

Origin of Popular Phrases.

[Globe-Democrat.]

Dead as a Herring.—This phrase may be traced to the fact that the herring is an extremely delicate fish. Whenever it is taken out of the water, even though it seems to have no hurt, it gives a squeak and immediately expires; though it be thrown instantly back into the water it never recovers.

Gone Where the Woobine Twin-eth.—It is very common in the New England States to see the trough, or "spout," which leads the water from the eaves, entwined in the claspers of the woodbine. J. Fisk, Jr., gave the above phrase in answer to a question concerning a certain sum of money. He wished to convey the idea that it had gone up the spout.

Let Slip the Dogs of War.—In Shakespeare's play, Julius Cæsar, Act III., scene 1, twenty-five lines from the end, occurs the above expression. Anthony is soliloquizing as to the outcome of the murder of Cæsar's spirit \* \* \* shall in these confines \* \* \* cry 'havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war."

Hobson's Choice.—Tobias Hobson was the first man in England who let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse he was led into the stable where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door, so that every customer was alike well served, according to his chance. Hence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say "Hobson's Choice."

By the Skin of My Teeth.—Is found in Job, xix., 20: "My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh; and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

To Point a Moral, etc.—He left a name at which the world grew pale, To point a moral or adorn a tale—written by Samuel Johnson, in speaking of Charles XII, of Sweden, in "The Vanity of Human Wishes."

The Style is the Man.—This famous saw is generally quoted as one of Buffon's; but it appears that the words thus attributed to Buffon are not Buffon's at all, but a perversion of one of his phrases, which occurs in his "Dissertation sur le Style." His words are, "Le style est de l'homme," and not "Le style, c'est l'homme."

Don't Crowd the Mourners.—This expression originated with one of the Mier prisoners in Mexico. The captured Texans overpowered their guard at Rancho Salado and escaped, but were afterwards captured and compelled to draw lots. A number of beans were placed in a hat, every tenth bean being a black one. The man who drew a black bean was to be executed next morning. One of the unfortunates, who had already drawn a black bean, was jostled accidentally by a fellow captive, who was crowding up to try his luck. The jostled party, whose fate was already sealed, laughingly remarked: "Go slow; don't crowd the mourners, boys."

The Pen Mightier than the Sword.—Bulwer's famous saying, which he puts into the mouth of Richelieu, that "the pen is mightier than the sword," is not original, at least not in the idea. A number of letters written by Oliver Cromwell have recently been found among the family papers of the descendant of one of his captains, with the device of a sword crossing a pen upon them, and the legend, "Ten to one the feather beats the iron."

Though lost to Sight to Memory Dear.—This line has frequently been quoted, and in almost every instance it is added that its authorship is unknown. A correspondent, in an issue of the St. Louis Globe, of 1873, asserts that an author named Ruthven Jenkyns wrote the following in 1701, and published it in the Greenwich Magazine:

Sweet heart, good bye! the fluttering sail Is spread to wait me far from thee; And soon before the fav'ring gale My ship shall bound upon the sea. Perchance, all desolate and forlorn, These eyes shall miss thee many a year, But unforgotten every charm, Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Sweet heart, good bye! one last embrace, O, cruel fate, true souls to sever; Yet in this heart's most sacred place, Thou, thou alone shall dwell forever! And still shall recollection trace In fancy's mirror ever near, Each smile, each tear that from that face, Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Whom the Gods Love die Young.—Quoted by Byron in his Don Juan, canto 6th, 212; but the ancient author is Accius Plautius Marcus, the greatest of Roman comic poets. He was born in Umbria about 254 B. C. His history is profoundly obscure, and, according to Cicero, he died 184 B. C. Twenty of his comedies are still extant, out of the twenty-one enumerated by Vacco, and are scarcely less popular among the moderns than they were during his lifetime.

He tempers the Wind to the Shorn Lamb.—This passage originally occurs in Sterne's Sentimental Journey, in the touching episode of Poor Maria and her goat, near Moulins, France.

AUNT DINAH VISITS THE CIRCUS.

Now, what's you doin', Ca'line, an' whar's you bin to-day? You habn't seed de 'nagery, nor heard de music play? Well, dis is all I's got to say: you sholy missed a sight! An', to tell you what I seed to-day, 'twould take me haf de night. I seed de lion an' de tiger an' de anycondy, too, 'sides, de awful-lookin' 'pollymouse an' ugly kon-kerry. But de smartis ob de animbles I foun' in all de ganz, Es I walked amongst de cages, was de funny rang-er-lang. He was settin' on a bor'l an' a chavin' on a cake. An' I heard de niggers sayin' how he 'sembled Par-son Jekes— 'Cause he had a mighty schemey way o' squinchin' up his eye An' hangin' down his under jaw an' sightin' at de sky. Well, I 'cows he rudder got me wid his manish sort o' way, An' here's de sort o' talkin' dat I knows he meant to say: "Well, ole 'oman, how-de-doo, marm, an' what you thinks o' me? I trabbles on de sleepin' car, an' gits my eatin' free; I habs de fines' vittles jes eb'rywhar I goes; An' nebbor habs no trouble a-watchin' up my cloes; Now, wouldn't you like to shif' yourself, jes like de tadpoles do. An' shuffle off de nigger skin, dan' be a monkey, too?" Now dat's what he was thinkin', 'case I seed it in his face. Dar's a heap o' schemin', Ca'line, in dis here monkey race! For I b'lebes dat he kin talk as well as me or you, An' I knows he's got a heap o' sense and education, too; An' I radder spec' he understands de shubble an' de hoe, But de little feller's heap too keen to let de people know; 'Cause he'd hab to git his libbin' in a mighty diffant way. An' dey'd hab him in de cotton-patch at fifty cents a day. J. A. MACON. STARKVILLE, MISS.

UNCLE IKE'S SOLILOQUY.

"Cris'mus comin', Isaac, you had bes' be stirrin' roun' An' make yo' preparations fo' de snow is on de groun'. Warm fires will be needin', an' you's got no wood at all; You better hitch dem oxen up an' jus' begin to haul. Kase when de win' is howlin' an' de snow begin to spit. De darky hurs de fire jus' as close as he kin git. You better step out lively, now; don't mindit' ob de blas'. Dem steers dey walk so plizen slow, and Cris'mus comin' so fas'. Cris'mus ain't so jolly in dese 'mancipation days, Now eberything is altered f'um de old plantation ways. (Git up dar, Brandyl what you 'bout, you mean, outdacious load? You mity peart 'bout laggin' back, for Ball to pull de load.) Lord! how it all come back to me about de good ole fun We used to hab wid mars'r, whca de yearly work was done. Dar allus was some frolicia' or nudder gwine on 'Mong darkies same as white folks jus' as sho' as you is born. Fus' when de corn was gathered up f'um every field an' patch De niggers all would 'semble to enjoy de shuckin' match. One would play de banjo while de balance all would slop. An' jokes an' corn be flyin' 'bout aroun' de jolly ring. Den mars'r come out smilin' wid de bottle in his han' An' call up all de darkies for to gib 'em each a dram. An' den de shuckin' supper! farly sets my mouf a waterin'— (Whca, Ball! git up, kase ef you don't I'se apt to do some s'aighterin'. Quit hangin' out yer tongue, you fool, an' notice whar your walkin'; Ges Brandyl haw I tell you, can't you hear me when I talkin'?) Den when de shuckin's ober dar would come de bogs to kill, An' meat would be so plenty eben dogs would git der fill. Fifty, sixty, eighty hogs ole Mars'r'd have you mine. De niggers eat de grease unt' well faces farly shibe. ('Tis pow'ful lonesome in dese woods, an' I ain't none too bold. My han's is all but frozen scramblin' 'bout here in de cold. Day's right, Brandyl, step along, a-switchin' of yo' tail; Keep up dat gait, and maybe you will obertake a snail.) Dear heerd! when Cris'mus used to come how glad we was, an' proud. An' how we'd lart an' boller, too, an' sing so mity loud. An' den on Cris'mus mornin', when de night berun to hif, We'd sleep up to de big house for to ketch ole Misha "Cris'mus air". An' dar would be de presents for de people large an' small. An' double rations for de week for chillun an' for all. Warm gloves, an' caps, an' comforters, an' set-lik for de men; De women dey got dresses, hoods, an' ap'ons, you depen'; Candy for de chillun, too, an' den ole Misha would take De women to de sto'-room for to git der Cris'mus case, De flour an' de sugar for to make us all a pone. Or sweet an' flaky goodness, for to help us 'joy de fun; Den we'd string de banjo up an' feaz an' dancas an' sing. An' all de boys an' gals would shout an' lart an' hab der bang. We'd visit 'mong de neighbors almos' every odder night. A-iddin' an' dancin' plum unt' well de broad day-licht. Cris'mus ain't like Cris'mus now, de times is got so dry, An' things is all so dif'ent that it's fit to make me cry. De niggers got so 'licious dat dey dar'sent dance or joke; An' I 'spee de good ole banjo's oil ob dem's los' or brose. Dey feaz dey'll git turned out de church for ebery bit of fun. An eben down, de hymns dey stor is awful diamal ones. (Git up dar, oxen! Hear mel. Does you want me for to tocezel? A settin' here 'pon top de wood, my chit upon my knee; What sort o' sorry flegger would I cut does you sup-pose. A struttin' into "Kingdom come" in dese ver patchy clo's? Would de blessed angels notice me 'cept jes to star an' think Dat sholy dat nigger was de famous "mishin' link"? M. G. McC. C.

[For the Courier-Journal.] MUTANDA.

Change—bitter changel. No day so fair But lurid storms may sweep its sky; No sunny, golden tress of hair But turns to silver bye and bye. No meadow, soft with living green, But winter's touch makes bare and brown; No brow that glows with laughter's sheen But wears at last a sorrow's crown. Nymphery, rippling, lumpy stream, But merges in some turbid river; No happy, care-free, childhood's dream But fate's dark tide ensnafs forever. No sun so bright but twilight's hour Brings warning that its race is run; No love so true but some fell power Estranges souls that seem as one. Ah, happy thrice the patient heart That meekly waits life's duties done— Content to know change hath no part In that fair day that needs no sun. ROSE GERANIUM.