

SKETCHES

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SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY

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AUNT CHLOE.

You'd laughed to seen Lucinda Grange  
Upon her husband's track ;  
When he sold his vote for rations  
She made him take 'em back.

Day after day did Milly Green  
Just follow after Joe,  
And told him if he voted wrong  
To take his rags and go.

I think that Curnel Johnson said  
His side had won the day,  
Had not we women radicals  
Just got right in the way.

And yet I would not have you think  
That all our men are shabby ;  
But 'tis said in every flock of sheep  
There will be one that's scabby.

I've heard, before election came  
They tried to buy John Slade ;  
But he gave them all to understand  
That he wasn't in that trade.

And we've got lots of other men  
Who rally round the cause,  
And go for holding up the hands  
That gave us equal laws

Who know their freedom cost too much  
Of blood and pain and treasure,  
For them to fool away their votes  
For profit or for pleasure.

AUNT CHLOE'S POLITICS.

Of course, I don't know very much  
About these politics,  
But I think that some who run 'em,  
Do mighty ugly tricks.

I've seen 'em honey-fugle round,  
And talk so awful sweet,  
That you think them full of kindness,  
As an egg is full of meat.

Now I don't believe in looking  
Honest people in the face,  
And saying when you're doing wrong,  
That "I haven't sold my race."

When we want to school our children,  
If the money isn't there,  
Whether black or white have took it,  
The loss we all must share.

And this buying up each other  
 Is something worse than mean,  
 Though I think a heap of voting,  
 I go for voting clean.

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### LEARNING TO READ.

Very soon the Yankee teachers  
 Came down and set up school;  
 But, oh! how the Rebs did hate it,—  
 It was agin' their rule.

Our masters always tried to hide  
 Book learning from our eyes;  
 Knowledge did'nt agree with slavery—  
 'Twould make us all too wise.

But some of us would try to steal  
 A little from the book,  
 And put the words together,  
 And learn by hook or crook.

I remember Uncle Caldwell,  
 Who took pot-liquor fat  
 And greased the pages of his book,  
 And hid it in his hat.

### SKETCHES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

And had his master ever seen  
 The leaves upon his head,  
 He'd have thought them greasy papers,  
 But nothing to be read.

And there was Mr. Turner's Ben,  
 Who heard the children spell,  
 And picked the words right up by heart,  
 And learned to read 'em well.

Well, the Northern folks kept sending  
 The Yankee teachers down;  
 And they stood right up and helped us,  
 Though Rebs did sneer and frown.

And, I longed to read my Bible,  
 For precious words it said;  
 But when I begun to learn it,  
 Folks just shook their heads,

And said there is no use trying,  
 Oh! Chloe, you're too late;  
 But as I was rising sixty,  
 I had no time to wait.

So I got a pair of glasses,  
 And straight to work I went,  
 And never stopped till I could read  
 The hymns and Testament.