



LEROY E. MOSHER

Collected Poems

THE STRANDED BUGLE AND LITERARY PROSE

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

The Text-Tech Papers | Los Angeles, 2026

Leroy E. Mosher

Collected Poems

Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry

*Edited by Brian Kim Stefans
The Text-Tech Papers*

EDITORIAL EDITION

This edition resets all fifty-seven poems in the poetry section of *The Stranded Bugle* (1905), followed by ten complete literary essays on poets, editors, newspapers, and the machinery of print. The scan, not an earlier reader's edition, governs the text.

Leroy E. Mosher

September 26, 1849, Chautauqua County, New York–February 23, 1904, Santa Monica, California

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

The Text-Tech Papers

Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry

Research and edition prepared 2026. Historical texts are reproduced for scholarly and educational use.

CONTENTS

Documentary Images	6
Introduction	9
The Stranded Bugle (1905)	14
<i>The Stranded Bugle</i>	15
<i>Ode to Our Heroes, Resting</i>	17
<i>The Thirtieth of May</i>	20
<i>A Plea for the Veterans</i>	22
<i>The Bloody Shirt</i>	24
<i>Our Paupers in Blue</i>	26
<i>Nineteen Rebel Brigadiers</i>	28
<i>Singing Small</i>	30
<i>Army Jim</i>	32
<i>July Fourth</i>	36
<i>Welcome to Grant</i>	38
<i>A Requiem</i>	39
<i>In Memoriam</i>	40
<i>A Fantasy</i>	42
<i>A Fragment</i>	43
<i>A Fragment</i>	44
<i>Song</i>	45
<i>The Yellow Poppy</i>	46
<i>Them Songs Jim Riley Sings</i>	47
<i>The End of the Passage</i>	48
<i>When Abbott Sings</i>	50
<i>To Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Castle</i>	51
<i>The Blue and the Red</i>	53
<i>John Corning</i>	55
<i>Poem</i>	56
<i>The Muse and the Press</i>	58

<i>The Man with the Little Tin Pail</i>	61
<i>Stand In</i>	64
<i>Thought</i>	66
<i>Mr. Duggan of Butte</i>	67
<i>Don't Worry</i>	69
<i>Sand</i>	71
<i>Am I Not a "Pioneer?"</i>	73
<i>A Stockton Regatta</i>	74
<i>An Idyl of a Kiss</i>	76
<i>The Governor's Ball</i>	77
<i>The Glorious Climate o' Californy</i>	79
<i>Postmaster "Lum"</i>	81
<i>When Watson Sails</i>	83
<i>Hesperia</i>	84
<i>The Exodus Jubilee</i>	88
<i>The Size of General Hancock</i>	90
<i>After Browning</i>	91
<i>To a Scandal Monger</i>	92
<i>Sunset</i>	93
<i>The Quail</i>	94
<i>Rally for Garfield and Arthur</i>	95
<i>Garfield Still Lives</i>	97
<i>The President Sleeps</i>	99
<i>Toll the Bells</i>	100
<i>Her Golden Bangs</i>	101
<i>Summer Time</i>	103
<i>The Silverinktum</i>	105
<i>Democratic Tariff</i>	107
<i>Meredith</i>	109
<i>Our Steve</i>	111
<i>The Footballer</i>	113

Literary Prose

115

<i>Eliza A. Otis</i>	116
<i>'Gene Field Is Dead</i>	117
<i>On Newspapers</i>	119
<i>On the Proximity of an Artist</i>	122
<i>The Country Editors</i>	125

<i>About a Modern Print Shop</i>	126
<i>The Mergenthaler</i>	128
<i>The Press Gang</i>	130
<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	132
<i>A Great Editor</i>	133
 Editorial Note	 136
 Bibliography	 137
 Colophon	 139

DOCUMENTARY IMAGES

Mosher in the military, book, and periodical record



LERoy E. MOSHER

*Leroy E. Mosher. Portrait frontispiece in *The Stranded Bugle* (1905).*

LEROY E. MOSHER

("HANK WAGONER")

“The Stranded Bugle”

AND OTHER POEMS AND PROSE

INCLUDING

“The Eagle”

(ORIGINALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE LOS ANGELES TIMES:)

TOGETHER WITH AN

INTRODUCTION BY GEN. HARRISON GRAY OTIS,

AND

Personal Tributes

From Former Associates and Co-workers of The Times Staff.



WITH PORTRAIT

The Times-Mirror Company

LOS ANGELES, 1905

Title page of The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905).

INTRODUCTION

Leroy Eugene Mosher, 1849–1904

Leroy E. Mosher carried the Civil War, the railroad, and the newspaper composing room into early Southern California poetry. He enlisted in the Ninth Kansas Cavalry at fourteen, worked as a station agent and telegrapher at Colton, wrote comic journalism as Hank Wagoner, and joined the *Los Angeles Times* in 1887. There he became a political correspondent, editorial writer, managing editor, and creator of the recurring Eagle persona. His title poem turns a corroded bugle found beside the Pacific into an instrument of memory; the rest of his verse ranges from veterans' elegies and civic occasion poems to California satire and typographic comedy. This edition resets all fifty-seven poems in the poetry section of his posthumous *The Stranded Bugle* (1905) and adds a focused appendix of his writing on poets, editors, newspapers, and print.

Stage I | Childhood, war, railroad, and Hank Wagoner, 1849–1886

Leroy Eugene Mosher was born on September 26, 1849, in Chautauqua County, New York. Federal census material places him in Ellington in 1850 and in Evans, Erie County, in 1855. Albert McParland's memorial sketch says that Mosher lost his mother while young, that the family home broke up, and that he worked for neighbors on Kansas farms during the violent border years. The account probably preserves recollections shared by Mosher, but the names of his parents and guardians and the route by which he reached Franklin, Kansas, remain unconfirmed. The same memorial offered an elaborate French Protestant and Revolutionary ancestry for the family; without supporting records, that lineage belongs to Mosher's posthumous legend rather than to established genealogy.

On February 22, 1864, Mosher enlisted in the Union army at fourteen, more than three years below the usual minimum age. He mustered into

Company B of the Ninth Kansas Cavalry as a private on February 29, became bugler on January 16, 1865, advanced to corporal on May 20, and mustered out at DeVall's Bluff, Arkansas, on July 17. The regimental record places the Ninth Kansas in Arkansas during his service, but does not by itself prove his presence in any particular skirmish. Neither the surviving abstract nor the memorial explains how his underage enlistment was authorized. What remained unmistakable was the bugle: the adult poet made it the central emblem of military memory, lost youth, and the persistence of song.

Mosher's first postwar years are only partly documented. He married Kate M. Bayliss in Pottawattamie County, Iowa, on November 14, 1872. Their daughters were Maud, born about 1873 in Iowa, and Katie Eugenia, born in California in June 1878. Kate died on August 20, 1878. A county probate index names "Maude & Kate Bayliss Mosher" as minors, but the packet that might clarify guardianship and family arrangements has not been examined. By 1876 Mosher was the Southern Pacific agent at Colton. A contemporary notice called him the courteous agent, better known as Hank Wagoner, a racy newspaper correspondent whose dialect poems were already being copied by Eastern papers.

Harrison Gray Otis remembered meeting Mosher in 1878 as Colton's station agent, telegraph operator, and general railroad factotum below San Geronio Mountain. Telegraphy demanded compressed language, accuracy, speed, and calm under pressure—qualities colleagues later admired in Mosher's deadline work. He married Emma L. Solis in San Bernardino on December 18, 1879; Bessie Solis, probably Emma's daughter and Mosher's stepdaughter, appears in the compiled household record. The later course of this marriage is unresolved. In 1888 he married Rachel E. Baum, who became active in the Woman's Relief Corps and survived him until October 19, 1910. Leroy and Rachel were recorded together in Los Angeles in 1900.

The Hank Wagoner persona gave Mosher a portable western voice: plainspoken, comic, practical, and ready to deflate expertise with dialect and mock technical confidence. "The Stranded Bugle," written about 1877 and printed in *The Aldine* 8, no. 8, at page 240, gave that local writer a national illustrated-journal audience. Early verse and performance pieces followed the region's civic calendar. They addressed Union veterans, fairs, elections, fire companies, rail and river travel, local personalities, California climate, and the rituals of public celebration. "Scientific Farming," printed in 1880 under the

Wagoner name, is an extended example of his comic address. “The Governor’s Ball” appeared in the *San Francisco Argonaut* in 1881; “Army Jim” and other service poems joined public patriotism to the memories of an aging boy soldier.

Stage II | The *Los Angeles Times* and literary journalism, 1887–1899

Mosher joined the staff of the *Los Angeles Times* in August 1887, according to Harris Newmark. He and Otis had discussed the idea of a strong Los Angeles newspaper nearly a decade earlier, and the appointment began a long professional alliance. Mosher worked as reporter, political correspondent, editorial writer, editor, and, at crucial moments, managing editor. Exact titles and dates still await reconstruction from payrolls, mastheads, directories, and the Huntington Library’s employee file, but contemporary witnesses agree that his authority was broad. A 1896 account called him poet, publisher, and Otis’s partner; colleagues praised his rapid composition, convention dispatches, political paragraphs, and patient supervision of reporters.

His most characteristic *Times* voice was “The Eagle,” a recurring editorial persona that joined the national emblem to the newspaper’s identity. The Eagle could turn from party politics and civic pride to mock complaint, domestic sentiment, and jokes about editors, artists, machines, and the physical newspaper office. The persona made institutional positions sound like the observations of a familiar, comic character. Mosher’s essays on the press defend the daily paper as public guardian while delighting in the linotype, the stereotyper, the rotary press, the country editor, and the “cow editor.” The prose appendix in this edition recovers that literary ecology, where poem, paragraph, machinery, and deadline shared the same room.

When the Spanish-American War began in 1898, Otis returned to military service and went to the Philippines. Otis and Newmark both state that Mosher managed the editorial side of the *Times* during his absence, while Harry Chandler served as general manager. The assignment placed a former child cavalryman at the editorial center of an expansionist Republican daily during war. Mosher reportedly wished to wear a uniform again, but remained in Los Angeles and followed the campaigns through the newsroom. His management, patriotism, loyalty to Otis, and the paper’s imperial politics cannot be separated.

Mosher was also an active mediator of literary reputations. In 1892 he signed “L. E. M.” to a profile of Eliza A. Otis in *The Magazine of Poetry*, introducing her poems and describing her editorial departments at the *Times*. His notices of Eugene Field and Rudyard Kipling praise accessibility, rhythm, humor, pathos, and a literature capable of reaching the common reader. His memorial for Charles A. Dana treats the great editor as student, stylist, public combatant, and commander. Together these pieces show Mosher acting not simply as a versifier but as a newspaper critic with a coherent, if strongly partisan, account of literary labor.

Stage III | Biography, reverses, death, and afterlife, 1900–1905

In 1903 the Times-Mirror Company issued the two-volume *Stephen M. White: Californian, Citizen, Lawyer, Senator*. Volume one explicitly credits “A Character Sketch by Leroy E. Mosher”; Robert Woodland Gates, White’s former private secretary, compiled the public addresses that fill the documentary set. The character sketch is Mosher’s largest identified lifetime book publication and demonstrates that the Republican *Times* writer could construct an admiring civic biography of a prominent California Democrat. Its collaborative authorship must be stated precisely: Mosher wrote the biographical narrative, Gates compiled the speeches, and Times-Mirror produced the volumes.

Around 1900 Mosher left Los Angeles for a New York business venture. Newspaper, property, and family materials suggest financial reverses, but the enterprise and its precise chronology remain unsettled. He returned to Southern California in poor health and under severe strain. On February 23, 1904, he died by suicide on the beach at Santa Monica at fifty-four. Contemporary reporting and memorial accounts connected his death with business losses, illness, and concern for his wife. A responsible account can acknowledge the manner of death without turning private notes and distress into spectacle. He was buried at Angelus Rosedale Cemetery in Los Angeles.

The Times-Mirror Company published *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* in 1905. Otis supplied the opening memorial, former colleagues contributed tributes, and the unnamed compiler assembled poems, Eagle pieces, prose, editorials, and paragraphs. The book rescued a large body

of fugitive newspaper writing while shaping Mosher's memory through the institutional values of Otis and the *Times*. Its fifty-seven-poem opening section remains the fullest known poetic corpus. The title poem became the memorial's master image: a corroded instrument recovered from the Pacific shore and sounded again after its player was gone.

Mosher's verse is newspaper literature in the most useful sense. Strong cadence, regular rhyme, dramatic monologue, public occasion, local reference, typographic play, and topical speed are not accidental defects but conditions of its making. At its best, the work turns history into a concrete, portable object: a bugle, a veteran's body, a laborer's pail, a printing machine. Its patriotic and boosterist assumptions, its partisan Republicanism, and its caricatures also record the power structures of its newsroom. Several dialect poems participate in racial minstrelsy and reproduce language that is offensive and historically consequential. A documentary edition preserves those texts accurately, identifies the convention, and refuses to confuse historical recovery with endorsement.

THE STRANDED BUGLE (1905)

Poems in the order of the posthumous volume

The Stranded Bugle

Written about 1877. Reprinted from The Aldine. Reproduced in many different journals.

One eve, I, musing, paced the sands
That skirt a shore where sets the sun,
Where every ripple of the sea
Is warm as kisses, love to love;
I listened to the droning waves—
The lace-like waves which fret and lave
The tinted shells upon the beach.

Among the jetsam washed ashore
I found, deep in a sea-weed bed,
A bugle, with the rime of years
Corroded, tarnished, long since dumb.

I paused, and, wondering whence it came,
Stooped down and took it from the sand.

Long, long before, I, young, had stood
Where armies gathered and advanced,
Where sabers clanked and trumpets blared,
And I had been a bugler then.
I dipped the mouthpiece in the sea—
I dipped the bell into the sea—
I washed its battered, brazen throat,
Then held to lip and flung a blast
Out on the pulsing, starlit air.

The long-hushed bugle woke and rang
A limpid cadence 'long the shore,
Which drifted out to sea, and came
In ripples back upon the waves,
Which rocked its echoes back and forth
From cliff to cliff—against the crags—
Far up the heights, around and 'round
As though it pealed, "I'm found, I'm found!"

I blew again, a softer note,
Though full, which rang along the land—
Rang full, and clear, and sweet, and far;
I thought (but could it swell so high?)
I heard it echo 'gainst a star,
Then drop into the placid sea,
A strain of perfect melody.

I hear that last note ringing yet,
Like cry of lost one far away,
Adrift and drifting past recall;
I fancy it may be a soul—
Perhaps the soul of melody!

So let it drift, and sink, and swell
With every motion of the deep!
The bugle hangs against my wall,
And when I will I'll send once more
A blast upon it to the sea,
To keep the lost one company.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 1–2.

Ode to Our Heroes, Resting

I

How sweet they sleep, our heroes,
Each like a babe upon its mother's bosom,
Lulled by the silken rustle of her robe.

II

No bugle startles them at night
When high and far the white moon
Seems shouldering her way among the stars;
No throb of drum frets them into effort—
No clank of saber and no shriek of shell
Pierces the weight of silence lying
Upon their pulseless hearts.

III

Dawn creeps over the hilltops,
And with its ruddy light
Smiles on the dew-gemmed grasses
And kisses the fragrant meads;
Yet still our brave sleep on.
No neigh of steed nor voice commanding
Reaches the changeless quiet where they lie.

IV

Clouds gather, and the dun sky
Weeps above their faces; the rain
Gullies the knolls that show us
Where they're resting; across the
Forests and the fields the wind sweeps,
Sobbing in the trees like mourners
In the streets; yet still they slumber on,
Our brave whose hearts are hushed.

V

Absent in the farther Southland,
Amid the marshes and dark morasses—
By the rivers drifting to the sea—
Upon the mist-crowned mountains, where
Gaunt pines like spires pierce the upper air,
They rest in unknown graves.
No shifting bayonets gleam in the
Summer sun—tho' were it so
They could not know—their hearts are hushed.

VI

Yet once was war! That awful noun
Of fire and death! Long, gleaming lines
Of steel threaded the land. The wheels
Of cannon made furrows in the fields
Where once the song of birds
Flooded the pulsing space; a bugle's trill
Rent the glad air of morning, and night
Was born amid its brazen echo.

VII

With lance and sword, with musket and carbine,
Columns wheeled into place; around the
Gilded eagles and the flaunting flags
The battle swirled, and brave men
Fell from the lead-swept ranks
In death upon the field of honor.

VIII

And these, and those who died since
Peace came crowning all with laurel,
Robe we in the sweetest flowers of spring.
Upon their quiet graves we lay
Roses and lilies and blossoms blue,
The blended colors of the flag they bore.
The sunlight glitters on our tears
For them, the truest, bravest, best of earth,
As all alone we leave them, sleeping,
Each like a babe upon its mother's bosom,
Lulled by the silken rustle of her robe.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 2–4.

The Thirtieth of May

Time on his golden rosary another year has told,
And the camp grounds on the hillsides show the graves grown manifold,
As our soldiers fall from the ranks of life to be in heaven enrolled.

For God's great regiments go on recruiting every day,
As the heroes of the Union on Death's rapids drift away;
We scarcely know how fast they go till the thirtieth of May.

But, ah! we count our losses then as we stand above the dead
And see the multiplied mounds of earth and hear the roster read,
The while the blossoms of May we heap above each lowly bed.

Under the silent guard of stars they sleep thro' the quiet nights;
Their eyes no more will see the valleys blaze with battle lights,
Nor watch the flashing signals on the giddy mountain heights.

Stacked in the armories are their guns, their sabers are red with rust,
And youth's unheeding laughter floats and ripples above their dust,
Forgetful of that epoch when the nation was in their trust—

When they stood on Freedom's battle fields in the mad world's maddest war,
And died that the flag might bear no stain nor lose a single star—
Died that no longer on limb of slave the gyve might leave a scar.

And whenever I hear the throbbing drums and the wailing bugles play,
I think of the "unknown" sleeping in the Southland, far away,
With never a flower upon their graves this thirtieth of May—

Their couches made where the rivers drift, or among the cypress trees
Which from the bayous' waters lift their gnarled and knotty knees—
The only requiem over them the sighing of the breeze.

And my thoughts run on to the starving men in the prison pen's stockade,
Looking death calmly in the eyes, fearless and undismayed—
Now lying asleep forevermore beneath the pine tree's shade.

And when I heard the drums today and the wailing bugles play,
I said: "No comrade shall ever stand above their hallowed clay
And read the roster of their names on the thirtieth of May.

“But, on some grander muster-roll than the dreams of mortals know,
Their names are surely written down in letters of light that glow
As the camp fires glowed in the valleys in the days of long ago.

“And ere we file through the narrow path that leads to the mystic shore,
To bivouac forever where the bugles blow no more,
Here’s a rhyme for our men of valor already gone before.”

Envoi

When the last button vanishes from the garish light of day,
And we lie on the sloping hillside sleeping the years away,
May some sad voice our roster call each thirtieth of May.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 4–6.

A Plea for the Veterans

From column headed "The Wagoner Column—Brief Installments of Sense and Sentiment." The poem follows Mosher's appeal for a Veterans' Home for aging Union soldiers.

In '61 and '2 and '3, when there was called to rally
Brave men to keep our flag afloat in Freedom's sunny air,
A loyal host responded, and from hill, and plain, and valley,
They filled the gleaming lines of blue amid the trumpet's blare.

From sea to sea the long roll beat—each fair home's hope and blossom—
A hundred times ten thousand of the flower of the land
Went out to meet the enemy for God and human freedom,
Each man a cheer upon his lips, his sweet life in his hand.

They never paused to count the cost, nor sweetheart, wife nor mother
Could hold them back with prayers or tears, but grandly to the front
They went 'mid crash of music, each man a freedom lover,
And every man a hero bold, to meet the battle's brunt.

In bivouac 'mid fetid swamps they fought the fiend of fever,
In midnight march, at picket posts, they burned their noble lives.
Worn out they dropped upon the earth, to find in sleep's reliever
Fair dreams of happy northern homes, of sweethearts and of wives.

But how they fought, and how they marched, and how they bathed in glory,
Our country's glowing annals tell with blessings to the world—
Tell how the years with valor shone, in ringing song and story—
That over all debated ground they left our flag unfurled.

They left their footprints on the land, and left their comrades sleeping
'Mid brake and fell, 'mid dark morass and 'neath the southern pines.
Yes, Death was paid with loyal lives most richly for his reaping,
For all the Southland billows with their graves in serried lines,

But some came back—Old Libby's doors flew open to the ringing
Of the music of the Union, as it sprang from throats of brass.
But oh! the tattered columns and the empty blouse sleeves swinging!
And see the tears on women's cheeks a-glitter as they pass!

Yes, some are with us, but you know, kind hearts, that Fortune's goddess
Pours not upon earth's worthiest ones her blessings and rewards—
Those gallant ones whose lives were staked are now adrift and homeless,
When they should be a people's care—a grateful people's wards.

No, Golden State! you cannot let their mute plea go unheeded;
But as their decimated lines grow thinner day by day—
As they were prompt to bravely fill their country's ranks when needed,
So prompt the sunshine of your love should light their homeward way.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 6–8.

The Bloody Shirt

If telling of brave men's heroic deeds,
 If telling how they fought and where they fell,
If praises of the starry flag that leads
 On Freedom's bloody fields, on plain, in dell;
If glorying in the cause for which we marched,
 If telling of the camp fires that we lit—
If this be flaunting of the bloody shirt,
 Then make the most of it.

If singing for the Union rhyme on rhyme,
 If counting off our vict'ries one by one,
If telling of the thrilling, red war time,
 When in the land was heard the noisy drum;
If weeping for our thousands honored, dead
 Upon the surging sea—in ghastly rifle pit—
If this be hanging out the bloody shirt,
 Then make the most of it.

If telling of the soldier widow's tears,
 Whose husband gave his life up for the land;
If singing of the awful, bloody years
 When Discord swept the harp with reeking hand;
If telling how black serfdom's chains we broke,
 And of the dust these fighting freedmen bit—
If this be flying of the bloody shirt,
 Then make most of it.

If telling of the happy northern homes
 Made mournful by the bullet and the shell;
If singing for the North in honest tones
 And writing down the re-roused rebel yell;
If praises of our heroes be a crime,
 I then plead guilty—just here where I sit—
And to the mast I nail the bloody shirt.
 Now make the most of it!

Colton, 1879.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 8–9.

Our Paupers in Blue

*The Charleston News and Courier is credited with having used the phrase
“our paupers in blue” in referring to Union veterans of the Civil War.*

Where the thunder of treason’s first cannon
 Broke the slumbering peace of the world,
And roared ’round the ramparts of Sumter
 Until its torn banner was furled,
There is breathed, like the hiss of a viper,
 A breath foul as dastard e’er drew,
And its form is the legend laconic,
 “*Our paupers in blue.*”

It is said of the heroes of battles
 As hot as the furies of hell,
Who, maimed for the flag and the Union,
 Yet linger the story to tell—
Whose brothers lie under the starlight,
 Asleep till the final review—
It’s of them that the byword is printed—
 “*Our paupers in blue.*”

Thank God! tho’, ‘twas left for that city
 To breed from its treasonous womb
A man who could think it and say it;
 Let these words be inscribed on his tomb:
“He who lies here was stranger to valor;
 He sneered at God’s blessed and few,
And called them who kept us a nation,
 “*Our paupers in blue*”

But I’d say to him now in these stanzas,
 That if these old warriors be poor,
Though sorrow abides with them ever,
 And hunger stands gaunt at their door,
It’s because, sir, they lost health and vigor
 In saving a country for you
Who taunts them as being but paupers—
 “*Our paupers in blue.*”

In the rush and the whirl of the era
 We haven't forgotten their scars,
And, in memory, yet hear their drum-beat
 As they followed the banner of stars;
We think of the ones who are "absent,"
 Whose blood flecked the grasses like dew,
And with tears say "They're ours, not yours" —
 Our heroes in blue.

Yea, sweet unto us is their hist'ry,
 These grandest men mothers e'er bore,
The flower of the age and the nation,
 Whose glory shall live evermore;
And until the last one, drifting outward,
 Salutes as he bids us adieu,
We hail them, and bless them, and crown them
 Our heroes in blue,

April 16, 1890.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 9–10.

Nineteen Rebel Brigadiers

*Written in response to the prominence of former Confederate officers in the
Forty-sixth Congress.*

Lo! our Congress has assembled,
And where floats the Stripes and Stars
Sits a host of rebel leaders
Who once cheered the stars and bars.
“Time,” ’tis said, “makes all things even,”
And in fifteen peaceful years,
Lo! our capital is “taken”
By the rebel Brigadiers!

Was’t for this we scaled the ramparts
Surging with the smoke of hell?
Was’t for this we marched and labored?
Was’t for this our heroes fell?
Was’t for this they starved in prisons—
’Decked ten thousand crimson biers—
That the nation now may honor
Nineteen rebel Brigadiers?

Deep within the damp morasses
Fought we long and fought we well,
While the booming of the cannon
Rang the soldier hero’s knell;
High upon the heights we rallied,
Rent the heavens with our cheers,
That the South might send to Congress
Nineteen rebel Brigadiers.

’Twas for this we tramped on picket
Through the night and through the rain;
’Twas for this the country labored,
Heart and hand and throbbing brain;
’Twas for this that friends were parted—
Wives and sweethearts from their dears—
That today our great (?) lawmakers
Might be rebel Brigadiers.

Though we won the hard-fought battles,
 Though we gained the laurel crown—
Still the “blue” is way “off color,”
 And our flag hangs “union down;”
It’s the “gray” that now is honored,
 And this hard fact burns and sears—
That the sum of all our vict’ries
 Are these nineteen Brigadiers.

And the ghost of treason once more
 Stalks across the saddened land,
While the life blood of our brothers
 Drips from either bony hand.
And the Goddess of our Freedom
 Shades her eyes to hide her tears,
As the country cries, “Go higher,
 Nineteen rebel Brigadiers!”

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 10–12.

Singing Small

Inscribed to the "Confederate Brigadiers" in the Forty-sixth Congress

There's a break in the shadow of treason
Which last season darkened the land,
And the voluble Brigadier member
At present is lovely and bland;
No more does he yawp of erasing
The statues inscribed by the sword
Of blue-coated heroes who slumber
In graves 'long our southern seaboard.

He sees that his little diversions—
His pistols and coffee for two—
Are simply but common amusement
For the boys in the jackets of blue;
That we dote on all sorts of heroics—
And he's possibly happened to see
That swords are our regular diet,
Except we have shotguns for tea!

And I doubt not he heard in the autumn
The solid North's resonant boom,
And trembled as each ringing echo
Resounded the crack of his doom!
Saw't his raids in the House and the Senate
Would be met by a resolute foe—
That his coercing game of "starvation"
Was a game that he couldn't make go.

For the people have risen and voted
As one, from the sea to the sea,
That this is a glorious nation
Which flutters the Flag of the Free!
Arose with the sovereign ballot
And voted it just as they shot—
Straight into the eyes of the traitors—
Straight into the eyes, and red hot!

*

Tho' the bugles are dusty and tarnished,
 They hang within reach on the wall,
And when the day comes that they're needed
 There are lips will be ready to "call!"
Meanwhile, I am pleased (and the country
 In praise of this member joins in),
To congratulate him on the cushion
 Which fits so well under his chin.

Colton, January 14, 1880.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 12–13.

Army Jim

Ever know him—

Little Jim?

Eyes like stars

Were set in him.

Hair like night

When clouds are high,

Drifting lazy

Cross the sky.

Such a daisy

As was Jim.

When the bullets

Went “bim, bim,”

And when trumpet

Had to blare

“Boots and saddles,”

Jim was there!

Was a bugler—

Such was Jim;

Tenth Ohio,

Comp’ny M,

And at Shiloh

(So they say)

His brass bugle

Saved the day.

Cannons thundered

’Cross the hills,

Blood of heroes

Flowed in rills;

Blue-clad lines

And lines of gray

Tossed like billows

Through the day.

Rank on rank
 They charge and fall;
Bayonet
 And minie ball
Soak the hillslopes
 Deep with blood;
Blue and gray each
 Swells the flood.

Down a long slope
 Jim's brigade,
Platoons dressed
 Like on parade,
Rode at "gallop,"
 Sabers high,
Swinging, smiting
 Hip and thigh.

Cross ravine
 Like leap of fire,
Through the gray ranks—
 Purpose dire—
"Right cut," "left cut,"
 "Rear moulinet,"
Flashed they
 On their gory way.

Like mad demons
 Down they rode,
"Cut" and "parry,"
 "Fire!" "Load!"
"Charge!" and "Rally!"
 "Platoons wheel!"
See the gray lines
 Falter, reel!

“Halt!” Beyond
That clump of trees
See the gray coats!
Swarm of bees
Ne’er was thicker
Than those ranks—
Reinforcements—
Good-by, Yanks!

General saw them;
Turned to Jim:
“Sound retreat!”
But Jim, blame him,
Kissed his mouthpiece—
Swelled up large—
Then like a clarion
Sounded “Charge!”

God of Heaven!
See the Yanks
Smite the half-dazed
Rebel ranks!
See them, like a
Blast from hell,
Hush the taunting
Rebel yell!

Any previous
Charge that day
Had been only
Baby play;
And the troopers’
Guidon flies
Where the conquered
Moans and dies.

Did they hang him,
Do you say?
Jim, who saved
The fight that day?
Hardly, honey!
Shoulder straps
Fit him better'n
Bigger chaps.

And he got 'em,
Pair of "bars,"
But I'll swear
He won two "stars!"
Such a brick!
My eyes just swim
When I think of
Army Jim!

1882.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 14–16.

July Fourth

Read by the author at the celebration in Colton, July 4, 1879

Hail! once again, the day aflame with glory!
 Hail! once again, the day that made us free!
Hail! starry flag that lives in song and story,
 And flies today on every sunlit sea.
This side the purple peaks and sky-filled passes—
 Amid the valley's bloom, and bud, and song—
We greet our natal day with brimming glasses,
 To drink to Freedom as she speeds along.

Across the world her gonfalon advances,
 Beneath her blows the iron monarch reels;
In every land there gleam her burnished lances,
 And everywhere her golden trumpet peals.
The despot-trodden Russian is uprising—
 Germania's hosts are watching on the Rhine—
All eyes look on the priceless thing we're prizing,
 And waiting—waiting—only bide their time.

Our light is on the world, the gilded scepter
 The king holds quaking in his palsied hand,
And to the dark slow glides the gloomy specter
 Of iron rule which blasts each blooming land;
Our eagle's plumed for higher reaches sunward,
 The stars gleam bright upon our free flag's blue,
And every step is onward yet, and onward—
 Up to the heights where rest the brave and true.

Although at times a storm cloud fills our ether,
 Though sometimes rings a mad cry in the night,
Our banner floats from sea-washed sand to heather,
 And every fold is thrilled with living light.
The heritage won by our bleeding legions
 Is prized and guarded by their patriot sons;
All o'er the land—in vale, in mountain regions—
 The troops of peace are sleeping on their guns.

Then once again, O patriots! be plighted
 To guard more close the high-born rights of man,
And in the light let Freedom's wrongs be righted,
 And press her ensign forward in the van.
Here on this day that lives in song and story—
 Here in this land that sleeps beside the sea—
Beneath the flag oft bathed in blood and glory
 We'll pledge again our goddess—Liberty.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 17–18.

Welcome to Grant

It's like painting the God-painted lily
 To spend words in a welcome to you,
For the flash of the ocean waves tell it,
 And the winds from the mountains of blue!
Every leaf in the emerald forest—
 Every bud, every blossoming plant—
Along with each fluttering banner,
 Is waving a welcome to Grant!

Colton, California, September 27, 1879.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 18.

A Requiem

Upon the death, in 1878, at Colton, California, of his young wife.

She lies at rest within her narrow home;
Blossoms she loved upon her heart,
And in her quiet hands
Roses rich and rare;
Jessamine, fragrant and sweet
As was her lovely life.
The morning sun kisses her grave;
The evening shadows of the mighty hills
Fold 'round her tenderly
And lay her, sleeping, in the arms of Night.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 18.

In Memoriam

James Cameron, minister and artist

Amid the russet ripeness of the year,
 Amid the ripened fullness of his prime,
Within the sunset land he fondly loved,
 He's fall'n asleep, to wake in fairer clime.

The great, great secret he has learned, and we
 Who linger yet this side the shad'wy way
May count his virtues that were gleaming bright
 As sun upon the bosom of the bay.

Yea, thick they were as stars in summer nights—
 Sown broadcast 'long the pathway of his years.
A gentle heart had he, a kindly way
 That mingled joy with joy, and tears with tears.

When sorrow darkened hearth or heavy heart
 In these fair homes that are a-cluster here,
His was the voice that never failed to speak
 Comfort and love and words of hearty cheer.

To him this scene about us—peak and hill
 And sweep of valley—was a poet's song.
A Christian artist, while he worshiped God,
 He worshiped beauty through a whole life long.

Yon mountain—San Jacinto—whose blue crest
 Upon yon fair horizon seems to lie,
Struck his fancy, and, true artist-like,
 He named it as “A poem in the sky.”

But down his brush is laid, his work is done,
 The hymn is chanted and the prayers are said.
Yet, while we're weeping for his vanished life,
 The brave heart only sleeps, and is not dead.

Colton, January 11, 1882.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 19.

A Fantasy

This scene and the hour are haunting me yet like the ghost of a beautiful dream—
Of a shadow afloat in a shadowy boat on the shadowy breast of a stream
Which flows through the star-spangled space that uplifts its arch in the ambient air,
Till the wind and the sea and the world are all lost on the limitless ocean of—where?

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 20.

A Fragment

The earth pours its perfumes, like wine, on the air, in odors of orange and rose,
A mocking bird sings from a chaparral near a melodious stave that he knows—
Sings a song that's as lilting and sweet as the tunes that are played on the viols at night,
Nor hushes till night winds its robe 'round the world and covers the distance from sight.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 20.

A Fragment

Across the great ocean of Peace in the west the trade winds drifted and blew,
Out of the deeps a lone star's light struggled slow from the void into view;
The coppery moon wallowed out of the east, reaching over the mountains of snow
To filter its mellowish, yellowish light on the blossoming valley below.
The curtain of gold hanging over the west flashed its radiance into the town
Till the window-panes flamed like the jewels that gleam in the front of a majesty's crown—
Each spire was tipped with a globule of gold that bloomed in the light like a star,
As the Day and the Night bade each other adieu at the dusk of the horizon's bar.

June 30, 1895.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 20.

Song

Christmas morning, 1878

Ring out, sweet bells, and make the limpid air
 A waving sea of rhythm clear and sweet,
Which, drifting over miles of blooming vales,
 Shall break in echoes at the mountain's feet,
And, rising up in chorus sweet and clear,
Resound the holy anthem far and near—
 Christmas is here!

Loud in the golden morning ring and wake
 The world to gladness and the birds to song;
Ring in the birth of gentle love and faith,
 Ring out the death of deadly sin and wrong;
Ring peace on earth, ring till the angels hear
The glorious music rising high and clear—
 Christmas is here!

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 21.

The Yellow Poppy

Gay are the mornings of summer,
 Sweet are the roses of spring,
Blithely the meadow lark warbles,
 A-tilt on a chaparral swing;
The mountains lean, shrouded in purple,
 Over the valleys below,
But naught in the land is so gaudy and gay
 As the beautiful poppies aglow.

The orange blooms filter their odor
 Across the broad chambers of air,
The orchards are swimming in sunshine,
 And beauty is everywhere;
But naught in this land of the summer
 So sets all the senses aglow
As the beautiful blooms on the beautiful hills—
 The deep yellow poppies ablow.

Gold in the sands of the rivers—
 Gold in the rocks and the hills—
Gold 'neath the sibilant waters
 That murmur along in the rills,
But never mine yielded a treasure
 So rare as these blossoms I know—
This sunlight imprisoned, abloom in the fields—
 The beautiful poppies ablow.

Blow! blow! flutter and glow,
Crowning the hills like golden snow,
Brightest bloom that the breezes know—
Yellow poppies ablow.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 21–22.

Them Songs Jim Riley Sings

I don't quite understand why 'tis, but somethin' grabs my heart
And wrings it till the dampness makes my old eyes fairly smart,
But it 'pears to happen ever' time I p'ruse them little things
That's printed in the magazines—them songs Jim Riley sings.

I hear in 'em the chatterin' of the bluejays in the trees,
The noddin' tassels of the corn a-rustlin' in the breeze,
And the cows a-trompin up the lane with clatterin' bell that rings,
A-chimin' right in with them songs—them songs Jim Riley sings.

I seem to see the fences where the chipmunk climbs the rails,
And on the barn-floor hear the poundin' of the farmer's flails,
And in the hazel bushes see the quails whose whirrin' wings
Go a rippin' through the music of them songs Jim Riley sings.

Oh! I tell you, there's no Brownin' business 'bout that kind of rhyme,
'Nd societies to interpret it 'ld be a waste of time,
But when it comes to searchin' hearts 'nd hidden founts of things,
You don't get things much searchener 'n them songs Jim Riley sings.

For it 'pears to be his reg'lar style to get right to the spot
And make a feller show up feelin's that he'd ruther not—
In fact, I have a idee that the angels pick their strings
And jine into the chorus of them songs Jim Riley sings.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 22–23.

The End of the Passage

There are no flaring torches
Where the passage ends—
Not a glimmer of light,
Nor sound, nor perfume;
Only the dank, moist smell
Of newly-dug earth—a rift
Cut through the greensward—
A ghastly stab in the earth's
Big bosom—a stab that does not bleed.
And all the sons of men—
The daughters of mothers—
Warm-veined, lithe-limbed,
Jocund and debonair,
Who dally day by day
Along the world's rose-leaved carpets,
Through the sunny days
Go down the passage,
Each alone,

And there they wait—
Wait for the years to roll away,
The centuries, the ages, the eons—
There at the end of the passage.
Some there are that go down
That way crowned with
The blessing of youth—the
Sun yesterday glinted and
Shimmered through the tresses of gold.
There were peach blooms in
Velvety cheeks, star-shine in
Twin eyes, and pulses that
Fluttered and danced;
But there, where there is
Not sight, nor sound, nor
Sun-ray, nor perfume—
Only the dank, moist smell of
Newly-dug earth, they
Wait,

There at the end of the passage.

The curving arm on whose
Warm, supple surface another's head
Has lain in happy peace,
Lulled to blissful quiet
By the throb of a happy
Heart, is all a-cold;
The bloom has vanished
From the cheek of plush,
And the red in the lips has paled;
It is dark there, and quiet,
And lonely,
 There at the end of the passage.

March 10, 1895.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 23–24.

When Abbott Sings

The air with harmony is gay
 When rosy morning tints the sky,
And birds with lilting carols drift
 Through limpid seas of melody.
But never bird-song's half so sweet
 As is the melody that rings
Like matin chimes from belfreyed bells—
 When Abbott sings.

The world has other queens of song;
 Mayhap they're greater in their art;
But music's something more than that
 When poured straight from the singer's heart—
Beyond the hypercritic sense,
 It leaps to touch the quivering strings
A-cluster in each listener's breast—
 When Abbott sings.

I see about her feet the leaves
 Of tattered roses—summer's last—
The pathos lingers with me yet
 Of that song heard in summers past;
I mind me of its sweet refrain—
 The tears its cadence ever brings—
For tears are ever in the songs—
 When Abbott sings.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 24–25.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Castle

Crystal wedding, September 18, 1882

There are “castles of air” that we build while we dream,
To the heights of the stars with a tireless labor,
Yet they’re wrecked by a breeze that blows on Time’s stream
As it bears on its bosom, friend, lover and neighbor.

There are “castles in Spain” builded gaudy and gay
As the roses that nod in the gardens of beauty—
Yet, frail as the roses, they melt day by day
In the glare that is garish, of doing and duty.

There are castles of stone that are famous in song,
That the romancer touched with the wand of his story;
Sometimes for the right, and again for the wrong,
Across their old thresholds did knights march to glory.

But not of the dreamland’s frail castles of air
Would we sing in these stanzas this fond autumn night;
Nor of castles in Spain—nor of castles that rear
Their turrets aloft in exotic sunlight.

But, instead, it’s of Castles with hearts warm and tender,
Beating love in each throb with a blessing to earth;
With home life as bright as the glow ’cross a fender
From fire ablaze on the happiest hearth.

Their hands we would grasp with the same hearty greeting
They give to their friends, who are numbered by scores;
Who, could they but join us in this happy meeting,
Would throng through the hallways and o’erflow the doors!

May their days be as clear as the “crystal” that glitters;
May we all see their weddings of “silver” and “gold,”
And (e’en though the autumn leaves all the earth litters)
The “diamond” day reached with their hearts not yet old.

Still clustering 'round them, the love-chain unbroken,
 May they always be blessed with the bounties of earth,
And we pray them accept this, tho' but a faint token,
 As the tribute we'd pay to their honor and worth.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), 25–26.

The Blue and the Red

Inscribed to Confidence Engine Company No. 2, Los Angeles, May 27, 1885

Where pennants of flame stream the farthest
 Through the night with their terrible glare;
Where the bells, in the belfries a-quiver,
 Boom out on the ambient air;
Where the danger is dizzy and awful,
 Where eyes are a-kindled with dread,
There rallies the theme of your poet—
 The hero in blue, or in red.

He's an everyday hero, but valor
 Is not of a time nor a place,
And honor is often withholden
 From him we should praise to the face;
So my lyre is tuned to the measure
 Tonight of the lustre that's shed
On bravery and brawn all about us,
 By heroes in blue, or in red.

The warrior, in song and in story,
 Is praised for the battles he's won,
But here is a valorous soldier
 Who fights where ne'er thunders a gun.

And no knight of the lance or the saber
 Is worthier a place at the head
Of the roll-call of heroes than this one—
 Our hero in blue, or in red.

No flame is so fierce 'cross his pathway
 But dares he to find a way through;
No parapet towers so high but
 It yields him a good point of view;
His ax is the sword of the righteous,
 From a conflict he never has fled,
And where he is needed you find him—
 This hero in blue, or in red.

Like a meteor flash through the darkness
 He speeds where the danger is dire,
And the zeal of the zealot is his as
 His eyes greet the billows of fire;
The toppling of walls does not blanch him
 As, with life held by slenderest thread,
His ringing cheer pierces the darkness—
 This hero in blue, or in red.

As a friend he is steadfast and loyal,
 As a lover he's tender and true,
While his ways are the ways of the breezes
 That swim 'round the mountains of blue;
His hand-grasp is warm as his heart is,
 And we call him "Dick," "Harry" or "Fred,"
But he's always, wherever you find him,
 A hero in blue, or in red.

And it's fit that we meet him and greet him
 With roses and stanzas of song,
To show that our gratitude reaches
 About him with tentacles strong;
So here 'mid the gardens of beauty
 We honor him, living and dead,
The fire lad faithful and ready,
 Our hero in blue, or in red.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 26–27.

John Corning

The sword clanks not at side
Of all the heroes, and glory's won
On other fields than crimson. Some there are—
And many—who fight great wars
Along the sunlit ways of peace
For justice unto fellow-men, and
Bravely stand upon the heights
Of honor, to do to others well.
Sure these are heroes. And this one,
Stalwart, strong and with a lion heart,
Lies low this day, asleep
Within the lap of Earth.
The deeds he did are peaceful ones,
And blessed are the countless benedictions.

Colton, California, 1878.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 28.

Poem

*Delivered at the dedication of Odd Fellows' Hall, Riverside, California,
Saturday, April 26, 1879*

Picture an arid plain fringed by a shallow stream,
Set round by peaks of purple, blue or gray,
As at the dawn or in the sunset's gleam
Their kaleidoscopic colors rise, then melt away—

An arid plain, drear in its wide expanse,
No bloom or beauty all its presence fills—
Silence is king—no echo breaks its lance
Against the ramparts of the mighty hills.

No bird makes music in the blinding glare,
No welcome verdure greets the weary eye—
Bleak desolation reigns only where
The lone winds drift with melancholy sigh;

A lizard skurries o'er its burning crust,
A squirrel burrows deep within the soil,
And all the land lies deep in tawny rust
Because not blessed by the touch of toil.

When from the east, as wise men did of old,
A noble pair comes proudly, hand in hand—
Labor with brawny arm and Capital with gold—
Who smite the dreary waste of sunburned land.

Each life to each, from early until late,
Together toiled they, each within his sphere.
No sound of strife was then, nor bickering, nor hate;
Today their monuments about us—here.

Here where the cleft plain leads the gentle stream
To quench the thirsting earth on either side;
Here where the sleeping soil awoke, to gleam
With flowered beauty and with fruitful pride;

Here where green fields stretch waving near and far,
Where in the tree the song bird builds her nest—
Where tired day slips 'cross horizon's bar
And drops asleep upon an ocean's breast.

Here where the orange blooms along the way,
Making a bridal of the fruited year;
Here where rose blossoms drift from May to May,
And spend their od'rous richness far and near;

Here where the harvest's always rich and full,
Because man's labor breaks the need of rain;
Here where he sweetly sleeps amid the lull
That comes from rustling of the golden grain.

And hour by hour, as the days glide by,
The desert garden groweth wide and long—
While Sorrow stands apart, and comes not nigh
To lay its hand upon the throat of Song;

And here the noble toilers twain do make
A temple to a trio fair and sweet,
Which here today we come to dedicate,
And lay these tributes at the Graces' feet.

To three fair Graces of a lovely mold,
Who blessed are with a perennial youth—
Friendship that's brave, and Love that ne'er grows old,
And grace of all the Graces—white-robed Truth.

And may they with you worshiped ever be,
These gentle Graces with the souls divine,
And may we 'mid these fragrant ways e'er see
Them rest and 'bide until the end of time.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 28–30.

The Muse and the Press

Written for the California Press Association banquet, Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Thursday, October 9, 1879

Awake, O Muse! Throw wide the gate
Of song and let the flood pour through,
As pours the ruddy autumn air
From pine-clad mountain peaks of blue.
Come down from thy ethereal height,
And with thy soul this presence bless,
By ringing out a stave of song
In honor of the mighty Press!

The Press! Which flings thy thrilling notes
Like bugle-calls beyond the gray,
Great veil of distance swinging wide,
Which stretches to the break of day!
Beyond yon Golden Gate, whose pass
Is flecked with tossing caps of foam—
Beyond yon blue, sail-studded sea,
Wherever language has a home!

Like wingéd harbingers that fly
Across the fruited garden land,
It takes thy song upon its lips
And echoes it from strand to strand;
It scales the mountain's rocky height—
It leaps the yawning mountain gorge—
It rings it in the ears of men,
Behind the plow or at the forge.

Its messengers are winging on
Amid the ever-sighing pines,
They fly from snow to orange bloom,
And rustle 'mid the gleaming mines;
There is no hamlet placed so far
They do not find a glad ingress—
Then ring, O Muse! Ring out a chime
In honor of the mighty Press!

Tell of its grinding toil—its cares—
 How it does battle for the best,
And how in Freedom's chosen land
 Its freedom has been ever blest;
Tell how the years bring noble minds
 To drive the giant engine on
Along the shining path of gold
 Which reaches upward to the Sun!

And with your singing, gentle Muse,
 Tell its brave toilers how they may
Bring out the darkest spots of life
 Into the flushing of the day;
Bring to its nature some of thine—
 Thy lofty faith, thy soul of snow—
Until its fragrance is as sweet
 As does from flaming roses blow.

Send forth its knights like knights of old,
 With burnished shield and burnished blade,
And nerve each arm to strike straight home
 At every cause which Wrong has made!
The time is ripe for noble lives—
 For honest men to dare and do—
And there's no lack of schemes and schemes
 To drive the gleaming lances through!

Here in this empire by the sea,
 That's studded with the gift of gold;
Whose breadth from wave-washed sand to peak
 Is filled with blessings manifold,
Hold up the standard, battle on
 For better faith to man and man—
Thou gentle Muse and mighty Press,
 Whose song and grasp the world doth span!

A recompense is further set
Up near the golden heights that lie,
Serene, and fair, and thrilled with song,
Close by the overarching sky!
Up where the lustrous crown doth rest—
The dazzling diadem of Fame!
Where Hope full crowned has her reward,
And every hero has a name!

*

The gentle Muse throws wide the gate
Of song and lets the flood pour through,
As pours the ruddy autumn air
From pine-clad mountain peaks of blue.
Adown from her ethereal height
She comes, this genial hour to bless,
And pledges in this stave of song
“The honor of an honest Press!”

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 30–32.

The Man with the Little Tin Pail

Read by the author at the opening of the Sixth District Fair, Los Angeles

The poets have sung of the hero of wars
 Since time first began until date;
They have lauded his valor, exploited his scars,
 And the blood that he shed for the state;
But mine is the theme of that everyday chap
 Who wears neither sword-knot nor mail;
Whose battlefield's everywhere down on the map—
 The man with the little tin pail.

In the broad, yellow fields flooded over with sun,
 Where the harvester whirs out its song;
Where the ground squirrel flits and the fruited vines run,
 And the furrows are many and long,
He follows the wake of the glittering plow
 As the snowy foam follows the sail—
This jumper-clothed, valorous hero of now!
 The man with the little tin pail.

Where the nerve-racking thrasher high into the air
 Casts cyclonic breathings of chaff,
On the spot where the seed-sower late ruled its square
 To the tune of the tickled soil's laugh,
He labors with faith in a future benign—
 A faith that no creed dare assail—
And on Mother Earth's face he emblazons his sign,
 This man with the little tin pail.

In the mines' dizzy deeps, in the winzes and drifts
 Where the ore bodies shrink from the view,
He flashes his pick as the creaking cage lifts
 The coin, in the rough, up for you.
And where the coal ledges their ebon veins hide
 Beneath the tall mountains of grail,
We find him, this base of all wealth, in his pride,
 The man with the little tin pail.

In the orchard's dark depths where the golden globes shine,
And the apple trees shed their sweet blooms;
Where the musical mocking bird lilts out his line,
And the corn tassels shake out their brooms,
He holds in fee-simple the sun and the soil
Direct from his Maker's entail,
And the lush harvest reaps as the toll for his toil—
This man with the little tin pail.

In the mills where the whirling wheels tremble and crush,
And the white-heated furnaces glow,
Where thro' chute and conveyor the yellow streams rush,
To be changed to the daintiest snow,
He comes on the scene as a genie in white,
Who walks with a floury trail—
This everyday hero, but not less a knight,
The man with the little tin pail.

At the forge where the iron bars sputter and flame,
And the steam-hammer's baton beats time,
He creates, for far lesser men, money and fame,
And improves the designer's design;
To the throb of the engine he fashions the kedge,
While the sparks, pouring out their red hail,
Coruscate a salute from this man of the sledge,
This man with the little tin pail.

Not a tower or pinnacle climbs to the sky
But sounds him a pæan of praise;
Not a harvest-wain comes from the fields loaded high
But exalts him and crowns him with bays!
Not a keel cuts a gash on the breast of the blue,
Not a barkentine flutters a sail
O'er the tremulous surge, but exploits him anew,
This man with the little tin pail.

So my rhyme it is tuned to the musical chimes
That the anvil and trip-hammer rings,
Whose cadences beat on the air of all climes
Like the rhythm of harps and of wings;
Enraptured, I see him push into the dawn
A world that without him would fail,
And I pledge in these stanzas that hero of brawn,
The man with the little tin pail.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 32–34.

Stand In

Read at the reception given the Orange Carnival managers by the Chamber of Commerce

In the giddy game of fortune, whether men's or whether towns',
Fate can easily be conquered, never matter how she frowns,
If we all catch on together, absolutely bound to win—
Or, as the street phrase has it, "If we all stand in."

In the days when clothes were scant and grub was scarce at Valley Forge,
And the heroes of the colonies were massed on Father George,
How was it that so easily they shed the monarchical skin?
Why, they simply said, "We'll do it," then they all stood in!

What is it makes Chicago the eighth wonder of the world,
And sends her name resounding where'er our flag's unfurled?
It is just because each resident gets in and makes a din
About the glories of a city where they all stand in.

Look how they stacked the cards and won the World's Columbian Fair!
See the acres that she covers and how high she is in air!
And it all has been accomplished by the liberal use of "tin,"
Mixed with music of the jawbone and the fact of standing in.

You remember when, the other day, we had a citrus fair,
And talk was had 'bout going east, but the weak ones didn't dare,
Yet the rustler said, 'We'll do it,' then they let the work begin
Of moving to Chicago, 'cause the nervy ones stood in.

Here lies a land unparalleled beneath the skies of blue,
Whose riches lie within the grasp of every one of you,
But wealth will come almighty slow—and here just stick a pin—
Unless you join the chorus of "We'll all stand in."

Out! out! upon the souls that pinch the eagle till he screams!
May their days be full of scale bugs and their nights be bad with dreams!
May their brick blocks fail of tenants and their interest rates grow thin,
Unless they join the rustlers, and every one stand in.

“Stand in!” Yes, that’s the shibboleth; in unity is strength;
Let’s make the thing unanimous, combine and go our length;
Declare hard times a fallacy, face the future with a grin,
And in the resultant happiness we’ll all stand in.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), 34–35.

Thought

I held my sweetheart's hand in mine,
I looked into her dreamy eyes,
And saw my own face mirrored there; she spake—
The air was filled with rhythm, and the birds, entranced,
Forgot their songs and listened unto her!
She ceased; her ripe lips shut the portals of her soul,
And all alone she plunged into the whelming sea of thought—
Into that sea which has no shores, no tides,
But which is peopled thick with lives and beating hearts—
Fathomless, waveless, clearer than the skies, darker than depths
 of hell.
This sea she entered in alone, and I, with her fair hand to lip,
Was far away as had a lifetime swung between.

December 17, 1899.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 36.

Mr. Duggan of Butte

In September, one morning, quite early,
 Mr. Duggan and friends at a game
Were seated where jack-pots were frequent,
 And a-raking them in were the same.
There were straddles and raises a-plenty,
 And the blue chips were tossed to and fro,
But the game it was straight, right and reg'lar,
 And each man for his wad had a show.

Slow the hours slipped by on the timepiece
 That ticked busily on, on the wall,
Until one in the morning had ushered
 Itself 'neath the short hand a-crawl.
The stacks on the table were lofty,
 Big twenties of gold were in sight—
Ah! Duggan and friends were a-playing,
 And you bet they were playing it right.

When into the bar-room there entered
 Two gents most discreetly en masque,
And with guns most promiscu'sly handled,
 They were heard somewhat harshly to ask:
"Hands up, and be d——d quick about it,
 For we want to get into the game,
And if you don't hustle to do it,
 With lead will we plug up each frame."

But Montana miners are gamy—;
 Yes, you bet, for "sang froy" they are great,
And Duggan and friends kept on playing,
 Raking pots upon flush, full and straight.
This rattled the masquers somewhatly,
 For never before had they seen
So cool and collected a bevy
 A-fing'ring twin eagles and green.

But finally Duggan got nervous,
 When he rose to his feet and he said:
“I have shotguns and pistols for diet,
 Each morn with my coffee in bed.”
Then he took that there bandit a wallop
 In the jaw that just hit like a thud—
Disarmed him right quick of his shooter;
 Oh, you bet, that man Duggan was blood!

Then Duggan rolled over that bandit,
 ‘And through him he quietly went,
Extracting some seventy dollars
 He had prob’ly collected for rent.
Then the other chap riz to the ‘casion,
 And a-shooting he then did begin,
But others got into the circus,
 And Duggan hung onto the tin.

The records agree that those masquers
 Escaped with their unuseful lives,
But they lost, besides seventy dollars,
 A stock of hats, pistols and knives;
Which makes me conclude, most unan’mous,
 That for a gallus collector of loot,
Few experter experts are a-goin’
 Than that same Mr. Duggan of Butte.

September 29, 1895.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 36–37.

Don't Worry

Things are all right, good people—
If you only think so.
The stars shine just the same
These summer nights
As ever stars gleamed any time.
The sun is just as bright,
The breeze as sweet,
The odorous fields as gay
With lilt of larks
And twittering of other
Happy birds,
As e'er since time began.
Don't worry,
And say that times are bad
And money hard to get.
Great Scott! look up and
See how beautiful the world is
Every minute of the time—
See riotous Nature
Smothering in joy of her
Own sweet self!
See how gay the rivers run,
And the ripples of the sea—
How in the sun
They sparkle full of gems.
Go out upon the heights
At dawn
And see the big dew-wet
World wake up,
And thank your blessed stars

You're here to do it.
Don't worry—
Everything's all right—
I reckon!

August 13, 1893.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 38.

Sand

We're down here on the sloping beach,
 We—wife and girls and I—
 And having times that might be termed
 Almighty “old” and “high”—
 Behind us spring the bluffs in air,
 Before us sobs the sea,
 And all around us is the sand,
 With some of it in me!

It's in my pockets, down my neck,
 And in my “auburn” hair;
 And shoes! well, I should rather say
 There *was* some sand in there;
 And just about an hour ago
 I casually dropped asleep,
 But woke to find myself in sand
 Some two or more feet deep.

One summer on this stretch of shore
 Would make a pugilist
 The terror of the land we love
 By the simplest twist of wrist;
 For here he well could “sand” himself
 Until his spunk would be
 A terror quite unto himself
 As well as for to see.

The children (bless their happy hearts)
 Can in it roll and play,
 And turn handsprings and “somersets,”
 And lug it by quarts away
 In little shoes and stockings,
 And in little folds of frocks,
 While their papa can, if he has good luck,
 Take some home in his socks.

But still it's good, clean sea-washed dirt,
 A “mud” that never sticks,
 And would, I fear, not suit the folks
 That boss the politics.

For instead of leaving any stain
 These seaside people say;
It acts just like a very charm
 In taking stains away.

But I must not tarry longer now,
 The cry is “to the beach!”
And the old sea wooes me, wins me,
 With its landward roll and reach;
Old Sol is taking his evening bath
 In a wealth of radiance grand,
And wife and the little girls and I
 Are off for our bath of sand.

Santa Monica, June 5, 1883.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 39–40.

Am I Not a “Pioneer?”

I did not come around the Horn.
 In a great big ship with flapping sails—
A great big ship which churned the sea,
 And bumped the noses of the whales.

I did not come by Panama,
 Nor ride a mule led by a black,
Nor get the Isthmus fever some,
 Nor wish to God I could go back.

I did not come across the plains,
 And spend six months upon the way,
But took a sleeping car in mine,
 Speeding two hundred miles a day.

And yet I feel that I should rank
 Among the proudest of the line—
For I am glad to own the fact
 That I was born in '49.

November 12, 1880.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 40.

A Stockton Regatta

Dedicated to the Amity Boat Club

“Form on, gents, for a cotillion!”
 “Join your hands and circle all”—
“First four right and left,” my hearties.
 “Please, Mr. Blobson, take my shawl.”
“Balance four and cross right over,”
 “Ladies change,” and do it nice—
“Oh, but ain’t this boating, truly,
 Just the biggest thing on ice?”
Half promenade, te dum te dido,
 Allemande left, and swing your pard,
All promenade, and as you are now—
 “Port your helm, Jim—port her hard!”
“First four forward; change your partners;”
 “Forward three, and gent also.”
“Forward two and back to places,”
 “Forward again and dos a dos.”
“Balance corners, swing your maiden,”
 “Side four forward,” as before;
“All promenade,” te dum te dido.
 Now then, laddies, pull for shore!
Isn’t this the finest rowing
 Ever seen in all the land?
Not a muscle strained or hardened,
 Not a blister on a hand!

“Take your partners for a schottische!”
Dreyfous, play ’em something sweet,
While they chase this wild regatta
With the flyingest kind of feet!
“Ouch! my corns!” “Excuse me, madame,”
“Miss Matilda, take my arm
While we seek some quiet corner
Where it isn’t quite so warm.”
Now then: “Partners for the gallop,”
Charge and rally, crush and jam—
“Take me home, John Johns, this minute;
I’m my mama’s little lamb;
Don’t you see my pull-back’s busted?
Flounces torn off by the foot?
Little else could one expect, though,
From a No. 14 boot!”

Thus the flying yachtsmen go it,
Brave and brawny, but I vow
That they “sabe” siren waltzes
Better than the racing-scow.
Hark! Now hear ’em: “Swing the corners;”
“Balance again, and partners all”—
In any other place than Stockton
This regatta’d be a ball!

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 41–42.

An Idyl of a Kiss

Gurges the river low, and swirls amid the trailing grasses,
Against the banks it purls and flings sweet kisses as it passes;
And, as it sings, a tiny sail flits o'er it like a swallow,
Dipping its white wing, seeking inlet, while the eddies follow.

Here underneath a spreading tree a charming little lady
Unpacks a hamper, while a lad seeks spot a bit more shady;
And over dainties she and he grow most supremely tender,
Until the lad suggests that he one little kiss will lend her.

He heard the water kiss the leaves that o'er it dip and flutter,
And this, no doubt, reminded him that he a word might utter—
That is, did she accept his kiss as calmly as the river
Bestows them on the tilting leaves that o'er it nod and quiver.

The gentle maiden, bless her heart, was fair and sweet and twenty,
And on her red lips rested kisses, sweet as she, in plenty.
But most perverse, the little minx, the blissful idea flouted,
And, must I tell it, actually pursed up her lips and pouted!

The poor lad's head swam as he turned his boat's prow to the open,
And though both chattered like the birds, still not a word was spoken
Upon the thought that in his breast burned with a mad desire,
He saying to himself: "How far, how far, and yet how nigh her!"

Gaily the river spun beneath their homeward-flying dory;
Sweetly it sang as o'er it beamed the sun in golden glory;
And though they tacked from cove to point, this lass and manly laddie,
She still was gay and fair and sweet—and not one lone kiss had he!

Moored at a grassy slope, the boat, with but a pennant flying,
Has disembarked its passengers, and one in love is sighing—
Too young to know that if you wish fruit from the tree, just shake it;
And that that un-kissed girl's mad yet because he didn't take it!

Stockton, 1882.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 42–43.

The Governor's Ball

Like a palace of light in the gloaming
The capitol loomed in the air,
And the stars through the translucent ether
Beamed down with a scintillance rare;
From the breadths of the heavens the rain-clouds
Had swept with the coming nightfall,
And the hour was fit and propitious
That honored the Governor's ball.

To the high-pillared portals there hurried
The precious freighted coupés,
And the streets of the city rang loud with
The hoof-beats of blacks and of bays;
Through the marble-paved corridors rustled
Silks, satins and velvets, which all
Caressed dainty feet that were going
To dance at the Governor's ball.

And the music rolled from the rotunda,
And ravished the listening ears—
It swelled to the dome, through the doorways,
To swoon on the em'rald parterres;
While eyes that were bright as the stars are
Were sparkling in chamber and hall—
For the State lent the pick of its beauty
To honor the Governor's ball.

There were jewels agleam in the gaslight;
There were bosoms like roses of snow;
There were willowy figures, and laces
As creamy as blossoms that blow;
There were lips like the bow of Cupid;
There were feet just as cunning and small
As any Cind'rella e'er boasted,
That night at the Governor's ball.

There were militaire figures, bright-buttoned
And corded with spasms of gold;
There were punch bowls top full and o'erflowing;
There were cavaliers stalwart and bold;
There were pates de foi gras and ices;
There were just a few flowers called "wall,"
As well as the taste, wit and beauty
Which honored the Governor's ball.

And I think I saw something like flirting,
Perhaps once or twice, on the stairs—
Or it might have been but an engagement
To "racquette" to one of Strauss' airs;
But I'm sure I o'erheard a sweet creature—
A divinity dainty and tall—
Say, "Yes, Dick, I'll be yours forever,"
That night at the Governor's ball.

And amid the small hours of the morning,
When the stars in the east had gone out;
When the melody hushed and the dancers
Had quitted the scene of the rout,
I thought—as I saw in the dawning
The capitol loom white and tall—
"How sweet in my memory will linger
This night at the Governor's ball."

San Francisco Argonaut, February 1881.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 43–45.

The Glorious Climate o' Californy

"Snatched from the jaws of death by the G. C. of C."

Ho! Eastland, turn loose to this region
Each man with an asthmatic whoop,
The cerebro-spinal and so forth,
The baby with colic or croup!
Just give us one whack at your ailment,
And we'll knock it as cold as can be,
For this you will please to remember's
The glorious climate of C.

Send out to this God-favored section
Each banged-up, tubercled lung,
Or the worst disposition that ever
Was hitched to a villain unhung,
And fix it we will while a Paddy
Is dancing the tra-la-la-le,
For this I will pause to remark is
The wonderful G. C. of C.

Let the Bostonese come here and take it
As't the Hub he would toy with the bean;
Let Vermont send its suffering sufferers
Away from her mountains of green,
And we'll gamble our stock in the future
That almighty soon you will see
Health glow in each radiant feature—
Placed there by the G. C. of C.

Let the lame and the halt and the tired
But rest for a time on these shores,
And appetite won't wait for dinner
To beat anything out of doors;
For here where the golden spheres cluster
On the fragrant and dark-verdured tree,
Is the spot known from high-up to low-down's
The home of the climate of C.

And they're coming 'cross valley and desert,
They're crowding each mountain-rent pass—
Philadelphia, New York and the regions
This side poureth westward *en masse*.
For they'll have it if money can buy it,
Though it sloshes all round here too free—
This bang-uppest thing on the tapis—
This lung-mending climate of C.

1883.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 45–46.

Postmaster “Lum”

C. F. Lummis, the gifted writer, has been appointed postmaster at Isleta, Bernalillo County.—Arizona Journal-Miner.

Ah! Lummis, old boy, you surprise me;
 I'd never a thought to seen you
 Behind a delivery window,
 And passing the letters right through.
Who'd you get, Lum, to sign your “petition?”
 And where did you locate your “pull?”
Have you really got your commission?
 Is the place of assistant yet full?

If not, Lum, I'd like a position—
 A job such as licking of stamps,
Or reading the postal-card writing,
 And standing off cowboys and tramps.
By the way, though, I'm told that Isleta
 'S a country where shooting's the game.
Say, Lum, did you plug that paisano
 That once gave you some of the same?

I suppose you will soon be *au fait* in
 Such dod-blasted questions as these:
“Is the cars in yet, Mr. Postmaster?”
 “Is there mail in the postoffice, please?”

“Can't you sell me three stamps for a nickel?”
 “Mr. Lummis, how late is the train?”

Ah! Lum, I was once in the business,
 And that's what is ailing my brain!

Well, Lum, when you're writing back yonder
To the boys in the capitol town,
I would like if you'd say it's my notion
That for once they have done it up brown;
With you in the administration
I'm sure all-fired near right
Will be things in the P. O. Department—
Cigarette's out—please pass me a light!

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 46–47.

When Watson Sails

When Watson sails—
'Tis then that Spain 'Hl have forty fits,
Camara's fleet will hunt a hole,
Old Barcelona's bankers fly,
The Cadiz promenaders sneak,
The unprotected coast forts shake,
Sagasta wish he'd ne'er been born,
Don Carlos linger in the brush,
Old Weyler hide beneath the bed—
 When Watson sails.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 47.

Hesperia

An Idyl of the Times

*Contributed to the "Poets Night" in the series of literary entertainments given
by the Fort Street Methodist Church of Los Angeles.*

Beside the calm Pacific sea
Within a land that's called "The Free,"

Where, scent with spice from far-off isles,
The wind sweeps 'cross the watery miles,

A maiden sits and gazes far
Across the white coast's foamy bar,

And dreams, with wide ope'd, pensive eyes,
A sweet day dream of Paradise—

Of one sunland beside the sea,
Beside an ocean grand and free,

Whose blue waves climb up, fold on fold,
And lave the gleaming sands of gold;

On whose calm bosom swims and sails
The winged ships this side the gales

Which loud on other oceans roar,
And beat their faces on the shore;

The white-winged ships which on the blue,
Smooth waters swim the calm days thro'—

Like phantom barques they seem to drift
Down through a gaping blue cloud rift

From some calm ocean high in air,
That's fairer than all else that's fair;

Or like an argosy that's blown
From anchor at a golden throne.

With pensive eyes the maiden dreams.
She sees the ships drop into streams

Which flow past cities whose bright spires
Gleam like high-reaching altar fires—

Whose busy marts are ways of song—
Where right is loved—where cruel wrong

Finds not a rest, but hastes to flee
And cast its temper in the sea;

Where honor walks upon the ways
And scatters broadcast crowns of bays;

Where Peace—a laurel in her hand—
Stands sentinel upon the land.

She dreams that all the turbid smoke
Which rises up from battle stroke

Has floated into highest air
And left the landscape pure and fair;

That strife no longer smites the sense
Of comfort, and that recompense

Is made for all the ill that comes
With martial roll of throbbing drums;

That in the gardens cool and sweet,
Together wealth and learning meet;

That where the fair acacias blow
A myriad song-birds come and go;

That underneath an azure sky,
Fair as a dream the days go by—

Those gilded ships of Time that swim
Beyond the near night's dusky rim,

And with their gleaming canvas set,
Drift still into the cool inlet—

That blessed harbor of repose
Within whose shade the cereus blows.

* * * * *

But she awakes—her lotus dream
Is broken by an angry gleam—
A gleam of hate which reds the sky,
Which pains her gentle heart and eye,
She sees gaunt factions here and there
Pollute the happy earth and air;
Sees aliens come into the land
And boldly strike down Freedom's hand;
Sees demagogues and wicked men
Make war on all that's good, and then
Cry demagogue to those who do
The brave and right—who dare be true!
And as she gazes, to her eyes
The swimming tear-drops sadly rise;
The while she cries: "Oh, gentle land!
Oh, land of sun and golden sand!
"Thou one fair land below the snow,
Wherein the bridal blossoms blow,
"My sad heart bleeds that you should be
Pollute with this mad blasphemy;
"That ignorance should gain the day,
Or seem to hold the land in sway;
"That when the gods have made so much
Which could to wealth be turned by touch—
"So much in sea, and air, and soil,
Which could be gained by honest toil—
"That freemen with self-blinded eyes
Should let base alien factions rise,
"To prate: 'Who lives by sloth shalt take
From him whose sturdy hands doth make!'
"To tear the gates of peace ajar
And glad unleash the dogs of war!

“Oh, sweet, fair land beside the sea,
My sad heart beats and bleeds for thee!”

And still today the maiden sits
And sees the ever-going ships,

And wonders if it e’er may be
The land shall be what she did see,

When in a sweet day dream did rise
A glimpse of earthly Paradise.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 47–51.

The Exodus Jubilee

Say, darkies, hab you heard from Kansas?
Dey say it's a bully place—
Dey say it am the lan' ob Canaan
For dis yer cullud race;
We see de smoke down on de ribber
Whar de great big steamboats lay,
So we'll pack our traps an' leabe mighty sudden,
You bet we's gwine away.

Chorus

De darkeys go, ha! ha!
De white man stay, ho! ho!
We gwine away to happy Kansas
In dis year ob jubilo.

De "White League's" made us lots ob trubble;
Dey's made dis life a hell—
We ain't been free and ain't been happy,
And ain't been treated well;
We's labored hard in de fields ob cotton
And cannot get our pay,
So we'll pack our traps and leabe mighty sudden,
You bet we's gwine away.

De white man prints in de newspapers
Dat our life am full ob song;
Dat we am all content and happy
As de sunny days am long.

But he knows well dat we hab no comfort—
Dat our mules am dribben away—
So we'll pack our traps and up de ribber
We'll go dis berry day.

Ole Massa Linkum made us free;
 We thought de time had come
When here in de Souf wha' we was bo'n
 Dat we might make a home;
But de whip still cracks on de big plantation—
 In politics we've no say,
So we'll hail de fust boat up de ribber
 And go—and go away.

We thought dat when de wah was ober
 De Souf would learn some sense;
Dat de Ku Klux Klan and fire eaters
 Would go away from hence;
But here in de lan' ob de sugar cane
 Dey's taken root to stay,
So we'll wipe de tears from dese black cheeks—
 Pack up and go away.

De Souf may yet learn to its sorrow
 Dat de black man had some right—
Dat it isn't always bes' for a giant
 To use his iron might;
We know we is poor and heaby laden,
 And dat we cannot stay,
So out from de Egypt lan' of chains
 We'll rise and go away.

Den take your coolie Chineese men
 And see how dey will do;
Perhaps beneath de heel ob de tyrant
 Dey will rise up, too.
Dey'll lib on a little bit ob rice
 And work for a dollar a day,
But we is bound for de Canaan lan'—
 We's gwine, oh, gwine away.

Colton, 1879.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 51–52.

The Size of General Hancock

A campaign dialogue held on the day following a Democratic ratification

Son:

“How big is General Hancock, pa?
He must be awful great;
According to the man who spoke last night,
He’s at least a ton in weight.”

Democratic Pa:

“He is a monstrous man, my son—
Not only on the weigh,
But all alone at Gettysburg
From the rebs he won the day.”

Son:

“What, pa! do you mean that, all alone,
A hundred thousand men
He whipped ’way up a great big hill,
Then whipped them down again?

“Say, pa, did Hancock do it all?
Was Meade not in command?
And was it not the boys in blue
Who walloped the gray-back band?

“For, pa, I read in history
At school, the other day,
That heaps of Union troops lay dead
That time, along the way.”

Bourbon Pa:

“I know, my son, it reads that way,
Yet it’s all in your little eye—
It’s a regular stalwart, cut-and-dried
Republican campaign lie.”

San Francisco Argonaut, September 25, 1880.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 53.

After Browning

With a sharp stick

Oh! sweet hereafter loom up on the sea,
Blue meditation gleam on the gilded horse-power,
Rapt, rapt, so rapt in all the mining boards
And tempest blubbering:
Git up and git, old saw-horse, drop astern, swing low—
Bang out your chariots in the wild windgalls,
And list the humbug hum!

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 54.

To a Scandal Monger

You shadow of a soul, whose trade is lying,
 Whose heart is wormwood and whose tongue is gall!
Though here and there your wicked trade you're plying,
 You silly thing, the world doth know you. All
Your lies can harm not me, nor friend of mine,
 So now sail in, you Devil's Valentine!

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 54.

Sunset

See! Out within the wide pass at the west
The sun goes down. Out where the valley
Reaches toward the sea, and widens,
Lined by peak on peak, which, at this hour,
Are garlanded with color,
Amethyst, purple and turquoise
Blend with an o'erarching sky
Which is aflame with glory!
The red rays reach the zenith
Tipped with gold—the west is smothered
In a very gorgeousness of beauty,
And seems in its rich expanse
Like the great drop curtain of the world!

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 54.

The Quail

You little whirring rooster with the tufted head,
Scudding before the hunter in a state of dread—
Your brown legs twinkling in the autumn sun,
Racing by foot and wing to 'scape the loaded gun!
You're slim, you're graceful and your steps are fleet,
While your wife is like you—she is juicy meat.
Yes, juicy, full of dainty toothsome-ness, and rich,
And in the gastronomic temple fills an honored niche—
At times I wonder do you two e'er boast
As t' which would look the loveliest on a slice of toast?

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 55.

Rally for Garfield and Arthur

Air: "Marching Through Georgia"

Once more the dear old flag is up, from every staff and spar
It flutters proudly in the air and hasn't lost a star;
It leads the way to vict'ry as we in this ballot war
Rally for Garfield and Arthur.

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! Resound the jubilee;
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the banner of the free;
And wake the ringing echoes till they sound from sea to sea—
Rally for Garfield and Arthur.

The "Bourbons" cannot play on us the Union soldier's blue—
Although they dye their butternut the color will show through;
We "sabe" the old enemy, to us they're nothing new—
Rally for Garfield and Arthur.

Chorus

The Hancock boom's a weak one and it hasn't come to stay;
Just see it melt like snow beneath a genial sunny ray;
'Twas biggest when 'twas born, boys, and it dwindles day by day—
Rally for Garfield and Arthur.

Chorus

Break for the woods, you Democrats, for we are on your trail;
Our camp fires gleam on every hill and blaze in every vale,
As up Salt Creek you gaily glide you'll hear us cry, all hail!
Rally for Garfield and Arthur.

Chorus

Then rally, loyal legions, rally, rally once again!
From mountain peaks and passes, from the fields of yellow grain—
From the blue lakes through to Texas and from Oregon to Maine—
Rally for Garfield and Arthur.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 55–56.

Garfield Still Lives

In the east the gray morning is breaking,
 One by one fade the stars, as the night
Has its curtain of slumber unloosed by
 The jewel-gemmed hand of the light.
To that east our pale faces we turn in
 The morn, when the dew is still wet
On the world, to hear if the news be
 That Garfield's alive with us yet.
Go! wires that swing 'cross the distance,
 And carry the happy news far!
Speed! speed the electrical tidings
 Ere fades out the bright morning star!
To the end of the land that adores him
 Whose valor we'll never forget,
And say it, and sing it, and shout it—
 "Brave Garfield's alive with us yet."
Have you watched us, O stars! in your courses?
 Have you listened to hear our hearts beat,
As breathless we've hoped against hope for
 Such words as we'd dare to repeat?
Will you bear to him, winds of the morning,
 The strength we would gladly beget,
For one that we honor and pray for—
 Brave Garfield, who lives with us yet!

For there's not from old ocean to ocean,
 There's not from the South to the Lakes,
But would spare his heart's blood to replenish
 Veins of him for whom now each heart aches;
Who in ranks, or at head of the column,
 To the front had his face ever set—
The nation's one fondly watched patient—
 Brave Garfield, who lives with us yet.

But hush! He is sinking! Oh! Savior
Of man, wilt Thou not hear our prayers?
Wilt Thou heed not the sound of our weeping,
Which outward each sobbing wind bears?
Yes! He rallies! He rallies! Quick, tell it
Along every wire of the net—
Under sea, over land, beneath mountains—
“Brave Garfield’s alive with us yet.”

Day by day thus the nation’s pulse flutters
As does that in the sufferer’s room—
High and strong as the tidings are blessed,
Faint and low as down settles the gloom.
But we hope yet and pray, and are patient
As is he who th’ example has set—
The loyal, the true, lion-hearted,
Brave Garfield, who lives with us yet!

Stockton Mail, August 28, 1881.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 56–57.

The President Sleeps

“The President sleeps,” and God grant that his slumber
May be sweet as a babe’s on its fond mother’s breast—
That through it shall drift happy dreams without number—
That through it his pain-tortured heart shall find rest.

Sweetly sleep, our brave martyr, and while you’re reposing
You must know that beside you the whole people stand,
Their pallor-struck faces and wet eyes disclosing
How dearly you’re loved through the breadth of the land.

Yes, at heart we’re all there where the President’s lying;
Impatient we wait for the news to come fast
On the wings of the lightning, the glad tidings flying
That our President sleeps, and the danger is past.

Stockton Mail, September 1881.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 57–58.

Toll the Bells

Toll the bells.

While our hearts swell with sorrow,
As we list to the tidings of dread—
We have come to that threatened “tomorrow,”
And valorous Garfield is dead!
Toll the bells.

Toll the bells.

With the nation in sadness,
With the eyes of the nation in tears;
Oh, God! how one blind stroke of madness
The hearts of the people now sears!
Toll the bells.

Toll the bells.

From each hamlet and city,
From the mountain peaks down to the sea,
While drooping like signals of pity,
At half-mast is our flag of the free.
Toll the bells.

Toll the bells.

For his torture is ended,
And we, while we sorrow and weep,
Know his glorious life has been blended
With God's, for brave Garfield's asleep.
Toll the bells.

Stockton Mail, September 20, 1881.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 58.

Her Golden Bangs

There was once a lady singer went to 'Frisco for to sing,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
Her form was very shapely and she made the rafters ring,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
But when she started up her song "sassiety" was shocked,
And right out of that theater they flocked and flocked and flocked,
And Anna Boyd and Henderson, oh! silly were they knocked,
While her golden bangs were sticking up in front.

And now, Jane, they say "Aladdin's" tame,
And the chappies they are feeling fit to cry:
"Alas! and alack! Anna, come back,
For we like that naughty twinkle in your eye."

*A clamorous crowd has been making loud demands for the rest of the ditty.
So here you have it:*

She toddled out upon the stage, a smile upon her face,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
She apparently wore galluses to keep her clothes in place,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
Of course she knew her business and could sing it "out of sight,"
Until the people called her back some seven times a night,
For being but a stranger there 'twas right to treat her right,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front.

She took all hearts in confidence, they liked her pleasant ways,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front; -
And all the boys she set into a kind of dizzy daze,
With her golden bangs a-sticking up in front;
When e'er that singer thirsty got, 'twas some one's steady biz
To see that tuneful throat of hers well wetted down with fiz,
While every time remarks were made, "How unlike milk it is,"
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front.

But 'Frisco of her artless song, oh! very weary grew,
 And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
They sat upon her manager, a-saying, "It won't do,"
 And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
And so that hair once down her back now hangs upon a chair,
And the singer's doubtless taken on a simple, saintly air,
But you may safely bet your wealth she's mad enough to swear,
 With her golden bangs a-sticking up in front.

But, oh! Jane, doesn't look the same—
 When she left Chicago she was fly,
But alas! and alack! she's going back,
 With nary naughty twinkle in her eye.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 59–60.

Summer Time

Oh, the long and heated summer—
Summer here among the brick-piles
Strung along the city's highways—
Highways paved with murky asphalt,
Sounding to the tramp of horses
And the rumble of the wagons.
Trots the lolling doggie sidewise,
Rolls the cyclist perspiring
As he works his legs astraddle
Of the shining steed of silence.
Clang the gongs upon the street cars
Through the sunshine on the highways;
Round the corners screech the cable
Cars below this perch of granite;
Meanwhile glares the summer sunshine
On the streets that steam and swelter.
Oh! a long and weary summer
"Tis for us who fain must linger
Here where roll the noisy horse-cars;
And the trolleys and the cables,
While the hazy mountains beckon
And the surging ocean wooes us;
Yes, they beckon, beckon, beckon,
Do those high and haze-wrapped mountains
That loom up against the distance,
Full of cañons cool and shady,
Full of streams that dance and shimmer
Out of shadow into sunshine,
Out of sunshine into shadow,
Singing gaily over boulders,
Dancing 'mong the ferns as happy
As the fauns do in the forests.
And the great sea, how it wooes us
With its sobbing on the shingle,
With its rhythmic waves that follow
Up the long and slanting beaches,
Then slide back among the seaweed
Till another breaker pushes

Its moist way among the pebbles;
And beyond, there in the offing,
See the purple isles that taunt us
With their summer calm and quiet!
How we sigh here 'mong the brick piles
For the airs of balm that wimple
Cross their rocky promontories,
Singing sea songs in the summer,
Like the murmuring of mermaids.
And yet here beside the highways,
Paved with dull and murky asphalt,
Linger we who love the swashing
Of the waves among the sea shells;
We who love the piny forests,
Where the pine trees exude balsam
And the trout streams sing and shimmer
Through the sunshine into shadow,
Through the shadow into sunshine.

July 21, 1895.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 60–61.

The Silverinktum

Have you heard of him—
That funny cuss,
The Silverinktum?
He is a bird,
Is the Silverinktum—
Yet not a bird;
He is a chap who goes
Roaring up and down
The land
Talking free silver
To the gaping multitude,
And sometimes the cuss
Talks treason.
He is that sort of a
Monstrosity who thinks
That money is made
By statute
And not
By muscle;
That in order to
Get more money
To circulating you
Have got to make
More of it.
Never mind if
Every blooming
Factory in the land
Has its shutters
Nailed up, and
The things they make
In England are coming
Into America by the
Shipload;
What we want,
According to the
Silverinktum,
Is
More money;

Never mind if
Glasgow, Scotland, is shipping
Flatirons and things
Into Chicago by the
Trainload;
What we ache for
Is
More money.
Never mind whether
The American artisan
Is out of a job
Or not;
Never mind whether
The mills of this
Country are closed
And all the wheels
Are stilled;
Just give the
Silver-mine owners
A bigger price for
Their bullion, and
Everybody will get
Some of it.
Oh, a funny
Bird is
The Silverinktum!
And what he
Doesn't know
About political
Economy and the
Way to run a
Government
Would fill
A house and
Lot.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 61–63.

Democratic Tariff

At last
The tariff bill, it passed,
And Grover C.
And
Mr. Wilson—he
Of West Virginny—
Are gagging over the dose
Something perfectly awful.
Those saccharine Senators
Just simply rubbed it on
Grover,
They did, and they ought to be
Ashamed of themselves,
So they ought.
And then there's that 'ere
Tom Reed, he rubbed it on
The fellows in the
House
Just frightful,
He did;
And betwixt and between
Everything and everybody,
There is unhappiness along the
Potomac
To beat the world;
In fact,
There is so much grief
That it just about made
Grover sick,
And he has gone off down to
Buzzard's Bay
For to reoperate,
Because those Senator fellows
Pulled one of the old man's
Legs
Until it is considerably longer
Than it really ought to be,
And he wants to give it a chance

To shrink up where the elongated limb
Properly belongs,
He does.
Directly now there is
Going to be free sugar
And other free things,
Including a country free from
Democratic Congresses
And Presidents and
Other little things like that.
This thing of the American
Eagle Bird having to see factories
Starting up over in England,
And all those
Shopkeepers over yon
Getting a big ready
 To dump their dry goods
 And such
 Onto this country, all balled up
 With Democratic hard times,
 Is outrageous.
What the Eagle wants to hear
 Is the shriek of whistles in
American factories, and to
Hear the rejoicing of American
Men who work
For wages.
Drat the British lion,
Anyhow! I'd like
To just wrench
The tail of him
For a minute—
I would!

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 63–65.

Meredith

Meredith of Virginia,
He said
That a vet who
Looked healthy and drew a
Pension
Was a liar.
Then
Funk
Of Illinois, he said
That if Meredith
Didn't tell on 'em
When he saw any dodgasted
Galoots of old sojers
Going around a-drawing
Of pensions
That didn't belong
To 'em fair like,
He was
No good.;
Then Meredith of Ole
Virginny—nebber tire—
He got right
Vexed at
Funk,
And wanted to fight
Right bad.
He peeled his coat
And swelled up his
Muscles
Like a cat's tail when she is
Vexed at a dog,
And just tore around
The halls
Of legislation,
And said to Mr.
Funk
That he'd better not
Act that a-way,

'Cause he was
B-a-a-d,
He was—(speaking of
Meredith of
Virginny.)
And then
Some of the other
Fellers
In the bear pen,
They got betwixt
And kind of
Jostled 'em around
Some,
And
Then
The
 Cruel
 War
 Was
 Over.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 65–66.

Our Steve

'Rah for "Our Steve!"
For he seems to be a
Gettin' of himself there
With all
Two of his feet
To once!
He has knocked the feet
From under Bill
Foote,
And likewise the
Props
From beneath the San
Francisco Mugwump
Of the dailies!
He has corralled the
Bun—
Snatched the emblem of
Victory from the northern
Citrus belt, and is now
In
Process of hoisting it into
Place on the
Banner of the land of
Boom,
Beauty and
Beatitude!
Great is "Our Steve" of
The strident tongue,
Who larrups with it
The money changers who
Buy Senatorships
And
Debauch the fellows we
Eagles send to the
Legislature!
He is a measly Democrat,
"Our Steve" is,
But he is

White!

And hence the Eagle Bird

Is

Stuck on him like

Smoke!

For even Democrats

Sometimes do to tie to—

When you can't help yourself—and

“Our Steve”

Is

One of that kind!

Therefore

The

Eagle Bird, assembled

In committee of the

Whole, up here where

The winter sunshine

Paints

The world with gold,

Utters

A

Whoop of triumph

For just about the

Whitest Democrat of

The whole blooming outfit—

The stalwart, brave,

And generally 'way up

Citizen of

The beautiful

South

Commonly known as

“Our Steve!”

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 67–68.

The Footballer

Hail! All hail the footballer!
Watch him, all gory,
Red and grimy-faced,
Hammering his brother
Into the gridiron field
With glee.
See his wild, tangled,
Angle-wormy mass
Of wriggling legs and arms,
And eke how the
Miscreant bleeds.
Note you his clouded eye,
Torn ear, skinned shin,
And lip swollen to
Twice as big as 't ought to be—
In mirthful sport.
Bring you the litter
For the maimed, the
Catafalque for the dead,
And lug him
In heroic style from
The ensanguined field.
Also, what ho! the
Arnica wagon and
The ambulance;
Bring in the lint, the
Sticking plaster and the
Raw beefsteak, and
Let the repairs begin.
Patch up the broken
Men, bind up their
Sore places, and buy
You some crutches
For the limping.
No more they yell.
The zip, boom, ah!
Wienerwurst, Shah!
Google, google, google,

And Yah! Yah! Yah!
But winded and torn
And mangled midst
The flying wedge
And in the rushline,
They behold what
A double-triggered
Wild ass of Tartary
A footballer is,
Anyhow!

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 68–69.

LITERARY PROSE

Poets, editors, newspapers, and the machinery of print, 1892–1902

Eliza A. Otis

Mrs. Eliza A. Otis, born Wetherby, is a native of Walpole, N. H., and a graduate of Castleton Seminary, Vermont. She early developed a strong love for poetry, and her first productions were written when she was about ten years old. Her first published poem appeared in *The Congregationalist*, when she was but sixteen years of age. From time to time many poems from her pen appeared in the different journals of her State. After her graduation she visited Ohio, where she met and was married to Harrison Gray Otis. When the Civil War broke out, he entered the Union army as a private, served honorably throughout the contest, participating in many engagements, was twice wounded in battle, received seven promotions, and was twice breveted for “gallant and meritorious conduct.”

After the war Mr. and Mrs. Otis lived for some years in Washington, D. C. In 1876 they removed to California, where Colonel Otis assumed the management of the *Santa Barbara Press*, which he continued for several years. In 1879 he accepted the position of United States Treasury Agent in charge of the Seal Islands of Alaska, which position he resigned in 1882. One year of this period Mrs. Otis spent with her husband on St. Paul’s Island, and they then returned to Santa Barbara. Having disposed of his interest in the *Press*, Col. Otis purchased an interest in the *Los Angeles Times*, of which he owns the controlling interest and is now editor-in-chief. Mrs. Otis is connected with the paper as a member of its staff, and also has her special departments, among the most popular of which are “Woman and Home” and “Our Boys and Girls.”

L. E. M.

Publication. *The Magazine of Poetry* 4 (1892): 375.

'Gene Field Is Dead

If you will notice, the world has had a sort of lonesome feeling for some days, and, do you know, I have an idea that it is because 'Gene Field is dead!

Maybe Eugene wasn't a "great poet," but if he wasn't he managed to get mighty close to the innermost feelings of the people he sang to. As a writer for the little fellows, a warbler of lullabies, and merry, lightsome bits of verse to tickle the fancy of the wee toddlers, he had not more than one peer among American songsters. There were heart, and rhythm, and melody in those little songs of his, and touches of pathos that made the listener's heart ache. They were not grandiloquent or stately, those songs of his, and they never went so far over the heads of his audience of urchins that they were beyond understanding, but they came from a heart that was essentially boyish, and went straight to those other hearts in a way reached by no writer of our time other than Jim Riley.

Field had a facile fancy and a ready pen. His humorous verse was no less fine in its way than his rhymes for the knee-high people. Who is there with a love for clever things who has not chuckled with delight over "Casey's Table d'Hote," "When Mojesky Played Cameel," "The Morning After," the funny skit about "The Large, Cold Bottle and the Small, Hot Bird," and the hundred or more other flights that were as clever in construction as they were airy in fancy? His was an American humor, bright, breezy, spontaneous, and as sparkling as the silver that flecks the sea under the touch of a summer wind.

In all his rhymed writings, so far as I have seen them, there is scarcely a false note. He sang true to the key, whatever his theme, and blended with a fine mother wit and a youthful spirit of gayety that other spirit of pathos which gives writing the human quality.

And so I say if it has seemed lonesome for a few days here in the world that wears on us with its griefs and cares and anxieties, then it is because a light has gone out that sent cheerful rays into more lives than we may ever know of.

Blessed, indeed, is the singer of the songs that reach the common people, for God has made so many of them to listen to the sweep of the singer's fingers upon the strings; and thus is blessed the gentle memory of Eugene Field, one of the tenderest and sweetest spirits of homely poesy that ever poured out his heart in song to kindred spirits of his native land.—[November 10, 1895.

November 10, 1895.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 106–107.

On Newspapers

The Eagle noticed with considerable interest that a couple of nights ago the Sunset Clubbers took a whack at the modern newspaper at its dinner down at Jerry's, and while the opinion appeared to prevail thereabouts quite generally that the modern newspaper is an all-around son-of-a-gun, and the men who make it no better than they ought to be, to say the least, a few words were said in its defense.

Sitting, as does the Eagle Bird o' Freedom, poised on this rocky perch above the intellectual bee hive in which is collected the honey of news, and within hearing of the clicking linotypes and the whirring wheels of the lightning presses which marshal and deploy it in gigantic issues for the thousands who read, I wonder, sometimes, that the newspaper is as good and clean and brave and honest as it is.

Of course, not all newspapers are good, clean, brave and honest—on the contrary, quite the reverse—but that the majority of them are is beyond dispute. No class, either of men or of institutions, should be judged by the exceptions. We should not judge all bankers by the ones who loot cash boxes and flee to Canada.

As already remarked, the wonder is, in this dissolute age, that the daily journal is as high in tone, as correct in its statements of fact, and as cleanly in its morals as it really is.

For all the land is rife with rattling good, juicy stories that never see the light of day in the newspapers. If they did the town would have a rip-roaring sensation for breakfast every morning, and society would be so torn up that the road to the brush would be better traveled than Broadway.

Every newspaper man knows a thousand things that are salacious, sensational and startling—stories that would make newspapers sell like the traditional hot cakes, but he keeps these thousands of secrets inviolate, and the pigeon holes of his desk are crammed with unpublished details. It is only when the courts or the police take cognizance of naughty stories that they get into print, except in the rarest cases.

For it is into the newspaper offices of the land that people come with their grievances, their covert slanders, their tales of scandal, their woes and sorrows

and schemes against reputation and prosperity.

And all the editors sit in judgment upon all these frauds and fakirs and blackmailers, a bulwark of righteousness and good faith.

The claim is not uncommonly made that the newspapers err in their statements of facts. Well, if this be the case at times, it is not the fault of the newspaper man, but of the people of the world who make slipshod or biased statements; that great class who lie either from the very lust of lying or because of mental strabismus.

For the newspaper men, as nearly ubiquitous as they are, cannot be quite everywhere. They must take the word of witnesses for the things that occurred. If these occurrences are incorrectly exploited it is the fault of the narrator and not of the chronicler. As a matter of fact, newspapers use the utmost endeavor to get at the truth of everything in the way of news. No night is too dark, nor too wet, nor too cold; no stream is too swift and wide, nor the mud too deep on any highway, to keep the newspaper reporter from seeking out the last grain of information in exploiting a story. Items that appear in the press are kept for weeks under the most careful and painstaking investigation before they see the light of day, and in every case the men who dig up the story labor under the sole instruction to get at the bottom facts wherever they may be found.

Of course, there are some things that come up in a rush that cannot be as thoroughly investigated as they ought to be, but, considering all things, it is most remarkable that the main features of a newspaper story are almost invariably correct. That there should be minor errors is unavoidable. Thus the Eagle, who sees the coming and going army of tale-bearers drifting in and out of this castellated structure which is the daily birthplace of the south's greatest newspaper, insists that the newspaper is always as good as its surroundings, and always better than its critics. It, as a class, is working along right lines for the development of the land we love, for the upbuilding of our institutions, for the education and betterment of the race. 'The press is first in the minds of men when a charitable deed is to be done.

It succors the weak, defends the defenseless, excoriates the wrongdoer, and is here, as elsewhere, the greatest single power for righteousness that is. The toilers upon it see their work written at night to be forgotten in the morning, but out of their toil comes after all good to the land and the race, and the man who is not proud of the modern newspaper is a fellow who is consumed of his own conceit.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 124–126.

On the Proximity of an Artist

Things are going on again around here where the Eagle Bird has his lair. Seems like there is nearly always something going on to disturb the even soprano of events, and to change statues and such.

This time the gang down stairs is making a systematic and studied advance on this perch. Whether it is hoped to eventually crowd this Bird o' Freedom off onto the sidewalk, or drive him back to the iron foundry from whence he originally came, remains to be found out.

It is this way:

In the attic just beneath those broad and sweeping wings that Percival wrote about in a string of stirring verses, they are about to commence sawing and hammering and daubing plaster around, preparing an atelier—I guess that's what they call it—for the fellow who draws things, cartoons and such, and his salary. The latter feat he is especially expert at.

The information has leaked out up to me (if anything can leak up) that the alleged artist proposes to shortly move up the narrow and crooked stairway that leads to the rectangular area beneath these 'ere claws, with his highly ornate pictures of the Misses Fewclothes, and to proceed hereafter to draw all sorts of things, including his breath, close up to the throne.

I can probably stand this close proximity, but it is going to go hard with me.

But the Eagle Bird's troubles do not end with the advent of a mere dauber with India ink. Other phalanxes are advancing upward, and are even being aided in their nefarious movement by one of old Hydraulic's highly-expensive and swiftly-gliding elevators that looks like a big cage for monkeys.

In this brigade of encroachers in the vicinity of the Eagle Bird's domain of the upper air comes the man with the high forehead and the blue pencil—he who swipes choice ideas out of the missives of “Veritas” and “Old Subscriber,” and scatters punctuation marks in the most appropriate spots in other pieces written by other pens. Supporting him come those other towering intellectual giants who write those large and logy editorials that move nations and wipe out dynasties. Those great, juicy chunks of thought that make thrones totter and

the public servants to swear. Those moving and majestic articles on the Schleswig-Holstein question, and other things suggesting how to rule worlds and how to keep Freedom from breaking loose from the land and taking to the brush. Another choicer spirit still moves up a story in this intellectual throng—the cow editor.

No man on a great religious daily is held in more different kinds of awe than the cow editor. It is to him that the palpitant public looks to learn what sort of an ensilage to use on a shorthorn sheep, and how many rows of gooseberry bushes it takes to equal an acre of orange orchards. It is to this great mind that the alfalfa grower looks to learn when to set out his crop, and when to dig it. To this great mind comes a daily grist of questions, such as asking how to graft the cottony cushion scale on the Gila monster. How to protect orange trees from the sun.

How to set out rutabaga beets seven to the row and nine to the hill. How to milk a cow simultaneously with a butting calf on the other side of the critter and not get milk in the milker's off eye. How to feed goslings with hard food and yet keep them from choking. How to grow potatoes on a side hill without their rolling down before they get their growth. How to manage a muskrat ranch in a dry country. How to extract bee stings without blasphemy and other loud language. How to utilize the butt of goats in drilling artesian wells. How to build a chicken fence that is worth a cuss when it comes to keeping fool chickens out or in. How to manage to raise a large family and a mortgage on the same ranch. What sort of fertilizer to use in growing frogs' legs. How to keep a dairy where the grass is short and the dairyman has no money to buy fodder. What is the best sort of a crop to grow to enable the farmer to spend his time in a hammock on the front porch. How to work a banker for money enough to pay off the hands on a place and send Lucy away to school. What sort of a rig is best to come to town in to impress the banker that you will be able to pay him if he makes the loan. How can the Australian lady-bug be made to ward frost from orange trees. How to get rich on two acres of ground and yet spend four days in the week playing cinch for the drinks in the nearest saloon.

To all these questions and ten thousand others the cow and bug editor must have pat and accurate answers, hence he is really the greatest man in this business.

It takes a man with a powerful intellect indeed to be a cow editor. And you can always tell when he is coming up in the elevator by the way it creaks and groans. It is very tough on elevators to have to hoist cow editors up to the third floor. My sympathies go out to such elevators as are called upon to perform this service to mankind, but some elevators must just simply work, while others must creak with a load of cow editor. So runs the world away.

This simple statement of facts as to the binding status about the Eagle's perch will give you some idea of the situation. The peace that has reigned on this far height for many years, in which the Bird o' Freedom has had his weekly say, is about to be torn up by the advent of a picture-builder and a corps of cow and other editors. Where once the Eagle lorded it alone there are now to be others—and such others! Especially those pictures that Chapin is going to tack up on the walls showing young ladies in their summer costumes in the dead of winter, and pulmonary complaints threatening every last one of them. It is just fearful for a staid and modest Eagle Bird to have such things going on and be powerless to do anything more than just register a roar in a loud voice.

It is going to take me some time to get used to this crowding of civilization—if that is a proper name for it. Bear with me, kind, gentle and indulgent readers, while I cut this short in order to be alone with my sorrow.

July 5, 1896.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 126–129.

The Country Editors

The California Press Association has again been devastating the larders and hen roosts of Northern California with their insatiable appetites and their unmeasurable capacity for cold victuals, and incidentally making speeches about the comity of nations; the purity of the press; the doing away of newspaper scrapping matches; how to get subscribers to pay up and stop kicking; how to get every man's advertisement at top of column next to reading matter; what kind of typesetting machines to use on papers circulating as many as two hundred and fifty copies a week; on the virtue of boiler plate, and how to keep it from curling around the cylinders; how many sacks of potatoes to require for a year's subscription; how to meet the citizen who wants to lick the editor; whether the sawed-off shotgun or the self-cocking bulldog is most desirable for use in editorial sanctums; on reduction in price of the Bogardus Kicker; what sort of shoe blacking to use instead of ink; on the use of newspapers as tamale wrappers; on the most effective mode of working a grinding monopoly for passes; how many columns of free notices should be given for two passes to the circus; how to sneak C.O.D. packages of print out of the express office without paying the bill; how to get a postoffice, and what part of California will we work for a blowout next year.

All these momentous questions of public interest were debated with great spirit. Numerous speeches were made that will go thundering down the ages like a milk wagon over a corduroy road, and then they hit the lunch counter another belt, whereupon the convention adjourned, after passing a resolution that a lovely time was had.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 129.

About a Modern Print Shop

The diggers who dig pits in the basement have shouldered their shovels and other implements and “went;” the engine erectors have shoveled a good portion of downstairs so full of wheels and valves and pulleys and belts and pistons and self-oiling apparatus, et cetera, that there isn’t room for another dowel pin; the man from back east with smut on his face and tar up to his elbows has put “The Old Guard” on post; ditches have been dug and set whirling full of bevel gears; belts have been stretched around hither and yon until the place looks like a section of a tanyard, and the wheels were set going round last night for the edification of the lookers-on at the show, as well as for you kindly and gentle spirits who, with so much patience and forbearance, sneak a chair out on the piazza in the shade this morning, where the big red roses beckon and the honeysuckle blossoms spill perfume, to read what the Eagle Bird has to say about it.

It is a great event in the Eagle Bird’s print shop after the foundrymen and machinists have made holes in the exchequer big enough to drive a mule through and turn round in and have quit and called the job finished. For that is where George Crawford and the rest of our boys begin to take hold with both hands and make things move off. It is just a picnic to see them all at it, as the visiting multitude saw them last night, while the girls with the mandolins played music. It is a hustle on Saturday nights around these recently dug-up diggings. The bright young men in the front shop upstairs scribble and write and hustle, lugging in the large, fat, juicy scoops in hen tracks on their notebooks, and slinging out the ideas in polished English as she is wrote. Then those disciples of Mr. Mergenthaler, who had a large head, they “set ’em up”—not in gaudy goblets of red liquor that erstwhile makes some careless critters see snakes, but in shining bars of type metal that reel off just like reg’lar print.

It is a long, liberal education to see those Mergenthaler boys do this trick of transcribing the reporters’ and editors’ more or less hen-tracky copy into the lines of faultless matter, typographically speaking, set out here on these once white pages. Then Brother Johnston, who bosses around one part of the place as much as the law allows, he gets hold of all the truck, with his other able assistants, and “makes up.” (If I had a couple of pages of space it might be possible to tell you what making-up means in full detail, but I will merely

remark that it means making a page of the great religious daily fit to be seen at a dog fight.)

Well, things are still going on, and going with a slump and a whirl and a rattle and a kick when they roll the pages of matter out in the spot that is hotter than love at The Needles. Here the stereotyper, he begins melting metal, and a-pouring, and a-molding, and a-sawing, and a-planing, and a-chiseling of it so the “plates” can go down to the basement (of course, you know what the plates are).

Then and there is where the lower floor does about as it pleases. The “plates” are bolted onto the new “Old Guard” and the “Columbia,” and the printing act begins.

Whir, buzz, clickity-clickity-click, the beautiful, clean, spick-and-span newspapers come rolling out of Mr. Hoe’s machines at a rate that makes your head swim.

And that was what the joyous company saw last night beneath the perch of the Bird o’ Freedom as the mandolins played dreamy music, the pulleys went round and round, and the big, round rolls of paper were yanked piecemeal through the big presses so jammed full of facts, fancies, poesy and general information that they fairly reeked, as you may see by perusing this metropolitan sheet this morning.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 130–131.

The Mergenthaler

You ought to see those machines downstairs that set up things. It is the greatest show on earth.

A fellow sits down in front of a little jigger like one of those typewriting layouts, and jabs and jabs, and keeps a-jabbing.

Then when he gets tired of jabbing he pushes down another jigger, and a whole circus turns loose at once. A whole lot of brass things with notches onto 'em go skallyhooting down a toboggan slide with channels into it, and drop right where they belong. Then the jabbing artist turns a crank, and hot type metal is summoned right quick from the inner mazes of the machine, and squirts itself onto the brass things, and makes a line of type quicker than you can say Jack Robinson. Then the fellow that formerly was jabbing at the jigger that looks just like a typewriting layout goes at it again just like he was mad at something. And so it goes—et seq., so to say.

Oh, yes, indeed, children, they are a great show, and it is beginning to be the sentiment around here that life wouldn't be worth very much without them. And then observe, will you, how lovely the stuff is that they set up. No type turned other end up, no battered x's or limping g's—just nice, clean, new print right out of the casting-box every day of your life.

Isn't it just great?

And, therefore, the Eagle Bird desires to utter a shriek of triumph for Mr. Mergenthaler, who “got it up”—that is, got the machine up.

What a head he must have onto him to think out all those cogwheels and belts and springs and the other paraphernalia sufficient to stock up a large machine shop.

What an idea factory! What a gigantic achievement!

In the dim and distant away-off-yonder some fellow may get up some sort of a thing that lays over Mr. Mergenthaler—his linotype—but I want to tell you, just between us, that he will have to get up mighty early in the morning and stay up mighty late at night to do it.

Therefore, and hencely, here are three screams for Mr. Mergenthaler and his linotype machine!

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 131–132.

The Press Gang

I reckon those press fellows from back yonder will be down here directly, looking me and the country over jointly, and you can bet I shall plume every feather I have on earth for their coming, for they are an observing lot of people, they are, and there'll be "a chiel among ye takin' notes" till you can't rest when those Faber-flourishers get on the spot. The Eagle hopes you are going to do things up down there in the street in good California fashion, for it will be a long time, maybe, before you will get a second crack at such an aggregation of brains, beauty and business as will arrive here with the press gang. This bird is so tickled at their coming that he thinks he will be pardoned for turning loose a scream with capital letters at the front end; so here goes:

Shake! proud prodders
At the things that happen!
How are you?
Glad you got here,
And hope you like California;
By the way,
How do you like California?
It's a gorjus land, as you
May possibly have heard—
Full of large beets,
Tall trees, and
Red liquor,
As you have no doubt
Severally realized long ago;
Also beer.
Likewise girls with cheeks
Red as the rouge that morning
Paints on the mottled skies,
And sweeter than all get out!
You chaps
Will like our girls,
Or this 'ere bird is no guesser.
Shake again!
You Faber-flammers from the
East effete.
And may you

Linger
In this land of tolerably tropic—
Build up each shaky lung,
Cancel each whoop asthmatic,
And loosen the grip quicker
Than scat;
So that when you go back to the
Land of chilblains, ear-muffs,
Galoshes, blizzards and other
Specialties
Foreign to this clime of ours,
You will have something to
Remember us by.
The Eagle Bird bids you
Welcome with both feet,
And once more says to every
One of you,
Put a claw there!

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 134–135.

Rudyard Kipling

The people of all nations who have a love for literature are, in spirit, watching at the bedside of that prince of the pen, Rudyard Kipling, who lies dangerously ill in the city of New York. Mr. Kipling is easily the master literary genius of this era, and his writings, aside from the purely literary quality thereof, are steering the course of nations. He stands in a class alone, and there is no writer in any language whose work commands a tithe of the attention that the most trivial output from Kipling's fertile brain does. Whether it be prose or verse, there is scarcely a line that comes from the pen of this gifted man that does not show the hallmark of genius. His poetry, whether of the barracks, the reeling ship, or upon the policy of a nation, is vivid with that quality, and we have had no writer in these later days who can approach his work in its strong, contemporaneous human interest, in its vivid spirit, and in its absorbing interest to the masses who read.

Americans may have said many things in a jocular way about Rudyard Kipling, for we are an irreverent race that is inclined to crack jokes in the face of death or danger, but all the same there is a tender place in the hearts of all reading Americans for the brilliant man who came out of the Far East a few years ago with a head full of ideas and songs and stories, and a gift for putting them into the most winsome and seductive form for the edification, enlightenment and uplifting of his fellows of all creeds and conditions. At his bedside even Yankee jocularly is sobered, for he, the teller of "Plain Tales from the Hills" and the weaver of the "Jungle Stories," lies in sore distress; his busy pen is in its rack; the ink is drying in the well, and we who love him for his strong manliness and admire him for his literary grasp and genius, know what his loss would be to the world of letters. And the prayers of good Americans are going up, begging that God be good to Rudyard Kipling.

February 26, 1899.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 340–341.

A Great Editor

A brilliant light has gone out in the world of American journalism, for the New York Sun has lost its great editor, and the country has lost a brave, resolute, masterful and honest man,

Charles A. Dana was the last of the old guard of famous New York editors—men who helped make the history of the republic, who wrought for the glory and the enlightenment of the land they loved. Greeley, Weed, Bennett the elder, Raymond, and now the courageous Dana are all gone, and all that is left of them are records of heroic achievement and great newspapers as monuments to their ability as leaders and masters of the craft of journalism.

Mr. Dana proved that he had ability of a high order for work outside the editorial sanctum, but it was as a newspaper man that he gained his highest fame, and it is as a newspaper man that he will be remembered longest by his countrymen, and that his name will live in his country's history.

Charles A. Dana was not only a journalist, but a student; but it is a question if a man can become really great as a journalist without being a hard student, for the profession demands tireless reading, research and toil that weary the brain and exhaust the physical system. He who would lead in the work of making great newspapers must not stop to rest; he must not let any subject grow away from him, and he must keep abreast of the times in everything from potatoes to politics, and from literature to the science of soap-making. Such a man was the great Dana, who has just lain down to rest in his beautiful home at Glen Cove. But he was more than this; he was a born fighter who was wont to slay and spare not. Journalists of this sort do not find life a bed of roses, and they create widespread animosities and raise up an army of enemies that has its outposts in every hamlet in the wide land. But if they feel that they are doing right they can well afford to go serenely on their way, battling with the frauds that invade the land; exposing the weak and the shuffling; tearing masks from the faces of fakirs and pretenders; striking hard blows that good may come of it, and standing up to the work through evil report and through good report, depending upon time for their vindication, and resting secure upon the approval of conscience, whether time vindicates or not.

Mr. Dana was essentially that kind of an editor. If there was a head in sight that deserved to be hit, he hit it, and not with a feather, either. Sometimes his blows may have glanced and fallen upon a head that did not deserve all it got, but these cases were rare, for he was a man of superior judgment and keen discrimination, not only with respect to men, but as to measures, and when he concluded to go after a scheme or a schemer it was something that needed to be done. And what picturesqueness there was in Mr. Dana's doing of it! There was never any mincing of words or evasiveness of movement in his attacks on the evils that confronted his country or the city of his home. With a vocabulary that was big and breezy he took after devious creatures and their unholy enterprises, and when he had finished with them there remained nothing to do but to sweep up the remains.

Such men as these are as rare as they are valuable to the country; their genius enriches, and while individuals who may have fallen under the lash will not agree that a loss has been sustained, the fact remains that in the death of a man like Charles A. Dana the country sustains a disaster of as momentous magnitude as an army does on the field of battle when it loses its commander. For Dana was a general in the army of peace that is battling the allied hosts of anarchy, fraud, pretense and general cussedness. Day after day his sword was ringing against the brazen helmet of falsehood and fraud; day after day his voice, through his great newspaper, was heard giving words of command and shouting tidings of cheer to the disheartened and discouraged; day after day he was in pursuit of a flying foe made up of bushwhackers, mountebanks and bummers of all grades and conditions, and it was a pursuit that never ended, for there was always a new crop springing up where one had been thrashed the day before.

But the mighty have fallen. He whose lance glistened in the sun lies low after a valiant and noble fight. Out of the smoke and darkness of daily battle the good soldier goes, we may not doubt, into a land where soft breezes murmur across Elysian fields where rest is sweet, and where there are neither tears nor grief nor suffering, but a blessed comfort that comes only after a life of duty done with a man's whole heart and soul.

Today the Sun that “shines for all” is dimmed of its luster, but let us fondly hope that its great leader and conductor is now basking in the brilliant light that streams about the throne of the Most High, and that all is well.

October 19, 1897.

Publication. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905), 353–355.

EDITORIAL NOTE

Texts, lineation, historical language, and sources

The original scans, rather than any earlier reader's PDF or OCR-only transcription, govern this edition. Every poem was reread against the 1905 witness. Source-page running heads, folios, and narrow-measure continuation wraps have been removed. Stanza divisions, internal headings, italics, shaped arrangements, and clearly intentional inset lines have been retained. Hanging indents created only by the original page width have not been reproduced.

The poetry section contains fifty-seven poems, not the fifty-five counted in an earlier draft. The two separately printed pieces titled "A Fragment" remain distinct. Deliberately odd or dialect forms—including "searchener," "grail," "Google, google, google," and "I'd never a thought to seen you"—are preserved when the source scan confirms them. Obvious recognition debris, broken words, stray characters, false line breaks, and spacing around quotation marks and em dashes have been corrected.

"The Exodus Jubilee" and related passages reproduce racial dialect and minstrelsy conventions that are offensive and historically consequential. They are retained as evidence of the newspaper culture, politics, and racial hierarchy in which Mosher wrote; their inclusion is not endorsement. The prose appendix is deliberately focused on poetry, literature, editors, newspaper work, typography, and print technology, rather than offering a general selection of Mosher's political prose.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Works by and about Leroy E. Mosher

Works by Leroy E. Mosher

Mosher, Leroy E. "The Stranded Bugle." *The Aldine* 8, no. 8 (1877): 240.

Mosher, Leroy E., as Hank Wagoner. "Scientific Farming." *Morning Press*, March 4, 1880.

Mosher, Leroy E. M. "Eliza A. Otis." *The Magazine of Poetry* 4 (1892): 375.

Mosher, Leroy E. "The Times Eagle." *Los Angeles Times*, February 24, 1895, 21.

Mosher, Leroy E., and Robert Woodland Gates. *Stephen M. White: Californian, Citizen, Lawyer, Senator: His Life and His Work*. 2 vols. Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903. Volume 1 contains Mosher's character sketch; Gates compiled White's public addresses.

Mosher, Leroy E. *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose, Including "The Eagle."* Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905.

Works about Leroy E. Mosher

- Otis, Harrison Gray. "Opening Notes." In *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose*, iii–viii. Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905.
- Andrews, Harry E.; Harry Ellington Brook; Theo. M. Carpenter; G. W. Burton; and Albert McParland. "Tributes of Co-workers." In *The Stranded Bugle, and Other Poems and Prose*, ix–xvi. Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1905.
- Newmark, Harris. *Sixty Years in Southern California, 1853–1913*. New York: Knickerbocker Press, 1916. <https://tile.loc.gov/storage-services/service/gdc/calbk/023.pdf>
- Huntington Library. "Employees—Mosher, Leroy." *Los Angeles Times Records*, mssLAT. <https://www.huntington.org/collections/lib-msslat-aspacespace-4267d2fe7f34c2d9312e725d44907c89>
- Online Archive of California. "Los Angeles Times Records." Finding aid. <https://oac.cdlib.org/findaid/ark:/13030/c8khor4v>
- National Park Service. "9th Regiment, Kansas Cavalry." Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System. <https://www.nps.gov/civilwar/search-battle-units-detail.htm?battleUnitCode=UKS0009RC>
- United States Congress. "White, Stephen Mallory (1853–1901)." *Biographical Directory of the United States Congress*. <https://bioguideretro.congress.gov/Home/MemberDetails?memIndex=W000394>

COLOPHON

Production record

This critical reader's edition was prepared for *Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry*. It is set in EB Garamond at six by nine inches. The cover uses unlettered Leroy E. Mosher artwork created by Brian Kim Stefans and follows the standard Green/Extremes palette and live-lettering system.

The edition was collated from the original 1905 book scan and Mosher's 1892 periodical profile of Eliza A. Otis. Archival images, source captures, OCR witnesses, editorial data, and reproducible production files are preserved with the edition.