

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Thoughts on the Late War.

I WAS for Union — you, agin it,—
'Pears like, to me, each side was winner,
Lookin' at Now and all 'at 's in it.
Le' 's go to dinner.

Le' 's kind o' jes set down together
And do some pardnership forgittin'—
Talk, say, for instunce, 'bout the weather,
Er somepin' fittin'.

The War, you know, 's all done and ended,
And ain't changed no p'int o' the compass;
Both North and South the health 's jes splendid
As 'fore the rumpus.

The old farms and the old plantations
Still occipies the'r old positions.—
Le' 's git back to old situations
And old ambitions.

Le' 's let up on this blame', infernal,
Tongue-lashin' and lap-jacket vauntin',
And git back home to the eternal
Ca'm we 're a-wantin'.

Peace kind o' sort o' suits my diet—
When *women* does my cookin' for me.—
Ther' was n't overly much pie et
Durin' the Army.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Of a Lady.

HER house is nearly in the town,
Yet shady branches round it lower,
Her tea is always on the board
At half-past four.

Her fireside has a friendly look,
There 's something happy in the air,
Her cream is such you rarely now
Meet anywhere.

She likes this shaded corner best,
The rosy lamp, the Dresden set,
A friend,—or two, perhaps,—a waft
Of mignonette.

And some one touches, in the gloom,
The harp's mysterious wailing strings,
And thoughts that never rose in words
Take music's wings.

Dear friend, though tired and far away,
I still can seek your door,—in Spain,—
Still sit beside your fire, and drink
That tea again!

Annie G. Wilson.

A Letter.

SHE wrote a letter with her eyes,
Well filled with words of bliss;
Then, like a prudent maid and wise,
She sealed it with a kiss.

Meredith Nicholson.

An Arab Saying.

REMEMBER, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track —
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee; but it has perished not:
In other hearts 't is living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will nevermore return.

Constantina E. Brooks.

Negro Plowman's Song.

DE springtime am er-comin' en dis darky's heart am
light,
W'en de sap hit gits ter runnin' in de trees,
En I wants ter be er-laughin' f'om de mornin' tell de
night,
En er-playin' lak de green leabes in de breeze.
I feel so monstrous lazy dat I does n't want ter work,
En dis mule o' mine, he foolin' in de row,
'Ca'se he feels jis like he marster, en he 's tryin' fer
ter shirk,
En I has ter larrup him ter meck him go.

[*G' up dar, sah! Doan you see my ole 'ooman er-comin'
roun' dar er-s'archin' fer sallil [salad] in de corners
ob de fence!*]

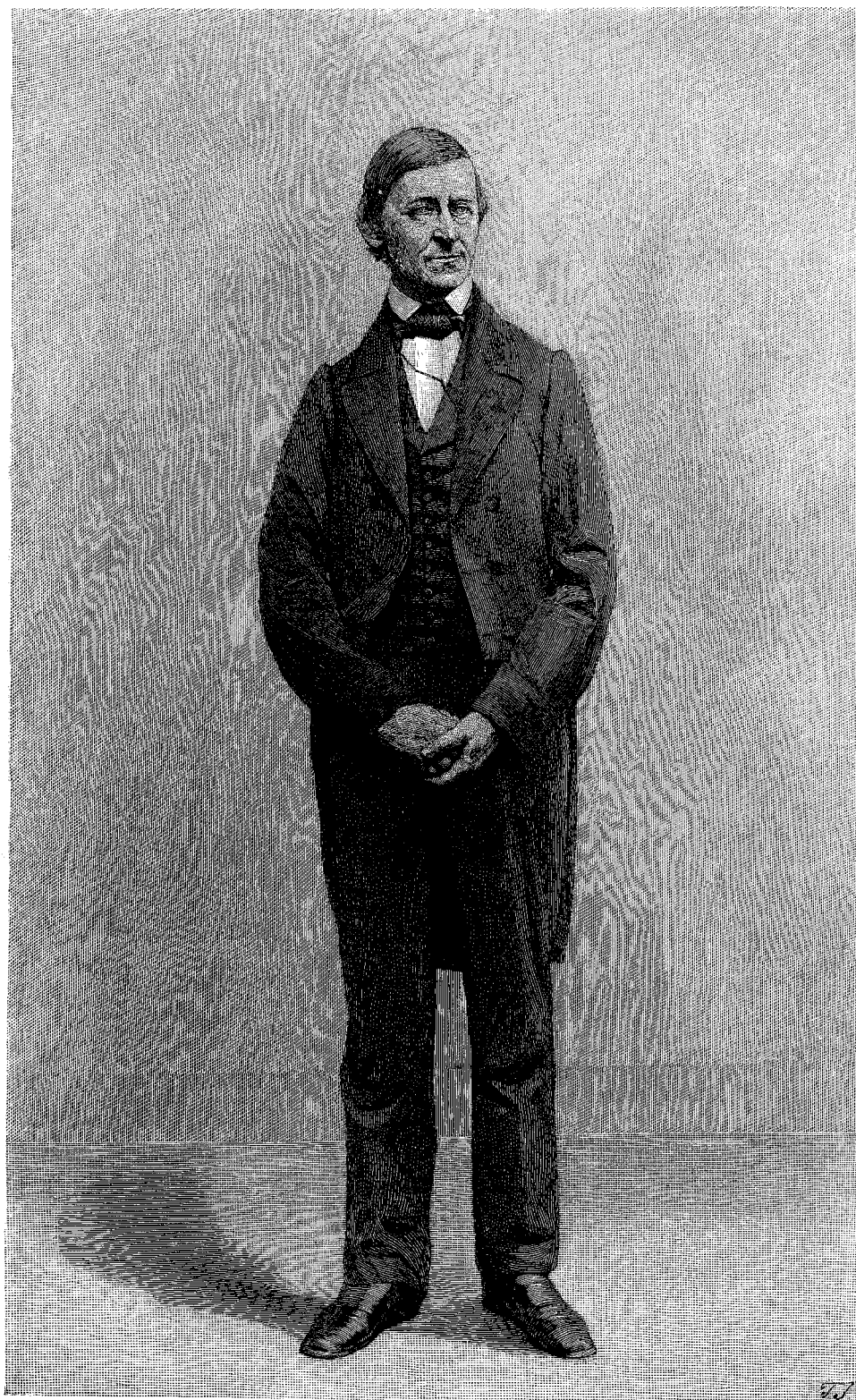
En now I feels lak hummin' on some ole-time darky
song,
W'ile de mockin'-bird am singin' f'om de hedge.
De medder-larks en robins am er-fussin' all day long,
As de cotton-tail goes dartin' frough de sedge;
W'ile up de crick de turkle-dove am courtin' ob its mate,
En de bumblebee is buzzin' all erroun',
W'ile de martins am er-twitt'r'in' at er most amazin'
rate,
En de hoss-fly am er-friskin' up en down.

[*What ails dis hyah ole critter, er-snortin' en er-kickin'
dat er way! Huh! ef hit hain't one er dem ornary
insects erready!*]

I laks ter smell de clover as hit tangles in mer toes,
En ter see de purty blossoms hyah en dar,
W'ile dogwood buds is bustin' in de low-ground whar
dey grows,
En de honeysuckle sweeten all de a'r.
En soon de juicy peaches will be drappin' ter de groun',
En de red-streaked apples tumble too;
Den de curl on de melon vine will turn er golden brown,
Er-layin' in de sunshine en de dew.

[*Golly ding! Doan dis hyah darky's mouf water fer
one on em dis hyah bressed minute! Yas, Dinah, ole
'ooman, I'se gwine ter move erlong peart now; I
was jis er-feelin' in mer pockets fer er string ter splice
dis hyah line wid. Git up dar, sah!*]

Edward A. Oldham.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

R. Waldo Emerson

(ABOUT 1859.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED