Let all of the bells ring clear,
And all of the flags be seen;
The King of the Western Hemisphere
Has married the Island Queen!
For years he watched and waited
Along the river side,
And vowed that she was fated
To be his own fair bride;
Full many a night he wooed her
Upon her lofty throne,
And he hath long pursued her,
To make the prize his own;
Nor thankless his endeavor,
Nor coy the royal maid,
But, like true-love's course ever,
The banns were long delayed!

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And boys to men had grown,
And men their graves had sought;
The gulf was yet between them thrown,
And the wooing came to nought.
Though couriers oft were dashing
'Twixt him and his adored,
Still was the river flashing
Between them like a sword.
In heart they well were mated;
And patiently and long
They for each other waited--
These lovers true and strong.

Let never a flag be hidden!
Let never a bell be dumb!
The guests have all been bidden--
The wedding-day has come!

For many a golden year
Shall gleam this silvery tie:
The wondering world will gather here
And gaze with gleaming eye.
Philosophers will ponder
How, blessed by the hand of Heaven,
The world has another wonder
To add to its famous seven;
Philanthropists will linger
To view the giant span,
And point with grateful finger
Where man has toiled for man;
And all will bless the year
When, in the May-month green,
The King of the Western Hemisphere
Was wed to the Island Queen!

(5) Written on the occasion of the opening of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge.

(From Farmer Harrington's Calendar.)

JULY 2, 18__.  

Wealth, wealth, wealth, wealth! with iron bars to defend it,
And seventeen hundred thousand ways to spend it!
How men will work, in home and foreign lands,
To get a lot of money in their hands;
How they will bar and bolt, by night and day,
To keep some one from stealing it away;
Then, when a fresh bait strikes their fancy's eye,
How easy 'tis to make them let it fly!
Lock up your cash in places howe'er strong,
You lose it when the right thief comes along.
There are some families that I could name,
Who, spring and fall and winter, toil the same
As boys with sleds for half an hour will climb,
To ride back in about five minutes' time.
These families pinched and starved nine months will be,
To make a first-class show the other three;
And some whose fortunes sprung up like a flame,
Can puff it out even quicker than it came.

These thoughts grew like June corn the other day,
As I through Coney Island picked my way,
And found there, pert and prosperous as could be,
A land-and-water city by the sea;
And people holding, in free easy style,  
A Fourth-of-July picnic all the while.  
Thousands were eating there amid the din,  
As though they'd hardly time to do it in;  
Thousands were loitering in the breezy air,  
As if they had a year or two to spare;  
And every trap that ever caught a dime,  
Was ready set and baited all the time!

The ocean, to my unaccustomed view,  
Seemed having quite a lively picnic too;  
The waves came slamming at us with a roar,  
And chased each other pell-mell to the shore.  
And in these waves, and adding to the noise,  
A lot of men and women, girls and boys,  
Dressed in a style that made my good wife frown,  
Like big-sized corks went bobbing up and down.  
Some glided out and in, like jumping-jacks,  
Some rode the waves--a-lying on their backs;  
And some--as decent folks as one could see--  
Made capers that were very queer to see.  
I noticed Miss Doozéll, much versed in books,  
And quite particular about her looks,  
And dignified as any one I know,  
Roll over maybe thirteen times or so;  
While Jeremiah Jipson, LL.D.,  
Who seldom makes a move above the knee,  
And who, all former signs would seem to say,  
Never indulges in unseemly play--  
When an irreverent wave he chanced to meet,  
Stood on his head, and raised aloft his feet.  
The Ocean has no awe for any one,  
And always seems to get more'n half the fun.

But how the pretty children carry sail!  
Each with his tiny shovel and his pail,  
Each working his own little piece of land,  
And making small plantations in the sand!  
These little incidents show on their face  
That farming's natural to the human race!

When God's poor pretty ones, 'mid summer's blaze,  
Have lived 'mongst brick and mortar all their days,  
Trying their best to blossom and not spoil,  
Like house-plants kidnapped from their native soil,  
It must be heaven to sit here in the sand,  
And take old Mother Earth right by the hand!  
To lie here, by no brick blocks overlooked,  
And take a breath of air that hasn't been cooked!  
God bless you, children! May't a long time be,  
Before the sand shall cover you and me!
Yes, every trap that ever caught a dime
Is ready set and baited, all the time!
Here nigh the shore a strange machine I found,
To see how hard, with beetles, men could pound;
And several fellows tried it, o'er and o'er,
Who never handled labor so before,
And would have shown capacity to shirk,
If they had known how much it looked like work.
Here round and round I saw a big wheel go,
Like an old-fashioned horse-power--larger, though,
And worked by steam; and on the sweeps one finds
Big wooden animals of different kinds:
Elephants, horses, birds of various hues,
Lions and leopards, roosters, kangaroos--
All staring with great, stupid, wondering eyes,
And all about the very self-same size!
And on these beasts, sixteen times round or more,
Rode children of from fifty down to four,
While some big-sized hand-organ filled the air
With crack-voiced music, plenty and to spare.
Here a big premium cow--quite dead, alas!
Gave milkman's milk-and-water by the glass;
Here were some great "museums," which consisted
Of wondrous things that never have existed;
There omnibuses hover on your track,
Ready to draw you somewhere else--and back;
Here "marine railroads," as you onward plod,
Will take you riding at five cents a rod;
This "elevator" lifts you pretty high,
And shows you men must look small from the sky;
Yon gambling den will send you from its door,
Poorer and not much wiser than before;
That fellow there will, in an ocean view,
Your picture take, and swear that it is you.
Yes, every trap that ever caught a dime,
Is ready set and baited, all the time!

And sometimes everything seems blurred, indeed,
With man's surprising wickedness and greed,
Till you most feel there's nothing genuine there,
Excepting ocean waves and open air!

But still they can't put all God's plans to death
To let the people have an honest breath;
And so, while thinking it all up, to-day,
I finally felt called upon to say,
Thank the good Lord, from whom all blessings fall,
For making Coney Island, after all!

My cousin, Abdiel Stebbins, large and slow,
Arrived at Ocean Grove some days ago;
He stopped off in this city on the way,
And stayed here with us two weeks and one day
(For we keep up our airy home in town
Whether the mercury goes up or down--
Not liking to exchange it very well
For a small sweat-box in a large hotel).
He promised that the first hour he could spare
He'd write us how he liked it over there;
The letter, like himself, is rather queer;
Perhaps I'd better paste it right in here:

(The end)
Will Carleton's poem: Wedding Of The Towns

By Will Carleton