

reputation, and yet there is not a great deal in it after all. It seemed to suit everybody, however, and its lines and *dicta* are used whenever occasion admits. The great success achieved by the poet in this production induced him to publish the other day a further instalment from "Truthful James." This latter takes up the Indian. It appears a lottery was held in 'Frisco, and "Truthful James" had just seen an Indian who had a number—"72,984"—which fact he communicated to his partner, "Bill Nye." On hearing this "Bill" went for his revolver and on consulting his memoranda found the No had drawn a prize. He hastened then to the protection of the "Injin." He met the brave and together they consumed much "fire-water," and "Truthful" says:

"And we found William spread
Very loose on the strand,
With a peaceful-like smile on his features,
And a dollar greenback in his hand.

Which the same, when rolled out,
We observed with surprise,
What that Injin, no doubt,
Had believed was the prize—
Them figures in red in the corner,
Which the number of note specifies.

Was it guile or a dream?
Is it Nye that I doubt?
Are things what they seem,
Or is visions about?
Is our civilization a failure?
Or is the Caucasian played out?"

This emanation is hardly so good as Mr. Harte's former efforts. We feel that we ought to publish "The Heathen Chinese" in full, to give the readers of the QUARTERLY some idea of the scope and style of the writer of dialect poetry:

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies—
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon Willi
And me in a way I despise.