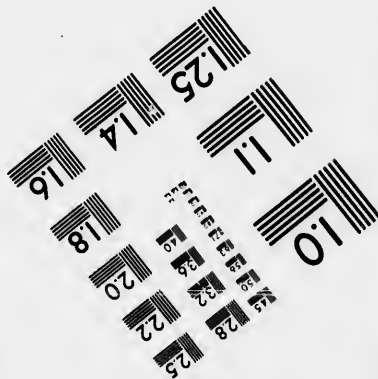
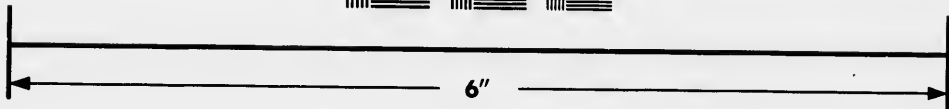
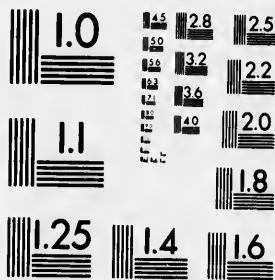


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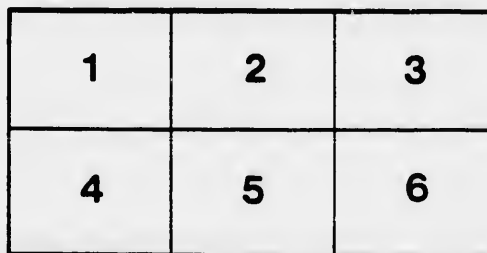
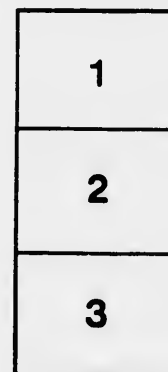
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MARK TWAIN'S
MEMORANDA.

FROM THE GALAXY.



TORONTO:
WM. WARWICK, PUBLISHER,
1871.

TORONTO :
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH PRINTING HOUSE,
CORNER KING AND BAY STS.

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Reports.

MARK TWAIN'S MEMORANDA.

INTRODUCTORY.

By taking upon myself the burden of editing a department in this magazine, I have been actuated by a conviction that I was needed, almost imperatively, in this particular field of literature. I have long felt that while the magazine literature of the day had much to recommend it, it yet lacked stability, solidity, weight. It seemed plain to me that too much space was given to poetry and romance and not enough to statistics and agriculture. This defect it shall be my earnest endeavor to remedy. If I succeed, the simple consciousness that I have done a good deed will be a sufficient reward.*

In this department of mine the public may always rely upon finding exhaustive statistic tables concerning the finances of the country, the ratio of births and deaths, the per centage of increase of population, etc., etc.,—in a word, everything in the realm of statistics that can make existence bright and beautiful.

Also, in my department will always be found elaborate condensations of the Patent Office Reports, wherein a faithful endeavor will at all times be made to strip the nutritious facts bare of that effulgence of imagination and sublimity of diction which too often mar the excellence of those great works.†

In my department will always be found ample excerpts from those able dissertations upon Political Economy which I have for a long time been contributing to a great metropolitan journal, and which, for reasons utterly incomprehensible to me, another party has chosen to usurp the credit of composing.

And, finally, I call attention with pride to the fact that in my department of the magazine the farmer will always find full market reports, and also complete instructions about farming, even from the grafting of the seed to the harrowing of the matured crop. I shall throw a pathos into the subject of Agriculture that will surprise and delight the world.

Such is my programme; and I am persuaded that by adhering to it with fidelity I shall succeed in materially changing the character of this magazine. Therefore I am emboldened to ask the assistance and encouragement of all whose sympathies are with Progress and Reform.

*Together with salary.

†N. B.—No other magazine in the country makes a specialty of the Patent Office Reports.

In the other departments of the magazine will be found poetry, tales, and other frothy trifles, and to these the reader can turn for relaxation from time to time, and thus guard against overstraining the powers of his mind.

MARK TWAIN.

P. S.—1. I have not sold out of the "Buffalo Express," and shall not; neither shall I stop writing for it. This remark seems necessary in a business point of view.

2. These MEMORANDA are not a "humorous" department. I would not conduct an exclusively and professedly humorous department for any one. I would always prefer to have the privilege of printing a serious and sensible remark, in case one occurred to me, without the reader's feeling obliged to consider himself outraged. We cannot keep the same mood day after day. I am liable, some day, to want to print my opinion on jurisprudence, or Homeric poetry, or international law, and I shall do it. It will be of small consequence to me whether the reader survives or not. I shall never go straining after jokes when in cheerless mood, so long as the unlaekneyed subject of international law is open to me. I will leave all that straining to people who edit professedly and inexorably "humorous" departments and publications.

3. I have chosen the general title of MEMORANDA for this department because it is plain and simple, and makes no fraudulent promises. I can print under it statistics, hotel arrivals, or anything that comes handy, without violating faith with the reader.

4. Puns cannot be allowed a place in this department. Inoffensive ignorance, benignant stupidity, unostentatious imbecility will always be cheerfully accorded a corner, and even the feeblest humour will be admitted, when we can do no better; but no circumstances, however dismal, will ever be considered a sufficient excuse for the admission of that last and saddest evidence of intellectual poverty, the Pun. M. T.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF THE GREAT BEEF CONTRACT.

IN as few words as possible I wish to lay before the nation what share, howsoever small, I have had in this matter—this matter which has so exercised the public mind, engendered so much ill-feeling, and so filled the newspapers of both continents with distorted statements and extravagant comments.

The origin of this distressful thing was this—and I assert here that every fact in the following *resume* can be amply proved by the official records of the General Government:

John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef. Very well. He started after Sherman with the beef, but when he got to Washington Sherman had gone to Manassas; so he took the beef and followed him there, but arrived too late; he followed him to Nash-

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ville, and from Nashville to Chattanooga, and from Chattanooga to Atlanta—but he never could overtake him. At Atlanta he took a fresh start and followed him clear through his march to the sea. He arrived too late again by a few days, but hearing that Sherman was going out in the Quaker City excursion to the Holy Land, he took shipping for Beirut, calculating to head off the other vessel. When he arrived in Jerusalem with his beef, he learned that Sherman had not sailed in the Quaker City, but had gone to the Plains to fight the Indians. He returned to America and started for the Rocky Mountains. After eighteen days of arduous travel on the Plains, and when he had got within four miles of Sherman's headquarters, he was tomahawked and scalped, and the Indians got the beef. They got all of it but one barrel. Sherman's army captured that, and so, even in death, the bold navigator partly fulfilled his contract. In his will, which he had kept like a journal, he bequeathed the contract to his son Bartholomew W. Bartholomew W. made out the following bill and then died :

THE UNITED STATES

<i>In acct. with JOHN WILSON MACKENZIE, of New Jersey, deceased,</i>	Dr.
To thirty barrels of beef for General Sherman, at \$100.....	\$3,000
Travelling expenses and transportation	14,000
Total.....	17,000
	Rec'd Pay't.

He died then; but he left the contract to Wm. J. Martin, who tried to collect it, but died before he got through. He left it to Barker J. Allen, and he tried to collect also. He did not survive. Barker J. Allen left it to Anson G. Rodgers, who attempted to collect it, and got along as far as the Ninth Auditor's office, when Death, the great Leveller, came all unsummoned, and foreclosed him also. He left the Bill to a relative of his in Connecticut, Vengeance Hopkins by name, who lasted four weeks and two days, and made the best time on record, coming within one of reaching the Twelfth Auditor. In his will he gave the contract bill to his uncle, by the name of O-be-joyful Johnson. It was too undermining for Joyful. His last words were: "Weep not for me—I am willing to go." And so he was, poor soul. Seven people inherited the contract after that. But they all died. So it came into my hands at last. It fell to me through a relative by the name of Hubbard—Bethelam Hubbard, of Indiana. He had had a grudge against me for a long time; but in his last moments he sent for me, and forgave me everything, and weeping gave me the beef contract.

This ends the history of it up to the time that I succeeded to the property. I will now endeavour to set myself straight before the nation in everything that concerns my share in the matter. I took this beef contract, and the bill for mileage and transportation, to the President of the United States. He said :

"Well, Sir, what can I do for you?" I said :

"Sire: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mac-

kenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—”

He stopped me there, and dismissed me from his presence—kindly, but firmly. The next day I called on the Secretary of State. He said :

“Well, Sir !”

I said : “Your Royal Highness : On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—”

“That will do, sir—that will do ; this office has nothing to do with contracts for beef.”

I was bowed out. I thought the matter all over, and finally, the following day, I visited the Secretary of the Navy, who said, “Speak quickly, Sir ; do not keep me waiting.” I said :

“Your Royal Highness : On or about the tenth day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—”

Well, it was as far as I could get. *He* had nothing to do with beef contracts for General Sherman either. I began to think it was a curious kind of a Government. It looked somewhat as if they wanted to get out of paying for that beef. The following day I went to the Secretary of the Interior. I said :

“Your Imperial Highness : On or about the 10th day of October—”

“That is sufficient, Sir—I have heard of you before. Go—take your infamous beef contract out of this establishment. The Interior Department has nothing whatever to do with subsistence for the army.”

I went away. But I was exasperated now. I said I would haunt them ; I would infest every department of this iniquitous Government till that contract business was settled : I would collect that bill, or fall, as fell my predecessors, trying. I assailed the Postmaster-General ; I besieged the Agricultural Department ; I waylaid the Speaker of the House of Representatives. *They* had nothing to do with army contracts for beef. I moved upon the Commissioner of the Patent Office. I said :

“Your august Excellency : On or about—”

“Perdition ! have you got *here* with your incendiary beef contract, at last ! We have *nothing* to do with beef contracts for the army, my dear Sir.”

“Oh, that is all very well—but *somebody* has got to pay for that beef. It has got to be paid *now*, too, or I'll confiscate this old Patent Office and everything in it”

“But, my dear Sir—”

“It don't make any difference, Sir. The Patent Office is liable for that beef, I reckon ; and liable or not liable, the Patent Office has got to pay for it.”

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Never mind the details. It ended in a fight. The Patent Office won. But I found out something to my advantage. I was told that the Treasury Department was the proper place for me to go to. I went there. I waited two hours and a half, and then I was admitted to the First Lord of the Treasury. I said:

"Most noble, grave and reverend Signor: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Macken—"

"That is sufficient, Sir. I have heard of you. Go to the First Auditor of the Treasury."

I did so. He sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third, and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. This began to look like business. He examined his books and all his loose papers, but found no minute of the beef contract. I went to the Second Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. He examined his books and his loose papers, but with no success. I was encouraged. During the week I got as far as the Sixth Comptroller in that Division; the next week I got through the Claims Department; the third week I began and completed the Miskaid Contracts Department, and got a foothold in the Dead Reckoning Department. I finished that in three days. There was only one place left for it now. I laid seige to the Commissioners of Odds and Ends. To his clerk, rather—he was not there himself. There were sixteen beautiful young ladies in the room, writing in books, and there were seven well-favored young clerks showing them how. The young women smiled up over their shoulders, and the clerks smiled back at them, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Two or three clerks that were reading the newspapers looked at me rather hard, but went on reading, and nobody said anything. However, I had been used to this kind of alacrity from Fourth-Assistant-Junior Clerks all through my eventful career, from the very day I entered the first office of the Corn-Beef Bureau clear till I passed out of the last one in the Dead Reckoning Division. I got so accomplished by this time that I could stand on one foot from the moment I entered the office till a clerk spoke to me, without changing more than two, or maybe three times.

So I stood there till I had changed four different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading:

"Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Grand Turk?"

"What do you mean, Sir? whom do you mean? If you mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out."

The young man glared upon me a while, and then went on reading his paper. But I knew the ways of those clerks. I knew I was safe, if he got through before another New York mail arrived. He only had two more papers left. After a while he finished them, and then he yawned, and asked me what I wanted.

"Renowned and honoured Imbecile: On or about—"

"You are the beef contract man. Give me your papers."

He took them, and for a long time ransacked his odds and ends. Finally he found the North-West Passage, as I regarded it—he found the long lost

record of that beef contract—He found the rock upon which so many of my ancestors had split before they ever got to it. I was deeply moved. And yet I rejoiced—for I had survived. I said with emotion, "Give it me. The Government will settle now." He waved me back, and said there was something yet to be done first.

"Where is this John Wilson Mackenzie?" said he.

"Dead."

"When did he die?"

"He didn't die at all—he was killed."

"How?"

"Tomahawked."

"Who tomahawked him?"

"Why, an Indian of course. You didn't suppose it was a superintendent of a Sunday school, did you?"

"No. An Indian, was it?"

"The same."

"Name of the Indian?"

"His name! I don't know his name."

"Must have his name. Who saw the tomahawking done?"

"I don't know."

"You were not present yourself then?"

"Which you can see by my hair. I was absent."

"Then how do you know that Mackenzie is dead?"

"Because he certainly died at that time, and I have every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. I know he has in fact."

"We must have proofs. Have you got the Indian?"

"Of course not."

"Well, you must get him. Have you got the tomahawk?"

"I never thought of such a thing."

"You must get the tomahawk. You must produce the Indian and the tomahawk. If Mackenzie's death can be proven by these, you can then go before the commission appointed to audit claims, with some show of getting your bill under such headway that your children may possibly live to receive the money and enjoy it. But that man's death *must* be proven. However, I may as well tell you that the Government will never pay that transportation and those travelling expenses of the late lamented Mackenzie. It *may* possibly pay for the barrel of beef that Sherman's soldiers captured, if you can get a relief bill through Congress making an appropriation for that purpose; but it will not pay for the twenty-nine barrels the Indians used."

"Then there is only a hundred dollars due me, and *that* isn't certain! After all Mackenzie's travels in Europe, Asia and America with that beef; after all his trials and tribulations and transportation; after the slaughter of all those innocents that tried to collect that bill! Young man, why didn't the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division tell me this?"

"He didn't know anything about the genuineness of your claim."

"Why didn't the Second tell me? why didn't the Third? why didn't all those divisions and departments tell me?"

"None of them knew. We do things by routine here. You have followed the routine and found out what you wanted to know. It is the best way. It is the only way. It is very regular, and very slow, but it is very certain."

"Yes, certain death it has been, to the most of our tribe. I begin to feel that I, too, am called. Young man, you love the bright creature yonder with the gentle blue eyes and the steel pens behind her ears—I can see it in your soft glances; you want to marry her—but you are poor. Here, hold out your hand—here is the beef contract; go, take her and be happy! Heaven bless you, my children!"

This is all that I know about the great beef contract, that has created so much talk in the community. The clerk to whom I bequeathed it died. I know nothing further about the contract or any one connected with it. I only know that if a man lives long enough, he can trace a thing through the Circumlocution Office of Washington, and find out, after much labor and trouble and delay, that which he could have found out on the first day if the business of the Circumlocution Office were as ingeniously systemized as it would be if it were a great private mercantile institution.

ABOUT SMELLS.

In a recent issue of the "Independent," the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, has the following utterance on the subject of "Smells":

I have a good Christian friend who, if he sat in the front pew in church, and a working man should enter the door at the other end, would smell him instantly. My friend is not to blame for the sensitiveness of his nose, any more than you would flog a pointer for being keener on the scent than a stupid watch-dog. The fact is, if you had all the churches free, by reason of the mixing up of the common people with the uncommon, you would keep one half of Christendom sick at their stomach. If you are going to kill the church thus with bad smells, I will have nothing to do with this work of evangelization.

We have reason to believe that there will be laboring men in heaven; and also a number of negroes, and Esquimaux, and Terra del Fuegians, and Arabs, and a few Indians, and possibly even some Spaniards and Portuguese. All things are possible with God. We shall have all these sorts of people in Heaven; but, alas! in getting them we shall lose the society of Dr. Talmage. Which is to say, we shall lose the company of one who could give more real "tone" to celestial society than any other contribution Brooklyn could furnish. And what would eternal happiness be without the Doctor? Blissful, unquestionably—we know that well enough—but would it be *distingue*, would it be *recherche* without him? St. Matthew without stockings or sandals; St. Jerome bareheaded, and with a coarse brown blanket robe dragging the ground; St. Sebastian with scarcely any raiment at

all—these we should see, and should enjoy seeing them; but would we not miss a spike-tailed coat and kids, and turn away regretfully and say to parties from the Orient: "These are well enough, but you ought to see Talmage of Brooklyn." I fear me that in the better world we shall not even have Dr. Talmage's "good Christian friend." For if he were sitting under the glory of the Throne, and the keeper of the keys admitted a Benjamin Franklin or other laboring man, that "friend" with his fine natural powers infinitely augmented by emancipation from hampering flesh, would detect him with a single snuff, and immediately take his hat and ask to be excused.

To all outward seeming, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage is of the same material as that used in the construction of his early predecessors in the ministry; and yet one feels that there must be a difference somewhere between him and the Savior's first disciples. It may be because here, in the nineteenth century, Dr. T. has had advantages which Paul and Peter and the others could not and did not have. There was a lack of polish about them and a looseness of etiquette, and a want of exclusiveness, which one cannot help noticing. They healed the very beggars, and held intercourse with people of a villainous odor every day. If the subject of these remarks had been chosen among the original Twelve Apostles, he would not have associated with the rest, because he could not have stood the fishy smell of some of his comrades who came from around the Sea of Galilee. He would have resigned his commission with some such remark as he makes in the extract quoted above: "Master, if thou art going to kill the church thus with bad smells, I will have nothing to do with this work of evangelization." He is a disciple, and makes that remark to the Master; the only difference is, that he makes it in the nineteenth instead of the first century.

Is there a choir in Mr. T.'s church? And does it ever occur that they have no better manners than to sing that hymn which is so suggestive of laborers and mechanics:

"Son of the Carpenter! receive
This humble work of mine!"

Now, can it be possible that in a handful of centuries the Christian character has fallen away from an imposing heroism that scorned even the stake, the cross, and the axe, to a poor little effeminacy that withers and wilts under an unsavory smell? We are not prepared to believe so, the reverend Doctor and his friend to the contrary notwithstanding.

DISGRACEFUL PERSECUTION OF A BOY.

In San Francisco, the other day, "a well-dressed boy, on his way to Sunday school, was arrested and thrown into the city prison for stoning Chinamen." What a commentary is this upon human justice! What bad prominence it gives to our human disposition to tyrannize over the weak! San Francisco has little right to take credit to herself for her treatment of

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this poor boy. What had the child's education been? How should he suppose it was wrong to stone a Chinaman? Before we side against him, along with outraged San Francisco, let us give him a chance—let us hear the testimony for the defence. He was a "well-dressed" boy, and a Sunday-school scholar, and, therefore, the chances are that his parents were intelligent, well-to-do people, with just enough natural villany in their compositions to make them yearn after the daily papers, and enjoy them; and so this boy had opportunities to learn all through the week how to do right, as well as on Sunday. It was in this way that he found out that the great commonwealth of California imposes an unlawful mining tax upon John the foreigner, and allows Patriek the foreigner to dig gold for nothing—probably because the degraded Mongol is at no expense for whiskey, and the refined Celt cannot exist without it. It was in this way that he found out that a respectable number of the tax-gatherers—it would be unkind to say all of them—collect the tax twice, instead of once; and that, inasmuch as they do it solely to discourage Chinese immigration into the mines, it is a thing that is much applauded, and likewise regarded as being singularly facetious. It was in this way that he found out that when a white man robs a sluice-box (by the term white man is meant Spaniards, Mexicans, Portuguese, Irish, Hondurans, Peruvians, Chileans, etc., etc.), they make him leave the camp; and when a Chinaman does that thing, they hang him. It was in this way that he found out that in many districts of the vast Pacific coast, so strong is the wild, free love of justice in the hearts of the people, that whenever any secret and mysterious crime is committed, they say "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall, and go straightway and swing a Chinaman." It was in this way that he found out that by studying one half of each day's "local items" it would appear that the police of San Francisco were either asleep or dead, and by studying the other half it would seem that the reporters had gone mad with admiration of the energy, the virtue, the high effectiveness, and the dare-devil intrepidity of that very police—making exultant mention of how "the Argus-eyed officer So-and-so" captured a wretched knave of a Chinaman who was stealing chickens, and brought him gloriously to the city prison; and "how the gallant officer Such-and-such-a-one" quietly kept an eye on the movements of an "unsuspecting almond-eyed son of Confucius" (your reporter is nothing if he is not facetious), following him around with that far-off look of vacancy and unconsciousness always so finely affected by that inscrutable being, the forty-dollar policeman, during a waking interval, and captured him at last in the very act of placing his hands in a suspicious manner upon a paper of tacks left by the owner in an exposed situation; and how one officer performed this prodigious thing, and another officer that, and another the other—and pretty much every one of these performances having for a dazzling central incident a Chinaman guilty of a shilling's worth of crime, an unfortunate whose misdemeanor must be hurrahed into something enormous in order to keep the public from noticing how many really important rascals went uncaptured in the meantime, and how overrated these

glorified policemen really are. It was in this way that the boy found out that the Legislature, being aware that the Constitution has made America an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations, and that therefore the poor and oppressed who fly to our shelter must not be charged a disabling admission fee, made a law that every Chinaman, upon landing, must be *raccinated* upon the wharf, and pay to the State's appointed officer *ten dollars* for the service, when there are plenty of doctors in San Francisco who would be glad enough to do it for him for fifty cents. It was in this way that the boy found out that a Chinaman had no rights that any man was bound to respect; that he had no sorrows that any man was bound to pity; that neither his life nor his liberty was worth the purchase of a penny when a white man needed a scapegoat; that nobody loved Chinamen, nobody befriended them, nobody spared them suffering when it was convenient to inflict it; everybody, individuals, communities, the majesty of the State itself, joined in hating, abusing, and persecuting these humble strangers. And, therefore, what *could* have been more natural than for this sunny-hearted boy, tripping along to Sunday School, with his mind teeming with freshly learned incentives to high and virtuous actions, to say to himself:

"Ah, there goes a Chinaman? God will not love me if I do not stone him."

And for this he was arrested and put in the city jail. Everything conspired to teach him that it was a high and holy thing to stone a Chinaman, and yet he no sooner attempts to do his duty than he is punished for it—he, poor chap, who has been aware all his life that one of the principal recreations of the police, out towards the Gold Refinery, was to look on in tranquil enjoyment while the butchers of Braman street set their dogs on unoffending Chinamen, and make them flee for their lives.*

* I have many such memories in my mind, but am thinking just at present of one particular one, where the Braman street butchers set their dogs on a Chinaman who was quietly passing with a basket of clothes on his head; and while the dogs mutilated his flesh, a butcher increased the hilarity of the occasion by knocking some of the Chinaman's teeth down his throat with half a brick. This incident sticks in my memory with a more malevolent tenacity, perhaps, on account of the fact that I was in the employ of a San Francisco journal at the time, and was not allowed to publish it because it might offend some of the peculiar element that subscribed for the paper.—*Editor Memoranda.*

Keeping in mind the tuition in the humanities which the entire "Pacific coast" gives its youth, there is a very sublimity of grotesqueness in the virtuous flourish with which the good city fathers of San Francisco proclaim (as they have lately done) that "The police are positively ordered to arrest all boys, of every description, and wherever found, who engage in assaulting Chinamen."

Still, let us be truly glad they have made the order, notwithstanding its prominent inconsistency; and let us rest perfectly confident the police are glad, too. Because there is no personal peril in arresting boys, provided they be of the small kind, and the reporters will have to laud their performances just as loyally as ever, or go without items. The new form for loca

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items in San Francisco will now be: "The ever vigilant and efficient officer So-and-So succeeded yesterday afternoon, in arresting Master Tommy Jones, after a determined resistance," etc., etc., followed by the customary statistics and final hurrah, with its unconscious sarcasm: "We are happy in being able to state that this is the forty-seventh boy arrested by this gallant officer since the new ordinance went into effect. The most extraordinary activity prevails in the police department. Nothing like it has been seen since we can remember."

THE STORY OF THE GOOD LITTLE BOY WHO DID NOT PROSPER.

Once there was a good little boy by the name of Jacob Blivins. He always obeyed his parents, no matter how absurd and unreasonable their demands were; and he always learned his book, and never was late at Sabbath School. He would not play hookey, even when his sober judgment told him it was the most profitable thing he could do. None of the other boys could ever make that boy out, he acted so strangely. He wouldn't lie, no matter how convenient it was. He just said it was wrong to lie, and that was sufficient for him. And he was so honest that he was simply ridiculous. The curious ways of that Jacob had surpassed everything. He wouldn't play marbles on Sunday, he wouldn't rob birds' nests, he wouldn't give hot pennies to organ grinders' monkeys; he didn't seem to take any interest in any kind of rational amusement. So the other boys used to try to reason it out and come to an understanding of him, but they couldn't arrive at any satisfactory conclusion; as I said before, they could only figure out a sort of vague idea that he was "afflicted," and so they took him under their protection, and never allowed any harm to come to him.

This good little boy read all the Sunday-school books; they were his greatest delight. This was the whole secret of it. He believed in the good little boys they put in the Sunday-school books; he had every confidence in them. He longed to come across one of them alive, once; but he never did. They all died before his time, maybe. Whenever he read about a particularly good one, he turned over quickly to the end to see what became of him, because he wanted to travel thousands of miles and gaze on him, but it wasn't any use; that good little boy always died in the last chapter, and there was a picture of the funeral, with all his relations and the Sunday-school children standing around the grave in pantaloons that were too short, and bonnets that were too large, and everybody crying into handkerchiefs that had as much as a yard and a half of stuff in them. He was always headed off in this way. He never could see one of these good little boys, on account of his always dying in the last chapter.

Jacob had a noble ambition to be put in a Sunday-school book. He wanted to be put in, with pictures representing him gloriously declining to lie to his mother, and she weeping for joy about it; and pictures representing him standing on the doorstep giving a penny to a poor beggar-woman

with six children, and telling her to spend it freely, but not to be extravagant, because extravagance is a sin; and pictures of him magnanimously refusing to tell on the bad boy who always lay in wait for him around the corner, as he came from school, and welled him over the head with a lath, and then chased him home, saying "Hi! hi!" as he proceeded. That was the ambition of young Jacob Blivens. He wished to be put in a Sunday-school book. It made him feel a little uncomfortable sometimes when he reflected that the good little boys always died. He loved to live, you know, and this was the most unpleasant feature about being a Sunday-school-book boy. He knew it was not healthy to be good. He knew it was more fatal than consumption to be so supernaturally good as the boys in the books were; he knew that none of them had ever been able to stand it long, and it pained him to think that if they put him in a book he wouldn't ever see it, or even if they did get the book out before he died, it wouldn't be popular without any picture of his funeral in the back part of it. It couldn't be much of a Sunday-school book that couldn't tell about the advice he gave to the community when he was dying. So, at last, of course he made up his mind to do the best he could under the circumstances—to live right, and hang on as long as he could, and have his dying speech all ready when his time came.

But somehow, nothing went right with this good little boy; nothing ever turned out with him the way it turned out with the good little boys in the book. They always had a good time, and the bad boys had the broken legs; but in his case there was a screw loose somewhere, and it all happened just the other way. When he found Jim Blake stealing apples, and went under the tree to read to him about the bad little boy who fell out of a neighbor's apple tree and broke his arm, Jim fell out of the tree too, but he fell on *him*, and broke *his* arm, and Jim wasn't hurt at all. Jacob couldn't understand that. There wasn't anything in the books like it.

And once, when some bad boys pushed a blind man over in the mud, and Jacob ran to help him up and receive his blessing, the blind man did not give him any blessing at all, but whacked him over the head with his stick and said he would like to catch him shoving *him* again and then pretendin' to help him up. This was not in accordance with any of the books. Jacob looked them all over to see.

One thing Jacob wanted to do was to find a lame dog that hadn't any place to stay, and was hungry and persecuted, and bring him home and pet him and have that dog's imperishable gratitude. And at last he found one, and was happy; and he brought him home and fed him, but when he was going to pet him the dog flew at him and tore all his clothes off him except those that were in front, and made a spectacle of him that was astonishing. He examined authorities, but he could not understand the matter. It was of the same breed of dogs that was in the books, but it acted very differently. Whatever this boy did, he got into trouble. The very things the boys in the books got rewarded for turned out to be about the most unprofitable things that he could invest in.

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Once when he was on his way to Sunday school he saw some bad boys starting off pleasuring in a sail-boat. He was filled with consternation, because he knew from his reading that boys who went sailing on Sunday invariably got drowned. So he ran out on a raft to warn them, but a log turned with him and slid him into the river. A man got him out pretty soon, and the doctor pumped the water out of him and gave him a fresh start with the bellows, but he caught cold and lay sick abed nine weeks. But the most unaccountable thing about it was that the bad boys in the boat had a good time all day, and then reached home alive and well, in the most surprising manner. Jacob Blivens said there was nothing like these things in the books. He was perfectly dumbfounded.

When he got well he was a little discouraged, but he resolved to keep on trying anyhow. He knew so far his experience wouldn't do to go in a book, but he hadn't yet reached the allotted term of life for good little boys, and he hoped to be able to make a record yet, if he could hold on till his time was fully up. If everything else failed, he had his dying speech to fall back on.

He examined his authorities, and found that it was now time for him to go to sea as a cabin boy. He called on a ship captain and made his application, and when the captain asked for his recommendations he proudly drew out a tract and pointed to the words: "To Jacob Blivens, from his affectionate teacher." But the captain was a coarse, vulgar man, and he said, "Oh, that be blowed! *that* wasn't any proof that he knew how to wash dishes or handle a slush bucket, and he guessed he didn't want him." This was altogether the most extraordinary thing that had ever happened to Jacob in all his life. A compliment from a teacher, on a tract, had never failed to move the tenderest emotions of ship captains and open the way to all offices of honor and profit in their gift—it never had in any book that ever *he* had read. He could hardly believe his senses.

This boy always had a hard time of it. Nothing ever came out according to the authorities with him. At last, one day, when he was around hunting up bad little boys to admonish, he found a lot of them in the old iron foundry fixing up a little joke on fourteen or fifteen dogs, which they had tied together in a long procession and were going to ornament with empty nitro-glycerine cans made fast to their tails. Jacob's heart was touched. He sat down on one of those cans—for he never minded grease when duty was before him—and he took hold of the foremost dog by the collar, and turned his approving eye upon wicked Tom Jones. But just at that moment Alderman McWelter, full of wrath, stepped in. All the bad boys ran away; but Jacob Blivens rose in conscious innocence and began one of those stately little Sunday-school-book speeches which always commence with "Oh, Sir!" in dead opposition to the fact that no boy, good or bad, ever starts a remark with "Oh, Sir!" But the Alderman never waited to hear the rest. He took Jacob Blivens by the ear and turned him round, and hit him a whack in the rear with the flat of his hand; and in an instant that good little boy shot out through the roof and soared away toward the sun, with the fragments of those fifteen dogs stringing after him like the tail of a kite. And there wasn't a sign of that Alderman or that old iron foundry left on the face of the earth;

and as for young Jacob Blivens, he never got a chance to make his last dying speech after all his trouble fixing it up, unless he made it to the birds; because, although the bulk of him came down all right in a tree-top in an adjoining county, the rest of him was apportioned around in four townships, and so they had to hold five inquests on him to find out whether he was dead or not, and how it occurred. You never saw a boy scattered so.

Thus perished the good little boy who did the best he could, but didn't come out according to the books. Every boy whoever did as he did prospered, except him. His case is truly remarkable. It will probably never be accounted for.

The aged Professor Silliman took the homely-looking specimen of New Jersey coal, and said he would make a test and determine its quality. The next day the owners of the grand discovery waited on him again, eager to hear the verdict which was to make or mar their fortunes. The Professor said, with that impressive solemnity which always marked his manner:

"Gentlemen, I understand you to say that this property is situated upon a hill-top—consequently the situation is prominent. It is valuable—immensely valuable—though as a coal mine I am obliged to observe that it is a failure. Fence it in, gentlemen—fence it in, and hold to it through good and evil fortune till the Last Day; for I am convinced that it will be the best point from which to view the sublime spectacle of the final conflagration. I feel satisfied that if any part of the earth shall remain uninjured after that awful fire, it will be this coal mine of yours."

"Just about the close of that long, hard winter," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "as I was wending toward my duties one brilliant Sabbath morning, I glanced down toward the levee, and there lay the City of Hartford!—no mistake about it, there she was, puffing and panting after her long pilgrimage through the ice. A glad sight! Well, I should say so! And then came a pang, right away, because I should have to instruct empty benches, sure; the youngsters would all be off welcoming the first steamboat of the season. You can imagine how surprised I was when I opened the door and saw half the benches full! My gratitude was free, large and sincere. I resolved that they should not find me unappreciative. I said:

"Boys, you cannot think how proud it makes me to see you here, nor what renewed assurance it gives me of your affection. I confess that I said to myself, as I came along and saw that the City of Hartford was in—,

"No! but is she, though?"

"And, as quick as any flash of lightning, I stood in the presence of empty benches; I had brought them the news myself."

A JOURNAL has at last been found which excuses the inhumanity of Captain Eyre. It is the TORONTO "Globe." It even says the Onocida ran

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into the Bombay—which she doubtless did, if she was on her way to America stern foremost. There are some natures which never grow large enough to speak out and say a bad act is a bad act, until they have inquired into the politics or the nationality of the man who did it. And they are not really scarce, either. Cain is branded a murderer so heartily and unanimously in America, only because he was neither a Democrat nor a Republican. The Feejee Islander's abuse of Cain ceased very suddenly when the white man mentioned casually that Cain was a Feejee Islander. The next remark of the savage, after an awkward pause, was :

“ Well, what did Abel come fooling around there for ? ”

A COUPLE OF SAD EXPERIENCES.

When I published a squib recently, in which I said I was going to edit an Agricultural Department in this magazine, I certainly did not desire to deceive anybody. I had not the remotest desire to play upon anyone's confidence with a practical joke, for he is a pitiful creature indeed who will degrade the dignity of humanity to the contriving of the witless inventions that go by that name. I purposely wrote the thing as absurdly and as extravagantly as it could be written, in order to be sure and not mislead hurried or heedless readers : for I spoke of launching a triumphant barge upon a desert, and planting a tree of prosperity in a mine—a tree whose fragrance should slake the thirst of the naked, and whose branches should spread abroad until they washed the shores of etc., etc. I thought that manifest lunacy like that would protect the reader. But to make assurances absolute, and show that I did not and could not seriously mean to attempt an *Agricultural Department*, I stated distinctly in my postscript that I *did not know anything about Agriculture*. But alas ! right there is where I made my worst mistake—for that remark seems to have recommended my proposed agriculture more than anything else. It lets a little light in on me, and I fancy I perceive that the farmers feel a little bored, sometimes, by the oracular profundity of Agricultural editors who “ know it all.” In fact, one of my correspondents suggests this (for that unhappy squib has deluged me with letters about potatoes, and cabbages, and hominy, and vermicelli, and macaroni, and all the other fruits, cereals, and vegetables that ever grow upon earth ; and if I get done answering questions about the best way of raising these things before I go raving crazy, I shall be thankful, and shall never write obscurely for fun any more.)

Shall I tell the real reason why I have unintentionally succeeded in fooling so many people ? It is because some of them only read a little of the squib I wrote and jumped to the conclusion that it was serious, and the rest did not read it at all, but heard of my agricultural venture second hand. Those cases I could not guard against, of course. To write a burlesque so wild that its pretended facts will not be accepted in perfect good faith by somebody, is very nearly an impossible thing to do. It is because, in some instances, the reader is a person who never tries to deceive anybody himself, and there-

fore is not expecting any one to wantonly practise a deception upon him; and in this case the only person dishonoured is the man who wrote the burlesque. In other instances the "nub" or moral of the burlesque—if its object be to enforce a truth—escapes notice in the superior glare of something in the body of the burlesque itself. And very often this "moral" is tagged on at the bottom, and the reader not knowing that it is the key of the whole thing, and the only important paragraph in the article, tranquilly turns up his nose at it and leaves it unread. One can deliver a satire with telling force through the insidious medium of a travesty, if he is careful not to overwhelm the satire with the extraneous interest of the travesty, and so bury it from the reader's sight, and leave him a joked and defrauded victim, when the honest intent was to add to either his knowledge or his wisdom. I have had a deal of experience in burlesques and their unfortunate aptness to deceive the public, and this is why I tried hard to make that agricultural one so broad and so perfectly palpable that even a one-eyed potatoe could see it; and yet, as I speak the solemn truth, it fooled one of the ablest agricultural editors in America.

THE PETRIFIED MAN.

Now to show how really hard it is to foist a moral or truth upon an unsuspecting public through a burlesque without entirely and absurdly missing one's mark, I will here set down two experiences of my own in this thing. In the fall of 1862, in Nevada and California, the people got to running wild about extraordinary petrifications and other natural marvels. One could scarcely pick up a paper without finding in it one or two glorified discoveries of this kind. The mania was becoming a little ridiculous. I was a brand-new local editor in Virginia City, and I felt called upon to destroy this growing evil; we all have our benignant, fatherly moods at one time or another, I suppose. I chose to kill the petrification mania with a delicate, a very delicate, satire. But maybe it was altogether too delicate, for nobody ever perceived the satire part of it at all. I put my scheme in the shape of the discovery of a remarkable petrified man. I had had a temporary falling out with Mr. Sewall, the new coroner and justice of the peace of Humboldt, and I thought I might as well touch him up a little at the same time and make him ridiculous, and thus combine pleasure with business. So I told, in patient, belief-compelling detail, all about the finding of a petrified man at Gravelly Fort, (exactly a hundred and twenty miles, over a breakneck mountain trail, from where Sewall lived); now all the savants in the immediate neighbourhood had been to examine it (it was notorious that there was not a living creature within fifty miles of there, except a few starving Indians, some crippled grasshoppers, and four or five buzzards out of meat and too feeble to get away); how these savants all pronounced the petrified man to have been in a state of complete petrification for over ten generations; and then, with a seriousness that I ought to have been ashamed to assume, I stated that as soon as Mr. Sewall heard the news, he summoned a jury, mounted his mule, and posted off, with noble reverence for official duty, on that awful

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five days' journey, through alkali, sage-brush, peril of body and imminent starvation, to hold an inquest on this man that had been dead and turned to everlasting stone for more than three hundred years! And then, my hand being "in," so to speak, I went on, with the same unflinching gravity, to state that the jury returned a verdict that deceased came to his death from *protracted exposure*. This only moved me to higher flights of imagination, and I said that the jury, with that charity so characteristic of pioneers, then dug a grave, and were about to give the petrified man Christian burial, when they found that for ages a limestone sediment had been trickling down the face of the stone against which he was sitting, and this stuff had run under him and cemented him fast to the "bed-rock;" that the jury (they were all silver-miners) canvassed the difficulty a moment, and then got out their powder and fuse, and proceeded to drill a hole under him, in order to *blast him from his position*, when Mr. Sewell, "with that delicacy so characteristic of him, forbade them, observing that it would be little less than sacrilege to do such a thing." From beginning to end the "Petrified Man" squib was a string of roaring absurdities, albeit they were told with an unfair pretence of truth that even imposed upon me to some extent, and I was in some danger of believing in my own fraud. But I really had no desire to deceive anybody, and no expectation of doing it. I depended on the way the petrified man was *sitting* to explain to the public that he was a swindle. Yet I purposely mixed that up with other things, hoping to make it obscure—and I did. I would describe the position of one foot, and then say his right thumb was against the side of his nose; then talk about his other foot, and presently come back and say the fingers of his right hand were spread apart; then talk about the back of his head a little, and return and say the left thumb was hooked into the right little finger; then ramble off about something else, and by and by drift back again and remark that the fingers of the left hand were spread like those of the right. But I was too ingenious. I mixed it up rather too much; and so all that description of the attitude as a key to the humbuggery of the article, was entirely lost, for nobody but me ever discovered and comprehended the peculiar and suggestive position of the petrified man's hands.

As a *satire* on the petrification mania, or anything else, my Petrified Man was a disheartening failure; for everybody received him in innocent good faith, and I was stunned to see the creature I had begotten to pull down the wonder-business with and bring derision upon it, calmly exalted to the grand chief place in the list of the genuine marvels our Nevada had produced. I was so disappointed at the curious miscarriage of my scheme, that at first I was angry and did not like to think about it; but by and by, when the exchanges began to come in with the Petrified Man copied and guilelessly glorified, I began to feel a soothing secret satisfaction, and as my gentleman's field of travel broadened, and by the exchanges I saw that he steadily and implacably penetrated territory after territory, State after State, and land after land, till he swept the great globe and culminated in sublime and unimpeached legitimacy in the august "London Lancet," my cup was full

and I said I was glad I had done it. I think that for about eleven months, as nearly as I can remember, Mr. Sewall's daily mail contained along in the neighborhood of half a bushel of newspapers hailing from many climes with the Petrified Man in them, marked around with a prominent belt of ink. I sent them to him. I did it for spite, not for fun. He used to shovel them into his back yard and curse. And every day during all those months the miners, his constituents, (for miners never quit joking a person when they get started), would call on him and ask if he could tell them where they could get hold of a paper with the Petrified Man in it. He could have accommodated a continent with them. I hated Sewall in those days, and those things pacified me and pleased me. I could not have gotten more real comfort out of him without killing him.

MY FAMOUS "BLOODY MASSACRE."

The other burlesque I have referred to was my fine satire upon the financial expedient of "cooking dividends," a thing which became shamefully frequent on the Pacific coast for a while. Once more, in my self-complacent simplicity, I felt that the time had arrived for me to rise up and be a reformer. I put this reformatory satire in the shape of a fearful "Massacre at Empire City." The San Francisco papers were making a great outcry about the inquiry of the Dancy Silver-Mining Company, whose directors had declared a "cooked" or false dividend, for the purpose of increasing the value of their stock, so that they could sell out at a comfortable figure and then scramble from under the tumbling concern. And while abusing the Dancy, those papers did not forget to urge the public to get rid of all their silver stocks and invest in sound and safe San Francisco stocks, such as the Spring Valley Water Company, etc. But right at this unfortunate juncture, behold the Spring Valley cooked a dividend too! And so, under the insidious mask of an invented "bloody massacre," I stole upon the public unawares with my scathing satire upon the dividend-cooking system. In about half a column of imaginary inhuman carnage I told how a citizen had murdered his wife and nine children and then committed suicide. And I said slyly, at the bottom, that the sudden madness of which this melancholy massacre was the result, had been brought about by his having allowed himself to be persuaded by the California papers to sell his sound and lucrative silver stocks and buy into Spring Valley just in time to get cooked along with that company's fancy dividend, and sink every cent he had in the world. Ah, it was a deep, deep satire, and most ingeniously contrived. But I made the horrible details so carefully and conscientiously interesting that the public simply devoured *them* greedily, and wholly overlooked the following distinctly stated facts, to wit: The murderer was perfectly well known to every creature in the land as a *bachelor*, and consequently he could not murder his wife and nine children; he murdered them "in his splendid dressed-stone mansion, just in the edge of the great pine forest between Empire City and

Dutch Nick's," when even the very pickled oysters that came on our tables knew that there was not a "dressed-stone mansion" in all Nevada Territory; also, that so far from their being a "great pine forest between Empire City and Dutch Nick's," there wasn't a solitary tree within fifteen miles of either place; and, finally, it was patent and notorious that Empire City and Dutch Nick's were one and the same place, and contained only six houses anyhow, and consequently there could be no forest *between* them; and on top of all of these absurdities I stated that this diabolical murderer, after inflicting a wound upon himself that the reader ought to have seen would have killed an elephant in the twinkling of an eye, jumped on his horse and rode *four miles*, waving his wife's reeking scalp in the air, and thus performing entered Carson City with tremendous éelat, and dropped dead in front of the chief saloon, the envy and admiration of all beholders.

Well, in all my life I never saw anything like the sensation that little satire created. It was the talk of the town, it was the talk of the Territory. Most of the citizens dropped gently into it at breakfast, and they never finished their meal. There was something about those minutely-faithful details that was a sutlicing substitute for food. Few people that were able to read took food that morning. Dan and I (Dan was my repertorial associate) took our seats on either side of our customary table in the "Eagle Restaurant," and as I unfolded the shred they used to call a napkin in that establishment, I saw at the table two stalwart innocents with that sort of vegetable dandruff sprinkled about their clothing which was the sign and evidence that they were in from the Truckee with a load of hay. The one facing me had the morning paper folded to a long narrow strip, and I knew, without any telling, that that strip represented the column that contained my pleasant financial satire. From the way he was excitedly mumbling, I saw that the heedless son of a hay-mow was skipping with all his might, in order to get to the bloody details as quickly as possible; and so he was missing the guide-boards I had set up to warn him that the whole thing was a fraud. Presently his eyes spread wide open, just as his jaws swung asunder to take in a potato approaching it on a fork; the potato halted, the face lit up readily, and the old man was on fire with excitement. Then he broke into a disjointed checking-off of the particulars—his potato cooling in mid-air meantime, and his mouth making a reach for it occasionally, but always bringing up suddenly against a new and still more direful performance of my hero. At last he looked his stunned and rigid comrade impressively in the face, and said, with an expression of concentrated awe:

"Jim, he b'iled his baby, and he took the old 'oman's skelp. Cuss'd if I want any breakfast!"

And he laid his lingering potato reverently down, and he and his friend departed from the restaurant empty but satisfied.

He *never got down* to where the satire part of it began. Nobody ever did. They found the thrilling particulars sufficient. To drop in with a poor little moral at the fag-end of such a gorgeous massacre, was to follow the expiring sun with a candle and hope to attract the world's attention to it.

The idea that anybody could ever take my massacre for a genuine occurrence never once suggested itself to me, hedged about as it was by all those tell-tale absurdities and impossibilities concerning the "great pine forest," the "dressed-stone mansion," etc. But I found out then, and never have forgotten since, that we never read the dull explanatory surroundings of marvellously exciting things when we have no occasion to suppose that some irresponsible scribbler is trying to defraud us; we skip all that, and hasten to revel in the blood-curdling particulars and be happy.

Therefore, being bitterly experienced, I tried hard to word that agricultural squib of mine in such a way as to deceive nobody—and I partly succeeded, but not entirely. However, I did not do any harm with it, any way. In order that parties who have lately written me about vegetables and things may know that there *was* a time when I would have answered their questions to the very best of my ability, and considered it my imperative duty to do it, I refer them to the narrative of my one week's experience as an agricultural editor, which will be found in this MEMORANDA next month.

THE JUDGES "SPIRITED WOMAN."

A Correspondent quotes an incident in the Pierre Bonaparte trial as "an unusual instance of spirit in a woman"—a young and gentle woman, unaccustomed to tumultuous assemblages of strange men, and therefore likely to be the very reverse of spirited in a place like that High Court at Tours. She described the scene between herself and Victor Noir and his betrothed, when Victor was putting on and buttoning his neat new Jouvins. Then, says the correspondent.

She described how in two hours they brought him back dead. In the evening she asked those about her how the trouble came about, and they told her that the Prince said Victor had given him a blow! "I went to his body," she said, "I looked at his gloves, and when I saw them unbroken, unstained and clean and tightly fitting, buttoned as I had seen them in the morning, I knew the Prince had lied!" As she said this, she pointed her finger at the Prince and looked at him in the face, but he made no sign.

In a moment this little feminine outburst reminded me of the instance which an old Nevada Judge of the early times gave me as being what he sparkingly called "the most right-up and snappy ebullition of womanly git-up-and-git" that had ever fallen under his notice.

"I was sitting here," said the Judge, "in this old pulpit, holding court, and we were trying a big wicked-looking Spanish desperado for killing the husband of a bright, pretty Mexican woman. It was a lazy summer day, and an awfully long one, and the witnesses were tedious. None of us took any interest in the trial except that nervous uneasy devil of a Mexican woman—because you know how they love and how they hate, and this one had loved her husband with all her might, and now she had boiled it all down to hate, and stood here spitting it at that Spaniard with her eyes; and I tell you she

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would stir me up, too, with a little of her summer lightening occasionally. Well, I had my coat off and my heels up, lolling and sweating, and smoking one of these cabbage cigars the San Francisco people used to think were good enough for us in those times; and the lawyers they all had their coats off and smoking and were whittling and the witnesses the same, and so was the prisoner. Well, the fact is, there wasn't any interest in a murder trial then, because the fellow was always brought in not guilty, the jury expecting him to do as much for them some time; and although the evidence was straight and square against the Spaniard, we knew we could not convict him without seeming to be rather high-handed and sort of reflecting on every gentleman in the community, for there warn't any carriages and liveries then, and so the only 'style' there was, was to keep your private graveyard. But that woman seemed to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have seen how she would stare on him a minute, and then look up at me in her pleading way, and then turn and for the next five minutes search the jury's faces—and by and by drop her face in her hands for just a little while as if she was most ready to give up, but out she'd come again directly and be as live and anxious as ever. But when the jury announced the verdict, Not Guilty, and I told the prisoner he was acquitted and free to go, that woman rose up till she appeared to be as tall and grand as a seventy-four-gun ship, and says she:

"Judge, do I understand you to say that this man is not guilty, that murdered my husband without any cause before my own eyes and my little children's, and that all has been done to him that ever justice and the law can do?"

"The same," says I.

"And then what do you reckon she did? Why she turned on that smirking Spanish fool like a wildcat, and out with a 'navy' and shot him dead in the open court!"

"That *was* spirited, I am willing to admit."

"Wasn't it, though?" said the Judge, admiringly. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I adjourned court right on the spot, and we put on our coats and went out and took up a collection for her and her cubs, and sent them over the mountains to their friends. Ah, she was a spirited wench!"

"HOGWASH."

For five years I have preserved the following miracle of pointless imbecility and hathos, waiting to see if I could find anything in literature that was worse. But in vain. I have read it forty or fifty times, altogether, and with a steadily-increasing pleasurable disgust. I now offer it for competition as the sickliest specimen of sham sentimentality that exists. I almost always get it out and read it when I am low-spirited, and it has cheered many and many a sad hour for me. I will remark, in the way of general information, that in California, that land of felicitous nomenclature, the literary name of this sort of stuff is "*hogwash*:"

[From the "California Farmer."]

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

MR. EDITOR:—I hand you the following for insertion, if you think it worthy of publication; it is a picture, though brief, of a living reality which the writer witnessed, within a little since, in a luxurious city:

A beautiful lady sat beneath a verandah overshadowed by clustering vines; in her lap was a young infant, apparently asleep; the mother sat, as she supposed, unobserved, and lost in deep meditation. Richly-robed and surrounded with all the outward appearances of wealth and station, wife and mother and mistress of a splendid mansion and garden around it, it would have seemed as if the heart that could claim to be queen here should be a happy one. Alas! appearances are not always the true guide, for—

That mother sat there like a statue awhile,
When over her face beamed a sad, sad smile;
Then she startled and shudder'd as if terrible fears
Were crushing her spirits—then came the hot tears.

And the wife and mother, with all that was seemingly joyous around her, gave herself up to the full sweep of agonizing sorrow. I gazed upon this picture for a little while, only, for my own tears fell freely and without any control; the lady was so truthful and innocent, to all outward appearance, that my own deepest sympathies went out instantly to her and her sorrows.

This is no fancy sketch, but a sad, sad reality. It occurred in the very heart of our city, and, witnessing it with deep sorrow, I asked myself, how can these things be? But I remember that this small incident may only be a foreshadowing of some great sorrow deeply hidden in that mother's aching heart. The Bard of Avon says:

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

I had turned away for a moment to look at some object that attracted my attention, when looking again, this child of sorrow was drying her eyes carefully and preparing to leave and go within—

"And *there* will canker sorrow eat her bud—
And chase the native beauty from her cheek."

POST-MORTEM POETRY.

In Philadelphia they have a custom which it would be pleasant to see adopted throughout the land. It is that of appending to published death notices a little verse or two of comforting poetry. Any one who is in the habit of reading the daily Philadelphia "Ledger," must frequently be touched by these plaintive tributes to extinguished worth. In Philadelphia, the departure of a child is a circumstance which is not more surely followed by a burial than by the accustomed solacing poesy in the "Public Ledger." In that city death loses half its terror because the knowledge of its presence comes thus disguised in the sweet drapery of verse. For instance, in a late "Ledger" I find the following (I change the surname):

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DIED.

HAWKS.—On the 17th inst., CLARA, the daughter of Ephraim and Laura Hawks, aged 21 months and 2 days.

That merry shout no more I hear,
 No laughing child I see,
 No little arms are round my neck,
 No feet upon my knee ;
 No kisses drop upon my cheek,
 These lips are sealed to me,
 Dear Lord, how could I give Clara up
 To any but to Thee ?

A child thus mourned could not die wholly discontented. From the "Ledger" of the same date I make the following extract, merely changing the surname as before :

BECKET.—On Sunday morning, 19th inst., John P., infant son of George and Julia Becket, aged 1 year, 6 months and 15 days.

That merry shout no more I hear,
 No laughing child I see,
 No little arms are round my neck,
 No feet upon my knee ;
 No kisses drop upon my cheek,
 These lips are sealed to me,
 Dear Lord, how could I give Johnnie up
 To any but to Thee !

The similarity of the emotions produced in the mourners in these two instances is remarkably evidenced by the singular similarity of thought which they experienced, and the surprising coincidence of language used by them to give it expression.

In the same journal of the same date, I find the following (surname suppressed, as before) :

WAGNER.—On the 10th inst., FERGUSON G., the son of William L. and Martha Theresa Wagner, aged 4 weeks and 1 day.

That merry shout no more I hear,
 No laughing child I see,
 No little arms are round my neck,
 No feet upon my knee ;
 No kisses drop upon my cheek,
 These lips are sealed to me,
 Dear Lord, how could I give Ferguson up
 To any but to Thee ?

It is strange what power the reiteration of an essentially poetical thought has upon one's feelings. When we take up the "Ledger" and read the poetry about little Clara, we feel an unaccountable depression of the spirits. When we drift further down the column and read the poetry about little Johnnie, the depression of spirit requires an added emphasis, and we experience tangible suffering. When we saunter along down the column further

still and read the poetry about little Ferguson, the word torture but vaguely suggests the anguish that rends us.

In the "Ledger" (same copy referred to above) I find the following, (I alter surname as usual.)

WELCH.—On the 5th inst., MARY C. WELCH, wife of William B. Welch, and daughter of Catharine and George W. Markland, in the 29th year of her age.

A mother dear, a mother kind,
Has gone, and left us all behind.
Cease to weep, for tears are vain,
Mother dear is out of pain.

Farewell, husband, children dear,
Serve thy God with filial fear.
And meet me in the land above,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love.

What could be sweeter than that? No collection of salient facts (without reduction to tabular form) could be more succinctly stated than is done in the first stanza by the surviving relatives, and no more concise and comprehensive programme of farewells, post-mortuary general orders, etc, could be framed in any form than is done in verse by deceased in the last stanza. These things insensibly make us wiser, and tenderer, and better. Another extract:

BALL.—On the morning of the 15th inst., MARY E., daughter of John and Sarah F. Ball.

'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
To waft my spirit home.

The following is apparently the customary form for heads of families:

BURNS.—On the 20th instant, MICHAEL BURNS, aged 40 years.

Dearest father, thou hast left us
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that has bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

Funeral at 2 o'clock sharp.

There is something very simple and pleasant about the following, which, in Philadelphia, seems to be the usual form for consumptives of long standing. (It deploras four distinct cases in the single copy of the "Ledger" which lies on the MEMORANDA editorial table):

BROMLEY.—On the 29th inst.. of consumption, PHILIP BROMLEY, in the 50th year of his age.

Affliction sore long time he bore,
Physicians were in vain—
Till God at last did hear him mourn,
And eased him of his pain.

The friends whom death from us has torn,
 We did not think so soon to part ;
 An anxious care now sinks the thorn
 Still deeper in our bleeding heart.

This beautiful creation loses nothing by repetition. On the contrary, the oftener one sees it in the "Ledger," the more grand and awe-inspiring it seems.

With one extract I will close :

DOBLE.—On the 4th inst., SAMUEL PEVERIL WORTHINGTON DOBLE, aged 4 days.

Our little Sammy's gone,
 His tiny spirit's fled ;
 Our little boy we loved so dear
 Lies sleeping with the dead. ,

A tear within a father's eye,
 A mother's aching heart,
 Can only tell the agony
 How hard it is to part.

Could anything be more plaintive than that, without requiring further concessions of grammar ? Could anything be likely to do more toward reconciling deceased to circumstances, and making him willing to go ? Perhaps not. The power of song can hardly be estimated. There is an element about some poetry which is able to make even physical suffering and death cheerful things to contemplate and consummations to be desired. This element is present in the mortuary poetry of Philadelphia, and in a noticeable degree of development.

The custom I have been treating of is one that should be adopted in all the cities of the land.

WIT-INSPIRATIONS OF THE "TWO-YEAR-OLDS."

All infants appear to have an impertinent and disagreeable fashion nowadays of saying "smart" things on most occasions that offer, and especially on occasions when they ought not to be saying anything at all. Judging by the average published specimens of smart sayings, the rising generation of children are little better than idiots. And the parents must surely be but little better than the children, for in most cases they are the publishers of the sunbeams of infantile imbecility which dazzle us from the pages of our periodicals. I may seem to speak with some heat, not to say a suspicion of personal spite ; and I do admit that it nettles me to hear about so many gifted infants in these days, and I remember that I seldom said anything smart when I was a child. I tried it once or twice, but I was not popular. The family were not expecting brilliant remarks from me, and so they snubbed me sometimes and spanked me the rest. But it makes my flesh creep and my blood run cold to think what might have happened to me if I had dared to utter some of the smart things of this generation's "four-year-olds" where

my father could hear me. To have simply skinned me alive and considered his duty at an end would have seemed to him criminal leniency toward one so sinning. He was a stern unsmiling man, and hated all forms of precocity. If I had said some of the things I have referred to, and said them in his hearing, he would have destroyed me. He would, provided the opportunity remained with him. But it would not, for I would have had judgment enough to take some strychnine first and say my smart thing afterward. The fair record of my life has been tarnished by just one pun. My father overheard that, and he hunted me over four or five townships seeking to take my life. If I had been fullgrown, of course he would have been right; but, child as I was, I could not know how wicked a thing I had done.

I made one of those remarks ordinarily called "smart things" before that, but it was not a pun. Still, it came near causing a serious rupture between my father and myself. My father and my mother, my uncle Ephraim, and his wife, and one or two others were present, and the conversation turned on a name for me. I was lying there trying some India-rubber rings of various patterns, and endeavoring to make a selection, for I was tired of trying to cut my teeth on people's fingers, and wanted to get hold of something that would enable me to hurry the thing through and get at something else. Did you ever notice what a nuisance it was cutting your teeth on your nurse's finger, or how back-breaking and tiresome it was trying to cut them on your big toe? And did you never get out of patience and wish your teeth were in Jericho long before you got them half cut? To me it seems as if these things happened yesterday. And they did, to some children. But I digress. I was lying there trying the India-rubber rings. I remember looking at the clock and noticing that in an hour and twenty-five minutes I would be two weeks old, and thinking to myself how little I had done to merit the blessings that were so unsparingly lavished upon me. My father said:

"Abraham is a good name. My grandfather was named Abraham."

My mother said:

"Abraham is a good name. Very well. Let us have Abraham for one of his names."

I said:

"Abraham suits the subscriber."

My father frowned, my mother looked pleased; my aunt said:

"What a little darling it is!"

My father said:

"Isaac is a good name, and Jacob is a good name."

My mother assented and said:

"No names are better. Let us add Isaac and Jacob to his names."

I said:

"All right. Isaac and Jacob are good enough for yours truly. Pass me that rattle, if you please. I can't chew India-rubber rings all day."

Not a soul made a memorandum of these sayings of mine, for publication. I saw that, and did it myself, else they would have been utterly lost. So far from meeting with a generous encouragement like other children when

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developing intellectuality, I was now furiously scowled upon by my father ; my mother looked grieved and anxious, and even my aunt had about her an expression of seeming to think that maybe I had gone too far. I took a vicious bite out of an India-rubber ring, and covertly broke the rattle over the kitten's head, but said nothing. Presently my father said :

"Samuel is a very excellent name."

I saw that trouble was coming. Nothing could prevent it. I laid down my rattle ; over the side of the cradle I dropped my uncle's silver watch, the clothes brush, the toy dog, my tin soldier, the nutmeg grater, and other matters which I was accustomed to examine, and meditate upon, and make pleasant noises with, and bang and batter and break when I needed wholesome entertainment. Then I put on my little frock and my little bonnet, and took my pigmy shoes in one hand and my licorice in the other, and climbed out on the floor. I said to myself, Now, if the worst comes to the worst, I am ready. Then said I aloud, in a firm voice :

"Father, I cannot, cannot wear the name of Samuel."

"My son !"

"Father, I mean it. I cannot."

"Why !"

"I have an invincible antipathy to that name."

"My son, this is unreasonable. Many great and good men have been named Samuel."

"Sir, I have yet to hear of the first instance."

"What ! There was Samuel the prophet. Was not he great and good ?"

"Not so very."

"My son ! With his own voice the Lord called him."

"Yes, sir, and had to call him a couple of times before he would come !"

And then I sallied forth, and that stern old man sallied forth after me. He overtook me at noon the following day, and when the interview was over I had acquired the name of Samuel, and a thrashing, and other useful information ; and by means of this compromise my father's wrath was appeased and a misunderstanding bridged over which might have become a permanent rupture if I had chosen to be unreasonable. But just judging by this episode, what *would* my father have done to me if I had ever uttered in his hearing one of the flat, sickly things these "two-year-olds" say in print nowadays ? In my opinion there would have been a case of infanticide in our family.

THERE is something very touching in this news of Lady Franklin's setting sail, at the age of eighty years, to go half-way round the globe to get a scrap of Sir John's writing which she has heard is in the possession of a man who will not deliver it to any hands but hers. Here is a love which has lasted through forty years of a common lot, then bridged a grave and lived on through twenty years of grief which only such an affection is capable of feeling—and still, at this day, widowed and venerable, is able to mock at the zeal of half the honeymoon loves in the world.

HOW I EDITED AN AGRICULTURAL PAPER ONCE.

I did not take the temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. Neither would a landsman take command of a ship without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object. The regular editor of the paper was going off for a holiday, and I accepted the terms he offered, and took his place.

The sensation of being at work again was luxurious, and I wrought all the week with unflagging pleasure. We went to press, and I waited a day with some solicitude to see whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office, toward sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs dispersed with one impulse, and gave me passage-way, and I heard one or two of them say: "That's him!" I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found a similar group at the foot of the stairs, and scattering couples and individuals standing here and there in the street, and over the way, watching me with interest. The group separated and fell back as I approached, and I heard a man say: "Look at his eye!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it, and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt. I went up the short flight of stairs, and heard cheery voices and a ringing laugh as I drew near the door, which I opened, and caught a glimpse of two young, rural-looking men whose faces blanched and lengthened when they saw me, and then they both plunged through the window, with a great crash. I was surprised.

In about half an hour an old gentleman with a flowing beard and a fine but rather austere face, entered, and sat down at my invitation. He seemed to have something on his mind. He took off his hat and set it on the floor and got out of it a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper. He put the paper on his lap, and while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said:

"Are you the new editor?"

I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," I said; "this is my first attempt."

"Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture, practically?"

"No, I believe I have not."

"Some instinct told me so," said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles and looking over them at me with asperity, while he folded his paper into a convenient shape. "I wish to read you what must have made me have that instinct. It was this editorial. Listen, and see if it was you that wrote it:

Turnips should never be pulled—it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.

"Now, what do you think of that?—for I really suppose you wrote it?"

"Think of it? Why, I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no

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doubt that, every year, millions and millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree——”

“Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!”

“Oh, they don't, don't they? Well, who said they did? The language was intended to be figurative, wholly figurative. Anybody that knows anything will know that I meant that the boy should shake the vine.”

Then this old person got up and tore his paper all into small shreds, and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow; and then went out, and banged the door after him, and, in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something. But, not knowing what the trouble was, I could not be any help to him.

Pretty soon after this a long, cadaverous creature, with lanky looks hanging down to his shoulders, and a week's stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face, darted within the door, and halted, motionless, with finger on lip, and head and body bent in listening attitude. No sound was heard. Still he listened. No sound. Then he turned the key in the door and came elaborately tip-toeing toward me, till he was within long reaching distance of me, when he stopped, and, after scanning my face with intense interest for a while, drew a folded copy of our paper from his bosom, and said:

“There—you wrote that. Read it to me, quick! Relieve me—I suffer.”

I read as follows—and as the sentences fell from my lips, I could see the relief come—I could see the drawn muscles relax, and the anxiety go out of his face, and rest and peace steal over the features like the merciful moonlight over a desolate landscape:

The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June nor later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.

It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his corn-stalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August.

Concerning the Pumpkin—This berry is a favourite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the North, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin, as a shade tree, is a failure.

Now, as the warm weather approaches, and the ganders begin to spawn—

The excited listener sprang toward me, to shake hands, and said:

“There, there—that will do! I know I am all right now, because you have read it just as I did, word for word. But, stranger, when I first read it this morning I said to myself, I never, never, believed it before, notwithstanding my friends kept me under watch so strict, but now I believe I am crazy; and with that I fetched a howl that you might have heard two miles, and started out to kill somebody—because, you know, I knew it would come

to that sooner or later, and so I might as well begin. I read one of them paragraphs over again, so as to be certain, and then I burned my house down and started. I have crippled several people, and have got one fellow up a tree, where I can get him if I want him. But I thought I would call in here as I passed along, and make the thing perfectly certain; and now it is certain, and I tell you it is lucky for the chap that is in the tree. I should have killed him, sure, as I went back. Good-by, sir, good-by—you have taken a great load off my mind. My reason has stood the strain of one of your agricultural articles, and I know that nothing can ever unseat it now. *Good-by, sir.*"

I felt a little uncomfortable about the cripples and arsons this person had been entertaining himself with, for I could not help feeling remotely accessory to them; but these thoughts were quickly banished, for the regular editor walked in! [I thought to myself, Now if you had gone to Egypt, as I recommended you to, I might have had a chance to get my hand in; but you wouldn't do it, and here you are. I sort of expected you.]

The editor was looking sad, and perplexed, and dejected. He surveyed the wreck which that old rioter and these two young farmers had made, and then said:

"This is a sad business—a very sad business. There is the mucilage bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and a spittoon and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured, and permanently, I fear. True, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a large edition or soared to such celebrity; but does one want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind? My friend as I am an honest man, the street out there is full of people, and others are roosting on the fences, waiting to get a glimpse of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why, what put it in your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing; you talk of the moulting season for cows; and you recommend the domestication of the pole-cut on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratter. Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them, was superfluous—entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams *always* lie quiet. Clams care nothing whatever about music. Ah, heavens and earth, friend, if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life, you could not have graduated with higher honor than you could to day. I never saw anything like it. Your observation that the horse-chesnut, as an article of commerce, is steadily gaining in favor, is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday—I could not enjoy it if I had it. Certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dread of what you might be going to recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster-beds under the head of 'Landscape Gardening.' I want you to go. Nothing on earth could persuade me to

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take another holiday. Oh, why didn't you *tell* me you didn't know anything about agriculture?"

"*Tell* you, you cornstalk, you cabbage, you son of a cauliflower! It's the first time I ever heard such an unfeeling remark. I tell you I have been in the editorial business going on fourteen years, and it is the first time I ever heard of a man's having to know anything in order to edit a newspaper. You turnip! Who write the dramatic critiques for the second-rate papers? Why, a parcel of promoted shoemakers and apprentice apothecaries, who know just as much about good acting as I do about good farming and no more. Who review the books? People who never wrote one. Who do up the heavy leaders on finance? Parties who have had the largest opportunity of knowing nothing about it. Who criticise the Indian campaigns? Gentlemen who do not know a war-whoop from a wigwam, and who never have had to run a foot-race with a tomahawk or pluck arrows out of the several members of their families to build the evening camp-fire with. Who write the temperance appeals and clamor about the flowing bowl? Folks who will never draw another sober breath till they do it in the grave. Who edit the agricultural papers, you—yam? Men, as a general thing, who fail in the poetry line, yellow-covered novel line, sensation-drama line, city-editor line, and finally fall back on agriculture as a temporary reprieve from the poor-house. *You* try to tell *me* anything about the newspaper business! Sir, I have been through it from Alpha to Omaha, and I tell you that the less a man knows the bigger noise he makes and the higher salary he commands. Heaven knows if I had but been ignorant instead of cultivated, and impudent instead of diffident, I could have made a name for myself in this cold, selfish world. I take my leave, sir. Since I have been treated as you have treated me, I am perfectly willing to go. But I have done my duty. I have fulfilled my contract, as far as I was permitted to do it. I said I could make your paper of interest to all classes, and I have. I said I could run your circulation up to twenty thousand copies, and if I had two more weeks I'd have done it. And I'd have given you the best class of readers that ever an agricultural paper had—not a farmer in it, nor a solitary individual who could tell a watermelon from a peach-vine to save his life. *You* are the loser by this rupture, not me, Pie-plant. Adios."

I then left.

THE "TOURNAMENT" IN A. D. 1870.

LATELY there appeared an item to this effect, and the same went the customary universal round of the press:

A telegraph station has just been established upon the traditional site of the Garden of Eden.

As a companion to that, nothing fits so aptly and perfectly as this:

Brooklyn has revived the knightly tournament of the Middle Ages.

It is hard to tell which is the most startling, the idea of that highest achievement of human genius and intelligence, the telegraph, prating away about the practical concerns of the world's daily life in the heart and home of ancient indolence, ignorance, and savagery, or the idea of the happiest expression of the brag, vanity, and mockheroics of our ancestors, the "tournament," coming out of its grave to flaunt its tinsel trumpery and perform its "chivalrous" absurdities in the high moon of the nineteenth century, and under the patronage of a great, broad-awake city and an advanced civilization.

A "tournament" in Lynchburg is a thing easily within the comprehension of the average mind; but no commonly gifted person can conceive of such a spectacle in Brooklyn without straining his powers. Brooklyn is part and parcel of the city of New York, and there is hardly romance enough in the entire metropolis to re-supply a Virginia "knight" with "chivalry," in case he happened to run out of it. Let the reader, calmly and dispassionately, picture to himself "lists"—in Brooklyn; heralds, pursuivants, pages, garter king-at-arms—in Brooklyn; the marshalling of the fantastic hosts of "chivalry" in slashed doublets, velvet trunks, ruffles, and plumes—in Brooklyn; mounted on omnibus and livery-stable patriarchs, promoted, and referred to in cold blood as "steeds," "destriers," and "chargers," and divested of their friendly, humble names—these meek old "Jims" and "Bobs" and "Charleys," and renamed "Mohammed," "Bucephalus," and "Saladin"—in Brooklyn; Mounted thus, and armed with swords and shields and wooden lances, and cased in pasteboard hauberks, morions, greaves, and gauntlets, and addressed as "Sir" Smith, and "Sir" Jones, and bearing such titled grandeurs as "The Disinherited Knight," the "Knight of Shenandoah," the "Knight of the Blue Ridge," the "Knight of Maryland," and the "Knight of the Secret Sorrow"—in Brooklyn; and at the toot of the horn charging fiercely upon a helpless ring hung on a post, and prodding at it intrepidly with their wooden sticks, and by and by skewering it and cavorting back to the judges' stand covered with glory—this in Brooklyn; and each noble success like this duly and promptly announced by an applauding toot from the herald's horn, and "the band playing three bars of an old circus tune"—all in Brooklyn, in broad day light. And let the reader remember, and also add to his picture, as follows, to wit: when the show was all over, the party who had shed the most blood and overturned and hacked to pieces the most knights, or at least prodded the most muffin-rings, was accorded the ancient privilege of naming and crowning the Queen of Love and Beauty—which naming had in reality been done *for* him by the "cut-and-dried" process, and long in advance, by a committee of ladies, but the crowning he did in person, though suffering from the loss of blood and then he was taken to the county hospital on a shutter to have his wounds dressed—these curious things all occurring in Brooklyn, and no longer ago than one or two yesterdays. It seems impossible, and yet it is true.

This was doubtless the first appearance of the "tournament" up here among the rolling-mills and factories, and will probably be the last. It will

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bo well to let it retire permanently to the rural districts of Virginia, where, it is said, the fine mailed and plumed, noble-natured, maiden-rescuing, wrong-redressing, adventure-seeking knight of romance is accepted and believed in by the peasantry with pleasing simplicity, while they reject with scorn the plain, unpolished verdict whereby history exposes him as a braggart and ruffian, a fantastic vagabond, and an iguoramus.

All romance aside, what shape would our admiration of the heroes of Ashby de la Zouch be likely to take, in this practical age, if those worthies were to rise up and come here and perform again the chivalrous deeds of that famous passage of arms? Nothing but a New York jury and the insanity plea could save them from hanging, from the amiable Bois-Guilbert and the pleasant Front-de-Bœuf clear down to the nameless ruffians that entered the riot with unpictured shields and did their first murder and acquired their first claim to respect that day. The doings of the so-called "chivalry" of the Middle Ages were absurd enough, even when they were brutally and bloodily in earnest, and when their surroundings of castles and donjons, savage landscapes and half-savage peoples, were in keeping; but those doings gravely reproduced with tinsel decorations and mock pageantry, by bucolic gentlemen with broomstick lances, and with muffin-rings to represent the foe, and all in the midst of the refinement and dignity of a carefully-developed modern civilization, is absurdity gone crazy.

Now, for next exhibition, let us have a fine representation of one of those chivalrous wholesale butcheries and burnings of Jewish women and children, which the crusading heroes of romance used to indulge in in their European homes, just before starting to the Holy Land, to seize and take to their protection the Sepulchre and defend it from "pollution."

A CURIOUS incident, and one which is perfectly well authenticated, comes to us in a private letter from the West. A patriarch of eighty-four was nearing death, and his descendants came from all distances to honor him with the last homage of affection. He had been blind for several years—so completely blind that night and noonday were alike to him. But about half an hour before his death his sight came suddenly back to him. He was as blithe and happy over it as any child could have been, and appeared to be only anxious to make the most of every second of time that was left him wherein to live and enjoy it. He did not waste any precious moments in speculating upon the wonderful nature of the thing that had happened to him, but diligently and hungrily *looked* at this, that and the other thing, and luxuriously feasted his famishing vision. Children and grandchildren were marched in review by the bedside; the features of favorites were coned eagerly and searchingly; the freckles on a young girl's face were counted with painstaking interest, and with an unimpeachable accuracy that filled the veteran with gratified vanity; and then, while he read some verses in his Testament his sight grew dim and passed away again, and a few minutes afterward he died. It seems to be a common thing for long-absent reason and memory to revisit the brains of the dying, but the return of vision is a rare circumstance indeed.

ENIGMA.

Not wishing to be outdone in literary enterprise by those magazines which have attractions especially designed for the pleasing of the fancy and the strengthening of the intellect of youth, we have contrived and builded the following enigma, at great expense of time and labor :

I am a word of 13 letters.

My 7, 9, 4, 4, is a village in Europe.

My 7, 14, 5, 7, is a kind of dog.

My 11, 13, 13, 9, 2, 7, 2, 3, 6, 1, 13, is a peculiar kind of stuff.

My 2, 6, 12, 8, 9, 4, is the name of a great general of ancient times (have spelt it to best of ability, though may have missed the bull's eye on a letter or two, but not enough to signify.)

My 3, 11, 1, 9, 15, 2, 2, 6, 2, 9, 13, 2, 6, 15, 4, 11, 2, 3, 5, 1, 10, 4, 8, is the middle name of a Russian philosopher, up whose full cognomen fame is slowly but surely climbing.

My 7, 11, 4, 12, 3, 1, 1, 9, is an obscure but very proper kind of bug.

My whole is—but perhaps a reasonable amount of diligence and ingenuity will reveal that.

We take a just pride in offering the customary golden pen or cheap sewing machine for correct solutions of the above.

"Yes, I remember that anecdote," the Sunday school superintendent said, with the old pathos in his voice and the old sad look in his eyes. "It was about a simple creature named Higgins, that used to haul rock for old Maltby. When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the courthouse stairs and broke his neck, it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgin's waggon and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not break the news to her at once, but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door. Then he said :

"Does the widder Bagley live here?"

"The *widow* Bagley? No, Sir!"

"I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does *Judge* Bagley live here?"

"Yes, Judge Bagley lives here."

"I'll bet he don't. But never mind—it ain't for me to contradict. Is the Judge in?"

"No, not at present."

"I jest expected as much. Because, you know—take hold o' suthin, mum, for I'm a-going to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some. There's been an accident, mum. I've got the old Judge curled up out here in the wagon—and when you see him you'll acknowledge, yourself, that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to *him!*"

UNBURLESQUABLE THINGS.

There are some things which cannot be burlesqued, for the simple reason that in themselves they are so extravagant and grotesque that nothing is left for burlesque to take hold of. For instance, all attempts to burlesque the "Byron Scandal" were failures because the central feature of it, incest, was a "situation" so tremendous and so imposing that the happiest available resources of burlesque seemed tame and cheap in its presence. Burlesque could invent nothing to transcend incest, except by enlisting two crimes, neither of which is ever mentioned among women and children, and one of which is only mentioned in rare books of the law, and then as "the crime without a name"—a term with a shudder in it! So the reader never saw the "Byron Scandal" successfully travestied in print, and he may rest satisfied that he never will.

All attempts to burlesque the monster musical "Peace Jubilee" in Boston were mournful failures. The ten thousand singers, the prodigious organ, the hundred anvils, and the artillery accompaniment made up an unintentional, but complete, symmetrical and enormous burlesque, which shamed the poor inventions of the sketchers and scribblers who tried to be funny over it in magazines and newspapers. Even Cruikshank failed when he tried to pictorially burlesque the English musical extravaganza which probably furnished Mr. Gilmore with his idea.

There was no burlesquing the "situation" when the French Train, Henri Rochefort, brayed forth the proclamation that whenever he was arrested forty thousand *ouvriers* would be there to know the reason why—when alas! right on the top of it one single humble policeman took him and marched him off to prison through an atmosphere with never a taint of garlic in it.

There is no burlesquing the McFarland trial, either as a whole or piecemeal by selection. Because it was sublimated burlesque itself, in any way one may look at it. The court gravely tried the prisoner, *not* for murder apparently, but as to his sanity or insanity. His counsel attempted the intellectual miracle of proving the prisoner's deed to have been a *justifiable homicide by an insane person*. The Recorder charged the jury to—well, there are different opinions as to what the Recorder wanted them to do, among those who have translated the charge from the original Greek, though his general idea seemed to be to scramble first to the support of the prisoner and then to the support of the law, and then to the prisoner again, and back again to the law, with a vaguely perceptible desire to help the prisoner a little the most, without making that desire unofficially and ungraciously prominent. To wind up and put a final polish to the many-sided burlesque, the jury went out and devoted nearly two hours to trying for his life a man whose deed would not be accepted as a capital crime by the mass of mankind, even though all the lawyers did their best to prove it such. It is hardly worth while to mention that the emotional scene in the court room, following the delivery of the verdict,

when women hugged the prisoner, the jury, the reporters, and even the remorselessly sentimental Graham, is eminently burlesqueable.

But the first and last, the splendid feature of the McFarland comedy was the *insanity* part of it. Where the occasion was for dragging in that poor old thread-bare lawyer-trick, is not perceptible, except it was to make a *show* of difficulty in winning a verdict that would have won itself without ever a lawyer to meddle with the case. Heaven knows insanity was disreputable enough long ago; but now that the lawyers have got to cutting every gallows rope, and picking every prison lock with it, it is become a sneaking villainy that ought to hang and keep on hanging its possessors until evil doers should conclude that the safest plan was to never claim to have it until they came by it legitimately. The very calibre of the people the lawyers most frequently try to save by the insanity subterfuge, ought to laugh the plea out of the courts, one would think. Any one who watched the proceedings closely in the McFarland-Richardson mockery will believe that the insanity plea was a rather far-fetched compliment to pay the prisoner, inasmuch as one must first have brains before he can go crazy, and there was surely nothing in the evidence to show that McFarland had enough of the raw material to justify him in attempting anything more imposing than a lively form of idiocy.

Governor Alcorn, of Mississippi, recommends his Legislature so to alter the laws that as soon as the insanity plea is offered in the case of a person accused of crime, the case shall be sent up to a high State court and the insanity part of the matter inquired into and settled permanently, *by itself*, before the trial for the crime charged is touched at all. Anybody but one of this latter-day breed of "lunatics" on trial for murder will recognize the wisdom of the proposition at a glance.

There is one other thing which transcends the powers of burlesque, and that is a Fenian "invasion." First we have the portentous mystery that precedes it for six months, when all the air is filled with stage whisperings; when "Councils" meet every night with awful secrecy, and the membership try to see who can get up first in the morning and tell the proceedings. Next, the expatriated Nation struggles through a travail of national squabbles and political splits, and is finally delivered of a litter of "Governments," and Presidents McThis, and Generals O'That, of several different complexions, politically speaking; and straightway the newspapers teem with the new names, and men who were insignificant and obscure one day find themselves great and famous the next. Then the several "Governments," and presidents and generals, and senates, get by the ears, and remain so until the customary necessity of carrying the American city elections with a minority vote, comes round and unites them; then they begin to "sound the tocsin of war" again—that is to say, in solemn whisperings at dead of night they secretly plan a Canadian raid, and publish it in the "World" next morning; they begin to refer significantly to "Ridgeway," and we reflect bodingly that there is no telling how soon that slaughter may be repeated. Presently the "invasion" begins to take tangible shape; and as no news

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travels so freely or so fast as the "secret" doings of the Fenian Brotherhood, the land is shortly in a tumult of apprehension. The telegraph announces that "last night, 400 men went north from Utica, but refused to disclose their destination—were extremely reticent—answered no questions—were not armed, or in uniform, but *it was noticed that they marched to the depot in military fashion*"—and so on. Fifty such despatches follow each other within two days, evidencing that squads of locomotive mystery have gone north from a hundred different points and rendezvoused on the Canadian border—and that, consequently, a horde of 25,000 invaders, at least, is gathered together; and then, hurrah! they cross the line; hurrah! they meet the enemy; hip, hip, hurrah! a battle ensues; hip—no, not hip nor hurrah—for the U. S. Marshal and one man seize the Fenian General-in-Chief on the battle-field, in the midst of his "army," and bowl him off in a carriage and lodge him in a common jail—and, presto! the illustrious "invasion" is at an end!

The Fenians have not done many things that seemed to call for pictorial illustration; but their first care has usually been to make a picture of any performance of theirs that would stand it as soon as possible after its achievement, and paint everything in it a violent green, and embellish it with harps and pickaxes, and other emblems of national grandeur, and print thousands of them in the severe simplicity of primitive lithography, and hang them above the National Palladium, among the decanters. Shall we have a nice picture of the battle of Pigeon Hill and the little accident to the Commander-in-Chief?

No, a Fenian "invasion" cannot be burlesqued, because it uses up all the material itself. It is harmless fun, this annual masquerading toward the border; but America should not encourage it, for the reason that it may some time or other succeed in embroiling the country in a war with a friendly power—and such an event as that would be ill compensated by the liberation of even so excellent a people as the Downtrodden Nation.

THE LATE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

[Never put off till to-morrow what you can do day after to-morrow just as well.—B. F.]

This party was one of those persons whom they call Philosophers. He was twins, being born simultaneously in two different houses in the city of Boston. These houses remain unto this day, and have signs upon them worded in accordance with the facts. The signs are considered well enough to have, though not necessary, because the inhabitants point out the two birth-places to the stranger anyhow, and sometimes as often as several times in the same day. The subject of this memoir was of a vicious disposition, and early prostituted his talents to the inventions of maxims and aphorisms calculated to inflict suffering upon the rising generation of all subsequent ages. His simplest acts, also, were contrived with a view to their being

held up for the emulation of boys forever—boys who might otherwise have been happy. It was in this spirit that he became the son of a soap-boiler; and probably for no other reason than that the efforts of all future boys who tried to be anything might be looked upon with suspicion unless they were the sons of soap-boilers. With a malevolence which is without parallel in history, he would work all day and then sit up nights and let on to be studying algebra by the light of a smouldering fire, so that all other boys might have to do that also or else have Benjamin Franklin thrown up to them. Not satisfied with these proceedings, he had a fashion of living wholly on bread and water, and studying astronomy at meal time—a thing which has brought affliction to millions of boys since, whose fathers had read Franklin's pernicious biography.

His maxims were full of animosity towards boys. Nowadays a boy cannot follow out a single natural instinct without tumbling over some of those everlasting aphorisms and hear from Franklin on the spot. If he buys two cents' worth of peanuts, his father says, "Remember what Franklin has said, my son,—'A groat a day's a penny a year'" and the comfort is all gone out of those peanuts. If he wants to spin his top when he has done work, his father quotes, "Procrastination is the thief of time." If he does a virtuous action he never gets anything for it, because "Virtue is its own reward." And thus the boy is hounded to death and robbed of his natural rest, because Franklin said once in one of his inspired fights of malignity—

Early to bed and early to rise
Make a man healthy and wealthy and wise.

As if it were any object to a boy to be healthy and wealthy and wise on such terms. The sorrow that that maxim has cost me through my parents' experimenting on me with it, tongue cannot tell. The legitimate result is my present state of general debility, indigence and mental aberration. My parents used to have me up before nine o'clock in the morning, sometimes, when I was a boy. If they had let me take my natural rest, where would I have been now? Keeping store, no doubt, and respected by all.

And what an adroit old adventurer the subject of this memoir was! In order to get a chance to fly his kite on Sunday, he used to hang a key on the string and let on to be fishing for lightning. And a guileless public would go home chirping about the "wisdom" and the "genius" of the hoary Sabbath-breaker. If anybody caught him playing "mumble-peg" by himself, after the age of sixty, he would immediately appear to be ciphering—how the grass grew—as if it was any of his business. My grandfather knew him well, and he says Franklin was always fixed—always ready. If a body, during his old age, happened on him unexpectedly when he was catching flies, or making mud pies, or sliding on a cellar-door, he would immediately look wise, and rip out a maxim, and walk off with his nose in the air and his cap turned wrong side before, trying to appear absent-minded and eccentric. He was a hard lot.

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He invented a stove that would smoke your head off in four hours by the clock. One can see the almost devilish satisfaction he took in it, by his giving it his name.

He was always proud of telling how he entered Philadelphia, for the first time, with nothing in the world but two shillings in his pocket and four rolls of bread under his arm. But really, when you come to examine critically, it was nothing. Anybody could have done it.

To the subject of this memoir belongs the honor of recommending the army to go back to bows and arrows in place of bayonets and muskets. He observed, with his customary force, that the bayonet was very well, under some circumstances, but that he doubted whether it could be used with accuracy at long range.

Benjamin Franklin did a great many notable things for his country, and made her young name to be honored in many lands as the mother of such a son. It is not the idea of this memoir to ignore that or cover it up. No: the simple idea of it is to snub those pretentious maxims of his, which he worked up with a great show of originality out of truisms that had become wearisome platitudes as early as the dispersion from Babel; and also to snub his stove, and his military inspirations, his unseemly endeavor to make himself conspicuous when he entered Philadelphia, and his flying his kito and fooling away his time in all sorts of such ways, when he ought to have been foraging for soap-fat, or constructing candles. I merely desired to do away with somewhat of the prevalent calamitous idea among heads of families that Franklin *acquired* his great genius by working for nothing, studying by moonlight, and getting up in the night instead of waiting till morning like a Christian, and that this programme, rigidly inflicted, will make a Franklin of every father's fool. It is time these gentlemen were finding out that these execrable eccentricities of instinct and conduct are only the *evidences* of genius, not the *creators* of it. I wish I had been the father of my parents long enough to make them comprehend this truth, and thus prepare them to let their son have an easier time of it. When I was a child I had to boil soap, notwithstanding my father was wealthy, and I had to get up early and study geometry at breakfast, and peddle my own poetry, and do everything just as Franklin did, in the solemn hope that I would be a Franklin some day. And here I am.

THE EDITORIAL OFFICE BORE.

He arrives just as regularly as the clock strikes nine in the morning. And so he even beats the editor sometimes, and the porter must leave his work and climb two or three pairs of stairs to unlock the "Sanctum" door and let him in. He lights one of the office pipes—not reflecting, perhaps, that the editor may be one of those "stuck-up" people who would as soon have a stranger defile his tooth-brush as his pipe-stem. Then he begins to loll—for a person who cannot consent to loaf his useless life away in ignominious indolence has not the energy to sit up straight. He stretches full

length on the sofa awhile; then draws up to half length; then gets into a chair, hangs his head back and his arms abroad, and stretches his legs till the rim of his boot-heels rest upon the floor; by and by sits up and leans forward, with one leg or both over the arm of the chair. But it is still observable that with all his changes of position, he never assumes the upright or a fraudulent affectation of dignity. From time to time he yawns, and stretches himself with a tranquil, mangy enjoyment, and now and then he grunts a kind of stuffy, overfed grunt, which is full of animal contentment. At rare and long intervals, he sighs a sigh that is the eloquent expression of a secret confession, to wit: "I am useless and a nuisance, a cumberer of the earth."

The bore and his comrades—for there are usually from two to four on hand, day and night—mix into the conversation when men come to see the editors for a moment on business; they hold noisy talks among themselves about politics in particular, and all other subjects in general—even warming up, after a fashion, sometime, and seeming to take almost a real interest in what they are discussing; they ruthlessly call an editor from his work with such a remark as: "Did you see this, Smith, in the 'Gazette'?" and proceed to read the paragraph while the sufferer reigns in his impatient pen and listens; they often loll and sprawl around the office hour after hour, swapping anecdotes and relating personal experiences to each other—hairbreadth escapes, social encounters with distinguished men, election reminiscences, sketches of odd characters, etc. And though all those hours they smoke, and sweat, and sigh, and scratch, and perform such other services for their fellow men as come within the purview of their gentle mission upon earth, they never seem to comprehend that they are robbing the editors of their time, and the public of journalistic excellence in next day's paper. At other times they drowse, or dreamily pore over exchanges, or droop limp and pensive over the chair-arms for an hour. Even this solemn silence is small re-spite to the editor, for the next most uncomfortable thing to having people look over his shoulder, perhaps, is to have them sit by in silence and listen to the scratching of his pen.

If a body desires to talk private business with one of the editors, he must call him outside, for no hint milder than blasting powder or nitro-glycerine would be likely to move the bores out of listening distance.

To have to sit and endure the presence of a bore day after day; to feel your cheerful spirits begin to sink as his footstep sounds on the stair, and utterly vanish away as his tiresome form enters the door; to suffer through his anecdotes and die slowly to his reminiscences; to feel always the fetters of his clogging presence; to long hopelessly for one single day's privacy; to note with a shudder, by and by, that to contemplate his funeral in fancy has ceased to soothe, to imagine him undergoing in strict and faithful detail the tortures of the ancient Inquisition has lost its power to satisfy the heart, and that even to wish him millions and millions and millions of miles in Tophet is able to bring only a fitful gleam of joy; to have to endure all this, day after day, and week after week, and month after month, is an affliction that

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transcends any other that men suffer. Physical pain is a pastime to it, and hanging a pleasure excursion.

A DARING ATTEMPT AT A SOLUTION OF IT.

The Fenian invasion failed because George Francis Train was absent. There was no lack of men, arms, or ammunition, but there was the sad need of Mr. Train's organizing power, his coolness and caution, his tranquility, his strong good sense, his modesty and reserve, his secrecy, his taciturnity, and above all his frantic and bloodthirsty courage. Mr. Train and his retiring and diffident private secretary were obliged to be absent, though the former must certainly have been lying at the point of death, else nothing could have kept him from hurrying to the front, and offering his heart's best blood for the Downtrodden People he so loves, so worships, so delights to champion. He must have been in a disabled condition, else nothing could have kept him from invading Canada at the head of his "children."

And, indeed, this modern Samson, solitary and alone, with his formidable jaw, would have been a more troublesome enemy than five times the Fenians that did invade Canada, because they could be made to retire, but G. F. would never leave the field while there was an audience before him, either armed or helpless. The invading Fenians were wisely cautious, knowing that such of them as were caught would be likely to hang; but the Champion would have stood in no such danger. There is no law, military or civil, for hanging persons afflicted in his peculiar way.

He was not present, alas!—save in spirit. He could not and would not waste so fine an opportunity, though, to send some ecstatic lunacy over the wires, and so he wound up a ferocious telegram with this—

"With vengeance steopin Wormwood's gall!
D—d old England, say we all!
And keep your powder dry!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

SHERMAN HOUSE,
CHICAGO noon, Thursday May 26.

P. S.—Just arrived and addressed grand Fenian meeting in Fenian Armory, donating \$50.

This person could be made really useful by roosting him on some Hatteras lighthouse or other prominence where storms prevail, because it takes so much wind to keep him going that he probably moves in the midst of a dead calm wherever he travels.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To those parties who have offered to send me curious obituaries, I shall be very glad to receive such. A number have already been sent me. The quaint epitaph business has been a fair share of attention in all generations, but the village obituaries—those marvellous combinations of ostentatious

sorrow and ghastly "fine writing"—have been unkindly neglected. Inquirers are informed that the "Post-mortem [Poetry]" of last month really came without alteration, from the Philadelphia "Ledger." The "Deaths" have long been a prominent feature in the "Ledger."

These six or eight persons who have written me from various localities inquiring with a deal of anxiety if I am permanently engaged to write for this Magazine, have been surprised, may be, at the serene way in which I let the days go by without making any sort of reply. Do they suppose I am one of that kind of birds that can be walked up to and captured by the process of putting salt on its tail? Hardly. These people want to get me to say Yes, and then stop their magazine. The subscriber was not fledged yesterday.

A MEMORY.

When I say that I never knew my austere father to be enamoured of but one poem in all the long half century that he lived, persons who knew him will easily believe me; when I say that I have never composed but one poem in all the long third of a century that I have lived, persons who know me will be sincerely grateful; and finally, when I say that the poem which I composed was not the one which my father was enamored of, persons who may have known us both will not need to have this truth shot into them with a mountain howitzer before they can receive it. My father and I were always on the most distant terms when I was a boy—a sort of armed neutrality, so to speak. At irregular intervals this neutrality was broken, and suffering ensued; but I will be candid enough to say that the breaking and the suffering were always divided up with strict impartiality between us—which is to say, my father did the breaking, and I did the suffering. As a general thing I was a backward, cautious, unadventurous boy; but once I jumped off a two-story stable: another time I gave an elephant a "plug" of tobacco and retired without waiting for an answer; and still another time I pretended to be talking in my sleep, and got off a portion of a very wretched original conundrum in hearing of my father. Let us not pry into the result; it was of no consequence to any one but me.

But the poem I have referred to as attracting my father's attention and achieving his favor was "Hiawatha." Some man who courted a sudden and awful death presented him an early copy, and I never lost faith in my own senses until I saw him sit down and go to reading it in cold blood—saw him open the book, and heard him read these following lines, with the same inflectionless judicial frigidity with which he always read his charge to the jury, or administered an oath to a witness:

Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
And your mittens, Minjekahwan,
And your birch canoe for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Nama."

Presently my father took out of his breast pocket an imposing "Warranty Deed," and fixed his eyes upon it and dropped into meditation. I knew what it was. A Texan lady and gentleman had given my half-brother, Orrin Johnson, a handsome property in a town in the North, in gratitude to him for having saved their lives by an act of brilliant heroism.

By and by my father looked toward me and sighed. Then he said :

"If I had such a son as this poet, here were a subject worthier than the traditions of these Indians."

"If you please, sir, where?"

"In this deed."

"In the—deed?"

"Yes—in this vory deed," said my father, throwing it on the table.

"There is more poetry, more romance, more sublimity, more splendid imagery hidden away in that homely document than could be found in all the traditions of all the savages that live."

"Indeed, sir? Could I—could I get it out, sir? Could I compose the poem, sir, do you think?"

"You!"

I wilted.

Presently my father's face softened somewhat, and he said :

"Go and try. But mind, curb folly. No poetry at the expense of truth. Keep strictly to the facts."

I said I would, and bowed myself out, and went up stairs.

"Hiawatha" kept droning in my head—and so did my father's remarks about the sublimity and romance hidden in my subject, and also his injunction to beware of wasteful and exuberant fancy. I noticed, just here, that I had heedlessly brought the deed away with me. Now, at this moment came to me one of those rare moods of daring recklessness, such as I referred to a while ago. Without another thought, and in plain defiance of the fact that I knew my father meant me to write the romantic story of my half-brother's adventure and subsequent good fortune, I ventured to heed merely the letter of his remarks and ignore their spirit. I took the stupid "Warranty Deed" itself and chopped it up into Hiawathian blank verse, without altering or leaving out three words, and without transposing six. It required loads of courage to go down stairs and face my father with my performance. I started three or four times before I finally got my pluck to where it would stick. But at last I said I would go down and read it to him if he threw me over the church for it. I stood up to begin, and he told me to come closer. I edged up a little, but still left as much neutral ground between us as I thought he would stand. Then I began. It would be useless for me to try to tell what conflicting emotions expressed themselves upon his face, nor how they grew more and more intense as I proceeded; nor how a fell darkness descended upon his countenance, and he began to gag and swallow, and his hands began to work and twitch, as I reeled off line after line, with the strength ebbing out of me, and my legs trembling under me:

THE STORY OF A GALLANT DEED.

THIS INDENTURE, made the tenth
Day of November, in the year
Of our Lord one thousand eight
Hundred six-and-fifty,

Between JOANNA S. E. GRAY
And PHILIP GRAY, her husband,
Of Salem City, in the State
Of Texas, of the first part,

And O. B. Johnson, of the town
Of Austin, ditto, WITNESSETH :
That said party of first part,
For and in consideration

Of the sum of Twenty Thousand
Dollars, lawful money of
The U. S. of Americay,
To them in hand now paid by said

Party of the second part,
The due receipt whereof is here-
By confessed and acknowledged,
Have Granted, Bargained, Sold, Demised,

Released and Aliened and Conveyed,
Confirmed, and by these presents do
Grant and Bargain, Sell, Remise,
Alien, Release, Convey, and Con-

Firm unto tne said aforesaid
Party of the second part,
And to his heirs and assigns
Forever and ever, ALL

That certain piece or parcel of
LAND situate in city of
Dunkirk, county of Chautauqua,
And likewise furthermore in York State,

Bounded and subscribed, to-wit,
As follows, herein, namely :
BEGINNING at the distance of
A hundred two-and-forty feet.

North-half-east, north-east-by north,
East-north-east and northerly
Of the northerly line of Mulligan street,
On the westerly line of Brannigan street,

And running thence due northerly
On Brannigan street 200 feet,
Thence at right angles westerly,
North-west-by-west-and-west-half-west,

West-and-by-north, north-west-by-west,
About—

I kind of dodged, and the boot-jack broke the looking-glass. I could have waited to see what became of other missiles if I had wanted to, but I took no interest in such things.

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POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Political economy is the basis of all good government. The wisest men of all ages have brought to bear upon this subject the—

[Here I was interrupted and informed that a stranger wished to see me down at the door. I went and confronted him, and asked to know his business, struggling all the time to keep a tight rein on my seething political economy ideas, and not let them break away from me or get tangled in their harness. And privately I wished the stranger was in the bottom of the canal with a cargo of wheat on top of him. I was all in a fever, but he was cool. He said he was sorry to disturb me, but as he was passing he noticed that I needed some lightning-rods. I said, "Yes, yes—go on—what about it?" He said there was nothing about it, in particular—nothing except he would like to put them up for me. I am new to housekeeping; have been used to hotels and boarding-houses all my life. Like anybody else of similar experience, I try to appear (to strangers) to be an old housekeeper; consequently I said in an off-hand way that I had been intending for some time to have six or eight lightning-rods put up, but— The stranger started, and looked inquiringly at me, but I was serene. I thought if I chanced to make any mistakes he would not catch me by my countenance. He said he would rather have my custom than any man's in town. I said all right, and started off to wrestle with my great subject again, when he called me back and said it would be necessary to know exactly how many "points" I wanted put up, what parts of the house I wanted them on, and what quality of rod I preferred. It was close quarters for a man not used to the exigencies of house-keeping, but I went through creditably, and he probably never suspected that I was a novice. I told him to put up eight "points," and put them all on the roof, and use the best quality of rod. He said he could furnish the "plain" article, at 20 cents a foot; "coppered," 25 cents; "zinc-plated, spiral-twist," at 30 cents, that would stop a streak of lightning any time, no matter where it was bound, and "render its errand harmless and its further progress apocryphal." I said apocryphal was no slouch of a word, emanating from the source it did, but philology aside I liked the spiral-twist and would take that brand. Then he said he *could* make two hundred and fifty feet answer, but to do it right, and make the best job in town of it, and attract the admiration of the just and the unjust alike, and compel all parties to say they never saw a more symmetrical and hypothetical display of lightning-rods since they were born, he supposed he really couldn't get along without four hundred, though he was not vindictive and trusted he was willing to try. I said go ahead and use four hundred and make any kind of a job he pleased out of it, but let me get back to my work. So I got rid of him at last and now, after an hour spent in getting my train of political economy thoughts coupled together again, I am ready to go on once more.]

richest treasures of their genius, their experience of life, and their learning. The great lights of commercial jurisprudence, international confraternity, and biological deviation, of all ages, all civilizations, and all nationalities, from Zoroaster down to Horace Greely, have—

[Here I was interrupted again and required to go down and confer further with that lightning-rod man. I hurried off, boiling and surging with prodigious thoughts wombed in words of such majesty that each one of them was in itself a straggling procession of syllables that might be fifteen minutes passing a given point, and once more I confronted him—he so calm and sweet, I so hot and frenzied. He was standing in the contemplative attitude

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of the Colossus of Rhodes, with one foot on my infant tuberose and the other gazing critically and admiringly in the direction of my principal chimney. He said now *there* was a state of things to make a man glad to be alive ; and added, " I leave it to *you* if you ever saw anything more deliriously picturesque than eight lightening rods on one chimney ! " I said I had no present recollection of anything that transcended it. He said that in his opinion nothing on this earth but Niagara Falls was superior to it in the way of natural scenery. All that was needed now, he verily believed, to make my house a perfect balm to the eye, was to kind of touch up the other chimnies a little and thus " add to the generous *coup d'ail* a soothing uniformity of achievement which would allay the excitement naturally consequent upon the first *coup d'etat*." I asked him if he learned to talk out of a book, and if I could borrow it anywhere. He smiled pleasantly, and said that his manner of speaking was not taught in books, and that nothing but familiarity with lightening could enable a man to handle his conversational style with impunity. He then figured up an estimate, and said that about eight more rods scattered about my roof would about fix me right, and he guessed five hundred feet of stuff would do it ; and added that the first eight had got a little start of him, so to speak, and used up a mere trifle of material more than he calculated on—a hundred feet or along there. I said I was in a dreadful hurry, and I wished we could get this business permanently mapped out so that I could go on with my work. He said : " I *could* have put up those eight rods, and marched off about my business—some men *would* have done it. But no, I said to myself, this man is a stranger to me and I will die before I'll wrong him ; there ain't lightening-rods enough on that house, and for one I'll never stir out of my tracks till I've done as I would be done by, and told him so. Stranger, my duty is accomplished ; if the recalcitrant and dephlogistic messenger of heaven strikes *your*—" " There now, there," I said " put on the other eight—add five hundred feet of spiral twist—do anything and everything you want to do ; but calm your sufferings and try to keep your feelings where you can reach them with the dictionary. Meanwhile, if we understand each other now, I will go to work again." I think I have been sitting here a full hour, this time, trying to get back to where I was when my train of thought was broken up by the last interruption, but I believe I have accomplished it at last and may venture to proceed again.]

wrestled with this great subject, and the greatest among them have found it a worthy adversary and one that always comes up fresh and smiling after every throw. The great Confucius said that he would rather be a profound political economist than chief of police ; Cicero frequently said that political economy was the grandest consummation that the human mind was capable of consuming ; and even our own Greely has said vaguely but forcibly that—

[Here the lightening-rod man sent up another call for me. I went down in a state of mind bordering on impatience. He said he would rather have died than interrupt me, but when he was employed to do a job and that job was expected to be done in a clean, workmanlike manner, and when it was finished and fatigue urged him to seek the rest and recreation he stood so much in need of, and he was about to do it, but looked up and saw at a glance that all the calculations had been a little out, and if a thunder storm were to come up and that house which he felt a personal interest in stood there with nothing on earth to protect it but sixteen lightning-rods— " Let us have peace ! " I shrieked. " Put up a hundred and fifty ! Put some on the kitchen ! Put a dozen on the barn ! Put a couple on the cow ! —put one on the cook !—scatter them all over the persecuted place till it

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looks like a zinc-plated, spiral-twisted, silver-mounted cane-brake ! Move ! Use up all the material you can get your hands on, and when you run out of lightning-rods put up run-rods, can-rods, stair-rods, piston-rods—*anything* that will pander to your dismal appetite for artificial scenery and bring respite to my raging brain and healing to my lacerated soul !” Wholly unmoved—further than to smile sweetly—this iron being simply turned back his wristbands daintily and said he would now “proceed to hump himself.” Well, all that was nearly three hours ago. It is questionable whether I am calm enough yet to write on the noble theme of political economy, but I cannot resist the desire to try, for it is the one subject that is nearest to my heart and dearest to my brain of all this world’s philosophy.]

“Political economy is heaven’s best boon to man.” When the loose but gifted Byron lay in his Venetian exile, he observed that if it could be granted him to go back and live his misspent life over again, he would give his lucid and unintoxicated intervals to the composition, not of frivolous rhymes, but of essays upon political economy. Washington loved this exquisite science ; such names as Baker, Beckwith, Judson, Smith, are imperishably linked with it ; and even imperial Homer, in the ninth book of the Iliad, has said :

Fiat justitia, ruat cælum,
Post mortem unum, ante bellum,
Hic jace’ hoc, ex-parte res,
Politicum e-conomico est.

The grandeur of these conceptions of the old poet, together with the felicity of the wording which clothes them and the sublimity of the imagery whereby they are illustrated, have singled out the stanza and made it more celebrated than any that ever—

[“Now not a word out of you—not a single word. Just state your bill and relapse into impenetrable silence for ever and ever on these premises. Nine hundred dollars ? Is that all ? This check for the amount will be honored at any respectable bank in America. What is that multitude of people gathered in the street for ? How ?—‘looking at the lightning rods !’ Bless my life, did they never see any lightning-rods before ? Never saw ‘such a stack of them on one establishment,’ did I understand you to say ? I will step down and critically observe this popular ebullition of ignorance.”]

THREE DAYS LATER.—We are all about worn out. For four-and-twenty hours our bristling premises were the talk and wonder of the town. The theatres languished, for their happiest scenic inventions were tame and common-place compared with my lightning-rods. Our street was blocked night and day with spectators, and among them were many who came from the country to see. It was a blessed relief, on the second day, when a thunder storm came up and the lightning began to “go for” my house, as the historian Josephus quaintly phrases it. It cleared the galleries, so to speak. In five minutes there was not a spectator within half a mile of my place ; but all the high houses about that distance away were full, windows, roof, and all. And well they might be, for all the falling stars and Fourth of July fireworks of a generation put together and rained down simultaneously out of heaven in one brilliant shower upon one helpless roof, would not have any

advantage of the pyrotechnic display that was making my house so magnificently conspicuous in the general gloom of the storm. By actual count the lightning struck at my establishment seven hundred and sixty-four times in forty minutes, but tripped on one of those faithful rods every time and slid down the spiral twist and shot into the earth before it probably had time to be surprised at the way the thing was done. And through all that bombardment only one patch of slates was ripped up, and that was because for a single instant the rods in the vicinity were transporting all the lightning they could possibly accommodate. Well, nothing was ever seen like it since the world began. For one whole day and night not a member of my family stuck his head out of the window but he got the hair snatched off it as smooth as a billiard-ball, and if the reader will believe me not one of us ever dreamt of stirring abroad. But at last the awful siege came to an end—because there was absolutely no more electricity left in the clouds above us within grappling distance of my insatiable rods. Then I sallied forth, and gathered daring workmen together, and not a bite of a nap did we take till the premises were utterly stripped of all their terrific armament except just three rods on the house, one on the kitchen, and one on the barn—and behold these remain there even unto this day. And then, and not till then, the people ventured to use our street again. I will remark here, in passing, that during the fearful time I did not continue my essay upon political economy. I am not even yet settled enough in nerve and brain to resume it.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Parties having need of three thousand two hundred and eleven feet of best quality zinc-plated spiral-twist lightning-rod stuff, and sixteen hundred and thirty-one silver-tipped points, all in tolerable repair (and, although much worn by use, still equal to any ordinary emergency), can hear of a bargain by addressing the publishers of this magazine.

JOHN CHINAMAN IN NEW YORK.

A correspondent (whose signature, "Lang Bemis," is more or less familiar to the public) contributes the following:

As I passed along by one of those monster American tea stores in New York, I found a Chinaman sitting before it acting in the capacity of a sign. Everybody that passed by gave him a steady stare as long as their heads would twist over their shoulders without dislocating their necks, and a large group had stopped to stare deliberately.

Is it not a shame that we who prate so much about civilization and humanity are content to degrade a fellow-being to such an office at this? Is it not time for reflection when we find ourselves willing to see in such a being in such a situation, matter merely for frivolous curiosity instead of regret and grave reflection? Here was a poor creature whom hard fortune had exiled from his natural home beyond the sea, and whose troubles ought to have touched these idle strangers that thronged about him; but did it? Apparently not. Men calling themselves the superior race, the race of culture

and of gentle blood, scanned his quaint Chinese hat, with peaked roof and ball on top ; and his long queue dangling down his back ; his short silken blouse, curiously frogged and figured (and, like the rest of his raiment, rusty dilapidated, and awkwardly put on) ; his blue cotton, tight-legged pants tied closely around the ankles, and his clumsy, blunt-toed shoes with thick cork soles ; and having so scanned him from head to foot, cracked some unseemly joke about his outlandish attire or his melancholy face and passed on. In my heart I pitied the friendless Mongol. I wondered what was passing behind his sad face, and what distant scene his vacant eye was dreaming of. Were his thoughts with his heart, ten thousand miles away, beyond the billowy wastes of the Pacific ? among the rice-fields and the plummy palms of China ? under the shadows of remembered mountain-peaks, or in groves of bloomy shrubs and strange forest trees unknown to climes like ours ? and now and then, rippling among his visions and his dreams, [did he hear familiar laughter and half-forgotten voices, and did he catch fitful glimpses of the friendly faces of a by-gone time ? A cruel fate it is, I said, that is befallen this bronzed wanderer ; a cheerless destiny 'enough. In order that the group of idlers might be touched at least by the words of the poor fellow, since the appeal of his pauper dress and his dreary exile was lost upon them, I touched him on the shoulder and said :

" Cheer up—don't be down-hearted. It is not America that treats you in this way—it is merely one citizen, whose greed of gain has eaten the humanity out of his heart. America has a broader hospitality for the exiled and oppressed. America and Americans are always ready to help the unfortunate. Money shall be raised—you shall go back to China—you shall see your friends again. What wages do they pay you here ?"

" Divil a cint but four dollars a week and find meself ; but its aisy barrin' the bloody furrin clothes that's so expensive."

The exile remains at his post. The New York tea merchants who need picturesque signs are not likely to run out of Chinamen.

THE NOBLE RED MAN.

In books he is tall and tawny, muscular, straight, and of kingly presence ; he has a beaked nose and an eagle eye.

His hair is glossy, and as black as the raven's wing ; out of its massed richness springs a sheaf of brilliant feathers ; in his eyes and nose are silver ornaments ; on his arms and wrists and ankles are broad silver bands and bracelets ; his buckskin hunting-shirt is gaily fringed, and the belt and the moccasins wonderfully flowered with colored beads ; and when, rain-bowed with his war-paint, he stands at full height, with his crimson blanket wrapped about him, his quiver at his back, his bow and tomahawk projecting upward from his folded arms, and his eagle eye gazing at specks against the far horizon which even the paleface's field-glass could scarcely reach, he is a being to fall down and worship.

His language is intensely figurative. He never speaks of the moon, but always of "the eye of the night;" nor of the wind as the wind, but as "the whisper of the Great Spirit;" and so forth and so on. His power of condensation is marvellous. In some publications he seldom says anything but "Waugh!" and this, with a page of explanation by the author, reveals a whole world of thought and wisdom that before lay concealed in that one little word.

He is noble. He is true and loyal; not even imminent death can shake his peerless faithfulness. His heart is a well-spring of truth, and of generous impulses, and of knightly magnanimity. With him, gratitude is religion; do him a kindness, and at the end of a lifetime he has not forgotten it. Eat of his bread, or offer him yours, and the bond of hospitality is sealed—a bond which is forever inviolable with him.

He loves the dark-eyed daughter of the forest, the dusky maiden of faultless form and rich attire, the pride of the tribe, the all-beautiful. He talks to her in a low voice, at twilight, of his deeds on the war-path and in the chase, and of the grand achievements of his ancestors; and she listens with downcast eyes, "while a richer hue mantles her dusky cheeks."

Such is the Noble Red Man in print. But out on the plains and in the mountains, not being on dress parade, not being gotten up to see company, he is under no obligation to be other than his natural self, and therefore:

He is little, and serawney, and black, and dirty; and judged by even the most charitable of our cannons of human excellence, is thoroughly pitiful and contemptible. There is nothing in his eyes or his nose that is attractive and if there is anything in his hair that—however, that is a feature which will not bear too close examination. He wears no feathers in his hair, and no ornament or covering on his head. His dull-black, frowsy locks hang straight down to his neck behind, and in front they hang just to his eyes, like a curtain, being cut straight across the forehead, from side to side, and never parted on top. He has no pendants in his ears, and as for his—however, let us not waste time on unimportant particulars, but hurry along. He wears no bracelets on his arms or ankles; his hunting suit is gallantly fringed, but not intentionally; when he does not wear his disguising rabbit-skin robe, his hunting suit consists wholly of the half of a horse-blanket brought over in the Pinta or the Mayflower, and frayed out and fringed by inveterate use. He is not rich enough to possess a belt; he never owned a moccasin or wore a shoe in his life; and truly he is nothing but a poor, filthy, naked scurvy vagabond, whom to exterminate were a charity to the Creator's worthier insects and reptiles which he oppresses. Still, when contact with the white man has given to the Noble Son of the Forest certain cloudy impressions of civilization, and aspirations after a nobler life, he presently appears in public with one boot on and one shoe—shirtless, and wearing ripped and patched and buttonless pants which he holds up with his left hand—his execrable rabbit-skin robe flowing from his shoulders—an old hoop-skirt on, outside of it—a necklace of battered sardine-boxes and oyster-cans reposing on his bare breast—a venerable flint lock musket in his right hand—a weather beaten

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stove-pipe hat on, canted "gallusly" to starboard, and the lid off and hanging by a thread or two;—and when he thus appears, and waits patiently around a saloon till he gets a chance to strike a "swell" attitude before a looking-glass, he is a good, fair, desirable subject for extermination if ever there was one.*)

There is nothing figurative or moonshiny, or sentimental about his language. It is very simple and unostentatious, and consists of plain, straightforward lies. His "wisdom" conferred upon an idiot would leave that idiot helpless indeed.

He is ignoble—base and treacherous, and hateful in every way. Not even imminent death can startle him into a spasm of virtue. The ruling trait of all savages is a greedy and consuming selfishness, and in our Noble Red Man it is found in its amplest development. His heart is a cesspool of falsehood, of treachery, and of low and devilish instincts. With him gratitude is an unknown emotion; and when one does him a kindness, it is safest to keep the face toward him, lest the reward be an arrow in the back. To accept of a favor from him is to assume a debt which you can never repay with satisfaction, though you bankrupt yourself trying. To give him a dinner when he is starving, is to precipitate the whole hungry tribe upon your hospitality, for he will go straight and fetch them, men, women, children and dogs, and these they will huddle patiently around your door, or flatten their noses against your window, day after day, gazing beseechingly upon every mouthful you take, and unconsciously swallowing when you swallow! The scum of the earth!

And the Noble Son of the Plains becomes a mighty hunter in the due and proper season. That season is the summer, and the prey that a number of the tribes hunt is crickets and grasshoppers! The warriors, old men, women and children, spread themselves abroad in the plain and drive the hopping creatures before them into a ring of fire. I could describe the feast that then follows, without missing a detail, if I thought the reader would stand it.

All history and honest observation will show that the Red Man is a skulking coward and a windy braggart, who strikes without warning—usually from an ambush or under cover of night, and nearly always bringing a force of about five or six to one against his enemy; kills helpless women and little children, and massacres the men in their beds; and then brags about it as long as he lives, and his son and his grandson and great-grandson after him glorify it among the "heroic deeds of their ancestors." A regiment of Fenians will fill the whole world with the noise of it when they are getting ready to invade Canada; but when the Red Man declares war, the first intimation his friend the white man whom he supped with at twilight has of it, is when the war-whoop rings in his ears and the tomhawk sinks into his brain. In June, seven Indians went to a small station on the Plains where

*This is not a fancy picture; I have seen it many a time in Nevada, just as it is here limned.—[ED. MEMORANDA.]

three white men lived, and asked for food; it was given them, and also tobacco. They stayed two hours, eating and smoking and talking, waiting with Indian patience for their customary odds of seven to one to offer, and as soon as it came they seized the opportunity; that is, when two of the men went out they killed the other the instant he turned his back to do some solicited favor; then they caught his comrades separately, and killed one but the other escaped.

The Noble Red Man seldom goes prating loving foolishness to a splendidly caparisoned blushing maid at twilight. No; he trades a crippled horse, or a damaged musket, or a dog, a gallon of grasshoppers, and an inefficient old mother for her, and makes her work like an abject slave all the rest of her life to compensate him for the outlay. He never works himself. She builds the habitation, when they use one (it consists in hanging half a dozen rags over the weather side of a sage-brush bush to roost under); gathers and brings home the fuel; takes care of the raw-boned pony, when they possess such grandeur; she walks and carries her nursing cubs while he rides. She wears no clothing save the fragrant rabbit-skin robe, which her great-grandmother before her wore, and all the "blushing" she does can be removed with soap and a towel, provided it is only four or five weeks old and not caked.

Such is the genuine Noble Aborigine. I did not get him from books, but from personal observation.

By Dr. Keim's excellent book it appears that from June, 1863, to October, 1869, the Indians massacred nearly 200 white persons and ravished over forty women, captured in peaceful outlying settlements along the border, or belonging to emigrant trains traversing the settled routes of travel. Children were burned alive in the presence of their parents. Wives were ravished before their husbands' eyes. Husbands were mutilated, tortured and scalped, and their wives compelled to look on. These facts and figures are official, and they exhibit the misunderstood Son of the Forest in his true character—as a creature devoid of brave or generous qualities, but cruel, treacherous and brutal. During the Pi-Ute war the Indians often dug the sinews out of the backs of white men before they were dead. (The sinews are used for bow-strings.) But their favorite mutilations cannot be put into print. Yet it is this same Noble Red Man who is always greeted with a wail of humanitarian sympathy from the Atlantic seaboard whenever he gets into trouble; the maids and matrons throw up their hands in horror at the bloody vengeance wreaked upon him, and the newspapers clamor for a court of inquiry to examine into the conduct of the inhuman officer who inflicted the little pleasantry upon the "poor abused Indian." (They always look at the matter from the abused-Indian point of view, never from that of the bereaved white widow and orphan.) But it is a great and unspeakable comfort to know that, let them be as prompt about it as they may, the inquiry has always got to come after the good officer has administered his little admonition.

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A ROYAL COMPLIMENT.

THE latest report about the Spanish crown is, that it will now be offered to Prince Alfonso, the second son of the King of Portugal, who is but five years of age. The Spaniards have hunted through all the nations of Europe for a King. They tried to get a Portuguese in the person of Dom Luis, who is an old ex-monarch; they tried to get an Italian, in the person of Victor Emanuel's youngest son, the Duke of Genoa; they tried to get a Spaniard, in the person of Espartero, who is an octogenarian. Some of them desired a French Bourbon, Montpensier; some of them a Spanish Bourbon, the Prince of Asturias; some of them an English Prince, one of the sons of Queen Victoria. They have just tried to get the German Prince Leopold; but they have thought it better to give him up than take a war along with him. It is a long time since we first suggested to them to try an American ruler. We can offer them a large number of able and experienced sovereigns to pick from—men skilled in statesmanship, versed in the science of government, and adepts in all the arts of administration—men who could wear the crown with dignity and rule the kingdom at a reasonable expense. There is not the least danger of Napoleon threatening them if they take an American sovereign; in fact we have no doubt he would be pleased to support such a candid monarch. We are unwilling to mention names—though we have a man in our eye whom we wish they had in theirs.—*New York Tribune.*

It would be an ostentation of modesty to permit such a pointed reference to myself to pass unnoticed. This is the second time that "The Tribune" (no doubt sincerely looking to the best interests of Spain and the world at large) has done me the great and unusual honor to propose me as a fit person to fill the Spanish throne. Why "The Tribune" should single me out in this way from the midst of a dozen Americans of higher political prominence, is a problem which I cannot solve. Beyond a somewhat intimate knowledge of Spanish history and a profound veneration for its great names and illustrious deeds, I feel that I possess no merit that should peculiarly recommend me to this royal distinction. I cannot deny that Spanish history has always been another's milk to me. I am proud of every Spanish achievement, from Hernando Cortes's victory at Thermopylæ down to Vasco Nunez de Balboa's discovery of the Atlantic ocean; and of every splendid Spanish name, from Don Quixote and the Duke of Wellington down to Don Caesar de Bazan. However, these little graces of erudition are of small consequence, being more showy than serviceable.

In case the Spanish sceptre is pressed upon me—and the indications unquestionably are that it will be—I shall feel it necessary to have certain things set down and distinctly understood beforehand. For instance: My salary must be paid quarterly in advance. In these unsettled times it will not do to trust. If Isabella had adopted this plan, she would be roosting on her ancestral throne to-day, for the simple reason that her subjects never could have raised three months of a royal salary in advance, and of course they could not have discharged her until they had squared up with her. My salary must be paid in gold; when greenbacks are fresh in a country, they are too fluctuating. My salary has got to be put at the ruling market rate; I am not going to cut under on the trade, and they are not going to trail me

a long way from home and then practise on my ignorance and play me for a royal North Adams Chinaman, by any means. As I understand it, imported kings generally get five millions a year and house-rent free. Young George of Greece gets that. As the revenues only yield two millions, he has to take the national note for considerable; but even with things in that sort of shape he is better fixed than he was in Denmark, where he had to eternally stand up because he had no throne to sit on, and had to give bail for his board, because a royal apprentice gets no salary there while he is learning his trade. England is the place for that. Fifty thousand dollars a year Great Britain pays on each royal child that is born, and this is increased from year to year as the child becomes more and more indispensable to his country. Look at Prince Arthur. At first he only got the usual birth-bounty; but now that he has got so that he can dance, there is simply no telling what wages he gets.

I should have to stipulate that the Spanish people wash more and endeavor to get along with less quarantine. (Do you know, Spain keeps her ports fast locked against foreign traffic three-fourths of each year, because one day she is scared about the cholera, and the next about the plague, and next the measles, next the hooping-cough, the hives and the rash? but she does not mind leonine leprosy and elephantiasis any more than a great and enlightened civilization minds freckles. Soap would soon remove her anxious distress about foreign distempers. The reason arable land is so scarce in Spain is because the people squander so much of it on their persons, and then when they die it is improvidently buried with them.)

I should feel obliged to stipulate that Marshal Serrano be reduced to the rank of constable, or even roundsman. He is no longer fit to be City Marshal. A man who refused to be king because he was too old and feeble, is ill qualified to help sick people to the station-house when they are armed and their form of delirium tremens is of the exuberant and demonstrative kind.

I should also require that a force be sent to chase the late Queen Isabella out of France. Her presence there can work no advantage to Spain, and she ought to be made to move at once; though, poor thing, she has been chaste enough heretofore—for a Spanish woman.

I should also require that—

I am at this moment authoritatively informed that "The Tribune" did not mean me, after all. Very well, I don't care two cents.

THE APPROACHING EPIDEMIC.

One calamity to which the death of Mr. Dickens dooms this country has not awakened the concern to which its gravity entitles it. We refer to the fact that the nation is to be lectured to death and read to death all next winter, by Tom, Dick, and Harry, with poor lamented Dickens for a pretext. All the vagabonds who can spell will afflict the people with "read-

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ings" from *Pickwick* and *Copperfield*, and all the insignificants who have been ennobled by the notice of the great novelist or transfigured by his smile will make a marketable commodity of it now, and turn the sacred reminiscence to the practical use of procuring bread and butter. The lecture rostrums will fairly swarm with these fortunates. Already the signs of it are perceptible. Behold how the unclean creatures are wending toward the dead lion and gathering to the feast :

"Reminiscences of Dickens." A lecture. By John Smith, who heard him read eight times.

"Remembrances of Charles Dickens." A lecture. By John Jones, who saw him once in a street-car and twice in a barber shop.

"Recollections of Mr. Dickens." A lecture. By John Brown, who gained a wide fame by writing deliciously appreciative critiques and rhapsodies upon the great author's public readings ; and who shook hands with the great author upon various occasions, and held converse with him several times.

"Readings from Dickens." By John White, who has the great delineator's style and manner perfectly, having attended all his readings in this country and made these things a study, always practising each reading before retiring, and while it was hot from the great delineator's lips. Upon this occasion Mr. W. will exhibit the remains of a cigar which he saw Mr. Dickens smoke. This Relic is kept in a solid silver box made purposely for it.

"Sights and Sounds of the Great Novelist." A popular lecture. By John Gray, who waited on his table all the time he was at the Grand Hotel, New York, and still has in his possession and will exhibit to the audience a fragment of the Last Piece of Bread which the lamented author tasted in this country.

"Heart Treasures of Precious Moments with Literature's Departed Monarch." A lecture. By Miss Serena Amelia Tryphenia McSpedden, who still wears, and will always wear, a glove upon the hand made sacred by the clasp of Dickens. Only Death shall remove it.

"Readings from Dickens." By Mrs. J. O'Hooligan Murphy, who washed for him.

"Familiar Talks with the Great Author." A narrative lecture by John Thomas, for two weeks his valet in America.

And so forth, and so on. This isn't half the list. The man who has a "Toothpick once used by Charles Dickens" will have to have a hearing ; and the man who "once rode in an omnibus with Charles Dickens ;" and the lady to whom Charles Dickens "granted the hospitalities of his umbrella during a storm ;" and the person who "possesses a hole which once belonged in a handkerchief owned by Charles Dickens." Be patient and long-suffering, good people, for even this does not fill up the measure of what you must endure next winter. There is no creature in all this land who has had any personal relations with the late Mr. Dickens, however slight or trivial, but will shoulder his way to the rostrum and inflict his testimony upon his helpless countrymen. To some people it is fatal to be noticed by greatness.

FAVORS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

An unknown friend in Cleveland sends me a printed paragraph, signed "Lucretia," and says: "I venture to forward to you the enclosed article taken from a news correspondee in a New Haven paper, feeling confident that for gushing tenderness it has never been equalled. Even that touching Western production which you printed in the June GALAXY by way of illustrating what Californiar journalists term 'hog-wash,' is thin when compared with the unctuous ooze of 'Lucretia.'" The Clevelander has a correct judgment, as "Lucretia's" paragraph, hereunto appended, will show:

One lovely morning last week, the pearly gates of heaven were left ajar, and white-robed angels earthward came, bearing on their snowy pinions a lovely babe. Silently, to a quiet home nest, where love and peace abide, the angels came and placed the infant softly on a young mother's arm, saying in sweet musical strains, "Lady, the Saviour bids you take this child and nurse it for him." The low-toned music died away as the angels passed upward to their bright home: but the baby girl sleeps quietly in her new-found home. We wish thee joy, young parents, in thy happiness.

This, if I have been rightly informed, is not the customary method of acquiring offspring, and for all its seeming plausibility it does not look to me to be above suspicion. I have lived many years in this world, and I never knew of an infant being brought to a party by angels, or other unauthorized agents, but it made more or less talk in the neighborhood. It may be, Miss Lucretia, that the angels consider New Haven a more eligible place to raise children in than the realms of eternal day, and are capable of deliberately transferring infants from the one locality to the other; but I shall have to get you to excuse me. I look at it differently. It would be hard to get me to believe such a thing. And I will tell you why. However, never mind. You know, yourself, that the thing does not stand to reason. Still, if you were present when the babe was brought so silently to that quiet home nest, and placed in that soft manner on the young mother's arm, and if you heard the sweet musical strains which the messengers made, and could not recognize the tune, and feel justified in believing that it and likewise the messengers themselves were of super-sublunary origin, I pass. And so I leave the question open. But I will say, and do say, that I have not read anything sweeter than that paragraph for seventy or eighty years.

ANOTHER correspondent writes as follows from New York:

Having read your "Beef Contract" in the May GALAXY with a great deal of gratification, I showed it to a friend of mine, who after reading it said he did not believe a word of it, and that he was sure that it was nothing but a pack of lies; that it was a libel on the Government, and the man who wrote it ought to be prosecuted. I thought this was as good as the "Contract" itself, and knew it would afford you some amusement. Yours truly, S. S. G.

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write a burlesque so broad that some innocent will not receive it in good faith as being a solemn statement of fact. Two of the lamest that ever were cobbled up by literary shoemakers went the rounds two or three months ago, and excited the wonder and led captive the faith of many unprejudiced people. One was a sickley invention about 'a remoto valley in Arizona where all the lost hair-pins odds and ends as had disappeared from the toilet tables of the world for a generation, had somehow been mysteriously gathered together, and this poor little production wound up with a "prophecy" by an Apache squaw to the effect that "By'm'by heap muchee shake—big town muchee shake all down;" a "prophecy" which pointed inexorably at San Francisco and was awfully suggestive of its coming fate. The other shallow invention was one about some mud-turtle of a Mississippi diving-bell artist finding an ancient copper canoe, roofed and hermetically sealed, and believed to contain the remains of De Soto. Now, it could not have marred, but only symmetrically finished, so feeble an imposture as that, to have added that De Soto's name was deciphered upon a tombstone which was found tagging after the sunken canoe by a string. Plenty of people even believed that story of a South American doctor who had discovered a method of chopping off people's heads and putting them on again without discommoding the party of the second part, and who finally got a couple of heads mixed up and transposed, yet did the fitting of them on so neatly that even the experimentees themselves thought everything was right, until each found that his restored head was recalling, believing in, and searching after moles, scars, and other marks which had never existed upon his body, and at the same time refusing to remember or recognize similar marks which had always existed upon the said body. A "Bogus Proclamation" is a legitimate inspiration of genius, but any infant can contrive such things as those I have been speaking of. They really require no more brains than it does to be a "practical joker." Perhaps it is not risking too much to say that even the innocuous small reptile they call the "village wag" is able to build such inventions. . . . Before I end this paragraph and this subject, I wish to remark that maybe the gentleman who said my "Beef Contract" article was a libel upon the Government was right—though I had certainly always thought differently about it. I wrote that article in Washington, in November, 1867, during Andrew Johnson's reign. It was suggested by Senator Stewart's account of a tedious, tiresome and exasperating search which he had made through the Land Office and Treasury Department, among no end of lofty and supercilious clerks, to find out something which he ought to have been able to find out at ten minutes notice. I mislaid the MS. at the time, and never found it again until last April. It was not a libel on the Government in 1867. Mr. Stewart still lives to testify to that.

FROM Boston a correspondent writes as follows: "Please make a memorandum of this drop of comfort which I once heard a child-hating bachelor offer to his neices at their FATHER'S funeral: "Remember, children, this happens only once in your lifetime."

FROM Alabama "A Friend" responds to our calling for touching obituaries, with the following "from an old number of the 'Tuscaloosa Observer.'" The disease of this sufferer (as per third stanza) will probably never attack the author of his obituary—and for good and sufficient reasons :

Farewell, thou earthy friend of mine,
The messenger was sent, why do we repine,
Why should we grieve and weep,
In Jesus he fell asleep.

Around his bed his friends did stand,
Nursing with a willing hand ;
Anxiety great with medical skill,
The fever raged he still was ill.

His recovery we prayed but in vain,
The disease located on his brain,
Death succeeded human skill,
Pulse ceased to beat, death chilled every limb.

Death did not distorture his pale face,
How short on earth was his Christian race,
With tears flowing from the youth and furrowed face,
He was consigned to his last resting, resting place.

The lofty oaks spreading branches
Shades the grave of his dear sister Addie and sweet little Francis,
Three children now in Heaven rest,
Should parents grieve? Jesus called and blest.

A NUMBER of answers to the enigma published in July have been received and filed for future reference. I think one or two have gaessed it, but am not certain. I got up the enigma without any difficulty, but the effort to find out the true answer to it has proved to be beyond my strength, thus far.

THE RECEPTION AT THE PRESIDENT'S.

After I had drifted into the White House with the flood tide of humanity that had been washing steadily up the street for an hour, I obeyed the orders of the soldier at the door and the policeman within, and banked my hat and umbrella with a colored man, who gave me a piece of brass with a number on it and said that that thing would reproduce the property at any time of the night. I doubted it, but I was on unknown ground now, and must be content to take a good many chances.

Another person told me to drop in with the crowd and I would come to the President presently. I joined, and we drifted along till we passed a certain point and then we thinned out to double and single file. It was a right gay scene, and a right stirring and lively one; for the whole place was brightly lighted, and all down the great hall, as far as one could see, was a restless and with-

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ing multitude of people, the women powdered, painted, jewelled, and splendidly upholstered, and many of the men gilded with the insignia of great naval, military and ambassadorial rank. It was bewildering.

Our long line kept drifting along, and by and by we came in sight of the President and Mrs. Grant. They were standing up shaking hands and trading civilities with our procession. I grew somewhat at home little by little, and then I began to feel satisfied and contented. I was getting to be perfectly alive with interest by the time it came my turn to talk with the President. I took him by the hand and looked him in the eye, and said :

"Well, I reckon I see you at last, General. I have said as much as a thousand times, out in Nevada, that if over I went home to the States, I would just have the private satisfaction of going and saying to you by word of mouth that *I* thought you was considerable of a soldier, anyway. Now, you know, out there we——"

I turned round and said to the fellow behind me :

"Now, look here, my good friend, how the nation do you suppose I can talk with any sort of satisfaction, with you crowding me this way? I am surprised at your manners."

He was a modest-looking creature. He said :

"But you see the whole procession's stopped, and they are crowding upon me."

I said :

"Some people have got more cheek. Just suggest to the parties behind you to have some respect for the place they are in and not try to shove in on a private conversation. What the General and me are talking about ain't of the least interest to them."

Then I resumed with the President :

"Well, well, well. Now this is fine. This is what I call something like. Gay? Well, I should say so. And so *this* is what you call a Presidential reception, I'm free to say that it just lays over anything that ever I saw out in the sage-brush. I have been to Governor Nye's Injun receptions at Honey Lake and Carson City, many and many a time—he that's Senator Nye now—you know him, of course. I never saw a man in all my life that Jim Nye didn't know - and not only that, but he could tell him where he knew him, and all about him, family included, even if it was forty years ago. Most remarkable man, Jim Nye—remarkable. He can tell a lie with that purity of accent, and that grace of utterance, and that convincing emotion——"

I turned again, and said :

"My friend, your conduct surprises me. I have come three thousand miles to have a word with the President of the United States upon subjects with which you are not even remotely connected, and by the living gee-whillikins I can't proceed with any sort of satisfaction on account of your cussed crowding. Will you just please to go a little slow, now, and not attract so much attention by your strange conduct? If you had any eyes you could see how the bystanders are staring."

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He said :

"But I tell you, sir, it's the people behind. They are just growling and surging and shoving, and I wish I was in Jericho, I do."

I said :

"I wish you was, myself. You might learn some delicacy of feeling in that ancient seat of civilization, maybe. Drat if you don't need it."

And then I resumed with the President :

"Yes, sir, I've been at receptions before, plenty of them—old Nye's Injun receptions. But they warn't as starchy as this by considerable. No great long strings of highflyers like these galoots here, you know, but old, high-flavored Washoes and Pi-Utes, each one of them as powerful as a rag-factory on fire. Phew! Those were halcyon days. Yes, indeed, General, and madam, many and many's the time, out in the wilds, of Nevada, I've been——"

"Perhaps you had better discontinue your remarks till another time, sir, as the crowd behind you are growing somewhat impatient," the President said.

"Do you hear that?" I said to the fellow behind me. I suppose you will take *that* hint, anyhow. I tell you he is milder than *I* would be. If I was President. I would waltz you people out at the back door if you came crowding a gentleman this way, that *I* was holding a private conversation with."

And then I resumed with the President :

"I think that hint of yours will start them. I never saw people act so. It is really about all I can do to hold my ground with that mob shoving up behind. But don't you worry on my account, General—don't give yourself any uneasiness about me—I can stand it as long as they can. I've been through this kind of a mill before. Why, just as I was saying to you, many and many a time, out in the wilds of Nevada, I have been at Governor Nye's Injun receptions—and between you and me that old man was a good deal of a Governor, take him all round. I don't know what for Senator he makes, though I think you'll admit that him and Bill Stewart and Tom Fitch take a bigger average of brains into that Capitol up yonder, by a hundred and fifty fold, than any other State in America, according to population. Now that is so. Those three men represent only twenty or twenty-five thousand people—bless you, the least little bit of trifling ward in the city of New York casts two votes to Nevada's one—and yet those three men haven't their superiors in Congress for straight-out simon pure brains and ability. And if you could just have been at one of old Nye's Injun receptions and seen those savages—not high-fliers like these, you know, but frowsy old bummers with nothing in the world on, in the summer time, but an old battered plug hat and a pair of spectacles—I tell you it was a swell affair, was one of Governon Nye's early-day receptions. Many and many's the time I have been to them, and seen him stand up and beam and smile on his children, as he called them in his motherly way—beam on them by the hour out of his splendid eyes, and fascinate them with his handsome

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face, and comfort them with his persuasive tongue—seen him stand up there and tell them anecdotes and lies, and quote Watt's hymns to them until he just took the war spirit all out of them—and grim chiefs that came two hundred miles to tax the whites for whole waggon-loads of blankets and things or make eternal war if they didn't get them, he has sent away bewildered with his inspired mendacity and perfectly satisfied and enriched with an old hoop-skirt or two, a lot of Patent Office reports, and a few sides of condemned army bacon that they would have to chain up to a tree when they camped, or the skippers would walk off with them. I tell you he is a rattling talker. Talk ! It's no name for it. He—well, he is bound to launch straight into close quarters and a heap of trouble hereafter, of course—we all know that—but you can rest satisfied that he will take off his hat and put out his hand and introduce himself to the King of Darkness perfectly easy and comfortable and let on that he has seen him somewhere before ; and he will remind him of parties he used to know, and things that's slipped out of his memory—and he'll tell him a thousand things that he can't *help* taking an interest in, and every now and then he will just gently mix in an anecdote that will fetch him, if there's any laugh in him—he will, indeed—and Jim Nye will chip in and help cross-question the candidates, and he will just hang around and hang around and hang around, getting more and more sociable all the time, and doing this, that, and the other thing in the handiest sort of way, till he has made himself perfectly indispensable—and then, the very first thing you know——”

I wheeled and said :

“My friend, your conduct grieves me to the heart. A dozen times, at least, your unseemly crowding has seriously interfered with the conversation I am holding with the President, and if the thing occurs again I shall take my hat and leave the premises.”

“I wish to the mischief you would ! Where did you come from anyway, that you've got the unutterable cheek to spread yourself here and keep fifteen hundred people standing waiting half an hour to shake hands with the President ?”

An officer touched me on the shoulder and said :

“Move along, please ; you're annoying the President beyond all patience. You have blocked the procession, and the people behind you are getting furious. Come, move along, please.”

Rather than have trouble, I moved along. So I had no time to do more than look back over my shoulder and say : “Yes, sir, and the first thing they would know, Jim Nye would have that place and the salary doubled ! I do reckon he is the handiest creature about making the most of his chances that ever found an all-sufficient substitute for mother's milk in politics and sin. Now that is the kind of man old Nye is—and in less than two months he would talk every——But I can't make you hear the rest, General, without hollering too loud.”

GOLDSMITH'S FRIEND ABROAD AGAIN.

NOTE.—No experience is set down in the following letters which had to be invented. Fancy is not needed to give variety to the history of a Chinaman's sojourn in America. Plain fact is amply sufficient.

LETT . I.

SHANGHAI, 18—.

DEAR CHING-FOO : It is all settled, and I am to leave my oppressed and overburdened native land and cross the sea to that noble realm where all are free and all equal, and none reviled or abused—America ! America, whose precious privilege it is to call herself the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. We and all that are about us here look over the waves longingly, contrasting the privations of this our birthplace with the opulent comfort of that happy refuge. We know how America has welcomed the Germans and the Frenchman and the stricken and sorrowing Irish, and we know how she has given them bread and work and liberty, and how grateful they are. And we know that America stands ready to welcome all other oppressed peoples and offer her abundance to all that come, without asking what their nationality is, or their creed or color. And without being told it, we know that the foreign sufferers she has rescued from oppression and starvation are the most eager of her children to welcome us, because, having suffered themselves, they know what suffering is, and having been generous-succored, they long to be generous to other unfortunates and thus show that magnanimity is not wasted upon them.

AH SONG HI.

LETTER II.

AT SEA, 18—.

DEAR CHING-FOO,—We are far away at sea now, on our way to the beautiful Land of the Free and Home of the Brave. We shall soon be where all men are alike, and where sorrow is not known.

The good American who hired me to go to his country is to pay me \$12 a month, which is immense wages, you know—twenty times as much as one gets in China. My passage in the ship is a very large sum—indeed, it is a fortune—and this I must pay myself eventually, but I am allowed ample time to make it good to my employer in, he advancing it now. For a mere form, I have turned over my wife, my boy, and my two daughters to my employer's partner for security for the payment of the ship fare. But my employer says they are in no danger of being sold, for he knows I will be faithful to him, and that is the main security.

I thought I would have twelve dollars to begin life with in America, but the American Consul took two of them for making a certificate that I was shipped on the steamer. He has no right to do more than charge the ship two dollars for one certificate for the ship, with the number of her Chinese passengers set down in it ; but he chooses to force a certificate upon each and every Chinaman and put the two dollars in his pocket. As 1,300 of my

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countrymen are in this vessel, the Consul received \$2,600 for certificates. My employer tells me that the Government at Washington know of this fraud, and are so bitterly opposed to the existence of such a wrong that they tried hard to have the extor—the fee, I mean, legalized by the last Congress;* but as the bill did not pass, the Consul will have to take the fee dishonestly until next Congress makes it legitimate. It is a great and good and noble country, and hates all forms of vice and chicanery.

We are in that part of the vessel always reserved for my countrymen. It is called the steerage. It is kept for us, my employer says, because it is not subject to changes of temperature and dangerous drafts of air. It is only another instance of the loving unselfishness of the Americans for all unfortunate foreigners. The steerage is a little crowded, and rather warm and close, but no doubt it is best for us that it should be so.

Yesterday our people got to quarrelling among themselves, and the captain turned a volume of hot steam upon a mass of them and scalded eighty or ninety of them more or less severely. Flakes and ribbons of skin came off some of them. There was wild shrieking and struggling while the vapor enveloped the great throng, and so some who were not scalded got trampled upon and hurt. We do not complain, for my employer says this is the usual way of quieting disturbances on board the ship, and that it is done in the cabins among the Americans every day or two.

Congratulate me, Ching-Foo! In ten days more I shall step upon the shore of America, and be received by her great-hearted people; and I shall straighten myself up and feel that I am a free man among freemen.

AI SONG HI.

LETTER III.

SAN FRANCISCO, 18—.

DEAR CHING-FOO,—I stepped ashore jubilant! I wanted to dance, shout, sing, worship the generous Land of the Free and Home of the Brave. But as I walked from the gang-plank a man in a gray uniform† kicked me violently behind and told me to look out—so my employer translated it. As I turned another officer of the same kind struck me with a short club and also instructed me to look out. I was about to take hold of my end of the pole which had mine and Hong-Wo's basket and things suspended from it, when a third officer hit me with his club to signify that I was to drop it, and then kicked me to signify that he was satisfied with my promptness. Another person came now, and searched all through our basket and bundles, emptying everything on the dirty wharf. Then this person and another searched us all over. They found a little package of opium sewed into the artificial part of Hong-Wo's queue, and they took that, and also they made him prisoner and handed him over to an officer, who marched him away. They took his luggage, too, because of his crime, and as our luggage was so mixed

*Pacific and Mediterranean steamship bills.—[ED. MEM.]

†Policeman.

together that they could not tell mine from his, they took it all. When I offered to help divide it, they kicked me and desired me to look out.

Having now no baggage and no companion, I told my employer that if he was willing, I would walk about a little and see the city and the people until he needed me. I did not like to seem disappointed with my reception in the good land of refuge for the oppressed, and so I looked and spoke as cheerily as I could. But he said, wait a minute—I must be vaccinated to prevent my taking the small-pox. I smiled and said I had already had the small-pox, as he could see by the marks, and so I need not wait to be “vaccinated,” as he called it. But he said it was the law, and I must be vaccinated anyhow. The doctor would never let me pass, for the law obliged him to vaccinate all Chinamen and charge them *ten dollars apiece* for it, and I might be sure that no doctor who would be the servant of that law would let a fee slip through his fingers to accommodate any absurd fool who had seen fit to have the disease in some other country. And presently the doctor came and did his work and took my last penny—my ten dollars which were the hard savings of nearly a year and a half of labor and privation. Ah, if the law-makers had only known there were plenty of doctors in the city glad of a chance to vaccinate people for a dollar or two, they would never have put the price up so high against a poor friendless Irish, or Italian, or Chinese pauper fleeing to the good land to escape hunger and hard times.

AH SONG HI.

LETTER IV.

SAN FRANCISCO, 18—.

DEAR CHUNG-FOO: I have been here about a month now, and am learning a little of the language every day. My employer was disappointed in the matter of hiring us out to service on the plantation in the far eastern portion of this continent. His enterprise was a failure, and so he set us all free, merely taking measures to secure to himself the repayment of the passage money which he paid for us. We are to make this good to him out of the first moneys we earn here. He says it is sixty dollars apiece.

We were thus set free about two weeks after we reached here. We had been massed together in some small houses up to that time, waiting. I walked forth to seek my fortune. I was to begin life a stranger in a strange land, without a friend, or a penny, or any clothes but those I had on my back. I had not any advantage on my side in the world—not one, except good health and the lack of any necessity to waste any time or anxiety on the watching of my baggage. No, I forget. I reflected that I had one prodigious advantage over paupers in other lands—I was in America! I was in the heaven-provided refuge of the oppressed and forsaken!

Just as the comforting thought passed through my mind, some young men set a fierce dog on me. I tried to defend myself, but could do nothing. I retreated to the recess of a closed doorway, and there the dog had me at his mercy, flying at my throat and face or any part of my body that presented itself. I shrieked for help, but the young men only jeered and laughed.

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Two men in gray uniforms (policeman is their official title) looked on for a minute and then walked leisurely away. But a man stopped them and brought them back and told them it was a shame to leave me in such distress. Then the two policemen beat off the dog with small clubs, and a comfort it was to be rid of him, though I was just rags and blood from head to foot. The man who brought the policemen asked the young men why they abused me in that way, and they said they didn't want any of his meddling. And they said to him :

"This Ching devil comes till Ameriky to take the bread out o' dacent intilligent white men's mouths, and whin they try to defend their rights there's a dale o' fuss made about it."

They then began to threaten my benefactor, and as he saw no friendliness in the faces that had gathered meanwhile, he went on his way. He got many a curse when he was gone. The policemen told me I was under arrest and must go with them. I asked one of them what wrong I had done to any one that I should be arrested, and he only struck me with his club and ordered me to "hold my yop." With a geering crowd of street boys and loafers at my heels, I was taken up an alley and into a stone paved dungeon which had large cells all down one side of it, with iron gates to them. I stood up by a desk while a man behind it wrote down certain things about me on a slate. One of my captors said :

"Enter a charge against this Chinaman of being disorderly and disturbing the peace."

I attempted to say a word, but he said :

"Silence! Now ye had better go slow, my good fellow. This is two or three times you've tried to get off some of your d—d insolence. Lip won't do here. You've got to simmer down, and if you don't take to it paccable we'll see if we can't make you. Fat's your name?"

"Alias what?"

"Ah Song Hi."

I said I did not understand, and he said what he wanted was my *true* name, for he guessed I picked up this one since I stole my last chickens. They all laughed loudly at that.

Then they searched me. They found nothing, of course. They seemed very angry, and asked who I supposed would "go my bail or pay my fine." When they explained these things to me, I said I had done nobody any harm, and why should I need to have bail or pay a fine? Both of them kicked me and warned me that I would find it to my advantage to try and be as civil as convenient. I protested that I had not meant anything disrespectful. Then one of them took me one side and said :

"Now look here, Johnny, it's no use you playing softy wid us. We mane business, ye know; and the sooner ye put us on the scent of a V, the misier ye'll safe yerself from a dale of trouble. Ye can't get out o' this for anny less. Who's your friends?"

I told him I had not a single friend in all the land of America, and that I was far from home and help, and very poor. And I begged him to let me go.

He gathered the slack of my blouse collar in his grip and jerked and shoved and hauled me across the dungeon, and then unlocking an iron cell-gate, thrust me in with a kick and said :

"Rot there, ye furrin spawn, till ye lairn that there's no room in America for the likes of ye or your nation.

AN SONG HI.

CURIOUS RELIC FOR SALE.

"For sale, for the benefit of the Fund for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of deceased Firemen, a Curious Ancient Bedouin PIPE, procured at the city of Endor in Palestine, and believed to have once belonged to the justly-renowned Witch of Endor. Parties desiring to examine this singular relic with a view to purchasing, can do so by calling upon Daniel S., 119 and 121 William street, New York."

As per advertisement in the "Herald." A curious old relic indeed, as I had good personal right to know. In a single instant of time, a long drawn panorama of sights and scenes in the Holy Land flashed through my memory—town and grove, desert, camp, and caravan clattering after each other and disappearing, leaving me with a little of the surprised and dizzy feeling which I have experienced at sundry times when a long express train has overtaken me at some quiet curve and gone whizzing, car by car, around the corner and out of sight. In that prolific instant I saw again all the country from the Sea of Galilee and Nazareth clear to Jerusalem, and thence over the hills of Judea and through the Vale of Sharon to Joppa, down by the ocean. Leaving out unimportant stretches of country and details of incident, I saw and experienced the following-described matters and things. Immediately three years fell away from my age, and a vanished time was restored to me—September, 1867. It was a flaming Oriental day—this one that had come up out of the past and brought along its actors, its stage properties, and scenic effects—and our party had just ridden through the squalid hive of human vermin which still holds the ancient Biblical name of Endor ; I was bringing up the rear on my grave four-dollar steed, who was beginning to compose himself for his usual noon nap. My ! only fifteen minutes before how the black, mangy, nine-tenths naked, ten-tenths filthy, ignorant, bigoted, besotted, hungry, lazy, malignant, screeching, crowding, struggling, wailing, begging, cursing, hateful spawn of the original Witch had swarmed out of the caves in the rocks and the holes and crevices in the earth, and blocked our horses' way, besieged us, threw themselves in the animals' path, clung to their manes, saddle-furniture, and tails, asking, beseeching, demanding "bucksheesh ! *bucksheesh !* BUCKSHEESH !" We had rained small copper Turkish coins among them, as fugitives fling coats and hats to pursuing wolves, and then had spurred our way through as they stopped to scramble for the largess. I was fervently thankful when we had gotten well up on the desolate hillside, and outstripped them and left them jawing and gesticulating in the rear. What a tempest had seemingly gone roaring and crashing by me and left its dull thunders pulsing in my ears !

I was in the rear, as I was saying. Our pack mules and Arabs were far ahead, and Dan, Jack, Moul, Davis, Denny, Church, and Birch (these names will do as well as any to represent the boys) were following close after them. As my horse nodded to rest, I heard a sort of panting behind me, and turned and saw that a tawny youth of the village had overtaken me—a true remnant and representative of his ancestress the Witch—a galvanized scurvy, wrought into the human shape and garnished with ophthalmia and leprous scars—a hairy creature, with an invisible shirt-front that reached below the pit of his stomach, and no other clothing to speak of except a tobacco-pouch, an ammunition pocket, and a venerable gun, which was long enough to club any game with that came within shooting distance, but far from efficient as an article of dress.

I thought to myself, "Now this disease with a human heart in it is going to shoot me." I smiled in derision at the idea of a Bedouin daring to touch off his great-grand-father's rusty gun and getting his head blown off for his pains. But when it occurred to me, in simple school-boy language, "Suppose he should take deliberate aim and 'haul off' and fetch me with the butt-end of it?" There was wisdom in that view of it, and I stopped to parley. I found he was only a friendly villian who wanted a trifle of bucksheesh, and after begging what he could get in that way, was perfectly willing to trade off everything he had for more. I believe he would have parted with his last shirt for bucksheesh if he had had one. He was smoking the "humbliest" pipe I ever saw—a dingy, funnel shaped, red-clay thing, streaked and grimed with oil and tears of tobacco, and with all the different kinds of dirt there are, and thirty per cent. of them peculiar and indigenous to Endor and perdition. And rank? I never smelt anything like it. It withered a cactus that stood lifting its prickly hands aloft beside the trail. It even woke up my horse. I said I would take that. It cost me a franc, a Russian kopek, a brass button, and a slate pencil; and my spend-thrift lavishness so won upon the son of the desert that he passed over his pouch of most unspeakably villainous tobacco to me as a free gift. What a pipe it was, to be sure! It had a rude brass-wire cover to it, and a little coarse iron chain suspended from the bowl, with an iron splinter attached to loosen up the tobacco and pick your teeth with. The stem looked like the half of a slender walking stick with the bark on.

I felt that this pipe had belonged to the original Witch of Endor as soon as I saw it; and as soon as I smelt it, I knew it. Moreover, I asked the Arab cub in good English if it was not so, and he answered in good Araoic that it was. I woke up my horse and went my way, smoking. And presently I said to myself reflectively, "If there is anything that could make a man deliberately assault a dying cripple, I reckon may be an unexpected whiff from this pipe would do it." I smoked along till I found I was beginning to lie, and project murder, and steal my own things out of one pocket and hide them in another; then I put up my treasure, too: off my spurs and put them under my horse's tail and shortly came tearing through our caravan like a hurricane. From thnt time forward going to Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, and

the Jordan, Bethany, Bethelam, and everywhere, I loafed contentedly in the rear and enjoyed my infamous pipe and revelled in imaginary villany. But at the end of two weeks we turned our faces toward the sea and journeyed over the Judea hills, and through rocky defiles, and among the scenes that Samson knew in his youth, and by and by we touched level ground just at night, and trotted off cheerily over the plain of Sharon. It was perfectly jolly for three hours, and we whites crowded along together, close after the chief Arab muleteer (all the pack animals and the other Arabs were miles in the rear,) and we laughed and chatted, and argued hotly about Samson, and whether suicide was a sin or not, since Paul speaks of Samson distinctly as being saved and in heaven. But by and by the night air, and the duskiness, and the weariness of eight hours in the saddle, began to tell, and conversation flagged and finally died out utterly. The squeaking of the saddles grew very distinct; occasionally some one sighed or started to hum a tune and gave it up; now and then a horse sneezed. These things only emphasized the solemnity and the stillness. Everybody got so listless that for once I and my dreamer found ourselves in the lead. It was a glad, new sensation, and I longed to keep the place for evermore. Every little stir in the dingy cavalcade made me nervous. Davis and I were riding side by side, right after the Arab. About 11 o'clock it had become really chilly, and the dozing boys roused up and began to inquire how far it was to Ramlah yet, and to demand that the Arab hurry along faster. I gave it up then, and my heart sank within me, because of course they would come up to scold the Arab. I knew I had to take the rear again. In my sorrow I unconsciously took to my pipe, my only comfort. As I touched the match to it the whole company came lumbering up and crowding my horse's ramp and flanks. A whiff of smoke drifted back over my shoulder, and—

"The suffering Moses!"

"Whew!"

"By George, who opened that graveyard?"

"Boys, that Arab's been swallowing something dead!"

Right away there was a gap behind us. Whiff after whiff sailed airily back, and each one widened the breach. Within fifteen seconds the barking and gasping and sneezing, and coughing of the boys, and their angry abuse of the Arab guide, had dwindled to a murmur, and Davis and I were alone with the leader. Davis did not know what the matter was, and do not know this day. Occasionally he caught a faint film of the smoke, and felt the scolding at the Arab and wondering how long he had been decaying in that way. Our boys kept on dropping back further, till at last they were only an hearing, not in sight. And every time they started gingerly forward to reconnoitre—or shoot the Arab, as they proposed to do—I let them get within good fair range (she would carry seventy yards with wonderful precision) and then wafted a whiff among them that sent them gasping and struggling to the rear again. I kept my gun well charged and ready, and twice within the hour I decoyed the boys right up to my horse's tail, and then with one malarious blast emptied the saddles almost. I never heard any Arab abused

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so in my life. He really owed his preservation to me, because for one entire hour I stood behind him and certain death. The boys would have killed him if they could have got by me.

By and by when the company were far in the rear, I put away my pipe—I was getting fearfully dry and crisp about the gills and rather blown with good diligent work—and spurred my animated truce up along side the Arab and stopped him and asked for water. He unslung his little gourd-shaped earthenware jug, and I put it under my moustache and took a long, glorious, satisfying draught. I was going to scour the mouth of the jug a little, but I saw that I had brought the whole train together once more by my delay, and that they were all anxious to drink too—and would have been long ago if the Arab had not pretended that he was out of water. So I hastened to pass the vessel to Davis. He took a mouthful, and never said a word, but climbed off his horse and lay down calmly in the road. I felt sorry for Davis. It was too late now, though, and Dan was drinking. Dan got down too, and hunted for a soft place. I thought I heard Dan say, "That Arab's friends ought to keep him in alcohol or else take him out and bury him somewhere." All the boys took a drink and climbed down. It is not well to go into further particulars. Let us draw the curtain upon this act.

* * * * *

Well, now, to think that after three changing years I should hear from that curious old relic again, and see Dan advertising it for sale for the benefit of a benevolent object. Dan is not treating that object right. I gave that pipe to him for a keepsake. However, he probably finds that it keeps away custom and interferes with business. It is the most convincing inanimate object in all this part of the world perhaps. Dan and I were room-mates in all that long "Quaker City" voyage, and whenever I desired to have a little season of privacy I used to fire up on that pipe and persuade Dan to go out; and he seldom waited to changed his clothes, either. In about a quarter, or from that to three quarters of a minute, he would be propping up the smoke-stack on the upper deck and cursing. I wonder how the faithful old relic is going to sell?

SCIENCE VS. LUCK.

At that time, in Kentucky (said the Hon. Mr. Knott, M. C.) the law was very strict against what it termed "games of chance." About a dozen of the boys were detected playing "seven-up" or "old-sledge" for money, and the grand jury found a true bill against them. Jim Sturgis was retained to defend them when the case came up of course. The more he studied over the matter and looked into the evidence, the plainer it was that he must lose a case at last—there was no getting around that painful fact. These boys had certainly been betting money on a game of chance. Even public sympathy was roused in behalf of Sturgis. People said that it was a pity to see him mar his successful career with a big prominent case like, this which must go against him.

But after several restless nights an inspired idea flashed upon Sturgis, and he sprang out of bed delighted. He thought he saw his way through. The next day he whispered around a little among his clients and a few friends, and then when the case came up in court he acknowledged the seven-up and the betting, and, as his sole defence, had the astounding effrontery to put in the plea that old sledge was not a game of chance! There was the broadest sort of a smile all over the faces of that sophisticated audience. The judge smiled with the rest. But Sturgis maintained a countenance where earnestness was even severe. The opposite counsel tried to ridicule him out but did not succeed. The judge jested in a ponderous judicial way about the thing, but did not move him. The matter was becoming grave. The judge lost a little of his patience, and said the joke had gone far enough. Jim Sturgis said he knew of no joke in the matter—his clients could not be punished for indulging in what some people choose to consider a game of chance, until it was proven that it was a game of chance. Judge and counsel said that would be an easy matter, and forthwith called Deacons Job, Peters, Burke, and Johnson, and Dominies Writ and Miggles, to testify; and they unanimously and with strong feeling put down the legal quibble of Sturgis, by pronouncing that old sledge *was* a game of chance.

"What do you call it *now*!" said the judge.

"I call it game of science!" retorted Sturgis; "and I'll prove it too!"

They saw his little game.

He brought in a cloud of witnesses, and produced an overwhelming mass of testimony, to show that old sledge was not a game of chance but a game of science.

Instead of being the simplest thing in the world, it had somehow turned out to be an excessively knotty one. The judge scratched his head over it a while, and said there was no way of coming to a determination, because just as many men could be brought into court who would testify on one side, as could be found to testify on the other. But he said he was willing to do the fair thing by all parties, and would act upon any suggestion Mr. Sturgis would make for the solution of the difficulty.

Mr. Sturgis was on his feet in a second:

"Impanel a jury of six of each, Luck *versus* Science—give them candles and a couple of decks of cards, send them into the jury room, and just abide by the result!"

There was no disputing the fairness of the proposition. The four deacons and the two dominies were sworn in as the "chance" jury-men, and six inveterate old seven-up professors were chosen to represent the "science" side of the issue. They retired to the jury room.

In about two hours, Deacon Peters sent into court to borrow three dollars from a friend. [Sensation.] In about two hours more, Dominie Miggles sent into court to borrow a "stake" from a friend. [Sensation.] During the next three or four hours, the other dominie and the other deacons sent into court for small loans. And still the packed audience waited, for it was a prodigious occasion at Bull's Corners, and one in which every father of a family was necessarily interested.

The rest of the story can be told briefly. About daylight the jury came in, and Deacon Job, the foreman, read the following

VERDICT.

We, the jury in the case of the Commonwealth of Kentucky vs. John Wheeler et al., have carefully considered the points of the case, and tested the merits of the several theories advanced, and do hereby unanimously decide that the game commonly known as old sledge or seven-up is eminently a game of science and not of chance. In demonstration whereof, it is hereby and herein stated, iterated, reiterated, set forth, and made manifest, that, during the entire night, the "chance" men never won a game or turned a jack, although both feats were common and frequent to the opposition; and, furthermore, in support of this, our verdict, we call attention to the significant fact that the "chance" men are all busted, and the "science" men have got the money. It is the deliberate opinion of this jury that the "chance" theory concerning seven-up is a pernicious doctrine, and calculated to inflict untold suffering and pecuniary loss upon any community that takes stock in it.

"That is the way that seven-up came to be set apart and particularized in Statute books of Kentucky as being a game not of chance but of science, and, therefore, not punishable under the law," said Mr. Knott. "That verdict is of record, and holds good to this day."

One of the saddest things that ever came under my notice (said the banker's clerk) was there in Corning, during the war. Dan Murphy enlisted as a private, and fought very bravely. The boys all liked him, and when a wound by and by weakened him down till carrying a musket was too heavy work for him, they clubbed together and fixed him up as a sutler. He made money then, and sent it always to his wife to bank for him. She was a washer and ironer, and knew enough by hard experience to keep money when she got it. She didn't waste a penny. On the contrary, she began to get miserly as her bank account grew. She grieved to part with a cent, poor creature, for twice in her hard-working life she had known what it was to be hungry, cold, friendless, sick, and without a dollar in the world, she had a haunting dread of suffering so again. Well, at last Dan died; and the boys, in testimony of their esteem and respect for him, telegraphed to Mrs. Murphy to know if she would like to have him embalmed and sent home, when you know the usual custom was to dump a poor devil like him into a shallow hole, and then inform his friends what had become of him. Mrs. Murphy jumped to the conclusion that it would only cost two or three dollars to embalm her dead husband, and so she telegraphed "Yes." It was at the "wake" that the bill for embalming arrived and was presented to the widow. She uttered a wild, sad wail, that pierced every heart, and said: "Sivinty-foive dollars for stoofin Dan, blister their souls! Did thim divils suppose I was goin' to stairt a Museim, that I'd be dalin' in such expansive curiassities!"

The banker's clerk said there was not a dry eye in the house.

FAVORS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

An appreciative New Yorker clips the following sweet thing from an inferior paper, and forwards it to this department. In kindness, we have altered the names :

DIED—July 27th, *ETTA A.*, daughter of *MARY G.* and *WILLIAM L. BURT*, aged 11 years, 9 months, and 17 days.

Thus passed away our darling one,
She patiently bore her suffering long,
We listened to every word she said,
Her sister by her sighed and wept.

She said to her, "I am not dead yet,
I am going away—do not weep ;
I am going away from this cold world,
Going to a different shore and try it a whirl."

It would be hard to conceive of anything finer than that. The mind can suggest no improvement to it—except it be to italicise the word "it" in the last line.

Aware of the interest we take in obituaries and obituary poetry, unknown friends send specimens from many States of the Union. But they are nearly all marred by one glaring defect—they are not bad enough to be good. No, they drivel along on one dull level of mediocracy, and, like Mr. Brick Pomeroy's "Saturday Night" sentiment, are simply dreamy and humiliating instead of wholesomely execrable and exasperating.

A Boston correspondent writes : "The author of "Johnny Skae's Item" will doubtless find merit in the enclosed atrocity. I cut it from a Provincial paper, where it appeared in perfect seriousness, as a touching tribute to departed worth." The "atrocity" referred to (half a column of doggerel), comes under the customary verdict—not superhumanly bad enough to be good ; but nothing in literature can surpass the eloquent paragraph which introduces it, viz. :

LINES

Written on the *death*—sudden and untimely death—of Cornelius Kickham, son of John Kickham, Souris West, and nephew of E. Kickham, Esq., of the same place, on the 25th ult., at the age of nineteen years, in the humane attempt of rescuing three small children in a cart and runaway horse, came in contact with the shaft, which after extreme suffering for two days, caused his death, during which time, he bore with heroic resignation to the divine will. May he rest in peace.

Comment here would be sacrilege. "Johnny Skae's Item," referred to above, was written in San Francisco, by the editor of this MEMORANDA, six or seven years ago, to burlesque a painfully incoherent style of local itemiz-

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ing which prevailed in the papers there at that day. The above "Lines" were absolutely written and printed in a Provincial paper, in all seriousness, just as copied above; but we will append "Johnny Skae's Item," and leave it to the reader if he can shut his eyes and tell which is the burlesque and which isn't:

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—Last evening about six o'clock, as Mr. William Schuyler, an old and respectable citizen of South Park, was leaving his residence to go down town, as has been his usual custom for many years, with the exception only of a short interval in the spring of 1850, during which he was confined to his bed by injuries received in attempting to stop a runaway horse by thoughtlessly placing himself directly in its wake and throwing up his hands and shouting, which, if he had done so even a single moment sooner, must inevitably have frightened the animal still more instead of checking its speed, although disastrous enough to himself as it was, and rendered still more melancholy and distressing by reason of the presence of his wife's mother, who was there and saw the sad occurrence, notwithstanding it is at least likely, though not necessarily so, that she should be recognizing in another direction when incidents occur, not being vivacious and on the lookout, as a general thing, but even the reverse, as her own mother is said to have stated, who is no more, but died in the full hope of a glorious resurrection, upwards of three years ago, aged eighty-six, being a Christian woman and without guile, as it were, or property, in consequence of the fire of 1849, which destroyed every solitary thing she had in the world. But such is life. Let us all take warning by this solemn occurrence, and let us endeavor so to conduct ourselves that when we come to die we can do it. Let us place our hands upon our hearts, and say with earnestness and sincerity from this day forth we will beware of the intoxicating bowl.

From Cambridge, N. Y., comes the following: "In your August 'Favors from Correspondents' occurs an account of the rather unique advent of a baby into New Haven. After reading 'Lucretia's Paragraph,' I remembered I had seen nearly the same thing before, only in poetry. As you may not have seen it, I forward it, together with a rhyming reply."

THE GATES AJAR.

On the occasion of the birth of his first child the poet writes:

One night, as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of Heaven ajar,
When through a little angel crept
And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasing dreams
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this, I ask no more,
That when he leaves this world of sin,
He'll wing his way to that bright shore
And find the door of Heaven again.

Whereupon Saint Peter, not being this imputation of carelessness, thus (by a friend) relies :

ON THE PART OF THE DEFENCE.

For eighteen hundred years and more
I've kept my door securely tyled ;
There has no little angel strayed,
No one been missing all the while ;

I did not sleep as you supposed,
Nor leave the door of Heaven ajar,
Nor has a little angel strayed
Nor gone down with a falling star.

Go ask that blushing bride and see
If she don't frankly own and say,
That when she found that angel babe,
She found it in the good old way.

God grant but this, I ask no more,
That should your numbers still enlarge,
You will not do as heretofore,
And lay it to old Peter's charge.

FROM Missouri a friend furnishes the following information upon a matter which has probably suggested an inquiry in more than one man's mind : A venerable and greatly esteemed and respected old patriarch, late of this vicinity, divulged to me, on his death bed, the origin of a certain popular figure of speech. He said it came about in this wise : A gentleman was blown up on a Mississippi steamboat, and he went up into the air about four or four and a half miles, and then, just before parting into a great variety of fragments, he remarked to a neighbor who was sailing past on a lower level, "Say, friend, how is this for high?"

"The church was decidedly crowded that lovely summer Sabbath," said the Sunday School superintendent, "and all, as their eyes rested upon the small coffin, seemed impressed by the poor black boy's fate. Above the stillness the pastor's voice rose, and chained the interest of every ear as he told, with many an envied compliment, how that the brave, noble, daring little Johnny Greer, when he saw the drowned body sweeping down toward the deep part of the river whence the agonized parents never could have recovered in this world, gallantly sprang into the stream and at the risk of his life towed the corpse to shore, and held it fast till help came and secured it. Johnny Greer was sitting just in front of me. A ragged street boy, with eager eye, turned upon him instantly, and said in a hoarse whisper .

"No, but did you though?"

"Yes."

"Towed the carkiss ashore and saved it yo'self?"

"Yes."

"Cracky! What did they give you?"

"Nothing."

"What?" (with intense disgust.) "D'you know what I'd a done? I'd a anchored him out in the stream, and said, *Five dollars, gents, or you can't have yo' nigger.*"

MARK TWAIN'S MAP OF PARIS.

I published my "Map of the Fortifications of Paris" in my own paper a fortnight ago, but am obliged to reproduce it in *THE GALAXY*, to satisfy the extraordinary demand for it which has arisen in military circles throughout the country. General Grant's outspoken commendation originated this demand, and General Sherman's fervent endorsement added fuel to it. The result is that tons of these maps have been fed to the suffering soldiers of our land, but without avail. They hunger still. We will cast *THE GALAXY* into the breach and stand by and await the effect.

The next Atlantic mail will doubtless bring news of a European frenzy for the map. It is reasonable to expect that the siege of Paris will be suspended till a German translation of it can be forwarded (it is now in preparation), and that the defence of Paris will likewise be suspended to await the reception of the French translation (now progressing under my own hands, and likely to be unique). King William's high praise of the map and Napoleon's frank enthusiasm concerning its execution will ensure its prompt adoption in Europe as the only authoritative and legitimate exposition of the present military situation. It is plain that if the Prussians cannot get into Paris with the facilities afforded by this production of mine they ought to deliver the enterprise into abler hands.

Strangers to me keep insisting that this map does *not* "explain itself." One person came to me with bloodshot eyes and a harrassed look about him, and shook the map in my face and said he believed I was some new kind of idiot. I have been abused a good deal by other quick-tempered people like him, who came with similar complaints. Now, therefore, I yield willingly, and for the information of the ignorant will briefly explain the present military situation as illustrated by the map. Part of the Prussian forces under Prince Frederick William, are now boarding at the "farm-house" in the margin of the map. There is nothing between them and Vincennes but a rail fence in bad repair. Any corporal can see at a glance that they have only to burn it, pull it down, crawl under, climb over, or walk around it, just as the commander-in-chief shall elect. Another portion of the Prussian forces are at Podunk, under Von Moltke. They have nothing to do but float down the river Seine on a raft and scale the walls of Paris. Let the worshippers of that overrated soldier believe in him still, and abide the result—for me I do not think he will ever think of a raft. At Omaha and the High Bridge are vast masses of Prussian infantry, and it is only fair to say that they are likely to *stay* there, as the figure of a window-sash between them stands for a brewery. Away up out of sight over the top of the map is the fleet of the Prussian navy, ready at any moment to come cavorting down the Erie Canal (unless some new iniquity of an unprincipled Legislature shall put up the tolls and so render it cheaper to walk). To me it looks as if Paris is in a singularly close place. She never was situated before as she is in this map.

MARK TWAIN.

TO THE READER.

The idea of this map is not original with me, but it is borrowed from the "Tribune" and the other great metropolitan journals.

I claim no other merit for this production (if I may so call it) than that it is accurate. The main blemish of the city-paper maps of which it is an imitation, is, that in them, more attention seems paid to artistic picturesqueness than geographical reliability.

Inasmuch as this is the first time I ever tried to draft and engrave a map, or attempt anything in the line of art at all, the commendations the work has received and the admiration it has excited among the people, have been very grateful to my feelings. And it is touching to reflect that by far the most enthusiastic of these praises have come from people who know nothing at all about art.

By an important oversight I have engraved the map so that it reads wrong end first, except to left handed people. I forgot that in order to make it right in print it should be drawn and engraved upside down. However, let the student who desire to contemplate the map stand on his head or hold it before a looking-glass. That will bring it right.

The reader will comprehend at a glance that that piece of river with the "High Bridge" over it got left out to one side by reason of a slip of the graving-tool, which rendered it necessary to change the entire course of the river Rhine or else spoil the map. After having spent two days in digging and gouging at the map, I would have changed the course of the Atlantic ocean before I would have lost so much work.

I never had so much trouble with anything in my life as I did with this map. I had heaps of little fortifications scattered all around Paris, at first, but every now and then my instruments would slip and fetch away whole miles of batteries and leave the vicinity as clean as if the Prussians had been there.

The reader will find it well to frame this map for future reference, so that it may aid in extending popular intelligence and dispelling the widespread ignorance of the day.

OFFICIAL COMMENDATIONS.

It is the only map of the kind I ever saw.

U. S. GRANT.

It places the situation in an entirely new light.

BISMARCK.

I cannot look upon it without shedding tears.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

It is very nice, large print.

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My wife was for years afflicted with freckles, and though everything was done for her relief that could be done, all was in vain. But, sir, since her first glance at your map, they have entirely left her. She has nothing but convulsions now.

J. SMITH.

If I had had this map I could have got out of Metz without any trouble.

BAZAINE.

I have seen a great many maps in my time, but none that this one reminds me of.

TROCHU.

It is but fair to say that in some respects it is a truly remarkable map.

W. T. SHERMAN.

I said to my son Frederick William, "If you could only make a map like that, I would be perfectly willing to see you die—even anxious."

WILLIAM III.

RILEY—NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

One of the best men in Washington—or elsewhere—is RILEY, correspondent of the great San Francisco dailies.

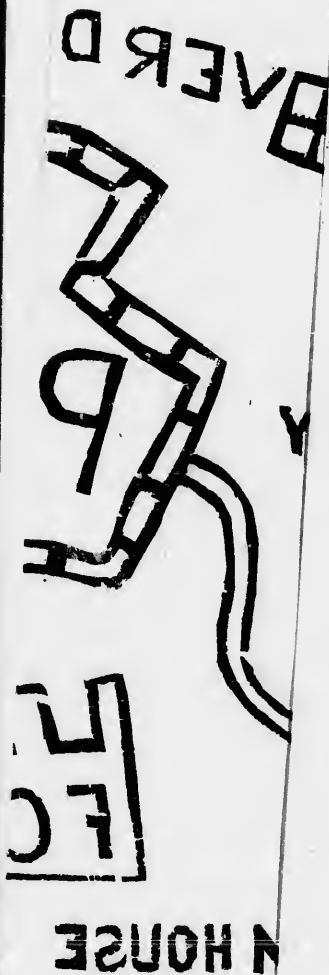
Riley is full of humour, and has an unflinching vein of irony which makes his conversation to the last degree entertaining (as long as the remarks are about somebody else). But notwithstanding the possession of these qualities, which should enable a man to write a happy and appetizing letter, Riley's newspaper letters often display a more than earthly solemnity, and likewise an unimaginative devotion to petrified facts, which surprise and distress all men who know him in his unofficial character. He explains this curious thing by saying that his employers sent him to Washington to write facts, not fancy, and that several times he has come near losing his situation by inserting humorous remarks, which not been looked for at headquarters and consequently not understood, were thought to be dark and bloody speeches intended to convey signals and warnings to murderous secret societies or something of that kind, and so were scratched out with a shiver and a prayer and cast into the stove. Riley says that sometimes he is so afflicted with a yearning to write a sparkling and absorbingly readable letter that he simply cannot resist it, and so he goes to his den and revels in the delight of untrammelled scribbling; and then, with suffering such as only a mother can know, he destroys the pretty children of his fancy and reduces his letter to the required dismal accuracy. Having seen Riley do this very thing more than once, I know whereof I speak. Often I have laughed with him over a happy passage, and grieved to see him plough his pen through it. He would say, "I had to write that or die; and I've got to scratch it out or starve. They would'n't stand it you know."

I think Riley is about the most entertaining company I ever saw. We lodged together in many places in Washington during the winter of '67-'8, moving comfortably from place to place, and attracting attention by paying our board—a course which cannot fail to make a person conspicuous in Washington. Riley would tell all about his trip to California in the early days, by way of the Isthmus and the San Juan river; and about his baking bread in San Francisco, to gain a living, and setting up ten-pins, and practising law, and opening oysters, and delivering lectures, and teaching French, and tending bar, and reporting for the newspapers, and keeping dancing-school, and interpreting Chinese in the courts—which was lucrative, and Riley was doing handsomely and laying up a little money when people began to find fault because his transactions were too “free,” a thing for which Riley considered he ought not to be held responsible, since he did not know a word of the Chinese tongue and only adopted interpreting as a means of gaining an honest livelihood. Through the machinations of enemies he was removed from the position of official interpreter, and a man put in his place who was familiar with the Chinese language but did not know any English. And Riley used to tell about publishing a newspaper up in what is Alaska now, but was only an iceberg then, with a population composed of bears, walruses, Indians, and other animals; and how the iceberg got adrift at last, and left all his paying subscribers behind, and as soon as the commonwealth floated out of the jurisdiction of Russia the people rose and threw of their allegiance and ran up the English flag, calculating to hook on and become an English colony as they drifted along down the British possessions; but a land breeze and a crooked current carried them by, and they ran the stars and strips and steered for California, missed the connexion again and swore allegiance to Mexico, but it wasn't any use; the anchors came home every time, and away they went with the northwest trades, drifting off sideways towards the Sandwich Islands, whereon they ran up the Cannabal flag and had a grand human barbecue in honor of it, in which it was noticed that the better a man liked a friend the better he enjoyed him; and as soon as they got fairly within the tropics the weather got so fearfully hot that the iceberg began to melt, and it got so sloppy under foot that it was almost impossible for ladies to get about at all; and at last, just as they came in sight of the islands, the melancholy remnant of the once majestic iceberg canted first to one side and then to the other, and then plunged under forever, carrying the national archives along with it—and not only the archives and the populace, but some eligible town lots which had increased in value as fast as they diminished in size in the tropics, and which Riley could have sold at thirty cents a pound and made himself rich if he could have kept the province afloat ten hours longer and got her into port.

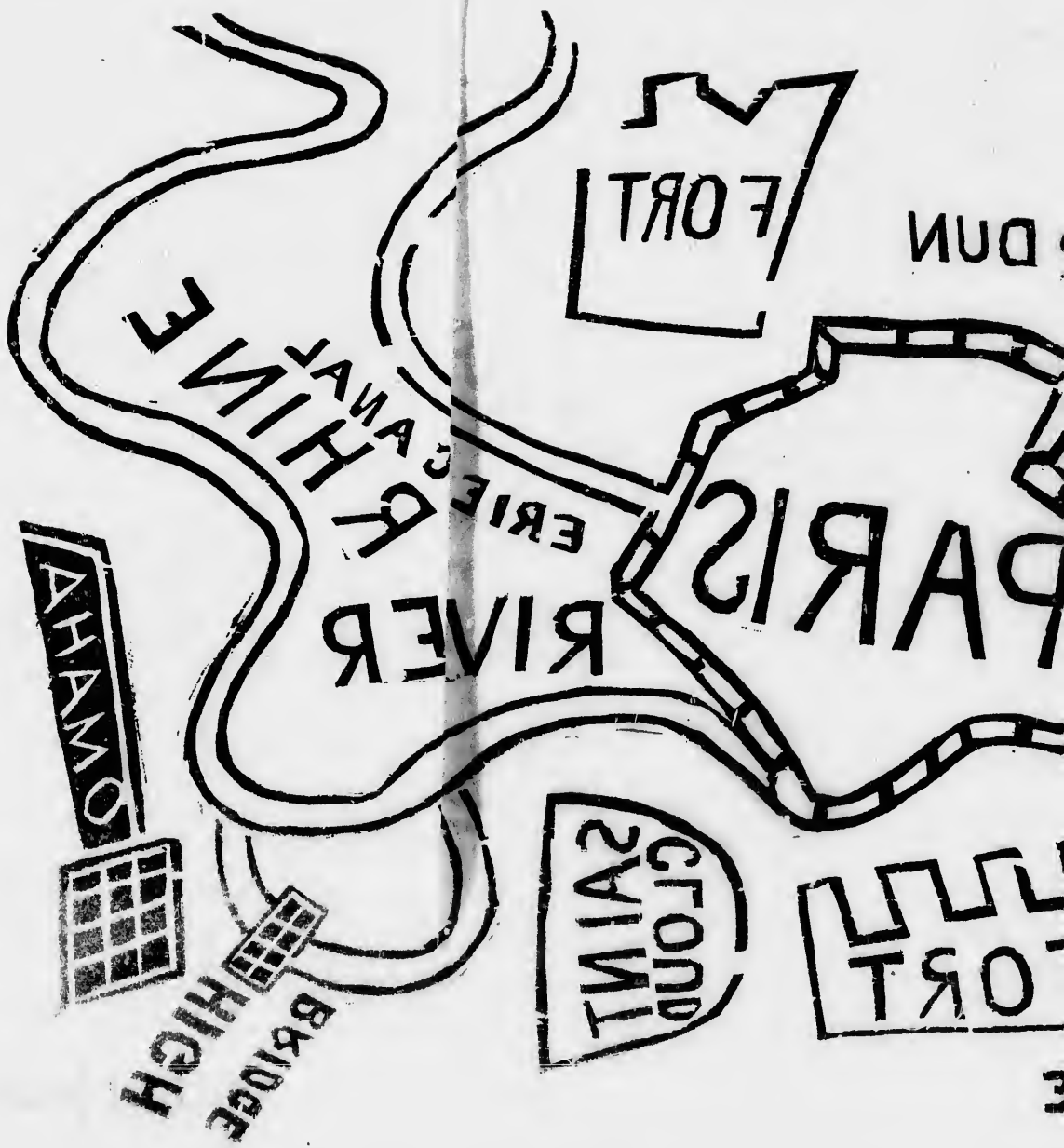
And so forth and so on, with all the facts of Riley's trip through Mexico, a journey whose history his felicitous fancy can make more interesting than any novel that ever was written. What a shame it is to tie Riley down to the dreary mason-work of laying up solemn dead-walls of fact! He does write a plain, straightforward, and perfectly accurate and reliable corres-

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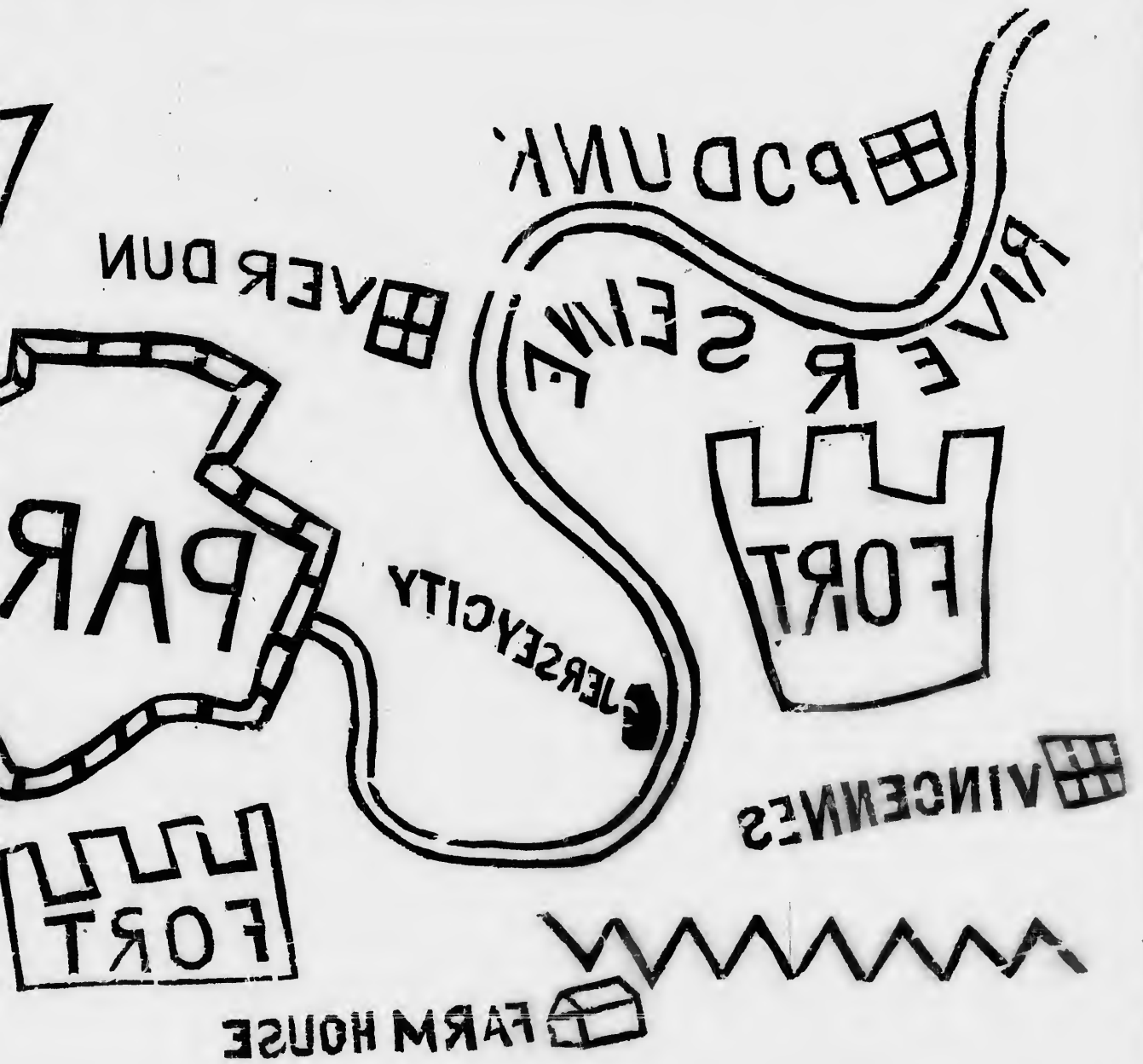
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pondence, but it seems to me that I would rather have one chatty paragraph of his fancy than a whole obituary of his facts.

Riley is very methodical, untiringly accommodating, never forgets anything that is to be attended to, is a good son, a staunch friend, and a permanent, reliable enemy. He will put himself to any amount of trouble to oblige a body, and therefore always has his hands full of things to be done for the helpless and the shiftless. And he knows how to do nearly everything, too. He is a man whose native benevolence is a well-spring that never goes dry. He stands always ready to help whoever needs help as far as he is able—and not simply with his money, for that is a cheap and common charity, but with hand and brain, and fatigue of limb and sacrifice of time. This sort of men is rare.

Riley has ready wit, a quickness and aptness at selecting and applying quotations, and a countenance that is as solemn and as blank as the back side of a tombstone when he is delivering a particular exasperating joke. One night a negro woman was burned to death in a house next door to us, and Riley said that our landlady would be oppressively emotional at breakfast, because she generally made use of such opportunities as offered, being of a morbidly sentimental turn, and so we would find it best to let her talk along and say nothing back—it was the only way to keep her tears out of the gravy. Riley said there never was a funeral in the neighbourhood but that the gravy was watery for a week.

And sure enough, at breakfast the landlady was down in the very sloughs of woe—entirely broken-hearted. Everything she looked at reminded her of that poor old negro woman, and so the buckwheat cakes made her sob, the coffee forced a groan, and when the beefsteak came on she fetched a wail that made our hair rise. Then she got to talking about deceased, and kept up a steady drizzle till both of us were soaked through and through. Presently she took a fresh breath and said, with a world of sobs:

“Ah, to think of it, only to think of it!—the poor old faithful creature. For she was so faithful. Would you believe it, she had been a servant in that self-same house for twenty-seven years come Christmas, and never a cross word and never a lick! And oh, to think she should meet such a death at last!—a-sitting over the red-hot stove at three o'clock in the morning and went to sleep and fell on it and was actually *roasted!* not just frizzled up a bit, but literally roasted to a *crisp!* Poor faithful servant, how she was cooked! I am but a poor woman, but even if I have to scrimp to do it, I will put up a tombstone over that lone sufferer's grave—and Mr. Riley, if you would have the goodness to think up a little epitaph to put on it which would sort of describe the awful way in which she met her—”

“Put it ‘*Well done, good and faithful servant!*’” said Riley, and never smiled.

[I have either printed that anecdote once before or told it in company so many thousand times as to carry that seeming to my mind, but it is of no consequence—it is worth printing half a dozen times.]

GOLDSMITH'S FRIEND ABROAD AGAIN.]

[Continued.]]

[NOTE.—No experience is set down in the following letters which had to be invented. Fancy is not needed to give variety to a Chinaman's sojourn in America. Plain fact is amply sufficient.]

LETTER V.

SAN FRANCISCO, 18—.

DEAR CHING-FOO: You will remember that I had just been thrust violently into a cell in the city prison when I wrote last. I stumbled and fell on some one. I got a blow and a curse; and on top of these a kick or two and a shove. In a second or two it was plain that I was in a nest of prisoners and was being "passed around"—for the instant I was knocked out of the way of one I fell on the head or heels of another and was promptly ejected, only to land on a third prisoner and get a new contribution of kicks and curses and a new destination. I brought up at last in an unoccupied corner, very much battered and bruised and sore, but glad enough to be left alone for a little while. I was on the flag-stones, for there was no furniture in the den except a long, broad board, or combination of boards, like a barn door, and this bed was accommodating five or six persons, and that was its full capacity. They lay stretched side by side, snoring—when not fighting. One end of the board was four inches higher than the other, and so the slant answered for a pillow. There were no blankets, and the nights was a little chilly; the nights are always a little chilly in San Francisco, though never severely cold. The board was a deal more comfortable than the stones, and occasionally some flag stone plebeian like me would try to creep to a place on it; and then the aristocrats would hammer him good and make him think that a flag-stone pavement was a nice enough place after all.

I lay quiet in my corner, stroking my bruises and listening to the revelations the prisoners made to each other—and to me—for some that were near me talked a good deal. I had long had an idea that Americans, being free, had no need of prisons, which are a contrivance of despots for keeping restless patriots out of mischief. So I was considerably surprised to find out my mistake.

Ours was a big general cell, it seemed, for the temporary accommodation of all comers whose crimes were trifling. Among us there were two Americans, two "Greasers" (Mexicans), a Frenchman, a German, four Irishmen, a Chilenean (and, in the next cell, only separated from us by a grating, two women), all drunk, and all more or less noisy; and as night fell and advanced, they grew more and more discontented and disorderly, occasionally shaking the prison bars and glaring through them at the slowly pacing officer, and cursing him with all their hearts. The two women were nearly middle-aged, and they had only had enough liquor to stimulate instead of stupefy them. Consequently they would fondle and kiss each other for some minutes, and then fell to fighting and keep it up till

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they were just two grotesque tangles of rags and blood and tumbled hair. Then they would rest awhile, and pant and swear. While they were affectionate they always spoke of each other as "ladies" but while they were fighting "strumpet" was the mildest name they could think of—and they could only make that do by tacking some sounding profanity to it. In their last fight, which was toward midnight, one of them bit off the other's finger, and then the officer interfered and put the "Greaser" into the "dark cell" to answer for it—because the woman that did it laid it on him, and the other woman did not deny it, because, as she said afterward, she "wanted another crack at the huzzy when her finger quit hurting," and so she did not want her removed. By this time those two women had mutilated each other's clothes to that extent that there was not sufficient left to cover their nakedness. I found that one of these creatures had spent nine years in the county jail, and that the other one had spent about four or five years in the same place. They had done it from choice. As soon as they were discharged from captivity they would go straight and get drunk, and then steal some trifling thing while an officer was observing them. That would entitle them to another two months in jail, and there they would occupy clean, airy apartments, and have good food in plenty, and being at no expense at all, they could make shirts for the clothier's at half a dollar a piece, and thus keep themselves in smoking tobacco and such other luxuries as they wanted. When the two months were up they would go just as straight as they could walk to Mother Leonard's and get drunk; and from there to Kearney street and steal something; and thence to this city prison, and next day back to the old quarters in the county jail again. One of them had really kept this up for nine years, and the other four or five, and both said they meant to end their days in that prison.* Finally, both these creatures fell upon me while I was dozing with my head against their grating, and battered me considerably, because they discovered that I was a Chinaman, and they said I was "a bloody interlopin' loafer, come from the devil's own country to take the bread out of decent people's mouths, and put down the wages for work whin it was all a Christian could do to kape body and sowl together as it was." "Loafer" means one who will not work.

AH SONG HI.

LETTER VI.

SAN FRANCISCO, 18—.

DEAR CHING-FOO,—To continue—the two women became reconciled to each other again through the common bond of interest and sympathy created between them by pounding me in partnership, and when they had finished me they fell to embracing each other again and swearing more eternal affection like that which had subsisted between them all the evening, barring occasional interruptions. They agreed to swear the finger-biting on the Greaser in open court, and get him sent to the penitentiary for the crime of mayhem.

* The former of the two did.—[ED. MEM.]

Another of our company was a boy of fourteen who had been watched for some time by officers and teachers, and repeatedly detected in enticing young girls from the public schools to the lodgings of gentlemen down town. He had been furnished with lures in the form of pictures and books of a peculiar kind, and these he had distributed among his clients. There were likenesses of fifteen of these young girls on exhibition (only to prominent citizens and persons in authority, it was said, though most people came to get a sight) at the police headquarters, but no punishment at all was to be inflicted on the poor little misses. The boy was afterward sent into captivity at the House of Correction for some months, and there was a strong disposition to punish the gentlemen who had employed the boy to entice the girls, but as that could not be done without making public the names of those gentlemen and thus injuring them socially, the idea was finally given up.

There was also in our cell that night a photographer (a kind of artist who makes likenesses of people with a machine), who had been for some time patching pictured heads of well-known and respectable young ladies to the nude, pictured bodies of another class of women; then from this patched creation he would make photographs and sell them privately at high prices to rowdies and blackguards, averring that these, the best young ladies of the city, had hired him to take their likenesses in that unlad condition. What a lecture the police judge read that photographer when he was convicted! He told him his crime was little less than an outrage. He abused that photographer till he almost made him sink through the floor, and then he fined him a hundred dollars. And he told him he might consider himself lucky that he didn't fine him a hundred and twenty-five dollars. They are awfully severe on crime here.

About two and a half hours after midnight, of that first experience of mine in the city prison, such of us as were dozing were awakened by a noise of beating and dragging and groaning, and in a little while a man was pushed into our den with a "There, d—n you, soak there a spell!"—and then the gate was closed and the officers went away again. The man who was thrust among us fell limp and helpless by the grating, but as nobody could reach him with a kick without the trouble of hitching along toward him or getting fairly up to deliver it, our people only grumbled at him, and cursed him, and called him insulting names—for misery and hardship do not make their victims gentle or charitable toward each other. But as he neither tried humbly to conciliate our people nor swore back at them, his unnatural conduct created surprise, and several of the party crawled to him where he lay in the dim light that came through the grating, and examined into his case. His head was very bloody and his wits were gone. After about an hour, he sat up and stared around; then his eyes grew more natural, and he began to tell how that he was going along with a bag on his shoulder, and a brace of policemen ordered him to stop, which he did not do—was chased and caught, beaten ferociously about the head on the way to the prison and after arrival there, and finally thrown into our den like a dog. And in a few seconds he sank down again and grew flighty of speech. One of our people

was at last penetrated with something vaguely akin to compassion, may be, for he looked out through the grating at the guardian officer pacing to and fro and said :

"Say, Mickey, this shrimp's goin' to die."

"Stop your noise?" was all the answer he got. But presently one man tried it again. He drew himself to the gratings, grasping them with his hands, and looking out through them, sat waiting till the officer was passing once more, and then said :

"Sweetness, you'd better mind your eye, now, because, you beats have killed this cuss. You've busted his head, and he'll pass in his checks before sun-up. You better go for a doctor, now, you bet you had."

The officer delivered a sudden rap on our man's knuckles with his club, that sent him scampering and howling among the sleeping forms on the flagstones, and an answering burst of laughter came from the half-dozen policemen idling about the railed desk in the middle of the dungeon.

But there was a putting of heads together out there presently, and a conversing in low voices, which seemed to show that our man's talk had made an impression; and presently an officer went away in a hurry, and shortly came back with a person who entered our cell and felt the bruised man's pulse, and threw the glare of a lantern on his drawn face, striped with blood, and his glassy eyes, fixed and vacant. The doctor examined the man's broken head also, and presently said :

"If you'd called me an hour ago I might have saved this man, may be—too late now."

Then he walked out into the dungeon and the officers surrounded him, and they kept up a low and earnest buzzing of conversation for fifteen minutes, I should think, and then the doctor took his departure from the prison. Several of the officers now came in and worked a little with the wounded man, but toward daylight he died.

It was the longest, longest night! And when the daylight came filtering reluctantly into the dungeon at last, it was the grayest, dreariest, saddest daylight! And yet, when an officer by and by turned off the sickly yellow gas flame, and immediately the gray of dawn became fresh and white, there was a lifting of my spirits that acknowledged and believed that the night *was* gone, and straightway I fell to stretching my sore limbs, and looking about me with a grateful sense of relief and a returning interest in life. About me lay the evidences that what seemed now a feverish dream and a nightmare was the memory of a reality instead. For on the boards lay four frowsy, ragged, bearded vagabonds, snoring—one turned end-for-end and resting an unclean foot, in a ruined stocking, on the hairy breast of a neighbor; the young boy was uneasy, and lay moaning in his sleep; other forms lay half revealed and half concealed about the floor; in the furthest corner the gray light fell upon a sheet, whose elevations and depressions indicated the places of the dead man's face and feet and folded hands; through and the dividing bars one could discern the almost nude forms of the two exiles from the county jail twined together in a drunken embrace, and sodden with sleep.

By and by all the animals in all the cages awoke, and stretched themselves, and exchanged a few cuffs and curses, and then, began to clamor for breakfast. Breakfast was brought in at last—bread and beefsteak on tin plates, and black coffee in tin cups, and no grabbing allowed. And after several dreary hours of waiting, after this, we were all marched out into the dungeon and joined there by all manner of vagrants and vagabonds, of all shades and colors and nationalities, from the other cells and cages of the place; and pretty soon our whole menagerie was marched up stairs and locked fast behind a high railing in a dirty room with a dirty audience in it. And this audience staired at us, and at a man seated on high behind what they call a pulpit in this country, and at some clerks and other officials seated below him—and waited. This was the police court.

The court opened. Pretty soon I was compelled to notice that a culprit's nationality made for or against him in this court. Overwhelming proofs were necessary to convict an Irishman of crime, and even then his punishment amounted to little; Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians had strict and unprejudiced justice meted out to them, in exact accordance with the evidence; negroes were promptly punished, when there was the slightest preponderance of testimony against them; but Chinamen were punished *always*, apparently. Now this gave me some uneasiness, I confess. I knew that this state of things must of necessity be accidental, because in this country all men were free and equal, and one person could not take to himself an advantage not accorded to all other individuals. I knew that, and yet in spite of it I was uneasy.

And I grew still more uneasy, when I found that any succored and befriended refugee from Ireland or elsewhere could stand up before that judge and swear away the life or liberty or character of a refugee from China; but that by the law of the land *Chinaman could not testify against the Irishman*. I was really and truly uneasy, but still my faith in the universal liberty that America accords and defends, and my deep veneration for the land that offered all distressed outcasts a home and protection, was strong within me, and I said to myself that it would all come out right yet.

(Not Concluded.)

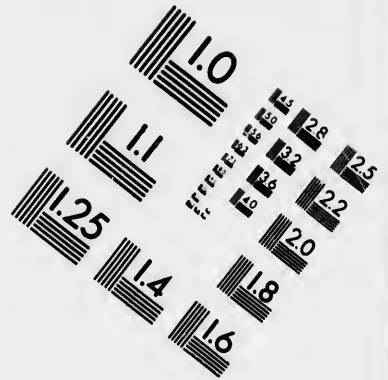
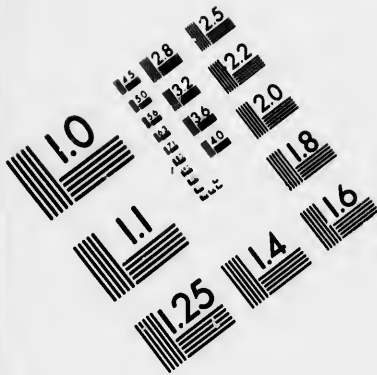
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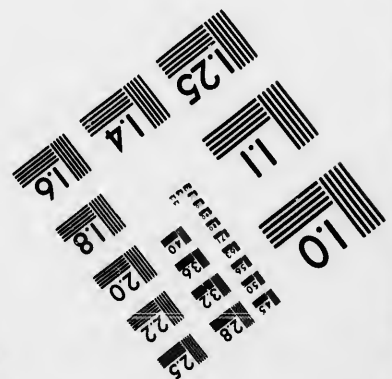
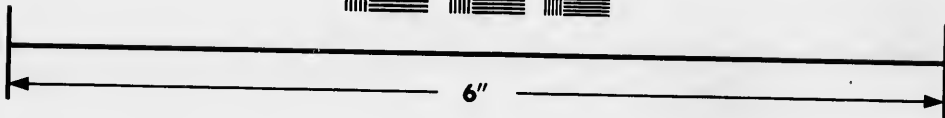
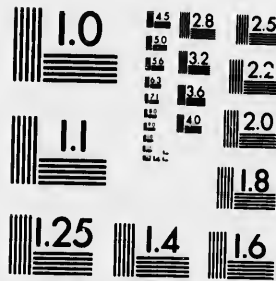
"Now that corpse, (said the undertaker, patting the folded hands of deceased approvingly) was a brick—every way you took him he was a brick. He was so real accommodating, and so modest-like and simple in his last moments. Friends wanted metallic burial case—nothing else would do. I couldn't get it. There warn't going to be time—anybody could see that. Corpse said never mind, shake him up some kind of a box he could stretch out in comfortable, *he warn't particular 'bout the general style of it*. Said he went more on room than style, sny way, in a last final container. Friends wanted a silver door plate on the coffin, signifying who he was and wher' he

was from. Now *you* know a feller couldn't roust out such a gaily thing as that in a little country town like this. What did corpse say! Corpse said, whitewash his old canoe and dlob his address and general destination onto it with a blacking brush and a stencil plate, long with a verse from some likely hymn or other, and p'int him for the tomb, and mark him C. O. D., and just let him skip along. *He* warn't distressed any more than you be—on the contrary, just as calm and collected as a hearse-horse; said he judged that wher' he was going to, a body would find it considerable better to attract attention by a picturesque moral character than a natural funeral ease with a swell door-plate on it. Splendid man, he was. I'd druther do for a corpse like that 'n any I've tackled in seven year. There's some satisfaction in burryin' a man like that. You feel that what you are doing is appreciated. Lord bless you, so's he got planted before he sp'iled, he was perfectly satisfied; said his relations meant well, *perfectly* well, but all them preparations was bound to delay the thing more or less, and he didn't wish to be kept layin' around. You never see such a clear head as what he had—and so calm and so cool. Just a hunk of brains—that is what *he* was. Perfectly awful. It was a ripping distance from one end of that man's head to t'other. Often and overagain he's had brain fever a raging in one place, and the rest of the pile didn't know anything about it—didn't affect it any more than an Injun insurrection in Arizona affects the Atlantic States. Well the relations they wanted a big funeral, but corpse said he was down on flummery—didn't want any procession—fill the hearse full of mourners, and get out a stern line and tow *him* behind. *He* was the most down on style of any remains I ever struck. A beautiful, simple-minded creature—it was what he was, you can depend on that. He was just set on having things the way he wanted them, and he took a solid comfort in laying his little plans. He had me measure him, and take a whole raft of directions; then he had the minister stand up behind a long box with a table-cloth over it and read his funeral sermon, saying 'Ancore, ancore!' at the good places, and making him scratch out every bit of brag about him, and all the hifalutin; and then he made them trot out the choir so's he could help them pick out the tunes for the occasion, and he got them to sing 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' because he'd always liked that tune when he was down-hearted, and solemn music made him sad; and when they sung that with tears in their eyes (because they all loved him), and his relations grieving around, he just laid there as happy as a bug, and trying to beat time and showing all over how much he enjoyed it; and presently he got worked up and excited, and tried to join in, for mind you he was pretty proud of his abilities in the singing line; but the first time he opened his mouth and was just going to spread himself, his breath took a walk. I never see a man snuffed out so sudden. Ah, it was a great loss—it was a powerful loss to this poor little one-horse town. Well, well, well, I hain't got time to be palavering along here—got to nail on the lid and mosey along with him; and if you'll just give me a lift we'll skeet him into the hearse and meander along. Relations bound to have it so—don't pay no attention to dying injunctions, minnte a corpse's gone;





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but if I had *my* way, if I didn't respect his last wishes and tow him behind the hearse, I'll be cuss'd. I consider that whatever a corpse wants done for his comfort is a little enough matter, and a man hain't got no right to deceive him or take advantage of him—and whatever a corpse trusts me to do I'm a going to *do*, you know, even if it's to stuff him and paint him yaller and keep him for a keepsake—you hear *me* !”

He cracked his whip and went lumbering away with his ancient ruin of a hearse, and I continued my walk with a valuable lesson learned—that a healthy and wholesome cheerfulness is not necessarily impossible to *any* occupation. The lesson is likely to be lasting, for it will take many months to obliterate the memory of the remarks and circumstances that impressed it.

A GENERAL REPLY

When I was sixteen or seventeen years old, a splendid idea burst upon me—a bran-new one, which had never occurred to anybody before : I would write some “pieces” and take them down to the editor of the “Republican,” and ask him to give me his plain unvarnished opinion of their value ! Now, as old and threadbare as the idea was, it was fresh and beautiful to me, and it went flaming and crashing through my system like the genuine lightning and thunder of originality. I wrote the pieces. I wrote them with that placid confidence and that happy facility which only want of practice and absence of literary experience can give. There was not one sentence in them that cost half an hour's weighing and shaping and trimming and fixing. Indeed, it is possible that there was no one sentence whose mere wording cost even one-sixth of that time. If I remember rightly, there was not one single erasure or interlineation in all that chaste manuscript. (I have since lost that large belief in my powers, and likewise that marvelous perfection of execution.) I started down to the “Republican” office with my pocket full of manuscripts, my brain full of dreams, and a grand future opening out before me. I knew perfectly well that the editor would be ravished with my pieces. But presently—

However, the particulars are of no consequence. I was only about to say that a shadowy sort of doubt just then intruded upon my exaltation. Another came, and another. Pretty soon a whole procession of them. And at last, when I stood before the “Republican” office and looked up at its tall, unsympathetic front, it seemed hardly *me* that could have “chinned” its towers ten minutes before, and was now so shrunk up and pitiful that if I dared to step on the gratings I should probably go through.

At about that crisis the editor, the very man I had come to consult, came down stairs, and halted a moment to pull at his wristbands and settle his coat to its place, and he happened to notice that I was eyeing him wistfully. He asked me what I wanted. I answered, “NOTHING !” with a boy's own meekness and shame ; and dropping my eyes, crept humbly round till I was fairly in the alley, and then drew a big grateful breath of relief, and picked up my heels and ran !

I was satisfied. I wanted no more. It was my first attempt to get a "plain unvarnished opinion" out of a literary man concerning my compositions, and it has lasted me until now. And in these latter days, whenever I receive a bundle of MS. through the mail, with a request that I will pass judgment upon its merits, I feel like saying to the author, "If you had only taken your piece to some grim and stately newspaper office, where you did not know anybody, you would not have so fine an opinion of your production as it is easy to see you have now."

Every man who becomes editor of a newspaper or magazine straightway begins to receive MSS. from literary aspirants, together with requests that he will deliver judgment upon the same. And after complying in eight or ten instances, he finally takes refuge in a general sermon upon the subject, which he inserts in his publication, and always afterward refers such correspondents to that sermon for answer. I have at last reached this station in my literary career. I now cease to reply privately to my applicants for advice, and proceed to construct my public sermon.

As all letters of the sort I am speaking of contain the very same matter, differently worded, I offer as a fair average specimen the last one I have received :

* * * * * OCT. 3.

MARK TWAIN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR : I am a youth, just out of school and ready to start in life. I have looked around, but don't see anything that suits exactly. Is a literary life easy and profitable, or is it the hard times it is generally put up for ? It *must* be easier than a good many if not most of the occupations, and I feel drawn to launch out on it, make or break, sink or swim, survive or perish. Now, what are the conditions of success in literature ? You need not be afraid to paint the thing just as it is. I can't do any worse than fail. Everything else offers the same. When I thought of the law—yes, and five or six other professions—I found the same thing was the case every time, viz : *all full—overrun—every profession so crammed that success is rendered impossible—too many hands and not enough work.* But I must try something, and so I turn at last to literature. Something tells me that that is the true bent of my genius, if I have any. I enclose some of my pieces. Will you read them over and give me your candid, unbiased opinion of them ? And now I hate to trouble you, but you have been a young man yourself, and what I want is for you to get me a newspaper job of writing to do. You know many newspaper people, and I am entirely unknown. And will you make the best terms you can for me ? though I do not expect what might be called high wages at first, of course. Will you candidly say what such articles as these I enclose are worth ? I have plenty of them. If you should sell these and let me know, I can send you more, as good and may be better than these. An early reply, etc.

Yours truly, etc.

I will answer you in good faith. Whether my remarks shall have great value or not, or my suggestions worth following, are problems which I take great pleasure in leaving entirely to you for solution. To begin : There are several questions in your letter which only a man's life experience can eventually answer for him—not another man's words. I will simply skip those.

I. Literature, like the ministry, medicine, the law, and *all other occu-*

pations, is cramped and hindered for want of men to do the work, not want of work to do. When people tell you the reverse, they speak that which is not true. If you desire to test this, you need only hunt up a first-class editor, reporter, business manager, foreman of a shop, mechanic, or artist in any branch of industry, and *try to hire him*. You will find that he is already hired. He is sober, industrious, capable, and reliable, and is always in demand. He cannot get a day's holiday except by courtesy of his employer, or his city, or the great general public. But if you need idlers, chirkers, half-instructed, unambitious, and comfort-seeking editors, reporters, lawyers, doctors, and mechanics, apply anywhere. There are millions of them to be had at the dropping of a handkerchief.

2. No; I must not and will not venture any opinion whatever as to the literary merit of your productions. The public is the only critic whose judgment is worth anything at all. Do not take my poor word for this, but reflect a moment and take your own. For instance, if Sylvanus Cobb or T. S. Arthur had submitted their maiden MSS. to you, you would have said, with tears in your eyes, "Now please don't write any more!" But you see yourself how popular they are. And if it had been left to you, you would have said the "Marble Faun" was tiresome, and that even "Paradise Lost" lacked cheerfulness; but you know they sell. Many wiser and better men than you pooh-poohed Shakespeare, even as late as two centuries ago; but still that old party has outlived those people. No, I will not sit in judgment upon your literature. If I honestly and conscientiously praised it, I might thus help to inflict a lingering and pitiless bore upon the public; if I honestly and conscientiously condemned it, I might thus rob the world of an undeveloped and unsuspected Dickens or Shakespeare.

3. I shrink from hunting up literary labor for you to do and receive pay for. Whenever your literary productions have proved for themselves that they have a real value, you will never have to go around hunting for remunerative literary work to do. You will require more hands than you have now, and more brains than you probably ever will have, to do even half the work that will be offered you. Now, in order to arrive at the proof of value hereinbefore spoken of, one needs only to adopt a very simple and certainly very sure process; and that is, to *write without pay until somebody offers pay*. If nobody offers pay within three years, the candidate may look upon this circumstance with the most implicit confidence as the sign that sawing wood is what he was intended for. If he has any wisdom at all, then, he will retire with dignity and assume his haven-appointed vocation.

In the above remarks I have only offered a course of action which Mr. Dickens and most other successful literary men had to follow; but it is a course which will find no sympathy with my client, perhaps. The young literary aspirant is a very, very curious creature. He knows that if he wished to become a tinner, the master smith would require him to prove the possession of a good character, and would require him to promise to stay in the shop three years—possibly four—and would make him sweep out and bring water and build fires all the first year, and let him learn to black stoves

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n the intervals ; and for these good honest services would pay him two suits of cheap clothes and his board ; and next year he would begin to receive instructions in the trade, and a dollar a week would be added to his emoluments ; and two dollars would be added the third year, and three the fourth ; and *then*, if he had become a first-rate tinner, he would get about fifteen or twenty, or may be thirty dollars a week, with never a possibility of getting seventy-five while he lived. If he wanted to become a mechanic of any other kind, he would have to undergo this same tedious, ill-paid apprenticeship. If he wanted to become a lawyer or a doctor, he would have fifty times worse ; for he would get nothing at all during his long apprenticeship, and in addition would have to pay a large sum for tuition, and have the privilege of boarding and clothing himself. The literary aspirant knows all this, and yet he has the hardihood to present himself for reception into the literary guild and ask to share its high honors and emoluments, without a single twelvemonth's apprenticeship to show in excuse for his presumption ! He would smile pleasantly if he were asked to make even so simple a thing as a ten-cent tin dipper without previous instruction in the art ; but, all green and ignorant, wordy, pompously-assertive, ungrammatical, and with a vague, distorted knowledge of men and the world acquired in a back country village, he will serenely take up so dangerous a weapon as a pen, and attack the most formidable subject that finance, commerce, war, or politics can furnish him withal. It would be laughable if it were not so sad and so pitiable. The poor fellow would not intrude upon the tin-shop without an apprenticeship, but is willing to seize and wield with unpractised hand an instrument which is able to overthrow dynasties, change religions, and decree the weal or woe of nations.

If my correspondent will write free of charge for the newspapers of his neighborhood, it will be one of the strangest things that ever happened if he does not get all the employment he can attend to on those terms. And as soon as ever his writings are worth money, plenty of people will hasten to offer it.

And by way of serious and well-meant encouragement, I wish to urge upon him once more the truth that acceptable writers for the press are so scarce that book and periodical publishers are seeking them constantly, and with a vigilance that never grows heedless for a moment.

FAVORS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

Out of a rusty and dusty old scrap-book a friend in Nevada resurrects the following verses for us. Thirty years ago they were very popular. It was on a wager as to whether this poem originated in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" or not that Leicester won two thousand pounds :

THE LAWYER'S POEM.

Whereas, on sundry boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing.

MARK TWAIN'S MEMORANDA.

And sundry flowers their heads upraise
To hail the coming on of Spring ;

The songs of the said bird arouse
The mem'ry of our youthful hours—
As young and green as the said boughs,
As fresh and fair as the said flowers.

The birds aforesaid, happy pairs,
Love 'midst the aforesaid boughs enshrines
In household nests—their selves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

O busiest time of Cupid's court,
When tender plaintiffs actions bring !
Seasons of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring !

Occasionally from some suffering soul there comes to this department a frantic appeal for help, which just boils an entire essay down into one exhaustive sentence, and leaves nothing more to be said upon that subject. Now, can the reader find any difficulty in picturing to himself what this "Subscriber" has been going through out there at Hazel Green, Wisconsin ?
MR. TWAIN.

MY DEAR SIR : Do not, in your MEMORANDA, forget the travelling book agents. They are about as tolerable as lightning-rod men, especially the "red-nosed chaps" who sell "juveniles," temperance tracts, and such like delectable fodder.

Yours, etc.,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Such subscription canvassers, probably, are all this correspondent's fancy paints them. None but those canvassers who sell compact concentrations of solid wisdom, like the work entitled "The Innocents Abroad," can really be said to be indispensable to the nation.

In a graceful feminine hand comes the following, from a city of Illinois :

Reading your remarks upon "innocents" in a recent issue, I must tell you how that touching little obituary was received here.

I attended a lecture, and sat beside and was introduced to a young minister from Pennsylvania, a few evenings since. Having my magazine in my hand and knowing the proverbial ministerial love of a joke, I handed him a little poem, simply whispering "Mark Twain."

He read it through gravely, and in the most serious manner turned to me and whispered, "Did Mark Twain write that ?"

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead !"

If this is a specimen of your Eastern young ministers, we Western girls will take no more at present, I thank you.

Speaking of ministers reminds me of a joke that I always thought worth publishing ; it is a fact, too, which all the jokes published are not.

The Rev. Dr. B. was a minister in our stylish little city some years since. He was a pompous, important, flowery sort of preacher—very popular with the masses. He exchanged pulpits with old Solomon N., the plain, meek old minister of the little C. church, one Sabbath; and the expectant little congregation were surprised when the grand Dr. arose and gave out as his text.

“For behold a greater than Solomon is here!”

It is said that once a man of small consequence died, and the Rev. T. K. Beecher was asked to preach his funeral sermon—a man who abhors the lauding of people, either dead or alive, except in dignified and simple language, and then only for merits which they actually possessed or possess, not merits which they merely ought to have possessed. The friends of the deceased got up a stately funeral. They must have had misgivings that the corpse might not be praised strongly enough, for they prepared some manuscript headings and notes in which nothing was left unsaid on the subject that a fervid imagination and an unabridged dictionary could compile, and these they handed to the minister as he entered the pulpit. They were merely intended as suggestions, and so the friends were filled with consternation when the minister stood up in the pulpit and proceeded to read off the curious odds and ends in ghastly detail and in a loud voice! And their consternation solidified to petrification when he paused at the end, contemplated the multitude reflectively, and then said impressively:

“The man would be a fool who tried to add anything to that. Let us pray!”

AND with the same strict adhesion to truth it can be said that the man would be a fool who tried to add anything to the following transcendent obituary poem. There is something so innocent, so guileless, so complacent, so unearthly serene and self-satisfied about this peerless “hogwash,” that the man must be made of stone who can read it without a dulcet ecstasy creeping along his backbone and quivering in his marrow. There is no need to say that this poem is genuine and in earnest, for its proofs are written all over its face. An ingenious scribbler might imitate it after a fashion, but Shakespeare himself could not counterfeit it. It is noticeable that the country editor who published it did not know that it was a treasure and the most perfect thing of its kind that the storehouses and museums of literature could show. He did not dare to say no to the dread poet—for such a poet must have been something of an apparition—but he just shovelled it into his paper anywhere that came handy, and felt ashamed, and put that disgusted “Published by Request” over it, and hoped that his subscribers would overlook it or not feel an impulse to read it.

[Published by Request.]

LINES

Composed on the death of Samuel and Catharine Belknap's children.

BY M. A. GLAZE.

Friends and neighbors all draw near,
 And listen to what I have to say ;
 And never leave your children dear
 When they are small, and go away.

But always think of that sad fate,
 That happened in the year of '63 ;
 Four children with a house did burn,
 Think of their awful agony.

Their mother she had gone away,
 And left them there alone to stay ;
 The house took fire and down did burn,
 Before their mother did return.

Their piteous cry the neighbors heard,
 And then the cry of fire was given ;
 But, ah ! before they could them reach,
 Their little spirits had flown to Heaven.

Their father he to war had gone,
 And on the battle-field was slain ;
 But little did he think when he went away,
 But what on earth they would meet again.

The neighbors often told his wife
 Not to leave his children there,
 Unless she got some one to stay,
 And of the little ones take care.

The eldest he was years not six,
 And the youngest only eleven months old ;
 But often she had left them there alone,
 As, by the neighbors, I have been told.

How can she bear to see the place,
 Where she so oft has left them there,
 Without a single one to look to them,
 Or of the little ones to take good care.

Oh, can she look upon the spot,
 Whereunder their little burnt bones lay,
 But what she thinks she hears them say,
 "'Twas God had pity, and took us on high."

And there may she kneel down and pray,
 And ask God her to forgive ;
 And she may lead a different life
 While she on earth remains to live.

Her husband and her children, too,
 God has took from pain and woe,
 May she reform and mend her ways,
 That she may also to them go.

And when it is God's holy will,
O, may she be prepared
To meet her God and friends in peace,
And leave this world of care

Nicholson, Pa., Feb. 8, 1863.

AN ENTERTAINING ARTICLE.

I take the following paragraph from an article in the Boston "Advertiser";

AN ENGLISH CRITIC ON MARK TWAIN.—Perhaps the most successful flights of humor of Mark Twain have been descriptions of the persons who did not appreciate his humor at all. We have become familiar with the Californians who were thrilled with terror by his burlesque of a newspaper reporter's way of telling a story, and we have heard of the Pennsylvania clergyman who sadly returned his "Innocents Abroad" to the book-agent with the remark that "the man who could shed tears over the tomb of Adam must be an idiot." But Mark Twain may now add a much more glorious instance to his string of trophies. The "Saturday Review," in its number of October 8, reviews his book of travels, which has been republished in England, and reviews it seriously. We can imagine the delight of the humorist in reading this tribute to his power; and indeed it is so amusing in itself that he can hardly do better than reproduce the article in full in his next monthly Memoranda.

[Publishing the above paragraph thus, gives me a sort of authority for reproducing the "Saturday Review's" article in full in these pages. I dearly wanted to do it, for I cannot write anything half so delicious myself. If I had a cast iron dog that could read this English criticism and preserve his austerity, I would drive him off the door-step.—EDITOR MEMORANDA.]

[From the London Saturday Review]

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD. A Book of Travels. By Mark Twain. London: Hotten, publisher. 1870.

Lord Macaulay died too soon. We never felt this so deeply as when we finished the last chapter of the above-named extravagant work. Macaulay died too soon—for none but he could mete out complete and comprehensive justice to the insolence, the impertinence, the presumption, the mendacity, and, above all, the majestic ignorance of this author.

To say the "Innocents Abroad" is a curious book, would be to use the faintest language—would be to speak of the Matterhorn as a neat elevation, or of a Niagara as being "nice" or "pretty." "Curious" is too tame a word wherewith to describe the imposing insanity of this work. There is no word that is large enough or long enough. Let us, therefore, photograph a passing glimpse of book and author, and trust the rest to the reader. Let the cultivated English student of human nature picture to himself this Mark Twain

as a person capable of doing the following-described things—and not only doing them, but with incredible innocence *printing them* calmly and tranquilly in a book. For instance:

He states that he entered a hair-dresser's in Paris to get shaved, and the first "rake" the barber gave with his razor it *loosened his "hide" and lifted him out of the chair.*

This is unquestionably exaggerated. In Florence he was so annoyed by beggars that he pretends to have seized and eaten one in a frantic spirit of revenge. There is, of course, no truth in this. He gives at full length a theatrical programme seventeen or eighteen hundred years old, which he professes to have found in the ruins of the Coliseum, among the dirt and mould and rubbish. It is a sufficient comment upon this statement to remark that even a cast-iron programme would not have lasted so long under such circumstances. In Greece he plainly betrays both fright and flight upon one occasion, but with frozen effrontery puts the latter in this falsely tame form: "We *siddled* toward the Piræus." "Siddled," indeed! He does not hesitate to intimate that at Ephesus, when his mule strayed from the proper course, he got down, took him under his arm, carried him to the road again, pointed him right, remounted, and went to sleep contentedly till it was time to restore the beast to the path once more. He states that a growing youth among his ship's passengers was in the constant habit of appeasing his hunger with soap and oakum between meals. In Palestine he tells of ants that came eleven miles to spend the summer in the desert and brought their provisions with them; yet he shows by his description of the country that the feat was an impossibility. He mentions, as if it were the most commonplace of matters, that he cut a Moslem in two in broad daylight in Jerusalem, with Godfrey de Bouillon's sword, and would have shed more blood *if he had had a graveyard of his own.* These statements are unworthy a moment's attention. Mr. Twain or any other foreigner who did such a thing in Jerusalem would be mobbed, and would infallibly lose his life. But why go on? Why repeat more of his audacious and exasperating falsehoods? Let us close fittingly with this one: he affirms that "in the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople I got my feet so stuck up with a complication of gouts, slime, and general impurity, that *I wore out more than two thousand pair of bootjacks* getting my boots off that night, and even then some Christian hide peeled off with them." It is monstrous. Such statements are simply *lies*—there is no other name for them. Will the reader longer marvel at the brutal ignorance that pervades the American nation when we tell him that we are informed upon perfectly good authority that this extravagant compilation of falsehoods, this exhaustless mine of stupendous lies, this "Innocents Abroad," has actually been adopted by the schools and collages of several of the States as a text-book!

But if his falsehoods are distressing, his innocence and his ignorance are enough to make one burn the book and despise the author. In one place he was so appalled at the sudden spectacle of a murdered man, unveiled by the moonlight, that he jumped out of a window, going through sash and all, and

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then remarks with the most childlike simplicity that he "was not scared, but considerably agitated." It puts us out of patience to note that the simpleton is densely unconscious that Lucretia Borgia ever existed off the stage. He is vulgarly ignorant of all foreign languages, but is frank enough to criticise the Italians' use of their own tongue. He says they spell the name of their great painter "Vinci, but pronounce it Vinely"—and then adds with a naïvete possible only to helpless ignorance, "*foreigners always spell better than they pronounce.*" In another place he commits the bald absurdity of putting the phrase "tare an ouns" into an Italian's mouth. In Rome he unhesitatingly believes the legend that St. Philip Neri's heart was so inflamed with divine love that it burst his ribs—believes it wholly because an author with a learned list of university degrees strung after his name endorses it—"otherwise," says this gentle idiot, "I should have felt a curiosity to know what Phillip had for dinner." Our author makes a long, fatiguing journey to the Grotto del Cane on purpose to test its poisoning powers on a dog—got elaborately ready for the experiment, and then discovered that he had no dog. A wiser person would have kept such a thing discretely to himself, but with this harmless creature everything comes out. He hurts his foot in a rut two thousand years old in exhumed Pompeii, and presently when staring at one of the cinder-like corpses unearthed in the next square, conceives the idea that may be it is the remains of the ancient Street Commissioner, and straightway his horror softens down to a sort of chirpy contentment with the condition of things. In Damascus he visits the well of Ananias, three thousand years old, and is as surprised and delighted as a child to find that the water is "as pure and fresh as if the well had been dug yesterday. In the Holy Land he gags desperately at the hard Arabic and Hebrew Biblical names, and finally concludes to call them Baldwinsville, Williamsburgh, and so on, "*for convenience of spelling.*"

We have thus spoken freely of this man's stupefying simplicity and innocence, but we cannot deal similarly with his colossal ignorance. We do not know where to begin, and if we knew where to begin, we certainly would not know where to leave off. We will give one specimen, and one only. He did not know, until he got to Rome that Michael Angelo was dead! And then, instead of crawling away and hiding his shameful ignorance somewhere, he proceeds to express a pious, grateful sort of satisfaction that he is gone and out of his troubles.

No, the reader may seek out the author's exhibitions of his uncultivation for himself. The book is absolutely dangerous, considering the magnitude and variety of its misstatements, and the convincing confidence with which they are made. And yet it is a text-book in the schools of America.

The poor blunderer mouses among the sublime creations of the Old Masters, trying to acquire the elegant proficiency in artknowledge, which he has a groping sort of comprehension is a proper thing for the travelled man to be able to display. But what is the matter of his study? And what is the progress he achieves? To what extent does he familiarize himself with

the great pictures of Italy, and what degree of appreciation does he arrive at? Read!

When we see a monk going about with a lion and looking up into heaven, we know that that is St. Mark. When we see a monk with a book and a pen, looking tranquillised up to heaven, trying to think of a word, we know that that is St. Matthew. When we see a monk sitting on a rock, looking tranquilly up to heaven, with a human skull beside him, and without other baggage, we know that that is St. Jerome. Because we know that he always went flying light in the matter of baggage. When we see other monks looking tranquilly up to heaven, but having no trade-mark, we always ask who those parties are. We do this because we humbly wish to learn.

He then enumerates the thousands and thousands of copies of these several pictures which he has seen, and adds with accustomed simplicity that he feels encouraged to believe when he has seen "some more" of each, and had a larger experience, he will eventually "begin to take an absorbing interest in them"—the vulgar boor.

That we have shown this to be a remarkable book, we think no one will deny. That it is a pernicious book to place in the hands of the confiding and unformed, we think we have also shown. That the book is a deliberate and wicked creation of a diseased mind, is apparent upon every page. Having placed our judgment thus upon record, let us close with what charity we can, by remarking that even in this volume there is some good to be found; for whenever the author talks of his own country and lets Europe alone, he never fails to make himself interesting; and not only interesting, but instructive. No one can read without benefit his occasional chapters and paragraphs, about life in the gold and silver mines of California and Nevada; about the Indians of the plains and deserts of the West, and their cannibalism; about the raising of vegetables in kegs of gunpowder by the aid of two or three teaspoonfuls of guano; about the moving of small farms from place to place at night in wheelbarrows to avoid taxes; and about a sort of cows and mules in the Humboldt mines, that climb down chimneys and disturb the people at night. These matters are not only new, but are well worth knowing.* It is a pity the author did not put in more of the same kind. His book is well written and is exceedingly entertaining, and so it just barely escaped being quite valuable also.

"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF."

The following I find in a Sandwich Island paper which some friend has sent me from that tranquil far-off retreat. The coincidence between my own experience and that here set down by the late Mr. Benton is so remarkable, that I cannot forbear publishing and commenting upon the paragraph. The Sandwich Island paper says:

*Yes, I calculated they were pretty new. I invented them myself.—MARK TWAIN.

How touching is this tribute of the late Hon. T. H. Benton to his mother's influence: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to gamble, and I have never gambled. I cannot tell who is losing in games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against liquor drinking, and whatever capacity for insurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may have attained through life, I have attributed to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother."

I never saw anything so curious. It is almost an exact epitome of my own moral career—after simply substituting a grandmother for a mother. How well I remember my grandmother's asking me not to use tobacco, good old soul! She said: "You're at it again, are you, you whelp! Now don't ever let me catch you chewing tobacco before breakfast again, or I lay I'll blacksnake you within an inch of your life!" I have never touched it at that hour of the morning from that time to the present day.

She asked me not to gamble. She whispered and said: "Put up those wicked cards this minute!—two pair and a jack, you mumskull, and the other fellow's got a flush!"

I never have gambled from that day to this—never once—without a "cold-deck" in my pocket. I cannot even tell who is going to lose in games that are being played, unless I dealt myself.

When I was two years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence. That I have adhered to it and enjoyed the beneficent effects of it through all time, I owe to my grandmother—let these tears attest my gratitude. I have never drunk a drop from that day to this, of any kind of water.

DOGBERRY IN WASHINGTON.

Some of the decisions of the Post Office Department are eminently luminous. It has in times gone by been enacted that "author's manuscript" should go through the mails for a trifling postage—newspaper postage, in fact. A calm and dispassionate mind would gather from this, that the object had in view was to facilitate and foster newspaper correspondence, magazine writing, and literature generally, by discontinuing a tax in the way of postage which had become very burdensome to gentlemen of the quill. Now by what effort of good old well-meaning, grandmotherly dullness does the really suppose the postal authorities have rendered that wise and kindly decree utterly null and void, and solemnly funny! By deciding that "author's manuscript" does not mean anything but "*manuscript intended to be made into a bound book*"—all pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers ruled out!

Thus we are expected to believe that the original regulation was got up to save *two dollars' worth of postage to two authors in a year*—for probably not more than that number of MS. books are sent by mail to publishers each year. Such property is too precious to trust to any conveyance but the author's own carpet-sack, as a general thing.

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But granting that one thousand MS. books went to the publishers in a year, and thus saved to one thousand author's a dollar apiece in postage in twelve months, would not a law whose whole aim was to accomplish such a trifle as that, be simply an irreverent pleasantry, and not proper company to thrust among grave and weighty statutes in the law-books?

The matter which suggested these remarks can be stated in a sentence. Once or twice I have sent magazine MSS. from certain cities, on newspaper rates, as "author's MS." But in Buffalo the postmaster requires full letter postage. He claims no authority for this save *decisions* of the Post Office Department. He showed me the law itself, but even the highest order of intellectual obscurity, backed by the largest cultivation (outside of a Post Office Department), could not find in it authority for the "decisions" aforementioned. And I ought to know, because I tried it myself. [I say that, not to be trivially facetious when talking in earnest, but merely to take the word out of the mouths of certain cheap witlings, who always stand ready in any company to interrupt any one whose remarks offer a chance for the exhibition of their poor wit and worse manners.]

I will not say one word about this curious decision, or utter one sarcasm or one discourteous speech about it, or the well-intending but misguided officer who rendered it; but if he were in California, he would fare far differently—very far differently—for there the wicked are not restrained by the gentle charities that prevail in Buffalo, and so they would deride him, and point the finger of scorn at him, and address him as "Old Smarty from Mud Springs." Indeed they would.

MY WATCH—AN INSTRUCTIVE LITTLE TALE.

My beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognized messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by and by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweller's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator *must* be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish and beseeched him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it sickened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the timepieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac.

It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house-rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I ever had it repaired. I said no, it had never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness and eagerly pried the watch open, then put a small dice-box into his eye, and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating—come in a week. After being cleaned and oiled and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments, I got to missing; my dinner my watch strung out three days' grace to four and let me go to protest; I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by and by the comprehension came upon me that all solitary and alone I was lingering along in week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seem to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow-feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swap news with him. I went to a watchmaker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this, the watch *averaged* well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out, there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges' stand all right and just on time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch, and I took this instrument to another watchmaker. He said the kinkbolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kinkbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the kinkbolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run awhile and then stop awhile, and then run awhile again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair-trigger. He fixed it, and gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make head or tail of the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-soiling. He made these things all right and then my timepiece performed unexceptionably, save that now and then

after working along quietly for nearly eight hours, everything inside would let go all of a sudden and begin to buzz like a bee, and the hands would straightway begin to spin round and round so fast that their individuality was lost completely, and they simply seemed a delicate spider's web over the face of the watch. She would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang. I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on, I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner.

He said :

"She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!"

I brained him on the spot, and had him buried at my own expense.

My uncle William (now deceased, alas !) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it. And he used to wonder what became of all the unsuccessful tinkers, and gunsmiths, and shoemakers, and blacksmiths ; but nobody could ever tell him.

FAVORS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

One writes me as follows, in a journalistic hand, from New York :

"I want to tell you a little new joke, if your publishers have not been beforehand and made it antique : A canvasser—one of those individuals that sell 'compact concentration of wisdom'—came across a Yankee divine away in some interior hamlet of Massachusetts, and desired him to subscribe to a work entitled 'The Innocents Abroad.' The seller of wit, thinking that the minister might wish to know something of the contents of the work, pointed out several chapters bearing on the state of the church in Italy, and matters of religious and Biblical import. But all this did not induce the divine to purchase the work, though he was still undecided. At last he pointed to a woodcut of the tomb of Adam, and read the accompanying remarks thereto, of Mark Twain weeping and moralizing at the grave of his blood-relation Adam. 'What!' shouted the minister, 'if a man is silly enough to sit down and bawl at the tomb of Adam and call him a blood-relation, he deserves to be read by no one. No, sir ! I don't want his book—I wouldn't have it—the great, snivelling, overgrown calf !'"

In a Sandwich Island paper, just received by mail, I learn that some gentlemen of taste and enterprise, and also of Keekuk, Iowa, have named

a fast young colt for me. Verily, one does have to go away from home to learn the news. The cannibal paper adds that the colt has already trotted his mile, of his own accord, in 2:17 1-2. He was probably going to dinner at the time. The idea of naming anything that is fast after me—except an anchor or something of that kind—is a perfect inspiration of humor. If this poor colt could see me trot around the course once he would laugh some of his teeth out—he would indeed, if he had time to wait till I finished the trip. I have seen slower people than I am—and more deliberate people than I am—and even quieter, and more listless, and lazier people than I am. But they were dead.

AND by that Sandwich Island paper ("Commercial Advertiser") I also learned that H. M. Whitney, its able editor and proprietor for sixteen years, was just retiring from business, having sold out to younger men. I take this opportunity of thanking the disappearing veteran for courtesies done and information afforded me in bygone days. Mr. Whitney is one of the fairest-minded and best-hearted cannibals I ever knew, if I do say it myself. There is not a stain upon his name, and never has been. And he is the best judge of a human being I ever saw go through a market. Many a time I have seen natives try to palm off part of an old person on him for the fragment of a youth, but I never saw it succeed. Ah, no, there was no deceiving H. M. Whitney. He could tell the very family a roast came from if he had ever tried the family before. I remember his arresting my hand once and saying: "Let that alone—it's from one of those Hulahunulas—a very low family—and tough." I cannot think of Whitney without my mouth watering. We used to eat a great many people in those halcyon days, which shall come again, alas, nevermore. We lived on the fat of the land. And I will say this for Henry Whitney—he never thought less of his friend after examining into him, and he was always sorry when his enemy was gone.

Most of the above may fairly and justly rank as nonsense, but my respect and regard for Mr. Whitney are genuine.

My old friend is married again—as I learn from the following notice cut by a correspondent from a Cincinnati paper last May—rather old news, but it is a good scattering shot and cannot fail to "fetch" some ignorant interested body somewhere, considering the number of brides:

MARRIED.

YOUNG—MARTIN—PENDERGAST—JENICKSON—CLEVELAND—MARTIN.—in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 16th ult., in the presence of the Saints, Elder Brigham Young to Mrs. J. R. Martin, Miss L. M. Pendergast, Mrs. R. M. Jenickson, Miss Susie P. Cleveland, and Miss Emily P. Martin, all of the county of Berks, England.

The following is genuine, and was cut from the regular advertising columns of a great daily newspaper in a certain city. How many of my

little Sunday-school friends can guess the city? Do not all speak at once—or if you do, do not put the emphasis strong on the second syllable, because it would not be nice for little boys and girls to disturb the continent. Though people who want divorces are not always the continent. Read:

WANTED—Divorces legally obtained without publicity, and at small expense. No fee unless decree is obtained. Address P. O. Box 1,037. This is the P. O. Box advertised for the past six years, and the owner has obtained 446 divorces during that time.

“M.” (Springfield, O.) encloses for the Memoranda an inscription copied verbatim from a tombstone in Mount Vernon Cemetery, Wheeling, erected to the memory of four little children who died within a few weeks of each other. (S. J., of Wheeling, also sends a copy of the same.) The verses seem to represent a conversation between the parents and the departed:

Children dear, what made you go
Far away, &c.
And leave us in our grief below,
Far away, &c.

You could not find a better home,
Nor better friends where e'er you roam,
Since you have left your earthly dome,
Far away, &c.

A heavenly message came for we,
All is well, &c.
To go and join that glorious glee,
All is well, &c.
We are members of that band,
On a holy pavement we do stand,
With a golden trumpet in our hand,
All is well, &c.

Ye are strangers in that sphere,
Children dear, &c.
You have no friends that you know there,
Children dear, &c.
We wish, we wish we could but see
That heavenly palace where you be,
And bring you back to live with we,
Children dear, &c.

Dear parents weep for us no more,
All is well, &c.
We landed safe on Canaan's shore,
All is well, &c.
Ah! friends we have, we are well known
With saints and angels round the throne,
And Jesus claims us as his own.
All is well, &c.

“Quizquiz” hurls me this under New York postmark: “I met last

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night on the Podunk Railroad an individual whose characteristics are best indicated by what follows:—

“I handed him the GALAXY, directing his attention to your map of Paris. He read your explanations through deliberately, and when he came to that part where you advised standing on the head or the use of a looking glass in order to see it properly, he turned to a careful consideration of the map. In a few moments a bright idea struck him. Holding the sheet up to the light, he looked through the *reverse side* and exclaimed: ‘Why all that ain’t necessary, all you’ve got to do is to look at it the wrong way, and it makes it right!’ He read the remainder of your explanation, including certificates, and then returned to the profound study of the map. After a while he burst out:

“‘Why, here’s a thing that’s wrong, any how! You can’t get Omaha on the west and Jersey City on the east. They’re both west. I don’t care who says it’s right, I say it ain’t!’

“I mildly suggested that Jersey City and Omaha were a long way apart, and probably the *longitude* had something to do with it; for it was impossible to suppose such military critics as General Grant and General Sherman would not have detected the blunder if it were one.

“He pondered some time. ‘Ah!’ he said finally, ‘it must be the longitude, for you see if you go around the world one way you might get Omaha on the west; while if you went round for Jersey City the other way, you’d get that on the east. I see it; it’s the longitude does it.’”

The above mention of my map of Paris calls to mind that that work of art is appreciated among the learned. It is duly advertised that whoever sends a club of one hundred subscribers to the Yale College “Courant”—together with the necessary four hundred dollars—will receive as a prize a copy of my map! I am almost tempted to go canvassing myself.

THE COMING MAN.

General Dewlap G. Lovel, Minister to Hong-Wo, has resigned and returned to this country. His successor will not be appointed at present. Some of General Lovel’s friends are nominating him for the vacant English mission. [*Item in all the papers.*]

What a jar it gave me! For as I am a true man, I thought it meant my old fellow-soldier in the Nevada militia, General Dunlap G. Lovel. And so I read it again, and again, and once more, and repeatedly—and with ever augmenting astonishment. But at last I grew calmer and began to scrutinize the “internal evidences” of this item. They were equal—part for, and part against my Lovel. For instance, my Lovel, who always thought gunpowder tea was made from ordinary gunpowder boiled instead of burned (and will still think so until he sees this paragraph), is guileless enough to go

“I met last

on wearing a military title gained as Brigadier in a militia which never saw service even in a Fourth of July procession, and consider it a distinction far from ridiculous. Consequently this general is as likely to be my general as another's. But then the remaining point of evidence is against us—namely, that this Minister Lovel has resigned. So it is not my Lovel after all. For my Lovel would not have resigned.

No; my Lovel is a man who can always be relied upon—a man who would be faithful to the death. If intrusted with an office, he would cling to that office until it was abolished. I am acquainted with my Lovel.

The distinct evidence is against my Lovel, and yet that lifting of a serene, unblinking gaze aloft to the awful sublimity of St. James', from the remote insignificance of the U. S. embassy to Hong-Wo, with its candle-box for its official desk, and boiled beans three times a day for subsistence, and peanuts on Sunday for grandeur, is so precisely like *my Lovel*!

But with sorrow I own that this General Lovel is *Dunlap G.*, while mine is only *Dunlap G.* Consequently they are not the same—far from it. Yet it is possible that a kind word from me may attract attention and sympathy to my poor Lovel and thus help a deserving man to fortune. So let me go on.

General P. Edward O'Connor has done the highest and faithfulest and best military service in Mormondom, that ever has been rendered there for our country. For about seven years or such a matter he has made both Brigham and the Indians reasonably civil and polite. Well——. However, I see by the papers that General O'Connor has *not* been appointed Governor of Utah, as the Pacific coast desired. I cannot think how I came to wander off to General O'Connor, for he has nothing whatever to do with my General Lovel. Therefore I will drop him and not digress again. I now resume.

When the nation rose, years ago, Dunlop G. Lovel, of Virginia, Nevada (Territory), flew to arms and was created a Brigadier-General of the territorial militia; and with his hand on his heart he swore an oath that he never would budge from his post till the enemy came. Colonel O'Connor flew to arms and put down the Indians and the Mormons, and *kept* them down for years—and fought his gallant way up through bullets and blood to his brigadier-generalship. But this is not a biography of General O'Connor. Hang General O'Connor! It is General Lovel I desire to speak of.

General Lovel—how imposing he looked in his uniform! He was a very exceedingly microscopic operator in wild-cat silver-mining stocks, and so he could not wear it every day; but then he was always ready when a fireman was to be buried or a relative hung. And he did look really beautiful, any of the old citizens will say that. It was a fine sight when all the militia turned out at once. The territorial population was some 22,000 then, and the Territorial militia, numbered 139 persons, including regimental officers, three major and eleven brigadier-generals. General Lovel was the eleventh.

I cannot now call to mind distinctly the several engagements General Lovel was in, but I remember the following on account of their peculiar prominence:

When Thompson Billings the desperado was captured, Lovel's brigade guarded the front door of the jail that night. It was well for Billings that he left by the back door; for it was always thought that if he had come out front way he would have been shot.

At this great Sanitary Ball in Carson City, General Lovel was present in his uniform.

When the Legislature met in 1863, General Lovel and brigade were promptly on duty, either to do honor to them or protect the public, I have forgotten which.

He was present in his uniform with his men, to guard the exit of the Legislature of 1862, and let the members retire in peace with the surplus steel pens and stationery. This was the Legislature that confirmed his appointment as Brigadier-General. It also elected as enrolling clerk of its House of Representatives a militia chieftain by the name of Captain G. Murphy, who could not write. This was a misunderstanding, however, rather than a blunder, for the Legislature of 1862 did not know it was necessary he should know how to write.

When the Governor delivered his farewell address, General Lovel and brigade were there, and never gave way an inch till it was done.

General Lovel was in several other engagements, but I cannot call them to mind now.

By-and-by the people began to feel that General Lovel's military services ought to be rewarded. So some one suggested that he run as an independent candidate for U. S. Senator (for Nevada was become a new fledged State by this time). Modest as this old soldier was, backward as he was, naturally diffident as he was, he said he would do it, and he did. It was commonly reported and steadfastly believed by everybody that he spent the bulk of his fortune, which was fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, in "putting up" a legislative delegation from Virginia City which should fight under his Senatorial banner. **AND YET THAT MAN WAS NOT ELECTED.** I not only state, but I swear to it. Why, unless my memory has gone entirely crazy, that polluted Legislature never even mentioned his name!

What was an old public servant to do after such treatment! Shake the dust from his sandals and leave the State to its self-invited decay and ruin. That was the course to pursue. He knew a land where worth is always recognized, a city where the nation's faithful vassal cannot know the cold hand of neglect—WASHINGTON. He went there in Andrew Johnson's time. He probably got Captain John Nye to use his "influence" for him—ha! ha!

What do we behold a grateful nation instantly do! We see it send General O'Connor—no, I mean General Lovel—to represent us as resident minister at oriental Hong-Wo!

No, no, no—I have got it all wrong again. It is not my Dun-lap, but somebody's Dew-lap that was sent.

But might it not—no, it cannot be and is not my Lovel whose "friends" are pointing him towards august St. James's. The first syllable of the name is so different. But my Lovel would do very well indeed for that place.

I am aware that he knows no French, and is not certain of his English. But then our foreign representatives seldom know the "language of diplomacy" anyhow. I do not know that he has any education to speak of—am confident he has not—but cannot a man learn? I am not even certain that he knows enough to come in when it rains, but I say it again, and repeat and reiterate it, cannot a man *learn*? We need a person at such a lordly court as the British who is well-bred and gentlemanly in his appearance and address, a man accustomed to the dignities and proprieties of the highest and best society. There is not a barkeeper, a desperado, an editor, or an Indian in Nevada but will speak in terms of respect of Dun-lap G. Lovel, and say that he always worthily bore himself among the cream of society in that critical and exacting community. We want no mere unconsidered "Mr." at the Court of St. James—we want a person with a title to his name—a General, nothing less. My General would answer. He could tell those old field-m Marshals from India and Abyssinia something about soldier-life which would be new to them, perhaps. But above all, we want a great-brained, profound, diplomatic genius at the Court of St. James's—a man surcharged with experience likewise. Now if this deep, this bottomless Hong-Wooian diplomat were only *Dun-lap G. Lovel*—but no, it is *Dew-lap*. But my General would be a great card for us in England, and I wish we could have him. Contemplate him in Motley's place. Think of my dainty Lilliputian standing in Brobdingnag Motley's shoes, and peeping out smartly over the instep at the Great Powers. It would be a thing to bless and honor a heedful Providence for—this consummation.

Who are the "friends" who desire the appointment of that other Lovel, I wonder! If that Lovel were my Lovel, I should think the term "friends" referred to "Captain" John Nye, of the lobby, Washington, a man whom I love to call "the Wheels of Government," because if you could see him backing members up into corners by the button-hole, and "influencing" them in favor of this, that and the other Lovel whom the back settlements have cast up undigested, you would believe as I do, that our Government could not proceed without him.

But sorrow to me, this Lovel is *Dew-lap*, and mine is totally another man—*Dun-lap*. Let it go. I care not. And yet my heart *knows* I would worship that President who should show my fading eyes and failing life the spectacle of "General" *Dun-lap G. Lovel*, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's and "Captain" John Nye, of the lobby, Washington, Secretary of Legation. I would be content to die then—entirely content. And so with loving zeal I add my name to the list of "General Lovel's friends" who are "nominating him for the vacant English mission."

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A BOOK REVIEW.

BY R. B. W.

In his preface to this highly interesting volume* Professor Huxley says :

To the historiographer the most interesting period of research is that where history proper loses itself in the vague mist of mythologic shadow. The childhood of nations has always been a favourite subject of investigation. To separate the type from the fact ; the symbol from the thing symbolized ; the ideal from the real ; to regroup the disintegrated fragments, and from the materials thus gathered to construct a firm and trustworthy superstructure on which the mind may rest in tranquil confidence ; this has ever been and ever will be one of the most fascinating pursuits to which the cultured intellect can be devoted. If, then, we seek the childhood of nations as a favored field for philosophic speculation, may we not with equal propriety turn to the semper-existent *nation of children*, seek out the origin of their traditions, trace the development of their customs, and interpret by the light of history and reason their orally transmitted lore ? Herein is a new field for speculative research. Hence may be derived results the most far-reaching prescience could not forecast ; and even childhood's games may thus attain an eminence in the realms of thought undreamt of by purblind metaphysicians of the dormant ages !

This extract shows sufficiently the spirit in which the author of "Vestiges of the Creation" has undertaken a work which, to many, might seem scarcely worthy the time and labor evidently bestowed upon it, and high position in the scientific world its author enjoys.† Following out the idea of similarity between this childhood of nations and the nationality of childhood, Professor Huxley says, p. 76:

Disraeli in his "Amencities of Literature," has shown conclusively that the religion of Druidism was one only possible to a people not yet emerged from a state of mental childhood. The British Druids constituted a sacred and secret society, religious, political, literary, and military. In the rude mechanism of society in a state of pupillage, the first elements of government, however puerile, were the levers to lift and sustain the barbaric mind. Invested with all privileges and immunities, amid that transcendent omnipotence which man, in his first feeble condition, can confer, the wild children of society crouched together before those illusions which superstition so easily forges. Whatever was taught was forbidden to be written, and not only their doctrines and their sciences were veiled in sacred obscurity, but the laws which they made and the traditions of their mythology were oral. The Druids were the common fathers of the British youth, for they were their sole educators, and, for the most part, progenitors. Could the parallel be more exact ?

* "An Inquiry into the Origin, Development and Transmission of the Games of Childhood, in all Ages and of every Nation, with Notes, Critical, Analytical and Historical." By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S. Author's edition. New York : Shelton & Bros. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 498.

† It is to be regretted that unfortunate domestic relations should ever affect the social status of a great and learned writer ; but this affords no just ground for disputing the logical results of the inductive system.

Descending from the general to the particular consideration of his subject, Professor Huxley traces objectively the origin of many of the childish games known in this country, such as marbles, ring-taw, leaping etc., and others which have been practised from time immemorial by the youth of every clime and age. Speaking of the game of oats, peas, beans, and barley, all which is found to have originated in a mystic symbolism similar in some respects to the dances of the so-called Shakers of to-day, he says :

The allegory constantly presented in the religious chants of the Aryans reveals a freshness which renders their interpretation easy. It is sufficient to read the Rig-veda to be convinced that naturalism--that is to say, the study of physical nature--constituted the foundation of the worship of those pastoral peoples who then occupied the Pmjaub, and later emigrated to the northerly plains of Hindoostan. It is the direct product of that poetical and anthropomorphic spirit which personifies all objects, all phenomena, and is the unvarying form imagination takes at its awakening.

The lengthy extracts already made render it impossible even to allude to many of the most entertaining topics of this exhaustive work ; but one of the most curious of the traditions exhumed from the buried records of the past is that which relates to the game of hop Scotch. The Professor traces clearly the practice of this pastime as far back as the invention of the morris and broadsword dances of the Scottish clansmen in the early part of the eleventh century, and suggests, rather than positively ascribes, its origin to the boyish imitation of their parents' warlike sports, by the youthful Bruces and Douglasses of the period. He gives, however, for what it is worth, a quaint tradition which carries the origin of this game back almost to the garden of Eden--back, in fact, to Cain and Abel in person.

[To economize space, I leave out the tradition, and also the arguments which the reviewer offers in support of its claims to probability.—EDITOR MEMORANDA.]

There is a superficial objection which may be made to the reception of this theory of the origin of hop Scotch, and it is obvious. To have used these words, Cain and Abel must have spoken English. Granted. But the explanation is very simple. Adam was an Aryan* and, necessarily, Cain and Abel were Aryans also. Now the roots of all languages are found in the Aryan and Semitic tongues. Professor Huxley gives numerous instances (most of which are well known to philologists) of radical identity between words in use in several of the modern languages, at the present day and those of the most primitive nations of the globe. The reader familiar with the Semitic languages will have no difficulty in following the author in his philological demonstration of the innate possibility that Cain and Abel may have given this name to this game—that is, that the sound and the idea

* The Hebrews, it will be remembered, do not appear among the brotherhood of nations until the Abrahamic era. In this respect the Mosaic cosmogony is fully sustained by Sanscrit writers as well as by the Chinese philosopher Confucius, who flourished 346 years B.C.

intended were the same, although it is unnecessary to say the spelling may have differed. But this is a minor point. The most interesting demonstration, however, is to be found in the algebraic formula by which Professor Huxley proves a similar conclusion. It shall be our final extract, but we cannot refrain from giving it entire, in the Professor's own words :

Representing the two known qualities Cain and Abel by the letters C and A, we proceed as follows:—Let x = the language used by Cain, and, x , the language used by Abel. Also, let y = the language *not* used by Cain, and y , the language *not* used by Abel. Then—

$$1 = x + y, \text{ or all the languages used by Cain, and}$$

$$1 = x + y, \text{ or all the language used by Abel.}$$

The time is assumed to be that at which the game was at its height.

Then, $p + p$, being the respective probabilities that any particular words were used we have :

$$Cpx + cpy = cl : \text{ and}$$

$$Ap, x + ap, y, = al.$$

Adding the two equations :

$$Cpx + ap, x, = cpy + ap, y, = cl + al.$$

$$Cpx + ap, x, = cl + al = cpy = ap, y$$

But since $y = 0$, we may omit the quantities containing that symbol, and

$$Cpx + ap, x, = cl + al, \text{ or}$$

$$Cpx = cl \text{ and}$$

$$cl.$$

$$Cx = —$$

$$p$$

$$Ap, x, = al.$$

$$al, \text{ But,}$$

$$Ax = —$$

$$p$$

$p = 1$ when x words are considered, and

$p, = 1$ when $x,$ words are considered. Therefore, adding the two equations again, we have

$$Cx + ax, = cl + al.$$

Thus proving that Cain used x words and Abel used x words. Q. E. D.

Enough has been given, we think, to arouse the interest of our readers in this, all things considered, remarkable book. It is enough to say in conclusion that the patient research and philosophical deductions of the student and the thinker have here unearthed for the instruction and amusement of the present age, a wealth of quaint and curious information which has long lain buried in oblivion, or existed only among the *ana* of that pigmy nation that exists among us and around us, but which, until Professor Huxley became its historian and interpreter, was not of us.

[I wish to state that this review came to me from some Philadelphia person entirely unknown to me ; but as I could make neither head nor tail of the thing, I thought it must be good, and therefore have published it. I have heard of Professor Huxley before, and knew that he was the author of Watt's hymns, but did not know before that he wrote "Vestiges of Creation." However, let it pass—I suppose he did, since it is so stated. I have not yet seen his new work about children, and moreover, I do not want to, for all this reviewer thinks so much of it. Mr. Huxley is too handy with his slate-pencil to suit me. - EDITOR MEMORANDA.]

THE TONE-IMPARTING COMMITTEE.

When I get old and ponderously respectable, only one thing will be able to make me truly happy, and that will be to be put on the Venerable Tone-imparting Committee of the city of New York, and have nothing to do but sit on the platform, solemn and imposing, along with Peter Cooper, Horace Greeley, etc., etc., and shed momentary fame at second hand on obscure lectures, draw public attention to lectures which would otherwise clack eloquently to sounding emptiness, and subdue audiences into respectful hearing of all sorts of unpopular and outlandish dogmas and isms. That is what I desire for the cheer and gratification of my gray hairs. Let me but sit up there with those fine relics of the Old Red Sandstone Period and give Tone to an intellectual entertainment twice a week, and be so reported, and my happiness will be complete. Those men have been my envy for a long, long time. And no memories of my life are so pleasant as my reminiscence, of their long and honorable career in the Tone-imparting service. I can recollect the first time I ever saw them on the platforms just as well as I remember the events of yesterday. Horace Greeley sat on the right, Peter Cooper on the left, and Thomas Jefferson, Red Jacket, Benjamin Franklin, and John Hancock sat between them. This was on the 22d of December 1799, on the occasion of the state funeral of George Washington in New York. It was a great day, that—a great day, and a very, very sad one. I remember that Broadway was one mass of black crape from Castle Garden nearly up to where the City Hall now stands. The next time I saw these gentlemen officiate was at a ball given for the purpose of procuring money and medicines for the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors. Horace Greeley occupied one side of the platform on which the musicians were exalted, and Peter Cooper the other. There were other Tone-imparters attendant upon the two chiefs, but I have forgotten their names now. Horace Greeley, gray-haired and beaming, was in sailor costume—white duck pants, blue shirt, open at the breast, large neckerchief, loose as an ox-bow, and tied with a jaunty sailor knot, broad turnover collar with star in the corner, shiny black little tarpaulin hat roosting daintily far back on head, and flying two gallant long ribbons. Slippers on ample feet, round spectacles on benignant nose, and pitchfork in hand, completed Mr. Greeley, and made him, in my boyish admiration, every inch a sailor, and worthy to be the honoured great-grandfather of the Neptune he was so ingeniously representing. I shall never forget him. Mr. Cooper was dressed as a general of militia, and was disarmingly and oppressively white. I neglected to remark, in the proper place, that the soldiers and sailors whose aid the ball was given had just been sent in from Boston—this was during the war of 1812.

At the grand national reception of Lafayette, in 1824, Horace Greeley sat on the right and Peter Cooper on the left. The other Tone imparters of that day are sleeping the sleep of the just, now. I was in the audience, when Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, and other chief citizens imparted tone to the great meetings in favor of French liberty, in 1848. Then I never saw them

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any more until here lately ; but now that I am living tolerably near the city, I run down every time I see it announced that "Horace Greely, Peter Cooper, and several other distinguished citizens will occupy seats on the platform ;" and next morning, when I read in the first paragraph of the phonographic report that "Horace Greely, Peter Cooper, and several other distinguished citizens occupied seats on the platform," I say to myself, "Thank God, I was present." Thus I have been enabled to see these substantial old friends of mine sit on the platform and give tone to lectures on anatomy, and lectures on agriculture, and lectures on stirpiculture, and lectures on astronomy, on chemistry, on miscegenation, on "Is Man descended from the Kangaroo ?" on veterinary matters, on all kinds of religion, and several kinds of politics ; and have seen them give tone and grandeur to the Four-legged Girl, the Siamese Twins, the Great Egyptian Sword Swallower, and the Old Original Jacobs. Whenever somebody is to lecture on a subject not of general interest, I know that my venerated Remains of the Old Red Sandstone Period will be on the platform ; whenever a lecturer is to appear whom nobody has heard of before, nor will be likely to seek to see, I know that the real benevolence of my old friends will be taken advantage of, and that they will be on the platform (and in the bills) as an advertisement ; and whenever any new and obnoxious deviltry in philosophy, morals, or politics is to be sprung upon the people, I know perfectly well that these intrepid old heroes will be on that platform too, in the interest of full and free discussion, and to crush down all narrower and less generous souls with the solid dead weight of their awful respectability. And let us all remember that while these inveterate and imperishable presiders (if you please) appear on the platform every night in the year, as regularly as the volunteered piano from Steinway's or Chickering's, and have bolstered up and given tone to a deal of questionable merit and obscure emptiness in their time, they have also diversified this inconsequential service by occasional powerful uplifting and upholding of great progressive ideas which smaller men feared to meddle with or countenance.

THE DANGER OF LYING IN BED.

The man in the ticket office said :

"Have an accident insurance ticket also ?"

"No," I said, after studying the matter over a little. "No, I believe not ; I am going to be travelling by rail all day-to-day. However, to-morrow I don't travel. Give me one for to-morrow."

The man looked puzzled. He said :

"But it is for accident insurance, and if you are going to travel by rail

"If I am going to travel by rail, I shan't need it. Lying at home in bed is the thing I am afraid of."

I had been looking into this matter. Last year I travelled twenty thousand miles, almost entirely by rail ; the year before, I travelled over

twenty-five thousand miles, half by sea and half by rail ; and the year before that I travelled in the neighborhood of ten thousand miles, exclusively by rail. I suppose if I put in all the little odd journeys here and there, I may say I have travelled sixty thousand miles during the three years I have mentioned. *And never an accident.*

For a good while I said to myself every morning : " Now I have escaped thus far, and so the chances are just that much increased that I shall catch it this time. I will be shrewd, and buy an accident ticket." And to a dead moral certainty I drew a blank and went to bed that night without a joint started or a bone splintered. I got tired of that sort of daily bother, and fell to buying accident tickets that were good for a month. I said to myself, " A man *can't* buy thirty blanks in one bundle."

But I was mistaken. There was never a prize in the lot. I could read of railway accidents every day—the newspaper atmosphere was foggy with them ; but somehow they never came my way. I found I had spent a good deal of money in the accident business, and had nothing to show for it. My suspicions were aroused, and I began to hunt around for somebody that had won in this lottery. I found plenty of people who had invested, but not an individual that had ever had an accident or made a cent. I stopped buying accident tickets and went to ciphering. The result was astounding. **THE PERIL LAY NOT IN TRAVELLING BUT IN STAYING AT HOME.**

I hunted up statistics, and was amazed to find that after all the glaring newspaper headings concerning railroad disasters, less than *three hundred* people had really lost their lives by those disasters in the preceding twelve months. The Erie road was set down as the most murderous in the list. It had killed forty-six—or twenty-six, I do not exactly remember which, but I know the number was double that of any other road. But the fact straightway suggested itself that the Erie was an immensely long road, and did more business than any other line in the country ; so the double number killed ceased to be matter for surprise.

By further figuring, it appeared that between New York and Rochester the Erie ran eight passenger trains each way every day—sixteen altogether ; and carried a daily average of 6,000 persons. That is about a million in six months—the population of New York city. Well, the Erie kills from thirteen to twenty-three persons out of its million in six months ; and in the same time 13,000 of New York's million die in their beds ! My flesh crept, my hair stood on end. " This is appalling ! " I said. " The danger isn't in travelling by rail, but in trusting to those deadly beds. I will never sleep in a bed again."

I had figured on considerably less than one-half the length of the Erie road. It was plain that the entire road must transport at least eleven or twelve thousand people every day. There are many short roads running out of Boston that do fully half as much ; a great many such roads. There are many roads scattered about the Union that do a prodigious passenger business. Therefore it was fair to presume that an average of 2,500 passengers a day for each road in the country would be about correct. There

are 846 railway lines in our country, and 846 times 2,500 are 2,115,000. So the railways of America move more than two millions of people every day ; six hundred and fifty millions of people a year, without counting the Sundays. They do that, too—there is no question about it ; though where they get the raw material is clear beyond the jurisdiction of my arithmetic ; for I have hunted the census through and through, and I find that there are not that many people in the United States, by a matter of six hundred and ten millions at the very least. They must use some of the same people over again, likely.

San Francisco is one-eighth as populous as New York ; there are 60 deaths a week in the former and 500 a week in the latter—if they have luck. That is 3,120 deaths a year in San Francisco, and eight times as many in New York—say about 25,000 or 26,000. The health of the two places is the same. So we shall let it stand as a fair presumption that this will hold good all over the country, and that consequently twenty-five thousand out of every million of people we have must die every year. That amounts to one-fortieth of our total population. One million of us, then, die annually. Out of this million ten or twelve thousand are stabbed, shot, drowned, hanged, poisoned, or meet a similarly violent death in some other popular way, such as perishing by kerosene lamp or hoop-skirt conflagrations, getting buried in coal mines, falling off housetops, breaking through church or lecture-room floors, taking patent medicines, or committing suicide in other forms. The Erie railroad kills from 23 to 46 ; the other 845 railroads kill one-third of a man each ; and the rest of that million, amounting in the aggregate to the appalling figure of nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand corpses, die naturally in their beds !

You will excuse me from taking any more chances in those beds. The railroads are good enough for me.

And my advice to all people is, Don't stay at home any more than you can help ; but when you have *got* to stay at home for a while, buy a package of these insurance tickets and sit up nights. You cannot be too cautious.

[One can see now why I answered that ticket agent in the manner recorded at the top of this sketch.]

The moral of this composition is, that thoughtless people grumble more than is fair about railroad management in the United States. When we consider that every day and night of the year full fourteen thousand railway trains of various kinds, freighted with life and armed with death, go thundering over the land, the marvel is, *not* that they kill three hundred human beings in a twelvemonth, but that they do not kill three hundred times three hundred !

ONE OF MANKIND'S BORES.

I SUPPOSE that if there is one thing in the world more hateful than another to all of us, it is to have to write a letter. A private letter especially. And business letters, to my thinking, are very little pleasanter. Nearly all

the enjoyment is taken out of every letter I get by the reflection that it must be answered. And I do so dread the affliction of writing those answers, that often my first and gladdest impulse is to burn my mail before it is opened. For ten years I never felt that sort of dread at all, because I was moving about constantly, from city to city, from State to State, and from country to country, and so I could leave all letters unanswered if I chose, and the writers of them would naturally suppose that I had changed my post-office and missed receiving my correspondence. But I am "cornered" now. I cannot use that form of deception any more. I am anchored, and letters of all kinds come straight to me with deadly precision.

They are letters of all sorts and descriptions, and they treat of everything. I generally read them at breakfast, and right often they kill a day's work by diverting my thoughts and fancies into some new channel, thus breaking up and making confusion of the programme of scribbling I had arranged for my working hours. After breakfast I clear for action, and for an hour try hard to write; but there is no getting back into the old train of thought after such an interruption, and so at last I give it up and put off further effort till next day. One would suppose that I would now answer those letters and get them out of the way; and I suppose one of those model young men we read about, who enter New York barefoot and live to become insolent millionaires, would be sure to do that; but I don't. I never shall be a millionaire, and so I disdain to copy the ways of those men. I did not start right. I made a fatal mistake to begin with, and entered New York with boots on and above forty cents in my pocket. With such an unpropitious beginning, any efforts of mine to acquire great wealth would be frowned upon as illegitimate, and I should be ruthlessly put down as an impostor. And so, as I said before, I decline to follow the lead of those chrysalis Cresuses and answer my correspondents with commercial promptness. I stop work for the day, and leave the new letters stacked up along with those that came the day before, and the day before that, and the day before that, and so on. And by-and-by the pile grows so large that it begins to distress me, and then I attack it and give full five and sometimes six hours to the assault. And how many of the letters do I answer in that time? Never more than nine; usually only five or six. The correspondence clerk in a great mercantile house would answer a hundred in that many hours. But a man who has spent years in writing for the press cannot reasonably be expected to have such facility with a pen. From old habit he gets to thinking and thinking, patiently puzzling for minutes together over the proper turning of a sentence in an answer to some unimportant private letter, and so the precious time slips away.

It comes natural to me in these latter years to do all manner of composition laboriously and ploddingly, private letters included. Consequently, I do fervently hate letter-writing, and so do all the newspaper and magazine men that I am acquainted with.

The above remarks are by way of explanation and apology to parties who have written me about various matters, and whose letters I have neglected to

answer. I tried in good faith to answer them—tried every now and then, and always succeeded in clearing off several, but always as surely left the majority of those received each week to lie over till the next. The result was always the same, to wit: the unanswered letters would shortly begin to have a reproachful look about them, next an upbraiding look, and by-and-by an aggressive and insolent aspect; and when it came to that, I always opened the stove door and made an example of them. The return of cheerfulness and the flight of every feeling of distress on account of neglected duty was immediate and thorough.

I did not answer the letter of the Wisconsin gentleman, who inquired whether imported brads were better than domestic ones, because I did not know what brads were, and did not choose to let on to a stranger. I thought it would have looked much better in him, anyhow, to ask somebody who he knew was in the habit of eating brads, or wearing them, whichever is the proper way of utilizing them.

I did manage to answer the little Kentucky boy who wished to send me his wildcat. I thanked him very kindly and cordially for his donation, and said I was very fond of cats of all descriptions, and told him to do like the little Indiana boy, and forward it to Rev. Mr. Beecher, and I would call and get it some time. I could not bear to check the warm young tide of his generosity, and yet I had no (immediate) use for the insect myself.

I did not answer the young man who wrote me from Tennessee, inquiring "how to become a good reporter and acceptable journalist, chiefly because if one marks out the nice easy method which he knows these kind of inquirers have in their 'mind's eye, they straightway begin to afflict him with semi-weekly specimens of what they can do, under the thin disguise of a friendly correspondence; and if he marks out the unromantic and unattractive method which he believes in his heart to be the absolutely necessary one, they always write back and call him a "nigger" or a "thief." These people are so illogical.

A FALSEHOOD.

MARK TWAIN at last sees that the "Saturday Review's" criticism of his "Innocents Abroad" was not serious, and he is intensely mortified at the thought of having been so badly sold. He takes the only course left him, and in the last GALAXY claims that *he* wrote the criticism himself, and published it in THE GALAXY to sell the public. This is ingenious, but unfortunately it is not true. If any of our readers will take the trouble to call at this office, we will show them the original article in the "Saturday Review" of October 8th, which, on comparison, will be found to be identical with the one published in THE GALAXY. The best thing for Mark to do will be to admit that he was sold, and say no more about it.

The above is from the Cincinnati "Enquirer," and is a falsehood. Come to the proof. If the "Enquirer" people, through any agent, will produce at THE GALAXY office a London "Saturday Review" of October 8th, containing an "article which, on comparison, will be found to be identical with the

one published in *THE GALAXY*," I will pay to that agent five hundred dollars cash. Moreover, if at any specified time I fail to produce at the same place a copy of the London "Saturday Review" of October 8th, containing a lengthy criticism upon the "Innocents Abroad," entirely different, in every paragraph and sentence, from the one I published in *THE GALAXY*, I will pay to the "Enquirer's" agent another five hundred dollars cash. I offer Sheldon & Co., publishers, 500 Broadway, New York, as my "backers" Any one in New York authorized by the "Enquirer," will receive prompt attention. It is an easy and profitable way for the "Enquirer" people to prove that they have not uttered a pitiful, deliberate falsehood in the above paragraph. Will they swallow that falsehood ignominiously, or will they send an agent to *THE GALAXY* office?

In next month's *GALAXY*, if they do not send the agent and take this chance at making a thousand dollars where they do not need to risk a single cent, they shall be exposed. I think the Cincinnati "Enquirer" must be edited by children.

THE INDIGNITY PUT UPON THE REMAINS OF GEORGE HOLLAND BY THE REV. MR. SABINE.

What a ludicrous satire it was upon Christian charity! even upon the vague, theoretical idea of it which doubtless this small saint mouths from his own pulpit every Sunday. Contemplate this freak of Nature, and think what a Cardiff giant of self-righteousness is crowded into his pigmy skin. If we probe, and dissect, and lay open this diseased, this cancerous piety of his, we are forced to the conviction that it is the production of an impression on his part that his guild do about all the good that is done in the earth, and hence are better than common clay—hence are competent to say to such as George Holland, "You are unworthy; you are a play-actor, and consequently a sinner; I cannot take the responsibility of recommending you to the mercy of Heaven." It must have had its origin in that impression, else he would have thought, "We are all instruments for the carrying out of God's purposes; it is not for me to pass judgment upon your appointed share of the work, or to praise or to revile it; I have divine authority for it that we are all sinners, and therefore it is not for me to discriminate and say we will supplicate for this sinner, for he was a merchant prince or a banker, but we will beseech no forgiveness for this other one, for he was a play-actor." It surely requires the furthest possible reach of self-righteousness to enable a man to lift his scornful nose in the air and turn his back upon so poor and pitiable a thing as a dead stranger come to beg the last kindness that humanity can do in its behalf. This creature has violated the letter of the gospel, and judged George Holland—not George Holland either, but his *profession* through him. Then it is in a measure fair that we judge this creature's guild through *him*. In effect he has said, "We are the salt of the earth; we do all the good work

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that is done ; to learn how to be good, and do good, men must come to us ; actors and such are obstacles to moral progress."* Pray look at the thing reasonably for a moment, laying aside all biases of education and custom. If a common public impression is fair evidence of a thing, then this minister's legitimate, recognized, and acceptable business is to *tell* people calmly, coldly, and in stiff, written sentences, from the pulpit, to go and do right, be just, be merciful, be charitable. And his congregation forget it all between church and home. But for fifty years it was George Holland's business, on the stage, to *make* his audience go and do right, and be just, merciful and charitable—because by his living, breathing, feeling pictures, he showed them what it *was* to do these things, and *how* to do them, and how instant and ample was the reward ! Is it not a singular teacher of men, this reverend gentleman who is so poorly informed himself as to put the whole stage under ban, and say, "I do not think it teaches moral lessons ?"

Where was ever a sermon preached that could make filial ingratitude so hateful to men as the sinful play of "King Lear?" Or where was there ever a sermon that could so convince men of the wrong and the cruelty of harboring a pampered and unanalyzed jealousy as the sinful play of "Othello?" And where are there ten preachers who can stand in the pulpit teaching heroism, unselfish devotion, and lofty patriotism, and hold their own against any one of five hundred William Tells that can be raised up upon five hundred stages in the land at a day's notice ! It is almost fair and just to aver (though it is profanity) that nine-tenths of all the kindness and forbearance and Christian charity and generosity in the hearts of the American people to-day got there by being filtered down from their fountain-head, the gospel of Christ, *through dramas and tragedies and comedies on the stage, and through the dispised novel and the Christmas story, and through the thousand and one lessons, suggestions, and narratives of generous deeds that stir the pulses, and exalt and augment the nobility of the nation day by day from the teeming columns of ten thousand newspapers, and not from the drowsy pulpit !*

All that is great and good in our particular civilization came straight from the hand of Jesus Christ, and many creatures, and of divers sorts, were doubtless appointed to disseminate it; and let us believe that *this seed and the result* are the main thing, and not the cut of the sower's garment ; and that whosoever, in his way and according to his opportunity, sows the one and produces the other, has done high service and worthy. And further,

* Reporter—What answer did you make, Mr. Sabine ?

Mr. Sabine—I said that I had a distaste for officiating at such a funeral, and that I did not care to be mixed up in it. I said to the gentleman that I was willing to bury the deceased from his house, but that I objected to having the funeral solemnized at a church.

Reporter—Is it one of the laws of the Protestant Episcopal Church that a deceased theatrical performer shall not be buried from the church ?

Mr. Sabine—It is not ; but I have always warned the professing members of my congregation to keep away from theatres and not to have any thing to do with them. I don't think that they teach moral lessons.—*New York Times.*

let us try with all our strength to believe whenever old simple-hearted George Holland sowed this seed, and reared his crop of broader charities and better impulses in men's hearts, it was just as acceptable before the Throne as if the seed had been scattered in vapid platitudes from the pulpit of the ineffable Sabine himself.

Am I saying that the pulpit does not do its share toward disseminating the marrow, the *meat* of the Gospel of Christ? (For we are not talking of ceremonies and wiredrawn creeds now, but the living heart and soul of what is pretty often only a spectre.)

No, I am not saying that. The pulpit teaches assemblages of people twice a week—nearly two hours, altogether—and does what it can in that time. The theatre teaches large audiences seven times a week—28 or 30 hours altogether; and the novels and newspapers plead, and argue, and illustrate, stir, move, thrill, thunder, urge, persuade, and supplicate, at the feet of millions and millions of people every single day, and all day long and far into the night; and so these vast agencies till *nine-tenths* of the vineyard, and the pulpit tills the other tenth. Yet now and then some complacent blind idiot says, "You unanointed are coarse clay and useless; you are not as we, the regenerators of the world; go, bury yourselves elsewhere, for we cannot take the responsibility of recommending idlers and sinners to the yearning mercy of Heaven." How *does* a soul like that stay in a carcass without getting mixed with the secretions and sweated out through the pores! Think of this insect condemning the whole theatrical service as a disseminator of bad morals, because it has Black Crooks in it; forgetting that if that were sufficient ground, people would condemn the pulpit because it had Cooks, and Kallochs, and Sabines in it.

No, I am not trying to rob the pulpit of any atom of its full share and credit in the work of disseminating the meat and marrow of the gospel of Christ; but I am trying to get a moment's hearing for worthy agencies in the same work, that with overwrought modesty seldom or never claim a recognition of their great services. I am aware that the pulpit does its excellent one-tenth (and credits itself with it now and then, though most of the time a press of business causes it to forget it); I am aware that in its honest and well-meaning way it bores the people with uninflamable truisms about doing good; bores them with correct compositions on charity; bores them, chloroforms them, stupefies them with argumentative mercy without a flaw in the grammar, or an emotion which the minister could put in the right place if he turned his back and took his finger off the manuscript. And in doing these things the pulpit is doing its duty, and let us believe that it is likewise doing its best, and doing it in the most harmless and respectable way. And so I have said, and shall keep on saying, let us give the pulpit its full share of credit in elevating and ennobling the people; but when a pulpit takes to itself authority to pass judgment upon the work and the worth of just as legitimate an instrument of God as itself, who spent a long life preaching from the stage the self-same gospel without the alteration of a single sentiment or a single axiom of right, it is fair and just that somebody

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who believes that actors were made for high and good purpose, and that they accomplish the object of their creation and accomplish it well, to protest. And having protested, it is also fair and just—being driven to it, as it were—to whisper to the Sabine pattern of clergyman, under the breath, a simple, instructive truth, and say, "Ministers are not the only servants of God upon earth, nor His most efficient ones either, by a very, very long distance!" Sensible ministers already know this, and it may do the other kind good to find it out.

But to cease teaching and go back to the beginning again, was it not pitiable, that spectacle? Honored and honorable old George Holland, whose theatrical ministry had for fifty years softened hard hearts, bred generosity in cold ones, kindled emotion in dead ones, uplifted base ones, broadened bigoted ones, and made many and many a stricken one glad and filled it brim full of gratitude, figuratively spit upon in his unoffending coffin by this crawling, slimy, sanctimonious, self-righteous reptile!

THE PORTRAIT.

I never can look at those periodical portraits in *THE GALAXY* magazine without feeling a wild, tempestuous ambition to be an artist. I have seen thousands and thousands of pictures in my time—acres of them here and leagues of them in the galleries of Europe—but never any that moved me as the *GALAXY* portraits do.

There is the portrait of Monsignore Capel in the November *GALAXY*; now *could* anything be sweeter than that? And there was Bismarck's in the October number; who can look at that without being stronger and nobler for it? And Thurlow Weed's picture in the September number; I would not have died without seeing that, no, not for anything this world can give. But look back still further and recall my own likeness as printed in the August *GALAXY*; if I had been in my grave a thousand years when that appeared, I would have got up and visited the artist.

I sleep with all these portraits under my pillow every night, so that I can go on studying them as soon as the day dawns in the morning. I know them all as thoroughly as if I had made them myself; I know every line and mark about them. Sometimes when company are present I shuffle the portraits all up together, and then pick them out one by one and call their names, without referring to the printing at the bottom. I seldom make a mistake, never when I am calm.

The humble offering which accompanies these remarks—the portrait of His Majesty WILLIAM III., KING OF PRUSSIA—is my fifth attempt in portraits, and my greatest success. It has received unbounded praise from all classes of the community, but that which gratifies me most is the frequent and cordial verdict that it resembles the *GALAXY* portraits. Those were my first love, my earliest admiration, the original source and incentive of my art-ambition. Whatever I am in Art to-day, I owe to the *GALAXY* portraits.

I ask no credit for myself—I deserve none. And I never take any, either. Many a stranger has come to my exhibition (for I have had my portrait of King William on exhibition at one dollar a ticket), and would have gone away blessing me, if I had let him, but I never did. I always stated where I got the idea.

King William wears large bushy side whiskers, and some critics have thought that this portrait would be more complete if they were added. But it was not possible. There was not room for side whiskers and epaulettes both, and so I let the whiskers go, and put in the epaulettes for the sake of style. That thing on his hat is an eagle. The Prussian eagle—it is a national emblem. When I say hat I mean helmet; but it seems impossible to make a picture of a helmet that a body can have confidence in.

I have had the portraits framed for a long time, waiting till my aunt gets everything ready for hanging them up in the parlor. But first one thing and then another interferes, and so the thing is delayed. Once she said they would have more of the peculiar kind of light they needed in the attic. The old simpleton! it is as dark as a tomb up there. But she does not know anything about art, and so she has no reverence for it. When I showed her my "Map of the Fortifications of Paris," she said it was rubbish.

Well, from nursing those GALAXY portraits so long, I have come at last to have a perfect infatuation for art. I have a teacher now, and my enthusiasm continually and tumultuously grows, as I learn to use with more and more facility the pencil, brush, and graver. I am studying under De Mollville, the house and portrait painter. [His name was Smith when he lived West.] He does any kind of artists work a body wants, having a genius that is universal, like Michael Angelo. Resembles that great artist, in fact. The back of his head is like his, and he wears his hat-brim tilted down on his nose to expose it.

I have been studying under De Mollville several months now. The first month I painted fences, and gave general satisfaction. The next month I whitewashed a barn. The third I was doing tin roofs; the fourth common signs; the fifth, statuary to stand before cigar shops. This present month is only the sixth, and I am already in portraits!

I wish kind friends everywhere would aid me in my endeavor to attract a little attention to the GALAXY portraits. I feel persuaded it can be accomplished, if the course to be pursued be chosen with judgment. I write for that magazine all the time, and so do many abler men, and if I can get the GALAXY portraits into universal favor, it is all I ask; the reading matter will take care of itself.

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WILLIAM III,
King of Prussia

COMMENDATIONS OF THE PORTRAIT.

There is nothing like it in the Vatican.

PIUS IX.

It has none of that vagueness, that dreamy spirituality about it, which many of the first critics of Arkansas have objected to in the Murillo school of Art.

RUSKIN.

The expression is very interesting.

J. W. TITIAN.

(Keeps a macaroni store in Venice, at the old family stand.)
It is the neatest thing in still life I have seen for years.

ROSA BONHEUR.

The smile may be almost called unique.

BISMARCK.

I never saw such character portrayed in a pictured face before.

DE MELVILLE.

There is a benignant simplicity about the execution of this work which warms the heart towards it as much, full as much as it it fascinates the eye.

LANDSEER.

One cannot see it without longing to contemplate the artist.

FREDERICK WILLIAM.

Send me the entire edition—together with the plate and the original portrait—and name your own price. And—would you like to come over and stay a while with Napoleon at Wilhelmshöhe? It shall not cost you a cent.

WILLIAM III.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF GEORGE FISHER, DECEASED.

This is history. It is not a wild extravaganza, like "John Williamson Mackenzie's Great Beef Contract," but is a plain statement of facts and circumstances with which the Congress of the United States has interested itself from time to time during the long period of half a century.

I will not call this matter of George Fisher's a great deathless and unrelenting swindle upon the Government and people of the United States—for it has never been so decided, and I hold that it is a grave and solemn wrong for a writer to cast slurs or call names when such is the case—but will simply present the evidence and let the reader deduce his own verdict. Then we shall do nobody injustice, and our consciences shall be clear.

On or about the 1st day of September, 1813, the Creek war being then in progress in Florida, the crops, herds, and houses of Mr. George Fisher, a citizen, were destroyed, either by the Indians or by the United States troops in pursuit of them. By the terms of law, if the Indians had destroyed the property, there would be no relief for Fisher; but if the *troops* destroyed it,

the Government of the United States was debtor to Fisher for the amount involved.

George Fisher must have considered that the *Indians* destroyed the property, because, although he lived several years afterward, he does not appear to have ever made any claim upon the Government.

In the course of time Fisher died, and his widow married again. And by and by, nearly twenty years after that dimly-remembered raid upon Fisher's cornfields, *the widow Fisher's new husband* petitioned Congress for pay for the property, and backed up the petition with many depositions and affidavits which purported to prove that the troops, and not the Indians, destroyed the property; that the troops, for some inscrutable reason deliberately burned down "houses" (or cabins) valued at \$600, the same belonging to a peaceable private citizen, and also destroyed various other property belonging to the same citizen. But Congress declined to believe that the troops were such idiots (after overtaking and scattering a band of Indians proved to have been found destroying Fisher's property) as to calmly continue the work of destruction themselves and make a complete job of what the Indians had only commenced. So Congress denied the petition of the heirs of George Fisher in 1832, and did not pay them a cent.

We hear no more from officially until 1848, 16 years after their first attempt on the Treasury, and a full generation after the death of the man whose fields were destroyed. The new generation of Fisher heirs then came forward and put in a bill for damages. The Second Auditor awarded them \$8,873, being half the damage sustained by Fisher. The Auditor said the testimony showed that at least half the destruction was done by the Indians "*before the troops started in pursuit*," and of course the Government was not responsible for that half.

2. That was in April, 1848. In December, 1848, the heirs of George Fisher, deceased, came forward and pleaded for a "revision" of their bill of damages. The revision was made, but nothing new could be found in their favor except an error of \$100 in the former calculation. However, in order to keep up the spirits of the Fisher family, the Auditor concluded to go back and allow interest from the date of the first petition (1832) to the date when the bill of damages was awarded. This sent the Fishers home happy with sixteen years' interest on \$8,873—the same amounting to \$8,997.94. Total, \$17,870.94.

3. For an entire year the suffering Fisher family remained quiet—even satisfied, after a fashion. Then they swooped down upon Government with their wrongs once more. The old patriot, Attorney-General Toucey, burrowed through the musty papers of the Fishers and discovered one more chance for the desolute orphans—interest on that original award of \$8,873 from date of destruction of the property (1813) up to 1832! Result \$10,004.89 for the indigent Fishers. So now we have: First, \$8,873 damages; second, interest from 1832 to 1848, \$8,997.94; third, interest on it dated back to 1813, \$10,004.89. Total, \$27,875.83! What better investment for a great-grandchild than to get the Indians to burn a cornfield for him sixty

or seventy years before his birth, and plausibly lay it on lunatic United States troops!

4. Strange as it may seem, the Fishers let Congress alone for five years—or, what is perhaps more likely, failed to make themselves heard by Congress for that length of time. But at last, in 1854, they got a hearing, they persuaded Congress to pass an act requiring the Auditor to re-examine their case. But this time they stumbled upon the misfortune of an honest Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. James Guthrie), and he spoiled everything. He said in very plain language that the Fishers were not only not entitled to another cent, but that those children of many sorrows and acquainted with grief *had been paid too much already.*

5. Therefore another interval of rest and silence ensued—an interval which lasted four years, viz., till 1858. The "right man in the right place" was then Secretary of War—John B. Floyd, of peculiar renown! Here was a master intellect; here was the very man to succor the suffering heirs of dead and forgotten Fisher. They came up from Florida with a rush—a great tidal wave of Fishers freighted with the same old musty documents about the same immortal cornfields of their ancestors. They straightway got an act passed transferring the Fisher matter from the dull Auditor to ingenious Floyd. What did Floyd do! He said "IT WAS PROVED that the Indians destroyed every thing they could before the troops entered in pursuit." He considered, therefore, that what they destroyed must have consisted of "the houses with all their contents and the liquor" (the most trifling part of the destruction, and set down at only \$3,200 all told), and that the Government troops then drove them off and calmly proceeded to destroy.—

Two hundred and twenty acres of corn in the field, thirty-five acres of wheat, nine hundred and eighty-six head of live stock! [What a singularly intelligent army we had in those days, according to Mr. Floyd—thought not according to the Congress of 1832.]

So Mr. Floyd decided that the Government was not responsible for that \$3,200 worth of rubbish which the Indians destroyed, but was responsible for the property destroyed by the troops—which property consisted (I quote from the printed U. S. Senate document)—

Corn at Bassett's creek.....	\$3,000
Cattle.....	5,000
Stock hogs.....	1,050
Drove hogs.....	1,204
Wheat.....	350
Hides.....	4,000
Corn on the Alabama river.....	3,500
Total.....	\$18,104

That sum, in his report, Mr. Floyd calls the "*full value* of the property destroyed by the troops." He allows that sum to the starving Fishers, TOGETHER WITH INTEREST FROM 1813. From this new sum total the amounts already paid to the Fishers were deducted, and then the cheerful remainder (a fraction under *forty thousand dollars*) was handed to them, and again they

retired to Florida in a condition of temporary tranquillity. Their ancestor's farm had now yielded them, altogether, nearly *sixty-seven thousand dollars* in cash.

6. Does the reader suppose that that was the end of it? Does he suppose those dilfident Fishers were satisfied? Let the evidence show. The Fishers were quiet just two years. Then they came swarming up out of the fertile swamps of Florida with their same old documents, and besieged Congress once more. Congress capitulated on the first of June, 1860, and instructed Mr. Floyd to overhaul those papers again, and pay that bill. A Treasury clerk was ordered to go through those papers and report to Mr. Floyd what amount was still due the emaciated Fishers. This clerk (I can produce him whenever he is wanted) discovered what was apparently a glaring and recent forgery in the papers, whereby a witness's testimony as to the price of corn in Florida in 1813 was made to name double the amount which that witness had originally specified as the price! The clerk not only called his superior's attention to this thing, but in making up his brief of the case called particular attention to it in writing. That part of the brief *never got before Congress*, nor has Congress ever yet had a hint of a forgery existing among the Fisher papers. Nevertheless, on the basis of the doubled prices (and totally ignoring the clerk's assertion that the figures were manifestly and unquestionably a recent forgery), Mr. Floyd remarks in his new report that "the testimony, particularly in regard to the corn crops, DEMANDS A MUCH HIGHER ALLOWANCE than any heretofore made by the Auditor or myself." So he estimates the crop at *sixty bushels* to the acre (double what Florida acres produce), and then virtuously allows pay for only half the crop, but allows *two dollars and a half* a bushel for that half, when there are rusty old books and documents in the Congressional library to show just what the Fisher testimony showed before the forgery, viz.: that in the fall of 1813 corn was only worth from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a bushel. Having accomplished this, what does Mr. Floyd do next? Mr. Floyd ("with an earnest desire to execute truly the legislative will," as he piously remarks) goes to work and makes out an entirely new bill of Fisher damages, and in this new bill he placidly *ignores the Indians* altogether—puts no particle of the destruction of the Fisher property upon them, but, even repenting him of charging them with burning the cabins and drinking the whiskey and breaking the crockery, lays the *entire* damage at the door of the imbecile United States troops, down to the very last item! And not only that, but uses the forgery to double the loss of corn at "Bassett's creek," and uses it again to absolutely *treble* the loss of corn on the "Alabama river." This new and ably conceived and executed bill of Mr. Floyd's figures up as follows (I copy again from the printed U. S. Senate document):

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The United States in account with the legal representatives of George Fisher, deceased.

1813—To 550 head of cattle, at \$10	\$5,500 00
To 86 head of drove hogs.....	1,204 00
To 350 head of stock hogs.....	1,750 00
To 100 ACRES OF CORN ON BASSETT'S CREEK.....	6,000 00
To 8 barrels of whiskey.....	350 00
To 2 barrels of brandy.....	280 00
To 1 barrel of rum.....	70 00
To dry goods and merchandise in store.....	1,100 00
To 35 acres of wheat.....	350 00
To 2,000 hides.....	4,000 00
To furs and hats in store.....	600 00
To crockery ware in store.....	100 00
To smith's and carpenter's tools.....	250 00
To houses burned and destroyed.....	600 00
To 4 dozen bottles of wine.....	48 00
1814—To 110 acres of corn on Alabama river.....	9,500 00
To crops of peas, fodder, etc.....	3,250 00
Total	\$34,952 00
To interest on \$22,202, from July, 1813, to November 1860, 47 years and 4 months.....	63,053 68
To interest on \$12,750, from September, 1814, to November, 1860, 46 years and 2 months.....	35,317 50
Total	\$133,323 18

He puts everything in, this time. He does not even allow that the Indians destroyed the crockery or drank the four dozen bottles of (currant) wine. When it came to the supernatural comprehensiveness in "gobling," John B. Floyd was without his equal, in his own or any other generation. Subtracting from the above total the \$67,000 already paid to George Fisher's implacable heirs, Mr. Floyd announced that the Government was still indebted to them in the sum of *sixty-six thousand five hundred and nineteen dollars and eighty-five cents*, "which," Mr. Floyd complementarily remarks, "will be paid, accordingly to the administrator of the estate of George Fisher deceased, or to his attorney in fact."

But, sadly enough for the destitute orphans, a new President came in just at this time, Buchanan and Floyd went out, and they never got their money. The first thing that Congress did in 1861 was to rescind the resolution of June 1, 1860, under which Mr. Floyd had been ciphering. Then Floyd (and doubtless the heirs of George Fisher likewise) had to give up financial business for a while and go into the Confederate army and serve their country.

Were the heirs of George Fisher killed? No. They are back now at this very time (July, 1870), beseeching Congress, through that blushing and diffident creature, Garrett Davis, to commence making payments again on their interminable and insatiable bill of damages for corn and whiskey destroyed by a gang of irresponsible Indians, so long ago that even Government red-tape has failed to keep consistent and intelligent track of it. (And before this number of THE GALAXY reaches Washington, Mr. Davis will be get-

George Fisher,
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 48 00
 9,500 00
 3,250 00
 \$34,952 00
 63,053 68
 35,317 50
 \$133,323 18

ting ready to resurrect it once more, and alter his customary speech on finance, war and other matters, so that it will fit it.)

Now, the above are facts. They are history. Any one who doubts it can send to the Senate Document Department of the Capitol for H. R. Ex. Doc. No. 21, 36th Congress, 2nd Session, and for S. Ex. Doc. No. 106, 41st Congress, 2nd Session, and satisfy himself. The whole case is set forth in the first volume of the Court of Claims Reports.

It is my belief that as long as the continent of America holds together, the heirs of George Fisher, deceased, will still make pilgrimages to Washington from the swamps of Florida, to plead for just a little more cash on their bill of damages (even when they received the last of that sixty-seven thousand dollars, they said it was only *one-fourth* what the Government owed them on that infernal corn-field); and as long as they choose to come they will find Garret Davises to drag their vampire schemes before Congress. This is not the only hereditary fraud (if fraud it is—which I have before repeatedly remarked is not proven) that is being quietly handed down from generation to generation of fathers and sons, through the persecuted Treasury of the United States.

A "FORTY-NINER" (as the first emigrants to California are still called, in memory of the year 1849) who long ago returned from the Pacific, has discovered the following poem among his forgotten papers, and sends it for insertion in these pages. His note states that he picked it up in the streets of Stockton, California, twenty years ago; and the endorsement on the back and the old and yellow aspect of the MS. are good evidence of his truthfulness. Miners were very plenty in Stockton in those old days, and among them were many in whose hearts this "Lament" would have found an answering chord, and in their apparel an eloquent endorsement; but that is all past now. Stockton has no miners any more, and no celebrity except as being the place where the State insane asylum is located. But that celebrity is broad and well established; so much so that when one is in California and tells a person he thinks of going to Stockton, the remark must be explained or an awkward report may get out that he is insane. You would not say in New York that a friend of yours had gone to Sing Sing, without explaining that he was not accredited to the penitentiary—unless he was; in which case the explanation would be unnecessary elaboration of a remark that was elaborate enough before:

THE MINER'S LAMENT.

High on a rough and dismal crag,
 Where Kean might spout, "Ay, there's the rub,"
 Where oft, no doubt, some midnight hag
 Had danced a jig with Beelzebub,
 There stood beneath the pale moonlight
 A miner grim, with visage long,
 Who vexed the drowsy ear of night
 With dreadful rhyme and dismal song.

He sang : " I have no harp or lute
 To sound the stern decrees of Fate ;
 I once possessed a two-holed flute,
 But that I sold to raise a stake,
 Then wake thy strains, my wild tin pan,
 Afright the crickets from their lairs,
 Make wood and mountain ring again,
 And terrify the grizzly bears.

" My heart is on a distant shore,
 My gentle love is far away,
 She dreams not that my clothes are tore !
 And all besmeared with dirty clay ;
 She little knows how much of late,
 Amid these dark and dismal scenes,
 I've struggled with an adverse fate,
 And lived, ah me ! on pork and beans.

" Oh ! that a bean would never grow,
 To fling its shadow o'er my heart ;
 My tears of grief are hard to flow,
 But food like this must make them start.
 The good old times have passed away,
 And all things now are strange and new,
 All save my shirt and trowsers gray,
 Three stocking and one cowhide shoe !

" Oh, give me back the days of yore,
 And all those bright tho' fading scenes
 Connected with that happy shore
 Where turkeys grow, and clams, and gecons.
 Those days that sank long weeks ago
 Deep in the solemn grave of time,
 And left no trace that man may know,
 Save trowsers all patched up behind !
 And boots all worn, and shirts all torn,
 Or botched with most outrageous stitches—
 Oh, give me back those days of yore,
 And take these weather-bepten breeches.

" DOGGEREL."

A MINNESOTA correspondent empties the following anecdotes into the drawer of this "Memoranda." The apparently impossible feat described in the second one is not common, and therefore the rarity of the situation commends it to this department of this magazine, and will no doubt secure the sympathy of the reader. The correspondent says :

A few months ago, S. and myself had occasion to make a trip up the Missouri. While waiting at Sioux City for a boat, we saw some of those white Esquimaux dogs, and S. became possessed of the idea that it was necessary for his happiness that he should have one of the breed ; so we hunted up the proprietor and opened negotiations. We found that he had none to spare at the time, but that he expected some puppies would be born to the world in a month or six weeks. That suited S. well enough, as he expected to return to Sioux City in about three months, and a bargain was truck.

Well, we came back ; but S. had by that time got out of conceit of the dog, and did not want him. I insisted on his sticking to the bargain, and succeeded in getting him and the proprietor of the dogs together.

"Mr. W.," said I, "when we were here some three months ago, you promised to save for us an Esquimaux puppy. Were any born?"

"Oh, yaw ; de buppies vas born."

"Well, have you got one for us?"

"Nein, I don't got any."

"Why, how is that? You remember you promised to save one."

"Well, mine vriend, I'll tell how it vas" (confidentially and drawing close.) "Now you see de buppy dog he live in the stable mit de horse, and [very pathetically] de horse he got step-ped on to de do-ag, and de do-ag he got di-ed." And thus it was that S. did not get his puppy ; but I made him engage another.

While up the river I heard the following story, showing how an animal can rise when necessary, superior to its nature :

"You see," said the narrator, "the beaver took to the water and the dog was after him. First the beaver was ahead and then the dog. It was tuck and nip whether the dog would catch the beaver, and nuck and tip whether the beaver would catch the dog. Finally the beaver got across the river and the dog had almost caught him, when, phit! up the beaver skum up a tree."

"But," said a bystander, "beavers can't climb trees."

"A beaver can't climb a tree? By gosh, he *had* to climb a tree the dog was a crowdin' him so!"

GOLDSMITH'S FRIEND ABROAD AGAIN.

NOTE.—No experience is set down in the following letters which had to be invented. Fancy is not needed to give variety to the history of a Chinaman's sojourn in America. Plain fact is amply sufficient.

LETTER VI.

SAN FRANCISCO, 18—.

DEAR CHING FOO: I was glad enough when my case came up. An hour's experience had made me as tired of the police court as of the dungeon. I was not uneasy about the result of the trial, but, on the contrary, felt that as soon as the large auditory of Americans present should hear how that the rowdies had set the dogs on me when I was going peacefully along the street, and how, when I was all torn and bleeding, the officers arrested me and put me in jail and let the rowdies go free, the gallant hatred of oppression, which is part of the very flesh and blood of every American, would be stirred to its utmost, and I should be instantly set at liberty. In truth, I began to fear for the other side. There in full view stood [the ruffians] who had misused me, and I began to fear that in the first burst of generous anger occasioned by the revelation of what they had done, they might be harshly handled,

and possibly even banished the country as having dishonored her and being no longer worthy to remain upon her sacred soil.

The official interpreter of the court asked my name, and then spoke it aloud, so that all could hear. Supposing that all was now ready, I cleared my throat and began—in Chinese, because of my imperfect English :

"Hear, O high and mighty mandarin, and believe ! As I went about my peaceful business in the street, behold certain men set a dog on me, and——"

"Silence !"

It was the judge that spoke. The interpreter whispered to me that I must keep perfectly still. He said that no statement would be received from me—I must only talk through my lawyer.

I had no lawyer. In the early morning a police court lawyer (termed, in the higher circles of society, a "shyster") had come into our den in the prison and offered his services to me, but I had been obliged to go without them because I could not pay in advance or give security. I told the interpreter how the matter stood. He said I must take my chances on the witnesses then. I glanced around, and my failing confidence revived.

"Call those four Chinamen yonder," I said. "They saw it all. I remember their faces perfectly. They will prove that the white men set the dog on me when I was not harming them."

"That won't work," said he. "In this country white men can testify against a Chinaman all they want to, but *Chinamen ain't allowed to testify against white men.*"

What a chill went through me ! And then I felt the indignant blood rise to my cheek at this libel upon the Home of the oppressed, where all men are free and equal—perfectly equal—perfectly free and perfectly equal—I despised this Chinese-speaking Spaniard for his mean slander of the land that was sheltering and feeding him. I sorely wanted to scar his eyes with that sentence from the great and good American Declaration of Independence which we have copied in letters of gold in China, and keep hung up over our family alters and in our temples—I mean the one about all men being created free and equal.

But woe is me, Ching Foo, the man was right. He was right after all. There were my witnesses, but I could not use them. But now came a new hope. I saw my white friend come in, and I felt that he had come there purposely to help me. I may almost say I knew it. So I grew easier. He passed near enough to me to say under his breath, "Don't be afraid," and then I had no more fear. But presently the rowdies recognized him, and began to scowl at him in no friendly way, and to make threatening signs at him. The two officers that arrested me fixed their eyes steadily on his ; he bore it well, but gave in presently, and dropped his eyes. They still gazed at his eyebrows, and every time he raised his eyes he encountered their winkless stare—until after a minute or so he ceased to lift his head at all. The judge had been giving some instructions privately to some one for a while, but now he was ready to resume business. Then the trial so un-

speakably important to me, and freighted with such prodigious consequence to my wife and children, began, progressed, ended, was recorded in the books, noted down by the newspaper reporters, and forgotten by everybody but me—all in the little space of two minutes!

"Ah Song Hi, Chinaman. Officers O'Flannigan and O'Flaherty, witnesses. Come forward, Officer O'Flannigan."

OFFICER—"He was making a disturbance on Kearney street."

JUDGE—"Any witnesses on the other side?"

No response. The white friend raised his eyes—encountered Officer O'Flaherty's—blushed a little—got up and left the court-room, avoiding all glances and not taking his own from the floor.

JUDGE—"Give him five dollars or ten days."

In my desolation there was a glad surprise in the words; but it passed away when I found that he only meant that I was to be fined five dollars or imprisoned ten days longer in default of it.

There were twelve or fifteen Chinamen in our crowd of prisoners, charged with all manner of little thefts and misdemeanors, and their cases were quickly disposed of, as a general thing. When the charge came from a policeman or other white man, he made his statement, and that was the end of it, unless the Chinaman's lawyer could find some white person to testify in his client's behalf; for neither the accused Chinaman nor his countrymen being allowed to say anything, the statement of the officers or other white person was amply sufficient to convict. So, as I said, the Chinamen's cases were quickly disposed of, and fines and imprisonment promptly distributed among them. In one or two of the cases the charges against Chinamen were brought by Chinamen themselves, and in those cases Chinamen testified against Chinamen, through the interpreter; but the fixed rule of the court being that the *preponderance* of testimony in such cases should determine the prisoner's guilt or innocence, and there being nothing very binding about an oath administered to the lower orders of our people without the ancient solemnity of cutting off a chicken's head and burning some yellow paper at the same time, the interested parties naturally drum up a cloud of witnesses who are cheerfully willing to give evidence without ever knowing anything about the matter in hand. The judge has a custom of rattling through with as much of this testimony as his patience will stand, and then shutting off the rest and striking an average.

By noon all the business of the court was finished, and then several of us who had not fared well were remanded to prison; the judge went home; the lawyers, and officers, and spectators departed their several ways, and left the uncomely court-room to silence, solitude, and Stiggers, a newspaper reporter, which latter would now write up his items (said an ancient Chinaman to me), in the which he would praise all the policemen indiscriminately and abuse the Chinamen and dead people.

AN SONG HI.

MEAN PEOPLE.

My ancient comrade, "Doestick,s" in a letter from New York, quotes a printed paragraph concerning a story I used to tell to lecture audiences about a wonderfully mean man whom I used to know, and then Mr. D. throws himself into a passion and relates the following circumstance (writing on both sides of his paper, which is at least singular in a journalist, if not profane and indecent) :

Now I don't think much of that. I know a better thing about old Captain Asa T. Mann of this town. You see, old Mann used to own and command a pickaninny, bull-headed, mud-turtle-shaped craft of a schooner that hailed from Perth Amboy. Old Man used to prance out of his little cove where he kept his three cent craft, and steal along the coast of the dangerous Kill von Kull, on the larboard side of Staten Island, to smouch oysters from unguarded beds, or pick clams off sloops where the watch had gone to bed drunk. Well, once old Man went on a long voyage—for him. He went down to Virginia, taking his wife and little boy with him. The old rascalion put on all sorts of airs, and pretended to keep up as strict discipline as if his craft was a man-of-war. One day his darling baby tumbled overboard. A sailor named Jones jumped over after him, and after cavourting around about an hour or so, succeeded in getting the miserable little scion of a worthless sire on board again. Then old Mann got right up on his dignity—he put on all the dig, he had handy—and in two minutes he had Jones into double irons, and there he kept him three weeks, in the fore hold, for leaving the ship without orders.

I will not resurrect my own mean man, for possibly he might not show to good advantage in the presence of this gifted sailor, but I will enter a Toledo bridegroom against the son of the salt wave, and let the winner take the money. I give the Toledo story just as it comes to me. (It, too, is written on both sides of the paper ; but as this correspondent is not a journalist, the act is only wicked, not obscene.)

In this village there lived, and continue to live, two chaps who in their bachelor days were chums. S., one of the chaps, tiring of single blessedness, took unto himself a wife and a wedding, with numerous pieces of silverware and things from congratulating friends. C., the other chap, sent in a handsome silver ladle, costing several dollars or more. Their friendship continued. A year later C. also entered into partnership for life with one of the fair Eves ; and he also had a wedding. S., being worth something less than \$20,000, thought he ought to return the compliment of a wedding present, and a happy thought struck him. He took that ladle down to the Jeweller from whom it was purchased by C. the year before, and traded it off for silver salt dishes to present to C. and his bride.

A SAD, SAD BUSINESS.

Latterly I have received several letters, and seen a number of newspaper paragraphs, all upon a certain subject, and all of about the same tenor. I here give honest specimens. One is from a New York paper, one is from a letter from an old friend, and one is from a New York publisher,

who is a stranger to me. I humbly endeavour to make these bits toothsome with the remark that the article they are praising (which appeared in the December GALAXY, and pretended to be a criticism from the London "Saturday Review" on my "Innocents Abroad") was written by myself—every line of it:

The "Herald" says the richest thing out is the "serious critique" in the London "Saturday Review," on Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." We thought before we read it that it must be "serious" as everybody said so, and were even ready to shed a few tears; but since perusing it, we are bound to confess that next to Mark's "Jumping Frog" it's the finest bit of humor and sarcasm that we have come across in many a day.

[I do not get a compliment like that every day.]

I used to think your writings were pretty good, but after reading the criticisms in the GALAXY from the "London Review," have discovered what an ass I must have been. If suggestions are in order, mine is, that you put that article in your next edition of the "Innocents," as an extra chapter, if you are not afraid to put your own humor in competition with it. It is as rich a thing as I ever read.

[Which is strong commendation from a book publisher.]

The London reviewer, my friend, is not the stupid "serious" creature he pretends to be, I think; but, on the contrary, has a keen appreciation and enjoyment of your book. As I read his article in THE GALAXY, I could imagine him giving vent to many a hearty laugh. But he is writing for Catholics and Established Church people, and high toned, antiquated, conservative gentility, whom it is a delight to him to help you shock, while he pretends to shake his head with owlsh density. He is a magnificent humorist himself.

[Now that is graceful and handsome. I take off my hat to my life-long friend and comrade, and with my feet together and my fingers spread over my heart, I say in the language of Alabama, "You do me proud."]

I stand guilty of the authorship of the article, but I did not mean any harm. I saw by an item in the Boston "Advertiser" that a solemn serious critique on the English edition of my book had appeared in the London "Saturday Review," and the idea of such a literary breakfast by a stolid, ponderous British ogre of the quill, was too much for a naturally weak virtue, and I went home and burlesqued it—revelled in it, I may say. I never saw a copy of the real "Saturday Review" criticism until after my burlesque was written and mailed to the printer. But when I did get hold of a copy, I found it to be vulgar, awkwardly written, ill-natured, and entirely serious and in earnest. The gentlemen who wrote the newspaper paragraph above quoted had not been misled as to its character.

If any man doubts my word now, I will kill him. No, I will not kill him; I will win his money. I will bet him twenty to one, and let any New York publisher hold the stakes, that the statements I have above made as to the authorship of the article in question are entirely true. Perhaps I may get wealthy at this, for I am willing to take all the bets that offer; and if a

man wants larger odds, I will give him all he requires. But he ought to find out whether I am betting on what is termed "a sure thing" or not before he ventures his money, and he can do that by going to a public library and examining the London "Saturday Review" of October 8, which contains the real critique.

Bless me, some people thought that I was the "sold" person !

P. S.—I cannot resist the temptation to toss in this most savory thing of all—this easy, graceful, philosophical disquisition, with its happy, chirping confidence. It is from the Cincinnati "Enquirer":

Nothing is more uncertain than the value of a fine cigar. Nine smokers out of ten would prefer an ordinary domestic article, three for a quarter, to a fifty-cent Partaga, if kept in ignorance of the cost of the latter. The flavor of the Partaga is too delicate for palates that have been accustomed to Connecticut seed leaf. So it is with humor. The finer it is in quality, the more danger of its not being recognized at all. Even Mark Twain has been taken in by an English review of his "Innocents Abroad." Mark is by no means a coarse humorist, but the Englishman's humor is so much finer than his, that he mistakes it for solid earnest, and "larfs most consumedly."

A man who cannot learn stands in his own light. Hereafter, when I write an article which I know to be good, but which I may have reason to fear will not, in some quarters, be considered to amount to much, coming from an American, I will aver that an Englishman wrote it, and that it is copied from a London Journal. And then I will occupy a back seat and enjoy the cordial applause.

CONCERNING A RUMOR.

An item has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that our Agassiz is suffering from softening of the brain. Even the idle rumor of such a disaster to the nation was sufficient to cause genuine and widespread pain and anxiety. A day or two ago I found the following item in the "Journal of Science," and somehow it seemed to me to point distinctly toward the innocent origin of that rumor:

Agassiz, during the last year, has discovered ten thousand different varieties of the fly.

Fancy some straggling ignoramus happening along and finding the stately old philosopher catching flies! dead to everything else; unconscious even of staring and speechless intruders; but fiercely grabbing and snatching at flies on his sleeve, on his forehead, on his cheek, on his knees, on the table, on the chairs; chasing them up the glass and penning them eagerly in the corner of the pane; making desperate reaches for them high up on the wall; capering hither and thither, and making incessant passes at them on the wing, and presently, with a war-whoop brim full of scientific exultation, pouncing on a sublime horse-fly with his inverted hat, and instantly sitting down on it to make the capture a dead moral certainty!

What more natural than that the astonished spectator of such a performance should go away and state that that old person was afflicted with softening of the brain! The rumor has probably no worthier foundation.

ANSWER TO AN INQUIRY FROM THE COMING MAN.

"YOUNG AUTHOR."—Yes, Agassiz *does* recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brains. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all you would want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good middling-sized whales.

RUNNING FOR GOVERNOR.

A few years ago I was nominated for Governor of the great State of New York, to run against Stewart L. Woodford and John T. Hoffman, on an Independent ticket. I somehow felt that I had one prominent advantage over these gentlemen, and that was, good character. It was easy to see by the newspapers, that if ever they had known what it was to bear a good name, that time had gone by. It was plain that in these latter years they had become familiar with all manner of shameful crimes. But at the very moment that I was exalting my advantage and joying in it in secret, there was a muddy undercurrent of discomfort "riling" the deeps of my happiness—and that was, the having to hear my name bandied about in familiar connection with those of such people. I grew more and more disturbed. Finally I wrote my grandmother about it. Her answer came quick and sharp. She said :

You have never done one single thing in all your life to be ashamed of—not one. Look at the newspapers—look at them and comprehend what sort of characters Woodford and Hoffman are, and then see if you are willing to lower yourself to their level and enter a public canvass with them.

It was my very thought! I did not sleep a single moment that night. But after all, I could not recede. I was fully committed and must go on with the fight. As I was looking listlessly over the papers at breakfast, I came across this paragraph, and I may truly say I never was so confounded before :

PERJURY.—Perhaps, now that Mr. Mark Twain is before the people as a candidate for Governor, he will condescend to explain how he came to be convicted of perjury by thirty-four witnesses, in Wakawak, Cochin China, in 1863, the intent of which perjury was to rob a poor native widow and her helpless family of a meagre plantain-patch, their only stay and support in their bereavement and their desolation. Mr. Twain owes it to himself as well as to the great people whose suffrages he asks, to clear this matter up. Will he do it?

I thought I should burst with amazement! Such a cruel, heartless charge—I never had *seen* Cochin China! I never had *heard* of Wakawak! I didn't know a plantain patch from a kangaroo! I did not know what to do. I was crazed and helpless. I let the day slip away without doing anything at all. The next morning the same paper had this—nothing more:

SIGNIFICANT.—Mr Twain, it will be observed, is suggestively silent about the Cochin China perjury.

[*Mem.*—During the rest of the campaign this paper never referred to me in any other way than as “the infamous perjurer Twain.”]

Next came the “Gazette,” with this:

WANTED TO KNOW.—Will the new candidate for Governor deign to explain to certain of his fellow-citizens (who are suffering to vote for him!) the little circumstance of his cabin-mates in Montana losing small valuables from time to time, until at last, these things having been invariably found on Mr. Twain's person or in his “trunk” (newspaper he rolled his traps in), they felt compelled to give him a friendly admonition for his own good, and so tarred and feathered him and rode him on a rail, and then advised him to leave a permanent vacuum in the place he usually occupied in the camp. Will he do this?

Could anything be more deliberately malicious than that? For I never was in Montana in my life.

[After this, this journal customarily spoke of me as “Twain, the Montana Thief.”]

I got to picking up papers apprehensively—much as one would lift a desired blanket which he had some idea might have a rattlesnake under it. One day this met my eye:

THE LIE NAILED!—By the sworn affidavits of Michael O'Flanagan, Esq., of the Five Points, and Mr. Kit Burns and Mr. John Allen, of Water street, it is established that Mr. Mark Twain's vile statement that the lamented grandfather of our noble standard-bearer, John T. Hoffman, was hanged for highway robbery, is a brutal and gratuitous LIE, without a single shadow of foundation in fact. It is disheartening to virtuous men to see such shameful means resorted to to achieve political success as the attacking of the dead in their graves and defiling their honored names with slander. When we think of the anguish this miserable falsehood must cause the innocent relatives and friends of the deceased, we are almost driven to incite an outraged and insulted public to summary and unlawful vengeance upon the traducer. But no—let us leave him to the agony of a lacerated conscience—(though if passion should get the better of the public, and in its blind fury they should do the traducer bodily injury, it is but too obvious that no jury could convict and no court punish the perpetrators of the deed.)

The ingenious closing sentence had the effect of moving me out of bed with despatch that night, and out at the back door, also, while the “outraged and insulted public” surged in the front way, breaking furniture and windows in their righteous indignation as they came, and taking off such property as they could carry when they went. And yet I can lay my hand upon the Book and say that I never slandered Governor Hoffman's grand-

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father. More—I had never even heard of him or mentioned him, up to that day and date.

[I will state, in passing, that the journal above quoted from always referred to me afterwards as "Twain, the Body-Snatcher."]

The next newspaper article which attracted my attention was the following:

A SWEET CANDIDATE.—Mark Twain, who was to make such a blighting speech at the mass meeting of the Independents last night, didn't come to time! A telegram from his physician stated that he had been knocked down by a runaway team and his leg broken in two places—sufferer lying in great agony, and so forth, and so forth and a lot more bosh of the same sort. And the Independents tried hard to swallow the wretched subterfuge and pretend that they did not know what was the *real* reason of the absence of the abandoned creature whom they denominate their standard-bearer. *A certain man was seen to reel into Mr. Twain's hotel last night in a state of beastly intoxication.* It is the imperative duty of the Independents to prove that this besotted brute was not Mark Twain himself. We have them at last! This is a case that admits of no shirking. The voice of the people demands in thunder-tones: "WHO WAS THAT MAN?"

It was incredible, absolutely incredible, for a moment, that it was really my name that was coupled with this disgraceful suspicion. Three long years had passed over my head since I had tasted ale, beer, wine, or liquor of any kind.

[It shows what effect the times were having on me when I say I saw myself confidently dubbed "Mr. Delirium Tremens Twain" in the next issue of that journal without a pang—notwithstanding I knew that with monotonous fidelity the paper would go on calling me so to the very end.]

By this time anonymous letters were getting to be an important part of my mail matter. This form was common:

How about that old woman you kiked of your premises which was begging.
POL PRY.

And this:

There is things which you have done which is unbeknownens to anybody but me. You better trot out a few dols. to yours truly, or you'll hear thro' the papers from

HANDY ANDY.

That is about the idea. I could continue them till the reader was surfeited, if desirable.

Shortly the principal Republican journal "convicted" me of wholesale bribery, and the leading Democrat paper "nailed" an aggravated case of blackmailing to me.

[In this way I acquired two additional names: "Twain the Filthy Corruptionist," and "Twain, the Loathsome Embracer."]]

By this time there had grown to be such a clamor for an "answer" to all the dreadful charges that were laid to me, that the editors and leaders of my party said it would be political ruin for me to remain silent any longer.

As if to make the appeal the more imperative, the following appeared in one of the papers the very next day :

BEHOLD THE MAN!—The Independent candidate still maintains silence. Because he dare not speak. Every accusation against him has been amply proved, and they have been endorsed and re-endorsed by his own eloquent silence till at this day he stands forever convicted. Look upon your Candidate, Independents! Look upon the Infamous Perjurer! the Montana Thief! the Body-Snatcher! Contemplate your incarnate Delirium Tremens! your Filthy Corruptionist! your Loathsome Embracer! Gaze upon him—ponder him well—and then say if you can give your honest votes to a creature who has earned this dismal array of titles by his hideous crimes, and dares not open his mouth in denial of any one of them!

There was no possible way of getting out of it, and so, in deep humiliation, I set about preparing to "answer" a mass of baseless charges and mean and wicked falsehoods. But I never finished the task, for the very next morning a paper came out with a new horror, a fresh malignity, and seriously charged me with burning a lunatic asylum with all its inmates because it obstructed the view from my house. This threw me into a sort of panic. Then came the charge of poisoning my uncle to get his property, with an imperative demand that the grave should be opened. This drove me to the verge of distraction. On top of this I was accused of employing toothless and incompetent old relatives to prepare the food for the foundling hospital when I was warden. I was wavering—wavering. And at last, as a due and fitting climax to the shameless persecution that party rancor had inflicted upon me, nine little toddling children of all shades of color and degrees of raggedness were taught to rush on to the platform at a public meeting and clasp me around the legs and call me PA!

I gave up. I hauled down my colors and surrendered. I was not equal to the requirements of a Gubernatorial campaign in the State of New York, and so I sent in my withdrawal from the candidacy, and in bitterness of spirit signed it,

"Truly yours,

"Once a decent man, but now

"MARK TWAIN, I. P., M. T., B. S., D. T., F. C., and L. E."

THE "PRESENT" NUISANCE.

To be the editor of any kind of a newspaper, either country or metropolitan (but very specially the former), is a position which must be trying to a good-natured man. Because it makes him an object of charity whether or no. It makes him the object of a peculiar and humiliating, because an interested, charity—a charity thrust upon him with offensive assurance and a perfectly unconcealed, taken-for-granted that it will be received with gratitude, and the donor accounted a benefactor; and at the very same time the donor's chief motive, his vulgar self-interest, is left as frankly unconcealed. The country editor offers his advertising space

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to the public at the trifle of one dollar and a half or two dollars a square, first insertion, and one would suppose his "patrons" would be satisfied with that. But they are not. They puzzle their thin brains to find out some still cheaper way of getting their wares celebrated—some way whereby they can advertise virtually for nothing. They soon hit upon that meanest and shabbiest of all contrivances for robbing a gentle-spirited scribbler, viz., the conferring upon him of a present and begging a "notice" of it—thus pitifully endeavoring to not only invade his sacred editorial columns, but get ten dollars' worth of advertising for fifty cents' worth of merchandize, and on top of that leave the poor creature burdened with a crushing debt of gratitude! And so the corrupted editor, having once debauched his independence and received one of these contemptible presents, wavers a little while the remnant of his self-respect is consuming, and at last abandons himself to a career of shame, and prostitutes his columns to "notices" for every sort of present that a stingy neighbor chooses to inflict upon him. The confectioner insults him with forty cents' worth of ice-cream—and he lavishes four "squares" of editorial compliments on him; the grocer insults him with a bunch of overgrown radishes and a dozen prize turnips—and gets an editorial paragraph perfectly putrid with gratitude; the farmer insults him with three dollars' worth of peaches, or a beet like a man's leg, or a water-melon like a channel-buoy, or a cabbage in many respects like his own head, and expects a third of a column of exuberant imbecility—and gets it. And these trivial charities are not respectfully and gratefully tendered, but are thrust insolently upon the victim, and with an air that plainly shows that the victim will be held to a strict accountability in the next issue of his paper.

I am not an editor of a newspaper, and shall always try to do right and be good, so that God will not make me one; but there are some persons who have got the impression, somehow, that I am that kind of character, and they treat me accordingly. They send me a new-fangled wheel-barrow, and ask me to "notice" it; or a peculiar boot-jack, and ask me to "notice" it; or a sample of coffee, and ask me to "notice" it; or an article of furniture worth eight or ten dollars, or a pair of crutches, or a truss, or an artificial nose, or a few shillings' worth of rubbish of the vegetable species; and here lately, all in one day, I received a barrel of apples, a thing to milk cows with, a basket of peaches, a box of grapes, a new sort of wooden leg, and a patent "composition" grave-stone. "Notices" requested. A barrel of apples, a cow-milker, a basket of peaches, and a box of grapes, all put together, are not worth the bore of writing a "notice," nor the tenth part the room the "notice" would take up in the paper, and so they remained unnoticed. I had no immediate use for the wooden leg, and would not have accepted a charity grave-stone if I had been dead and actually suffering for it when it came—so I sent those articles back.

I do not want any of these underhanded, obligation-inflicting presents, I prefer to cramp myself down to the use of such things as I can afford, and

then pay for them ; and then when a citizen needs the labor of my hand, he can have it, and I will infallibly come on him for damages.

The ungraceful custom, so popular in the back settlements, of facetiously wailing about the barren pockets of editors, is the parent of this uncanny present-inflicting, and it is time that the guild that originated the custom and now suffer in pride and purse from it, reflected that decent and dignified poverty is thoroughly respectable ; while the flaunting of either a real or pretended neediness in the public face, and the bartering of nauseating " puffs " for its legitimate fruit of charitable presents, are as thoroughly indelicate, unbecoming, and disreputable.

THE END.

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