

MISCELLANY

257 *The Ginoine Ar-tickle*

· **T**'ALKIN' o' poetry--There're few men yit
 'At's got the stuff b'iled down so's it'll pour
 Out sorghum-like, and keeps a year and more
 Jes' sweeter ever' time ye tackle it!
 W'y, all the jinglin' truck 'at hes been writ
 Fer twenty year and better is so pore
 You cain't find no sap in it any more
 'N you'd find jice in puff-balls!—*And 'd quit!*
 What people wants is facts, I apperhe ;
 And naked Natur is the thing to gi -
 Your writin' bottom, eh? And I contend
 'At honest work is allus bound to live.
 Now them's my views; 'cause you kin recommend
 Sich poetry as that from end to end.

258 *Lines to An Onsettled Young Man*

“**O**, WHAT is Life at last,” says you,
 “'At woman folks and man folks too,
 Cain't, oncomplainin', worry through?”

“An' what is Love, 'at no one yit
 'At's monkeyed with it kin forgit,
 Er gits fat on remember'n' hit?”