

**A PLANTATION LEGEND.**

[Joel C. Harris' New Book.]

"Now, den," said Uncle Remus, with unusual gravity, as soon as the little boy, by taking his seat, announced that he was ready for the evening's entertainment to begin. "Now, den, dish yer tale w'at I'm agwine ter gin you is de las' row er stumps sho. Dish yer's whar Ole Brer Fox los' his bress' en he ain't fine it no mo' down ter dis day."

"Did he kill nimsel', Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked with a curious air of concern.

"Hoie on dar, honey!" the old man exclaimed, with a great affectation of alarm; "hoie on dar! Wait! Gimme room! I don't wante ter tell you no story, en ef you keep chovin' me forrerd, I mout git some er de facks mixt up 'mouz deyse'l. You gatter gimme room en you gatter gimme time."

The little boy had no other premature questions to ask, and, after a pause, Uncle Remus resumed:

"Well, den, one day Brer Rabbit go ter Brer Fox house, he did, en he put up mighty po' mouf. He sav his ole 'oman sick, en his chiluns cole, en de fier done gone out. Brer Fox, he feel bad 'bout dis, en he tack'n s'ply Brer Rabbit widder chunk er fier. Brer Rabbit see Brer Fox cookin' some nice beef, en his mouf gin ter water, but he take de fier, he did, en he put out to 'rds home; but present'y yer he come back, en he say de fier done gone out. Brer Fox 'low dat he want er invite ter dinner, but he don't say nu'hin', en bimeby Brer Rabbit he up'n say, sezee:

"Brer Fox, whar you git so much nice beef?" sezee, en den Brer Fox, he up'n 'spon', sezee:

"You come ter my house tomorrer ef yo' foxes ain't too sick, en I kin show you whar you kin git plenty beef mo' nice er dan dis yer," sezee.

"Well, sho nuff de nex' day foteh Brer Rabbit, en Brer Fox say, sezee:

"Der's a man down yander by Miss Meadows' w'at got heap er fine cattle, en he gatter cow name Bookay," sezee, "en you des go en say 'Bookay,' en she'll open her mouf, en you kin jump in en git des as much meat ez you kin tote," sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Well, I'll go 'long," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, "en you kin jump tus', en den I'll come follerin' arter," sezee.

"Wid dat dey put out, en dey went promeradin' 'roun' monst de cattle, dey dia, 'twel bimeby dey struck up wid de one dey wuz arter. Brer Fox, he up, he did, en holler 'Bookay,' en de cow 'long'er mouf wide open. Sho nuff, in dey jump, en wien dey got dar Brer Fox, he say, sezee:

"You kin cut mos' anywheres, Brer Rabbit, but can't cut 'oun' de haslett," sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit, he holler back, he did:

"I'm a gittin me out a fous'n piece," sezee.

"Koss'n er 'biter,' er frin'," sez Brer Fox, sezee, "don't git too nigh de haslett," sezee.

"Dey cut en dey kyarred, and dey kyarred en dey cut, en wiles dey wuz outtin' en kyarvin', en slashin' way, Brer Rabbit, he tack'n hacked inter de haslett, en wid dat down fell de cow dead.

"Now, den," sez Brer Fox, "we'er gone sho," sezee.

"W'at we gwine do?" sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"I'll git in de maul," sez Brer Fox, "en you'll jump in de rall," sezee.

"Nex' mawnin' yer cum de man w'at de cow b'long ter, an' he ax who kill Bookay. Nobody don't say nuthin'. Den de man say he'll cut her open en' see, en' den he whirl in, en' twan't no time 'fo' he had 'er intrals spread out. Brer Rabbit he crows out de gall, en' say, sezee:

"Mister Man! Oh, Mister Man! I'll tell you who kill yo' cow. You look in de maul, en' dar you'll fine 'im," sezee.

"Wid dat de man tack a stick and lam down on de man so hard dat he kill Brer Fox stone dead. W'en Brer Rabbit see Brer Fox wuz laid out for good, he makes like he mighty sorry, en he up'n ax de man for Brer Fox head. Man say he ain't keerin', en den Brer Rabbit tack'n bring it ter Brer Fox house. Dar he see ole Miss Fox, en he tell 'er dat he done foteh her some nice beef w'at 'er ole man sont 'er, but she ain't gatter look at it 'twel she go ter eat it.

"Brer Fox son waz name Tobe, en Brer Rabbit tell Tobe fer ter keep still w'iles his mammy cook de nice beef w'at his daddy sent 'im. Tobe, he wuz mighty hungry, en he look in de pot he did wiles de cookin' wuz gwine on, en dar he see his daddy's head, en wid dat he sot up a howl en tole his mammy. Miss Fox, she git mighty mad w'en she fine she cookin' her ole man head, en she call up de dogs, she did, en sickt em on Brer Rabbit; en ole Miss Fox, en Tobe, en de dogs, dey push Brer Rabbit so close dat he hatter take a holler tree. Miss Fox, she tell Tobe fer ter stay der en mine Brer Rabbit, w'ile she goes en git de ax, en w'en she gone, Brer Rabbit he tole Tobe ef he go ter de branch en git 'im a drink er water dat he'll gin 'im a dollar. Tobe, he put out, he did, en bring some water in his hat, but by de time he got back, Brer Rabbit done out en gone. Ole Miss Fox, she cut en cut 'twel down come de tree, but no Brer Rabbit dar. Den she lay de blame on Tobe, en she say she gwine ter lash ash 'im, en Tobe, he put out en run, de ole 'oman arter 'im. Bimeby, he come up wid Brer Rabbit, en set down fer ter tell 'im how 'twuz, en wiles dey wuz a settin' dar, yer come ole Miss Fox a slippin' up en grab um hofs. Den she tell um w'at she gwine do. Brer Rabbit she gwine ter kill, en Tobe she gwine ter lam of its de las' ack. Den Brer Rabbit say, sezee:

"If you please ma'm, Miss Fox, lay me on de grimestone and groun' off my nose so I can't smell no mo' w'en I'm dead."

"Miss Fox, she tack dis ter be a good idee, en she foteh hofs en ter de grimestone, en set um up on it so dat she could groun' off Brer Rabbit's nose. Den Brer Rabbit, he up'n say sezee:

"Ef you please ma'am, Miss Fox, Tobe he kin turn de handle wiles you goes after some water fer ter w'e de grimestone!" sezee.

"Co'se, soon's Brer Rabbit see Miss Fox go atter de water, he jump down en put out, en dis time got clean away."

"And waz that de last of the Rabbit, too, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked with something like a sigh.

"Don't push me too close, honey," responded the old man; "don't shove me up in no cornder. I don't wante ter tell you no stories. Some say dat Brer Rabbit's ole 'oman died fum eatin' some pizen weed, en dat Brer Rabbit married ole Miss Fox, en some say not. Some tells one tale en some tells nudder; some say dat fum dat time forrerd de Rabbits en de Foxes make frien's en stay so; some say dey kep' en quollin'. Hit look like it mixt. Let dem tell you w'at knows. Dat w'at I hears, you gits straight like I heard it."

There was a long pause which was finally broken by the old man:

"Hit's gin de ruies fer you ter be noddin' yer, honey. Bimeby you'll drap off en I'll hatter tote you up ter de 'big 'ouse. I hear dat baby cryin', en bimeby Miss Sally'll fly up en be a holler'n arter you."

"Oh, I wazn't asleep," the little boy replied.

"I waz just thinkin'."

"Well, dat's diffunt," said the old man, "Ef you'll clime up on my back," he continued, speaking softly, "I speck I ain't too ole fer ter be yo' boss fum yer ter de house. Many en many's de time dat I toted yo' Unk. Jeems dataway, en Mars. Jeems wuz heavier sot dan w'at you is."

[For the Courier-Journal.]  
**"UNCLE IKE'S DREAM."**

Here come ole Ike agin, sar, for to talk wid you some mo'.

An' write long fer yo' paper like he used to do baf'. I knows dat in de O'ris'mus he done made his bow an' quib,

But de writin' feber got him an' he can't git shet ob hit.

He mout' as well keep talkin', kase dey use his name so free.

An' print 'Ole Ike' sav dis an' dat, no matter what it be.

I ain't no ways ill-natured, but I boun' to feel provoke

When dey farder on dis nigger such a heap ob sorry jokes.

Kase I tell you dat ar' foolin' is a thing o' consequence

When you got a reputation bof for intellex an' sense.

So I to k de pen an' paper down from off de chumbly shet.

Now what I says in future I gwine tell it for myself.

And dat matter beln' s'posed of, dis is what I want to say.

Dat de reason ob my 'zumein' korrrespondence here to-day

Wazn't jus' to 'buse de niggers dat is use my name d'out leaf,

But to tell you 'bout a vision dat fo'shadow woe en' grief

To dis berry blessed country, an' my race de most ob all,

Kase misfortune to de white folks sends de nigger to de wall.

'Tis de gospel truf I see tellin', jus as far as in me lies,

Bout de futura dat unfolded to de vision ob my eyes.

I was layin' in de cabin 'twix de cock-crow an' de dawnin',

A dozin' snuz an' easy like an' waitin' for de mornin',

When a voice it soun' beside me speakin' mighty loud and clear,

Sayin' "Rise up, Ike, an' follow me, nor hab a bit ob fear."

An' a soft, cold han' it 'peared to me waz swept across my face,

An' I seem to start up trimblin', an' look fearful 'roun' de place.

I see a spirit 'side me, standin' in de bright moon-light,

An' he beckon an' I follow 'em out dar into de night.

He seem to lead me onward ober mountaintop an' plain,

'T'well we reach a lubly city, dat he tole me waz de brain

Ob dis great an' 'lightened country, whar its gubarmet waz held:

('Twas de seat ob tribulation, an' ob peacefulness as well).

An' gran' an' big an' beautiful it all seem like to me,

Wid de ribber gidin' gently down beside it to de sea.

De spirit led me onward fru de streets unt'well we come

To a great an' han'some buil'ing wid a mighty lofty dome.

We glide fru all de do'ways 't'well we reach a 'normous "hall."

Den wa stood up in a gallery an' look down 'pon it all.

'Twas a big and 'stately 'partment, an' 'twaz rich beyond compar'.

Wid a heap ob gent'men settin' an' a-standin' here an' dar.

Dey waz turrible excited, an' I made out fru my fear,

Dat de talkin' an' de quarrelin' waz 'bout an empty "cheer."

Some three or fo' de gent'men seem to want it for der own,

An' dey rased an' howled aroun' it, same as dogs do for a bone.

Dey waz 'vided into [factions, party-spirit runnin' high,

An' no action seem too shabby for to gain der object by;

De parties had der speakers for to call de idders names,

And to prove dey waz de honestest, an' had de best-est claim.

De some kep' written wilder, an' I feared dey'd come to blows

When de spirit call my 'tention to de great big foj'd-in' do's

An' I see a gent'man enter wid a grabe, determine face,

An' beinin' him troops ob soldiers seem to fill de outer space.

He seem to be a genral wid his men widin his reach,

(An' a mighty gif' ob silence dat waz stronger far den speech)

He walk straight on between 'em all de length ob dat big hall

An' upon de 'cted 'sembly fell a dumbness like a ball.

He kep' right on 'd'oo' lookin' to de right han' or de left

'Twell he reach de empty chair, sar, standin' dar all by itse'f,

Den he turn his eyes upon 'em wid his han' upon de chair

An' said, "'Tis mine—I hold it, take it from me now, who dare."

An' awful scene den follow, words an' threats an' angry blows,

Den de soldiers enter silently an' all de doors were closed.

Den I knowed 'twas 1890 an' de thing had run its course,

An' de Presidency wrested from de people now by force.

Der votes had gone for nothin' an' dar will waz set aside,

An' der angry protest futile as de murmurs of de tide.

De future opened furdar an' de spirit took my han'

An' bid me look aroun' me fru de region ob de lan';

I gazes an' farly sicken at de dreary awesome sight

Of war an' death an' 'struction dat waz on it like a bl'ight.

Brudders han' gainst brudder waz done raise in strife again

An' de widders an' de little ones waz moanin' out der pain.

Homes an' barns were flamin', del' an' slaughter rode de air

An' de gory lan' waz waitin' in her anguish an' despair.

Woe an' grief an' ruin seem to fill dat awful place

An' I groan in awful misery an' klivered up my face,

Kase I seem to see de 'struction dat had come to great an' small

Waz de consequences 'tandin' on de scene widin dat hall.

Agin de dream change wid me an' de years seem rolled away,

An' de lan' lay bright an' smidin', like a little chile at play.

War an' def had lef it wid der anguish an' der stings,

An' de peace ob Jesus 'cended wid de heafin' in its wings.

My heart lep up rejoicin' an' de tears ris to my eyes

As I stood an' look aroun' me in a great an' glad surpris.

Upon de smilin' homesteads, fruitful farms an' load-ed trees,

An' de perfume from de flowers floatin' to me on de breeze.

An' de niggers in de cotton fields wuz wuckin' wid de hoe,

De niggers—no! What is dey? darkies nabber did look so.

Dese folks is all onnatu'el wid der sly and suteful air

An' der eye sot in aslantin', an' der hed widout no hair—

'Cept a thing jus' like a possum tail a hangin' down behin'.

"Whar did dem people come from"—I kep' wonderin' in my min'

It mus' bin awful congorin' to change de darkies so,

An' de spirit almy elbow sighd an' whisper to me "no."

Den he show me how it happen dat de niggers all wuz gone

From de people in de country whar dey all wuz bred an' born.

How in dat ar game called "politics" de darkies wuz de ball

Kicked from side to side by parties an' by friends de wus' of all.

How dey fool him into movin' to de Wes' an' to de Norf

An' sot some 'pon de juries for to hang de udders off.

In de evil times dat follow on dat scene widin' de hall

De white folks in der strivings had done push 'em to de wall.

An' der use all beln' ober dey waz laid upon de sho'l

An' de remnant dey waz settid in a State off to der set,

Whar dey'd perish off by hund'eds, like de Injuns did at las',

An' de black man an' de red man would be numbered wid de pas'.

Oh! my heart' ached for my color an' I felt jus' fit to choke,

When de spirit turn an' lef me an'—I thank de Lord I woke.

M. G. MCC.

**HAPPY HOMES.**

[For the Courier-Journal.]

Fo' homes, I think, are what, under God's blessing, they should be. It requires but little effort to make home cheerful and happy.

**TELL MAMMA.**

"Have you learned any plays, Johnnie dear?" asked mamma, As Johnnie came home With a smile and a dimple.

"I'm going to learn one, To-morrow," he said,

"That little Dick Perch says Is pretty and simple."

"But what is it called, dear?" Asked smiling mamma; For Johnnie was neither profound Nor yet fluent.

"And perhaps I can help you, My wee little man."

"Why, this, dear mamma,— 'Tis to learn to play truant!"

"O dear!" cried his mother, And looked very sad;

"My poor little baby, I see, to my sorrow,

That he woz has come after My innocent lamb,

And would teach him his first Wicked lesson to-morrow."

"Don't! go with him, darling! He'll lead you astray;

He would teach you to lie And to steal, my boy bonnie; And always be sure

Tell mamma what they say— All the bad, naughty plays That would ruin my Johnnie."

So Johnnie, each day, Went alone to mamma, And she kept his heart pure, With her prayers and her pleading;

Like Christ, she has taken Her lamb in her arms, And her one little gift, To God's presence is lead'ng.

MARY A. DENISON.