

# A Lakeside Musing.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Good day, gentlemen."

"Good day," said the horse reporter, looking up and discovering a young lady in the apartment.

"I would like to show you a work which I am selling," she began, "and am sure it will prove both interesting and instructive."

"What's it about?" asked the horse reporter.

"The book," continued the fair canvasser, "is by one of our best-known writers and speakers, and is entitled 'What Shall We Do with Our Girls?' The question is certainly one of paramount importance, and—"

"Are your girls bothering you much this season?" inquired the friend of Maud S.

"Why, no," said the young lady, blushing violently—"that is—why, of course I haven't any daughters."

"Oh, you're out on the road telling people what to do with their girls before you're even married, let alone the mother of a few visions of loveliness? Well, that's all right. Some of our best cook-books have been written by people who didn't know a grid-iron from the Fifteenth Amendment."

"But this question of what shall be done with the girls is really an important one," continued the young lady. "Have you ever given it a thought?"

"I can't say that I have," continued the horse reporter. "I suppose we might tie 'em up in the back yard when a circus comes to town."

"I hardly think you comprehend the question in all its bearings. What is the legitimate sphere of woman—in what field of action can she best display and make use of the God-given talents, attributes of mental force and physical grace with which she is endowed? These are living, burning issues, and must be fairly met. When we see—"

"All right," said the horse reporter, "you can meet them if you want to. Woman's sphere, so far as I have been able to discover, is to never have breakfast on time. It is no doubt a somewhat limited one, but she is gradually reaching out into the great unknown, and will eventually grasp with her lily white fingers the black demon of injustice that has so long oppressed her, and strangle in the very stronghold of its power the great Wrong which for centuries has baffled her efforts at advancement along the great highway of progress."

"Why, that's lovely!" exclaimed the young lady. "You believe in lady-suffrage, don't you?"

"Lady who?"

"Lady-suffrage—believe that ladies should vote, and have all the political privileges that are accorded men. That's just what this book says. That chapter is perfectly sweet. It's just lovely."

"I presume so. But how about the chapter that says women should not cramp and distort their bodies with corsets and their feet with tight shoes? The gaunt demon of unrest that lurks in the maternal union may, in the child of that mother, become an ever-present monster of pain."

"Oh, those chapters are horrid. What the world is interested in are the noble attributes of woman—her soul and heart."

"Yes, the soul-and-heart business is all right, but you must remember that the humble liver, working away unostentatiously, is also a pretty good scheme, and without health a woman can never attain success. The deadly clasp of the steel-ribbed corset and the fatal grip of the gleaming garter are hurrying to early graves the women of our land. The beautiful eyes that should sparkle so brightly are dull and lusterless, the cheek whose whiteness should be relieved by the rosy blush of health is sallow and wan, and the fairest temple ever made is rendered a ghastly ruin by the one who should take the greatest pride in its beauty."

"And will you buy a book?" asked the young lady. "I'm sure you talk beautifully."

"No," replied the horse reporter, "I can not buy a book, because actions speak louder than words, and I do not wish to disturb the dramatic critic who is in the next room trying to write soul without a large S."

## There is a Reserved Corps.

[New York Morning Journal.]

Nearly a score of postmasters have resigned within a month, but as there are four sure candidates for each of their places the country is safe.

## Plantation Philosophy.

De little man neber fails ter make hissef heard. De fice dog allus acks like he owns de plantation.

De ugly man sometimes says de puttiest words. Gol' is foun whar de lan' is rough.

Yer kain' judge a man by de spread what he makes. De size o' de watermill-yin ain't governed by de lenght o' de vine.

De thing what am hardest ter git ain allus de bes'. De chicken hawk is harder ter kill dan de patridge, but he ain nigh ez good meat.

A distressin' noise ain' allus de sign dat help is needed. De panther ken cry ez pitiful ez de sheep.—[Arkansas Traveler.]

## Hurrah for the Next That Dies.

[The following poem was written by an Irish officer in the English service while on duty in a city in East India, in which the plague was doing its terrible work. The inhabitants, particularly the foreign residents, were dying every day by hundreds, when twenty officers of the English army, without the shadow of a hope of ever seeing their country or friends, formed a club and sought to drown their senses in the wine-cup, and by jest and song to divert their thoughts from the terrible and irrevocable fate which each one knew awaited him. The author of this poem died almost before the echoes of "Hurrah for the next that dies!" had ceased to reverberate; and in less than a week every member of the club had crossed the "sable shore."]

We met 'neath the sounding rafter,  
And the walls around are bare;  
As they echo our peals of laughter,  
It seems that the dead are there.

But stand by your glasses steady,  
We drink to our comrades' eyes—  
Quaff a cup to the dead already—  
And hurrah for the next that dies.

Not here in the goblets' glowing,  
Not here in the vintage sweet;  
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,  
And dark as the doom we must meet.

But stand to your glasses steady,  
And soon shall our pulses rise;  
A cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,  
Not a tear for the friends that sink;  
We'll fall 'neath the wine-cup's sparkles,  
As mute as the wine we drink.

So stand to your glasses steady!  
'Tis thus that the respite buys;  
A cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Time was when we frowned on others,  
We thought we were wiser then.  
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers  
Who expect to see them again.

Not stand to your glasses steady!  
The thoughtless are here the wise;  
A cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

There's many a hand that's shaking,  
There's many a hand that's sunk!  
But soon, tho' our hearts are breaking,  
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.

So stand to your glasses steady!  
'Tis here the revival lies;  
A cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

There's mist on the glass congealing—  
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath!  
And thus does the warmth of feeling  
Turn to ice in the grasp of death.

Not stand to your glasses steady!  
For a moment the vapor flies;  
A cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Who dreads to the dust returning?  
Who shrinks from the sable shore?  
Where the high and the haughty yearning  
Of the soul shall sting no more.

Not stand to your glasses steady!  
The world is a world of lies!  
A cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Cut off from the land that loves us,  
Betrayed by the land we find;  
Where the brightest have gone before us,  
And the dullest are left behind.

So stand to your glasses steady!  
'Tis all we have left to prize;  
A cup to the dead already—  
And hurrah! for the next that dies.

DUCK MILL, MISS.—Will you please publish the following beautiful lines? Will be obliged if some one will make known through the COURIER-JOURNAL the name of the author. L. L. S.

## THINKING OF THE SOLDIERS.

We were sitting 'round the table just a night or two ago,  
In the cozy little parlor, with the lamp-light burning low,  
And the window blinds were opened for the summer air to come,  
And the painted curtains moving, like a busy pendulum.

Oh! the cushions on the sofa, and the pictures on the wall,  
And the gathering of comforts in the old familiar hall,  
And the whining of the pointer, lounging idly by the door,  
And the flitting of the shadows from the ceiling to the floor.

Oh! they wakened in my spirit, like the beautiful in art,  
Such a busy, busy thinking, such a dreariness of heart,  
That I sat amid the shadows with my spirit all astray,  
Thinking only, thinking only, of the soldiers far away.

Of the tents beneath the moonlight, of the stirring tattoo's sound,  
Of the soldier in his blanket, in his blanket on the ground,  
Of the icy winter coming, of the cold, bleak winds that blow,  
And the soldier in his blanket, in his blanket on the snow.

Of the blight upon the heather, of the frost upon the hill,  
And the whistling, whistling ever, and the never, never still,  
Of the little leaflets falling, with the sweetest, saddest sound;  
And the soldier, O the soldier, in his blanket on the ground.

Thus I lingered in my dreaming, in my dreaming far away,  
'Till the spirit's picture-painting seemed as vivid as the day,  
And the moonlight softly faded from the window opened wide,  
And the faithful, faithful pointer, crouched closer to my side.

And I know that 'neath the starlight, though the chilling frosts may fall,  
That the soldier will be dreaming, dreaming often of us all.  
So I give my spirit's painting just the breathing of a sound,  
For the dreaming, dreaming soldier, in his blanket on the ground.

## "OLD GRIMES IS DEAD."

[S. H. Patterson in Times-Star.]

I presume that most of you are somewhat familiar with a certain song about a good old man named Grimes, whom we shall never see any more. The author was one Albert G. Greene, who was born in Providence, Rhode Island, on the 10th of February, 1803, the same year Harriet Martineau, Lydia Maria Child, Fredrika Bremer and George P. Morris appeared on this sphere. He was educated at Brown University, in Providence, and died, I think, at Cleveland, this State, on the 3d of January, 1868.

The song which perpetuates his name has often been parodied, and has been published in numerous versions, but I have pretty good reasons for believing that this is the original:

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man  
We ne'er shall see him more;  
He used to wear a long black coat  
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,  
His feelings all were true;  
His hair was some inclined to gray,  
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain  
His breast with pity burned;  
The large, round head upon his cane  
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,  
He knew no base design;  
His eyes were dark and rather small,  
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,  
In friendship he was true;  
His coat had pocket-holes behind,  
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,  
He passed securely o'er,  
And never wore a pair of boots  
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,  
Nor fears misfortune's frown;  
He wore a double-breasted vest,  
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,  
And pay it its desert;  
He had no malice in his mind,  
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,  
Was sociable and gay;  
He wore large buckles on his shoes,  
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,  
He did not bring to view,  
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,  
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw  
In trust to fortune's chances;  
He lived (as all his brothers do),  
In easy circumstances.

Thus, undisturbed by anxious care  
His peaceful moments ran,  
And everybody said he was  
A fine old gentleman.

## THE FIRST INFLECTION.

Beautiful Snow Calls the Poetic Faculties Into Play.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

It was to have been expected, for if there is one thing more than another which calls the latest poetical faculties into action it is the snow, and especially the first snow of the season.

This morning there came a number of "Beautiful Snow" offerings, and as they were poor, small things, they did not suffer the usual waste-paper-basket fate. Here are some specimens:

Oh,  
See the snow,  
Falling slow,  
As we go  
Tripping,  
Slipping,  
Dripping,  
Murmuring low,  
"D—n the snow!"

"Is the editor in? Ah, yes—you are here! Well, sir, I have brought you a few little verses about the first snow-storm—I call it a poem."

"Git! Run for your life!—My friend go you home, Or by the young spit-fire who serves as our devil, I'll lose my serenity, fail to be civil, And give the snow-poet such bruises and curses—"

"But, sir, 'tis the first gentle fall of the year."

"Softly it fell—  
On hill and dell,  
But it didn't say!  
And neither will you!  
Here! look at my shoe,  
Then speedily say,  
If it wouldn't be best to get O. U. T. ! ! ! ! !"

I.  
Softer than slumbering billows,  
That dream over wandering seas,  
Are the thoughts which the winter pillows  
In memories of thee.

II.  
Yet in the wings of thy cold white angels,  
That skim o'er the open sky,  
Comes the chill of a curse, and the shiver  
Which charity can not deny.

"I like to ride thoked in a sleigh."  
The pretty girls are sure to seigh;  
And each will smile upon her beau  
And rave about the Beautiful Sneau.