

JIM

HE was jes a plain, ever'-day, all-round kind of a jour.,
Consumpted-lookin'—but la!
The jokeiest, wittiest, story-tellin', song-singin', laugh-
in'est, jolliest
Feller you ever saw!
Worked at jes coarse work, but you kin bet he was fine
enough in his talk,
And his feelin's too!
Lordy! ef he was on'y back on his bench ag'in to-day,
a-carryin' on
Like he ust to do!
Any shopmate'll tell you there never was, on top o' dirt,
A better feller'n Jim!
You want a favor, and couldn't git it anywheres else—
You could git it o' him!
Most free-heartedest man thataway in the world, I guess!
Give up ever' nickel he's worth—
And, ef you'd a-wanted it, and named it to him, and it
was his,
He'd a-give you the earth!

JIM

Allus a reachin' out, Jim was, and a-he'ppin' some
Pore feller onto his feet—
He'd a-never a-keered how hungry he was hisse'f,
So's *the feller* got somepin' to eat!
Didn't make no differ'nce at all to him how *he* was dressed,
He ust to say to me,—
“You togg out a tramp purty comfortable in winter-
time, a-huntin' a job,
And he'll git along!” says he.

Jim didn't have, ner never could git ahead, so overly much
O' this world's goods at a time.—
'Fore now I've saw him, more'n onc't, lend a dollar, and
haf to, more'n likely,
Turn round and borry a dime!
Mebby laugh and joke about it hisse'f fer a while—then
jerk his coat,
And kindo' square his chin,
Tie on his apern, and squat hisse'f on his old shoe-bench,
And go to peggin' ag'in!

JIM

Patientest feller, too, I reckon, 'at ever jes natchurly
Coughed hisse'f to death!
Long enough after his voice was lost he'd laugh in a
whisper and say
He could git ever'thing but his breath—
“*You* fellers,” he'd sorto' twinkle his eyes and say,
“Is a-pilin' onto me
A mighty big debt fer that-air little weak-chested ghost
o' mine to pack
Through all Eternity!”

Now there was a man 'at jes 'peared-like, to me,
'At ortn't *a-never* a-died!
“But death hain't a-showin' no favors,” the old boss
said—
“On'y to *Jim!*” and cried:
And Wigger, who puts up the best sewed-work in the
shop—
Er the whole blame neighborhood,—
He says, “When God made Jim, I bet you He didn't do
anything else that day
But jes set around and feel good!”

TO ROBERT BURNS

SWEET Singer that I loe the maist
O' ony, sin' wi' eager haste
I smackit bairn-lips ower the taste
O' hinnied sang,
I hail thee, though a blessed ghaist
In Heaven lang!

For, weel I ken, nae cantie phrase,
Nor courtly airs, nor lairdly ways,
Could gar me freer blame, or praise,
Or proffer hand,
Where “Rantin' Robbie” and his lays
Thegither stand.

And sae these hamely lines I send,
Wi' jinglin' words at ilka end,
In echo o' the sangs that wend
Frae thee to me
Like simmer-brooks, wi' mony a bend
O' wimplin' glee.

TO ROBERT BURNS

In fancy, as, wi' dewy een,
I part the clouds aboon the scene
Where thou wast born, and peer atween,

I see nae spot
In a' the Hielands half sae green
And unforgot!

I see nae storied castle-hall,
Wi' banners flauntin' ower the wall
And serf and page in ready call,
Sae grand to me
As ane puir cotter's hut, wi' all
Its poverty.

There where the simple daisy grew
Sae bonnie sweet, and modest, too,
Thy liltin' filled its wee head fu'
O' sic a grace,
It aye is weepin' tears o' dew
Wi' droopit face.

Frae where the heather bluebells fling
Their sangs o' fragrance to the Spring,
To where the lavrock soars to sing,

TO ROBERT BURNS

Still lives thy strain,
For a' the birds are twittering
Sangs like thine ain.

And aye, by light o' sun or moon,
By banks o' Ayr, or Bonnie Doon,
The waters lilt nae tender tune
But sweeter seems
Because they poured their limpid rune
Through a' thy dreams.

Wi' brimmin' lip, and laughin' ee,
Thou shookest even Grief wi' glee,
Yet had nae niggart sympathy
Where Sorrow bowed,
But gavest a' thy tears as free
As a' thy gowd.

And sae it is we loe thy name
To see bleeze up wi' sic a flame,
That a' pretentious stars o' fame
Maun blink asklent,
To see how simple worth may shame
Their brightest glent.

A NEW YEAR'S TIME AT WILLARDS'S

I

THE HIRED MAN TALKS

THERE'S old man Willards; an' his wife;
An' Marg'et—S'repty's sister;—an'
There's me—an' I'm the hired man;
An' Toms McClure, you bet yer life!

Well, now, old Willards hain't so bad,
Considerin' the chance he's had.

Of course, he's rich, an' sleeps an' eats

Whenever he's a mind to: Takes
An' leans back in the Amen-seats

An' thanks the Lord fer all he makes.—

That's purty much all folks has got

Ag'inst the old man, like as not!

A NEW YEAR'S TIME AT WILLARDS'S

But there's his woman—jes the turn

Of them-air two wild girls o' hern—

Marg'et an' S'repty—allus in

Fer any cuttin'-up concern—

Church festibals, and foolishin'

Round Christmas-trees, an' New Year's sprees—

Set up to watch the Old Year go

An' New Year come—sich things as these;

An' turkey-dinners, don't you know!

S'repty's younger, an' more gay,

An' purtier, an' finer dressed

Than Marg'et is—but, lawzy-day!

She hain't the independentest!—

“Take care!” old Willards used to say,

“Take care!—Let Marg'et have her way,

An' S'repty, you go off an' play

On your melodeum!”—But, best

Of all, comes Toms! An' I'll be bound,

Ef he hain't jes the beatin'est

Young chap in all the country round!

A NEW YEAR'S TIME AT WILLARDS'S

Ef you knowed Tomps you'd like him, shore!
They hain't no man on top o' ground
Walks into my affections more!—
An' all the Settlement'll say
That Tomps was liked jes thataway
By ever'body, till he tuk
A shine to S'repty Willards.—Then
You'd ort'o see the old man buck
An' h'ist hisse'f, an' paw the dirt,
An' hint that "common workin'-men
That didn't want their feelin's hurt
'Ud better hunt fer 'comp'ny' where
The folks was pore an' didn't care!"—
The pine-blank facts is,—the old man,
Last Christmas was a year ago,
Found out some *presents* Tomps had got
Fer S'repty, an' hit made him hot—
Set down an' tuk his pen in hand
An' writ to Tomps an' told him so
On legal cap, in white an' black,
An' give him jes to understand

A NEW YEAR'S TIME AT WILLARDS'S

"No Christmas-gifts o' 'lily-white'
An' bear's-ile could fix matters right,"
An' wropped 'em up an' sent 'em back!
Well, S'repty cried an' snuffled round
Consid'able. But Marg'et she
Toed out another sock, an' wound
Her knittin' up, an' drewed the tea,
An' then set on the supper-things,
An' went up in the loft an' dressed—
An' through it all you'd never guessed
What she was up to! An' she brings
Her best hat with her an' her shawl,
An' gloves, an' redicule, an' all,
An' injirubbers, an' comes down
An' tells 'em she's a-goin' to town
To he'p the Christmas goin's-on
Her Church got up. An' go she does—
The best hosswoman ever was!
"An' what'll we do while you're gone?"
The old man says, a-tryin' to be
Agreeable. "Oh! *you?*" says she,—

A NEW YEAR'S TIME AT WILLARDS'S

"*You* kin jaw S'repty, like you did,
An' slander Toms!" An' off she rid!

Now, this is all *I'm* goin' to tell
Of this-here story—that is, I
Have done my very level best
As fur as this, an' here I "dwell,"
As auctioneers says, winkin' sly:
Hit's old man Willards tells the rest.

II

THE OLD MAN TALKS

Adzackly jes one year ago,
This New Year's day, Toms comes to me—
In my own house, an' whilse the folks
Was gittin' dinner,—an' he pokes
His nose right in, an' says, says he:
"I got yer note—an' read it *slow!*
You don't like *me*, ner I don't *you*,"
He says,—“we're even there, you know!
But you've said, furder, that no gal
Of yourn kin marry me, er shall,

A NEW YEAR'S TIME AT WILLARDS'S

An' I'd best shet off *comin'*, too!"
An' then he says,—“Well, them's *YOUR* views;—
But, havin' talked with S'repty, *we*
Have both agreed to disagree
With your peculiar notions—some;
An', *that's* the reason, I refuse
To quit a-comin' here, but come—
Not fer to threat, ner raise no skeer
An' spile yer turkey-dinner here,—
But, jes fer *S'repty's* sake, to sheer
Yer New Year's. Shall I take a cheer?"

Well, blame-don! ef I ever see
Sich impidence! I couldn't say
Not nary word! But Mother she
Sot out a cheer fer Toms, an' they
Shuk hands an' turnt their back on me.
Then I riz—mad as mad could be!—
But Marg'et says,—“Now, Pap! you set
Right where you're settin'!—Don't you fret!
An', Toms—*you* warm yer feet!” says she,

A NEW YEAR'S TIME AT WILLARDS'S

"An throw yer mitts an' comfert on
The bed there! Where is S'repty gone?—
The cabbage is a-scortchin'! Ma,
Stop cryin' there an' stir the slaw!"
Well!—what was *Mother cryin'* fer?—
I half riz up—but Marg'et's chin
Hit squared—an' I set down ag'in—
I allus *was* afeard o' her,
I was, by jucks! So there I set,
Betwixt a sinkin'-chill an' sweat,
An' scuffled with my wrath, an' shet
My teeth to mighty tight, you bet!
An' yit, fer all that I could do,
I *eeched* to jes git up an' whet
The carvin'-knife a rasp er two
On Toms's ribs—an' so would you!—
Fer he had riz an' faced around,
An' stood there, smilin', as they brung
The turkey in, all stuffed an' browned—
Too sweet fer nose er tooth er tongue!

A NEW YEAR'S TIME AT WILLARDS'S

With sniffs o' sage, an' p'r'aps a dash
Of old burnt brandy, steamin'-hot,
Mixed kindo' in with apple-mash
An' mince-meat, an' the Lord knows what!
Nobody was a-talkin' then,
To 'filiate any awk'ardness—
No noise o' any kind but jes
The rattle o' the dishes when
They'd fetch 'em in an' set 'em down,
An' fix an' change 'em round an' round,
Like women does—till Mother says,—
"Vittels is ready; Abner, call
Down S'repty—she's up-stairs, I guess."—
And Marg'et *she* says, "Ef you bawl
Like that, she'll not come down at all!
Besides, we needn't wait till *she*
Gits down! Here, Toms, set down by me,
An' Pap: say grace!" . . . Well, there I was!—
What *could* I do! I drapped my head
Behind my fists an' groaned, an' said:—
"Indulgent Parent! in Thy cause
We bow the head an' bend the knee,

A NEW YEAR'S TIME AT WILLARDS'S

An' break the bread, an' pour the wine,
Feelin'—(The stair-door suddently
Went bang! an' S'repty founced by me)—
“Feelin’,” I says, “this feast is Thine—
This New Year's feast”—an' *rap-rap-rap!*
Went Marg'et's case-knife on her plate—
An' next, I heerd a sasser drap,—
Then I looked up, an', strange to state,
There S'repty set in Tomps's lap—
An' huggin' him, as shore as fate!
An' Mother kissin' him k-slap!—
An' Marg'et—she chips in to drap
The ruther peert remark to me:—
“That 'grace' o' yourn,” she says, “won't 'gee'—
This hain't no 'New Year's feast,'” says she,—
“*This is a' INFAIR-Dinner, Pap!*”

An' so it was!—be'n married fer
Purt' nigh a week!—'Twas Marg'et planned
The whole thing fer 'em, through an'
through.
I'm rickonciled; an', understand,

A NEW YEAR'S TIME AT WILLARDS'S

I take things jes as they occur,—
Ef *Marg'et* liked Tomps, Tomps 'ud do!—
But I-says-I, a-holt his hand,—
“I'm glad you didn't marry HER—
'Cause *Marg'et's* my *gardeen*—yes-sir!—
An' S'repty's good enough fer you!”

THE TOWN KARNTEEL

THE town Karnteel!—It's who'll reveal
Its praises jushifiable?
For who can sing av anything
So lovely and reliable?
Whin Summer, Spring, or Winter lies
From Malin's Head to Tipperary,
There's no such town for interprise
Bechuxt Youghal and Londonderry!

*There's not its likes in Ireland—
For twic't the week, be-gorries!
They're playing jigs upon the band,
And joomping there in sacks—and—and—
And racing, wid wheelborries!*

Karnteel—it's there, like any fair,
The purty gurrls is plinty, sure!—
And, man-alive! at forty-five
The legs av me air twinty, sure!

THE TOWN KARNTEEL

I lave me cares, and hoein', too,
Behint me, as is sinsible,
And it's Karnteel I'm goin' to,
To cilebrate in principle!

*For there's the town av all the land!
And twic't the week, be-gorries!
They're playing jigs upon the band,
And joomping there in sacks—and—and—
And racing, wid wheelborries!*

And whilst I feel for owld Karnteel
That I've no phrases glorious,
It stands above the need av love
That boasts in voice uproarious!—
Lave that for Cork, and Dublin, too,
And Armagh and Killarney, thin,—
And Karnteel won't be troublin' you
Wid any jilous blarney, thin!

*For there's the town av all the land
Where twic't the week, be-gorries!
They're playing jigs upon the band,
And joomping there in sacks—and—and—
And racing, wid wheelborries!*

REGARDIN' TERRY HUT

SENCE I tuk holt o' Gibbse's Churn
And be'n a-handlin' the concern,
I've travelled round the grand old State
Of Indiany, lots, o' late!—
I've canvassed Crawferdsville and sweat
Around the town o' Layfayette;
I've saw a many a County-seat
I *ust* to think was hard to beat:
At constant dreelage and expense
I've worked Greencastle and Vincennes—
Dropped out o' Putnam into Clay,
Owen, and on down thataway
Plum into Knox, on the back-track
Fer home ag'in—and glad I'm back!—
I've saw these towns, as I say—but
They's none 'at beats old Terry Hut!

It's more'n likely you'll insist
I claim this 'cause I'm prejudist,
Bein' born'd here in ole Vygo
In sight o' Terry Hut;—but no,

REGARDIN' TERRY HUT

Yer clean dead wrong!—and I maintain
They's nary drap in ary vein
O' mine but what's as free as air
To jest take issue with you there!—
'Cause, boy and man, fer forty year,
I've argied *ag'inst* livin' here,
And jawed around and traded lies
About our lack o' enterprise,
And tuk and turned in and agreed
All other towns was in the lead,
When—drat my melts!—they couldn't cut
No shine a-tall with Terry Hut!

Take, even, statesmanship, and wit,
And gineral git-up-and-git,
Old Terry Hut is sound clean through!—
Turn old Dick Thompson loose, er Dan
Vorehees—and where's they any man
Kin even hold a candle to
Their eloquence?—And where's as clean
A fi-nan-seer as Rile' McKeen—
Er puorer, in his daily walk,
In railroad er in racin' stock!

REGARDIN' TERRY HUT

And there's 'Gene Debs—a man 'at stands
And jest holds out in his two hands
As warm a heart as ever beat
Betwixt here and the Judgement Seat!—
All these is reasons why I putt
Sich bulk o' faith in Terry Hut.

So I've come back, with eyes 'at sees
My faults, at last,—to make my peace
With this old place, and truthful' swear—
Like Ginerall Tom Nelson does,—

“They hain't no city anywhere
On God's green earth lays over us!”
Our city government is *grand*—

“Ner is they better farmin'-land
Sun-kissed”—as Tom goes on and says—

“Er dower'd with sich advantages!”

And I've come back, with welcome tread,
From journeyin's vain, as I have said,
To settle down in ca'm content,
And cuss the towns where I have went,
And brag on ourn, and boast and strut
Around the streets o' Terry Hut!

LEEDLE DUTCH BABY

LEEDLE Dutch baby haff come ter town!
Jabber und jump till der day gone down—
Jabber und splutter und split hees jaws—
Vot a Dutch baby dees Londsmon vas!
I dink dose mout' vas leedle too vide
Ober he laugh fon dot altso-side!
Haff got blenty off deemple und vrown?—
Hey! leedle Dutchman come ter town!

Leedle Dutch baby, I dink me proud
Ober your fader can schquall dot loud
Ven he vas leedle Dutch baby like you
Und yoost don't gare, like he always do!—
Guess ven dey vean him on beer, you bet
Dot's der because dot he aind veaned yet!—
Vot you said off he dringk you down?—
Hey! leedle Dutchman come ter town!

LEEDLE DUTCH BABY

Leedle Dutch baby, yoost schquall away—
Schquall fon preakfast till gisterday!
Better you all time gry und shout
Dan shmile me vonce fon der coffin out!
Vot I gare off you keek my nose
Downside-up mit your heels und toes—
Downside, oder der oopside-down?—
Hey! leedle Dutchman come ter town!

DOWN ON WRIGGLE CRICK

"Best time to kill a hog's when he's fat."—OLD SAW.

MOSTLY, folks is law-abidin'
Down on Wriggle Crick,—
Seein' they's no Squire residin'
In our bailywick;
No grand juries, no suppeenies,
Ner no vested rights to pick
Out yer man, jerk up and jail ef
He's outragin' Wriggle Crick!

Wriggle Crick hain't got no lawin',
Ner no suits to beat;
Ner no court-house gee-and-hawin'
Like a County-seat;
Hain't no waitin' round fer verdicks,
Ner non-gittin' witness-fees;
Ner no thieves 'at gits "new hearin's,"
By some lawyer slick as grease!

DOWN ON WRIGGLE CRICK

Wriggle Cricks's leadin' spirit
Is old Johnts Culwell,—
Keeps post-office, and right near it
Owns what's called "The Grand Hotel"—
(Warehouse now)—buys wheat and ships it;
Gits out ties, and trades in stock,
And knows all the high-toned drummers
'Twixt South Bend and Mishawauk'.

Last year comes along a feller—
Sharper 'an a lance—
Stovepipe-hat and silk umbreller,
And a boughten all-wool pants,—
Tinkerin' of clocks and watches;
Says a trial's all he wants—
And rents out the tavern-office
Next to Uncle Johnts.

Well.—He tacked up his k'dentials,
And got down to biz.—
Captured Johnts by cuttin' stenchils
Fer them old wheat-sacks o' his.—

DOWN ON WRIGGLE CRICK

Fixed his clock, in the post-office—
Painted fer him, clean and slick,
'Crosted his safe, in gold-leaf letters,
"J. Culwells's Wriggle Crick."

Any kindo' job you keered to
Resk him with, and bring,
He'd fix fer you—jest appeared to
Turn his hand to anything!—
Rings, er earbobs, er umbrellers—
Glue a cheer er chany doll,—
W'y, of all the beatin' fellers,
He jest beat 'em all!

Made his friends, but wouldn't stop there,—
One mistake he learnt,
That was, sleepin' in his shop there.—
And one Sund'y night it burnt!
Come in one o' jest a-sweepin'
All the whole town high and dry—
And that feller, when they waked him,
Suffocatin', mighty nigh!

DOWN ON WRIGGLE CRICK

Johnts he drug him from the buildin',
He'pless—'peared to be,—
And the women and the childern
Drenchin' him with sympathy!
But I noticed Johnts helt on him
With a' extry lovin' grip,
And the men-folks gethered round him
In most warmest pardnership!

That's the whole mess, grease-and-dopin'!
Johnt's safe was saved,—
But the lock was found sprung open,
And the inside caved.
Was no trial—ner no jury—
Ner no jedge ner court-house-click.—
Circumstances alters cases
Down on Wriggle Crick!

WHEN DE FOLKS IS GONE

WHAT dat scratchin' at de kitchin do'?
Done heah'n dat foh an hour er mo'!
Tell you, Mr. Niggah, das sho's yo' bo'n,
Hit's mighty lonesome waitin' when de folks is gone!

Blame my trap! how de wind do blow!
An' dis is das de night foh de witches, sho'!
Dey's trouble gon' to waste when de old slut whine,
An' you heah de cat a-spittin' when de moon don't
shine!

Chune my fiddle, an' de bridge go "*bang!*"
An' I lef' 'er right back whah she allus hang,
An' de tribble snap short an' de apern split
When dey no mortal man wah a-tetchin' hit!

Dah! *Now*, what? How de ole j'ice cracks!
'Spec' dis house, ef hit tell plain fac's,
'Ud talk about de ha'nts wid dey long tails on
What das'n't on'y come when de folks is gone!

WHEN DE FOLKS IS GONE

What I tuk an' done ef a sho'-nuff ghos'
Pop right up by de ole bed-pos'?
What dat shinin' fru de front do' crack? . . .
God bress de Lo'd! hit's de folks got back!

THE LITTLE TOWN O' TAILHOLT

You kin boast about yer cities, and their stiddy growth
and size,
And brag about yer County-seats, and business enter-
prise,
And railroads, and factories, and all sich foolery—
But the little Town o' Tailholt is big enough fer me!

You kin harp about yer churches, with their steeples in
the clouds,
And gas about yer graded streets, and blow about yer
crowds;
You kin talk about yer "theaters," and all you've got
to see—
But the little Town o' Tailholt is *show* enough fer me!

They hain't no *style* in our town—hit's little-like and
small—
They hain't no "churches," nuther,—jes' the meetin'-
house is all;

THE LITTLE TOWN O' TAILHOLT

They's no sidewalks, to speak of—but the highway's
allus free,
And the little Town o' Tailholt is wide enough fer me!

Some find it discommodin'-like, I'm willin' to admit,
To hev but one post-office, and a womern keepin' hit,
And the drug-store, and shoe-shop, and grocery, all
three—
But the little Town o' Tailholt is handy 'nough fer me!

You kin smile and turn yer nose up, and joke and hev
yer fun,
And laugh and holler "Tail-holts is better holts'n
none!"
Ef the city suits you better, w'y, hit's where you'd ort'o
be—
But the little Town o' Tailholt's good enough fer me!

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs
away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth,
an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-
an'-keep;
An' all us other childern, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his prayers,—
An' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,
His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy heerd him
 bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there
 at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole,
 an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I
 guess;
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' rounda-
 bout:—
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh and grin,
An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood an' kin;

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

An' onc't, when they was "company," an' ole folks
 was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't
 care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an'
 hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her
 side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
 knowed what she's about!
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes *woo-oo!*
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an'
dear,

An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's
tear,

An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

