

1-1-1900

Nobody

J. G. Deupree

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/civ_clip

 Part of the [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Deupree, J. G., "Nobody" (1900). *Clippings*. 1.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/civ_clip/1

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Civil Rights Archive at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Clippings by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

NOBODY.

If nobody's noticed you, you must be small;
 If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall;
 If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low;
 If nobody's kissed you, you're ugly, we know.

If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;
 If nobody's flattered you, you've flattered your-
 self;
 If nobody's cheated you, you are a knave;
 If nobody's hated you, you are a slave.

If nobody's called you a fool to your face,
 somebody's wished for your back in its place;
 If nobody's called you a tyrant or scold,
 somebody thinks you of spiritless mould.

If nobody knows of your faults but a friend,
 nobody will miss them at the world's end;
 If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
 nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone.

If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
 nobody'll call you a miserly bore;
 If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen,
 gn yourself "Nobody," quick as you can.

EXILED;

A Rhyme of the War.

BY MRS. GEORGIE A. HULSE M'LEOD.

Sitting lonely in the twilight,
 Oft I watch the glimmering sheen,
 Ever changing, of the firelight
 Which the shadows come between.
 But my thoughts are strangely turning
 Far away from this cold clime—
 On the hearth no fire is burning
 In the home I once called mine.

Where are now the flowers I tended,
 In those sunny, by-gone years?
 Ere life's shade with sunshine blended,
 Or my eyes were used to tears?
 Where the old familiar faces
 That made home so fair and bright,
 When we all were in our places
 From the morning until night?

Where the father's stately bearing,
 Where the tender looks of love?
 Oh, I'm sure they must be wearing
 Those same looks, who dwell above!
 Where the sweet and girlish singing?
 How we loved those olden lays,
 Mem'ries of the long-past bringing;
 Songs of knightly deeds and days.

Religious Courtship.

A young gentleman happened to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a lady, for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion; and was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible, open, with a pin stuck in the following text, (Second Epistle of John, fifth verse): "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new command unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth—"Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing that I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John. "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face that our joy may be full." From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

THE UNCONSCIOUS ORPHAN.

Mother, I have found a tear
 In your eye! How came it there?
 More are coming—now they chase
 One another down your face.
 How I feel your bosom heave!
 What does make you sob and grieve?
 Let me wipe your tears away,
 Or I cannot go and play!

Why is father sleeping so?
 Put me down and let me go—
 Let me go where I can stand
 Near enough to reach his hand.
 Why, it feels as stiff and cold
 As a piece of ice to hold!
 Lift me up to kiss his cheek,
 Then, perhaps, he'll wake and speak.

Mother, oh! it isn't he,
 For he will not look at me!
 Father hadn't cheeks so white—
 See the lips are fastened tight,
 Father always spake and smiled,
 Calling me his "darling child;"
 He would give and ask a kiss
 When I came—but who is this?

If 'tis father, has he done
 Speaking to his darling one?
 Will he never, never more
 Know and love me as before?
 Could he hear what we have said?
 Tell me, what is being dead?
 Oh! he dosen't breathe a breath!
 Mother, what's the cause of death?

THE MISSING BELLS.

BY A BELLE OF CHARLESTON.

We miss the bells with their tones sublime,
 And the mellow notes of St. Michael's chime,
 For the Sabbaths come as they came of yore,
 But the Sabbath bells are heard no more.

A stillness reigns o'er the city now,
 And the prayerful throng in silence bow,
 When the holy light of the Sabbath morn
 Is ushered in with a rosy dawn.

No music floats on the passing gale,
 But the missing bells tell a sad, sad tale—
 For their strains were lost in the canon's roar,
 And the Sabbath bells are bells no more.

They muttered loud with a smoky breath,
 On the battle field, 'mid the scenes of death,
 The same soft bells that sounded praise
 From the steeple tops in our peaceful days.

Oh! soon may the solemn silence cease,
 And the bells re-echo the notes of peace;
 May our hearts once more with their music thrill
 And beat responsive to Love and "Good Will."

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

If we only knew the woe and heartache
 Waiting for us down the road,
 If our lips could taste the worm wood,
 If our backs could feel the load,
 Would we waste to-day in wishing
 For a time that ne'er can be?
 Would we wait in such impatience
 For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,
 Pressed against the window pane,
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
 Never trouble us again—
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch therown upon our brow?
 Would the print of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, those little ice cold fingers,
 How they point our memory back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewed along our backward track?
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie—
 Not to scatter thorns, but roses—
 For our reaping by-and-by!

Strange we never prize the music
 Till the sweet voiced bird is flown;
 Strange that we should slight the violets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone;
 Strange that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one-half so fair,
 As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
 None but God can roll away,
 Never blossomed in such beauty
 As adorns the mouth to-day;
 And sweet words that freight our memory
 With their beautiful perfume,
 Come to us in sweeter accents,
 Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
 Lying all around our path;
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff;
 Let us find our sweetest comfort
 In the blessings of to-day;
 With a patient hand removing
 All the briars from our way.

THE HEAVENLY KINGDOM.

We are soldiers and we're marching,
 Marching to a kingdom
 To a kingdom which is left us
 A kingdom in the skies.

We are clad in our armor,
 We have our weapons on
 We are marching 'neath the cross
 To a kingdom in the skies.

Our banners are unfurled,
 And are streaming in the wind,
 We are marching with our Leader
 To a kingdom in the skies.

If we meet with any foes
 We are ready to engage them;
 For we're marching to a kingdom
 A kingdom in the skies.

This kingdom, it is ours:
 It was purchased by our Leader,
 He bought it with His blood,
 This kingdom in the skies.

It's a kingdom full of glory,
 Where there's light and life and joy,
 Where there's peace forevermore
 In this kingdom in the skies.

We are weary while we march
 And our eyes are dimmed with tears
 For our slips—while we march
 To this kingdom in the skies.

When we cross the narrow stream,
 And reach the farther shore,
 Angels will escort us
 To this kingdom in the skies.

And our sorrows will be over,
 And our tears all be shed,
 When we get into this kingdom,
 This kingdom in the skies.