

Bixby's Retreat.

If you would be chock full of the divine afflatus,
read "Driftwood," "Songs of Summer," and
"Dust from Chariot Wheels."

If I could make my jaws vibrate,
Like those of Jonas Lien,
I'd rent myself to a woman's club
For a patent talk machine.

I sit an hour and think and swear
And madly rave and tear my hair,
And laugh and cry and chew and smoke
To grind out one insipid joke.

AU REVOIR.

It makes my wild poetic heart
Leap like a startled deer
To think my poet friend would start
East and forsake me here.
'Tis sad I know, but you must go
Where more luxuriant pastures grow.
I've read your poems, held spell-bound,
I've read them o'er and o'er again;
But I confess I haven't found
The underlying heavenly strain.
'Tis not because it is not there,—
I just can't get it through my hair.
The "Songs of Summer" we don't read,
And Gortner writes on heaven above.
Our Bixby's wit has gone to seed,
You only sing sweet strains of love.
I fear that Reed Dunroy and I
Alone must grind the spring supply.

No more your chirographic red
Will ornament my daily themes,
Blythe hours with thee, so quickly sped,
Have passed in hieroglyphic dreams.
Forgive, forget; I'm not surprised
At themes in diamond dye baptized.
So as you go, a fond farewell,
A parting kiss, a briny tear.
Oh! can you not remain a spell,
Say, finish out the present year?
We'll miss yon from these western states
Assure as scholars call you—a worthy colleague.

When this big land of mine shall wade
In altruistic summers,
There'll be no cut-throat gold bugs then,
There'll be no bully frat mer then
Likewise no Coxey bummers.
There'll be no barbs to fight 'em,
And all the wrongs between the two—
No poor sore-head to right 'em.
Then men of brains shall loan them out
Or trade them for the labor—
At par no difference in price—
Of his thick headed neighbor,
Like Goldsmith now I hear that time
Come down the future ringing—
The mountains shall break loose and hills
Shall welcome it with singing.

From "Songs of My Country," about to be published by R. S. Baker.

Dose garris dose garris dey poddered mine pate
Last week ven dey garried dot Union slate,
Dey galled me von side mit a vink of der eye
Undt dold me der blan ouff der brogram, so sly—
Dey vould sing some undt blay some—undt axed
me py shings,
Vould I vix oup dose gurtains undt some oder
dings?
Vy, sure I vould done 't ven dey gone undt dold
me
Dose dings vot dey dold no von else, don't you
see?
I vixed oup dose gurtains sehr gudt in der hall
While Searson undt Howard undt Mac shust
peat all,
Dey garried dose shairs oup undt goaxed me
undt plowed
Undt dried vor doo got me doo dell vot I knowed
Apout dot pig brogram dose garris vas doo gif,
But I dont vould do it so sure as dey lif.
Undt ven ve hedt gotten dose gurtains undt
shairs
All vixed oup undt backed oup dose long vlichts
ouf stairs,
I vas villin' doo pet all der shink in mine sheans
Dot I vould pe shosen doo manage dose screens.
You pet I velt vine ven I gotte dot pig note!
Undt I dont puts no proses in dot von I rote!
Poot ven dot sweet girl dot vas me doo go mit
Says dot ve must gall vor von Shon Henry Smit
I vas madter as plixen undt vonder'd vy she
Vould took any oder galout long mit me.
Ve gept goin east dill ve stopped out ouf preat
At "von dou sand eight honder undt frozen doo
deat."

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I eats ouf dot goffee undt trinks veeny-worst
Undill I dinks sure as Shon Shones I vould purst.
From "The Union Girls" and other poems by

—JOHN PETER CAMERON.