

been the mother of our art, Italy may have been the nurse, and Holland its kindergarten, but Shakespeare's House of Nations placed the Press above King, Czar or Bishop—on the Imposing Stone of Freedom!

"By the way, speaking of our mother tongue, what meaning is there in the term 'Anglo-Saxon?' Two kindred dialects. One might as well say Choctaw-Cherokee. However, people have choked to death chewing national roots, eh, Ragchaw? As soon as the English language has absorbed a few more quires of Nimrod's Quarto, Original, Unabridged Dictionary (Cadmus edition), then, gentlemen, we may be able to read the inscriptions on the Tower of Babel in the original First Fount! (Applause).

"Let me see, I was going to say something about the Devil, wasn't I? In the first place, brethren, I must say a few words about myself—which I detest—but like other historical spiders, must quote authorities for my web. The good County of Kent, in the juicy realm of England, had the honor, not only of producing William Caxton and other worshipful mechanics on the forge of fame, but also of your humble servant. I was a Kentish boy. I was apprenticed to my uncle, a worthy burgher of Hoptown, who published the Kentish Beacon. He (and consequently myself) traced his ancestry to Caxton, the first English printer. During midnight hours and at other times, when my uncle 'flew the frisket,' and I pushed the sable roller across the pages of light, he regaled me with the root-matter of my present discourse. He also used to delight me turning over an old drawer of remarkable curios. Specimens of ore, Roman coins, old woodcuts, rare books, rings, and silver shoe buckles, were a few items of his hoard.

"Two objects were in his eyes of special value. One was a small sword of exquisite workmanship, which my uncle claimed was Caxton's own dress sword. Its handle was beautifully chased and the blade bore the inscription 'Sathanas Avaunt!' The other prize winner of the collection was what he called a paperweight. It was a jet black cloven hoof. A fringe of reddish dun hair of an inch breadth encircled the coronet of the hoof, and it had a cross-barred shoe with nine brass nails neatly rasped down