corner was taking his rest;
 My mother was quietly knitting or sewing,
 As guardian of youth she was ever the best;
 The dog on the porch, our faithful companion,
 As eager as ever to follow our trail;
 He guarded our footsteps when danger surrounded—
 Old Tige, the hero of many a tale.

I wandered again o'er the scenes of my childhood,
I drank from the spring that gushed from the hill,
Thro' orchard, meadow and green, leafy wildwood
That skirted the banks of the beautiful rill.
Again with my youthful companions I trundled
To school, where the teacher presided in state;
With a mark of dishonor or a place in the corner
For unlucky scholars arriving too late.

But time like the tide rolls onward forever,
And youth must depart like a beautiful dream;
My school days are over, the cable is severed,
My boat is afloat on a turbulent stream;
With eager delight the sails kiss the breeze,
While sailing in search of some coveted prize;
While the star of my hope keeps luring me onward,
Eluding my grasp while it dazzles my eyes.

But still I pursue with courage undaunted,
Determined to conquer or fall in the strife;
By riches and fame my vision is haunted,
As onward I sail in the journey of life.
How few of my hopes ever reaches fruition,
They fall, and their rubbish encumbers the ground;
I learn by experience and knowledge acquired,
'Tis an ignis fatuus alluring me on.

Gaining wisdom by age, no longer I'm troubled
By the glitter of wealth, or the bauble of fame;
True happiness dwells in the humblest cottage,
Where love is the tinder that kindles the flame.
But still I move on in the world's great procession,
Engaged in the battle of toil and of strife,
Till I meet on the way some cherished companion,
To love and join hands in the journey of life.

But where are the friends of my youthful devotion,
That stood by my side when the journey begun,
They have left the procession, they've laid down
their armor,
Their journey is ended, their labor is done.

I'll see them no more in the marching procession,
 No more in the battles of toil and of strife,
 Their visions of childhood have reached to fruition,
 I'll meet them no more on the journey of life.

Altho' I'm bereft of the friends of my childhood,
 And kindred companions are scattered abroad;
 While youthful ambitions, with high aspirations,
 Are bravely treading the paths I have trod.
 Though fortunes may fail us and troubles assail us,
 Though torn and wrecked in the tempest of strife,
 Though oceans divide us, with affection to guide us,
 We'll meet at the end of the journey of life.

And when I have passed each stage of this journey
 Alloted to man by nature's decree;
 Decrepit and old, by youth I'm forsaken,
 My limbs growing feeble, I long to be free,
 The day has been long, I am careworn and weary,
 I am tired of trouble, contentions and strife,
 At peace with the world, I'll lay down my armor,
 And welcome the end to the journey of life.

Cuddy Flour.

[In 1889 the present "Pioneer Roller Mills," owned by John Cuddy, was an old style burr mill and in that year he changed the plant to the roller process. The following was not written in an unfriendly spirit towards Mr. Cuddy, but as a farewell to the old burrs.]

I'm sitting on a mountain high,
 With blood and thunder in my eye,
 For I've been trying for an hour
 To bake a cake of Cuddy Flour.
 But, damm the stuff, it will not rise,
 And that's why blood is in my eyes;
 It's not because the dough's not sour,
 For sour as hell is Cuddy Flour.
 In every shape I turn it round
 And bake the top and bottom brown;

But to my sorrow and surprise
The cussed stuff will never rise.
But I must eat the horrid stuff,
Although the dose is devilish tough:
Oh! Cuddy, Cuddy, damn the luck.
I have to eat your muck-a-muck.
For eat or die is the motto here,
But eat and die is what I fear:
I only ate a little bit
To try what virtue was in it.
It made my stomach quail and quake
To half digest the cursed cake.
My temper got beyond control,
And fiery torments racked my soul.
My eyes grew red, my nose got blue,
And misery pierced me through and through:
My nerves got weak, my stomach sour,
And all from eating Cuddy Flour.
And while it made me curse and damn,
It almost burst my diaphragm.
And aged rat crawled from his hole,
With appetite beyond control;
With famine on his visage writ,
He thought he'd steal a little bit;
He took a taste, then started back—
He knew it when he smelt the sack.
Though hard his lot, his fare was tough:
He'd starve before he'd eat the stuff.
But when the rat refused to eat,
I knew the stuff was but a cheat.
I sent some to a chemist wise
To have the the compound analyzed,
And now I give you his report,
Recorded in the chemist's court:
One-third was flour, another dirt,
A little hair—but that don't hurt—
The other third composed to-wit:
Of bran and shorts and millstone grit.
And this, when made a little sour,
Composed the stuff called Cuddy Flour.

Oh! Cuddy! Cuddy! who can tell
How many souls you've sent to hell?
They eat your flour and then get mad,
And curse and damn both good and bad.
With stomach sour and liver blue,
They damn old Cuddy through and through,
Until their morals are all gone,
And they to hell are rushing on,
And never can throw on the brake
This side the burning brimstone lake.
Friend Cuddy when you die,
Look out for phantoms in the sky;
They'll haunt you in your dying hour
For slaying them with Cuddy Flour.
Your dying room forever crammed
With leering ghosts and goblins damned,
And each upon their ghostly backs
Will carry one of Cuddy's sacks.
To show to all within their power
They died from eating Cuddy Flour.
Our legislative sovereign power,
Should frame some laws for Cuddy Flour;
With every sack that left the mill
Cuddy should send a box of pills.
It costs too much to buy the stuff,
Then buy the pills to work it off.
Where Cuddy Flour the bread supplies,
Fig Syrup is sure take a rise.
Oh! Cuddy! Cuddy! best repent,
Before you're to old satan sent.
For first you know, all unwares,
You'll have to climb the golden stairs;
And when you reach the Golden Gate,
Old Peter, in his grand estate,
Will meet you with a hickory club,
And knock you down to Belzebub—
Down there to wriggle, sweat and groan.
Until you for your sins atone;
Which will require ages of time
To cancel such a mighty crime.

I ate your flour, the vile compound,
 Until my health was broken down;
 And then I quit a little while,
 And health returned in splendid style;
 And as I've gained my health and power,
 I bid farewell to Cuddy Flour.

◆◆◆

Reply to Mono Miner.

[About the time the preceding appeared the mill began turning out flour by the roller process, and "Mono Miner," a writer in the "Idaho Citizen," after having tried some, took Mr. Johnson to task for having defamed Cuddy's flour.]

The "Citizen" of recent date
 Reports a miner's blest estate,
 He had been eating Cuddy flour
 That on his stomach did not sour.
 He said it was without alloy,
 It made good cake, and gave him joy;
 It made good bread, too; that is good,
 As bread's the king of all our food.
 It gave him joy, and health to boot:
 Old King Dyspepsia had to scoot,
 When'er he saw the magic power
 Displayed in Cuddy's roller flour.
 The farmers, too, will hear the news
 With joy, as they will get their dues;
 Will sell their grain at liberal price,
 And in return get flour that's nice.
 The Devils too, the news will hear,
 And joyously drop a friendly tear,
 To think that Cuddy's flour is good,
 And will promote their brotherhood,
 By routing all the ills of life,
 And blessings shower on man and wife,
 The children, too, will cease to fret,
 When bread from Cuddy flour they get.
 If "Mono Miner" states the facts,
 About the flour and its effects,
 It surely will a blessing prove,

And many ills of life remove.
 I cannot say the flour is good,
 Or bad, or fit for healthy food;
 Or whether mixed, or whether clean,
 A sample I have not yet seen.
 But here I am compelled to say
 That "Mono Miner" went astray,
 He said I did the flour defame,
 And call it every ugly name;
 'Twas not the flour my dagger hit,
 But "bran and shorts and millstone grit,"
 And other stuff mixed in the flour,
 That made my even temper sour.
 Although I'd rather praise than blame,
 No matter what the subject's name,
 And when I know the flour is good—
 By test is merit understood—
 I'll wield my pen to help it rise
 In glowing tribute to the skies.
 Then come again my "Mono" friend,
 I'll read your piece from end to end;
 Keep silent where I cannot mend,
 And draw the sting
 From out the bad; the good defend
 In everything.

Cuddy Flour, No. 2.

[When the "Reply to 'Mono Miner'" appeared Mr. Cuddy sent Mr. Johnson a sample sack, which called forth the following:]

Friend Cuddy, now our troubles cease,
 And we henceforth can live at peace,
 The flour I've tried from roller mill,
 In every instance fills the bill.
 No better flour was ever made
 By flouring mills of any grade.
 At first I felt a little shy—
 The same old brand had met my eye;

But as the brand was "Cuddy's Best,"
I thought to eat, and take the risk.
But still to doubt I felt inclined,
As past experience filled my mind.
Before I ate I though it best
To try again the old rat test.
I set the sack where the rat had made
His regular evening promenade.
The old cuss waddled from his den,
And eyed the sack from end to end;
He took a taste, then gave a squall,
'Twas answered by rats, mice and all;
They crowded round, with all their power,
To get a taste of Cuddy flour,
With sparkling eyes their lips they'd smack,
Then try to lug away the sack.
But still in doubt, I thought it best
To try again the chemist's test;
I sent some as I did before
To have the chemist look it o'er,
And tell, if it was in his power,
The elements of this roller flour.
The chemist, by his tests declares
That in it he could find no hair:
No dirt was found, no shorts, no bran,
But flour, the purest in the land:
As beautiful, as white, as clean
As ever sifted through a screen -
When thus I'd sampled "Cuddy's Best,"
And found it always stood the test,
The idea settled in my head
To bake a cake, and try the bread.
I mixed it up with great delight,
The dough was beautiful and white:
I set to bake; with eager eyes
I saw the cake begin to rise;
It shoved the lid clear off the oven,
And started up to roost in heaven;
And when the cake was brown and done,
I tried it, and 'twas number one.

With health and comfort it was rife,
It proved the very staff of life.
And now, friend Cuddy, let Old Nick
And all the physic members kick;
'Tis said the promise came from Heaven
"Repent and ye shall be forgiven;"
No predjudice shall move my pen,
To skin a foe or boom a friend,
And when the flour is good withall
I will say it though the heaven's fall;
And now I say to one and all,
Give Friend Cuddy's mill a call,
My word for it you'll ne'er repent,
The money for the flour you spent.
It will brace your nerves and make them strong,
And life and happiness prolong.
No family discord can arise
Where this new flour the bread supplies;
But peace, and happiness, and love,
Descending from the realms above,
Will shed their influence and power
On all who use this roller flour.
Friend Cuddy, when you come to die,
And rise to mansions in the sky,
I hope you'll read your title clear,
And from old Satan's sweat house steer.
Keep up your lick and make good flour,
And in the land become a power
For good that no one can deny,
Although they search with evil eye,
Such flour as this in every place
Would sanctify the human race;
Your customers would never cease
To wave the olive branch of peace,
And sing and shout with all their power,
For roller mills and Cuddy Flour.



If You Love Me, Tell Me So.

When in spring the balmy breezes
Kiss the mountains, plains and hills,
And the winter's icy fetters
Leave the lakes and rippling rills;
Amidst the tender leaves and grasses,
Where the lovely May flowers blow,
Ere this golden vision passes,
If you love me, tell me so.

When the sunshine's gently falling
O'er the fields of waving grain,
And the birds are sweetly calling
To their mates in plaintive strain;
When the fleecy clouds of evening
Linger in the sunset's glow,
Floating in their golden beauty,
If you love me, tell me so.

When the sered leaves are falling
On the mountains, hills and plain,
When the ripened fruits of Autumn
Fill the land with joy again,
When the chilling winds are swelling,
That foretell the winter snow,
When storm clouds hover round my dwelling,
If you love me, tell me so.

When December's icy crystals
Glitter in the morning light.
When the fleecy snows of winter
Clothe the land in robes of white,
When my soul to yours is calling
While our hearts with love's aglow,
When the gloom of night is falling,
If you love me, tell me so.

Tell me that you love me truly,
Love me with a love divine.
That your heart is most sincere,
That it throbs alone for mine,
That whatever fate befalls me,
Whether joy, or weal, or woe,
I will know that some one loves me,
Loves me, for they told me so.

The Murdered Bird—A Victim of Man's Cruelty.

'Twas Sunday morn, the snow lay deep,
O'er mountain, valley, hill and plain,
And husbandmen their vigils keep,
To see the spring return again.

To note all signs that should appear
To tell us winter must depart,
That spring again will soon be here
To gladden every heart.

Up from the south a herald came
To spread the news in songs of love,
To tell us spring shall come again,
And flowers bloom in shady grove.

A songster of the feathered tribe,
With sable breast and crimson wing;
He came, our gloomy thoughts to chide,
And sing to us the songs of spring.

But ere this messenger of peace
Had tuned his harp to songs of love,
Its life must cease, and we no more
Shall hear it sing in shady grove.

Sent by the cruel hand of man,
The leaden bullet pierced its breast:
It fluttered to the ground and died,
Slain by those it came to bless.

And then more cruel yet to see
 The little songster's lifeless form,
 Disrobed of all its brilliant hues,
 The sport of those who did the wrong,

Farewell, sweet bird! No more thy notes
 Shall trill to love's inspiring strain;
 No more on airy wings shall float
 Thy form o'er mountain, hill and plain.

No more we'll hear thy warbling note
 While perched upon the swinging limb;
 No more from out thy little throat
 Shall trill thy morn or evening hymn.

Although life is to thee denied,
 Although thy harp of love's unstrung,
 They shall not say that thou has died
 Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

To the House Fly.

Confound that cussed little fly,
 It's strange to see how hard he'll try
 To dip his wing within my eye,
 And raise a muss,
 And then away in safety fly,
 The little cuss.

If I could get you by the wing
 Another song I'd make you sing;
 You pestering, little, buzzing thing,
 You vex my mind;
 To mash your head or break your wing,
 I feel inclined.

Do you suppose that I can think
 While with your wing you make me blink:
 Then make my head a skating rink
 On which to run;
 If I could catch you there I think
 I'd spoil your fun,

Old Uncle Toby must have been
 A saint, and free from every sin,
 When round his head you raised a din,
 And spoiled his nap;
 If not yourself, it was your kin
 He did entrap.

And when he had you in his claws,
 Without infringing nature's laws,
 He might have brought you to a pause
 In life's great race:
 And no more heard your cussed buzz
 Around his face.

But then his saintly soul was touched
 When he had you in his clutch,
 Within his mind it was too much
 To spoil your fun:
 Of room the old saint had so much,
 He let you run.

Now I would not your race despise,
 Nor be so very hard on flies.
 Or all your meanness advertise
 With patient care;
 If you would not dip in my eyes
 Or bite my ear.

But I suppose you'll have your fun,
 You have since life's race first begun,
 And always come out number one
 In every clime,
 Where on all windows, cakes and pies.
 You leave your sign.

Salubria's Fire.

[The fire which partially destroyed the flourishing little town of Salubria occurred on the evening of April 28, 1891.]

Hark! hear the sounds, the lurid glare
 That bursts upon the midnight air!
 Startling the people far and near,
 Who wake from sleep with trembling fear,

To learn with sad forebodings dire,
Salubria City is on fire,
The fire fiend in his wrath appears,
And wealth, the toil of many years,
Accumulated day by day,
In heaps and smoldering ruins lay.
'Twas on April the twenty-eighth,
Some friends had met with joy elate,
To list to music soft and sweet,
And "chase the hours with flying feet,"
Scarce dreaming in their great delight,
What dire distress would close the night.
Without, the wind in fretful gusts
Upon the quiet city bursts.
The hall was shaken by the wind,
The lamp swung to and fro within,
When all at once the lamp gave way,
Upon the floor the fragments lay.
The burning oil, a fiery sheet,
Spread o'er the hall and round their feet.
No power at hand could check the flame,
But onward like a fiend it came.
The Idaho Citizen was first consumed
With all the contents of the room.
Then down the fiery demon swings
Bearing destruction on his wings,
Till Shaw's drug store with all its wealth,
And drygoods, groceries none is left.
The millinery store of Mrs. Shaw,
That did the public custom draw,
Was all consumed, no hand could save
Those treasures from the fiery wave.
Some seven thousand dollars 'tis said,
Of wealth composed this fiery bed.
Two thousand dollars was the whole
Insurance on the same we're told.
But still the work was not yet done,
Destruction's fiery tide rolled on.
Across the street the lurid flame
Like waves of liquid fire came,

The fiery demon in his wrath,
Leaves destruction in his path.
The Reynolds dwelling house complete,
Was first consumed across the street,
And of all its contents none were saved,
They sunk beneath the fiery wave.
The Reynolds hall is next on fire.
Upward the flames rise higher and higher.
The barn and blacksmith shop are doomed,
And other buildings here consumed,
With no insurance on the same.
All wiped out by the lurid flame,
Robbing the owners, so they say,
Of wealth, the toil of many a day.
The fiery demon in his wrath
Sweeps everything within his path.
The flames leap from the Reynolds hall
And Wilson Bros. next must fall.
No power could check the lurid flame,
As onward like a fiend it came,
In thundering tones the flames arise,
Upward toward the starry skies,
And Wilson Bros.' mammoth store
Is all consumed and is no more,
While thirty thousand dollars worth
Of wealth is swept from mother earth.
Eleven thousand, so we learn,
Insurance that was due the firm
The balance we must here repeat
Was Wilson Bros.' loss complete.
But here the demon's power is spent,
Baffled at last he seems content
To slowly yield his might and power
To men who faced the fiery shower:
Who scorning danger faced the fight
And conquered by their skill and might.
Unfed, the flames no longer rise
In fiery billows to the skies,
But slowly sank they down to rest
Upon the ruin's glowing breast.

While upward rises the victors' shout
 "The flames are checked and dying out."
 While sadness like a shadow falls
 Upon the hearts and minds of all,
 For fifty thousand dollars must
 Have perished in this holocaust.
 This wealth consumed is felt by all
 Throughout the land, both great and small,
 But then we know what pluck will do,
 For men of nerve and women too,
 They'll scorn misfortune's withering blight
 And rise again to greet the light.
 With courage true they will reclaim
 The wealth they lost by fiery flame.
 And young Salubria yet will rise
 Upward to greet the sunny skies,
 And stand in nature's beauty blessed,
 The queen within the growing West.

Olga.

[Olga was a female Nihilist who committed suicide rather than surrender to the Moscow police.]

Far in the east a monarch reigns,
 A tyrant who at freedom scoffs.
 Of royal blood, pure its claimed,
 Descended from the Romanoffs.
 The only reason can be seen
 Why he should claim supreme command,
 Is that his ancestors had been
 Successful robbers in the land.

Their tyranny, unmixed and pure,
 With true despotic power combined,
 Held prince and peasant both secure,
 And ruled them with a rod of iron.
 But still the outside world moved on,
 Marking each year with progress made,
 While Russian sang the same old song,
 Her monarch plied his same old trade.

A few brave heroes gave command
 To join the bright progressive age;
 And from the despots free their land,
 And write their name in history's page.
 Then tyranny, as dark as night,
 All foaming with despotic rage,
 Sought by the brutal hand of might
 To crush all progress they had made.

"But freedom's battles once begun,"
 Sung Byron in poetic verse.
 "Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
 Though baffled oft is never crushed."
 The spark of freedom yet survives,
 And still eludes the despot's hand:
 'Tis nourished, warmed and kept alive
 Within the Nihilistic clan.

Its members scattered o'er the land,
 Its power in Russia yet unknown,
 But when it issues its command,
 The monarch trembles on his throne.
 Within its circle may be seen
 The aged sire and daring youth;
 The matron and the maiden fair,
 Champions of freedom and of truth.

Though Russian czars, with iron hand,
 Had sought to crush it from its rise,
 It wields a power in Russian land
 That despots cannot well despise.
 Although oppressed by tyrant laws,
 They yield their lives without regret:
 Though thousands perish in the cause,
 Their star will reach its zenith yet.

When heroines, with courage true,
 Take their own lives before they yield;
 Surviving friends should faith renew,
 Resolve to die or win the field.
 In Moscow, where the Muscovites
 In days gone by, their revels held,

Where lived the monarchs of the land,
In Russia's ancient capital.

The Nihilists a meeting held,
Against the tyrants stern decree:
Their aim and object none could tell
But those who knew their history.
When night her sable mantle hung,
O'er city, village, plain and hill;
When sleep beguiled the weary throng,
And all was silent, hushed and still.

A Russian maid, of beauty rare,
With dark blue eyes and neatly dressed,
With courage brave, to do and dare,
Her secret locked within her breast—
But nineteen years the hourglass said,
Had passed since first she saw the light:
A child in age and worldly care,
Her step was joyous and light.

Along the street in haste she flies,
All heedless of the gloom of night,
Not dreaming that her soft blue eyes
No more should see the light.
But look! her hand's upon the bell;
But ere its chimes announce the guest,
A hand upon her shoulder fell,
That hand announces her arrest.

She turned around, with flashing eye;
Her only thought her friends to screen;
She recognized in him, the spy,
The tyrant's tool. Solotowchine:
A man by every tyrant blessed.
A man that freemen could not trust;
She knew that he would do his best
To doom her to a life accursed.

Before her youthful vision rose
The dungeou's gloom, the chill prison cell:
She knew where Russian prisoners go,
When to home and friends they bid farewell.

Quick as the lightning's vivid flash,
Her pistol caught its deadly aim,
And with a loud and deadly crash,
The bullet pierced the tyrant's brain.

He sank to earth without a groan,
Without a struggle there expired,
While freedom's champion stood alone,
Both friend and foeman had retired.
Her true revolver yet she held
Within her firm and deadly grasp.
Now round her from the midnight's gloom,
Her foemen gathered thick and fast.

There's no escape from prison chains,
A slave she must forever be,
To toil in cold Siberian lands,
Till death from prison sets her free.
Within her grand heroic soul
She scorned to be a tyrant's slave;
There's freedom from their curst control,
Within the cold and silent grave.

But two alternatives were left;
The one she could herself command,
By her own hands a sudden death,
Or slavery in Siberian lands.
She soon decided it was best
With life and all its joys to part.
The deadly weapon sought her breast,
The leaden missile pierced her heart.

She drank of life the bitter cup,
The crimson current dyed her breast;
A wail from freedom's shrine went up
When lovely Olga sank to rest.
Across the foeman's lifeless form
The form of freedom's champion lay;
Her spirit fled beyond their harm,
Into a bright celestial day.

Her pistol warned her friends within
Of danger to their life and cause,
And ere the police gathered in,
They all escaped the tyrant's claws.
Farewell, Olga! When the despots
Tread in Russia is heard no more,
And the star of freedom rises
To illumine your native shore;

When the angel hands recording
Names of those for freedom slain,
They will write the name of Olga
High upon the scroll of fame.
Thought has taught the world a lesson,
Life is not with slavery wed;
Slavery never proved a blessing;
Better slumber with the dead:

Ere the sacred vestal fires
Of freedom lights the Russian sky,
Many a martyr must expire,
Many a hero bleed and die.
But the sacred fires of freedom
Burn within the soul;
It will yet assume a power
Tyrants never can control.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"
So Byron sung in years now past,
And tyranny shall yet be slain,
Or sneak away and die at last.
Then when all nations, joined fraternal,
Shall scorn to own a tyrant's might,
And the star of freedom rises
Grandly into perfect light.

When the Nihilistic banner
Waves in triumph through the air,
May angels hands with purest sunbeams
Write the name of Olga there.

A Moonlight Night in Idaho.

Low the shades of night advancing
O'er the mountains crowned with snow.
See the silvery moonbeams dancing
O'er the plains of Idaho.

Constellation's robed in beauty,
Bright as diamonds, charm the sight,
Radiant as a crown of jewels,
Glimmering on the brow of night.

Not a sound disturbs my musing,
All is silent, hushed and still,
Save the joyous, gladsome music
Rippling from the mountain rill.

While I sat alone in silence,
Gazing on the grand display,
Fancy pictured worlds of beauty
In the regions far away.

Far beyond my feeble vision,
In the trackless fields of space.
Worlds may float on airy pinions,
Freighted with some noble race.

Human beings, grand and glorious,
May be dwellers on those spheres.
Love may reign on them, victorious
Over sorrow, hate and tears.

Eyes may sparkle on those planets,
Lit with love's eternal fires;
Ears may drink in grandest music,
Filling life with hope's desires.

Thoughts like these in rapid transit,
Chase each other through my brain,
While I sit alone in silence,
Gazing on the hills and plain,

Gazing on the lofty mountain's
Glittering summit crowned with snow,
From whose sides the crystal fountains
Cast their rippling rills below.

Leaping o'er their beds of pebbles,
Dancing in the moonlight beams,
Onward through the vales and meadows
Glides the mountain's crystal streams.

Far below me in the valleys,
Dimly seen through forests grand,
Winding like some mighty serpent
Is the Payette's flowery strand.

On my west, through vales of beauty,
Glides the Weiser on its course,
Kissing meadows robed in verdure,
Rich as any land can boast.

Other lands may boast of grandeur,
Tell us of their crowns of snow,
But they'll not surpass in splendor,
A moonlight night in Idaho.

Our Banner.

Behold our banner, can it be
By traitors hands 'tis now unfurled?
Once the proud emblem of the free
At which the British lion snarled.

Proud eagle of our mountain heights,
That once defied the power of kings,
And tyrants trembled at thy might
Till mammon's gold bugs clipped thy wings.

Is this the land our fathers won?
Is this the flag they loved to greet?
Were they the sires of those sons
That cringe beneath the tyrants' feet?

Is this the flag we see unfurled,
Now waving o'er a land of slaves?
Is freedom's sacred Goddess hurled
To death above our fathers' graves?

Hark! hear the wails of anguish come,
Borne o'er the land on every breeze,
While traitors in our nation's halls
To foreign Shylocks bend their knees.

The sound of revelry is heard,
From marble halls and palace homes;
No worshiper of mammon heeds
The orphan's wail or widow's moan.

Go bow the head in abject shame!
Go furl the banner of the free!
Our boasted freedom's but a name,
And gold has won the victory.

Then tremble at the tyrant's name
Who rules us from beyond the sea.
Go work, the gold bugs to maintain,
And curse the land that once was free.

Unworthy sons of worthy sires,
From freedom's temple go, depart,
We know the blood of seventy-six
Is dry as dust around your heart.

Rise! freedom's champions, in our might!
Pour forth from every nook and dell,
And hurl the traitors out of sight
Down in the gulf where Satan fell!

The trust you gave into their hands
Has been betrayed at every turn;
They've bowed the knee at gold's command,
And every pledge of justice spurned.

No longer follow where they lead,
But freedom's flag again unfurl,
And hurl them down with lightning speed.
No longer they should curse the world.

A Vision of the Night.

'Tis strange that mind, unbound by careless sleep,
Roams free o'er time and distance vast,
And springs aerial, with a dizzy leap,
Far through the mist-hid chasms of the past.
I slept. My mind disdained to stay,
Fettered by forms of earthly clay,
But rose in majesty sublime.
Defying matter, space and time.
In thought my spirit form was standing
Down by the Olds Ferry landing;
The night had fled, the day was bright;
No gloomy clouds obscured the light.
Toward the west, along the road,
A team was moving with its load.
The horses were a sorrel span,
And driven by a lady's hand;
Three little children sat beside
Their mother in this dusty ride;
No male protector there to screen
The babes and mother from a fiend
That I observed was drawing nigh
With hate and meanness in his eye.
The fiend was riding in a hack;
One horse a bay, the other black.
This human fiend his horses goad
And passes the lady on the road,
Knowing full well his actions must
Raise with the wind a cloud of dust
To settle like a funeral pall
'Round horses, mother, babes and all.
And when the woman with her trust
Essayed to pass to shun the dust,
This human fiend his whip would crack
And do his best to keep her back;
He thought he would of victory boast,
But reckoned here without his host.
The lady now began to know
That she was dealing with a foe,

And ignorant brute in human shape,
 Whose actions would disgrace an ape.
 Determined not to be outdone
 Or beat before the race was run,
 The lady gave her horses rein
 And like a whirlwind crossed the plain;
 The fiend that drove the black and bay
 Could never hope to win the day
 Against the little sorrel span
 When driven by a lady's hand;
 Tho' he with vigor plied the birch
 They left the demon in the lurch.
 Forced to the rear, there to remain,
 He snuffed the dust raised from the plain.
 So sudden was the fiend's defeat
 The lady's triumph was complete.
 The vision all so real seemed.
 Perhaps, it was not all a dream.

An intentional insult to a lady is an insult to every civilized man.

The Lonely Grave Beside the Road.

[On Hornet Creek at the foot of "Peck's Hill," is the lone grave of Mrs. F. C. Wilkie, which is the subject of the following.]

I stood beside a lonely grave
 Upon a lonely spot,
 I thought, above the sod should wave
 The dear forget-me-not;
 Or lovely rose, with beauty rare,
 Each year should bud and bloom
 To mingle with the balmy air
 Its delicate perfume.
 Æolian music filled the air,
 Borne on the evening breeze,
 Mild as blest voices giving praise
 It swept the leafy trees.
 And while the winds their requiem sang
 These words came to my ear:
 "Tread softly round this sacred mound,
 A mother's sleeping here."

Sleep on, and may the sacred sod
 Rest lightly on thy breast,
 And birds their sweetest music trill
 Above thy place of rest.
 And when the spring returns each year,
 And wild flowers round thee bloom,
 Then lovely birds shall wing the air
 Above thy lonely tomb.

And when all nature's sunk in sleep,
 And darkness veils the earth,
 May loving hearts in memory keep
 This sacred spot of earth.
 And when the golden beams of morn
 Lights up thy lone abode,
 May love protect the lonely grave,
 The grave beside the road.

Autumn.

'Tis Autumn, now the golden sun
 Is shorn of many a brilliant ray,
 The leaves are falling one by one.
 The birds have ceased their tuneful lay.

Closer the family gather round
 The blazing fire, their hearts to cheer,
 The breeze-stirred forests wailing sound
 Foretells the winter's drawing near.

The cruel frosts, with icy breath,
 The lovely drooping flowers have slain;
 We know he's here, we see he's left
 His footprints on the window pane.

Soon shall December's chilling blasts
 Sweep o'er the land, and drop a tear,
 For many hopes, too bright to last,
 Must fade with the departing year.

Soon shall the snowy robes of white
 Be spread upon the plains,
 And crystal streams, sparkling and bright,
 Be clasped in icy chains.

The Christmas festival is near,
 And Santa Claus, with gifts and toys,
 Will soon be here to gladden hearts
 Of many little girls and boys.

But then again, how sad to know
 That millions in this favored land
 The joys of Christmas must forego,
 And bow in want at greed's command.

If justice, love and truth could reign,
 And tyranny from earth be hurled,
 The poor and weak would be sustained,
 And honor's banner be unfurled.

But selfish greed, and partial laws
 Becloud the narrow way of life,
 And give the toiling millions cause
 To foster trouble, care and strife.

But then the world sweeps on apace,
 Redemption seems almost in sight,
 On freedom's flag the words we trace
 Are honor, justice, truth and right.

My Mother's Hair.

A lock of hair, a tiny thing,
 But oh, what memories round it gather!
 To linger like a passing dream,
 And glorify the name of mother.

A name enshrined in every heart,
 A name that gilds our childish joy,
 Embalmed in love on memories chart,
 Where time nor tide can ne'er destroy.

No other hand can sooth the pain,
 Or bring the balm to childhood sweet;
 A mother's love will true remain
 Till hearts forever cease to beat.

Often in silent thought I stand
 Again beside her loving form,
 Amidst the rocks upon life's strand,
 And bid defiance to the storm.

Dear mother, art thou living still
 Beyond this vale of earthly strife,
 And canst thy loving spirit thrill
 My being in this lonely life.

Come, then, when sorrow's troubled waves
 Rolls o'er my being dark and deep,
 Enfold me in thy loving arms,
 And kiss me, mother, while I sleep.

The Israelite's Mule Ride.

[The following is a relation of a local incident which will be familiar to many in the northern part of Washington County.]

It was in the month of August,
 A summer month I believe,
 When farmers all in Idaho
 Were gathering in their sheaves
 Of golden grain to bless the land
 With nature's bounteous store,
 And hunger, poverty and want
 To banish from our shore.

An Israelite came from the north,
 Of royal blood, I believe,
 But of this fact I am not sure,
 Appearances will deceive.
 He landed at Salubria,
 From there he thought to ride
 To where the miners sturdy strokes
 Had cleaved the mountain side.

He looked around, he found a beast,
 'Twas gentle, kind and true,
An eighty-year-old donkey
 He thought would take him through;
A mighty sum of gold he payed,
 Then did the mule b stride,
And with his whip and spurs outdid
 John Gilpin's famous ride.

At Council Valley, on the route,
 His royal suite to cheer,
He turned his pockets wrong side out
 And bought some lager beer,
Then onward still he held his way
 Till night her mantle spread,
Then filled his royal carcass up
 With milk and went to bed.

The poor old donkey could not boast
 Of any surplus fat,
As on his hip, it's very plain,
 A man could hang his hat
But still he popp'd the donkey through,
 And back to town he came,
Upon the donkey's hurricane deck
 He gained a world of fame.

King David rode upon a mule,
 And Christ upon an ass.
And here in Idaho we've found
 Their prototype at last;
The only difference I can see
 Against the ancient rule,
In modern times it comes to be
 The ass should ride the mule.

Somehow, I think, the story goes,
 That since that fearful ride
The poor old donkey sought repose
 In death by suicide.

He could not bear the keen rebuke;
 Of honor thus bereft,
 He sought a deep and shady brook
 And found relief in death.

But if the story is untrue,
 The donkey still survives,
 I hope they'll turn him on the range
 And let the hero thrive.
 But if he takes that trip again
 For Israelitic gold,
 May the great God that rules above
 Have mercy on his soul.

The Deserted Husband.

Oh Minnie, dear Minnie, when we were made one,
 The future seemed lovely and fair,
 No clouds of despair had yet darkened our sun
 And love filled the ambient air.

Chorus:

Then Minnie, dear Minnie, come home with me now,
 The clock on the mantel strikes one,
 There is no one at home now to milk the old cow,
 And I am forever undone.

Each morning we woke to the toils of the day,
 While love lit the path that we trod,
 No discord was nurtured to darken our way,
 Or anger Love's beautiful God.

Chorus:

Then Minnie, dear Minnie, come home with me now,
 The clock on the mantel strikes two,
 Come quick and my troubles forever dispell,
 I've made a great mess of this stew.

A mantle of snow has now covered the earth
 To the depth of two feet and a half,
 And I am sorely discouraged, lonely and sad,
 I feel like a motherless calf.

Chorus:

Then Minnie, dear Minnie, come home with me now,
 The clock on the mantel strikes three,
 No anger shall ruffle my temper again,
 And with thee I'll ever agree.

There is no one at home to get up in the morn
 And kindle the fire while I snooze;
 My breeches are ripped, and my shirt is all torn,
 And the strings are lost out of my shoes.

Chorus:

Then Minnie, dear Minnie, come home with me now,
 The clock on the mantel strikes four,
 I am grieving so much that I am falling away,
 I am sick, sad, sorrowful and sore,

Without you the world is a blank and a curse,
 And in it no longer I'll stay,
 I'll swallow some poison or get up a muss,
 And get stabbed or shot in the fray.

Chorus:

Then Minnie, dear Minnie, come home with me now,
 The clock on the mantel strikes five,
 Come quick or I swear by a true love's vow
 You'll see me no more here alive,

Come quick to my arms and no longer delay,
 For "time and the tide wait for none,"
 And when you get here I'll persuade you to stay,
 Or good-bye to my father's dear son.

Chorus;

Then Minnie, dear Minnie, come home with me now,
 The clock on the mantel strikes six,
 You surely would not after taking the vow
 Go leave me in such a bad fix.

Composed and Sung for Some Little Girls.

One morning quite early, I felt rather surly,
 I rose from my bed and walked out in the air,
 The cattle were lowing, the chickens were crowing,
 All nature seemed beautiful, lovely and fair.

The horses were neighing, the kittens were playing,
The old cat was mewling to sanction the fun.
The dog wagged his tail, the hog grunts approval.
Then all join in chorus to welcome the sun.

The day king, so hoary, arose in his glory,
Sailed over the mountains with banner unfurled,
The lark from his nest rose upward to meet him.
And warble a song to the king of the world.

The pheasants were drumming, the bees were all
humming,
The lambkins were frolicing over the green,
While the music of nature rolled upward and onward,
In rapture I gazed on the beautiful scene.

The pansies, and poseys, and sweet little roses,
Bedecked with the clear crystal dew of the night,
Lift their beautiful heads as they rise from their beds
To waft sweet perfume to the king of the light.

The shadows of night in the West were receding
Before the advance of the king of the day,
While forms without number arose from their
slumber,
To gaze with delight on the grand display.

The clear little streams, kissed by the sun's beams,
Came leaping and laughing from mountains so
steep,
Then onward they glide till they meet with the tide,
And are lost to our view in the brine of the deep.

Then Neptune, the king of old ocean, commands
them,
Till kissed by the sun they arise from the main,
Then onward they float, like a beautiful boat,
Till condensed they descend on mountain and
plain.

Then earth in his station receives the libation,
 And seed time and harvest is with us again:
 Thus nature's endeavor rolls onward forever,
 And thus is the life of our planet sustained.

And when I beheld all the beauties of nature,
 In harmony working the whole to maintain,
 Ashamed of my folly, and sad melancholy,
 I resolved that I'd never be surly again,

But while I was gazing, in wonder amazing,
 A peal of bright laughter the harmonies blend,
 A bevy of girls, with their ringlets and curls,
 The picture completes, and my song's at an end.

Seven Devil Song.

[Composed and sung while in camp at the mines.]

Come all ye bold adventurers
 And listen to my song
 About the Seven Devil mines,
 I will not keep you long;
 Those mines of wealth that's lately found
 Display the ore bright,
 And millions yet beneath the ground
 Is bound to see the light.

Chorus:

Then dig boys, dig, let us the ore find,
 And open up in handsome style the Seven Devil mines

And when you pack your old cayuse,
 And start to make a raise,
 And stop upon a grassy plot
 To let the equine graze,
 You're liable at any time
 To meet a rattle bug,
 Then don't forget the snake bite cure,
 Corked up in the brown jug,
 Chorus:—Then dig boys, etc.

Then when you reach the Devil mines,
 All filled with wind and gush,

Don't mope about and hang your head,

You'd make the Devils blush:

But shoulder up your pick and pan,

And take your shovel too,

Then when you strike an ore vein

Just pop the Devils through.

Chorus:—Then dig boys, etc.

And when the rock becomes so hard

You can no longer pick.

Don't hang your head and look so sour,

You'd make the Devils sick:

But seize your drill and hammer too,

Put down a four-foot hole,

Then charge it well with dynamite,

And let the thunder roll.

Chorus:—Then dig boys, etc.

Then when we're down a hundred feet,

With ore on the dump,

The money kings will all take hold

And make the Devils hump.

Then when we sell our mines of wealth.

We'll money have to spend,

We'll put our plated harness on

And visit all our friends.

Chorus:—Then dig boys, etc.

For when a man has wealthy grown.

The past is all forgot.

He's honored, petted, loved and praised,

Although a drunken sot:

And as our wealth accumulates,

The ladies all will smile,

We'll bid the Devils all good-bye,

And live in splendid style.

Chorus:

Then dig boys, let us the ore find,

And open up in handsome style the Seven Devil mines

Then laugh boys, laugh, we have the ore found,

We'll make our pile, we'll live in style,

Then pass the lager round.

A Vision of the Future.

One evening, the last of November,
When the Storm King in majesty rose
To welcome in dreary December,
With its glittering ice jewels and snows.

When the leaves from their stems had departed,
And the flowers lay withered and slain,
And night, with its mantle of darkness,
Had shrouded both mountain and plain,

While careworn and weary, I slumbered,
In peaceful and silent repose,
While the moments glide past me unnumbered,
A vision of grandeur arose.

The form was a beautiful female,
Her brow wore the laurels of fame,
Her motto was Truth. Love and Duty,
And Honor the vision by name.

Then slowly arose from the darkness,
Arrayed in her garments of light,
Came Truth, like an angel of brightness,
To honor this vision of night.

Then Honor and Truth stood together,
And a halo encircled them both,
And it seemed that no power could sever
This union of Honor and Truth.

While thus stood these visions united,
A third, robed in garments all bright,
Came forth, like an angel of beauty,
To illumine the darkness of night.

It was Friendship, Love's bosom companion,
From Honor and Truth had its birth,
And wherever it asserts its dominion,
There happiness dwells on the earth.

The fourth was a vision most glorious,
It descended from mansions above,
And her banner was ever victorious,
For this was the vision of Love,

Her banner waved over the nations,
And peace and contentment had birth.
War, with its millions of horrors,
And discords were driven from earth.

Her's was the reign of a goddess,
Descended from heaven above;
Her laws filled the hearts of the nations
With Honor, Truth, Friendship and Love.

Then crime, with its brood of disasters,
And misery and want left the world;
Happiness dwelt with the nations
Wherever Love's banner's unfurled.

Then the lion and the lamb lay together,
The eagle at peace with the dove,
And the nations were governed forever
By Honor, Truth, Friendship and Love.

Then why should we cultivate sorrow,
Let's gather the flowers while they bloom,
For why should we wait till tomorrow,
Whose sun may shine over our tomb.

May the hand of fraternity lead us,
May justice and conscience approve
All actions that find their endorsement
In Honor, Truth, Friendship and Love,

My Partner's Snore.

'Tis midnight now, the moon has sunk
Behind the western hill,
While darkness lets her curtains down
And all is hushed and still.

No sounds disturb the stillness now,
Darkness in silence reigns,
Save when the night owl's dismal note
Echoes o'er hills and plains.

Slowly the drowsy god enfolds
My senses in his grasp,
Till Morpheus my being holds,
I quiet sleep at last.

How long I slept, I can not tell,
Before the storm began,
But such a dreadful noise before
Was never heard by man.

It seemed that all the fiends that fell
Were screaming in my ear,
They'd burst the brazen doors of hell
And all assembled here

The deep bass voice, the treble sounds,
Soprano, too, was there;
And every hideous, frightful noise
Was floating in the air.

I thought of all unearthly sounds,
Of Milton's hideous fiend,
Of noises in air and under ground,
That I had heard or seen.

I thought of Dante's Inferno too,
Of Satan's sultry clime,
Of hell, so graphically described
In Pollock's Course of Time.

I could no longer bear the din,
I kneeled before the crowd
To plead for mercy, I began
In accents long and loud.

But one tremendous snort there came,
I bounded from the floor,
And found the sounds proceeded from
My partner's dreadful snore.

I'm Sad To Night.

I'm sad tonight, my thoughts are filled
 With home and scenes of yore,
 I stand again where oft I roamed
 Willamette's flowery shore;
 The broad leaved maple shades the ground
 In Nature's sylvan bowers:
 The grand fir sways before the wind,
 The land is robed with flowers.

I wander on the flowery shore,
 Beneath the fragrant trees;
 I hear the bell chimes as of yore,
 Borne on the evening breeze.
 The fragrant balm, the maple bloom,
 The rose in beauty rare,
 The hawthorn blossom's rich perfume,
 Scents all the evening air.

The birds their sweetest tributes bring
 To crown those scenes of joy;
 The murmuring stream flows sweetly on
 In gladness, sans alloy;
 The golden sunbeams from above
 Fall gently o'er the land,
 Inspiring all with hope and love
 Of Nature's lavish hand.

As day declines a song of love
 Floats out upon the air,
 As soft as sunbeams from above,
 Inspiring hope and cheer.
 Once more I see the smiling face
 Light up with hope again;
 On memory's page 'tis still embalmed,
 In love it still remains.

The golden sun has sunk to rest
 Behind the western hill,
 The stars peep out, those scenes to bless:
 The stream is murmuring still.

While o'er these scenes of joy and love,
The silvery moonbeams fell;
The herds wind slowly home again
Across the hazel dell.

Farewell Willamette! flowery stream!
I've wandered from your side;
No more my bounding bark is seen
Upon your crystal tide;
Slowly the scene fades from my view,
A wanderer still I roam;
My journey onward I'll pursue
Far from my childhood home.

Perhaps I'll wander back some day
Amidst those scenes of yore.
Where once I played, nor thought to stray,
Far from your gentle shore;
Amidst those scenes but few are left,
That still my thoughts command,
They have crossed the mystic stream of death.
And dwell in fairer lands.

The Return of Spring.

'Twas Easter morn, the sun rose bright
O'er hills and mountains crowned with snow.
That glistening in the morning light,
Looked down on quiet vales below.

Where life had just began to wake
To burst old Winter's icy chains,
To scatter flowers of light and love
O'er mountain, valley, hill and plain.

Soon we shall welcome Spring's return,
In all her gorgeous beauty dressed,
Her robes of green, her crown of flowers.
With dewdrops sparkling on her breast.

The brilliant robes that Winter wore,
The gems that glisten on his breast,
Disolves in tears, and with a sigh
He yields the empire of the West.

To Spring, the royal queen of flowers,
Whose presence gilds each flowery bed,
Who brings the mild and gentle showers,
Old Winter bows his regal head.

With joy all nature smiles to meet
The regal queen with all her charms.
While Winter sinks beneath her feet,
She folds the world within her arms.

The merry birds, with songs of love,
Rejoice amidst their shady bowers;
The rippling rills from prison bound
And laughing greet the lovely flowers.

The golden beams of sunshine falls
On scenes of beauty, far and near,
While Nature's voice in music calls,
To tell the world that Spring is here.



The Seven Devil Miner's Dream.

(A comparison.)

[In the spring of 1890, after the hard winter when so much stock died in Idaho, many of the people were dissatisfied with the country and talked of emigrating. This poem was written to show them that other places suffered as bad or worse that winter, and that they would not better their condition by emigrating from the Gem of the Mountains.]

“The cheerful spring has come again,
And flowers cover hill and plain;
The grass has come to stay the tide
Of death that swept the mountain side,
And rioted on hill and plain,
Where thousands lay by famine slain;
Late did chilling winds around them blow,
While deeper fell the drifting snow;
Their food gave out, and all too late
We realized their helpless state,
Their sufferings were compelled to see,
Till death from misery set them free;
The noble horse, the cow, the sheep,
Beneath the snowy mantle sleep,
'Twas man's to be bereft of wealth,
'Twas theirs to starve and suffer death;
But man is to blame, not Providence,
So reason says, and common sense,
We must for helpless stock provide,
If they would stem the winter's tide.
To trust in Providence, we know,
Will not avail in Idaho;
And when the wintry snows come back
'Tis best to have a large hay stack;
'Twill save your stock, and banish care,
And do more good than song or prayer,
And yet we hear where e'er we go
Men curse the state of Idaho.
What this state needs is men of sense,
Who take no stock in Providence,

But, if they trust in God, will try
 To keep their hay and fodder dry.
 If we resolve to leave the state,
 Pray tell us where to emigrate."

While thus I mused in thought profound,
 Sleep kissed my weary eyelids down,
 And while I slept I had a dream,
 Or vision, it so real seemed.

THE VISION.

A voice was heard, I turned my head,
 A Genii stood beside my bed,
 A golden light its radiance shed
 Around the Genii's stately head.
 A look benevolent and wise
 Beamed from out his love-lit eyes;
 A voice of music, low and sweet,
 Softly my waking senses greet;
 It bid my dreaming spirit arise
 And with him ascend the upper skies.
 At Genii's bidding my mind disdained
 To stay, by mortal fetters chained,
 But rose in majesty sublime,
 Defying matter, space and time;
 And with the Genii for my guide
 On wings of thought through space we glide.

Our course lay eastward, oh, how strange.
 We crossed the Rocky Mountain range,
 And at the Genii's mild command,
 We paused on Kansas' fairy land;
 The night had fled, the day was bright,
 No gloomy clouds obscured the light:
 The sun was shining in the east,
 Calling the nations to their feast,
 Where man's industrious hands had spread
 The festive board, and all were fed.
 Their cities dotted hill and plain;
 Their valleys filled with waving grain;
 Their city domes and loft spires,
 Art's triumph that we all admire,

Rose upward, stately, grand and fair,
To kiss the sunbeams in the air;
The school house, church, and sacred home.
Reveled in beauty, spire and dome;
The deep-toned church bell's solemn call
To praise the Architect of all,
For peace and love at Thy command
Is showered upon this favored land.
Surely, thought I, we'll emigrate
And build a home in Kansas state.
But while I thought the land was blest.
The Genii pointed to the west,
"Behold," said he, "a funeral shroud!"
I looked, and saw a tiny cloud;
No larger than a human hand,
Was floating on the western strand;
Slowly it moved toward the east,
Its color changed, its speed increased,
From snowy white, to inky black,
It moved along its fatal track,
And what was but a speck at best
Now shrouds in gloom the glowing west:
Moving across the arch of heaven,
Onward by lightning's lances driven;
The deep toned thunder's awful roar,
Shaking the land from shore to shore;
The lowing herds, in mute despair,
Scent danger in the troubled air;
And strong men gaze, while hopes depart
And fear and trembling seize the heart
And lovely women's paled cheek,
Betrays the fear they dare not speak;
And children, too, with fear oppressed,
In terror gaze upon the west;
And in the thunder's awful tone
They recognize the dread cyclone;
Sweeping toward them in its wrath,
Carrying destruction in its path.
Some seek for shelter under ground,
While wrecks of homes are scattered round;

The gilded domé and lofty spire,
With splinters fill the angry air;
The herds caught in the angry tide
Are swept to death on every side;
And mangled corpses of human mould,
Beneath the ruins, pale and cold;
Amidst the cyclone's awful roar
Sleep now in death to wake no more;
Some kneel to pray in mute despair,
Some whirl in terror through the air;
Some cry for help, but all in vain,
The thunder shakes the hills and plain;
The rich, the poor, the fair, the brave
Have found alike one common grave.
But onward sweeps the dread cyclone,
Amidst the awful shrieks and groans,
The crys for help, the sad despair,
The wailing sounds that fill the air;
The cities, happy homes and towns,
Are piled in wrecks upon the ground;
While thousands mourn in plaintive strain,
The husbands, wives and children slain.
The cyclone came then left the earth,
As strange as it's mysterious birth.
Then with the Genii for my guide,
We walked where surged the fearful tide.
The Genii, with unerring hand,
Points out the desolated land,
And said: "Back, but a few short hours,
These homes were lovely, crowned with flowers,
That now in heaps of ruin lie,
While cries of anguish rend the sky."
Observing thus their awful fate,
I longed to leave the cyclone state.
The Genii waved his magic wand,
Again we rose above the land,
Glad to ascend the upper air,
Beyond such scenes of sad despair.
"Where now?" the Genii calmly said,
"Southward," said I. He bowed his head.

We leave the frozen north and go
Down where the orange blossoms blow;
He waved his wand with magic grace,
Onward we glide through fields of space,
To where we greet, with glad surprise,
The sunny clime and starry skies,
To dwell amidst magnolian bowers,
In Florida, the land of flowers.
Here we beheld a lovely scene;
Glad children romping on the green;
The air was laden with perfume
From orange and magnolia bloom;
From schools amidst Arcadian bowers,
Came happy children, crowned with flowers;
The feathered songsters lovely, fair,
With music fill the evening air.
The Missis-sippi, grandest stream
That ever kissed the morning beam;
Named by a race, traditions say
That long ago have passed away.
Father of Waters, grand and great;
Thy arteries pierce through many a state;
While on thy bosom deep and wide,
The navies of the world might ride.
Along thy banks bedecked with flowers,
Rise cities, towns and lofty towers;
While happy homes their love impart,
To glad the weary pilgrim's heart;
Where love and joy have their birth,
A heavenly Paradise on earth.
"Surely," said I, "the land is fair,
Balmy and soft the fragrant air,
We'll leave the state of Idaho
And settle where oranges grow."
While thus I mused a gentle breeze
Swept softly through the fragrant trees:
A weird sound by nature given,
Inspiring thoughts of home and heaven.
But to the Genii's practiced eye
The signs fortell a cloudy sky.

Kissed by the morning's golden beams
The vapors rise from lakes and streams,
Then moving slowly, grand and strange,
Drift northward to the snowy range,
And meeting with the chilly air
Condense and fall in torrents there;
The snow dissolves, the rains that fell
Rush down the murmuring streams to swell;
Then moving southward in their might,
Till one by one they all unite;
A mighty torrent southward swings,
Bearing destruction on its wings.
The grand Missouri in her pride,
Sweeps onward like a surging tide.
Wrecking the homes along her strand,
Carrying dismay throughout the land.
The Mississippi's rolling tide,
Fed by the flood from every side,
Sweeps onward from the land of snow,
Towards the Gulf of Mexico.
The Mississippi's ancient bed
No longer holds the angry flood;
The levies break, the awful roar,
Echoes their doom from shore to shore:
Amidst the wrecks and wailing cries,
From hill to hill the waters rise,
While hundreds, with no hand to save,
Sink down to find a watery grave:
While horses, cattle, swine and sheep,
Lie mouldering in one common heap.
Where stood the homes crowned with flowers,
Amidst the sweet magnolia bowers,
Now desolation shrouds them all
In mourning like a funeral pall.
Soon as the water left the land
The yellow fever scourge began.
And thousands died, while hundreds fled,
The brave remained to shroud the dead,
And lay them in the cemetery
From care, and grief, and sorrow free.

Then said the Genii, "Shall we stay?"
 "No! no!" said I, "Away! away!
 No matter to what clime we go,
 We'll leave this land of death and woe."
 The Genii waved his wand again,
 We rose above the hill and plain;
 "Westward," said I, "A home we'll seek
 Beyond the Rocky Mountain's peak,
 In California, Golden State,
 Where dwells the lovely, wise and great:
 Where never sweeps the dread cyclone,
 Nor yellow fever's scourge is known;
 Where birds of brilliant plumage sing
 And sport in one perpetual spring."

Across the continent we glide,
 To San Francisco's golden gate:
 O'er hill and plain, and mountain range
 To settle in that favored state,
 Here we behold in beauty dressed,
 The empire city of the West;
 Her lofty towers and gilded dome;
 Her marble halls and palace home,
 Rivaling in beauty, and in wealth,
 The halls where Eastern monarchs dwelt.
 At her feet the noble bay,
 Calm as a sleeping infant lay;
 Scarce ruffled by the morning breeze,
 That sighed in music through the trees;
 And by it's weird tones recall
 "The harp that swept through Tara's hall;"
 Rivaling the notes beyond dispute
 That trembled from Apollo's lute.
 Upon its bosom, deep and wide,
 The ships of every nation ride;
 And flags of every nation rise
 Upward to greet the sunny skies:
 And gayly float above the bay
 From early dawn till close of day.
 Toward the east, across the bay,

Oakland in all her beauty lay,
The San Francisco millionaire
Has reared his palace dwelling there.
Across the bay, at evening tide,
From business cares the weary glide.
Some go with bounding hearts to meet
A home of love, a calm retreat,
Where love and joy both unite
To fill their bosom's with delight;
With wife and babes awhile to live,
A life that love alone can give;
While others turn with weary life
Towards a home of hate and strife,
Where demons at their presence start
To rend the weary watcher's heart,
And curse the home with hate and strife,
Where love and peace should crown each life.

How strange it is that men of sense
Will to all nature give offence,
And never learn through years of strife
That love is all there is of life.
The love of parents, home and friend,
Of wife and child should never end,
But brighter grow as time rolls on
Toward the golden setting sun,
When life shall cease upon the earth,
And death shall bring the second birth;
And family ties again unite
Within a world of love and light;
Where love and hope, with trembling breath,
No more shall kiss the lips of death;
Where love eternal reigns supreme,
And life's no more a troubled dream.

But this digression pray excuse,
The thoughts that filled my mind,
My fingers could not well refuse
To place them on the line;
As much to speak of yet remains

I'll to my subject turn again.
Around the bay the hills arise,
In verdure clothed, toward the skies,
And flowers of every hue are seen
To mingle with the evergreen:
And tropic plants of beauty rare,
Fill with perfume the balmy air;
No frost to nip them in the bud,
Or snows to swell an angry flood.
Here thought I, we'll build a home,
And o'er the world no longer roam.
But when I came to look around
No home for us could here be found.
The rich the powerful, and the great,
Owned every foot of real estate:
To buy the land and build a home
Would cost more than we ever owned.
While thus I was thinking how sad was my fate,
Debarred from a home in this beautiful state.
The Genii, by way of encouragement, said,
"You might live here till you die, on water and bread,
The lords of creation have gobbled the soil,
And are massing their wealth from the laborer's toil,
While millions must toil both early and late,
To add to the wealth of the rich man's estate:
While living themselves on the laborer's fare,
Which the bosses define as bread, water and air.
How strange is the fact as the wealth does increase,
That those who produce it enjoy it the least,
While the robber and knave not a dollar has made,
Yet they revel in wealth and recline in the shade."
"Another scourge," the Genii said,
"That every laborer must dread,
The Chinese hordes fill every town,
To press the laborer's wages down
So low they scarcely life sustain.
While men of wealth the profits gain;
Yet laborers toil from morn to night,
Half clothed, half fed, their lives a blight;
No star of hope to them brings cheer,

But toil and drudge from year to year:
Slaves to the lords that own the land,
The poor obey, the rich command,
And still we loud of freedom boast,
While thousands grovel in the dust,
Compelled by misery, want and cold
To kneel before the rich man's gold,
And beg the monarchs of the soil
To give the poor man leave to toil;
While wife and child, hungry and cold,
Must suffer through the greed for gold;
While children in the gutter dwell
Surrounded by an earthly hell;
With every generous thought suppressed,
While hatred rankles in their breast,
Till want, and poverty, and crime,
Go hand in hand in every clime.
How strange it is that selfish greed
Will honor, truth and love succeed,
And banish from the human heart
The love that mercy would impart."
I looked around, on every hand
Leagues upon leagues of vacant land,
The pride and glory of the West;
In Nature's flowery mantle dressed;
Awaiting but the hand of toil
To cultivate the fertile soil,
To crown with joy each toiler's life,
And blessings shower on man and wife:
Where weary laborers might come
And find a peaceful, happy home;
And childhood's tender life unfold,
More precious than their glittering gold;
To drink at joy's happy font,
Secure from penury and want.
"Surely, said I, "we'll settle here,
And live in peace from year to year,
Till nature's mandate bids us rise
To claim our home beyond the skies."
But here the Genii shook his head;

“You cannot settle here,” he said,
“This land is held by men of wealth.
Who’s thoughts are only that of self.
They think the earth for them was made;
They claim the sunshine and the shade,
They claim the rich and fertile soil,
They claim the wealth produced by toil,
They claim the world, and if they dare,
Would hold the water, earth and air,
And make the toiler tribute pay
Or cease to live and pass away.”
The genii said, “Take my advice,
This is the rich man’s paradise,
But not the land for those who toil,
Yet cannot claim one foot of soil;
While proud and imperious lords of birth.
Own many leagues of another earth:
While toilers not a foot can own
Whereon to build a happy home;
Scarcely enough to lay their head
When they are numbered with the dead.”
While musing on the Genii’s words
A voice, in accents low, was heard.
“Father of Heaven,” thus it said,
“Give us this day our daily bread,
And keep us safe throughout the night
Till early morning greets the light.”
Instead of joining heart and hand
To right such wrongs throughout the land,
They kneel with reverence and dread,
To ask their God for daily bread,
While millionaires defy the law,
And from the toiling masses draw
The wealth that should its blessings shed
On all who work for their crust of bread.
The law protects them in their might,
No matter whether wrong or right.
We could not think to settle here,
And toil and drudge from year to year,
While men of wealth the profits gain

And we could scarcely life maintain.
Again I was compelled to roam
And northward seek our happy home.

The Genii waved his wand again;
We rose above the land of fame,
And moving northward with the gale
Along the Sacramento's vale.
We noticed here on every hand
That angry floods had swept the land,
And homes in wrecks and ruins lay
On every hand along our way.
We cross the line at early dawn
And land in Southern Oregon;
Here, too, the floods had done their part
And winter saddened many a heart;
Where loss by flood and storm was great
As any in the Golden State.
But onward yet we held our way,
Not yet content to stop and stay
In any state that we had seen,
Though crowned with flowers and evergreen.
We crossed the Calapooya range,
A vision beautiful and strange
As ever met a wanderer's eye,
Or basked beneath a summer's sky,
Lay spread before us, grand, sublime;
The valley of the Western Rhine,
The grand Willamette, flowery stream,
I see you often in my dreams,
And stand in thought upon your shore
To live my boyhood pleasures o'er;
To think of friends back in the past,
Who's friendship may or may not last;
Since fate decreed that I should roam
Far from my old Willamette home.
The fact was here beyond dispute,
We stood on top of Spencer Butte,
The air was cool, and bright the day,
And beauty stretched for leagues away.

Northward does grand Willamette run,
Her waters sparkling in the sun;
From every side the rippling rills
Leap forth from mountains, plains and hills,
To meet and mingle with the stream,
To glisten in the morning beam.
As on the placid waters glide
To mingle with Columbia's tide;
Then onward west the waters sweep
To mingle with the briny deep.
Toward the east the Cascade range
Rise upward, weird, grand and strange;
Their summits crowned with purest snow,
From which Willamette's waters flow,
In rippling rills they downward glide,
They cleave the rugged mountain side,
Swift as the wild deer in his flight
Till one by one they all unite;
Then northward still their motion keep,
Their destiny the briny deep.
Those grand old mountains long ago,
Volcanoes stood with heat aglow;
And from their craters, fiery tides
Of lava poured from every side;
Downward descends the fiery sheet
Till space absorbs the glowing heat;
A monument it stands at last
To write the history of the past:
In character grand and sublime,
Mysterious to the common mind,
But science grasps and holds the key,
That shall unlock the mystery.
As time rolls on each fiery crest
Cools, and the mountains stand at rest;
No more volcanic thunders roar,
Nor down their side the lava pour:
Calm and serene with crowns of snow,
They look on flowery lands below,
On old Willamette's flowery vale,
Where cereal harvests never fail:

Congenial to their perfect needs,
To ripen and mature their seeds;
While grapes in clusters load the vine,
For healthy food or ruby wine;
And ripen in the genial sun
Within the State of Oregon.
And untold wealth of fruits and flowers
Would crown with joy the farmer's hours
If it were not for unjust laws
That slight or damn the farmers' cause;
And gives to money kings the right
To rob the farmer day and night;
By usury that he cannot pay,
Though toil and struggle as he may,
A mortgage presses like a blight
Upon his home with dreadful might,
Although industrious, kind and brave,
The curse will haunt him to his grave:
Then minions of the law will come
And rob the orphans of their home.
Down at our feet behold Eugene,
Of Western towns, the stately queen;
Her business buildings reared of late,
Unrivaled by any older state.
Broad and commodious are her streets,
Which every want of travel meets;
Along each side, on every hand,
The broad-leafed, shady maple stands:
While round each dwelling may be seen
The ornamental evergreen:
And shrubs of every kind that bloom,
To scent the air with rich perfume,
Who, surrounded thus with flowers,
Within those sweet and shady bowers,
Could harbor anger, hate and strife,
While all around was love and life.
Far to the north the valley lay,
Nothing obscures the grand display;
No lofty mountain peaks are seen,
But prairies, flowers and evergreen.

This lovely valley northward runs
Till bounded by the horizon;
Towards the West, in sombre hue,
The Coast Range mountains rise to view:
With forests crowned, their vigils keep
To guard the valley from the sweep
Of ocean storms that howl and roar
Along Pacific's rugged shore;
Who's angry waves at times arise
Like mountains towering to the skies;
Lashed into fury by the storm
They sweep the shore in wild alarm,
Filling the air with foam and spray,
And sentient beings with dismay:
It then recedes to come again,
But baffled, then it seeks the main.
The storm has ceased, the waves are still,
The birds their sweetest music trill;
The beasts that crouched along the shore
Come out and roam the hills once more;
But ever from the troubled seas,
O'er mountains sweeps the gentle breeze,
To cool the air that otherwise
Would heat Willamette's sunny skies.
The rains in winter time descend,
And prove the farmest dearest friend:
A fertilizer for the soil
To bless the tiller's honest toil;
With crops that otherwise would fail,
Or reach but half the common scale.
And yet when snows and rains descend,
And tropic winds their influence lend.
When high upon the mountain side
The snows dissolve to swell the tide,
They sweep the valley far and near,
And fill the land with dread and fear;
And homes that were the pride of life,
Beloved by children, man and wife,
Are swallowed by the angry flood
That sweeps prosperity from the sod.

But still with all the faults I find,
 I'd love to seek the Western Rhine,
 And dwell forever on its shore
 Amidst the scenes I loved of yore.
 But here again we cannot live,
 We have no cash for land to give,
 And by the wise men we are told
 We'd best not come without the gold
 To buy a home on which to toil
 And give the proceeds of the soil
 To banks, and rings, and corporate thieves,
 Who's robbing schemes the world deceives.
 Till toiling millions seem afraid
 They could not live without their aid,
 And vote to bind themselves in chains
 To corporate wealth and worldly gains.
 And as we do not choose to dwell
 In bondage in an earthly hell,
 Our journey is not ended yet;
 We leave the land with sad regret,
 As brain and muscle is the store
 Of capital we have for use,
 We are not wanted on the shore
 That knew us in our early youth.
 We bid the land farewell again,
 We rise above the flowery plain.

Northward we move to try our best
 To find a home or place of rest,
 Before old age shall dim our sight,
 Or manhood's strength and memory blight.
 Along Willamette's vale we glide,
 And note the towns on every side,
 And rural homes on every hand,
 With beauty crown this favored land,
 Till citizens with justice boast,
 The grandest valley on the coast.

But here again we must not miss
 The Oregon metropolis.

Portland, the city of West,
By nature, art and beauty dressed.
Here mammoth ships and pleasure boats
Upon the Willamette's bosom float;
Here vessels from all ports arrive
To bring their foreign merchandise
And carry from this port the grain
And products of the fertile plains.

Far to the East Mount Hood is seen,
Down at his feet the evergreen,
While up above the timber line
His snow-crowned brow in beauty shines.
Across Columbia's rolling tide
Saint Helen stands, Old Mount Hood's bride.

A natural bridge, traditions say,
Long ages since has passed away,
Where now the Cascade waters roar,
Columbia spanned from shore to shore.
But Hood and Helen—man and wife—
Engaged in some domestic strife.
Saint Helen, calm and sullen stood,
And smoke and ashes threw at Hood;
With voice of thunder, Hood aroused,
The insult hurled back at his spouse;
Saint Helen then with vengeance dire
Answered Old Hood with tongues of fire;
Mount Hood, with voice that shook the world,
Back at Saint Helen defiance hurled,
While from his crest the flames arise,
And clouds of smoke obscure the skies;
The earth it shook for miles around,
And wild beast trembled at the sound,
While from their throats the lava streams
Like liquid fire spurts and gleams.
The natives, seized with wild dismay,
In fear and trembling fled away;
For such a quarrel was known by none
On earth since time his course begun.

And while the earth in terror shook
The natural bridge its place forsook,
And tumbling down a ruined mass
Columbia's waters o'er it pass.
And thus, traditions old have stated,
The Cascade rapids were created,
And Hood and Helen—man and wife—
Stand separate now, divorced for life;
Though silent now, calm and serene;
Columbia's waters roll between.

To Portland now we say good-bye,
Eastward on wings of thought we fly,
We pause upon the Cascade Range
To view the scenery, grand and strange.
Far to the West the ocean lay,
Held by the rock bound coast at bay;
When tempest-tossed it beats upon
The western coast of Oregon,
Against the western mountain chain
The ocean forces beat in vain.
But while the scenery charms our view
Our eastward course we must pursue.

With aching heart I bid farewell
To home and scenes of yore,
The grand Willamette's flowery banks
Perhaps I'll see no more,
But in some other country fall,
Or sink beneath some wave,
Or in some lonely mountain pass
May find a lonely grave.

Through Eastern Oregon we move
But find no home we can approve;
Last winter cold, the snow was deep,
And many now for fortunes weep;
Their flocks and herds by thousands slain,
Their bones lie bleaching on the plain;
Their loss in stock we truly know,
Was ten to one for Idaho.

We cross Snake River once again,
 And stand on Idaho's domain;
 To Weiser City we advance,
 To view once more the broad expanse,
 The hills and plains that id e lie
 Will yet vast fields of grain supply,
 And meadows bloom where sagebush stands
 When farmers irrigate their land;
 And fruit of many kinds will grow
 And ripen here in Idaho.
 Upon her hills the stock will graze
 And fatten here in future days;
 And Weiser's life, will not expire
 Although it's been baptized in fire;
 But like old Egypt's bird of fame,
 Will from its ashes rise again,
 And on a firmer basis stand,
 The pride and glory of the land.
 From Weiser City on we go
 Across the hills and up Monroe,
 And thence to Mann Creek, where we find
 The ripened fruits of many kinds,
 And fields of barley, oats and wheat,
 And meadow grass our vision greet.
 Through Middle Valley then we strode,
 And note improvements on the road.
 Toward the north we ramble still,
 We stand at last upon a hill,
 And gazing north in glad surprise
 Salubria City greets our eyes.
 It stands upon a fertile plain,
 Hedged round by fields of waving grain,
 Where but a few years back was seen
 The Indian lodge upon the green,
 A savage, wild, nomadic race
 That roamed about from place to place,
 And camped awhile upon the ground
 Where forest game and fish abound:
 Their only thought in life's great race,
 To scalp a foe or join the chase;

To be a warrior, brave and true,
Envièd by all, excelled by few;
To wear the war paint of their race,
Or win distinction in the chase.
But time strode on, and lo, the change
That spread from plain to mountain range:
The warrior from the scene has fled
Before the Anglo-Saxon's tread,
The lordly elk that roamed the plain
Can never more return again;
The cougar, with his savage growl,
The gray wolf, with his dismal howl,
All slain have been, or left the plain
For safety in the mountain range:
The black, the brown, the grizzly bear,
With sullen growl forsook his lair,
And higher up the mountain side
From hunters seeks to save his hide;
His doom is sealed, he can't turn back,
The deadly rifle's on his track,
And but a few more years at least
Will end these wild and savage beasts.
But in their place will then be seen
Domestic herds upon the green;
The wild cayuse must leave the hill,
But blooded stock his place will fill.
The antelope, and timid deer,
Slowly but surely disappear.
Northward toward the grassy hills
We note friend Cuddy's flouring mill:
And while the seasons move along
It sings the same delightful song;
It grinds the wheat to make the flour
That gives the farmer strength and power
To raise the wheat to grind again,
And thus moves on an endless chain.
But time flies on, and we must roam
Through Idaho to find a home.
Up Little Weiser as we move
We find the country still improves;

Till Indian Valley, rich and grand,
In tillable and grazing land,
Excelled by none, equalled by few,
In grandeur bursts upon our view;
A rich, and fertile, flowery vale,
A land where harvests never fail.
Our journey north we still pursue
Till Council Valley meets our view;
A rich and fertile land is seen,
Bordered with hills of evergreen,
Upon who's side the herds may graze
In spring, summer or autumn days.
And when old winter leaves the land
The flowers spring up on every hand,
And gently waving in the air
Inspire thoughts of Eden there.
Nor far away the mountains rise,
In rugged grandeur to the skies,
And form a scene that all admire,
In whom, grand thoughts, such scenes inspire,
In Salmon Meadows next we stand,
A valley beautiful and grand;
Some twenty miles in length, it seems,
By six in width, laved by streams
Who's sparkling waters laughing course
Fed ever from cool mountain source;
And leaping from their rugged sides
In liquid streams of beauty glide
Down to the flowery vale below
To help the vegetation grow,
Till led by man's industrious hand
It irrigates the fertile land,
And by its aid the farmer's blest
With health and strength that's of the best.
Across the hills some seven miles
The Payette Lake in beauty smiles;
No grander lake was ever seen,
Of Idaho it is the queen;
Some twelves miles long by three miles wide,
No bottom found, though men have tried.

Around its shores the evergreen
And giant forest trees are seen.
The trout within its waters bask,
Finer fish man could not ask;
The red, the white fish both are there,
And furnish sport, to nimrods, rare.
In Switzerland the lakes are grand
As any Europe can command,
But true it is they'd make no show
If they were placed in Idaho.

Below the lake a picture grand
As ever met the eye,
Long Valley stretches to the south
Till bounded by the sky;
Some sixty miles in length 'tis said,
An average twelve miles wide;
While limpid streams, cool and bright,
Leap forth from every side;
The mountains clothed in nature's dress;
The hills with richest grass,
While through the vale toward the south,
The Payette waters pass;
And thermal springs, who's mineral wealth
The world shall surely know,
And thousands come to gain their health
In favored Idaho

Why should we wander o'er the land,
Its merits we should know,
We roamed its vales and mountain glens
Some thirty years ago,
When savage men lay on our track,
And many a hero fell;
When through the hills and valleys rang
The Indian's savage yell,
And many a pioneer has gone
Who trod the dangerous path,
Who's life blood dyed with crimson hues
The warrior's fatal shaft.

“Look o’er the state,” the Genii said,
“And see an empire grand,
Where millions yet will live in peace
And till the fertile land.
See the lofty mountain range
Where untold millions sleep,
Where future generations will
Their golden harvests reap.

The vast mesa that stretches south,
Now known as desert land,
By irrigation yet will bloom,
Through man’s industrious hand;
And where the sagebush shades the land
The farmers’ orchards then will stand,
And fruit shall bud and bloom and grow
And ripen here in Idaho.”

(Then apples, pears and nectarines,
And apricots will here be seen,
And peaches, prunes, grapes and plums
Will bless the land in years to come.
All here now to perfection grows,
So Duboise says, and Freddie knows!)

Five million acres it is claimed
Compose the great plateau just named;
Watered by streams from every side,
Who’s waters man will yet divide
To quench the thirst of fertile plain,
That irrigation will reclaim;
And then within a few short years
The desert lands will disappear,
And in its stead will meadows green
And fields of waving grain be seen.
But of our agricultural land
We’d have the world to understand,
’Tis but a fraction we have named
Of sixteen million acres claimed,
By those who know the history best
Of this great empire of the West.

If information you would court,
Our agricultural report
Will furnish facts correct and true,
With figures to prove the same to you.
The average yield of grain the best
Of any state within the West.
And in the East the yield we know
Will not compare with Idaho.
Our grazing lands vast in extent,
From which great herds of stock are sent.
Twenty per cent, we understand,
Of this great state is timber land,
And oak, and white and yellow pine,
In great abundance here we find;
And cedar, spruce and tamarack
In quantity there is no lack:
And white, and red, and yellow fir
Are found upon the mountains here:
And quaken-asp and cottonwood,
Mahogany that's hard and good;
And many others thrive and grow
Within the state of Idaho.
The grandest rivers of the West
Leap from her rugged mountain crests:
From East to West they grandly flow
Across the state of Idaho.
Insuring all without a doubt
The water here will not give out.
And how we turn with feelings strange
To contemplate the mountain range,
Who's rugged peaks in grandeur stand,
The stern old monarchs of the land:
Along their sides, around their base,
The paths of pioneers we trace,
Who, scorning danger, laughed at death,
Defied the hardships in their path,
Till by their efforts wealth untold
In copper, silver, lead and gold;
And many other minerals found
That has with wealth the country crowned.

Till third, at last, the figures show,
In mineral wealth stands Idaho;
And in the next decade may claim
The first place on the roll of fame.

Then as the noon-day sun declined
We sought a grove cool and sublime:
A place that seemed by nature blessed
Above all others for quiet rest.
And here the Genii spoke again:
"Behold," said he, "this vast domain;
A few years back this land was held
By savage men and untamed beasts:
No woodman's ax the forests felled,
No miner's pick its wealth increased,
No fields of waving grain was seen,
No school house, church or sacred home.
No lowing herds or meadows green,
No lofty spires or gilded dome;
How grand the change that's come of late.
It stands today a sovereign state,
The star of empire moving on,
Now shines above the horrizon,"

And here I have a word to say,
Let farmers heed the facts who may,
This state is young and many yet
Are not bound down by mortgage debt,
If you would peace and wealth command.
Keep ever, mortgage-free, your land,
They draw like a poultice day by day.
Until they sap your land away.
Then said the Genii with a smile,
That did my weary thoughts beguile:
"You've traveled many miles away,
Yet found no place where you could stay.
You've learned that since old Adam's birth,
No Paradise is found on earth,
Things are as the saying goes,
The thorn will flourish with the rose;

And while you must life's duties meet,
 You take the bitter with the sweet;
 The greatest happiness you'll find
 Will dwell with a contented mind.
 Now humble mortal take advice
 No longer search for Paradise,
 Nor o'er the wide world rambling go,
 But build your home in Idaho."

The wild birds singing here and there,
 With music filled the balmy air;
 The flowers blooming all around,
 In robes of beauty clothed the ground;
 The herds were grazing far and wide
 On foothills and on mountain side.
 The scene inspired us both with love
 For all the earth and heaven above;
 Within this cool and shady grove,
 The Genii sang a song of Love:

THE GENII'S SONG.

- "Oh Mother Earth, dear Mother Earth!
 I love to see you crowned with flowers;
 To hear your songsters warble forth
 Their songs within your shady bowers.
- "I love the birds with plumage gay,
 That sport amidst the leafy trees:
 I love to hear their plaintive lay
 That floats upon the evening breeze.
- "I love the mountains crowned with snow,
 That glisten in the morning light:
 I love to see the sun'sets glow
 Fade softly into silent night.
- "I love to see the flocks and herds
 Grazing contented far and wide;
 I love to hear the rippling rills
 In music splash the mountain side.

“I love all nature—it is divine—
I love the earth and starry sky;
I love to love the light that shines
For love within the human eye.

“In fact I believe I love the world
And every lovely thing therein;
Then let Love’s banner be unfurled
For love shall yet the erring win.”

The Genii ceased, the echo died
Upon the evening breeze;
While birds their sweetest music trill
Among the spreading trees.
And then the Genii said good-bye,
While love beamed from his sparkling eye:
Although I longed to have him stay,
He smiled, and fled in light away;
And when I saw him thus depart
It seemed a dagger pierced my heart.

I ’woke, and greeted by thy glow,
Oh prosperous sun of Idaho!
Where blessings smile on every hand,
A free, contented, happy land;
I thought how free thy genial zone
From ills that make our neighbors groan;
And I the vision now relate
To show that in this favored state;
My neighbors all should make their home,
Nor, discontented, distant roam.



OBITUARY POEMS.

In Memory of Six Children.

[Died, in Council Valley, Idaho, in 1892, of diphtheria: Laura Morrison, Dec. 10; Sally Pickens, Dec. 12; Pearl Morrison and Ruby Pickens, Dec. 14; Mamie Morrison, Dec. 18; Johnny Pickens, Dec. 19.]

Farewell, sweet babes, though not forever.
Life eternal gilds the sphere.
Though Death's cruel hands may sever
Friends for many, many years.

Though the shadows dark and dreary
Gather round us like the night,
Hope eternal points us upward
To a world of love and light.

Where we will meet the dear departed,
Clasp the forms our hearts adore;
Where Love blooms though time eternal,
Fadeless as the Evermore.

One by one they leave our vision,
Cross Death's dark and turbid stream;
Cross to dwell in fields Elysium,
Lit by Loves eternal beams.

Some pass on ere Sorrow's mantle
Casts its shadow on their life;
Some must wage unequal battle,
In this weary world of strife.

Yet all are heirs to life eternal,
 Death but sets the spirit free;
 Bids us seek our home supernal
 In the bright eternity,

To clasp the forms we love so well,
 To kiss the lips once writhed in pain;
 In Love's eternal smiles to dwell,
 And never more part again.

Catherine Harlan.

[Was the mother of M. T. Harlan, late democratic candidate for the legislature. She departed this life February 10, 1890.]

Farewell, kind friend, a little while,
 Then we the mystic stream must cross
 To meet again the welcome smile;
 To greet once more the loved and lost.

Sleep on beneath the sacred soil
 That forms for thee thy holy bed;
 Thou are gone from all thy cares and toil,
 To mingle with the silent dead.

We too must join the immortal throng;
 Today we tread the paths of health:
 Tomorrow comes a wailing song:
 A heart is stilled, we sleep in death.

Each in their turn must cross the stream,
 Till on this shore not one remains;
 Then shall thy hands with links of love,
 Unite once more the broken chain.

Again, farewell, 'tis fates decree
 That we should part to meet no more:
 Till when on earth our work is done,
 We'll meet upon a fairer shore.

Where Sorrow's shadow never falls;
 Where Love eternal reigns supreme;
 Where sickness, death nor funeral pall,
 No more o'ercasts life's crystal stream.

Winston Sheehey.

[Was the 4-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Sheehey, of Boise City, who were the host and hostess of Mr. Johnson when he was in the senate during the second session of the State Legislature. The boy died while he was there.

Close the eyes in peaceful slumber;
Fold the hands across the breast;
Lay the casket pale and silent
In its dreamless bed to rest.

Friends have watched in grief and sorrow
Close beside thy couch of pain,
Hoping still that each tomorrow
Would restore health again.

But that dream of love has perished;
Withered with the sacred dead;
While the life we fondly cherished
To a fairer world hath fled.

Death is not the king of terror,
But an angel pure and bright,
Sent to lead us onward, upward,
To a world of love and light.

Death is a new born life expanding;
Bursting into flowers of love;
Reaching upward to the mansions
That's prepared for all above.

Farewell, then, 'till nature's mandate
Bids us seek our home above;
Then we'll meet beyond death's portals
In a land of light and love.

Hail and Farewell.

[In memory of Miss Emma Hesler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hesler of Council Valley, Idaho. She died at Salubria Oct. 12, 1890.]

Farewell, how sad the words appear,
That fate decrees must be the last,
When those whose love we cherished here
Must through death's solemn portals pass.

And sadder still, when a heart that's young,
By death's decree, is called to go;
Whose hopes with brightest jewels hung;
Whose soul with life is all aglow.

Whose youth by joyous nature blessed,
Just bursting into bud and bloom:
With shadow falling to the West
Goes out within a night of gloom.

But death, the monarch of us all,
No pity shows to age or race,
The fair, the brave, the great, the small.
Are caught within his cold embrace.

We will not believe that thou art dead,
Although we see thy form no more,
Thy spirit from our presence fled
To dwell upon a fairer shore.

Although they strove to keep you here
Still longer from the home above,
The angel messenger of death
Was stronger than the hand of love.

As time rolls on, each in his turn
Must sleep in death at Fate's command.
We'll meet again and cease to mourn
Within the joyous spirit land.

Sleep on within the sacred tomb
 That winter robes with purest snow.s
 When spring returns and flowers bloom,
 We'll plant for thee the lovely rose.

And cherish still the thought sublime,
 To friends and relatives bereft,
 The star of hope most brilliant shines
 When it illumes the night of death.

But short the time for joy and mirth,
 With friends, was given thee to dwell.
 Thy life was brief upon the earth.
 Hail and farewell.

Tribute to Henry Wheeler.

[Henry Wheeler, who died in Indian Valley, was one of those who braved the dangers met in crossing the plains in 1843.]

One by one the pioneers
 Sink down in death to rise no more;
 Peacefully the heroes slumber
 On Pacific's flowery shore.

Thou were one among the many
 Who early trod the golden West;
 Saw the mountains, hills and valleys
 In their primal beauty dressed.

But the time must come to all,
 That bids life's toils and troubles cease;
 When each must answer to the call,
 Then fare thee well, rest thou in peace.

POPULIST POEMS.

'Tis Coming! Oh, 'tis Coming!

'Tis coming, hark the herald's cry,
The glorious day is dawning,
The light that's shining in the sky
Foretells the coming morning;
The clouds of night shall roll away,
The darkness is receding;
Then all mankind shall brothers be,
And justice crown the meeting
'Tis coming! oh, 'tis coming!
The nations to deliver;
Then honor, justice, truth and right,
Shall reign on earth forever.

Then hate shall leave the human breast,
By love dethroned forever:
Then envy, malice, spite and falsehood
No more the world shall sever;
Then truth shall worship at love's shrine,
And falsehood leave the nation,
And Justice hold the scales aloft
In high and lofty station.
'Tis coming! oh, 'tis coming!
The darkest clouds are riven;
Then happiness shall reign supreme,
And life be worth the living,

Work on brave souls and falter not,
 But ever keep advancing,
 Nor quail before the bigots' frowns,
 Or hate's malignant glances;
 Though tyrant's tools with spite and lies,
 Proclaim their cringing spirit,
 We'll press our banner to the skies,
 And guard its glorious merit.
 'Tis coming! oh, 'tis coming!
 It will be a glorious morning;
 With the light of love from heaven above,
 The lives of men adorning.

Then let us work with might and main,
 And every effort double,
 And Freedom's sacred cause maintain,
 Nor falter in the struggle;
 Till tyrant's hosts shall all disband,
 To never more assemble;
 And Despotism lift its hand
 From off our sacred temple.
 'Tis coming! oh, 'tis coming!
 The day is near at hand
 When truth and justice shall proclaim
 The Brotherhood of Man.

The Reps. and the Demos., the Shylocks and Pops.

An old man sat in his easy chair,
 About the future he had no fear;
 He had feathered his nest at the Wall Street pool,
 Though the weather was warm he was taking
 things cool.
 With ice houses plenty, and lots of ice cream,
 Of hunger and want he had never a dream.

And here it is proper that we should relate,
He of a great nation was chief magistrate;
Elected to office by the true and the brave,
The land from the rule of the tyrant to save.
For the despots that wielded a scepter of gold
Were robbing the nation of millions untold;

The people looked up to their ruler with pride;
They believed that his wisdom would be on their
side;

That peace and contentment the toiler would bless,
From the North to the South; from the East to the
West;

For all that he asked for, he said, was a chance
To show his great wisdom and our interests advance.

The Reps. were a race that had ruled in the land
For many long years with a tyrannous hand;
On the specious pretence our rights to maintain;
They have stolen our riches and bound us in chains;
They have robbed us of rights that our fathers
maintained,

And covered the land with dishonor and shame.

But the Demos., an honorable race, so they said,
Who's ancestors freely for freedom had bled,
Declared that the Reps. were disgracing the land
And robbing the nation at Shylocks command;
They declared that if the people would give them
a show

They would down the Shylocks and the Reps.
overthrow.

The people had suffered for many long years;
Had toiled and struggled in sorrow and tears;
Had labored and prayed to the Reps. for relief,
That their bondage be broken from Shylock and
thief;

But their prayers and entreaties the Reps. would
disdain,

They'd command them to labor but never complain.

So the people concluded the Shylocks must go;
 They voted and prayed for the Reps. overthrow;
 The Demos. triumphant, the Reps. in their grave,
 We would sound the death knell of the robber
 and knave;

The battle was fought; it was a glorious sight;
 The Demos. victorious, the Reps. put to flight.

The people rejoiced that the nation was free;
 They had conquered the tyrants from over the sea;
 No more will the Shylocks the people oppress:
 From the North to the South; from the East to the
 West;

Our laws will be fashioned for justice and right,
 By the Demos. who won in that glorious fight.

The Demos. declared they would give us wise laws;
 The people should prosper in every great cause:
 The Shylocks and Reps. should no longer oppress,
 But business should boom and the people be blest;
 Our banner in triumph forever should wave
 O'er the land of the free, not the home of the slave.

But the power of the Shylocks began to unfold;
 They had blinded the eyes of the Demos. with gold;
 And the people have learned in sorrow and shame,
 That the Demos. are Reps. with a different name;
 They have bound us in chains to a villianous crew,
 Done just what the Reps. had intended to do.

They have stolen our money; have ravished our
 homes;

With the plunder erected to Mammon a throne;
 They have fashioned a god, like the Hebrews of old,
 Then bid us bow down to their image of gold.

But hark, while triumphant shouts break from
 their lips.

For victory won by the Demos. and Reps.,
 A voice of defiance from mountain and vale,
 From workshop and hamlet rose up on the gale;
 From North to South, from East to West,
 'Tis a voice that no Shylock can ever suppress.

'Tis the voice of the people the Demôs. have sold;
 Who refuse to bow down to their image of gold;
 'Tis the voice of toilers who've long been oppressed
 By the Reps. and Demos. at the Shylocks request;
 But the people have risen in anger and might,
 Determined to conquer the land for the right.

They see the handwriting, 'tis plain on the wall;
 The Demos. and Reps. with the Shylocks must fall;
 The people are waking from dreams of the past;
 They're arousing from slumber to duty at last;
 And the sun shall not shine on a Shylock or slave,
 In the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The Bugle Call.

Hark, we hear the bugle calling
 From mountain, hill and plain;
 Into line the brave are falling,
 Freeman arise, your rights to maintain

Mothers, wake the song of freedom,
 Let its anthems pierce the skies
 Till the toiling men and women
 Slavery's galling chains despise.

Long we've groped in mental darkness,
 And meekly worn the tyrant's chains;
 Yielding all to fill his coffers,
 Health and wealth and worldly gains.

Though many promises they'd made us
 Of intentions good and wise,
 When they wield the power of office
 They are deaf to all our cries.

Then the God of Mammon rules them;
 Rules them with a rod of iron,
 Till their conscience, seared, callous,
 Knows no sacred rights divine.

See the trembling steps of manhood
Totter on toward the grave,
While behind his offspring lingers,
Branded as a rich man's slave.

Hear the mother's wail of anguish,
Borne upon the evening air,
As with trembling steps they languish
On the verge of sad despair.

See your mothers, wives and daughters
Toil through life, a tyrant's slave,
Fill with wealth the rich man's coffers,
Fill themselves a pauper's grave.

Hear the trembling voice of childhood
Plead in vain for food and care;
See the withered cheeks of famine,
Drenched with sorrow's scalding tear.

Men of toil, what are you doing!
Will you still stand idly by?
See those tyrants work your ruin,
Hear the famished children's cry?

Must we still divide our forces
While the tyrants all unite?
Weaken thus our last resources
While our foemen win the fight?

Hark! We hear the shouts of freemen,
Herald of the toiler's might!
See the star of freedom rising
Grandly into perfect light.

Our forefathers fought for freedom,
Then bequeathed the prize to us;
We must now defend her altars
And transmit the sacred trust.

Let us then uphold our banner,
With a courage firm and true;
Scorn the men that would dishonor
Freedom's grand Red, White and Blue.

The Seven Devil Miner's Appeal to the Farmers
and Knights.

Watchman, tell us of the fight,
Is our banner waving high?
Will the friends of truth unite
In the cause to win or die?

Will they bravely face the foe
For the right on every field?
Like the guards at Waterloo,
Die if need, but never yield?

Where is Weaver? Where is Streeter?
Is Beaumont still in the van?
Powderly and many others,
Are they doing all they can?

In the gathering storm of battle,
Will they by our colors stand,
To dethrone the robber parties
And promote the rights of man?

Nail our colors to the mast,
Let it kiss the breeze of heaven.
By our fathers of the past
Was the freeman's banner given.

Let no craven hand of tyrants
Soil the banner of the free;
Let it wave, let Justice triumph
Over land and over sea,

Men of honor lead the van,
In the cause of truth and right;
Let us by our colors stand;
Knights and Farmers all unite,

Rally, then, ye Knights of Labor:
Farmers for your homes unite;
Temperance women, men and brothers.
Aid us in the coming fight.

Now's the time the brave one chooses,
 While the cowards stands aside,
 Doubting, in their abject spirits,
 Till their Lord is crucified.

When the smoke of battle's lifted
 From the land and o'er the sea,
 May we see our banners waving
 O'er a nation grand and free.

Come All Ye Toiling Millions.

Come all ye toiling millions that labor for your life
 To support yourselves and families—your children
 and your wife;

Come rally to our standard now in this gigantic
 strife,

Then we'll go marching to victory.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Our banner is unfurled,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! It's waving proudly o'er the world,
 The tyrants and the robbers from their places will
 be hurled

As we go marching to victory.

Come join the brave Alliance, boys, and help the
 cause along;

Our battle is for freedom now, against a giant
 wrong.

We never will give up our homes to such a thieving
 throng,

As we go marching to victory.

We're fighting old monopoly and the gigantic trust.
 They've taken all the corn and oil, left us the cob
 and husk.

But when we get our ballots in you'll hear their
 bubble burst.

As we go marching to victory.

The promises they made us not one was ever kept,
But 'round the tree of liberity the sneaking tyrants
 crept.

They sought to blight our heritage while quietly
 we slept,

 But we'll go marching to victory.

They gobbled up our greenbacks then issued out
 their bond,

Then made us pay the interest to support the
 thieving throng.

And when we made objection they told us we were
 wrong,

 But we'll go marching to victory.

They've taken all our land estate and claim it as
 their own,

While husbands, wives and children are left with-
 out a home,

And willing hands to foreign lands in search of
 work must roam,

 But we'll go marching to victory.

The bankers rob the farmers, and the railroads
 steal the land,

And in their cursed robbing schemes they both go
 hand in hand.

They think our business is to obey while their's is
 to command,

 But we'll go marching to victory.

We've trusted the Republicans and failed to take a
 trick;

We've leaned upon the Democrats and found a
 broken stick;

We'll try the Knights and Farmers now and then
 you'll see how quick

 That we'll go marching to victory.

And now we stand united the bosses best look out;
 With faith and honor plighted, we'll put them all
 to rout.
 And with an honest ballot now we'll put the rascals
 out
 As we go marching to victory.

The Omaha Platform.

Touch not with sacrilegious hands,
 The noblest instrument of all,
 The platform of the people stands
 A tower of strength that cannot fall.

'Tis built of timber clear and sound,
 There's not a crack or knot-hole there;
 No single plank can there be found
 That is not honest, just and fair.

At Omaha in Ninety-two,
 Upon our glorious natal day,
 We built the platform firm and true,
 And told the world we'd come to stay

The North and South together met,
 Clasped hands across the bloody chasm;
 Declared the past they would forget,
 And every wrong should be forgiven.

United there the true and brave,
 Shoulder to shoulder in the fight;
 The bloody shirt no longer waved,
 But sunk forever out of sight.

Our leader on this platform stood,
 And told the world our cause was just;
 Then shall we now desert the good,
 And trail our banner in the dust.

To satisfy those silver braves
 Who would our solid phalanx break,
 Who find the parting of the ways,
 But never know which road to take.

The most important planks of all
 Is money, transportation and land;
 To take one out the rest will fall,
 And robber Shylocks rule the land.

Let those who wish to step aside
 To listen to the goldbug's song,
 To help the plutes our ranks divide,
 First prove to us our cause is wrong.

Till then let us wave our banner high,
 And to our cause the masses draw,
 Till shouts of victory rend the sky,
 And every plank becomes a law.

The Modern Church in Relation to the Poor.

Lo, it is the Sabbath morning,
 Hark, what music fills the air?
 It is the sacred church bells calling
 Sinners to the House of Prayer.

See the rich of lofty station,
 Robed in silks and satins there,
 See them kneel in adoration
 While the parson offers prayer.

Hear the solemn supplication
 "Give us this day our daily bread;"
 Oh, save this pious congregation,
 Blessings pour upon each head!

The parson ceased his benediction,
 From their knees the pious rise;
 Then the deep-toned organ's anthems
 Rise in grandeur to the skies.

Then the parson pleads for sinners,
 "Come to Jesus!" is the cry;
 "See, he suffered death and torture
 On the cross for you and I."

Still my mind kept up the query,
 Where was Jesus while on earth?
 Did he dwell in costly mansions
 With the rich of noble birth?

Was he robed in silks and satins,
 Did he scorn the toiling poor?
 When he entered in the temple
 On the laborers close the door?

How much they all all observe the precepts
 Jesus taught them while on earth;
 When he cursed the rich and haughty;
 Blessed the poor of lowly birth.

Jesus taught mankind were brothers;
 Taught the Fatherhood of God;
 Taught us justice, love and mercy,
 While the paths of earth he trod.

Scourged he the robbers from the temple;
 Called the place a den of thieves;
 Blessed the poor, the weak and lowly;
 Shunned the doubting Pharisees.

Jesus taught a noble Gospel;
 Fired with love the human breast;
 Taught us that the weak and weary
 Through his mission would find rest.

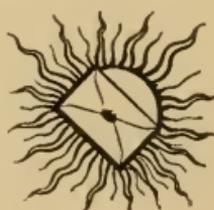
Yet weary still and heavy laden,
Millions toil from morn till night;
Weeping, praying for the morning
That shall usher in the light.

Jesus on the cross was braver
Than the persecuting Jew,
When he prayed, "Father forgive them
For they know not what they do."

Eighteen hundred years have vanished,
Still the money changers dwell
In the sacred halls of freedom,
Changing Paradise to hell.

Crushing noble aspirations;
Planting thorns where roses fade;
Gathering in the fruits of nations,
Thus the Shylocks ply their trade.

How long must the people wander
Sad and homeless on the land?
How long must they yet be plundered
By this robber Shylock band.



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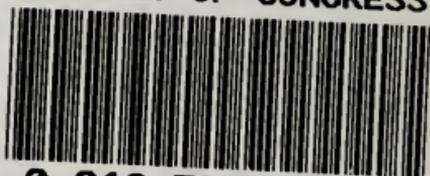
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