

SUGGSVILLE, ALA.—Inclosed Mr. Haideman, please find a copy of "Introspection," for which I notice two inquiries of late in your paper, and one in another journal. This you will notice is from my scrap-book. Who the author is I do not know.
B. S. BARNES.

"THE INTROSPECTION."

Have you sent her all her letters? Have you given her back her ring?
Have you tried to forget the haunting songs you loved to hear her sing?
Have you cursed the day you met her? Thanked God that you were free?
And said in your inmost heart, as you thought, "she never was dear to me."
You have cast her off; your pride is touched; you think that all is done.
For you the world moves bravely on, and brightly shines the sun.
You have washed your hands of passion, you've whistled her down the wind.
Ah! Tom, old friend, this goes before, but the sharpest comes behind;
Yes, the sharpest comes, for love is a plant which never, never dies;
Its roots are as deep as the earth itself, its branches broad as the skies;
And wherever it once has taken root it flourishes evermore,
Blossoming still and bearing fruit—fruit with a bitter core.
You will learn this, Tom, hereafter. When anger has cooled, and you
Have time for introspection, you will find my words are true;
You will sit and gaze in your fire alone, and fancy that you can see
Her face with its classic oval, her ringlets fluttering free,
Her deep blue eyes wide open, her sweet red lips apart,
As she used to look in the halcyon days, when you deemed she had a heart.
Where'er you look, where'er you turn, you will see that glorious face
Coming in shadowy beauty to haunt all time and space.
The songs that you wrote for her singing, will sing themselves in your brain
Till your life seems set to rhythm, your soul to their sad refrain—
The old, old burden of love and grief, the passion you had foresworn,
Believe me, Tom, it is not cast off, as well as you think this morn.
But the worst, perhaps the worst of all, is when the day has flown,
When the darkness favors reflection and your comrades leave you alone;
You will try to sleep, but the memories of un-forgotten years
Will come in a storm of wild regrets, perhaps in a storm of tears;
Each word, each look, each touching tone, each timid little caress,
The golden gleam of her ringlets, the rustling of her dress,
The delicate touch of her ungloved hand, that sent such an exquisite thrill,
The flowers she gave you the night of the ball, I think that you treasure them still—
Yes, these will come till you slumber, worn out by sheer despair,
And then you will hear in the distance vague echoes of an air—
Vague echoes, rising and falling, of an air you loved so well,
Like the song that was sung by the "Lurlie Maid"—sweet with a deadly knell.
In dreams she will ever again be yours, and you will fondly see
Fair glimpses of what might have been—what now can never be;
And as she comes to meet you, with a sudden wild unrest
You'll stretch your arms out lovingly to fold her to your breast;
But the "Lurlie" song will faint and die, and with its fading tone
You'll wake to find you clasp the thin and empty air alone,
While the "fire bells" clanging dissonance on the gusty high winds borne
Will seem an iron-tongued demon's voice, laughing your grief to scorn.
Ah! Tom, you say 'tis all over; you talk about letters and rings;
Do you think love's mighty spirit is made of such trifling things?
Not if you have ever loved her, you will still love on I know
Till the church-yard myrtles blossom above, and you lie mute below.
How is it, I wonder, hereafter? Faith teaches us little here
Of those we have loved and lost on earth. Do you think they will still be dear?
Shall we live the lives we might have led with those who are severed now?
Remember the pledge of a lower sphere, and renew the broken vow?
It almost drives me mad to think what jewels we fling away,
(Unheeding whether we love or not) life's honey and wine for aye,
And yet it is a mighty joy, greater than I can tell,
To think that parted will meet hereafter and all again be well.
But this I know, that all the woes that come to us on earth
Have, in this violence done to love, their true and only birth;
And the agony we suffer here, when the heart is left alone,
For all the sins of humanity might well and truly atone.
I see that you marvel greatly, Tom, to hear such words from me,
But if you knew my inmost heart 'twould be no mystery;
For I, too, have a closet, with its ghastly form inside,
The skeleton of a finished love, killed by a cruel pride;
And I, too, sit by my fire alone, as you will sometimes sit,
And watch in its roseate half-light the ghost of happiness flit.
And I, too, stretch my arms out at midnight to an elf
A vague and shadowy image with tresses of brown and gold.
Experience is bitter, but its teachings we retain,
It has taught me this—who once has loved ne'er loves on earth again.
Experience is bitter indeed. I have learned at a heavy cost
The secret of love's persistency. I, too, I loved and lost
MEMPHIS, ALABAMA.

BRER RABBIT SAVES HIS MEAT.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

"One time," said Uncle Remus, whetting his knife slowly and thoughtfully on the palm of his hand, and gazing reflectively in the fire—"one time Brer Wolf—"
"Why, Uncle Remus!" the little boy broke in; "I thought you said the Rabbit scalded the Wolf to death a long time ago?"
The old man was fairly caught and he knew it; but this made little difference to him. A frown gathered on his usually serene brow as he turned his gaze upon the child—a frown in which both scorn and indignation were visible. Then all at once he seemed to regain control of himself. The frown was chased away by a look of Christian resignation.
"Dar now! What I tell you?" he exclaimed as if addressing a witness concealed under the bed. "Ain't I done tole you so? Bless grassus ef chilluns ain't gittin' so dey knows mo'n old fokes, en dey'll spute longer you en spute longer you, ceppin der ma cail um, w'ich I speek twon't be long fo' she will, en den I'll set yere by de chimby cornder en git some peace er mine. Wen ole Miss wuz livin'?" continued the old man, still addressing some imaginary person, "hit 'uz mo'n enny her chilluns 'ud nast der to ter come 'sputin' longer me, en Mars. John 'll tell you de same enny day you'll ax 'im."
"Well, Uncle Remus, you know you said the Rabbit poured hot water on the Wolf and killed 'im," said the little boy.
The old man pretended not to hear. He was engaged in searching among some scraps of leather under his chair, and kept on talking to the imaginary person. Finally he found and drew forth a nicely-plaited whip-thong, with a red snapper all waxed and knotted.
"I wuz fixin' up a whip for a little chap," he continued with a sigh, "but, bless grassus! fo' I kin git her done, de little chap grow'd up twel he know mo'n I duz."
The child's eyes filled with tears and his lips began to quiver, but he said nothing; whereupon Uncle Remus immediately melted.
"I 'clar ter goodness," he said, reaching out and taking the little boy tenderly by the hand, "ef you ain't de vely spit en image er ole Miss w'en I bring her de las' news er de war. Hit's des like skeerin' up a ghos' w'at you ain't fear'd um."
Then there was a pause, the old man patting the little child's hand caressingly.
"You ain't mad, is you, honey?" Uncle Remus asked finally, "kase ef you is, I'm gwine out yere en butt my head 'gin de do' jam."
But the little boy wasn't mad. Uncle Remus had conquered him and he had conquered Uncle Remus in pretty much the same way before. But it was some time before Uncle Remus would go on with the story. He had to be coaxed. At last, however, he settled himself back in the chair and began:
"Co'se, honey, hit mout er bin ole Brer Wolf, er hit mout er bin er n'er Brer Wolf; it nout er bin fo' he got kotch up wid, er it mout er bin afterward. Ez de tale wuz gun ter medes dat away I'll gin it ter you. One time Brer Wolf wuz comin' 'long home fum a fishin' frolic. He's anter 'long de road, he did, wid his string er fish 'cross his shoulder, wen fus news you know ole Miss Pa'tridge, she hop outer de bushes en flutter 'long right at Brer Wolf's nose. Brer Wolf he say ter hissef dat ole Miss Pa'tridge tryin' fer ter toll 'im 'way fum her nes, en wid dat he lay his fish down en put outer de bushes whar ole Miss Pa'tridge came fum, en 'bout dat time Brer Rabbit, he happen 'long. Dar wuz de fishes, en dar wuz Brer Rabbit, en w'en dat's de case w'at you speek a sorter inno-pent man like Brer Rabbit gwine do? I kin tell you dis; dat dem fishes didn't stay whar Brer Wolf put um at, en w'en Brer Wolf come back dey wuz gone.
"Brer Wolf set down and scratch his head, he did, en study en study, en den hit sorter rush inter his mine dat Brer Rabbit bin 'long dar, en den Brer Wolf, he put outer fer Brer Rabbit's house, en w'en he git dar, he hail 'im. Brer Rabbit, he dunno nuthin' 'tall 'bout no fishes. Brer Wolf, he up'n say he bleedzd ter be leve Brer Rabbit got dem fishes. Brer Rabbit 'ny it up en down, but Brer Wolf stan' to it dat Brer Rabbit got dem fishes. Brer Rabbit, he say dat if Brer Wolf b'leve he got de fishes, den he give Brer Wolf leaf fer ter kill de bes' cow he got. Brer Wolf, he tuck Brer Rabbit at his word, en go off ter de pastur' and drive up the cattle en kill Brer Rabbit's bes' cow.
"Brer Rabbit, he hate mighty bad fer ter lose his cow, but he lay his plans, en he tell his chilluns dat he gwine have dat beef yit. Brer Wolf, he bin tuck up by de patter-rollers 'fore now, un he mighty skeered un um, un fus news you know, yer come Brer Rabbit hollerin' en' tellin' Brer Wolf dat de patter-rollers wuz comin'.
"You run en hide, Brer Wolf," sez Brer Rabbit sez, "on I'll stay yere en take keer er de cow twel you gits back," sezee.
"Soon's Brer Wolf hear talk er de patter-rollers, he scramble off inter de underbresh like he bin shot out'n a gun. En he want mo'n gose fo' Brer Rabbit, he whirl in en skunt de cow en salt de hide down, en den he tuck'n cut up de kyarkiss en stow it 'way in de smoke-house. After he done done all dis, den Brer Rabbit he squall out for Brer Wolf:
"Run yer, Brer Wolf! Run yer! Yo' cow gwine in de groun'! Run yer!
"W'en ole Brer Wolf got dar, w'ich he come er scootin', dar was Brer Rabbit hol'in' on to de cow's tail fer to keep it fum gwine in de groun'. Brer Wolf, he kotch holt, en dey gin a pull er two en up come de tail. Den Brer Rabbit he wuk his off-eye en sez, sezee: "Dar de tail done pull out en de cow gone," sezee.

"Brer Wolf he wuzn't de man fer ter give it up dat way, en he git him a spade en a pickaxe en a shovel, en he dig en dig fer dat cow twel diggin' wuz pas' all endu'nce, en ole Brer Rabbit, he set up dar in his front po'eh en smoke his scegyar, en all de time de cow wuz layin' pile up in his smoke 'ouse, en him en his chilluns wuz eatin' fried steak en injuns eve'y time dey mouf water.
"Now den, honey, you take dis yer w'ip," continued the old man, twining the leather thong around the little boy's neck, "en scamper up ter de big-'ouse en tall Miss Sally fer ter gin you some un it de nex' time she fine yo' tracks in de sugar bail."

SPOOPENDYKE'S SUSPENDERS.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he stretched himself and drew on his pantaloons, you've cleaned these trowsers up first rate. This is what I call economy. It saves money. If I'd taken 'em to the tailor's it would have cost a couple of dollars at least, and you've saved just that amount," and Mr. Spoopendyke went to his ablutions and then pulled on his shirt.
"I'll clean your coat too, if you like," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Leave it home some day and I'll take this spot out of the sleeve," and Mrs. Spoopendyke bustled around and looked delighted with the idea of pleasing her husband.
"Where's my suspenders," asked Mr. Spoopendyke, screwing himself around and looking down his back. "You didn't clean the suspenders clear out of sight, did you?"
"They were there when you put on your pants," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I haven't touched them. What did you do with them?"
"Oh, yes, certainly. I did something with them! What d'ye 'spose I did with them? Think I set 'em up in business somewhere, don't ye? Got an idea I gave 'em a vacation to go fishing, haven't ye? Well, I didn't, and more'n that I didn't send 'em away to be educated for the ministry. Where's my suspenders? Where'd you put 'em? 'Spose I'm going around holding these pants up all day? Think I got no business interests beside holding on my breeches with both hands? What'd you do with the measly things?"
"I know I didn't take them off the pants," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, pulling open the bureau drawers and hustling things around in a vain endeavor to find the missing articles.
"Maybe I can fix your pants so you won't need any suspenders to-day, and I'll find them before night," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.
"That's it. You've got it," raved Mr. Spoopendyke. "How are you going to fix 'em? Going to tie them on with a shoestring, like you do your bustle? Going to walk around behind me all day and hold 'em on? P'raps you can pull 'em up and button 'em around my neck! How d'ye propose to fix 'em? Going to put 'em on me upside down so if they fall they'll fall up? If I had your head I'd go out to service as a file. Fix 'em, why don't ye? Why don't ye fix 'em? These trowsers are getting sick at the stomach, waiting to be fixed!" and Mr. Spoopendyke shot across the room and dove under the wardrobe in search of the lost suspenders.
"They must be there somewhere."
"Show 'em to me then!" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, "take a stick and point 'em out to me! Of course they're here somewhere, only just put your thumb on 'em! What have ye done with 'em? Can't ye recollect whether ye made 'em up into bat bands for the heathen like you did my dressing-gown, or whether you planted them to see if they would grow, like you did my straw hat? Think they walked off like a croton bug? 'Spose those suspenders have taken their girl to a picnic? What kind of housekeepin' d'ye call this, anyhow? Where's my suspenders?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, poking around in the soiled clothes bag. "Where's those suspenders?" and he pulled the books off the shelf and rummaged around behind the case with a broom-handle for a diving rod.
"Just let me buckle them tight behind," said Mrs. Spoopendyke; "the strap will hold them."
"That's the scheme," shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke, "something's got to hold them! If I was as sharp as you I'd get rich hiring out for an oyster-knife. All you want is to have somebody sit cross-legged on you and come home two weeks after you're expected to be a tailor-shop! Going to find those dog-gasted suspenders between now and the next war?"
"I know they were on his pants when he put them on," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke, entering upon a little inductive reasoning. "He didn't take them off, and so they must be there now," and the good woman approached her husband with a smile.
"Oh! now they're going to be fixed," said Mr. Spoopendyke, with a horrible grin. "P'raps you're going to cut button-holes in your hands and feet and hang over my shoulders, ain't ye? Want me to put 'em on over my head, like a measly skirt with two tucks and a flounce to it, don't ye? Maybe you think those suspenders hurried down to breakfast, so's to get the first crack at the morning paper, don't ye?"
But Mrs. Spoopendyke made no response. Opening the back of her husband's fluttering shirt, she saw the missing suspenders. He had slipped them over his shoulders before assuming the muslin, and had forgotten all about them.
"Smart as a whip, ain't ye?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, as he drew off his shirt and let the suspenders down. "If my head was as clear as your's I'd hire out for a church bell. You only need four lenses and a drop of rain water to be a microscope." And Spoopendyke hurried on his clothes and scuttled down stairs to get the morning paper before his wife could make a clutch at it.