

"TOM THUMB."

People well advanced in middle age count among the earliest of their recollections the sight of Tom Thumb, whose real name was CHARLES S. STRATTON. What a thrilling sight it was when the two black Shetland ponies—equuncules as he was a homonculus—and attached to a proportionable coachlet, with a small boy on the box and another swinging behind, pattered furiously through the main street and up to the place of exhibition, which in the present writer's time and place was the Town-hall, and then from inside the gilded nutshell was extracted the colonel, so to say, only he was already a general—General Tom Thumb! The large man who took out the little man so carefully must have been Mr. Barnum himself, unless it was a still larger man whom he had cunningly retained to heighten the force of contrast and to belittle the atomy. The dapper pink and white little man swung his laced cocked hat as he sat in the arms of the attendant giant and was borne upstairs, whither the juvenile crowd surged after him. The "entertainment" was artfully contrived by the cunning Mr. Barnum so that Tom should continually be looked at through the large end of the telescope. Nothing of it abides with this reminiscent save the funny little squeak in which the little man sang his little song, and a faint suspicion of "sword exercise."

Tom was born in 1837, and he must have been twelve or thirteen at the date of these reminiscences, although on the bills he continued to withstand the ravages of time, and to remain stationary at the interesting age of eleven for an unconscionable number of years. He had already, in 1844, visited England, and fascinated the Queen, the period of whose own keenest personal interest in small humanity covered those years, the Crown Princess of Prussia being two years or so the General's junior. Tom brought home with him and exhibited several mementos of the royal interest as well as other tokens of having achieved a European reputation. Tom was very little in those days, and very graceful and pretty, being a man in little, without the excesses and deformities of shape that disfigure most dwarfs, and Mr. Barnum showed his usual insight into the weaker parts of our nature by dating Tom at eleven until that fiction became too wildly improbable. Afterwards Tom broadened in person and reddened in face, and even grew a little, and was much less attractive as an object of *virtu* than he had been. His marriage to Miss Warren, five years his junior, and some inches his minor, was celebrated twenty years ago, and thenceforward he occupied himself in taking care of and increasing his possessions, allowing nothing to interfere with this purpose, not even his favorite sport of yachting, which he pursued with an eye to business, and on one occasion proposed to exchange his fast sloop for a small steamer, upon the ground that he could make this latter craft pay for herself by towing vessels in and out of Bridgeport Harbor.



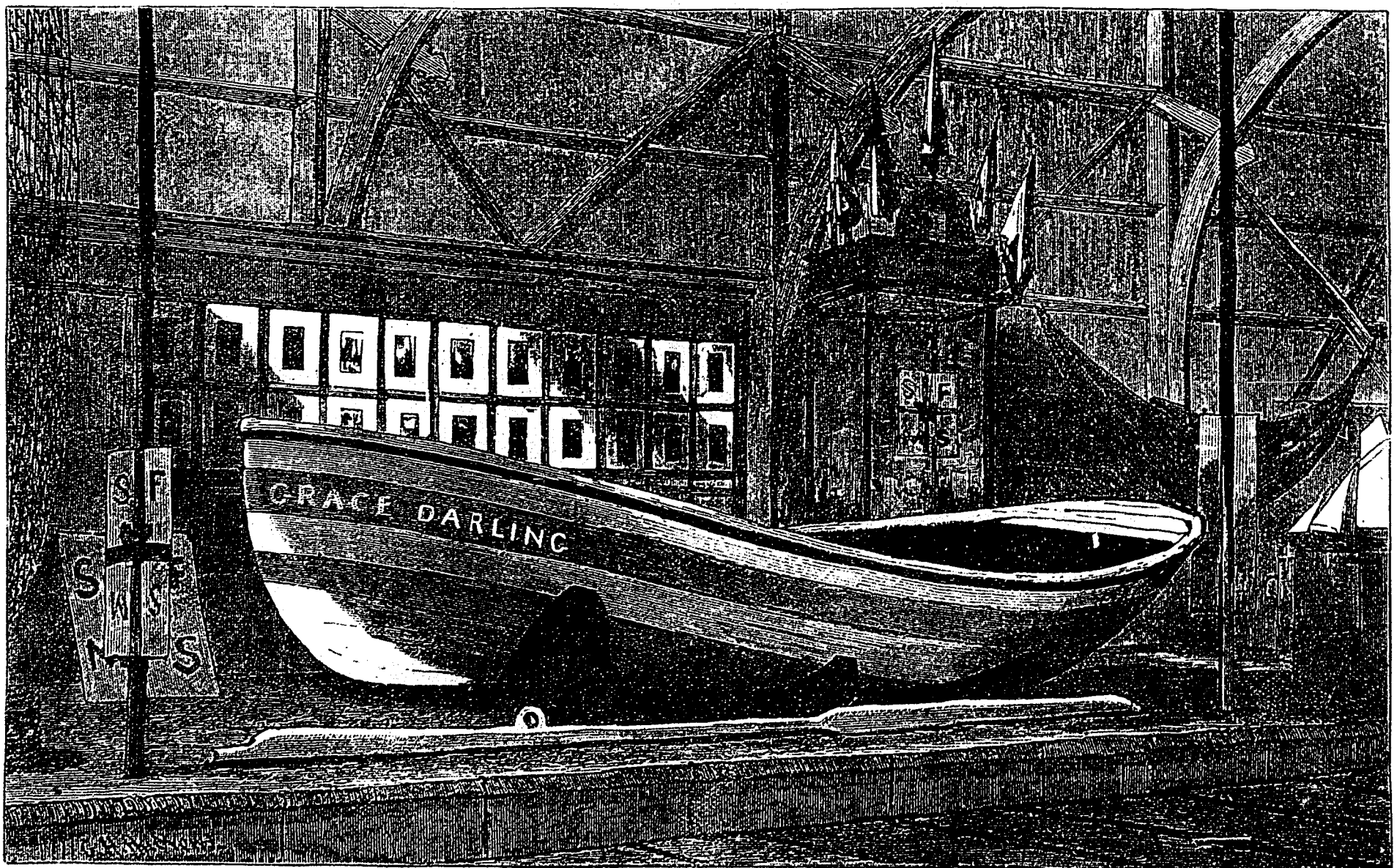
THOM THUMB.

THE SANTA FE CELEBRATION.

The tertio-millennial celebration at Santa Fé still attracts large numbers of visitors, who find in its exposition of the contrasts of ancient and modern civilization, and of the types of Indian life and manners, both entertainment and instruction. Three civilizations are more or less strikingly represented—the Pueblo Indians, with their surviving Aztec customs, the quaint architecture and curious manners of Spain, and the magic industrial triumphs of our own country and time. The mining and industrial exhibition is especially attractive to business men, showing as it does the marvelous mineral wealth of our Western States and Territories. In one of the pageants last week the reign of the aborigines and the Spanish conquest was set forth by a procession headed by Mesquero Apaches painted and armed, with lances and bows and arrows, while beside them marched representatives of different Pueblo tribes, the Zunis, the Picuris San Juan Indians and Ocomas. Next came a cavalier in armor personating Coronado, followed by a long line of brilliant knights and Spanish priests, with Espijo and his warriors next, while the glittering array was closed by an old-time pack-train of ancient Spanish carts. The procession, reviewed by Governor Sheldon, Governor Glick of Kansas, ex-Governor Pitkin of Colorado, Congressman Springer and ex-Judge Prince, marched into the Exposition grounds, where there was an attempt to depict the capture of an Indian pueblo by the Spaniards, ended by the surrender of the Zunis to Coronado. Later the Picuri Indians executed their famous stag dance, and in the evening all the different tribes performed their peculiar dances and passed in tableaux by the light of the bonfires and red fires. Our illustration shows a group of Pueblo Indian clowns in costume, as they appear in their performances.

ALL Europe is waiting to know whether China means to interfere in the Tonquin business. Mr. Bishop can read the thoughts of those with whom the decision rests. Let him do this, and let him tell us what they are. His value as a special foreign correspondent would be beyond all price. If the distance is too great, if Chinese thought-emanations, like Chinese tea, lose quality by crossing the water, he may do the same kind of thing for home politics, and may lend himself as an ally to the Ministry or to the Opposition in exposing their rival's plans, and in discovering the secret meaning hidden under their spoken words.

MR. JAMES LENNOX, Dumfries, has just completed a tour from John o' Groat's to Land's End (over a thousand miles), in nine days and a half, the shortest time on record, and we understand that the Dumfries Bicycle Club intend to make Mr. Lennox a presentation in commemoration of the event.



GRACE DARLING'S BOAT AT THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION, LONDON.