







1883

THE BRIDGE. By GEORGE A. BARLEY. "A man's best things are nearest him— Lie close about his feet."—MILTON.

These are the wood-land ways through which I wander In boyhood's cloudless morn; And this the bridge by which I've often pondered On that bright season gone.

A rustic structure, frail and weather-beaten, That spans a narrow stream; A brook and bridge alike unknown to glory,— Unlit by fancy's beam.

And yet perchance here once all fresh breathing, The river goddess rose in prayer; And while wood nymphs in sylvan dance were wreathing, At daylight's lovely close.

Ab! soon the sail from the stream was banished; The dry-drum from the woods; And soon the lesson of their lives had vanished, With all its hold of good.

But 'ere these planks were swept that pageant splendid, The relapse of things; Where Royalty's wit courtly smiles attended, And—tears that hinged wings!

And never here had trumpet martial clangor, And front commanding array; In bellicose note to distant lands and anger, The bold blimpwright, Woe!

Not such the morn when Freedom's sons, defending The Right with foamous cheer, As when the bridge Horatius held, contending For Rome, and Tuscan foes.

'Tis not the red of Shame that tints the page; Which hold such deeds of man; Here's head once to distant lands and anger, The Concord reedly ran!

Truth all is fair; no tortoise-troze tremendous, Hath ever marred the scene, As that where Nature hold an arch stupendous Ashwart the mill-riv'ring stream.

Here all is calm; no rushing flood decedeth, No waters racing call; As where all conquering Art her bow suspendeth Along the mighty fall.

Here all is best; no needless mill-malice, No hapless victim's fall; As where the poet stood—"twixt goal and palace— Upon the Bridge of Signs.

Pondosa, Flora, here have laden The brown and russet gifts; I turn from all to bless one mortal maiden— She who my life uplifts!

Beneath her human smile my soul arises, And walks in length of days; Long 'neath the mystic bridge whose span comprises The unknown shores and main.

Paddy dattin a 'Broad Brim' Convension for the first time was astonished and puzzled wial at the manner of worship— Having been told that the better 'brethren spake even as they were moved by the spirit, he watched the proceedings with increasing disgust for their 'heathen way of worship, fill one young Quaker rose and commenced solemnly—

"Brethren, I have married!" "The devil ye hev?" interrupted Pat—"Quaker set down in confusion, but the spirit moving Pat no further, the young man mustered outrage and broke out again— "Brethren, I have married a daughter of the Lord!"

"The devil ye hev?" said Pat; "but it'll be a long, long while before yer'll see yer father-in-law!" "When Nicholas Biddle, familiarly called Nick Biddle, was connected with the B. Bank, there was a old negro named Har-

vey who used to loiter around the premises. One day, in social mood, Biddle said to the darkey: "Well, what is your name, my old friend?" "Harry, sir, old Harry," said the other, louching his sleepy hat.

"Old Harry," said Biddle, "why that is the name they give to the 'nigger'?" "Yes, sir," said the colored gentleman, sometimes old Harry and sometimes old Nick." "Mr. Showball, I want to ask you one question, do eben?" "Well, sudden den." "Spone you go to de tabben to get dinner, and don't hab noffin on de table but a big beet, what should you say?" "I gid dat upfore you ax it. What should you say?" "Why under de circumstances ob de case I should say dat beet's all!"

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