

HORACE GREELEY.

The subject of our sketch was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, February 3rd, 1811. His father was a farmer, and Horace's early days were spent in the usual way in which a boy employs himself on a farm: all through his life the taste for farming has clung to him, and he has never forgotten his early training, as may be seen from his most excellent "What I Know about Farming;" and also from the admirable manner in which he manages his own farm at Chappaqua. From boyhood Mr. Greeley evinced a great passion for books and newspapers, and although his means of obtaining an education were limited, he managed to acquire a fund of useful knowledge which has been of great advantage to him in after life. He was a great admirer of newspapers, and in 1825, when his parents removed to Vermont, he was apprenticed to a small country newspaper. There he served his time, and in August, 1831, removed to New York, where he at first worked as a compositor, and afterwards worked his way up to a position as a good writer. In 1834, in conjunction with some friends he started *The New York*, a weekly literary journal which had a short and unsuccessful career; but showed clearly the talent of the editor. For the next seven years Mr. Greeley was connected with various newspaper enterprises in New York, with varying success, until in 1841 he, assisted by a number of friends who formed an incorporated company, started the *New York Tribune*. From this time dates Mr. Greeley's great success, and from this date he began to be a public character, and a leading politician. In 1848 he was elected to fill a vacancy in the thirtieth Congress; but did not have an opportunity to distinguish himself; this, we believe, is the only occasion on which he has held any public office. Mr. Greeley has been a life-long opponent to slavery, and his terribly denunciatory articles in the *Tribune* had vast influence in precipitating the conflict between the north and south. He was a staunch supporter of the Republican party under Lincoln's administration, and greatly assisted that party during and after the war. Mr. Greeley has always been a bold and fearless writer and speaker; honest of intent himself, and the growing corruptness of the Grant administration has caused him to gradually alienate himself from many of his old political associates and from what is called the "Reform Party," a fusion of part of the Republican party and the Democrats. Mr. Greeley has received the unanimous endorsement of the reform and regular democratic parties, as their candidate for the Presidency, and it is very probable that he will be elected next fall. During his whole life Mr. Greeley has been one of the most energetic and hard-working newspaper men ever known; besides his editorial duties he has published several works which although possessing a little crudeness have attracted considerable attention from the vigour and freshness of their style; notably amongst them is his "Recollections of a Busy Life," which recounts with photographic exactness many of the most stirring incidents of the past thirty years of American history. The election of Mr. Greeley to the position of first magistrate of the United States would be one of the greatest exhibitions of the growing power of the press which has been ever seen; starting as a poor, unknown, half-educated boy, he has by his own unaided ability worked himself up to a high and proud position, and should he be successful in the coming election, it will be only a just tribute offered by the American people to that class of men on which they most pride themselves, "self-made men."

THE HUMOURS OF LETTER-WRITING.

When postage was high, says a writer in *Temple Bar*, letters were luxuries in which persons, far above the condition of those who are called poor, could not often indulge. We cannot give a better illustration of this than one we find in a letter addressed by Mr. Collins, the artist, to his brother, in 1819, when the landscape painter was 25 years of age. Collins was then at Hastings sketching, and had invited his brother to come down from Saturday to Monday. "The whole amount of the expense would be the coach, provided you put two biscuits in your pocket, which would answer as a lunch; and I would have dinner for you, which would not increase my expenditure *above temperance*. I shall be at the place where the coach stops for you, should you be able to come. Write me nothing about it unless you have other business, for a letter costs a dinner." This was the artist who was overjoyed to receive £50 for his "Cromer Sands," the picture for which, at the sale of the Gillott collection, a purchaser was found to give, quite as joyously, 3,782 guineas.

It has been said that if heavy postage produced essays, cheap postage makes epigrams. But the latter were not wanting in the very earliest days. Nothing could be more epigrammatic than the note sent by one Irish chief to another: "Pay my tribute, or else ————." To which the equally epigrammatic answer was: "I owe you none, and it ————." Of this sort were the notes between Foote's mother and Foote. "Dear Sam, I'm in prison. Yours, E. Foote." The old lady was under arrest for debt. The son's answer was: "Dear mother, so am I. Yours, S. Foote." And again the letters between old Mrs. Garrick and young Edmund Keen: "Dear Mr. Keen—You can't play Abel Druggar. Yours, &c." To which intimation Edmund wrote back: "Dear Madam—I know it. Yours, E. K."

Instances occur now and then where a joke has been played, the fun of which was to make a man pay heavy postage for very unnecessary information. When Collins, the artist, was once with some friends around him, one of them resisted every attempt to stay to supper. He withdrew, and the friends in council over their banquet resolved that the sulky guest should be punished. Accordingly on the following day Collins sent him a folded sheet of foolscap, in which was written: "After you left we had stout and oysters." The receiver understood what was meant, but he was equally resolved to have his revenge. Accordingly, hiding his time, he transmitted, in a feigned hand to Collins, a letter in which the painter read only, "Had you?" Therewith the joke seemed at an end; but Collins would have the last word. He waited and waited until the thing was almost forgotten, and then the writer of the last query opened a letter one morning in which he had the satisfaction of finding an answer to it in the words, "Yes, we had."

The assertion that a lady puts the essence, nay the very purpose and import of her letter in the postscript, has had many an ingenious but invented illustration. One of the best is that of a young lady in India to her friends at home, viz.: "P. S. You will see by my signature that I am mar-

ried." Cobbett hated writing across already written lines, and declared that it was of French origin. The earliest letter by a lady, in England, of which a copy exists, is from Matilda, Queen of Henry the First, to Archbishop Anselm. In this she styles him her "Worthily reverend lord," and herself "the lowest of the handmaids of his reverence," phrases which show the mind and hand of some reverend secretary.

Letters to children are as difficult to write as books for children. Crabb Robinson stands at the head of all inditers of little epistles to little folk. He is not in the vein of Jefferey to his grand-daughter, as in "I send you my blessing, and wish I was kissing your sweet rosy lips or your fat finger tips." Robinson comes nearer to Hood, only that he could not stoop to use old jokes as well as make new. The two are together in the following paragraph in Hood's letter to May, one of Dr. Elliot's daughters: "Tell Dinnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony, and has caught a cold; and tell Jennie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. The other night, when I came from Stratford, the cold shrivelled me up so that when I got home I thought I was my own child."

The best thing Crabb Robinson ever did in this way was by surprising a little girl, who said she did not know how to write a letter to her little brother, by proving to her that she was a perfect letter writer. She had asked Robinson to suggest all the subjects. He proposed, purposely, something untrue, then something silly; but both were rejected by the child on the ground of their untruthfulness and silliness. This process went on until the child adopted such subjects as were adapted to her purpose, and she found she was a good letter writer without knowing it.

We conclude with an unpublished letter from an American lady, who some quarter of a century ago aspired to be the instructor of children. The quaintness and simplicity, for it is all sober earnestness, are worthy of being preserved: "Dear Sir.—Having heard that you are in want of a governess for your children, I write to offer myself as a candidate for that post. My acquirements are, English in all its branches, French, German, music, which I play well, singing, painting, drawing, and dancing. My age is just twenty-eight. I am a lady by birth, high-spirited, and, I am sorry to say, slightly quick tempered, but still very fond of children, likewise of gentlemen's society. I am rather delicate, and when not as well as usual require a few tempting viands. I hope if you decide in having me for your children as their governess, that you will allow me the *entree* of your drawing room at all times, and that you will allow me to join in all your domestic amusements. I wish to inform you that I have been in the habit of receiving 200 (sixty pounds) per annum, or fifty pounds (£50) with board, and all travelling expenses paid. You may be glad to hear that I have an elegant figure, small hands and feet, and am, if my friends and admirers are to be believed, engaging."

THE CANADIAN TEAM AT WIMBLEDON.

In speaking of the arrival of the Canadian Team at Wimbledon, and of their performance at Altcar, the London *Telegraph* of the 5th inst. says:

"In the evening the Canadian team, who left Quebec in the 'Scandinavian' on the 22nd ult., and who landed at Liverpool on the 2nd inst., arrived in camp under the command of Major Worsley, and were met by Sir Peter Tait, who dealt so hospitably with their predecessors last year, and who seems fully determined to maintain his reputation on the present occasion. The storm had partly flooded the nice little camp which the Council have appropriated for them near the iron house; but, after a brief absence with Sir Peter for refreshments, the Canadians, who are fine, hearty fellows, went to work to make themselves comfortable in a style that showed camp life, with its shifts and expedients, to be no novelties to them. Since their arrival at Liverpool on Monday last they have not been idle; and though just after landing from a ten days' sea passage they could scarcely be considered in the finest shooting form, they have given the Cheshire and Lancashire men a taste of their quality in some friendly matches at Altcar in a way to show them that if they don't carry off the Rajah of Kolapore's Challenge Cup, they are likely to make the running very hot for the English team. Eighteen men out of the team of twenty—two being unwell from the voyage—in the course of three consecutive days fired six times through the Queen's distances, making an average of 41.27 marks. In a match with the full team against twenty of the 18th Cheshire, the Canadians made an aggregate of 849, or an average of 42.3 per man, beating their antagonists, who, as a battalion team, are clearly first-class, by 26 marks. Next day they shot a triangular match against the 1st and the 5th Lancashire, and scored 149, or an average of 42 marks, beating the 1st Lancashire by 45 marks, and the 5th Lancashire by 27. The eight highest scores at Altcar made an aggregate, six times through the Queen's distances, as follows:—Corporal Larkin, 277 marks, or the magnificent average of 46.16; Quartermaster Thomas, 265; Private Bell, 264; Gunner Shand, 261; Private Ferguson and Ensign Johnston, 259 each; Sergeant Turnbull, 256; and Assistant-Surgeon Aiken, 255; or an aggregate average of 262.75 marks, and a Queen's range average of 43.79. From these figures, as eight will constitute the team for firing for the Kolapore Challenge Cup, our cracks can calculate within a little what they have to beat. Excellent as this shooting is, it is not equal to what was done by the eight top scores of the English team in the recent International Snider competition at Edinburgh, who, in a seven-shot match, made 14 marks over an average of centres; the totals being, England, 1,194; Scotland, 1,191; and Ireland, 1,116. With these data those who have time and a taste for decimals and proportion can work out exactly how much the English and Scotch teams beat the Altcar work of our Canadian fellow subjects, who are clearly more formidable antagonists than their comrades who came over last year."

Fyles of a later date inform us that a formidable team was in process of selection to do battle with the Canadians for the Kolapore Challenge Cup, three being selected from the English International twenty, three from the Scotch, and one reserve man, and one from the Irish team. The English champions were the four highest scorers in the recent warvelous match in Edinburgh, namely, Mr. Wyatt, of Shropshire; Mr. Mayfield, of the Robin Hoods; Mr. Board, of Bristol; and Mr. Chapman, of North York.

Of course we now know that the formidable team has

been beaten by the Canadians, who have carried off the Kolapore Challenge Cup.

On the 7th the camp was visited by Lord Ducie, who welcomed the team to Wimbledon, by Captain Costen, and by General McDougall, inspector of the reserve forces, who was formerly Adjutant General of the Canadian Militia, and who has been asked to take command of the contingent during its stay in England.

On Monday, the 8th, several Canadians were successful. The first competition was for the Prince of Wales' prize for £100, and £100 added, divided into £5 prizes. The distances were 200, 500 and 600 yards, five shots at each range. In this the shooting was magnificent, the winner, Sergeant Metcalfe, making fifty points out of a possible sixty. Only two forty-threes got in, whereas a forty won a prize in 1871. The only winning score of the Canadian team was that of Ensign Johnston, 71st Batt., New Brunswick, who made forty-four, and won a £5 prize.

The Alexandra prize competition at 200 yards was next on the list. This is one of a series of competitions, formerly called the Enfield all comers, but altered in 1864 to the Alexandra. It is fired for at 200, 500 and 600 yards, and prizes given for best scores at each range, as well as prizes for the best aggregate scores at all the ranges. In the competition at two hundred yards the highest possible score was 20 points, and this was made by Mr. Wade, of the 1st Lancashire, along with eight others. Private Sheppard, of the 19th Royals of Toronto, made 19 points and won a £2 prize.

Then followed the Alexandra prize at 500 yards, won again by Mr. Wade, 1st Lancashire, with a full score of 20 points. Private Sheppard of Toronto, who made 18 points, took a £3 prize.

The next shooting was for the Snider Nursery prizes, five hundred yards, five shots. This competition was organized, as its name denotes, to be a nursery in which young shots might make their debut in the Wimbledon world, without having to encounter at the outset shots of long training and experience. The first prize was won by Mr. Lewis, with 19. Among the lower numbers was Private Copping, of Three Rivers, who scored 18, and won a £2 prize.

In the Alexandra prize competition at 600 yards, which commenced on the 5th instant, Corporal Larkin of Halifax, in company with seven others, made 51, the second highest score at that range. Quartermaster Thomas and Corporal Pullen also scored 49. There had been a heavy gale of wind during the morning, which lasted up to time when shooting began; and then a strong gusty south-west wind set in. In the afternoon there was a fall of rain, which began shortly before three o'clock, and lasted about an hour, when it cleared up, and for the rest of the day pretty good shooting was made.

In the competition for the Secretary of State for War's prizes on the 10th, Sergeant Turnbull with seven shots at 200 yards, made 26 points out of a possible 28. He fired with a Martini-Henry rifle. The official score had not been published, but it is evident that he must stand pretty high, as he alone is mentioned, among all other competitors for the prizes, in the London *Telegraph* of the 11th.

In the Alexandra competition prizes, 500 yards, five shots, Corporal Larkin, of Halifax, was one of the winners of five pound prizes, having scored 18 points.

In the Alexandra aggregate prize competition for the 34 highest scores at 200, 500 and 600 yards, Corporal Larkin won a £3 prize, having scored 51 points. The highest score was 53 points.

Among the winners of extra prizes were Captain Wall, G. T. R. Brigade, who scored 19, and won an opera shield, and Private Ferguson, also of the G. T. R., who scored 15 points.—*Quebec Mercury*.

VARIETIES.

An advertisement in a Western paper informs the public that board for the summer can be obtained "at a large and shady brick gentleman's residence in the country."

Queer abbreviations of New England journals: *Low Cost*, "Spring Rep.," *Box Jour.*, "Hart. Times." And now some fool has perpetrated "Down News." To which may be added the "Wash. Pat.," the "Mil. Dem.," the "N. O. News," and the "Mob. Law Record."

A country editor who was pestered with contributions in verse, wrote to his correspondent thus: "If you don't stop sending me your sloppy poetry, I'll print a piece of it some day with your name appended in full, and send a copy to your gal's father." That poetical fountain was spontaneously dried up.

The modern woman when she has a nail to drive doesn't wait for her husband to come home. She catches hold of the nail as she would the hair of a recreant son, swings the hammer over her head and plunges downward. Then she ties up her fingers as well as she can, puts on her best bonnet, and goes right over to her mother's for a good cry and her tea.

Art Critic (who, having "liquored up" considerably, fails to observe that as yet he is only in the lobby of the sale room, and is standing before a mirror, which, purchased at previous sale, still retains its ticket)—"Ah! portrait 'Y gen'lman, I sh'pose—hic!—(writes)—drawing exsh'able—great want of taste in the choice of subject—fit only for a place in tap-room of public house."

Ridiculous things crop out sometimes on the most solemn occasions. At a funeral lately there stood in the house of the defunct an old-fashioned clock, which, when it finished the announcement of the meridian hour, was made to play a tune. The officiating minister was in the midst of his sermon, when, noon having arrived, the clock commenced striking twelve. In a very solemn tone he impressed on his hearers the inevitable flight of time; but the exhortation was evidently ineffective, as the clock instantly followed with the cheery old notes of "Take your time, Sally."

A member of a military company was in Boston, and went to the Jubilee. On the programme was a march from "Mozart's Twelfth Mass." After the performance he happened to be introduced to Mr. Gilmore, who asked which of the pieces he was most pleased with. "Well cap," answered the young soldier, the "thing that knocked me was that ere march you called Mozart's Twelfth Massachusetts!" Mr. Gilmore stared at the creature, looked down one side of him and the other, bowed a disdainful bow, and left that man from Newburyport.