

heartily as if some other man had been made the victim of misplaced type.

Any one can see, by an inspection of the *fac-simile*, that my writing is not so very illegible. To me it is plain enough. Why, then, *should* compositors and others so torture it into meaningless language? Here is the sentence as it made its appearance in "The Regulator":—

HER COPY.

"The skimming birds, the swift round notes of the south wind, the lively face of autumn under wild vines hopping.

"I picked up leaves of myrtle, as I lurked by the sleepynatives, and watched the glossy ivy. Ah, then much said its peace to me."

MY COPY.

"The shimmering leaves, the soft sweet notes of the blackbird, the lovely face of nature, made me mildly happy. I thought of heaven's repose as I looked at the sleeping mountains and watched the gliding river. All the world seemed at peace with me."

Now, if you will compare my copy with the *fac-simile* of the manuscript, you cannot fail to be amazed with me at my little wife's translation. However, there can be no doubt that she tried to do her best, and what more can any woman do? I mentally resolved, however, the next time I left home to give all the work into the hands of the sub, and never lay myself out for a romantic and poetical effort.

That same day came a letter from my wife, from which I make a brief extract:—

"I did pity that poor man when he showed me your writing, for you know it has always been all chickens' legs to me until now. I did not find much trouble of it, after a while, but made a good translation of it; though Conrad laughed, and said perhaps the compositor was standing on his head when he set it up, and that accounted for some mistakes in the printed article; but I did not see them. Conrad says you are going into political life, and that will take you much from home. O' Charlie, I fear for that! Our home is so happy! What can a man want but contentment in this world? You write to make people better. You find smiles when you lift your door-latch; you leave cold looks and harsh words out in the dark street. Within we have warmth and comfort, and merry laughs, and all that is beautiful. "Don't go to politics, where they wrangle and hurt each other."

This was the first subject discussed on my return home.

"And you will go to Congress, and I to Washington, and leave everything we love," she said mournfully.

I pictured the reverse of the shield, till

her eyes shone again—to see beautiful women, great men (alas! in how many cases mis-called greatness!), to behold her husband waited upon and honoured, to hear him speak in the halls of the Capitol of the nation.

At that moment her glance fell upon a paragraph in a rival paper, which she had brought up stairs, Tiddy having found it upon the hall steps.

I meekly bowed my head, and wished myself in Jericho.

That small woman seemed at once endowed with the eloquence of Cicero, the wrath of Mars, and the majesty of Juno. Her face took on a portentous light, as she stalked back and forth; her hands struck out wildly; her eyes were burning stars. In vain I reiterated that it was all paper-talk; in vain I tried to soothe her.

"They talk of you, of you, my Charlie, like that? What will you do to them? Punish them! I would kill them, kill them, if they so did to me!"

It was hours before either Conrad or I could influence her mood sufficiently to calm her in any degree. I feared a fit of illness as the result; and, indeed, for some days her heavy eyes and dejected appearance kept us all anxious. Letters from the far country somewhat changed the aspect of her grief. Old Gretchen was dead, and the little quaint house had changed hands, in tenants; for Conrad was still its owner.

In my early youth, being of a reformatory turn, and imagining, as very young enthusiasts are apt to do, that I could carry the world on my shoulders, I had made some enemies. Among these was one man, half fool, half knave, who took up my war notes in Don Quixote fashion; with this difference, that his nature was utterly foreign from that of the kindly old fighter of windmills; and he infused the bitterest malignity into an article which he wrote for a paper over which he had control.

It was a dastardly, infamous production, and so incensed some of my friends, that they besieged the office, made the foreman stop the press, and afterward bought up all the papers that they could find—a few others in the meantime having gone abroad.

Shortly after my return, a friend came to my office.

"They are down upon you now, Charlie," he said, "though they can say no real harm of you. But there is one thing they may work against you. Barnes, the leader of the opposition, has got hold of that old publication, written fifteen years ago, and they are intending to use it."

"That is infamous," I said.

"Of course it is infamous, but unfortunate-