

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Valentine.

IF only I might sing
Like birds in spring —
Robin, or thrush, or wren,
In grove or glen;

If only I might suit
To harp or lute,
To chime in tender time
Some touching rhyme,—

Then I'd not hope in vain
Thine ear to gain;
But now — I halt — I quail —
Ah! must I fail?

So small my skill to plead
My earnest need,
Love — love is all the plea
I bring to thee.

Clinton Scollard.

My Grandmother's Turkey-tail Fan.

It owned not the color that vanity dons
Or slender wits choose for display;
Its beautiful tint was a delicate bronze,
A brown softly blended with gray.
From her waist to her chin, spreading out without
break,

'T was built on a generous plan:
The pride of the forest was slaughtered to make
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

For common occasions it never was meant:
In a chest between two silken cloths
'T was kept safely hidden with careful intent
In camphor to keep out the moths.
'T was famed far and wide through the whole coun-
try-side,

From Beersheba e'en unto Dan;
And often at meeting with envy 't was eyed,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Camp-meetings, indeed, were its chiefest delight.
Like a crook unto sheep gone astray
It beckoned backsliders to re-seek the right,
And exhorted the sinners to pray.
It always beat time when the choir went wrong,
In psalmody leading the van.

Old Hundred, I know, was its favorite song —
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

A fig for the fans that are made nowadays,
Suited only to frivolous mirth!
A different thing was the fan that I praise,
Yet it scorned not the good things of earth.
At bees and at quiltings 't was aye to be seen;
The best of the gossip began
When in at the doorway had entered serene
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Tradition relates of it wonderful tales.
Its handle of leather was buff.
Though shorn of its glory, e'en now it exhales
An odor of hymn-books and snuff.
Its primeval grace, if you like, you can trace:
'T was limned for the future to scan,
Just under a smiling gold-spectacled face,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

By de Massysippi Sho'.

(AIR, "LILY OF THE VALLEY.")

UM! de col' win' am blowin', de ole 'oman pickin'
geese,
An' de flakes lack de fedders fills de air,
An' dese po' ole bones am shakin' wid de agy an'
rumatiz,
An' dis po' ole heart am heaby, full er care;
But down in de bottom de flowers am in bloom,
An' de mawnin'-glory laughs roun' de do',
An' de gode-vine am er-smilin' her promus' ter de
well,
Roun' de cabin by de Massysippi sho'.

Refrain: Den, oh! I 'se er-comin'! I kin hear de
worter flow —
I 'se er-comin' dough I 'se ole an' lame an' po',
Fur dere 's nuffin' lack de joy, lack de sorrer, dat I
knew,
In de cabin by de Massysippi sho'!

I 'se comin' frough de shadder, an' comin' frough de
sun,
I 'se comin' home ter lay me down ter res'
Whar' de peckerwood kin call me eby mawnin' f'om
de bresh,
An' de mawkin'-bird kin sing what I lubs bes';
Fur down in de bottom de worter-million waits,
An' I sees de ole ash-hopper by de do',
An' old Rube he come ter meet me, an' say "howdy"
wid 'e tail,
F'om de cabin by de Massysippi sho'.

Refrain: Den, oh! I 'se er-comin', etc.

An' when Gabul come ter call me, let 'im toot de
trumpet loud,
So dat dis po' deef ole darky's year kin hear;
Fur he 'll sholy fin' me waitin' nigh de graves ob dem
I lubed,
Er-settin' an' er-waitin' fur 'im dere;
Whar' de gode-vine am bloomin', an' de mawnin'-glory
laughs,
At de sunlight dat lays along de flo',
He 'll fin' me ready waitin' in my ole cheer, happy,
kase
I 'll be waitin' in de cabin by de sho'!

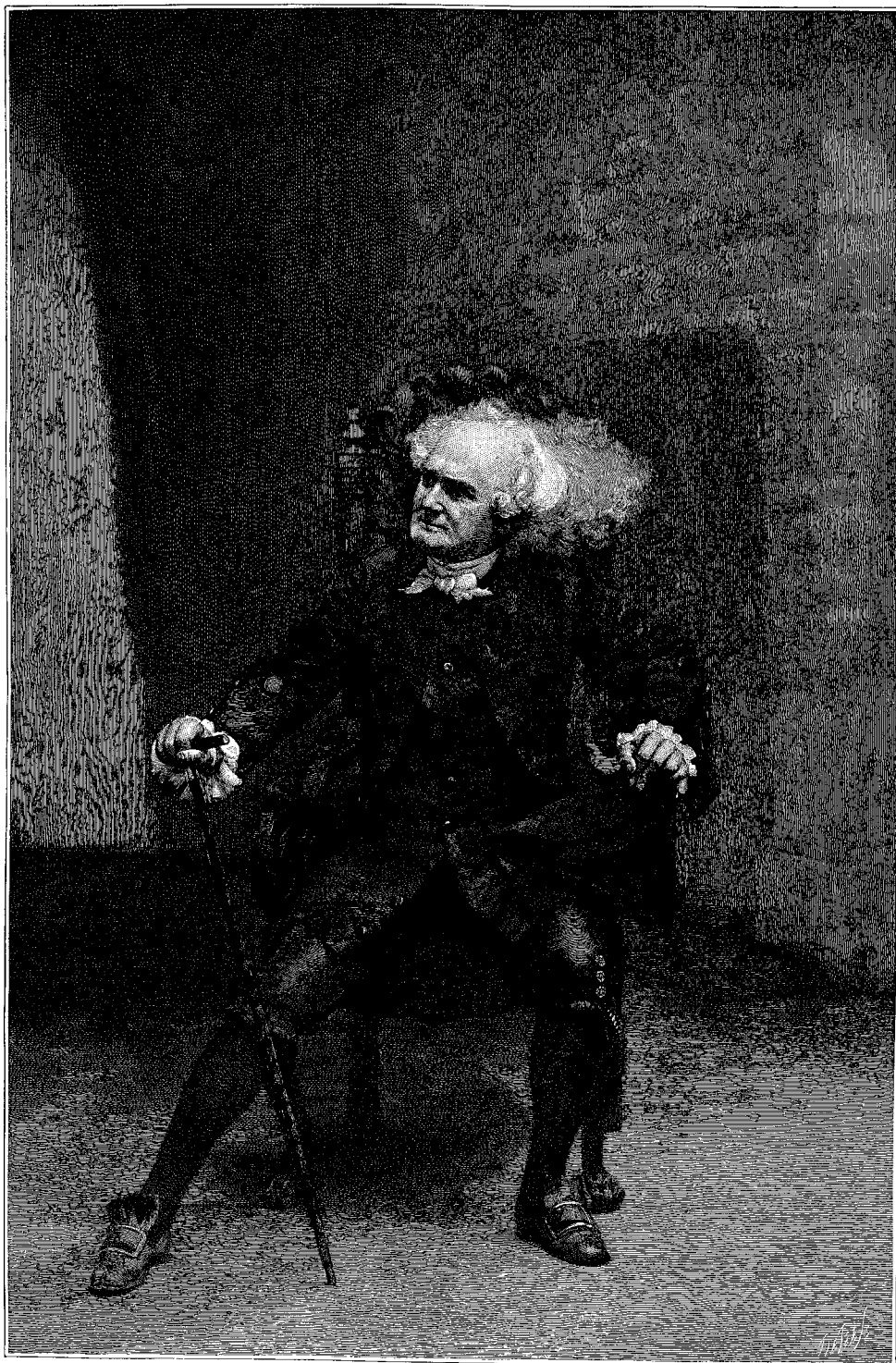
Refrain: Den, oh! I 'se er-comin', etc.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

Tardy Wit.

A BRIGHT little man sat bemoaning the fate
Of the wit that is tardy and sparkles too late;
Of the keen repartee that is strictly one's own,
But comes into view when occasion has flown.
Oh! the ideas, apposite, bright, and sublime,
That travel like stage-coaches never on time,
So sluggish in movement, so slow in the race
That a new topic renders them quite out of place.
So the bright little man, with a serious look,
Remarked to himself, as he opened his book,
"Of regrets that annoy a humorist's head,
The saddest is this: It might have been said!"

J. A. Macon.



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.

"DOCTOR PANGLOSS, THE PHILOSOPHER, TEACH DANCING!"

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "DR. PANGLOSS, LL. D., A. S. S.," IN "THE HEIR AT LAW."