

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Cophetua.

(IN THE NEW STYLE.)

HER arms were swathed in dainty kid,  
She was less shy than I shall say,  
With jaunty graces not all hid,  
Before the king Cophetua.  
In blushing maze the king did gaze  
(A bashful monarch by the way),  
She smiled so pertly up at him  
From 'neath her plumèd hat so gay!

She smiled, then laughed; she bent her head  
With sidelong glance and bit her ring;  
Advanced a step, then mimicked dread,  
With airs as coy, as bold as spring.  
The royal arms stretched royal palms:  
She rushed between them with a fling,  
And on his breast, with kisses, cried,  
"You dear old Cophy, be my king!"

*Xenos Clark.*

### A Child's Wisdom.

"Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

*Austin Dobson.*

BETWEEN the half-drawn curtains faintly gleamed  
The early dawn's first pale and glimmering ray;  
But through my heart rang ever, as I dreamed,  
The poet's plaint: "Give me but Yesterday!"

Through swiftly-opening doors, with flying feet,  
My little daughter with her curls of gold  
Came eagerly the morning sun to greet;—  
The little maid whom yesterday we told

To-morrow, if the skies were not unkind,  
Out into country meadows she should go,  
With beating heart and shining eyes to find  
The sweet, shy haunts of wild flowers, hiding low.

Flushed in the morning light, she danced and sang:  
While I forgot the poet's murmuring lay,  
As through the room her sweeter wisdom rang:  
"Mamma! mamma! To-morrow is To-day!"

*Alice Wellington Rollins.*

### Nature Abhors a Vacuum.

LONG ago, when refreshingly green,  
As at present—thank Fortune!—I'm not,  
If your sweet fascinations I'd seen,  
They had touched a susceptible spot.

Such a figure, such hair,—if it's real,—  
Such a face,—your whole physical plan  
Makes a school-girl's complete beau-ideal,  
And her utter quintessence of man.

But when older and wiser, how sad  
Such complete disillusion to get,  
And behind such a stately façade  
To have found just *apartments to let!*

An you love me—don't say I'm not kind—  
Find some maiden more easy to please,  
More indulgent to absence of mind,  
And content with the graces she *sees*.

Though you claim I have tortured your heart,  
In defense it may surely be said  
That I never could once make you smart,  
Since I could not remodel your head.

So spare your affection to tell,  
An avowal I too well divine,  
For the next girl will do just as well,  
And her heart may be softer than mine.

So, in view of the danger it brings,  
There's a line where flirtation must stop;  
For the hollowest, windiest things  
Are the likeliest always "to pop."

C.

### The Garland.

An often-translated poem frequently suggests, by a comparison of widely varying versions, a middle-ground on which the exigences of rhyme and rhythm in a strange tongue may more nearly meet the letter and spirit of the original. The following pretty conceit of Uhland's has been done into English several times, notably with exquisite grace by Thackeray, but there has still seemed to be room for an attempt at closer fidelity.

PLUCKING the flowerets many-hued,  
A child played on the sunny lea;  
There came from out the leafy wood  
A lady, fair to see.

With loving look she met the maid,  
And twined a garland in her hair:  
"Though bloomless, soon 'twill bloom," she said,—  
"Oh, wear it ever there!"

And when the child reached maidhood's years,  
And strolled in the clear moonlight's flood,  
And wept love's sweet and tender tears,  
The wreath grew rich with bud.

And when, a bride, her lover true  
Clasped her in strong enfolding arm,  
Forth from the buds there sprang to view  
Fair blossoms, filled with charm.

Time passed,—a winsome baby lay  
On the young mother-breast, and cooed;  
Then gleamed amid the twining spray  
Full fruitage, golden-good.

And when her heart's love passed away  
To the dank darkness of the tomb,  
Still on her tangled tresses lay  
A sere wreath, void of bloom.

Soon, too, the wife in pallid death  
Lay, and in death the chaplet wore,—  
And lo! a marvel! for the wreath  
Bright bloom and fruitage bore!

*Atvey A. Adees.*

## Uncle Gabe at the Corn-Shucking.

DE stars is shinin' out de sky de brightes' ebber  
seen:  
De shucks behine', de corn befo', de niggers in  
between;  
De likely gals is he'pin' an' deir shiny eyes a-  
blinkin';  
De shucks is flyin' libely an' de pile o' corn is  
swinkin';\*  
De weeds is gittin' jewy—we mus' push de bizness  
fas',—  
Dar's a little jug behin' us jes' a-waitin' in de  
grass.  
(You fellers stop your co'tin' tell you hear me raise  
de chune,  
An' you better medjer orf de cloud dat's slidin'  
'cross de moon!)  
Now c'lar your th'oats an' he'p me jes' sing a song  
or two;  
We'll start out wid de "Johnson Gals" an' see  
what we kin do:

## JOHNSON GALS.

(Song by UNCLE GABE, all the corn-shucking com-  
pany joining in the chorus.)

Oh! 'taint nuffin' tall like de Johnson gals,  
For dey bangs all de county out!  
Folks on de Creek gwine to look mighty sharp  
When de Johnson gals come 'bout;  
Dey libs in de quarters on de 'jinin' place,  
Right close to de en' o' de lane;  
Dey's sweet as a hole in de 'lasses-bar'l  
An' nice as de sugar-cane!

## CHORUS.

Den, c'lar de track for de Johnson gals!  
Johnson gals!!  
Johnson gals!!!  
Oh! c'lar de track for de Johnson gals!  
*Johnson gals is de gals for me!!*  
Oh! nigger wuk hard in de new groun' trac',  
An' he git mighty tired in de plantin';  
But he sing jes' same as a frog in de swamp,  
When de ebenin' sun go to slantin';  
No matter ef de plow-p'int hit 'g'in' de rocks,  
An' de day git hot as it please,—  
He know he gwine to see dem Johnson gals  
When de moon clammin' up froo de trees!  
De morkin' sing when de bright day breakin',  
An' he wake up de bushes all aroun';  
But he aint half sweet as de old whipperwill,  
Dat sing when de sun gone down!  
De morkin' tell you when to hitch up de team,  
An' he call out de niggers to de hoes;  
De whipperwill talk 'bout de Johnson gals,  
'Cause he sing when de moon done rose!!

Den, far' you well, Miss Susie, dear,—  
Far' you well, Miss Jane!  
I gwine out to see dat sweet bunch o' gals  
Dat lib at de en' o' de lane!

\* Shrinking.

Far' you well, my old true love,—  
I aint got time to stay!  
I been out long wid de Johnson gals,  
An' dey stole my heart away!

(At this stage of the musical entertainment, Uncle Gabe was accidentally struck on the head by an ear of corn, thrown from the hand of some one sitting behind him. The interruption called forth something like the following parenthetical observation in stalwart prose:—"Looke 'ere! what club-foot vilyun flung dat corn? You kin shuck jes' as well widout bu's'in' de bark dat way! You settin' in de wrong place, 'way back dar, anyhow! Ef you piny woods niggers can't tell de top o' my head fum de pile o' clean corn, you better go home; an' ef you aint got 'nough strenk in your arm to pitch a ear o' corn ten foot, you better lay down an' res' awhile! Brer Ab, you lif' de nex' chune; my head gone to yoonin' same as a blunder-bee nes'!")

J. A. Macon.

## Her Fan.

So I am to keep you, little fan!  
While she goes to waltz with the eighteenth man.

Well! now that I have you, the question, sweet,  
Is, whether to kiss you, or batter and beat?

That you've been her accomplice, in moments gone  
by,  
In tricks to torment me, you cannot deny!

How oft, from her side, I've been ordered to go,  
To hunt for your fanship, high and low,

And been, for not finding you, frowned at and chid,  
While, 'neath her own furbelows, basely you hid!

If you weren't just warm from her clasp, I fear  
You'd have fluttered your last at *soirées*, my dear!\*\*\*

This, too, is the cord she cruelly twists,  
In my envious sight, round her milk-white wrists;

And this, the edge she'd do nothing but bite,  
When I prayed for one word, in the soft starlight.

She's a flirt, wretched fan! from her head to her foot,  
In its dainty, supremely absurd little boot!

(Though one such wickedness wouldn't surmise,  
From those tender lips, and shy, sweet eyes!

And she looks, to-night, in that white robe's flow,  
Fair and pure as a lily in snow:)

But her heart, under all, may be deep and true—  
The ocean has frivolous froth on its blue!—

That she likes me a little, I can't help believing!—  
If I only were sure of that fact, all-retrieving!

\* \* \* Here she comes back, at last, grown a rose,  
in the waltz!  
Fanning! take her this kiss, and I'll pardon your  
faults!

C. E. S.