

# Verse Old and New.

## The Searchers.

SMITH started out, in answer to  
A write-up of a distant land,  
Where fruits and flowers always  
grew  
And south winds warmed a  
coral strand;  
But soon a letter came along—  
He had not been away a year—  
And this the burden of Smith's song:  
"You have to earn your living here."

Again Smith moved, and he was most  
Enthusiastic o'er the view;  
Twas where, to quote the agent's boast,  
The easy money bushes grew;  
But back a postcard winged its flight  
To those at home who held Smith  
dear;  
And this was all he cared to write:  
"You have to earn your living here."

Poor Smith! in vain his restless feet  
Shall fare beneath the rainbow arch;  
In vain through lands of cold and heat  
Shall he, and kindred searchers, march;  
For there has always been one sign  
To greet man's vision, dull or clear;  
Even in Utopia it shall shine:  
"You have to earn your living here."

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## Herndon.

[On September 12, 1857, the Centurion America was lost at sea in a great storm off Cape Hatteras. Captain William Lewis Herndon, of the Navy, was in command. His tranquil courage preserved discipline up to the last, and until his passengers, officers, and crew were all in the boats. Seeing that the last boat was already overloaded, Captain Herndon refused to add to its danger, and, ordering it off, went down with his ship.]

As shout and rave, thou cruel sea,  
In triumph o'er that fated deck,  
Grown holy by another grave—  
Thou hast the captain of the wreck.

No prayer was said, no lesson read,  
O'er him; the soldier of the sea;  
And yet for him, through all the land,  
A thousand thoughts to-night shall be.

And many an eye shall dim with tears,  
And many a cheek be flushed with  
pride;  
And men shall say, There died a man,  
And boys shall learn how well he died.

Ay, weep for him, whose noble soul  
Is with the God who made it great;  
But weep not for so proud a death,—  
We could not spare so grand a fate.

Nor could Humanity resign  
That hour which bade her heart beat  
high,  
And blazoned Duty's stainless shield,  
And set a star in Honour's sky.

O dreary night! O grave of hope!  
O sea; and dark; un pitying sky!  
Full many a wreck these waves shall  
claim  
Ere such another heart shall die.

Alas, how can we help but mourn  
When hero bosoms yield their breath!  
A century itself may bear  
But once the flower of such a death;

So full of manliness, so sweet  
With utmost duty nobly done;  
So thronged with deeds, so filled with  
life,  
As though with death that life begun.

It has begun, true gentleman!  
No better life we ask for thee;  
Thy Viking soul and woman heart  
Forever shall a beacon be,—

A starry thought to veering souls,  
To teach it is not best to live;  
To show that life has naught to match  
Such knight-hood as the grave can give.  
—S. Weir Mitchell.

## First Pathways.

Where were the pathways that your  
childhood knew?  
In mountain glens? or by the ocean  
strand?  
Or where, beyond the ripening harvest  
land,  
The distant hills were blue?

Where evening sunlight threw a golden  
haze  
Over a mellow city's walls and towers?  
Or where the fields and lanes were  
bright with flowers,  
In quiet woodland ways?

And whether here or there, or east or  
west,  
That place you dwell in first was holy  
ground;  
Its shelter was the kindest you have  
found,  
Its pathways were the best.

And even in the city's smoke and mire  
I doubt not that a golden light was  
shed  
On those first paths, and that they  
also led  
To lands of heart's desire.

And where the children in dark alleys  
penned  
Heard the caged lark sing of the April  
hills,  
Or where they dammed the muddy  
gutter vills,  
Or made a dog their friend;

Or where they gathered, dancing hand in  
hand,  
About the organ man, for them, too,  
lay  
Beyond the dismal alley's entrance way  
The gates of wonderland.

For 'tis my faith that Earth's first words  
are sweet  
To all her children—never a rebuff;  
And that we only saw, where ways  
were rough,  
The flowers about our feet.

—From "Horizons and Landmarks," by  
Sidney Royse Lysaght.

## Discontent.

Sailing, sailing, sailing over the freetops  
high,  
When the light is red in the west, a  
low, lone bar—  
Wheeling and drifting and whirling  
across the sky  
Till out of the day comes night and  
the evening star.

Sailing, sailing, sailing careless and  
reckless as Youth!  
Sons of the wild March winds and the  
untrod way—  
Buccaneers black that chatter and mock  
at ruth,  
Wanderers asking of Time but a song  
and a day.

Sailing, sailing, sailing! Strike off  
these shackles of mine!  
Chains of convention, links that are  
all-fool's gold—  
And it's up and away! with never a bond  
to confine  
While the sea and the heavens are  
wide and the heart is bold!  
—Ingram Crockett.

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## The Poet from His Garret.

Arrogantly,  
Above the dazzling city, darkness  
zoned,  
I look down on the fools that scoff at  
me,  
As one enthroned.

Sadly the street  
Its never-ending monotone uplifts.  
Across the silent heavens, fearing-fleet,  
The pale moon drifts.

Long, long ago  
A maiden watched from every storied  
tower,  
And to the meanest churl that sighed  
below  
Might cast a flower.

Canst thou not see  
My deep-red rose that lies beneath the  
lamp?  
Nay, o'er the luckless petals, wantonly  
A thousand tramp.  
—From "Hard Labour, and Other  
Poems," by John Carter.

# Anecdotes and Sketches.

## GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

### Legislature Ethics.

A CERTAIN saloon-keeper years ago was elected to the legislature of an American State at a time when there was important legislature pending. He accepted £200 for his vote on a certain measure. The deal was hardly closed when the opposition came round, offering him £400. The temptation was strong, but the member shook his head.  
"No gentleman as is a gentleman," he said, "will sell out twicet on wan proposition."

### If George had been Twins.

The lad had a face bright and sunny and a pair of blue eyes like a girl's, and he had just put an end to the earthly existence of a fine ripe banana in a manner remarkable for its neatness and despatch.  
Then he looked up at "daddy" and smiled the inquiring smile which meant trouble for the old man.  
"Dad," he said softly, "supposing I'd been twins."  
Dad shuddered; but it is necessary to dissemble sometimes.  
"Well, Georgie," he said, "supposing?"  
"You'd have bought the other boy a banana, too, wouldn't you? Fact, I don't see how you could have got out of it."  
"I should certainly have bought the other boy, as you call him, a banana," said dad austerely.  
"Well, dad," said the dear little fellow, "you surely ain't goin' to cheat me out of a banana 'cos I'm all in one piece, are you?"  
A groan came from somewhere, but Georgie was neatly despatching another banana pretty soon.

### An Agnostic.

Jones had just run over to see if Mr. and Mrs. Blank would go to the theatre with them. Mrs. Blank was sorry, but, unfortunately, Blank was out. Probably he was at the club. She would telephone. The following conversation ensued:  
"Halloa! Is this the — Club? Is my



"Go away and let me read, you dool for nothing hazegone."  
"Well, if I am hazegone, Daddy, don't you think I ought to have a check?"

husband there? Halloa! Not there? Sure? Well, all right then; but hold on. How do you know? I haven't even told my name."  
"There ain't nobody's husband here—never," was the wife attendant's reply.

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### Referred to Dr. Wiley.

"Somebody's been trying to stump Dr. Wiley, I see," said Hanks, "by asking for a definition of hash."  
"That oughtn't to stump anybody," said Blithers. "Hash is nothing but a recurrence at a subsequent meal of the conglomerate remnants of a previous repast."

### Try This On Your Friends.

Jones and Smith met in the street yesterday and got talking.  
"I was on the top of a tram the other day," said Jones, "puffing quietly at my cigar, when suddenly a lady sitting near me snatched it from my mouth and threw it away."  
"You've no right to smoke on a tramcar," she cried. "It's not allowed."  
"Well, what did you do?" inquired Smith.  
"I was rather taken aback, but in a minute I grasped the poodle she was carrying in her lap and dropped it overboard."  
"You've no right to have dogs on a tramcar," I said; "it's not allowed."  
"She glared, and then we both looked over into the road, and there was the poodle running along by the side of the tram, and what do you think it had in its mouth?"  
"The cigar?"  
"No," said Jones; "it's tongue."

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### Heady Legislation.

The Chinese prototype of the American Anti-trust Law is beautifully brief and simple. It contains but four paragraphs, which are as follows:—  
"Those who deal with merchants unfairly are to be beheaded."  
"Those who interrupt commerce are to be beheaded."  
"Those who attempt to close the markets are to be beheaded."  
"Those who maintain the prosperity of commerce are to be rewarded."

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### An Unlucky Heiress.

An heiress married a foreigner who was, she understood, a count; but it turned out that he was only a waiter. When she discovered his true station, she reproached the man bitterly.  
"I knew I wasn't getting wealth with you," she said, "but I thought I was getting family."  
"So you are getting family, my dear," her husband replied; and, with a nasty laugh, he opened a door and revealed six little children. "See, all these are ours. I forgot to tell you—I was a widower."