

shunned the gaze of the public eye, choosing to remain in quite unobtrusiveness rather than to seek the meretricious applause of the indiscriminating public. The committee had therefore, awarded the crown to the author of these beautiful pathetic lines:—

“ ‘ I want to be a Poet,
And with the Poets stand,
A crown upon my bare head,
The Greenbacks in my hand.

“ ‘ Bring on the crown at once, James,
Or, if that ~~cannot~~ be, *C. O. D.*
Just send it by express, dear,
And mark it C. O. D.’

“ The author, being present, was conducted to the centre of the room, where Sir James addressed him at considerable length, presenting him a most magnificently gorgeous crown, which was studded with diamonds and precious stones, and beautifully interwoven with laurel, on which, in bold relief, appeared the mysterious characters ‘C. O. D.’ (Sir James Hopkins then produced a remarkable instrument, vulgarly denominated a *Jews* harp, which he was about to present to the coronated poet, but the president entered a demurrer, saying that he considered that as a personal reflection upon himself, as he would explain when he came to speak of the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, to which no Israelite could give allegiance.) A plethoric bundle of greenbacks was then brought out of Sir Hopkins’ pocket, which the poet grabbed with what seemed to us unseemly haste and anxiety. Sir James proceeded to enlarge upon the immortality of fame, and the utter worthlessness of other sublunary possessions, when he put his hand on his head, and suddenly a most horrid pallor overspread his usually placid countenance—he gasped for breath,—he reeled—he staggered—and he would have fallen, but for the friendly arm of Comp. Drummond, who, by *Main*(e) force, dragged him from the room out into the fresh air. Dr. Mason, of the District, was called to attend to the sufferer, and by almost superhuman exertions, he succeeded in restoring him. (He says it cost him forty-five cents to do it—he had to administer *three* doses of medicine, and the proprietor of Barnum’s Hotel declared that he couldn’t afford to sell *that quantity* for less than fifteen cents a dose.) The Doctor reported that Comp. Hopkins explained the cause of the sudden attack, by telling him that, as he placed his hand to his head, he was horrified to find that one strand of his back hair had become disarranged, whereupon mortification set in at once.

“ Comp. Simons, seeing this opportunity of ‘saying a few words’ (his friends declare that there is no danger of early decease—in fact, that he can’t *die early* because he must *di-late*), commenced to address the crowned poet in a magniloquent oratio” composed chiefly of choice Cherokee, interspersed with beautiful quotations from the Choctaw. He said:—

“ ‘Illustrious and most highly elevated Son of Parnassus: The diaphragmatic expansiveness which titillates the peristaltic mucosity of my internal microcosm as I reverently allocute your Sovereign Highness, thus paying tributary honor to the luminosity of your scintillating symphonies, leads me solicitously to impregnate your intellectual