



"So the world ways."

"For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain" commend me, not always to the Heathen Chinese, but to the mild Hindoo, and I am sure that anyone who has dwelt in the East will back me up in the assertion that the average Oriental is a bird extremely hard to get ahead of. Full of outward respect to the European, he seems to be eternally turning over in his mind the ways and means by which he can "play it sharp" on the white man.

This is what an article in an exchange has to say of

THE MILD HINDOO.

An amusing story comes from Simla, which perhaps shows the reason for some of the strenuous opposition of the majority of Anglo-Indians to the passing of the Ilbert Bill. Cunning seems to be inseparable from the native character, and marvellous is the ingenuity with which on all occasions the Hindoos succeed in cheating their European employers. It is a well-known fact that the greatest care has to be taken in the holding of competitive examinations, as it is the amiable custom of the native printers to steal copies of the questions, and sell them beforehand to the candidates. On a recent occasion one of the examiners determined that he would prevent this, and accordingly he went to the trouble and expense of having his questions lithographed. He sat and watched the preparation of the stone; he saw all the impressions struck off, counted them himself, took the printer out of the room with him, and locked the door. And yet copies were sold at a rupee each that night to the students. The lithographer wore a white suit, and before he left the room he sat for one moment on the stone!

Soon, I presume, the merry jingling of the sleigh bells will be heard; truly Edgar Allan Poe was right when he said "What a world of merriment their melody foretells." Gifted poet: would that he had lived to charm us with more of his matchless, musical verse. The following little poem clipped from an old number of *The Grumbler*, a periodical once published here, but now defunct some twenty-five years or more, has a pleasant ring about it. Had everything that appeared in *The Grumbler* been as good as this, it would have been a pity when the paper ceased to exist.

A WELCOME TO THE SLEIGH BELLS.

A welcome! a welcome!
To the merry, merry bells—
And the light, swift-gliding sleigh,
As their music rings
It merry tidings brings—
"Be mirthful while ye may."

A welcome! a welcome!
To the merry, merry bells
As they dance in tuneful glee;
Wake the snow-clad earth,
With the voice of mirth,
Keeping time to their minstrelsy.

Loose the reins, loose the reins,
Bid the steel-bound fast,
Through the winter's fleecy gale,
On! on! be the cry
As ye swiftly fly
O'er river and plain and vale.

A welcome! a welcome!
To the merry, merry bells,
As their clear sweet voice rings out
Let them mingle long
With the maiden's song,
And the hunter's cheery shout.

A welcome! a welcome!
To the merry, merry bells,
And the light, swift-gliding sleigh,
As their music rings,
It merry tidings brings,
"Be mirthful while ye may."

The story related of Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle as follows, is old but none the less amusing on that account. The scene, as described, must have been ludicrous in the extreme, though the two principal actors in it do not seem to have been particularly impressed by the humor of the situation. Here it is:

DIPLOMACY IN BED.

Montague Burns, in his new book, "The Life of Admiral Lord Edward Hawke," tells this amusing story:—"There was a question about sending Hawke to sea, to keep watch over M. de Conflans; it was November; the weather was stormy and dangerous for a fleet. Mr. Pitt, in bed with gout, was obliged to receive those who had business with him in a room where there were two beds and where there was no fire, for he could not bear one. The Duke of Newcastle (the Prime Minister in name), who was a very chilly person, came to see him on the subject of this fleet, which he was most unwilling to send to sea. He had scarcely entered the room when he cried out, shivering all over with the cold, 'How is this? No fire?'—'No,' said Mr. Pitt, 'when I have the gout I cannot bear one.'—The Duke, finding himself obliged to put up with it, took a seat by the bedside of the invalid, wrapped up in his cloak, and began the conversation. But, unable to bear the cold for any length of time, he said, 'Pray allow me to protect myself from the cold in that bed you have by your side;' and without taking off his cloak, he buried himself in Lady Esther Pitt's bed, and continued the conversation. The Duke was strongly opposed to risking the fleet in the November gales; Mr. Pitt was absolutely resolved that it should put to sea, and both argued the matter with much warmth.—'I am positively determined the fleet shall sail,' said Pitt, accompanying his words with the most lively gesticulations.—'It is impossible, it will perish,' exclaimed the Duke, making a thousand contortions.—Sir Charles Frederick, of the 'Ordnance,' coming in at the moment, found them in this ridiculous position, and had infinite trouble in keeping his countenance when he discovered the two Ministers deliberating on a matter of such great importance in a situation so novel and extraordinary. The fleet nevertheless put to sea; and Mr. Pitt was right, for Admiral Hawke defeated M. de Conflans, and it was the most decisive victory the English gained over the French during that war.

WITHDREW THE SUIT.

A colored gentleman who was crippled in a railway accident sued the company. When the case came up for trial it was proved that the colored gentleman was stealing a ride at the time he got hurt.

"What difference do dat make?" he asked.

"Makes so much difference that you cannot recover damages."

"Wall, how much will yer gimme ter wid-draw de suit?"

"A three cent stamp."

"Gin it here. Ben waitin' ter sen' a letter fur some time. Thankee, sah. De railroad am now free.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

ENQUIRER'S COLUMN.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

Please tell me, if you can, who was called "the bard that soars to elegize an ass," writes HERHAW. If I can, quotha, (good word that, 'quotha,') what can I not tell you? Lord Byron in his scathing "English Bards and Scottish Reviewers," thus refers to Coleridge's "Lines to a young ass," and particularly emphasizes the words "I hail thee, brother," which occur in the poem. The practice is now common, and it would seem that it is often the case that the bigger the ass the more elaborate the eulogy. Why people should be offended when the term "ass" is applied to them it is hard to say, for the donkey is a most estimable animal, and that is what many a man who feels affronted if called an ass, is not. The cultivated ass (to use the term in its usual manner), whose powers of thought are concentrated in the evolving of a "nivaculous necktie," or the elaboration of a coat, reflects no credit upon his quadrupedal prototype, who would doubtless feel insulted if he knew that he was classed with the creature mentioned. The Vicar of Bray was the last of his species honored with orders, although in the mild, fresh-from-college-with-hair-parted-in-the-center, High Church Curate, some people think they can yet discover the adolescent creature as a pulpit embellishment. The subject is one suggestive of deep personal analysis, and is recommended to my readers.

Recently elected to a responsible and elevated position by the unanimous voice of the independent and enlightened constituents of my ward, and anxious to outvie all competitors in doing my duty like a good citizen and a true patriot, and acknowledging your incontrovertible claims to universal knowledge, I ask your advice.—SCHOOL TRUSTEE.

I give it with pleasure. Your ornate enunciation charms me. A school trustee should be an eminent scholar and an honorable man. Your first duty is retrenchment. The exorbitant salaries paid, especially to lady teachers (I hate the word female, so applied) in this city are enough to impoverish our civic exchequer. Those feminine cormorants ask wages equal to those of our domestic servants, and the upper classes receive enough to pay a cook or even a ladies' maid. Another duty is to see that the studies of the pupils are increased; personally question them in geometry, algebra, belles lettres, conchology, logarithms, Greek roots and French and Latin conjugations. Never mind the common place subjects, reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic and English grammar, which are of secondary importance. The school curriculum is intended to prepare all the boys for professional pursuits, and all the girls for rich men's wives. Attend particularly to their aesthetic education. Music is a refining art. Introduce it. The piano, the sackbut, the timbrel, the tambourine, the saxhorn, the trombone, the piccolo, and the jewsharp, according to the natural abilities of the pupils. Remember spelling, reading and writing are commonplace—consequently vulgar.

A Little Rock man found a cake of soap and for days carried it as a curiosity, as nobody could tell what it was.

A painter was bragging of his wonderful command of color to a friend one day. His friend did not seem to take it all in. "Why," exclaimed the painter, "do you know there are but three painters in the world, sir, who understand color!" "And who are they?" at last asked his friend. "Why, sir, I am one, and—and I forget the names of the other two."