

THE POET AND THE EDITOR.

A Celestial Ballad.

BY PETER PEKUPPUK.

The Poet came to the Editor's door
 One dark November night,
 While the rain poured down in torrents,
 In a sad and woful plight.

His clothing was drenched by the rain,
 His stomach by the gin:—
 The Editor got out of bed
 And let the Poet in.

He naturally invited him
 To share his humble fare—
 Went to hang up his hat and coat,
 And offered him a chair

Beside the cook-stove's cheerful blaze
 To dry his dripping form,
 But no—he wanted more within
 To keep his vitals warm.

And issuing an order, he
 Went forth into the night
 To get a long-neck' which he said
 Would bring him round all right.

The Editor's wife, not liking this
 Got up and locked the door,
 And vowed by all was good and great
 He'd get in there no more.

With fragrant breath and bleary eye
 And voice and manner wild;
 To raise a fuss and make a muss
 And scare her and the child.

Expostulations were in vain,
 For who will dare gainsay
 That when a women takes a whim
 She's sure to have her way,

So outside he was forced to stand
 And shiver in the cold,
 And denied all means of entrance
 To the Editor's warm fold.

But he was not inclined to take
 It, quietly, and go
 About his business, though each plea
 Was answered by a "No."

So wrathfully he stamped and raged
 And shook the door amain—
 But fruitless his endeavors, for
 He could no entrance gain.

His eager cries and loud replies
 Alarmed the neighbors round,
 And all King Street with nimble feet
 Were soon upon the ground.

To find out what was wrong when they
 Had heard the hue and cry:—
 But like the priest and Levite they
 Indignant passed him by.

Midnight from out the tower struck
 And then one, two and three;
 But the poet bravely kept his post
 Bold and persistantly.

Until two good Samaritans
 Who pitied his sad plight
 Accorded him a shelter
 At the lock-up for the night.

The wooden board could ill afford
 A pleasant place of rest,
 But like a true philosopher,
 Of it he made the best.

Till daylight sprinkled o'er the hills
 With mists of morning gray
 And the police unlocked the door
 And sped him on his way.

But still, their hospitality
 They could not well extend
 To one who had accompanied him—
 His very "bosom friend."

So to "Old Rye" he bade good-bye
 With low and and mournful sound,
 As Rideout took it from his breast
 And dashed it on the ground.

Returning to the Editor
 Repentant and ashamed,

He made apologies and said
 That him he never blamed.
 And something of his better self
 Came back to eye and tongue
 And so a pleasant time they had
 In converse sweet and long.

MORAL.

So, gentlemen, when'er you go
 To call upon a friend—
 Hoping a pleasant time to have
 And happy hours to spend,
 For your's, as well as for his sake,
 Be sure and take good care
 Not of yourself a fool to make
 By "loading up for bear."

A Plaint.

(BY THE EDITOR.)

(Written for the St. Croix Courier, from Grand
 Lake Stream, Me., November, 1874.)

I sigh for the vanished years;
 For the days of youth now fled:
 For the hopes that bloomed in my
 morning hours,
 That now lie withered and dead.

For the flowers gathered by the way
 Full-flushed with rsoy bloom,
 That mouldering, now lay hid away,
 Asleep in the earth's cold tomb.

I sigh for the friends, now gone,
 Whose love I used to share,
 Who oft my weary heart beguiled
 Of sorrow, pain and care.

Some rest in the churchyard, their
 damp, cold bed
 Affords a quiet sleep;
 And over their graves are the red lea-
 ves spread,
 Where mourners go to weep.

Some are estranged and pass me o'er
 With a look of scorn or strife:
 While some, amidst distant scenes afar,
 Have faded out of my life.

Oh, I sigh for the winter, almost here
 With its cold and icy breath:
 For the trees, which stand with their
 branches bare,
 In the chill embrace of death.

And I liken my life to the winter drear,
 With its winds and its driving
 snows;
 And my thoughts are as wild as the
 hurricane
 That over the Northland blows.

And my hopes lie buried in the past
 As the drifts cover up the flowers;
 And I ne'er can hope to behold again
 The joys of those vanished hours.

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