





THE EXCURSION OF 4TH JULY, 1860:

Being the eighty fourth Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

A HEROIC POEM

IN NINE CANTOS.

BY THE POET LAUREATE OF THE BLUE BIRD CLUB.

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1860.

Entered in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court of
the United States for Middle Tennessee, according to the act
of Congress.

Affectionately inscribed to
the Mothers and Wives,
Daughters, Sisters and
Sweetheart of the Crews
of the *Blue Bird* and
Shark.

THE HISTORY OF THE

The following is a list of the names of the persons who were members of the Society of Friends in the year 1800. The names are arranged in alphabetical order.

The names of the persons who were members of the Society of Friends in the year 1800 are as follows:

1. Abigail Adams

2. Anne Arundell

3. Benjamin Franklin

4. George Washington

5. John Adams

6. Thomas Jefferson

7. James Madison

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE COMMODORE, a man who never swears; part owner and proprietor of the "*Blue Bird*;" afflicted with disease, and consequently lazily inclined.

THE CAPTAIN, Jerrybaldi, a Pearl of great price; somewhat addicted to violent language.

THE BOATSWAIN, whose name and deeds are not *nil*.

THE SURGEON, a scientific sportsman; M.(a)D.; Monk of St. Giles; Member of the Medical Convivial Association; A.B.C.; D.E.F.G.; H.I.J.K.L.; M.N.O.; P.Q.R.S.; T.U.V.; W.X.Y.Z.; and Member of many other similar Societies at Home and Abroad.

MR. BENT, but not broken; an eminent vocalist.

WHITE FRANK, Changing to *yellow*, and subsequently to *red* Frank; an aristocrat.

BLACK FRANK, the property of his master.

Ladies, Servants, etc.

Pure enjoyment and not sorrow
Was the object of the day,
With no thought of any morrow,
When the sun shone to make hay.

PROLOGUE.

BY PROFESSOR SHORTFELLOW.

Should you ask me whence my story,
Whence the narrative I give you,
With the odors of the corn-juice
With the waters of Sewanee,
With the curling of cigar-smoke,
With the oaths of Jerrybaldi,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of navvies at a railroad.

I should answer, I should tell you,
From the old-fields and the mud-banks,
Of the good old State that lies there
'Twixt Kentuck and Alabama;
From the land of Gen'ral Rob'son,
From the land of the Demumbranes,
Of the Carrolls and the Putnams,
Of the Weakleys and the Shelbys,
Of the Cheathams and the Fosters,
Of Sevier, of Nash and Claiborne;
Where the President, Old Hickory,
Fought with Benton and was wounded;
Where John Bell, and Mr. Polk too,
Sought for honors and have gained them.
I repeat it as I saw it.
Tell the tale just as I saw it,
In my own unvarnished language.

Should you ask where I, the poet,
Saw these scenes, so wild and wayward,
Saw these scenes, and these adventures,
I should answer, I should tell you,
"In the deep glades of the forest,
"In the middle of the river,
"In the pleasant water-courses,
"In the gently wooded valley,

"And I set them all to measure,
"That our folks might hear and know them."

If still further you should ask me,
Saying, "Who the deuce are you, sir?"

"Tell us, prithee, who are you, sir?"

I should answer your inquiries,
Straightway in such words as follow,

"Mind your own affairs, you humbug."

And should add, "what don't concern you,

"You'll be pleased to let alone, sir."

If still further you should press me,

"Please, do tell me what you are, Sir

"Tell me what's your name and calling?"

I should answer then politely,

"I'm the Laureate of the *Blue Bird*."

"Crowned am I with oak and parsley,

"Proud am I to be the medium,

"Of the spreading through the world,

"Of the voyage of the *Blue Bird*,

"Which will soon a famous fact be.

"Rivalling those of Cook, Columbus,

"Rivalling those of any other."

Ye who love the haunts of nature,

Love the hills around our city,

Love the old Sewanee river,

Love a cool retreat in summer,

Love a glass of fresh iced-water;

Love to run about and pic-nic,

In your old clothes love to rough it;

Listen to this simple story,

To this song of Fourth July.

Ye who love to read adventure

Love the tale of young men's doings,

Love to know how they conduct them

Selves when they're upon a frolic;

Love to hear that men who're busy

Summing, adding, writing, teaching,
All the year round, very nearly,
Can yet have a day to cast off
Thoughts of work, of bores and cares,
And can sensibly enjoy it ;
Rest their heads and work their bodies,
And can get the greatest share of
Fun and frolic in a short time,
Listen to this simple story,
To this song of Fourth July.

Ye who know that now and then the
Gravest man must have his laugh out ;
That " all work and no play " makes Jack
The Dullest of all dullest boys,
Listen as indulgent critics
To this song of Fourth July.

THE EXCURSION.

CANTO I.

MORNING.

Gray morn appears, on all the twigs and sprays,
The birds are warbling their Creator's praise,
While peal on peal, the cannon's awful roar,
Proclaims our country's years are numbered eighty-four.
Free is our land from tyranny's heavy chain,
Roar loud, ye cannon, roar and roar again,
Rouse all the slumberers with your lusty voice,
Bid them awake—they're free—let them rejoice.
Loud and more loud the brazen cannon roars,
Loud and more loud the sleeping surgeon snores;
But yet a soft sweet voice he wel' can hear,
"I think it's time you must get up my d'ar."

To leave his bed he much despises,
But pleasure calls, the doctor rises,
His clothes are donned, his birds are fed,
He leaves his loved ones in their bed,
And o'er the fields he hurries at rapid pace,
To Jerry'baldi's home—the trysting place.
Clad in a suit of almost spotless white,
Which very black and yellow was e'er night,
Well can we paint his shoes, his hat, his pace,
But who can draw his shining morning face.

CANTO II.

THE CREW.

O muse, assist. inspire me with your art,
 I'll do my best, if you will do a part.
 Help thou the humble Laureate to recount
 The sights he saw when Jerrybaldi's step he'd mount.

Out side the house—'t was brick and faced with stone,
 There stood the Surgeon, awestruck and alone;
 Within a galaxy of manly beauty shone.
 And with it one fair damsel was there seated,
 Bright as a sunbeam, beauteous as a Venus.
 Ho, seneschal, fetch a fan to screen us
 From all that blaze of loveliness, of strength, of mirth,
 Which on the Surgeon's half oped eyes burst forth.

On the left's a young man—maybe.—
 Moustached and tall, and fair—aha!
 But at home he's got a baby,
 Claps its hands and calls "Papa!"
 Who would think to hear him singing
 Songs of many a bard and clime,
 This young chap is on the way to
 Be a grandpap in his time.

"BENT, like a laboring oar that toils in the surf of the ocean,
 BENT, *but not broken*," the name of this grandpapa in prospective.

Short cropped hair, dark and stiff, thickly is laid o'er his forehead,

In short curls o'er his mouth a moustache falls fierce and hussar-like.

And so did he look as he sat gazing out on the Surgeon,
 Waiting a chance for to speak, when Jerry would let him
 a word in.

Next, on a cane bottomed chair, the spouse of fair Addie was seated,
Clad in a brown striped shirt, which long ere the noon lost its color,
Clad in pants white as wool, which night saw red as Cologne earth;
Girt round his neck was a band, which of old a cigar-box had tied up.
Pale and thin was his face, but his eye spoke courageous endurance,
While in his right hand he clutched a sheet full of pictures and nonsense,
"Budget of Fun" it was hight, by Leslie of New York 'twas published.
Of nonsense the proverb declares the wisest man loveth a little,
So thinks the worthy BOATSWAIN, and so, of course, do we also.

A rosy lipped and gentle matron, with an eye so soft and clear,
Sits there by the pale-faced bo'sun, with her looks the whole does cheer,
Bids them think of woman's beauty, think of love, of joys, of home,
Bids them think of the rewards that virtue brings to those who roam.
Blessings on thee fair young matron,
So brightly beam'st thou with thine eyes,
With their soft and silky eyebrows,
And their orbs of wondrous size.
That gentle greeting which thou gavest, smiling with bright eye, with gentlest light divine.
These mariners the livelong day will strengthen—at any rate from breakfast time till dine.

Nor are they all a mere plebeian crew,
 A LORD they've got with them—a live one, too,
 Who not in stripes was clad, but in a rough old coat,
 And who than he can better man a boat?
 Who would not willingly with him a friendship seal?
 What man has muscles more allied to steel?
 FRANK is his name, his nature it is frank too;
 Good as a business man is he, good is he at a prank, too.

(AIR—*The Rat-Catcher's Daughter.*)

Not far from him in the doorway
 There stands the City Bank Jewel,
 He's not a mason, but we trow
 He's a fit hand to use a trowel.
 Ha doodle doo, a doodle doo, a du dum, etc.

He vore no 'at upon his 'ed,
 No cap nor dandy bunnit,
 But the 'air of his 'ed is shorter cropped
 Than 'ere Frank Parrish could ha' done it.
 Ha doodle doo, etc.

When he said "Doctor, how do you do?"
 He had such a loud deep voice, oh!
 You could hear him at the University
 He made such an awful noise, oh!
 Ha doodle doo, etc.

CANTO III.

THE PRESENTATION.

(AIR—*Take now this ring.*)

"Take now this shirt," says he, "Doc,
 "The crew does give it thee, Doc,
 "The *Blue Bird's* crew; think it will do
 "To wear on stream or sea, Doc.

"The stripes are white and blue, doc,
 "It is not fine and showy, but a treasure,
 "At any rate *we* think that it will do,
 "And much enhance and not decrease your pleasure,

 "Of cotton it is made, and Parks has sold it,
 "The buttons are of bone, come now—behold it,
 "You've worn many a shirt, but ne'er a wors'er,
 "We only wish it had just been a little coarser.

 "Accept this robe, and with it take the wishes of the *Blue
 Bird's* jolly crew,
 That not this day alone, but all through life, health, happi-
 ness and comfort wait on you."

Loud cheers for Jerry's talk, the Doc's quite fluttered,
 "Gentlemen," he says, "Indeed I feel I'm buttered
 "By this your action, and your wishes good.
 "As I can't make a speech, don't think me rude;
 "'Tis true I can get on at rowing, singing, walking,
 "But unaccustomed quite to public talking,
 "And you must pardon me if I can no more speak
 "Than thank you all—excitement makes me weak."

Eyes are dimmed as by a tear,
 Sounds are ringing in his ear,
 Quivers his lip—his gait's unsteady—
 "Gents," says Black Frank, "the breakfast's ready."

CANTO IV.

THE MORNING MEAL.

Now seated in their gaily striped shirts,
 Ham, eggs and biscuit to dispose of,
 Stuffing bread and chicken down.
 A hearty breakfast, at the close of

Which, another sailor enters.

- As *Blue Bird's* captain he's renowned,
 A man of note—a commodore,
 Cheeks bearded, long and lank and brown.
 "All hail, Bluff Hal, the men salute thee,
 "Thou art quite in sailor taste.
 "Thy trousers are so rough and ready,
 "Thou'rt so neat about the waist.
 "Come quaff a teeming goblet over,
 "Breakfast cup—perhaps you call it,
 "Only coffee, I assure you."
 The Pearl this, loud does he bawl it.
 "I thank you no, already with tea
 "Cold as ever wife could mask it,
 "My stomach is well filled—I dare not
 "Add a drop and overtask it.
 "But, my lads, time passes swiftly,
 "Six o'clock the chimes have sounded,
 "To the river let us haste, lest
 "*Blue Bird's* stolen and we confounded."

CANTO V.

THE START.

(Air—*There were two flies upon a time.*)

There were six men upon a time
 Resolved to travel and change the clime,
 And though they well loved both father and mother,
 And uncle and aunt and sister and brother,
 Yet they determined off they'd go
 The Cumberland river up to row.
 So bag and baggage off they started,
 Happy and free and careless-hearted.
 What that baggage did contain,
 If you'll read my song through I'll tell you again.

Farewell to the place, farewell to the ladies,
 Farewell, for a season we bid you,
 We'll come back at night, and none of us tight,
 And of your good suppers we'll rid you.

(AIR—*Way down upon the old S'wanee ribber.*)

Way down upon the old Sewanee river,
 There's where the *Blue Bird* lay;
 As good a craft as any workman ever
 Made, she proved that day.
 By her stern the "*Shark*" was lying
 Filled with holes her sides.
 It needed much to keep her floating,
 Bailing and whisky besides.
 See a gentle breeze is rising
 Blowing from the bank;
 "Let me fetch a sail," Bluff Hal cried,
 "Tut, never mind," said Frank.
 "No," says Jerry, "better use our
 "Fists and arms to pull."
 "Not when I can rest," says Henry,
 "I'm not such a fool."
 Thus they parleyed, thus disputed,
 Like dog and cat they fit.
 "Hold," says Bent, "belay that squabbling,
 "It don't help a bit."
 So the peacemaker succeeded,
 For a sail the Commodore
 To the sail-loft quickly hurried,
 Jerry only laughed and swore.

(AIR—*Lörd Lovel.*)

Captain Jerry he stood in the old craft "*Shark*,"
 A bailing the water out,
 When up to him comes the aristocrat Frank,

Says he "What are you about, bout, bout,"
Says he, "What are you about?"

"Oh I'm going to pull this craft up the stream
"For nine good miles or more,
"My crew too must work as hard as a Turk
"And outstrip that d——d commodore, dore, dore,
"And outstrip that d——d commodore."

"Who goes in your craft oh Jerry," cries Lord,
"Who's going along," cried he,
"Why you, Lord, and Neal, and the basket of grub
"Will do to accompany me, me, me,
"Will do to accompany me."

"Who'll man the *Blue Bird*," then cried out my Lord,
"Who in that small craft must ride?"
"Why the Surgeon and Bent, Bluff Hal and the ice,
"Black Frank and the bottles beside, side, side,
"Black Frank and the bottles beside."

"What! all the good bottles, oh Jerry," cried Lord,
"Every one of the bottles," cried he,
"No, hanged if we do, fetch here the whiskey,
"Leave them all the claret and tea, tea, tea,
"Leave them all the claret and tea."

"There is but one tumbler," the Surgeon exclaimed,
"One tumbler for six men to drink."
"And lo. we have got," said Frank in a pet.
"No bucket for ice, only think, think, think,
"No bucket for ice only think."

Jerrybaldi he cursed, Jerrybaldi he swore,
"Too many cooks," said he,
"Have spoiled all our broth, next Fourth of July
"Nobody shall manage but me, me, me,
"Nobody shall manage but me."

So in shocking bad humor he went to his work,
 And soon got the "*Shark*" all right,
 Not without some more bicker twixt him and Bluff Hal,
 While the rest half expected they'd fight, fight, fight,
 While the rest half expected they'd fight.

Meanwhile the *Blue Bird* has mounted her sail,
 The pride of the bold Commodore,
 And gracefully filling her canvas with wind
 The gallant craft sped from the shore, shore, shore,
 The gallant craft sped from the shore.

The bo'sun has seated himself in his place,
 The tiller has taken in his hand.
 White Frank takes the oars and he works deuced hard,
 Captain Jerry he takes the command, mand, mand,
 Captain Jerry he takes the command.

The logs left behind, the little boys cheer,
 And our party is off for its fun,
 At parting it ought to have fired a salute,
 But there ne'er was a shot in the gun, gun, gun.
 But there ne'er was a shot in the gun.

CANTO VI.

THE VOYAGE OUT.

Now they have sailed from the port, together the two boats
 sail onward,
Sail, at least one of them does, the other with toil is pro-
 pelled;
 Bluff Hal commands the *Blue Bird*, and Jerry of the *Shark*
 is captain.

Up the stream onwards they ride, until on a very short
 warning,
 White Frank does loudly exclaim, "that ham has made me
 so thirsty,
 "Let us turn in here, and of this cool water let us drink."

So to the lower spring straight the *Shark* and its crew are
apprehending,

"Boat ahoy!" do they shout, "Ho, Hal, you've got the tum-
bler,

"Confound the fellows," said he, "why could they not let us
go upward,

"Instead of stopping just here when the wind is so gloriously
working,

"Doing the hard work for us, and leaving us time for a
gossip."

But good nature prevailed, and although he was quite dys-
enteric,

The Commodore pulled in his sail, and up to the spring
swiftly hasted.

"Hold," cried the crew of the *Shark*, "don't run into us
with your bowsprit,

"Here, Black Frank, pitch out the chain, and let us get de-
cently landed."

"What is't you want?" cried Bluff Hal. "A tumbler," the
Jewel retorted,

"Where is your own confound you." "Why hang it, we
went and forgot it."

"Well never mind, let that rip," Bent the peace maker
requested,

"Drink water as much as you please, but no whisky so soon
in the morning."

"Oh, ah," the Jewel replied, "be pleased to mind your own
business."

So saying he pulled out the cork, and poured Robertson into
the tumbler.

Then handing the flask to his crew, he essayed to put it on
board again,

But in so doing smashed all its sides and the precious stuff
fell in the Cumberland.

"Oh, hang it," the Captain did cry, perhaps he cried out
something stronger,

"But after all, never mind lads, that wind indeed is a bad one,

"Which to none good does blow, don't you see we've got a new tumbler,

"For had we not broken this flask, we had been dependent on these chaps

Who are afraid to take drink, and whom we must stigmatize 'muggins.'"

"Ho," shouts Hal to his crew, "Hoist your sail to the breeze,

"Come boat-mates and join in a song,

"Let's sing while our boat cuts the seas,

"To the gale that may drive her along."

Solo — BENT.

(An original medley by the Laureate.)

Blow, blow thou wintry wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude.

Thy tooth is not so keen

Because thou art not seen,

Although—

Billy Taylor was a brisk young fellow,

Full of mirth and full of glee,

And his mind he did diskiver

To—

Roy's wife of Aldevalloch

Roy's wife of Aldevalloch

Wot ye how she cheated me—

In the bay, in the bay, in the bay of Biscay, oh,

The night both drear and dark,

Our—

Maxwellton Braes are bonny

Where early fa's the dew,

And 'twas there that Annie Laurie

Gave me—

A mason's daughter fair and young

The pride of all her virgin throng.

Who—

Bound prentice to a waterman, I learned a bit to—

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast

The rapids are near and daylight's past

Soon as the evening star grows dim,

We'll sing—

If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,

Do you think I'd wallop him, no, no,

I'd give him—

Ole king Cole, the merry old soul,

A merry old soul was he,

He called for his pipe, and he called for—

A health to all good lasses

Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses

Let the bumper toast go round,

Let them live a life—

So joyful, bliss revealing, that—

Still one bright thought must beam on our dear native home,

Home, home, sweet home,

Be it ever so lovely there's no place like home.

So Bent did sing, at least that's something like it,

So many were his melodies and songs

That I can only try to string them all together,

And get each verse where I think it belongs.

Now haste we on—the starting point is distant,

The sail is generally well filled with wind,

The sailors merry, lively, talking, laughing,

Determined to be happy with one mind.

So we rush on

Mid lots of fun,

Dashing—splashing

Chattering—splattering

Drinking—thinking

Staring—swearing

Hurrying—scurrying

Worry'ng—furry'ng

Tattling—prattling

Chanting—ranting

Sing'ng—ring'ng

Hallowing—bellowing

Till we come to Pugs'cy's Gut.

Dashing and foaming and leaping with glee,
A mountain torrent falleth wild and free,
A mighty walnut by its pebbly bed,
Majestically rears his lofty head.

An oak tree which to heaven its crest had reared,
Prostrate now lies, and arching o'er the brook
Forms a sweet shade, which cool in its deep recesses,
Causes Pugley's Gut to be a favored nook.

"Hark boys," Captain Jerry cries, "we'll drink,

"Here's a stunning location."

"Won't," says Hal. "that's flat," says Jerry,

"Confound you," and something like nation.

The *Shark's* crew halt, the *Blue Bird's* still push onward,

With summer crowned the Elysian valleys smile,

A while upon the waves her tracks remain,

Another spring is reached, from port three mile.

Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,

'Twas sad as sad could be,

And we did speak only to call

Let's tack, or jibe, or free.

Thus for an hour, or more than half,

We stuck—nor breath nor motion,

As idle as a painted ship

Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,

The very boards did shrink,

Water, water, everywhere,

But all too hot to drink.

The *Blue Bird's* crew now seized their oars,

Stoutly to work they put,
 And pulled like men against the stream
 To the mouth of the Island Shoot.
 Meanwhile the *Shark* was quickly filling
 With Cumberland river's water,
 And eke her crew were filling too
 With stuff from a different quarter.
 But ere we pause—and now both crews
 Together face the rapid river,
 Pull up with ropes, with shouts and song
Shark and *Blue Bird*, which shake and quiver.
 Neal and Beat do pull the *Shark* up,
 Horrid work for summer weather;
 Black Frans and Doc pull up the *Blue Bird*,
 But ah—don't pull together;
 Now standing—through the rapids
 Both the crafts are safely borne,
 Much nonsense spoken by all parties,
 Too much talked and too much sworn.
 Now the Island's summit's gained,
 And the Bluff we're drawing nigh to,
 See where those plants grow—Surgeon wants
 To pull them down, but's rather high to.
 That's a cliff of grey Silurian
 Hollowed out by waters' rubbing,
 There's Demumbrane's cave, where trappers
 Massey an Indian gave a drobbing.
 Next Mill Creek, a pleasant streamlet
 Now 'most dry and filled with mire,
 A very lovely little branch 'tis
 In winter time, when it is higher.
 Through these scenes we onward voyage,
 Much enjoyment do we earn,
 We feast our eyes upon the bluff
 Clothed with its brake, its ash and fern.

CANTO VII.

THE DINNER.

O muse, assist me to recount what further exploits we went through,
How at last we reach old Priestley's point—think the place a reg'lar do—do ;
How here some low fellows were fishing, and one of them catching a drum,
How we wished they were any where else, if not quite as far's kingdom come.
How two pigeons light on the blue mast, an omen we thought quite propitious ;
How we tried to kill a poor snake, which got off and made us all vicious.
How the *Shark* had a hole in her side filled up by the Commodore bold,
How White Frank and the Captain did slip, and into the river near rolled ;
How up came some fellows from town in the queerest boat we ever see,
How with them our bo'sun near fought, "all low mechanics," said he,
How at the point these fellows landed, with banjoes and fiddles and beer,
How scarcely was Jerry persuaded to come off and leave them all there ;
How at last *Shark's* leak is repaired and we're on the river once more,
Undergoing the same class adventures as we'd undergone long before.
How at length at twelve by the sun, for never a watch had the crew,
The Commodore called out to halt at a place that he named "Hardin's Slue,"
Whether it was the "Slue" or not we neither do know nor do care ;

But it'll do mighty well for our purpose, "Black Frank lay the dinner up there."

So after a pioneer search and no better spot being found,
Some rough planks were brought up from the *Shark*, the
basket was laid on the ground,

Then opened by little Black Frank, with his mouth oped
from left to right ear,

And his palate was watering fast when all the good things
did appear.

Here's a ham, and some ice, and some salt, some biscuit and
two or three chicken,

If we can't make a regular meal at least we'll get whole lots
of picking,

Worcester Sauce and fine Peach Jelly to the banquet lend
their zest,

Claret, tea, and Robertson County do their own to add the
rest;

No *Gigot Breton*, *Rable roti*, *Vol-au-vent financiere*,
Mendiant, *Meringue* or *Jullien*, cheese of *Roquefort* or
Gruyere

Deck the rude but wei filled tables on the banks of Hardin's
Slue,

Nonght but good American diet, cold indeed, but healthy too.

"Lads," says the Captain, "have you dined well?" "Pretty
bobbish, thank you, yes."

"ell, Doc has got a toast to give you, what it is you all may
guess."

Cheers for the toast, says Doc, "I'm not about to speechify,
"The day we celebrate we'll drink, our country's nobles let
us glorify."

So sat he down, or rather lay upon the muddy bank,
And to the toast all well did drink, especially white Fraank.
And then they fell a talking with more vigor than before,
And the Captain's called to order by Bluff Hal, the Commo-
dore,

"Satan does sin reprove," the Captain makes his answer,

And Hal to be as smart as he, patient does wait his chance,
Sir.

Their mid-day's meal was nearly through,
There on the mud by Hardin's Stue.
When's plainly heard a view—halloo
"Below! There!"

Bluff Hal looked upward to the skies,
The voice had took him by surprise,
He saw what 'peared in his eyes
The overseer.

"Good 'ellow that," says Hal, "I think,
"Hollo, come down and have a drink."
No need to press, he did no shrink
But down he came.

Yes, down he ran, and such a figure,
A big, one armed, ugly nigger.
Great was Hal's shock, but Bent's was bigger
All indignation.

The Captain laughed and gave a wink,
"Such an idea, only think,
"Hal's asked a nigger here to drink,
"Our Commodore."

"Make the best of every evil,
"Do what's right and shame the devil,
"Ne'er let's be inhospitable."
Said Bluff Hal.

So ham he ate and he drank whiskey
Till he got both spry and frisky,
Praised his host, admired our g'psey
Way of living.

Nor a common nigger was he.
Read as well as use his jaws he

Could, and called us *S'ark* because he
 spelled the name upon the boat.

But at last the dinner's over
 Bent, Ha' and Doc lie down in clover,
 The others speed the river over
 Home goes the nigger.

CANTO VIII.

THE ACCIDENT.

Bright was the day, the sun was piercing hot,
 But none were hurt except that some were shot,
 Captain and Frank most severe the shot in the neck did
 receive,
 The Surgeon was shot in the arm by a ramrod or wad we
 believe.

We were seated by Priestley's old Spring House,
 A merry and jovial crew,
 We had all come together again
 Since we broke up above at the Slue.
 Salutes we had fired with the gun,
 Birds we had fired at and missed them.
 The Surgeon had sung us a song
 Which loud was encored, when just then
 Fiss, snap, crack, bang did we hear,
 The surgeon lies stretched on a rock,
 The gun had flown up in the air,
 And came down with a splat in its stock.
 All started at once to their feet,
 And really we felt rather scared
 But the Surgeon calls out to relieve us,
 "Thank God, it's all right, I am spared."
 Cheers, our Surgeon is yet quite alive,
 A wondrous escape he had had then.

The gun had gone off in his hand,
 And his shoulder was cut by the wad then.

CANTO IX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Seeing that now for all our wants
 We'd been so successful to cater,
 We lay down for an hour in the shade,
 While we stared at the beauties of nature.
 We talked very learnedly too
 Of politics, love and geology,
 Of Boston, of Horses, of books,
 And even of Kant and theology.
 We drank to the health of old Vic.,
 We toasted our wives and our daughters ;
 We talked about Frank's getting spliced,
 And the wonders we'd done on the waters.

We lounged and we slept neath the trees,
 Bluff Hal condescends for to sing,
 We told funny tales, and we nearly
 Drunk up the old Priestley spring.
 We cooled our hot feet in the brooklet,
 On the mud maps of Sicily drew :
 Doc found a rare kind of a sun-flower,
 And some one lost Jerry's cork-screw,
 We knocked unripe nuts from the trees,
 And blackberries pulled in the wood,
 We were a hard set, but I think
 We behaved most uncommonly good.

But the sun moving westward gave warning, our day of diversion was done,
 And that soon as a thing of the past we must think of our folly and fun.

“To your boats lads,” the Commodore cried, and promptly obeyed all the crew,
Put on board the grub-basket and ice box, which *now* it was easy to do,
Put on board our extensive assortment of knives and forks crockery and glass ;
Of course Hal and Jerry they quarreled, and Jerry called Hal a great ass.
Now homeward at last we have started, Bent has taken Frank’s place in the *Shark*,
And Frank goes to sleep in the bows, and to Hal’s “trim the boat” doesn’t hark.
Off, off, like two arrows down stream ; we pass the big cave and the highland,
We dart past the mouth of Mill Creek, and we stop for a bathe at the Island,
And stripping ourselves of our clothes, of whose looks there is no use of boasting,
We plunged in the stream, all but Hal, who put up his great sail and went coasting.
We bathed for full half an hour, would have bathed for an hour and a quarter,
Had not Surgeon Doc warned us not to remain such a time in the water.
His precept we all thought was good, and we would have obeyed to the letter,
But he stayed such a time in himself, that we thought his example was better ;
We paddled about in the stream. we swam and we dived and we rose,
Till Hal at last did command us to look sharp and pull on our clothes.
“Now then each man to his oar, pull hard for your supper is waiting,
“Come, doctor, you pull on your coat, and don’t stand there laughing and prating.”

The tone of command is decisive, even Surgeon at last does obey.

And takes hold of his oar with the rest—a cheer—now we're off and away.

Past the Island, past the sand-bar,

Past "Three Springs" and Hobson's rock,

Past the Gut of Dr. Pug-ley.

"Hillo, here's Nashville." says the Doc.

"Oh happy home, is this indeed

"The Steam Saw Mill we see?"

"Is this the rock, the reservoir,

"Is this our own countree?"

The rock shone bright the mill no less,

The lime-kiln on the rock,

"The moonlight steeped in silentness

The steady weathercock."

(These last two lines are not my own

Sam Coleridge is the poet

I've stole from this time, it's as well

That all the critics know it.)

Swiftly, swiftly flew the boats,

Yet they sailed softly too,

Cool and pleasant was the breeze,

Tired out was the crew.

We run our craft along the boom,

We chained it to the shore,

We leaped on land, escaped the mud,

Our bating day is o'er.

(AIR—*Billy Taylor*.)

Captain Jerry was a brisk young fellow,

Full of mirth and full of glee,

And though he tired and red and sore was,

Asked us all, "come in to tea."

Tiddy iddy i do, tollol i do, etc.

And a jovial tea he gave us,
Lots of eggs and mutton chops,
Lots of tea and best iced water,
Which we drunk in no small drops.
Tiddy iddy, etc.

And to end a mammoth melon,
Placed our host before our nose;
'Twas Holt had sent it and we ate it
With a relish goodness knows.
Tiddy iddy, etc.

Then we sat down in the doorway,
And we talked a little more,
Over all our days work, and we
Scolded Jerry 'cause he swore.
Tiddy iddy, etc.

Then ten struck, says 'oc. "I'm off, lads,
"Late it is, it's really shocking,
"I must off to bed, I'm tired boys,
"Faith to-night I'll need no rocking."
Tiddy iddy, etc.

"Bye," he says, "Bye, bye," they answer,
Home he runs with happy face,
Happy too his wife receives him,
Does him cordially embrace.
Tiddy iddy, etc.

Now eleven o'clock pealeth from the bells both near and far,
"Let us all to bed," says Boatswain, "O how tired we really
are."

And when next the firemen's time-bell, waking dogs and
babes alarms,

Jerry has got on his night cap, and is snug in Morpheus' arms.

Hark! again it strikes! the wee hour! Frank and Bent are both undrest,

Douse the glim and close the curtains, happy visions with them rest.

Now we've followed these six fellows, through their day of fun and bother,

Let us leave them all to slumber—when will they have such another?

MORAL.

* A day spent in the country, with moderation in exercise, food, drink, and excitement, with a large stock of good humor, and many opportunities for laughter, is better for mind and body than tons of physic, and will save yards of Doctor's bills.

FINIS—THE END.



