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The Lucinda Lenore Merriss Cornell Collection:
Ephemera

Lucinda Lenore Merriss Cornell Collection
(1855-1911)

1860

A Collection of Newspaper Clippings

Lucinda Lenore Merriss

John B. Cornell

Harvard Lampoon

The Independent

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THE POET'S SOLILOQUY.

The tide comes in and the tide goes out,
And a hundred tides are the same as one,
For who can say what I'm writing about,
And what is it all when all is done?
But dipping my pen in the ink, and then?
Oh! nothing but taking it out again.

For people must read a great deal of rot,
(And rubbish and rot are the same as one,)
They may as well read what I write, why not?
But what is it all when all is done?
Some lines of type and metre rough,
And not an idea in the whole of the stuff.
—[Harvard Lampoon.

WHY MOTHER IS PROUD.

Look in his face, look in his eyes.
Roguish and blue and terribly wise—
Roguish and blue, but quickest to see
When mother comes in as tired as can be;
Quickest to find her the nicest old chair;
Quickest to get to the top of the stair;
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek
Would help her far more than to chatter, to speak.
Look in his face and guess, if you can,
Why mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud—I will tell you this;
You can see it yourself in her tender kiss.
But why? Well, of all her dears
There is scarcely one who ever hears
The moment she speaks and jumps to see
What her want or her wish might be.
Scarcely one. They all forget
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet,
But this she knows, if her boy is near,
There is somebody certain to want to hear

Mother is proud and she holds him fast
And kisses him first and kisses him last.
And he holds her hand and looks in her face;
And hunts for her spool which is out of its place,
And proves that he loves her whenever he can.
That is why she is proud of her little man.

—[The Independent

WHITE CITY IS GONE.

Teresa Dean Visits Scenes of
Ruin and Desolation.

ONLY THE SHELL REMAINS.

Plenty of Opportunities to Be-
come Sentimental.

Relic Hunters Invade All Parts of the
Once Interesting
Grounds.

Turnstiles and gatekeepers are a part of the past at the White City, and you can walk decorously through the passage where once they held forth, or you can climb joyously over the fence with a whoop. Just as fancy strikes you.

ever, to "come and see how the natives of Turkey weave their carpets."

The Egyptian Temple looms up with dismantled glory and seems to be alive with the Moscova's disgust that people did not better appreciate his imitation Ramesis II. and King Solomon's sister, and various other reproductions of tombs and celebrities.

A "lady manager" passed me on the road. She, too, looked rather subdued and melancholy.

My sentimental streak was still clinging to me, but humor chased its twin—pathos—away as we met.

Somehow I was irrelevently reminded of another "lady manager" who one day, standing near me, said to a mild-looking woman:

"I am a lady manager."

"Yes?" said the other. "So am I."

"I belong to the *National* commission," said No. 1.

"Yes?" was the answer. "So do I."

"Oh," replies the first with the falling inflection and drooping of plumage.

There's not a bit of application there, but somehow, amid the debris and ruins, I thought of it when I met the dear lady manager, with her occupation gone and she, too, a looker on in Venice.

TERESA DEAN.

SOMEBODY'LL COME TO-NIGHT.

I must bind my hair with the myrtle bough,
And gem it with buds of white,
And drive this blush from my burning brow,
For somebody'll come to night;
And, while his eye shall discern a grace
In the braid and the folded flower,
He must not find, in my tell-tale face,
The spell of his wondrous power.

I must don the robe which he fondly calls
A cloud of enchanting light,
And sit where the mellowing moonlight falls,
For somebody'll come to-night;
And while the robe and the place shall seem
But the veriest freak and chance,
'Tis sweet to know that his eye will beam
With a tenderer, happier glance.

'Twas thus I sang when the years were few
That lay on my girlish head,
And all the flowers that in fancy grew

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were tied with golden threads,
And somebody came, and the whispers there—
I cannot repeat them quite;
But I know my soul went up in prayer,
And somebody's here to-night.

I blush no more at the whispered vow,
Nor sigh in the soft moonlight;
My robe has a tint of amber now,
And I sit by the anthracite;
And the locks that vied with the glossy wren
Have passed to the silver grave;
But the love that decked them with flowers then
Is a holier love to-day.

"I'D CHOOSE TO BE A BABY."

[The following parody by Fred. Buckley, on the beautiful ballad, "I'd Choose to Be a Daisey," is published in sheet music by one of the most popular music houses New York:]

I'd choose to be a baby,
A darling little flower,
Without a care or sorrow,
As I was in childhood's hour;
When ladies (heaven bless them)
They'd kiss me and they'd vow
That they could almost eat me—
Why don't they do it now!

When I used to be a baby
They'd to my cradle creep,
They'd kiss and hug and cuddle me,
Till I fell off to sleep,
Yes, they'd kiss and squeeze me too,
Till I felt any how,
They'd even wash and dress me—
Why don't they do it now?

For pleased they were to nurse me,
They would take me on their lap,
And would stuff my little stomach full
Of lollipops and pap,
They would chew me tops and buttons,
And if I made a row,
They'd press me to their bosoms—
Why don't they do it now?

When the ladies used to love me,
They would make me such nice clothes,
They would make me nice morocco shoes
And wipe my little nose,
And when the shades of evening came,
And sleep came o'er my brow,
They said it's time to go to bed—
But they never say it now.

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May the breeze of prosperity
waft thee gently down the stream of
life; And when its evanescent dreams
are o'er, may some kind Angel guide
thee to the heaven of tranquility and rest
(or home)

L. L. Perriss.

Now lovely youth, and kindred dear
My last expiring counsel hear
Then we in heaven shall Jesus meet
In joy through grace each other greet.

~~~~~~~~~

Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are  
While on his breast I lean my head  
And breath my life out sweetly there

John B. Lomell