

Glenwood Gazette.

MOTTO :—"MUTH VERLOREN, ALLES VERLOREN."

Vol. III.

MATAWAN, N. J., FEBRUARY 25, 1891.

No. V.

Glenwood Gazette

Edited by the members of the ESSAY CLASS, at

**Glenwood Institute,
Matawan, New-Jersey.**

ADDRESS, MISS J. A. KUECH, Manager
Editoria Rooms, No. 11, 2d Floor, Glenwood.

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TO ONE AND ALL.

The GAZETTE expects its patrons to understand that only ORIGINAL matter is presented in its columns, believing it is to the interest of the school to depend entirely on the capability of its students.

In accordance with the wish of the patrons, copies of all the numbers of the GAZETTE since its first issue will be kept on file in charge of a regularly appointed official. Also, by request, the names of the successive editors of Vol. II, and III will be printed regularly in these columns.

EDITORS OF VOL. II.

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No. 2.....Harry VanCleaf.....Dec. 24
No. 3.....Marie Watts.....Jan. 17
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MINNA GUTMANN, - - EDITOR.

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Entered at the Matawan Post-office as
Second-class Matter.

EDITORIAL.

MINNA GUTMANN.

The GAZETTE appears this month at a time, when, the excitement of the Holidays being entirely over, school life runs on in a comparatively smooth and unruffled current, which has been only slightly disturbed by the events of the 14th and the 22d.

In the last issue of the GAZETTE the girls are accused of always trying to get ahead of the boys in the size and quality of the school sheet.

Although we thank our editorial brother for complimenting us on our ambition, perseverance, and even success, we wish to call the attention of our brothers to the fact that we are failing to seize an opportunity, which they seemed to think we would greedily snatch, namely, calling the February sheet a Holiday Number.

The editor had a fine opportunity to name the paper after Valentine, the patron Saint, or after the Father of His Country, but the temptation has not been yielded to.

Perhaps it would be difficult for school boys and girls to decide which of the two

dates, February 14, or February 22, is the more valuable to the country, because the former affords so much amusement. But while boys and girls, youths and maidens, and even those of soberer years, have, in times past, used the Saint's Day for the exchange of a certain kind of sentiment, February 14, not being a legal holiday, is already proving to be a decaying festival.

The 22d of February, because of its being the anniversary of a noble personage, whose qualities of mind and character it would be well for the growing generation of the present day to emulate, is being yearly observed throughout the land.

One of the world's truest souls and noblest patriots is our America's boast. His is a character which bears looking at from various sides. Yet our purpose is not to pronounce another eulogy to the many which appear yearly on this subject; but to set out his figure in contrast to the subject of our editorial, which is

SHAMS.

Shams are veils of illusion used to cover a multitude of sins, or devices used to conceal the truth. They are detrimental to a true standard of morality, and though sometimes made to look very prepossessing outwardly, are never greatly esteemed.

There are people who follow sham trades and occupations, for instance: Making goods which are only imitations and selling them as if they were the genuine article. Truly, "All is not gold that glitters."

When we hear it quoted, that "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," do we never think that some are playing double parts? Lying and cheating are practiced behind a very honest appearing masque, and even an entire character may be shammed.

A strange person comes into a community, makes great display and claims much deference, when his virtues may all be assumed, his pretensions ungrounded. Such an one may be through-out a sham, and he has his day.

To keep their place in society, and win the favor of those who would not know them if they were in need, families will plunge themselves into debt to aid them in leading a sham life.

Dickens gives a good example of a sham character in Pecksniff in his "Martin Chuzzlewit."

The worst sham of all is the profession of religion without the possession. Life is only well with such for a little while; in the end the true character will be revealed. Here in their petitions they say "Lord, Lord!" but when the day of reckoning comes, He who sees into the heart says, "I never knew you." Does this kind of sham pay? No! we answer without a moment's hesitation, here at least "The end does not justify the means."

Those who sham much are apt to deceive themselves, and by habitual deception dull their conscience and become ready to war with any one who disputes about the right and wrong of certain doubtful actions, and unless one is true to the very core, one may be a sham without, in the end, knowing it himself. As the "Little drops of water make the mighty ocean," so little acts of deceit make finally a character which is a gross deception.

Once upon a time, in the words of the fairy tale, there was a little girl who was unusually bright. She had a very quiet and thoughtful nature, and her young brain was often busy with ideas which would have puzzled many an older head. She had an idea that grown-up people were possessed of lofty motives, high ideals that they chose for their standard of living; she thought that all were truly just what they appeared outwardly to be, either good or bad. When she grew older, understood human nature better and saw how much of falsity and deceit there was in the world, she felt like giving up trying to live a pure and righteous life; but, as time went on, she saw the folly of thus doing, and became reconciled to doing right for the sake of the inward reward.

But it is a great shock to one's confidence in fellow men to discover that one who has appeared upright proves a sham.

Persons have allowed their distrust of others to so get the better of them that in the end they withdraw themselves from society, and doubt all men.

We shall never know the half of the world's shams till that day when all things shall be revealed.

Manhattan Food for horses and cattle for sale by Ben. E. Griggs.

SONNET.

Dedicated to Martha Washington.

EDITH JOHNSON.

O! Lady fairest! In this land of ours,
By thine own spouse's efforts made so free,
As this glad holiday once more we see,
A wreath we'd weave for thee of fairest flowers!
But, ah! to thee of honors there is one,
That flowers, e'en the fairest, would but seem
An added burden or an empty dream;
Compared as to a candle with the sun.
For when thy grateful nation sought to give
To thee the highest honors they could find,
Thy face they put where it would be in mind
Of all, and for which thing so many live,
For on the dollar bill all do approve thee,
And 'tis there, too, that I have learned to love
thee!

"Johnie Green and Jack Stout."

NEMIE C. VAN MATER.

"Ding, Dong, Bell,
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Johnie Green.
Who pulled her out?
Big Jack Stout.

What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn."

These two, Johnie Green and Jack Stout, represent two classes of boys. First, those who take delight in tormenting dumb animals and practicing all manner of cruelty. Second, those who never see an animal in distress without giving it kindly assistance.

Johnie Green, like some other boys who delight in teasing anything weaker and smaller than themselves, found an opportunity to show forth what was in him. He knew innocent pussy could never pay him back for his injury to her, so he was safe in abusing her.

If he had come upon a boy of his size and strength, and had tried to play a prank upon him, the affair would not have been so cowardly.

Perhaps this Johnie Green got a tempting piece of meat and went outside where kitty was and offered her the treat; and as she was a gentle puss, and came up purring and confidingly, he had no trouble in taking her to the place where he was to do the foul deed.

We feel sure that she was not likely to have been a fierce cat, for Johnie would not then have been likely to lay hands on her; and if he had, such a pussy might have been able to defend herself. It is the gentlest animals such cowardly boys as Johnie delight to tease. Every boy of sense knows that!

Poor, trusting puss quickly found her confidence misplaced, when she felt herself flung down that dark, deep well, with a cruel boy at the top, laughing at her frantic efforts to save herself.

But luckily for puss, while Johnie Green was wickedly enjoying his fun, Big Jack Stout passed by and seeing

Johnie Green by the well curb yelled out "Hello, Johnie! what are you doing?" Whereupon Johnie Green replied, "I am teaching this yaller cat to swim!" With an indignant look in his eye Jack Stout rushed upon the scene, determined that he would save the drowning cat.

Off went his coat, but whether he let down the bucket and tried to fish up poor puss, or clambered down the sides and grasped her as she was sinking for the last time may never be known.

When Johnie Green saw how hard brave Jack was working to save poor kitty I should think he would have felt ashamed of himself.

I like to think that Jack Stout took puss home to live with him; that they became the best of companions, and that she followed him wherever he went just as did Mary's little lamb.

In every place you will find Johnie Greens and Jack Stouts. Yes, I am sorry to say that even at Glenwood we have a few Johnie Green boys, although I think that the scales will tip in favor of the Jack Stouts.

Boys of Glenwood! If you see one of your number abusing any animal, or any living thing, even if it be but a defenseless worm, just shout, "Oh, shame, shame, Johnie Green."

VALENTINE

From the Senior Maidens to the Senior Youths.

MINNA GUTMANN.

O, sharers of our classic lore!

To you this day we greetings send,
And by this liberty we take,
We hope not to offend.

The "Saint" is kind to give you choice—
If so be the pleasure thine—
Of three to one,—if they agree (?)—
From which to choose a Valentine.

We wish you long and pleasant life!
May all your deeds to right incline;
And may the one that you desire,
Consent to be your Valentine!

F. D. Woodruff, the Keyport Jeweler, has just completed an optical course with Dr. Julius King, of Cleveland, the best authority on glasses in this country, and has fitted up a room specially for examining eyes for all defects that can be corrected by refraction.

Oculists prescription carefully filled.

Fine Dress or Plain Business Suits

MADE IN LATEST STYLES BY

CHAS. MATZ,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Next to J. P. Applegate's law offices,

Main St., Matawan,

Cleaning and repairing neatly done.

THE SHOE-STRING'S TRICK.

NETTIE STRAUB.

As I was returning to my room one day I heard wee voices and upon listening discovered that the sound came from two shoestrings holding an animated conversation between themselves.

At first I could not make out what they were saying; but after listening for a few moments I distinguished these words:

"Well I never, in all my life, heard anything like that!" said the silk shoe-lace. "You class yourself with me? Ha! ha! ha! a *common leather shoe-string* comparing herself to a *silk shoe-lace*. The idea of such a thing!"

"Well perhaps I am not as beautiful as you; but I am more serviceable to my master, because I am stronger than you are."

"To your master, indeed! Why he pays no regard to you at all, but let's you drag on the ground after him all day."

"So does your mistress let you drag on the ground after her, too."

"What is the use of us two *quarrelling*, let's make up and be friends again."

"I am willing," said the leather shoe-string.

"I'll tell you what we'll do to get even with our owners; we'll play a trick on them," said the little shoe-lace with a chuckle.

"I played a trick on my mistress day before yesterday. She was walking down the stairs and I got tired of dragging after her (although I love the little lady very much) so I sprang in front of her and she tripped over me and fell down stairs bumping her nose on every step."

"Yes, and I played a trick on my master."

"He was running to the store on an errand when he suddenly stepped on me. I threw him down, of course, and he skinned his knee so badly that he couldn't go to school that day."

"But the trick we were going to play on them. Well, to-morrow—"

"Listen, there's somebody coming. Where shall we hide?"

"Get under the bed, quick, or we shall be caught."

So taking advantage of a gust of wind that came in at the open window, they skipped and hid themselves under the bed until they could resume their conversation.

* * * * *

"Well! as I was going to say, to-morrow being a schoolday, we will have a good chance to play our trick. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll disengage ourselves from the shoes to-night, so

when they put them on to-morrow morning there will be no strings to fasten them with."

That night when everything was quiet and the embers on the hearth had died out, these two little mischievous shoestrings freed themselves from the shoes of their little master and mistress, and got out of sight.

* * * * *

The morning came and the strings were waiting to see how their little joke would end.

The first they heard was an invitation to little mistress to take a ride with her father.

She, being anxious to go, hurriedly dressed, but on putting on her shoe she found the lace gone.

Her father, having important business, could not be detained and was obliged to go on without her, leaving her in a very unhappy state of mind.

In the meantime the young master had been anxiously hunting for *his* shoestrings and not being able to find them was in fear of being late for school and that meant a demerit mark.

I saw the children's anxious hunt and when I thought they had been punished enough I told them I expected their strings had run away because they had been so badly treated.

On searching the room we found the little runaways coiled together under the bed.

The children were delighted to find them and the shoestrings received a firm tying for that morning you may believe, and we hope the children learned that it does not pay to be careless even with shoestrings.

NOBLEST OF THEM ALL.

NEMIE C. VAN MATER.

In th' Immortal Halls of Elysium,

Where in peace noted objects have place,

One may see by the sword of Achilles

A small weapon of far humbler grace.

With proud scorn turns the high-born neighbor,

And a flash that could well pierce one through:

"I'm the Sword of the brave Achilles;

The just pride of all Greece! Who are you?"

"Wh. are you in this august assembly?

What famed deeds have you ever done?

You were not at the taking of Troja;

What victories have you ever won?"

"You may well inquire why I'm placed here;

Proudest steel forged by Vulcan's great hand!

Though I bear no blood stains of battle,

I have place in this company grand.

"It is true, I'm not famous through warfare;

Do not count o'er the victories I've won,

Yet all Americans hold me dear;

I'm the Hatchet of our Washington."

CUT THIS OUT.

This ticket, with \$2.00, entitles the holder to one dozen finely finished cabinet photos, of which the regular price is \$4.00. Carroll, Photographer, 99 Smith Street, Perth Amboy, N. J.

Go to Ben. E. Griggs' for all varieties of canned fruit and vegetables.

"Cut Your Coat According to Your Cloth"

HULDA M. BEERS.

"There! I ought to have been more careful when cutting out this basque. I thought I had enough goods, but I have been careless in laying my pattern on the cloth.

"Now I just lack enough to make the under part of one sleeve" said a housewife in a vexed tone. "My work was all for nothing; I've wasted my goods and I cannot match the piece."

This brings us to our subject proper, "Cut your coat according to your cloth." This problem is met in some form nearly every day of our lives.

A certain class of young men start in business without any capital, yet want to make money. They spend all their income and more, month by month; they will have every luxury in life; then after a while they are in need of extra money and as they haven't any they become bankrupts.

This leads us to decide that they should have some capital before they go into business, or live within their means, spending less than they earn.

What wise dress-maker would start to cut out a dress without first knowing that she had goods enough to make the garment she plans? Or what tailor does not measure the cloth of which he is going to make his coat?

This proverb is not only applicable to the dress-maker, tailor and business man, but also to scholars, for instance, if pupils have a difficult lesson to learn, and have plenty of time to study, yet let their minds wander off to things wholly foreign to the subject and think nothing about their lessons until they have only a few minutes left, then, though they go to studying vigorously, they can have but a very poor lesson, for the time was too short for the task.

In recitations one can easily tell who has given study to the lesson and who has not.

Here we take *time* as the cloth and the *lesson* as the pattern; and if time is lacking the lesson cannot be learned.

Christ said, "What king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and counseleth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand.

"Or which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?"

It is so also in our spiritual lives.

Every day we need to make use of the truth of the proverb.

Time and opportunities are the cloth which is given us here on earth.

If we waste or ill-use the chances which are offered us every day; the opportunities which would help build up our character, and make us stand higher both in our social and spiritual life, we must abide by the consequences. The cloth has been put to waste, and there is no place to obtain more.

Miss VanMater, one of our Seniors, who has been ill for the past week, has again returned to her old studies and friends.

LAWYERS OF GLENWOOD.

BY R. E. PORTER.

In a former number of the GAZETTE there was given a list of some of the *bankers* who can look back to Glenwood as the school where their youthful ideas were first taught to shoot. In this number we shall name some of the well-known *lawyers* whose Alma Mater is also Glenwood.

We take just pride in mentioning the titled Ex. Governor Bedle of Jersey City, and Hon. Henry S. Little of Trenton. On our list are also, Mr. Henderson Shafer, of Rahway; Mr. Rees. W. Dayton, of Matawan; Judge Alfred Dayton, of Hudson City; Mr. Wm. V. Simpson, of New York City; Mr. John Bissell, of Jersey City; Mr. Henry L. Terhune, of Long Branch; Mr. George Holmes, of Jersey City; Mr. Alfred Bayley, of Asbury Park; Mr. Warne Smythe, of Jersey City; Mr. Ed. Wilson, of Red Bank; Mr. James English, of Elizabeth, and Mr. H. H. Longstreet, of Matawan.

Mr. John Terhune, of Long Branch, and Mr. Edmund Dayton, of Asbury Park, though students of law, are not at present practicing the profession.

We hear, with great pleasure, just as we go to press, that Mr. W. C. Bunn (a graduate from Glenwood of Class '86) has just been admitted to the bar in New York City. He is a graduate from Columbia College, New York. We congratulate the latest fegged, and are much pleased to give his name a place in this honored list.

SONG—MATAWAN.

(AIR: "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.")

BY R. E. PORTER.

Though thou art small,
Thou'rt best of all,
O, Matawan, my Matawan!
Though thou art old,
Thou'rt true as gold,
O, Matawan, my Matawan!
Much despised though thou art,
When one must needs from thee part
He finds thine image on his heart,
O, Matawan, my Matawan!
O, girls in blue,
Be ever true
To Matawan, my Matawan!
Through coming years
In joys or tears
In Matawan, my Matawan!
Ever keep her honor bright,
Ever keep her to the right,
O, never let your pride stray quite
From Matawan, my Matawan!
O, boys in gray,
Who come each day,
(In Matawan, my Matawan!)
To Glenwood old,
Of worth untold,
In Matawan, my Matawan!
Our hope in future rests on you,
In what you say and what you do,
O, be in all things ever true
To Matawan, my Matawan!

The criticism of the singing of the Glee Club by the Keyport Press last week missed fire, as, among the party enlivening their evening ride with song, was but one member of the Glenwood Glee Club; and none can prove that his musical notes were not drowned by the discord of others.

CATCH-ALL.

GLENWOOD LITERARY SOCIETY.

Within the last month there has been formed at Glenwood Institute a Literary Society to which a goodly number of the Seniors, First and Second Years already belong.

There have been several meetings since the organization and on, Thursday, Feb. 12, officers were elected. George S. Hobart, President; Mary Schenck, First Vice President; Hulda M. Beers, Secretary; John Van Mater, Treasurer; Nemie Van Mater and Powers Chattin, Auditors. The Literary and Executive committees and the Advisory members were chosen, also the inauguration of officers took place on Friday, Feb. 20.

It is to be hoped that this Society will last longer than those formed in past years. In fact, we firmly believe that it will continue as long as the Institute lasts, and we sincerely hope that will be forever. We owe all our thanks for the great advantage this society will afford us in our literary pursuits to our most worthy principal, Dr. Jaggard.

If the members will continue to be as enthusiastic as they have been in forming the society there will be no doubt about its duration.

On the 11th of Feb. a Comet was seen whirling through the air near Glenwood Institute. It was exceedingly bright, and also very remarkable, for usually comets have but one tail, but this one was composed of many tails.

One of the pupils said to his teacher in arithmetic "I have tried and tried to get that example but it won't come right." Then thinking he had found his mistake exclaimed, "Oh! I see, I reckoned six feet in a yard instead of twelve."

The anxiety to learn of the contents of the forth-coming issues of the GAZETTE is often very great. This eagerness to learn of its contents is not confined to the human race alone, but seems to extend to the animal and insect world without, also. Only a week or more ago the family of the Honey Bee, sent their first ambassador of the season to the Editorial Rooms to learn what the prospects of the February sheet offered, for it had been rumored that the girls were unusually busy over their Literary work.

The Bee family knew where and for what they had sent their messenger, for the Honey Bee seeks only the best.

One of our Seniors went out one night to a party and the next day she looked as if she had been treated to something to eat, and had stowed away some of the refreshments in her cheek, which stuck out as though her mouth were full of peanuts. We heard last week that lovers always carried peanuts with them to treat their lady-loves. Was that the occasion of the rounded cheek, or was it cold, instead of peanuts, which had settled in her tooth from the very long ride she took in the damp night air? Whichever it was we were glad to recognize M. S. when she once more regained her natural appearance.

On the day previous to the forthcoming of the GAZETTE, the editorial rooms are the scene of much bustle and fun. Groups are busily at work with the papers; some folding for the sale in the school-room, and those going through the mail; some pasting wrappers; and still others directing them. While this is going on tongues are busy as well as hands; and the talking and laughing and sharp jokes passed continually, make the work a busy and merry one for all concerned. Now and then the folders catch a few words of some article, and much is the speculation about the rest of the piece. There is often great temptation to glance farther and read some of the tempting contents, but this is never yielded to, all preferring to hear the matter first hand when it is read from the school platform by the editor.

After our school-days are over, one of the pleasantest memories of our school-life at Glenwood will be the merry hours we spent in the Editorial Rooms, GAZETTE days.

What is the cause of those sad looks on the Cadets' side of the aisle? Is it the lecture read them from the platform in which they were prohibited from any further practice in shooting or carrying of fire-arms outside of drill!

It seems to have a very different effect on the girls. They look happy once more, put their heads out of the windows, and even dare to go to the Gymnasium without fear.

One of the Seniors was under the impression that Moses was responsible for the mosaic marbles.

Another of their number used the expression in recitation that the "Cook flew as high as *she* could."

Notice especially the new school song in this number entitled "Matawan, my Matawan." It's stirring! Even of our youthful number one may say, in the words of Scott:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land?'
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned," etc.

Give three cheers for Mason, and extend him the right hand of congratulation! The reward of long years of patient cultivation is now his! He has raised a moustache!

Miss Ella Schanck and her brother J. L. both formerly of Glenwood, were in town lately.

The Organ committee of the Presbyterian Church will give an entertainment, very novel in its character, in Washington Hall, Wednesday Feb. 25. The Glenwood Glee Club expects to immortalize its name on that occasion. Don't fail to hear them!

The David Holbrook Mission Band held a Fair in the Presbyterian Lecture Room Feb. 17. Those who attended in spite of the inclement weather enjoyed a delightful time.

We are all much pleased to learn that

our friend, Mrs. M. C. Wade of the Omaha Indian Agency is expected in Matawan, March 4, on purpose to visit us. We anticipate quite a treat in seeing and hearing her, and learning more about the Indian children in which we have been much interested for several years.

SURPRISE PARTY AT LILIAN BEERS'.

On Friday, the 13, of Feb., a jolly party of young folks gathered at the residence of Lilian B, one of our seniors, to give her a surprise, and she was truly surprised. The party gathered in the spacious parlors of their hostess and spent the evening in dancing and other amusements. All enjoyed themselves very much.

Petition by the school.—There is great need of a mirror in the dressing-room so that the girls will not be obliged to come and fix their bangs by the aid of the dim reflection from the glass of the boys' Gun-case.

One of our number has discovered the origin of the use of the broom in the hands of woman as a weapon of defence. This student of History prefers to change the description of an ancient Greek bride with distaff in hand, conducted by her friends to the home of the bridegroom, to one bearing the "broom" as the symbol of her double household-authority.

A CHILD'S IMAGININGS.

One cold evening, as I was sitting by the fireside, my little brother came into the house.

He had been playing in the grass by the old spring of clear cold water; and now walked up to the hearth, and asked me if the little boys' mothers, who lived in the dark blue sky, made fires for them to warm their feet by as his mother did.

He thought the dark clouds were the homes of the children in the sky; that the stars were their fires, and the light clouds smoke from the wood which was burned.

When I told him that little boys did not live in the sky, and that the dark spots were clouds from which we get snow and rain, he said he was glad, for if they were little boys' homes, the boys on the earth could not reach them, for they could not coast up hill to them. — Bessie Warne.

New methods in spelling:—Have to may be abbreviated to "hafter;" useful,

For Sale OR RENT.

House on Main street, Matawan, next to the Episcopal Church.

Inquire of
MRS. MARGARET BRAY.

spelled "yousful;" succeed, "suckseed." These bright students may alter the orthography of the English language by their shining example.

A new form of the word *introduction* belongs also to this list. "I never had an *introduce* to her in my life."

Lieut. H. V. C. had better take care to practice what he teaches. In drill he shouts out as if all the privates were hard of hearing, "Stop yoor talking!" and looks at J. V. M. and laughs, which makes the cadets laugh also. So if our brave Lieut. wants his company to stop laughing he must do the same.

A. Private.

The teacher in Botany asked if one had to plant corn to make it grow. Reply "No Sir! It grows without planting," (on your feet.)

One of the Seniors is studying telegraphy. We look forward to his being a skillful operator in a short time.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

LIZZIE M. ELMORE.

On the bank a king's young daughter,
Gazes at the rippling water.
As it hurries on its way,
Through the night and through the day.
Stopping only on its course
To quench the thirst of flower and moss.
Onward rushes old King Water,
Smiling at this lovely daughter,
Rushing on, still humming, humming,
Swelling bays with his on-coming,
Filling river, lake and sea.
While he journeys joyfully,
Past great rocks, and through the clay,
Journeying ever, day by day.

Clad in golden scales so bright,
Dart the fishes, swift as light,
Onward, down the stream so gay,
They take their joyous, happy way.
They hear the Princess' tender call:
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