

what a tongue!" added others. "Ah! he is a man of talent!"

It ended in a publisher's asking the fool to control the critical section of his paper; and he began to beguile everybody, without changing his expressions or exclamations.

And now he who inveighed so much against authorities is himself an authority, and the youth worship and fear him. And what are the poor youth to do? If even it is not proper, generally speaking, to worship, fail to do it here and you will be pronounced stupid. Fools can make their way among cowards!

*Translated by Borys F. Gorow.*

Song of the "New Grounds."

'Way down in de slashes whar de cypus grow so tall,

Oh, de pine-tree got to come down an' de black-gum got to fall;

Don't you hear dem axes holler? don't you hear dem niggers call,—

'Way down whar de cypus grow so tall?

'Way down ermongst de briers whar de raccoon lub to play,

Oh, de pile o' bresh is burnin' an' a-blazin' all de day;

An' de fox-squ'el got to git out an' de 'possum couldn't stay,

'Way down whar de raccoon lub to play!

'Way down in de new groun's whar de big old white-oaks grow,

You nebber hear sich racket in dat neighborhood befo';

Dem niggers keep a-choppin' tell de sun done settle low,

'Way down whar de big old white-oaks grow!

'Way down whar de gra'-vine use to clam aroun' de tree,

Whar de akuns kep' a-droppin' an' de sweet-gum use to be,

Dem cutters keep a-choppin' down de stumpy cypus-knee,

Whar de gra'-vine use to clam aroun' de tree!

Oh, de young corn gwine to come up whar de cypus use to grow;

Oh,—how you do, Miss Susy gal,—de time is comin', sho!

When you hab to roun' de hill o' corn an' chop de cotton-grow,

'Way down whar de cypus use to grow!

'Way down in de new groun's whar' de wild-grape hang so high,

Whar de big owl lub to holler an' de wild-duck lub to fly,

Dem birds is got to scatter, for de plantin' time is nigh;

'Way down whar de wild-grape hang so high!

'Way down amongst de slashes, whar de scaly-barks so fine,

An' de hick'y-nut is growin' long beside de muscadine,

Dem varmin'ts hear de racket an' dey all 'ill soon be gwine,

'Way down whar de scaly-barks so fine!

*J. A. Macon.*

Nancy.

AN IDYL OF THE KITCHEN.

In brown holland apron she stood in the kitchen;  
Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all aglow;

Her hair was coiled neatly; when I, indiscreetly,  
Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.

Now, who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter,  
Or who hum a song so delightfully low,  
Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,  
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?

How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it, caressed it,  
And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow.

Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sadness!  
'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.

At last, when she turned for her pan to the dresser,  
She saw me and blushed, and said shyly, "Please, go,

Or my bread I'll be spoiling, in spite of my toiling,  
If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the dough."

I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen;  
The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! no! no!"  
Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished,  
My heart staid with Nancy while kneading the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy;  
Your heart, love, has softened and pitied my woe,  
And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen  
Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough.

*John A. Fraser, Jr.*

Love's Chase.

AFTER READING HERRICK.

"IT must be sweet to be in love,—  
At least, so all the maidens prove it.  
Alas! *my* heart's so hard," she sighed,  
"I fear that love will never move it;  
For, out of books, I cannot find  
A single lover to my mind.

"I've thought of all the lads I know,  
And on each one have long reflected;  
But since I find they all have faults,  
Perforce I've every one rejected."  
She leaned against the window there,  
A charming picture of despair.

But growing weary soon, she cried,  
Her dull looks changing all to laughter,  
"Cupid, I've chased you long enough—  
I think it's your turn to come after!"  
But those who knew the maid aver  
That it was *I* who followed her.

*W. H.*