

SONGS AND STORIES FROM TENNESSEE



By
JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE

SAN
CES OR SEND



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Lucy A. Mendis,

2171 Washington Ave.,

3/18/99.

New York.

SONGS AND STORIES

FROM

TENNESSEE.

BY

JOHN (TROTWOOD) MOORE.



CHICAGO.

JOHN C. BAUER, PUBLISHER.

1897.

COPYRIGHT, 1897.

• JOHN (TROTWOOD) MOORE,
COLUMBIA, TENN.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
PUBLISHED 1917
BY THE
PUBLISHER

PREFACE.

THIS is a very large world, and so I have not tried to cover, in this little book, any very great portion of it; but have contented myself in a faithful endeavor to describe, truthfully, life as it has been, and is, in the Middle Basin of Tennessee—the Blue Grass Plot of the State.

And this spot is rich in history and tradition—so rich that for years I fretted because no gifted one of its citizens would arise and tell to the world, in story and in song, the earnest life, the sweet simplicity, the matchless beauty, the unpublished glory of its land and its folk. And when none arose, week after week, without a thought that what was hastily written for an obscure department of a country paper, The Columbia Herald, or, later, for the Pacing Department of a turf journal, The Horse Review, of Chicago, would be found worthy of compilation, I have only attempted to do what a greater one should have done.

To those who will read this book, the author begs them to bear in mind that he does not claim for these little peoples of his brain any great amount of genius or originality. But he does claim that, though decked in homespun and homeliness, they are the faithful little children of their own bright land, the truthful representatives of the one dear spot, fresh from the fields and the forests, the paddocks and the pens of the Middle Basin.

It is customary with some authors to dedicate their books to others. To my father, Judge John Moore, and my mother, Emily Adelia Billingslea, both of whom yet live in the old home at Marion, Alabama, I dedicate this, an unfinished tribute of my love and honor, a half expressed token of the gratitude I owe them.

JOHN (TROTWOOD) MOORE.

Columbia, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1897.

LIBRARY SETS
ALDINE BOOK CO. NOV 25 '42

443309

SUCCESS.

'TIS the coward who quits to misfortune,
'Tis the knave who changes each day,
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,
Then throws all his chances away.

There is little in life but labor,
And to-morrow may find that a dream;
Success is the bride of Endeavor,
And luck—but a meteor's gleam.

The time to succeed is when others,
Discouraged, show traces of tire.
The battle is fought in the homestretch—
And won—'twixt the flag and the wire!



THE BASIN OF TENNESSEE.

THE Middle Basin is the dimple of the Universe. About equal in area to Lake Ontario—nearly 6,000 square miles—situated in Middle Tennessee and surrounded by the Highland Rim, it is one of those peculiar geological formations made long ago when the earth was young. In altitude, but little higher than the first plateau beyond the Mississippi; in shape, oval and symmetrical as the tapering turn of an egg shell cut lengthwise; in depth, from 500 to 1,000 feet—deep enough to break the force of the wind, and yet high enough to concentrate, as by a focus, the slanting sunbeams and the shadows.

Away back in the past it was once the bed of a silver shining lake. But whether its waves boiled beneath a torrid sun, lashed into foam by saurian battles, or whether glacial icebergs sunk their crystal pillars in its depths and lifted their

diamond-turreted peaks to the steel-cold stars of an unanswering heaven, no one will ever know.

And what became of it? We shall never know. Perhaps an earthquake rent its natural levees, and it fled with the Cumberland or the Tennessee to the gulf. Perhaps the mighty Mississippi brushed with his rough waves too closely to the western border of our calm lake one day, and she went with him, a willing captive, to the sea. Or, she may have passed out down the dark channels of some mammoth cave whose caverns have never yet heard the sound of human voice—we know not. All we know is, the lake was here—the lake is gone. Time is long.

The mound-builders were not here then, for they have dotted its fertile basin with a thousand voiceless monuments of a voiceless age. Time is long. The lake was here—the lake is gone.

But when it went, it left the sweet richness of its farewell kiss upon the lips of our valleys, and the fullness of its parting tears on the cheeks of our hills. It made the loam and the land, the spirit and the springs, the creeks and the cream of the Middle Basin of Tennessee—the Blue Grass Plot of the State.

An animal is the product of the environments that surround him—the blossom of the soil upon which he lives. He is part of the sunlight and the grass, the rock and the water, the grain and the gravel, the air which he breathes and the ant-hill which he crushes beneath his feet. Man is the highest animal. Then behold the man of the Middle Basin, the highest development of the animal creation: Jackson, Crockett, Houston, Bell, Polk, Gentry, Maury, Forrest—these and thousands of others whose names and fame are fadeless.

The life of man is what he makes it; and of a state what man makes it. And so, in the course of time, the two become as one—the men become the state while the state is ever but its men. Character is what we are; reputation is

what we are supposed to be. A history of the Middle Basin, then, is but a record of the character of the people who have lived and died there. If she did great things in the past, it was because she had great characters in the past. The wisdom of those ancient Greeks who taught their children that they were descended from the gods is to be admired; had they not, I doubt if the Greeks had acted like the gods, as they did when they met the Persians at Thermopylae and Salamis, and even that far back, made the story of the Middle Basin a possibility.

Our ideals, at last, are the true gauges of our characters, and the higher we rear these castles in the air, the loftier will our own soul-dwellings be. Let us build our characters as we would our castles, alike beyond the reach of those who climb and those who throw. For the ideal and the real go together. The dream must precede the chisel, the vision be father to the brush, the thought to the pen.

Briefly stated, our forefathers of the Middle Basin came from North Carolina and Virginia, and when they came over the mountain they brought its granite with them.

Mountains and hills have always produced genius and liberty. There is a divine spirit that dwells in the rarefied air of the hill-tops, that is incompatible with ease, with slavery and with sloth. It seems to permeate the souls of those who breathe it, to lift them above the sordidness of that wealth which accumulates in the valleys but for decay.

Andrew Jackson was their type and, like him, their deeds will live forever.

Down the long aisle of the centuries to the organ notes of
fame
Stalks a silent figure hallowed in the light of glory's name;
Stalks a grand, majestic manhood to those eon fields to be,
A spiritual pyramid in the land of memory.

And if we cannot prove that we are descended from the

gods, we can at least demonstrate that we are the children of god-like men and women—and that is better.

Years have passed and yet the Middle Basin is as rich and beautiful to-day in the green dressing of autumn's after grasses, as she was on that memorable day, years ago, when Hood's army, on its march to Nashville, came thundering with thirty-five thousand men over Sand Mountain from the bloody fields around Atlanta. The Tennessee troops, as a guard of honor, led the advance. For days they marched among the "old red hills of Georgia," the pines of North Alabama and the black-jacks of the Highland Rim. But suddenly, as they wheeled in on the plateau beyond Mt. Pleasant, a beautiful picture burst on their view. Below them, like a vision, lay the border land of the Middle Basin—a sea of green and golden; green, for the trough of the land waves, somber in the setting sun, had taken on the emerald hues of the pasture grasses; golden, for the swelling hills, where rolled the woodlands, were studded with the bright gold foliage of autumn leaves, nipped by the early frosts. Farm house and fences, orchards and open field, meadow and meandering streams, newly plowed wheat fields and rustling rows of trembling corn, all basking in the quiet glory of mellow sunlight, formed a picture so restful to the eye of the tired soldier and so sweet and soothing to the homesick heart, that involuntarily his old slouched hat came off, his musket shifted to "present arms," and a genuine rebel yell rolled from regiment to regiment, from brigade to brigade, as this splendid master-piece of nature unfolded before them.

"Have we struck the enemy's picket already?" asked the thoughtful Hood, now thoroughly aroused and his keen eyes taking on the flash of battle.

"No, General, but we've struck God's country," shouted a ragged soldier present, as he saluted and joined in swelling the volume of the reverberating yell.

Even the gallant Cleburne, Honor's own soldier, the man whose matchless brigade a year before, at the retreat

from Chickamauga, had stopped Grant's whole army at Ringgold Gap, tipped a soldier's salute to the quiet church-yard at Ashwood, and expressed the wish if he fell in the coming battle, he might sleep his last sleep there. Prophetic wish! With thirteen other field officers he fell, a few days afterward, around the bloody breastworks of Franklin, and yielded up his life "as a holocaust to his country's cause."

But even War—the cloven-footed curse that he is—could not blanch her cheek save for a moment, and as soon as the last echo of his tread had died away, she aroused again to life, with a wreath of emerald on her brow, the blush of the clover blossoms on her cheek, the sparkle of her own bright springs in her eye, and the song of the reaper in her ear.

Upon the knolls where cannon hurled
 Their deadly grape between,
The stately locusts have unfurled
 Their flag of white and green.
And o'er the ridge upon the crest
 Where gleamed the flashing blade,
The serried rows of corn, abreast
 Stand out on dress parade.

Adown the slope where once did reel
 The stubborn ranks of gray,
Now speeds the flying reaper's wheel—
 Now charge the ranks of bay.
And down the vale where marched the blue
 With band and banner fine,
The frisky lambs in ranks of two
 Deploy their skirmish line.

And so is she rich in climate and in soil; but richer far in the memory of heroic men—in lives that shall live and a beauty that shall never die:

O, the glorious Middle Basin,
 The rose in Nature's wreath!
 With her purpling sky and her hills on high
 And her blue grass underneath.
 'Tis here our fathers built their homes,
 'Tis here their sons are free—
 For the fairest land
 From God's own hand
 Is the Basin of Tennessee.

O, the fertile Middle Basin!
 Proud Egypt's threshing floor
 Held not in the chain of her golden grain
 Such fields as lie at our door.
 Our daughters grow like olive plants
 Our sons like the young oak tree—
 For the richest land
 From God's own hand
 Is the Basin of Tennessee.

O, the joyous Middle Basin,
 Land of the mocking-bird!
 Where the flying feet of our horses fleet
 In front of the race are heard.
 They get their gameness from our soil,
 Their spirit will ever be—
 For the merriest land
 From God's own hand
 Is the Basin of Tennessee.

O, the loyal Middle Basin!
 So quick for fife and drum!
 She stood in the breach on the crescent beach
 When the hated foe had come.
 Her Jackson made our Nation safe,
 Her Polk an Empire free—

For the truest land
 From God's own hand
 Is the Basin of Tennessee.

O, the glorious Middle Basin!
 Can we be false to thee?
 Sweet land where the earth and the sky give birth
 To the spirit of Liberty!
 Not while our maids have virtue,
 Not while our sons are free—
 For the fairest land
 From God's own hand
 Is the Basin of Tennessee.



THE SUMMER OF LONG AGO.

DO you know the land, the fairest land
 In the mythical realms of old?
 Where the earth and the air, and the flowers rare
 All sleep 'neath a sun of gold?
 Where the elf-king's bugle in winding note
 Drowns the dreamy drum in the black bee's throat,
 And the fairy queen floats in her peach-bloom boat?
 The fire-flies dance where the lily-maids meet
 And the flowers are dreams that lie at your feet
 In the Summer of Long Ago.

Do you know the land, the sweetest land,
 In the rhythmical realms of old?
 Where the moon and her beams bring the romancing gleams
 Of a love you never have told?
 Where the star king's horsemen in platoons of light
 Bring your soul-secret love on a palfrey of white,
 And her lips meet your lips ere she taketh her flight?

The will-o'-wisp drops like a star from the sun,
 And the brooklets are poems that rhyme as they run
 In the Summer of Long Ago.

Have you seen the queen of that beautiful land
 In the radiant realms of old?
 With eyes like the stars of the May-pop bars,
 And throat like the lily's fold?
 Queen of your home in that yet-to-be day,
 To hold you in bondage forever and aye,
 Yet to love and to cherish, to bless and obey—
 And queen even now in a kingdom above—
 The little sweetheart you first learned to love
 In the Summer of Long Ago.



OLE MISTIS.

A BRIGHT, sunny morning, about fifty years ago, in a valley of the Middle Basin of Tennessee. A handsome brick residence, with sturdy pillars and flanking galleries, on a grassy knoll that slopes up from a winding pike. Barns, whitewashed and clean as a sanded kitchen floor; fences, shining in long lines in the hazy, spring sunlight; orchards, in bloom and leaf; wheatfields, stretching away in billowy freshness, turning now to amber, now to emerald, as the west wind laughed across them. Further on, a meadow, dotted with sheep and cattle, while nearer the house, and to the right, a narrower meadow of bluegrass, through which merrily leaped a sparkling branch whose source was in a large stone dairy near the house. This meadow had been divided into paddock after paddock, each containing a handsome mare or two, with foal at her side.

This is the home of Col. James Dinwiddie, the courtliest gentleman, best farmer, kindest friend, most relentless enemy,

most charitable neighbor, nerviest gambler, and owner of some of the best race horses in Tennessee.

"Horse racing," he has said a hundred times, "is the sport of the gods. A man must breed horses twenty or thirty years and have his ancestors do the same, too, before he can become an all around gentleman. The proper study of mankind, sir—with due respect to Alexander Pope—is horsekind. Gambling on horse races is wrong—of course it is, sir. It's wrong just like it's wrong to gamble on the price of wheat or corn, or city lots, or to raffle off cakes and quilts at church festivals, or to run up a bill at your grocer's when the chances are ten to one you'll never pay it—wrong, all wrong, sir. But how are you going to stop it? I, for one, shall not try. The Dinwiddies can show ten generations of gentlemen, sir, and not a single hypocrite"—and he would invite you out to a paddock to see a stallion he had lately imported from England. "The winner of the Derby, sir," he would add as he looked him critically over; "the winner of the Derby, while kings and princesses looked on in admiration and delight."

The day wears dreamily on, being one of those spring days when wanton May, coquetting both with April and June, varies her moods to suit each ardent wooer. Everything is busy growing—too busy to attend to anything but its own affairs. Even Brutus, the Colonel's negro jockey, was rubbing with more than usual attention a magnificent blood-like gray mare half covered with a costly all-wool blanket, on which the Dinwiddie monogram was stitched in red silk. In the clean, newly-swept hallway she stood, impatiently enough, with the cooling bridle on, her keen ears now flashing forward, as some object attracted her attention in front, now laid back threateningly on her neck as the vigorous jockey rubbed too ardently her steaming sides—for he had just given her her morning work out—and champing incessantly the bright round snaffle-bit in the loosely-fitting head stall. An imp of a darkey, twelve or fifteen years old, small, wiry, with quick, sharp eyes, sits just out of reach of the mare's heels on an

upturned peck measure, and watches like a cat every movement of the deft rubber.

Jake, as his name went, was a privileged character. "The mascot of the barn," as the Colonel called him, "and we can't get along without him—him and the rat terrier. Just watch them, Brutus," he had said only yesterday to the new jockey he had lately imported from New Orleans to ride his horses and superintend his stable, "and don't let them go to sleep in the stall with old Mistis or get too near the mare's heels. With any of the other horses it makes little difference. My luck would desert me if either of them got hurt." To-day Jake was taking his first opportunity to tell the new jockey all he knew.

"You gotter be mighty keerful dar, wid ole Mistis," he said, as the mare raised a hind foot threateningly from a too careless stroke of the rubber, "mighty keerful. She's er on-common kuis mair an' wuf all de res' ob de string. Didn't ole Marster tell you you mustn't nurver try to rub her off 'twell you's fust cleaned off her face—de berry op'site from eny yuther hoss? He ain't? Wal, it's a good thing I tole you, or you'd er bin kicked ober de barn! An' didn't he tell you erbout de waterin' ob her, dat she didn't drink spring warter like de yuthers, but you had to warter her ouden de cistern whar de white folks drinks? He ain't? Wal, you jes' try her now. She'll die ob thirstivashun afore she'll drink a drap unless it cums ouden de cistern. I'm de onliest one dat understan's dis mair, an' dat's er fac." said the imp, as he arose from his improvised seat and ran a hand down into a jean pocket where he had stored away a bright carrot. Slipping carelessly under the mare's flank, before the jockey could stop him, he bobbed up suddenly under her nose and presented to her the rich vegetable, exclaiming: "Heah, you gray ghost, faster'n greased lightning down er skinned sycermore, an' meaner'n de debil to his muddern-law—take dis!" and the bit stopped rattling in her nervous jaws as she proceeded to devour the carrot, after which she whinnied and then rubbed

her nose affectionately on a closely cropped, woolly head, with every sign of satisfaction. "Take me outer dis heah barn," remarked the little darkey pompously, as he strolled back to his seat, catching the mare playfully by the tail as he passed, "an' dis mair would kill sum nigger befo' night. I'm de onliest one dat understan's her, an' ole Marster 'll tell you so. Didn't he nurver tell you how I made ole Mistis win de ten t'ousan' dollars at de big race las' spring? He ain't? Wal, he mayn't tole it to you, but I've heurd 'im tell it to de guv'ners, majahs an' jedges dat visits him, when dey sets out in de frunt peazzer an' smokes at night, an' dey nearly die laffin'. 'Sides dat, its bin rit in de papers, mun!

"You see we got holt of er fool heah las' year dat thout de way ter train hosses wus ter beat 'em. We didn't kno' he wus dat way at de time or we wouldn't er hi'ed 'im. We b'leeves in kindness heah; we don't beat nobody 'cept dey b'leeged ter have it—noboddy but my mammy, Aunt Fereby, de cook. She beats me nigh ter death sum times, 'kase I'm her onliest chile an' she's tryin' ter raise me right, an' Marster says he 'lows it 'kase she's de onliest one on de place dat kno's dey've got de genuwine religun. Wal, dis fellow we got, tried ter train ole Mistis dar, an' lacter ruined her. She won't take no beatin,. No, siree; why, man, dat mair's by Sir Archie, fus' dam by Bosting, secun' dam by Diermeed, third dam by Flyin' Childen, fourth dam by 'Merican 'Clipse, an' so on fur twenty mo'—I've heard ole Marster tell it er hundred times. Wal, de end ob it wus we jes' had de oberseer gib dat nigger a cow-hidin' and saunt him erway; an' we turned ole Mistis out on de frunt lawn to try an' furgit it. An' dat's whar I fell in lub wid her. I ain't got nuffin' ter do but to tote de kitchin wood in fer mammy, an' I uster go out dar an' feed ole Mistis apples an' sech lak, an' one day Marster tried 'er again on de track, wid me dar to be wid 'er, an' she run lak a skeered deer wid de houns at her heels. Ole Marster laf an' say, 'By de eterna! but dat boy am a reg'lar muscat—he bring me good luck!' and he twell 'em to take

me to de big race wid 'em at Nashville de nex' month. Jiminy! But didn't we hab a good time on de road? We hitched up de fo' mule team an' put all our things in an' went long in style. Ole Marster went long in de kerridge wid Mis' Anne—dat's de young mistis—an' Cap'n Sidney—dat's her bow—I hates dat white man, he's so mean—an' we eben carry de horrow an' de big pair Devum steers to pull it. 'What you gwine carry dis horrow fur an' dis ox team, Kunnel?' said de Sidney man when we started. 'Bekase, sah,' said ole Marster, 'my hosses can't run ober pavements, an' dat's whut dey had to do de las 'time I wus dar. Dat crowd up dar too stingy to keep de tracks horrowed, sah,' an' we all went on. Wal, sah, I slep' in de stall wid ole Mistis ebry night an' she nurver tromped on me nary time. De mornin' ob de race dar wus de bigges' crowd I eber seen. 'Twas down in de ole clobet bottom, whar dey say General Jackson useter race; an' bright an' early ole Marster rid out to de stable on de track an' tell de head jockey to hook up de par of Devum steers to de horrow an' make me horrow de track for ole Mistis—an' den he rid off sum'ers. Dey put me on de off steer an' gin me a big stick, an' I went 'round an' 'round dat track twell I got mighty tired. An' dey guyed me an' 'hollered at me up at de gran' stan'. An' one man laffed an' 'hollered to sum mo' dar in er little stan' by deyself an' said, 'Time 'em, ginal, ef dey ain't goin' too fas' fur yore watch,' an' den dey all look at me an' de two steers an' laf. 'But,' thinks I to myself, 'ebry man gotter start at de bottom ef he 'specks to rise, an', dough I'm gwine 'round on a steer now, dey am good ones, an' dese folks will yet lib to see me go 'round on dis track on de bes' piece ob hoss flesh dat eber stood on iron.' I kin stan' white folks laffin at me, but de nex' time I cum 'round dar wus some little niggers laffin' an' throwin' clods, an' it made my blood bile. Torectly one on 'em got up clos' to me an' I hauled off an' fotch 'im a whack on de head wid my stick, but de nex' one I hit I missed, an' hit de ox on de tip ob his big horn an' knocked de shell off clear down to his head.

Wal, when ole Marster cum he was sho' mad, 'kase he thout a heap ob de steers, an' it sp'iled de match to have one on 'em wid de horn off, an' he ax' de jockey, 'who dun it?' An' de jockey said, 'Ax Jake.' An' he ax me whut I do hit fur, an' he wouldn't b'leeve me when I told him 'bout de little niggers, an' he took his ridin' whip an' started to lambas' me. But it was den prutty nigh time to race an' he changed his mind an' said: 'No; I won't whip you; you won't mind dat; but I'll hurt you wusser—I'll lock you up in de stable an' you shan't see ole Mistis run her race.'

"Wal, sah, dat lacter kill me. I beg 'im to gib me a good 'un but let me see the race! I cried an' I hollered, but ole Marster had 'em shut me up an' lock me in an' dar I wus. Wal, de crowd guthered an' de ban' played an' de hosses cum out, an' I looked through de crack an' seed ole Mistis wid our colors up an' eb'rybody hoorayin', an' I jes' couldn't stan' it! I knowed ole Marster wus busy an' he'd forgot all erbout me an' I jes' dug out dat stable like a rat, an' slipped up to de three-quarter pole whar de hosses cum down fur de wurd. Wal, sah, you orter seed dat race; hit wus a corker ef dey eber wus one. I furgot I wus erlive—I seemed to be in ernuther wurld—I didn't think of the Devum steers no mo'—'twus glory hallieluyar, cinnerman bark an' pep'mint candy, two circuses an' er watermelon patch, moonshine and heab-enly angels, an' I turned er summerset, I felt so good, an' hollered to de common niggers erround me es loud es I could: 'Look at ole Mistis! Look at ole Mistis! Jes' lookit my mair!' An' jes' 'bout den dey cum 'round doun our way an' ernudder hoss shot by ole Mistis an' de niggers all laf an' holler, 'Whar am ole Mistis now?' an' hit made me so mad I jumped up on de fense an' jes' es de mair cum by I hollered at 'er wid all my might; 'Look out, ole Mistis! Look out, ole Mistis! Look out! Fur Gord sake run!' An' fo' goodness she heurd me for she jes' collared dat hoss an' went by 'im lak he wus hitched to de gyardin palins. An' when I seed she hed beat 'im I jes' turned summersets all ober de

groun' an' walk on my han's an' h'ist my feet under dem common niggers' noses. An' ebery time I turn er summerset an' kick my feet I sing:

Possum up de gum stump,
 Fat hog in de waller—
 Ole Mistis gin herself a hump
 An' beat 'em all to holler!

O my ole Mistis! My ole Mistis!
 Whar you gwine? Whar you gwine?
 O my ole Mistis! My ole Mistis!
 You kno' you ain't ha'f tryin'!

“An' den I riz an' turned ernudder summerset an' cracked my heels in de air, an' gin 'em ernudder one 'kase I wus so happy:

Jay-bird took de hoopin' coff'
 Kildee took de measle,
 Ole Mistis took de money off—
 Pop goes de weasel!

O my ole Mistis! My ole Mistis!
 Whar you gwine? Whar you gwine?
 O my ole Mistis! My ole Mistis!
 You kno' you ain't ha'f tryin'!

“But when I riz de next time I liked ter drap in my tracks! Dar stood ole Marster an' 'er whole crowd er gemmens lookin' at me an' laffin', an' when he seed I seed 'im he cum up tendin' like he was mighty mad, an' sez: ‘You imp of a nigger? Whut you cum outen dat stall fur? I'm er good min' ter flay you erlive?’ An' I drapped on de grass at his feet an' sed: ‘Ole Marster, kill me—beat me to def! I kno' I desarves it, but I've seed de bes' hoss race in de wurl, an'

ole Mistis has won it. Thang God! I'm reddy to go! An' whut you reckon' he dun, nigger? Ole Marster! Right dar in dat crowd! He jes' pull out er ten dollar gold piece, an' laf an' sed: 'Heah, you little rascal! Ef dat mair hadn't heurd you er hollerin' on de fence I don't b'leeve she'd eber made dat spurt an' won de race.' An' de folks all 'round sed de same thing. 'Take dis money,' he sed. 'Now, go an' help rub her off?' Fur er fac' he did."

"Jake-e-e! Oh, Jakey!" came a terrific voice from the back porch. A glance by Brutus showed that it emanated from the center of a dark, moon-like object which appeared to be in an eclipse, for a deep circle of red bandanna—not unlike the rays of the sun creeping over its edges—shone over the northern hemisphere. Beneath this cropped out a tuft of corded hair, not unlike the peaks of a lunar mountain. The moon was evidently in a state of activity, however, for from Brutus' distance the terrific "Jake-e! Oh, Jakey!" which continued to pour steadily forth seemed to come out of a volcanic pit, situated near the southern extremity of the satellite. The sphere seemed poised on an object, which, from the barn door, was not unlike a mountain weighing some three hundred pounds and decked in a blue checked homespun, girdled around the center with a string. At the sound of the voice—for such it was, and it came from Aunt Fereby, the cook—the small braggart ceased his narration as suddenly as if he had met the fate of Ananias. The fat person in the porch became greatly excited. Shading her eyes with a hand covered with biscuit dough, she looked intently at the barn door, as if it were the object of her wrath, and screamed:

"Don't you heah me callin' you, yer raskill?"

"Unc' Brutus," said the small person, now considerably rattled, "is dat mammy callin' me?"

"You knò' it is," said Brutus, as he went on with his rubbing, while the virago still held her hand over her eyes with a look of vengeance there.

"What am she doin' now," asked the tamer of oxen, in the hallway, "eny thing 'cept hollerin'?"

"She's gethered up her cloze to her knees," said Brutus, as he glanced up, "an' she's cummin' t'words de barn wid 'er brush-broom in her han's. You'd better git," he added significantly.

But Jakey needed not this admonition. He had already departed at the rear door of the barn. However, he called back: "Unc' Brutus, don't forgit ter soak de bandages in arnica water afore you put 'em on ole Mistis' legs. You kno'—"

"You git!" said Brutus, picking up a stout cob. "Git! Does de ole rider like me want eny tellin' from a kid of yore stripe?" But Jake had already hurried out of the rear of the barn, intending to keep on down the rock fence and turn up suddenly in the kitchen with a bundle of "sage-grass" in his arms, as evidence that he had been on the errand on which he had been sent. But these tactics must have been played before, for the party armed with the brush-broom darted around the rear of the stable, instead of the front, and immediately afterward the jockey rubbing off the gray mare heard a painful collision, followed by yells from Jakey, and the regular shewow, shewow, shewow of the switches as the current was turned on. A few minutes afterward the mountain and moon was seen hurriedly advancing back to the kitchen, holding her youthful scion by the ear, while the boy half ran, half jumped, with now and then a yank in the air from his mother to help him along, and getting the benefit of the after-clap—a tongue lashing.

"Dat's de way you am," she said as he went along, "spendin' yore life, an' sp'ilin' yore chances for usefulness in dis wurl' an' heb'n in de naixt, foolin' wid dat low jockey crowd down dar at de barn, an' me wurryin' myself ter def tryin' to raise you right." (A yank.) "Des' lak de good book say: 'A thankles' chile am sharper'n a suppent's tooth'—"

(yank! yank!)—only you ain't sharper 'tall—(a vigorous twist)—ain't sharper nuff to hide in de hay loft when you heah me callin' you 'stead er runnin' out dat back door when you dun dat trick three times befo' an' think I ain't got sense nuff to kno' it! (Yank, yank, yank!) But I needn't 'spec' you to do nuffin right—you sp'iled already. Dar! set down dar in dat cornder," she said as she gave him a final yank in the air and landed him in the kitchen corner, "an' eat dat cracklin' bread I dun sabe for you while you doun dar at de stable ruinin' yore immoral soul foolin' wid race horses. An' what I sabe it fur you fur?" striking an attitude and looking at him with convincing scorn. "Whut fur, I say? Jes' to teach you a lesson frum de Bible, to let you kno' it allers cums true. Don't it say: 'De way ob de transgressor am hard?' You dun foun' dat out, ain't you? Wal, it also says: 'Blessed am dey dat moans fur dey shall be cumfitted.' You dun hab you moanin', now be cumfitted an' thank yore stars you got a good mudder dat kno's how to 'terprit de scripters," and she flung herself in a chair and proceeded to cool off.

Jakey accepted the interpretation of the skillet of crackling bread and having dried his tears on his sleeves, and felt of his ear to see that it was still there, he fell to and proceeded to be comforted with a zeal bordering on religious enthusiasm.

"But, law!" began his mammy, after a pause, "I can't do nuffin wid him. I heurd Ole Marster say de big race cum off soon an' he gwine take you erlong es a muscat. Dat's de way it am; "De wicked race to dar own destrucshun."

Jake stopped eating at once. "Is dat so, mammy?" with a look that showed how he stood on the subject.

For answer the chair was vacated in an instant and the brush-broom picked up.

"Come, come, Fereby, you have whipped that boy enough!"

The cook dropped her switches and said apologetically

to her master—for it was Col. Dinwiddie who was passing by and spoke—“Jes’ es you say, Marster. I’m jes tryin’ to raise ’im right. You kno’ what King Sollermon say: ‘Spare de rod an’ spile de chile’”—triumphantly!

“Yes, but a greater one than Solomon has said: ‘Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.’ Jake”—to the boy—“go unhitch my horse from the rack and take him to the barn,” and the Colonel went on in.

The boy went off with alacrity. “‘Blessed am de merciful,’ he said to himself, ‘fur dey shall obtain mercy.’ Dat’s de bes’ religion I eber heurd in my life. Ef all ob ’em had dat kind dar wouldn’t be a brush-broom or a mean temper in de wurl,” and he patted the horse on the nose and mounted him. Darkey like, he put him through all his gaits before he reached the barn.

II.

But although the sun shone so brightly on the fertile fields and splendid mansion of Col. Dinwiddie, there was little of its sunshine in the heart of its owner on that May day, fifty years ago. With a paper in hand, near sunset, he sat out on his front veranda, looking dreamily and moodily ahead at a sloping wheat field across the pike. How beautiful it looked! How the recent rains had brought it out, filling its golden meshes—those chaff thatched granaries—with the product of the sun and soil! Near, the big poplars in his own yard lifted their red and yellow wax blossoms to heaven or showered them on the blue grass carpet below. A hundred sweet fragrances filled the evening air, a hundred homely sounds fell on his ears. Among them, and clearer than all others, was the occasional whinny of a stately matron in the paddock beyond, disturbed for a moment because her own suckling had strolled off to caper and play mimic racing with some other mare’s degenerate offspring.

“My faculties are peculiarly acute this evening,” said

the master to himself, "or else I am a rank coward, unable to stand misfortune. I never saw the old place have such a charm before," he continued, half aloud. "I don't mind giving it up so much on my own account, but Anne"—

"What! father?" answered behind him, a voice full of sweetness. "Did you call me?"—and a beautiful girl stepped out from a bay window and, laying her hands affectionately on his shoulders, reached over and playfully kissed him.

With their faces together, it would not require a close observer to see the striking resemblance between Anne Dinwiddie and her father. Left motherless at an early age, Anne had found in one parent all the love and affection usually given by two. Nothing could exceed the Colonel's tenderness and affection for his daughter, and nothing Anne's pride, love and admiration for her father. Perhaps her life with a masculine mind had given a stronger turn to her own, instead of the feminine cast and romantic play that might have been expected under other circumstances. Or, perhaps she inherited it from her father—a strong, firm man himself—for the girl was as much known for her practical sense and firmness as for her matchless beauty. This evening, in her baby-waist gown of white muslin, cut low neck and short sleeves, her auburn hair gracefully coiled behind a shapely head and tucked in with a large mother-of-pearl comb, inlaid with gold, her face aglow with a silent happiness which bespoke another love within, the girl was divine, and her father drew her to her old place on his knee—for though nearly twenty she was to him the little tot of two years—the same he wept over in her crib the night after her mother was laid away forever, and the first great grief of his life came to break in on his ambition—the ambition "to breed the best horse that ever lived on the best farm in Tennessee."

The Colonel was a man that spoke to the point, and of few words. In his daughter he found a mind in which his own sought help and advice. All his business was known

to her. Even many of his breeding problems he had tried to solve with her aid, and it was no little, for she had pedigrees and records at her tongue's end and knew the great horses of the past as mariners did the stars.

"My child," said her father, bluntly, "I have gambled once too often; I am afraid I've ruined us," and he looked away across the wheat fields.

An expression of pain came over the girl's strong face, but she said nothing. This one question of gambling on horses was the only one on which her father and herself had differed, and the look she now wore showed that at last had happened what she always feared would happen. At length she asked:

"How much is it?"

"Forty thousand dollars"—his eyes still on the distant fields.

"Can you pay it?" in a tone which showed she was more afraid of her father's honor suffering than of being left penniless herself.

"Not unless I sell the horses—"

"Then sell them," came the quick answer.

"And the farm," he continued.

"Let it go, too."

"My child," said her father, as he rested his eyes steadily on her face, "of course I shall if it comes to the worst, but—but—" and he caught himself stammering like a school-boy, as he gazed in the sweet, honest eyes of his daughter—"Anne, there—is—another"—he stopped again, with a look of positive annoyance on his clear-cut face. The twilight shadows had fallen, the lamps were lit in the hall, but still the father broke not the silence.

"Cur'pony! Cur'pony! Cur'pony!" came from across the meadow, as the stable boy stood in the pasture and called up the yearlings for their evening meal. Around the corner of a neat cabin a sprightly young negro was picking a banjo.

accompanying the deep, rich notes of the instrument with a voice in perfect attune—"Aho—a, an' er—who-ah—ahoo—a, an' er—who-ah—ahoo—ahoo," sounded the voice on the still evening air, and the echoing strings of the banjo repeated—"ahoo—ahoo!"

"But what, father?" at length asked the daughter.

"Why, my child," said the Colonel, awakening from his reverie, "I intended telling you before. I should have mentioned it, I am sure, several days ago, only I did so hate to do it. You know how it hurts me to give you up! But 'tis your right and privilege to hear and my duty to bear the message from Capt. Sidney. A few days ago he asked me for my permission to approach you on a subject."

The girl sprang up, her face crimson, her eyes ablaze.

"Your permission, father? He had better get from me some token of at least a partial consent for him to approach you on such a subject! Permission, indeed! Father, I hate the man!"

"My, my, my!" said her father, half laughing, half astounded, "but I never saw you so stirred up, my darling! Why, Sidney has been here every two or three weeks for a dozen years, is twice your age, and has actually seen you grow up and has never made any secret of waiting for you. Rich, handsome, jovial and actually worships you! I thought you two were fine friends."

"Father, Father!" exclaimed the girl, "you do not know me! As your guest and friend I endured Capt. Sidney, and treated him courteously. But do you think a girl has no heart, no ears, no eyes? I have disdained from maiden modesty to tell you before what your one question demands of me now. Would you have your daughter wed a man whose excesses have even reached the ears of as unworldly a maid as I? Am I to be won by a man merely because he is your friend and is 'rich, handsome, jovial and worships me,' as you say? I do not love him—that is enough! Oh, father?"

she said with sudden impulse, as she seated herself in his lap and took his face in both her hands and laid her face against his, "did not my dear mother love you? You know what I mean—how I mean!" and tears rolled down from her brown eyes.

"By the eternal, you are right!" said the Colonel, as he arose hastily, with a trace of emotion in his own voice, "I hadn't thought of that! The scamp!" he repeated half aloud. "I like him myself, but what am I? Only a gambler! He is another—a gentleman—yes, a gentleman—but a gambler for all that! And his excesses in other directions—whew! Anne!" he called, as he kissed her and started into his room, "you are right—always right—always right. I hadn't thought of that," and the door closed on his form, a trifle bent, Anne thought, as she sank in a chair and wept from sympathy for her father.

But there never was a girl like Anne Dinwiddie. Tears did not stay with her long. She dismissed the captain with a contemptuous sniff as she vigorously wiped her red nose and eyes, and then she fell to thinking with her practical little mind to find a way to help her father. Throwing an opera shawl over her head and rounded shoulders—for the air was chilly—she sat silently rocking and looking up at the stars. Presently the big gate at the pike shut with a bang and a few moments later the rhythmical feet of a saddle horse played a tune as they pattered up the gravel walk. On came the horseman till the animal reached the portico where sat the silent figure in white, when he shied suddenly to the left. The ease with which the rider retained his seat showed he was accustomed to such antics from his horse, and the dexterity with which he pressed a knee in the animal's chest and whirled it about face with a twist of a firm hand, made the girl's eyes sparkle with excitement. In a moment the rider had bounded o'er the railing with:

"Hello! Anne, is that the way you frighten off your

beaux? Sit out here in the dim light with just enough white about your head to frighten their horses to death, and have them plunging all about over your white pink and forget-me-not beds?"

"Jim! Jim! How could you?" laughed the girl, as she arose and shook his hand. "Didn't I tell you you should not come over to-night? As Uncle Jack, the carriage driver would say, you are a positive 'nuessence.'"

"O, Anne," he said, with boyish enthusiasm, as he drew a chair up close to hers, "I just couldn't stay away. I have thought of you all day. 'Jim Wetherall,' said the old gentleman when he came into the lower field, where I was looking after the hands plowing and let them all go down to the spring for water and waste an hour idling just because I was thinking of you, 'Jim Wetherall, if you ain't in love you are just a lunatic, and that's all. Why the mischief don't you look after your business? And is this the way you let them run corn rows over a hillside, with such a fall as to make a gully the first hard rain that comes?"

"After supper I saddled Troup, and thinks I, 'I'll just ride over and look at the light in her window.' But may you never speak to me again if the rascal Troup didn't turn in the gate before I knew it, and here I am. And, oh, Anne, if you only knew how I love you—"

But Jim's mouth was stopped with a hand over it—which he proceeded to kiss, to the fair owner's chagrin—for she immediately withdrew it and gave the kisser a rap on the head with the other one.

"Jim! Jim! Don't be a goose," she said. "You don't know how sad and worried I am to-night," and she proceeded to tell him all her father's troubles.

Jim and Anne had been playmates from early youth. The boy, though really a man now, had never concealed anything from her—not even the fact that he always had and always would love her. Anne had laughed at him in her sisterly

way; had helped him in his studies as he grew up—for she had many advantages over Jim, whose father was an honest and well-to-do farmer. The boy, under her influence, had even gone to college and managed to graduate, but was noted more for his hard horse sense, as they called it, and his frank honesty, than for any great leaning toward the classics or any diplomatic erudition. “The only classic I want,” he said to Anne, after he came back home, “is you. When I think of you, Anne,” he cried, “I see all the goddesses and nymphs and queens of old. You seem to me like one of those Grecian temples I read of, with pillars so stately and everything so perfect. You seem to belong to another age, so different from mine—so far away, and sweet and dreamy, and high above me, and for which my soul yearns. Oh, Anne, can’t you love me?”

And Anne would laugh and tell him, “Maybe, Jim, some day.” And the big fellow would be satisfied and glad to be allowed to see her now and then and bide his time.

“Forty thousand dollars is a big sum to owe,” said the now thoughtful Jim, when Anne had told him all—and Jim knew by the way she spoke that she was silently weeping. Then she said softly:

“Jim, who could have taken such an advantage of father? Perhaps it was fair as far as gambling goes, Jim, but you know how honorable and fair father is, and—and—I’ve heard those kind always lose in the end, you know, Jim.”

Jim was silent. “Must I really tell you, Anne?” he said at length. “Well, it is none other than Capt. Sidney.”

“Oh, Jim!” said Anne, in astonishment, “how did you know?”

“Never mind,” he said, quietly. “It would not be altogether manly for me to tell you, Anne, but I know it for a certainty; besides I’ve an idea in my head that may help us.”

“Oh, Jim! do, do help us—dear Jim.” she said impulsively.

sively, "you are clever and know so much that is practical, and are so honest and kind and true. Oh, Jim, if you can help us I never will forget——"

"Anne!" he said, catching her hand, "God knows I would die for you or the Colonel, either. He's been the kindest, best friend I ever had. He's a gentleman—every inch of him—and you, oh, Anne, I would die if you were out of my life! But," he said, suddenly checking himself, "please forgive me—this is no time for that. What a goose I am!" After a pause: "Anne, I'm going now. My head is too full of a plan I have to talk any longer. A calamity such as you have mentioned would simply wreck your's and the Colonel's life—and mine, too," he added, slowly, "if your's was. We all have a chance some time in life to show what we're made of," he continued, "and now is my time. And I am going in heart and soul. I'll show you I'm no feather-bed friend, but one who can love in prosperity and love harder in adversity. I don't know what I can do—but, Anne, I'll try, for your's and the Colonel's sake—even if you marry another. Don't cry"—for Anne was crying softly—"but good night. You will hear from me again," and the brave fellow was in the saddle.

"Jim!"

The horse was spurred up close under the balcony.

"Jim!"

And the golden head bent over the railing, till the red lips touched his ear, and the smell of her perfumed hair seemed to the bewildered Jim like the glory of the fragrant locks of all the goddesses of ancient Greece.

"Jim, dear Jim! I—I—think—I—love—you—now. Good night!" And she was gone, while Jim sat in mute silence and inexpressible happiness, looking up in the eyes of two stars that twinkled above where her own had just been. And looking, Jim wondered whether he was really alive or horse-back, or was only a spirit of joy winging its way to the two

stars which shone above him in the place of Anne's eyes.

A moment later Troup, his saddle horse, became convinced there was no spirit there, for he felt a vigorous thrust from anything but a spiritual foot in his side, and he bounded away in a gallop.

III.

For several days Anne was in a state of quiet happiness. She did not see Jim for a week—she did not want to. She did not know what was going to happen, but she felt as if something was, and that all was safe. She sang around the house like a bird. It all flashed over her one day when her father said at the tea table:

“That boy Jim Wetherall is a trump. He has got more horse sense in a minute than I have in a year!” Anne looked up in astonishment. The Colonel continued. “You know Ole Mistis is entered in the Cumberland Futurity, worth \$50,000 to the winner. I have never regarded her as a promising candidate, and of late she has been going so badly in her work under the new jockey that I had abandoned the idea of paying the final entrance fee. But Jim—you know how interested he has always been in the horses, Anne!—(but Anne was busy with her teacup, while her cheeks were scarlet)—seems to be more so of late, and has been over every day. He soon convinced me the mare was shod wrong and that the boy Brutus knew nothing about his business. ‘Why, Colonel,’ he said, in his blunt way, ‘he shouldn’t ride a speckled steer to water for me—the mare is fast, very fast—he doesn’t understand her.’ And what do you reckon?” Anne could not imagine! “Why, he is actually working her himself, with Jake as a rider, and I never saw such improvement, Anne,” he said as he came around to her chair. “If I could only win that stake it would be the happiest day of my life. Never more would I race a horse—never again would I gamble. I feel almost upset of late. I am weak and peevish, vacillating and unnerved. Last night,” he said,

slowly, and with more seriousness than was his custom, "I dreamed of your dear mother, child, and her sweet, dark eyes seemed full of pity and sorrow," and Col. Dinwiddie walked slowly over to the portrait which hung on the wall and stood looking at it in silent admiration, while his daughter came up and put her arms around him with, "Never mind, father; don't be worried. Just let Jim take charge—he is clever and honest, and will surprise you yet."

The morning of the greatest race ever run on Tennessee soil came. The city was crowded with visitors; excitement was at fever heat.

"We haven't a chance in the world, Anne," said Col. Dinwiddie to his daughter, as she sat in the grand stand, dazed and confused with the mighty crowd around her and a terrible weight on her heart. "It is not so bad as that, Anne," said Jim, who had come up to whisper a few words of encouragement before the horses started; "there is always a chance in a horse race. The best one may break his leg in ten feet of the wire. So don't be altogether wretched," and he went off to look after the mare.

Two o'clock! The crowd was immense. Never before was assembled such a galaxy of beauty and gallantry in the Volunteer state. The riders were weighed, horses handicapped and all sent up the stretch.

Jake was delighted when told he was to ride ole Mistis. He was ignorant of the fact that the mare was thought to be in no fix to win and that the betting was 10 to 1 against her.

"All enybody's got ter do," he said to himself, "is to set on her and guide 'er. I'd like to see 'em beat ole Mistis!"

But when his master came to him in the stretch to give him instructions even the little darkey saw something was wrong. He had never seen the Colonel look that way before. His eyes were stern, but expressionless; his voice husky with emotion, and the quick spirit of command

seemed to have given way to the evil genius of despair. Quiet and commanding as ever, but Jake saw he was in no mood to be crossed and all but guessed his master had made up his mind for defeat and ruin.

"Jake!"

"Yes, Marster," said Jake.

"Listen to what I tell you, and do as I tell you. Do you see that bay horse there?"

"Yes, Marster," and Jake cast his keen eye contemptuously on the bay.

"Well, Jake, they say he is going to beat my mare. If he does"—he clutched Jake's arm tightly, so tight the boy winced, and his master's voice sunk to a whisper as he said—"If they do, Jake, I am ruined, ruined, ruined!"—and the boy almost quailed before the stern expression that gleamed from his master's eyes. Then he resumed: "Now listen; the bay will set the pace, but do you keep up with him—easy as you can, but up to him—stay with him. It's four miles, and a death struggle; but the mare can go the route. When you come in the stretch at the last mile, take this rawhide"—drawing a keen whip—"and whip her from the last eighth home. It's your only chance, and not much at that. Do you hear me?" for Jake gazed at him in astonishment.

"Marster,"—slowly—"you sho'ly don't 'spec' me ter whip ole Mistis wid dis?"—apologetically.

"Expect you?" thundered the Colonel. "Did you hear what I said? Do as I tell you or I'll have the overseer to flay you alive after this race. Do you hear, now?"

"Yes, Marster," said Jake, as he took the whip and turned the mare into line. But to himself he said:

"Whut! Me beat ole Mistis wid dis thing? Ole Mistis—my Ole Mistis? I'll take it myself fust! Sho'ly Marster ain't at hissef"—and he looked around to see where the bay horse, Loraine, was. At that moment Jim Wetherall came up.

"Jake," he said, "what did the Colonel tell you?" Jake told him. "That's all right; now listen to me. Do you see that path of firm clay there in the center of the track? Well, it runs from the last eighth to the wire. I worked all the morning with ten teams to put it there. The track is too soft for the mare, Jake; and, besides, you know how she is. She's foolish about things at the old home, ain't she, Jake?"

"Dat she is, Marse Jim."

"And we've run her on the clay path in the orchard for weeks, haven't we, Jake? Well, now, boy, what we want to do is to make the old mare feel at home. When you come round the last time throw her on this path—the footing is good—cut her loose, and I don't believe any of them can head you!"

Jake nodded. "And don't forget this," he said, "I've got a thousand dollars in my pocket to buy you if you win this race, and, on the word of Jim Wetherall, I'll set you free. Do you understand me, Jake?"

The negro's eyes fell. "I'll win it eny way, ef I can, Marse Jim. Whut I wanter be free fur—whut'd I do erway frum ole Marster an' Ole Mistis?" And Jake waited for the word.

But all were not ready, and the longer they waited the more intense became the boy's anxiety. Left to himself in a crowd of rough jockeys, who did what they could to frighten the mare and annoy the boy, it was almost pathetic to see him reach over and stroke the great gray's neck and say to her: "Doncher be afeerd, ole Mistis—dis am Jake—little Jake," and then he would add, softly and tenderly, "He ain't gwineter hit you—my ole Mistis—my ole Mistis."

And what a wonderful change came over the mare! Not to-day, as she had been on former occasions, was she nervous and unruly, whirling 'round and 'round, endeavoring to break away, or refusing to line up. Her entire nature seemed changed—Jake's presence was magical. She stood

perfectly still, quiet and apparently indifferent—and only in her quick, glancing eye and the almost imperceptible play of her ears could a close observer have seen the great struggle going on within her—a struggle to control the frantic desire for wild flight—a desire inherited from an hundred ancestors—now fighting for possession of her nature. It was a grand example, even in a brute, of will conquering passion, of dumb intelligence controlling brute force, of a small ray of human reason, playing like an electric spark through clouds of tumultuous darkness and waiting for the explosion that would make the thunderbolt!

The starter is talking—Jake knows not what, but he gathers the reins tighter. The flag drops; the ball of living, flying flesh is shot; a roar answers back from the grand stand which says, "They're off! They're off!"

Jake had great confidence in his master's judgment. Ignoring every other horse, he kept his small, black eyes on the big, galloping bay, and his swaggering, insolent rider. Unused to the crowd and the flying speed, the sensation of riding so fast, for the first quarter, was almost painful to Jake—he appeared to himself to be flying in the air, tied to a projectile. The roar of the wind in his ears hurt them; he dodged instinctively, and with a silent prayer placed his mount on the side of the bay and held her in. The rider of Loraine was an old jockey and knew as well as the gamblers what horse he had to beat, as well as the almost invincible prowess of his own horse—there was nothing there could beat him!

"Don't ride so fast, little nig," he shouted to Jake in derision. "Gib de rest of us a showin'; we've got fo' miles to go; don't pump us out de fust mile."

But this disturbed not Jake. If a negro has one quality overtopping all others it is his infinite patience. And Jake was a true type of his race. He said nothing, but no snake

in the swamp had a quicker eye, or knew better when to strike.

As the Colonel had said, Loraine had set the pace, and it was hot enough. "But look, Anne," he said, "how the mare goes to his girth and stays there! See with what a bold and assuring stride she flies along—easy, graceful, unconcerned. I never saw her run so! Great God! if she will only win!" And Anne, when she saw the gallant fight, cried softly to herself and sent up a silent prayer.

"Cum on little woolly-head," said Loraine's rider, as they passed the first mile, "dis am gwinter be er hoss-race. I'm jes playing wid you now to get your wind—by an' by I'll leave you an' de ole mare in de home-stretch to pick grass." But the satyr imp said never a word, and the gray mare, as she pulled anon on the bit, told even her inexperienced rider that she had a reserve supply of speed. But how much? And did the bay have more?

On they went! Two miles! Jake knew it by a second roar from the stand as they passed. He tried to look forward but the wind cut his eyes; he recognized only a black mass of shouting humanity. Loraine's driver still rode unconcerned and indifferent. Jake dreaded the moment when he would act, when he'd send the bay for the death struggle. The boy's heart beat like a drum, his breath came in gasps, his throat was dry! "Cum on little nig," he heard no more, for the bay was pulling away, and the rushing air was an organ hurricane playing a thousand tunes in his ear. The sunshine flashed a thousand kaleidoscopic colors before his eyes! He seemed to be flying, but whether backward or forward he knew not. "Cum on little"—but he barely caught the sound, so far away did Loraine's rider appear to be. Another roar! Three miles! The track was a small white line stretched in the air. Jake heard the shouts of the riders behind him, the slashing of many whips as the keen instruments of torture fell on straining flanks. His own mare

scudded before the field of noise behind her as a sea-bird before the hurricane's roar, and yet she seemed to get no nearer the demon bay that flew fearlessly along. She pulled on her bit! Instinct seemed to tell her she must go now or never. "Not yit, ole Mistis, not yit!" said her ashen-faced driver, as he bent to her stride and patted her sweat-covered neck. At the last half! It seemed to Jake they had gone a day's journey—that time had stopped and eternity had begun since he shot away on that frenzied ride. How many long miles yet lay between him, it seemed, and where Miss Anne sat, pale and statue-like, in the blurred bank of humanity under the grand stand! The last quarter! Jake raised in his stirrups. "Now, ole Mistis, go!" he fairly shouted, as he gave her full head for the first time. The mare responded with a gallant leap—another and another—but no nearer did she come to the bay. Loraine had been turned loose, too, and increased the distance between them with demoniacal swiftness! Like a death-stab the thought went through Jake's mind for the first time that he could not win. The tears gushed to his eyes, the blood seemed to congeal in his very heart; he clutched the saddle to retain his seat. Loraine was just ahead; they were now at the last eighth. Frenzied—frantic—blinded—bewildered, Jake knew not what he did. In despair he raised his whip, it flashed a moment in the sunlight, then went whistling across the track. He had thrown it away! But look! Loraine now fairly flew! He seemed to know the time had come. His own mare? She was falling back. He knew it, he felt it—he was beaten! Overcome with grief and shame, he forgot all about Loraine. He thought only of the old home, of his love for his master, of Miss Anne, of his idolatrous worship of the mare, mingled with the fact that he had ruined them all. A clay path flashed under the mare's nose, and then he thought of Jim Wetherall's words—of his promised freedom. Crazed with fear and shame, he guided the mare in the path, let out

all his rein, and flung himself forward on her neck, clinging to her mane like an imp on a flying cloud. Thrusting two brown heels into her flanks, he burst out crying, and in tones that moved even the victorious rider of Loraine, he sobbed: "Ole Mistis! Ole Mistis! Dis am Jake—little Jake! Go home, Ole Mistis! Go home, Ole Mistis!!! Go home!!!"

To the surprise of the spectators, who now looked on the victory of Loraine as complete, the mare answered this pathetic call with a burst of speed unheard of on the track even to this day. A thousand demons of determination blazed in her eyes. One—two—three leaps she made, like a startled doe at the death bleat of her fawn, and in a twinkling she had cleared the distance between herself and the bay. The crowd roared in a tumult of excitement—men climbed on one another's shoulders—the gray mare came like a rocket! Loraine's driver, startled and now thoroughly in earnest, went to his whip. It flashed a moment in the air and fell with stinging emphasis on the bay's shoulders! The animal swerved—that blow was his ruin, for the gallant bay, never before having felt a blow, swerved slightly to avoid it. Only a yard or two—but yards are miles when seconds are hurricanes! Only a moment of indecision—but indecision is mutiny when stakes are kingdoms! Like a swallow before the blast, the gray mare thrust her long neck under the wire—and the race was won!

A moment later the crowd of shouting, frenzied people ceased shouting to a man, when the fleet animal, having no one to guide her, turned so suddenly into the drawgate that opened on the infield as to hurl Jake off, and left him mangled on the track. Later they stood, a surging crowd, around a beautiful girl seated on the ground and holding a bruised and bleeding face in her lap, upon which her own tears fell. The boy opened his eyes and half unconsciously began to murmur: "'Most home, Ole Mistis! 'Most home, Ole Mistis! 'Most home!" Presently a ray of conscious-

ness came back to his lusterless orbs, as he recognized his young mistress and exclaimed: "Oh, Miss Anne, did we win?" and interpreting correctly the half joyous smile that, despite her tears, shone 'round her mouth at thought of their victory, he closed his eyes and said: "Thang God, an' I didn't tech 'er a lick. Tell marster I'm sorry—but—I—couldn't—hit—'er!" For a moment he was silent and then his lips moved again—feebly, for the life spark was nearly gone: "'Blessed—am—de—merciful—fur—dey—shall—obtain mercy'" and the little slave was free forever.



THE BLUE-GRASS PLOT.

O, THE blue-grass plot, the blue-grass plot,
 Where I played in the days long gone,
 Where the sweet grass grew 'neath the morning dew
 And my life was a summer morn.
 The wild-rose spread o'er the porch over head
 And the swallows chirped sweet in their flight,
 But the birds are fled and the roses are dead
 And I'm far from the old home to-night.

O, the blue-grass plot, in the old back lot,
 How I long to be there once more,
 With the colts in the shade the elm tree made,
 And my mother's form at the door.
 Where the brook brawled along, with its sweet glad song,
 And I played with my dog in his glee.
 'Till I thought all the gleam of the sun and the stream
 Was made for my dog and for me.

O, the blue-grass plot, in the old back lot,
 How I long for your cool, quiet shade!
 When the sun went down and the crescent crown

Of the moon 'rose over the glade,
 How we romped on the sheen of thy dewy green
 With a shout and a laughter wild,
 'Till called to our beds where three weary heads
 Soon slept the sweet sleep of the child.

O, the blue-grass plot, the blue-grass plot,
 O the mem'ry of childhood days!
 'Tis bright as light in a cheerless night—
 'Tis sweet as the hearth-stone blaze.
 It comes with the thrill of a form that is still
 And a voice now hushed forever,
 To point our soul to that better goal—
 The Grass-plot over the River.



TO A SWEET PEA.

(Which, climbing in a rose-bush, had escaped the first frost.)

COME, little fairy, with your outstretched wings,
 Tiptoeing, with your cloudless eyes a-dream,
 Why art thou here where late the bluebird sings,
 And all thy sisters drunk of Lethe's stream?
 Dost fear to die? 'Tis but a mental pain—
 And each must sleep if each would wake again.

Ah, child of rainbow and the setting sun,
 Flirting all summer where the poppies grow,
 Death came before your little task was done?
 (He has that way as we poor mortals know!)—
 Then why seek shelter 'neath the rose's breast?
 For each must sleep if each have perfect rest.

Afraid to go clad in that gaudy gown?

Poor little dancing spirit of wild joy!
 God made thee such; nor will He ever frown
 On any work of His, tho' sad th' alloy.
 Go as thou art, if honest be thy aim—
 For God made honor everywhere the same.

Nor fear to go! On some far twinkling star
 There is a home for butterflies like thee—
 As sterner worlds for sterner spirits are,
 So fairer worlds for sweeter beings be.
 Good-by! Some day I'll catch thy faint perfume.
 And know it bloweth from immortal bloom.



A CAVALRY DRILL IN OLD TENNESSEE.

FALL in, gentlemen, fall in! Two erbreast there, an' no foolishness! Tom Riddick, can't you keep that mule still? Come, come, gentlemen, do fall in at the command! Do git into line! Promptness is the fust thing in milertary."

It was a balmy Saturday evening in a village of Tennessee—a drill day with the boys—about the year 1848. To correctly understand this sketch, and it is taken from nature, reader, we must first ask you to remember that from its earliest history Tennessee has been called the "volunteer state," an appellation won by the promptness of her sons to respond to their country's call for volunteers. In fact, the state may almost be said to have been born fighting, if such a term may be applied to an abstract commonwealth, for certain it is, that her sons played a conspicuous part in the revolutionary war, before the then "western territory of North Carolina" had been divided off into the present state of Tennessee. After that war the aggressive spirit of the warlike tribes of Indians which occupied the beautiful country of middle and west Tennessee and the fine virgin land

of the Gulf States, assisted in no small degree in keeping up that military spirit so earnestly begun in the earlier days. It needed only the fiery spirit of Andrew Jackson to firmly fix the fighting spirit of the state, and in him it received the full measure of all that was needed—yes, and more. The head and front of all this military enthusiasm was centered in the infantry musters, cavalry drills being rarer, and, we believe, not often attempted till the period directly following the Mexican war, and then not to the extent of the old musters. The following account given us by an octogenarian of the good old times we have endeavored faithfully to narrate. If it appears a little rough, reader, pray remember that those were rough and ready times, and that to attempt to describe the drill without giving the language and personnel of the drillers would be like painting a battle scene and leaving out the blood.

“Fall in, gentlemen, fall in!”

This command came from Col. Dick Posey, a fine old gentleman of sixty years, who had seen service in the war of 1812 and the Mexican war, brave, honest, simple and unaffected, but who had forgotten all his military learning except a proud and martial bearing, and that “all cavalrymen must turn out their toes while riding.” On this particular evening the Colonel’s bearing was truly grand, the occasion being one of great importance to him; for aside from the fact that he was proud of the military position he held and the reputation he had made in the war, it was well known that the Colonel was a candidate for the state legislature, and much of his success depended on the manner in which he displayed his knowledge of war. He was mounted on a long, slim, raw-boned black mare, whose every rib could be counted, but as fat as a nervous three-quarter thoroughbred could well be with the saddle scarcely ever off of her during the day, and as often as once a week good for a half-night’s chase after the hounds. She carried a high head and a rat-tail, and was so

thin in the girth that the Colonel could almost wrap his long legs around her. Withal, she was a great fool and ready to shy at the slightest provocation, a trick which gave her owner the opportunity he wanted to show off his skill as a rider.

To the Colonel's side was buckled a long saber that nearly touched the ground, balanced by a pistol in a holster that looked large enough to be a leather coffin for a baby mummy. This pistol, by the way, was a character that we cannot, in justice, pass over without a word as to its individuality. It was loaded by means of powder, balls and caps, and was nearly as heavy as a sporting gun of to-day. Its peculiarity lay in the fact that it was exceedingly "touchous" about going off, and if loaded too heavily, when fired, every chamber went off simultaneously, the balls flying in every direction except straight forward. It required more skill to fire it without killing everybody on each side of it than it now requires to properly fire a Gatling or a Hotchkiss. But to return to the Colonel. A homespun suit, dyed with copperas, a slouched hat and feather and cavalry boots completed his attire.

His company consisted of fifty or more farmers mounted on nearly every beast that the soil of the state would grow. Jim McHyde, the wit of the village, had even ridden in on a steer, decorated with cow-bells; and, suddenly rushing out from the thicket behind the only "grocery" in town, he plunged into the ranks with such a clang and shout as to stampede the entire company for a moment. As the occasion was one of more or less fun, Jim was ordered out, his steer turned loose, and Jim himself was told to get up the old cannon, brought back from Mexico, and fire it after the drill was over, a part of the military exercises scrupulously carried out at every drill, chiefly to impress the importance of the occasion on the small boys and "women folks" of the surrounding country. The company had been coming in since

twelve o'clock. The grocery, nowadays euphoniously called the saloon, had done a rushing business. Several horse swaps had taken place, there had been three "quarter-horse races" down the main street of the village, and a fight or two was not omitted from the regular program. Many of the company had ridden in on brood mares, and as it was the spring of the year these had brought their colts along with them. Each colt had been carefully criticised by a bunch of judges, while its proud owner enthusiastically pointed out its fine points and expatiated on its breeding. Finally, the company had all assembled, and after mounting, Colonel Posey advanced towards the bunch, exclaiming:

"Fall in now, gentlemen, fall in! Two erbreast an' set straight in the saddle. Git in quick an' turn out yer toes," and he rode behind the bunch of men, mares and mules.

At this command there was a general spurring and rush as each one endeavored to get into line with military promptness, but no one seemed to know where the line was and how to get into it, and to add to the general confusion, the colts got mixed up and rushed around neighing for their respective dams.

"Colonel," said Dick Thompson, who was mounted on a small grey mule, "hadn't these here colts better be penned fust? One ov 'em is here pesterin' my ole mule mighty," he remarked, as several of the colts in the general confusion were going around nudging their noses under the flanks of any four-legged beast they could find.

"A great idee, Dick," said the Colonel. "Gentlemen, all them that's mounted on brood mares will please go into Cooper's stable yard and shut in the colts." At this, for twenty minutes there was the greatest confusion in getting each colt to follow its dam into the stable yard, and much more in slipping the dam out and leaving the colt behind; but it was finally accomplished.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Colonel, as he rode around

the bunch again, "form inter two straight lines; set straight in yer saddles, and turn out yer toes! Yes, gentlemen, no foolin' now. Lay erside yer pranks, git inter line, set straight"—riding down the line very erect—"in yer saddles and turn out yer—whoa, Molly!—yer toes. Dick, set straight there, won't you? Git inter line, boys; fall inter line!"

"Colonel, there ain't no line to fall into," said Dick, chagrined at being personally mentioned in the matter—"how kin a feller fall into a thing that ain't?"

"That's about so, Dick," said the Colonel; "you're right. Here, Josh Giddens!"—seizing Josh's horse by the bit—"keep right still. Now, boys, form side and side to Josh Giddens. Don't git too close, now; leave room to use your saber arm and to turn out yer toes. Here, boys, help Dick to pull that mule into line—dammer mule, I say"—seeing Dick's mule holding back and rolling the white of his eyes around at the crowd on each side of him. "That's right; now form a second line behind this one—good ergin! That's er good platoon—hold yer hosses still! Stop talkin' in ranks!—there, now, gentlemen, don't bring enny more touchous horses here—don't do it—war means killin', but it don't mean gettin' yer head kicked off by some hoss in yer own line. (This on account of a gray mare letting fly both heels at an inquisitive mule behind her.) Now, gentlemen, have yer formed?"—riding down the line and inspecting it.

"Yes, yes; well, that's pritty good, pritty good. A fine-looking body of men—equal to any I saw in Mexico. Now, gentlemen, pay strict attention to the commands—set straight in yer saddles and turn out yer toes—hold yer pieces right—set straight—look square to the front—turn out yer—"

Bang!!!

This discharge came from the old cannon which Jim McHyde, in a spirit of fun and backed by the boys of the village, had drawn up under an oak tree in the rear of the company, and, having loaded it with a half pound of powder,

and waited till the company was intently interested in the Colonel's instructions, had quietly applied a red-hot iron to the fuse as he stood behind the tree, and watched the effect the discharge would have on the company in front.

And it was startling. All were country horses, unused to battle's grim roar, and as the fearful discharge thundered in their rear, many whirled round to face the dread monster, but the most of them were seized with a keen desire to get out of the way. Dick's gray mule shot forward as if he had been the projectile itself, and many of the others followed suit. The Colonel's mare, much to her owner's disgust, whirled, and, fixing both eyes and ears on the cloud of smoke, seemed afraid to turn her back and run, but immediately began to back off down the road with surprising agility, leaving her rider powerless to stop her. When fifty yards down the road she concluded she was far enough to turn tail without being devoured by the unknown monster; so, seeing a convenient corner, she suddenly whirled, nearly unseating her rider, and made frantic efforts to get away. It took twenty minutes to restore order and place Jim McHyde under arrest, which the Colonel did without delay, punctuated with language more impressive than elegant. As the only safe place was the rear end of the bar-room, forty of the company immediately volunteered their services to take the luckless Jim there and keep him till further orders. Two were detailed, and Jim was forced to "treat" them on arrival.

The arrest of Jim satisfied all parties, and they again formed in lines.

"Now, gentlemen," said the colonel, "let's all be quiet. The unexpected very often happens in war, an' we must be prepared. But the man who violates the rules always gets his jes' dues." (Here the company looked longingly toward the bar-room, where Jim and his guards could be plainly seen taking a three-fingered drink, and they were not fully con-

vinced that Jim's punishment was a just reward.) "But let us to duty," he added. "Now, I am fust goin' to drill you in the use of the saber, and all them that's got guns will bring 'em to a half cock." (Here there was a general clicking down the rank. Many of them had, contrary to cavalry rules, brought their flint and steel muskets, and Ab Perkins' had only one notch on it, it was so old, and when at full cock the steel was almost below the stock itself.) "A half-cock, Mr. Perkins, if you please," said the Colonel; "lower your hammer to the first notch."

"Kurnel, my ole gun ain't got but one notch," said Ab, and he added, with dry humor: "She goes to h—l after fire, but when she gits it she comes back with er bucketful."

At this wit of Ab the entire company broke out into a laugh, in which the Colonel joined, and as his gun had so bad a reputation and visited places of questionable resort, Ab was allowed to take it out of ranks and go and help keep Jim McHyde straight.

"Kur'nel," said Sam Johnston, a small, red-headed warrior, who was almost too full to sit straight in the saddle. "don't—you think—sump'n's wrong with—my old—gun?" (holding it up, cocking and recocking it with a most puzzled look on his face). "She 'peers—to—click—pow'ful—ku'is—to me."

"Yes, Sam," said the Colonel, who recognized the fact that Sam and his gun were both too heavily loaded, "and v : may both go off," an order he was not long carrying out, but followed with the taunts of the company and such remarks as "Sit straight in yer saddle, Sam!" "Turn out your toes, Sam!" and "Look at ole wool hat an' yeller briches on a billy goat!" But Sam headed for the grocery and rode on.

"Now, gentlemen," said the commander, "as we've got rid of all them that can't drill properly an' the rest of us is gentlemen and horsemen, let's get down to business. Now, as captain of this mounted cavalry company, it is my duty—

in fact, I am commanded by the laws of Tennessee"—here he pulled out a paper from his pocket and read: 'To properly drill the same in all the requirements of cavalry drill and practice.' "Now, gentlemen," said the Colonel as he rode slowly down the line and seemed at a loss to know exactly where to start, "the fust, an', in fact, the only rule that I ever heard of in the Mexican war was the one that we useter have an' practice. I never read it out of a book, but somehow or other we all kinder centered to it, an' its the only rule I know of. I kin give you that rule in er few words, for it's all I know," he said apologetically, "erbout cavalry, an' it's jes' this: Set straight in yer saddle, turn out yer toes, an' ride at the enemy!" and he emphasized the rule, as he repeated it slowly, by shaking his index finger and gravely gesticulating.

"Colonel, don't we have to arm and mount fust?"

This question came from the ranks—from Major Peeler—a gentleman about the age of the Colonel, who had also served in the Mexican war and who thought he knew quite as much of military matters as the Colonel. Out of ranks he was never happier than when telling of the various battles he was engaged in; in ranks he took every occasion to correct any errors the Colonel might make, much to that gentleman's disgust. In fact, he had been a candidate against the Colonel for the captaincy of this company, but being self-important and arrogant and a poor "mixer," he had met the fate of all such in this free country and been left in the ranks.

"Armed and mounted fust!" exclaimed the Colonel hotly. "Why, we're supposed to be mounted or else we'd be nothing but infantry! Look er here, major," said the Colonel with a good deal of spirit, "ef you want to drill this company, sir, I'll send in my resignation."

"Go on, Colonel, go on!" shouted the company, who were beginning to get tired. "Of course you're right. Cal'v'ry bound to be mounted! Ennybody knows that. Go on, don't resign, drill us and let's go home."

"Well, then, gentlemen," said the Colonel, calming down at this manifestation of his popularity with the boys, "as I was sayin', the only rule I know is to set straight in the saddle, turn out yer toes and ride at the enemy. An' right in that rule is where we got the bes' of the Mexicans; for their rule, es fur es I was able to see, was to hump up themselves on their grass-bellied ponies an' git up and git. Yes, gentlemen, by knowin' an' enforcin' this rule we whipped the dirty greasers in every battle, an' by follerin' it to-morrer," he added, rising in his stirrups and shaking his saber, "we kin whip the whole world." Here the company yelled out its applause in a long, dismal howl, which, when it had died away, a squeaking voice shouted in the further rank, "Whoo-raw for our rule an' Jeems K. Polk."

"So that's the fust rule," said the Colonel; "now, how to do this is the next;" for the Colonel saw that as he had but few rules he must try to spread out what he did have as far as possible.

"First, set straight in yer saddle, like you see me"—riding down the line with his shoulders thrown uncomfortably back. "Yer coat-buttons square between yer horse's ears, yer left hand holdin' yer reins, yer right graspin' yer sword, with the pint elevated about forty-five degrees, yer toes turned well out, so!" And he rode down the line in great style, at sight of which every man straightened himself up as near like the Colonel as possible.

"Second, gentlemen, you must ride at the enemy. Now, at, gentlemen, is a very little word, but it is bigger than a bombshell in battle, and means more than everything else; in fact, gentlemen, it's about the chief thing of this important rule, although it appears so small. Ef you'd leave out all the other words in this rule, and jes' git into yer saddles an' say at 'em! and then do it, you'd come mighty nigh knowin' all the rules of war. Don't gallop around nor ride about, then

stop, but at, straight at, and do it dam fast, to keep yer courage up!"

"How about making a detour and a flank movement?" inquired the irrepressible Major Peeler.

"Detours and flank movements," repeated the Colonel, sarcastically. "Them's mighty high-soundin' words, Major, but they ain't worth er dam in war. Where," said he, getting excited and waving his sword, "did we ever make enny detours in the Mexican war? The only detour I ever saw," he thundered with withering sarcasm, "was when a piece of an Alabama and Tennessee regiment made a detour after a Mexican goose roast one night, an' got cut off from the regular army; they came detouring back to camp the next mornin' with a pack of greasers at their heels—the only time in the whole war that enny of our troops showed their heels to a Mexican."

This last was a home thrust, for it was well known in the village that the Major had been the leader of that unfortunate company that went off on the raid and came home so precipitately.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Colonel, "I have told you all the rules an' we'll now put 'em into practice. We'll now proceed to march; but we won't go no further"—apologetically, since some of the men began to grumble about moving at all—"than the black-oak stump at the cross-roads an' back ergin. Now, when I say 'forward,' you mustn't go forward, but only prepare for it; but when I say 'march,' why jes' spur up an' walk off." Here there was a visible commotion in ranks, as several of the men had been sitting sideways in the saddle during a part of this long discourse and they began to get into proper position. "Now, let us try," resumed the Colonel.

"Forward"—waiting a few moments—"hold on! hold on! stop! stop!! Don't you recollect I said you mustn't go till I said march?" This to the men eager to get off, and starting

off in every kind of time at the command, forward. "Now, git inter line ergin; it looks like you'll never learn ennything. Why, dammit, gentlemen, you almost make me swear!"

After much confusion they again got into line.

"Now, gentlemen," he continued, "please recollect an' don't forgit. Be very careful. When I say march, why, move off; if I say trot, why, jes' trot; if I say gallop, why, jes' gallop. This military business ain't nothin' but common sense rigged up with a sword an' a cocked hat. Everything is plain, an' don't forgit it, nor to keep yer toes turned out!"

"We won't, Colonel," came from the company. "Do let us git off—it's nearly sundown."

"Well, then, forward, march!" and after a good deal of spurring and clucking some of the company moved off and the others gradually followed suit, a sight to behold, since every animal in it had a gait peculiar to its breed and the wear and tear of the plow. Some went fast, some slow; some paced and others trotted. The rear rank ran into the front line, while the flanks became detached from the main body and struck off in a separate bunch, headed for the bar-room. The rest of the line was in a zig-zag condition, and its path would have been the line of a worm fence moving to the gate as an objective point. At this point some one left the gate of Cooper's stable yard open, and the colts came tearing out, whinnying and rushing into lines, hunting for their respective dams. These came to a dead halt, with many signs of satisfaction and motherly proceedings.

Now, the Colonel was a man of wonderful resources and intuitive forethought. He saw that the military would have to succumb to the civil unless something was done, and that very quickly, to maintain the dignity of the former. It was evident that Mars must give way to Venus, and that without the formality of ceremony. To one less gifted than the Colonel, the day's drill would have ended in confusion and disgrace. Not so with him. Riding to the front, with a look on

his face as if he had expected all this and it was a part of his program, he issued a command never before heard in military science—nay, not even in the Mexican war. Rising in his stirrups, he shouted, in his deepest voice:

“Halt, and suckle colts!”

This seemed to please everybody, including the colts, after which the company took a drink around and rode off to their homes, thoroughly satisfied they knew all that was necessary for cavalry to learn.



THE FLAG OF GREEN'S BRIGADE.

(Louisiana Building, World's Fair Grounds.)

O WHEN I stood before the tatter'd flag of Green's
brigade,
My heart beat martial music for the thoughts my spirit made.
I saw the old-time flint-locks flash their deadly disks of flame,
I cheered the old-time ragged lines that marched in Free-
dom's name,
I wept o'er old-time gaping wounds in manly breasts dis-
played,
And dying eyes that last looked on the flag of Green's
brigade.

O, when I stood before the faded flag of Green's brigade,
I saw the blood of heroes in its every tint and shade.
'Neath Saratoga's steel-cold stars it led our charging line
And hurled back Freedom's challenge from the guns of
Brandywine,
At Germantown and Kettle Creek and Camden's leaden rain--
Till Yorktown found it torn and shorn but still without a
stain!

'Twas this that led the tide that swept our craft from out the
 gloom
 And hung, like Hope's bright banner, o'er the portals of the
 tomb;
 And, flaming like a flambeau held in Vict'ry's mailed hand,
 It blazed the way for brightest day throughout the strug-
 gling land.
 Around it flocked the Southron while the bright beams of
 his blade
 Gleamed out like stars of midnight 'round the flag of Green's
 brigade.

O, as I stand before the faded flag of Green's brigade,
 Methinks I hear the thunder of the Future's cannonade!
 Methinks our lines are marching—marching to the same old
 call—
 And some are blue and some are gray—the old flag over all.
 And Gettysburg and Bull Run now have met, both undis-
 mayed,
 To fight their country's battles 'round the flag of Green's
 brigade.



THE HILLS.

I KNOW not why I love the cloud-lined hills,
 Stretching away so faint in trembling rills
 Of smoke-blue ether. Far away, they seem
 Like fixed billows of the ocean—like the dream
 Of the sea, when in his mad and wild unrest
 He longs to sleep upon his earth-bride's breast.
 Transfixed, his waves—in blue and brown they stand,
 The image of the ocean on the land.
 The trees that tower in the twilight far
 Are masts of bannered ships with naked spar,

While o'er the crest, like light-house lamp, shines out the evening star.

And yet anear, I know not why to me
They seem to speak of friendship and the glee
Of youth time. Orchards, purpling 'mid October days,
And grapes that climb to kiss the sun's last rays.
Breezes that turn the sunflower's saffron sail
And billows the rip'ning grain where calls the quail.
Pools that gleam to stud the moss-grown front of rocks,
And cooling forest depths where rest the flocks.
The hills! The hills! Towering above the valley's sordid
clod,
Lifting the earth's dead level half way up to God,
Yet holding all in sweet communion with the mother sod.

Yon mountain, capped with its eternal snow,
Scorning all sweetness—e'en the soft clouds below—
It hath no charm for me. There is no love there,
No voice of birds, nor fruit-perfumed air,
Nor low, soft song from bivouaced tents of hay—
The harvest reapers' song at close of day.
Alone it stands, symbol of dearth and might
Of naked power and grandeur's royal right
To look down on the tenderer things of earth
And scorn the sunshine love that gave them birth,
And blight, as with a shroud of frost, their unassuming mirth.

So may my life be—like the hills. Not high
My hopes and plans, but midway 'twixt the sky
And stagnant land. So may my friends be,
Not like mountains towering o'er the sea,
Wrapt in the cold splendor of a world apart—
With granite thoughts and barren boulder heart—
But high enough to tempt my gaze above
And low enough to catch the sunshine of my love.

So may my death be, like the hill, sun-riven—
 Holding its last sweet beam from earth to catch the first
 from heaven.



BY THE LITTLE BIG-HORN.

(A Montana paper is authority for the statement that a half-breed Sioux, who had served as scout for Gen. Custer, was living in that State a few years ago, and claimed to be the only survivor of Custer's last fight. In the confusion this half-breed mingled with the Sioux and escaped the massacre by reason of close tribal resemblance. He relates how eight horsemen of the Seventh Regiment cut through the Sioux and gained the foot-hills beyond, where they could easily have joined Reno and escaped, had they not looked down and seen the desperate strait in which their General was placed. To the astonishment of all, they shot their own horses, and, forming into line, marched back to die with Custer.)

DOWN to their death in the valley of silence,
 Down where the Sioux's treach'rous ranks lay at bay,
 Down till the yellow waves turned into crimson
 The old Seventh rode on that ill-fated day.
 "Forward, the Seventh! Charge through the Sioux center!"
 'Twas Custer who said it—he rode on the right—
 His long yellow hair was the banner they followed
 And he sat his black horse like the Centaur of fight!

Down to their death in that somber-hued valley,
 They rode through the Sioux with carbine and Colt—
 The reins in their teeth and the glint of their sabers
 Making the flash for their lead thunderbolt.
 "Forward the Seventh—Guide right! To the center!"
 'Twas Custer who said it, as onward he sped,

Spurring his steed where the eagle's grey feathers
Rose o'er the crest of the billows of red.

Out from that valley, that valley of carnage,
Eight horsemen have cut through the ranks of the foe;
They gain the bold heights and safely look downward,
Down on the scene of this new Alamo.
For there, his dead steed as a breastwork before him,
With the glory of battle ablaze in his eye,
Answering it back in flash of his pistols,
Our prince of the saddle has stopped there—to die!

Again and again roll the billows of fury
To be shattered again as the wave on the rock;
Again and again melts the line of the Seventh
Beneath the Sioux bullet and Wahpeton shock.
But see! from the heights where their good steeds have clam-
bered,
Out-footing Sioux pony in fleet-winged flight,
The eight have dismounted—one glance tells the story—
They shoulder their rifles and dress to the right.

They hear the wild whoop of the blood-madden'd savage,
They see their brave comrades go down in the brunt,
They hear through the din the calm voice of brave Custer—
A breastwork of dead he has made in his front!
"Attention, squad!" 'twas the sergeant who said it,
"Fours right into line—our duty lies back!"
Then quick from his belt came a blue-gleaming barrel,
And the steed that had saved him lay dead in its track!

Back to their death in that valley of slaughter
Eight horsemen march down on the hosts of the Sioux,
Not a trumpet gave note—not the gleam of a banner—
'Tis only a duty they march down to do.
"Forward, squad!" said the sergeant immortal—

“Charge straight for the center—to Custer once more,”
 And Time, in his pitiless flight, for a moment
 Looked down on a sight he had ne'er seen before.

Up in that valley, that sweetly green valley,
 O, raise them a monument proudly in air,
 Telling the story as ages grow hoary
 What American soldiers for duty will dare.
 High on the shaft in the glint of the sunlight
 Let Custer's proud figure, heroic, stand high,
 And grouped just beneath, with immortelle wreath,
 The eight nameless horsemen who never shall die.



TO A MOCKING BIRD IN THE PINE-TOP.

BIRD of the South—sweet songster!
 Brighter than the evening star
 That beams above thy perch afar
 Thy song pours out, its every bar
 Music'd with melody.
 Singing in the pine-top green,
 Of all the feathered tribe the queen—
 A rising, falling, rippling sheen
 Of flowing harmony.

Lute of the South—our Southland!
 Pouring from thine em'ral throne
 On the pine tree's top-most cone
 Notes by mortals never known,
 Of sweet simplicity.
 What sunbeams made that twinkling 'trill?
 What zephyr tuned that throat, until
 Its life and breath and spirit fill
 Thy soul of poesy?

Mimic of the South—sly warbler,
Hast thou caught the firefly's glow
In the sparkle of thy flow,
Or gathered from the sunset's bow
Thy shafts of rhapsody?
Magnolia blossoms in the breeze—
Art thou singing now of these
While filling Heaven's purpling frieze
With incense musical?

In that calm note, soft and low,
Dost thou see the bayou's flow
Bespangled with the stars that grow
From water lilies?
Or up the green decked, wooded hill
Where speeds the brook to water mill,
Is that jingling note its trill
Down ravine rushing?

Deeper, sweeter flows the stream
All merry mad with glide and gleam
Until the very woodlands seem
To reel with euphony.
Softly sweet, 'neath paling dome,
Thou singest now of that true home,
Where we shall weep no more, nor roam,
But rest forever.

Listening to the revery note
From thy moonlit perch, there float
Tales of other days remote,
Mem'ries of chivalry.
Tales that tell of times ago—
The cotton's banner 'mid the corn—

Of Charity that's ever born
'Mid peace and plenty.

Changing now to deeper tone
Comes a war-note from thy throne,
And sweetness for a season's flown
For martial measures.
Short and quick with bugle thrill
The war-drum echoes in thy trill—
The fife's fierce scream and trumpet fill
Thy clarion melody.

Silently—a march in Saul—
Thou changest now to fun'ral pall—
Thou mournest now for those who fall
Wearing the gray.
Ay, weep; for in the rush of wrong
That followed with the alien throng,
Thy people needed every song
Thy heart could give.

Hark! another note we hear,
'Tis the plowboy's whistle clear,
As morning finds him with his gear,
To yoke prosperity.
Then, as up the sunshine gleams
Our night of dread melts into dreams
Of harvest fields and peaceful streams
And barns of plenty.

Bird of the South—dear songster,
Sing in the pine-top, ever sing,
Cause all the southern air to ring,
Music and evergreens o'er us fling
And teach the religion of harmony.

Sing in the pine-top, in that tree,
The emblem of eternity—
Sing 'till thy people, hearing thee,
Shall live for immortality.



THE TRUE SINGER.

I STARTED out for my usual drive the other evening and the first thing I drove into was a stratum—no, a flood of melody. I pulled up quickly and looked all around. I could hear it but I could not see the musician. It seemed to come from everywhere. I knew the rascal that was making it, and the white oak tree he was in, but the mocking bird, like all true singers, is so unpretentious in his make-up, and so near the color of nature generally, that I could scarcely tell him from the big, honest limb he was sitting on. And I knew well enough, too, why his music seemed to come from everywhere—he drew it from everywhere and he never pours it out twice in the same direction. Ah, he is the true singer! Watch him just now a minute and see. While his little gray throat swells and puffs and rolls like miniature bellows, and his tiny eyes, “in a fine frenzy rolling,” dart about here and there, now at the earth and now at the heaven above him, notice how his little head moves from side to side, pouring his song in every direction, and varying it to suit every new and beautiful sight that flashes across the retina of the tiny sentinels in his eyes. It is almost comical to see how earnest he is—not to sing, but to sing of some new thing. And so he “doth glance from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,” and involuntarily he pours out the impression that he sees.

“You are the true singer, old fellow,” I said, as my heart welled up at the lesson he was teaching me, and I pulled off my hat in his presence. “You are the true singer. Spring is glorious, but you are not singing of spring until your spring

song is a spring joke among the other birds. The heavens are blue but you don't dwell on them always. The fields are green and sunshiny and beautiful, but only a glint of them has crept into your music. Your mate died in the terrible freeze of last winter, and that tender flutter of crape in your song was just enough to draw us to you. Had you hung out your black flag as some folks do who imagine they are mourning thereby for the dead, or had you poured your misery between me and the sunshine, I would ride on and tell you to go and mate with a blackbird. But O, what a singer you are! A little of the fields, a gleam from the air, a glint from the sunshine and a glow of the skies. A memory of a dead love, a tiny bit of mocking humor, a quaint shaft of musical satire, a withering take-off on some cat bird who thinks he, too, is a singer and has tried to imitate you, and a jolly laugh at the foibles of man. Twinkles, jests, raptures, dreams; dances, songs, brooks, flowers; sermons, poems, music, stars—and all of it—heaven!

And before I had time to tire, he dropped off the limb in an ecstasy of delight, singing all the time, and, sweeping in long curves just over my head, he flew up the shaded pike till his variations died away in the distance.



FIRST MONDAY IN TENNESSEE.

LAST Monday was "First Monday" in Tennessee, and if you have ever been in a Tennessee town on that eventful day in April, you will know what it means without any further description. I hope you have, because it cannot be accurately described except by sight—and the looker on, to do it justice, should have as many eyes lying around loose upon him and decking his terminal facilities, as the famous Argus of old. For this is the day of the year to the average citizen of the Volunteer State. On that day, every owner of

a lordly stallion, every obstreperous breeder of a dulcet-toned Jack, every proud possessor of a rantankerous bull, with clay on his horns and cockleburrs in his tail (I am referring to the bull, of course), is expected to be out with his family and his friends to show the kind of live stock on which he has pinned his faith. And they are all there.

Tennessee was admitted into the Union June 1, 1796, and so far as I have been able to learn, this time-honored day was admitted with her. In fact, I think it was tacitly understood at the time, that, whether the State obtained certain representatives in Congress or not, whether the boundary ended with the Mississippi or the Tennessee, whether the Indian lands should be bought up or not, all of these might be decided as the National Congress should decree; but if "First Monday" couldn't come in, in the language of old Hickory, "By the eternal, boys, we'll stay out of the little old Union till she grows big enough to take in our First Monday." But, happily, no opposition was offered, and to-day Tennesseans would fight for "First Monday" quicker than they would for the privilege of brewing the mountain corn juice under the shadowy cliffs of the Big Smokey.

For what, indeed, would life be worth to the horse-loving Tennessean, if deprived of the privilege of showing off, on the first Monday of each April, his pacing stallion, decked with enough red blankets to cover the nakedness of darkest Africa, and with halter and reins sufficiently strong to anchor a man-of-war at sea? Bonaparte, crossing the Alps on his restless war-horse (as a matter of fact, it was a mule, the chiefest product of middle Tennessee, but we use "restless war-horse" for poetical effect), and looking down upon the plains of Italy, was not so proud and happy as is the average Tennessean in the horse parade around the Court House square, holding his mettlesome roan pacer in check and proudly proclaiming to the gaping crowd around him: "Yes, boys, this is a Tom Hal!"

"First Monday" is founded on a simple and beautiful cus-

tom so old that its origin is lost in the haze of those who came first over the mountains to settle in the beautiful Wau-taga valley. I have taken great pains to look up this matter and get at the origin of it. And you will never guess, gentle reader, how it really started. Be not surprised, then, when I solemnly proclaim to you that the festive ground-hog is the father of the whole business—the ground-hog with his incomparable weather bureau department!

“Pray explain yourself,” I hear you say. “How could so simple an animal as a ground-hog originate such a time-honored custom as an annual stock parade on ‘First Monday?’ ”

It is simple enough. To begin with, Tennessee has always banked on the ground-hog as a weather prophet—the Tennessee Ground-Hog Weather Department is far older than Uncle Sam’s, and I might as well add, far more reliable. In the Tennessee department the ground-hog is the chief of the bureau; he makes but one prophecy a year and he never misses it; whereas the bureau at Washington makes one every day and generally retires at night with the sin of Ananias tacked to its official skirts, predicting rain on the threshold of a Pharaoh famine, and preparing us for a “long, dry drought” about the time the heavens declare the curtain will now arise on the Noah and the Ark act.

But what about the ground-hog? It is plain enough. On the second day of February he emerges from his hole in the ground to see if he can cast a shadow. If he can cast a shadow he solemnly goes back into his hole to remain six full weeks—which is his way of declaring that “bad weather and hell generally is gwinter be to pay till de fuss Monday in April.” But if the sky be cloudy that second day of February when he emerges, and he can not cast a shadow, the official declaration goes forth that an early spring and bright days are to follow. Now do not jump at the conclusion, kind reader, that the Tennessee ground-hog ever gets so poor

that he cannot cast a shadow if the sun be shining. Far be it from my intention to intimate any such thing. The Tennessee ground-hog, like everything else in this hog and hominy State, is abundantly able to cast any number of shadows. The term is used metaphorically, and is but another way of saying that the ground-hog emerges from his hole to see whether or not the sun is shining.

Now, if the sun be shining on that second day of February, as aforesaid, he goes back into his hole to remain there for six long weeks, and nothing under heaven but an earthquake with a geyser attachment can get him out. There he will remain though the heavens fall, or his mother-in-law pays him a visit. And all the men, women and children in Tennessee accept his decision and prepare to keep on their winter flannels as per order of this absolutely reliable authority. Was ever anything more simple and plain and absolutely inexpensive? And the beauty of it is, it has never been known to lie—it is Truth itself, decked in homespun and a wool hat; it is Washington with a Bible in one hand and a pair of hatchets in the other. We commend it to the department at Washington!

But let us proceed with the research that brought us up to the origin of "First Monday." The connecting link is plain enough. After consulting many ancient volumes, we have discovered that originally, in the early history of the State, the First Monday in April, a day now entirely devoted to the display of live stock, was a kind of feast day in the temple of Ground-Hogium, celebrated in honor of the termination of the Ground-Hog's potent prophecy. As time went on and people began to use the pacing horse as a means of reaching the county site to participate in the festivities, great interest began to be manifested by those who were bold enough to "ride a critter," (when they might just as well walk) in the various animals collected in the town. This interest gradually grew, strengthened by a horse race now and then, and sustained by the laudable desire in the breast of every

patriotic Tennessean to see that his family relic of a horse, afflicted with every disease from Bright's to "that tired feeling," died the property of some unsophisticated countryman. In this way the custom was gradually changed from Ground-Hog worship to horse swapping, from a religious festival to the intricate diplomacy of lying about one's horse. And so it remains to this day.

How often does history repeat itself. The Druidical worship of our old forefathers in the woods of Britain was the forerunner of the true worship of to-day; and from the woods of Tennessee, around the sacred temple of the priestly Ground Hog has emanated the beautiful custom of "First Monday."

On the day in question, the pikes are fairly alive with folks, peoples, horses, jacks and niggers. Observe the order in which I name these, kind reader; for that order is the order in which they stand socially in Tennessee. Observe also, if you please, that I make a distinction between peoples and folks—folks being those who own a pacing horse and are able to drive or ride to town; while peoples are merely common plugs who must walk. Peoples are further divided, I might as well tell,—because the distinction is quite important in Tennessee—into three classes; those who are able to wear shoes and stockings, those who have shoes but no stockings, and those who go barefooted. You may think this is foolish and unnecessary distinction, kind reader, but allow me to inform you it is based on one of the most beautiful customs of the unwritten law of Middle Tennessee and one which is very closely observed in the State. For, when "all hands" have reached the classic town of Columbia, for instance, their first duty is to repair to the nearest bar for a drink, and here it is that the distinction between the folks and the three classes of peoples is so nicely drawn. When a portly gentleman of the first class walks in, his face shining behind a silver grey mustache, no question is asked, but the best in the house is set up. He's folks. But when one of the other class walks

in, the bar-keeper peeps over the counter to observe his foot gear. If he has on shoes and stockings, the barkeeper knows his purse will stand Lincoln County's Medium; if he has on shoes but no stockings, apple brandy from the county of Warren, smelling of Tam O'Shanter's midnight ride, is set out; but if, in looking over the counter, the barkeeper's eyes meet the sprawling flabbiness of two po'-white feet, bust-head at five cents a glass is what he wants. In no case is any question asked except, "How are you shod, partner?"

Was ever anything more simple?

And so they come on "First Monday,"—all bound for Columbia. The country cousin riding his pacing stallion with a darky bringing up the rear leading an ambling ass and interrupting his assship's repeated endeavors to keehonk, keehonk every now and then by a vigorous jerking of his bit, much to the disgust of that classic animal. Two young bucks fly by in a buck-board drawn by a slick pacer that has given everybody's team the dust since they left Spring Hill.

"Say, nigger, whose jack is that?" they yell out as they pass.

"Capt. Jackson, sah," is the answer amid a display of ivory—caused by the implied compliment to his charge.

"Fine feller," they shout back, "we're fur him for the legislature"—but whether they meant the ass or the master, deponent sayeth not, merely remarking that, so far as the personality of the Tennessee legislature is concerned, it is "a difference without a distinction."

They are all there, "goin' to Columbia!"

Every old lady who has a hank of yarn for sale, is there. Every pretty girl, showing unmistakable evidence of being fixed up for the occasion, with too much powder over her natural roses and a well-I-don't-feel-exactly-kinder-easy-in-these-stays kind of look, is there. Every urchin who can bring a dozen eggs in his hat and his pockets, is there. All, from the rich farmer behind his spanking surrey team, to the

old darkey on his load of stove wood; from the well-to-do farmer with his wife and happy children, the latter looking a little unnatural in the solemnity that has come over them by reason of the startling, novel and astonishing fact that they, too, are at last "goin' to Columbia," to the poor cropper on his mule—they are all in the procession! The man with his patent; the officer with his papers; that most detested of living men, the back tax-collector; the man who wants to hire; the book agent; the "nigger" with a grin on his face and game rooster under his arm—they are all there, "gwine to Columbia." On the square all is hustle, stir, squeaking, snorting, cackling, flying, braying, jostling, arguing.

But allow me to digress right here, kind reader, and explain to you what "the square" means. There are two kinds of "squares" in Tennessee—"Square" Jones and the Court House square. The latter is the square I refer to. It is really but the meeting of four broad streets, around the temple of justice, where all the trade and trafficking is done. In Columbia this temple of justice is a most ancient and dilapidated structure, built with so little regard for architectural rules that the oldest inhabitant has never yet been able to tell which one of its sides was intended for the front; but as it was in this building that Andrew Jackson stirred his partisans, and James K. Polk was wont to practice law, the citizens of the county would not exchange it for a duplication of the classic Parthenon. Around it they assemble to barter, to trade and to swap horses. Now when people assemble to swap horses, you know what follows. And why they should have selected their temple of justice around which to do their lying, is more than I can tell. My private opinion is that the horny fisted horse swapper believed he had as much right to lie around the ground floor of the temple as the lawyer had on the second floor.

A big fellow with a cat-fish mouth, chin whiskers and a bald head is mounted on a wagon preaching free salvation to a crowd that looks like they thought it was a mighty long

time between drinks; two darkies on a corner have met and are discussing the efficacy of baptism, while numbers of the dusky partisans stand around now and then to exclaim—"dats de truf, amen!" A man rushes to the door in a corner of the Square and rings vigorously a big dinner bell. It is a sign that he wants to feed them all at his restaurant. There are four corners to every square and soon a bell is clanging in each of the other three corners to let the world know the first fellow hadn't all of the dinner.

But soon a mighty shout arises, and the word is passed up and down the line of spectators: "There comes Walter Woldridge! There comes Walter Woldridge!" And sure enough there he does come, mounted on his elegant saddler and leading the procession to the Temple of Groundhogium. To attempt to have a First Monday without Walter Woldrige, the most popular man in Maury County, the beau-ideal of a horseman, gentleman and Nature's nobleman, would be like trying to have a stock parade with the nobility of pedigree omitted.

"No, no, boys," as Newt Dew would say, "leave out the groundhog, but don't leave out Walter Woldridge!"

And so the procession comes, a long line of glistening flanks, arching necks, prancing steps, mincing gaits, whinneys, nickers, snorts, bellows and brays in semi-hemi-demi-quivers, beginning with Brown Hal and Duplex, and ending with Plummer Webster and Tax Payer.

They are all there—"gwine to Columbia."

A twenty-foot track is made in the living crowd around the Court house square and half a hundred flying pacers are showing their gaits, while the chancellor leaves his bench and the lawyers their cases to look out of the windows. A bell is ringing across the street at a store and proclaims that the ladies of a certain church are giving a lunch to pay off the church debt; an auctioneer is howling away, trying to sell a \$10 buggy for \$25; a man with a patent blacking, warranted

to shine forever, is blacking the boots of all who will come to his stand; a big jack brays in your ear while you are looking at a dog fight under a wagon; an apple wagon, all the way from the "State of Lawrence," is selling the rosy fruit left and right.

Elbow your way through the crowd on the square and you will laugh at the fragments of conversation you hear as you pass—"No, no, no, the wheat crop's boun' ter be a failure"—"Is Sally raelly done married at last? Who—" "Fine as he kin be—sound in wind, limb an' eye—furst dam by Tom Hal, second dam by Pinter's Slasher—" "Git out, nigger, who is you enny how?" "Keehonk, keehonk, keehonk, keehee, kee hee, keehee-e-eow!" "No, no, Majah, the fundamental principles of the Democratic party—" "Goin', goin', gone—sold fur twenty-five cents to the red-headed gentleman with a wart on his—"

You never stop to learn where the wart is, for your attention is attracted to a vacant lot as you pass where a darky is selling, to those who have money to buy, a cart load of Duck river cat-fish and buffalo, while behind the cart, in the vacant lot, a negro dance is in full swing. You stop to listen, for the fiddler, inspired by the music of his fiddle and the muse of inspiration, has rhymed in his calls to music, and, keeping time with his feet to the flying bow, sings out in his peculiar chant:

Great big fat man down in de corner
 Dance to de gal wid de blue dress on her;
 You fittle bitter feller widout eny vest
 Dance to de gal in de caliker dress.
 Git up, Jake, an' turn your partner,
 Shake dem feet as you kno' you 'orter;
 You little red nigger wid de busted back
 Git up an' gin us de "chicken rack."
 All hands round—O, step lite, ladies,
 Don't fling yer feet so fur in de shadies;

Come, you one-eyed nigger, fling
 Dem feet an' gib us de "pigeon wing."
 Such is a faint idea of "First Monday in Tennessee."



THE FAITH OF OLD.

THE years with their changes come, and the years with
 their plans unfold,
 But give me the peace my heart hath known in the sweet
 dream-days of old.
 It comes to my soul to-night, like the dream of a dream at
 dawn,
 Like the smell of the rain on the ripen'd grain, at the first
 flush of the morn.
 Then rush with the maddened throng, and battle for fame
 and gold,
 And furl your flags 'mid the wrath of wrong—I'll cling to
 the peace of old.

The years with their follies come, with their follies and then
 their woe;
 But give me the hope of the years I knew in the summer of
 long ago.
 It comes to my heart to-night like the song of the birds and
 the bees,
 Like the blue of the skies that over them rise and the sway
 of the leaf in the trees.
 Then follow the fickle throng, and clamor both loud and bold,
 And drown Truth's voice with the drums of Wrong—I'll cling
 to the hope of old.

The years with their visions come, and go, as a tale that is
 told—
 But give me the faith my mother taught in the bright, glad
 days of old.

It comes to my soul to-night, and I know there's a God
 above,
 Else why should I long, in an infinite song, to tell of the
 depths of love?
 Then kneel to the tinseled knave, and offer your soul at his
 shrine—
 You bind your wreaths on the brow of a slave—I'll cling to
 the hand Divine.



FAIR TIMES IN OLD TENNESSEE.

FAIR time in ole Tennessee, days jes' to yer makin',
 Nights so cool an' crispy, jes' the kind for 'possum
 shakin',
 Mornin's bright wid sun an' light of frosty dew an' flashy,
 Weather jes' the kind to make the little nigger ashy!
 Bak'n in de rafters, sorghum mills er grindin' sweetin',
 Punkins in de hay loft an' religgun in de meetin'!

Fair time in ole Tennessee, ebery body gwine,
 Waggins full o' pritty gals, dair ribbons jes' a'flyin',
 Pikes jes' full o' people, an' de woods jes' full o' niggers
 A'leadin' ob de pacin' colts wid marks down in de figgers.
 Hoss an' jack an' jinny an' Jersey bull, all gwineter
 Git dar, 'kase deys brudders to dat good ole hoss, Hal Pinter!

Fair time in ole Tennessee, ebery body stirrin'—
 Cl'ar de road, dair comes er fool a'whippin' an' a'spurrin'
 Look out dair yo' nigger, Julius Sezer Andrer Asker!
 Lead dat pesky jack erside and let dis Hal hoss pass, suh!
 Dun fergot your raisin', eh? Fust thing dat you kno', suh,
 You think de state ob Tennesse dun drap on you, fer sho',
 suh!

Fair time in ole Tennessee, all de niggers dancin',

All de hosses in de ring a'pacin' an' a'prancin',
 White folks drinkin' lemonade jes' lak it wus col' water,
 Nigger drinkin' simmon beer, de drink he allers orter,
 Nights jes' full er moonlight wid de darkey's heel a'flyin'—
 Lord, when I die, jes' take me whar a fair is allers gwine!



WHEN THE COLTS ARE IN THE RING.

O, the fair time, the rare time, I can feel it in the air,
 As we take our brimming baskets and go out to see
 the fair;

The lasses decked with ribbons red, the colts with ribbons
 blue—

What a trial for the gallant lads to choose between the two!
 No season of old mother earth can half such blessings bring
 When the bloom is on the maiden and the colts are in the
 ring.

O, the beauty of the bonnie curls, the rapture of the race!
 O! the maiden with the pretty foot—the filly that can pace!
 The one in russet harness with a halter I can hold,
 But the other's got me harnessed in her wavy hair of gold.
 O the autumn time is full of joy and every goodly thing,
 When the bloom is on the maiden and the colts are in the
 ring.

O, the fair time, the rare time, when the Jerseys set the pace
 In a sheen of silken colors and a skin of chrome lace,
 And the Berkshires tie their tails up in a lovely Psyche knot,
 And the Shorthorns and the Shropshires and Southdowns
 make it hot.

"I wouldn't live here always," is the doleful song they sing,
 Who never loved a maiden while the colts were in the ring.

O, the fair time, the rare time, in our life a verdant spot,
 When the people are all jolly and their trials are forgot;
 And I sit and muse in fancy to the days so long ago
 When I sparked my little sweetheart out to see the County
 show.

Since then old Time has made me dance—to-day I'll make
 him sing,

For the bloom is on the maiden and the colts are in the ring.



THE RABBIT TRAP.

DOWN in de sage fiel', settin' in de sho',
 I looks from de winder an' I sees whut is lef'
 Uv er rickety rabbit trap, whar de tall weeds blo',
 An' little Phil made it by his own little sef'.

He cut de pine sticks, an' he bent de peach bow,
 An' he whittled out de triggers wid his Barlo' blade,
 Den he slip off by hissef jes' es sly as he cud go,
 An' sot it by de big stump in de shugar glade.

An' he laf an' he played twell de big red moon
 Riz frum de medder, an' dey tole 'im "cum ter bed."
 But he said: "Daddy Wash, you must wake me mighty soon,
 Fur I'm gwinter ketch Brer Rabbit, sho',—an' you may
 have his head."

Po' little Phil! Ole Marster's lastes' chile,
 An' me an' Dinah nussed 'im an' we loved 'im lak our own,
 Wid sunlight allers in hes heart and moonlight in his smile—
 But dey am sot foreber now and lef' us hear ter moan.

Fur dey saunt fur me quick dat night 'bout 'leben,
 An' de white folks was cryin' 'round er little trundle-bed;

“Daddy Wash,” sed po’ little Phil, “I’m gwinter up to
Heaben,
But you must watch my rabbit trap whilst I’m dead.”

Down in de grabe yard whar de cedars blo’
I looks frum de winder an’ my tears fall ergain,
Fur I sees er little grabe dar, out in de sno’,
An’ little Phil sleeps in de sleet an’ de rain.



MISS KITTY’S FUN’RAL.

O, HEAH de banjo ringin’,
O heah de tamboreen,
O heah de darkies singin’,
Susanna am my queen.
O cum, my lub; O cum, my lub, wid me;
We’ll dance an’ sing down by de ’simmon tree;
O heah de banjo ringin’,
O heah de tamboreen;
O heah de darkies singin’,
Susanna am my queen.

A song in type is as unsatisfactory as one of Nature’s pastels on pasteboard, and the simple negro melody above sounds nothing like the vibrating notes that floated, not long ago, into my window, fresh from the echoing strings of a banjo. I could not resist it, and on going out I found Old Wash, as everybody calls the old darkey, under the elm that shaded his cabin door. The moonbeams glittered askance, flecking the earth with silvered blossoms and changing each flooded leaf into a night-blooming flower. The distant notes of a tree-frog came from the forest beyond, while the regular cadences of a whippoorwill added just the tinge of weirdness necessary to form the background of a banjo song.

In darkey language, the old man was "makin' de banjo hum," and for melody and sweetness, in the hands of a master, there is no instrument more weirdly musical.

To-night Old Wash was beside himself. The brass thimble on his "pickin' finger" flashed in the moonlight; his foot patted in unison, and fluttered like a black bat trying to leave the earth. Even his body kept time and swayed to and fro with the music. I listened in silent delight. The tune I had heard before, but not the words, for he was improvising as he played.

De little stars am wiukin',
 Dey 'bout ter go to sleep;
 De pale moon now am sinkin',
 An' daylight shadders creep.
 O cum, my lub, we'll dance Ferginny reel;
 De sun am up an' shinin'; now for de cotton fiel'.
 O heah de banjo ringin',
 O heah de tamboreen;
 O heah de darkies singin',
 Susanna am my queen.

"Go on, old man," I said: "Give me that song again. You almost make me feel like going courting again. What's the matter with you? Thinking about starting all over in life?"

"No, sah; 'taint dat, sah," laughed the old man, "'taint dat. Deys too much moss on de ole tree fur de leaves ter cum ergin. De sap can't rise when de bark am dead. De leabes fall off when de cotton boll open. Didn't you nurver think erbout it?" he added after a moment's thought, "de soul don't nurver gro' ole ef it's libbed right. De head gits white an' de lim's weak an' de eyes din, but de soul gits younger es it grows older, de ole man gits mo' lak er boy es he goes down de hill. Nachur kinder seems to case us

off de stage ob life gently, lak she foch us in. In our ole age we gits young ergin an' childish and happy. We eben try ter kick up our heels ergin an' be funny an' 'magine we gwinter lib er long, long time yit. Sho' me de ole man—don't keer how ole he am—dat don't spec' ter lib at least ten yeahs longer. Dat's nachur's way ob foolin' us, sah; dat's her way ob puttin' her babies ter sleep—de last long sleep. Puttin' 'em ter sleep contented lak, an' happy, thinkin' dey'll wake in the mornin' an' be young ergin."

"I tell you, sah, ole Master's mighty good to us. He could er put us heah widout hope, ef he had wanted to; he could er put us heah widout sweet dreams, widout vishuns of er better wurl, widout dat onpurchasabul feelin' dat cums to us when we knows we dun right—widout eben de blessed Book. But he didn't. An' so we dream on to de last an' hope to de last, an' b'leeve we gwinter be better an' stronger to-morrer an' cling to de Good Book fur de sweetes' promis' of dem all—de promis' dat we'll lib ergin.

"No, sah," he continued, as he threw off his solemn tone and brightened up a bit, "no, sah, sho' es you lib right you'll git younger es you gro' older. Why, sah, de oldes' man or woman in de wurl am de middle-aged, chillun-raisin', money-makin', bizness-wurryin', ain't-got-no-time-to-eat, folks. Dey am de ole ones, far older den de gray haid lak me dat dun laid erside all dese heah trashy things an' got to romantin' ergin.

"Why, whut you reckon I was thinkin' erbout to-night?" asked the old man as he looked sheepishly around at the door way, in which sat Aunt Dinah, his wife. This dusky lady had been listening apparently unconcerned at the old man's narration, but filling the still night air with fragrant breath of "deer tongue and Williamson leaf" as the smoke curled up from her newly made cob-pipe.

"Thinkin' about marrying again?" I asked, as I glanced suspiciously at Aunt Dinah, and then I watched her shuffle her feet disdainfully as she stopped smoking long enough to re-

mark laconically: "Jes' let 'im go on, young Master—let 'im superseed," she said as she followed her usual custom of throwing in some big word sounding something like the one she was trying to use. "Let 'im superseed. He has dese fits ebry now an' den an' de bes' way ter stop 'im am to let 'im run down lak you hafter do dese heah old-fashioned clocks. Whut er indelibul wurkin' appleratus he'd be," she said ironically, "ef he was only es game in de tater patch as he am in de moonlight."

The old man glanced sorrowfully at the door way and continued: "Ter night I jes' gotter thinkin 'erbout my young Mistis, Miss Kitty, de younges' dorter ob Marse Robert Young; dis chile ob his old aige by his secon' wife, de prooty leetle Yankee guv'ness dat cum down from Bosting. She cum down ter teach ole Marster's yudder gals, but she got ter lubbin' her skolers so she married dey daddy so she cud be a mammy to 'em. Ain't it strange how wimmen folks will git up enny kinder excuse to marry on? Why, I've knowed 'em ter marry fur indigestion an' dat tired feelin'," laughed the old darky, as he winked at me and then glanced at the cabin door.

"Wal, she made 'em er good mudder an' ole Marster er good wife ef she did lub cod-fish balls an' baked beans. An' her dorter, Miss Kitty! Why man erlive, dat Yankee cross on our Suddern stock jes' got up de proorties' gal dat eber said 'Yas' to young lub. She had all de brains an' intellect ob her mammy's side wid all de grace an' beauty an' high breedin' an' lily-complecshun ob us Younges. Her mammy was allers dead in fur edicashun, an' so ole Marster saunt an' got 'er three guv'nesses; one fur edercashun, one fur musicashun, an' one fur dress ercashun—an' my! how she did shine when she growed up! She was de prootiest gal dat ever trod blue grass, de queenlies' one dat ever gethered up her trail, an' de sweetes' one dat ever pulled er rose in er golden bower whar de hunnysuckers gethers de dew-draps an' de turkey dove sings in de moonlight. I was de kerridge

driver an' kept de horses, an' es I useter drive her about an' see her wid all her grace an' beauty git in an' out der ker-ridge, I tell you I was thankful it wus me dat had charge ob her an' not my ancestors in Affercur—fur dey would hab et 'er up, thinkin' she wus sum kinder plumidged bird ob de golden pheasant tribe.

“Endurin' her sebenteenth yeah, Marse Robert's half-brother died in Alerbama an' lef Marse Robert gyardeen fur his son, Henry Robert Littleton, an' he soon cum out to Tennessee kose he had no close kin libin', an' Marse Robert wanted to raise 'im, though he was nineteen dat fall. An' he wus er fine young man, sah; es gentle es er gal an' es nervy es a red-bird in de settin' time. Ef by accerdent he got in de wrong, he'd mighty nigh stan' ennything to git right ergin; but onc't in de right he'd fight fur er eye-lash. Why, I onc't seed 'im pollergize to de oberseer, who was allers overbearin' an' cussin', 'stead ob actin'. Jes' think ob it! pollergize to de oberseer! kose he happen not to know de oberseer's orders one day an' saunt one ob de han's on ernudder erran'. T'would er made no diff'rence ef he hadn't pollergized fur it, but common trash can't stan' quality an' allers mistakes gentleness fur lak ob grit, an' Marse Henry's humbleness made de po' white trash uppish an' he snapped out dat he didn't spec' no better raisin' from er boy dat had cum frum sech er cracker states es Alerbama—hoo—hoo—e!—dat's es fur es he got—Marse Henry knocked 'im down three times befo' he cud git up onc't.

“Bringin' two sech nachurs togedder under de same roof, mighty nigh de same thing es mixin' shampain an' red lips, an' I seed de thing wus fixed up betwixt 'em befo' ole Marster caught on an' saunt de boy, as he called 'im, to Ferginny to finish his aigucashun. But dat didn't do no good; ennybody dat had eber seed Miss Kitty en' cud ferget 'er, ain't de kinder folks de gods lub ter kill young, an' arter he ben dar fo' yeahs an' finish his aigucashun heal he cum back to

Tennessee ergin. 'Yore haid's lebel, Marse Henry,' sez I to myself, 'de right kinder man don't fall in lub but onc't an' den he strikes de pyore metal or de wuss pocket ob flint dat eber turned er pick! An' in yore case ef you ain't struck de pyore metal I'm black!'

"An' I've heurd ob Romeo an' Greece an' all dem ole lubbers," said the old man learnedly, "but de way dese heal two young folks lubbed one ernudder befo' de summer went by wus ernuf to make all de yudder aiges take in der signs. Dat's de happies' time ob everybody's life, ennyhow," he soliloquized: "We ain't got much brains at dat stage, 'kose Nachur didn't intend us ter hab 'em; ef we did we wouldn't git koch in de trap she sets fur us—de trap ob matrimony. Arter we gits kotched," said the old man as he shook all over with quiet laughter—"arter we git kotched, we lak de fox in de fable dat got hees tail in de steel trap—we kerry it roun' wid us ebrywhar we go an' make out lak hits des whut we wus lookin' fur all de time, an' er butiful ornerment—but Lor, hit pinches mighty hard all de same."

(A vigorous, jerky puffing in the doorway and clouds of outraged smoke went up to the stars!)

"An whut you reckon my idee ob Heaben am?" queried the old man emphatically. "Hit's er blessed place way up on sum star, whar de Good Marster lows us ter fall in lub ebry day, but neber lows us ter spile de dream by marryin'—fur dat would sho' bust up Heaben!" he said as he shot another look at the doorway. "An' I kin prove it by de Scripturs deysef," he continued. "Don't de Scripturs say 'dar shall be no marryin' nur gibbin' in marriage?' an' don't dey also teech us dat up in Heaben we will all lub one ernudder? Wel jes' put dem two argyments togedder an' tell me how you gwinter git erround 'em, sah. Don't dat prove de pint?"

"I don't wish to get around them," I laughed, "they seem to be good doctrine; but go on with your story."

"Wal, sah, de match wus de talk ob de country, as bein' de mos' suiterables' one dat eber wus."

"Marse Henry an' Miss Kitty! When I thinks ob dem ternight I kin see de dew on de young grass ob life, de roses in de gyarden ob lub, an' de stars in de skies ob happiness. I smell de flowers ob de past ergin lak dey uster smell when I wus young. I see de long walks in de shade ob de ellums an' de oaks, an' de breaf ob de prim-roses floats ober de gyarden. I see de hoss-back rides when de flutter ob Miss Kitty's ribbon meant de flag ob de yunerverse to Marse Henry, an' de perfume on her bit ob lace han'kerchief brought up de sweetes' fragrance frum de depths ob hees hart. Her eyes wus so bright dey'd bring him up befo' day, lak de sun befo' it's time, an' her cheeks wus es butiful es de mohuin' skies erbloom.

"O dar am lubs an' lubs, but dar am only jes' one fus' lub fur us all. De make-shifts arter dat am lak tryin' to make de red rosebud bloom twict."

"But sumhow ruther ole Marster had his haid sot on er young lawyer in town dat dey called Capin' Estes, dat was also courtin' Miss Kitty, lak ebrybody else dat seed 'er, an' ole Marster looked wid mo' favor on his suit dan he did on Marse Henry's, on account ob de relashunship betwixt 'em. But dar's where ole Marster missed it, an' de onlies' time I urver knowed 'im to miss it. But dis feller was slick, and he done it all wid de leetle insterment in 'is jaw. He was alers talkin' erbout de constertooshunal perogatives ob de divine right ob freemen' an' er makin' law speeches in de Jestis court an' er windin' up wid 'my country, my muther, my Gord, an' my feller citizens,' fer he was sech a demijug he allers put de citizen highes'. Ef he wasn't free wind at de rasho ob 16 ter 1, an' de onlimited coinage ob brass, my name ain't Washingtun! Why, he cud talk on fo' things at de same time, pocket er fee on bof sides ob er case, an' keep one eye on de bar-room an' de yuther on de church steeple. He cu'd play poker lak er gambler, drink lak er Kansas

drought, an' pray lak er country deacon. He cud get drunk lak er sinner, an' yit stan' highes' es er saint; mak lub wid one eye to Miss Kitty an' yit keep de yuther solemnly sot fur ole Marster lak St. Paul watchin' fur revolushuns!"

"But de thing soon cum to er end. Marse Henry was too honerbul to court a gal widout her daddy's say-so, an' de Chewsdays befo' Easter him an' ole Marster had er long talk in de library. Den Marse Henry cum out sorry lak an' solemn an' he tells me ter take extry keer ob Jap—dat wus his haf-thurrerbred saddle hoss—an' ter rub 'im down well, an' ter feed 'im oats, not er grain ob cohn. 'Fur,' sez he, 'Wash, I'm agwine erway furebber!'"

"An' dat night I seed er ghost! Hit wus jes' arter Marse Henry started off. I hilt his stirrup an' beg 'im wid tears in my eyes not ter leab us: 'Who gwi hep me take keer ob de hosses now an' pick out de yearlin's fur de spring races? Who dis nigger gwi foller arter de houn's in de spring an' de patterges in de fall? Who gwi' be de mohnin sun ob de place in de strength ob his truth an' honer, an' de sweet moonlight in his tender senterment an' simplicity? Who gwi' set de 'zample' 'mong de young folks fur dat conshus quietness dat cums wid de knowledge ob gameness dat am afeered ob nothin' but doin' wrong? O, Marse Henry! Marse Henry, we can't let you go!'"

"I hilt on ter his sturrups an' beg 'im ergin an' ergin, fur sumhow I felt lak I'd nurver see 'im enny mo'. But he only grip my han' ergin an' ergin, an' look at me goody-by—good—by—wid his eyes, fur he cudden't talk, an' rode off in de gloom down de big row ob ellums. An' dars whar I seed er ghost! De fus' one I eber seed! Fur es I stood watchin' 'im wid sumpin' lak er pound weight in my throat, an' mighty nigh a ton in my heart, I seed dat ghost plain es I ebber seed ennything! He hed got nearly to de gate in de dark ob de big overshadowin' trees whar de new moon wus tangled up in de lim's (sho' sign er bad luck!) when out slip de ghost frum behind er big tree an' I lakter drap in

my tracks! De lump went down in my throat, but grate Gawd, how my hair riz! De ghost wuz dressed in er windin' sheet ob white an' wid long hair hangin' down er back, an' she skeered Jap so he bolts an' snorts an' she muster skeered Marse Henry too, fur I seed 'im stoop down ter grab dat ghost an' sabe hisself, an'—an'—den—fo' Gawd! I kno' you won't beliebe it, but Marse Henry jes' kissed dat ghost time an' ergin an' I heurd 'im say 'furebber my darling,' er sumpin' dat sounded lak it an' den Jap's gallup clattered up de pike an' de young Marster dat I lub so well wus gone!"

"How you know dat wuss er gal-ghost ef you nurver seed one befo'?" came mercilessly from the doorway. "O you'll be inexpressibul in de tater-patch to-morrer!" But the old man had not been married fifty years and failed to learn the first lesson of matrimony, so he said nothing but sorrowfully continued:

"De naixt thing we heurd, Marse Henry wus way down in Fluridy, an' de naixt he hed jined Gen. Lopez wid de five hundred Americans dat went ober ter hep de Cubans fight fer liberty. An' dey got er fighter when dey got Marse Henry! Hit was bred in 'im fur it cum jes' es nachul fur us Scotch-Irish ter fight fur liberty—ennybody's liberty an' enny kinder liberty—es it is fer er game cock ter crow when he sees de fus beam ob daylight."

"Fur Liberty," said the old man, "is de daylight ob humanity!" "An' while I'm on dat subject," he said warmly, "I jes' wanter go on record 'bout dese Cuban fights: Dat wus forty-five years ergo, an' I heurn tell dese Cubans am makin' de same fight now dey did den. I heah de papers call 'em rebels, but I tell yo', sonny, dat am er wrong name. Ef dey succeeds de wurl will call 'em patriots!"

"For Rebel," he said, "is de name dat tyranny gibbs to de unsuccessful patriot!"

"An' hit makes my blood bile," he said as he grew excited, arose from his chair, and threw his banjo down, "hit makes my blood bile when I sees how we set back on our

dignerty, burn fish-crackers, cellerbrate de fourth of July, an' scream fur de bird ob freedom twell we hab er case ob kronic sore-throat, an' den call de folks dat am makin' de same fight we made, rebels. An' wussen dat; set right still aholdin' to de tail ob our eagle—(fur fear he'll fly ober dar I reckon)—an' fusin' to help 'em. We, who fit fur less dan one-tenth dese people hafter stand', now arter we git strong an' pow'ful, we set back an' see dem make de same fight we made, an' feered all de time to open our moufs, lest we take er bad cold!

“Or ef we does we puts our han's ober our harts an' bows an' scrapes erroun' dat little nest ob royal crows, dat useter be Spanish eagles, an' talk erbout de curt'sy ob Nashuns' an' all dat! Shame, I say!”

As he sat down after delivering this rebuke, his voice was peculiarly sad as he continued: “But you've read history an' kno' how dat fight ended. Marse Henry beat 'em time an' ergin, but arter erwhile de leetle ban' was ober-powered by de whole Spanish Army, an'—wal—”he wiped away a tear—“dem dat didn't die in de fight wus hung up lak dogs! all but Marse Henry—brave, generus, noble Marse Henry! De papers said dat he erlone wus shot, dat he gib de Spanish offercers old Jap, de horse he lubbed so well, if he'd shoot 'im lak er sojer, and not hang 'im lak er spy! An' dey shot 'im fer doin' whut wus bred in 'im ter do, when two ob his gran'-daddies follered de flag of Green's brigade in No'th Calliner, or helped whip ole Ferguson at King's Mountain.

“Po' Marse Henry! Wal, sah, de news lakter kill us. Hit hurt eben ole Marster, fur I uster heah him walkin' de library flo' an' talkin' erbout it to hissef: ‘De boy wus too high strung,’ he would say, ‘I did not want' im to leab us. I had no idea he wus gwine on dat fool fillerbuster!’ An' den he would storm erroun' dat room an' git hot under de collar as he thort how contrary to de rules ob war dey had acted in shootin' Marse Henry, an' den all at onct I see 'im tak down de ole sword his daddy wore at King Mountain, an'

es he fotch it down wid a bang on de library table lak he thort de whole Spanish army wus dar, he'd say: 'Dam dem Spanish dogs! Dey am nuffin' but hired cowards, an' I cud tak er regerment of Tennessee troops lak dat brave boy an' gib de Union de leetle islan' es a birf-day gif'. Dam 'em, I say! O, ole Marster wus sho' mad, an' when he got mad in er righteous cause he cud mak Unkle Toby ershamed ob his cussin' record!

"An' Miss Kitty!—I jes' can't talk erbout it widout chokin' up. Fur two yeahs she went in deep mournin', his own widder cudden't er tuck on wusser, fur she nurver smiled an' noboddy wus 'lowed ter menshun Marse Henry's name, hit seemed to 'fect her so!

"But Time am Sorrow's doctoh," sagely continued the old man, "an' his poultice will draw out de sharpes' pain!

"Five long yeahs passed, an' Estes had got high up in pollertics; he started out on er brass basis an' went frum post master ter kongress. He'd er gone ter Heaben ef he could er worked it through er pollitercal convenshun!

"An' now, whut you reckon? De news cum dat he gwine ter marry Miss Kitty—an' sho' 'nuff—hit's true!

"When I foun' hit out, I gin up all faith in mankind in general an' womankind in perticler. But den I felt sorry fur Miss Kitty when I larnt dat she was jes' gwine ter marry 'im to please 'er old daddy—fur she'd do ennything honorbul fur ole Marster—an' dat she tole Estes she would marry 'im but dat she would allers lub Marse Henry. She nurver tole me, mind you, but one night I seed it plainer den wurd kin tell. I seed it an' knowed 'er heart wus in Marse Henry's grave. I seed er ghost ergin, but hit wus Marse Henry's ghost dis time.

"Dis wus de Chewsdy night befo' Easter, jes' five yeahs to de night dat Marse Henry went away. De big weddin' wus ter cum off de naixt night an' de house wus full ob comp'ny an' cakes. Miss Kitty nurver smiled, but hed gone erbout all day lak de Greek maiden, spotless an' pyore, dat de

skule books tell us dey useter kill to de wicket idols in de ole times befo' de gates ob Troy.

"Dat night I hed gone ter sleep thinkin' erbout Marse Henry, an' how Jap useter stan' in de fust stall naixt to de door; how Marse Henry allers useter cum whistlin' ouden de house when he wanted me to saddle Jap, an' how we useter talk erbout de hosses, an' go to de races an' hooraw if our hoss won. I wus jes' thinkin' how open an' manly he wus, an' how fur erpart he wus frum dat Estes es de two ends ob Eternity, an' den, whut you reckon? I heurn Marse Henry cum ouden de house lak he did in de days ob old. I heurd 'im cum down to de stable door, an' pop his ridin' whip es er signal fer me ter bring up Jap, an' den slash his whup on his leg while he waited—jes' lak he useter do hundreds ob times befo', an' all so nachul lak, jes' lak he wus gwinter ride ole Jap ergin arter de houn's. An' den, sah, I heurd his voice jes' es plain es I urver heurn annything an' jes' lak he useter say, only hit seemed so faint an' fur erway: 'Hello, Wash, saddle Jap! It's time we wus takin' er han' in de fun!' I heurd it so plain, I jumped ouden de bed, an' said es I rushed to open de door, 'I'm cumin', Marse Henry, I'm cumin'!' But when I open de do' I wus so diserpinted I lak ter cried, fur I cudden't see nuffin' but de trees in de dim moonlight, an' I heurd nuffin' but de hoot ob de owl ober in de woods. I felt so cuis I cudden't go ter sleep, fur I wus sho' Marse Henry's spirrit wus summers erbout, an' dat he cudden't rest in his grabe on ercount ob de weddin', an' I jest walked down to de gate whar I last seed 'im five yeahs befo' go down de road, nurver to cum back enny mo'; eb'rything wus so nachul I thought I heurd Jap's footfalls ergin, an' den!—whut wus dat I seed all dressed in white wid her long hair hangin' down her back an' kneelin 'down under de tree whar she last seed Marse Henry erlive, an' sobbin' lak her hart wud break? De same ghost I seed dat night five years ergo. I cudden't stan' an 'look at sech sacred grief as dat, so I went in my house thinkin' maybe de last one wusn't a ghost sho' 'nuff, but jes'

Miss Kitty prayin' at de tree she last seed Marse Henry er-live an' weepin' de las' time she cud honorably weep fur him.

"De naixt day was de big day, but I cudden't stay dar an' see dat sacrilege. 'Sides dat, I felt cuis 'bout seein' Marse Henry's ghost, an' I knowed sumpin' was gwine happen. I knowed it fur sho' when I went in de kitchen next mohnin' an' heurd sister Calline tell how she found er screech owl in Miss Kitty's room dat mohnin'. Sez I to myself: 'Dar! I knows whut gwineter happen now. Po' innercent angel! She'll nurver lib twell termorrow—but thang Gawd fur it, fur dat yudder Screech Owl will nurver git in her room!'"

"But when I went to de stable, dar was ernudder sign: Ole Flint, Marse Henry's ole pet houn', an' de bes' one dat urver smelt er deer track, wus stone dead in de stall, dead frum er snake bite, too! 'Dat's dat Estes doin's ergin,' sez I, 'Po' innercent Miss Kitty!' An' de cows wus pawin' an' lowin' at de pastur bars! Now ebry body knows dat when de milk cows go ter pawin' an' lowin' in de mohnin' befo' brekfus, somebody gwinter die befo' night. I stood eben dat, but I gin up when I went to de well ter draw water fur de horses, fur dar wus Miss Kitty jes' as plain es she cud be, laid out in her coffin in her bridal dress!"

"I drapped dat bucket an' lit out frum dar!"

"An' I went to ole Marster an' beg 'im to let me go down to de lower place, five miles erway; an' I went to de lower place, five miles erway, an' dar I staid all day long waitin' fur de kalamerty to cum, an' groanin' in de spirrit lak de proffit ob ole when he know de buterful city gwinter fall. Fur I seed Miss Kitty dead jes' es plain es I see you!"

"O, dat wus er terribul day, an' one dat I'll nurver fur-git, an' I sot dar in de cabin an' feasted, an' didn't eat nuffin all day, an' wrestled wid de spirrit in prayer, all day long."

"De weddin' wus ter cum off at nine er clock at night. I wus settin' in de cabin door by myself, all de yudder darkies had gone to de big home fur de weddin' supper—but I didn't

wanter go; I hed no stummic dat night—I wus all heart, thinkin' 'bout po' Marse Henry an' Miss Kitty's fun'ral dat I knowed wus blegged ter cum!"

"Jes es de clock struck nine, I heard er hoss cum up de pike, clatter, clatter, bipperty, bipperty, bipperty, an' I jumped up mighty nigh er yard high!"

"I knowed de soun' ob dem feet! I'd kno' 'em in er million—dem was Jap's feet an' I hollered, glory hallyluyer! Befo' I knowed whether ter run under de bed or out on de pike—fur I wus sorter skeerd an' sorter brave—er big, strong, fine lookin' man, es brown es er young hick'ry an' sinewy es er race hoss, pulled up his hoss, covered wid sweat an' foam, at de door. Pulled up his hoss quick lak an' nachul—too nachul fur dis nigger, fur jes' de moshun of de han' fotch de tears to my eyes—fur dat hoss wus Jap, de same blood-lak, cordy-legged, big-nostriled, graceful Jap of old!"

"An grate Gawd! One look in de blue eyes ob de rider, de fine mouf, de frank, manly face, now bronzed an' er trifle stern, hit wus Marse Henry! Marse Henry!"

"I jumped up an' sed, 'O, Marse Henry, ghost er no ghost, I'm gwinter hug you!—an' I did, hugged him an' Jap, too."

"An' Marse Henry laf an' sed: 'Wash, my boy, I'm no ghost, but flesh an' blood, an' awful hongry flesh at dat. What am you doin' way down heah? Gib us sumpin' ter eat, fur I'm anxious to git on to de ole place an' we need sumpin' to brace us up. Jap an' I have cum over er hundred miles sence daylight, an' while dat's no long ride fur us, you kno' we blegged ter hab sumpin' ter run on,'" he sed laffin'."

"Lor, sonny, you jes' orter seed me hustle erroun'! An' whilst I wus fixin' 'im sumpin' to eat, he tole me all erbout it, how he hed jined Lopez an' sailed frum Key West, an' all erbout de fights he hed. An' he sed dat he wus de onlies' one left ob all his men, an' dat he owed his life to Jap's heels an' er Spanish general. He sed dat when he stormed Las Pozas, his men run ober de Spaniards an' whupped 'em in er

twinkle, an' dat sum ob his men begun to hang de Spaniards in return fur hangin' sum ob dairs de yeah befo', but when he foun' it out he tried to stop it an' he run in an' cut down de Spanish general dat dey had hung up, but dat his men got mad eben wid him an' mutinied an' he hed to draw his pistols on his men an' cut down de officer at de point ob his guns, 'kase he sed he wan't fightin' er hangin' war but er civilized war."

"An he sabed de officer's life an' exchanged 'im an' saunt 'im home. De papers wus right in sayin' Marse Henry wus arterwards oberpowered an' hed ter surrender, an' de dozen er two left wus sentenced to be hanged. In vain Marse Henry beg 'em to shoot 'em lak soljers, but dey hung his men befo' his eyes, an' dey wooder hung him, but he bribed de officer in charge wid de gift ob Jap to 'low 'im to be shot and not hung!"

"De naixt mohnin' when dey led Marse Henry off to be shot, an' when he wus er mile or two frum de lines, de general whose life he hed sabed wus waitin' at de spot fur 'im, an' commanded de squad to halt, an' den he gib Marse Henry his side-arms an' Jap, dat he foun' de officer wid, an' he sed to Marse Henry: 'Go, you sabed my life onct at de risk ob yo' own. I returns de kompliment.'"

"An' den Marse Henry told me how he hed went in de sugar bizness an' made er fortune an' now he cum back ergin to lib."

"But dat wus fo' yeah ago, Marse Henry," sez I; 'Why ant you cum home befo' or write us dat you still libin?' An' den Marse Henry's face grew dark es he sed: 'Bekase, Wash, Unkle Robert wrote me befo' de war wus ended, dat Kitty wus married to Estes, an'—

"'Dat's a lie, Marse Henry,' I shouted, es I cum to my senses ergin an' thout ob Miss Kitty fur de fust time—'dat's er lie! Ole Marster didn't write no sech letter es dat! She ain't married yit—least wise—dat is ter say—O, Marse Henry, am it nine er'clock yit? An' she nurver will be fur

she's boun' ter die to-night, an' I'm waitin' out heah to kno' when to go to de fun'ral—po' innercent angel!' an' I spec I begun ter cry.

"Marse Henry look at me stern lak, an' ax me what I mean. Den I went back an' tole 'im all, an' I seed de tears run down his cheeks es I tole 'im how she hed loved an' suffered all dese yeahs. An' I tole 'im 'bout de ghost scene last night an' how she sobbed under de trees, an' as I tole him I seed 'im shake all over lak er child er sobbin', an' when I tole him 'bout de nurver failin' death signs I'd seen dis mohnin', an' dat I spec right now she dun dead er married—'twould be all de same to her—he vaulted wid one leap in de saddle an' I seed Jap's tail fly up es he plunged two spurs in his side an' es he shot erway in de night I heurd 'im say sorter hard lak: 'Foller me, Wash, fur I'm gwinter take er hand in dat fun'ral!'"

"I jumped on er race filly Ole Marster hed in trainin' at de lower place, an' I follered 'im wid my heart beatin' er drum in my breast, an' de wind playin' er fife in my two years! Lor, sah, dat filly cud fly! but run es she mout, dar sot Marse Henry allers jes' erhaid, lookin' lak er statue on Jap; an' de ole hoss runnin' lak er swamp buck wid de pack at his heels! Runnin', sah, lak he knowed whut wus up an' dat ten minnits now wus wurth ten yeahs termorrow! An' evry now an' den I'd ketch er glimpse ob Marse Henry's back an' heah 'im say: 'Grate Gawd, ef I kin only git dar in time!'"

"Nobody'll urver b'leeve it," continued the old man, "but we broke de five-mile recurd dat night, sho! An' when we cum to de house it wus lit up frum garret to cellar, an' I cud see de guests in de parlors an' halls an' heah de music an' de lafter. But es I rid up closter, my hart sunk in my buzum, an' we bofe pulled up wid er jerk; fur dar, standin' dar in de light ob de bay winders wid flowers above an' belo' an' in de lace ob de curtains, dar stood Miss Kitty! An' de

orange blossums wus in her hair, an' a man wus by her side, an' dey wus shakin' hans wid de people.

"Grate Gawd, dey wus married!"

"I looked at Marse Henry spectin' to see 'im pale an' shaky lak I wus, an' mighty nigh ready ter fall down offen his hoss, but dars whar I overlooked de thurrerbred dat wus in 'im, an' stead ob bein' pale, de lub light wus in his eyes, but he hed dat cuis hard smile on his lips dat allers made me think ob de cocked hammer ob a hair-trigger durringer."

"He spurred up clost to me an' jes' es nachul lak es ef he wus tellin' me ter saddle Jap, an' jes' es quiet es if he wus gwine to church, he sez: 'Wash, be keerful now, fur you may sabe er life wid er level haid. I will ride up to de side porch, jes' whar it reaches to Jap's saddle skirts. I mus' speak to Kitty once mo' befo' I go back to Cuba foreber. Slip in an' tell her sum one wants to see her quickly, on de side porch. Go, an' remember your haid!'"

"I wus glad ernuf to go. All de sarvents wus now pourin' in to shake han's wid Miss Kitty, arter de white folks hed shook, an' I cum in nacherly wid de res'. De white folks hed stood back an' wus watchin' our awkward way, an' de room wus full ob flowers an' sweet sents an' hansum folks."

"But Miss Kitty jes' hanted me—I cudden't keep my eyes cffen her. She wus es butiful es truth in de halls ob de angels, an' yet es sad es sorrow at de grabe ob her fust born. She look lak er queen bowin' right an' left, an' her grace shone lak er pillar in a temple. She tried her bes' ter smile on us po' niggers dat had raised her an' lubbed her all her life, but de smile jes' flickered 'round her dark, sad eyes lak er April sunbeam tryin' to git out frum behind er March cloud. When she shuck han's wid me I seen two tears start up in her eyes; lak little silver-side fish dat rise to de surface ob de lake fur air, an' I knowed she wus thinkin' ob Jap an' his rider, an' I cudden't stan' it no longer, I jes' stuck my big mouf up to her lily bloom ob a yeah an' tried to say it easy, but it seemed to me de folks heurd it ober at quartahs, er

mle erway: "Gawd bless you, Miss Kitty, honey! But cum out on de side porch, quick!"

"Fur er secon' she looked at me lak she thort I was crazy, an' den I tried ergin, steppin' on her butiful dress an' little white slipper, I got up so close an' whispered so yearnestly:

"Miss Kitty! Miss Kitty!! fur Gawd's sake cum out on de side porch, quick!"

"She nodded her haid, an' I seed she thort sumbody wus in distress, an' es I went out, I seed her excuse herself to de guests an'—an'—wal, de feller dat was standin' in de winder wid 'er, an' den she gethered her trail in her lef' han' an' follered me out es stately es Pharo's darter follered de niggers ob old."

Here the old man paused, and a look of triumph glinted in his dim eye, as he said, "Dar am sum scenes in life fixed on our mem'ry so dey git plainer es we gro' older, an' dis wus one. De happiness ob two libes wus at stake, an' I trimbled so I cudden't think, fur I knowed a wurd too soon or too late or out ob place, wouder ruined eberything. De poppin' ob er match might er brought on er shootin' an' de whinny ob a black hoss es he stood blacker in de night, mout er turned er weddin' inter er fun'ral."

"I glanced at de side porch—dar sot er black hossman on er steed es black es he wus. Not er muscle moved, but I seed two steel-blue eyes shine eben in de darkness. Then out cum Miss Kitty, so nachul lak an' soft an easy:

"'What is it, Wash, who wishes to see me?"

"I pinted to de hoss-man. Den I heurd her step es she walked ercross to de shadder, an' den I heurd er voice cum outer de shadder: 'Oh, Kitty, my darlin', have you indeed forgotten me?"

"To my dyin' day I'll see her es she hesertated, tried to advance, stopped, staggered, an' fell into de outstretched arms ob de hoss-man, as she exclaimed pitifully: 'Dear hart, I tole them all de time I wus yores!'

"An' what you reckon Marse Henry dun? He kissed dat man's wife scanlus, time an' ergin, an' stead ob spurrin' erway wid her lak I spected to see 'im do, an' lak ennybody else wooder dun, he jes' walked wid 'er, dead fainted es she wus, right inter de parlor whar dey all wus, an' laid her gently down on a sofer, an' den he turned 'round lak er majah general reviewin' troops, an' he said: 'Uncle Robert, I have a word to say heah!'

'Wal, sah, 'mazement wan't de wurd. De wimmen screamed an' de men looked lak dey wanted to. Eben Ole Marster cudden't do nuffin' but stare. Estes cum to fust an' made er quick movement to got to de sofer whar Miss Kitty wus, quiet es er spirrit. But when Marse Henry seed 'im, his eyes flashed lak two stars, an' I dodged my haid spectin' to heah er pistol shot naixt, but I didn't, only dis frum Marse Henry, an' it cum frum 'im lak er battery, es he laid one han' on er instrument dat hed bin all through de Cuban fight:

"'Stand whar you am, sah! fur I'm heah to settle wid you fust!'

"An' then he turned loose. Gawd, sah, he towered ober Estes lak er lion dat hed cum home an' foun' er cur in his house. An' all de time his eyes shone like lightning an' his face was sot lak er jedge's, an' his voice was lak er god's! He pulled de forged letter out an' ole Marster read it, an' Miss Kitty cum to an' read it, an' he tole Miss Kitty how he writ to her time an' ergin an' at las' got dis letter. An' she cried lak er hart would break, an' she tole how she hed writ to him time an' ergin befo' she heurd he wus dead, an' nurver got no letter, an' befo' I knowed it I jes' hollered out: 'O, hit pays to be postmaster, hit do!'

"An, sah, whut do you reckon ole Marster dun? He jes' hugged Marse Henry an' wrung his han' an' call 'im his son, an' den he got so mad he lost his ole haid, an' cum runnin' out in de hall, an' sed: 'Wash! Wash!! Bring me

my pistols, Wash! The forgin' villain to dare marry a gentleman's darter!"

"In er minnit he cum runnin' back wid er pair ob durrungers in his han's an ernudder pair in his eyes, an' he rushed up to Marse Henry an' sed: 'Henry, my son, you shan't kill 'im! Let you ole unkle hab dat pleasure. The forger! Why, he married my darter, an' I thort he wus er gentleman!'"

"But Estes wus gone, gone to parts unknown. An' Miss Kitty wus laffin' an' cryin', in Marse Henry's arms, beio' ail de guests an' ebrybody, an' ole Marster stop sorter shot-lak, when he seed 'er fur he want prepared fur dat, an' Marse Henry laied an' pulled out ernudder paper—er little slip ob paper, an' den he sed: 'In de sweetness ob dis hour I furgib 'im, Unkle. Besides, he ain't married yore darter. Dis little instrument am jes' five yeahs de oides'. I'm sorry, Unkle,' he sed wid er twinkle in hes eyes dat belied his appollergy, 'but I married Kitty de night beio' I lef' five yeahs ago. Heah is de license an' dis am Squire Sander's signature—and why hello, Squire, I'm glad to see you ergin!' es Squire Sanders an' ail de folks he knowed flocked erroun' 'im to shake his han'."

"Gawd, sah, dat wus er happy night! But nuffin' wud do Ole Marster but dat dey mus' be married ober ergin by de Piskolopium preacher, an' in gran' style, too."

"So in erbout er hour Marse Henry cum out, dressed in de unerform ob er Majah General, an' dey wus married ergin—an' de han'somes' pair dat eber sed yes to de preacher. An' when I went up to shake dey hand', Marse Henry tell me to stan' by hes side, an' den he pull out ernudder paper, one jes' freshly writ, an' he read it to ail de folks—thang Gawd, he had bought me from ole Marster!"

"An' den he turned round to me, nigger dat I wus, an' he sed wid er tear in hes manly eye: 'Wash, a true frien' an' a jewel on de finger ob life. I fout too hard for de free-

doin ob others to see my bes' frien' a slave. I have bought you frum Unkle Robert, as dis bill ob sale will show. Take it; you are free!"

"J drapped at his feet an' cried an' kissed his han', but he pulled me up, an' es he put five big gol' pieces in my han' he laied an' sed: 'An' these are frum my wife, for valuabul assistance rendered at her fun'ral!"

"An' as I kissed her sweet han', Gawd bless her, she looked up at Marse Henry laffin' by her side, an' de smile she gib him wus lak de break ob day in Heaben!"



TO A WILD ROSE ON AN INDIAN GRAVE.

I N the pasture where the grasses are the first to herald
 spring,
 And the meadow lark flits upward on his parachutal wing,
 Where the wild vines weave their netting and the wild winds
 wander free,
 Thou art blooming in thy beauty now, sweet rose of Chero-
 kee.

All around thee is that freedom, part and parcel of thy life,
 Untutored is thy every grace with native sweetness rife.
 The spirit of the maiden whom the Choctaw chieftain stole*—
 Thou sprangest from her lonely grave, the rosebud of her
 soul.

Didst thou weave those golden leaflets, 'mid the centuries
 long gone by,
 In the loom of Indian summer with the shuttles of the sky?
 And that rare and dainty perfume, circling lambent of thy
 birth?—
 'Tis the infant breath of nature in the May-day of the earth.

In those rows of yellow pistils, platoon formed, with spears of stars,—
Didst thou pilfer from the lark's breast while he sang his sweetest bars?
And that blush of faintest crimson, tinging soft thy petal's peak?—
'Tis the red bird's mirrored plumage in the dew-drop on thy cheek.

In those drooping, twining branches, bending low in jeweled bloom,
Thou but weavest wreaths of beauty for the sleep of Beauty's tomb,
And that snowy, clust'ring garland springing upward and above—
'Tis the risen soul of virtue in the robes of virtue's love.

Ah! 'tis many circling seasons since thou first bloomed o'er the mound,
Where the Indian maiden slumbered and the wild fawn wander'd round;
Since thou heardst the Spanish bugle, saw De Soto's steel-clad lines,
As they trampled in their armor o'er thy timid, clinging vines.

But through all those changing seasons, thou hast reared thy modest head—
Nature's shaft of living marble o'er the ashes of thy dead,
Teaching all the world a lesson, older than the spangled sky—
The good shall live forever, and the pure shall never die.

*The legend of the Cherokee Rose is, that a Cherokee maiden, being stolen by a neighboring chief, died, longing to go back to her tribe. A rose was afterwards found blooming on her grave, and by the Indians named in her honor.

A HARVEST SONG.

O, THE mellow days of autumn
 How I love to see them come,
 When the harvest army marches
 To the bittern's noisy drum.

Every day is full of sweetness, ev'ry night is full of song—
 And the air is full of ripeness as the breezes sweep along.
 The mocking-bird, awakened by the flood of soothing light,
 Weaves a golden thread of music in the silver woof of night,
 While the rustling of a thousand flashing blades amid the corn,
 Like an army in the moonlight waits the reaper of the morn.

O, the mellow days of autumn
 How I love to see them come,
 When, like an Indian princess,
 Stands the maple, and the gum.

All the earth is full of beauty, all the sky in azure fold,
 And the sunshine in its softness melts in dreamy waves of
 gold,
 The wild goose flying southward sounds his startled, clarion
 note,
 And the trumpet of the harvest march is in his echoing
 throat,
 While the flashing of a thousand cotton banners* 'mid the
 corn,
 Like our skies, are red at evening but are silver in the morn.

O, the mellow nights of autumn
 When the harvest moon is queen
 And the stars, like little reapers,
 Flash their tiny blades between,

How they thrill me with a sweetness that is oversweet to last,

Like a glory of the present in a halo of the past,
 And they fill my heart with achings, with a sweet and tender
 pain,

Like the mem'ry of a music that I ne'er shall hear again,
 And they fill my soul with longings and they fill my eyes with
 tears,

Like a half forgotten laughter in the long forgotten years.

O, the mellow nights of autumn
 They are coming in a throng,
 And the harvest moon is with them
 And she sings the reaper's song.

*The cotton bloom is white in the morning and red at
 evening.



THE OLD MEADOW SPRING.

DOWN through the red-top blooming in the sun,
 On to the vine-covered trees,
 A barefoot boy through the path I'd run
 Like a swallow on the evening breeze.
 Quick to the big rocks cropping from the ground
 'Neath the trees where the sweet birds sing,
 With a leap and a bound I'd clamber down
 To drink at the meadow spring.

O, the old meadow spring,
 To its moss-grown banks I'd cling,
 And with hat for a gourd I would quaff like a lord
 The cool, sparkling waters of the spring.

Pouring from the rocks 'mid pebbles so white,
 And fringing the moss with pearl,
 Then speeding away in flashes of light
 To the pool with its eddying whirl.

The wild mint wafts its odor from below
 On the sweep of the cool wind's wing,
 While the dark shining row of the blackberries grow
 On the brink of the meadow spring.

O, the old meadow spring,
 Heaven's drink to man you bring,
 With the mint and the red of the purpling berry head
 All mirror'd in the depths of the spring.

Stretched on the green grass, musing in the shade
 (To the drip, tinkle, drip, of the stream)
 I wonder if above such a spot was made
 For spirits in their heavenly dream.
 Watching the water-witch dancing about
 On the waves in her silvery ring,
 With a laugh and shout I'd put her to rout
 And plunge in the meadow spring.

O, the old meadow spring,
 How I long once more to fling
 All my burdens aside in your silvery tide,
 And be a boy at the meadow spring.



THE WOLF HUNT ON BIG BIGBY.

I SEE de dudes hev got up er new sport up ter Yankee lan'," said Old Wash the other day. "Dey calls it Golf huntin'. Hes it got enny thing ter do wid wolf huntin'?" he asked. "Ef it hes, I jes' wanter say I'll go to New Jarsee ter see it ergin," said the old man, as he sat down on the wood-pile and laughed as if he was tickled immensely.

"Why, no, it hasn't anything to do with wolf hunting. Why do you ask?" I said.

“Wal, de names sounded sorter lak, an’ de folks dat plays it am de same sorter fellers dat cum down to our home way back in de fall ob ’35 ter hunt wolves. But let me put dis ax in de kitchen cellar fus’,” he said, as he hobbled across the yard. “I nurver cud tell enny thing wid er ax or er hoe starin’ me in de face an’ ’mindin’ me dat man wus made ter saw wood.

“Dis country ain’t whut hit useter be when Marse Bill Young settled down on Big Bigby way back ’bout ateen-twenty-fo’. You nurver seen sech lan’ in all yore life—de grandes’ forests dat eber sot on de face of de yearth, an’ de cane so big dat you hed ter cut roads through it lak it wus er wilderness. An’ de new groun’! Wal, sah, I nurver seed sich crops sence de good Lord made me! Why, down in de new groun’ dat we cleaned up we didn’t hafter plant but half er grain er corn——”

“Half a grain! Why?”

“Why, good gracious, sah, er haf ’er grain made er stalk twenty foot high! Whut we wanter plant er whole grain fer, an’ haf sich high corn we cudden’t pull it wid wun ob dese yeah fire ladders! An’ punkins! Marse Bill Young tried ’em wun yeah in de black locus’ new groun’, an’ arter dat he gin strick orders fur nobody ter nurver ter plant er punkin seed in ten miles er his farm ergin.”

“Why?” I asked. The old man scratched his head as if pondering whether to give his reasons or not.

“Bekose,” he said, “de punkin vines tuck de plantashun, and sum ob ’em run for miles up in de hills, an’ de naixt spring when Ole Marster went out ter survey an’ preempt mo’ lan’, he cum back home mad es de debbil, an’ sed ebry mile or two, fur ten miles eround, sum po’ white folks frum de mountins hed cum out in de spring ob de yeah, an’ whar eber dey foun’ er punkin dey hed squatted on de lan’, scooped out de punkin, built er chimbly in wun eend, put in er door an’ winders, an’ wus libbin dar mighty cheerful lak an’ con-

tented twell dey cud build 'em er little bigger home. Ole Marster'd owned haf de county ef it hand't been fur dat, sho'!"

"Wash," I said, looking him steadily in the eye, "you have gone to lying in your old age."

"Grate Gord," he said, with a look such as Elijah cast on the prophets of Baal, "thet enny wun should excuse me ob dat in my ole aige! An' me tellin' whut I seed wid my own eyes an' heurd Ole Marster say, too. But dat ain't heah nor dar. I'se tellin' you 'bout de wolf hunt.

"Dar wus er ole she wolf dat libbed down in de cane dat wus jes' er little de bes' wolf enny body eber seed. She jes' libbed on our sheep an' horgs, an' dar want no dorg cud bes' her. Ole Marster tried hees pack er houn's on 'er, an' she cleaned 'em up in ten minits. Den Cap'n Jim Estes tried hees pack on 'er, an dey all cum home lookin' lak rigiment flags arter de battle ob Waterloo. Den dey raised er crowd ob de boss fightin' dorgs ob de settlement—de brindled kind an' de b'ar-fightin' kind—an' dey all hem de ole wolf up in de cane an' rush in ter de tune ob 'Hail, de Konk'rin' Hero Cum,' but, bless yore soul, sah, in erbout five minits dey all cum out howlin' 'De Gal I Lef' Behin' Me!'

"Den de whole settlement riz up in arms. Dar want er man dar dat ole wolf hadn't wusted hees dorg, an' I've allers noticed dat when you hurt er man's dorg you jes' es well hit hees chilluns. Hit makes 'im er heap madder. We'd er whipped de British long 'fo' we did ef dey hed cum ober heah an' 'stead ob taxin' us widout misrepresentashun dey'd cuffed sum ob our no-'count dorgs erroud. Dis whole country woulder riz an' whipped 'em out in three days. Ole Patrick Henry an' Boston Massacre wodden er bin in it.

"But Ole Marster wus a jus man, an' he sed dat wolf wus er free-born 'Merican wolf, an' no man should ambush her an' kill 'er wid er rifle. She shud have er fair chance an' er fair fight if she et ebery pig on hees place. Ef dey had dorgs

good enough ter kill 'er, all right; ef dey didn't she mout jes' lib on. O, Ole Marster wus a white man, I tells you; an' hees wurd went in dat settlement. So dey jes' gib up an' let de ole wolf have it her way.

"Not long arter dat Ole Marster went to New York on bizness, an' ter hev er good time at de theaters an' sich. Ole Marster wus er swell when de 'cashyun riz—but he didn't let it rise too often. When he come back he sorter laugh an' say:

" 'Washington, I've invited de New Jarsey huntin' club down ter do up de ole wolf in de Big Bigby cane brake. Dey'll bring er dozen imported Roosh'n wolf houn's dat dey say am prize fighters, an' will rid us ob de ole witch.'

" 'All right,' sez I. 'Marster, I'll sho' see dat dey finds de enemy.'

"Wal, sah, in erbout two weeks er mo' heah dey all cum, an' bless yore life, honey, you nurver did see sich swells es dey wus. Dey hed on high silk hats, an' grate white collars, an' biled shuts, an' speckled cravats, an' satin vests, an' corduroy pants, an' pump-soled boots. An' you b'leeve whut I say? Sho' 'nuff! Wal, sah, I'll swear dey hed sho' nuff white folks ter wait on 'em! 'Fo' Gord hit's er fac'! Huh! Bless yore soul, we niggers didn't 'sociate wid dem, dough. Dey ain't no 'ristocratic nigger gwine 'sociate wid secon'-class white folks. An' de dorgs! Now you heurd my horn! Dey fotch er dozen ob de slickes'-lookin', big-haired, flap-yearred, wus-lookin' houn' dorgs you eber seed, chained two an' 'two, an' er man jes' ter take keer ob 'em. But I 'spected sumpin wus wrong soon es I seed 'em, an' dat night when Marster set out a decanter ob fus-class mountin' whisky wid lump-sugar an' mint, an' ax 'em ter take er drink, an' dey all 'fuse kase dey say dar 'stummicks cudn' stan' sich crude licker,' an' dey would jes' take er little claret wine dey hed in dere trunks, den I knowed de whole layout cudn't bag er kildee. Wal, sah, dey didn't do nuffin' but talk erbout de

pedergree ob dem houn's an' whut hit cost ter git 'em heah, an' how menny wolves dey kill in Roosher in wun day, an' how sabage dey wus, an' sum ob de niggers wus list'nin' at de winders an' didn't hab no mo' sense den to b'leeve it, an' hit spread all ober the plantashun an' skeered de pickerninies so dey all sleep wid dey huids under de kiver dat night.

"Wal, de naixt day Ole Marster mounted 'em an' dey blowed dey horns an' got de houn's an' de keeper an' went off in gran' style. I rid er gray mule an' went erlong ter show 'em de game. Wal, we wa'nt no time gettin' dar, fur de ole wolf hed er cane swamp whar she libbed an' wus boss in, an' ebry body knowed it.

"Hit muster bin de wrong time ob be moon fur de dorgs er de right time ob de moon fur de wolf—enny way we struck her in wun ob her wo'st moods. Hit peered ter me she'd bin pinin' all her life fur er pack ob Roosh'n wolf houn's an' dude hunters, an' I hev no doubt ef she'd bin axed into Delmonicy's ter name her bill ob fare she'd er named er dozen Roosh'n wolf houn's on de half shell—dem dat's got confidence in deysels an' am fat an' sassy. I can't 'spress ter you how happy an' delighted an' highly complimented she wus when she seed dese hunters hed imported 'em fo' thousand miles jes' fer her special benefit. Fur fear dey might think she was lacking' in professional kurtesy she cum out ob her lair, in er nice cleared place, an' met de furriners wid de blandes' smile. Den she back hersef ergin er clay root ter protec' her r'ar an' got down to bizness.

"Boss, dat fight wus soon ober. De fus' fool houn' dat went in she broke hees back wid wun snap ob her steel-trap jaws—de naixt wun got hees throat cut lak er razor. Dem furrin dorgs hed er furrin language, an' de dyin' yelp ob de fus' wus er heavenly translashun fur de yuthers, an' dey lit out. Dey all went back ter Roosher by way ob de Norf Pole an' de ismus of Cant-Ketchem—an' dey went in er hurry. De dudes got mad an' called an' hollered, but dey wan't er furrin houn' in the county in two hours.

"But de fun hed jes' begun. De ole lady bein' diserp'inted, got b'ilin' mad. She kerried de wa' into dudedom. She run de keeper up er black-gum tree an den lit into de hunters—an' you orter seed 'em cum outer dat swamp. Some ob 'em didn't stop runnin' fer ten miles! De ole lady fit lak she 'membered 'bout sucklin two genuine white men onct, way back in de days ob Unkle Rum'lus an' Unkle Remus, an' she kno'd whut de right kind ob article wus, an' now in her old aige ter be played off on by er lot ob counterfeits on humanity an' imported dorgs was too much. De darkies on de place say dey heurd de keeper up in de tree prayin' in French all night.

"De naixt day arter we got 'em off by de fus' stage, Ole Marster lacter laf hesef ter death, an' he say he gwineter petishun congress ter put de ole wolf on de flag by de side ob de 'Merican eagle.

"But how you reckon we got dat ole wolf at las'? Why, me an' er nur'r nigger went possum huntin' wun night wid three good dorgs, an' we got her up thinkin' we hed de bes' coon in de swamp. You know er nigger'll fight all night wid de debbil ef he think its er coon er 'possum, an' twixt us all we manage to beat de ole lady ter death. When we kilt her an' struck er light an' seed whut we hed, we drapped her an' got outer dar faster'n we went in. Hit skeers me ter think uv it now! Whut big things sum folks do widout intendin' it!"



THE SLEEP OF THE FLOWERS.

THEY are sleeping in the valley and on the glist'ning hills,
 And in the wooded nooks beside the winter's frozen
 rills.
 They slumber in their glory with the perfume on their breath,
 Their beauty and their brightness fled before the touch of
 death.

Their bloom life is a memory—their sweetness but a dream
Of summer days and shaded ways, and nights of starry gleam.

They are sleeping in the valley but they'll wake some
joyous day
And spring will stand before us in the bridal dress of
May.

They are sleeping in the valley, and they wait the Master's
call—
The rose-buds of our hearth-stone and the lilies of our hall,
The violets that bloomed down in the hot-house of our heart,
The blue-bells of our cradles—how the quick tears upward
start!
Their child-life is a memory—their visit but a dream
Of childish ways and prattling days—how long ago they
seem!

They are sleeping in the valley but they'll wake with
joyous glee
When the Master holds His dear hands out, and says:
"Come unto me."



"HUNTIN' O' THE QUAIL."

D ID you ever go a-huntin' on a crisp November morn,
When the frost had hung his laces on the locust and
the thorn,
When the air was like a tonic an' the sky was like a tone,
An' a kind o' huntin' fever seemed a burnin' in your bone?
O, the music in the clatter as you canter to the fiel's!
O, the echo in the patter of the dogs upon your heels!
What a picture for a painter when the setters make a stand
While that dreamy gleamy silence seems to settle on the land!

Are you ready, boys?

“—Ready!”

(Click! click! click!)

Come, steady, dogs!

“—Steady!”

(Click, click, click!)

Then 'tis whir-ir-ir-ir!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

An' 'tis whir-ir-ir-ir!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

An' your heart jumps like a rabbit tho' you didn't touch a tail—

Still, you'd like to live forever—just a-huntin' o' the quail!

Did you ever stop for luncheon on a bright November noon,
Where the pines were lispin' lullabies an' the winds were all
a-croon,

Where a spring was just a-singin' an' a-dancin' down a hill,
An' you tapped the tank where Nature runs her everlastin'
still?

How the beaten biscuits fade beneath the fervor of your
kiss!

How the sandwiches are laid beneath a blighting that is bliss!
What an appetite for eatin' you discover you have got—

O, wouldn't you be champion were you half as good a shot?

Are you ready, boys?

“—Ready!”

(Tap, tap, tap!)

Are you steady, boys?

“—Steady!”

(Tap, tap, tap!)

Then 'tis guggle, guggle, guggle, guggle!

Pop! Pop! Pop!

An' 'tis google, google, google, google!

Pop! Pop! Pop!

'Till you toss away the bottle as you would a twice-told-tale—
O, ain't it just too fine a sport!—this huntin' o' the quail?

Did you ever come from huntin' on a sweet November eve,
When the sun was sorter sorry such a dreamy day to leave,
When your heart was like a feather, an' your bag was
like a lead,

An' the liltin' of a lark was like a vesper overhead?
An' you found a poem strayin' an' a-swayin' on the gate
While she chides you for a-stayin' with Diana out so late!
O, of course you stop to greet 'er an' to give 'er half your
birds—

Ev'ry poem has a meter so you meet 'er with these words:

Do you love me, Susie?

“—Love you!”

(Kiss, kiss, kiss!)

Will you wed me, Susie?

“Wed you!”

(Bliss, bliss, bliss!)

Then 'tis whir-ir-ir-ir!

(Your heart, your heart,)

An' 'tis whir-ir-ir-ir!

(Her heart, her heart,)

Just a-flutterin' like a covey with Cupid on their trail—
O, it beats all kind o' huntin' when you bag that kind o' quail!



TO THE SPIRIT OF MAY.

AND now she stands upon enthroning hills
And tosses wreaths of roses o'er the world,
With banner'd bloom about her head unfurl'd
And at her feet the music loving rills
While winter's lingering stirrup-cup with frothy clouds
she fills.

The blue sky hangs above her like a veil,
 And, dropping low, fringed with divinest lace,
 It adds a softened shyness to that face,
 Which, like a maid in love, now pink, now pale,
 Needs but one look from earth to blush and tell its love-
 blown tale.

One slipper'd foot, flushed as the blossoming trees,
 Is thrust, half naked, in the bloom and spray
 Of orchards, where throughout the dreamy day
 The sunshine glints the wings of weaving bees,
 And all her children, music mad, doth touch their thou-
 sand keys.

And baby vines, awakening, have wound
 And twined a bracelet bloom about her arms,
 While 'round her waist, 'neath nestling charms,
 A russet belt, with beaded berries bound—
 The sun-maid's belt, dropped at her bath, which lover
 earth had found.

And Music dreams and pines and sighs
 Within her eyes. And Poesy is there,
 Prophetic-faced, with sun-red, Sappho hair.
 And Hope above, star-vestal'd vigil keeps
 And throws a ray of ripeness o'er that face where unborn
 Harvest sleeps.



GRAY GAMMA.

I AIN'T never tole you 'bout dat hoss race down to Ash-
 wood, when Marse Bill Young bet me ergin two
 thousand dollars of er Missippy gemman's money, has I?"
 asked old Wash the other night, after he had come in to tell

me the young Jersey heifer had found a calf in the meadow lot that day. "Wal,' sah, I've seed many er race, but dat wus de most interestines' one, frum my p'int ob view, dat I eber seed, 'kase I wus the principalist stakes, an' dey stood me on er stump, an' nuthin' but dat filly's grit saved me frum bein' a dead nigger in Missippy terday, 'stead ob a eminently 'spectable culled gemman frum de race-hoss state ob Tennessee.

"I had er mighty good marster—wus Marse Bill Young—an' he wus de fust man ter bring thurrerbreds to de country. Ain't I neber tole you 'bout dat bay colt, Firefly, by Dan Rice, out of Margerite, by 'Merican 'Clipse? Heish! Long es I bin wid you, I ain't neber tole you 'bout dat colt? For de Lawd's sake!

"Wall, sah, he wus de bes' t'ree-year-ole I eber put er shoe on. Fus' dam by 'Merican 'Clipse; second dam by Timoleon; third dam by—"

"Never mind about his dams," I remarked, as I gave the old man a cut of "Williamson County Twist," which I always kept in the drawer for him; "just go on with the race."

"Wal, sah, I had er mighty good marster—was Marse Bill Young—an' he wus de fust man to bring thurrerbreds to de country, es I wus sayin'. He didn't hab but one fault, an' dat was dat he'd bet ennything in de wurl' he had, 'cept his wife an' chilluns, on his own hosses. He neber did think enny ob his own hosses could be beat, but he cum mighty nigh changin' his 'pinion 'bout dat thing onc't, an' losin' erbout de valu'blest nigger in Murry county to boot. Dat nigger wus me. Mind you, I ain't blowin' my own horn—nobody eber heurd me doin' dat—but I'm jes' tellin' you what Marse Bill Young said hisself.

"I was de blacksmith fur de plantashun, an' shod all de thurrerbreds. An' right now I can gib any ob dese here new-fangled hoss-shoers er lesson or two, 'kase we knowed

how ter shoe hosses in dem days; ef I hadn't I wouldn't er bin in this state terday.

"Wal, sah, 'bout long in Febrery—'way back in de forties—dar cum er gemmen frum Missippy wid er string er thur-rerbreds gwine to Nashville fur de spring races. De Lawd sake! Dey used ter hang up purses in dem days! Why, dis same mare, Gray Gamma, dat I'm tellin' you 'bout, won forty thousand dollars fur Ole Marster in one purse—won it in er walk—but, bless yer soul—Ole Marster spent it in er fly! He wus er white gemmen! Munny wa'nt what he wus livin' fur. He wus livin' ter race hosses.

"Wal, sah, ez I wus sayin', all de gemmen dat passed thru de country in dem days, befo' de railroads, jes' went out and stopped at Ole Marster's—de common folks put up at de hotel—an' so, ez I wus sayin', de Missippy man he put up at Ole Marster's too, wid all his hosses an' niggers an' teams an' horrors fur to horrow de track wid, when dey get to Nashville.

"Wal, sah, dey had a mair in dat string frum Missippy dat dey laid great stress on. De Missippy nigger tole me in conferdence she could outrun her shadder wid one leg tied up—an' she cud! How did I know? Wal, de truf is, me an' de Missippy nigger gib her an' Firefly er midnight trial one moonlight night fur er poun' er Tennessee terbacco, while Ole Marster an' de owner wus playin' poker for keeps in de billiard-room. Dey called de mare 'Mary Lef,' an' all I know is she lef' me an' Firefly dat night jes' lak we wus er pair er mud muels stuck in er clay bank. Jimminy! how she could run!

"De nex' day Ole Marster cum ter me lookin' sorter worried—fur he thout er heap er me—an' he said:

"'Wash, I'm feared I play de mischief las' night,' sez he.

"'How so, Marster?' sez I.

"'Well, Wash, you know dey can't nobody bluff me

when it comes to my hosses. Dey am as good as dey make 'em. An' all I've got ter say ter you is dat I called de Majah's bluff las' night when he talked erbout Mary Lef' beatin' Firefly. I bet him you, an' Firefly, ergin two thousand dollars an' Mary Lef', dat he couldn't do it—dat's all—an' ef Firefly can't win, you jes' as well make up your mind to tell us all good-bye. De race comes off day after termorrer, an' er gem'man don't gib his word but onc't. You may shoe de colt termorrer evenin', and he-walk off es unconcerned ez if he wuz tellin' me ter go an' kill hogs.

"But great sakes! What er knot riz in my throat! I didn't mind it ef I'd only had er dog's chance—but I done seed what de mair could do—an' I knowed dey wus playin' er game on Marster, an' dey knowed it, too. An' me ter leave Dinah an' de babies an' ole Tennessee an' all I had on sech a chance es dat? Wal, sah, I jest' went off an' cried. I knowed it wa'nt no use ter go an' tell Marster all 'bout what me an' de Missippy nigger done, 'kase de debbil hissef couldn't make him break his wurd—an' I'd er got er cow-hidin' ter boot. I jes' made up my mind dat all dey wus in life wus ober fer Wash.

"Wal, sah, when de news spread, an' Dinah heurd it, dar wus er scene. She 'lowed she'd go an' beg Marster ter let her an' de babies go too, an' I neber will forgit de night we went up to de big house—me an' Dinah—to beg Marster not ter sep'rate us. Wal, sah, he cum out on de poach es tall an' dignified es ef he owned de yearth—but I knowed he had a warm heart fur all dat—an' Dinah wus cryin' an' I wus mighty silent, and Dinah said:

"'Marster, please don't sep'rate us, but jes' put me an' de babies up, too,' an' she could say no more.

"Marster looked sorter troubled, lak he hadn't thout erbout de thing befo', an' he walked ter de drawin' room an' said, quietly lak:

"'Majah Fellows, will you step heah er moment?'

“An’ de Missippy gem’man step out on de poach an’ we step back in de shadder, an’ Ole Marster says, sez he:

“‘Majah, I wus a little liasty in my bet the other night. I had forgot dis boy had er young wife an’ two chilluns. I have neber sep’rated a man an’ his wife—in fact, sah, neber sold one ob my niggers—an’ fur de sake ob common humanity I would like to amend my bet, if ergreeable ter you.’

“‘State your amendment, sah,’ said the Missippy man, coldly.

“‘The condition of our match, sah,’ said Ole Marster, quietly, ‘wus four mile heats, an’ two thousand against my nigger. I kno’ yer mair is de fastest, but I believe Firefly can outlast her. He’s bred to stay, an’ de only chance I have to win is to comply with the four-mile condition. But, in order not to sep’rate this boy an’ his wife, I will make the distance only a mile an’ a half, an’ in case you win I’ll put up the woman an’ her two children an’ a thousand dollars in gold ergin the boy alone, that my three-year-old filly, Gray Gamma, will beat your mair, Mary Lef’, at the same distance.’

“‘Sence you wish it, sah, so be it,’ said the Majah, ‘but—an’ hit made my blood bile when I heurd him add—‘it must also be added that the winner of the last race gets both horses contestin’.’

“Ole Marster flushed, ’kase it looked lak de Missippy man wanted the yearth. It wan’t so bad to lose me an’ Dinah, but I knowed Ole Marster didn’t want er run no risk ’bout losin’ de filly, an’ when he said ‘all right, sah,’ I knowed he dun it jes’ for our sake. But when he mentioned Gray Gamma my heart give er leap, fur I knowed her blood wus es pyore es de icicle dat hangs on Dinah’s temple, an’ es hot es de hartdraps dat flows thru’ Juno’s veins—fur I heard Ole Marster say it menny er time. She had de meanes’ temper in creashun, an’ would hab her way or die. She wus mighty nigh spiled in her two-year-old form an’ hadn’t been

raced sence; but she peered to hab got ober it, an' I heurd de trainer tell Ole Marster de Lawd only knowed how fas' she could run. After we went home I told Dinah all erbout de filly, an' dat night we rastled wid de angel in pra'ar—we prayed dat de angel might take de crotchets outen de filly's head—we knowed she'd do the rest.

“Wal, sah, when de day cum, de whole neighborhood turned out. Ole Marster put me on er stump an' de Missippy gen'man put er bag of gold beside me, an' Firefly an' Mary Lef' come up an' was soon erway. Spite of de fact dat I knowed we had no chance, my heart jes' lak ter break out er my buzzum. I saw Dinah cryin' in de wagon whar she an' de babies wus, an' den I looked at Ole Marster—he wus jes' smokin' er seegar lak he wus lookin' at er heat ergin time, an' sez I, 'sho'ly he ain't got no heart,' but I knowed better befo' de race wus ober. Firefly was game an' staid wid de mair—I cu'd see he wus better at de mile dan he wus at de haf, an' better a quarter funder on dan he wus at de mile, an' I seed what er fool I wus not ter let Ole Marster make it fo' miles, an' jes' es I begin to think an' hope dat Firefly would beat her ennyway, Mary Lef's rider went to de whip—de mair made er spurt—an' pushed her nose erhead, I heurd er shout, an' I b'longed to de Missippy man!

“I got offen de stump. I cudn't see which way ter go, I wus cryin' so. Ole Tennessee neber looked so sweet ter me befo'. De wheat fiel's looked greener an' de cabins whiter an' de hills had a charm I neber had known befo'. I cudn't hardly walk twell I heurd Ole Marster say: 'Wash, you am de property of Majah Fellows,' jes' lak he wus gibin' erway er dog, an' sez I to myself, 'sho'ly Ole Marster is crazy—he ain't got no soul.' An' I leaned ergin de stump. Den I heurd him say:

“‘Majah, while your mair is coolin' out I'll ask your

permission to let this boy change my filly's shoes—he has bin my blacksmith, you kno'.

“‘Sartenly, sah,’ said de Majah.

“An’ right dar is whar Marster had sense an’ I didn’t. It wus a cold day an’ de groun’ wus nearly frozen an’ de track wus slick. An’ Marster said to me at de shed: ‘Select er very light but rough set ob shoes, cork ’em lightly all erround—I’m surprised Mary Lef’s owner can’t see dat her plates are too slick fur ice.’ An’ den he said, sorter smilin’: ‘You needn’t look so solemn, you’ll be berried on dat hill yit.’ Wal, I dun lak he said, an’ dat wus one time I sho’ did my bes’ at shoein’—an’ all de time I wus prayin’ fur Gray Gramma ter go off right. When I wus through Marster look her ober an’ gib her an apple an’ patted her neck an’ he buckled de girth hisself.

“When de filly cum out an’ de race wus called I noticed Marster wus a changed man—he was no longer careless lookin’—he throw erway his seegar—he see ebry thing; yet he laugh an’ joke. I followed his tall form as he went up de stretch to gib de jockey orders, an’ es he passed de wagin whar Dinah was cryin’, sez he: ‘Come, girl, don’t be cryin’ dar—it’s prayin’ you need—pra’ars dat de filly git off right. Ef she do you needn’t stay twell de race is ober—jes’ take de chillun an’ go on back to de cabin,’ an’ he stalked on an’ me er followin’ him so dazed I cudn’t hardly walk.

“To my dyin’ day I’ll neber furgit de look dat was in Ole Marster’s eye when he went up to de boy dat was on Gray Gamma.

“‘Jim,’ sez he, ‘gimme dat whip,’ and he throwed de rawhide ober de fence. ‘Dis mair needs pettin’ in dis race—not whippin’. Now look at me,’ an’ his steel-blue eyes looked lak Ole Marster cu’d look at times; ‘dis race is mine ef you let dis filly get off at fust. Don’t cross her; don’t

stop her; don't draw yer rein. She'll set de pace—jes' you set still an' guide her. Do you heah'?

“‘Yes, Marster,’ an’ de starter called ’em to de scratch.

“My heart beat lak a drum. I cudn’t hardly breathe; I cudn’t stan’, an’ I sot down on de groun’. I knowed ebery thing depended on de start, dat the filly was lak er spoilt gal, an’ ef erlowed her own way she’d go wid de joy an’ de bound of er angel; but ef checked she mout sulk all through de race. I neber took my eyes offen her, an’ when dey said ‘Go!’ at de fust trial, I seed her wheel an’ shoot erway lak er beam of sunlight, an’ all at onc’t my strength come back an’ I jumped up an’ sez I: ‘Thank God! I’ll die in ole Tennessee yit!’

“But de yudder mair was fas’, an’ when de rider seed Gray Gamma’s tactics he jes’ turned her loose—an’ she dun je’s’ lak she dun de colt—crept up ter de filly’s flank, up ter her saddle, up ter her haid, an’, sez I, ‘Is she gwinter beat er ennyhow?’

“Hit’s been fifty odd year,” said the old man, as he looked away off in meditation, “but dat picture is branded in my mind es plain terday es ef I seed it now. I ken see eben how de sky an’ de clouds looked, an’ de outline ob dem two horses as dey went nose to nose eround dat track. Hit ’peered lak er hour befo’ dey went de mile, an’ I dreaded de time I knowed wus comin’ when de rider ob de Missippy mair wud go to his whip. He dun it at de quarter pos’, an’, thinks I, ‘now I’m gone! Missippy will come wid her bolt!’ But Gord bless yore soul, honey, Gray Gamma hed er bolt, too, an’ when de mair tried ter go by her de boy on Gray Gamma jes’ leaned ober an’ touch her gently lak wid de spur in de flank an’ she jes’ grappled de frozen ground wid dem corks, an’ shot her naik ahead, an’ I jumped up an’ down, an’ hollered, ‘Halleluyer! Halleluyer! I’ll lib an’ die in ole Tennessee!’ An’ Gray Gamma?—she seemed ter git better. She seem ter fly! It look ter me lak she neber touched

de yearth fer er quarter ob er mile! I run to de wire at de stump, de same stump I cried on befo', an' I jumped on it lak er game rooster on er barn fense, an' I hollered till dey heurd me at the quarters, two miles erway: 'Glory halleluyer—come home, Gray Gamma!'

"An' she cum—de sweetest sight dis nigger eber seed. She cum lak er bloomin' skule gal, playin' 'Puss in de corner,' in low neck an' short sleeves, wid roses on her breast, mornin' on her cheeks an' stars in her eyes, an' makin' er run fur de home base! She cum lak ten camp meetin's in full blast—an' me jes' got religun! She cum lak whole regimn's marchin' ober kittle drums—an' me de drum-majah! She cum lak de charriut ob de Lawd in de pillar ob fiah—glory halleluyer!

"Wal, sah, all I rickerlect is dat I had her 'round de neck an' wus kissin' de star in her furred, an' I look an' dair stood Ole Marster, sorter smilin', wid his eyes sorter moist, an' Dinah tryin' to kiss his han's an' he cum an' put five twenty-dollar gold pieces in my han', an' sez he: 'Stop yer blubberin', yer idjut, an' go to yer cabin; you don't know er race hoss ef you'd meet 'im in de road, an' de naixt time you hab a moonlight race wid my hosses pick out one dat will teach folks how to race ergin ole Tennessee!"



ALONE.

MY love and I sailed out to sea
 When the dream days came with purpling sky,
 And her laugh was the winds at play, to me,
 And her eyes the stars I guided by.
 Her hand touched mine, 'mid the breaker's roar,
 And new strength came to the lagging oar—
 Her lips met mine in the tempest's blast
 And new life flashed in the straining mast.

My love and I sailed on to sea,
 And life was full and sweet for me.
 Till our boat plunged under a death-wave dark—
 And I sailed alone in a drifting barque!
 Now the skies are gray, and the winds at play
 Mourn drearily o'er the sea all day,
 And I look in vain through the fog and rain
 For the wave that will bring me to her again.



THE CHURCH OF THE HEART.

DEEP in the dales of the human heart,
 Deep in the dells of the soul,
 Where the springs of the innermost passions start,
 Where the brooks of Hope and Happiness part
 And the flowers of life unfold,
 Is a temple whose vespers rise and swell,
 Yet it hath no priest and it hath no bell.

'Tis loftier far than the dome of the sky,
 'Tis deeper down than the sea,
 It catches the gleam of the stars as they fly
 And the music they make as they wander by
 With their heavenly minstrelsy,
 Music—but whence no mortal can tell—
 For it hath no priest and it hath no bell.

No glitter of tinsel, no blight of gold,
 No fashion of rank and lies,
 No creeds in their confined urns of old,
 Where the dust lies deep on their hearts of mold,
 No altar where prides arise—
 And yet no cathedrals in beauty excel—
 Tho' it hath no priest and it hath no bell.

And here hath the crushed and the desolate prayed
 From the depth of their soul's despair,
 And hither hath sad-eyed Sorrow strayed,
 And out-cast Hope hath sobbed and laid
 Her head on the altar there.
 And never Anathema rings their knell,
 For it hath no priest and it hath no bell!

O, glorious church of the heart divine—
 (O, conscience—priest to us all!)
 High o'er the world may your sweet dome shine—
 With your silent priest in this heart of mine—
 And the image of Love on your wall.
 O, Church of the heart—'tis there God dwells
 Tho' it hath no priests and it hath no bells!



TO A BLUE JAY.

O, THE world is all against you, Blue Jay, Blue Jay;
 O the world is all against you now, I say,
 With your tweedle, tweedle, tweedle,
 And your jay! jay! jay!
 And your saucy, whistling wheedle
 Just before you fly away

To pounce down on the juciest and the sweetest roasting ear;
 To steal the ripest Concords in the sunshine purpling near;
 To run off all the song-birds with your blust'ring, bragging
 tongue,
 And break the hearts of mother birds by eating up their
 young—
 Then to perch up on the highest limb upon the apple tree
 And call up mourners 'round you with your tweedle, tweedle,
 twee'!

You're a robber, robber, robber,
 Blue Jay, Blue Jay,
 And a hypocrite and bully,
 As all the world doth say.

O, the world is all against you, Blue Jay, Blue Jay;
 O, the world is all against you now, I say,
 But your tweedle, tweedle, tweedle,
 And your jay! jay! jay!
 And your saucy, laughing wheedle
 Brought again to me, to-day,

The time we stole together, in the summer long ago,
 The cherries and the peaches and the grapes of purple glow.
 The day we climbed the chestnut for the Yellow Hammer's
 nest,

And you gave it up, disconsolate, because I robbed the best!
 And I see the old home once again, the fig trees in the sun,
 While a boy slips all around them with a single-barrel gun,
 And he brings it to his shoulder as he sees a bobbing head—
 Bang! and he's a murderer—for old Blue Jay is dead!

Was I a robber, robber,
 In the summer long ago,
 When I barbecued and ate you
 With my sportsman's pride aglow?

Ah, some grown-up folks are like you, Blue Jay, Blue
 Jay;

Ah, some grown-up folks are like you now, I say—
 For they tweedle, tweedle, tweedle,
 When they wish to have their way,
 And they wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,
 In their tricks of trade to-day,

And they pounce upon their fellow man and steal his very
 best—

His eggs of reputation, and his cherries—happiness,
 And you'll find their crops distended with the plunder they
 have won,
 While their tongues are shooting slander (ah, 'tis worse than
 any gun),
 And they thrive and fill and fatten till they go to get their
 due
 In another world—Oh, Blue Jay, won't they make a barbecue?
 Then sing away your robber song
 Of jay! jay! jay!
 Till some robber mortal comes along
 And sees himself to-day.



YESTERDAY.

THE old man tottered out to the pasture. He was eighty
 years old.

“How difficult it is for me to walk now,” he said, as he shuffled unsteadily along, “and how it tires me to go but to the pasture gate! And where,” he said, as he turned his whole body feebly around to look at an object behind—as old age is wont to do when the muscles have become stiffened in the neck—“and where are the blue hills I used to see over there where the clouds and the sunset loved to linger, and the gray mists rose from the valleys like the breath of day to the skies above? Are they there yet? I cannot see them.”

“They are all there, Grandpa,” said the little boy who accompanied him. “They reach all around and around and around, and they are brown here,” said he, pointing with an emphatic finger, “and blue yonder, and bluer further on, and, yes—further still—O, I can't tell whether it's clouds or hills, they run together so! But, O, Grandpa, I know that tree we just can see on top of that far, far away hill! That's Grundy's big poplar, and I went there once and saw a wild

pigeon's nest on the first limb, and I played in the branch that ran at the foot of the hill, and I brought home wild grapes! O, Grandpa," gleefully, "let's run over there now and see if they are all there, and have some fun! Do, Grandpa!"

The old man sighed and shuffled feebly along.

"Alas!" he said. "But yesterday I went there myself, and went with my mother, and I saw the bird's nest and played in the brook, and my mother was beautiful and happy. That was yesterday—only yesterday. To-day I feel tired. Tomorrow I shall rest."

He reached the bars. A horse came up to the fence. He was sightless, and his sunken back indicated extreme age. The old man put out his hand over the bars to rub the horse's nose, but the strained position made his fingers dance uncertainly over the animal's face, and he drew back his hand because he could not hold his arm still.

"What horse is this?" he asked.

"Why, grandpa! Don't you know Old Whip," said the boy.

The old man looked hurt. "Old Whip," he repeated, absently. "Old Whip. Why, yesterday, only yesterday, I called him Whip—Young Whip. And I stood right here at these bars and caught him and put your grandmother's saddle on him—she was forty then and handsome, and your mother was five, with eyes like yours—and they rode Young Whip, and I rode by their side, and I laughed in my strength and happiness, and we rode to the upper place and gathered apples from the orchard, and picnicked in the woods and rode back in the evening, and I kissed them both and lifted them from the saddle and turned Whip in here only yesterday evening. But one night has passed—but one."

The little boy looked puzzled. "Why, grandpa, mother died when I was a baby. And grandma—I never saw her. That couldn't have been yesterday!"

"Yes, yesterday, my son—yesterday—because I have for-

gotten all else that came between it and to-day. It was yesterday—yesterday, for I remember it. Yesterday, twenty-five years ago! Men time things wrong, my son. Our real time is from memory to memory—from happiness to happiness. But let us go in. I want to kiss my wife and the baby. I want to kiss them to-day, for to-morrow I shall rest—yes, we shall all rest.”

And the little boy sadly led him in.



A MEMORY.

O THE mem'ry of the mistletoe that graced that Christmas scene!

And the berries in the holly wreath like rosebuds red between,

And the smell of fragrant cedar, even yet—an evergreen.

O, the beauty of the dainty hands that twined the holly through,

And the snowy neck and cheeks that made the roses blush anew.

Now I never smell the cedar but I see the maiden, too.

O, the glory and the story in those eyes of tender trust!

Not all the world of sermons can convince me they are dust,
For the starlight lives forever and love's mem'ry hath no rust!

Up in heaven with the angels she is twining wreaths to-night.

In her Father's many mansions 'mid the dazzling glory-light
She has laid aside a love-wreath for her tired one in the fight.

EULALEE.

Eulalee, sweet Eulalee,
 The years have passed, but still I see
 Your laughing eyes 'neath snood of red,
 And the bending skies of blue o'erhead.
 The partridge calls 'mid the dreamy corn,
 For the night dew falls and the shades creep on,
 And I say "good night," for the grass is wet,
 And your last words are—"I love you yet!"

Eulalee, sweet Eulalee,
 The stars now roll 'twixt you and me,
 But I see your snood through the milky ways,
 And your eyes beyond the starry rays.
 Your laughter comes with the sunbeams free
 And the dews that fall are your tears for me.
 And up to heaven, with hot cheeks wet,
 I look and hear—"I love you yet!"



MARJORIE.

UP in the hills of Tennessee
 Lives Marjorie—sweet Marjorie.

There ain't a bird but stops his song
 When down the lane she rides along—
 Stops his singin' just to stare
 And wonder where she got that hair
 So deeply golden, floatin' there!
 And why her eyes ain't baby blue
 Instead of twilight beamin' through?
 (For birds do know a thing or two!)
 They know that wavy, rosy flout
 Of sunset tress in dreamy rout

Should have some sky of blue about.
But when them eyes, full to the brim
Of stars and love, look up at them,
And daylight blush o'er cheek is spread
From cheeks just pulped to melon red,
And o'er that sweet dream face is born
The light that kind o' comes with morn,
They ketch their breaths and sing away—
She's turned their eve to break o' day!

Up in the hills of Tennessee
Lives Marjorie—brave Marjorie.

Loud boomed the Harpeth, as adown
She rode like mad to Franklin town.
The Judge's daughter—the county's star—
(For years I'd worshiped her afar!)
"Too high in life," they whispered me,
"To look with favor, lad, on thee."
But love will climb to star itself—
What careth it for worldly pelf?
The Judge was stricken—to the ford,
A keen plum switch for stingin' goad,
Her saddle mare like mad she rode!
Forgetting flood and angry wave
She spurred—her father's life to save!
(Alas, her own she all but gave.)

Plowin' that day on the horse-shoe side,
I stopped when I saw her frantic ride.
I rushed where the tall creek willows grow—
Where the swirling waters roared below—
I waved, I beckoned, shouted—all
Were lost in the lashing water's fall!
I saw the mare swept from her feet,

I saw an emptied saddle seat.
I plunged—what cared I for the roar,
Born, as I was, on the Harpeth shore?
What to me was my burden frail,
I, who could lift a cotton bale?
Did e'er an arm that had tossed the wheat
Hold before a bundle so sweet?

But Harpeth was mad as a frenzied colt,
And shot his flood like a thunderbolt.
The big waves swept with giant scorn,
And once I thought we both were gone!
Did she know it, then, when a kiss I brushed
On cheek that e'en in the waters blushed?
Did she hear the words of love I said?
(I couldn't help it, I thought she was dead!)
Struggling, battling, I landed, but could
Not meet her eyes—she understood.
"I'm safe," she said, and my hand she took,
(And gave me one, just one love look,)
"Now mount your horse, for the doctor ride;
Save my father and—I'm your bride!"

Up in the hills of Tennessee
Lives Marjorie—dear Marjorie.

You can't climb up that tall hill there
And look way down that valley fair,
But what your gaze will rest on ground
That's mine—all mine—for miles around.
That Jersey herd, that bunch of mares,
Them frisky colts with all their airs,
That Southdown flock in yonder dell,
Followin' the tinklin' wether-bell,
Them barns and paddocks gleaming white,

That home shut in with God's own light,
 And all them fields of wheat and corn
 That sweep clear down to Amberhorn.
 I earned 'em all—no gamblin' tricks,
 But hones' work and tellin' licks.

But best of all, 'twixt you and me,
 That girl is mine—my Marjorie!



A MORNING RIDE.

AWAY! away! the coming day
 Breaks o'er the East in fans of gray,
 And purpling high the glowing sky,
 Blushes before the Master's eye.
 Steady, Marie! my rein is free,
 Canter a bit in coltish glee,
 Your easy gallop is wine to me.

Away! away! the new-mown hay
 Has scented all the valleys gay.
 The cool, moist air is thick, but rare
 With odor never known elsewhere.
 Come, now, Marie! you change, I see,
 To single-foot, so swift and free—
 A palace car is a cart to thee!

Away! away! no stop nor stay.
 Hark! Heard you e'er such music, pray?
 What melting rout now falls about
 To tell the mocking-bird is out!
 Come, come, Marie! I'm watching thee!
 A fickle miss I fear you be
 To change to running walk with me.

Away! away! ah! primrose gay
 You're dressed, I see, for the race to-day,
 And in the bloom of his feath'ry plume
 The elder lends you his perfume.
 Then go, Mariel! show them, for me,
 How the swallow skims the crystal sea—
 The pacing queen one day you'll be!



THE MULE RACE AT ASHWOOD.

(The old fairs in Maury county sometimes ended in a mule race, in which every effort was made by the spectators to retard the progress of the steeds and make them fly the track. Old Wash's account below is not exaggerated.)

TALK erbout trotters an' pacers bein' cheap," said old Wash the other night, after ambling in to know if it was true that Coxey's army was only a scheme to put the colored man back into slavery, "but you orter seed how cheap thurrerbreds got in Murry county way back in '35. Bless yore soul, we bred more thurrerbred mairs to jacks that year den I eber seed in my life. An' dey made de bes' mule in de wurl. A Tennessee mule outen a thurrerbred mair am a leetle de bes' pullin' thing dat eber was hitched to de yudder end of a trace chain. Pull? Why, I've seed 'em die in de traces, tryin' ter pull er waggin outen de mud. I hup I may die ef I ain't seed one pull her fore shoulders down to er foot of her hips. I disremember dat mule conspicuously, 'kase we cut part of her tail off arter dat an' sold her to a circus fur a geraffe.

"An' run! Wal, sah, you orter seed dat race at de ole Ashland track one fall! Dey got up er mule race, an' ole Marster tole me if I'd ride his gray mule an' win he'd let me marry er gal dat belonged on ernudder plantashun, an' one dat I'd bin pinin' fur fur er long time, an' ole Marster

didn't want me ter marry her 'kase she wasn't in de fambly. In dem days, sah, we fo'ks ob de fust qualerty had to be mighty 'tickler how we marr'id outen de fam'bly. I might es well add, right heah," said the old man, "that arter I got 'er I quit pinin' fur 'er. I've noticed it's ginerally dat way. But you wanter know how dat mule wus bred? Fust dam by Bosting, secon' dam by 'Clipse, third dam by Diomeed, fourth dam by Flyin' Children, fifth dam by Darley's Arabian, an' fur twenty more dat mule went on. On her sire's side she traced all over Spain an' Portugal, Egypt an' de Holy Land, an' clar up ter de Prince of Wale hissself. Talk erbout er mule not bein' bred right! Oh, we had 'em in dem days. Thurrerbreds wus sho' cheap.

"When de race cum off, I made dat mule run lak I 'spected to find de gal hung up at de wire. De yudder mule was bred spang up, too, an' we wus sailin' erlong pritty briefly—yes, pritty briefly—wid me er little erhead an' dead sho' ob winnin'. I wus jes' wunderin' which one ob his las'-year coats ole Marster would gib me ter marry in an' if Mistis wouldn't bake er cake, when all at onc't my mule—"

"Come, come," I said, "don't make up anything. Tell it just as it was."

The old man really looked hurt as he remarked: "I see you ain't fully posted on mules, 'specially thurrerbred mules. Why, dey am as different frum hosses as de spirit ob a bat am frum de ghost ob Ophelia. Did you eber see one run erway? Now, er hoss runs erway lak a gentleman. He jes' gits skeered and runs erhead. He'll run ober er court-house or ennything else, but he'll jes' keep on runnin'. But you jes' watch er mule run erway. De fus' thing he do is to turn right roun' an' throw you out. Ef he's gwine north, and de whole wurl' gwine north wid him, an' he take er noshun to run erway, he jes' turn roun' and run souf. Don't make no diff'rence ter him whut's behind him; he's gwine back. He lubs de past better'n ennything I ebber seed. He'd ruther

turn roun' and run back into Sodom an' Gomorrah dan to go straight erhead into glory. Now, when er hoss runs erway he's sho' to hurt hissef; it's very seldom he hurt ennything but hissef an' de vehickle. He'll bus' his head, or break er leg, or skin hissef up, or do sumthin'. But you jes' show me er man dat eber seed er mule hurt hissef when he run erway. No, sah! Hit's de folks in de vehickle he's after; and he allers gits 'em. He's de same way erbout kickin'. Watch er hoss kick you. He fus' lay back his years, an' switch his tail, an' gib you fair warnin'; den, if you don't git outen de way, he kick you ober like a gentleman. But do er mule do dat? No, sah! When he gits ready to send you to kingdom cum he puts on his most fetchin' airs. You'd think kickin' de las' thing he gwinter do. You needn't be oneasy when you see him switch his tail an' back his years an' sorter dance up and down behind; he's jes' playin' den. De time fur you to pray am when you see him behavin' hissef; dat's de time when he means bizness. When he looks love outen his eyes, an' his years p'int to de pure, blue sky erbove, p'intin' sinners to dat better lan', den's de time fur you to stay outen his way.

'Wal, sah, dat's de way de mule dun. He wus jes' forty feet frum de wire when de idee struck him dat he wus gwine de wrong way. Dey wusn't nuthin' dair to skeer him—nuthin' but er straight track. 'Twas part of de program fur 'em to try an' skeer him all de way, an' de boys hed stationed er cinerman bear an' er Italian at de fus' quarter, thinkin' dey'd sho' bolt an' cum back. Now, er mule hates de smell of a bear like he do de thought of respecterbility, but he went on by 'em like he neber seed 'em. At de haf de boys had turned a cobered wagon ober—'nuff to skeer a saddle an' blanket—but my mule went on wid his tail up—no skeer dair! At de three-quarters dey turned sum firecrackers loose, an' thinks I, he'll sho' bolt now; but dey both went on jes' like dey bin fed on firecrackers all dair life. At de distance flag de brass band got in de middle ob de track an' turned loose all dair

horns an' drums playin' 'Run, Nigger, Run—de Patterole Ketch Ye'—nuff to turn back de debil hissef—but my mule run ober de fellow wid de kittle drum, stepped on de drum head an' carried it erlong pierced wid his lef' hin' leg; but jes' as dey got to thirty feet of de wire, wid ebery thing clear, an' it look like if dey tried to stop eben dey'd slide under, dey both conkluded dey wus gwine de wrong way, and both of 'em whirled. But I was 'termined not to get beat an' dey said both of us—me an' de yuther rider—left de saddle 'bout de same time an' sailed through de air like er pair of turkey buzzards on er windy day. I went under de wire fus' and landed on de hard groun' on my head an' mouth, fur which I wus mighty thankful, fur if I'd landed on my feet I'd er broke my legs sho'. I got up an' ole Marster cum up laffin' an' said: 'Wash, de gal's yourn, you beat de yudder nigger by er lip—a close shave—but you went under de wire fus'. You've got de bes' head fur er race I eber seed,' he said as he felt my head to see if it was busted. An' ernudder man laughed an' said when he looked at my mouth, all swelled up: 'Hardly er lip, Colonel, fur ef he had, he'd er left de yudder nigger at de las' quarter!'

"But I got de gal!"



WHEN DE FAT AM ON DE POSSUM.

O DE glory ob de fall days, de bes' ob all de year,
 Wid de smoke a curlin' up'ard in de mornin' crisp an'
 clear—
 When de days cum brimmin' ober wid de soft an' meller
 light,
 An' pollertics an' 'ligyum both ergwine day an' night!
 O I don want no better times den dese my life to fill.
 When de fat am on de possum an' de taters in de hill!

O de glory ob de fall days—O de splendor ob de morn—
 When de hills an' valleys echo wid de hunter's tuneful horn,
 When de yaller gal braid up her ha'r an' sets out in de sun,
 An' de fat shoat in de beechwood snort an' whirl eroun' an'
 run!

You may talk erbout yer Promused lan'—I've got it at my
 wish

When de brown am on de possum an' de taters in de dish!

Sum say dis am a wicked wurl an' full ob sin an' shame,
 Dat frenship's but er holler soun' an' love am but er name,
 Dat all de men am liars yit an' all de women false,
 Wid death an' taxes allers heah to make us rise and waltz.
 Dat mebbe so—one t'ing I kno'—it nebber seems to be
 When de taters in de possum—an' de possum am in me!



CLOUDS.

O, CLOUDS, ye are ships in the infinite blue
 Of the ocean of heaven—and ye sail,
 And ye sail
 To the harbor-gate, open to welcome you through
 In the west. To the harbor-gate, pale
 As a moon-ray reflected from the sea
 To your sail.

O, clouds, ye are ships, and above you the dome
 Of an infinite heaven—and ye float,
 And ye float
 To the beacon-star burning to welcome you home
 To your rest. And lovers will float
 O'er eyes that are blue and wet as the waves
 Where ye float.

LITTLE SAM.

LO, de cabin's empty,
 De chilluns all am gohn,
 De jimsun weed gro' 'roun' de do',
 De grass dun tuck de cohn,
 De fiah am turned to ashes,
 De hoe-cake's col' an' clam;
 I wants ter go to de Master now—
 He tuck po' little Sam.

Po' little Sam, dat played erroun' de do',
 Dat wake me in de mohnin' when de chickens 'gin ter cro',
 De Marster's royal cherriut cum down wid steeds ob flame,
 He had ten million angels but he wanted mine de same.

His coffin wus er ole pine box,
 (Po' little lonesome waif!)
 Whut matter whar de col' clay am,
 Jes' so de soul am safe.
 I gethered cotton blossums,
 'Twus all de flowers I had—
 Lak him, gohn in de mohnin'
 Befo' de dew wus shed.

Po' little Sam, dat played erroun' de do',
 No more I'll heah him call me when de chickens 'gin to
 crow',
 De Marster's royal cherriut cum down wid steeds ob flame,
 He had ten million angels but he wanted mine de same.

Lo, my heart am empty,
 My life hopes dey am fled,
 Jes' cut dis ole dry tree down, Lord,
 De moss am on its head—

Why should de ole man sorrow heah
 Sence you tuk little Sam?
 Jes' let me be thy servant, Lord,
 In de manshun whar he am!

Po' little Sam, dat played erroun' de do',
 Sum mohn' I'll heah him call me when de chicken 'gin to cro',
 An' den de Marster's cherriut will take me es I am,
 Will take dis po' ole nigger home, to be wid little Sam.



IMMORTALITY.

HOW like a second nature to our souls
 Is immortality. 'Tis not of earth,
 But comes a ray from heaven, that unfolds
 The budding instinct of another birth.

Who from the void can make a man but God?
 And if God make him, shall He then ordain
 That, having breathed upon the senseless clod,
 Back to the void shall turn His work again?
 Through endless time no more nor yet no less
 Than making man for woe and wretchedness?

Away the thought! The deathless Deed that springs
 From out its dust-encumbered home of clay,
 And, like a beam of morning, folds its wings
 Only 'mid the twilight of a perfect day—
 This cannot die! 'Tis part of God himself,
 A heart-throb of Infinity!

The Thought that spans the arch of silent stars,
 Scaling the rugged battlements, where rise

The roof above time's own grim prison bars—
 Searching beneath the shadows of eternal skies
For captive Truth—this cannot die! 'Tis God's own child
 Exiled to earth, now seeking home again!



THE TENNESSEE GIRL AND THE PACING MARE.

THE Tennessee girl and the pacing mare are a pair I can never separate in my thoughts. When I think of the one I see the other, and when I see the other I think of the one. They go together much better than Jonathan and David, or Damon and Pythias; and they travel along life's road with a great deal less friction than either would go with a male companion. They are a pair of females entirely bent on femininity.

The bottom may drop out of the universe; political parties may rise and fall; hades may boil out of Mount Vesuvius, and horses of the male persuasion may burst the records of the world, but the Tennessee girl and the old mare are only bent on preserving the chastity of the female race as they shuffle along down a sunshiny pike to carry a hank of yarn and a brace of spring chickens to another pair of the same gender living about three miles further on.

The girl is demure, modest and sweet. The old mare is demure, modest and fleet. The girl is shyer than a sixteen-year-old Nymph clad in a petticoat of sea foam, before the mirror of the Olympian gods. The old mare is more timid than a fawn in a herd of buffalo. The Seventh Regiment Band, in full regalia, could not march by the damsel with enough eclat to make her peep out from under her sun-bonnet long enough to see the color of their uniforms; and forty thousand of them could not make the old mare look around unless their martial music happened to stampede the

shuffling sorrel offspring ambling behind her—then she'd ride over the regiment to get to it. So would the girl.

But the sorrel offspring does not really belong in this duo. He is looked on as a necessary evil which is liable to happen in the early spring days of April or May. When the hazy gleam settles over the landscape in the twinkling glow of Autumn's aftermath, he goes out of their life and existence. Perhaps he has grown too large; perhaps too saucy—perhaps too much of a man to be allowed the companionship of this pair who worship at the shrine of Vesta and yet live in the hope of one day making it uncomfortable for a male man and his unregenerate offspring when cleaning-up day comes round! In the fall, then, the colt will be missing. But the girl rides on and says nothing; while the old mare merely paces along in a gradually increasing ratio of avoirdupois till the next spring. Then you may meet a trio again.

The Tennessee girl is a born rider. No silk hat with half a white goose-feather adorns her shapely head. No long riding skirt streams under her horse's flanks, or flutters out behind to frighten the steeds of unsuspecting passers-by. No gloves that reach to her elbows. No silver-mounted English whip that abruptly stops in its make-up about the place you think the whip ought to begin—no goggle glasses, hair in a Psyche knot, and look a la hauteur—no; that isn't the Tennessee girl on the old mare; that's the city girl that's riding for fun. The girl we are talking about never got on a horse for fun in her life.

A snow-white sun-bonnet with a few stray curls peeping out from under. It is tied with a double-bow knot under the chin and two streamers play in the wind behind. A blue calico skirt comes down nearly far enough to hide a pretty foot that's got a good hold on a solid steel stirrup. Where is the other foot, you ask? Come, don't be too inquisitive. The Tennessee girl has two; the other, with its necessary

attachment, has got a grip on the pommel of the saddle—and a Comanche princess can't stick there tighter. A pair of woolen mittens cover chubby hands that know how to hold bridle reins—and there she goes, one hundred and forty-five pounds of solid "gal" in a saddle her great grandmother rode over "from North Callina in."

The Tennessee girl is the best female rider—ah! beg your pardon, equestrienne they call it now—in the world. And yet nobody ever saw such riding! She rolls in the saddle with every motion of the old mare. She is the most unstable-looking thing in the saddle, to be as solid as she is, I ever saw. She sits her horse like a forty-ton flatboat on the roll of a wave, and yet she goes ahead like a graceful yacht in mid-ocean on the crest of a billow. She will fool you to death. It is painful for a tenderfoot to behold her ride. His first thought will be to rush up and save her from falling off; his second to stand and see her fall—a mishap no one has ever yet seen, not unless the double girth broke. Down the pike she goes—while the spectator is waiting to pick her up—following every curve and rolling with every roll of the pacing mare, all the time in unison, toppling but never falling, swaying but never breaking, easy, jolly, joyous, forgetful, unthinking, unaffected; she can ride out of a storm like Diana, pace home in a curve-line of beauty, or gallop with her brother over the field like a princess of the Montezumas.

And don't you discount on the old pacing mare. As sleepy as she looks and as unconcerned and all that, she is the deadiest gamest thing under heaven! She carries the blood of the desert—the memory of fifty Derbys in her veins! She is the same the world over, and would just as soon throw speed amid the sand hills of Sahara as among the roses of Andalusia. She'll bring race mules if bred to a jack, throw "B B" bread-winners if mated with mustangs, and give us world-beating Pointers when bred to her equal. She car-

ries the girls to church like a three-year-old, takes the old lady to meetin' like a forty-year-old, carries the old man on a nightly fox hunt like Tam O'Shanter's "Meg" with a witch at her tail, and yet brings him home, when he gets drunk, at daylight, as slowly and solemnly as the burial of Sir John Moore. She will kill a dozen mules in a plow, would make a sway-back elephant ashamed of himself when she backs her ears and throws herself in the collar of a stalled wagon, and on general principles will pull anything she is hitched to, from a log wagon to a sucker's leg, and in her friskier moods will throw anything from a race horse to a horse race!

She eats less, works more, lives longer, says less, than any animal under the sun, and springs more unexpected speed from unexpected places than a dozen jack rabbits in a sedge field! She is homely in her old-fashioned ways, yet glorious in her grit! Leggy in her angularity, yet beautiful in her strength. Solemn in her Scotch-Irish honesty, yet brilliantly humorous when she takes the bit and tries to pace a 2:10 clip in her old age. Modest and gentle as a nun's dream of her first love, yet as fiery and aggressive as a helmeted knight in an honor quarrel. Homely she may be, plain, painfully plain, and yet to me, when I know what is slumbering there, she is

Moulded as trim as a gatling gun,
And full to the brim of its fire!

Nothing can stop the Tennessee girl and the old mare. Nature, recognizing their claims, keeps the sun shining, the sweet birds singing, the winds playing and the brooks dancing when the precious pair start down the pike. Even the toll-gates—brazen evidences of corporations and cruel obstructionists of freedom and unrestrained progress—fail to stop them.

"Your toll, please," said the gate-keeper, as a pair of them came to a halt, recently, when the gate swung up.

"But do we have to pay toll?" asked the fair rider, with

a look so full of pretty injured innocence as to make the hard-hearted collector inwardly swear he would never collect another toll as long as he lived.

"Certainly, Miss; five cents, if you please; here are the regulations"—

A carriage and horses.....25c.

A wagon and team.....15c.

A buggy and horse.....10c.

A man and horse..... 5c.

"A man and a horse! Why, we are a gal and a mare," said the Tennessee girl, as she rode on through, after casting a withering look on the abject keeper, who was trying to skulk off and hang himself.



LETTIE.

LETTIE—she lives in Orchard Room,
 An' the Square he lives near by.
 Orchard Room is a world of bloom,
 An' Lettie—she's its sky!
 A valley of blossoms an' rose-perfume,
 An' Lettie's the rose—O, my!

Her cheeks, she stole frum the peaches
 Thet dimples an' pinks in the sun,
 Her lips, frum the cherries; her eyes—blackberries;
 Her laugh, frum the brooks thet run.
 Her soul!—an angel drapt it onc't
 'Bout the time her life begun.

The Square hed saunt his message,
 An' hit created a stir!
 He was "gwine ter marry Lettie
 Or else know the reason fur"—

Rich, an' he'd buried fo' good wives—
Now he wanted to bury her!

I stopped Old Kate in the furrer;
I mounted an' rode erway,
I b'leaves in sowin' to-morrer
When I kno' I can reap to-day,
An' trouble—I never will borrar—
When I orter be makin' hay!

Down by the spring she was churnin'
Her kalico tucked to her knees,
Her cheeks all flushed an' a burnin',
Her hair flung out to the breeze.
I looked—an' I felt my heart turnin'
To butter—an' then ergin inter cheese!

I rode to the fence beside her,
My heart went flippetty-flop,
'T was churnin' up champagne cider
An' sody an' ginger pop!
Old Kate hed nuthin' ter guide her
An' she nacherly cum to er stop.

“O, Lettie,” I said, “my darlin’,
Will you marry the old, fat Square?
His heart—hit’s es cold as his gizzard—
His soul—hit’s es scarce es his hair!
O, Lettie, sweet, why would the wild fawn
Mate with the polar bear?”

She ducked her head (it was takin’),
“O, Lettie, my heart you’ll bust!
Will you really marry that bac’n?”
“Yes,”—slyly—“Zeke, ’spec I must!”

"O, Lettie, my darlin', why will ye?"
 "Cause—cause—you didn't ax me fust!"

I grabbed her there an' I kissed her,
 Kissed her over the fence,
 An' I got me a preacher, Mister—
 An' the Square ain't seed her sence!
 Fur he's up at his house, in the attic,
 An' they say he's a raisin' a stir
 A-nussin' his gout an' rheumatic—
 While I'm—wal, I'm a-nussin' her!



LIFE'S CHRISTMAS.

THE faint, sweet light breaks over the hills,
 To waken the chords of memory's bells
 And bring us Christmas morning.
 O, Christmas morning, fresh and clear,
 Is this your token of a glad New Year?
 Is this your emblem of a good new cheer
 To come with your hallowed dawning?

The glad east glows with resplendent beam
 And wakens from sleep a childhood's dream
 Of a Christmas gone forever.
 O, childhood's Christmas, now no more,
 Come from the sheen of that evergreen shore!
 Come with your faith and your hope of yore—
 Come with your honest endeavor.

The bold, bright sun mounts up to his throne
 With eagle speed through the paling zone,
 And manhood's Christmas hangs o'er us.
 O, manhood's Christmas, bold and strong,

Give us your boldness to battle the wrong,
 Give us your power the fight to prolong—
 Shine in your glory before us.

The pale west glows with a purpling light,
 That rolls in serried columns bright,
 Where the day king's banners rally.
 But now 'tis gone, and night is nigh;
 O, then may our good deeds glitter on high,
 And our past pure thoughts bespangle our sky
 To light our way through the valley.



“DICK.”

HIS real name was Richard Augustus Washington La Fayette—that was all. He ought to have had a surname, but he didn't, for he was just a little darkey belonging to Major Richard Augustus Robinson, one of the aristocrats of Middle Tennessee, thirty odd years ago and who counted his negroes as he did his flocks—on a hundred hills. According to custom, Dick's surname should have been Robinson—Richard Augustus Washington La Fayette Robinson—only nobody had taken time to think of it, and Dick was too little to think for himself.

“And as for hunting up names for my negroes,” remarked the Major on several occasions, “it's as much as I can do to name my colts and register my Shorthorns.”

But Richard Augustus was all right. His “mammy” had a literary turn of mind, and when Dick was a year old she named him for her master, Washington and La Fayette—“the three greatest men dat eber libbed”—as she herself declared; and then, having duly notified her world at the “quarters,” she promptly forgot all about Dick and his name,

too, in the more interesting event of declaring a pair of dividends—twin dividends, as it were—for the Robinson plantation. These required two more names—a mental task too much even for a person of her well-known intellectuality, and so, unfortunately for Richard Augustus Washington La Fayette, in the mental disgust that followed, she boiled down the three greatest men in history into—Dick.

And Richard was himself on all occasions. With him life was one perpetual Sunday, even after he grew big enough to leave "old Granny," the wrinkled and wizardly witch of an octogenarian whose duty it was to take care of the two score pickaninnies of various ages, "at the quarters," while their mothers helped out in the crops. And what glorious fun Dick had, picking little baskets of cotton by day, for work, hunting possums by night, and breaking the colts on Sunday for religious diversion! Chittlings, crackling-bread, hoe-cake, 'simmon beer and bacon! These were his till there was one endless cackle in his laugh, one continual ring of grease around the hole in his face, one everlasting brewery in his heart. He ate so much, so often and so systematically, that his cocoanut-protruding forehead was as polished as a black ivory ball, and the small spot of ebony abdomen that stuck out through the slit in his one garment—a hickory shirt that came down to his heels—looked not unlike the crown of a Stetson derby greased with bear's grease.

Freedom! Not much of it did Dick want. In fact, I think, like the rest of his race, Dick missed the idea altogether—as a great many people nowadays have missed it. Dick never had studied on the subject much, but somehow or other, way down in his little philosophical heart, he had learned that slaves are sometimes free, while freemen are often slaves.

Ah, Dick, there are more slaves to-day than on the day I first saw you, thirty-three years ago, as you rode the bay filly down the long lane while the twilight shadows pirouetted

the cows you were driving home into colossal oxen. Yes, a lot more. It is true they don't go by that name, Dick; but O, Dick, names are not even surface indicators in this world. There are so many slaves in the world to-day, Dick, that sometimes I hope we will find the north pole and start a new republic, not alone for the poor white and the poor black slaves now in the world, those who have to pinch and starve and toil and turn the grindstone of destiny as you and yours never had it to do, Dick, but also as a place where every voluntary slave to passion and avarice, sin and shame, might enter, and, by God's help, get another start in life. For

O, the tyranny of the master, Poverty,
And O, the whip of the master, Sin,
And O, the hounds of Squalor and Misery,
And O, the driver that drives them in!

They say that not even our greatest scholars of to-day could talk in Latin or Greek, were they placed back two thousand years ago in Rome or Athens. And they say it is because our thoughts do not come into our minds the same way—that they do not originate in the same manner, and hence cannot be expressed in similar construction as those of the dead languages. The germ-cell of the thought, so to speak, has been lost. And so it was with Dick. Freedom could not enter his mind because there was no brain cell there for it, and none in his ancestors before him. That for which the Saxon would die was lacking in Dick. Happy Dick! He was like a blackbird born in a cage!

But if Dick didn't have his freedom bump developed there was one he did have, and that was—love. Dick loved everybody, but he loved "Ole Marster" best of all. Before he could walk well, he used to watch the tall, gray-haired Major dismount from his big, stocking-legged chestnut horse

when he came in from riding over the farm, and as he would stalk by Dick and stop to playfully crack his riding whip at him, instead of running away in half-feigned terror and grinning at the stately joker as the other darkies did, Dick would crawl up to him like a frousy spaniel and with his long monkey fingers he would pick the cockle-burs and begger lice from his master's leggins, and do it all with the air of a dog when its owner deigns to rub its back with his foot.

As he grew older Dick was taken by the Major "to the big house" to wait on him. Then indeed was Dick's cup full.

But one day Dick's cup was fuller. It ran over. At one bound he leaped into fame, and, what was better for Dick—his master's heart. And this is the way it happened:

Major Robinson was a noted horseman. He owned, as was thought, the best in the land. His neighbor, Col. Sellers, was also a noted horseman, and the Colonel was quite positive that his were the best in the land. The pride of each one's heart was a magnificent saddle stallion—and two grander horses, in truth, could not be found in a day's ride. Each could pace like a pickerel and go as many saddle gaits as a rocking chair on a steamboat deck. In looks—well, had Rosa Bonheur seen them, there would have been two more of her famous pictures in the Royal Gallery. The Major's horse was a splendid chestnut, as perfect as a Tennysonian poem, full of thoroughbred blood from nose to heel, and known as Traveler. The Colonel's was a beautiful bay, as rounded as one of Johnson's periods, equally as well bred as Traveler, and known as Pilgrim.

In those days questions of superiority in saddle horses were decided in the show ring. Only thoroughbreds raced. With the saddler it was looks and gaits. With the thoroughbred, speed.

But Dick changed all that. Bright Dick!

These two famous horses naturally met, time and again, in the show ring; and, being so nearly matched in breeding

and gaits, sometimes Traveler would be awarded first prize, and then it would fall to Pilgrim. Year after year did this go on, throughout the fairs of middle Tennessee, until finally it became merely a question of who were the judges, as to which would win. At first the thing was humorous, but it soon became excitingly serious; for as everybody in Tennessee, where a horse is involved, will take sides one way or the other, soon all the country were Travelers or Pilgrims. Small wonder they could not keep still! Tennessee has always been a battle ground for something. Before the white man's foot touched its soil it was the battle ground of the Indians, the hunting ground of the nations. Jackson made it for forty years the battle ground of national politics, and Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Franklin and Nashville, these, alas, have made it the battle ground of death!

They love, indeed, a battle ground of some kind. Politics suits them best; if this fails, they are delighted to battle it out among the churches; and if both fail—look out for a horse race!

And so it was in this instance—both politics and religion were relegated to the background. People no longer were Whigs and Democrats; they were Robinsonites and Sellerites, and instead of Baptists and Methodists they became Travelers and Pilgrims. Old fellows who had been at political outs all their lives got gloriously fraternal on a platform that declared the Traveler horse to be the best horse under the sun, while old ladies who all their lives had slandered each other "for the love of God," became as twin doves in the Pilgrim creed. From these it went to politics, until the county elections were fought out on that issue. Then, indeed, did things become serious—families became separated, lovers parted forever, husbands and wives were divorced on the subject of which was the better horse! In the first election the Travelers captured the sheriff and coun-

ty clerk—they had the military strength, but the Pilgrims held the coffers, for they elected the trustee and the tax assessor. A revolution threatened to disrupt the social fabric of the county and bloody war was imminent when Dick—the little wizard philosopher—settled the entire thing to his own everlasting honor and the dignity of the state.

How he came to think of it, I do not know. But one day that fall when things were at a crisis, when Traveler had beaten Pilgrim in the show ring for the fortieth time to the Pilgrim horse's thirty-ninth as against Traveler, when young men were fighting duels on the subject and old men were calling each other names, Dick sat out in front of Traveler's stall combing his own head with a curry comb, as was customary with his race. Now, I do not know for certain, but I have always believed it was the curry comb that put the idea into Dick's head, because I have often noticed that when people want very earnestly to think of something, they always scratch their heads. It follows as a necessary conclusion that if there is any virtue in the scratching at all, it would also follow that the harder the heads were scratched the brighter would be the thought result. Now Dick was combing away with all his might, for the kinks stuck out definitely over his head, and all will admit that the idea evolved was simply brilliant. Hence the theorem, as the geometries say.

"Marster, does you kno' Traveler kin pace mighty fast?" asked Dick as Major Robinson came out to see to the feeding of his horse.

The Major smiled. "Of course I do, Dick. Why?"

"But does you kno' he kin pace mighty briefly—mighty briefly," repeated Dick, earnestly.

"You know I do," said the Major; "but how did you find it out? Have you been pacing this horse to water?" asked his master, a trifle sternly.

"No, sah!" said Dick, in a tone of deeply grieved innocence. And then he laughed.

"But marster, ef you'd axed me ef I'd bin pacin' 'im frum water, I'd hafter tell you de truth. Fur tuther day I rid 'im down to de crick, an' when er thunderstorm cum up I had to run home er git wet. I tried to make 'im run, but he wouldn't, he jes' paced lak er flyin' Kildee—an' he beat the shower by a good length. Wa'n't dat pacin' frum water?" and Dick grinned again.

The Major had to laugh, too.

"Marster," said Dick solemnly, "'peers to me dis way ob showin' hosses in de ring ain't no way to tell which am de bes'. Enny fat hoss kin get er prize, but it takes grit to win er race, an' de hoss dat ought to hab de prize am de hoss dat kin go—dat's got de win' an' de lim' an' de bottom an' de head to stay dar. Dat's de hoss wuff sumpin', ain't it?"

The Major smiled. "Yes, Dick, but why?"

Dick jumped up with intense earnestness in every feature. "Marster, Marster," he shouted, "'jes' challenge de Pilgrim folks fur er pacin' race! Make it fo' miles—dat'll settle it, an'"—lowering his voice to a confidential whisper—"you kno' Trabler's got de blood to stay!"

The Major caught at the idea in a moment. Up to that time pacing races were practically unheard of in the state. The idea was novel, and, certainly, as Dick said, would "settle it." Without a word he turned on his heels, went to his library and promptly challenged the owner of Pilgrim to a four-mile pacing race for a purse of five thousand dollars. The challenge was as promptly accepted by Colonel Sellers, and Dick?—poor little Dick—I claim for him here the honor of being the originator of pacing races in Tennessee!

It is needless to say the county was out to see that race. The boy who rode Pilgrim was nearly grown and quite strong, while Dick was but ten years old and a midget at that. When they came out on the track for the word Trav-

eler was so keen to go and so powerful withal, that, by merely fighting half restlessly the bit, he jerked Dick about the saddle as a cork on a billow.

"Marster," said Dick, as he rode up to where Major Robinson stood, "I ain't 'feered of but one thing. Won't you do me a favor?"

"What is it, Dick?" asked the Major, as he caught the strong horse by the bit to see what the boy wanted.

"I'm 'feered I can't hol' 'im down," said Dick, "I'm so light. Won't you let 'em tie me in de saddle?"

The Major shook his head. "No, no, Dick," he said. "That would be cruel and treating you unfairly. The horse might run away, or fall, and I had rather lose the race than see you hurt. Do the best you can as it is."

"An' I'd ruther die than lose de race, Marster," said Dick, determinedly. "Tie me in, an' ef ennything happens I won't blame you."

The Major reluctantly yielded to the boy's entreaties. A strong girth was passed over Dick's hips as he sat in the saddle and tightly buckled around the horse; the word was soon given and they were away.

The horses paced like a team, both riders holding them down for fear they would break. At the first mile they had become thoroughly warmed to the work and were steady enough to be given their heads more freely. At the second mile Dick led by a length, and at the third he had gotten still swifter and, owing to a break of Pilgrim, he was ten good lengths ahead and his horse moving like machinery. But here the unexpected happened. Dick was too light for the powerful animal. Scarcely had he passed the third mile going at a terrific speed, when Traveler, taking the bit in his teeth, and having insufficient weight at the reins, pulled Dick, saddle and all, slightly forward, and then, to the horror of all, the saddle turned, and the boy and saddle were seen dangling under the powerful horse's belly, while his flying feet appeared

likely at any moment to end Dick's life and race at the same time. And to a larger rider tied as Dick was, such would have been the result. But not so with wiry little Dick; his presence of mind did not forsake him. He grasped the sur-single band which ran around the horse's neck with both hands, dug his sharp heels into Traveler's flanks and stuck there closer than a flying squirrel under an oak limb!

And the crowd, when they saw the act and the fact that the gallant horse never broke his gait, cheered itself noarse. But in an instant it stopped—Traveler, riderless, had slackened his speed—Pilgrim came up and passed him; while Traveler, bewildered, mechanically followed several lengths behind. It was all up for the Major!

But not so. Dick quietly waited in his perilous position till he turned into the stretch, and then—the crowd went wild again—for Dick, reckless Dick, turned loose his whip hand, gathered a firmer grip with his left, swung out his keen rawhide and made Traveler think a hundred hornets had settled on him. It was a horse race from there to the wire, but Traveler had the speed and went under a half length ahead.

No wonder a hundred men seized his bridle and cut Dick loose from his perilous position. No wonder the Major himself picked him up for joy, and, while he declared ten thousand dollars could not buy him, henceforth he was free!

II.

Such was Dick as I knew him, thirty-three years ago. Given his freedom, he refused to leave his master and Traveler, but hung around the place, caring for the horses and cows, and enjoying all the affections and privileges of a shepherd dog. Every morning he would mount the bay filly and drive the cows to the blue grass pasture. Every evening he would drive them home. I can see him now, as he would

ride down the long lane in the twilight. How I used to envy him!—his jolly good nature, his graceful seat on the restive filly, the beautiful way he had of popping his long whip, and, best of all, the wonderful music in his wild halloo, sounding like a bugle call:

“Time’s up, time’s up,
Children an’-ah,
Children an’-ah,
Les’ go h-o-m-e!”

I don’t think anyone living could sing that as Dick did. I did not know then where he got it, but the war soon taught me. It was “Lights Out,” and I wish I could put down the music too, so my readers could tell exactly how Dick would roll it out. But to make it complete, I would also have to put down the twilight, the song of the wind in the trees, the chirp of the redbird as he went to roost, and the glow of the sunset in the western sky.

Home is the most perfect word in our language. It fits the mouth better, fills the lungs fuller, and rolls out purer and sweeter and better than any word in the English language. And how Dick could make it roll! It would start from his mouth and rise and fall and swell above the treetops, and float over the low hills and then come back in an echo of subdued sweetness when it struck the higher hills beyond. As Dick sang it there was a whole orchestra in that one word—and more; it was an organ, a sermon and a prayer. And he had caught the tune from a bugler—for Tennessee was full of Bragg’s and Rosecran’s soldiers at this time—out the words, Dick, I suppose, had made them himself. A queer combination! Apollo’s harp twanged with Mar’s bow-strings—but it was music.

Suddenly Dick pulled up the filly with a jerk. He listened and heard firing over toward Murfreesboro. Dick

knew what it meant. It was Tuesday evening, December 30, the evening before the battle of Stone River. Dick popped his whip vigorously. Then he gravely shook his head:

"Sumbody gwinter git hurt ober dar ef dey don't behave deysefs. Dem's our men doin' dat shootin'. Dat's ole Bragg's bark. Look out, Rosyl!"

He rode on a piece in silence. The firing grew sharper.

"What's dese Yankees wanten cum down heah an' take our niggers 'way from us fur enny way? Whut we dun to dem? All we ax 'em to do is to let us erlonge," and he galloped out to head off a heifer.

Where Dick got the sentiments he expressed I cannot say; but I do know that Dick was no exception to his race. Darky like, he was for his home and his white people first, though the freedom of all his race lay on the other side. And Dick, like every other negro, knew it, too, though they worked on and said nothing.

Some day there is going to be a great monument put up in the South by southern people. And on its top is going to be a negro—not the mythical slave with chains on him and terror in his face, which fool artists, who never saw a negro slave, and fool poets, who never heard one laugh, are wont to depict—but the jolly, contented, rollicking rascal that we knew and loved; the member of our household and sharer of our joys and sorrows. On its top, I say, there is going to be that kind of a negro, as he was, and he is going to be represented in the act of picking cotton, with a laugh, while he refuses with scorn a gun with which to fight his master for his own freedom. When that is done, it will be the crowning monument of the age.

But in Dick's case it was still more remarkable, for Major Robinson was what was called in Tennessee at that time "a Union man." He was one of that very numerous class in Tennessee who voted as he said Andrew Jackson would vote—against secession. Even after the Gulf states se-

ceded, these voted against secession and carried the state by a large majority, in a test of that question. Afterward, when federal troops invaded the state, the tide turned, and Tennessee seceded. But Major Robinson, while he refused to secede, also refused to fight his own people. Avowedly for the Union, he took no part in the war.

Dick rode on home rather seriously I thought, for I again heard his bugle call:

“Time’s up, time’s up,
Children an’-ah,
Children an’-ah,
Les’ go h-o-m-el”

But if Dick thought the evening skirmish was going to hurt somebody if they didn’t behave, he had no doubt at all the next morning. For just at daylight, as he expressed it, “hell sut’n’ly broke loose at Muffersburrer”—Rosecrans with forty-three thousand men had advanced from Nashville to strike Bragg on Stone River, and utterly crush him. But Bragg had a similar intention and struck first, at daylight, on the last day of December, 1862. And Dick had it right; genius is genius, and Dick and a great Union general both used the same expression in speaking of that battle.

All day long Dick heard the boom, boom, boom of guns. For all day long Cleburne and Hardee, Polk and Cheatham, Withers and McCown executed one continual charging left wheel and rolled Rosecrans’s right wing back, back, back, for four long miles, until the federal lines were doubled up on each other at right angles, like a big bird with a broken wing. As wounded men were brought to the rear, and filled up the farm houses and yards, Dick heard them say that Bragg had crushed Rosecrans, that the federal general was cut to pieces, that Shiloh was avenged.

But the next day Dick heard no more guns, and he

learned that Rosecrans had gotten between the river and the railroad embankment, and was going to fight there for life, madder than a gored bull. All that day Dick waited to see what was going to happen.

The next day it happened. For Bragg tried to double up the other wing. Then there was another day of boom, boom, boom, until the wounded were so many and the dead so thick that Dick actually got used to dead men and declared that he would never again be afraid to go through a graveyard—"fur whut is a grabeyard where dey am under groun' an' you can't see 'em," he said, "to a grabeyard on top de yearth whar you can't walk for steppin' on 'em."

But the wing wouldn't double up. And on the third day Bragg quit and marched away. Dick afterward learned that Rosecrans was about to march back to Nashville himself if Bragg hadn't been in such a hurry, and that moved the wise little Dick, in great disgust, to exclaim: "Bragg am a good dog, but Holdfas' am better!"

Bright Dick; that was what Rosecrans himself said.

About a week after the battle Dick went out one evening to feed Traveler for the night. To his surprise an officer in a blue uniform was standing in the stable door, and going into exaggerated praise of the beautiful animal, which a soldier held by the bit for his inspection.

"Put 'im back, gem'men," shouted Dick, as he rushed up excitedly, "put 'im back! Dat's Trabler; ole marster don't 'low nobody to handle 'im but me!"

The officer laughed. "He looks like a pretty good Traveler," he said, "and that's what I want with him."

"But you can't git dat hoss, sah," expostulated Dick. "He ain't fur sale."

"We don't want to buy him," said the soldier who was holding the bit. "In war time we take what we want."

Dick waited to hear no more. He vanished. In a few minutes he came back with Major Robinson.

The Major was astounded. He expostulated; the soldiers were determined. He explained his position, offered them other horses, and demanded protection: It was no avail. Then the Major grew commanding and ordered them back. The officer lost his temper and foolishly drew his revolver. Foolishly, I say, for to a man of Major Robinson's ideas of life and death and honor, he simply invited a tragedy—and it came. The Major was an old duelist, dead game and a deader shot, and before Dick recovered his senses, he heard five or six shots follow each other, some in and some out of the stable door.

When the smoke died away, an officer lay dead, a soldier dying, and Dick was holding Traveler's bit with one hand, the stirrup with the other, and begging his master to fly.

"Go! Marster, go!" he begged. "Don't you heah de udder soldiers cumin'? Dey will kill you ef dey ketch you heah; but dey'll never ketch you on dis hoss."

The Major hesitated: "You saw them, Dick," he said, half sorrowfully. "They were stealing my horse, and drew to kill me. No, I'll not run for defending my property and my life."

A sound of galloping hoofs came up the pike. A squad of federal cavalry dashed in the front gate. Dick thrust his master's foot in the stirrup and half pushed him in the saddle. The Major was convinced he had better flee, at least until he could come back and be sure of an impartial trial, and as Dick turned loose the bit he gave the spirited animal a blow which made him bound away through a side gate: "Take care of your mistress, Dick," was all the Major could call back before he was gone.

Dick picked up the pistol his master had thrown down. A squad of soldiers rushed around the house to the stable. They took in the scene at a glance.

"Who did this?" shouted one to Dick.

Dick listened. He could still hear Traveler's feet up the

pike. His master might yet be headed off and captured if he answered.

"Who did this?" thundered the soldiers again, while several of them cocked their pieces.

Dick listened again. He could still hear the horse's feet. An idea flashed into his mind. It meant death to him, he knew, but what cared Dick if it saved "Ole Marster?"

He turned his head slowly and looked the soldiers in the eye.

And the eyes that looked so calmly into the muzzles of their guns were no longer those of a little negro slave—they were twin stars that lit the lamps of Heaven, while the Recording Angel wrote something grand opposite Dick's poor little slave name.

"Heah's whut dun it," he said, as he held the pistol, still warm, out—"dey wus stealin' marster's hoss, an' I"—

A volley followed instantly.

"I guess we've got the imp," said a soldier grimly as he watched the motionless figure now lying in the stall door between the two blue uniforms.

But suddenly the pinched figure rose on its elbows and listened. The sound of flying hoofs could no longer be heard; a smile of exquisite satisfaction stole over the grimy face, and definatly there came back:

"Yes, you got me. But you'll nuvver git Ole Marster on dat hoss!"

And then, as consciousness forsook him and the dark closed 'round, he must have thought it was twilight and that he was on the bay filly driving the cows home, for the soldiers heard, low and soft as their own bugle notes—

"Time's up, time's up,
Childun an'-ah,
Childun an'-ah,
Les' go h-o-m-e!"

And Dick's light was out.

BEAUTY.

SWEET is the grace of beauty, and it holds
 The imprisoned earth within its radiant folds.
 It steals upon us like the rosy hue
 Of morning's blush, and while the sweet cool dew
 Moistens and freshens the dead grass of our hope,
 It bursts like love-stars on our horoscope.
 Like Dian's locks, her flashing charms deter
 Yet make the light by which we worship her.
 The eyes of children, flute notes of a bird,
 Flowers that 'round them beading dewdrops gird,
 Skies of blue and gold at wedding morn,
 Lips that touch when sweet young love is born,
 These strew her pathway, Iris-crowned they rise
 When beauty's sun lights up life's 'wakening skies.



THOROUGHBREDS.

(An incident of the fight around Atlanta.)

STRAIGHT at the breast-works, flanked with fire,
 Where the angry rifles spat their ire,
 And the reeling cannon rocked with flame,
 Swift as his name-sake, Bullet came.
 Young was his rider, fifteen and two,
 And yet the battles that he'd been through
 Were fifteen and ten—a braver lad
 Old Fighting Forrest never had!

And as he rode down the rifled wind
 His brown curls bannered the breeze behind.
 "O, they are mother's," he had laughed and said
 When the men nicknamed him "Trundle Bed"
 Two years before—(when he first ran away

From mother and school to don the gray).
"But that's all right"--with a toss of his head—
"For Bullet is grown—and he's thoroughbred!"

But that was before the Shiloh fight
Where he led the charge 'gainst Prentiss' right.
And as he came through the smoke and flame
Old Forrest himself was heard to exclaim:
"Just look at Bullet and Trundle Bed!
I tell you, boys, they're both thoroughbred!"
And from that day on it became a law,
"Follow Bullet and you'll go to war!"
To-day he rode less erect, I ween,
For he'd had a battle with Gen. Gangrene
In the hospital tent—(a ball in his chest
For riding too far over Kenesaw's crest).
But even while tossing with fever and pain
He had caught a whiff of battle again,
Just smelt it afloat in the sulphurous air,
And he knew, somehow, that Forrest was there
And hard pressed, too—so, 'twixt crutches and crawl,
That night he slipped out to Bullet's stall.
A whinnying welcome—a kiss on his ear,
"I'm alive yet, Bullet—Trundle Bed's here!"
A pattering gallop at first daylight,
The boom of a gun on Johnson's right—
"That's Cleburne, Bullet! What a charming fight!"

Straight at the sheeted and leaden rain
He rode—Alas! not back again!
For the hot fire scorched the curls of brown,
And grape shot mowed their owner down,
And the heart that beat for mother and home
Was dumb where it wept and wet the loam.

And dim in the dust the blue eyes fine—
But Bullet charged over the Yankee line.

Charged over the line!—then he missed the touch
Of the rider that loved him over much,
And he wheeled as the gray lines rose and fell
'Neath fire like fire from the pits of hell,
And he rushed again on a backward track
When he saw the Texas brigade fall back.
But whose was the form that caught his eye
With boots to the guns and face to the sky?
And whose was the voice?—"Tell mother good-bye!"
And why were the curls red? His were brown—
He stopped as if a shot had brought him down!

Hell answered hell in the cannon's roar,
And steel cursed steel—yet he stood before
The form he loved;—for he knew the eyes
Though their June had changed to December skies.
Hell answered hell in the cannon's roar,
And steel cursed steel—yet he whinnied o'er
The form he loved, while the grapeshot tore!
And still he stood o'er the curly head—
For Bullet, you know, was thoroughbred—
Till a solid shot plowed a cruel rent,
A last loving whinny—and Bullet was spent!

The burying squad in blue next day
Stopped to a man as they wiped away
A tear—for there all calm 'mid the wreck
Was Trundle Bed pillowed on Bullet's neck!

O Union great, O Union strong,
The South, you say, was in the wrong,
And yet, some day, when the foe shall come,

Some day at the beat of an insolent drum,
 When the glorious Stars and Stripes unfurl'd
 Shall stand for Home in Freedom's world,
 The first their blood in the cause to shed
 Will be—the sons of the thoroughbred!



“WEARING THE GRAY.”

(A Memorial day poem for the Confederacy.)

WEARING the gray, wearing the gray,
 Battling alone in the world of to-day,
 Fighting for bread in the battle of life,
 With courage as grand as they rode to the strife.
 Marching to beat of Toil's merciless drum,
 Longing for comrades who never shall come,
 Comrades who sleep where they fell in the fray—
 Dead—but immortal in jackets of gray.

Wearing the gray in the silvery hair,
 Mortality's banner that Time plar'ed there!
 Wearing a gray, while the tears upward start,
 A gray that is buried down deep in the heart.

Wearing the gray, wearing the gray,
 The old line marches in mem'ry to-day—
 The old drums beat and the old flags wave—
 How the dead gray-jackets spring up from the gravel!
 They rush on with Pickett where young gods would yield,
 They sweep with Forrest the shell-harrowed field,
 They laugh at the bolts from the batteries hurled,
 Yet weep around Lee when the last flag is furled.

Wearing the gray o'er the temples of white,
Time's banner of truce for the end of the fight.
Wearing a gray that was worn long ago,
With their face to the front and their front to the foe.

Wearing the gray, wearing the gray,
Longing to bivouac over the way,
To rest o'er the river in the shade of the trees,
And furl the old flag to eternity's breeze.
To camp by the stream on that evergreen shore,
And meet with the boys who have gone on before.
To stand at inspection 'mid pillars of light,
While God turns the gray into robings of white.

Wearing the gray o'er the foreheads of snow—
The drum beat is quick, but the paces are slow—
Wearing a gray for the land of the blest,
When life's fight is o'er and the rebel shall rest.

Wearing the gray, wearing the gray,
Almost in the valley, almost in the spray,
Waiting for taps when the light shall go out,
Yet hoping to wake with a reveille shout!
Leaving to Heaven the Right and the Wrong,
Praying for strength in the old battle song—
Praying for strength in the last ditch to stay,
When death turns his guns on the old head of gray.

Wearing the gray in the paleness of death,
For the angel has swept with a garnering breath!
Wearing a gray when he wakes in the morn—
The old rebel jacket our dead boy had on! •

THE BELLS OF ATLANTA.

(An incident of the Civil War.)

AUTUMN sunset on Atlanta painting banners red of
Mars—

Twinkling campfires in the distance like ten thousand evening
stars.

For the foe had come upon her in the glory of his might,
And his siege guns, like grim war dogs, waited for the mor-
row's fight.

Down the valley in the moonlight lay the Gateway of the
South,

Fruitful as a summer grain field when the east wind breaks
the drought—

Proud as harem queen, and heedless—sleeping 'neath the
cannon's mouth.

Sabbath sunrise on Atlanta, issuing in the steel-gray morn,
Turning dark hills into silver as the crystal light is born.
Wakes the beaming sky in beauty, sleeps the somber earth
in shade—

Only reveille and roll-call mock the peace that God has made!
And the siege guns ceased their dreaming—ceased their
dreaming of the fray,

Turned their horrid fronts to eastward, where the quiet city
lay—

For the word had come from masters they must open on
their prey!

Far away through blue-domed morning rose the city's thread-
like spires,

Lifting up the southern banner to her heaven-kindling fires;
And the foemen, seeing, wondered—knew they fought no bat-
tle wraith—

For the finger of her worship was the flag-staff of her faith!

Ay, they knew that in that banner, fluttering there without a
flaw,
Slept the nerve of Chickamauga and the heart of Kennesaw—
Slumbered southern hope and glory, her religion and her law.

“Aim for yonder cursed banner flouting from that tallest
spire;

Open with the hundred-pounders—let the batteries follow
fire!”

Thus spake Sherman, and his army, marshalled in the hill-
top sun,

Waited there in painful silence for the music of that gun.

And those siege guns, huge, black-muzzled, show their de-
mon, ghoulish lips,

As they raise their necks to measure where the blue horizon
dips—

Where to spring across the valley when their leash the keeper
slips.

In a moment on the city there would rain a fire of hell;
Solid shot would mingle thunder with the shriek of shrapnel
shell!

Like an eagle from his eyrie falling on the flock below,
Death would scream across the valley lighted by the fuse’s
glow.

Then the sergeant grasps the lanyard, while erect the gunners
stand,

As they wait in dumb obedience for the Colonel’s stern com-
mand—

For the word unloosing thunder on this heaven-basking land.

Suddenly, far down the valley, came a faint yet tuneful sound,
Floating from the tallest steeple, spreading like God’s halo
’round.

And the sergeant dropped the lanyard as that sweet wave rose
and fell,

And the bristling ranks saluted—for they heard their own
church bell:

Softly, sweetly, rising, falling,
Hark! 'tis thus the paeon ran—
Gently chiding, calmly calling:
“Peace on earth, good will to man!”

Heralding to pale blue morning
Till the echoing hilltops start—
Shell and shot and cannon scorning:
“Love thy God with all thy heart!”

Out it pours, full heaven-throated,
Caring naught for glory's pelf,
Chiming, as it upward floated:
“Love thy neighbor as thyself!”

God's own skylark of His spirit!—sweeter than the songs of
war,
Grander than the bass of battle when the cannon boom afar—
Mightier than the thunder-organs on the decks of Trafalgar!

And the soldier as he listened saw New England's hilltops
rise—
Saw the plains of Indiana stretch beneath his misty eyes.
Vanished now the flags of battle, gone were armed host and
gun,
And his own sweet native village lay before him in the sun.
It is Sabbath, and the church bells call him now to worship
God;
Sabbath there—yet here he standeth, ready with the chasten-
ing rod,
Till a brother's blood shall mingle with his own, his southern
sod.

'Tis enough—the flags are lowered and the blue-steel guns
they stack—
God has broken ranks where cannon never yet hath turned
them back.
All day long the rebel banner, flirting while the winds
caressed,
Mocked the guns that, parked to westward, crowned the hill-
tops bristling crest.
All day long the Sabbath sunlight o'er the peaceful city
spread,
Blending blue and gray battalions in the soft clouds over-
head—
And the siege guns watched and wondered why their keepers
all had fled!

Ring, ye church bells of Atlanta! Ring till sin and hate shall
cease!
Ring, till nations hear thy paeans, and the founts of love
release,
And the notes of drums are drowned out in thy melodies of
peace.



THE JULIET OF THE GRASSES.

I AM almost afraid to tell you people how beautiful the world
is down here now, for fear you will not believe it. If I
had lived in the age of the Aryan fire worshipers, or the
Chaldean star worshipers, or the Greek and Roman wind
and sun and cloud and hero worshipers, I would not have
worshiped any of these things; but, in ignorance of the true
God, I think I would have knelt down and kissed the grass.
Blue grass comes nearer to God than anything in the world.
The sun is too bright and the stars are too far off and the
wind and clouds too uncertain and intangible; but grass,

sweet blue-grass is with us, and soothes the eye as far as we can see, and rests the heart and the brain, and says, as plain as language can say it: "Look at me, for I am a type of immortality." It is so natural and yet so grand, so heart-stirring and yet so soothing, so simple and yet so beautiful.

There are only two things in the world that hurt me worse than to see little children suffer: one is to see some ruthless fool plow up a grass lot; the other is to see the same person cut down a tree. I almost hate the man that will wantonly do these things.

For the tree seems to me to be endowed with a personality and a soul. Some, I know, are bright and joyous, and love to live and would consort with their kind; while others are sad and lonely and take life hard. And the grass—well it is a mighty myriad army of little green peoples who love to grow and frolic and look pretty and do good. You may not know it, but they are!

O, we have just begun to live in this world. We are in our very infancy—a lot of thick-headed, bad-tempered, selfish little apes who think we know it all and that we are great and wise and are living like God intended us to live. But if we could only look ahead and see what the true race is going to be a million years hence! We will be less than the Cliff Dwellers to them. They will have stepped along to infinite heights over generations of progress, and do you know what I believe the great characteristic of the perfect man will be? He will recognize life wherever he sees it—in stone, in tree, in grass, bird, animal and man. All things will be alive to him, and he will respect every poor little life that lives and the rights of every little insignificant thing which we Apemen now crush beneath our feet. And he will love everything that God has made, and will lie down with the grass, and will kiss the flowers as he would children, and will lean on the tree for support as he would a strong brother. And as for taking a human life, or thinking an evil thought, it will have been bred out of him long ago!

I would not like to live in a country where the blue grass did not grow. Somehow or other I have begun to associate it with the idea of Divine good will—that God has sent it as a special sign of His favor and esteem, and that those unfortunate countries where it does not grow, while not exactly under the ban of His displeasure, yet do they stand in a kind of Esau, as compared to Jacob, relationship with Him. For that reason I dislike to see it plowed up, and when I see the cold steel going through its shimmering sod, and turning the long, black furrows up where heaven's own carpet lay before, I feel as if it is burying a thousand little fairy friends I knew and loved.

Perhaps another reason for my love of it is that intuitive knowledge that tells me, when I see it in abundance, deep and rich in the valleys and changing to brighter tint on the swelling hillsides, that there will I see the race-horse in the glory of his strength and the pride of his ancestry; there will I find the gentle Jersey and the splendid Shorthorn, and the flocks of sheep, startled, perhaps, at our approach, and moving like a white billow across a sea of green and emerald. To me, then, it has come to represent the banner of the live-stock industry; the soul of speed; the coloring that gives the butter its hue, and the ariel spirit that rollicks in the contented cud of the Southdown and the Shorthorn. I would like to live always above it, but since I cannot do that, I would rather at last sleep beneath it than under some pile of clammy stones, that will one day topple over to let the lizards know how dead my memory is.

There is a good deal of pagan in our natures yet, else why are we so quick to personate material objects? Almost involuntarily do we ascribe a gender to the unanimate things around us. Sometimes I think some of the rules of our grammar might as well be changed, and, like the Latins, let us call all things strong and mighty, masculine, and those weak and delicate, feminine. This would also give me a chance to place

blue grass where in my dreams it has ever been—the Juliet of the grasses.

The first to burst from the earth under the warming rays of the early spring sun, full grown before her colder natured sisters are out of their short frocks, she is a thing of joy and beauty, of impassioned fruition, voluptuous loveliness and romantic impulses. In love with nature and herself, she wanders by the early April brooks and rejoices in the first songs of the meadow lark; a true philanthropist, in her tenderness of heart she feeds from her bountiful apron the early lambs, and slips a sly blade or two into the mouth of the newborn colt, as with dry humor he makes a ridiculous attempt to go through the first evolutions of the gait his nature demands. A true little housewife, she begins at once to put her room to rights, and lo! in a few days she covers her valley floors with the softest of Brussels, and decorates the hillside walls with her own favorite color, covering even the bare rocks and framing them with an artist's hand. All nature is in love with her. The sun sends his sunbeam children to play with her and there they will be found, the warmest and rosiest; here the birds congregate to sing their merriest songs, and she passes in and out among the flocks and herds, their comforter and lovely shepherdess.

Her stoutly built Quaker sisters, the Timothies, come along apace, attend strictly to their own business, accomplish their purpose and vanish. That prolific wench, the Red Clover, flouting out like the cook in her Sunday clothes, decked with many colored ribbons and smelling of rank perfume, raises her yellow and brown children and goes into winter quarters. Those old Scotch maids, the Orchard Grasses, come along after awhile, suspicious and wary, unsociable and full of cranks and whims, and only satisfied when off in knots and clans to themselves. Of course they are afraid of the cold, and the first cool breeze that comes from the north sends them after their winter flannels, and they vanish. In sharp contrast to them are the Red Tops, a lot

of pretty flirts who flaunt their red petticoats in the face of decent people and cut their wild capers till arrested by the mowing blade and raked in for safe keeping. A few wild ones come here and there, but, like the banana-fed maids of the mild islands, their rotundity is unsubstantial, and their days are as short as their one garment of clothing. Even the crimson clovers rise up in serried ranks, lift their bloody spears to heaven, fight their battles and pass away.

But what about the little Juliet? She, too, blooms and fades, and for awhile it looks as if she will go the way of the others. Nothing but her fiery will and unconquered nerve sustains her. Shorn of her locks, demure and gentle, she fades under the hot sun.

“But death’s pale flag has not advanced there,” for lo! the gentle rains of the fall come, and with it the glow of her maiden beauty. Her pulse beats fast again; she delights in the whirr of the partridge, the flight of the wild geese, and the flocks of the black birds. The lambs are grown now, but come in again for her care and attention, as also the eager cattle and the stately mares. And so, like a resurrected dream of spring, she makes glorious the death of the year, sings the swan-song of autumn, and hangs her garlands of immortality on the very snow king’s brow. At last she sleeps a bit—but just a little nap—to wake again in the morning of the year, a blessing, a poem, a picture.



SUNSET ON THE TENNESSEE.

HE valley rolls to the river
And the river is tinged with fire
As the beams of the sunset quiver
Like the strings of a golden lyre.
And the hills, like sentinels olden,
In burnished steel they glow,

While a kiss from the sunset, golden,
They toss to the valley below.

The valley rolls to the river,
But the cheek of the river is wan,
Like the lips of a maid, when the giver
Of the kiss in the twilight is gone.
But the sentinel hills are bolder;
Like giants in gloom they grow,
And with forest of guns at the shoulder,
They guard the valley below.



WHERE THE GLORY LIES.

HERE is beauty in the hill-tops clad in summer's richest
green,
There is beauty in the sparkling brook that winds its way
between,
There is beauty in the swelling earth and in the arching blue,
But the glory of all beauty lies in friendship, strong and true.

There is grandeur in the mountain with its turrets in the skies,
There is grandeur in the ocean when the mighty billows rise,
There is grandeur in the storm-king, stalking with destruc-
tion's wraith,
But the glory of all grandeur lies in simple childhood faith.

There is glory in the patriot's sword, that flashes from its
sheath,
There is glory in the warrior's brow, where rests the victor's
wreath,
There is glory in the statesman's pen and in the nation's
might,
But the glory of all glories lies in doing what is right.

SAM DAVIS.

(The martyrdom of Sam Davis is not equaled in the annals of war. A confederate scout, he was sent, by Gen. Bragg, into the Union lines for valuable information. Securing this, much of it from a Federal officer at Nashville, he was returning when captured near Pulaski, Tenn., by the Seventh Kansas Cavalry. He was court-martialed and condemned to be hanged as a spy, but Gen. G. M. Dodge, the Federal general in command, pitying his youth and nobility of demeanor, offered him his life if he would give the name of the traitor who had given him the information. This Davis refused to do, though Gen. Dodge made repeated efforts to induce him to change his mind—even offering him his freedom, upon those conditions, after he was on the gallows. Davis refused, saying: "If I had a thousand lives, I would give them all before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer.")

TELL me his name and you are free,"
The General said, while from the tree
The grim rope dangled threat'ningly.

The birds ceased singing—happy birds,
That sang of home and mother-words.
The sunshine kissed his cheek—dear sun,
It loves a life that's just begun!
The very breezes held their breath
To watch the fight 'twixt life and death.
And O, how calm and sweet and free
Smiled back the hills of Tennessee!
Smiled back the hills, as if to say,
"O, save your life for us to-day!"

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The General said, "and I shall see

You safe within the rebel line—
I'd love to save such life as thine."

A tear gleamed down the ranks of blue—
(The bayonets were tipped with dew.)
Across the rugged cheek of war
God's angels rolled a teary star.
The boy looked up—'twas this they heard:
"And would you have me break my word?"

A tear stood in the General's eye:
"My boy, I hate to see thee die—
Give me the traitor's name—and fly!"

Young Davis smiled, as calm and free
As he who walked on Galilee:
"Had I a thousand lives to live,
Had I a thousand lives to give,
I'd lose them—nay, I'd gladly die
Before I'd live one life, a lie!"
He turned—for not a soldier stirred—
"Your duty, men—I gave my word."

The hills smiled back a farewell smile,
The breeze sobbed o'er his hair awhile,
The birds broke out in sad refrain,
The sunbeams kissed his cheek again—
Then, gathering up their blazing bars,
They shook his name among the stars.

O, stars, that now his brothers are,
O, sun, his sire in truth and light,
Go, tell the list'ning worlds afar
Of him who died for truth and right!
For martyr of all martyrs he
Who dies to save an enemy!

OUR BOB.

(Introducing Gov. Robt. L. Taylor, in his famous lecture, "The Fiddle and the Bow.")

WITH humor as sweet as our Basin
 When the clover bloom gathers the dew,
 And pathos as deep as our valley
 When the clouds shut the stars from our view,
 With wisdom as rich and as fertile
 As our plains when they first feel the plow,
 And wit like the tapestry frostwork
 That hangs on the Great Smokey's brow,
 With grand thoughts as strong as our mountains
 And tender ones sweetly that flow,
 Like the music that steals o'er our senses
 At his touch of "The Fiddle and Bow,"
 The bee that hath sucked every blossom
 Each Tennessee flower to rob
 And stored up the rich, golden honey
 In a genius that's our's—Our Bob!



NORA.

NORA came out of the big farm gate and strolled over where the glad wild roses grew by the fence and hung, cornelian wreathed, on walls of green. And her own face rivaled the roses and her eyes were brighter than the thrush's that sat, half-startled, in her rose leaf home in the hedge. And her hair hung down in golden plaits, like the last two rays of sunset on the twilighted west.

Nora was ever beautiful; but this evening she was divine—because she had tasted the divinity of love.

And Nora knew she was in love. She knew it because she was truthful and true and she told the truth to all peo-

ple; but to herself she was truer yet and dared not even to deceive herself in so small a thing as a false wish.

"For false wishes," she said, "are false children, and they grow up to scoff and scorn the parent heart that idly made them."

And Nora knew she was in love, because life now was so different from what it was before. Besides, were not all other things in love? The roses—did they not bloom each morning with the love-light in their eyes? Had not the thrushes mated and gone to housekeeping? Life—it was so different now. The wind, it never blew, but frolicked; the rain, 'twas but the clouds sprinkling the grass and the flowers. Her household duties were not tasks, but pleasures, and the night never came now—only the stars to wink at her in silent happiness and bless her in their sweet, breathing light!

Nora knew she was in love.

"How grand a thing it is to be in love," she caught herself saying to her heart, and blushed at the thought of the thought. And then, to hide her sweet embarrassment, she plucked two yearning roses and fancifully she held one up to each cheek to wed their crimson cousins there. "How grand it is! How it lifts one up above the common things, to the sweet region of that other world where each bright star is hope, and every crescent moon hangs over the harvest field of love! Oh, love, love, to change me in so short a while! The school girl to the maiden—the maiden to—to—to his angel!"—she laughed and stammered—"for has he not himself a thousand times told me? O," she said aloud, with a little surprised gesture, as if she had just thought of something wonderful, something no one had ever thought of before, "O, if being in love makes one so different, so well satisfied with life and glad to be alive, why did not God make us in love first and keep us ever so?"

"He did me," said a voice behind her, and the roses on

the hedge were pale compared with those that rushed to Nora's cheeks.

"How could you, Tom?" the girl laughed as she pelted him with roses. "How silly of me to talk out loud!" she added.

"How could I love you?" he asked seriously—not noticing that she was trying to turn his question into fun. "Don't ask me, Nora—God must answer that. I thought you asked why God did not make us in love at first and keep us ever so, and I told you that he did—at least—me," and Tom looked straight into her honest eyes.

But Nora's eyes were no longer laughing. They were very serious and solemn. Her face, too, had lost its playful smile as quickly as it had its scarlet, and now it was white—whiter than any of the white roses. There was something in Tom's voice and look that Nora had never seen before—a manliness, a strength, an independence. He was passive and quiet, but Nora saw he was stronger now than he was the day he tossed the hay the highest on the rick, for fun and a wager, and more resolved and more powerful than when he seized and held the rearing, stubborn, untamed colt.

"O, Tom!" she said, as she saw for the first time that Tom loved her. "I—"

"Listen, Nora," said Tom, quietly. "Have I not always loved you? Way back when we toddled together—neighbor farmers' children—school days—every day—all day—all the time—now? If love is happiness, then am I a god. If it is wealth, then I am rich indeed. For it I am thankful—thankful that I have known you—thankful that I loved you—love you now and always will. Although I know," he said, without moving his eye from her face, "that you will soon wed another—"

The red roses came again. "O, Tom, please don't—" half deprecatingly, half sorrowfully.

"No, Nora, let me talk now. Hereafter my lips are sealed. Go the way of your heart—marry him. But I? I will still love you. I did not create it. I did not make it, neither can I destroy it. I will be better for it, truer, a nobler man, I hope. I am happy and yet miserable. Happy when I think of you and miserable when I think you are another's. But even in that thought I am happy because of my love for you. I can find no comfort save in one thought and that came to me the other night as I sat thinking of you—your wedding day next week," he said. "And I made this myself because I was so wretched and I wanted something to live by after you are married. I must ever love you, ever worship you, for

Love is a star,
To be worshiped afar.
And, like it, should be above us.

"O, Tom," said Nora, sadly, for her heart ached for him, "man's love is different from ours. You will think differently—" but she was too honest to say more—even too honest to try to detain him as she saw him walk sadly away.

"Our love should be above us," Nora said to herself as she sorrowfully watched him go down the road. "Ah, Tom is right—mine is above me; so brilliant and grand and bright and—and—I love him so! But Tom—poor Tom," she said as she went in the gate, for the twilight had come, and her father had lighted his pipe and the far-off aroma of tobacco smoke filled the cool evening air.

II.

"I cannot be with you to-night, Nora," was the way the note read which her father brought her from town. "I am more than busy on an important case to be tried to-morrow. I have studied up on it for twelve months—it

will be all over in a few days and then for my Nora and the other roses at the old farm. I am busy now—so busy. But in the midst of all my work, do you know how often I think of you and that I even take time to wonder why I love you so? It is not your purity, sweetness, goodness, truthfulness alone—but something that tells me you are so far above me, like a star which no man has even seen before.”

“It will be all over in a few days,” said the letter. Alas, how true. For the bright mind went out that night—a string in the fine organism of his high-strung soul snapped under the long work and tension, and the wedding was postponed forever. * * * Nora did not know how many years had gone by, but one June day she came out of the big farm gate and strolled over, as she had years before, where the same roses grew on the old stone fence and hung just as beautifully around the walls. And the same love was in her eyes, but it was a sweet, sad love. The roses were red as ever, but her cheeks rivaled them no longer. She pulled the roses as of yore, and they thought the night dew had fallen on them when she raised them to her cheeks. She looked up to heaven and the tears stood in her eyes: “Years ago,” she said, “I stood here. I was happy—so happy. To-day, thank God, I am happier, far happier. Then, my love was of earth. Now, it is of heaven. Then, he was a mortal. Now, he is a god.”

She looked across the meadow to Tom’s home, where his children were playing in the yard, while the happy father was bustling around. A faint beam of pleasure, that Tom was happy, came over her face, and she said:

“Ah, Tom, now you know that man’s love is not like woman’s:

Love is a star,
To be worshiped afar,
And, like it, should be above us.

“Yes, above us—above us,” she whispered through her

tears, as she looked up once more to the stars which were just beginning to come out one by one, and then she went silently in at the little gate.

And again the aroma of tobacco smoke floated out in the still evening air.



IT CAN NOT BE.

I T can not be that this poor life shall end us!
 God's words are truthful and His ways are just.
 He would not here to sin and sorrow send us,
 And then blot out our souls with "Dust to Dust;"
 Saving our clay, and back to Nature giving,
 Smothering our soul ere it hath had its living.
 It can not be!

It can not be that One so just and perfect
 Would make a perfect universe, and plan
 The star of all should be at last imperfect—
 Life, yet leave that life half lived in wretched man.
 Forever lives the gross—the dead material—
 Forever dies the life—the spark imperial?
 It can not be!

It can not be, for life is more than living;
 It can not be, for death is more than dream.
 Think ye to clod God daily life is giving,
 Yet from the grave shut out the grander beam?
 Night is but day ere it hath had its dawning—
 Death a brief night, and waiteth for the morning,
 Which soon shall be!

Thou are not dead, sweet wife, I know thou livest,
 Thou art not dead, for still the bright stars shine.

Thou art not dead, for yet the live sun giveth
 Light—and had he e'er so sweet a light as thine?
 Good night!—good bye, were sorrow's grave of sorrow!
 Good night!—for we shall live and love to-morrow,
 Because God lives!



A LITTLE CRY IN THE NIGHT.

A LITTLE cry in the night,
 And fainter still at the dawn,
 And the shadows creep—then endless sleep,
 Before the day is gone.

A little cry in the night,
 So weak and yet so clear;
 For many a day has passed away
 And yet that cry I hear,

That little cry in the night—
 With the pleading eyes of blue—
 Wondering why, with their little cry,
 They must live and suffer too.

Must suffer and then must sleep,
 Tho' their day had just begun—
 A little pain, then night again,
 And their little task undone.

A little cry in the night—
 A clear, sweet voice at even:
 "My little cry was just good-bye,
 I'm waiting for you in heaven."

'TIS BUT A DREAM.

DEEP in the night a timid, pleading voice,
 A curly head above my pillow bent,
 A sob, partaking part of Hope's rejoice,
 And part of Doubt's despair and sad lament.
 Dear nestling head—sweet sleep! The first sunbeam:
 "O, Father, I'm so glad 'twas but a dream!"

Methinks I, too, shall wake some gracious morn,
 After life's dream and death's deep hushed night,
 And as God's presence ushers in the dawn,
 And His smile makes an aureole of light,
 Then will the past a fretful vision seem:
 "O, Father, I'm so glad 'twas but a dream!"



THE SPELLING MATCH AT BIG SANDY.

OLD WASH came in the other night with his head tied up, three inches of sticking plaster under his left eye, and a cheese-cloth containing a freshly-cut chicken gizzard bound under the other one.

"Boss, does you happen ter hab er bottle uv arniker handy?" as he felt of his head to see that his bandages were still on.

"What in the world is the matter with you, old man?" was asked. "Any camp-meeting or revival going on over about Indian Springs?"

"Wusser'n dat!"—mournfully.

"What! You don't mean to say the election for deacon is still going on?"

"Boss (solemnly), hit's wusser'n 'lection, camp-meetin', reviler, lynchin' er anything else. We dun had er spellin' match ober our way"—and he jerked out his left leg ener-

getically—"an' ef eber I gets my han's on dat little merlatter upstart of er skule teecher, Ebernezer Johnsing, he'll think de Angel Gabriel done blowed his trumpet in his lef' year.

"You sec," he said, as he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, after I had given him a glass of Lincoln County, made in 1878, to ease his misery, "dar hes bin er pow'ful wak'nin' on egucashunal questions sence dey 'lected me skule commisshuner ober dar. We 'lected Ebernezer Johnsing as teecher, an' at de fus' meetin' ob de boa'd, sez I: 'Johnsing, how am de bes' way to wak'n dis degenerit race ob vipers up on de impo'tance ob egucashun? I'm skule commisshuner heah now, an' sumpin's gotter be dun—dis yer race shan't grow up in ig'rance an' depravity 'round me.'

"'Dar am jes' two t'ings needed,' sez Johnsing. 'We need plenty uv good secon'-growth hick'ry an' now and then er spellin' match,' an' den he 'splains whut er spellin' match wus. I kno'd I wus er good speller, an' dey cudden't bust my influence es commisshuner on dat line, an' I jest went right in fer it. I got er good egucashun right arter de wah, fer I went ter skule fer six mon's to er lady frum Bosting, dat b'longed to de 'Sassiety fur Egucatin' de Nigger,' an' I took mine early an' deep. I wus jes' spilin' ter show dem niggers how er skule commishuner orter spell, ennyway, an' de naixt Sund'y Pawson Shadrack Meeshack Phillips read out at de eend ob de sarvice:

"'Dar will be er highly amusin' an' instructive entertainment at Big Sandy skule house naixt Friday night fur de risin' gen'rashun an' de organ fun'. All am invited to precipitate.'

"Wal, I went ober an' tuck all de fambly. Dar was er big crowd, an' de gals an' boys wus gwinter end up wid er dance an' er candy pullin'. It wus pow'ful hot, but dey would b'ild er big fiah in de skule stove an' put on er big pot er sorghum fer candy stew.

"'Skuse me, boss!'—with an expression of intense pain—

“but de misery in dis eye am 'tickler 'xcruciatin' jes' now. Ernudder drap outen dat bottle, ef yer please.

“Wal, I 'spected, ob co'se, ter be de one ter gib out de words, but dat Johnsing nigger tuck me off an' demanded ter be erlowed ter gib out de words hissself, 'by virtue ob de persishun he helt,' he sed. 'It's not bekase I can't spell all de words in de book, Brudder Washington,' he say, 'but sumtimes I gits er little confused an' can't git up de flow ob language necessary to express 'em, an' ef I happen ter miss er dozen er two words, sum nigger, not onderstandin' 'bout my lack uv expressive language, might say I cudden't spell an' spile my influence es a teacher in de community.' I seed de p'int, an' 'lowed him ter gib out de words. Dey 'lected me cap'n ob one side an' Brudder Moses Armstrong cap'n ob de yudder. We chused sides an' stood on er plank in de floor op'sit one ernuther. Now, de lumber wus green when hit wus put down fur floorin' an' hed shrunk, an' dar wuz big cracks wid ebry plank. 'Sides dat, er dozen good big shoats hed gone up under de skule house, w'ich wus on de slant ob de hill, an' dey hed crawled es fur es dey could, an' squeezed deyselves erginst de groun' an de flo' an' gone ter roost. Dem wus all little t'ings, but I've noticed in dis life dat it am de little t'ings dat happen ebry day dat turns de tide at last. Wal, Johnsing 'lowed he b'leeved in objec' teachin', an' wanted us ter fus' spell de things layin' 'round handy. An' he picked up er bottle an' he sez to Moses Armstrong:

“‘Spell dis.’

“‘I—n—k ink, s—t—a—n stan, inkstan’,’ sez Moses.

“‘Right,’ sez Johnsing, an' he picks up a cheer an' sez ter ernudder, ‘Spell dis,’ an' de yudder spell his right erlong:

“‘C—h—double e—r, cheer.’

“‘Right,’ sez Johnsing.

“An' den he looked at me an' pick up er little sharp stick dat he used to p'int out sums on de boa'd wid, an' he say:

“Brudder Washin’ton, spell dis.’

“P—i—n—t pint, e—r er, pinter,’ sez I.

“‘Dat’s wrong,’ he say. ‘Next, spell hit.’ An’ er little nigger on de yudder side, not ten years ole, an’ in his shut-tail, jumps up quickly an’ say:

“‘P—o—i—n—t point, e—r er, pointer.’

“‘Right,’ sez Johnsing; ‘Brudder Washin’ton, you will please sit down, sah. You am trapped.’

“‘Trapped, de debbil,’ sez I, getting hot. ‘You tell me I can’t spell pinter—Hal Pinter? Ain’t I dun rub him off er hun’red times? Ain’t I done gone all ober de Gran’ Circus wid Marse Ed Geers? Didn’t we hab our pict’res tuck at Clebeland togedder—an’ me a skule commishuner an’ can’t spell de hoss I raised? You try ter disgrace me heah wid dat ’ittle stick befo’ dis community dat thou’t I knowed sumpin’ ’bout er hoss? Yer blossom frum offen er yaller dog-fennel,’ sez I, ‘I’m ready ter wipe de flo’ wid you,’ an’ I peeled erway at ’im wid my fis’.

“Boss,” said the old man, solemnly, “I don’t kno’ how hit happened, but dey say dat sum ob de gals, ’spectin’ a fight, made er break ter git out an knocked ober de pot ob b’ilin’ candy, an’ hit poured through de flo, on de hogs sleepin’ below. Nacherly dez riz es one hog, an’ es dey wus es fur under de house es dey cud go, w’en dey tried ter scrouge under furder ter git outen de way sumpin hed ter bus’, an’ dat wus de plank we all wus on. All I kno’ is de flo’ seemed ter heave up an’ I hit de ceilin’ ’long wid er dozen er mo’ pettycoats an’ striped stockings. Some fool nigger hollered—

“‘Yarthquake! yarthquake! Dinnermite! dinnermite!’ an’ when I hit de flo’ ergin I made er leap fer de winder, t’inkin’ hit wus up. But hit wasn’t, an’ I went on t’rough, carryin’ de sash on my neck, wid my haid sticken’ outen er six-by-eight pane. I muster galloped two miles down de pike befo’ I cum to and seed what a collar I hed on.

· “But look year, Boss”—pulling a bandage down under

his eye—"doncher kno' no winder glass didn't git me this black eye? An' look yere, too"—feeling a bump as big as a goose egg on the side of his head—"doncher kno' I didn't git dat gallopin' down de road? Dat Johnsing fotch me two licks jes' erbout de time de flo' riz, an' de fus' time I ketch 'im on de pike by hisself, I'm gwinter teach 'im how ter spell P'inter 'er resign my office," and the old man went out to kill a fresh chicken to poultice his head.



THE PINES OF MONTEREY.

O, shadow in a maiden's eye
 Is love that once has been!
 O, sweet moon-rainbow in the sky
 That shuts our poor life in!

I see the young morn blushing, I see the cheek of May
 Come paling, pinking, flecking, flushing—
 Through the pines of Monterey.

Dear evergreens of memory—
 Sweet garlands of the past—
 The festooned frame of pictured sky
 That will forever last!

I hear the faint bells ringing, I feel the breath of May
 Come soughing, soughing, sobbing, singing—
 Through the pines of Monterey.

O, voices of the present day,
 Vain sounds upon a blast—
 Leave me, let me weep away
 The sweet tears of the past.

I hear her dear voice calling, I hear her voice to-day
 Come laughing, ling'ring, falt'ring, falling—
 Through the pines of Monterey.

TO AN AMERICAN BOY.

BE manly, lad—your folks have made
 Their way by work and waiting,
 Be manly, lad—a spade's a spade
 Though it hath a silver plating.
 For all must work or all must steal—
 (What's idleness but stealing?)
 To each will come his woe and weal
 His weak or strong revealing.
 And work makes brains, but error's chains
 Are forged in fashion's idleness!

Be honest, lad—you weaker grow
 From gain that's falsely gotten.
 Be honest, lad—what's outward show
 When all within is rotten?
 For each must live or each must die—
 (What's honor lost, but dying?)
 To live with Truth and you a lie!—
 Was ever death more trying?
 And Truth makes men—but falsehood's den
 Is the home of dwarfs and pigmies!



WONDERFUL MEN.

(To My Mother.)

—————

Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Caesar.—Long-fellow.

—————

TRULY a wonderful man was Caius Julius Caesar,
 Strong his will as his sword and both of Damascan
 mettle,
 Wonderful in his wars, more wonderful yet in his writings,
 Firm his words and quick as the tramp of a Roman legion,

Grand his thoughts and high as his standard, the Roman eagle.

Whether 'mid gloomy woods, facing a foe barbaric,
Seizing a shield and a sword to turn the Nervian torrent,
Or 'mid Thessalonian plains sweeping Pompeian forces,
Or guiding with wisdom's reins the greatest of all the nations,
Always the wonderful man—Caius Julius Caesar.

And yet, O wonderful man, O wonderful Julius Caesar,
In all your wonderful works no mention is made of your mother,

In all your wonderful fights, you made no fight for woman!
And know you, wonderful man, imperial Julius Caesar,
From whom your wonderful nerve and wonderful heart for battle?

'Twas she who flinched not beneath the cruel knife of the surgeon,

Fighting a battle for you, grander than Gaul's or Egypt's,
Bringing you into the world and moulding you in her likeness,

Stamping your soul with fire and stamping your mind with greatness.

And truly a wonderful man was Cicero, the orator,
Pure his words and free and grand as a flowing river,
Lofty his flights and swift as an eagle soaring upward,
Showing to men through the rift the glory and beauty above them.

Clenching the wisdom of years he hurled it with might Titanic,

Yet tender even to tears when a Roman life hung on it.
Musical oft his words, as the march of the planets above him,

Now sweet as the Lesbian birds, now stern as the shock of battle.

And yet, O wonderful man, O greatest of ancient speakers,
In all your wonderful works no mention is made of your
mother,

Of all your speeches grand, not one was made for woman!
And yet 'twas she who gave you depth and beauty and
sweetness,

The voice to mimic the wave, the brush to paint the lily.

'Twas she who sowed in your soul the seeds of fanciful
flowers,

Erected aloft your goal and gave you the strength to win it.

And O, a wonderful man was Horace, the lyric poet,
Studding his sky with stars and decking his earth with
meadows,

Singing a song to his love while she blushes adown the ages,
Covering the ruins of Time with the fadeless leaf of his
laurel—

Concealing the broken vase with the immortal bloom of his
roses.

And yet, O wonderful man, O sweetest of ancient poets,
Who gave you the hue to paint the carmel cheek of your
roses,

Your lute, that sounds even now, through the mellow twi-
light of ages;

Who gave you the pure, true eye for watching and loving
all nature,

And tuned your wonderful lyre till old Time stops to listen?
A wonderful creature was she,—a wonderful, wonderful
woman—

And yet, we ne'er had known, had we waited your muse to
tell it!

O these were wonderful men, and wonderful, too, their
country,

And yet it has passed away, as a bubble when Time blows
 on it;
 Passed, as they all have passed, where might is greater than
 Mother,
 Passed, as they all have passed, where wife is less than
 mistress,
 Passed, as they all will pass, who have no throne for woman.



HOW THE BISHOP BROKE THE RECORD.

(Old Wash is a Baptist and it was with great difficulty and many misgivings that I induced him to go out to the Episcopal church recently and hear the Bishop of Tennessee preach. The old man went wild over the sermon and this is the peculiar way he took to tell about it.)

WAL, sah, I went in dar an' sot down in dat part of de gran' stand set off fur de colored folks. I look erroun' an' seed leetle bannisters an' things runnin' 'round 'bout de prooties' an' neates' mile track you eber seed, wid de fence all painted wid gold an' lit up wid 'lectric lights. Butiful pictures hung up in de club house gallery an' de soft light cum in through de painted winders. I tell you, sah, dese yere Piscolopiums kno' how to keep up dey church track, if dey do stick to de high wheel sulky, an' kinder think dat er record made dar, at dat way ob gwine, will 'title 'em to registration in de final year book quickern enny yudder track. An' it wus er good un—for it run erroun' es smooth es er widder's courtship an' it hed bin harrerred an' scraped an' rolled till it wus es slick es er carpet ob banana peels.

"You ain't nurver noticed how dese church tracks differ frum one er nudder, hes you, Boss?" asked the old man, with a sly smile. "Wal, dey do. Now, ef dat hed bin er Mefodis track it wouldn't er hed no fence erroun' it, kinder free fur

all, no money to be paid at the gate and free lunch fur ebrybody. If it had bin a Baptis' track it would er bin out in some big medder bottom, an' stid ob bein' roun', it would jes' foller de meanderins ob de ribber, handy fur spungin' off de horses. An' dey wouldn't 'low nuffin' to go on dat track but pacers, either, an' dey must all be ob de Hal fambly—kinder close kin, yer kno'. De Presberterians would er had dey track es 'roun' es it cu'd be' an' sech er high, white-washed fence 'roun' it dat nobody cud see ober it, an' 'bout ebry haf hour dey would run out er big fo'-hoss sprinkler, furever sprinklin' an' sprinklin' it, eben fur de yearlin' races. O, it's funny ter see how dey all deffer," he said.

"But dar dis one wus, es prooty es it cu'd be, an' free fur all. An' jes' off to de lef' dey had de nices' leetle jedges' stan' all painted in silver an' trimmed wid gold, while de timers' box sat on de right wid leetle peep holes in it an' pictures ob flyin' things wid wings jes' erbove—hosses dat had broken de recurds, I spec. Jes' den de ban' in de ban' stan' struck up de sweetes' music I urver heurd. It went all through my soul an' made me feel like I wus er chile ergin an' my good ole mammy, long dead an' gone, wus singin' me ter sleep at de cabin on de ole plantashun, to de tune ob 'De ole folks at home.' Den de perfume floated out like de smell ob de jess'mins I useter smell by de cabin do', an' de candles flickered on de quarter posts like de fireflies in de dusk ob my childhood days, an' all dese things jes made me hongry to heah sum good gospil ergin. Bimeby, sum leetle angel boys all dressed in white wid shinin' col-lars cum marchin' in singin' an' bringin' programs fur de races in dey han's—leastwise dat's what I tuk 'em to be. I tell you, sah, it wus gran', an' es I sot dar an' tuck it all in an' looked at dat shinin' track wid de golden fence, I sed to myself:

"'Great Scott! but ef dey can't go fast on dis track I lakter kno' whut de yuse ob tryin' enny yudder!'

“When de music stopped de feller in de judges’ stan’ made some ’nouncements an’ den he ’lowed dat de Bishop ob Tennessee would go er exerbishun mile ergin time, an’ den I heurd de bell ring tingerling, tingerling, an’ de ban’ struck up lively lak, an’ de Bishop cum pacin’ in. Soon es I looked at ’im, sez I:

“‘He’ll do—he’s er good un! Got mos’ too much riggin’ on ’im to suit my taste, but den ebry man knows whut’s bes’ fur his own hoss. Ef he wus mine I’d take off dat sweater an’ white blankit wid red embroidery, dem knee boots an’ dat obercheck. His gait’s all right an’ true es clockwork, an’ he don’t need nuffin’ but er pair ob quarter boots an’ fo’-ounce shoes. But dat’s all right,’ I sed ergin, ‘ebrybody knows whut’s bes’ fur his own hoss an’ dem fancy riggins am prooty, ter-be-sho’.

“Graceful? He wus es graceful es er swan on er silver lake, an’ es he paced up de quarter stretch to sco’ down, I seed dat he wus gwinter gib de recurd er close call. Down he cum so smooth you cudden’t see his riggin’, an’ es nachul es er eagle draps frum his mountin peak in de valley belo’. Dey didn’t hafter say ‘go’ to him but onc’t an’ den he went er way lak er winged angel on de top spar ob er flyin’ yot.’

“‘He that loseth his life for my sake shall save it,’ he said, an’ ebry lick he hit went home to de ole man’s hart. O, hit wus er clip. He tuck up Greek art an’ literachure an’ he painted it so beautiful you cud see de statue ob Diana beam outen his eyes ’an’ de grace ob Apollo fall frum his hands. Away he went at dat prooty clip till he sud’n’y shifted his gait an’ struck de follies ob dis wurl, an’ den I seed whut all dat riggin’ wus fur, fur he turned it into er toga an’ he looked like Jupiter es he shook de roof wid his speed an’ his stride.”

“‘He’s gwine too fast fur de fus’ quarter,’ I sed, as I sot holdin’ my bref; but befo’ de wurds wus out he seed it, too, an’ he check up er leetle an’ he cum down es gently

es de summer winds play—but ergitten' dar all de time!—an' den he tell us how all dis art an' all dis interlect want nuffin' ef we didn't lub God an' do right an' lib pure libes, an' his voice wus lak de music ob de winds in de valley, an' ebrything he say jes' peer to be dat way an' no argyment—and all de time he wus jes' ergitten' dar—an' es he passed de fus' quarter I cudden't help it, I jes' tuck out my ole watch an' snapped it, an' dar it stood—30 seconds, holy Moses!

“But dat didn't wind 'im, for he started in de naixt quarter so fas' I thout sho' he gwine fly in de air. But he didn't. He fairly burnt up de track ob sin an' folly an' littleness an' meanness, an' he made de leetle rail birds ob selfishness fly to de woods, an' de gamblers ob society went off to hedge, an' de touts ob scandal slunk erway, an' de drivers of trick an' cheat hunted for ernuther track, an' de timers of folly throwed erway dey watch—an' all de time he wus ergittin' dar—an' he nurver teched hissef nur struck er boot nur missed his clip, an' he made de ole high wheel sulky trimble all over lak er leaf in de storm, an' he showed how ebrybody reap whut dey sow; how de artis' lib in art, an' de poit in poltry, an' de patriot in de harts ob his countrymen, all arter dey dun dead an' buried. An' 'O,' he sed, so sarchin' lak I see de folks trimble, 'ef you lib fur de wurl you'll die wid de wurl; but ef you lib fur God you'll nurver die.' An' I cud see it all so plain an' so quick an' so terribul an' so true I jes' pulled out my ole timer ergin es he passed de haf, an' click! dar she stood—59½!

“'By de horn ob de Tabernacle,' sez I, 'he can't keep up dat clip! Dat's de haf dat burnt up Joe Patchen!'

“But I tell you, Boss, his name wus P'inter—he had no noshun ob quittin'. He spun erlong on de straight stretches lak he had er runnin' mate, an' you'd wonder whut hilt 'im to de yearth, den he ease up gently on de turns ob de track—whar he hit de doubters an' de 'siety an' de fools 'dat grasp at de bubbles ob wealth an' folly on de ribber, an' let de

mighty stream wid all its depth an' grandeur pass onnoticed to the ocean—as he sed, he ease up dar an' ketch his bres so gently lak, and sorrerful, you'd think he gwine stop an' weep fur 'em, an' you feel lak weepin' yourse'f, fur yore own follies an' de follies ob de wurl—but all de time he wus gittin' dar!—an' ef he did ease up es he went up de hill, it wus only jes' long enuf ter let de light shine down on him frum heben, an' he seemed to linger jes' er minnit in de sweetnes' ob its glory.

“I wiped erway a tear an' snapped my ole timer ergin—1:30½! ‘Dat's good Baptis' doctrine,’ sez I, ‘ef it am a trifle speedy. Lord, ef he do bust de recurd I hope you'll gib 'im de Atlantic ocean to sponge off in—sumpin' in keepin' wid his own nachur.’ An' den I close my eyes gently lak, I feel so good, an' I sing softly to mysef dat good ole hymn, sung by Moses an' de profets so long ergo:

‘Baptis', Baptis' is my name
 I'm Baptis' till I die.
 I've been baptized in de Baptis' church,
 Gwin'ter eat all de Baptis' pie!
 Hard trials,
 Great tribelashuns, chilluns,
 Hard trials,
 I'm gwine ter leab dis wurl.’

“But bless you, honey, he wus jes' playin' on dem yudder quarters; he commenced to pace now. He got right down on de groun, an' dough he didn't make no fuss an' you cudn't see er moshun, nur eben de spokes ob de sulky, he talked lak er dyin' muther to her wayward boy. He scorned de track of dis wurl an' seemed to be pacin' in de pure air ob God, an' yit he didn't rouse er angry wind, nur bring out de loud shouts from de wurldly gran' stan', nur de hoozars of victory, nor de wild frenzy ob delight—but des tears, sweet

tears. I cried lake er baby. I furgot ter time 'im. De soft light cum in frum de winder ob God an' got inter de winder ob de ole man's hart. De smell ob æ yearthly flowers wus turned to Heabenly ones, an' when his soft, 'pealin' voice died away an' de sweet 'pealin' music commenced, I cudn't tell whar de sermin ended an' de music begun, dey run togedder so. I sot in er sort ob er dream; I wanted to go to Heaben; I heurd de white folks all pass quietly out; I heurd de notes ob de organ die erway, but I sot in de cornder, way off by mysef, an' thanked God dat I'd seed de light an' heurd de recurd ob salvation busted."



CHRISTMAS MORN.

IN the beauty of its breaking, in the music of its dawn,
Like an angel chorus 'waking when the Heavenly day is
born,—

Comes again the day of promise,
Comes again the Christmas morn.

Beam, bright Eastern sky in glory, till our doubt clouds roll
away;

Ring, sweet Christmas bells the story,—ring forever and for
aye,

Till our living be but loving
And our dying be but day.



TO WHITTIER, DEAD.

AY, speed thou on, gray voyager,
But not to a breezeless sea!
Nor shall oblivion claim the soul
That lived and loved in thee.

The heart that throbbed for others,
 The mind that thought no wrong,
 The lips that always spoke the truth
 Through soul of courage strong,

Oh, these shall live forever,
 God gave them, not to die,
 But sweetly bloom above thy tomb
 Through all eternity.



MORNING.

TIP-TOE on morning star, 'mid purpling light,
 The day queen throws her kisses to the world,
 Then stands abashed a moment, as in plight
 From maiden shyness, while around is furl'd
 The fleecy lace of clouds, with skirts of blue
 Trailing adown to hills of azure hue.

A sudden flirting of a dew-wet wing,
 As out from leafy bush or hedge-thatched lair
 The throbbing throats at once begin to sing
 And distant pipes fall on the sweet, cool air.
 The cattle rise from shaded beds along,
 And add their cow-bell cymbals to the song.

Deep spreads the blush around Aurora's cheeks,
 Purpling the bloom of ripen'd lips—and then
 Closer she draws her drapery as she seeks
 To hide her beauty from the eyes of men.
 And lo! the jealous sun leaps up to fold
 Her melting glory in his arms of gold.

HOW ROBERT J. BROKE THE RECORD.

LAST week I took old Wash up to Terre Haute to see Robert J. go against the world's record. He was turned loose with Billy Fitzgerald, Ed. Geer's Tennessee cook, and I saw no more of the old man till he came in Saturday night in a semi-comatose condition and proceeded to tell us how Robert J. broke the record:

"Marse Ed cum out on de track wid dat ornery-lookin' little pacer. Yer wouldn't gib fifty dollars fer dat hoss, boss, ef you'd er seed 'im in de stall, he's dat no-'count-lookin' an' sprung-kneed an' cat-hammed. But on de track you'd gib fifty t'ousan' for de shake ob hees tail an' t'ank Gord fer de prib'lege ob seein' 'im shake it. I've heurd ob de transfo'-mashun ob de prophet, but he ain't in it wid Robert J. Marse Ed sot quiet lak an' onconsarned, but de white folks clap dair han's an' holler w'en he jog by. Marse Ed nod hees haid, same es ter say, 'Much 'b'leeged ter yer all, but dis yer am my busy day,' an' he jog on 'round. Torectly, de big white man dat sot in de roun' box an' wave de red flag at de hosses and talk sassy to de drivers ef dey don't score down right, he got up an' he say, 'Stop er moment, Mistah Geers,' an' Marse Ed he stop. Den de boss man turn 'round to de big stan' whar all de white folks sot, an' he say: 'Ladies and gen'el-mans, Robert J., de great pacer f'om Tennessee, driven by de onliest Edward Geers, will now go ergin de worl' record ob two, two an' a half. I beg yer ter keep quiet twell de record am busted."

"Come! come! You know he didn't say Tennessee horse. Robert J. was bred in Pennsylvania," I interrupted.

"Boss, I'm tellin' yer whut I heurd myse'f. Ef you wants ter make a pome outen et, in cou'se yer kin 'range de fac's ter suut youse'f. I wus dar un heurd 'im say et."

"Well, go on."

"De people all clap der han's, an' hoorayed ergin, an' Marse Ed jogged on back up de stretch, lookin' lak he jes'

gwine ter mill fer er bushel er meal an' 'lowed ter git back 'long tow'ds sun-down. But fus' t'ing I knowed I heurd er kinder patter-patter, patter-patter, patter-patter, an' den er kinder bipperty-bip, bipperty-bip, bipperty-bip, an' I look up an' heah cum dat little old pacer, jes' er flyin', wid er runnin' hoss in er sulky by he side, an' er doin' all he could ter keep up. I grab er white man by me an' say:

"Mistah, don't dat man cum wid hees grist in er hurry?"

But de man punch ernudder man standin' by 'im, an' say:

"'Ven did dis coon coom outen de 'sylum?"

"But I was lookin' at dat Robert J. an' de w-a-y he did fly! Down de track he went, turnin' de corner lak a skeered cat goin' 'round de kitchen chimbley wid de yard dog arter 'im. But Marse Ed nebber move er muscle ner bat er eye. He jes' sot dar silen' es death in er country chu'ch yard, an' still es de bronze angel on er deacon's tomb. He look lak de speerit ob '76 on wheels an' termined es er ole maid when she make up her min' ter marry de Mefodis' preacher wid ten mudderless chilluns. An' fo' goodness, Boss, I cudden' see Robert J. 'tall! All I seed was 'is shadder on de white-washed fence beyond, an' dat scudded erlong lak a March cloud flyin' ercross de sun's face. At de fus' quarter I heurd sumpin' sorter shettin' wid er snap, bang, an' I looked up in some pigeon-holes in de timer's stan', an' dar wus hung out 30 3-4, an' eb'rybody was hollerin' an—an' Robert J. still er flyin'!

"'Great scotts! how he climbs dat hill,' sed er man by me.

De onliest hill I seed wus er hill erbout fo' mīle erway, on de yudder side de Warbash ribber, an' I look ober dar 'spect'-in' ter see Robert J. gwine up dar, sulky an' all, fur I could er b'lieved eny thing 'bout 'im now arter seein' 'im go dat fus' quartah, but I didn't see no Robert J. ober dar, an' I say ter de man:

"'Mistah, what hill dat you talkin' 'bout?' an' he stare at me mad-lak, an' say:

“‘Ef yer don’t stop trompin’ on my toes an’ quit breathin’ yo’ bref in my face, I’ll make er dead nigger outen yer!’

“I seed dat man wasn’t social ’tall, an’ I let ’im erlone. But I heurd ernudder snap bang in de pigeon-holes, an’ I look ergin an’ dar wus hung out 1:00 3-4, an’ de folks all stan’in’ on deir haid an’ hollerin’—an’ Robert J. still erflyin’!

“Roun’ de third quarter he cum, wid de runner an’ ’im nose an’ nose, lak er team, an’ yer couldn’ tell which wus which ’cept de runner’s haid kep’ bobbin’ up an’ down an’ ’is driver er whippin’ an’ er slashin’ while Robert J.’s nose neber moved up ner down er inch, an’ Marse Ed settin’ dar lak er statoo ov er Greek god on er charyut. Snap! bang! 1:30 1-4 dey hung out, an’ den sech er shout es dey sent up—an’ Robert J. still erflyin’!

“Dey didn’ wanter stop hollerin’, an’ de boss man got up an’ beg ’em an’ beg ’em an’ wave hees han’s, an’ shouted fer quiet, an’ de folks in de fus’ row dey all stan’ up an’ look back at dem behin’ an’ say sh-h-h! sh-h-h-h! sh-h-h-h-h! an’ de gran’ stan’ stop so still you could’er heurd er pin drap in de middle ob de naixt century—an’ Robert J. still erflyin’!

“He turn de cohner. De angels played on er harp ob er thousan’ strings in my years, an’ I thought I wus in ernudder worl’! I fohgot whar I wus. ’Peared lak ’twus me in de sulky, an’ I grab er pair er spike coat-tails b’longin’ to er dude in front ob me, fur reins, an’ wid bof eyes on dat flyin’ hoss I commenced ter cluck myse’f. De win’ roared in my years es I flew erlong; de fence ’roun’ de track look lak er white-washed string hung in de air, an’ de track itself ’peared ter be er toboggan slide down de highes’ peak ob de Alps, an’ de sulky wus gwine down et, pulled by flyin’ eagles an’ mounting deers! ’Twas sweeter’n de angels in dair glory! Bipperty-bip! bipperty-bip! bipperty-bip! cum dat yer runner! Click-klock! click-klock! click-klock cum dat sweet ’ittle pacer. Snap, bang! 2:01 1-2 went

de timer's box, an' I turn two summersets, shouted 'glory hallyluja!' busted inter ten thousan' pieces, an' went home ter glory!

"When I cum to I wus huggin' er trottin'-bred nigger frum Indiana, an' singin':

Hark frum de tomb, yer trottin' coon—
We've sot yer er record yer won't bust soon!"



HAL POINTER AT BUFFALO.

(When he won the \$10,000 purse.)

THEY score for the word, teeth clinched on the steel bit,
With muscles like fagots, and nostrils afire,
Each ready to race for a kiss or a kingdom
Their thundering sulkies flash under the wire.
"Go!" and they're gone—while the gleaming silk jackets
Flash out from the hurricane cloud on the marge,
Speeding away through the dust that hangs o'er them
Like pennons that close in a cavalry charge.

Around the first turn—what a picture of fleetness!
A thrice double team breast to breast in a line,
With thin, darting ears laid back as they listen
For each cheering word from their reinsmen behind.
With strides like the strokes of a frictionless piston,
And breath like the breath of the steam just beneath,
They go—with the courage of Greek at the Persian
With joy like the Victor's at sight of the wreath.

But see! one is up—his bold stride has been broken,
How he tosses his foam-fleck'd mane to and fro,
So eager to go—so impatient of curbing—
Did e'er battling human more eagerness show?

Away sped the others!—with horse as with human
 The hindmost must fret along Fate's dusty route,
 While the foremost speeds on to the goal and the music,
 To Beauty's bright glance and the multitude's shout.

Look! Look! 'tis a drive full fast now and furious,
 They're nearing the wire and the red flag is out,
 Neck to neck, heart to heart, stride for stride they thunder—
 Ah, woe to the faint heart that dares now to doubt!
 But see! from the bunch comes, keen as an arrow,
 With courage of demon and speed well in hand—
 "Hal Pointer! Hal Pointer!!" the heavens re-echo,
 The rest—it is lost in the roar from the stand.



THE TRACK AROUND THE STOVE.

YOU may talk about your kite-shaped and your regulation
 tracks,
 With their soil made by nature for the feet of flying cracks;
 You may brag about their home stretch and their undulating
 sway,
 And swear that every single one is down hill all the way;
 But the fastest track that mortal man in fancy ever wove
 Is in the village grocery, and it runs around the stove.

When bleak old Boreas on his steed comes charging from the
 North,
 And other tracks are closed up as he stalks in glory forth,
 'Tis then the track around the stove is ready for the fray
 And the breaking of the records may be heard a mile away;
 For the magic of this matchless track is like Aladdin's grove,
 And the horse just flies that hits it—this track around the
 stove.

No need of any sulky—nay, the horse need not appear—
 Just give the driver two good drinks and see the way is clear.
 Every swipe around the village that has rubbed a horse's
 shanks
 Just turns his steeds of fancy loose and wipes out Nancy
 Hanks;
 Every plow-boy who with cotton lines and Balaam's ass
 e'er strove
 Is then and there a Goldsmith—on this track around the
 stove.

But, alas! when springtime cometh, with the flow'ry breath
 of May,
 These record breakers all go wrong—and go to hauling hay—
 And the Pointers and the Alixes, of whom this tale is told,
 Just bid the world a fond good-bye and crawl into their hole!
 Then the Goldsmiths go to plowing, and the Geers the world
 to rove,
 And the rats up in the attic run this track around the stove.



HAL POINTER ON MEMORIAL DAY.

I NOTICED that our old friend, Hal Pointer, turned out on Decoration Day at Tyrone, Pa., and honored the occasion by pacing the half-mile track in 2:16¼, last half in 1:09. I judge from the report that this was done in honor of the opening day of the association; but chiefly in honor of the day itself—the Memorial Day of the brave Union dead.

It is peculiarly fitting that Hal Pointer should do this, for around the home of his cradle flashed the hottest fires of the Civil War, and the land that gave him being had the temper of its heart of steel tried in the whitest heat of the conflict. The air he first breathed was the same that echoed to the shot and shout of Franklin; the water he first drank was

tributary to that which ran in red currents between the banks of the "bloody Harpeth;" while the very grass he first nibbled was made luxuriant by the blood of the blue and the gray. The same element of sun and soil that made the mortal parts of those that bared their bosoms to the lance of war, made him; and the indomitable spirit of his near ancestors was that which carried Forrest and Wheeler on their reckless raids. If there was ever a horse which comes near representing the unflinching spirit of the old South, that horse is Hal Pointer; and it is peculiarly appropriate, to my mind, that he should turn out on Memorial Day and lay, in the twilight of his life, the tribute wreaths of his matchless courage and speed on the grave of a brave and honored enemy.

And why not? What is Prejudice that it should claim authority to teach me to despise the graves of those who differed from me in life—me, who must so soon lie down to measure graves with mine enemy? What is Hatred that I should allow it to put a blind bridle on me and ride me to the devil? What is Ignorance that it should ask me to sit under the shadow of its wing and imagine I am a seer in the lighted halls of Wisdom? God made me free and by God's help none of these shall make me his slave.

The man in the North who will hate, after all these years, his brave brother in the South, is both a fool and a coward; and the man in the South who has not learned to forgive and forget, who would not decorate the grave of a brave enemy, is twin brother to him at the North. Perhaps the war was a bloody blessing. God alone knows why it should have been. But out of it has come a cemented Union which, God grant, will live forever. Does the England of to-day think any less of the brave Scotch whose independence and courage so often defied them around the banners of Wallace and Bruce, or the Irish "who have fought successfully the battles of all the world save their own?" If

she does, she must first erase from her history the glorious achievements of Blenheim, Trafalgar and Waterloo.

I shall not have lived in vain if I can teach one simple lesson to the North and one equally as simple to the South. That lesson is quickly told: "Be charitable; for your enemy died believing he was right and fighting for the identical principle involved in Bunker Hill and Yorktown." For, strange as it may seem, the principle involved was identical, differing only in the manner of its application.

When I hear the plaudit of a gun each morning and look out of my library window to see Old Glory flutter up to his flag staff away above the tall trees of the arsenal, to catch the first kiss from the only light that is his equal, my heart swells with love and joy at his greatness and power. I love it because it stands for equal rights and equal chance for all men; because it has grown so great in principle and so strong in might that it can say to the most arrogant of tyrants: "Give your oppressed people the rights of civilized beings," and he gives them; or to the most powerful: "Tread not on the toes of your helpless little neighbor," and she treads not. I love it for all these, but chiefly because it is the flag of my own country, the making of which those of my own blood and clime lent no unwilling hands.

And yet when I look on my mantel and see the little faded flag there,

"Representing nothing on God's earth now
And naught in the waters below it,"

nothing except the blood of a valorous dead and the honesty of an unflinching devotion to principle (as if these could be nothing) I cannot, to save my life, help shedding tears.

And so I live—'twixt a smile and a tear, as Byron hath it—knowing that God is good and just, and will judge us all, not by our failures or our successes, but by the truthfulness and honesty of our purpose.

So pace on, old Pointer, and in the sunset of your life
do greater deeds of loving kindness than you ever did while
vanquishing your enemies in the hey-day of your fame—

“Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray.”



THE LILY OF FORT CUSTER.

AND you want me to tell you the story, lad, of the old
horse, Tennessee,
The stout red roan I rode alone on the track of that
snake Pawnee,
The meanest Indian that ever bit dirt, and I hope he is roast-
ing to-day,
For I ain't had a mount that was any account since— What
did you say?
Go on with the story? Why, that's what I am, and I'm
going to tell it my way!
A Hal he was—the Indian, you ask? Young man, if I had
my gun
You'd go to the spirit land yourself before this here tale
was done.
Three stout crosses of running blood—old Traveler, Timo-
leon, Empire—
A Hal on that! Aye, there's the horse the devil himself
can't tire,
Molded as trim as a Gatling gun and full to the brim of its
fire.

I raised him from a colt myself. My father gave him to me
When I rode West with Custer's men of the Seventh Cavalry,

Away to the shade and the shadow-land, where the Rockies
prop the sky,
And the bison herd, like a powder-brown bird, afar on the
trail doth fly—
But we never flickered in all that ride, neither Tennessee
nor I.

And gaits? There wasn't a horse in camp could go all the
gaits like him—
Canter and pace and single-foot and fox-trot smooth and
trim.
He led the wing when the bugler would sing "Boots and
Saddles!"—Away!
From sun to sun there was never a run that he wasn't in it
to stay—
The showiest horse on dress parade, the gamest in the fray.

And the Rockies! O, the Rockies, lad! God made 'em to
teach us how
To look from earth to Grandeur's birth—to His own great
beetling brow.
I never had seen a mountain, lad! How they thrilled! How
they loomed on me!
Granite and cloud wrapped in a shroud of snow eternally,
So different from the sweet green hills of dear old Tennessee.

Homesick I grew, I know not why, when we camped in the
far Sioux land;
Things were so solemn and silent there—silent and solemn
and grand—
And I longed again to see the plain and the rolling waves
of wheat,
And the low, soft music of the grain in the June days rustling
sweet,

And the gay notes of the mocking bird, where the Duck and
the Bigby meet.

But out at the Fort was a maiden,
A maiden fair to see,
And I fell dead in love with her,
And she—with Tennessee,
For she learned to ride upon him,
And her gallop across the plain
Would make you think Athene had come
To break the winged horse again.

And she was the Captain's daughter,
In rank above me far
As above the fire-fly in the grass
Beams out the evening star.
But Love—he smiles at epaulets
As he laughs at bolts and bar.

With eyes like the skies when the shower is over,
And the rain drops are soothing the cheeks of the clover—
Dear drops of sympathy all too soon over!

And a face like a vase with two rose-buds in it,
Rosebuds of cheeks, to change in a minute
To the puckered-up throat of a sweet-singing linnet.

And curls like the whirls of the clouds, when the Day-king
Stops his bold ride to the West, ere making
His bed in their bank and his night-goblet taking.

And lips like the dew-wine he sips in the morning
(Mistaking her eyes for the day's in its dawning),
Mistaking her eyes and sweet Eos' scorning.

And her soul! 'Twas the goal of the Angels and Graces,
 Seen in their face as they play in their races—
 The purest of souls in the purest of places.

And I?

Followed no flag but the blue of her bonnet.
 And I marched and I charged by the white streamers on it.
 And yet when she turned her blue batteries on me
 Brought up her reserve to ride o'er and scorn me,
 I was wretched, and sorry my mother had borne me.
 And surrendered, I did, though my heart was enraptured—
 A prisoner, yet gloried by her to be captured.

And she?

When she was certain I'd never be free
 Gave me her pity and loved—Tennessee.

Heydey! And I say
 But that is the way—
 Love is a tyrant that never grows old.
 Bonnet and curl—
 Lord, all my world
 Got under that sheen of gold.
 Heydey! Still I say
 If naught's in the way
 What glory in battling for beauty to love us?
 Love is a star,
 To be worshipped afar,
 And, like it, should be above us.

Heydey! Yet I say
 There's many a way
 That love finds his own, though his own be not waiting.
 And lips may be mute,
 And eyes may refute,
 But hearts made to mate find a way for the mating.

In our long ride up from the valley
A Pawnee chief we found—
Old Bone-in-the-Face they called him then,
But now—he is bone-in-the-ground.
Starving he was when we picked him up,
And racked with ague and pain,
But he taught us a lesson we'll never forget,
Which I don't mind telling again—
The good Indians live in the school books, lad,
The bad ones all live on the plain.

The coyote! We nursed and cured him,
And then he turned his eyes
To the Lily, God help her! and when she rode
From the Fort 'neath the sweet June skies
To pluck the flowers that grew on the plain
(A pony she rode that day)
The Pawnee stole the Colonel's horse
And slipped, with a Sioux away.
Away on the track of the Lily,
Like wolves on the trail of a fawn,
Two hours before a soul in camp
Knew the treacherous dogs were gone—
Two hours before alarm's shrill voice
Waked the echoing sentry's horn!

Away on the track of the Lily, and they lassoed her pony
and rode
With her bound in the saddle and helpless, to Sitting Bull's
band at the ford—
To Sitting Bull's tent! for a life that was worse than living
in hell's own abode.

The alarm gun was sounded, we rushed through the gate—
the Captain, the Corporal, and I—

The moon had just risen, a trifle too late to see the sun
sink in the sky.

The Captain looked black as the charger he rode, the Cor-
poral sat grim on his gray,
While I?—just patted old Tennessee's neck and he struck
that long gallop—to stay.

We struck the trail quickly; 'twas plain as could be, the
pony's flat track in the sand.

And then it was headed as straight as a bee to the North, for
the Sioux's bloody band.

A mile further on it turned slight to the right—the Captain
sprang quick to the ground,
For there in the path was a sun-bonnet bright—he kissed it,
then turning around

We saw the tears glitter and felt kind o' moist around our
own hardened eyes,

Then stood with bowed heads for a moment while each
breathed a silent prayer up to the skies.

'Twas the work of a moment to tighten our girths, cut loose
the throat-latch and curb-chain,

Then strike for the ford—fifty good miles away across the
wide stretch of the plain.

"To the ford!" cried the father, and his rowel shot swift as a
star in the flank of his black.

"To the ford! There is no other place they can cross. To the
ford! See the course of the track!

Two hours the start! Great God give us speed," as the black
went away like the wind.

"Too fast!" I called out, but he never did heed: already he'd
left us behind.

"Now, Corporal," I said, "we will test your grey's grit; 'tis
a ride that the stoutest might shun."

And I braced myself firm, held steady the bit, with Tennessee
struggling to run,
But I gave not his head, for well did I know not a horse in
the world could stand
Fifty miles of a race at a heart-killing pace in the alkali dust
of that land.

Galloping, galloping, galloping on,
Out in the moonlight, galloping on.
No word did we speak, no sound did we heed
But the low, muffled beat of our galloping steed.
The grey, circling dust rose in pillars and spread
Like the ghost of a cloud in the moonlight o'erhead;
And the sage-bush was plated with white in the light
As we raced, like a running team, into the night.

Beyond us, the peak of a towering cone,
Fifty good miles away, on the broad Yellowstone,
Was our snow-covered goal, in the moon-blazoned air,
And we headed full straight for the ford that was there.
Our horses pulled hard on the bit, for the dash
Was a frolic to them in the hoof-beating crash,
And the quick, playful snort, as onward we glide,
From their nostrils keep time to the lengthening stride.
The miles spin behind us, with bound upon bound
Two shadows fly on like a twin-headed hound.
My roan tossed the fleckings of foam in a ring,
As an eagle the snow flake that lights on his wing,
And with nose to his knees and his ears laid back
He swept a clean path through the dust-covered track,
Galloping, galloping, galloping on—
Ten miles in the moonlight, galloping on.

But onward we went, head lowered, and bent
To the stride like an arrow from ashen bow sent.

My horse was now wet to the mane with sweat
 And the grey, where the dust and the moisture had met,
 Was white as the palfrey Godiva rode down
 Through the dead silent street of Coventry town.
 His breath comes shorter and quicker—a wheeze,
 And I note that his stride is not true at the knees.
 I felt of my roan, brought him down to a pace,
 For the speed was terrific, the gait—'twas a race!
 I stood in my stirrups and cut loose the cord
 Of the cantle strap—down went the full useless load!
 I threw off my saber and cavalry cloak,
 My rain-coat and blanket, and, bending, I spoke:
 “Steady, good Tennessee! Steady and true,
 There’s a race yet ahead, old fellow, for you.
 Just swing this long gallop for ten miles or more,
 We are frolicking now, but we’ll show them before
 We halt in the shadow of yon mount by the flood
 The never-die spirit of Tennessee blood.”

Galloping, galloping, galloping on—
 Twenty miles in the moonlight, galloping on.

But see! now he pricks up his ears as we rush,
 And shies with a bound to the right from the brush.
 A glance, and pitifully struggling with pain
 The Captain’s black horse is stretched out on the plain
 And I see as I pass, with a pull on the bit,
 The scarlet blood gush from his deep nostril-pit.
 To the Corporal I said; “Do you know what we passed?”
 He nodded—“I knew he was going too fast.
 The black was dead game, but too fat and rank
 To run twenty miles with a steel in his flank.
 Poor fellow! But where can his rider now be?”
 “Ahead, and on foot—just ahead, do you see?”
 As a speck in the distance, a spot in the grey—
 Then a tall, lithe figure plodding away,

He stops at the sound of our galloping hoof.
We draw curb a moment 'neath the silvery roof
That rolls o'er our heads as our steeds made a launch,
Planting stiff knees in sand, thrown back on their haunch.
"What news?" "Go on, and check not your rein,"
Said the father, as quickly he stooped on the plain.
Then rising—"From the track we're an hour behind.
For the love of your homes speed on like the wind!
But halt! Corporal, give me that good gallant grey"—
A moment, and then we were speeding away—
Speeding away through the low, creeping light,
Through the shade and the shadow, the blare and the blight
Of the heat wave that clung to the breath of the night—
Speeding away through the leg-wearying sand,
Through the hoof-stinging flint of that alkali land
With steel in our hearts and steel in our hand,
 Galloping, galloping, galloping on—
 Thirty miles in the moonlight, galloping on.

Not a word: as we rushed adown a long slope
We bounded as free as the wild antelope.
A coyote howls out from a neighboring hill,
An owl hoots answer, and then all is still.
A rise in the range of our trail to the right
And our cloud-propping goal flashes bold on our sight,
"Thank God!" cries the Captain, "their powers now fail.
They have come to a trot—see the tracks in the trail!"
And crazed with the grief that a father can feel
He sends the steel home with a desperate heel.
But I mark the short breaths of the grey as he goes,
And his staggering gait as the dust upward 'rose.
"Draw your rein!" to the Captain I shouted aloud;
"Your horse will choke down in this dust-stifling cloud.
We have come many miles without water or rest—
Draw rein just a moment—" Down on his breast,

With a sickening wheeze from his steam-heaving chest,
He staggers—reels—heaves—and over he sinks,
While the blood bubbles up from its carmiel brinks.
“Go on, Sergeant—on!” as he leaps to be free—
“My child and her life rest with old Tennessee!”
 Galloping, galloping, galloping on—
 Alone in the moonlight, galloping on.

For the first time now I felt nervous with dread,
Even Tennessee galloped less bravely ahead.
Each bush seemed an Indian as big as a horse,
Each shadow the ghost of another, across
Our path slipping on in the dim, misty light
To warn those ahead to be ready for fight.
I spoke to brave Tennessee, stroked his wet crest,
Talked of the home where we both used to rest—
The meadows, where shone the calm, blue sky above,
And the blue grass below in the land of our love—
Of the old mare, perchance nodding now in her stall,
And the father and mother—ah! dearest of all.
And I smile even now as I think of the song
I sang out aloud as we staggered along;
And Tennessee braced himself up at the sound,
For I felt his feet strike a bit steadier the ground,
And it nerved even me—not a moment too soon,
For there, standing there in the light of the moon,
Almost in our pathway—how quickly it rose!
Then,—the twang of a bow under Tennessee’s nose,
Just as the horse on his haunches arose,
And the deadly barbed arrow, intended for me,
With a rattlesnake hiss struck brave Tennessee
Just under the throat, near the big throbbing vein,
And came out above, in his sweat-covered mane.
But he drew not another, for quick through his head
My Colt sent a cone of government lead—

And Uncle Sam's darling in the moonlight lay dead!
A moment's convulsion—on his knees sank my roan—
Down! and my heart sank, too, with his groan,
But, struggling he 'rose with the staggering pain
As I spoke, and came to his senses again,
Then plunged—reeled—plunged—Great God, would he fall
With that flint in his throat? In vain was my call!
How I pitied him, struggling, the will 'gainst the flesh!
But I thought of the Lily and urged him afresh,
And I plunged both my spurs in his death-shaking sides
(He never had felt them before in his rides),
For he bounded away with the bit in his teeth
And the frenzy of death in his hoof beats beneath.
And he ran as if he knew his last race was run—
Was there ever a grander one under the sun?

A spurt on the trail, a maiden's low cry,
Half strangled—and then we were thundering by.
Useless my pistol! I threw it away,
Too close was the Lily—too deadly the fray!
A spring and a grapple! A hand to hand strife—
A blow—here's the scar from his murderous knife—
The next and my grandfather's *King Mountain made
A path through his heart to his left shoulder blade.

A maid on the sand—and she held in her lap
Not my head—but that of a far nobler chap.
A maid on the sand—and her tears fall free
On the quivering muzzle of brave Tennessee,
While his poor, pleading eyes seemed to linger above
To tell her he galloped that gallop for love.

That's all! When I waked from a two hours' swoon
(Where I dreamed a sweet Lily grew by a lagoon
And kissed me and bound with her leaflets my wound)

The Captain was there with fifty picked men,
 And they swore such a ride they would ne'er see again!
 And the Captain broke down, and the Lily and me,
 And we all went to camp—all but old Tennessee.

He sleeps by the shore
 Where the swift waters roar,
 The mountain his monument
 Till time is no more,

And beneath—this is carved where a boulder hangs o'er:

HERE LIES TENNESSEE,
 of the
 SEVENTH CAVALRY.

the
 same was a horse,
 yet

HE GALLOPED ACROSS
 The Plain
 To Fame.

Of Three, He Alone
 had

The Blood and the Bone
 TO RUN

Fifty Miles to the Yellowstone.
 To Save a Life He Gave His Own.

And now I have told you the story, lad,
 Except—well, I soon came home,
 For I had no mount that was any account
 And I had no heart to roam.

But after a while I did go back and
 I brought her home with me—

The Lily of Fort Custer—and she blooms in Tennessee.

*A short, heavy knife made from the sword of his grand-

sire used at the battle of King's Mountain. The writer has often seen it.



TRUTH IN BEAUTY.

“Beauty is truth, truth beauty”—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
 —Keats—Ode on a Grecian Urn.

(To the gifted organist, Mrs. William A. King, of Marion, Ala.)

SOOTHED is my spirit when you touch the keys,
 And, like a cloud, my soul floats far away;
 My throbbing fancies throng as dreaming bees
 To suck the flowers that spring up when you play—
 O, that I thus at last might sip and pass 'mid sweets away!

Whence comes such rapturous pain from simple bars,
 Such tender-hurting, joy-bewidow'd sweet?
 Such pouring glory—cataract of stars—
 Bubbles of beauty, bursting at my feet,
 Or floating into dreamland streams where Fay and Fancy
 meet?

The rain-bow gleams along that splendid arch
 Where from your fingers fall the quiv'ring drops.
 And now, sunset; and now the misty march
 Of timbrel-twinkling planets, o'er the tops
 Of organ-chords, aeolian-peaked, with star-emblazoned stops.

Above the earth, above the wheeling flight
 Of mute, yet clearest pealing minstrelsy—
 One glimpse of that which made creation bright,
 One glimpse of first love's sun of ecstasy—

Then down to earth where musick'd streams purl with pebbled symphony.

O, thus to live—thus ever, ever live,

Wedded to Art, with handmaid Hope at side,

Crushing her lips with lips that dare to give

The winter tempest for the summer tide—

For sweetest of all weddings yet is that where Art is bride.

O, thus to love, forever, ever love,

Changeless in beauty and star-lived in grace.

To hear but the rustle of her robes above—

To catch the star-beams from her fountained face—

For dearer is Art's finger-kiss than Passion's whole embrace!

O Faith, O Hope—the poet and his sky—

O Joy, O Death—the bondman and the freed—

O Love, you, too, must bow beneath that eye

Where naught of earth, or earthy, hath a breed—

For infant Truth a greater hero is than gray-haired Deed.

Truth which comes in Beauty, as to-night

Comes this sweet Truth in simple harmony—

Calming the quick waves of my soul's affright,

And from the depths of an unsounded sea,

Starting this broken wave above a sea of melody.



UNDER THE PINES.

UNDER the pines with her hair in a tangle,
 The skies in her eyes and the stars beaming out,
 One rosy hand clasping the green boughs above her,
 One daintily tossing the flowers about,
 The Graces peep out from the depths of her dimples,
 The Naiads are born where her eye-glances stray—

Under the pines, though the long years have vanished,
Under the pines she is standing to-day!

Under the pines!—ah, forever and ever
The Nymphs build their booths and the Naiads their
cave,
And there 'neath the bowers she is tossing her flowers—
For Time cannot take back the picture he gave!
O, life with your strife, O, death with your darkness,
Ye have taken the tinsel and left me the gold!
For deep in my heart where the evergreens hide her,
Still tossing her flowers she stands as of old.



THE TENNESSEAN TO THE FLAG.

(A poem read at the opening of the United States arsenal at Columbia, Tenn.)

WE followed you first in the days of old,
For you stood for the rights of men,
And our pioneer soldiers followed your fold—
For they fought for the Union then;
They held you aloft in the fiery flame,
'Mid the shriek of the British shell,
And planted you on the heights of fame—
That flag they loved so well!

We followed you first in the days of old,
When our Jackson went to the fray,
And the Tennessee soldiers lay in the cold
Of that long, dread winter day.
They lay in the cold, but you floated o'er,
And the silence was deep as the grave

Till their long-barreled rifles spoke with a roar
For the flag they fought to save.

We followed you first in the days of old,
When our Polk roused the Mexican ire,
And we gathered an empire into the fold
To warm it with Liberty's fire.
'Twas our own gallant Campbell who led the band,
The first o'er the Mexican height,
And yon flag of our Union went in his hand
Through the red-hot fire of the fight.

We've followed you oft in the days of old—
And we'll follow you oft again!
Shall the pulse of the son grow sluggish and cold
Where the sire's blood flowed like the rain?
Shall the deeds of the past, by Error bewail'd,
Be lost in the passion's dark flow,
And the flag of our country by brothers be trailed
When it never has trailed to the foe?

No! We'll follow you now, proud flag of the free,
Should the foe with his banners e'er come—
No need for a bugle to call us to thee,
Our hearts make the beat of our drum!
With the spirit of Jackson to guide from above,
And the mem'ry of Crockett to aid us,
We'll rally once more to the banner we love—
The banner our forefathers made us!

Then wave, proud flag of our Union,
Wave and unroll your bright bars;
For never was sunshine brighter,
And never the sweet air lighter
Than that now circling your stars.

Then float, proud flag of our Union,
 Float o'er this land of the free;
 For ne'er was love any truer,
 And ne'er was sentiment purer
 Than the love of our people for thee.



TO BURNS.

THERE is no death for genius, for it leaps,
 Fount-like, from source to limpid depths again.
 There is no death for genius, for it sleeps
 To wake refreshed in each new life's sweet pain.
 O, Burns, how rich and sweet thy stream of song.
 Pouring from mountain dale and hawthorn glen.
 Bright as the channel where Ayr flashed along,
 Deep as the sea beyond Ben Lomond's ken.
 Bubbling, it bursts out like thy mountain springs,
 Out from the cool depths of great nature's mart,
 Slaking the fevered thirst our life toil brings,
 Reflecting all the star-domes of our heart.
 Here at thy fount, O, let me drink and know
 That God still reigns and man is king below.



THE MUSIC OF THE PINES.

FAR away, like fairy bugles, when the shades of night
 are on,
 Comes again the memory-music of my childhood days ago,
 gone,
 Comes again the sheen of hillside where the long-leaf needles
 lay,
 And the spots of softened sunshine flecking through the lat-
 ticed way,

Come again the distant echoes of my playmates from their
shrines,

And they come with elfin music, with the music of the pines,
With the misty, memory-music of the band among the pines.

Once again their half-heard laughter floats from out the past
to rise

As an echo from hereafter in that playground 'mid the skies;
Once again the resinous odors through my dreaming senses
spread

As the frankincense from flowers that we buried with our
dead,

And I stop my work to listen to the bells in memory's mines,
Tinkling on the sweling hillside to the music of the pines,
To the half-heard, half-dreamt music of the band among
the pines.

Now I see the yellow sunlight sifted through the sieve of
spears,

And I hear the zephyr lullabies of long forgotten years.
How the band above me thunders as the swaying tree tops
shake!

And now it falls as calmly sweet as starlight on a lake.
And as the passing pinions sweep above in lilting lines,
I almost see the angels in that band among the pines,
See the angels as they sing and swing amid the swaying pines.

O, how often in the glory of the days forever gone,
I have drunk the crooning story of that mimic Alpine horn.
There's a solace in its sougning that no earthly music brings,
There's a cadence in its wooing never heard in court of kings,
There's a rhythm in the rustle of its low enchanting lines,
For heaven's sweetest zephyrs made the music of the pines,
Swept the lyre of lyric needles in that band among the pines.

I have heard the martial music of a conquering army come
 With the blare of boastful bugle and the thunder of the drum.
 I have mused upon the measures of a sweet Italian band
 Till my reeling spirit wandered as a bird in Edenland;
 But there is no earthly music e'er conceived in mortal minds
 Like the music of my childhood in the band among the pines,
 Like the music that I ne'er shall hear again from out the
 pines.



THE EVENING STAR.

HEART of the sunset sky—
 Sleeping so quietly,
 Flushed with the pinkness of sleep and of rest.
 Heart of the sleeping sky—
 Throbbing with ecstasy—
 Pulsing the pink through the breast of the west.

Soul of the dying sky—
 Dying so quietly,
 Melting and merging in shadows of night.
 Soul of the dying sky,
 Dying—yet gloriously,
 Living again in thy life and thy light.



HOW OLD WASH SOLD THE FILLY.

OLD WASH paced into my study the other day the
 most woe-begone darky in Tennessee. There was a
 halt in his walk, a creak in his step and a crick in his neck.

"Boss," he said, as I motioned him to sit down on the
 black mohair stool in the corner till I finished writing, "de
 ole man bin mighty mizrified fur er week er mo'. Hes you
 got ennything layin' 'round loose dat would hep 'im to git er
 move on hissef? Enny kind er—"

The rest of the sentence was cut off by yelps and snarls, mingled with many imprecations, and rapid rising from the stool on the part of him who a few minutes before could scarcely walk. I had forgotten to tell the old man the stool was already occupied by my ill-natured black-and-tan terrier, who thought she had a preempted right to that particular piece of furniture.

"I'm afraid that's all I've got lying around loose to-day, Wash," I said, as the old man stood rubbing the seat of his trousers and eyeing with withering contempt the spluttering and sneezing dog who was appealing to me for sympathy. "What can I do for you?" I asked, as I laid aside my work at the chance of hearing some of his drollery.

For answer the old man slowly ran his hand into the tail pocket of his threadbare Prince Albert and drew forth a crumpled paper.

"Does you recognize dis?" he said, as he drew out a paper.

"Oh, yes," I said; "that's the horse paper of December, 1892."

"Den jes read at dis place," he said, pointing at a paragraph with the air of a lawyer who is about to entice a witness into a trap he had set for him. I read it aloud. It was the closing paragraph of my editorial on the situation for 1892:

"On the whole, though the season of 1892 has not been as promising as it should have been, owing to several bad failures, there is now no doubt that we have passed through the worst of the hard times and may now confidently expect to see better times for next year. A good time to stay in a business is when others are going out."

"Well, what about it?" I asked.

"O, nuffin'," said the old man, a little ironically, I thought. "Nuffin' t'all, 'cept dat little verse ob poetry jes' ruined me, dat's all!"

"Why, how's that?" I asked in astonishment.

"Wal, sah," said the old man, "hits jes' dis way: Does you kno' my Red Pilot filly? Ten pacin' crosses widout er single break! Fust dam by—"

"Never mind," I cried—for I hated to hear him start on an endless pedigree—"what about her? I know all about her, go on."

The old man looked sorrowfully into the fire.

"She'd er bin sumbody els's 'cept fur dat profercy. She'd er bin sumbody els's darlin' but fur de brilliant profit dat knowed more den de Almighty about whut de naixt year was gwinter bring forth! But fur readin' dat an' bleevin' it," he said, "I'd er sold dat filly wid her ten pacin' crosses fur three hundred dollars—thirty dollars er cross! Grate heaben, what er fool I wus! I hed dat offered fur her, but whut did I do when I read dat? Sot back an' axed five hundred dollars fur her! Sold my hog meat ter buy her cohn an' oats an' wait fur de millenneum ob ateen-ninety-three ter cum dat he hoss-profet sed wus comin'!"

"And did it come?" I asked. The old man looked at me almost pitifully. Instead of replying he drew out another paper. This was dated December, 1893, and the paragraph he had singled out was also mine:

"Taken as a whole this has been the worst year for the sale of harness horses that has been known for a long time. It seems the boom has collapsed, but it is also plain that every fictitious element has been eliminated and next year will see the business once more on a solid foundation. Don't sell your pacers now—you will be sorry."

"An' I was sorry, sah; sorry I didn't sell, too," he said. "O, ef er certain hoss profet I kno'," he said, looking at me innocently, "hed libbed in de time ob Noah, dey wouldn't er had no use fur Jeremiah, Izear an' de whale dat swallered Joner. Relyin' on dat blessed promis," he said, "I most 'pintedly 'fused one hundred an' fifty dollars fur dat filly,

sot back on my dignerty, an' waited fur de star to rise in de east. An' did it cum ter pass? No, sah, 'sted ob dat de filly went to grass—an' when dat gib out she cum mighty nigh goin' to de bone yard. But long t'wards de winter ob dat rocky year, er feller cum erlong an' sed he'd gib me fifty dollers fur her ruther den see her starve. So de naixt day I put de halter on 'er an' foch^t 'er in to turn 'er over to de buyer. But when I got to town I foun' my hoss paper in de postoffis' an' de wurds ob de profet wus in it clear es er crystal bell. Heah it am," he said, as he thrust another paper at me. I blushed slightly as I read:

"The season of 1894 has gone, and though it has been full of trials and tribulations, low prices, hard times, financial panics, and bursted banks, the recent sale of horses in Ohio, New York and other states confirm the now almost universal belief that the year 1895 will find the horse business once more on hand and doing better than ever. This is positively affirmed by the fact that many mushroom breeders have sold out and quit. The supply is necessarily nearly exhausted, especially for pacers, and he who can hold till 1895 will reap a fortune."

"Dat settled it wid me," said the old man. "I tuck de filly back home, stopped de chillun frum skule, sold de 'possum dog, lied erbout my taxes, shet off de missionary fund fer de church, closed down on de preacher, an' spent de money in forty cent oats an' fifty cent cohn to stuff hit erway in dat filly fur de cumin' ob de angel! But he passed my house by. You kno' what dis year has bin," said he. "Ef de yudder years hes bin rocky, dis year hes bin ashy. Ef de yudder years hes bin bottomless, dis one hes bin volcanic—jes' seem to hev got down es low es it cud an' den throwed up whut it cudn't reach! Dey say us in de hoss bizness am sufferin' fur de sins ob our daddies; ef dis am so de origernal daddy ob de hoss bizness must er slid outer Sodam an' Termorrow, jes' befo' de yearth quake! Dey say

we must suffer to de third an' de forth generashun, but hit 'pears to me de bizness dun passed through forty crosses ob tribelashun already!

"By March she hed et me out ob ebrything but er little Jersey bull an' er hatrack, an' I cudn't git ten dollers fur dat filly wid her ten pacin' crosses! By June I hed offered her ter er farmer ef he'd keep us in buttermilk twell de black berries cum. 'No, siree,' he say, 'I'm feedin' my buttermilk to hogs, an' I kno' I kin sell dem!' When my darter got married, I tried to gib de filly to 'er fur er bridle present; but she lowed ef she hed to hev ennything in de pacin' line fur er bridle gift she'd take er rockin' cheer an' er cradle, an' at last when I dun clean gib up, heah cum de cunstable to levy on sumpin' fur de oats I bought an cudn't pay fur at de grocers, an' I say to myself, 'Thang goodness, she'll go now, sho'!' but she didn't," said the old man as he wiped a tear, "he found out I had de little Jersey bull dat weighed two hundred pouns', wurf two cents er poun', left, an' by de gable ob de temple ef he didn't take dat little bull an' lef' me dat pacin' filly in de stall!"

Here the old man's tears were running freely as he brought down his fist and exclaimed: "Dat's my luck—dat's Ole Wash's luck all ober! Why, boss, ef I'd buy er carload ob ice in Augus' an ship it to Hades dey'd cum er big freeze down dar de night befo' it got dar, an' dey wouldn't be no demand fur it de naixt day! O, I b'leaves in hoss-profets," he said, ironically, 'an' ain't I jes' waitin' fur de next paper to tell me to hold on to dat filly endurin' ateen-ninety-next-century! I'll b'leeve—"

But the old man never got any farther; he was interrupted by a great commotion in the back yard. He went out of the door like a two-year-old, but soon came prancing back like Strathberry in hobbles.

"Thang goodness!" he said, "I've sold 'er! I've sold er!!"

"To whom?" I asked, surprised now, myself.

"To de Luisville an' Nashville railroad," he said—"ten pacin' crosses at fifty dollars a cross! You see, boss," he said, breathlessly, "de ole 'oman wus ridin' her to mill jes' now, an' she got to jawin' wid ernudder 'oman jes' er little too long to miss er frate train dat cum erlong, an' dat orter stopped 'twell she got through talkin', an' hit killed de filly an' broke de old 'oman's jaw, an' de doctah say she can't talk no mo' twell next Christmas! Thang Gawd fur two sech blessins!—de rightus am nurver fursaken!" And he rushed out to find a lawyer, but not until he had drawn off the following quaint account which he asked me to send to the company:

L. & N. R. R.....Dr.

To Ole Wash.

Nov. 1, 1895.

To breakin' Dinah's jaw.....\$000.05

To sale of ten pacin' crosses at \$50 a cross.... 500.00

\$500.05

N. B.—Gentlemen:

Pay fur de crosses an' I'll knock off fur de jaw.

OLE WASH.

And as he pocketed his money he chuckled and remarked to me: "I tell you, boss, dey ain't nuffin lak crossin' our fillies on a locomotive to improve de breed in dis state."

It took a lawsuit but—he sold her!



WORK THROUGH IT ALL.

HOPE, tho' misfortune o'ertake you,
 Smile, tho' you go to the wall,
 Bend to the blast that would break you,
 But work, aye, work through it all.

Weep, when the cloud of your sorrow
 Comes with its mist and its pall,
 But tears make your rainbow to-morrow
 If you work as you weep—through it all.

Give, for you grow with the giving,
 Live, but with love at your call,
 Be brave, be a man in your living,
 And work as a man through it all.

Look up, as the weaver of laces,
 Your pattern hung high on the wall,
 Your soul on the beauty it traces,
 Your hands busy working withal.



THE OLD PLANTATION.

O, I'M sick an' 'tired an' lonely,
 An' I'd give the worl', if only
 I could see the ole plantation where I played so long ago.
 See the willers'—swishin', swishin'—
 In the creek—jes' right for fishin'—
 Hear the tinkle of the cow-bell in the medder jes' below,
 An' to lay there, blinkin', blinkin',
 In the hazy sun, an' thinkin'
 Of the batty-cakes fur supper, with the berries an' the cream,
 Of the batty-cakes an' berries that would vanish like a dream.

O, I'm sick an' tired an' lonely
 An' I'd give a hoss if only
 I could drink ergin the buttermilk I drunk so long ago,
 In the dairy, cool an' curlin'
 With the water 'round it purlin'
 An' the white-wash walls a-shinin' in a microbe-killin' glow,

Jes' to drink there, sorter dreamy,
 Eatin' hoe-cake, crisp an' creamy,
 With the smell of fryin' batty-cakes upon the evenin' air—
 Fryin' batty-cakes an' bakin' floatin' on the evenin' air.

O, I'm sick an' tired an' lonely,
 But I'd walk a state if only
 I could walk in on the ole folks that I loved so long ago,
 On the mother, knittin', knittin',
 An' the father smokin', sittin'
 Where the sun-beams loved to flicker an' the moon-beams
 loved to flow,
 Jes' to set there, noddin', winkin',
 Full of batty-cakes an' thinkin'
 'Bout time to kiss 'em good-night now, an' lay me down to
 sleep—
 Kiss 'em good-night now forever—an' then lay me down to
 sleep.



RECONCILIATION.

OUT from the meadow, bathed in bright—
 Bob—Bob—White!
 An answer, back from the cool copse-height—
 Bob—White!
 The humdrum beetle drones his horn,
 The cradling breezes lull the corn,
 But still that truant call goes on—
 Bob—Bob—White!
 And back with keen Xantippe scorn—
 Bob—White!
 Out from the meadow's ling'ring light—
 Bob—Bob—White!
 An echo, back from the dark hill's height—
 Bob—White!

The drowsy night-lids droop adown,
 With ribbon'd rays her ringlets bound—
 And still there echoeth 'round and 'round—
 Bob—Bob—White!
 And still form the hill that haughty sound—
 Bob—White!

Faintly now from the copse-hill's height—
 Bob—Bob—White!
 And fainter yet, 'mid the soft twilight—
 Bob—White!
 Was that the chirruping sound of a kiss,
 The star-beam's dream of a wedded bliss,
 Or the faintest kind of a call like this—
 Thy—Bob—White!
 And the softest kind of an answer—'tis:
 Quite right!



HOW OLE WASH CAPTURED A GUN.

JENNIE, the famous dun mule of Wilson county, Kansas, is dead. Jennie was so old that men had long since quit guessing on her age. She was gray over the eyes when Jim Johnson drove her into Wilson county, and that occurred in 1871. She bore on her hip the United States army brand, and popular tradition had it that she participated in the Mexican war."

When old Wash saw the above, he was very much exercised and wanted to go over to Kansas to see about it.

"Why, suh," he said "dat's de same dun mule I wus plowin' on a rocky hillside up at Double Branches in de fall of a'teen sixty-two, when Wilson's raiders cum through Tennessee an' tuk me an' dat mule bofe erlong an' made sojers outen us. Hit's jes lak de paper sed—I knowed ebery ha'r

on her an' she wus trottin' bred frum her head-end to her lightnin' end, bein' by a Spanish jack outen a mare by a son of imported Messenger. She wus drapped de fall Jeems K. Poke wus 'lected preserdent, an' she went thru de Mexerken war, jes lak de paper say. Ef dey'll only dig her up an' see ef she's got a scar on her lef' hin' heel dey won't be no doubt ob it at all. She got dat scar by kickin' a solid shot frum a forty-pounder dat de Mexerkens had fired at our men, back into de Mexekin line, an' killin' er whole regiment ob Mexekins jes' in de act ob sayin' dey ebenin' prayer! Fur de Lord sake, boss, hit's de truth! I w'udn't lie 'bout er mule! An' I jes lak ter see her onc't mo'—fur she wus de cause ob my bein' so independent terday."

"How was that?" I asked. "I thought you said Wilson's raiders got you both."

"So dey did, so dey did," he said, "an' dat's de pint I'm arter. You see, dey tuck us bofe an' made sojers outen us. Dey put de dun mule to pullin' cannons an' put me to diggin' ditches, wid er whole rigerment ob yudder niggers, an' throwin' up breastworks an' tunnelin' hills 'round Nashvul. I swear to you, suh, ef enny body thinks sojernin' am play, jes' let 'em jine de army de naixt scrap Unk Sam gits into. Befo' ninety days am out dey'll yearn fer white-winged peace wusser den de animules shet up in de ark yearned fur de flutter ob de dove's wing!

"But wusser times wus comin'! An' when Hood's army cum in de Yankees gin us guns an' tole us we had ter fight or be cotch an' hung ter telegraf postes! Says I to de offercer:

"'Good Lord, Marse Yankee, I don't wanter shoot at no white folks! 'Spose I happen to hit Ole Marster, or one of Mister Forrest's men, whut dem white folks gwi' do ter dis nigger ef dey ketch 'im? Nigger don't kno' nuffin' 'bout huntin' enny thing but possums—lemme do de diggin'. Sez I, 'I'd ruther dig er hole ter Chiny fur you dan ter face dem

cannons ob Mister Forrest's men wid Marse John Morton er pullin' ob de trigger!

"But dat jes made de offercer mad wid me, an' he tole me ef we didn't go an' shoot dey'd hang us fur disserters. I tell you, boss, de nigger whut wus captured an' pressed inter dat war wus sho' in er tight place. Ef he didn't fight, de Yankees hung 'im an' ef he did fight de Johnnies shot 'im! Gawd, I don't want no mo' ob it! Dey ain't gwi' git me in no war wid Spain!

"Wal, suh, dey saunt me out to de frunt soon es General Hood got posted on de hills souf ob Nashvul, an' dey marched 'us all out in de line ter take er big gun on er hill. I swear to you, boss, ef you ain't nurver been marched up ter take er big gun an' hit loaded an' p'inted at you, you don't kno' whut it am to hab de mos' miserbul, unkomplementary feelin's in dis wurl chasing each yudder up an' down yo' back-bone. Ebry step I tuk it 'peared lak my feet jes' stuck to de yearth, an' I wus so skeered de cold sweat stood in beads all ober my gun-barrel! Ebry bone in my body got stiff es er stick 'cept my backbone, an' dat jes' seem ter wanter curl up an' lay down on the sunny side ob sumpin' an' go to sleep.

"When we fus started we wus two miles frum dat gun, an' hit didn't seem to be much bigger'n a locus' tree, an' de hole in it 'bout big ernuff fur er rabbit ter run in. But befo' we marched fifty yards, boss, dat gun wus es big es de bigges' poplar in de woods, wid er hole in it big ernuff fur er she ba'r an' her cubs ter crawl in, an' hit wus p'inted straight at my head—jes' picked me out an' nobody else! I stood it fer er leetle while, an' when de offercers wan't lookin' I drapped out ob de ranks an' fell in ergin 'way down to de lef', an' t'inks I: 'You ain't p'intin' at me now, sho'!' but, bless yo' soul, when I look up ergin dar it wus p'inting 'at me an' nobody else! I nurver heurd ob er gun singlin' out one nigger in er thousan' befo' but dat's whut dat gun wus doin'!

"We marched on er leetle furder, till I seed de ball startin' outhen it. I seed de fiah flash an' de ball start out jes' es plain es I see de sun in heaben dis minnit! At fust hit wan't bigger den de moon, but befo' it got half-way cross dat valley it wus big es de sun, an' es it cum rollin' on straight fur me, fo' de Lord, boss, it got bigger an' bigger, till it looked lak ernudder wurl rollin' on, black es de pit ob doom an' spitten' out fiah an' brimstone, an' smoke an' saltpeter, an' Gord-knows-whut, an' rolling, an' er-r-o-l-l-lin', an' er-r-o-l-l-i-n' es straight for me es ef I wus de onlies' nigger in de whole rigiment! Hits de truf ef I eber tole hit!

"Jes' den de offercer he holler out, 'Charge!' an' I charged sho' nuff—dat's whut I'd bin wantin' to do eber sence I started. I charged fur er rock fence lak er groun' squir'l. But when I peeped ober dat fence dar cum dat ball straight fur me ergin, er rollin' an' er r-o-l-l-lin' an' er r-o-l-l-i-n! I got up from dar an' lit out roun' Marse John Overton's brick smoke-house, an' den I peeped frum roun' de cornder ob dat house, an' I hope I may go in de trottin' hoss bizness jes' on de ebe ob de naixt Clevelan' misrepresentashum, an' see my thousan' dollar colts go beggin' fur coon skins, ef dat ball wasn't headed straight fur dat smoke-house jes' lak hit knew I wus dar—er rollin', an' er r-o-l-lin', an' er r-o-l-l-i-n'! Gord', sez I, 'I can't stay heah!' An' I lit out an' tacked ercross er hundred acre wheat fiel', runnin' fust dis way an' den dat, an' 'round an' 'round er big hill, but dat ball jes' tuck ercross de fiel' too, an' tacked when I tacked, an' turned cornders when I turned cornders, an' went 'round an' 'round dat hill, er rollin' an' er r-o-l-lin' straight fur me an' nobody else, an' I'd bin er dead nigger dis day ef I hadn't fell in er twenty-foot sink hole, jes' es de ball tuck off my cap an' rolled on, killen' ten thousan' men fo' miles on de yudder side ob de ribber and bored dat tunnel thru' de hill dis side ob Nashvul whar de Ellen N railroad now run dey trains thru' ebery day!—er rollin' an'

er r-o-l-l-in! Gord, suh, it am de truf—I wudn't tell er lie fur sech er thing es er cannon ball, an' dars de tunnel dar, you kin go thru' enny day an' see fur yo'sef," and he bit off a piece of tobacco and shook his head long and earnestly.

"A very narrow escape," I remarked, "but that does not explain how that old dun mule was the cause of your present prosperity."

"I'm cummin' to dat now," he said as he put his tobacco back into his hat, his red handkerchief on his tobacco and the whole on his head. "When I fell in dat sink hole er runnin' from dat ball, I broke three ribs, an' Gord bless yo' soul, honey, Uncle Sam ain't gwi' see his sojers suffer in dey ole aige fur hunurbul wounds got in battle, an' ef I ain't drawin' ebry quarter, three dollars an' sixty-two cents fur each one ob dem ribs den my name ain't Shadrack Ebenezer Zadoc Washington Grundy, an' dat's de truf!"



MOLLIE.

NO fern-leaf sprang from mountain moss
 With blither grace than Mollie's.
 No lily on the lake across
 Had fairer face than Mollie's.
 And when the lily lifted up
 The bubbling bubbles in her cup
 From cut-glass pools where fern-maid's sup,
 She drank a health to Mollie.

No wild-sloe hid, 'neath tan and red
 A ruddier blush than Mollie's.
 No wild-rose held a queenlier head
 Where sang the thrush than Mollie's,
 And when the red-thrush saw the maid—
 A glint of glory down the glade—

He sang his sweetest serenade,
A serenade for Mollie.

No muscadine peeped from her vine
With saucier eyes than Mollie's.
No wild-bee sought her globes of wine
With softer sighs than Mollie's.
For when she sighed, and I did make
Me bold, a trembling kiss to take,
I saw them all—wine, roses, lake—
All in the eyes of Mollie.



O VOICES THAT LONG AGO LEFT ME.

O VOICES that long ago left me,
O eyes that were long ago bright,
How often you come when the shadows
Creep into the eyes of the night,
When the moon-misted shadow encloses
The sorrow-starred eyes of the night—
With you in a wreathing of roses
And rhymed in the laughter of light.

O, voices that long ago left me,
O, eyes that were long ago bright,
Why, why do ye come with the shadows
And why do ye not with the light—
In the sun-shimmer'd glory of olden
In the sun-silvered sweetness of light?
Have ye learned that our tears become golden
When merged with the music of flight?

Then lead me, dear voices that left me,
And bring me, dear eyes that were bright,

To that home where ye dwelleth forever,
 To that land where there never is night—
 To that love-ling'ring land where the portal
 Knows naught of the shadow of night,
 And the wreathing of roses immortal
 Is rhymed with the laughter of light.



TO A MORNING GLORY.

THOU art the dream of Nature when she sleeps
 And dreams of youth-time and sweet April's eyes,
 And slum'bring now, lo! 'round her breast there creeps
 This pictured vision of departed skies.
 Departed skies, concaved, with clouds of snow
 Cerulean-depthed, that left us long ago.

And thou art Nature's memory when she wakes
 All conscience-clear and weeping o'er the past,
 Clear-visioned, keen, her yearning soul partakes
 Of that which was, but was too pure to last.
 And so she holds, with soft light breaking low,
 Holds to her heart the hopes of long ago.



BR'ER WASHINGTON'S ARRAIGNMENT.

I AIN'T nurver tole you 'bout de time dey had me up befo'
 de jedge at Nashvul fur makin', without license, er lee-
 tle ob dat licker dat makes kings ob us all, is I?" asked old Wash
 the other day. "I don't kno' how in de wurl dey kotch me,"
 continued the old darkey, "fur I'd bin makin' it eber sense de
 war up in de holler ob de Indian Camp Springs, whar de In-
 dians made it long, long ergo, befo' enny ob us wus bohn—
 jes' fo' or five galuns to keep de ole man's cow-ketcher

gwine," he continued, "an' I don't see how in de wurl dese heah river-new offercers foun' it out. But dey did, an' fur one time de ole man was sho' in a tight place.

"You see," he continued, "it ain't ebrybody kno' how to make good whisky. I don't mean dis heah stuff dese po' white trash makes up in de mountings, so strong an' vile dat when you oncork a bottle ob it on dis yearth it make de debbil sneeze in de reguns below. But I'm talkin' 'bout sho' nuff whisky—whisky dat sho' nuff white folks drink—so pwore an' ripe dat all you hafter do is to oncork de stopper on dis yearth an' watch de roses bloom in paradise.

"You must make it in October," he said knowingly, "er-bout de time de fall poet begins to write his poem on de golden rod, when de leabs begin to turn purple an' golden, an' de air am crisp an' sparklin', an' de spring water am full ob fallin' nuts, an' de 'romer ob de sweet night dews. You mus' kotch yore water frum ouden er col' spring dat flows frum under sum sweet paw-paw tree, runnin' ober er bed-rock ob blue limestone, in which er few acuns dun drapt to gib it de strenf ob de oak tree. Den, sum night when de moon am full an' de sent ob de wild haws fill all de air, jes' go out—but dar now," he said, laughingly, "whut's all dat gotter do wid dis story? Nemmine, jes' you cum' round to my cabin sum day, child, an' lemme let you taste it oncet. It's den you'll see de gates ob glory open fur er minnit or two, an' de ladder of konsolashun run up an' down 'twixt de heaben an' de yearth. O, it's den you'll wish yore neck wus er spiral pipe, runnin' roun' an' roun', so dat one drink would hafter go fifty miles befo' it got outer sight," and the old man laughed heartily.

"But dey cotch me," he continued, "an' dey tuck me to Nashvul, an' when dey put me in de jail my folks all got erroun' me an' cried an' tole me good-bye, an' my wife she tuck it pow'ful hard an' she wanted to go an' git de preacher to cum an' pray fur me. Dat's de way wid sum kristuns," said the old man, with a tinge of sarcasm in his tone, "dey

willin' ernuff ter play hide-an'-seek wid de debbil long es dey think dey am safe, but jes' es soon es dey gits cotched up wid den dey wanter go in partnership wid de Lord! Huh! dey didn't skeer me 'tall, an' I jes' say to my wife: 'Look heah, Dinah, you jes' stop yore wailin' an' bellowment an' go on home, an' ef I ain't dar by cane-grindin' time, you jes' go on an' marry Brer Peter Dawson, de preacher, an' on de night ob yore weddin' supper, you jes' go down to de medder spring, dig fo' foot under it an' fetch out dat blue demmer-john ob bred-in-de-purple licker I berrid dar fo'teen years ergo, an' you an' Brer Peter jes' drink it to my health, fur ef you don't, it's so pwore an' good an' ripe it will rise itself sum day!

"She kno' by dat I war gwi' stay heah in dis jail," chuckled the old man; "I didn't make dat whisky fur my wife's secun' husban' to drink. Huh! I had no noshun ob stayin' heah in dis jail twell cane-grindin' time. Not fur makin' good whisky—now ef I made mean whisky dat ud bin ernudder thing an' I'd bin willin' to plead gilty an' say far'well.

"Den dey saunt er leetle lawyer to me an' he tuck me off an' say he bin 'ployed to offen' me. An' den he say he gwi' prove I wus er yallerby—'dough you sees yo'sef I'm es black es er cro'—an' he say he gwi' git out er writ ob circum-cum-fetchum, an' ignis fat-you-us, an' abe-et-de-corpus an' all dat. I tole 'im I much erbleeze ter him, but I wus gwi' go dar an' tell de truf an' talk to dat jedge myse'f, an' wus gwi' file er cross-cut-saw-bill into dat cote, sho'!

"Jes' fo' de trial cum off, I saunt down to my wife an' tole her to dig up dat gallun I dun berrid down dar in de medder fo'teen years befo' an' to fill up dat decanter my ole marster gib me befo' he die, an' to fotch it to me.

"You nurver seed dat decanter, is you, suh? O, I tell you my ole Marster wus er high roller an' dat decanter wus er picture in er lookin' glass. It wus es thick es de roun' pastern ob de race hoss an' made ob one solid piece ob cut

glass, an' cyarved in cammeos an' Greek god dermites, an' de stopper itself wus de haid ob de Venus hersef on er bust—leastwise dat whut ole Marster sed— an' he 'lowed she wus sho' in de proper place to be on a bust! I tell you, suh, when dat whisky got in dat decanter it look lak de grape juce of heaven cotch in er dimon' urn an' framed in all de classic glory ob de ainshunt Greeks. When de sunlight fall on it, it look lak er big blazin' ruby sot in de crown ob er cherubin!

"I slip it under my cote an' went in to de cote-room. An' dar dey played er mean trick on me, fur dey sot me down in de same pen wid er lot ob po' white trash frum de mountings dat had bin cotch in de mean act ob makin' wild-cat whisky! Gord, suh, hit made me mad fur I wan't used to 'soshatin' wid dat kind o' white folks!

"Toreckly de jedge an' de jury cum in an' de jedge sot down an' red out: 'Newnighted States ergin Washington Grundy.'

"'Heah, Marster,' sez I, an' Gord bless yore soul, honey, I pranced up befo' dat jedge innercent lookin' es de new-born colt when he paced ober de speckled calf layin' in de weeds. Den de jedge look ober his glasses sorter kind lak—Gord bless yo', honey, he knows er gennerman when he sees him! an' he red sumpin ergin me an' den he ax me ef I'm gilty or not gilty.

"'Yes, Marster,' sez I, 'I'm gilty an' not gilty, too, an' I'd lak ter 'splain to this honorbul cote how it am.'

"De jedge he smile an' de jury laf—Gord bless you, honey, dey knows er gennermen when dey meet 'im in de rode, too—an' de jedge he tells me I has de right to make enny explunashuns I wants—dat dat wus my privulage, an' when he sed dat, I jes' made 'im er low bow, wid my hat under my arm, an' sez I: 'Thank you, Marster, you am er genmen sho', an' er jedge lak de jedges ob de Bible.' An' I laid erside my hat, button up tight my ole dubble-brested

King Alfrud cote, dat ole Marster gin me, whut he useter wear when he made big speeches, an' I sez:

“ ‘Marse jedge an’ gemmen ob de jury, you sees befo’ you heah a pore old nigger, cotch in de act uf manufactorin’, fur his stommick’s sake, a leetle ob dat devine stuff dat makes kings ob us all, an’ fur dat reezun, fotch up, in his ole aige, befo’ dis honorbul cote fur transgreshuns ob de law. You ax me ef I’m gilty ob makin’ whisky—dat wild-cat stuff dat makes de rag-weeds bloom in paradise, an’ turn de roses ob hope into de dog-fennel ob dispair, an’ I tells you—No! But if you ax me if I gilty ob makin’ er leetle ob dat dervine ’lixer, which turns de tuneless hart ob de most wretched an’ miserbul ob mankind into a hall wid harps ob er thousan’ strings, es I nurver tole a lie in my life, I must tell you—Yes! Not dat vile stuff dat kills our moral s’washun, an’ lays us in de gutter wid de dorgs, but dat blessed angul-ile, which, taken in moderashun, es er gemman should, clothes de beggar in silk, makes friends fur de frien’less an’ coins gold fur de goldless. Dis am de licker dat turns rags into roses, ole maids into bloomin’ gals an’ er grabe-yard funeral discorse into er poem on parerdise. Dat puts cheerity into our harts, youth in our veins, an’ spreads de warm cumfort ob lub over de feather-bed ob de yunerverse. Dis am de licker dat on-locks de doors ob de ’magernashun an’ leads de poet’s mind through de streets ob gold, ’mid crystal pillars, up to de wall of amerthest, up to de battlements ob light, whar he sees de stars ob beautiful thoughts, a millyun miles befo’ dey gets to him, cummin on angel wings in beams ob sunlight! Dis am de licker dat falls lak a splinter ob starlight to string de dew-draps ob de hart. Dat Sollermon drunk, and David sung to; dat Washington praised an’ ole Hick’ry swore by. Heah it am, gemmen ob de jury,’ an’ I pulled out dat decanter an’ hilt it befo’ dey eyes, an’ it blind ’em, lak de sunshine risin’ in de valley—‘heah it am, gemmen ob de jury,’ I sed, ‘wid truth in its eyes an’ lub in its hart—de embottled poem ob

de yunerverse! Taste it, an' ef it am whisky—dat stuff wid cat-claws an' debbil breath—den sen' me up long wid dis po' white trash fur makin' wild-cat whisky, es er groveller wid swine an' er eater ob husks.

“But ef it smells lak de new-bohn bref ob de infunt anguls, looks into yore eyes lak de lakes ob lub in de depths ob de blue-eyed cherubins, an' tastes lak de resurrected dream ob de fus' kiss yore sweet-hart gib you in de days ob long ergo, den sot de ole man free!

“Wid dat, I oncorks de bottle, an' lo! dat dingy ole cote-room change in er minnit! 'Stid ob de smell ob books, an' sweatin' lawyers, an' ambeer, an' dusty floors, you'd er thort all de skule gals an' nymphs ob de ages hed cum dar to bathe, perfumed wid de otter ob de roses ob Eden an' dey ha'r dat fell ober dey allerbaster sholders 'nointed wid de oil Ep-pollo made. You'd er thout de janitor ob heaben hed turned de sprinklin' pot ob glory on de yearth, filled wid de water ob peppermint an' camfire, perfumed wid vi'lets an' tinctured wid angul tears!

“De ole figured paper on de walls blossumed into rale flowers; de dingy ole winders blazed lak de winders ob mohnin' when de day-king rise; the old dusty mattin' on de floor wus er carpet ob blue grass down in de medder, wid daisys an' daffodils all ober it, an' eben de spider-webs on de ceilin' was changed into tapestry of silver, whilst de freskoes hung down in fillergree works ob gold. I looked at de jedge an' de jury an' dar dey sot in stuperment an' 'stonishment wid acquittal writ in de tender depths ob dey meltin' eyes.

“I handed dat decanter to de fus' jury—he jes' smelt it an' fell ober in er dead faint, callin' out, sorter dream lak, 'Not guilty, not guilty.' De naixt one taste it, an' I seed de light of Genersis break in on 'im. De thud one tuck er big swaller an' dey had to hold 'im to de yearth to keep 'im frum 'vaporatin', lak Exerdus, to heaben. An' all de yudders, es fast es dey taste it, wus added to de numbers ob dem dat was fur me!

But when it got to de judge, suh, he tuck er grate big swaller to see ef I wus lyin' or not, an' Gord bless yore soul, honey, he hadn't mor'n taste it befo' he riz frum dat bench, shouted 'Glory, hallylujah!' an' fell on my neck an' wept. I look 'round at de lawyurs what hadn't tasted it, suh, an' dar dey sot, froze to dey chairs, wid de s'liver runnin' outen de corners ob dey mouths lak po' houns 'roun' er sawsage mill. An' befo' I knowed whut it all mean dey all broke out singin' dat good ole him:

"Dis am de stuff we long hab sought,
An' mourned bekase we foun' it not."

"When I seed I had 'em on de mourner's bench, suh, den it wus my time! I drewed myself up two or three foot higher, buttoned up my ole King Alfrud cote anudder link, an' sed:

"'An' now, gemmen ob de jury, sense dis Newnighted States govument dun see fit to 'raign me, I wanter 'raign hit. I've bin heah befo', yo' honor. I've bin heah to listen to de greates' lawyer de State ob Tennessee eber raised, my ole Marster, de 'Onerbul Felix Grundy, an' time an' ergin I've seed 'im stand rat heah, in dis very cote dat I've got on, an' in dis very room, an' shake de roof wid de thunder ob his larnin' an' de lightnin' ob his wit. Allers on de side ob de po', allers on de side ob jestus. An' ef he wus erlive to-day, he'd git up heah an' say to you all: 'Let dis ole nigger go!'—and you kno' you'd do it.

"'In de good ole days, gemmen, he tort me menny things. He tort me to be true, to tell de truf an' to raise horses. Men lak him an' yore fathers, gemmen, tuck my ancesturs out ob de jungles ob barbarity an' led us into de blessed temple ob religun an' light. Dey made slaves ob us to do it, gemmem, but I thang Gord I wus erlowed to be er slave in dis wurl fur de sake ob bein' etunnally free in de naixt. Menny an' menny er time, gemmen, Ive driv my

ole Marster in his cheeriut an' fo', an' he'd tell you hissef, ef he wus heah to-day, I'm de onlies' nigger lef' in de State of Tennessee dat kin drive er thurrerbred fo'-in-han', holdin' de ribbins wid de fo'-fingers ob my lef' han' an' playin' on de tender moufs es gently es er lady touches de strings ob de light gittar. He made me er Christun an' er gentlemun, aigucated my po' cannabal pallit to de glory ob Tennessee mutten an' de sweetness ob Tennessee beef. An' it wus from his side-board I fus' got de taste ob dat licker you jes' tasted—dat licker dat makes kings ob us all—an' all I wanted in dis wurl wus to stay wid 'im twell I die.

“ ‘But in my ole aige, heah cums dis Newnrighted States guvermen' an' sots me free. An' O, Marsters, dey sot me free indeed—free frum de friends I lubbed, free frum de cumperny ob genmen, free frum de good things ob de wurl, an', wus ob all, free frum de sight but not de appertite ob dat licker dat makes kings ob us all! 'Stid ob drivin' er cheeriut ob fo' down de pike ob de valley ob plenty, I mus' plow er leetle tow-haided muel on de flinty hillsides ob poverty. 'Stid ob soshatin' wid larned men who sot in de counsils ob dis country an' de cotes ob de kings, I mus' be cussed an' mocked by de hill-billy an' de po' white, or forced to 'soshate wid low-lived an' low-mannered niggers an' fiel'-han's. An' 'stid ob drinkin' de 'lixer ob life frum de decanter ob de gords, in my ole aige, I'm forced to drink de branch water ob poverty frum de gourd dat grows in de barn-yard ob toil. Aigucated er gemmen, turned out wid tuffs! Raised on roast beef an' mutton, now hafter hustle ter git bacon an' greens! Used to de licker ob civerlizashun, now hafter drink de branch water ob barbarerty. An' ef I chance to remember de things ob my youth an' yield to de temptashun ob er higher aigucashun, fotch up heah in my ole aige to be saunt to jail fur tryin' to lib lak er gentlemun an' er Christun. Gentlemun, kin you do it? Marsters, will you sen' de ole man up?

“ ‘No! by the Eternal, we won't!' said er nice lookin'

gemmen dat wus settin' on de jury, an' den dey all riz an' say: 'Jedge, not guilty! Not guilty!' An' dey crowd 'round me so de jedge has to 'journ cote, an' dey shook my han' wid de glory ob dat licker still in dey eyes shinin' lak cherubins in the lakes ob lub. An' es de jedge pass out he tech my arm an' say:

"Washington, de jury found you not guilty, but heal am fifty dollars to pay de tax on de naixt run ob de still at Indian Camp Springs; an' ef it happens ter be er good deal too much to pay de river-new, jes' make er leetle mo' an' send it to yore friend, de jedge ob de Suddern Deestrick ob de Newnighted States.'"



LONGIN' FUR TENNESSEE.

(A Lament From Yankee Land.)

O I'M LONGIN', jes' er longin' fur a sight ob Tennessee,
 Fur de cabin in de valley 'neath de shady ellumtree,
 Fur de purple on de hill-top, an' de green upon de plain,
 An' dat hazy, lazy sweetness jes' ter fill my bones ergain.
 Do de colts all cum a-pacin' lak dey useter cum fur me?
 Do de fee'-lark sing es sweetly frum de shugar-maple tree?
 Will de chilluns cum to meet me, an' my wife, dat's dead an'
 gone,
 Will she sing, jes' lak she useter, in de cotton an' de cohn?
 O, chilluns, I'm cummin',
 Fur de ole man's almos' free,
 An' I'm longin', jes' er longin'
 Fur er sight ob Tennessee.

O, I'm longin', jes' er longin' fur er breath ob Tennessee,
 Fur de wind frum off de mount'in made foreber fur de free,
 Fur de lesson an' de bless'n in de blue sky up erbove,
 An' de locus'-blossoms bloomin' on de grabes ob dem I lub.

Am de 'possum still house-keepin' 'mong de grapes ob Bigby
Creek?

An' young mistis—do she kerry still de grape-bloom in her
cheek?

Ken you heah de sheep-bell tinkle, tinkle, on de blue-grass
hill,

While de water jine de chorus frum de ole wheel at de mill?

Yes, marster, dat's er fac' you say,

De ole man he am free—

But I'd be er slave ergin

Fur jes' er brea'f ob Tennessee!

O, I'm longin', jes' er longin' fur er home in Tennessee,
Fur de cabin dat ole marster bilt fur Dinah an' fur me,
Whar de chillun cum an' left us lak de dew-drap leab de
grass—

All withered up an' yearnin' fur de little things dat's pas'.
I kno' dey dead—but still I feel ef I'd go dar onc't mo',
Mebbe dey'd cum ergin sum day an' play befo' de do',
Mebbe my mammy'd cum ergin her little boy to take
An' sing fur him dat lullerby frum which he'd never wake.

O, mammy, I'm er cummin',

Sabe dat lullerby fur me—

Fur I'm longin', jes' er longin'

Fur er grave in Tennessee.



A RAY FROM CALVARY.

O CHRISTMAS, happy Christmas, in the days that bring
their cheer,

One thought amid the centuries grows brighter every year:
That not alone for man was made the sweetness of thy birth,
And not alone for him was decked the holly-wreathed earth,
But all that on Him doth depend, like Him might blessed be,
And catch the reflex of that ray that fell from Calvary.

THE CHRIST-STAR HAS RISEN.

TWILIGHT and Christmas Eve—
 Sky bright with starry weave,
 Moonlight and music o'er earth and in air,
 Sweet bell and swelling note,
 Heart-hopes that rise and float
 Faith-winged to heaven in flash-lights of prayer.

Sunrise and Christmas morn,
 Love lies so lowly born—
 Heaven and Human in meekness have met;
 Hope—tho' the light be low,
 Faith—through the blight and blow—
 The Christ-star has risen, it never will set!



TENNESSEE.

(A centennial poem.)

SUN-shimmer'd fields of dreaming green,
 A sky blue-domed in azure sheen,
 And hill on hill dipped deep between.
 And with soft sighs the breezes rise
 To waft cloud-kisses to the skies.

Nature smiled, and dimpled back
 The Middle Basin in her track.
 She laughed, and ling'ring on its crest
 Her echo rolled from out the west.
 She frowned, and 'round her thoughtful brow,
 'Rose our bold peaks of liberty.
 'Rose, and wedded with the sky—
 For Liberty will wed no less
 Than this sky-child of loveliness,
 With eyes of stars and sunset tress.

And one—King's Mountain peak in name—
Has linked his wedding day to fame—
For scorning Self, and hoiden Mirth,
And flesh-pot Pride, and cringing Earth,
He kissed his bride-queen of the sky
And gave to Independence birth.

God saw the picture, that 'twas good,
And so on heaven's heights He stood
And through the bars of throbbing stars
Sent men whose souls were souls of Mars.

God saw the picture, that 'twas fair,
And so, from out of heaven's air,
Through dreamy haze of nebulous ways—
(Souled in the sweetness of their lays
And crowned in the halo of their blaze)
Sent maids to wed these men of Mars.

And over all, from Morning's loom,
He cast a veil of blue and bloom,
As ancient kings a cloth of gold
Threw o'er the master works of old.

When star weds star, the stars are born,
And after star-birth comes the morn,
The morn of Men and Principle.
And so men came of giant frame—
Live-oaks in the field of Fame—
Monarchs in God's forestry.

(I)

And one came as the Hickory, with steel-knit, stubborn form,
The gatherer of strength that's won by wrestling with the
storm,
The main-mast of that sturdy ship that first flung to the world

The heaven-reflected glory of the Stars and Stripes unfurled.
 He came and smote, and from the throat of guns of Tennessee,
 He echoed back the thunder-note of infant Liberty.

(2)

And one grew as the rough, Red Oak, from out the deep,
 rich soil—
 The strength of ages garnered in the nobleness of toil—
 He stood and died for Liberty, and far across the sea
 Tossed back the new world's answer to a new Thermopylac.

(3)

And one was like the Willow in his grace of heart and mind,
 And holds the list'ning ear of fame as the harpstring holds
 the wind.

(4)

And one was like the stately Pine, his name an evergreen
 Held in the prow-beak of each ship that sails the seas between.

(5)

And one came as the Cedar, and reared his lofty crest
 To gather 'neath its ample boughs an empire from the west.

(6)

And thousands stood as Cypressess, when the axe of Fate was
 nigh,
 And in their moss of tatter'd gray with proud heads in the
 sky,
 Fell in the fadeless forest of Immortality.

O, children of such Deeds as these,
 As rivers flow to make the seas,
 Great spirits make great destinies.
 O, sons of sires, these deeds adorn,
 'As true as sunlight unto morn,
 Is deed that lives, to deed unborn.

O, maids of mothers, know ye then,
 As purest stream from deepest glen,
 Great mothers only rear great men.
 Hark, now, from out his leafy throne,
 What sings our Mock-bird, Mendelssohn:

Tennessee, Tennessee,
 All our song goes out to thee.
 From our eyries where the eagles breed the spirit of the free
 To the cataract that catches up the lay of liberty;
 From our vestal hills uplifting emerald offerings to the sky,
 To the Basin in whose bosom heaven's garnered glories lie.
 Singing, singing, singing, as the wind sings to the sea,
 Clinging, clinging, clinging, as the vine clings to the tree,
 Songs of hope and songs of sadness,
 Songs of home and songs of gladness,
 Songs of thee.

Tennessee, Tennessee,
 All our love goes out to thee.
 From our mountains where the marble dreams of beauty yet
 to be,
 To the mighty marching river bearing bounty to the sea;
 From our Eastland where the clover blossom mocks the purple morn,
 To the West where cotton banners mimic sunset 'mid the
 corn.
 Giving, giving, giving, as the blossom gives the bee,
 Living, living, living, as should ever live the free,
 Love of truth and love of beauty,
 Love of God and love of duty,
 Love of thee.

(1) Jackson. (2) Crockett. (3) Haskell. (4) Matt F. Maury. (5) James K. Polk. (6) Confederate soldiers.

CONTENTS.



A Cavalry Drill in Old Tennessee.....	42
A Harvest Song.....	97
A Little Cry in the Night.....	178
Alone.....	116
A Memory	122
A Morning Ride.....	126
A Ray From Calvary.....	243
Beauty	156
Bre'r Washington's Arraignment.....	234
By the Little Big Horn.....	56
Christmas Morn	192
Clouds	131
Dick	141
Eulalee	123
Fair Times in Old Tennessee.....	72
First Monday in Tennessee.....	62
Gray Gamma.....	108
Hal Pointer at Buffalo.....	197
Hal Pointer on Memorial Day.....	199
How Old Wash Captured a Gun.....	228
How Old Wash Sold the Filly.....	220
How Robert J. Broke the Record.....	194
How the Bishop Broke the Record.....	187
Huntin' o' the Quail.....	105
Immortality.....	133
It Can Not Be.....	177

Lettie	138
Life's Christmas	140
Little Sam.....	132
Longin' fur Tennessee.....	242
Marjorie	123
Miss Kitty's Fun'ral.....	75
Mollie	232
Morning	193
Nora	172
Ole Mistis	14
Our Bob	172
O Voices That Long Ago Left Me.....	233
Reconciliation	227
Sam Davis	170
Success.....	7
Sunset on the Tennessee.....	168
Tennessee	244
The Basin of Tennessee.....	7
The Bells of Atlanta.....	161
The Blue Grass Plot.....	40
The Christ Star Has Risen.....	244
The Church of the Heart.....	117
The Evening Star.....	220
The Faith of Old.....	71
The Flag of Green's Brigade.....	53
The Hills	54
The Juliet of the Grasses.....	164
The Lily of Fort Custer.....	202
The Mule Race at Ashwood.....	127
The Music of the Pines.....	218
The Old Meadow Spring.....	98

The Old Plantation.....	226
The Pines of Monterey.....	183
The Rabbit Trap.....	74
The Sleep of the Flowers.....	104
The Spelling Match at Big Sandy.....	179
The Summer of Long Ago.....	13
The Tennessean to the Flag.....	216
The Tennessee Girl and the Pacing Mare.....	134
The Track Around the Stove.....	198
The True Singer.....	61
The Wolf Hunt on Big Bigby.....	99
Thoroughbreds.	156
'Tis But a Dream.....	179
To a Blue Jay.....	118
To a Mocking Bird in the Pine Top.....	58
To a Morning Glory.....	234
To an American Boy.....	184
To a Sweet Pea.....	41
To a Wild Rose on an Indian Grave.....	95
To Burns	218
To the Spirit of May.....	107
To Whittier, Dead.....	192
Truth in Beauty.....	214
Under the Pines	215
Wearing the Gray	159
When de Fat am on de Possum.....	130
When the Colts are in the Ring.....	73
Where the Glory Lies.....	169
Wonderful Men.....	184
Work Through It All.....	225
Yesterday	120



