

To gather them for him--you know what he is.
 He won't make the fact that they're rightfully his
 An excuse for keeping us other folk out."
 "I wonder you didn't see Loren about."
 "The best of it was that I did. Do you know,
 I was just getting through what the field had to show
 And over the wall and into the road,
 When who should come by, with a democrat-load
 Of all the young chattering Lorens alive,
 But Loren, the fatherly, out for a drive."
 "He saw you, then? What did he do? Did he frown?"
 "He just kept nodding his head up and down.
 You know how politely he always goes by.
 But he thought a big thought--I could tell by his eye--
 Which being expressed, might be this in effect:
 'I have left those there berries, I shrewdly suspect,
 To ripen too long. I am greatly to blame.'"
 "He's a thriftier person than some I could name."
 "He seems to be thrifty; and hasn't he need,
 With the mouths of all those young Lorens to feed?
 He has brought them all up on wild berries, they say,
 Like birds. They store a great many away.
 They eat them the year round, and those they don't eat
 They sell in the store and buy shoes for their feet."
 "Who cares what they say? It's a nice way to live,
 Just taking what Nature is willing to give,
 Not forcing her hand with harrow and plow."
 "I wish you had seen his perpetual bow -
 And the air of the youngsters! Not one of them turned,
 And they looked so solemn-absurdly concerned."
 "I wish I knew half what the flock of them know
 Of where all the berries and other things grow,
 Cranberries in bogs and raspberries on top
 Of the boulder-strewn mountain, and when they will crop.
 I met them one day and each had a flower
 Stuck into his berries as fresh as a shower;
 Some strange kind - they told me it hadn't a name."