

The True Inwardness of the Mule.

"I hear Miss Sally readin' dis mornin' 'bout a man what got his face smashed wid a mule," said Uncle Remus yesterday. "I dismembers de name, but de paper sed de mule come mighty nigh gittin' in his best licks."

"Cadle is de man's name."

"Dat's de idintikil name. I tole Miss Sally den dat I spec he wuz a white man, an' a mule's sumpn'n a nigger ain't got no bizness foolin' longer, let 'lone a white man. White man kin lurn goggeruffy, en rethmetic, en all dat, but 'tain't in de coze uv natur fur 'im fur ter larn de mule. An, its mighty few niggers dat gits a mule by heart. On Mars John's place, in Putnum county, I plough'd a gray mule mighty nigh six years, an' at de very las' minnet she fetched out her hine foot an' picked a brass bress pin offen my cloze. An' yit I had my eye peeled fer dat mule endurin' er whole blessed time. Nodder time I wuz sorter strucken wid de pluisy en a smart Elleck nigger got holter my mule. He put de gear on'er en lipt on to 'er back fer ter ride 'er ter de new groun'. He didn't git outen de lot gate."

"Why not? What was the matter?"

"You ax Mars John, en he'll tell you dat right den en dar he los a sebben-hundred dollar nigger."

"How was that?"

"De ex'bishun wuz mighty private, I tell you. Dere wuzzent no great to do. It wuz jes fo' day in de mornin'. De overseer, he wuz stannin' at de gate watchin' de han's pass, en he say he hear a little noise in de lot like unto somebody a scufflin' an' a scramblin'. W'en we went fer ter zammin inter der racket he foun' de smart Elleck I wuz tellin' you about dumbled up under de troff, mixed up wid de brichin' an' a trace chain ropped all roun' 'im."

"Where was the mule?"

"Oh, de mule! De mule wuz fas' asleep. She done gone an' furgot all 'bout de musement. 'Peared like it might er happened de yeah befo' fur all she know'd 'bout it."

"Was the colored man really dead, sure enough?"

"Dat's w'at dey sed, an' he haint never 'sputed it yit, do' dat's bin more'n thirty years ago. Don't tell me! I knows 'bout dese mules. W'ite folks better keep outen dere way, an' ef a nigger ain't mighty perlite in 'is movements dey'll ketch 'im. I'm er talkin' gospil now."

[For the Courier-Journal.] TO LITTLE LILY.

Oh! little blue-eyed fairy,
I had often heard of thee,
But none have told me half the charms
That in thy face I see.

I love to watch thy pretty face,
Thy cooling laugh to hear;
I know from that sweet heavenly look
That angels hover near.

Smile on, sweet babe; I love to see
Thy dimples come and go,
Like those upon the rippling streams
That calmly, gently flow.

Lily, thy name was chosen well;
The sweetest, purest flower
That grows within the shady dell,
Or in the floral bower.

Well may thy parents look with pride
Upon their treasure rare;
Well may they speak in words of praise
Of Lily, bright and fair.

Then, little flower, pure and sweet,
Grow on as thou art now,
With dew drops soft, instead of tears,
To kiss thy sunny brow.

HETTIE HAWTHORNE.

"Dat's got"

9th January 1884

SATURDAY and Sunday were the coldest days ever experienced in this section. Friday at noon the blizzard commenced with a snowstorm and the mercury kept a downward tendency until at 11 o'clock that night it had reached 15° below zero. Saturday morning it was variously reported at from 19° to 23°. All day Saturday it marked about the same temperature and at night it reached the unprecedented point of 29° below zero, as was indicated by a registering thermometer in the possession of Mr. J. D. Simpson Sunday all day long the thermometers ranged from 12° to 18° below zero, according to locality, position, etc., but on Monday to the surprise of every one the weather moderated wonderfully and the norther had spent its force. We are indebted to Major John Taliaferro for the following table which will be interesting to our readers: On January 9th, 1856, the thermometer indicated 19° below zero; on the 10th of the same year, 17°; January 1st, 1864, known as the cold New Year's day, 12° below zero; January 5th, 1884, 23°, registered 26°; January 6, 28°, registered 29°. It will be seen from the above that the coldest weather has always been in the month of January.

A TRIBUTE TO POE.

Margaret J. Preston's Letter and Poem Read at the Festival.

Mrs. Preston is a Pennsylvanian, but married a prominent Virginian. In her letter she said: "My husband's mother, a daughter of Edmund Randolph, and a woman of rare culture, was the first critic Poe ever had. As a school boy in Richmond he used to bring his early poems to her for her approval. He was then in the first splendor of his brilliant youth."

TO EDGAR ALLAN POE.

AT LAST.

If he were here to-night—the strange, rare poet,
Whose Sphinx-like face no jestings could beguile—
To meet the award at last, and feel and know it
Securely his—how grand would be his smile!

How would the waves of worldless grief, that o'er
His hangdog soul had swept through sardonic years,
Sink to a mystic calm, till he would cover
His proud pale face to hide the happy tears!

Is there no token of a ghastly presence?
No weird-like waning of the festal show?
No galled corner shorn of iridescence,
Whence these "Orestean eyes" might flash their glow?

Who knows the secrets of that strange existence—
That world within a world—how far, how near;
Like thought for closeness, like a star for distance—
Who knows? The conscious essence may be here.

If from its viewless bonds the soul has power
To free itself for some ethereal flight,
How strange to think the compensating hour
For all the tragic past may be to-night!

To feel that, where the galling scoffs and curses
Of Fate fell heaviest on his blasted track,
There, Fame herself the spite of Fate reverses—
Might almost win the restless spirit back.

Though the stern Tuscan, exiled, desolated,
Lies 'mid Ravenna's marshes far away,
At Santa Croce, still his stone is feted,
And Florence piles her violets there to-day!

Though broken-hearted the sad singer perished,
With woe outworn, amid the convent's gloom,
Yet how pathetic are memories cherished,
When Rome keeps Tasso's birthday at his tomb!

So, though our poet sank beneath life's burden,
Benumbed and reckless through the crush of fate;
And though, as comes so oft, the yearned-for guer-
don,

No longer yearned for since it comes too late,
He is avenged to-night! No blur is shrouding
The flame his genius feeds; the wise and brave,
And good and young, and beautiful are crowding
Around to scatter heartsease o'er his grave!

And his Virginia, like a tender mother
Who breathes above her errant boy no blame,
Stoops now to kiss his pallid lip, and smother
In pride her sorrow, as she names his name.

Could he have only seen in vatic vision
The gorgeous pageant present to our eyes,
His soul had known one glimpse of joy elysian;
Can we call no man happy till he dies?

Brother Gardner Puts Down His Foot.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The President stated that he was in receipt of a communication from a State Senator-elect, offering the following positions to the members named:

- Keeper of the Senate Cloak-room—Giveadam Jones.
- Keeper of the Representatives' Cloak-room—Whalebone Howker.
- Two Assistant Firemen—Samuel Shin and Prof. De Hash.
- Keeper and Propeller of the State Wheelbarrow—Trustee Pullback.
- Keeper of the State Snow-shovel—Pickles Smith.

"I accept," came from the mouth of every person named, as soon as the President had finished, and the greatest confusion prevailed all over the hall.

"Gem'len," said Brother Gardner, as he brought the gavel down with a whack, "it can't be did! Dis club has taken a sartin stand on the subjick of pollyticks an' dat stand will be maintained. De minit dat dis club accepts favors from officeholders we kin no longer condemn what we know to be bad. De object of gibin' us de offices named am to keep dis club still fur de nex' two y'ars. Shall we sacrifice principles for money?"

"Yes! yes!" was cried from various corners.

"Does anybody appeal from de decisun of dis Cha'r?"

"Yes! yes! yes!"

The old man calmly unhitched himself from the desk, walked down to the center of the hall, and, looking in six or seven directions, he quickly remarked:

"Which am de cognomen of de individual who 'peals from de decisun of de Cha'r?"

Deathly silence.

"If de Cha'r can't sustain his decisun he will resign."

Not a foot moved, while thirteen of the bull's eye watches carried by memba's suddenly stopped dead still.

"De Seckretary will make a note of de fact dat de hydra-headed sarpint of rebellion has been crushed," said Brother Gardner as he walked to his desk.

and publish Albert Pike's "Every Year:"

EVERY YEAR.

The spring has less of brightness,
Every year;
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor the autumn fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for they sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended,
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me
Until time to death resign me
My infirmities remind me,
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us,
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us,
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
Every year;
"You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Yes! the shores of life are shifting,
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year. ALBERT PIKE.

"To each his sufferings; all are men
Condemned alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own,
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise
No more—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

This is taken from Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," the prelude to part first:
"Earth gets its price for what earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in;
The priest has his fee who comes and shrives us
We bargain for the graves we lie in.
At the devil's booth all things are sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."