

authors and general professors, far exceed any legitimate demand. And the Crank Factory continues running at full speed!

GENERAL DANIEL PRATT.

The great American Traveller, is among the most widely known victims of mania. This unique personage having been a public character for many years; and while seeking the one great end of his disarranged life, that of becoming his country's chief magistrate, has met with innumerable funny adventures. Others, aspiring to our nation's chief honor, appear and disappear with distracting rapidity; but General Pratt stands as the perpetual Presidential candidate. Every four years, when the nominating conventions assemble, Daniel confidently expects to receive a unanimous endorsement, which, of course, would be equivalent to an election, and even proceeds to make arrangements for remunerating imaginary supporters with fat offices and cash rewards. He also orders from various merchants an amazing amount of goods, embracing nearly everything—in the range of commodities—all of which must be delivered at the White House on the 5th of March. After the standard bearers have been selected, and Pratt finds his claims ignored, he, at first getting very angry, decides to run independently, and sail in on the flood of his personal popularity, which at the same time, as he declares, will completely submerge the parties that have refused to recognize his pre-eminent fitness. But as election approaches, the General is always carried off his feet by popular enthusiasm. For the time, withdrawing his own candidacy in favor of the nominee recommended by some trusted acquaintance, the latter usually being a reporter, whatever the G. A. T. may say or do is printed. Although this absurd information may not seem to be of any public importance, journalists are not likely to furnish news which experience has not taught them to be popular. In these times of almost frenzied activity the intellectual attitude of society at large is elevated above that of General Pratt much less than society at large would ever dream of; and when the actor in this dizzy programme reads of what any mild lunatic may accomplish, very likely some intuitive feeling of kindred interest gives the narrative a special attractiveness.

But Daniel's attention is not wholly confined to the Presidency. He is an orator on all possible subjects, and always ready to deliver an address for the benefit of any enterprise, accepting in return whatever his employees may choose to give—a coat or hat, old to others, but new to him; entertainment for a day, or even an order for a plate of Boston baked beans. He also makes pretensions to exceptional literary skill, and some of his effusions in verso have reached publication. When requiring food, he is apt to visit the nearest saloon, and after providing a certain amount of fun, order whatever suits his taste, for which payment is never given or expected. On one occasion the writer was present when the General entered a large dining room; he was dressed in a faded silk hat, antique cape coat, and other garments of an old ill-fitting and worn-out nature. Coming forward with a sort of pre-occupied look on his pimply red face, he informed the proprietor that he wanted good food and plenty of it. Then he went on to state a number of facts in his experience, among other things declaring there was not a man in America who could beat him in writing or speaking. Being requested to give a specimen of his productions, the G. A. T. recited a long poem, of which the following were the closing couplets:—

"When all the constitution breakers,
The discord, ring and lobby makers,
The bounty, bribe and pension nabers,
The office, land and salary grabbers,
With every thieving politician,
Are driven from each fine position,
Along will come Daniel Pratt with reputation bright and fair,
And seat himself in the Presidential chair."

Suiting the action to the word, the General dropped into a convenient chair, drew up to the table, and exclaimed: "Water, bring me a porter house steak, and a cup of your best coffee." The order being promptly filled, Mr. Pratt revealed a robust appetite and then in the most complacent manner, wished the saloon keeper good afternoon. This man of words is often employed by college boys and others seeking a lark, to deliver open air speeches, during which the orator is usually encouraged by decayed cabbages, rotten apples, and ancient eggs. The applause ending up with a grand huzzah, and the explosion of a cannon cracker in the General's coat tail pocket.

While undoubtedly crazy on many subjects, Pratt is keenly sane regarding others, and shows the method in his madness by turning all his eccentricities to practical account. He is now quite infirm from age and ill usage, and must shortly disappear. But his style having proved successful others are sure to adopt it, and his position as leader of harmless maniacs in Boston is likely to be hotly contested by the talented loose heads with which that energetic city abounds.

OLD MILLEN,

A former member of this fraternity made a specialty of public debate, most of his argumental arrows being shot at General Pratt, whose wider fame filled him with jealous wrath. As a speaker, while lacking the G. A. T.'s versatility, Millen was fully his equal at inventing extraordinary stories. Once, while addressing a promiscuous crowd on the common, he declared that Pratt had invented a new chemical which would be introduced into the sewers, and then, becoming a fearful explosive, go off and blow the city into atoms. On another occasion he affirmed that the General had purchased millions of elephants and other enormous animals, which were quartered on the harbor islands, and to feed them he proposed buying up all the grain in the country, thus creating a famine.

Those utterances were characterized by the G. A. T., as those of a mad man, and unworthy the notice of one so soon to become the nation's chief

executive officer. But when after a period of violence and confinement in the South Boston Asylum, the accuser of General Pratt passed away; that gentleman pronounced a funeral oration, in which the many short comings of his former rival were enumerated, and the opinion expressed that a man who had spent his life in such a sinful way, must now be suffering the most terrible torments. A fate, which he assured his hearers would overtake anyone daring to slander a person of his ability and coming power.

BARNEY GOULD.

The Cape Cod Expressman is a gentle maniac of somewhat different stamp. His strong point being pedestrianism, and the accounts of his big achievements would not receive a moment's consideration were they not from indisputable sources. The house of this crank is near Hyannis, Mass. and his time is mostly employed in pushing a handcart through neighboring towns. The freight he is able to procure brings sufficient means to support the simple needs of himself and wife, the latter being an old colored woman possessing rather more common sense, but far less talent than the Expressman.

Occasionally Gould locks up his "waggon" and starts on a long journey; always going to Boston first. While on these excursions he shows pedestrian qualities that few professionals could equal. The distance between Hyannis and Boston is over 80 miles, and Barney has frequently accomplished it in 14 hours. His style of locomotion is a sort of running walk, by which he maintains a speed of 8 miles an hour with only the slightest apparent effort. On entering Boston, the messenger announces his advent by repeated blasts from an immense horn, which he invariably carries. As he hops through the streets, his tall lank form with disproportionately long legs, attracts much attention; and a reception committee of corner loafers and children of all ages generally accompany him. But the wild traveller does not give them the slightest notice. Going rapidly about his business of calling on people from the Cape, and leaving letters or parcels sent by friends at home. In this respect Gould stands as a rival for the U. S. Mail; always being ready to take a letter any distance for the price of postage. From Boston his tour usually extends to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Sometimes the end is not reached until he has seen the orange groves and felt the warm gales of Florida. How the strange rover manages to live while taking these tremendous tramps is a question hard to answer. He is perfectly honest, never begs, and yet travels without sufficient means to pay expenses for a single week. After an absence of several months, he returns with unmistakable proofs of having reached locations more than a thousand miles distant.

Sometimes Barney gets over the ground in a way that defies explanation. Many years ago he wished to go from Boston to Charleston, South Carolina; and finding a schooner about to start for that port essayed to take passage, but on being refused, remained on the wharf till the vessel's departure; at the last moment casting off the line, and remarking to the captain, "When you reach Charleston I'll be there to take your line." This speech was considered the empty boast of a soft-headed youth; and no one on board dreamed of meeting him in the Southern city. After an average run the packet reached her destination; and when the line was thrown ashore as she was coming along side her dock, a gaunt personage sprang forward and made it fast. Then, leaping on board, the Cape Cod Expressman declared his promise kept. At that time there were no regular conveyances between Boston and Charleston either by land or water. Yet Gould, without money or influential friends, managed to transport himself from one place to the other, so as to arrive in advance of the vessel. Even the performer himself could not tell how it was done, simply declaring, "I wanted to get there quick, and I did it!"

Although nearly 70 years old, his ranger still goes on long tramps. And while his hair grows thin and his face shows increasing marks of age, his step is firm and elastic, and he swings along without any visible decrease of ease or freedom. Some day, pretty soon, while making one of his journeys he will suddenly find it impossible to go further; and the verdict is likely to declare that Barney Gould came to his death on the highway from exhaustion, caused by 50 years of almost constant travelling.

JONATHAN.

(To be Continued.)

MEDICAL NOTES.

The collapse of the "Halifax Medical College" will prove a boon to the future of medicine in this Province. The medical profession began to lower in tone from the day it came into existence. It never had the confidence of the profession or the public.

We do not want cheap medical colleges or cheap doctors. They are not a success.

No laws can make men honest. While we have dishonorable men we will have quacks.

The intelligence of the people is the best remedy against quacks.

It is the physician's place to enlighten the public.

Mankind must be fools indeed if they cannot be taught the difference between the spurious and the real.

The profession of medicine is a grand and honorable calling. It should be above cliques and other subterfuges for personal aggrandisement.

The doings of the "Provincial Medical Board" are a mystery to all—to the profession, the government, and the public.