



### STILL HUNTING FOR THOSE CURRAN BRIDGE BOODLERS.

tongued orator of America. He is a very forcible orator, with what is known as a florid style. He responds to this effect:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: It were vain, sir, for me to attempt in the poor halting phraseology of an impotent tongue, to express the emotion which at this moment wells up in my heart like a fountain of golden gratitude. but sir, although I cannot hope to give expression to my thanks for the honor you have done me on this occasion, I can at least assure you that never at any moment of my life—not while I stood upon the topmost peak of the heaven touching mountain of Colorado, where the setting sun diademed the flashing granite, and kissed its forehead into the glory of a sea of diamonds—not when I stood upon the field of battle and felt the thunders of whirlwinds of cavalry sweeping in cyclones of glory into the very jaws of death; not when I bared my throbbing forehead and bent my trembling knee in the presence of the ancient pyramids of Egypt, upon whose hoary summits the sun had blazed and the moon had beamed through long and silent centuries—not at any moment of a life which has known many great and soul stirring moments; never, never, have I felt so honored, so exalted, so glorified as I do now! Say not, gentlemen, that this is the language of exaggeration; say not that these are the effusive words of a too exuberant and ornate oratory. 'Twere more just of you to chide Niagara because her waters are more the stagnant and slime-covered waters of yon motionless pool; or to rebuke the hurricane because its devastating sweep is not the

zephyr that scarce lifts the amber tress from the snowy forehead of yon little child! Be just, gentlemen, and believe me when I say that never, never in a long and brilliant career have I ever felt—(and so on for half an hour.)

The applause having at length subsided (for it is generally of the "long and continued" variety after such exhibitions of grandiloquent and meaningless verbosity) the chairman proposes, "The Ladies," and calls upon a "ladies' man" to reply. The result is often such as does the fair sex no great honor, as when, for example, Mr. FitzDudeson of the Stranded Bank undertakes the task of replying for them:

Mr. Chairman, on behalf of the ladies I return thanks. The ladies are very nice; some of them are even nicer. I like the way they do their hair, and I think they are rather superior to men in other respects as well. They don't smoke, nor dwink. Of course they dwink tea and that sort of thing, but I mean they don't dwink the cup which inebriates but does not cheer, as the poet says. And I think they ought to vote, don't you know. We allow men to vote whether they have any brains or not, and if I vote I don't see why ladies shouldn't. They wear men's collars and shirt fronts, and why shouldn't female dickies have the ballot as well as male Dickies?

FitzDudeson's speech goes on thus brilliantly for a time, and is followed by others equally inspiring, but as the hour is rather late and the affair, after all, a trifle monotonous, we will take advantage of the round of applause to retire.