

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE CABIN.

Uncle Ned Dispenses Information to Inquisitive Friends.

If you range aroun' de fire-place to hear your Uncle Ned
An' circumvolve his sentiments befo' you go to bed,
You will fin' him very willin', in his rough an' ready
way,
To gib you his opinion on de questions ob de day.
You ax me how I 'spee' a man to take a easy nap
When cotton keeps a fallin' wid a morgidge on de
crap?
De time is come, my brudders, when de folks like
you an' me
Mus' keep de eye-ball wide awake an' see what dey
kin see.
When Mr. Linctum's sodgers come an' sot de nig-
gers free,
We laid aside de impleriments an' jined de jubilee.
But ponderate it as you like an' fix it as you will,
You got to wuk de cotton-row an' chop de 'backer-
hill;
An' when you come to sif de thing, de fac' is mighty
plain,
Dat niggers got to swing de hoe wid all deir might
an' main.
Den let de poleritics alone an' fasten to de farm,
An' nuthin' 'tall kin come aroun' to do you any
harm;
An' he'll git de biggest pickins on de eberlastin' sho
Dat keeps his blade de sharpest an' dat takes de
widest row.
Now I fin' dat some dey cultud people seem to think
'tis best
To peck up all deir baggage an' to move out to de
West,
Whar dey don't hab any taxes an' you don't pay any
rent,
'Cause de Gubment gibs you eberything an' neber
charge a cent.
When I seed de railroad agent wid de chrome in his
hand
An' heard him tell 'bout Kanals an' de richness ob de
land,
I tried to hide my feelings, but I bust out in a laff,
An' he seed I was too old a bird to nibble at de chaff;
'Cause I habn't got no appetite to lib out in de West,
Whar de hoppergrasses neber gib you any sort o'
rest;
For de tell me dat dey git as big as Masserssipp horgs,
An' dey drive 'em out de gardins wid a lot ob pinter
dargs;
An' whar dey pass along, dar can't a libin' thing be
seen,
An' dey eat up all de fences when de farmers paint
'em green.
Now I knowed a man dat went out dar to look aroun'
an' see,
An' he told me dat de crop was jes' as fine as it
could be;
An' he sed dat all de corn-stalks had de biggest kind
ob ears;—
Den, how you gwine to do widout de nubbins for
de steers?
An' in de dead ob winter, when de winds begin to
blow,
You got to git your hoe an' spade an' tunnel froo de
snow.
Now dey do a heap o' talkin' dat is mighty nice an'
fine,
But I ruther think I wouldn't take no Exerdis in
mineel
You want to know 'bout Afriky, across de ragin' sea,
Whar heap o' darkies tell you you kin get your rations
free;
Whar niggers loaf aroun' de country, mighty big an'
gran',
An' whar gorillers mind de cows an' monkeys wuk
de lan';
But if you take a notion an' include you bound to go
Whar middlin's grow on white-oak trees an' whisky
ribbers flow,
I think dat you will find it all a pretty heavy sell
If you trus' de whoppin' stories dat we use to hear
'em tell.
Now, you 'member dat in Afriky de niggers lib alone,
An' once dey use to run a little Gub'ment ob deir
own.
Dey had a heap o' officers an' gib 'em bustin' pay,
An' eberything was mighty nice an' lubby as de day.
But den dey lost deir senses an' dey sot de monkeys
free,
An' dey writ de procleramation on a great big war-
nut tree;
An' den dey made a 'mendment an' dey passed it in
de cote,
Dat infered upon de monkey tribe de priberlig to
vote;
'Cause dey thought de Constertution would be mighty
ap' to fail,
If it enfranchised a citizen jes' cause he had a tail.
But de niggers soon diskivered what was comin'
from deir pains,
An' in a mighty little while de monkey's held de
reins.
Well, dey bust up into factions when dey meet on
'loction day,
An' de monkeys neber sanction what de niggers got
to say.
So dey 'sembled up togedder an' dey made a 'Turnin'
Bode
Ob de keenest little monkeys dat de country could
effode.
Now dey try a heap o' cheatin' an' dey do it mighty
slick
When dey figger up de ballots by de monkey 'rif-
metio.

De darkies hab conventions an' dey run deir men ob
note,
But dey neber gits elected 'cause de monkeys count
de vote;
So de niggers 'gin to wender whar de pledged thing
would stop,
For dey sort 'o thought de bottom rail was gittin' on
de top.
Den de monkeys got to teachin' little darkies in de
schools,
An' dey seemed to think de niggers was a awful set
ob fools.
An' when de monkeys larnt dat dey could make a
public speeche,
Why, de smartest ob 'em took a notion dat dey ought
to preach;
An' if you 'tend de meetin's when de 'ditement' gins
to rise,
You'll be pretty sharply 'stonished at de sight befo'
your eyes,
When you see a big goriller, wid a solemncholy look—
Arfter readin' to de brudders from de pages ob de
book—
Struttin' roun' de pulpit in a suit ob Sunday clo'es,
Jes' a-whoopin' up de mourners an' a-singin' froo
his nosel
De white folks bound to hab you, and dey neber
will agree
To columize de colored people 'cross de stormy sea;
An' I kin tell you how it happens—'cause de thing
is mighty clear—
Why all de cotton-planters want to keep de niggers
here;
De white folks mighty larnd, and I know dey
mighty smart,
'Cause dey 'quainted wid de sciences an' ebery sort
o' art;
An' I lub to hear 'em talkin', for dey fa'rly make me
laff
When dey tell me 'bout de wonders ob de funny
fony-g-raff;
An' if dey keep progressin', dey can tell you pretty
soon
Bout de 'lections an' de weather in de plantis an' de
moon;
An' dey knows a heap o' logie, 'cause dey larnt it in
de school;
But no one 'cep' de nigger can elucidate de mule!
Now, you often hear it 'serted dat de niggers lub to
lie,
But I neber seed a pussion dat could gib de reason
why;
So I makes de 'sertion boldy—an' I think I got de
proof—
Dat niggers ain't so mighty ap' to shuffle roun' de
troof
As many ob deir countrymen, ob interlec' an' pride,
Dat own de biggest houses an' dat sport de whitest
hide.
Well, I pintly would advise you, as de safest plan by
far,
To state de fac's kerrecly an' to ac' upon de squar';
But 'tis 'casionally handy to suppress a thing or two,
Or to make a afferdavit dat is not perzackly true;
An' in such a situation you must keep your couridge
high,
An' measure out your 'pinions wid a mighty steady
eye;
An' when you swar to sum'n dat ain't altogedder
true,
Why, lebe a op'nin' big enough to let you saramble
froot
Well, I often is remindd of dis troof, I tell you now,
When I blow de horn for Boler, arfter puttin' up de
plow,
An' start into de bushes, by de ristu' ob de moon,
To hab a little frolic wid de 'possum or de coon.
Now, Boler, as you 'member, is a mighty troofull
houn'.
An' his word 'is neber 'sputed in de country all
aroun';
An' when he trees a 'possum, or a raccoon, or a har,
You would bet your bottom dollar dat de animile is
dar!
But in de reg'lar course ob natur, Boler's gittin'
old,
An' he 'gins to feel de cuttin' ob de winter an' de
cold;
An' he ain't so very lively an' as frisky in his ways
As when he use to chase de varmints in his younger
days;
So he hits upon de cutest little game I eber knew
To save his lazy carcass an' his reperation too.
When de night is bad for huntin' an' a 'possum can't
be foun'
Without a heap o' coldin' 'cross de cold and frozen
groun'.
He starts a mighty snufflin' an' a shakin' ob his tail
An' he empties out his music on a 'maxinary trail;
An' arfter little yelpin' dat is mighty full and free,
He'll be settin' on his haunches an' a barkin' up a
tree;
An' den I notice, ebery time dat plan' of his is tried,
'Dat de tree is mighty lofty wid a hollow in de
side!
An' on sich a pile ob ebidence a man would bet his
soul
Dat de 'possum scrambled up de tree an' crawled
into de hole!
So I pintly would advise you jes' to follow Boler's
tracks
When de sitivation forces you to slide aroun' de
fac's;
An' when you start your yelpin', you must go it
mighty freg,
An' be sure you put your varmint up de proper sort
o' tree.
Now, I hardly needs to tell you how it makes a pus-
son feel
When he hears a fellow chargin' dat de niggers lub
to steal;

'Cause de white folks an' de niggers bofe will slip
away from grace
When dey accidentally run into a miry sort o' place;
An' dey bofe will do some stealin' when you push
'em to de wall,
But de white folks always keen enough to make de
biggest haul.
Now, it 'casionally happens, in de stillness ob de
night,
When de sky is sort o' hazy wid a very slender light,
Dat a nigger may be walkin', and may accidentally
see
A lot ob ebickens roostin' in de branches ob a tree;
An' den 'tis very nat'ral, if pervisions should be
high,
Dat de darkey should determine jes' to lay in a sup-
ply;
An' you musn't 'scribe de action to de meanness ob
de race,
But very kindly charge it to de natur' ob de case.
Now, ebery man kin 'member how his early habits
last,
An' how his life is gubernaed by his trainin' in de
past,
An' in de case we talkin' 'bout I think dat you will
find,
When de darkey takes de ebickens dat he lebes a few
behind.
Now, perhaps you can't explain it, but as sure as you
was born
'Tis a habit dat was gotten from de thinnin' ob de
corn.
Den always do your duty well, whereber you may
roam,
An' labor till de blessed Marster calls de niggers
home;
An' den you kin parade aroun' on ebery flowery spot,
An' pull de golden suckers in de hebenly 'backer lot;
An' woller on de clover, in de beauty ob de noon,
An' not hab any wuk to do but keep your harp in
chime.
But he dat wants to see at last de fiel's so bright an'
free,
Must wuk de vineyard fa'fully an' pay de 'mission
fee;
For dey neber will admit you to enjoy de blessed
state
Till you stop an' show your ticket to de angel at de
gate!
J. A. MAGON.
STARKVILLE, MISS.

SUPPOSE!

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying,
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world doesn't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?