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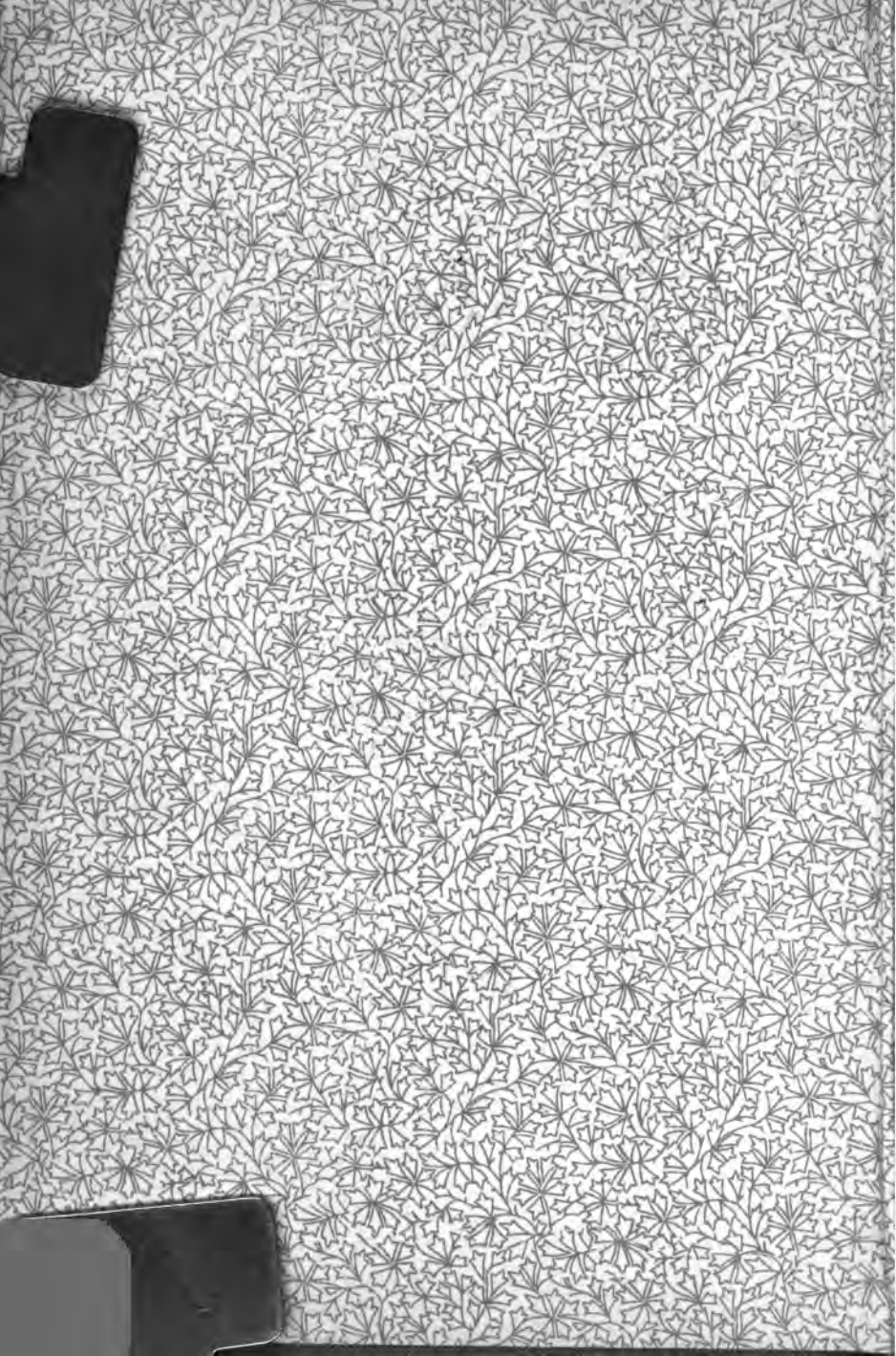
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A circular wreath of laurel leaves, with a ribbon tied at the bottom center.

Shots
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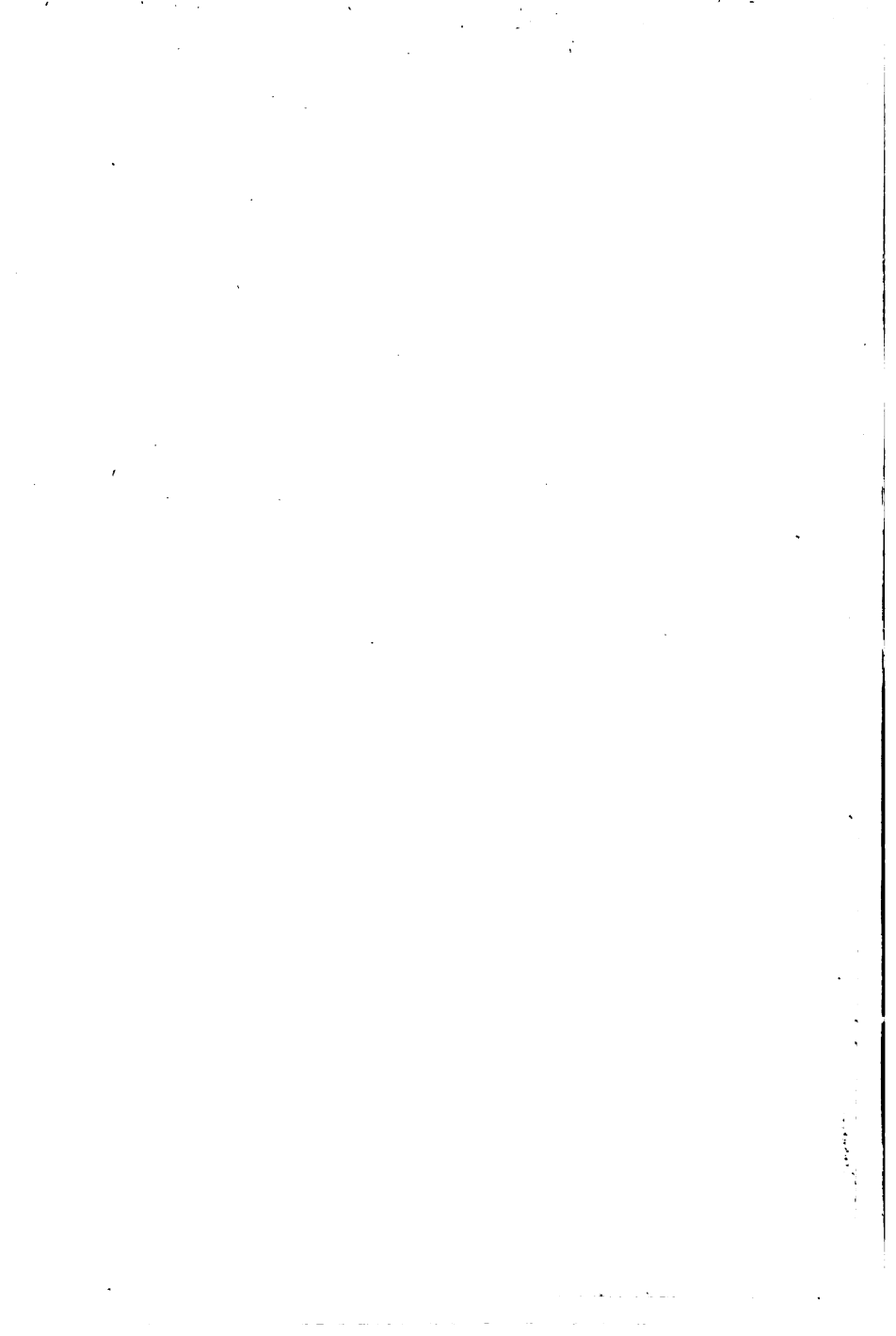
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SHOTS AT RANDOM.

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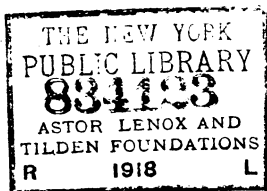
“ Indeed the idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in men's eyes much wrong:
Have drowned my glory in a shallow cup,
And sold my reputation for a song.”

—*Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam.*

NEW YORK
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1899

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HOWY VON
JON
VACOLI

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Incheon, Jan. 2/18. \$. 50

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Prologue.

Go, little songs, go forth upon the earth,
Too long I've kept you, idly hoarded here,
Lo, ye are jewels of exceeding worth,
Go forth in confidence and not in fear!
In desert places and in teeming mart,
Speak well your message to each list'ning heart.

And wheresoever there may be a mind
Attuned to beauty, and to truth akin,
There welcome waiteth for you unconfined,
There shall ye dwell when ye have entered in;
That soul thenceforth shall know his blessings' store
The richer for your coming, evermore.

But, if perchance, no friendly hand outreach,
No gentle heart find pleasure in your page,
Too Mammon-maddened for your words to teach,
Too sordid, too sophistical the age,
Then rest ye in this confidence sublime,
Ye are immortal, ye can bide your time!



Shots at Random.

ON THE BRINK OF WAR.

God of our fathers, we have heard,
Above Thy starving children's cries,
The call of Thy avenging word,
Lo! at that call we rise, we rise
Ten million strong from sea to sea,
To strike for freedom, and for Thee.

God of our fathers, who hath led,
Our armies aye to victory,
Lead us where Cuba's fields are red
With reeking Spanish butchery.
Oh! nerve our strong right arm to smite
The tyrant's hellish hordes with might.

God of our fathers, who hath made
On every sea our banners wave,
Unsheath our Navy's falchion blade,
To free the captive and the slave.
Be with us Lord, upon the sea,
To strike a mighty blow for Thee.

God of our fathers, lo! we bow
To Thee in this sublime event,
With humble thankfulness that Thou

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Hast made of us, Thine instrument:
And trusting in Thy might, we go
To lay the Spanish despot low.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

The mists of night hung darkly o'er proud Manila's bay,
Her sentinel forts in silence slept, her ships at anchor lay,
When, silently, but boldly, the fearless Yankee fleet
Steamed right into the harbor's mouth, beneath thy guns,
Cavite;
And when the mists were lifted, and shone the morning
sun,
Our boys beheld the Spanish ships in number, two to one.

Then quickly from the citadel, the opening volleys fly,
And quick and true, with deadly aim, the Yankee tars
reply;
Each head is cool, each eye is clear, and steady every hand,
Above them float the stars and stripes, and Dewey hath
command!
Seven thousand miles across the seas they've come in
fierce delight
To show the treacherous Spaniard how free men, and
strong can fight.

With what reverberations roared forth the cannonade!
The bursting shell,—the crashing steel,—infernal music
made!
And now the Spanish flagship burns, and now her admiral
flees,
And now the Don Antonio is swept from off the seas:

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

And their shattered decks are reeking with the hot blood
of the slain,
While the Yankee boys remember the martyrs of the
Maine!

O how sublime, resistless, raged that two hours' fearful
fray
Till not a Spanish gun replied across the crimsoned bay;
And when at last, great Dewey, his dogs of slaughter
chained,
Of all that mighty Spanish fleet, but battered wrecks
remained!
Then burst there out a mighty shout, that rang from shore
to shore,
And hailed full clear, with rousing cheer, the Yankee
Commodore!

Oh ne'er before such fight was fought since history began,
Oh never such a victory before was won by man;
His ships unscathed,—his rudders hold,—his engines
throb and drive,—
Each gun is on its carriage trim,—and every man alive!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Dewey! His fame shall hold her
place,
While still survive upon the earth our sturdy tongue and
race.

The glory of his victory the ages cannot dim!
The mighty heroes known of old, a brother hail in him;
He stands a living testament, that sure hath dawned the
day
When the Anglo-Saxon 'round the world shall hold
triumphant sway!

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

And, unto Thee, Lord God of Hosts, our hearts in praise
unite
That Thou hast kept us 'neath Thine eye, and clothed us
with Thy might.

HOLD THE PHILIPPINES!

Why doth President McKinley as the protocol he signs
Leave as undetermined still the future of the Philippines?
We have brought the haughty Spaniard to his knees to sue
for peace,
Are we only wise in battle? Are we fools when fightings
cease?
Shall we with a child's abandon throw what we have won
away,
Counting as of no advantage this, our gateway to Cathay?
Yield again unto the foeman land whereon our boys have
trod,
Land he could not hold against us? Never, in the name
of God!

Hark you, President McKinley, there are struggling
peoples there,
Shall we turn their shouts of gladness into wailings of
despair?
'Gainst the centuries of bondage, they have almost won
their fight
Striving upward from oppression into liberty and light!
With the arms which we have furnished they have tasted
freedom's bliss,
Shall we, in our hour of triumph stoop to treachery like
this?

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Make them now in meek submission kiss again the
tyrant's rod,
Give them back unto the spoiler? Never, in the name of
God!

Think, McKinley, what a figure we should cut before the
powers,
By the terms of the surrender all the islands now are
ours,
Ours their problems, ours their future, ours their fate for
weal or woe,
It were folly, it were madness, it were crime to let them go.
Never from the path of duty have we shrunk in shame
before,
Heaven shall visit if we falter on our heads affliction sore.
There our arms have grandly conquered, there our blood
hath bathed the sod,
Shall we then as weaklings yield it? Never, in the name
of God!

AFTER THE WAR.

Spain wouldn't free the Cubans, and she blew the Maine
on high —
And so we had a brush with her from April to July,
The mighty navies of whose strength she first was wont
to blow
We sent to join her other fleet of centuries ago!
And o'er each blasted colony wherein her rule was known
We hoisted up the stars and stripes and took it for our
own!
We told the wondering world again, in this emphatic way,
That the Saxon's in the saddle, and he's there to stay.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

When first from foreign leading-strings ourselves we
boldly tore

Old England half forgot to love the lusty child she bore.
But now that we have risen strong, our destiny to fill
Our mother is herself again and greets us with a will:
Britannia feels a thrill of pride thro' all her pulses through
And hails with high acclaim the things the lion's whelp
can do;

Till e'en the weakest of our race within his heart can feel
That kin is more than covenants, and blood than bonds of
steel.

And Europe, coldly, sullenly, looks on in dark dismay,
For the Saxon's in the saddle, and he's there to stay!

Then come John Bull, we'll take your hand and round the
world we'll go.

The blessings of our freedom on the nations to bestow.
We'll civilize and Christianize and utilize the earth,
Unto ourselves reserving what we think the teaching's
worth,

And wheresoe'er upon the seas the fleets of commerce
ride

"Old Glory" and the "Union Jack" shall triumph side
by side:

And mankind in many colors shall arise and bless his day,
For the Saxon's in the saddle, and he's there to stay!

Ah, here's unto the heroes of our Anglo-Saxon strain,
Whose armies dominate the land,— whose navies hold the
main,—

Whose tongue is known throughout the world,— whose
course is unconfined,—

Whose liberties uplift and bless and unify mankind!
And here's to thee, America, my native land adored,



**“To-day I walked along the lane, the grassy lane where
off’ we’ve strolled.”—Page 14.**

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SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Sublime in peace,—as terrible thy swift avenging
sword,
Our pluck and prayers shall speed thee on, on thy
triumphant way,
For the Saxon's in the saddle, and he's there to stay!

“STAR SPANGLED BANNER” AT EL CANEY.

O grand is the news from the field of Caney,—
What battle of old can excel it in glory?
The heart of a nation beats higher to-day,
And age unto age shall re-echo the story,—
Our boys marching onward, resistless in might,
And “The Star Spangled Banner” they sing as they fight.

Above the grim hell of the battle it rings,
The lips of the wounded and dying repeat it:
Spain well may retreat from the foeman who flings
That song to his flag on the breezes that greet it;
And the victory is ours e'er the coming of night,
For “The Star Spangled Banner” we sing as we fight.

The sound of that song has awakened the earth;
The tyrants of Spain how they shiver and cower,
And Cuba long traveled in liberty's birth,
Smiles glad through her tears, as she rises in power,
For the Yankees are brave, as their cause it is right,
And “The Star Spangled Banner” they sing as they fight.

O, Lord, God Almighty, the glory is Thine!
Thine arm is beneath,—and Thine eye watching o'er
us,—

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

The blood of the despot flows redder than wine,
And tyranny slinks from his fortress before us.
Lead, lead Thou us on in Thy conquering might,
And "The Star Spangled Banner" we'll sing as we fight.

CAPTAIN CAPRON.

When Captain Capron fell
Rent by a mortal wound,
His troopers rushed to succor him
And lift him from the ground.

But quick he gave command,
Of self forgetful quite,
"Don't mind me, boys, I'll lie right here,
Go on, go on, and fight."

O hot that fight and long;
O brave they fought and well;
Their Captain still commanding them,
Just where he dying fell!

But when the victor's cheer
Resounded loud and deep,
Brave Captain Capron lay unmoved,
Sunk in eternal sleep!

O why throughout the earth,
Or on the land or sea,
Doth ever o'er the Saxon wave
The palm of Victory?

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Why through the fiercest fray
Doth he triumphant bide?
'Tis that he fights as Capron fought,
And dies as Capron died.

LINES.

(Written upon hearing of the attempt of the Spanish
to destroy the wreckage of the Maine in Havana Harbor.)

In vain, in vain, in vain;
Vile, treacherous enemy of human right,
Upon the poor, torn vitals of the Maine,
You vent your serpent's spite!

Sweep off while yet you may,
Those mute, rent fragments from your murderous path,
A mighty nation girds herself to-day,
Hot in avenging wrath.

Where lately rode in pride,
Your Eastern fleet, off far Manila's shore,
Lo, now, but wreckage in the eddying tide
Sinks down to rise no more!

'Neath Santiago's guns,
The remnant of your Navy hides her head,
Where she must yield, or fighting, with your sons
A vulture's banquet spread!

The voice of God hath spoke;
Millions of serfs rise up to-day as men,
And from their necks falls off your galling yoke,
They shall not wear again!

TO-DAY I WALKED ALONG THE LANE.

To-day I walked along the lane,
The grassy lane, where oft' we've strolled.
The flowers brightened all the plain,
The emerald hills about me rolled:
Trees wove their branches o'er my head,
Birds sang their songs, so free, so clear,
Yet naught was fair, as 'twas, my love,
When you were here.

I seek at eve your favorite bower,
The moon shines softly on me there;
A silvery mist the valley veils,
A silvery light is everywhere.
And yet I think the nights are long,
Ah, dull their rarest charms appear,
For, love, they are not as they were
When you were here.

Again I haste unto your home,
Kind faces bid me welcome there,
Kind words leap forth from heart to heart,
Sweet music thrills the living air;
And yet it seems not like your home,
Though filled with light, and love, and cheer,
For 'tis not as it was, my love,
When you were here.

Life passes on from day to day
A pleasant stream with banks of flowers;
The ripples laugh, the eddies play,
The sunbeams gild the gliding hours;

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

But yet in spite of all, I sigh
For one afar who should be near,
Life is not as it was, my love,
When you were here.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

I'm bound by a wonderful spirit,—
A wonderful spirit, and strange,
She holds me whene'er I would wander,
I follow where'er she doth range,
And I love her, hate, reverence, and loathe her,
With her nature's perpetual change.

At times, she disports in broad valleys,
Green valleys, with flowerets gay,
She is sweeter by far than the flowers,
And fresher, and fairer than they,
She is pure as the airs that caress her,
And light as the rivulet's play.

She holds me with eyes full of meaning,
Enchanted, I gaze on her face,
Each knows but the smile of the other,
We mark not the time nor the place;
I love her, full madly, I love her,
And fold her in loving embrace.

At times she is soulless and cruel,
All blessings she blights as they fall,
And creatures she calls into being,
She tortures with thorn, and with gall;
She heeds not their cries as she racks them,
But calmly she smiles through it all.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

I long to relieve the poor victims,
I may not make better their state;
My mistress as mocking withholds me,
Or chides me for fighting with fate;
I strive to tear from her, I curse her,
I hate her with terrible hate.

Sometimes in the woodlands we wander,
The trees form a temple, in awe
And silence, we walk in that chancel,
Made holy by nature's own law,
And see by the eye of the spirit
What visions of mortal ne'er saw.

My mistress in purest devotion,
Kneels down as the cherubim fair,
In reverence, I kneel beside her,
And feel it is good to be there;
With full eyes uplifted to Heaven,
We mingle our voices in prayer.

Anon, through vast deserts she leads me,
Where visions she holds to the view,
Divinely enchanting, those visions
And thousands the shadows pursue,
And falsely, she breathes to these thousands,
Press on, for the good and the true.

And trusting the words of her promise,
All strive for what none can attain,—
And calmly she smiles, as awaery,
They perish alone on the plain:
Around them the limitless desert,
Within them the hunger and pain.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

I strive to tear from her, I curse her,
I loathe her most fiendish deceit;
But quickly again, she doth charm me,
Her words and her smiles are so sweet;
So innocent, pure, and entrancing,
I worship again at her feet.

But thus, while this wonderful spirit,
Doth keep me her captive, her slave,
There standeth beside me another,
As fair as the Heaven's e'er gave;
Her white arms outstretched as beseeching,
But 'tween us there yawneeth a grave.

Her pale lips are peacefully smiling,
Her sweet eyes are closed as in rest.
She speaks not, she moves, but ever,
Her calm, and her silence are blessed,
Till oft'times I long to go to her,
And sink into sleep on her breast.

But, ah, when I fain would flee to her,
The pathway is dread to behold;
They wake not, they dream not forever,
Whom once those fair arms do enfold;
And though constant and sweet is her pleading,
Her breath on my forehead is cold.

And yet, Oh, I know, that full shortly
I'll tear from my mistress away;
Aweary of joy amid torture,
Of hopes that but bloom to decay;
I'll flee to that fair pallid spirit,
And rest on her bosom for aye.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

THE HAMBURG EUCHRE CLUB.

We make a jolly company I'd have you understand,
When in the Hamburg Euchre Club we gaily take a hand:
For Robinson can deal the cards so every trump's his own,
And Winslow's always euchered when he tries to "go
alone;"
Mark Cleaver's sure to make his mark, but still they all
agree,
That there's not another fellow who can play like me.

Ah, since I was a baby and could toddle scarce a yard,
For the little shining pasteboards I have held a high
regard.
And my chums a chilly shiver in their spinal columns
feel,
When they see me slyly stack the cards or deftly cut for
deal;
And each scared chap longs to have me for a partner, so
you see
There is not another fellow, who can play like me.

When the rest have all been beaten, and the games are at
an end
To the stomach's eager cravings, how we joyously attend!
There are celery, sardines, cheeses, grapes and little
"salted plums;"
There are fresh and dainty crackers, but we never spill
the crumbs,
We eat and drink and then we part, to walk home 'neath
the stars
With our spirits soothed and solaced by the host's cigars.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Then here's to th' Hamburg Euchre Club, a health both
long and deep,
May it ever live and flourish, till at last in death we sleep;
So many happy memories about its meetings twine,
We bear them in our hearts, boys, as we pledge them in
our wine,
And upon this glad occasion, I am sure you will agree,
That there never was a poet who could write like me.

MY LOVER.

I have a charming fellow,
His heart is firm and true,
His curly hair is yellow,
His eyes a tender blue.
With love they flash,
His cute mustache
Is soft and downy too.

We love to ride together,
(He gets his aunty's team)
And in the summer weather
Life seems a golden dream;
"My love, my pride,"
He says, "My bride,
How lovely all things seem,"

"Whenever with thee riding
I hear thy gentle voice
And feel thy heart confiding
In me thy youthful choice.
Ah, I am thine,
Sweet Mary mine,
And life's in equipoise."

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

He well can manufacture
The strongest kind of rope;
If he should leave, 'twould fracture
My heart and kill my hope,
And life would be
As vain for me,
As bubbles made from soap.

His footstep drawing nearer
Thrills all my being through,
Unto me he is dearer
Than all things else; for who
So makes my life;
I'll be his wife,
Spite all my ma can do.

I always think about him
Whenever he's away,
I could not live without him
The fraction of a day,
My own sweetheart,
My better part,
D. W. McFay.

“INGENIO STAT SINE MORTE DECUS.”

(Propertius.)

Yes, genius remains; Time in his flight
Covers the nations with Oblivion's veil,
Our friendships fade, the light of love grows pale,
Life's little day but heralds Death's dread night;
Yet he whose touch before our wondering sight

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Makes the dull canvas radiant with his thought,
And he whose hand the mystic keys has taught
To thrill our souls with rapturous delight;
Their gifts are lasting as the eternal spheres!

These wonderous gifts in all their perfect measure
The gods bestow but seldom; yet who hears

Your music's strains, knows this your priceless treasure,
And who but sees your brush's magic touch
Must honor whom the gods have blessed so much.



A VOW.

I solemnly swear by the pure, the good,
By all that hath error and wrong withstood,
By all that the universe holds Divine,
Henceforth to be thine — to be only thine.



PHILOSOPHY.

Live while live you may,
Sport in your youth with zest,
Life is but short at best,
All things have their day,
Live, while live you may.

Drink while you can with joy,
Drink of life's pleasures all;
Purest at length will pall,
Sweetest will soonest cloy,
Drink while you can with joy.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Love while your heart beats warm,
Love while your blood mounts high;
Deepest of love may die,
Drowned in life's surging storm,
Love while your heart beats warm.

Strive while your life is strong,
Strive to uphold the right,
Strive for the truth with might,
Strongest can strive not long,
Strive while your life is strong.

Live while live you may,
Life is so brief, so poor,
Death comes swift and sure,
All things have their day,
Live while live you may.

THE WIDOW'S GUEST.

A humble cottage on the hill,
A dooryard gay with hollyhocks;
The day is clear, and all is still
Save the far bleating of the flocks.

The cottage door is open wide
Within of perfect calm possessed,
An aged woman, gentle-eyed
Awaits the coming of her guest.

Content she sits with folded hands,
The "Good Book" open on her knees,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

The worn leaves turn in idle bands,
Kissed by the sweet breath of the breeze.

The promises she reads no more,
But memory sweet comfort gives;
And says she softly o'er and o'er,
"I know that my Redeemer lives."

Her work is done, though long the day,
Her loved ones gone, though long her care,
She is alone and yet can say:
"Lo, Thou art with me," in her prayer.

Thus long, she sat in faith and prayer,
Peace filling her once burdened breast,
As patiently she waited there,
The coming of her royal guest.

The neighbors came at eventide,
They entered at the open door,
The evening glow had glorified
With golden light, her humble store.

Her eyes were closed in peaceful sleep,
A smile illum'ed the loving face;
Her hands were still, and silence deep,
And holy, sanctified the place.

There was no stir of mortal breath,
A calm divine, succeeding strife;
Her guest had come,—men call him Death,
She hailed in him, Eternal Life.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

SONG.

Happily I sing,
Evermore of you;
Sweetest charms you bring,
To my spirit's view.
'Round my path you strew
Undiminishing,
Dear delights and true,
Evermore I sing.

Joy my heart o'erflows,
O'er its deepest night;
Heaven breaks and glows,
'Neath your glances bright;
Love, the laughing sprite,
Blushes like a rose,
'Neath your glances bright.

SHE WON THE GAME.

She won the game, how could I play,
When, spite of all that sages say,
Unmindful how the chance cards fell
And conscious but of one sweet spell,
My mind went wandering far away.

I saw her dark eyes' 'witching ray,
I saw her smile of triumph gay,
Till all my dreaming to dispel,
She won the game.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

She won, I lost, yes lost that day,
What she alone can e'er repay;
The game was hers, and truth to tell,
She won my fickle heart as well;
And holds it now in sovereign sway,
She won the game.

Though the lakes know not the emotion
That the depths of the ocean shakes,—
Yet the lakes may smile on the ocean,
And the ocean smile on the lakes.

AFTER LEE HUNT. (A goodly distance.)

Esther gave to me a rose,
O'er the wicket lightly leaning,
Ah! my friend, do you suppose
That the gift was void of meaning?
Let its petals fade away,
Still my heart shall prize and save it,
Fresh and sweet as 'twas the day
Esther gave it!

MY PLAYMATE STREAM.

Bright little brook upon whose brim
I oft in childhood used to play,
To dam thy current up and skim
Small pebbles o'er the tiny bay;

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

And float my boat upon thy breast,
And hunt with highest joy possessed
Thy beetles' haunts, and mud-mole's nest;

Full soon thy dreary course must run
Deep down beneath thy city's street,
Devoid of light, and air and sun,
And birds to join thy singing sweet.
A prisoner in a dungeon thrown,
There shalt thou grope unmarked, unknown,
Within thy dreary cell of stone.

Yet keep, oh playmate, even there
The glad traditions of our youth,
For oft' oppressed by wrong or care,
I'll walk that busy street in sooth;
And listen for thy voice I'll know,
To hear thee singing there below,
That same sweet song of long ago.

But I, alas! full soon must lie
Beneath the earth in endless sleep,
Nor ever dream as years go by,
Of those who joy, or toil, or weep;
And yet, methinks, e'en there I'll dream
Of those dear days, sweet, laughing stream,
When first I knew thy current's gleam.

And as I pass, so man must pass,
This town, thy prison, too shall fall,
Again thy face, the sky shall glass
And nature triumph over all;
And thou shalt run, as blithe and free,
Thy joyous journey to the sea
As when of old I played by thee.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

HOW TRUE TO LIFE IS THE DESIGN.

How true to life is the design,
You are the butterfly,
The golden web, the golden words;
That I would bind you by.
The roses, random bits of song,
The spider, sure, am I.

The butterfly, in sweet suspense,
Hangs o'er the glittering snare,
The golden meshes dazzle her,
The roses charm the air.
But lo! the wily spider lies
Expectant, in his lair.

And will the happy butterfly
Her freedom throw away?
And will the spider bind her wings
So fast, they ne'er can stray?
And will he hold her captive, then
Forever,— who can say?

THE SUICIDE.

Behold him, so peacefully resting,
The madness of living is past;
Gone, gone the long torturing illness,
Enrapt in an infinite stillness,
He sleepeth, untroubled, at last.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Reville not the hand, by whose daring,
He opened the door to the tomb;
Ah, ye who that life were not sharing
Know naught of the fearful despairing,
And darkness, love could not illumine.

Think not of the doubt that o'ercame him,
Suspicion and direful distrust,
When those whose support he so needed
His cry of despond, never heeded,
But cast him down into the dust.

Think not of his crying to Heaven,
Which seemed but to mock at his cry;
Till, cursing the Christ who would save him,
He flung back the gift that Christ gave him,
And dared, unrepentant to die.

But think of him peacefully resting,
The madness of living o'er past;
Gone, gone the long torturing illness,
Enrapt in an infinite stillness,
He sleepeth, untroubled, at last.

MY GLAD SURPRISE.

My glad surprise, I cannot say,
When this fair, fateful Christmas day,
Brought to my hand your gift of gold,
This pencil, which must now unfold
The thanks I hasten to convey.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Sweet memories of a moonlit bay,
Of walks o'er hillsides far away;
Thronged through my mind with joy which told
My glad surprise.

Then take a thousand thanks, and may
Your life be bright as is the ray
Of pleasure, which my fancies hold;
Forgive the mistletoe too bold,
And blame for this poor little lay,
My glad surprise.

A MOOD.

I pine 'mid rout and revelry, alone,
My fish and bread, the serpent and the stone
Without a heart in all the world, to beat
One single throb responsive to my own.

LOVE'S DEATH.

Close softly the shutters and darken the room
For the house must be dark as the depths of the tomb;
Till the corpse of my love shall be borne to the tomb.

Oh, perfect, divine were his form and his face,
And I fancied eternal, was surely his grace,
For I dreamed not, death ever could conquer such grace;

The soul of my soul was the light of his eye,
In his presence, all evils of life, I'd defy;
In his presence, the fiats of fate I'd defy.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

But though he is gone, I can mourn not nor weep,
But beside him in silence, I gaze on his sleep;
And I dare not with wailing, disturb such a sleep.

For his eyes, which once glowed, are now closed and at
rest,
And his fair hands are folded in peace, on his breast;
And his warm heart lies cold, in his passionless breast.

The rose in his hand cannot quicken his breath,
Nor the freshness of springtime, allure him from death,
Nor the smile of my Dalila move him in death.

Oh bear him with reverence slowly away,
His form in the tomb of oblivion lay;
And there let him silently slumber for aye.

For, there he shall sleep with the purest and best
That the earth ever bore, in her burning unrest;
And there I shall join him at length in his rest.

IF ONLY YOU WERE MINE, LOVE.

The moon would softer shine, love,
O'er meadows fairer grown,
The air, with voice divine, love,
Recall the Springtime, flown;
If you were only mine, love,
As I am yours alone.

No care could e'er dissever,
No sorrow rend apart,
And dark distrust, could never

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Display his direful art;
As each for each, forever
Preserved a single heart.

And life would lose its sadness,
And death would flee away;
Earth's meanness and her madness,
Would sink in sure decay.
And in seraphic gladness,
We'd live, and love for aye.

Then on my path let shine, love,
Your dark eyes, softer grown,
And with your voice divine, love,
Recall hope's springtime flown;
Oh, say you will be mine, love,
As I am yours alone.

LITTLE JANE.

With her most triumphant air,
Hands outstretched behind her,
Standing by her papa's chair,
Confident, we find her.
Eyes alight with baby glee,
Roguish little crony,
Calling as we turn to see,
"Loney, all aloney."

Heaven bless thee, little Jane,
Papa with his girlie
Joys to see thee thus attain,
Life's great truth so early;

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

For through all our destined way,
Be it smooth or stony;
Sternly, firmly, day by day,
Each must stand "aloney."

All alone in storm and night
Fear and trepidation,
All alone in bitter fight,
And in strong temptation;
Though thy joy may idly share,
Many a laughing croney;
Life's hard pain, thou still must bear,
Standing "all aloney."

Oh! may God, my daughter Jane,
Much thy father craveth,
Ever by thy side remain,
With a love that saveth;
Gently bear thee in His arm
O'er life's places stoney,
That thy feet may know no harm,
Standing "all aloney."

THE TOKEN.

I walked in the storm in my garden,
The flowers were broken, in grief.
And mangled and torn on my pathway,
Lay many a blossom and leaf.
And oh! the storm raging within me,
But answered the tempest without,
His voice was the voice of my moaning,
His darkness, my darkness and doubt.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

And there, neath that pitiless heaven,
I breathed in my anguish and prayer,
A cry, that a sign might be given
To soothe, or to seal my despair.
When lo! a fair rose, just unfolding,
Refreshed, as with glistening dew,
And sweet as the breath of an angel,
Burst full on my wondering view.

The storm not a petal had broken,
It seemed but by zephyrs caressed,
I snatched it in joy from the tempest,
And laid it in love, on my breast.
And deep in my bosom, storm shaken,
Rebuking the doubt and the gloom,
As pure as this Heavenly token,
A hope was beginning to bloom.

The storm is still raging about me,
My spirit is tranquil within,
And future smiles fairer before me,
For doubt and despair that have been.
The sweet bud of promise still opens,
No more in despond shall I grope,
For hope, is the light of my spirit,
And love is the life of my hope.

SWEET SUZETTE.

I am thinking of a land,
Where the clear Opequan flows,
And the mountains grandly strong,
Kindly arms about it close;

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Fairest land of all the earth,
There my dearest hopes are set,
For it is your home — your home,
Sweet Suzette.

Far above the sleeping town,
O'er the rugged hills I stray,
As the yellow moon goes down,
Gazing, gazing far away.
Out into the West I gaze,
Toward the place where first we met,
Ah, those days were golden days,
Sweet Suzette.

I am thinking of the spring,
Where from one small cup we drank,
Of the brooklet's murmuring,
As we sat upon the bank.
Of the hours beneath the oak,
Ne'er, oh, ne'er shall I forget,
Earnest words half jesting spoke,
Sweet Suzette.

Speak and tell me, shall my life
Be as sweet as were those days?
Or shall fate remorselessly,
Crush the hope she joyed to raise?
I am waiting, trembling still,
Is it joy, or wild regret?
You can shape it as you will,
Sweet Suzette.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

SAIL ON, MAD SOUL.

Sail on, mad soul, sail on thy wild career,
Dare wildest passions, wildest thunder rack;
What though behind, the harbor beckon clear?
What though about thee 'gulfing crests uprear?
What though before destruction yawneeth near?
Sail on, and turn not back;
Oh! never turn thou back!

The coward crafts cram thick the crowded port,
Their sails unstained, their shining cordage slack;
They shrink, the shrieking of the storm to court,
Their maddest terror by thy maddest sport.
Sail on triumphant, though thy life be short,
Sail on, and turn not back;
Oh! never turn thou back!

Thy form was framed for freedom, not for fear;
Forward, though every wave thy timbers crack,
Right on into the raging darkness steer,
Follow thy frowning fate with rousing cheer.
Perish afar, alone, no succor near,
Sail on, and turn not back;
Oh! never turn thou back!



RACHEL.

We strolled on the strand together,
The moon on the sea was bright,
And the breaking wavelets warbled
Attune with our hearts' delight,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

But more than the crystal moonlight,
And more than the tuneful beach,
Were the light of thy blue eyes, Rachel,
And the music of thy speech.

Our spirits communed together,
For thine in her youth was bold,
And mine in his long rebellion,
Was fearless and uncontrolled,
Alike were our loves and hatreds,
Alike was our war with fate,
The world we would rend to atoms,
And wondrously re-create.

Alas, that we met enchanted,
Alas, for our spirits' bliss,
The joys of that happy evening
But heighten the pain of this!
Ah, though we are parted, ever
Be fearless, and firm, and free;
And though I may see thee never,
My love shall bide with thee.

But though in her fate, forsaken,
My spirit may fail and fade,
Though broken, my heart lie lifeless
And deep in the tomb be laid;
One light can awake and thrill me,
One sound can my dead ear reach,
The light of thy blue eyes, Rachel,
And the music of thy speech.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

THREE LITTLE VIOLETS.

Three little violets I have,
Most beautiful, most sweet are they;
And though to you they faded seem,
To me they never can decay.

For my dear love those flowers wore,
One evening in her girlish glee,
'Twas that same night when with these blooms,
She gave her own sweet self to me.

Ah! happy hours, our deep eyes said,
What brokenly our words expressed,
With leaping heart and fervent vow
I drew her fondly to my breast.

And safely pillowed there she told,
Her maiden love in bashful wise;
The strong affection of my heart
Reflected in her trustful eyes.

Oh fragrant little violets,
Still do you bloom for me as then,
And whenso'er I look on you,
I live that blissful time again.

SIMON CRANSTON.

Hard by Stanton and Red Clay Creek,
Under the shade of an apple bough,
Halting his horses proud and sleek,
Simon Cranston leaned on his plow.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Well-to-do, and as well employed,
His was a peaceful and busy life;
Yet in his heart was a weary void,
Simon Cranston wanted a wife.

And who shall say that he had no need?
The faithful wife of his youth had died;
There were little children to guard and lead,
Servants to manage and teach and chide,

And guests to welcome; so humbly here
Simon Cranston prayed, that the voice
Which speaketh alone to the inward ear,
Might guide and direct him in his choice.

And when one day in Wilmington,
At monthly meeting, I think 'tis said;
In rousing his drowsy little son
Simon Cranston lifted his head,

And saw across on the women's side
The beautiful features of Hannah Cope,
Her sweet, ripe lips, and her dark eyes' pride
Stirred his pulses and cheered his hope.

Meeting over, rejoicing much,
He spoke to Hannah in friendly wise,
He felt the thrill of her hand's soft touch,
And the wondrous spell of those proud dark eyes.

But as he rode on his homeward way,
And pondered well how the thing might be;
E'er as he harkened, the voice would say,
"Simon, Hannah is not for thee."

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Thus spake the voice for a three month's space,
And Simon harkened with sad amaze;
But he yearned for Hannah's queenly grace,
Her beauty to comfort his long First-days.

Till he dimmed the glow of the inward light,
Till the carnal man in his breast grew strong;
And he vowed as a strong man vows with might,
"I will wed with Hannah, right or wrong!"

So they were wed in the good old way,
In Wilmington Meeting House, large and plain,
Though Hannah Shipley arose to say
Ere meeting broke, in prophetic vein;

"God is not mocked, be not deceived,
For whatsoever a man doth sow,
That shall he reap; though by pride upheaved,
The hand of the Lord shall bring him low."

When scarce had the honey-moon passed, they tell,
Simon Cranston awoke to find,
(The voice of the Lord had warned him well)
That carnal passion is deaf and blind.

That beauty may prove but the mask of hell;
For Hannah, the queenly, the fair, the young,
Doth in his halls like a demon dwell,
With fiery temper and shrewish tongue.

Soon the gossips for miles around,
In that quiet and beautiful country-side,
Told what a termagant Simon found
In the haughty Hannah, his headstrong bride,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Who scattered his children and marred his life;
Till even in meeting a wayward youth
Carved on a bench with his ready knife,
In uncouth letters, these words uncouth,

“The children of Israel wanted bread,
And the Lord gave them manna;
Simon Cranston wanted a wife,
And the devil sent him Hannah.”

At home, in meeting, in busy mart,
By harsh tongue hounded in gain or loss,
Still with a humbled and broken heart,
Simon Cranston carried his cross.

Never the hate was returned with hate,
Patiently, meekly he bowed his head;
“Lo, I have sinned, and my woe is great,
It is the hand of the Lord,” he said.

Simon Cranston resteth him now,
In an unmarked grave in the meeting lot;
And Hannah is gone, but when, or how,
Or where they laid her, it matters not.

Over a hundred years have plied,
Their merciless havoc of human life;
But still survives in the country-side,
This old-time tale of domestic strife;

Still are the fields of the same old place,
Plowed by horses as proud and sleek;
Still is the apple-bough's bending grace
Glassed in the bosom of Red Clay Creek.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Stanton slumbers still as of old,
The quaint old meeting house standeth there;
And, First-days, seeking its simple fold,
Friends assemble in silent prayer.

Still the current of passion runs,
Counter to wisdom the same old way,
And fathers cautioning self-willed sons,
And mothers warning their daughters, say:—

“The children of Israel wanted bread,
And the Lord gave them manna;
Simon Cranston wanted a wife,
And the devil sent him Hannah.”

THOMAS FRANCIS BAYARD.

Delaware, 'tis thine to weep,
Lo, thy loss indeed is great,
Thou could'st prize but could'st not keep,
Death hath left thee desolate:
Sit in silence, bow thy head,
Bayard, thy greatest son, is dead!

No invention deftly wrought,
Brought him plaudits or renown,
His no poet's subtle thought,
His no warrior's laurel crown,
His no victory on the seas,
Mightier deeds were his than these!

He attained the loftiest place
Ever gained by statesman strong,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Bound our ocean-sundered race,
Into one,— till taunt or wrong
'Gainst the humblest Saxon hurled,
Rouses Saxons round the world!

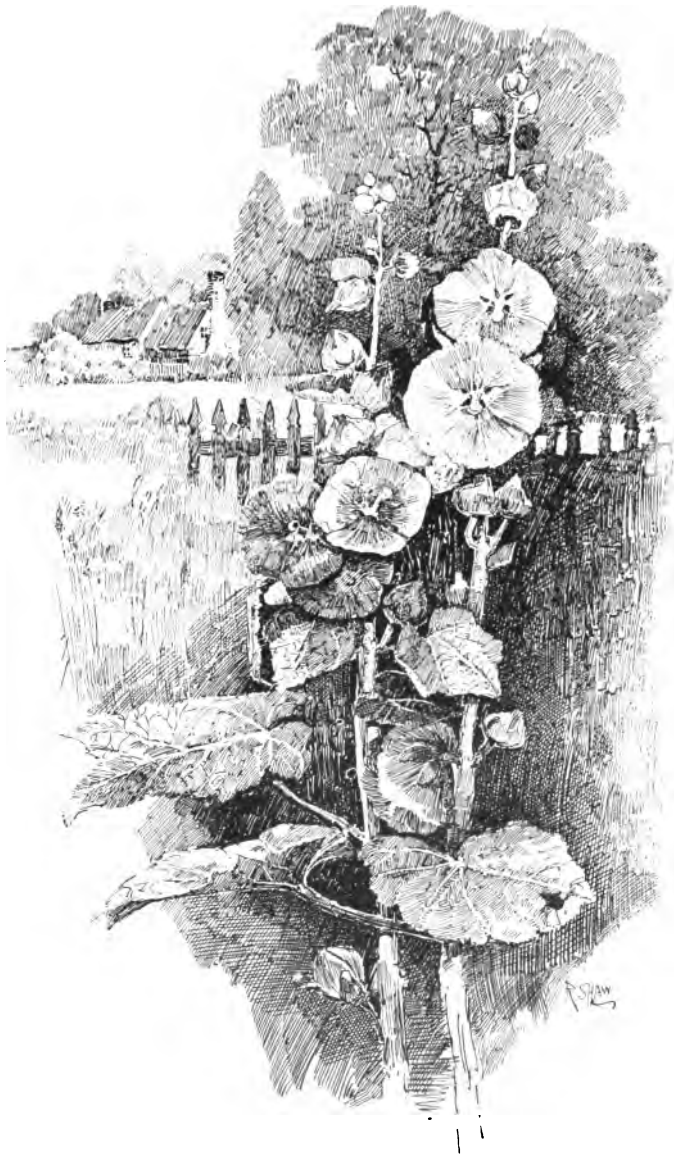
Delaware, 'tis thine to mourn'
But 'tis thine to mourn in pride,
This, thine offspring from thee torn,
Stands transformed and glorified,
And his fame shall rest secure
While the continents endure!

IN SPRING-TIME.

The robins this morning were singing, my love,
The black-birds are love-making out in the trees,
The sun shining warm in the Heavens above,
Has kissed the May-flowers that blush in the breeze.
And the saucy brown sparrow that chirps on the gate,
Is talking of love to his plain little mate.

The spirit of spring — is upon us my love,
But, ah! I am stirred with an anxious unrest,
And sad as the soul of a sorrowing dove,
My heart pines with longing alone in my breast;
For you, my one treasure, my light and my star,
The life of my life and my love, are afar.

Oh, that we were only together, my love,
And here in the warmth of the heavenly beam;
The bliss that the angels are envious of,
We'd taste on the banks of this beautiful stream.
Oh, surely my love, on so perfect a day,
Our beings should mingle ecstatic for aye.



**"A humble cottage on the hill,
A door yard gay with hollyhocks."—Page 22.**

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A QUAKER PROPOSAL.

Thee studies English History
That story never old,
Of British, Saxon, Norman kings,
With hardy hearts and bold.

And coming down to later times
And broader, brighter scenes,
Thee reads the story of the reigns
Of Britain's noble queens.

And well thee knows, that never
Had England such success
As that which crowned the reign renowned,
Of glorious Queen Bess.

Her armies on the continent,
Her navies on the sea,
Alike proclaim her virgin fame,
In martial symphony.

And how her subjects worshipped her,
Where e'er her banners swayed,
All England loved her, as a youth
Loves tenderly a maid.

I often idly fancy her,
This virgin queen benign,
With lips and brow like to thy own,
And deep blue eyes like thine.

Now would thee ask the reason why,
This little song I've sung,
'About good Queen Elizabeth,
So fair and pure and young?

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

And would thee ask the reason, too,
Why in my dreams I see
This greatest of all English queens
With features like to thee;

'Tis this, that history repeats
For now in humble mien,
All England earnestly entreats
Thee Bess to be his queen.

YOUTH'S OFFERING.

I may not boast of a lordly name,
Nor stores of riches, nor rank, nor place,
Nor talent to mount on the rounds of fame,
But all entranced by your maiden grace,
My all, my love, to your feet I bring;
Take, O take you my offering!

Only the love of a youthful heart,
Strong and ardent, of purpose sure;
Undimmed by policy, trick or art,
Simple and earnest and frank and pure,
Such is the love that to you I bring;
Take, O take you my offering!

Ah, what is a name but an empty blank?
And riches will vanish as fades the day,
Transient are glories of place and rank,
And talents must wane with the mind's decay,
But love is lasting,— and love I bring;
Take, O take you my offering!

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

SIMILIES.

Like, Astarte, all resplendent,
Smiling on her glorious way,
Bright as stars with joy attendant,
In their magical array,
Ever marvelously gay;

So thy soul with love o'erflowing,
Thrills with happiness complete:
Better than the Gnostic's knowing,
Round thy life a lustre throwing,
Unalloyed and pure and sweet,
Dower for a princess meet.

As the morning's rosy splendor,
Beaming o'er its clouds of gold,
'Rapt in radiance blue and tender,
Is the light thy features hold,
E'en in every form and mold!

Sweet as music, softly swelling,
Unto ears with care oppressed,
Pure as pearls of priceless telling,
Rich as fragrance deep upwelling
Under skies that speak of rest,
Doth thy presence please us best.

AT HAVERFORD MEETING.

Oh week after week while in meeting I'm sitting,
My fancies forever are joyously flitting,
Across the plain benches to one over there,
That sweet, little maiden with radiant hair.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

The dawn never woke in so rosy a splendor,
The sun never shone with light half so tender,
The reddest of roses would shrink to compare
Her glow, with the glow of that radiant hair.

The preacher is caught by his fervent devotion,
The students are caught by a restless commotion,
Fred's caught by the president's eagle-like stare,
I'm caught in the mesh of that radiant hair.

Oh moon, you might cease your illum'ing endeavor
Oh sun, you might fade from the heavens forever;
If only my life of confusion and care,
Could be lit by the light of that radiant hair.

TO A MOTH.

Poor little moth, thy tattered wings,
Thy stiffened limbs, thy crusted eye,
Thy body's slowly shrinking rings,
The dust that to thy feathers clings,
Proclaim alike that thou must die.

And yet a week has scarcely past,
Since first thy wings thou did'st unfold,
No storm has chilled thee with its blast
But ah! thy life is ebbing fast,
Nor can the tide be backward rolled.

All through the summer's dust and heat,
Hard did'st thou labor night and day;
And when the wintry storm winds beat
Safe hiding in thy snug retreat
Thou slept full five long months away.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

All this; and can it then be true
That all thy labor was in vain?
The airs are warm, the skies are blue,
The flowers open to thy view —
And can'st thou not revive again?

Alas, alas! it cannot be;
Thy time is o'er, thy doom is sealed,
The light airs, breathing soft and free,
Speak naught of hope or life to thee,
Nor blooms for thee the flowery field.

Yet striving hard against thy fate,
I see thee raise thy palsied wings
And stretch thy limbs; O wretched state!
Fighting alone and desolate,
That battle which no victory brings.

Ah, how like man in all art thou,
He struggles through life's little span
Until, nor thinking why nor how,
He stands with proud, elated brow,
Feeling how strong, how great is man.

When suddenly with awful shock,
He hears a voice, "Thy time is done!"
He shudders, but attempts to mock
The hand that at his door doth knock —
Yet time's sands never backward run.

And sighing deeply for his dreams
And longing with intense desires,
Once more to sail life's pleasant streams,
He grasps faint hope from future's gleams;
And sadly looking back expires.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

But stay; while I have thee addressed,
I see that thou are fled and gone,
Gone with that uninvited guest;
Thy life has fled, thy tiny breast
Shall sigh no more at light of dawn.

Where did'st thou go? Thou art not here —
I see thy body cold and still;
Yet whether far or whether near,
I know thou canst not reappear,
There is a void I cannot fill.

But let us pause; will this remain,
Thy fairy dwelling which I see?
It will not, but resolved again
Into new forms on field and plain,
To bird or flower shall changed be.

Each atom is itself once more,
And then combines in something new,
Higher or lower than before;
But change on change cannot restore
The once lost object to our view.

Here is the answer, as thy frame
Resolves itself to simple clay,
And then is changed in form and name,
Yet keeping still for all, the same,
So is thy life I dare to say.

Thou raindrop of the Eternal Sea,
Thou hast returned again to Him,
And lost in His infinity,
Art one with God, yet soon to be
Clothed in new form with wing or limb.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Brother, thy form and mine are one;
One life blood cheers all living things,
Warmed into being by one sun;
One breath we draw, one race we run,
Nature one promise to us brings.

So are our spirits, all are parts
Of one eternal, boundless soul;
Awhile we animate these hearts
Till death with his unerring darts,
Joins us to the Immortal Whole.

This is the lesson which I read
In all that Nature spreads before;
And to her teaching, taking heed,
I follow where her pathways lead —
For who shall speak to teach us more?

LIFE IS FAIR AS SUMMER'S DAY.

Life is fair as summer's day,
Bertie's flirting pleases,
Jessie has a winning way,
Nellie lures and teases,
But my heart in vague unrest,
Turns with longing toward the West.

Bertie's eyes are quick and bright,
Jessie's blue eyes deeper,
Nellie's with a wanton light,
Waken love the sleeper;
But the loveliest eyes and best,
With their beauty, light the West.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Bertie's lips are formed for smiles,
Jessie's formed for kisses,
Nellie's know the sportive wiles.
Tempting joys, and blisses,
But the loveliest lips I've pressed,
With their beauty charm the West.

Bertie's heart is gay and free,
Jessie's true and tender;
Nellie's coyly, witchingly,
Plays a mock surrender;
But the heart none e'er possessed,
Purest of them all and best,
Careless, wantons in the West.

AFTERWARD.

The night we expected is over,
The guests from the parlors withdrawn
The girls with the smiles that allured us
Their grace, and their glory, are gone
And silence broods over the hallway,
The music and laughter are gone.

One hour ago and the gaslight
Shone full on a frolicsome throng
Whose hearts beat in time with the music,
Whose voices were blended in song,
And the lovers' low tones from the stairway
Were heard in the hush of the song.

Too soon, ah, too soon it was over,
And all that we have in its stead

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Are the rose petals withered and scattered
A ribbon whose lustre is fled,
And a memory that fills us with sadness
For all the delights that have fled.

Oh, what though again we may mingle,
With spirits aglow like the dawn,
One joy which we clasped to our bosoms,
Has thrilled us a moment and gone,
One night of enrapturing pleasure
Forever is vanished and gone.

TO MAMIE.

An eagle soared majestic,
In the upper realms of light,
And a little sparrow offered
To help her in her flight,
But the eagle never heeding,
Sped on her joyous way
Leaving the little sparrow
To hop from spray to spray.

A bright star shone effulgent
On the bosom of the night,
And a little glow worm offered
To help her with her light,
But the star in her queenly brilliance
The glow-worm never heeds
But leaves him shining dimly
Beneath the wayside weeds.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

And so with a rash presumption
In much the self same way,
I lately offered to help thee,
In writing thy essay;
But my offer little heeding,
And my pride regarding less,
Thee wrote and crowned thy efforts
With the laurels of success.

And I, I can only watch thee,
In thy triumph from afar,
As the sparrow watched the eagle,
Or the glow-worm watched the star.

A CONFESSION.

I could but stand beside thee,
And take thy hand in mine,
My lips might give no token
My eyes might give no sign;
And yet my heart's emotion
Full clearly could'st thou tell,
My friend, I long to aid thee,
My friend, I love thee well.

Though years our paths have parted,
Though mountains stretch between,
Though fate with face relentless,
Doth rise to intervene;
Still with thee through thy trials,
My thoughts unceasing dwell,—
My friend, I long to aid thee,
My friend, I love thee well.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Ah, let but once thy glances
Beam forth thy trust untold,
Ah, let but once about thee
These arms protecting fold,
And pillowed on my bosom,
Thy every trouble tell,
God grant I still may aid thee,
My friend, I love thee well.

MY FAITH.

Once I saw beside the ocean,
Playing careless on the strand,
Chubby-limbed, a tiny baby
Building wondrous walls of sand.
Decking out her rude enclosures
With the shells which waves had strown
On the beach in wild disorder,
She was all alone.

And I said " My little cherub,
In thy play so lonely here,
Of the raging mountain billows,
Has thy little heart no fear? "
Then she pointed to the light-house,
Saying as she sweetly smiled,
" Papa's there; though I can't see him,
He can see his child."

Then I cried: " Lord God Almighty,
If in very truth Thou art,
I can see my faith reflected
In this trusting baby heart.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

All our joy is tinged with sorrow,
All our good is marred with wrong,
All the baseness of Thy creatures
Cannot unto Thee belong.

“ In Earth’s wrong and hard oppression,
In our madness, in our crime,
I can see no slightest tracing
Of Thine attributes sublime.
Yet I know, for Thou existeth,
Though from Earth’s confusion wild,
I can never see Thee, Father,
Thou canst see Thy child.”

JESUS.

Misunderstood, distorted, deified,
O son of Joseph, man of Nazareth!
The centuries of darkness cannot hide
Thy mighty love, outlasting age and death,
Nor can they with their mummeries mask from me
The outlines of thy personality!

Lo, as I gaze, how from about thee fall
The childish imag’ries, a childish time
Wrought to conceal thee,— and, above them all
Thou stand’st in thy simplicity sublime!
Pointing to all of every time and place,
The common Father of our common race!

How weak, how vain seem all the gods of old
Before thy life, my brother;— sanctified
Patient and meek, thy earthly way thou held,
Steadfast and strong upon the cross thou died!

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Sealing thy teaching with thy life-blood! See,
Thou drawest all the nations unto thee!

Hail, gentle Jesus! teacher, brother, hail!
The world is better for thy having been,
Theologies arise and thrive and fail,—
Thy truth remains eternal,— Men have seen
None other like to thee! Our eyes though dim,
Now know the Father, and can follow Him!

Misunderstood, distorted, deified,
The childish imag'ries a childish time
Wove round thee to conceal thee, cannot hide,
Thy manhood, in humanity sublime!
Greatest of teachers, clearly can I see
Why men have clothed thee with divinity!

THE SOFT LIGHT BEAMED.

The soft light beamed with glow benign
From purpling hilltops fringed with pine,
As, seated snugly side by side,
We drifted with the glistening tide,
Adown the classic Brandywine.

We heard the lowing of the kine,
We saw the trees their boughs entwine,
And o'er the meadows newly mown,
The soft light beamed.

I held her dimpled hand in mine,
And from each dainty curving line

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

I read her fate, till bolder grown,
I dared to join it with my own,
While from those eyes so deep, divine,
The soft light beamed.

HER SPIDER'S WEB.

A spider's web of silk she made,
And coyly at the pane displayed,
And signified with girlish glee,
That that same web was meant for me.
I started back as if afraid.

Ah, well she knew, the cunning maid,
That all without such silken aid
My heart lay fluttering in that snare;
Her spider's web.

Oh, that in some deep forest glade,
A spider, she, her lair laid,
And I a giddy insect were,
With unsophisticated air,
Full soon, I'd joyously invade
Her spider's web.

IN APRIL.

Bright the sun arose this morn,
Soft airs whisper wooingly,
Tender thoughts to mind are borne,
And I long to walk with thee.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

All the April skies are glad,
Robins sing and blossoms blow,
What a walk we might have had,
If thee had not told me "No."

Think, this day so fair must die,
Spring in summer fades away,
Years as moments hasten by,
Youth but blooms to meet decay;
Life is short and often sad,
Blossoms do not always blow,
Birds are not forever glad,
Why then did thee tell me "No?"

A LIFE.

I.

Deep in the inner darkness,
Mystery great, profound,
Formeth a tiny being,
Tracing life's marv'lous round.
Delicate limbs and features
Unfold in the kindly womb,
And without, the sun shines brightly,
And fragrant flowrets bloom.

II.

Out in a world of splendor,
Light with a mother's love,
Cometh the tiny being
Pure as the realms above.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

And baby crowings and cooings
Are filling the natal room,
And still the sun shines brightly,
And still the flowrets bloom.

III.

A sturdy boy with his fellows
Is shouting in wildest play,
He wades in the sparkling streamlet
And sports 'mid the new mown hay.
But questions he asks whose answers
Forever are hid in gloom,
And still the sun shines brightly,
And still the flowrets bloom.

IV.

A lad with his high ambitions
Is dreaming of deathless fame:
He will rise to the heights of glory,
Till millions shall hail his name;
And the fair, shy maidens please him,
Their beauties his dreams illumine,
And still the sun shines brightly,
And still the flowrets bloom.

V.

Unwept are the dreams forsaken
For the low, worn paths of life.
The fairest of all the maidens
He claims for his loving wife;
And their modest and vine-clad cottage
Is fragrant with love's perfume;

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

And still the sun shines brightly,
And still the flowrets bloom.

VI.

The years flow by unheeded,
But his hair they have tinged with grey;
And his faithful wife is careworn,
Though careless the children play:
But the old first love burns ever,
No trials its strength consume;
And still the sun shines brightly,
And still the flowrets bloom.

VII.

The children are grown and scattered,
Alone by the empty nest
The father clings, for the mother
Has gone to her long, long rest.
And the old man, weak and lonely,
Impatiently waits his doom;
And still the sun shines brightly,
And still the flowrets bloom.

VIII.

A mound new-made in the church-yard,
Some tears that must dry away,
And a man with his joys and sorrows
Has fled from the earth for aye:
And all that his life accomplished,
Is swallowed up in the tomb;
And still the sun shines brightly,
And still the flowrets bloom.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

BIRTHDAY SONG.

'Tis thy natal day, my bride,
Let me then a song provide
Breathing only love for thee,
Who, at blooming twenty-three,
Stands so loving at my side.

This to-day has been my thought,
That since first thy love I sought
Five sweet years have come and gone,
And in hurrying swiftly on
Each hath greater blessing brought.

As a maid to me thou bore
All thy love's unstinted store;
In thy wifely duties good,
In thy tender motherhood,
I have loved thee more and more.

And our love, high Heaven has blest
In our little family nest;
Baby prattle fills the air;
Baby feet on hall and stair,
Run in many a cunning quest.

Now, on this, thy natal day,
Humbly darling let us pray
God to give us wisdom meet
So to guide these little feet,
That they may not go astray.

So these little lives to train,
That each active heart and brain

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Ne'er may fail the Voice to hear
Speaking to the inward ear,
Nor its messages disdain.

And my love accept from me,
These sweet flowers that bloom for thee,
Beautiful and frail and fair,
Pure as is the love I bear
For my wife at twenty-three.

MOTHER.

Ah! what are beauty and the charms of youth?
Ah! what those eyes that sparkle like the beam
Of morning sun: or blushing cheeks, forsooth!
Or voices, sweet as music in a dream?
They move me not, in them I find no pleasure.
All cold they seem, as starlight far away;
They move me not, nor cause my feet to stray
From her, who is my heart's exceeding treasure.
Fairer than any other,
Whom I have seen, or hope to see on earth,
'Tis she who gave me birth,
She whom I've learned to love, and to call mother.

At my approach, oh! with what height of joy,
She folds me in her tender, soft embrace;
And when afar, oft for her absent boy
She kneels in prayer, before the throne of grace.
Oh, love supreme, beyond all bound or measure,
Thou bindest heart to heart, till both are one!
Oh, love between the mother and her son,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Thou makest each of each, the soul's best treasure!
Dearer than any other,
Whom I have known, or hope to know on earth,
Is she who gave me birth;
She whom I've learned to love, and to call mother.

EDWARD MORRILL POPE.

How little thought we, three short months ago,
When thou wast here with us, and thoughtful grown,
We talked together of the dim unknown,
How soon thy soul those mysteries should know;
First of our plighted band
To reach that unknown land.

Weary and blind, still search we for the true;
But thou most fortunate, thy lot is best,
To sleep, forever in eternal rest,
Or live forever, finding ever new
A grander, higher truth
In thy perpetual youth.

Ah! no surprise was thine, whiche'er it be,
The life or sleep. No bigot's blighting creed
Had fettered thy great soul, which true indeed
To truth where'er it seemed, soared nobly free,
Over all dogma's cant
And walls of adamant.

But though to thee most blest has been thy fate,
The blind, old world has need for such as thou;
For, wedded to her blindness, even now
She loads with curses, burning with her hate,
Who strives to break in twain
Her dark creeds' galling chain.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Yet we who wait awhile, then follow soon,
Where thou hast led, will follow in thy path,
Scorning the dull world's malice and its wrath;
Striving to rouse it, craving but the boon
To cry on ceaselessly:
"Awake, arise, be free!"

FORGIVE ME, LOVE.

Forgive me, love, too soon I spoke,
Too soon our love was found;
Too soon, alas, the truth awoke,
Which dashed it to the ground.

How little did we blissful, think,
When folded heart to heart;
That while we thus of love could drink,
Our souls were so apart?

Thine is the faith in creeds unjust,
Mine in the truth profane;
Thine is in Heaven the perfect trust,
Mine the despond and pain.

The strength I gain in reason's law
In thee would not be fair;
And could I go where thou dost draw,
Life could but loom despair.

Oh, love, no longer from our sight,
This difference can we hide;
Nor may our feeble hands unite,
What fates so far divide.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Forgive me, love, too soon I spake,
Why must I longer live?
With one sweet word, the silence break,
Forgive, dear love, forgive.

BIRTHDAY SONG.

Little wife of twenty-one,
I would sing to thee a song,
Love, thy life is just begun,
May it happy be and long.

'Mid the silence, 'mid the throng,
'Mid the sadness, 'mid the fun,
I will walk with thee along,
Little wife of twenty-one.

Little wife of twenty-one,
We shall fear, nor hate nor wrong,
With our love to lean upon
As we walk through life along.

And that love so true, so strong,
Still shall flow till life be done,
Smooth and sweet as is my song,
Little wife of twenty-one.

TO ———.

Oh, friend of mine, how great a grief thou knowest,
The tidings 'round us spread,
Tell us that he to whom thy life was bound,
By Southern seas lies dead;

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

And thou wilt hear no funeral benediction,
Never again that honored face wilt see,
Afar, alone, bowed by thy great affliction,
My heart goes out to thee.

Oh, it is hard when those we love must leave us,
Beside their couch to stand;
To feel that hope can now no more deceive us,
To hold the failing hand,
To hear the last fond words, so faintly spoken,
To kiss the loving lips, so pale, so chill,
Till the eyes close in slumber all unbroken
And the dear heart is still.

But with these last sad minist'rings denied thee,
And, far asunder torn
From him thou'st lost, with none to stand beside thee,
How can the blow be borne?
How canst thou bear it? Ah, perchance as o'er him
Thou picturest the cold earth by strangers piled
Glad, hand in hand, with her who passed before him,
He hasteneth to his child.

For 'tis a dream my heart doth blindly cherish,
In spite of reason's doubt,
That these, our loved ones, though their frames may
perish,
Still guard us round about.
Often upon me beam their loving faces,
Oft' do their dear hands softly soothe my brow,
Just as my mind in fancy fondly traces
Thy father with thee now.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

DEDICATION.

CLASS BOOK, 1888, HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

I.

We dedicate to memories dear
Of four short years, whose paths appear
Across life's seas like golden rays
Of sunshine, soft with autumn haze,
This little book presented here.

II.

And to each heartfelt smile and tear,
To each strong hope, each manly fear,
Which made us first to know life's ways,
This record of our youthful days
We dedicate.

III.

And lastly to that future near,
Toward which with confidence we steer,
Resolved the sluggish world to raise,
Unmindful of her blame or praise,
These gleanings of our lives' first year
We dedicate.

THREE VALENTINES.

I.

"O prithee, kindly Saint," I prayed,
"O kindly, good Saint Valentine,
With love my lonely life pervade
And fill with joy this heart of mine."

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

“On every hand so witchingly
Fresh, artless, charming beauty strays!
O turn one loving heart to me,
Since each thy slightest 'hest obeys.”

Ah, then dear girl whose name is mine,
Who bearest my budding life in thee,
I felt my love to thee incline
And felt thy love incline to me.

And life has grown a blissful thing,
And love has grown a thing divine,
For thou to both their charm dost bring,
My love, my wife, my Valentine.

II.

Prithee tell me, Valentine,
Does the love that now I show,
Fill and thrill that heart of thine
As it did four years ago,
When those eyes abashed, aglow,
First looked shyly into mine?
Tell me, darling, is it so,
Now thou art my Valentine?

Still the deep, red roses blow,
Still the white among them twine,
Yellow now no more we know,
Since thou art my Valentine.
And upon us daily shine,
Two sweet violets that show
From a baby face divine,
Sent to light us here below.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Ah, my wife, my Valentine,
Sure the love that thou dost show
Thrills and fills this heart of mine
Till with joy it overflow,
When those dear, true eyes aglow
Look so trustful into mine,
Heaven transfigures all below
Now thou art my Valentine.

III.

Go, bright little medal of silver,
That tells how Columbus of old
Sailed over the seas to discover
Vast regions of silver and gold.
And found this fair land where all blessings
Of Heaven abundantly shine,
Go, bear me a message this morning,
A word to my sweet Valentine.

Go, tell her the world of my seeking
I see in the depths of her eyes,
The fountain of youth that allures me
Her smiling lips cannot disguise;
That before the whole wealth of the Indies
The wealth of her love I prefer,
Columbus at best ne'er discovered
Such charms as I've found all in her.

And say to her, too, that the seasons,
Which hasten so rapidly by,
But find my old heart the more loving,
More strong his each throb and more high,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

That true to her ever and ever
I'll be; and be sure tell her this,
When she meets me St. Valentine's morning,
She give her old lover a kiss.

TO J. W. E.

When Autumn comes with blighting breath
And short'ning days and woodlands sere,
Remind us that the waning year
Is hastening onward to his death.

Then springing from the wayside sod,
From pastures brown, and tangled brake,
In all their radiant beauties, wake
The glories of the golden-rod.

So when we see thy strength decline,
Thy health depart, thy pleasures fail,
And all thy cheeks grow deadly pale,
Late flushed with youth's rich, purpling wine.

Then on our balmy western slope
We joy to see, in 'heartening bloom,
And laden with our love's perfume,
The golden flowers of thy hope.

O speed thy way, each Heaven more blue,
Each kindlier beam, each balmier air,
Blessed by our constant love and prayer,
Shall bid thee strength and youth renew.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

IN SHADOWLAND.

Sweet scenes mine eyes have seen to-day,
I've walked upon enchanted ground;
Such flowers cheer no mortal way,
Such music fills no mortal lay;
Such fountains never Leon found,
My joy, none e'er can understand,
Save those who've been in shadowland.

Nor sun, nor star was in the sky,
No cloud could mar the radiance bright,
Such glory filled the raptured eye
As only angels hail on high,
For love was Lord and life and light,
And we two only, hand in hand,
Roved on entranced, in shadowland.

Ah, darling, let us steal away,
Forget the things of time and sense,
The hindering bonds of mortal clay,
And wander hand in hand, for aye,
Where love shall be our recompense!
For love is joy and life is grand,
And both are real in shadowland.

CONSOLATIO NATURÆ.

I sit alone at my window
And gaze on the skies as of yore;
The Heavens are filled with a golden light,
The thrushes their songs outpour;

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

But a light has fled from the evening sky
That naught can again restore,
Ah, never again restore!

The birds may sing as they used to sing,
The summer may come and go,
The autumn again may its harvests bring,
And the earth may with joy o'erflow;
But I may not join in that wanton glee
That mocks at my spirit's woe,
My desolate, bitter woe.

O often I've looked on that sunset sky
With friends who are now no more,
And that radiant glow to my weeping eye
Brings sadness and wounding sore;
Till I turn my face from the joyous light
And for darkness the skies implore,
The pitiless skies implore!

Yet sometimes I think in those golden clouds,
In those infinite fields and bright,
Floats somewhat of those I have loved below
Whose faces elude my sight;
And in fancy I join with those loved ones there
In an hour of pure delight,
Oh, Heavenly, pure delight!

My friends, you are throned in that bright expanse,
You smile in the glistening rain;
You spring with the flowers from 'neath the sod,
Or rest on the rip'ning grain;
You kiss my cheek in the summer breeze,
And bid me forget my pain,
Take cheer and forget my pain.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Then why should I linger alone in grief ?

My loved ones, you have not died!
Around, about me with lives renewed,
You greet me on every side;
Again your faces of youth I see,
But wondrously glorified,
Transfigured and glorified!

I sit alone at my window,
And gaze on the sky as of yore;
The Heavens are filled with a golden light,
The thrushes their songs outpour,
And a peace is welling within my soul,
A peace welling more and more,
A joy welling more and more.

MY LITTLE SISTER.

I love to see in sportive mood
Her face within my room intrude,
And hear her, gay and lithsome sprite,
Reproving say, 'mid laughter bright,
"O, Charlie, you're an awful dude."

For winsome ways, I must conclude,
She stands supreme; her attitude,
Her eyes, deep wells of 'witching light,
I love to see.

At times full shy, she is no prude,
Light, careless, free, yet never rude,
Her silken locks as black as night,
Her dimpled cheeks like roses quite,
Which each soft breeze has kissed and wooed,
I love to see.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

UPON THE WHEEL.

Upon the wheel, devoid of care,
I glide along the turnpike, where
 From hillsides flecked with shade and sun
 The bubbling brooklets laughing run
To meet the broad, calm Delaware.

The tall ships spread their pinions fair,
The tasseled corn perfumes the air,
 While I quaff deep Life's joys begun
 Upon the wheel.

But 'mong these rural landscapes rare,
Whose charms soul-filling harvests bear,
 The distant spires of Wilmington
 Recall a deep-eyed waiting one;
Oh, swiftly shall I hasten there
 Upon the wheel.

THE MOON SHONE FULL.

The moon shone full upon the tide
On whose dark, heaving bosom wide
 The white light broke, till far and near,
 With dancing jewels, silver-clear,
The sullen waves were glorified.

The flying shore birds softly cried,
The breaking wavelets soft replied,
 And we two lingered on the pier,
 The moon shone full.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

We spoke no word — all beauties vied
To soothe our souls; and satisfied,
We felt no care, no doubt, no fear,
For there we vowed in accents dear
To walk life's pathway side by side.
Our joy shone full.

TO R. L. T.

Why art thou silent, O my friend of friends?
The winds moan dirges through the darkening pine,
And O what doubt, what deep despair is mine,
And hope no respite to my sorrow lends.

The trees, gaunt skeletons, the landscape mar,
The starving crow to Heaven all vainly cries,
The partridge, snow-bound in the thicket, dies,
And for the wandering wretch there is no star.

O, for my wandering soul there is no spark,
To guide her weary journey, and on high
The clouds frown curses when I fain would cry,
And thou art silent: Oh, my world is dark!

SNOWFALL.

Oh, pure and most beautiful snow,
Sent down from the regions above,
Thou art as a message of love
To cheer us, here longing below,
Here sighing and longing below.



**“Bright little brook upon whose brim I oft in childhood
used to play.”—Page 25.**

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L. L. NOR
1911

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Our sky is but blackness and gloom,
No glimmer of hope is revealed,
The face of our God is concealed,
And life lies as lone as the tomb,
As darksome and lone as the tomb.

We grope in the dark and we cry,
"O show us some sign of Thy care;
Some token, some answer to prayer,
O drive off the clouds from our sky,
Our stormy, tempestuous sky."

We know not the strength of Thy light
Would dazzle our poor mortal eyes,
In love are there clouds on our skies,
And mercies, all pure and all white,
Fall softly, so pure and so white.

They bid us look up and take hope,
They bid us to put away doubt,
To turn in our pathway about
And cease in the darkness to grope,
In darkness o'erwhelming to grope.

Oh, pure and most beautiful snow,
Sent down from the regions above,
Thou art a message of love,
To cheer us, here longing below,
Here sighing and longing below.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

I PRESSED THE FLOWER.

"I pressed the flower." No thought had I,
As carelessly I cast it by,
 Abandoned to its fate forlorn,
 All faded, bruised, with petals torn,
That any saw the frail thing die.

Yet one for whom a god might sigh,
Fair as the seraphs of the sky,
 "I saw you wear it," blushing said,
 "I pressed the flower."

Through my rough heart, so cold and dry,
I felt the sudden thrill, and high
 Upon my cheeks the sudden red,
 While by her graces captive led,
And with no word to make reply,
 I pressed the flower.

HAPPINESS.

Dull December, dark and cold,
 You may play your blighting part;
Spread your snow-shroud fold on fold,
 Let your strong ice crystals start,
 You can never chill my heart
 Warmed by love's sweet art.

Deck your skies with leaden cloud,
 Freeze the tinkling streamlet's flow;
Let your winds howl wild and loud,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Let your long nights longer grow,
Only joy my heart can know,
Cheered by love's soft glow.

Tender whispers, thrill my breast,
Soft, deep eyes, my sunbeams be;
Purest lips to mine are pressed,
In one trusting heart I see
All of good earth holds in fee;
Love is life to me!

THE AZTEC SACRIFICE.

See, a beautiful procession!
Led by one so young, so fair,
Softly on his lute strings playing
Such a sweet, melodious air!
See the priests who do him honor,
E'en as to their strongest kings,
And as all the people listen,
Harken to the song he sings.

"Life is sweetness, life is pleasure,
Joy through all its tissues gleaming;
Gay in labor, gay in leisure,
Pure enjoyment passing measure,
O'er its pleasant pathways beaming."

He is crowned with rarest flowers;
On the air the rich perfume
Wafted from the palace bowers,
Breathes of beauty's fairest bloom.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

All the earth so glad in beauty,
All the sky serene above,
Put away life's sterner duty,
And he sings a song of love.

"Life is love, fair youthful faces,
Forms that thrill us, eyes that capture,
Souls where sin hath made no traces,
Virgin, pure, the soft embraces
Heart to heart in nameless rapture."

All the people throng around him,
Hear his song and see his face;
Worship him, he seems so perfect;
All divine his every grace.
But his music grows more stirring,
Walks he with a firmer tread,
And he sings a song of battle,
Flings the chaplet from his head.

"Life is war, a battle raging,
Each must rush into the striving;
Rest is not nor e'en assuaging,
Only by our fierce engaging
Are there chances of surviving."

Now his strain grows slow and saddens;
His adornments one by one
Casting from him, on he marches,
Joy, love, conflict, all are done.
See, he nears the mighty temple;
While upon the summer air,
O'er that throng of dusky faces,
Floats a song of Life's despair.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

“Life is all a vain delusion,
All its aspirations blended
In distraction and confusion;
This alone the one conclusion,
Every joy by sorrow ended.”

He has reached the awful altar,
Where so many youths have died,
And his footsteps seem to falter
As he casts his lute aside.
Silence reigns and all the nation,
Burying every feud and strife,
Bows, a mighty congregation,
While he ends his song of life.

“Life is darkness, life is sadness,
Dark the sky, the landscape dreary,
Naught of hope and naught of gladness,
Dull desponding, frantic madness,
Fearing death, of being weary.”

Silence. Hark! A shriek, a moan!
On that sacrificial stone
Lies a form of lifeless clay!
Silence. Let the curtain fall:
’Tis the common lot of all:
Night must close the fairest day.

ST. VALENTINE’S DAY.

Accept, dear heart, these little flowers,
Frail, fragrant tokens of my love;
Reminders, too, of those dear hours
We both to-day are thinking of.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Those happy hours when first I dared,
My falt'ring, bashful love to speak,
And gave to thee the rose that shared
The sudden blush upon thy cheek.

Sweet as these flowers, our young love grew,
Sweet as when first they kissed the breeze;
Yet far more constant, strong and true,
It doth not change nor fade like these.

But still, with every changing year,
More closely yet, its tendrils twine,
And draw us near, and still more near,
My loved, my loving Valentine.

DEATH IN LIFE.

Ah, love, how hard thy fate and mine,
Time was I felt "My life is she,"
Time was I would have died for thee,
And held that death a joy divine,
But thou wast cold to me.

Years fled, thy heart was all my own,
In those deep eyes thy love I read,
And sighs and tears beseeching said,
"Come, come, dear love, e'er life be flown,"
But all my love was dead.

Life lingers still, a deadening swoon,
Hard, passionless, we bide our fate,
For Death's cold hand unmoved we wait,
For I, I loved, alas! too soon,
And thou didst love too late,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

CONSOLATION.

The darkest night upon the earth descending,
Unlit by e'en a star's most feeble ray,
Is off' the herald of a brighter day,
Whose golden dawn, in rarest colors blending,
Spreads out in Heaven the sun's resplendent way.

The awful tempests o'er the ocean raging,
Mix with the deadened salts the 'livening air,
Which, breathing freshness to the dulse fair,
Causes the shadowy depths, the storm assuaging,
To bloom in beauties delicate and rare.

Such are our trials, such our tribulations,
Our blighted hopes, our dreams that are but dreams,
And that, which even for our downfall seems,
Proves often in its bitter ministrations,
To heal and strengthen like Siloam's streams.

SWEET AS IS THIS FLOWER'S PERFUME.

Sweet as is this flower's perfume,
All as free as is the air,
Clear as dew when lilies bloom,
High as Heaven, as broad, as fair;
E'er unshackled, unconfined,
Lives thy pure, unclouded mind.

Hard by blighting creeds repressed,
All the earth doth fear and groan;

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

But within thy youthful breast
Are the seeds of freedom sown;
Richly grow they ever there,
Bright as Heaven, as pure, as fair.

SWEET EYES OF GRAY.

Sweet eyes of gray, unpraised, unsung,
In random lay or raptured song,
The wanton poets do you wrong;
You've won my heart and loosed my tongue,
Sweet eyes of gray.

O brighter than the opening day!
O lovelier than the crystal gleam
Outflashing from some mountain stream;
O softer than the sun's last ray,
Sweet eyes of gray.

I know the language of your glance,
And 'neath your lashes' silken shade
Have read the message you conveyed,
In love's warm beam and pleasure's dance,
Sweet eyes of gray.

Let others sing of Heaven's own blue,
Or eyes whose dark, mysterious light
Brings sunshine from the depths of night,
But I shall always sing of you,
Sweet eyes of gray.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

WITH A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

With glad thanksgiving for thy health regained,
With earnest wish that it be now retained,
Take thou this little offering from a friend,
Who oft' for thee hath mingled prayers and tears,
Whose love hath followed thee through all these years,
And still shall follow thee unto the end.

TO A YOUNG ENTOMOLOGIST.

Dry your tears, my little man,
Take again your fallen net;
Count not in your childish plan
Disappointment and regret.
Did that frail thing, which a touch
Thus has shattered in your sight,
Lure you with a beauty, such
That you chased it in delight?
Heed it not, but dry your eyes,
There are other butterflies.

See, on all the clover blooms,
Sit the fairy, glowing things;
Ravished with the rich perfumes,
Slowly wave their shining wings.
Others poise aloft in air,
Bright as morning beams, they shine;
Here and there, a joyous pair
Revel deep in love divine.
Gladly 'neath the smiling skies,
Chase these painted butterflies.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Never pause to think that they,
 Glittering in red and gold;
When you catch them will decay,
 Like that broken form you hold.
Such a game as yours is life,
 Strength and wisdom, youth and age,
Idler, toiler, man of strife,
 Poet, painter, priest and sage,
All are children in disguise,
 Chasing gilded butterflies.

Ever seek the prize to clasp,
 Sinking not in sad dismay;
When the glories that you grasp,
 In your fingers melt away.
Know that power, place and fame,
 Fair ambition's fain forsooth;
Pleasure, knowledge, deathless name,
 Honor, virtue, hope and truth,
All are nature's luring lies,
 Fragile, fading butterflies.

A LAMENT.

(Paraphrased from Robinson's Hafiz.)

We never yet had kissed his ripe lips sweet,
 And he is gone.

We only learned his loving face to greet,
 And he is gone.

Our joyous converse into woe is turned,
He trod the path no living guide hath learned;
We could not stay him, though we plead and yearned,
 And he is gone.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

The "Book of Faith" we read with pious care,
Often our "Benediction" rose in air;
Oft' have we said for him the tender "Prayer,"
And he is gone.

With fond caresses would he earnest say,
"Ne'er from your righteous precepts shall I stray,"
Thou saw'st thyself how fond he was alway,
And he is gone.

He would repeat, "He who would serve me best
Himself must from himself asunder wrest."
We tore ourselves from self to join our guest,
And he is gone.

He loved the garden by the river shore,
But though we search his roses o'er and o'er,
The rosebud of his presence blooms no more,
And he is gone.

Oh, all night long, our hearts with weeping swell,
Like Hafiz, tears alone our grief can tell,
For, ah, we bade him not the last farewell,
And he is gone.

TRANSLATIONS.

(From the German of Heine.)

I.

I have no faith in Heaven
Of which the sages write,
I only trust thy deep, blue eyes,
They are my Heaven's light.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

I trust not in that Savior
Of whom the priests have told,
I only trust thy maiden heart,
No other god I hold.

Ah, naught to me is satan,
Or hell with all its smart,
I but believe in thy blue eyes
And in thy heartless heart.

II.

Lovely, bright and golden star,
Greet my loved one now afar,
Say "He ever longs for you,
Sick at heart, and pale and true."

ROSEY.

Ah, the change the years unfold,
Hast'ning by with flying feet,
Where the great barn stood of old
Stretches now the noisy street,
Yet it seems but yesterday,
I, a boy with open brow,
Up, upon the fragrant hay,
Romped with Rosey in the mow!

Swallows twittered 'neath the eaves,
Pigeons nested in the shed,
Jack and Charley in their stalls,
Stood sleek-sided, amply fed.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

To the barn at close of day
I would drive the brindled cow;
Rosey milked her, then we'd play
Rough and tumble in the mow!

Eyes as black as berries shone,
Hair as black as raven's wing,
Oh, the music of her laugh!
Oh, the lightness of her spring!'
Not a care upon her breast,
Not a cloud upon her brow,
Supple, strong and self-possessed,
How she frolicked in the mow!

From the great beam high aloft,
Sprang we on the bounding hay,
Heels o'erhead we rolled and tossed
Quick as kittens in their play!
In her artless girlish art,
Rosey 'twas who taught me how
Maids and men are counterpart
As we frolicked in the mow!

Where is Rosey? Where, alas!
Heavy burdens broke her down,
Daily toiling for her bread,
Mated to a shiftless clown!
Many children, too, she bore;
Death has several claimed, I vow,
She has suffered long and sore
Since we frolicked in the mow.

But, as now, day's duties o'er,
I, here dreaming on the street,
See the old barn rise once more,
Smell the hay, new-mown and sweet,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Rosey comes to me again,
Not a care upon her brow;
Supple, strong and free as when
We two frolicked in the mow!

A DREAM AND AN AWAKING.

I.

I slept, I dreamed the day was fair,
In woodland ways we wandered wide,
I twined a flowret in thy hair,
And claimed thee for my fairy bride.
My hand full fond enfolded thine,
Our hearts were light with love's new wine
And trustfully thy lips met mine.

II.

I woke, the morning sun was bright,
The birds with artless love were blessed,
But in my heart were starless night,
And cruel, cankering unrest,
With these alone to comfort me,
Thoughts of those happy hours with thee
Which now, alas! no more may be!

A CRY.

Out of the night
Into 'wilderling day;
Out of the peace
Into deadly affray;

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Out of the nothingness
Into the pain,
Oh, to be lost in that nothing again.

TO MARGARET.

Last night within a dream, I stood beside
My father, and in pride
Told him of all my life's affairs, and strange,
Sweet purposes and change;
But as I told how that which long did claim
My soul's unfaltering aim
Had faded from my sight, and to my view
There opened prospects new;
I saw his look of sad reproof and stern,
As if he said, "Oh, learn
That only he who toils through scorn and pain
Life's highest can attain;
Never may he who weakly turns aside
March with the victor's pride;
Never the wretch, who fails the race to run
Hears the deserved, "Well done!"
But when I told him that my heart was set
On thee, my Margaret,
That all my love and every energy
Throbbled now alone for thee;
That for thy sake, and not from selfish thought
Was the new life I sought,
I marked his smile of fond approval beam,
And woke, 'twas all a dream;
Ah, no! not all a dream, for yet I feel
Joy I cannot conceal;

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

And yet, believe that he whose loving eyes
Still guard me, from the skies
Looks on his son, to this new purpose given
And blesses him from Heaven.

MILD THE SUNLIGHT SHONE.

Mild the sunlight shone
All the happy day,
Grand as regal throne
Gleamed the mountains, gray;
When, as in a play,
'Round our lives was strown
Eden's spell, which aye
Breathes of love alone.

Longing, now I stray
O'er a colder zone,
Gladly, far away
All my love has flown,
'Neath your skies alone.

Will you trust me, say,
Ah, till life be flown
Ever, shall I stay,
Dearest, yours alone.

I PRESSED THE FLOWER YOU GAVE ME,
LOVE.

I pressed the flower you gave me love,
And kissed it in its loveliness,
Yet 'twas not sweet as are those lips
I may not press.



“Hard by Stanton and Red Clay Creek,
Under the shade of an apple bough,

Halting his horses, proud and sleek,
Simon Cranston leaned on his plow.”

— Page 37.

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SHOTS AT RANDOM.

I saved the flower you gave me love,
Because I claimed it in your name,
Yet 'twas not pure as is that heart
I may not claim.

I loved the flower you gave me love,
It died upon my bosom's shrine;
As I must die, unless you say
That you are mine.

SONG.

O think not strange that though I love the peace
Of hill and valley, and the flash of streams,
I still should leave them for the dreary town
When gentle Leisure biddeth cease from toil.

Fair, fair, and sweet are shaded woodland ways,
And flowery meads o'er which the white clouds play;
And distant mountains clad in dreamy blue,
But fairer are thy features unto me!

Dear is the warm light of the orb of day,
Dear is the calm light when Astarte smiles;
And dear the sparkling radiance of the stars
But dearer is the soft light of thine eyes.

Sweet, sweet and soft are songs of wedded birds
And sweet the voices of the whispering leaves,
And sweet the warbling of the streamlet's flow;
But sweeter is the music of thy voice.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Though dear to me each subtle influence,
Which in her love dear Nature richly spreads
About the paths of all who love her light;
My joy, my life, my love, exist for thee.

AN OATH.

(Paraphrased from Robinson's Hafiz.)

By thine eyes' deep witchery,
Oh thou doll of dear delight;
By thy grace, thy modesty,
Signs of soul with worth bedight.

By thy sweet lips' ruby bloom,
By thy changing color's play;
By thy beauties that consume,
By thy maiden wiles that slay.

By the dust beneath thy feet
Where love builds his castles high;
By thy pathway blooming meet,
Where the limpid waters lie.

By thy footsteps' airy dance,
Like the steps of mountain quail;
By thy soul enslaving glance
Like the eyes of a gazelle.

By thy nature's gentle mold,
By thy breath, the breath of dawn,
By the sweets thy dark locks hold,
Rich as roses on the lawn.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

By that onyx charm of thine,
Which shall be my signet seal;
By those purest pearls divine
Which thy snaring smiles reveal.

By thy voice, the crystal brook's
By thy blushes' rosy spell,
By that garden of thy looks
Where my fairest fancies dwell.

Hafiz sweareth faithfully
That if thou wilt him approve
He will render unto thee
All he hath of life and love.

EMILY.

I sit beside the singing stream
And watch the laughing ripples play,
And as I dream youth's golden dream
I harken to the words they say;
For, ever sing they unto me
In joyous cadence, "Emily."

Hid deep within the leafy tree
The thrush is singing to his mate,
And well I know the melody
Which thrills his happy soul elate;
For e'er he warbles in his glee
One sweet name only, "Emily."

I wander in the grove alone
And drink the fullness of the spring,
And every tree, responsive grown

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

To my heart's throb, is whispering
Within my ear, full soft, full free,
That one dear name, of "Emily."

And evermore, where'er I be
A fairy presence draweth near,
She fills my soul with ecstasy,
And each sweet sound that greets my ear
Doth guess my heart's felicity,
And answer fondly, "Emily."

TO MARY.

Fast the moments hasten dear,
Moments when we part alas,
And before my fate I hear,
Many weary months must pass.
Tell me, Mary, ere I go,
That you will not tell me no.

As within the wooded ways,
Lost upon the hills, were we,
So without you all my days
Should I wander, aimlessly.
Tell me, darling, ere I go
That you will not tell me no.

Strong as Shenandoah's streams,
Deep as arch your skies above,
Pure as are an angel's dreams,
Is the current of my love.
Trust me, tell me, ere I go,
That you will not tell me no.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

DRIFTING.

We were in the current drifting,
Rapt in mists and near the shore,
But at times the clouds uplifting
Opened to our vision shifting
Glimpses of old Labrador,
Of that rough and rock-bound country
Known as "Stormy Labrador."

Soul of mine thou too art drifting
O'er a mist encircled sea,
But the clouds before thee lifting,
Open to thy vision shifting
Glimpses of eternity,
Of that course of endless changes
Which men call "Eternity."

OH LIFE, IT IS A PLEASANT THING.

Oh life, it is a pleasant thing,
My wife is at my side,
Our little children round us play
Lithe-limbed and laughing-eyed;
And Love doth to our family
His benediction give,
'Tis sweet to breathe the air of home,
Ah, it is sweet to live.

Come, draw thy chair the closer, love!
My eyes would look on thine,
I love to have thee at my side,
I love to feel thee mine;

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

And these our prattling little ones,
Are dearer for thy sake;
And we shall all be happy love,
Till death our circle break.

Till death our circle break, my love,
And one by one, we fare,
Alone, upon that darksome way,
That leadeth, none knows where.

OCTOBER.

Oh, calm, sweet, sad October,
How beautiful thou art,
And thy balmy air is soothing
As love to a longing heart;
And thy hilltops' misty veiling
And thy woodlands gayly dressed
Breathe into my soul a feeling
Of quietude and rest.

All stirring, striving passions
Within my breast have died,
And caught by thy spell I linger
Untroubled, satisfied;
Yet into my soul a sadness
Is borne on thy soothing breath
For thy calmness is the calmness
Of an old man waiting death.

Oh take my hand, October,
And gently lead thy child
To the land of thy soft blue hazes
Alight with thy sunsets mild;

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

To the land of thy calm, unbroken,
Where all things only seem;
And 'wrap me there forever
In thy sweet, sad soothing dream.

EUGENE FIELD.

A fragrant field o'er grown with purpling clover,
Where prattling children play,
And little brooks make music, babbling over
The pebbles in their way.

We see the wild rose ope' her fragile petals,
We hear the hum of bees,
The butterfly upon the woodbine settles,
Light zephyrs stir the trees.

And at the eventide when lengthening shadows,
Tell of the close of day,
Across the velvet carpet of the meadows,
Two constant lovers stray.

He with deep, dreamy eyes and brow uplifted;
She with a sprightly mien,
He with the innocence of childhood gifted,
She always sweet sixteen.

Let others sing in epic numbers stately,
Others the martial lyre,
Smite till we thrill, or rouse our pulses greatly
With passionate desire.

But while dear childish hands in love caress us,
While parents fondly shield,
While home affections soothe and cheer and bless us,
We'll love you, Eugene Field.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

SUNBEAMS.

O oft' when the day has been all o'er cast
 And the clouds hung black and low,
And the wind 'round the clattering casements moaned
 For the brightness of long ago;
Have the clouds been rent, and beyond I saw
 The infinite, spotless blue,
And the lowering Heavens were touched with light
 By a sunbeam shining through;
And I knew that it did not shine for me,
 That my path was but dark, I knew;
But I thanked my God upon bended knee
 For that sunbeam shining through.

And thus, when the clouds o'er my life hung low
 And the winds of despair raged wild;
When I felt that the goal of my life was lost
 And for Mammon my soul defiled,
Have the clouds been rent, and beyond I saw
 Fair regions of love and grace,
And the lowering Heavens were touched with light
 By the smile of a sweet child-face,
And I knew that the smile was not meant for me
 That my path was but dark to trace,
But I thanked my God upon bended knee
 For the smile of that sweet child-face.

DISILLUSION.

Oft' times when rapt in slumbers of night,
 Fair forms approach us, radiant as the dawn,
With smiling lips and heaving bosoms white,
 And rounded limbs, with beauty clothed upon.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Blushing they come, for dalliance and delight,
We leap to fold them to us; they are gone;
We wake in disappointment, loss and shame,
And curse the evil sprites that to deceive us came.

And thus, in this mad dream, which men call life,
Fair forms approach us, hopes of high success,
And fame and joy, and love, in eager strife
We rush to win the fancied happiness,
When lo! it vanishes, and like a knife
Keen disappointment slays us. Who shall guess
The meaning of it all, the how, the why,
Oh, God! are we but born to strive, and fail, and die?

AN INCIDENT.

The festal board was all aglow,
The guests were free from care,
And jokes went round, and tales were told,
And I, I did my share.
Yet deep within my heart at times
Regretful feelings shone,
At thought of one poor little girl
Then dining all alone.

Ah, fie! upon the pride that keeps
With wealth, appointment glad;
And courts the smile of careless friends,
While those we love are sad.
If I had done the thing I ought,
As in my soul 'twas known,
There'd been a happy little girl
Then dining, not alone.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

A PRAYER.

O my Father, Thou whose mercy,
Once restored the widow's son,
Thou who loveth little children,
Save, O save our little one.

Helpless, Lord, we sit and watch her,
While her dear eyes pleadingly,
Look to us for help. Oh Father,
We can only come to Thee.

Only come to Thee imploring
In the agony of prayer,
That Thou would'st in mercy save her,
That Thou would'st in mercy spare.

Teach us Lord, whate'er Thou doest,
Still to say, "Thy will be done;"
But our parent hearts beseech Thee
Save, O save our little one.

REJECTED.

I thought a tear was in thine eye,
That day thou killed my crowning hope;
That day thou cast a true heart by,
And left my love alone to grope.

Oh weep not, love, for time is brief,
Unmindful let the scribbler go,
This world is all too full of grief,
For thee to mourn another's woe.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Let once again those sweet lips smile,
Let glow once more those eyes divine,
Let joy thy light young heart beguile,
Meant for some luckier love than mine.

Pure love for aye upon thee shine,
Sweet as this flower which once thou wore;
Be thine the happiness; be mine
The loss and pain, and longing sore.

THE SERPENT'S TOOTH.

Ah long ago, when thou and I were young,
I thought no brook e'er sparkled like thine eyes;
No meteor flashed more bright than thy replies,
And yet that 'round about thy life there hung
Such sweet unselfishness, that all might see
To do for others was as Heaven to thee.

Then wast thou homeless and I took thee in
And sheltered thee, and fed thee — thou became
One of ourselves in everything but name,
And love brought love and joy her near of kin;
And when at last thou went from me away,
It seemed the light had vanished from the day.

And when away and sunk in sore distress,
Thy health all shattered and thy father dead;
My sympathy her ready wings outspread
And sought for thee and found thee out to press
The balm upon thy wounds, and dry thy tear
And tell thee one who cared for thee was here.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Thou didst revive again; and quick I found
A home for thee with wealth and culture blest;
And kindly friends whose every look expressed
Their loving thought encircling thee around;
Then turned thou straight thy venomed fangs on me
And tore that heart that beat so warm for thee.

O frail, weak thing, no hate toward thee is mine;
Pray God thy ungrateful, shrunken soul to save;
My holy sympathy to dogs I gave,
My pearl of love I cast before the swine;
And I am rent and trampled, that is all;
I rise the wiser, and I go my way.

SONG.

A spendthrift rose in my garden,
Her sweets on the air flung wide,
But she faded quite ere the chill of night,
And she blooms no more in pride.

A robin sang at my window,
A song from his bosom's store,
But he fled away in the evening gray,
And he sings to my ear no more.

And one in her youth and sweetness,
Drew unto my life anear,
But she too hath flown, on her way unknown
And left me longing here.

Ah, the flowers may bloom in the garden,
And the birds may sing in the tree,
But my heart shall yearn for his joy's return,
Till my love return to me.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

A MEMORY.

The evening passed as a moment,
Full joyously sped it by;
And the gods ne'er knew which one of the two
Was happier, she or I.
But we parted alas! at the evening's close;
And all that I have is a faded rose.

The hearts of the merry dancers,
Beat high in their wild delight,
And the fond replies of bewitching eyes,
Thrilled many a heart that night.
Ah, little we cared for the joys of those,
Yet all that I have is a faded rose.

No music, though sweet, could charm us,
No thought of the past could teach,
For the moment's trance, and the light words dance,
Of each were enough for each:
All banished for aye, seemed the old earth's woes,
But all that I have is a faded rose.

That flower so fresh, so fragrant,
Bloomed safe on her pure, young breast,
And she gave it to me in her sportive glee
As a token I fondly guessed;
And maybe I guessed it aright, who knows?
Ah, fair to my eye is that faded rose.

Ah well, it is past and over,
'Twas but for the once we met,
But though life's long year may be sad and drear,
One joy I can ne'er forget;
For ever beside me a fair face glows,
And close to my heart is a faded rose.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

IN SPRINGTIME.

The land is laden down with bloom,
On every hill, in every vale,
Are blossoms 'mong caressing leaves
Their beauties every sense assail,
I love them, love them, but I turn
E'en from the loveliest flowers that blow,
For ah, they cannot match the charm,
Of one I know.

The land is flooded o'er with light,
A golden light illumes the day,
And in the crystal vault of night
Serenely fair the moon-beams play,
But nature's brightest, kindest beams
Forget to please, forget to glow,
Whene'er I look into the eyes
Of one I know.

The land is all alive with song
From every copse, from every tree,
The careless lovers of the wood
Pour forth a rapt'rous melody,
I revel in the joyous strains,
But ah, the sweetest lifeless grow
Whene'er I hear, entranced, the voice
Of one I know.

The streamlets of the land are pure,
Pure is the white cloud's driven snow,
Pure is the dew drop's crystal sphere
And pure the evening's after-glow,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Pure are the skies by night, by day,
But purest things that earth can show,
Are not so pure as the soul
Of one I know.

The land rests calm in love's delight,
The sun-beams kiss the meadows fair,
And roses blush in rarest bloom
At fond embraces of the air.
Each cup with love's pure joy is full,
But mine, sure mine doth overflow,
For I have won the virgin love,
Of one I know.

TO E. C. L.

What matters that above thy home
The Rockies rise in all their glory,
And that beneath a lordlier dome
They lift their summits grand and hoary,
While I afar, in lowlier lands,
'Neath humbler skies await life's sands?

Still beats my heart as true to-day,
As on that day when last we parted,
Still do I walk life's little way,
Yet great of soul and noble hearted;
And constant still, my love doth bide,
And strong, as Death's resistless tide.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

A REQUEST.

I quite forgot, (time sped away
So swiftly that delightful day
When first we met, and over all
Such sweet enchantment seemed to fall,)

The words which most I wished to say.
So 'witching was the twilight gray,
The whirling dance, the music's play,
The cosy seat beside the wall,
That I forgot.

But now in this rude roundelay,
My wish I will at last convey
'Tis this, " May I upon you call
Next Freya's day at even-fall?"
O do not, do not say me nay,
Though I forgot.

THAT SUMMER DAY.

That summer day beyond compare
When I first met you, young and fair,
And felt within my heart the glow
The rapture we but once can know
And sages say who've oft' been there!

Some wanton spirit of the air
Spread out for us her golden snare
And thither led our willing feet,
That summer day.



“So they were wed in the good old way. In Wilmington meeting house, large and plain.”— Page 39.

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SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Still fresh to memory is your care—
Less grace, your winning laughter sweet,
Those lips which dared my own to meet
And sanctified that blissful, rare,
Bright summer day.

AMENTI.

Amenti, O silent abode,
O land the most blest of all lands,
Encircled in limitless sands,
I long to set out on thy road
And shatter mortality's bands

I'm sickened of creed and of cant,
Of hopes that allure to deceive,
Of lies that the soul must believe,
Of bigots that riot and rant,
Of good we can never achieve.

Ah, rapt in thy silence and calm,
How blest shall thy eternity be,
All healed by thy heavenly balm,
At peace 'neath thy sheltering palm,
The soul shall find fullness in thee.

OFT' TIMES UPON THE BUSY STREETS.

Oft' times upon the busy street
While idly walking up and down
A maiden I have chanced to meet,
The sweetest sure in all the town.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

I know not whom the maid may be,
Her very name I do not know,
But as she passes royally
I feel my pulses all aglow.

I only know her bright eyes' glance,
I've only learned her step to tell,
But I am bound as in a trance
And captured by her magic spell.

And still the spell upon me grows,
Its power I've no power to break,
There's not a wanton breeze that blows
But blows more softly for her sake.

O birds safe hid within the tree,
Sing, sing for me a joyous tune,
Oh brooklet warble cheeringly
And sparkle 'neath the smiling moon.

Oh moon that floods the earth with light
Illum'ning all the gilded spires,
Shine on that passing one to-night
And bear the word my soul desires.

Oh light clouds blown across the sky,
My heart is lighter far than you,
Oh stars that shine in rivalry
Behold my spirit sparkles too.

All nature blossoms forth anew
New visions all my thoughts awake,
And airs are warm and skies are blue
And life is sweeter for her sake.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

I THOUGHT MY SOUL HAD KNOWN THE LIGHT.

I thought my soul had known the light
And basked within its 'livening ray
Sweet was my life and deep my love
"Thus shall it be" I said, "for aye."
Alas, poor fool, I did not know
A tithe of love's seraphic glow.

I looked into your fair young face,
To your sweet voice enraptured harkened,
I caught your dark eyes' light, and then
You went, and all your world was darkened,
And never can be bright, till when
By favoring fate, we meet again.

WHEN I'M NO MORE.

When I'm no more, this gay and thoughtless world,
Will still be gay and thoughtless: Flies will dance
In aimless pleasure in the sunbeam's glance,
Bright butterflies will idly swing and soar,
But I, this sweet frivolity and mirth
Shall love no longer, low beneath the earth,
When I'm no more.

When I'm no more, this pained and tortured world
Will still be pained and tortured, groans will rise,
In bitter anguish to the soulless skies,
And cries of torture reach to Heaven's high door,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

But I, this rending torture and the pain
Shall feel no longer burning in the brain,
When I'm no more.

When I'm no more, this earnest, striving world
Will still be earnest, striving; souls will plan
To shape a godlike destiny for man,
That love may heal where hatred madly tore,
But I, this noble earnestness and strife,
Shall feel no longer thrill the nerves of life,
When I'm no more.

When I'm no more, this ardent, loving world,
Will still be ardent, loving; hearts will meet
In nameless ecstasy, and rapture sweet,
And drink such joys as ne'er were drunk before,
But I, the ecstasy and joys of love
Shall feel no longer through my pulses move,
When I'm no more.

When I'm no more, this fading, dying world
Will still be fading, dying; joys will fail,
Love wane, and effort prove of none avail,
And pain grow pale before Death's terror sore,
But I, nor loss, nor pain, nor fear can know,
In that dark chamber of the grave below,
When I'm no more.

THE PESSIMIST.

Where are thy streams, O Lethe?
Oh, where do thy waters flow?
For I would drink of thy cold, black tide,
And lave in thy depths below,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

To drown the madness of knowing
In the sweetness of not to know.

I am sick of men and the ways of men;
O, Life, thou art all deceit!
We live but to torture, to blast, to spoil,
We live but to lie and cheat,
And to trample down in our heartless pride
Our brother beneath our feet!

We flee from the fields that our fathers tilled,
Their beauty, their peace, we scorn,
We gather in crowds in the cities great
To struggle, to waste, to mourn,
For the sake of enswathing our blood-stained limbs
In the wealth from the poor man torn.

I have walked the slums of those cities great —
O, Christ, 'twas a loathsome place!
All filth and squalor; the mark of death
Was pictured on childhood's face;
The mother murdered her helpless babe
To cover her own disgrace.

Dark crowds were gathered in dim, close dens,
To hide from the law's strong shaft;
The strength of manhood was swallowed up,
In many a poisoned draught,
And anarchy glared from those blood-shot eyes,
That only when drunken, laughed.

A shudder crept over me as I gazed,
A horror upon me came;
I heard them speak as of dearest friends,
Of vices I dare not name.
Their sons are taught but to steal and kill,
Their daughters are sold to shame.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Is this the fruit of our cultured age?
O better the forest wild!
O better the fate of the savage rude,
Or the fate of a dead-born child!
It were better for man that he had not been,
Than to be and be thus defiled.

And there, in the cities, are strong-brawned men,
Whose lives are of endless toil;
They rear in splendor yon stately pile,
They delve in the damp, dark soil;
But the fruits of their labor, their honest gain,
Are seized by the rich as spoil!

Their little children from life's first dawn,
Must toil for their daily bread;
They have no pleasure, no joy, in life,
But work, hard work instead;
And the only rest for their tired, young limbs
Is the rest of the silent dead.

Is this, the land where the right holds sway,
When the poor must serve as slaves?
Is this that glorious Christian home,
That the wretched, the outcast craves,
When the only peace that the poor can earn
Is the peace of their nameless graves?

Than to labor, to strive through a life of want,
To live that our eyes may see,
Our life strength spent for the idler's ease,
Our freedom a mockery?
Our children condemned to the self-same fate,
Far better 'twere not to be!

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

And there, there are men in the golden mean,
Ah! happy are they indeed!
Just wealthy enough to be mean of soul,
Just wretched enough for greed,
Upon whose vitals for evermore
The vultures of Mammon feed!

They stand on the necks of the poor below,
And cringe at the rich man's feet;
To the one, a tyrant without a heart,
To the other a slave complete;
They mingle the crimes and the woes of all,
O their's is a life most sweet!

Their talent, their honor, their heart's best love,
Are all in the market sold.
The worship they give to their puppet god
Is hollow and false and cold;
And the highest aim that their hearts can know
Is gold, poor, paltry gold.

To live when the love of the heart is dead,
When pity we fear as sin,
When worship we give but to blind the weak,
And to cover our hell within,
O, God, than to live such a life as this,
'Twere better we had not been.

I have seen how the rich and the great can live,
The man who has gained his goal;
He loves to flaunt out his stolen wealth
In the face of the famished soul,
And give to the man he has robbed of all
Cold Charity's paltry dole.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

He teaches the poor, the despised, the weak,
In their ignorance blind and sore,
To rest content with the wrongs of life
And to dream of a bliss in store,
In a fanciful future of light and joy,
That here he may grind them more.

He lives and he joys in his fiendish life,
Like the demons that dance below!
No pity he feels for a brother's pain,
No love can his hard heart know.
His soul's one purpose, his life's one aim
Is pitiful pomp and show!

Such, such is the civilization's goal
That our culture, our times afford,
Mean, pitiless greed has usurped the place
Of our father's more righteous sword!
It were better, far better we had not been,
Or being, to cut life's cord.

O, thus, as I dwell on life's night-mare dread,
The wrongs of the low and high,
And stand on the breast of the soulless earth
'Neath the dome of the soulless sky,
I envy the lot of the senseless stone,
And aloud in my anguish cry.

Where are thy streams, O Lethe?
Oh, where do thy waters flow?
For I would drink of thy cold, black tide,
And lave in thy depths below,
To drown the madness of knowing
In the sweetness of not to know.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

COLLEGE QUIPS.

The Freshman's "Pony."

With eyes that sparkle with joy,
With teeth that glisten with glee,
The Freshman mounteth his bounding steed
With a zest most pleasing to see.
He rides at an awful rate,
Advising he mindeth not;
But over his "Livy" at breakneck gait,
Doth trot, trot, trot.

And ever from out of his room,
As his voice in happiness rings,
Doth float as sweet as the clover bloom
The song he exultant sings:

"Trot, trot, trot.

O easy are Latin and Greek;
I can do the work of a long, long year
In the space of a short, short week.
Oh, boys, who labor so hard,
All day at your desks in schools;
And hold your grammar in due regard,
You are naught but the veriest fools.
The college man is a man,
And labor he heedeth not,
For he mounteth his steed on the good, old plan
And over his lessons as fast as he can
Doth trot, trot, trot."

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

A TRUE STORY.

Three Freshmen, so the ancient stories say,
One night toward Ardmore bent their cautious way,
Intending purchases of sundry tops
And painted candy at the village shops.

The night was dark and threatened floods of rain,
The Freshmen groped along the gloomy lane,
Till near the lonely cottage on the right,
From which out blazes, ever flaring bright,
A most unearthly, glaring, glimmering light.

There saw they standing upright, stiff as posts,
A yellow demon with four captive ghosts —
Four little baby ghosts as pale as snow,
The Freshmen shrieked and fainted in a row.

'Twas long before their verdant sense returned;
The morning dawned, the happy day star burned;
And straightway looking on the frightful place
Where direful Satan met them face to face,
They saw — they saw, all trembling in their bones,
A broken chimney-pot and four white stones!

Full well-abashed, they sought their vacant beds,
But still long ached and burned their fevered heads;
And says report, as valiant Talbot fair,
Of old, these wiser Freshies all did swear,
(Though not in classic German, I should say,
For Freshies seldom ever speak that way),
“ Wir furchten uns vor keinem Teufel mehr.”

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

THE SOPHOMORE.

Now doth the giddy Sophomore
With freedom newly found,
Disport his silver-headed cane
And proudly strut around.

He looketh sternly on the Fresh,
As something mean and low,
Forgetful he was just as green
One little year ago.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TOOTHPICK.

As sinks the orb of day to rest
And clouds are blushing in the West,
Upon the stairway pensive stands
A youth who wields with skillful hands
His new and shining toothpick.

Two rows of dental organs bright
Flash back the gleam of evening light,
While glancing with a magic twist
That no stray viand dare resist,
Plays evermore the toothpick.

And students passing bow in awe,
Pausing a while, and then withdraw,
For 'tis a most imposing sight
To see this brave and gallant knight,
The knight of the festive toothpick.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

COLLEGE STEAKS.

Full many a weary year ago,
When "chestnuts" still were new,
A kindly-souled Chicago man
An ancient bovine slew.
He packed her carcass safe away
And shipped it to the East,
That we may now on fresh beefsteak
Have one continuous feast.

IN SPRING.

The little birds begin to sing,
The snow and ice are gone,
But still the "starter's" graceful form
Doth beautify the lawn.
And still the station path's remorseless ooze
Stealth the Spatzier-ganger's overshoes.

WAIL OF THE LOCAL EDITOR.

Now doth the Local Editor
Feel most exceeding "schlim,"
Because a stray remark last month
Stirred up the wrath of Jim,
And e'en his earthly happiness
He must for aye forego,
Because he's mentioned Freddie's name
Or treads on Esrey's toe.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Oh, fellows of a sportive mind,
Who love these harmless jokes,
Think for your sake what awful wrath
The Local Ed. provokes.

THE SENIOR.

The Senior struts in lordly pride,
So vast is his knowledge, and ours so slim,
He longs for the great, wide world outside,
Which waits, impatient, he thinks, for him.

There are wrongs that his presence at once shall right,
There are mighty reforms, he was born to lead,
To the ignorant herd he will point the light
Till the earth is a haven of bliss indeed.

But the world rolls on in the same old way,
Nor cares for the Senior's rank nor plan,
And some day he'll waken in dire dismay
To find he is only a man, poor man.

THE TADPOLE AND THE FRESHMAN.

A tadpole lay
In a ditch one day,
And sadly that tadpole sighed
As a bullfrog gay
On his joyous way
Hopped off in his manly pride.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

But a smile came over the tadpole's face
As he lay 'mid the rushes dim,
And he said, "Old Chap, you've got dandy legs,
But you've got no tail to swim."

A Freshman lad
With a visage sad
Once stood by the college door,
While with high hat glad,
And a cane he had,
Out strutted a Sophomore;
But a smile stole over the Freshman's face,
And he almost laughed with glee,
As he said, "You can strut with your hat and cane,
But you can't be fresh like me."

LOVE'S CONFIDENCE.

I say, in my love, you love me,
Though never your love you told;
And though when I spoke of my own heart's flame,
I thought you grew strangely cold;
But the light which beams from those deep, grey eyes,
My doubting doth all dispel;
You have told me more with your sweet eyes, love,
Than ever your tongue can tell.

I say, in my love, you love me,
For once when a flower I wore,
And cast it away when it faded,
And thought of its fate no more;

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

You found it and pressed it fondly,
You'd marked where the frail thing fell,
You have told me more by your sweet acts, love,
Than ever your tongue can tell.

I say, in my love, you love me,
For oft' in life's dark defile,
I have felt my life to be all illum'ed
By the light of your loving smile;
And oft' when your lips have to mine been pressed,
I have felt how your soul,— ah well,
You have told me more with your sweet lips, love,
Than ever your tongue can tell.

And so I will say that you love me,
And should you my claim deny,
I shall give no heed to your erring words,
But love you until I die;
For still I shall know you love me,
Ah, sure in my love's strong spell,
You have told me more in love's language, love,
Than ever your tongue can tell.

AN APOLOGY.

My mind's in a whirl of distress,
The muses are "stirring their stumps"
My feelings to fitly express.
I've sinned, but just how I can't guess;
They tell me you're angry, dear Jess,
For something I said out at Trump's.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

The words I have failed to recall,
Their meaning I verily know.
'Twas this, and believe me, 'twas all,
That with Charlie so handsome and tall
To escort you and carry your shawl,
That pleasure I'd have to forego.

And if my expression was crude,
My manner, unmannerly curt;
'Twas because, but I will not allude
To the cause, nor my troubles intrude,
I didn't intend to be rude,
And lament that your feelings were hurt.

Then won't you forgive me, dear Jess?
Forgiveness would give me such bliss,
Please don't on my rudeness lay stress,
Even Heaven counts sorrow redress,
I apologize, grieve and confess,
Let's make it all up with a kiss.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Farewell to thee, Old Friend, Old Year,
With sighs I bid adieu to thee,
Thou wast so very dear to me
I scarce can think thy end so near,
So great the joy, so small the grief,
Thy stay with us was all too brief.
Alas, 'tis ever thus, the friend,
In whom all choicest virtues blend
Is hastened from our side away,



“The soft light beamed.”—Page 55.

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SHOTS AT RANDOM.

While, sadly sorrowing day by day,
We wonder how we could have spent
The time before he was made known,
And now that he is from us rent,
How we can ever walk alone.
We miss him sorely and we sigh
To draw the silken drapery by,
Which shields from our defective sight
Our loved one and our lost delight.
Thus would I that I could recall
The Old Year back, and with it all
The joy, the hope, the love supreme,
Which made the earth an Eden seem.
But I must say "Farewell, Old Year,
And though forever from my sight
Thou'lt vanish soon, yet in the light
Of memory oft' thou'lt reappear."

Welcome to thee, to thee, New Year!
For thee our doors are opened wide!
Come to our cheerful chimney side
And put away forebodings drear.
The good Old Year has passed away;
O enter in and with us stay
To fill the void his flight hath made
That ever on life's sunny glade,
Our hope and joy, and love may be,
Without a wave from trouble's sea
To mar the peace, till hope shall grow
To something grand, and real, and true,
And we shall live to feel and know
What only fickle Fancy knew.
And may thy coming not be vain,
But bring thou in thy curtained train

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Many rich blessings on mankind:
And all the struggling nations bind
In fellow-feeling, till through all
Our earth's wide circuit, great and small,
Shall own his brother for his own,
And with his love for wrath atone.
Thrice welcome to our hearths, New Year!
We welcome thee with open heart,
Full trusting, as afresh we start
On Life's swift stream, that God is near.

O SWEET, DARK EYES.

O sweet, dark eyes, aglow for me,
From morning light to even fall,
Whate'er my mood, where'er I be,
I feel your glamor over all;
Your modest glance, your lashes' fall,
Your dance of mirthful revelry,
A palace make my humble hall,
O sweet, dark eyes, aglow for me!
O sweet, dark eyes, O deep, dark eyes, O dear, dark
eyes,

Aglow for me!

O deep, dark eyes, aglow for me!
I rest content beneath your spell,
Without you life were drudgery,
Within your radiance all is well:
Come tarry here and with me dwell,
My light, my joy, my life to be,
And I to you a tale will tell,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

O deep, dark eyes, aglow for me!
O sweet, dark eyes, O deep, dark eyes, O dear, dark
eyes,

Aglow for me!

O dear, dark eyes aglow for me!
This is the story I would sing:
Though this old heart sore wounded be,
Such healing in your glance you bring,
That lo, my love to you I fling;
O take it truly, tenderly,
And heal me of my serpent's sting,
You dear, dark eyes, aglow for me!
O sweet, dark eyes, O deep, dark eyes, O dear, dark
eyes,

Aglow for me!

EDITH ON THE "EASTE'N SHO'!"

O the dust upon my books,
O the work before me spread,
Letters all unanswered pile,
High above my aching head!
"Remington" in silence stands,
Not a space for me he'll go,
Writer's palsy grips my hands,
Edith's on the "Easte'n Sho'!"

There upon the Eastern Shore,
That young Miss has gone for rest,
With a rosebud in her hair,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

And a joy within her breast;
Now a drive, and now a sail,
Now a dance, and now a row,
Youthful pleasures never pale,
Down upon the "Easte'n Sho'!"

Two long weeks, then back she'll hie,
Eyes alight, and cheeks abloom,
Filling with her life and youth,
Every corner of the room!
Then what work she'll spoil, "par Dee,"
Dreaming of her summer beau,
Ah, 'twill prove the death of me,
Edith on the "Easte'n Sho'!"

O THAT I WERE A NIGGER!
I've written, scrawled and scribbled,
For fifteen years or so,
I've tried my luck in every style
That English verse will go,
To periodicals galore
My stanzas I have sent,
But none were quite available,
No matter where they went.

O that I were a nigger
And wrote my name Dunbar,
How quickly I should figger
A bright, poetic star!

Alas, no wool grows on my head,
My skin is fairly light,
My eyes are gray, and people say
My beauty's out of sight!

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

I never raided fertile fields,
Where melons are produced,
I never played a game of craps,
Nor pulled a chicken roost!

O that I were a nigger
And wrote my name Dunbar,
How quickly I should figger
A bright, poetic star!

I am resolved what I shall do,
Burnt cork I'll o'er me spread,
Glue to my head a woolly wig,
A nigger gal I'll wed,
And when within our Hamtown hut,
The pickaninnies come,
The papers with my poems
And my praises high will hum.

For then I'll be a nigger,
My name I'll scribble Paul,
And quickly I shall figger,
The brightest bard of all!

O LITTLE GIRL BEYOND THE SEA!

O little girl, beyond the sea,
In that far land where now you dwell,
Where heathen hearts your charges be,
Has aught occurred to break the spell
Of gloom and doubt and loss, that I
Spread like a pall across your sky?

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

O little girl, beyond the sea,
This heart of mine can ne'er forget,
The happiest days that come to me
Are tinged at times with sad regret,
Since I so careless cast aside,
The love you gave in maiden pride!

From flower to flower, I lightly sped,
I dallied here, I dallied there,
From your young life the light had fled,
And in your heart was wild despair,
Nor friends nor kin could bring you peace,
You sought in stranger lands surcease!

O little girl, beyond the sea,
Let pity beam from those dear eyes,
That well may hold but scorn for me!
Hear, hear my penitential cries,
"Forgive me yet, while yet we live,"
Myself I never can forgive,

PHILOMEL.

Say, Philomel, where'er you be,
Do you remember any more,
That summer day beside the sea,
When we two strolled along the shore,
And watched the waves in restless play,
And you were mine for one sweet day?

I gathered little shells for you,
I only saw your cheeks were red,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

I only felt your eyes were blue
As were the Heavens over head,
I only knew your heart was gay,
And you were mine for one sweet day.

I did not ask you of your past,
For mine you had nor thought nor care,
Enough that there our lots were cast,
And life and health and youth were there,
And time for pleasure and for play,
And you mine own for one sweet day.

How wildly in the foaming brine
We dipped that day in wanton glee,
Your heart beat warm so close to mine,
Our arms entwined, and none could see
The kisses stolen 'mid the spray,
Ah, you were mine that one sweet day!

We dined within the breaker's sound,
And in a cosy chamber near,
Ecstactic, unabashed, we found,
The perfect love that casts out fear!
Cold Prudence hastened far away,
And left you mine for one sweet day!

Now here, afar 'mong prosey men,
Life drags along her dull routine,
Yet never can her course again
Be quite so dull as it hath been,
A light now gilds her leaden gray
Since you were mine, that one sweet day!

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

YOU'LL HAVE YOUR WISH.

"You'll have your wish," she smiling said,
As from the fateful cards she read,
My future for me, and her eyes
Beamed darkly bright in glad surprise
At joy their light upon me shed.

Before my fancy's view outspread,
A life, her love, had hallowéd,
And she the goddess of my skies,
"You'll have your wish."

But soon the luring vision fled,
In place of hope this doubt instead,
Before me evermore doth rise,
If she had known without disguise
My heart's pure dream, would she have said
"You'll have your wish?"

A BELATED PROPOSAL.

Fair one, it truly pains my heart,
To think I've caused so much of sadness,
And had I but the magic art,
Full soon 'twould blossom into gladness.

For I am beauty's readiest slave
And worship at her shrine forever,
And always do I humbly crave
Her light to cheer my each endeavor.

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Then think not that it was in scorn
I stood in silence, all enraptured,
I watched the radiant light of morn,
And by that light my soul was captured.

For know 'tis but the highest tide
That standeth silent, and thy sweetness
Hath filled my soul, till satisfied,
I revel in my joy's completeness.

Let others wish a name in art,
Let others long for fame in story,
I only ask to claim thy heart,
And that shall be my crowning glory.

THOU KNOWEST, O MY GOD.

Thou knowest, O my God,
The depths wherein I lie,
The anguish of my tortured soul,
My spirit's bitter cry,
O moisten with Thy dew
This dry and lifeless clod,
That it may bloom again with life,
My Father and my God!

Thou knowest, O my God,
How far my feet have strayed,
The deserts drear wherein so long,
My soul rebellion made —
O lead me to that path
My righteous fathers trod,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

That I may walk the way Thou wilt,
My Father and my God!

Thou knowest, O my God,
How faint I am, how frail,
So long upon the husks I've fed,
My faltering footsteps fail;
O draw me back to Thee,
E'en though beneath Thy rod,
That so my soul may find Thy peace,
My Father and my God!

THE LODGE AT McDONOUGH.

We've started a lodge at McDonough,
Will Wolcott and Marvel and me,
Two nights in a month we has labor,
Conferrin' a solemn degree;
We meet in the loft at Ike Layton's,
(Jubala, Jubalo, Jubalum),
On the level meet fair,
As we part on the square,
And our actions we prove by the plumb.

Tho' no one was ever requested,
Our men of affairs, they has jined,
And we 'prenticed 'em, crafted and raised 'em,
Or drapped 'em, as we was inclined,
Our stewarts, at the first they was greenies,
(Jubala, Jubalo, Jubalum),
Fur they cut from Kit Wirt

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

The pearl studs off his shirt,
'And they pulled the plugged teeth out of some!
O the fun that we had with Doc Cummins,
A man that you cuddent unbend,
Who had made it the boast of a lifetime
He'd never gone back on a friend;
Yet he flunked on our Senior Deacon
(Jubala, Jubalo, Jubalum),
And was white as a sheet,
When he got to his feet,
But the Doctor discreetly kept mum!

Our banquets we hold at O'Hanlon's,
In the eatin' room back of the bar,
And the master keeps watchin', lest brothers
Should carry the frolic too far;
We've always a toast to "The Ladies"
(Jubala, Jubalo, Jubalum),
But our dear little wives,
Though they'd give us their lives,
To these blow-outs they never will come.

And yet we is zealous and earnest,
Desirous our duty to learn
To God, to our country, our brother,
And unto ourselves in our turn;
We is true to our vows as the truest
(Jubala, Jubalo, Jubalum),
On the level meet fair,
As we part on the square,
And our actions we prove by the plumb!

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

JOHN BOTT.

John Bott, he was a quiet man,
Few knowed him, fewer keered,
Yit he was 'onest to the core
And of no fact afear'd.

He seldom went to Church, he loved
The sunshine and the sky;
The open field, the whisperin' wood,
The water warblin' by,

The cricket's chirp at evenin',
The night hawk's plaintiff cry,
And in his own peculiar way,
He worshipp'd the Most High.

Most every local minister
Had set out to succeed
In bindin' John up tight within
Their four by seven creed.

But none could do it, till at last
A new one come to town,
"Why Sirs," sed he, "I'll show you how
To do that chap up brown."

He plied his cunnin' argerments,
With wriggle, turn and jump,
But every ace that parson played
John took it with a trump!

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

At last percevin' that his rout
By John had been complete,
He sed, " You'll know far better
When you walk the golden street."

" I know," sed John, " Tis mighty hard
Fur people now to hold,
A view of Heaven, that keeps shet out
Their hords of shinin' gold.

" But as fur me, I'd ruther here
The sparrows singin' sweet
In hedgerows by the country lanes,
Than walk yer golden street! "

The preacher stood aghast, John smiled,
And I jest tell you wot,
God damns no soul so near to His
As was your own, John Bott!

TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS LITTLE
DAUGHTER.

Ah, what a blow is this,
Has fallen on thy head!
Thy little girl — thy eldest born,
Thy Dorothy is dead!
Words have a hollow sound,
But more than words I send,
My heart aches in my breast for thee,
My brother, and my friend!

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

I know the anxious watch,
By lingering night and day,
While hovering as 'tween life and death
My little daughter lay;
I know the mute appeal
Of eyes that longed to live,
And turned to me for help, that I
Was powerless to give!

I know the failing faith,
The doubt, the dumb despair,
The grief that cries to God again
In agonizing prayer!
I know the stunning blow,
The hopeless misery,
The anguish that cries out aloud
"Would I had died for thee."

Words have a hollow sound,
But more than words I send,
My heart aches in my breast for thee,
My brother, and my friend!

"OLD GLORY."

Flag of our fathers' fightings,
Flag of our fathers' peace!
Whose power, pride and honor
From age to age increase:
Thine is to-day a meaning
More grand than e'er before!
We love thee, aye, we love thee,
"Old Glory," evermore!

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

More blue thy field appeareth,
More red thy crimson stains,
More bright thy constellation,
Thy spotless white remains!
Ride proudly o'er the ocean;
Float proudly from the shore;
We love thee, aye, we love thee,
"Old Glory," evermore!

To peoples poor and pillaged,
And strange to us and thee,
Thou hast gone forth, to guide them
Unto our liberty;
Teach them to feel our freedom,
Till they thy folds adore,
And love thee as we love thee,
"Old Glory," evermore!

God of our fathers' fightings!
God of our fathers' peace!
Whose pleasure 'tis and mercy
To make our might increase,—
Direct us on the ocean,
Protect us on the shore,
And Thine shall be glory,
Jehovah, evermore!

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF A LITTLE FRIEND.

My Mary sweet, I send you
This birthday song sincere,
May all the boys attend you,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Admire you and defend you,
And Cupid kindly lend you,
His bow with quiver near!

And may you charm and hold him,
The boy you're fondest of,
Close in your arms enfold him,
With tact transform and mold him,
But never, never scold him,
Nor doubt, nor flout his love.

So, Mary, let me send you,
This birthday song to-day,
May happiness attend you,
May purity defend you,
May God in mercy lend you
His grace to guide your way!

H— P—.

(An Ante-Mortem Epitaph.)

He labored with his head, his heart
Was all too cramped to cope with art,

The scenes, the men, the maids he drew
Were cold, conventional, untrue,

Nor proved it any better when
He dropped the pencil for the pen!

Although in his mechanic way
He made his tales and pictures pay,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

His mediocre mind could give
No single product that will live.

People will read this after 'while,
And turning question, "Who was P——?"

DAVID COPE WOODWARD.

A sturdy soul that dared to doubt
And face old falsehoods faith-enshrined,
A man with frankness girt about,
Who brooked no bondage of the mind!
All things he passed in calm review,
With but this question, "Is it true?"

Self-taught, he kept himself abreast
With those who led his day in thought,
Incessant, constant was his quest,
For knowledge, howso' dearly bought;
The true he treasured up with pride,
But what was false he flung aside!

And he loved children, chiding none,
But leading them in love along;
He led me, loved me as his son,
He bade me in my youth "Be strong,
And prove all things, till understood,
Then hold thou fast to what is good."

O sturdy soul who dared to doubt,
And face old falsehoods faith-enshrined,
A glory girds thee round about,
The memory of a manly mind!
'Twas thou who taught me to be free,
How can I pay my debt to thee?

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

KIPLING RECOVERING.

Thay sez you're better, Kiplin',— you sole of sand and
grit —

That Deth ain't goin' ter git you in his icy clutches yit.

And we is glad, us Yankees, fur you is skilled to dres
In simple speech wot we hev felt but cuddent quite
expres.

You've sot our mind ter musick, you've felt our feelin's
plane,
Fur Saxon harts is Saxon still, from 'Frisco thro' ter
Maine!

We watched you fightin' desperate, but never doubted
tho',
The thread wareon your life was hung was strong as
cable tow;

Till now the wust is over, you'll soon be gittin' 'bout,
And ev'ry mother's son of us is glad enuff ter shout.

So, Kiplin', here's my greetin', and here's my 'onest hand,
And wot I speak I'm speakin' fur this whole durned
Yankee land.

Sing out a new "Recessional" as pius as you please,
Yer "Mary Gloster's" patched agin — long may she
sale the seas!

We knowed that you'd git better — we knowed you'd
got the grit —

And got grate songs ter sing us, and tales ter tell us yit!

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

POEM.

(Read at the Reunion of the Class of '88, Haverford College, 14th June, 1893.)

Can it be five summers have hastened by
Since we left old Haverford? Who could know it?
There's the same old light in each youthful eye,
And surely there's no gray hair to show it.
So it seemed to me as we gathered here,
And met old faces and clasped old hands,
That life in her progress from year to year,
Forever broadens, uplifts, expands;
That we ever advance on the billow's crest,
And each new day is of all the best.

We all remember when life was young,
The joy that the fields and the brooklets brought,
The strange new songs that the wood birds sung,
The wonderful houses the wood wasp wrought—
Ah, all day long it was ere the strange,
The bright, the joyous, we found in glee;
And childlike, fancies would grandly range,
Till we stood tired out at our mother's knee;
Then we sunk to sleep on her loving breast,
And felt that childhood's days were best.

Then, here in college, where first we met,
And formed those friendships that ne'er can wane,
O who can our victories e'er forget
Of iron muscle and subtle brain?
How our minds grew keen and we felt the thrill
Of manhood's courage our hearts inspire,
And the visions that still all the future fill

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

With great endeavor and high desire,
Were born in us then, and of these possessed,
We knew that our college days were best.

And now in the battle of man with man,
Our hearts beat high and our thews grow strong,
We strike as only a young man can,
Whose strength is tireless, whose hope is long;
And who, observing the strife, can say
What each of us yet shall at length attain?
For deep in his heart at the close of day
Hear, Love doth whisper a low, sweet strain,
With a dear girl close to his bosom pressed,
Thank God, he knows that these days are best.

But he thinks of days that the future keeps,
When earnest effort success shall crown,
And into his visions at times there creeps,
An echo, at least, of deserved renown,
And he thinks with hope that is mixed with pride,
Of love and of happiness yet to be,
Of a loving wife by the husband's side
And a childish form on the father's knee,
And he prays, "God grant I may thus be blest,
And the days to be shall still be best."

POEM.

(Read at the Reunion of the Class of '88, Haverford College, 14th June, 1898.)

Boys, it is good to be here! About us how the trees
Toss, as they tossed ten years ago, their branches in the
breeze,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

The lawn is still as beautiful, the air is still as sweet,
Still seems like home this plain old room in which
to-night we meet;
Old Haverford still keeps secure for us, her varied
charms
As when ten years ago to-day, we left her sheltering
arms.

And here we are all back again, as full of fun and noise,
Of mischief and of merriment as other romping boys!
The years have sure forgotten us, as swiftly by they've
flown,
For not a single fellow here has any older grown,
And none would think, who happened in upon this
boisterous scene,
That Frank is now a Rector staid, that Billie is a Dean.

That Hilles as a broker knows how iron goes up and
down,
That "Sloke" in mathematics is a savant of renown,
That Beidelman as an engineer has great distinction
gained,
That "Rosey," dreaming "Rosey," a Deacon is
ordained;
That Sharp has with his pipes and traps all typhus germs
destroyed,
And yet found time to conjure up the dinner we've
enjoyed;

That Tommy, irrepressible, we soon must Doctor call,
That England hath produced a poem that will survive
us all,
That "Chawles" his fame and happiness, doth both alike
destroy,

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Divorcing the poor, willful wife who bore his little boy.
That each and all the rest of us, in our divergent spheres,
Have piled up much experience while piling up the years!

Ah, no, it can't be so boys, we'll not believe it true,
We'll give our spirits play to-night, just as we used to
do;

We'll tumble "Dutchie's" bed on end, ride Ezrey on a
rail,

And smear for Tommy Newlin's hand the tar on Fido's
tail,

We'll make rhymes unconventional on Battey's morbid
nerves,

We'll raid the college larder and appropriate preserves!

With Corbit in the quarry-hole for "canis" bones we'll
dig,

Palm "B" off for a parson on gay Emma of the "Pig,"
We'll smoke, while up the chimney the blue wreathes
rise in air,

We'll whitewash all the Freshmen's shoes, and Perse
will take a pair;

We'll lead the rousing night parade that Charlton Yarnall
shocks,

We'll carry all elections, though we stuff the ballot box!

We'll set the drunken slugger on "Te He," then appear
Quick on the scene to save him, as he gets it in the ear!
We'll creep to Myron Sanford's room, his questions copy
sly,

And when he thinks to flunk the class, we'll pass with
honors high;

We'll show good Isaac by these signs that '88's come
back

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

To demonstrate that moral strength she was supposed
to lack!

Then let us whoop it up, boys, to-night we're here for
fun,
We'll sing our songs and tell our tales till rise the mor-
row's sun,
And naught of gloom or sadness shall in our midst
appear,
For, when in five more years we meet, we may not all
be here;
Already hath Dick Janney passed on from mortal view,
And who can tell who next shall go Death's dreaded
portal through?

And yet, although the future may the stoutest well appall,
Though none can read aright the hieroglyphics on the
wall,
Though hard again, and yet again bears on our minds the
thought,
How little we have really done of all we could and ought,
Though none can know his strength, nor count the
measure of his days,
As glad we met, so brave we'll part, to go our several
ways!

And as we go our several ways, within each heart shall
rest
Another of those memories that make our lives so blest;
And deep in each man's bosom, too, these high resolves
shall grow,
Henceforth to live more earnestly, henceforth his light
to show;

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

Henceforth so to behave himself, that high or low his
state,
None e'er can blush to think that he belonged to "88."

Then here's a toast unto our happy college days of yore,
And here's a toast in silence to the boys who've gone
before,
And here's unto the bachelors, soon may they mend
their lives,
And here's to all the married men, their little ones and
wives,
And here's unto the future, masked from us in love
Divine,
May each act well that manly part she shall to him
assign!

I READ THE OLD POEMS OVER.

I read the old poems over,
That told of the buried years;
Their joys, and loves, and longings,
And my eyes were filled with tears.

I read the old poems over,
And my heart was wrung with pain,
As I thought of the hopes that lured me
Toward goals I could never gain.

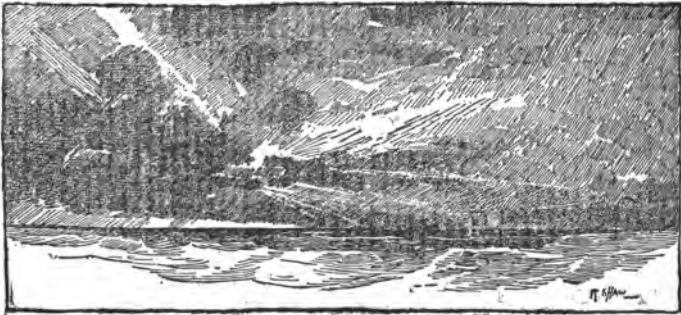
And I cried, "Oh! life, forever
Thou'st made me the sport of fate,
Thou'st promised me aye successes,
And left me but desolate."

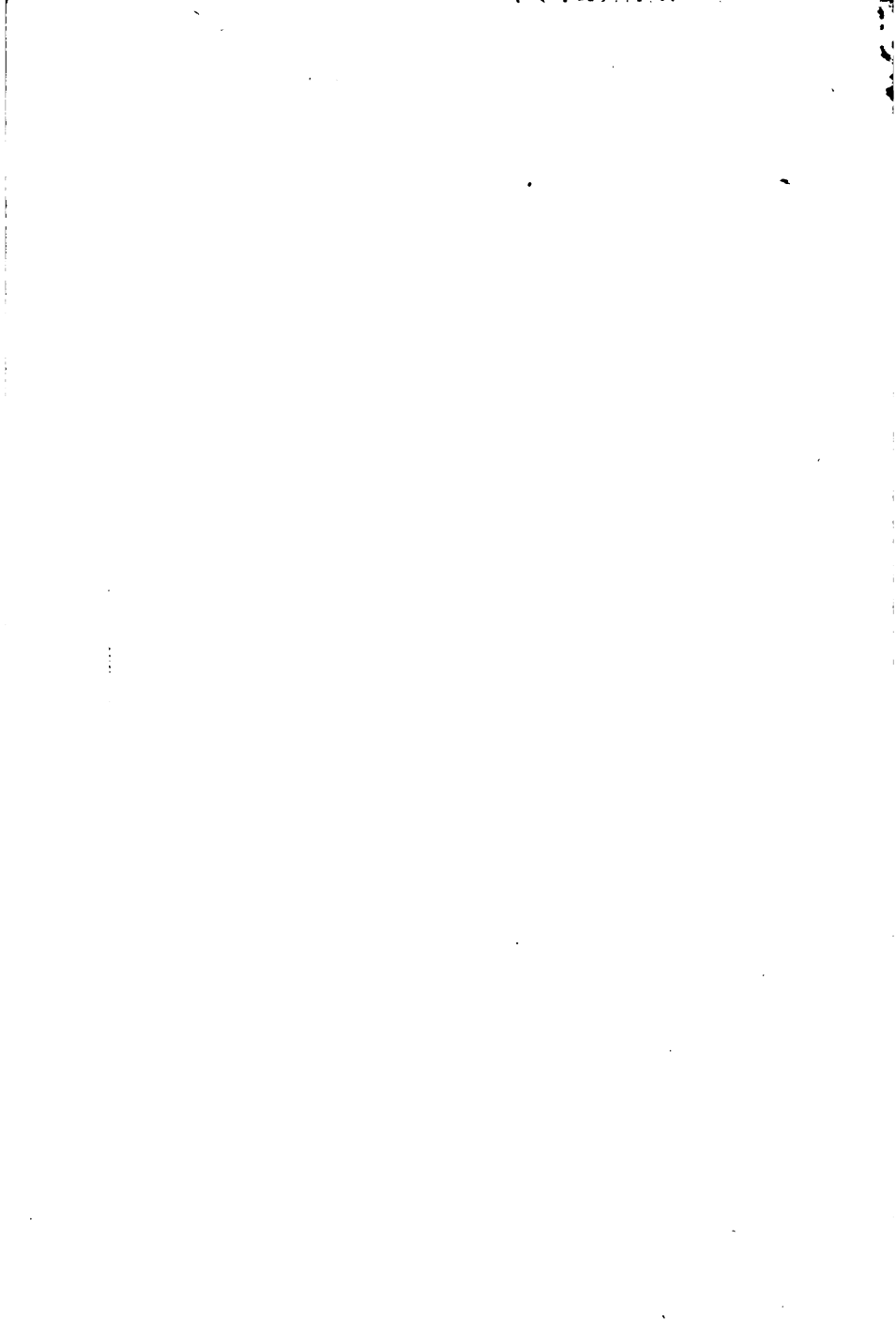
SHOTS AT RANDOM.

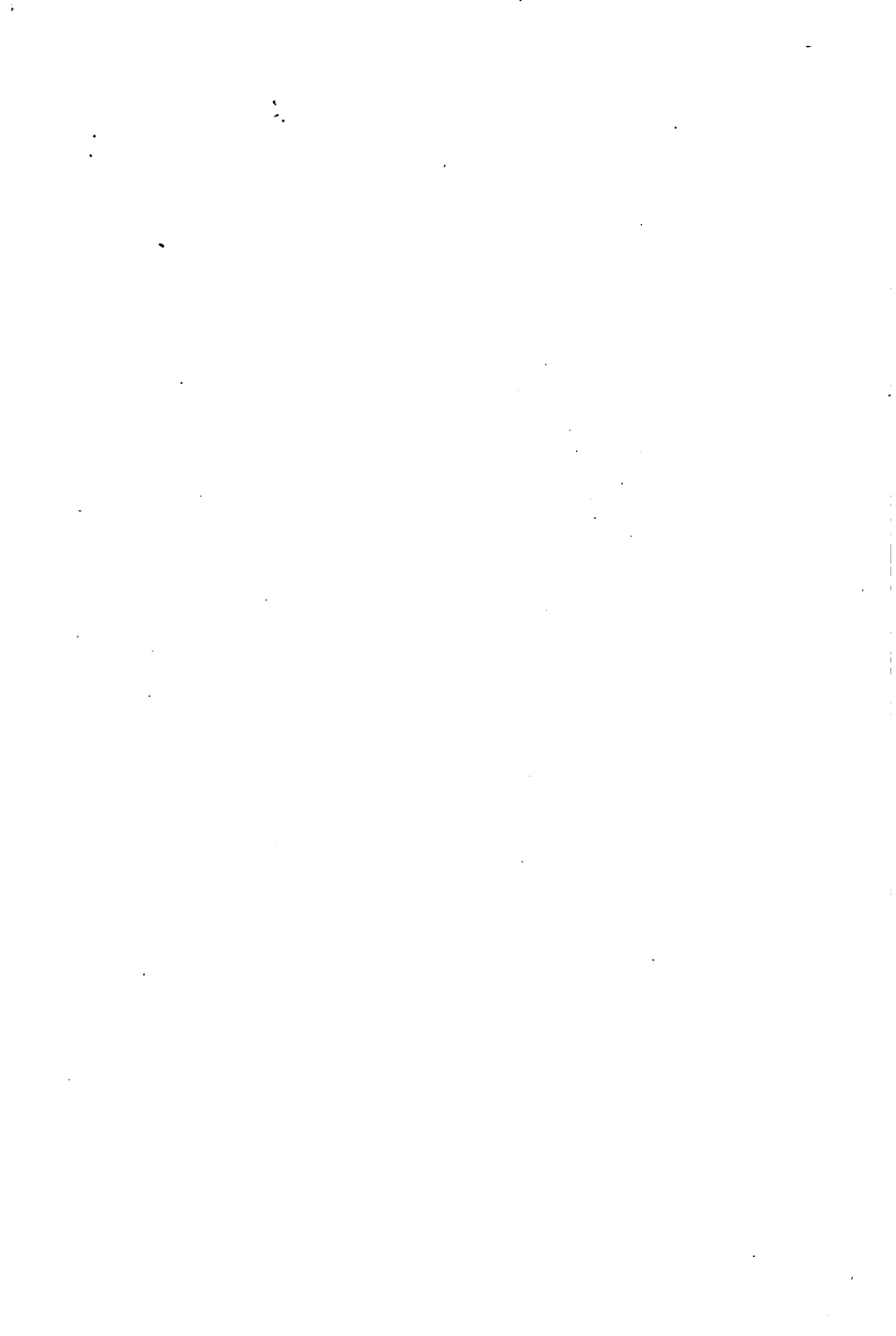
Then I thought of my little daughters,
Lispings their father's name;
Of the gentle wife who loves me,
And my cheeks burned red for shame.

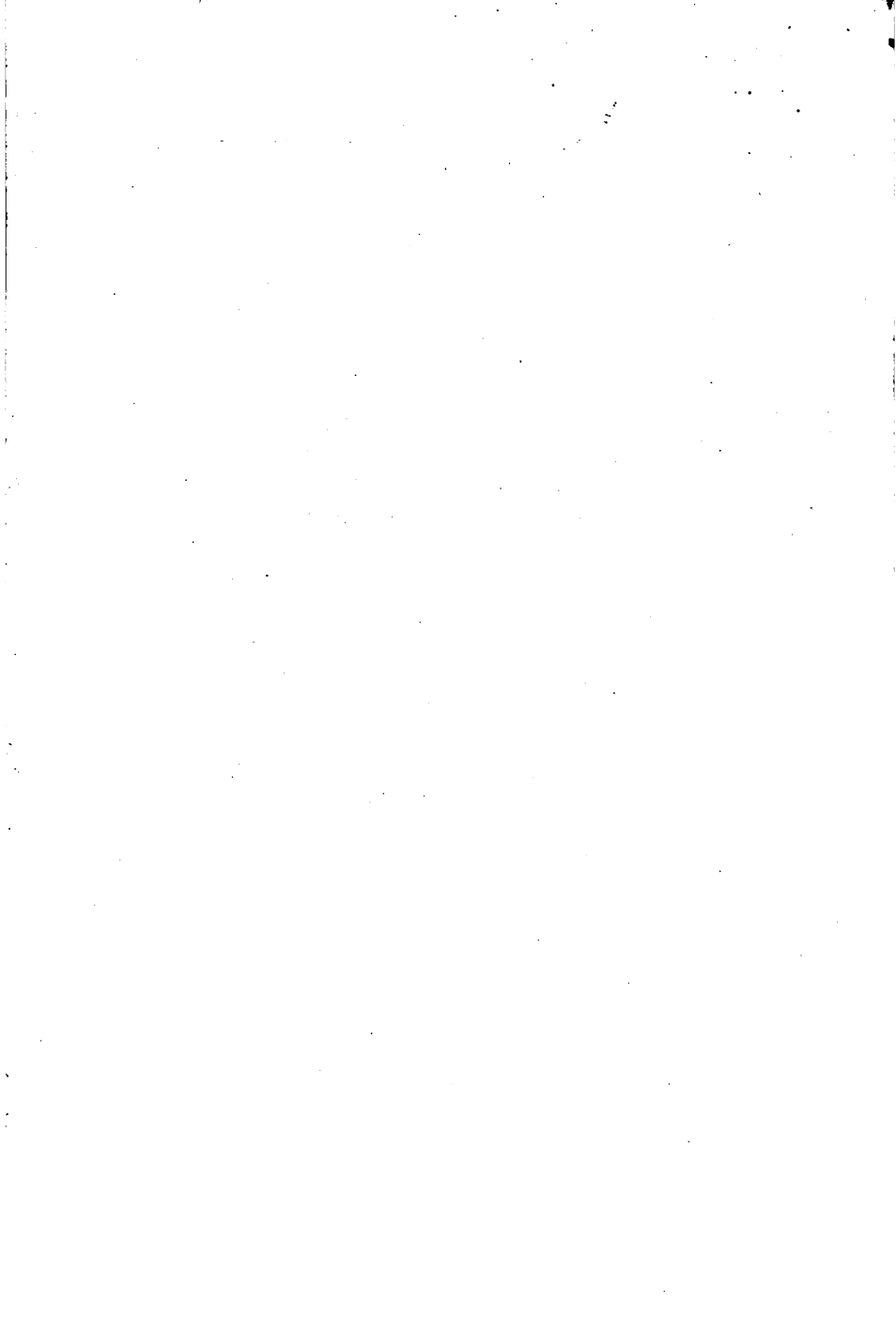
And deep in my heart the tempest
Of vain regret was spent,
While over the clouds came stealing
The sunshine of content.

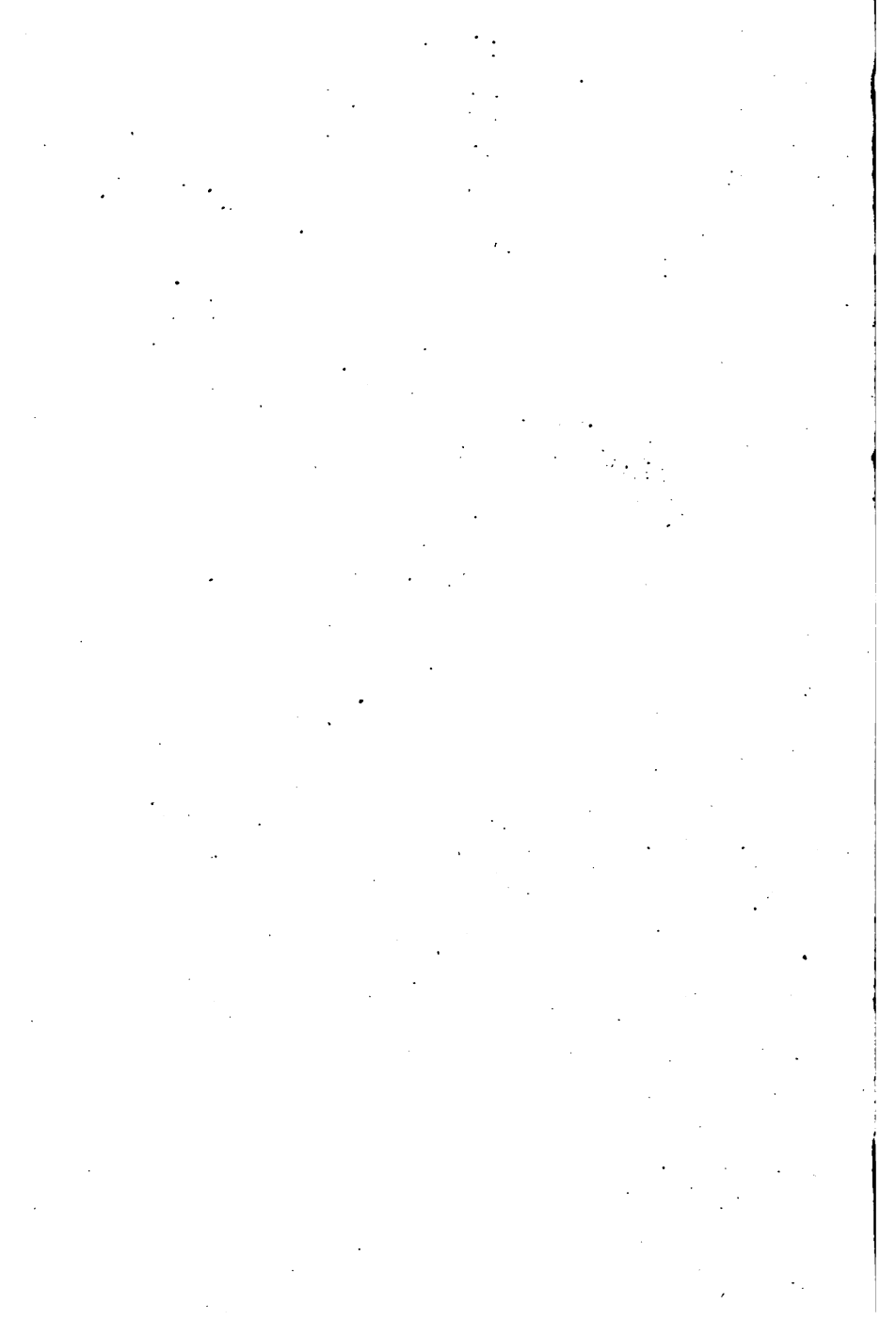
A calm content that ever,
Within my soul shall dwell,
And I thanked the great All-Father,
"Who doeth all things well."











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