



WHO'S THE FLY-ON-THE-WHEEL NOW?

GEORGIE AND I.

In childhood's sweet morning we rambled together,
When life was a compound of smiles and bright weather,
With never a sigh,
Nor a tear in the eye.
With a laugh on the lips and a joy in the heart,
That life's riper manhood can never impart,—
Georgie and I!

Georgie and I! What a picture before me
Arises! What long-lost sensations come o'er me
Of days long gone by,
When with hair all awry,
We ran and we shouted in turbulent play,
Or hand-in-hand wandered the long summer's day,
And laughed the light sorrow of childhood away,—
Georgie and I!

And then the old orchard! How well we both knew it,
When summer's soft breezes were whispering through it!
No tree was so high
But Georgie and I
Would venture its low-laden branches to gain
And build there sweet infantine castles in Spain,
Where, ever and aye,
For a year and a day,
We should live both together, with never a sorrow
No tear for the past, and no fear for the morrow,—
Georgie and I!

We're older now,—older by many a day,
And childhood's bright visions have vanished away;
Its freedom has died,—
My collars are wide,
And I groan in the glory of sophomore pride;
And oft in my heart for the days have I sighed
When we boldly the mandates of fashion defied,—
Georgie and I!

And Georgie—ah, pardon me!—now Miss Georgina,
A proper young lady of modest demeanor;
She talks in a way
That is wholly *au fait*
Of countries and customs far over the sea,
With an air and an accent she brought from Paree.
But the glasses astride
Of her nose cannot hide
A stray gleam of mischief that comes there and goes;
And I know she'd rejoice if the chance e'er arose
To fling for a day
Her fetters away,
And with me in the orchard unheeding to stray,
To swing in the breeze
In the old apple trees,
As we used in the days that are vanished for aye,—
Georgie and I.

—Caret.

'Tis the voice of the slugger, I hear him complain
That he could'nt down Mitchell, but is sure of Kilrain.—Ex.