



*Yours, truly,
Jacob L. Bowman*

YOU AND ME;

OR,

SKETCHES FOR BOTH OF US.

"So much I scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, I purposely go wrong."

BY HANS PATRICK LE CONNOR,

(JACOB L. BOWMAN.)

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JACOB L. BOWMAN,

In the Clerk's office of the United States District Court for the Eastern District
of Missouri.

TO MY FRIEND,

THOMAS ELLWOOD GARRETT,

WITHOUT FURTHER COMMENT,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY AND EARNESTLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

In presenting this collection of fugitive sketches and poems to the public, I have no intention of attempting to disarm criticism by an affectation of humility. The feeling which has moved me to the publication of a book, is probably similar to that which has actuated hundreds of others, and does not demand a definition.

By way of explanation, it may be stated that the discrepancy in the character of those burlesque compositions dated at Chicago, and those which are not, is accounted for by the fact that the former were written over another *nom de plume*, and in a different guise from that of "Hans Patrick Le Connor."

The "Miscellaneous Poems" are juvenile productions, written many years ago, and now brought to trial for the first time.

Expressing my gratitude to many friends for their encouragement in this enterprise, and at the same time taking the opportunity to express the conviction that the book is somewhat fortunate, inasmuch as by common formality I am debarred the privilege of criticising it, I beg leave to remain, etc.,

THE AUTHOR.

ST. LOUIS, 1867.

YOU AND ME.

WASHINGTON AND HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Through all the trials and struggles, and amid the darkest scenes that have shadowed the destiny of our young republic during the last hundred years, there is one name that has shone and still shines like a meteor, or, perhaps I might say with more truthfulness, like the sun, with an unvarying and perpetual splendor. There was one man whose courage and integrity never faltered, whose patriotic ardor never cooled, and the light of whose pristine glory never flickered. Need I tell you that I allude to the illustrious and immortal Washington? I mean no other, and if by the penning of a few desultory remarks, I can succeed in adding to the estimation in which he is already held by the American people, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain. I know he is already much honored by his countrymen; a few of them have gone so far as to name their children after him, others have extended the same compliment to remunerative horses of the masculine gender, and in some

rural districts I have observed his portrait hanging above rustic mantel-pieces, side by side with the lamb-like Lincoln; yet I feel—pardon me, but I cannot help it—I still feel that he has not received that attention which his virtue merits. Too much cannot be said or done in his praise, for he was a good square man.

This is an age of progress.

There's a proposition; now the proof. It was a custom formerly to observe with appropriate honors the birth-day of our nation's first chief. That practice has almost totally disappeared. I am no hero-worshipper, never was; I have seen a few great men, so called, and found that they were simply human after all; that they lived, breathed and had their being pretty much the same as other folks; and am an ardent opponent of the practice of apotheosizing pigmies, so prevalent among the upper strata of our beloved country; but I do think, as I have before intimated, that if there is one figure in the grand drama of American events worthy of unremitting homage, it is Washington;—and it makes me almost sick at heart to behold an effort to shelve him with the little fishes, while his position in the affections of his people is imperilled by the rising star of some modern upstart, whose deeds have not withstood the fiery test of history and impartial criticism. But this is an age of progress, and perhaps all is for the better.

On the morning of the 22d I sallied forth, and wending my way to the head of Fourth street, took a full-length view of that lively thoroughfare, when, what was my astonishment at beholding not less than half a dozen of our freedom-soiled banners floating

proudly to the breeze. There being some doubt in my mind as to whether another war had broke out, and these flags were merely the familiar signs of recruiting offices, or whether there had been a sudden influx of patriotic gift enterprise men, I mustered courage to file beneath one of the starry emblems and inquire its meaning. "Washington's birth-day" was the only response. I was satisfied, likewise horrified—for it had never flashed across my mind that this was a day which all should honor. Rushing into various places where no bunting was displayed, I inquired why they didn't "hang out?" I received all sorts of answers. Some were in the dark as well as myself; others were too busy; one man told me not to bother him or he would "hang *me* out;" and so on, and so on. There was a squad of four-year-old ragamuffins parading the streets in grey apparel, and carrying paper banners, while one of them wrung from a reluctant fife the ear-piercing notes of a tune which I think they termed the "Concord Banner." There was also a cannon lying on the sidewalk, but it was mute, and only reminded me of the great wooden gun that the "mad Hercules," as he was called, used to carry about on his shoulder in the streets of my native village. All, with a very few exceptions, were insensible to the day, and evidently not caring whether Washington was ever born or not.

But I found one man that pleased me. He was a happy-looking codger, and judging from the cast of his countenance that I might pour out my patriotic sentiments to him without any danger of casting pearls before hogs, I went in.

"Tsh!" said he, as soon as I had opened the conversation, and seizing me by the button-hole he fairly dragged me through a little old dirty sort of curiosity shop, and up a rickety, dark, musty flight of stairs that seemed sinking away beneath my tread, into an amber-colored room, where he pushed me down on a three-legged stool and commenced filling his pipe. I saw at once he was a maniac. I thought of the Chamber of Death, the Inquisition, and a thousand other horrors, but I was determined to remain nevertheless, for there is something to be learned sometimes even from madmen. When he began to speak I allowed him to proceed without interruption.

"Hang out my banners, eh? Ha, ha, ha! That's good. I had a banner once, a glorious banner, but I have none now. Ah, me! But why do I mourn? Why should they hang their banners any more? They can afford to sit in silence now and gaze on the grandeur of their achievements, (singing):

Fold your banners, ye men of steel,
Who pierced the heart of the nation through—
Who feathered your nests and gutted the South,
And skinned the rebels and patriots, too.

"That's a stave of a song I have written—a staving song. The country is happy—look at it. Missouri for instance. Before the war she had cattle feeding on a thousand hills; now there are not a thousand cattle on all her hills. Amalgamation, miscegenation, twenty-five thousand copper, molasses and gravy-colored Japhets that never will find a father on the face of the habitable globe. This is an age of progress. Federal soldiers have done their work

nobly, and recorded their deeds all over the South in black and white.

"Will oil and water mix? Of course not. Did you ever see a woman that could throw a stone or sharpen a pencil, or fold a letter small enough for an envelope the first trial? But they will vote, sir, they will vote. The revolution works and the good time is coming. Banners! I tell you, sir, the Radicals are too mean to hang out banners. They are too stingy. Why don't the Democrats do it? O, bless your innocence, you must live in Paradise. Robbed, my friend, robbed—robbed by the Radicals until they have not enough left to buy a flag. If bunting was two cents a bolt, I couldnt buy enough to make a banner the size of a two-shilling postal piece. I honor the soldiers; brave men all, but like most progressive newspapers they have had bad banners. St. Louis sent brave men into the army too. None braver in the world. The men of this city are bound to be courageous; they drink Mississippi river water, and they have sand in their gizzards. Ha! ha! Did you ever think of that? Fletcher was in the war—our own noble Governor. A wonderful man that Fletcher—a great juggler. I saw a Chinese knife-thrower in Bombay once, who would stand another Chinaman against a wall, pretend he was going to throw a knife at his breast, frighten him till his hair stood on end, then throw knives between all the hairs without hitting them. Fletcher can beat that all hollow. *He splits the hairs, sir; he splits them.* Wonderful juggler, he. Going to Paris, eh? You don't say so? To the great exposition, I suppose? Understand there are some expositions he

don't like. Well, that will be a sensation; the Parisians all running round singing

“ ‘Railroad Fletcher's come to town,
With one leg up and the other down;’

“And minstrels at home nightly singing in the Burnt-Corkonian dialect, ‘My rip-tearin’ Tommy’s gone away.’ Peace go with him. They do say he intends to run a railroad from the top of Pilot Knob down an inclined plane to St. Louis, and iron can be brought down without trouble—and that he is going to run a gas-pipe up through to illuminate the whole State on great occasions, with a furnace inside sufficient to heat the country five hundred miles around. Great man, that; has made the State too hot already—so hot half the people can’t stay here, and they are all going to Brazil. Butternuts turning to Brazil nuts. Ha, ha! That’s capital. Banners! Washington’s Birth-day! Pooh! Look at Fletcher! Sir, I have a scheme for the amelioration of the miseries of all mankind. This is an age of progress. Enfranchise women and negroes, and make it a capital offence to manufacture or sell intoxicating stimulants. Have one licensed distiller in each State to manufacture for medicinal purposes, and put him under enormous bonds. Then comes the millennium. What in the name of common sense will the leaders of the progressive party do for something to talk about? How will they live without hobbies? I had a strange dream last night on this very subject. Thought my idea was realized—universal suffrage was recognized, and liquor-drinking abolished—Thaddeus Stevens, Wendell Phillips, Fred. Douglass, Anna Dickinson

and Lucy Stone were shut up in a cave together to devise some ‘great moral idea’ hitherto undiscovered, and after a hundred days and nights, they emerged from the the cavern urging upon Congress the necessity of passing a law prohibiting suicide. The two women took exceptions to some of the proceedings and bolted. They came out from their confinement with a minority report in favor of disfranchising all male citizens who could not prove the existence of negro blood in their veins. And so it will be, sir. This progressive idea is a complete circle, there is no end to it, we must return to the starting point. Extremes meet, and the end of civilization is barbarism. Mark my words. Beware! Good morning.”

I returned the courteous good morning, and retired in a very singular frame of mind indeed. My opinion of Washington is much diminished, and my appreciation of Stevens, Phillips & Co., greatly heightened, but I still think there ought to have been more banners out on the 22d. It will require a month at least to digest what the madman said.

WOMEN AND THEIR RIGHTS.

At a certain peculiar sort of social gathering, one evening, convened for the double purpose of giving encouragement to mental culture, or, as it perhaps ought more properly be termed on account of the harrowing process employed, mental agriculture, and devising a more expeditious and satisfactory method than has hitherto been discovered for the destruction of sweet cakes, chocolate and lozenges, the conversation turned upon Congressman Noell's quizzical proposition to enfranchise the women of that three-cent piece of the National domain known as the District of Columbia. The meeting was an assemblage of the cats, flannel and canary bird Democracy, and consisted chiefly of young ladies between the ages of forty-five and sixty, with a meagre sprinkling of rosebuds and blossoms, that, scattered among the others, reminded one forcibly of wild flowers blooming among some ancient ruins. Convivial interchange of feeling was the order of the evening. "And pray, Mr. Le Conner," quoth some two dozen dames in pink and white checks and immaculate frills, "what may you think of this new-fashioned dogma—the divine philosophy of woman's rights?" To which the queer old anchorite, whose interesting personal appellation appears at the head of this ar-

ticle, straightway replied in the following sublimely autocratic and heterodoxical outburst. Said he:

Woman, in her normal condition, is an ideal counterpart of a fiery young charger after he has been taught obedience to the whip and rein. She don't know her strength; if she did, she would everlastingly smash things. Lucky it is indeed for mankind that she is thus ignorant. The potential proverb, "know thyself," never was addressed to the frail sex, so-called, though it is a glaring misnomer. It would be a dangerous consummation for woman to make her own acquaintance.

You were speaking of woman's rights. The very idea is a shocking absurdity. Rights indeed! I tell you it is we, the stern, robust masculine portion of creation who are oppressed, and you, ladies, are the oppressors. O, you smile, I perceive—a smile of incredulity—but no matter. I have travelled nights, and lived on lunches, and therefore I know whereof I speak.

Let me illustrate your despotism. Here you all sit to-night, for instance, sipping your Oolong beside a glowing fire, and mingling in pleasant and edifying conversation. Unmolested by the serpent Man, you reign here in your glory. Of course, two or three of us ancient mariners on life's troubled waters are invited to be present, because we are so old and stale and dried up that you can crack your confounded jokes on us without giving offence. For you this is magnificent comfort; this is enjoyment; this is happiness; it's just old persimmons. But listen to that young man going along the street whistling "Ole Bob Ridley." Where do you sup-

pose he is going? I will tell you. He is going to the very Old Scratch, his Majesty below stairs, just as rapidly as nocturnal carousals and powerful potations will carry him. And you, ladies, are the cause of it. *You are his murderers!* (Sensation.)

It is not of the evil you have done I choose to speak so much as the good you have left undone. Your crimes of omission are manifold, and their darkness will stand like a black statue upon the monument of your collective glory when your individual names shall be forgotten among the wrecks of time. Look at this picture.

A young man from the country, who has been brought up in the way he should go, accustomed to the society of kind-hearted matrons and pure maidens, arrives in the city in quest of fortune. Inevitably he is at once cast headlong into a boarding-house or Hash Asylum. He sits down to his meals with a preacher on one side and a pickpocket on the other, a wandering minstrel opposite, "a poor but honest" genius to the right oblique, and a clerk, professional man or mechanic at the head of the table. The only females he discovers are the waiting girls, whose brazen faces and the enormity of whose pinchbeck breastpins, that shine like the big brass balls on the cupolas of country meeting-houses, startle him. He may further discover, by the color of the hair in the biscuits and butter, that there is another female in the house whom he has never seen. She is the culinary artist of the establishment. Now, it has been settled beyond peradventure that young men at a certain age yearn for the society of young ladies, and nothing else will suit their purposes as well.

Everything has been tried—books, dogs, fiddles, silver watches, trotting horses, nine-pins, dominoes, prussic acid, gum arabic—everything, but it's no go. The heart craves crinoline, and nothing shorter. But there is an impediment in the way of this ambition. Young men dare not be seen conversing with the servants, for in that case the house is sure to be wrapped in a conflagration of scandal. The landlady has a daughter of course, (all landladies do) but she is a household goddess, and is only to be seen on state occasions. If a young man looks at her he is expected to marry her. He must also marry the entire boarding house and all the proprietor's relations, and forego the right of claiming anything as his own. Young man discouraged. Leaves the cracked prima donna of the boarding-house in the fourth floor parlor with her rickety piano, and goes forth in search of female society. Where will he find it? Not at church nor in respectable gatherings, for there he may behold but never become acquainted. Fate leads him among the ballet girls, where, by spending a few dollars, he may become the cynosure of all eyes, and revel in a perfect sea of happiness. Spangles and short skirts, raven ringlets from the raving wig-maker, pearly teeth bought from resurrectionists and professional jawbreakers, swan-like necks, alabaster brows, ebon eyes, rosy cheeks, cherry lips, sea-shell ears, and all the accompaniments of female loveliness reign in vast profusion. Young man is intoxicated. If he isn't he soon will be. His next step is to visit beer saloons, where there are pretty waiter girls to hand him beer. "The horse-leach hath two daughters, and

they cry more, more!" we are told. Saloon girls don't. At one swoop they take all you have got—money, morality and reputation—everything. They never cry "more." They make a lion out of you when you first go in, but send you out as spotted as a leopard—spotted by the police, to watch you incessantly, and spotted by the religious community, who won't look at you at all. Between the ballet girls and the gentle beerists the young man is soon done for. His ruin is accomplished, and in a little while he may sing as he goes, the familiar old song, slightly varied :

"I'm a bloat, I'm a bloat on the dark rolling sea."

To this sort of dissipation succeeds gambling. The young man is made acquainted with the "tiger," or Faro (which is not a Scriptural institution, as its name indicates), keno, rondeau, monte, roulette, and all the other games with fascinating foreign titles, until, penniless and broken hearted, he sinks into his grave, spending his last hours, perhaps, in a hospital, where for once in half a dozen years he is thrown into the society of a respectable woman, but she is such a horrid old crone that he is glad to die to get rid of looking at her, and thinks it no wonder that a one-legged soldier wrote on his cot in the hospital at Chancellorsville, as it is reported, the stanza :

O woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A pesky aggravation thou.

The young man breathes his last in the arms of

his attendant, and is gathered to his last home, where, according to certain sectarian views of the matter, his companionship will be even worse than it was in this life. Cynical, am I? Can't see it. Every word I have said is truth.

At this stage of the speaker's remarks many of his hearers became quite sad with grief. One, a beautiful maiden of some forty-five summers, drew very near to him, and while stroking his hoary beard with her tender hands, and bathing his bald head with her hot, briny tears, wanted to know if she should call back the fellow that was whistling "Ole Bob Ridley," and invite him in. The speaker thought she had better not, if she valued her life and property, as the aforesaid was, in all human probability, a garroter. He then proceeded :

And so you all think you ought to vote? (Voices, "Yes.") What! *you want to place yourselves on an equality with niggers?*

This presented the matter in a new light. They all declared unanimously they would not vote for any consideration. The speaker continued :

Now, do try and be a little more sensible. Drink as much tea as you like, wear thick flannels next the skin in winter time, and keep your feet warm, but stop this eternal twaddle about the unnatural conflict of races and the elevation of your oppressed sex. If you feel oppressed, quit wearing stays. It will help you amazingly. Set yourselves to work in the cause of saving young men from destruction, by supplying them with more agreeable society than they can find in beer gardens and club houses. Set your daughters after them, if you have any; if not,

your grand-daughters, or the daughters of your neighbors; and find a means by which strange young men of good parentage may become acquainted with them. Kick up a revolution in this direction, if you please, and let the voting go. By so doing you will earn a title to a glorious immortality. Woman's influence is mighty and must prevail. It is said that a woman was the origin of the noblest sentiment ever uttered by one of our most distinguished statesmen. Henry Clay, having been introduced to a very beautiful lady, the wife of a certain Mr. Wright, exclaimed, "I would rather be Wright than President." The words are imperishable. And behold what an estimate Socrates set upon silence in a woman, for he said to Xantippe: "With all thy faults, I love thee *still*!" Cleopatra was also a woman of strong will and considerable talent, as was shown by her influence over Mark Antony; but she yielded to an overweaning womanishness at last, and suffered herself to be stung to death by an Egyptian asp, which she did, I suppose, merely to show that her aspirations were fully realized. (!!!) Lot's wife was not as influential a woman as she might have been, seeing the position she occupied. She could not control her husband, and the result of her consequent obstreperousness is well known to all. It was doubtless the little disagreement of Mr. and Mrs. Lot that made matrimony a lottery for all time to come. But I forbear. I will adduce no further examples at present.

In conclusion I will say that unless I soon discern a change for the better, I shall abandon my life-long tactics and advocate matrimony as a means of re-

venge upon the fair sex. I will prove to Young America that even a young man on a small salary is better off married than single; that he can marry a girl of frugal habits, live in perfect bliss, keep house, have all he wants to eat and to spare, be intensely respectable, and all for less money than in a state of single blessedness he pays for board and beer; that he cannot afford to be rich until he is thirty years of age, as Mr. Bonner says; that he never will become rich unless he has a wife to help him; and many other things that will cause young men to rush for wives like a thousand of sheep. Then your gay and festive belles may go hang. Open up the portals of your social fabric or I will do this, and remember I have a charter as large as the wind to blow on whom I please.

HULDA WEAVER.

The lane that led to Jones' mill,
 Through fields and shades of fern,
 How long it seems in memory still—
 It never has a turn!
 The mill goes round or has gone down,
 To grind no more forever,
 But Jones' lane—red earth and brown—
 Will quit my memory never.

The farm house, by the roadside, too,
 Was not upon a rock,
 And yet it stands there staunch and true,
 Defying tempest shock;
 The roof, the floor, the walls are gone,
 And crumbled is each rafter,
 But in my mind it lingers on,
 And may it still, hereafter.

The roguish girl that tripped along
 The lane at morn and night,
 With merry laugh and joyous song,
 And heart as pure as light,
 Was but a creature such as we,
 Sprung from the flesh paternal,
 Yet, if my soul immortal be,
 Her memory is eternal.

The summer sunset never comes,
 Nor twilight's diamond dew,
 To gild the domes of drowsy homes,
 With bright and roseate hues;

But wand'ring forth, I romp again,
 In wild and boyish fever,
 And meet somewhere in Jones' lane,
 My bright-eyed Hulda Weaver.

I know just where to find the cows,
 And Hulda knows as well,
 She comes to tell me where they browse,
 And then we talk of —— ; well,
 No matter—over orchard fence,
 Among the roans and dapples,
 We bound in childish innocence,
 And hook old Weaver's apples.

What bliss within, what joy and glee,
 Our interchanges stir;
 One day she comes to dine with me,
 The next I dine with her.
 And often when our meal is done,
 And all the chores are over,
 We strolling go, through shade and sun,
 In search of four-leafed clover.

Ah! this is happiness, my friend,
 My pen can never paint,
 When pure thoughts only seem to blend,
 In training for a saint;
 What sweeter theme than thus to seem,
 In fair and stormy weather,
 Two foolish hearts ordained to dream
 Their lives away together?

But never yet such scenes as these
 Were born to linger long,
 One dark event broke all my ease,
 And changed my spirit's song.
 Old Weaver, bent on direful harm,
 One day got in a fury,
 Sold all his stock and sold his farm,
 To move to "Old Missouri."

Farewell the blissful rambles then,
 Farewell the golden days
 That wreathed our souls with pleasure when
 The fields were in a blaze;
 Unceasing anguish wrings my brow,
 My days of bliss are over,
 Farewell to apple-eating now,
 Farewell to four-leafed clover.

I see the great white wagons come
 And stand before the door;
 They seem like ghosts round Hulda's home,
 With banners grim and hoar;
 The oxen look like demons wild,
 As men begin to yoke them;
 With all the fervor of a child
 I pray that it may choke them.

I follow up the hateful train
 A dozen long lanes through,
 While briny tears I shed like rain,
 And Hulda sheds some too;
 I try to cheer her all I can,
 And tell her, ere I leave her,
 I'll come and see, when I'm a man,
 My darling Hulda Weaver.

The days are now like ages grown,
 And gloomily they pass;
 And Jones' lane seems ever sown
 With thorns instead of grass.
 I dread to view the dear old house,
 And shudder every minute,
 If I but hear a simple mouse—
 There seems a monster in it.

A year has passed, and one bright day
 A letter comes from town,
 All folded in the nicest way,
 And wrapped in black and brown;

My brother reads—I stand about—
 "Missouri—chills, and—fever—
 Dead—buried!"—Farewell, all my doubt,
 Farewell, sweet Hulda Weaver.

Old Time deals gently with us all,
 And none should dare complain,
 Since 'tis our lot to rise and fall
 Like stalks of tender grain;
 But happiest he, I must believe,
 Who comes to manhood never,
 Who with his age his youth can weave,
 And be a child forever.

The summer sunset never comes,
 Nor twilight's diamond dew,
 To gild the domes of drowsy homes
 With bright and roseate hues;
 But wandering forth I romp again,
 In wild and boyish fever,
 And meet somewhere in Jones' lane,
 My bright-eyed Hulda Weaver.

A TILT AT A FASHIONABLE FOLLY.

According to an infallible maxim, it is the duty of the journalist, and of all who sit in judgment upon the affairs of this mundane sphere, to "shoot folly as it flies." The practicability of such a proceeding has long since vanished. Folly no longer flies; it tilts. In a spirit of anti-progressiveness, it seems to have abandoned the motive power to which it was indebted for the former rapidity of its flight, and has adopted instead a sort of nip-up-de-dooden-dah movement that is positively at variance with the laws of progression, celerity and harmony. This statement is based upon the presumption that the sum of all follies is located in hoop-skirts, which is an indisputable fact, as I shall proceed to demonstrate by truths derived from unquestionable sources.

It was but a little while ago—say a couple of weeks—that I became acquainted with the contents of a tilting skirt; a very fascinating fragment of femininity upon whom I was strongly tempted to bestow the remnant of my affections. Bodily, there was not much of her, but in the way of dress she was a good deal. It is a very difficult matter now-a-days to judge of a lady's size by her magnitude. Like a certain species of nut to be found in most confection-

eries, the tender sex are marvellously deceptive; principally shell, with very little kernel. The stature of the lady in question, however, was no obstacle in the way of her winning my admiration. Personally, my prejudices are in favor of little women. The less there is of them the more I like them.

"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Great aches from little toe-corns grow," etc.

But it is the dress of which I desire more particularly to speak.

Can I forget (this is not sentimental)—can I—can I forget that balmy afternoon when I first beheld Miss Felicia Tiltaway, in her tilting garments, promenading, pervading and permeating Fourth street? It was not a want of proper appreciation of her captivating appearance—not in token of disrespect, or anything of that kind—that the involuntary explosive interrogation escaped my lips, upon beholding her, "Where is the band?" If I was suddenly seized with the conviction that a circus was approaching, let the erroneous impression be attributed to my own dullness of comprehension, and to my limited knowledge of circuses generally; but not to any visible excess or inconsistency in the attire of the lady aforesaid. Not for worlds.

She, if I may be allowed to give vent in plain terms to the outgushings of a sincere heart, was the very ideal of female magnificence. She was immense. The Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, or any other representative of the riches and splendor of antiquity, might not have gazed upon her without feelings of

envy. Solomon, in all his glory, was a trifle compared with her; the Fenian invasion of Canada was not a-raid like her. She was the incarnation and personification of all that is elegant, admirable and grand: red Morocco leather with gold tassels, rosewood and parsimmons; she was chain-lightning on wheels.

I was introduced to her; I basked in the sunshine of her delicious smiles. I was enamored of her, I was in ecstasies, I was demoralized. We strolled together, absorbed with sweet converse, and the appearance of the two of us was like unto that of a beanstalk and pavilion—we were strikingly dissimilar.

We had proceeded but a short distance when I experienced a stinging sensation in the immediate neighborhood of the top of my left boot, as if some hard, sharp substance had been thrust violently against me. I paused abruptly. When my companion inquired what was the matter, I replied with a very foolish smile, for I didn't know, but I suspected that some mischievous scamp had been pitching quoits at my legs. In a few minutes I felt another twinge. I bowed, blushed, and stammered a request that I might be permitted to walk on the opposite side. Miss Tiltaway consented. I performed a voyage half around her, and deposited myself about ten feet from the centre, hoping the amplitude of her dress would shelter me in a measure from the missiles which I was confident were being hurled at me from some heartless vagabond in the vicinity. I was mistaken. In a few moments I experienced the same diabolical inconvenience that had annoyed me before I changed

my base. A horrible suspicion flashed athwart my mind. Instantly I directed my attention and my optics simultaneously toward the nether border of Mademoiselle's skirt. (She was of French extraction; for convenience sake I speak of her as a French extract.) She followed suit. Her eyes followed mine, and we gazed alternately toward the ground and in each other's faces. To the surrounding multitude, if they observed us, I have no doubt we were a very interesting pair of spectacles.

But my curiosity and anxiety were satisfied. I now realized the cause of my trials and tribulations. Miss Tiltaway's skirt, at the mercy of every trifling gale, was swaying right and left like a ship in a tempest, and with every gust the wires attacked my shins with tenfold ferocity. Their irregular oscillations were a forcible illustration of Hudibras' description of the equivocating orator. "They wired in and wired out," and not only that, but they wired up and wired down, and wired in all other conceivable directions. Perhaps it is fortunate I was not of a wiry disposition, or I might have flown into a passion. At first I was willing to be charitable, and to allow that some accident had occurred to my lady's robes, but I was soon undeceived, for almost every lady we met was similarly situated. Old and young, good-looking and indifferent, great and small, seemed to have been seized with a mania for perpetual tilting. There were stout, oleaginous ladies, evidently the wives of petroleum merchants, whose skirts tilted slowly and majestically, like the ears of an elephant flopping to the solemn time of an East India pageant.

Half-fledged boarding-school misses bounced along on the sidewalk like India rubber puppets, while their immaculate little skirts tilted this way and that way with a rippity-hippity-devilty-split sort of motion not strictly in accordance with the moral precepts of most of our modern academic institutions. And there were hundreds of ladies embellowed in silks of the most extravagant pattern—the wives of rum-sellers, one might suppose, for their flounces articulated distinctly with every rustle “whiskey!” “whiskey!”—all alike, however, in their disposition to eternal tilting. We struggled through the promenade that afternoon, and after anointing my shins with mutton suet and nightshade three times a day regularly during one whole week, I began to exhibit symptoms of recovery. Maybe I’ll go promenading with a tilting skirt again. I think I see myself.

In the name of humanity—in the name of our down-trodden and oppressed sex, I protest against this fashionable monstrosity, which, with fiendish malignity, seems to have seized upon and upset the whole mental fabric of womankind. I could bear the pincushions stuck tauntingly on the back of the head, and the inverted bread-tray or Chinese umbrella used as a covering for the head—anything before—I could bear it all without a murmur, but these tilting hoops are too many for me. I cave.

One lady said to me, while endeavoring to defend the innovation, that the main reason why ladies wear the tilting skirt is because it is so cool. I honor her candor. When a lady appears on the streets in one

of them, it is about the coolest thing under heaven. What glory it is for young soap-locks, who never speculated to the amount of a dollar in their lives, to stand on the street corners of a windy day and note the rise and fall of cotton. What an explosion there is among them when a skirt blows up! O, it’s glorious—it’s just old fruit!

If there is any one thing in this world I admire, it’s a neatly, or even elegantly attired lady. If admiration for this class of females were a cardinal virtue, I would be a Cardinal. But when a woman’s passion for dress runs away with her brains—when she puts so much on the outside of her head that it destroys everything in it, and when she hangs so much flummery about her person that its very weight undermines her constitution and saps her physical energies, and when, as a final device, she strives to exhibit what the public very well knows is the least attraction she possesses, to wit, her understanding—she must put a very poor estimate indeed upon the amount of common sense remaining among the male portion of our fair creation, if she thinks by such a course to acquire that honor and esteem to which, in her appropriate sphere, she is so richly entitled. When I shall have become convinced that an enormity of dress in which it is all but impossible for a lady to stand in an ordinary yard—although she manages very well to stand in fifty yards—whenever I become satisfied that the capping of the climax of the interminable conglomeration of empress trails, waterfalls, and perplexing elliptic skirts, or whatever you call them, with the tilting abomination I

have described—when I shall have come to believe that these things are elevating and ennobling, and that the appropriate sphere of woman is a hemisphere, with the parallels of latitude represented by steel hoops, the motion of which is constantly suggesting an earthquake, then, and not till then, will I recant, and regret that I have thus tilted at one of the sacred institutions of the weaker sex.

DISTRESSING BALLAD OF A CHARCOAL MAN.

In Chesnut street there lived a man, in Market lived a woman,
He loved the girl with all his heart, while she in turn loved no
man;
He peddled coals, and oft at dawn, emerging from some dark hole,
Awoke the town with lusty shouts of "Charcoal, charcoal, charcoal!"
And she (Melissa was her name) sold milk day after day,
And hoarded every cent she earned along her milky way.

The lover was a brawny man, a valiant one to boot,
And when he sold Melissa coals, he always pressed his soot;
But she, the cruel-hearted thing, though pressed so long and
often,
Repressed the struggling fire within—she could not, would not
soften—
Until at last he madly cried, in love's bewildered blindness—
"O cruel girl, your milk is not the milk of human kindness."

The coalman cried, "I'm desperate now—aye, I'm a desperado;"
He sold his horse, his cart, his coals, and went to Colorado.
Melissa changed; her love grew warm—so long her hero tarried,
She got impatient, got enraged, and finally got married.
They dwelt in peace and happiness, the husband and his lady,
The only issue ever raised by either was—a baby.

The baby grew and prospered well—as well as any other—
And made its living out of milk, perhaps to please its mother.

Home came the coalman, shocked to find a wedding true and
 lawful
 Had taken place; his hopes were crushed; he told a man 'twas
 awful.
 He saw the wife, and wondered much what mystery had struck
 her,
 He knew she was a Hoosier girl—her baby was a Sucker.

Two days he wandered here and there, in striving to forgive her,
 Then took a bath down by a mill in Mississippi river.
 Twelve men—a jury—next day passed without dissenting vote, or
 Word of parlance, on the case of the unhappy floater.
 Though 'twas approved a temperance act to kill himself with
 water,
 His death they all acknowledged was a mill-and-coaly matter.

ENTRÉE INTO THE ARENA OF POLITICS.

"Mornin' 'Squire," said old Chopps, accosting me on the street, and thumping me on the back with such emphasis that my hat bounced off my head, my cigar out of my mouth, and nearly all my senses out of my head. A quaint genius is old Chopps. He is a politician of the primitive kind, and devotes his whole time, talents and physical energies to his profession. If you should see a very corpulent man, with a rotundity indicative of enormous living, and a face about the complexion of a boiled beet or a turkey gobbler's trunk, standing on some street corner in the centre of a little knot of men, and, with one hand gracefully concealed beneath his coat-tails, and the other extended at an angle of forty-five degrees towards the heavens, endeavoring to impress upon them that the opening of a certain alley is not according to the New Constitution—seek no further. That's Chopps—the veritable old boy himself. Chopps' ideas of propriety are somewhat peculiar, as is everything else about him. Doubtless he has read Chesterfield at some time or other, but he has an alacrity at forgetting things, and I don't think he remembers many of the maxims of that distinguished etiquettician.

"Mornin'," says he, in the manner before men-

tioned. "Good morning," says I. "Have you registered?" says he. "I have," says I. "Where at?" says he. "At the Southern," says I. "Get out," says he; "you know what I mean. Have you registered your name in your precinct so as to secure your franchise at the coming election?" After thoroughly digesting the old gentleman's interrogation, I was compelled to answer in the negative. "What!" he exclaimed, "not registered? I am astonished at you. Come right along with me." And he seized me by the arm, and dragged me off bodily.

As we jogged along together he said, "I suppose you are sound, Hans?" I replied feelingly, "if you have any doubt about it I can bring twenty certificates from physicians." "O, no," he continued, "you don't comprehend me. Are you sound on the goose?" "O, the goose," I replied, slightly obfuscated, "oh, ah, yes, I'm hunkadori on the goose."

I calculate that my "hunkadori" was as much a stumper for him as his "goose" was for me, for he looked moody for several minutes, and said very little.

At length we stood in the presence of royalty, or "loyalty," I forget which. It was the Registering officer anyhow—a grizzly looking man with green goggles and a bald head, and tobacco juice on his shirt front. I uncovered my head as a solemn tribute to his mighty station. After propounding a few questions of a general nature, such as, Was I the son of my father? Was I male or female? Were my parents all loyal men? and so on, he proceeded to business.

"Have you ever been a soldier?" says he. "I have," says I. "Were you ever in the rebel army?" says he. "I was," says I. "That's bad," says he. "So I thought," says I. "In what capacity did you serve?" says he. "As a prisoner of war," says I. "That's better," says he. "Can't see it," says I. "What was your conduct while a prisoner?" says he. "I treated my keepers with the utmost respect," says I. "Have you ever read the oath of loyalty prescribed by the Constitution of this State?" says he. "Only one volume of it," says I; "when I get a week or two to spare I mean to finish it." "You'll do," says he. "Do what?" says I. "To vote," says he. "Thank you," says I.

And out we floated—old Chopps and I. "Hans," he exclaimed, grasping my hand fervently when we were in the open air, "Hans, you are a man now. You are my equal."

"Thunder and lightning! you don't say so!" was my involuntary response to his congratulation.

"Hans, that's a glorious clause in the bulwark of our liberties that affords such an opportunity as this for making us all equal."

"Yes, all equal," said I; "white men, niggers and monkeys, and jacka—"

"S-s-s! no fanaticism, Hans, no fanaticism. Let's get the colored race off our hands first. We'll come to the monkeys by and bye. Now, Hans, I'll tell you what you must do. I see you are all right; you must stomp the city for our party."

"But how can I? there are no stumps."

"Oh, no matter; speak from pine boxes and whiskey barrels, and doorsteps, and balconies, and house-

tops—anything. You shall help to restore to its pristine glory this abandoned city. You shall proclaim to the masses the purity, the grandeur, the sublimity of the great doctrines of Radicalism. Your mighty eloquence will rush down like a Niagara into the ranks of the Democracy, and such as don't come up to us in skiffs will be drowned, Hans—yes, drowned."

Here the old man became so fatigued that he yielded the floor.

"But, my dear Chopps, consider," I said: "Do you think the minds of the people out West are sufficiently developed—are they strong enough to receive and retain the great truths that I would promulgate? Would they live over it?"

"Yes," said Chopps, soothingly. "I think they would."

I made up my mind immediately. There was to be an immense mass meeting that night at somebody's hall, in some ward or other, and some great man was going to make a speech. I must be there to get "the points." Chopps said he would go with me and "show me through." Punctual as clockwork, he appeared at 8 P. M., and we started for the love-feast. We approached a little old dingy building, the character of which I did not understand. Seeing a transparency in front of the door with letters on it, I suspected it said "meals at all hours," but upon a closer scrutiny I discovered the words to be "support Congress." I remarked incidentally that I thought that injunction quite superfluous, for, with the agility Congress displayed in voting itself salaries, it ought to be able to support itself.

"Hush!" said Chopps, "don't talk that way here, you'll be gutted."

I sloped. I came, I saw, I skedaddled. I always had a horror of being disemboweled, and yet, from my infancy, I have had a superstition that I would perish in that way. Falstaff's terror of drowning was not greater than is mine of being dismembered from my in'ards. I ran, I don't deny it. Old Chopps gave chase, shouting at the top of his voice, which was a very tall one, "come back!" Little boys in the street added "Stephen!" Old men and young cried "stop thief!" The police surrounded me and I gave in. "Hello! old hoss!" said a low-born fellow, seizing me by the arm, "are you running for office?" "No," I replied as soon as I recovered my breath, "I am running for an officer." Old Chopps came up, puffing like a locomotive. He told the police to let me go, which they did. Then he said he was only in fun, and I wouldn't be hurt for the world, and all that. I finally started with him again, but I felt uneasy.

We entered the dingy little house, and I felt relieved. There was a man in convulsions on a platform, a chap with a number on his hat sitting in a corner asleep, two or three men with pipes in their mouths, half a dozen representatives of Fatherland huddled together, and about fifty empty chairs. That was all I could see. I had scarcely glanced about the room when a voice behind me sung out:

"Sit you down dere, fat mans. Vat you dinks, eh? Dinks you I see through a tam elephant."

"See here, my gentle Teuton," I said, "Ich nicht Deutsche sprechen, but unless you modify your lan-

guage a little hereafter when addressing yourself to me, my impression is that I shall yield to a natural impulse and tap your beer barrel."

"Hit you from der shoulder?" quoth Germany, mounting to his pins and squaring off.

"Not much," quoth the subscriber, "I hit from the breast-pocket," and suiting the action to the word, I thrust my hand in my bosom. Bismark wilted, with whole sections of Col. Colt's artillery swimming before his frenzied vision, no doubt. It was fortunate for him that my meerschaum pipe was not loaded.

"What ails that man in the pulpit?" I asked old Chopps, when peace had been declared.

"Him?" said the ever accommodating Chopps, "why he's making a speech."

I never should have known it. He made so much noise I couldn't hear him.

"These are all loyal men," continued my companion, "you'll find no copperheads here."

"No sapheads either, I suppose," said I, as the speaker took a breath.

No reply.

"That man," observed Chopps, "is one of the great leaders of our party. It would rend your heart-strings to hear what he has suffered for his bleeding country. At the beginning of the war he was a rebel, fought in the rebel army, and Government confiscated all his property. Yet with all these calamities to sustain, when he discovered his error he abandoned the sinking cause and came over to our party, and our magnanimous Government forthwith restored his possessions. Now he is the chief corner

stone of our temple. A great man is that, Mr. Le Connor, a great man!"

I was so carried away by this pathetic panegyric that I exclaimed: "Je—whillikens! can it be? Wonder if I could get a lock of his whiskers or a piece of his ear to remember him by?"

Chopps looked sanctimonious and shook his head.

"What is he doing now?" I queried, as he came down on the table with his fist like a thousand of brick, and stared furiously at an empty bench directly in front of him; "is he mad?"

My cyclopedia informed me that he was expounding the principles of the New Constitution. I ventured to observe that that table would be pretty well expounded if his wrath increased much more. Nobody laughed. A poor place for jokes is a Puritan meeting. Chopps said I must be patient and I would see something. The crowds would begin to pour in soon. I waited for the pour. Meantime I directed my attention to the roaring young lion that occupied the stand, and was able now and then to catch a word of his address. It was after this fashion:

"Villainous—ah—seek to—ah—overthrow Government—ah—infernal traitor, Andy Johnson—(whew!)—all traitors—ah—cut-throats and murderers—ah—every man in Democratic party—(whew!) liars and poltroons—ah—Johnson, Seward and the whole pack—ah—"

"Hold on—ah—hold on!" I said, rising to my feet and darting toward the platform.

"Come back," shrieked Chopps, seizing hold of my coat-tail. "Where are you going?"

"Going to punch the head of that untamed ani-

mal," I said; "I won't sit here and hear respectable men abused in that way."

"Sh-sh-sh! Come back and sit down, he don't mean it. You must always talk that way when you are making a speech."

"O-ho! it is in the play, is it?" says I.

"Of course it is," says he.

"Then why didn't you say so," says I, "I tho't he was 'gagging' the piece."

I calmed myself. Pretty soon the fiery dragon played out. He pounded both fists black and blue, besides bursting off all his shirt buttons, and then sank down from sheer exhaustion. Chopps yelled for me. The other inmates of the place took up the cry, although they hadn't the remotest idea what they were calling for. Seeing I was in for it, I took the stand, removed my cravat, rolled up my sleeves, and went in. Following is my speech:

FELLOW-CITIZENS—(Barring the Dutchman over there that called me an elephant)—You all know my views. (If they did they were a great deal wiser than I.) You also know how I regard Andrew Johnson. (Cries of "That's so;" "Go for him;" "Give him fits," &c. Here the man with the door-plate on his hat woke up.) When that arch traitor (great applause); when that hoary-headed blackguard—"bully for you," "that's the talk; that suits us";) that envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the regions of darkness, desolation and death, (here the cheering was absolutely overpowering; I was compelled to stop my ears with my fingers); that living, moving, thinking sum of all villainies, Thad. Stevens—

Fortunately there was but one light in the room, and that was a tallow candle. The first chair hurled at me struck it and left us all in the dark. I could hear them rushing toward the stand, and I made for

the door. That was a sympathizing crowd. They couldn't see me, but they all felt for me. On they came, and on I went. Came in violent contact with the globe-like form of Old Chopps. Just for fun I tipped him over, and cried out, "Here, boys, I've got him!" Old C. being of about my shape and dimensions, the mob was easily misled, and they piled on to him three deep. As I made my exit at the front door I heard him screaming for quarter. I am sure he never got it; there was not a quarter in all that crowd. Once outside, two or three of them recognized me by the gas-light, and, O parsimmons! didn't they freeze to me like a hired man? I said something about free speech. They replied with something like freebooters, illustrating their remarks with practical demonstrations. I bore up under it (or before it) until I reached a pile of bricks, when I turned upon my assailants, and you should have seen them scatter. Again I was master of the situation, and deeming discretion the better part of valor, I broke down the street as hard as I could tear. It takes a strong man to break down a street, but I did it, nevertheless. The crowd followed. Being closely pressed again, and the brickbats flying rather profusely about my ears, I seized a nigger baby out of its mother's arms and held it up to the excited rabble. The effect was magical. Brickbats stopped flying in a minute. It was a grand and impressive spectacle—little Ethiop shielding me from danger. Beat the Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish all hollow. Fact is, I learned the dodge from Naramattah, and I thank her muchly. Despite the entreaties of the agonized mother, I clung to

that little nigger till I was out of danger, when I yielded it up. Beneath the friendly roof of Bliss-hovel I blessed my stars, and having repeated "Now I lay me——" retired, to dream of Radicalism, Voodooism, and every other sort of ism, till morning. I don't want to see Old Chopps till this day seven years. When we meet there will be oil spilt, certain; and I don't want to see it.

THE RAILROAD "RING."

[A CHAPTER DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE CELEBRATED IRON MOUNTAIN RAILROAD TRANSACTION.]

Eureka!

By the Cove of Cork, I've got the right pig by the ear this time! No more groping in the dark, no more pining in poverty, and snapping up ragged currency as a spider does flies, for a miserable existence—no, sir! for I've struck the right track—the right double track; I have obtained the summit of my earthly ambition, and victory perches on my bloody bandana like a heroic rooster on a barn door. I'm a made man—a m-a-d-e man. Merchantmen, tradesmen, laboring men—all—avaunt and quit my sight! For the deficiency of speculation in your optic orbs I spurn ye.

One more fortunate,
Yearning for cash,
Wisely importunate,
Rich in a flash!

So to speak. To come right down to the brass of the matter, though, and talk good old sound, substantial, machine sense, (however disagreeable it may be to me to go back on poetry,) I've struck a good thing and made a pile (no allusion to our M. C.) Went in on my shape, speculated in railroads, (Broad

Gouge Line—Rogue's Cut-off—Mr. Damrascal, President—big thing) Look at me! Rich as Croesus, and independent of the whole world, all through a little skill in railroading. Railroad's the thing wherein to make the fortunes of a "Ring." See it? Simple as checkers.

How?

How did *Faro* cross the Red Sea? Played it open, did he, and got a bigger check than he ever dreamed of? Science. How did Hercules (Here. of antiquity) slay the Hydrant and cleanse the stables of Oregon? Did it all by main force, didn't he? Power? Sher-nanigan? Skulduggery? Of course he did. How did Columbus discover America? How did Napoleon become Emperor? How did Hon. John Morrissey get into Congress? How? No sane man ever ought to ask that question. Nerve, brains, muscle, will. These words are sufficient answers to all the "hows" this side of doomsday. Muster your courage to the front, give the command "forward!" and go in. That was my policy, and behold me! A millionaire, a railroadist, a success!

The motive?

Locomotive, of course. Money was the prime lever, my boy, money—bullion, l'argent, ducats, livres, scudis, *rocks*. The interests of mankind generally are controlled by the human mind; railroad interests by Hume and \$30,000. Lucre's the thing—lucre and luck. Heard the proverb of the lucky man, hav'nt you? Throw him in the sea and he will come up with a fish in his mouth. Beat that myself. Jumped headlong into the sea of speculation, and came up with a railroad in my mouth. Marvellous road it is,

too; value of it like the color of the chameleon—depends altogether on the light you see it in. Stocks rise and fall in unison with honesty, and it is pretty safe to prophesy, from present appearances, in a little while the stock of the road will "go up." I'm interested. I am one of a "Ring"—a ringer-in, and an active member of a live association that has for its object the acquirement of railroads without money and without price; our motto, plain dealing and plain stealing, founded in the spirit of the infallible proverb, "Honesty is the best policy." In the innocent and exhilarating pastime herein denominated, I expect to encounter overwhelming success.

Guilty conscience?

Skeleton in every man's closet, eh? So there is. Skeleton in every woman's closet, too, for that matter. Skeleton skirt. What do I care? They may turn my closet into an anatomical museum, with space set apart for a hospital and cemetery, if they like; fill it chuck full of the unrecognizable bodies of maimed, mangled, and otherwise mutilated human beings, with a sprinkling of ghosts, spectres and hobgoblins. What matters it to me? Ain't I a millionaire? Troubled now and then with an attack of nightmare, certainly; fancy I'm harnessed to a great, heavy freight train, and compelled to draw it forever up an interminable hill, while stones, apparently half as big as the universe, labelled "honesty," integrity," and so on, seem always ready to tumble on my head, and beneath is a seething cauldron, marked "Public Opinion." Such pleasant visions are of common occurrence. But, pshaw! What of that? I am opulent; I am an association—a *Ring*.

Work, you poor devils out in the street there! Dig, dig, dig! O, but it's glorious to sit here in my luxurious parlor and watch the great drops of perspiration trickling from your manly brows. Precious globules! They are gold dollars dropping into my exchequer. Toil on, ye stalwart freemen, and bless your lucky stars that you can work from sunrise to sunset for means to pay taxes, and the law cannot punish you for it. Sweet are the uses of a free government. Your toil pays taxes, taxes buy railroads, railroads become the property of the State, and the State's trustworthy and responsible ministers, (Heaven save the mark!) recognizing the worthiness and neediness of our association, sell us the roads for a mere vulgar fraction of their intrinsic value. That's what we call a "heavy operation." Heavy, indeed; and that the State does not expire from intestinal congestion is no fault of ours. We are patriots, nevertheless; we vote right, and the poor, miserable public dare not question us. Glorious country! Work, you freckled-faced, carrotty-headed, black-and-tan, hickory-shirted, dirt-besprinkled, freeborn American citizens! Heave the mud-pile, ply the spade, till you sweat blood, and the white hairs melt like a frost from your worn-out pates! Work, work, work! What amusement for me—high cockleorum of the Broad Gouge Road.

Afraid of exposure?

Your grandmother's boot-jack. Suppose the Legislatures do appoint investigating committees now and then, and suppose the newspapers do blow us up once in a while, and charge us with corruption and robbery, and all that? Easy enough to get out of it.

Do as the monkeys do in Brazil when they want to cross a stream. One monkey seizes a limb, another monkey takes hold of his tail, another *his* tail, and so on till a long line is formed, then, swinging across, the last monkey seizes a limb on the opposite side, and a bridge is formed over which the whole tribe crosses; then the first monkey lets his hold go, and bridge and all is landed safely on the other side. That's the ticket. If there is danger of getting swamped, we will make a bridge of ourselves and swing out of the difficulty. If the last monkey does get a ducking it won't hurt him much. Do him good, perhaps. Besides, it will be a warning to the other monkeys.

I'm an astonishing success, and I am tempted to exclaim, "Heaven bless the man that invented *low bids*." The State evidently thinks the less money a man has the more he's worth, and hence my fortune. I'm a Croesus, and I feel railroadish and ringish in every muscle and corpusele of my body; for I am an awful speculator, chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely, head centre-pole of a mystic and mysterious "Ring" that knocks circus rings, "Ring, ring the banjo," and all other rings into a three-cornered hat; and I expect to be entrusted with the "slush fund" of our organization, when I shall prove to all mankind that I am the noblest work of creation, a *non est* man—testimony of everybody, Watt's-his-name, and all the rest of 'em, to the contrary notwithstanding. All aboard! and now, brethren, while our Ring moveth in the mysterious evolutions of a South Carolina Walk Round, let our voices mingle in the magnificent melody of our

SOCKDOLAGER.

Air—"Greenbacks."

Missouri am a rich plantation,
 Five-fifty on a broad gouge road,
 How are you, brother Tommy?
 But it am too small to rule this nation,
 Then while we sing,
 The heel-tap ring,
 The banjo sound like jim-jam;
 Look to the East, look to the West,
 Look away,
 Over there!
 For the railroad leads to the cuckoo's nest,
 We'll jump on board the cars!
 Then good bye to the fair sex, then good bye,
 For we'll think on railroads,
 Railroads;
 We are coming, brother Tommy,
 Five hundred thousand more!"

Hunkidori happy man! Ain't this lemons? I'm
 a whale among minnows—a giant in Lilliput. Choo,
 choo, choo! Steam's up, off with the brakes, clear
 the track, away we go. "Vic-to-ria. Twenty min-
 utes for dinner." How are you, Broad Gouge Line
 —Fletcher's Extension?

RUM-CHANT.

[DEPICTING THE HORRORS OF MANIA A POTU.]

The world is growing cold and dark,
 My icy limbs are stiff and stark,
 My blood is freezing fast—but hark!
 What means that awful scream?
 Soft!—Did I dream?
 Methought I heard a woman shriek,
 And on the wild air black and bleak
 Her cries for help rung like—her cheek!
 I feel its touch—'tis she! 'tis she!
 Heavens! am I dying?
 Listen!
 See the fiends in the air,
 See their eyes how they glare,
 How they glisten!
 Hither and thither they are flying,
 Quick! Quick!
 Thro' the darkness they are hieing,
 And they tell me I am dying—
 They are lying, they are lying, they are lying,
 Ha, ha, ha!

* * * * *

— Great God!

What was I saying?
 My mind way straying,
 And I felt a pain
 Here in my heart,
 But 'twill soon depart;
 There, I am well again.

This is not home, I dwell not here;
That river of fire, that pall, that bier,
Are not for me.

Steadily, steadily over the waves,
Over the waves of fire
The white boat glides;
Like a bird she rides
Over the waves of fire,
On to the seething sea.

How the billows howl, and laugh and rave,
Beyond the river, beyond the grave,
Upon the breast of the burning sea;
How the red rocks blaze in the lashing wave
That is yearning for me!

But, hark, a cry
Rends the dark, dead sky;
—— Fire! Fire!

Devils! In legions and hordes they pour,
And chuckle and dance on the lurid shore;
Their mockery maddens the deafening roar
Of the great red sea.
And see!

What people are these? Strange people,
Gathered in couples together,
With bodies like snakes, and as slimy;
Red horns on their heads, and their eyes dart
Sulphuric flashes continuous.
They mingle and talk, with each other
Converse, but their tongues are protruding,
And blood from their nostrils is dripping,
Green serpents are twining among them,
And kissing their cheeks in derision.
Strange people, indeed, for they feed on
The flesh of their fellows and kindred
Torn up from the grave for their stomachs;
They feed on the dead and the dying,
On flesh that decayed is, and rotten.
The vultures are hovered above them,
Great birds with two heads and with no head;
Wolves, tigers and dogs are assembled

To join in the revels and feasting—
A feast for the gods, by my reason!

The banquet is begun,
One by one,

Fiends and devils coming on,
Swell the throng, and their song
Rises upward, loud and strong;

Leaping, gnawing, dancing,
Howling, laughing, prancing,
From their eyes the red fire glancing,
Casts a sickly, ghostly glare on all around;
The reverberating yell

Of this concourse foul and fell,
This menagerie of hell,

Rocks the elements and splits the very ground.
I will join at the feast and be merry,
O, boatman, speed quick o'er the ferry!
But hist! a cringe, a crash, a wreck!

A rock! a rock!

A leak, the flames rush in!

To the deck!

That was a death-like shock.

O, it is dire

To drown in fire.

We are sinking, we are sinking!

Land ho!—too late, too late!

The bright liquid we are drinking,

And we die, O, shameless fate!

Man the life-boat! Ha, ha, ha!

Safe, safe, safe,

Out of the wreck;

It is but a speck

On the red barren waste, far away,

And we proudly float,

In our proud little boat,

To the isle beyond the hot hissing bay.

Steadily, steadily over the waves,

Over the river of fire,

On to the fiery sea,

Over the dead, and over their graves,

Over the tomb that the white fire laves,

Over the river of fire,
 To the friends that are waiting for me.
 A little while, and on the sweltering strand,
 Amid impassioned fiends, a prince I'll stand.
 Ha! Even now the boat has touched the shore,
 Farewell, ye merry crew, forever more!
 Hail, happy fiends! I come, I come!
 O, give me welcome to my chosen home,
 I come—but ah, that pang—to join your sport.—
 But one pang more—I come—safe, safe in port.

A FAMILY MAN.

I was travelling about seven years ago, on horseback, near the western border of Missouri. What object I had in being there it is unnecessary to state, but for the benefit of the timid-minded and the too-suspicious, I may be pardoned for saying that I was neither jayhawking nor acting in the capacity of a highwayman—nor was I a member of anybody's militia.

It was Christmas, and there was a deep snow on the ground. The sun was just sinking in the west behind a bank of ominous-looking clouds that prophesied a snow-storm. I had ridden all day without passing any habitation save two or three little log cabins that looked scarcely large enough to accommodate a single inmate. I was considerably delighted therefore, when, about sunset, I came in sight of a rather comfortable appearing house built of hewed logs, and standing in the midst of a field that bore evidence of having produced a fair crop of corn the previous season. As I drew near to the house, the dulcet strains of that amiable tune commonly called "Rackensack," burst on my ears, wrung from the bowels of a solitary fiddle. By and by I heard

voices—a great many of them—and I was convinced that a merry-making was going on. Just as I was felicitating myself upon the prospect of a night's enjoyment beneath a comfortable roof, with the romantic accompaniment of old-fashioned pastime, my eyes lit on a spectacle that for a moment staggered me; but I soon recovered, and reining up my horse, I stopped for a good view of it. About a hundred yards from the house, seated on an old log, was a brawny old man with a shaggy beard, and clad in the raiment peculiar to that section. A white cloth was spread before him, on which were some scraps of bread and meat, which he was endeavoring to devour in the most selfish manner I ever saw. I don't know why, but I had an instinctive perception that that man was the proprietor of the house.

'Friend, said I, "why don't you go indoors to eat your supper?"

He did not deign to look up, but he answered me. "A voice came like a falling star," as Longfellow has it; a deep, sepulchral, awful voice:

"None o' yer — business."

Looking at the matter in its legitimate light, perhaps he was correct, but I thought he might have been less profane about it. The clouds in the west looked too threatening for me to be put off so easily.

"Rackensack" became more and more enticing.

"Can you keep me all night," I asked, timidly.

"Can't keep nothin'," was the reply.

It struck me he kept his equilibrium, at least. I tried a new "lead," in hopes of coming to a better understanding.

"Have there been many Eastern folks in these parts lately, for the purpose of entering land?" I inquired.

"Yes, a good many on 'em has been out this way, and they generally enter land as soon as they git here. We pop 'em over with a piece of cold lead, and chuck 'em under the gravel. Don' want no caterlopers."

I shuddered. More than ever was I determined not to proceed any further on a dark road in a country where they popped people over.

"My friend," I said, appealing to his finer sensibilities, "I suppose you have a family?"

He dropped his victuals and looked up. His eyes dilated, and the veins began to swell in his neck. I thought something terrible was coming. Said he:

"See here, stranger, I've took a good deal from you—more'n I ever did from any other man. But let that pass a minit; I want to ax *you* a question. Ain't *you* got a family?"

"Not if I know myself."

"What! Now looky here, Captain, don't try to come it over me. Ole Jack Hackbonny ain't the man to be fooled with—dog my cats if he is. You ain't got no family?"

"Never was married in my life, as I am a Christian."

"Major, I hain't got no right to dispute yer. That ere countenance o' yourn looks tolerable honest like. Never had no wife?"

"Never!"

"Nor no children, nuther?"

This latter question I thought it not worth while to

answer, as a moment's reflection must convince him of its absurdity. He continued:

"Kurnel, pledge me yer word and honor as a man yer never had no wife nor no children, speshly darters, and I'm yer friend 'til deth."

"I pledge, with all my heart."

"Gineral, git down. Drap. I'll feed yer beast, and you can go into the house. By-me-by you'll git some supper, and I'll see that you have the best bed in the house. Never was married! Well, by hokey!"

I told him I would prefer to accompany him to the stable to see my "beast" provided for; and as we proceeded on our way, my accommodating host discoursed as follows:

"S'pose you think old Jake Hackbonny's a curis critter. That's what they all say. But I tell yer what it is, I've seed some mity hard times. A good many years ago I got married out in Posey county, Indianny. I managed to pick up a purty good sort of a gal. She was thrifty like, and knowed how to take keer o' things. So I moved out here into Missouri, and cleers up a little patch o' ground, and builds me a house. Now, sez I to my old woman, (she was a young gal, then, and a good natered kind o' thing) sez I, "Polly," (that's my wife's name,) "Polly," sez I, "I don't mind raisin' a family now. A family o' boys would be a mighty heap o' sarvice to me in clearin' my ground and sich like, yer know." "Yes," sez she, "Jacob, boys is mighty handy to a body when they git old and can't do for theirselves." And she kinder smiled, and everythin' went on very

agreeable till by-me-by we had a child born. I paid an all-fired big doctor's bill, and had to do all the cookin' for a whole week, and the consarn-ed young un was a gal! "Jacob," says Polly, "the Lord's aginst us." "Yes," says I, "Polly, I reckon." I bore up under it, howsever, and kep on workin' and gittin a little property together, and by-me-by another gal was born. That was a little more'n I could stand. The way I did swear was a sin, I know. "Jacob," says my old woman, "this here's a cuss sent on yer for yer wickedness." "Polly," says I, "I'xspeck so, and I'll try and do better." I did do better a whole year, when another gal was born, and I ain't done better never no more. I'll tell yer what it is, there was nine gals born one after another. It was anuff to break up the richest man in the world. But my old woman she's purty smart, so says she, "Jacob, you must make them gals work out. Make 'em earn their own bread till they git old anuff to marry." I liked that idee fust rate, so I put the oldest one to hoen corn and choppin' wood, and so on, and just as she got larnt how, long comes a feller and marries her. That pleased me purty well, 'cause I thought now I'd have one less to support, but in about a month her man took the white-swellin' and he ain't been out o' the house sence. Then I larnt my next oldest to work, and she up and married right off; but she married a feller that tried purty hard to git along in the world. He started to the gold diggins, and the Injuns killed him. Now, his widder, and a helpless little offspring, is throwed onto my hands. "Polly," says I, "this marryin's got to be stopped." "No, no, Jacob," says she, "mebbe the rest on 'em 'll have

better luck." So two more on 'em got married, and daug gaun my skin if their husbands has ever done a lick o' work sence. They jist lay round and live off o' me. And my old woman thinks thar never was sich men, and says they ain't able to work. There's been a mortal change in my old woman o' late years, sure's you're born. Well, they was all married but two at last, and all on my hands still, when long comes a spruce lookin' town chap. Said he'd been to Pike's Peak, and been robbed, and I don't know what all. He was an all-fired smart feller. Could talk about anything, and used to tell murder stories for hours at a time, and tickled my old woman and the gals almost to death, and the children was awful skeered at him. He said he was a printer, and used to show us a little thin piece of steel about two inches long that he called his "rule," and said that was the key to any man's fortin. Then he talked a great lot about having rich parients into the East somewhar', and said how he was expectin a printin orfis to be sent to him up to St. Jo., and how he would like to stay with me a week or so till he got his "stake," as he called it, and I was mighty willin' to keep him, cause he was mighty interestin'—although he *was* a little expensive; cause my lazy, good-for-nothin' son-in-laws staid in the house more'n ever now, and didn't seem to like for him to talk to their wives purty much. Well, I didn't mind him, havin' to be out nearly all the time tendin' to things, and so he got to cuttin' round one o' my single gals, and one day he axed me for her. He said as how he would take her to St. Jo., and make a lady on her; and I was so powerful glad to git one on 'em off my

hands, that I was willin' right off. Away he went for old preacher Barnes, over by Parker's mill—the same one that married all the rest on 'em—and they spliced. Then he laid round for a week or sich a matter, and one day he says to me as how his printin orfis had come to St. Jo., and if he'd only fifty dollars to pay for shippin' it, he could set right up in business. Well, me and Polly had managed to scrape together a little money by sellin' roots and feathers, and one thing and another, and so I lends him fifty dollars, though it was about all I had. He starts up to St. Jo., and says he: "I'll be back in a week for my wife." That was little more'n a year ago, and I hain't never seed hair nor hide o' that ar printer from that day to this. Let another on 'em ever poke his head around me, and if I don't rip his jugular, my name ain't Jacob Hackbonny. Now comes a feller and wants to marry the last darter I've got, to be another load on my shoulders. I was gwine to shoot him, but my old woman puts in her gab (she ain't what she used to be,) and says as how its mighty pleasant to have a body's children with 'em in their old days anyhow." Think of that! Well, Ginral, there'll be another weddin' here to-night they all think, but I reckon as how they'll laff when they find out better. That ar "shepherd," as my old woman calls him, old man Barnes, won't marry many more couples, I reckon. He comes through the woods to-night, and I've got some friends lookin' for him as'll put him where marryin' won't win. But les go in, Ginral, whar you can git a bite to eat. Ther's twenty-three people in that house, includin big and little, children and grandchildren, and valable son-in-laws,

and there ain't but one room to the house, but you shall have the best bed in it. You ain't got no family, and you're my friend."

I drew a long breath when the old man finished his windy story. I could not help sighing when I thought of the "shepherd," but knowing my inability to save him, I resolved to make the most of a night's lodging, and be off by times in the morning.

I entered the house, and the appearance of the company certainly was most striking. In addition to the regular twenty-three inmates, a great many visitors had come to be present at the wedding, so that the house was literally crammed full. The son-in-law with the white-swellings ceased sawing on his old fiddle. I replenished the inner man, and soon began to make myself agreeable. While waiting for the parson, several plays were proposed, in all of which I took part. One I remember very distinctly. Some one, usually one of the "gals" first, sat in the middle of the room, while all the rest of the party marched round her in a circle, singing:

"O sister Phebe, how merry were we,
The night we sat under that juniper tree,
That juniper tree, I-O.
Take this hat on your head, keep your head warm,
And take a sweet kiss, it will do you no harm,
But a great deal of good, I know."

Whereupon the young lady "goes for" her choice, and fires one at him broadside—not one of your theatrical hoaxes, but a regular columbiad kiss, that makes the welkin fairly ring. The lucky young man then sits down and goes through the same ordeal. I got on all right till I had to take the chair, and when

it came my turn to select a favorite, I picked on the bride elect. A scuffle ensued, she of course resisting, which was very proper, and in the scuffle something flew out of my pocket and rattled on the hearth. "O how purty!" cried a little urchin who picked it up. "One o'them keys to fortin, by thunder!" shouted the old man, "Sir," said I hastily, "let me explain." "You are a printer," said he. "I have been an innocent speculator for years," I replied; "once I was a print—"

"My shot-gun! boys, git a rope," broke in the old monster, and I broke out at the door. I had no difficulty in finding my horse, and I saddled him hastily, and as he cleared the fence with me on his back, two charges of shot passed in dangerous proximity to my upper story. I rode ten miles through the dark and cold, before I found a hospitable roof—thinking all the time of that sage remark, "there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." I never heard from the nuptials, but presume they did not transpire that night, at least.

I have travelled some in Western Missouri since the above event occurred, but I always take care not to have a printer's rule with me.

PERKINS' SUKEY ANN AND OUR LIZ.

[I believe I commit not an unpardonable breach of confidence in placing before the public the following extract from a letter from an old school-mate. Although such abominations as the courtship herein described are naturally repugnant to my feelings, a few of my juniors may possibly profit by it. The term "school-mate" is arbitrary, signifying merely that we were boys together, as may be inferred from my friend's orthography. H. P. LE C.]

* * * I never could tell edzackly why Dad & Mam took such a shine to Sukey Ann Perkins. Praps she witched em. Howsever tha thort a mity heep on her, and Dad sez to me, sez he:

"Reuben, you orter pay your dresses to that ar gal; she's a likely sort of critter."

"Dad," sez I, "I will;" caze ide ruther walk barefooted over a bed of prickly pars than to go against the old man's feelins.

Well, you no how modist i ollurs was: wus nor a suckin caff; so i jist node I never could set up to Sukey Perkins & talk solid old luv to her no moren I can fli this minit. But I was bound to honswoggle

Dad, so I put on mi best harniss 1 day & went off all day and staid in2 Perkins' barn-loft whar I could see Sukey come out in the yard every now and then. Nite i went hum.

"Well, Reuben," sez Dad, "did you see Sukey?"

"Yes, Dad," sez i.

"Clever little thing, aint she?" sez he.

"Mity fine gal," sez i.

I think old Perkins had been a buzzin Dad. Thar was a hole in the fens sumwhar, and Perkins' pigs was gittin the best of our corn; i could see that plane anuff. But i kep on visitin Perkins' barn & misleedin the old man. 1 day i sees Sukey cummin tords the barn and you orter see me run. The way I left them parts was a sin to Davy Crocket.

"Reuben," sez Dad at the supper table, "seed Sukey to-day?"

"Yes, Dad," sez i, "& i reckon as how if i hadnt a run like all creation, shede a seed me."

That ar remark put the old man to thinkin & revolvlin things in2 his mind. Konsekens was i got the alfiredest whalin i ever had in all mi nateral born daze.

Poorty soon thar wos to be a big meetin over to the zion meetin hous & mi sister Liz as wickid a little minks as ever breethed the purrspurashun of life sez to me sez she (this was a calm Sunda mornin in Juli):

"Reub, saddle Bess and the rone fur me and Sukey Perkins, and the swa bak fur yourself, we are all goin to the zion meetin."

When she sed that I node she was a leggin fur the old man, but i had to Grinn & Barret.

Punktooal the critters was saddled and stood pawin and cavortin in our lane be4 our hous. Sukey had cum over all primped up and i shant never forgit how poorty she lookt. Her cheeks glistened like ripe apples and her arms lookt as hard as 2 ax helvs. i wud a giv mi rite arm for grit to tel her the feelins that was workin in2 me.

Well, we all got on2 the beests and started. Liz wonted me to ride nex to Sukey, but i sed not fur 10 thousand worlds. I was ridin a nu saddle and it screeked powerful, witch skeered mi beest neerly out of his skin and i had a sege to hold him. it was a grate releef when we got to meetin, but thar i had to set in the middle of the conkerghashun between them 2 gals with everiboddis i's on2 me.

"Reub," sez Liz tu me in a whisper, jist afore the preecher was dun blowin his horn, "go and git the horses reddy."

That was pesimons for me. i went out & put the saddles on & tide the horses to a fens & jumped over into a medder witch the gras was sum 4 feet hi & hid. Sez i tha may git hum as best tha kin; i never will ride that nu saddle in kumpny agin.

& thar i lay in the warm sunshine on my downy kouch of gras, & i heerd the hum of voices cummin out of the meetin house, & i kood see the crowd. Thar was Sukey luvly as the Dooy Morn, & fresh as the full blowed rose. i felt sumthin like lizards runnin up & down mi bak & mi hart was gettin in2 mi mouth. Tha cum to the fens. "i wunder whar he can be?" sez sister Liz. "i doo wunder!" sez Sukey. I didn't say nuthin.

Jist then i heerd a strane of mellerdy witch seemed

to issoo from the urth underneeth me, it was a lo sweet sound like the moosic of the spears, I thort. "Gentel June-bug," I moozed, "tile on, tile on," but the strane grode louder, & i sed tu myself it is 100—nay it is 1,000 gentle June-bugs, when—o horrer—i flu up in2 the are near 70 feet and lit down head bottommost and heels uppermost, and i roled and turned hand-springs and summer sets and the croud screemed, for i was in grate agerny.

Fackt is, I had sot down on2 a large and appresheativ Bumble Beeze nest, witch sed Bumble Beeze nest wos full to overfloin, and tha had giv me a turn witch wos as unlookdfor as it wos unegspeckted. The Bumble Beez as a class is a noin race, and tha don't never cum out of ther 40fikashuns 1 at a time like the hunny B when the enimi is around, but tha go out bang all in2 a heep, and if tha hit ennything tha make it houle. So al so did i houle, and i roared in mizzery likewise. The beeze lit all over me, & the wimmen all run, for tha wos skeered in2 a geminy fit, but the men beet em off (the beeze,) with weeds, and when I cud stand erekt onse more, the gals cum back.

"Reub," sez Liz, "whar ar you hurt?"

"Nunner yor derved bizness," sez I, witch wos on-brutherly i no, but it wos powerful trooth.

"Wi didn't yer cuver up yer face & run?" sez poorty Sukey Perkins.

I seacely node what to respond, so mutch wos i overcum, but i stratened up & sez i, in the langwidge of Mister Hamlick, witch i herd in a pla-peas when dad took me to a sho onet, sez i:

"Git thee tu a hennery, go—go!"

She dident git.

Jist then the sensashin of sting seezed me anoo, & I fell down & roled & hollerd. The sheppard, him as had been preechin, cum up & sez he :

"Stand off, mi friends, it is the sperret of Salvashin cum upon 2 him."

"I reckon as how its the sperret of 2 or 3 brigads of them ar things," sez i, "O-O-O!" & I roled again.

"Bee hold," sez he, "how the guilty konshens smiteth. It bitheth like a serpent, and stingeth like a nadder."

"Doez it stingeth like a nest full of Bumble Beez?" sez i:

"These are preshus pangs," continnered the shepherd, witch i coodent see it. "Young man, do you think you can rezist the evils of this airth?"

"Not if they attak a feller behinde hiz back," sez i, "& don't give him no sho. I kant rezist Bumble Beeze, O—O—O!" i roled agin. i could feel myself a swellin.

"Trust in me," sez the shepperd, puttin his arms around mi nek, "i will bar thee up."

"No huggins," sez i, "you ain't the right seeks."

"Bee cam, bee pashunt," sed he, "it is the sperret of salvashun workin in2 yer; it will soon bee over."

"Leggo mi nek, you scandlus old fool, or ile bust yer eer," I groned, becomin slightly insensed.

"Young man," sez he, "Bewar of blasphemy."

"Bewar of bones," sez i, and with mi good rite fist i nokt his 2 ize in2 l. i node thar wood bee a row if i stade, for the Joneses, & Griffins, and Smitherses, & all the church members, wood pitch on2 me for waxin the preacher, so i lit on2 swa bak, & the

wa i flu hum you never saw the beet in all your born daze: levin the gals to take keer of theirselves, witch they soon cum home all safe and sound. But O, the agerny i suffered on that nu saddle.

I went up stares and lade down, & roled & roled & roled. When the gals cum hum they expozed all. Dad he cum in2 whar i was with a limb 9 foot long. he lookt at me & walkt slowly out. i heerd him say to mam down stares, "not yet; he ain't in floggin order," for witch i was thankfull. Then mam came up, & side and wep over me, & made poletises for me, & baithed me in cold water. What is thar so tender as a muther's luv when yov've got a soar place?

Well it was a long time afore i got up agin, by witch time the Old Man forgot tu lick me. I ain't been tu see Sukey Perkins sens, and Sukey ain't ben tu see me. I rekon that match is nokt in2 the hed.

I have no moar to rite at present. Yourn tel deth.

REUBEN MOREHEAD.

N. B.—

How dooeth the littel bizzy B
improov each shinin ower?

These 2 lines is intended for a joak out of the fust reeder.

R. M.

DAWN OF THE MILLENIUM.

Douglass, immortal!—not the Douglas dead,
 But with two ss'—dear, delicious Fred!
 Head, front, and shoulders of a mighty race,
 Ordained to flourish in the Saxon's place.
 Great man! our vast republic owes thee much,
 As 't owes the Indians, Pilgrims and the Dutch;
 Sweep proudly onward in thy chosen track,
 And spread thy race and creed till earth turns black;
 Lift up thy voice, proclaim to every clan,
 The Ethiopian is the coming man.
 How much thou hast accomplished, and how well,
 Let Raymond, Beecher, Phillips, Stevens tell;
 Go, ask the dusky legions of the South,
 And hear thy praise in every negro's mouth,
 Where e'en the infant and the wrinkled dame
 Forbear their butter to pronounce thy name.
 Thou art America's—art all our own,
 Illustrious counterpart of Lucy Stone.
 With that wise woman, O most reverend sage,
 'Tis thine to revolutionize the age;
 To crush out evil and the good to raise,
 That men may happier be and full of days;
 Then with the flag of peace o'er all unfurled,
 Proclaim salvation to a ransomed world.

Far down the Eastern sky behold the dawn
 Of the millenium, coming swiftly on;
 It seems uprising 'mid New England's hills,
 Then all the earth its grateful presence fills,
 And in the early gleam there seems to be
 A picture of our glory—all things free—

A vapory outline of the coming time,
 An age of peace, grand, wondrous and sublime.
 When freedom's feast shall ravish freemen's souls,
 And press, and pen, and pulpit, sword and polls
 Shall drop away from Fortune's ancient tools,
 And fall among a better class of fools.

It is not all a picture; I can trace
 The perfect outline of a well-known face—
 A dozen of them, and the grouping, too,
 So odd, yet so correct—it must be true.
 Mark the great leader of the disenthralled,
 With millions of staunch friends about him walled;
 How men are loved when they begin to rise,
 When one begins to sink, how soon he dies!
 The negro's day is coming, sure as fate,
 And he shall rule the fortunes of the State;
 'Tis history o'er again; the slave to-day
 Is king to-morrow; 'tis the accustomed way.
 What wonder, then, that men will humbly stand
 Around their chief and long to kiss his hand.

The first advancing is the massive Ben;
 New Orleans ladies and New England men
 Have made his name immortal, and his fame
 Can perish only with his deeds of shame;
 The vulgar call him "Spooney"—harmless word,
 And only slang at that; but 'tis inferred
 That when among the bayous and lagunes
 His appetite was good for silver spoons;
 No matter, though; the people hail him yet,
 Columbia's curse and Africana's pet;
 His heart is steel, his brain a piece of beef,
 And honest men admit he is a—chief.

First on his left upon the seeming throne,
 Where Douglass calmly sits, stands Lucy Stone,
 The *lusus naturæ*, 'tis said, for, when
 She speaks in public, she says "*fellow-men*."
 A wild gal, Lucy; in her younger days
 Young men objected to her face and ways,

Whereon the oratress gave all she had,
 A very sour opinion, then got mad,
 Turned up her nose and cut off half her dress,
 And took up "Woman's Rights" for righteousness.
 No moss is gathered by a rolling stone,
 The ancient proverb says; but be it known
 That she who leads the petticoat brigade
 Keeps rolling and keeps gathering—'tis her trade;
 The pious matron, for a long time still,
 Was only nursing her stupendous will
 Until the crisis came; now everywhere
 We hear the clamorous watchword of the fair;
 "The rights of women" is the constant cry,
 "And universal suffrage!" splits the sky!
 So be it then; I join the restless throng,
 And with the crowd will cheer for Lucy long,
 Aye, long and loud, for though she may not vote
 She takes fanaticism by the throat.
 Cool and collected, she is also wise,
 To "catch the manners living as they rise."
 Some gay old times we may expect, 'tis true,
 When woman takes her place to think and do;
 When stump and forum shall usurp the loom,
 And squawking babies in the jury room
 Make justice tremble; when precocious girls
 Shall pause in speeches to "do up" their curls;
 When judges, summing up, and half in doubt,
 Shall hear the urchin shriek, "Ma, take me out."
 When blushing maids shall claim their lawful dues
 And stuff the ballot box with billet-doux.
 Fine times, indeed, and men of age and sense
 May pray their Maker to convey them hence.
 But, Lucy, heed them not; our cause shall stand
 And be applauded throughout all the land,
 Till Freedom rears a temple all her own,
 Douglass the tower and thou the corner stone.

See Thaddeus coming! mark his feeble tread,
 And that strange quaking of his hoary head;
 He fain would speak, but cannot; failing fast,
 He tells the public he has spoke his last.

Death woos already with his hateful wiles,
 The old man totters—how the devil smiles!

Among the throng is Beecher; every act
 Is half a good one, but he *will* retract;
 Undoes his best deeds 'ere they've time to cool,
 And serves two causes by a well known rule;
 May chance his "Norwood," ere the story ends,
 Will give offence to half a dozen friends;
 His course is simple—he will fly the track,
 Renounce the whole and take the story back.
 Raymond, another of the weak-kneed kind,
 No weaker in his knees than in his mind,
 Kneels at the feet of Douglass and implores
 The chief to ope again the party doors;
 But Fred "don't see it," and the party frowns,
 While Raymond marvels at the ups and downs
 Of public life; and groans to witness there
 Two hundred boots uplifted in the air.

Phillips and Ashley and the smaller fry
 In anxious expectation hover by;
 It is a day of triumph; one that brings
 New life and freedom, and a thousand things
 Unknown before to a degraded race
 Who in the foremost rank shall take their place,
 And still march on, as day by day reveals,
 The form of Progress treading on their heels.
 This is the dawn, anon the dazzling light
 Of Freedom shall assault the marshalled night;
 Grief, sorrow, trouble from the earth shall dart,
 Millenium seizing it—behold the start!
 No more distinction on account of race,
 Sex, age, condition, birth or place;
 Join in, ye tenants of this mundane sphere,
 Caucasian, Indian, Congo—all—appear!
 Gorilla, monkey, ape, orang-outang,
 Baboons, and all the whole outlandish gang,
 Flock to Columbia, where a million knights
 Are armed and ready to maintain your rights;
 Where any thing can vote that has a mouth
 Except the white men of the low-flung South;

'Tis a glorious era, full of blissful joy,
 And golden promise for the negro boy;
 But white men shudder, for their days are done,
 Their course in halls of State is nearly run.
 The times are warped; a Webster or a Clay,
 To be successful, must be black to-day.
 I look to see it thundered from the bench
 That Freedom's Goddess is a negro wench.
 I join the hue and cry—let loose the pack,
 Lead off the blackest—I am at his back.
 When Presidents are wanted I shall vote,
 Come nig, come devil, or come petticoat;
 To suit the occasion I shall tune my tongue
 For Douglas, Lucy Stone, or Brigham Young.

A MODEL MEMBER OF THE SANITARY POLICE.

Through some inexplicable freak of fortune the city was led, a short time since, to acknowledge the claims of a long and ardent worker for the public good, and accordingly I was appointed a Street Inspector, to look after the sanitary condition of the city. Said the venerable and distinguished gentleman from whom I received my charge: "Sir, it is time for us to be awake (looked about me to see who was asleep); you remember the terrible scenes of last summer; we must prepare to guard against a recurrence of them. Warm weather is rapidly approaching, sir; I put some sweet milk in my cellar last night, and it soured in less than three hours." "Pshaw," said I, "that's nothing; I put some sweet milk in my stomach last night, and it soured in less than three minutes." Venerable gentleman frowned faintly and proceeded: "It will be your duty to inspect thoroughly the sanitary condition of streets, alleys, and all kinds of houses in your district, and you will demand the immediate removal of whatever is there discovered that is offensive or dangerous to the public health, and it shall furthermore be your duty to enforce compliance with all such demands."

"Good morning," I said, and bowing myself out of

the presence of the venerable gentleman, I entered upon my duties at once.

"Sorry to trouble you," I commenced, as I came suddenly in contact with an outre specimen of the genus homo on Fourth street, clad in a ring-tail coat, tight inexpressibles and a quizzing-glass, "sorry to trouble you, sir, but you must forsake the city at once; no words, but away—vamoose! I am an Inspector; authorized to remove anything and everything dangerous to the public health; pity you, sir, but can't help you; it makes me sick to look at you; therefore, skedaddle; stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once." Eccentric looking chap stared a moment, and then vanished like a poor man's memory on rent day.

Memorandum.—Inspectorship big thing; no trouble at all; anybody can do it first time he tries

"Sorry, indeed, sir," I said, approaching rather a towering middle-aged man who stood on a street corner inhaling the delicious fragrance of a two-shilling Havana, "sorry, very sorry to interfere with you, sir, but you must throw away that cigar. Cigars, sir, have been decided by the highest medical authority to be injurious to health, and I am authorized to remove such articles wherever found. Please discard." The middle-aged man replied in three words, in which he desired me to visit a region popularly believed to be several degrees hotter than is often experienced in this latitude, even in the hottest season. Thereupon I asserted the dignity of my office by knocking the cigar out of his mouth. He turned to an acquaintance to inquire if I was insane, and I marched away triumphantly.

Mem.—Inspectorship romantic; people take you for a madman because you discharge your duty; lots of fun.

"Beg pardon, madame (approaching a resplendent lady standing on the steps of her residence); beg a thousand pardons; really, ma'am, this is a very delicate subject, and I assure you that nothing but a strict sense of duty could impel me to this measure (lady begins to smile and courtesy); my position is not one of choice, ma'am; I am a public servant; I am authorized to remove whatever endangers the health of our citizens, and—really, ma'am, I beg ten thousand pardons—that paint must come off your face." A delicate scream, which might have aroused the dead, and might not, broke on the stillness of the mid-day air, the door was slammed shut with such a bang that the concussion staggered me, and her ladyship disappeared, shouting "husband!" at the very summit of her sweet little voice. Queer, I thought, but what was I to do? My duty must be performed. Paint, as all the world knows, is injurious to health—the fact has been demonstrated by chemical analysis—and my course was unavoidable. Such were my musings as I sauntered away.

Mem.—Stubborn woman at No. ——— street, wouldn't wash her face; return in two hours, and if the paint is not removed must take the law into my own hands and remove it myself.

"What are you?" roared a pompous old beet-face from a third-story window, as he discovered me climbing over a picket fence in the rear of his house. "Me? I'm a disinfectant. Pray, what are *you*, Sir Insolence?" Beet-face disappeared. I leaped into

the yard and was compelled to clench my nose with both hands to keep from fainting. In another moment pompous old gent. confronted me. "Well, sir, and what do you want?" said he. "I want to inform you that I am an Inspector, and you must deodorize these premises or you will be punished." "Mercy on me, you don't say so?" groaned the unhappy owner of the sanguinary face. I did say so, though, notwithstanding. Old gent. said the women had been in the habit of emptying slops in the yard. I rather thought they had. He asked me what was the best deodorizer. I gave him a recipe: "To three barrels of last year's milk, add twenty-four pounds asafetida and about a dozen dead cats. Let it stand till the cats are dissolved. Sprinkle your premises with this mixture three times a day for three weeks, and I think the odor will be improved." Old gent. promised to commence deodorizing immediately, according to this new method, and I went away satisfied.

Mem.—Met an old gentleman who couldn't smell much; wonder if he had any mucous membrane; must see about it.

Rang the door-bell of a silver-plated mansion. Little Ethiopian answered the call. Looked out and said, "g'way from here, missus don't want no beggars," and he slammed the door in my face. I'll get even with that little nigger yet, one of these days. Entered a street in the south part of the city, not far from the river. Phew! I have lived much and traveled some, but I never came in contact with a street like that before. The first thing that attracted my attention, aside from the odor that prevailed, was a band of about a dozen little Black Crooks.

wallowing in the streets. What was the original color of these youngsters I couldn't exactly make out. I asked one of them what man was created from. "Dirt!" he replied. No wonder he thought so. His knowledge was not acquired, however; it was intuitive.

Mem.—Great discovery; soap factories don't manufacture enough soap; cause of all the sickness; must recommend Government to establish soap factories in all parts of the country; immortalize myself.

Tackled a few huts by the way-side and demanded admission. "What are you?" says one. "An inspector," says I. "O, you've come to put the rents up on us poor critters, have ye? O ye miserable rascal." That was enough—that spark fired the train. In two minutes the whole street was in an uproar, and men, women and children, with hair streaming and with no hair at all, in all sorts of apparel, and with very little apparel at all, were flying toward me from every direction. I called to them to pause. There was no pause there. Would they listen? Never! Buckets and brooms, pokers and brickbats began to darken the air, which, from the very intensity of its odor seemed about the consistency of molasses. I don't think my heart weakened a particle; my courage didn't fail, but my olfactories did. When I smelt them coming with their buckets of slop I fled indiscriminately. Over the heads of urchins, and through throngs of slattern women, and under the rocks and sticks of the infuriated men, that seemed doing a demon dance around, and above and beneath me; through the consolidated perfume of decayed onions, live Africans, slaughter-houses, dead

rats, and a thousand and one other luxuries, on I sped, until I found myself clasped as if in a vice in the arms of a revolving Amazon. Around and around we waltzed; she wouldn't let go and I couldn't, and at last, O, horror! some shameless wretch, who thought we were fighting, and that I was about to triumph, dashed a bucket of spoiled kroust on our heads and shoulders to separate us. That capped the climax; it needed not half that much to finish me; I fell senseless to the ground, and awoke in the Health Office. The police had rescued me. My first words on recovering deserve to be recorded, not as the last words of a dying man, but as the first words of a resurrected one.

"I resign!"

Venerable man said I must not think of it; I would like the business better when I got used to it. Grey hairs saved him. No, sir; I would resign peremptorily. Who was to pay me for my fine white patent paper-fronted shirt and my new spring harness, now ruined forever, and who would compensate me for the loss of my precious appetite for months to come? Would the city do that? Not much! No, sir; take your Inspectorship and keep it. If the city desires to remunerate me for my public services with such appointments, the city has a perfect right to do so; but the city is confoundedly mistaken if it thinks I am going to serve. Henceforth I shall devote my time and talents to keeping myself and my own premises disinfected, and go upon the broad principle of "every man his own deodorizer."

REPORT OF A SCIENTIFIC SURVEY.

An enterprise which has for a long time been dormant, couchant, or levant, as the case may have been, is once more furiously and irrepressibly rampant, thanks to a well directed and persistent fanaticism. There is nothing like agitation; toot your horn if you don't sell a clam, for your reward cometh after.

At a meeting of the "Opposition Bridge Association, for the speedy construction of a bridge over the Mississippi river, uniting East St. Louis and St. Louis Proper, and the erection of bridges generally," Mr. Fretmore presided.

[Following is an authentic account of proceedings, as furnished by a disinterested reporter.]

Mr. Bowercraft moved that the Association are now prepared to listen to any report from Prof. Hans Patrick Le Connor, chief engineer of a surveying and exploring party, appointed with full power to examine and report plans and specifications for a bridge across the Mississippi river, etc., etc.

Mr. Smashpipes.—Would the gentleman please state in what manner the aforesaid Hans Patrick, &c., (his memory was very unretentive,) had been clothed with such authority?

Mr. Bowcraft.—He was so clothed by a series of resolutions, passed at the last meeting of this Association. Would the gentleman like to hear the resolutions?

Mr. Smashpipes would like to hear the resolutions. He had not been present at the last meeting, and he believed he had a right to demand the reading of the resolutions.

Voices—Read the resolutions.

Mr. Bowcraft, with a proud curl upon his lip, then read as follows:

“WHEREAS, It is the prime aim and object of this Association to secure at as early a day as practicable, and with as little outlay as possible, the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi river at this point (St. Louis), for the better accommodation of commerce and travel; therefore,

“*Resolved*, That Prof. Hans Patrick Le Connor, A.M. and A.S.S., in view of his multifarious and manifold qualifications as a civil engineer and a practical student of science, be, and is hereby constituted our full representative, with power to make a thorough and accurate survey of the Mississippi river between East St. Louis on the east, and St. Louis on the west bank, and between the limits of Frenchtown and Bremen, and report upon the following points, to-wit:

“1. Whether, in the opinion of the Professor and his corps of engineers, the bridge should be at a sufficient height above the surface of the water to allow boats and other vessels to pass under it, or,

“2. Whether it should be built at a sufficient depth below the surface of the water to allow boats and other vessels to pass *over* it. Also,

“3. Whether it would be cheaper for the Association to have the bridge constructed at this point, or at some other point, and removed hither, and,

“4. Whether it is most expedient to span the river with a single large bridge, or with a variety of small bridges.

“*Resolved*, That the Corps of Engineers be instructed to visit and examine some noted bridges—the Victoria bridge, the London bridge, and the celebrated Bridge of Sighs, for instance—and report if they deem it advisable to imitate in any respect those works of art.

“*Resolved*, That the Engineers be also requested to report any discoveries of rare phenomena in nature, and other matters of interest, and that they be furnished with a boat suitable for the voyage, necessary instruments, four dozen sandwiches and two gallons of rum, at their own expense.”

The resolutions were adopted amid much applause.

Mr. Bowcraft said a resolution inquiring into the practicability of purchasing the Lake Tunnel at Chicago, and removing it to this city, had been voted down.

At this stage of the proceedings, the Professor was unanimously invited inside the bar, and the reading of the report called for. The old iron-clad philosopher rose and advanced, and, wiping the perspiration from his brow, read the following

REPORT.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE OPPOSITION BRIDGE ASSOCIATION, ETC.

GENTLEMEN—The Exploring and Surveying Expedition sent out under your direction, set sail on the morning of the 4th inst., that day being chosen out of respect to the new Congress. Our party consisted of the following gentlemen, and was officered as named :

President, Secretary, Board of Directors and Treasurer—Prof. HANS PATRICK LE CONNOR.

Chemist—Prof. MIXER.

Astronomer and Naturalist—Capt. CUTE.

Scribe—WELLINGTON WAXWORX, Esq.,

And two oarsmen.

Early on the morning of the 4th, the entire corps assembled on the levee, nigh unto the foot of Olive street. This remarkable strip of the habitable globe (the levee) is situated on the west bank of the Mississippi, and entirely within the temperate zone, although there is nothing in the habits of its people to indicate the fact. The chief articles of commerce here appeared to be oyster shells, antiquated tobacco quids and cigar stumps. An enterprising speculator might find a soap factory a profitable institution in this latitude, to work up the greasy old clothes that seem to grow spontaneously in little knolls and mounds near the water's edge. The inhabitants embraced representatives of the five grand tribes of the human race. A very extraordinary animal prevails here, known among men of science as the "freed-

men," but which the natives call "nigger." We were much amused by some very young specimens, arrayed simply in a brief, home-spun garment, denominated a shirt, and were forcibly struck with the demand for improvement either in the animal or the attire. More shirt or less nigger would be highly acceptable to the more enlightened classes here abiding.

The boat chartered for the expedition was appropriately christened the "Bridget." She was a darling little craft, just large enough to carry our party. Having procured the two gallons of rum provided for in our commission, and half the number of sandwiches (that being ample), with other etceteras, we were ready for sail. Rumors were afloat that certain piratical looking vessels had been seen cruising about the opposite shore, and they were believed to be emissaries of the Wiggins Ferry Company, or the obscure projectors of some bridge enterprise, who were depositing torpedoes, fire-crackers and the like, in the river for the purpose of blowing us up. We were unterrified, however, and started on our perilous voyage with happy hearts and a propitious gale. Many a guffaw and old hat went up as we parted from the shore, but they were many miles away.

Our passage was smooth enough until about 200 yards from shore, when we encountered a severe rush of air, which was felt in the form of a whirlwind, that came near capsizing us. Simultaneously with this catastrophe the cry of "pirate" was heard, and far to the east we beheld, sure enough, a frightful spectacle. Capt. Cute took a hasty glance through his double-barrelled cylinder escapement telescope,

and announced that a sailor on board the mysterious craft was nailing the black flag to her mast-head. Terror seized us all. In a few moments he relieved us by informing us that he was mistaken; it was the captain of a flat-boat who had been washing a dirty garment, and was hanging it out to dry. Joy beamed in our smiles again. But one peril vanished only to make way for another and a greater. We were now threatened with destruction by an invisible enemy. The atmosphere became terribly arid, and so great were its powers of absorption that it absorbed in a few moments the entire two gallons of rum, and its effect upon the brain was truly alarming. Young Wellington Waxworx was completely overcome, and rolled helpless on the floor of the boat. Finding it necessary to return to the western coast for supplies, we retraced our course to the foot of Olive street. The sandwiches had not been diminished by the strange atmosphere, and we concluded to throw them overboard, and take on two more gallons of rum instead. Young Wellington Waxworx being still insensible, we deposited him in an empty hogshead on the river bank and departed once more. But we could not avoid the terrible atmosphere; again it threatened us. Prof. Mixer here analyzed some of the water, and found it composed of 99 parts of Missouri mudum, and awful bad smellum (as he said) to only one part of the hydraulic fluid. No wonder we die! It is our belief, however, that a bridge may ultimately be built. Pillars may be preserved in this water, provided they are not pillars of salt. They should not be too near together so as to enable frogs, fleas, &c., to leap from one to the

other, as an exchange of these natural specimens between Illinois and Missouri is not desirable. We recommend, also, that the pillars be of stone or some other hard substance, and that the surface be perfectly smooth, as a protection against the building of mud-daubers' nests thereon. This will not be particularly beneficial to the public, but it will be such an excellent joke on the mud-daubers.

Again we were compelled to return, our supply of rum being exhausted, and all our company, except myself and one of the oarsmen, being in a state of unconsciousness, produced by the atmosphere. The sandwiches were still untouched. There was but one course left for us, and that was to abandon the enterprise of the survey altogether for the present. Our unfortunate comrades were piled in a hogshead together and rolled to their respective homes by hands employed for the purpose, while the surviving oarsman and I wended our melancholy way to our domicils, and to bed, leaving our boats to the mercy of the waves.

It is our combined judgment and opinion that the proposed survey can only be effected in one way; that is to dig a canal, turn the course of the river out of its present channel, complete the survey, build the bridge, then turn the river back again.

Respectfully submitted,

HANS PATRICK LE CONNOR, *A. M. and A. S. S.*,
For the Corps.

The report was received with prolonged cheers, the band played "Life on the Ocean Wave," and there was great tumult.

Order being restored, Mr. Bowcraft moved that the Association award the eminent Professor a silver medal, to be in the form of a *brick*, as evidence of their appreciation of his character and services.

Mr. Smashpipes moved to amend by striking out the words "silver" and "brick," and inserting the words "leather" and "button." (Jeers and hisses.)

The previous motion then prevailed.

Mr. Smashpipes attempted to denounce the expedition as a notorious failure, but he was hooted down and the cry of envy raised.

After the passage of resolutions to purchase a life-sized portrait of the Professor for the Association, to appoint his biographer, and making provision for a grand ball in honor of his achievement, the meeting adjourned.

Here ends the reporter's notes. As anything further from me might be construed into egotism, I will forbear. It is needless to add, however, that the bridge will be built. I have received a telegram from James Gordon Bennett, Jr., tendering me the yacht *Henrietta*, as "she lies off Cowes," but have declined this gift. This establishment does not advertise in the N. Y. *Herald*.

THE LIFE-WRECK.

Treading the alley-ways dark and damp,
By the flickering light of the feeble lamp,
Breaking the night with her ghostly lamp,
She totters along—alone, alone.
From hovel to hovel, from street to street,
She picks her passage through rain and sleet,
With not a friend in the world to greet,
Not a bonnet to wear, nor a morsel to eat,
Not a speck of earth to call her own.

Wearing her life out day by day,
Throwing her priceless soul away,
Shunning for very shame the ray
Of the sun of heaven, the glorious sun.
Weary of life, and afraid to die,
Afraid of the earth and afraid of the sky—
Afraid of the light, she knows not why,
She woos the night as she heaves a sigh,
And thinks of a race that is almost run.

Phantom of life and beauty fled,
Shadow uniting the quick and dead!
I knew her before her soul was wed
To the demon of hatred and despair;
I knew her a happy, thoughtless child,
A picture of innocence, undefiled,
When she prattled and laughed, and leaped and smiled,
When her heart was pure and her spirits wild,
And all her troubles were light as air.

I knew her again, in womanhood,
 Whose beauty and wit no heart withstood,
 Grand and lovely, yet gentle and good,
 Admired and loved by the wise and great;
 Perfect in all that grandeur lends
 To native beauty; in all that sends
 A thrill wherever the proud knee bends—
 The crowning gem of a cluster of friends,
 A queen in soul and a queen in state.

I know her now—yet I know her not!
 Where all but praise from the senseless sot,
 Where all that is pure is spurned, forgot,
 I nothing know but a holy dread;
 Steeped in misery and disgrace,
 The eye of man no more can trace
 In that shattered form and shrivelled face
 A single mark of their ancient grace—
 The figure is there but the woman is dead.

Shades of immaculate women! when
 Shall the curse of God come down on men
 For woman's wrongs? for not till then
 Shall he atone for thy nameless woes.
 When thy oppressor, unhoused, unfed,
 Shall stalk the earth in terror and dread,
 With a wreath of scorpions 'round his head,
 To sting the wretch wherever he tread,
 'Till in uttermost hell he makes his bed,
 He may pay a part of the debt he owes.

AN OVATION.

A little circumstance has just occurred in my checkered career, which may be worth publishing. Two afternoons ago I was reclining in an agreeable attitude in parlor 49 at the Southern, deeply absorbed in the perusal of a novel which I didn't know the title of, when an elegantly attired gentleman, who has been trying to make me believe for the last ten years that he is an acquaintance of mine, entered and seated himself beside me. Tapping me gently on the shoulder, he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, and the effects of champagne and Havanas, "Hans, I've got a good thing."

I gazed on his expressive face; his radiant eyes met mine. I was overcome with compassion, and this was my reply: "Sir, keep it."

"But," continued my friend, confidentially, "you must listen; I have news that will startle you. A stranger has arrived in the city—a countryman—with four dollars in silver."

I was thunderstruck. An invitation to attend the funeral of a creditor would not have produced the effect on my nerves that this announcement did. My heart is not adamant; I am human. I never was a banker, a railroad conductor, nor president of a be-

nevolent society, and I therefore know the value of money—good, hard, round, old-fashioned money. Is it a wonder, then, that I rose to my feet hurriedly, dashed the novel down furiously, grasped my friend frantically, and rushed with him out of the house immediately? I think not.

As soon as we reached the sidewalk, I whispered in the ear of my companion, "Where is he?"

He whispered in my ear, "At the Pacific depot." Then we whispered in each other's ears and started.

When we arrived at the depot we found it surrounded by an impenetrable concourse of people. I inquired the cause, and my friend told me they had all come for the same purpose that we had—to see the man who was the legal possessor of four dollars in silver. The news of his arrival had spread like wild-fire, or camphor, I forget which. "There is not much of a chance for us," said he, "but I thought you would like to know what was going on."

"I will see him," said I, and thereupon I commenced bounding over the heads of the excited multitude like an antelope. My friend, like another antelope, followed at my heels. We arrived in the centre of the throng, and I beheld the stranger. People were crowding upon him to get a shake of his hand. I wanted a fair shake myself, and I saw that something must be done speedily, or my hopes of a sudden acquisition of wealth would be blasted. I mounted the rostrum (it was the worst rostrum I ever saw; a wheelbarrow with all the wheels broken off except one), and I made a speech—a regular rip-roaring, chain-lightning speech. I proclaimed to the assemblage that the stranger was my guest; I had letters

in my possession recommending him to my hospitality. I knew him to be a worthy gentleman, and I intended to receive him kindly. Those persons who desired to make his acquaintance, could accompany him and me to my home. (*Private*—I never knew I had a home till a sheriff came one morning with a sincere attachment for some of my personal effects, to satisfy a debt of rent.) I told them I would welcome them all to my house, but they must not press round the visitor now, for I would hire somebody to lick the man who dared to lay violent hands upon him.

My last remark struck the recipient of the compliment very forcibly. He was alarmed a little, and looked upon me as a generous friend. He approached me. I saluted him, and he froze to me. I was happy.

Twenty minutes to two a procession was formed, to accompany me and my distinguished guest to my residence. The following was the

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

Frank Boehm's Band; all the members present except fourteen.

Hans Patrick and his Guest, arm in arm.

Civic Societies; Sons of Mortar, Brick Masons and Hod Fellows.
Military; an enthusiastic soldier, who tried to march on both sides of the street at once.

Retired opera manager, with a hand organ and monkey.

Newsboys, with matches for sale.

Lost dog.

The various societies and distinguished persons who participated in the procession marched on the sidewalks, in irregular order, and a person unused to processions would hardly have known that it was

intended for one. When we arrived at my dwelling, and everybody was satisfied that I didn't live on top of the house, because I lived on the next thing to it, I caused a magnificent banquet to be spread, when the following bill of fare was served, which I think challenges comparison in the annals of banquets :

FIRST COURSE.

Ice Cream,
Rio Coffee,
Ice Cream,

Coffee,
Java Coffee,
Coffee,

Ice Cream,
Ice Cream,
Turkish Coffee.

SECOND COURSE.

Coffee,
Rio Coffee,
Ice Cream,

Turkish Coffee,
Ice Cream,
Java Coffee,

Ice Cream,
Coffee,
Ice Cream.

DESSERT.

Ice Cream and Coffee.

The first thing my honorable guest did, on seating himself at the table, was to inquire if I had any coffee. I told him the coffee had not boiled yet, but I could furnish him with splendid ice cream, highly seasoned. He devoured a dish of it, and called for an icicle to pick his teeth with. The important truth suddenly flashed across my mind that he was fearfully and wonderfully green, and that I would have no difficulty in becoming the rightful owner of four dollars in silver.

The coffee boiled at length, and for twenty-five minutes coffee and ice cream suffered untold horrors. In the course of the gastronomical onslaught somebody called for a toast. "Bring me one, too," roared the countryman, "ice cream and coffee is played

out; I've sot here and eat and drunk till the coffee is melting the cream, and the cream is freezing the coffee, and my stomach don't understand herself. Bring me a toast with some butter on it."

It pained me to the quick to know that there was no butter toast on the bill of fare, and that the gentleman who was suffering from the indisposition of ice cream and coffee to mingle agreeably together, would have to let his stomach remain in blissful ignorance of "her" condition.

When the sumptuous repast had been dispatched, I proposed to show the visitor through my apartments while the other guests remained seated.

As we strolled together through halls, corridors, closets and attics, I asked him if he knew that silver coin had grown to be very despicable in the eyes of respectable people. He replied that he had been informed of the fact, but somebody had told him while he was on his way to the city, that the Southern States were in rebellion, and he thought if such was the case, silver would be worth something in a year or two. He would therefore cling to the coins he possessed.

If I ever meet the man who told him the Southern States were in rebellion, I shall be tempted to inflict upon him bodily injury.

I showed him my two celebrated dogs, Romulus and Remus. Told him they were named in honor of two famous Wolverines of Michigan, who were suckled by a she-wolf in their infancy, and afterwards founded the city of Rome, N. Y. Told him that their praises had been sung in rhyme by Scotland's favorite poet, Burns, and that they were universally

admitted to be the best canines that had flourished since the days of old dog Tray. Concluded by telling him I would sell them for four dollars, cash.

He replied that he had more dogs at home than I could shake a stick at. With my limited knowledge of mathematics, I was unable to decide on short notice what number that would be, but I saw there was no chance for a speculation on the dogs.

I next showed him my library, consisting of a copy of Fox's Book of Martyrs and a file of THE REPUBLICAN. Showed him a copy of the paper containing one of my letters; expected his eye would light on my name first thing; that he would be astonished to find me in the public prints, and would fall on his knees and worship me. Instead of that he read all the other news and literature in the paper, and commenced reading the advertisements, without paying any attention to the letter. That was more than I could bear, and I called his attention to it. He read it, and I asked him what he thought of it. He wanted to know if Jonah had a copy of it in his pocket when the whale swallowed him. I told him I was not aware that such was the case, and desired to know his reasons for such a supposition. He said he had no reason, (I think he was right,) but he knew "Jonah had something with him that made the whale powerful sick."

I begged him to drop the subject; told him that flattery was very distasteful to me, and I could not bear to be the subject of a conversation.

I exhibited to his astonished gaze an electro-magnetic battery—a very elegant one, for which I paid forty dollars. I have heretofore used the instru-

ment every day when I thought a bill was about to be presented to me for payment. One shock prepared me for another. It was very useful to me, and almost indispensable. My friend, at my request, seized the wires. I turned the crank until a current was produced, and asked him what he thought of it. He said it was "awful." "Yes," said I, "it is shocking." As soon as he became well acquainted with it, however, he wanted it. He said the girls in his neighborhood would be tickled to death by it. I told him if there was any danger of such a calamity resulting from its use, I would not permit it to go into his neighborhood, for I should not like to be the means of any man's being convicted of woman-slaughter. He then promised to use it moderately till they got used to it, and I told him I would sell it for four dollars in silver. No sooner said than done; he came down with the coin.

It is almost useless for me to attempt a description of the manner in which I acted. I took no thought of the persons who were still at table. I did not pause to wrap up the battery even, but rushed madly down stairs into the open air, and never stopped till I reached Fourth street. I knew a silverware merchant to whom I could sell the four silver dollars for \$400 in currency. He wanted them to put in his windows to attract customers. I knew my business, and I felt huge. I plunged into the silver store, dashed up to the counter, and seized the merchant by the hand. Then with an air of triumph, and feeling greater than the President of the United States, who gets his rent free, I slammed the four dollars on the counter and asked the dealer in silver what he

thought of them. He took them up, examined them closely, cast a suspicious glance at me, and said one word—"Bogus!"

I fell senseless and dollarless to the floor. I recovered and fell again, and again, and again. At last I was carried home on a shutter, and when I arrived there I found that my house had been plundered. Electro-magnetic battery, Romulus and Remus, ice cream and coffee, everything was gone.

It was all a conspiracy; I know it. My friends betrayed me. Greeny was sharper than I was, and I am victimized. All I can do is to submit calmly to my fate. "Honesty is the best policy," I am told, but I think a policy from a life insurance company is the best thing a man can possess in these critical times. I shall retrench, cut down expenses, and endeavor to survive my present embarrassments. If fortune smiles upon me, the world may hear from me again.

THE DRAMATIC ELEPHANT.

The illustrious champion of Fat Comedy is playing another farewell engagement at the theatre. As this is positively his last appearance till next winter, there is an inordinate desire on the part of the public to see him. I witnessed his Falstaff a few nights ago, and rather liked it.

As there are few people in this age of the world who have heard of Falstaff, or know anything of his antecedents, I propose to give a brief sketch of his life and public services. He was born (as I am reliably informed) of rich but respectable parents, some time previous to their decease. At a very early age he evinced an aptitude for falsifying, and at the age of two years was actually guilty of lying in his mother's lap. He was a very bright boy, too, and at the age of nine months was sharp enough to cut his own teeth. His parents had designed him for their staff of life, on which to lean in their declining years, but, owing to his propensity for lying, they subsequently called him their False-staff. Hence the name he bears even to this day. His great size and fatness, when he reached the age of maturity, have been considered remarkable, but at the time of his birth his parents were much larger than he. These

interesting facts are possessed by but few historians, and were not even known to Mr. Shakspeare, the London stage-driver.

Falstaff, in the middle and toward the latter end of his life, was a very bad character indeed, hopelessly given to lying and boasting—but Shakspeare and modern actors have made a good character of him, in spite of himself. In extreme old age his corporeal dimensions were immense—absolutely fearful. It was a voyage, not without peril, to go around him. About this time he entered the service of Prince Hal, a royal robber, and distinguished himself in a hand-to-hand combat with two, three, or eleven men, in a place called Buckram.

Mr. Hackett, the modern representative of Sir John, (who, be it known, was not related to Sir Loin, of Steak, nor any of that family) enlarges upon the original, and absorbs enough cotton in his composition to give the Manchester operatives employment for a month. When he wants a new dress for his character, he hires a surveyor to take his measure, and then advertises for contractors to have the suit made. He gets a new dress every seven years, and immediately thereafter a panic ensues in the dry goods market.

Mr. Hackett *looks* the character, however, to the life. He is in stature (when properly made up,) about five feet nine inches high, and about nine feet five inches broad. His appearance is very much that of a large-sized beer barrel, and he looks as though he had been set up sidewise and had a head fired between his shoulders out of a howitzer. His

walk is (so to speak) the very embodiment of grace and elegance, and reminds you strikingly of a hippopotamus with a sore heel. His manner and gestures are peculiarly graceful, and must be seen to be appreciated.

I visited the theatre as an observer—as a critic—to observe and criticise, indiscriminately, actors and audience. While I was sitting in the dress semi-circle, watching the progress of the play, I noticed young men getting up between the acts and telling young ladies who were with them that they were going out to get opera glasses. It occurred to me that it would be grand to look at Falstaff through a telescope and see if he was inhabited, and all that sort of thing; but it seemed a little singular that men should want to see him through a simple opera glass. To be in fashion, however, I concluded to come down stairs and get an opera glass myself. Down I came. Followed the crowd, because I knew the crowd knew where the opera glasses were. We (that is, myself and the crowd,) passed through a long, dark alley-way, and came to a sign with a house on it that read, "The Falstaff." Strange thoughts entered my head at once, and I began to think there was a new style of opera glass gotten up expressly for Falstaff. To avoid ludicrous blunders, I waited to see someby use one before I purchased. I noticed that young men apparently accustomed to the new-fashioned instrument, put it to their lips, instead of their eyes. I was learning rapidly. I tried one, and liked it—liked it so well, I took a dozen opera glasses. I also took a few opera glasses with sugar in them, and then went back into the theatre. After that,

when I observed a young man with an incipient moustache and painted cheeks, colored eyebrows and shiny locks, telling a sweet creature in crinoline that he was going to get an opera glass, I sympathized with him, and wanted to wink at him, but I didn't.

I scraped up an acquaintance (that's a Milwaukee phrase) with a delicate, tender looking female, whose drooping eyelids and care-worn features, overcast with a melancholy pallor, gave evidence of deep-seated sorrow. She looked as though her companion had gone for an opera glass. I could imagine her in love with some heartless swain, who, by inconstancy, or being addicted to the opera glass, had blasted her hopes and made her miserable. I addressed her—not harshly, not abruptly, but calmly and tenderly—trying to soften down the tone of my voice to the fine melody of her sympathetic feeling. "Madam," said I, "you seem sorrowful; don't you like the play?"

"Not much," she replied; "You know it's mity hard arter one's been doin' a hard day's washin' to keer much for play actin'."

I went for another opera glass so quick it made my head swim. When I returned I took a seat among a bevy of ladies, whose dresses were not suggestive of hard day's washings, and made up my mind I would see the play out if it was ever going to play out. I recognized an old friend of the fair sex, and asked her how the game stood.

"Falstaff has just been wounded," said she.

"Has he?" said I; "why don't he get a surgeon to dress his wounds?"

"Because," she replied, trying to be witty, "he is

a Sir John himself, and big enough to dress his own wounds." And then she went on in that style of talk till I had to hold my head. I was astonished by the appearance of a second Falstaff on the stage; by and by a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, and so on till the stage was literally covered with Falstaves (how's that for a plural, eh?) I discovered for the first time that the Falstaff opera glass magnified numbers as well as size, which convinced me more than ever of its superiority over all others. Fat Stars on the stage increased at an alarming rate, and I began to think of claiming the discovery of a new constellation. I started out for another opera glass to prosecute my astronomical observations, and felt big enough to play Falstaff myself. Told the man with the opera glasses, round by the post-office, that I *was* Falstaff, and regaled him with a long story about the men in buckram. I called for an opera glass, and told him the lime had sack in it, and then threw it in his face just to see if I could do it like Falstaff. Thereupon a difficulty arose between us—which difficulty was the door of the building, with me on the outside, suffering from sea-sickness over the left eye. The visible part of creation seemed inclined to whirl considerably. I stood on the sidewalk a spell, waiting for the theatre to come round. Theatre failed to connect; did not come round as anticipated, and I started home. Owing to the glare of gas-light, and the effect of opera glasses, I felt a dizziness in the head, and several times, to my infinite astonishment, found both my legs on one side of the street, and the sidewalk trying to leap over my head. I reached home without much

damage to the street, and after reading from a work concerning optical instruments, a chapter on opera glasses, I retired.

In conclusion. Many persons have supposed me to be the individual who plays Falstaff at Ben's, and for this reason, solely, Mr. Hackett has drawn very large and intelligent audiences. However painful it may be to me to injure the gentleman pecuniarily, I feel duty-bound to disabuse the minds of the people. I never appeared as Falstaff, and don't intend to. Nor can I see how the mistake should occur. Mr. Hackett is a fat man; I am a lean man, albeit more like a staff than he is. He is the Falstaff; I am the true staff. That's the difference.

FLIGHT OF BACCHUS FROM THE CAPITOL.

There was a sound of deviltry by night,
Unhallowed laughter and demoniac lingo,
While myriad liquors sparkled pure and bright,
Wine, whiskey, gin, and rum from St. Domingo.

The nation's Capitol with glory blazed,
There gleamed a red light from the red-hot regions,
And master spirits stood stark still amazed,
As evil spirits fled in compact legions.

The Senate House emitted strange perfumes,
The Lower Hall, Departments, and the White House
Seemed metamorphosed; brighter grew the rooms,
And many a member's face shone like a light-house.

There was a clash and clang of groggery-ware,
A declination of enticing punches;
A sense of something rushing through the air,
Like flocks of buzzards with discarded lunches.

There was a thrill among the dainty sex;
A burst of happiness of long duration,
For now they caught amid the startled wrecks
The natural odor of men's respiration.

It smacked most strongly of scorbutic woes,
Distracted stomachs and rebellious livers,
Appalling flavors, but the sun ne'er rose
O'er such an eager concourse of forgivers.

For wives and daughters might beloved lips press,
 And not believe the contact foul and risky,
 As 'twas before when e'en the new-bought dress
 At every rustle seemed to whisper "whiskey."

The country smiled in tenderness and love,
 And sucked the sweetness of ten thousand summers
 For now her proud old banner waved above
 A grand, regenerated band of bummers,

That clamor in the legislative halls,
 That crack-brain medley of discordant voices
 Was Bacchus moving from unwelcome walls
 With all his train, and hence those dreadful noises.

That night, they say, a marvellous sight was seen,
 A star came tumbling from the blue dome o'er us,
 And roused creation with its drop serene,
 Then rang ten million tongues in joyous chorus.

That star was Temperance, and lo! it struck
 (No mortal gift can tell what made it fall so)
 A noted Senator. What wealth of luck!
 The moonstruck man, good lack, was star struck also.

And soon that star shall light a ransomed world
 From fiery centre to its icy edges,
 And Templars, in battalions forward hurled,
 Shall move the universe to sign their pledges.

We hail the precious signs; immortal peace
 Shall crown the efforts of the great co-workers;
 Be such rewarded with the Golden Fleece,
 And dire destruction overtake the shirkers.

The good work is begun, and rightly too,
 The hold is taken where it most was needed,
 And men of power may see what they can do,
 How much for good their warning words are heeded.

Abstemious Congress in its new life sang
 This plaintive ditty which the true faith teaches,
 Collated from the Senate's Bummer-ang,
 The very essence of his moral speeches:

Days of sorrow
 Be ye gone,
 With the morrow
 Joy comes on.

Only to think of it,
 Near to the grave,
 Right at the brink of it,
 Madly we rave;
 But bright is the dawn,
 The morning comes on;
 Open the gates
 For Wilson and Yates;
 St. Peter, be kind,
 For see, 'tis the blind
 That's leading the blind,
 And weak is the eyesight of all those behind.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 Smiles of welcome everywhere
 Greet us as we move along,
 Move with shout, and laugh, and song,
 Move among the beggar'd throng
 That have bartered their lives,
 And the happiness too
 Of children and wives,
 For the devil's due.
 Why did I ever drink?
 How could I ever think
 Of casting my precious soul rudely away?
 O, the name of it!
 O, the shame of it!
 Bearing the blame of it,
 Living in misery day after day,
 Bearing the weight I did,
 Grieving as Katie did,

O, what a fate I did
Barely escape, for a moment's delay
Might have sent me down,
For the black angel's frown
To darken my doom for aye and alway.

Yates and Wilson arm-in-arm,
Grace be with us, free from harm!
Torch and Turpentine Brigade,
'Neath our broader light shall fade.
We shall spread where e'er we go,
Pleasure in the place of woe;
Maids and matrons will rejoice,
And with one consent and voice
Hail us with loud bursts of glee,
Hail us champions of the free;
Hewers of an age sublime,
Conquerors of a world of crime;
Foremost in the white-robed clan,
Bearing to our fellow man
Tidings of the happy day.
Shame and misery passed away,
Soon a wild, romantic dream
Earth and all therein shall seem.
Dwelling in a realm of bliss,
Not to be compared to this,
We, regenerated band,
Shall enjoy that Happy Land.
In this sorrow-shaken sphere,
All is dismal, dark and drear,
Tears are flowing constantly,
Pleasure 's but a mockery,
Bosoms pierced with bloody darts,
Life is paved with broken hearts;
But the road we traverse now,
Under pleasant sky and bough,
Leads us where no sorrow comes,
'Mong the happy spirits' homes.
Fortune, speed us on our way
To achieve the crowning day;
May we never stop to think
Long enough to take a drink,

Lest we, near some sink of sin,
Lose our "grip" and tumble in.
Smiling the morrow
Will soon come on;
Days of sorrow
Soon will be gone.

In our hours of happiness,
In our moments of distress,
Fortune's favor more or less,
In all sorts of weather we
Steadfast will together be,
Until our snowy flag shall be unfurled,
And loved and honored over all the world.

The grand strain finished, Bacchus heard and sighed,
Then summoned all his clan about his person,
And they resolved to go out with the tide,
Lest lingering there should bring some awful curse on.

The next day dawned in splendor; soft winds stirred;
Ten thousand hearts were in a perfect flutter;
And throughout Washington there was not heard
A single guttural note from any gutter.

All hearts were warmed into a song of thanks,
And fanned in lukewarm breasts the dying embers;
From pious Sumner down to General Banks,
A universal panic seized the members.

And from the Capitol went forth a host,
Mighty and terrible, yet not to slaughter,
But to make war upon what slaughters most—
That awful, deadly compound—gin-and-water.

And Yates and Wilson led, with weapons drawn,
And shook old Terra Firma with their tramping;
At last accounts they still were marching on,
Like John Brown's soul, with no prospect of camping.

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

Some people fall in love—I was pulled into it. Anonymous letters without any names to them, and *cartes de visite* (as much like the original as a duck pond is like a skating park) accomplished my destruction, morally, physically, and otherwise.

The feeling is first-rate till it begins to strike in. I am willing to admit that the first sensation is good, but the reaction is fearful—especially when you become convinced that anonymous letters and photographs have told you an abominable lie. I felt gorgeous when I was first pulled (I emphatically deny that I *fell*) into love. I felt as though I was in the basement of a sugar refinery, with a shower of the sweet article pouring upon me; I felt as if I had been tied to a water-wheel that was making three hundred revolutions a minute, and had traveled with it a whole day; I felt—I—I—I felt.

If I speak feelingly on this subject, I am willing to be forgiven. Anonymous letters, bad pictures and matrimonial advertisements are omnipotent. I read in a four line notice of a young lady that wanted to correspond with a single gentleman, (of course she didn't want to correspond with more than one at a

time while stationary continues so enormously high,) “with a view to fun or matrimony.” She “was considered good-looking, and had money to back her.” I don't like tobacco, but the “good-looking” was an inducement. I addressed the advertiseatrix a note, (not promissory,) and she replied—anonously. I sent her another; she replied, and signed her letter with a star. I inferred that she was an astronomer, an actress, or the daughter of a policeman. I was frantic—I could neither eat, sleep nor—yes, I could drink a little. I had all the symptoms of an attack of the tender passion—the toughest passion that ever got hold of me, except hydrophobia, and I did begin to have an aversion to water at one time.

I watched the post-office, knowing the number of her box, incessantly. I saw a man take a letter from the box nearest hers, and supposing that he lived next door to her, I determined to follow him home, and find her dwelling in that way. I followed him three miles, over rugged streets and slippery sidewalks, and found that the next door to his residence was a vacant lot, and to add to my aggravation there was a notice on the fence, “to lease for nineteen years to responsible parties.” I was subdued but not conquered.

The next letter I received from my inamorata contained her photograph. Oh! it was beautiful. She was a Venus de Medici—Medical Venus. Swan-like neck, (and a swan is not a goose I would have you understand,) raven ringlets, and other parts of her composition resembling various other birds. I believe she was not web-footed, and partook of none of

the qualities of aquatic fowls—except the swan. I wrote an answer, and entreated her to tell me where she lived. She wouldn't do it; but promised to display a white handkerchief in the theatre at a certain hour of a certain evening, during a certain act of a certain play, and I must be certain to do the same thing. That was glorious—mutual recognition, you know—meet her at the door—romance in real life—everything. I carried a white handkerchief in my hand three days, and tied it around my wrist at night for fear I should forget the appointment. At length the evening and the hour, and the play and the act and the scene arrived. I plunged into the theatre, and may I be hanged if every man, woman and child, including the actors and actresses, didn't have a white handkerchief displayed conspicuously.

For about the space of a flash of lightning I was furious, and I suppose the gentlemen in the lobby thought I was rehearsing the "Maniac," for their attention was diverted from the play and centered on me. It occurred to me suddenly that I might devise a method by which I could find out the locality of my Venus anyhow. In the exuberance of my feelings I rushed down to the box office, and asked the treasurer if he had any reserved seats for white handkerchiefs; then I asked him if he had sold a seat with a white handkerchief in it, or sold a white handkerchief to a seat; if he had any white handkerchiefs left, and if he had reserved handkerchiefs for two? I discovered that I had it all wrong, but before I had time to explain myself, I heard a faint voice on the inside, ejaculating "kick that man out."

I deemed an apology at that time unnecessary, and left hurriedly.

For several days I was a candidate for a charitable institution, where they doctor diseased intellects, but fortunately was not elected. My usual presence of mind, for which I am noted, forsook me entirely.

On one occasion at table I commenced carving my napkin, and wiped my face with a sirloin steak, and on another occasion, in an unpardonable fit of abstractedness, I paid a bill when it was presented to me.

A few days ago I got another letter—the last of the series. At the bottom of the delicate epistle was a polite invitation to the recipient to "call 'round;" call at "4 P. M., punctually," and he would see the writer. "4 P. M., punctualities" won't win; they are not my style. My rules of etiquette are not governed by a timepiece, nor an almanac, and I concluded to go when I got ready, which was after nightfall. I had another fine journey in prospect over slippery sidewalks. I am down on sidewalks—have been a dozen times during the past winter, but, fortunately, without any serious result to the sidewalks.

I "called 'round." I pulled the bell-wire—a necessary proceeding if one wants to gain admission to a modern dwelling—and I saw my anonymous correspondent. I think she was of a literary turn of mind, for I found her reclining in a luxuriously indolent attitude on a cheap sofa, and reading a show-bill. She was not *en deshabille*, if I understand the meaning of that French phrase, which is questionable; but the condition of her dress was suggestive of a

drought and an unparalleled scarcity of soap. I must (it is a duty I owe society) denounce photograph artists. They are swindlers, humbugs, and have no more conscience than a Bengal tiger. No photograph man ever brought out the freckles on a woman's face correctly; no photograph ever did justice to red hair, or a pair of eyes that looked as if they were set in the middle of the week, and were looking both ways for Sunday. No, sir. Why, that woman looked no more like her photograph than a potatoe patch looks like an apple orchard. Her hair (which had a pound and a half, at least, of highly perfumed ointment on it, and was the only decorated part of her person,) looked like a picture of a conflagration on an insurance card, and her nose was so big she couldn't blow but one side of it at a time. I was ready to cut her acquaintance as soon as I saw her, but she manifested an inclination to retain me; she was too proud of me entirely. Pretty soon the family began to come in, one by one, principally little shavers, and she insisted on introducing me to every one of them. They seemed to share her passion for hair oil; every one of them had an immense quantity of the article on his or her head. I think the whole family had hair oil on the brain. One little fellow evinced unwarrantable familiarity, and wanted to climb up into my lap, and thrust his head, grease and all, in my face. I remember distinctly that I pushed him from under my nasal organ with the emphatic remark that little boys should be seen, not smelt.

I arose to depart, and the young lady seemed to

regret it. I was glad of it. It's astonishing how friendly and affectionate homely people will be. I never could be friendly with anybody. It was raining when I left, and I ventured to ask her for an umbrella. She said she had but one, which was a bran new one, and she didn't want to get it wet.

I was glad enough to get away, however, even though I had to tramp through the rain. Ever since that time I have studiously avoided her residence; but she seeks me out. She inflicts her presence upon me at balls and parties, and shows, and street corners. Before I saw her I received a letter from her every two days. After I saw her I received two every day. But I think I am effectually rid of her at last.

Passing along a sidewalk one day, with a male friend of mine, I met her. A happy thought struck me. I pretended not to see her, and as we passed her I said to my friend, loud enough for her to hear, "shortly after I buried my tenth wife"—and then I let my voice die away into nothing. I think I made the number large enough, and I have every reason to believe she heard it. Two hours afterward, I was approached by a man with a freckled face, cross-eyes, prominent nasal protuberance, and incendiary hair. I could have sworn he was the brother of the anonymous woman if I had met him in Norway. He was a powerful man. Coming up to me quietly, he said, "Shortly after I buried my tenth wife," and then he planted his fist between my eyes.

I trust an indulgent public will excuse me if I do not describe anything that occurred during the next

twenty-four hours. My recollection of that period is very imperfect, indeed. The first man I remember to have seen was a physician, who expressed intense satisfaction at finding me "better." Any young lady who is passionately fond of "black eyes" will find a very desirable acquaintance in me. She must not address me anonymously though. I am conscientiously opposed to anonymous letters, photographs, red hair, and big brothers. If any outrageous female ever sends me another photograph, I'll have it hung up in the rogue's gallery—if I don't, I'm a sinner.

FUN A-SLEIGHING.

I was seized with a popular mania the other day, and, while crazy with excitement, rushed into a livery stable and asked the proprietor what he would charge me for a horse and cutter for half a day. Proprietor said four dollars. I shuddered, and asked him if he wanted the money in silver. He shuddered, and said no. Then I complained of the price, and told him I thought he was charging too much. He thought not; said he had been charging three dollars, but had raised a dollar when the snow commenced thawing. I asked him why the charging of that extra dollar was like Abraham Lincoln, and he confessed he didn't know. I closed one eye, winked with the other, and said, because it was a bad precedent. Then he said that was darned good, and I might have a horse and cutter all day for nothing if I would not tell another like it. On this hint, I spoke, as Othello says, and made a bargain at once.

My idea was to drive all over the city alone; to be the observed of all observers, the admired of all admirers, and so on, and when the sombre shades of nightfall began to wrap themselves about the earth, and red hair could not easily be detected, I would

call on a certain young lady of my acquaintance and take her to drive. With my cup of bliss running over in my imagination, I mounted the vehicle and started.

To the avenue first I went, of course, and in ten minutes found that my vehicle was only one among one thousand, embracing everything from a four-horse, brass-mounted, painted and spangled chariot, down to a child's sled drawn by a Newfoundland dog. There were all sorts of horses—bay horses, sorrel horses, dun horses; (every time I saw a dun coming I turned around and went the other way instinctively,) and there were piebalds, and iron-greys, and black horses, and white horses; horses paid for, horses unpaid for, and horses that never would be paid for. There were fat horses and lean horses; 2:40 horses, and horses that could travel a mile in two hours and forty minutes. There were all sorts of people; poor people, rich people and middlings; men with an income of ten thousand a year, riding in ten dollar sleds; and men who never had ten dollars at one time in their lives, riding in palaces mounted on runners. There were young men and old men, young ladies and old ladies; married persons riding by themselves, and single persons riding in pairs. Young ladies were laughing, young men were singing and shouting, old men were grinning, and old ladies were grumbling. There were Benedicks, out with their better halves to be scolded without anybody hearing; and there were merry bachelors, out with frail creatures in crinoline merely to enjoy the luxury of being scolded. There were sleighs running in all direc-

tions; sleighs in all positions and conditions; sleighs flying over the earth like locomotives on a railroad track, and sleighs standing stark still. There were people getting out of sleighs, and people getting in sleighs; and sometimes they got excited and made mistakes, I think, for I met somebody with somebody else's wife, and somebody else with somebody's wife. There were persons who went out for exercise, and came back terribly exercised; persons who went out to enjoy the cold air, and got in hot water. There were unexpected and pleasant meetings, and meetings expected and unpleasant; everything—everybody. Societies of all grades, and all grades of society were represented, and even the avenue had its grades. Pedestrians were few; every man on foot who expected to cross the avenue, carried a slate and pencil with him, and paused to calculate the distance, the number and comparative speed of vehicles, and the worth of his neck, before he ventured.

As I struck the selvedge of the sleighing multitude, I heard a mysterious voice say, "Go in and mingle." I went in and mingled. As I turned the first corner I collided broadside with seventeen females and an Ethiopian charioteer, who were enjoying a grandiloquent burst of excessive hilarity in a sort of sledge that looked like the remnant of a last war's pontoon bridge. My horse went over the sledge, my cutter went through it, and I came down, head foremost, on top of it. There was a collapse of crinoline, a few respectable screams, a half-hour of valuable sleighing time lost in repairing my turnout, and after that I went on my way as joyous as ever.

Met a hilarious young man driving alone, evidently delighted with his own society, and singing some verses of a popular song. I forget the words, but I think one line intimated that John Brown was a moulder, and continues his occupation "in the ground." One gay and festive chap said, singingly, "We met, 'twas in a crowd," and before he had finished the refrain he ran headlong into an ice wagon.

Collisions were becoming so frequent that I was induced to change my mind in relation to a little affair which I mentioned in the beginning of this letter, to-wit, namely: I concluded to go for my lady-love at once, and not wait for nightfall to conceal her sanguinary hair. I concluded to take her and retire to the classic shades of somewhere out of town, where the sleighs were not thicker than mosquitos usually are in midsummer.

To have a little innocent sport, however, and make her feel bad, I concluded to drive by her house once or twice before stopping, and make her think I was not going to call. Expected she would run to the door and look after me. I drove past a couple of times and saw nothing of her. Tried it twice more with the same result. Drove by about two hundred times, and not a glimpse could I get of her. Concluded she was "playing it fine," and I would be revenged. I would run into a snow-bank and upset myself in front of her door, and make believe I was killed. Then she would feel sorry, and shed tears of pity and remorse, and all that sort of stuff. I ran into the snow-bank as I had promised myself to do—the sleigh was upset beautifully—I tumbled out as

well as anybody could have done it—and for about the space of two minutes I looked magnificently dead. At the end of the two minutes, the only demonstration that had been made was on the part of a jolly Dutchman who lived near by. He came rushing out of his house, took a good look at me, and then called on his wife Shane, to "throw hot water on dem tam trunkard that is blocking up der sidevalk." His apostrophe to "Shane" brought me to my feet in double quick time, and put me in a rage. I ran to my lady's house frantically, rung the bell, pounded the door with my fist, and kicked it furiously with both feet. She came quickly, before my eyes quit flashing fire. You ought to see my eyes flash fire once. They can do it if anybody's can. She looked frightened. I told her if she wanted to drive with me, she had better jerk on her good clothes in less than no time. She harnessed herself in about five minutes, which is a shorter period than ever the same feat was accomplished in by any other living woman. We ensconced ourselves in the cutter and hurried away, though I had not the least idea of where I was going. I drove sometimes on one side of the street, sometimes on the other, and sometimes in the middle. I was frantic. The fair, frail creature, with the ferocious hair, wanted to know if I was crazy. We went along leisurely for a while, and talked promiscuously. My companion was a genuine quodlibetarian, (I beg your pardon; that word is in the dictionary,) and was infinitely fond of conversing on subjects that had nothing in them.

As soon as we reached the outskirts of the city,

where there was nobody to witness my misfortunes, if any should occur, I commenced putting on airs. I drove my team over snowbanks, rail fences and cattle, and even small houses were in danger. When I had got enough of the rural districts, I undertook to return to the city quietly, but the horse was of a different turn of mind altogether. He smelt oats in the dim distance, and wanted to come back like a streak of chain lightning. He traveled like a shot out of a columbiad. In a few minutes we were on the avenue again, mingling with men, women, children, sleighs and horses, and the sounds of the hilarious shouts of the multitude, and the tintinabulation of the bells (and beaux) were deafening. My horse went faster and faster. I could no more hold him than I could hold an office. The air was filled with particles of snow, and the particles of snow, with little regard for the rules of propriety, were continually getting into ladies' eyes, which caused them to wink incessantly. I was silly enough, with my limited knowledge of human nature and the art of sleighing, to suppose they were all winking at me, and I undertook to reciprocate. The consequence was, that I was winking all the time, and forgot to devote even one eye to the interests of my horse. He became indignant, and rushed down an embankment, and before I had time to protest against his outrageous conduct, the fair, frail creature and myself were tumbled headlong into a snow-bank. I was fortunate—I fell where the snow was shallow, but the frail, fair creature was more ambitious. She fell where the snow was six feet deep, and I think

she went to the bottom. There was nothing to denote the course she had taken but a yawning cavern in the vast snow-drift. I recovered myself and looked after her, but could not see her. Pretty soon a little volume of steam commenced issuing from the aforesaid yawning cavern in the snow-drift, and I became convinced that her incendiary hair was melting the snow. I shouted for help, for it occurred to me that she was in danger of drowning. But there was no help for me; nobody could hear me for the sound of the bells. As a last resort I went for a rail, thrust one end of it in the snow-heap and mounted the other. Up came the unfortunate girl, and down I went—to the bottom. She was not so generous as I had been. She never paused to help me out of my difficulty, but fled precipitately. And to add to my misery, she has told all of my acquaintances that I can't drive a horse; that I don't know anything about sleighing; that I can't keep a hotel; that, in short, I don't amount to a pinch of snuff.

I was saved from an untimely freeze-to-death by a humane ice-gatherer, who had witnessed my calamity, and seeing there was no other help for me, fished me out with an ice-hook. I have settled an annuity upon him, which is sufficiently large to permit him to retire from ice-gathering, and live in luxurious ease.

I returned the horse and cutter to their proprietor, in good order. On the next day I addressed a note to "the fair, frail creature," demanding an explanation of her scandalous conduct. She replied, merely congratulating me on my escape from suffocation in

a snow-drift. Think of it! Me! The subscriber! I, who have passed through more trials and tribulations than any other male individual in existence, except my friend, W. Phillips, and a few thousand others! I, who have been the unflinching advocate of the cause of the weaker sex all the days of my life; have stood up for their rights when I would have felt better sitting down! Me! to be snubbed by a red-headed woman! It's awful.

SALVE LARDUM.

A DRAMATIC POEM, DESIGNED FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES, AND
PRIVATE THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

Dramatis Personæ.

HIS EXCELLENCY, GOV. THOMAS C. FLETCHER—High Muck-a-Muck and Chief Mug
Waump of Reconstructed Missouri.

BACON MONTGOMERY—A bold, bad man, and a Major in the "Milish."

ATTENDANT—An aspirant for the position of Boot-black to His Excellency.

Time.—A few years previous to the next war.

Scene.—Executive Mansion—A secluded chamber, ornamented with a solitary picture representing the little end of a seat in the United States Senate. The Governor cogitates. Finally he propelleth.

FLETCHER.

Approaching discord murmurs round my house,
The public nose begins to smell a mouse;
Too oft of late I've heard adverse winds roar,
And now disgrace is knocking at my door.
I must beware; however fortune jumps,
I'm plowing in a rugged row of stumps;
Militiamen and railroads are my bane,
I'm steeped in misery, and almost insane;
Still will I strive, and triumph, if I can,
Arouse my spirit! Thomas, be a man!
The wind is sown, my brief existence through,
I'll reap the whirlwind, and the tempest too.

(Enter Servant.)

Well, dark intruder, have you news or not?
I'm wanted now by whom? when? where? for what?

NIGGER.

I golly, Massa, mighty curious tings
Am happenin' ebery day; dis darkey brings
Some inflammation dat will much surprise
And make de Gobernor open wide his eyes.
Dey say all day de people run about
And tear their har and shirts, and weep and shout
And eberybody's mad and in distress,
And wants to die, and don't want nuffin less.
De cattle in de fields am all gone dry,
Don't gib a drop o' milk, and none knows why;
De chickens are all roostin' night and day,
Dey roost high up and berry fur away;
De fields are bare, dere ain't no fodder leff,
And colored wimmin's skeered almost to deff;
I tell you, Massa, it's a bitter cup,
De hens won't lay no more, and butter's up.

FLETCHER.

This clap-trap yarn of yours befits a fool,
And could be spun but from a nigger's wool;
Your eggless chickens and your milkless cows
Go lock in henneries or turn out to browse;
Retire!—but hold—these marvellous things may be,
O, lucky thought! perhaps Montgomery's free!

(Enter Montgomery.)

Hail, Major, hail! and rain my welcome tears,
That made your hale form quake, when reigned my fears.
Hail, noble friend! and pleasure unexpected,
The happiest day since Fletcher was elected!
Do I behold thee, Bacon, perfect yet,
In form and feature and in soul?

MONTGOMERY.

You bet!

Opposing bodies mine hath well defied,
And lives unaltered, tho' severely tried.

Awhile the goddess Fortune seemed to frown,
And hostile combinations bore me down,
But from the hungry vortex I have sprung,
Unhurt, unloved, unhonored, and unhung.
How fares yourself?

FLETCHER.

I'm in a wretched State,
Myself its Governor; would that such a fate
As blesses you were mine! For my own part,
I'm *too much honored*; public mind and heart
Are busy with attentions; every one
Seems conning what I have and have not done;
Daily the checkered record grows more clear,
And all the items of my past career
Are marshalled for inspection. More than this,
I've sold my prospects for a Judas' kiss.
That Senate seat was scaly, yet the scales
By patient toil may be removed from whales.
Now hope is lost, ambition is defied,
And (so to speak) the whale is petrified.
I dread the future with my fellow-men,
I feel as nervous as a settin' hen.

MONTGOMERY.

No shade of sorrow from the future snatch,
And never count your chickens till they hatch.
Be silent; let ambition be forgot;
By that sin fell the angels—you may not;
But in all stations, the securest way
Is thro' dead silence when you've nought to say;
By watchfulness and patience you may get
In upper circles quite a soft thing yet.

FLETCHER.

I know the maxim well in childhood taught,
About the fishes that have ne'er been caught,
But where's the benefit? For who so mad,
To fish for mackerel when he wants a shad?
Besides, were I again induced to look
With anxious hope upon the line and hook,

A fish must be indeed a wondrous dunce
 To bite a bait that has ensnared it once.
 The clouds are thickening as the sunlight flees,
 I scent adversity on every breeze;
 A friendly face or two peers from behind
 The ominous rifts, each with an axe to grind,
 And one great broad-axe day and night I see,
 Grinding, I seem to think, for you and me.
 I tell you things are mixed. Thus rudely tost,
 Speed expedition or else all is lost.
 A goose saved Rome. Quaint turns our fortunes take,
 I lost my trust by a loquacious DRAKE.

MONTGOMERY.

I'm sick of these repinings. When you wish a
 Change for the better, think of your militia;
 Their mission is not ended, why this weakness,
 This holy dread, and this imprudent meekness?
 Speak but the word and they will rally quick,
 A human wall, with every man a brick.
 For your dear interests they so keenly feel,
 They'd wade through fire, and smoke, and *steal*;
 Myself will lead them. And where'er we flock,
 Wo, wo! to Democrats and blooded stock!
 Prolific fowl and fructifying kine,
 On every hill, in every vale, are mine;
 We'll scour the State, and sparing friends alone.
 Will hang the man who says his life's his own.
 The western border crushed, with one fell blow
 We'll rip St. Louis through—

FLETCHER.

O mercy, no!
 Leave off the name of that distracted town,
 It's very mention weighs my spirit down;
 A sickly hole at best, pray pass it by,
 If you should go there I am sure *you'd die!*

MONTGOMERY.

Well, as you like it; but throughout the State
 I'll cleave the road and make your pathway straight.

Hail *habeas corpus* and old Civil Rights!
 We give thee welcome in a thousand fights.
 Missouri yield! Puissant are your powers,
 The south and west and centre all are ours,
 We'll wing the country with our fiery breath,
 Till anti-Fletcher men are thin as death.

FLETCHER.

I love your valor; expeditious be.

MONTGOMERY.

I'll kill a man or two, then go to tea;
 To-morrow, with the rising of the sun,
 In earnest this great work shall be begun.

FLETCHER.

Bless'd consummation! I am not mistaken;
 I've found my man at last—I've saved my BACON!

(*Exeunt.*)

THE SHOW BUSINESS.

I move with the masses. In this respect I differ from those persons who never move except when rents go up; and from a certain member of the common council who never moved but once in his life, and then he moved to adjourn. He was engaged three weeks afterwards writing letters to his eastern friends, informing them of what he had accomplished.

I move with the masses. I insist upon it. I followed a mass of three people a short distance up Randolph street four evenings ago, and they led me into a difficulty, the details of which, if written in a good ripe melo-dramatic style, and a clear, round hand, would cause a man's blood to stand on end.

This mighty, moving, surging, swaying concourse of three people, all of whom were of the opposite sex except two, paused in front of a photograph artist's picture gallery. That is, I supposed it to be a photograph artist's picture gallery, because there was a great number of photographs hanging by the side of the door—the inevitable sign, you know. I examined the pictures, and found they were all niggers, whereupon I concluded that the picture gallery was owned by an Ethiopian, or, to be polite about the matter, a gentleman of the opposite color.

The crowd went up stairs. I knew they were not going to have their pictures taken at that time of night, so I followed them, in the hope of seeing something. I saw it. I recognized the sign-board of a minstrel company designated by four long names not possessed by any other company now in the United States. I resolved to see the old favorites, whose names are as familiar to persons capable of pronouncing them as household words. I applied at the box office for a complimentary ticket, but the ticket agent couldn't see it, owing to the small size of the hole through which he delivers tickets. I told him it was all right, (the argument invariably resorted to by men in a dilemma,) but there was still a defect in his optical eye-sight. It was vain that I told him he need have no fears, there would be nobody in the hall that would know me, &c. It was vain that I told him I had access to the columns of a newspaper, and would give him fits some Sunday if he didn't mind his business. It was vain. Everything was vain, and I was disgusted.

I demanded an audience with Mr. Arlington, the left-end man. Ticket agent said Mr. Arlington had an audience already; a very respectable one, too. I discovered an insinuation in his remark, but I treated it contemptuously.

I came down stairs peaceably, and made up my mind that I would go into the dressing-room and demand an explanation of somebody. I met a young American, about nine years old, who, I imagined from his important appearance, could feel an American moustache sprouting behind his teeth. I treated him with all the respect due to a Young American,

and requested him to tell me where the back entrance to the minstrel hall was situated. The miserable little cuss asked me if he looked like a city directory, and that was all the information I could get from him.

I immediately set out to rise by my own exertions, marched around a corner, and brought up in an alley, where I was assailed by a diabolical dog of the canine race, with a leather collar around his throat, full of tacks. The owner of the dog is a coward, and I know it. He put those tacks on his dog so that other dogs, if they attacked him, would get the worst of the fight; and that same man, if his dog should attack a dog with tacks on his throat, would be mean enough to complain of the tax on dogs.

I found the back entrance and thundered at the door with my boot heels, while the dog enlivened the affair with a soul-stirring howl. There is a vast quantity of thunder in my boot heels, and it was not long till the door of the back entrance flew open to admit me. The opener looked like an American negro, and I passed him coldly and went up stairs. He followed me, and when I got a good light on him I discovered that he was Arlington, frescoed with burnt cork.

Do you know Arlington? He is a man of peculiar architecture, and you will know him at first sight if you are acquainted with him. He is dark complected and lantern jawed, (dark-lantern jawed,) and looks like an eel. There's a good 'eel of fun in him. There are some comedians so funny that an audience begins to laugh the moment they come on the stage. Arlington's audience begins to laugh before he comes

into the hall, and they don't stop until he goes home and goes to bed. He never says anything funny after he goes to bed, and so they stop laughing.

I was ushered into the dressing room, and one of the inmates gave me a champagne basket to sit on, without much ceremony. They were all coloring, and I learned the whole process. I believe I could do it now. Bones was turning a wheel with one hand and coloring with the other. I asked him what he was turning the wheel for, and he gave me the reason. He said it was full of jokes written on paper, and perpetrated by the company during the week. He turned the wheel, and he and Arlington took the jokes alternately as they came out. I told him I thought the wheel would soon be cut to pieces, there were so many old saws in it. He looked undecided, and said nothing.

There was a big furnace in the room, full of corks, burning. Corks don't cost the company a cent. They have more empty bottles than corks. They have corks enough for themselves, and corks to sell.

I was about to explain the cause of my visit, and how I had been treated by the ticket-seller, when Jones, who is a member of the old family of Joneses, complimented me by saying that he wanted to engage me for an end man. I felt immensely tickled, though I had no notion of accepting the situation. Pshaw! do you think I would ever be foolish enough to black my face? For my own satisfaction, however, I asked him which end he wanted to engage me for, and he said the last end—to put the lights out and take up the carpet after the audience had gone home. I was mute with astonishment.

Kelly, the centre man, is a fiery dragon; that's what he is, and the color of his moustache proves it. I inquired of him if they had a light house, which is the popular phrase for small audience, and he said there was a light-house on the lake shore, which I could go and see whenever I felt like it. And when I asked him how soon the show would be out, he said he would show me out whenever I was ready to go.

I inquired of Arlington if the centre man meant anything, and he said na-o-o-o. Anybody that has heard him draw out his peculiar "noes" knows how long they are. His noes are longer than any man's I know of.

When the bell rung the curtain up, I amused myself by strolling through the dressing-room, taking an inventory of things worthy of note. I was all alone, solitary in my glory, with no one to recount my liabilities to, no means of whiling away the time agreeably, and—no one to love. I am very unhappy when I am miserable. I sometimes think I am more unfortunate than a man that never was born. I have a contempt for little things, and big things have a contempt for me. There I was, as I have said before, all alone, and in a condition to negotiate a loan, but hadn't the ghost of a chance. Just as I arrived at a conclusion, and was about to stop a while, I saw a light shining through a door that opened somewhere, and I resolved to go there. I started off to the solemn and slow time of Thomas Clutterbuck, who was then being sung to death on the stage, and pushed the door open gently. And what a spectacle

met my confounded gaze! I turned a back hand-spring without touching the floor, and shrieked for mercy, camphor, fresh air, and Roman punches. Oh! it was awful. I saw a black African girl making her toilet. I never shall forget the shudder that shot through my frame like a piece of cold watermelon. I fell down and turned over, and got up again. Then I got up again, and fell over and turned down again. I was shocked. I felt cold drops of modesty trickling from my temples. One of the colored individuals heard me collapse, and came off the stage to see what ailed me. He stood over me in a speechless attitude, his fine eyes in a big frenzy rolling, or something of that sort, and demanded what was the matter. I told him all about it. It was Kelly, and he said I was a fool; the woman was a man, and all that sort of stuff, but I paid no attention to it. I kicked, and jumped up and started to run, and I went head-foremost through a bass drum. The alarm created a stampede, and brought the black corps behind the scenes in a general stage-rout.

One of them seized me by the coat-tails, and I seized him by the wig. The wig came off, and so did the coat-tails, and our sudden separation was so precipitate, that I struck my face against the big string of a bass viol, and hurt the string like the deuce. There was but one thing left for me to do, and that was to put myself out before somebody else did it. I found the stairway, and reached the bottom at a single leap, hotly pursued by the bass drum, a pitcher of water, and a bucket of burnt cork in a melting mood. I don't know what became of

the pitcher of water, but the course of the bass drum was arrested by a vigilant policeman, who was too busy to pay any attention to me.

Thus terminated a simple adventure in search of something. I ask of all pious and scientific people, if I have not been maltreated? But I'll be happy yet. Henceforth Ethiopian exhibitions may make a living the best way they can. They never will get another complimentary ticket from me.

CHICAGO, 1862.

A SPECK OF WAR.

Militia companies were always popular, but never so much as when the war broke out. Young men with stay-at-home-and-take-care-of-the-women proclivities were more than ever inclined to join the Home Guards, in consequence of increased mortality in the army of the United States, as shown by the newspaper statistics.

With a laudable ambition to support the government in any and every emergency, I became a member of the war department myself. I joined the Ellsworth Zouaves, a remnant of what used to be a troupe of acrobats, who distinguished themselves all the way from Chicago to Washington, by turning double somersaults, with muskets in their mouths and bayonets in their hands.

There are no members of the old Zouave battalion in the new one, but the new one retains the name of Ellsworth because one of the members has a brother that once saw a picture of Col. Ellsworth's grandfather. The names of organizations frequently have a more remote origin than this, and many of them are about as consistent and reasonable as a man claiming relationship to the President of the United States because he was born in Johnsonville;

or supposing he would be governor if he married a governess; or trying to pass free at a circus as a representative of the press because he is a cheese-maker.

I was put through a rigid course of examination before I could be made a Zouave, and I say it with feelings of gratification and self-esteem, that I was remarkably well posted in the catechism. My father was a hero of the revolution, having been caught once in a water-wheel, and whirled around rapidly a number of times. Others of the family have also distinguished themselves as military men at different periods, but their deeds of courage are too well known to need repetition.

The following is a copy verbatim et literatim et wordem of most of the questions propounded to me, and the answers thereto, which my intimate acquaintance with the army regulations and the report of the committee on the conduct of the war enabled me to answer readily and accurately. My interrogator was a little man in federal blue with gold leaves on his shoulders. They called him Major, but he looked young enough to be a minor. He led off with:

"How old are you, and what are your qualifications?"

"Twenty-two and a strong stomach."

Then I requested him to fire his interrogations singly, which he did.

"What is the first duty to be learned by a soldier?"

"How to draw his rations."

"What is the most difficult feat for a soldier to perform?"

"Drawing his bounty."

"If you were in the rear rank of a company during an action, and the man in the front rank before you should be wounded and disabled, what would you do?"

"I would dispatch myself to the rear for a surgeon immediately. Some men would step forward and take the wounded man's place, but that is unnatural."

"If you were commanding skirmishers, and saw cavalry advancing in front and infantry in the rear, which would you meet?"

"Neither; I would mass myself for a bold movement, and shove out sideways."

"If you were captured, what line of conduct would you observe?"

"I would treat my captors with the utmost civility."

"What are the duties of Home Guards?"

"Their duty is to see that they have no duties."

"What will you take?"

The latter question may have been answered with too much vehemence, and may have impressed listeners with the belief that I am in the habit of jumping at conclusions. Such, however, is not the case.

I am a Zouave; I am a Home Guard. I have been through all the manœuvres, and can right about face; I can also write about any other part of the body. I can do the hand-springs, and the tumbling, and the lay-down-and-roll-overs, which are done with or without a musket. I have been drilled till the drill has become a bore. I have drilled in all the marches, and leaps, and vaults, and in the bayonet exercises,

and in all the steps—the common step, the quick step, the very quick step, and the double-quick step, and the trot and the run; also, in slow time and long time, which I never learned from my landlady nor my tailor. I can shoulder arms, and bear arms, and carry arms (if they are not too heavy), and reverse arms, and support arms (ordinarily my arms support me), and I can order arms better than I can pay for them after they are ordered. I can parry in tierce, and I can throw a hand-spring with a sword-bayonet in my hand without breaking the sword-bayonet in more than three pieces, and I can bite off a cartridge without breaking my teeth out. Once, when an order was given to sling knapsacks, I slung mine out of the window, and when the order was given to unsling knapsacks, I went out and slung it back again quicker than anybody else could have done it. I have got a pretty knapsack too—there are letters on it. It is just the thing to sit down on in the time of an action, and is big enough for a breastwork in case of danger from bullets or anything of that sort. It's heavy, though, and I felt that there was an immense responsibility resting on me the first time I shouldered it. I must have felt something like Atlas did the first time he shouldered the world. It was so heavy that, as a piece of masterly strategy, I fell back the first time I strapped it on; and, as a piece of unmasterly strategy, I came near breaking my head against the floor. The Major has promised to put sawdust, softened with soda water, on the floor hereafter.

I have been getting a Major General's uniform made. There is every opportunity that could be de-

sired for promotion, in our corps, where real merit exists, and a Major General of Home Guards is not to be sneezed at. I may have to keep my uniform a few years before I will have occasion to wear it, but a Major General's toggery is a good thing to have in case of promotion. I trust my friends will give themselves no uneasiness, as I feel sure of ultimate success in the enterprise I have undertaken. I mean to strike the key-note of my campaign soon, and then look out for a sensation in military circles.

I hav'n't shaved my upper lip since yesterday afternoon. To-morrow will be the third day. I mean to grow a moustache that will be an object of admiration and envy. Moustachios are indispensable to the achievement of a major generalship. Moustachios are absolutely necessary to the achievement of anything that is useful. I have laid mine out on the plan of the harpist's in Arleonniker's (that's a kind of an abbreviation of Arlington, Kelly, Leon and Donn timer's) opera troupe. Mr. Spaulding nobly and generously volunteered to sit by as a pattern while my barber took the measure of my face, and he also generously and nobly volunteered to lend me the price of the shave.

I am a Zouave, and I can almost feel that I am a Major General. I am constantly on the alert to detect the faults in our home defences. Two of the first things I shall do on assuming command of the Home Guards here, will be to erect a line of fortifications on Michigan avenue and cover the city with a mosquito bar. Our harbor defences are very poor, and will admit of many improvements. I shall also build a fortress at Calumet, and erect a drug store at

the mouth of Chicago river. In the event of a war between the United States and the Esquimaux, Chicago will, in all likelihood, be one of the first cities attacked by the invading enemy, and every precaution should be taken to be fully prepared for them. Should such attack ever be made by the warlike and blood-thirsty Esquimaux, or any other of the great powers of the earth, and should it be my misfortune to be unable personally to command my forces, (for I have often observed that an invasion is productive of sickness) I shall take care that my second officer is a man of sufficient capacity to defend the city as ably as I would do it myself. Should the worst come to the worst, I stand ready to sacrifice a substitute on the altar of my country.

CHICAGO, 1862.

ANNUARY

TO THE PATRONS OF THE "MISSOURI REPUBLICAN,"

January 1st, 1867.

Sing pæans, freemen; shout exultant lays
Of gracious ardor and thanksgiving praise!
Let loud hosannas tell with what good cheer
You hail the advent of the glad New Year
With all its host of blessings. War again,
Which, for a time, upon the land and main,
Plumed his red wings, and from his gory brow
Shot death and terror, sits in silence now,
Musing in melancholy mood upon
The fearful ravages his wrath has done;
And Peace, her dull dominion to beguile,
Waves her white banners and essays a smile;
While with its ancient mien, as fresh as fair,
Prosperity is blooming everywhere.
Shout praises, then, for gifts that prosper you;
Our country is in peace and pieces too!—
The horn of plenty groans with wheat and corn,
And e'en the poor have plenty in a horn;
Your liberties are perfect with you still,
Some freemen vote—and *all the freedmen* will;
Dissension is grown mute; ambition's lust
Would grind dissenting brethren to the dust.
Cries brother ruling to the brother ruled,
(In such a manner was such brother schooled,)
"Take ease and comfort now, I'll not forsake you,
Do always as you please, else I will make you!"

Immaculate conception of the right
 Is that which fills the minds of men of might;
 In modern time, or in the days of old,
 Did ever mortal such a scene behold?
 A land made rich by Providence or pelf,
 At peace with all the world—except itself!
 Domestic troubles bear enticing names,
 And peace prevails though bosoms are in flames;
 Benificence her labor ne'er relaxes,
 All men are sure at least of death and taxes.
 Throw up your hats, then, when the scene you scan;
 Throw up, in mercy, for your fellow-man,
 And praise the powers that be—because you can!

Eventful era! big with all things good,
 Time's cornucopia since old Noah's flood!
 'Tis fit, such promises the New Year brings—
 Lest we forget as good or better things—
 We trace the channel by the old year run,
 And note its best achievements one by one.

Mark, then, the cable, which, with much parade,
 By wire-pulling at great length was laid.
 Vast undertaking, all its trials ended,
 It proved successful only when suspended;
 And still unfortunate in its suspension,
 Its merits were too deep for comprehension,
 Scarce worth a fig to him who underrates
 Its costly currents and its freshest dates;
 But half in doubt, we praise with one consent,
 And laud its working to our Heart's Content.

Another era, one of dire distress,
 The cholera came, the nation to depress,
 And everywhere the signs of woe were seen
 Proclaiming sorrow where the scourge had been,
 And every city draped its mourning walls
 As darker grew its streets with funeral palls—
 Save one—th' abode of all the good and blest,
 Of all our cities purest, holiest, best—
 'Tis said by men whose words for truth and law go,
 The fell destroyer never touched Chicago.

Thrice happy town! Let wicked men deride it,
 The cholera came and righteousness defied it;
 "But," cries the skeptic, still unterrified,
 "'Tis d—lish strange how fast the people died!"

A vast event—but here please make a note—
 Occurrences are mentioned not by rote;
 But as they bubble up—all out of time—
 To suit the whim, the metre and the rhyme:
 It seems so jolly thus to write at ease,
 And scratch off ideas as a dog does fleas—
 A great event was that which led the way
 To consternation up in Canada.
 In all his glory, when enthroned he sat,
 Judea's king was not arrayed like that.
 Forth to the field the royal cohorts pressed,
 To have their soldiers and their wrongs red-dressed;
 Down to the front the broad battalions poured;
 Canadians growled and John Bull fairly roared.
 The Fenian failure mooted no surprise;
 'Twas not for want of men nor enterprise,
 But Fortune's favor. Stern, imperious Fate
 Fettered the heels of Mars, and cried out "Wait!"
 The Green Isle's history teems with lustrous names
 Of men who, to advance their country's claims,
 Fought, bled and died, *and lost*, yet not in vain
 Contended for a cause that lives again;
 For truth and justice must eternal spring
 Where every heart's a realm, each man a king.
 Then rot the pen and cleave the tongue that leads
 Derisive satire 'gainst heroic deeds!
 Small minds alone, the film of nothingness,
 Find virtue only where they find success.

"How are you Mexico?" In days gone by,
 The good old times of pork and pumpkin pie,
 A favorite pastime, as we all have heard,
 Was chasing shaven pigs, with grease besmeared;
 How smiled and then how frowned the luckless swain
 Who nabbed the pig, to let it go again;
 However strong his "gripe," his hold as fast,
 The slippery swine was always free at last;

The custom is revived (who would have thought it?)
 Poor Mexico's the pig, and Max has caught it!

Earth's fairest ornament! Shall pen and ink,
 That fabricate base flatteries link by link,
 Withhold a tribute that is justly due
 And keep an honest compliment from you?
 Foremost among wise corps, within whose pales
 Amphyctronic excellence prevails,
 Congress! if thine it be when praise is said
 To shed a tear in thanks, prepare to shed!
 Thy means are known to us, we love thy ways,
 We wish thee happiness and full of days;
 In tender innocence thy course is run,
 And tender in no sense the actions done
 In thy sweet councils. In our ecstasy
 We pray that heaven will give us much of thee,
 Enlarge thy sphere and teach thee how to find
 The means to legislate for all mankind!
 Let the Caucasian in his ire complain,
 And plebians twit with "nigger on the brain."

What boots it now? What less could be expected?
 And where's the odds, since good men are elected?
 The hapless Southerner, unrepresented,
 Is manifestly sad and discontented,
 Would fain return and join the fold again,
 In loyal fellowship, but pleads in vain.
 That's right. Take all he owns in all the branches
 Of life and its pursuits, then take his franchise.
 "You can rob the poor man of his meat and bread,"
 A good Hibernian to an engine said,
 "But cannot vote." A year or two at most
 Like that one past, and Pat will cease to boast;
 While *he* goes bedless and without a meal,
Machines will have a vote for every wheel.
 And this is freedom—this the "proudest gift
 Vouchsafed to mortals," and the "people" lift
 Their voices to the sky in praise of this
Destruction policy, and even kiss
 In abject reverence the finger-tips
 That raise the poison chalice to their lips.

O potent Congress! Not a Christian knows
 How much to *some of thee* our country owes;
 For thee a supplication we would pour,
 And may it be recorded evermore,
 For their own sakes and for their country's good;
 More would we ask, and better, if we could:
 "When rice and cotton and tobacco fail
 To yield large profits, may they not bewail,
 But each and all be by the speediest way
 In hemp up to their necks—and *may it pay!*"

What wonder if we sing and dance and shout,
 And hang in triumph all our banners out?
 Let's rouse the cities and the forest shake,
 And shoot a cracker for our country's sake!

A truce to stubborn truths, and welcome hope,
 In the dim future, 'mid the clouds may ope
 A glorious sunburst, radiant and sublime,
 To gild a country's honor for all time.
 Foul things must perish and are soon forgot,
 Or else we smile to know that they are not;
 And where the vilest filth discarded lies,
 In after days the fairest flowers rise.
 We *will* hope on, and thank the All-Supreme
 That all things doleful are not what they seem.
 The infant year that on our threshold stands
 Greet us with bloodless and unspotted hands,
 And may each round of the revolving sun,
 Each annual circuit, till his race is run,
 Bring joy perpetual to our hearts more near,
 And brighter scenes with each approaching year.

SKIRMISH WITH A "TIGER."

The world is growing better. I know it. Men have forgotten their sordid selfishness and mean passions, and are studying how they can best advance the interests of their fellow-beings. The doctrine of total depravity is defunct—virtue reigns triumphant.

For example. I received a remittance the other day of fifty dollars from the gentleman from whom I descended in a direct line, he being my father. Fifty dollars is wholly inadequate to the purchase of an ordinary suit of clothes in these times. What would purchase canvass enough for a circus tent three years ago, won't pay for a canvass-back duck now. To be brief, I felt as much lost with my fifty dollars as I did without it.

But a philanthropist came to the rescue. As neat and handsome a man as ever I saw, (and I see myself daily,) saw me take the money from the post office, and immediately volunteered to lend me any assistance that I might need. The money was not heavy, and I found no difficulty in carrying it myself, for it was principally paper.

But ah, what a generous friend that young man proved. He could not be induced to forsake me.

He saw that I was in distress, because the sum of money was not as large as I desired, and he proposed to reveal a plan, gratuitously, (bless him!) whereby I could double it. I was enraptured with my new acquaintance. We strolled together, arm in arm, and were very happy. We met half a dozen individuals displaying all the fixtures and appurtenances belonging to perfect gentlemen, including moustachios. My friend introduced me to all of them, with stunning politeness. He had a peculiar habit of shutting one eye when he introduced me. I think the operation had a sort of magic or mesmerie influence, for I observed that the other gentlemen shut one eye too. The new acquaintances all joined my particular friend and me in a general promenade. My "particular" whispered in my ear that I had better take good care of my pocket-book; that a stranger never knew who to trust, and all that. He said I was perfectly safe as long as he was with me, but if I felt any uneasiness he would carry my money in his pockets. I overwhelmed him with gratitude, and told him I didn't want to annoy him so much.

Said he to his friends; "Let's take Hans Patrick to see the 'tiger.'"

I thanked him kindly. Told him I had a free ticket to a menagerie which I never used, and that I had no particular affection for the brute creation.

"But we want you to fight the tiger," was the unanimous chime.

I protested. Informed my friends that I was not an athlete, and never indulged in any such sports.

With a good rifle I could probably hold my own with a tiger if he came within my fire limits.

My particular friend said they meant a faro bank. It was a gay institution, and I could make a fortune in a few minutes. It occurred to me suddenly that a bank was just the thing I needed, seeing I had considerable capital on hand. I consented to go with them, and I saw their eyes sparkle. We went up stairs in a big brick house, and stopped in room No. 6. One man stood behind a table which was covered with green cloth. On the table were a deck of cards, a silver box, and a heap of ivory checks. The green cloth, I was told, was intended to be a verification of Tom Moore's line—"The innocent gambols on the green." I saw one man who seemed to be taking up a collection. He had a saintly face, and declared himself ready to "copper the bet." Thereupon he doubled a ten dollar note on the ace and covered it with a copper cent. A man wearing the expression of a broken down tragedian flopped four shillings on the tray and lost. He took it coolly enough, got up and walked back and forth on the floor, looking like a picture of Napoleon at Helena, (Ark.,) and presently began to recite some lines that were running in his head. Said he, in a truly stagical voice: "The king is dead! the king is dead!"

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed a man at the table, "why didn't you tell me so. I have got my money on that card."

I coppered a bet. I liked the fun. The crowd gathered around me, and I think from my elegant but attenuated form, and alacrity with the "tiger,"

they mistook me for John Morgan. Their attentions to me were astonishing. I coppered a ten dollar bill on a double-headed Jack, and have never seen it since. I got a round of applause on it though. They called that "pluck." Somebody said "take up them sleepers." I looked around and was unable to see but one. He was a stalwart Ethiopian, reclining with his head on a spittoon. I was afterwards told that the sleepers were the dead bets. I observed one man who seemed to have a mathematical turn of mind. The red checks were worth more than the white ones. Taking one of them in his fingers, he asked: "If a piece of ivory, one inch in diameter, costs five dollars, how much will an elephant come to?" I couldn't tell.

I coppered another ten dollar bill through spite, and it disappeared suddenly. I told the banker he didn't let my money stay on the table long enough to know whether I won or lost. He insisted that he knew his "biz," and told me to try my luck again. I told him if my luck continued as it had commenced my money would not go a great way. He said he thought it would go a good deal further than I expected. The "looker-out" began to look sick. I asked him what was the matter, and he said his share of the profits of the bank consisted only in a division of the silver, and he had not made a cent since the war broke out. Whereupon he stalked away, whistling, "When this cruel war is over." I kept betting. I had had bad luck, and I wanted revenge. As my funds diminished, I became more excited. I bet recklessly. I coppered the queen for a dollar, and her majesty snubbed me. The tray be-

trayed me; the deuce played the dickens, and the whole deck was leagued against me. Finally I planked down my last five on the ace. I announced that it was my last. My particular friend went around on the opposite side of the table. He caressed me no more. The dealer called the ace; lost. There was a buz for a moment, then loud laughter. My smiling friends gathered on one side of me. I was about to ask my "particular" to see me home, when the earth opened to receive me, I reckon. They knew the plank too well; they stood just right; the spring went off at the proper time, and I arrived suddenly in the basement, in three feet of water and some mud. I felt, for a moment, that I had been imposed upon, but as soon as I straightened up out of the water I was willing to admit that such was not the case. The splash in the basement attracted a policeman who was half a block distant, and he rushed to see if a safe had been blown open. I told him I was a "hoc card," and I wanted him to take me up tenderly. He took me up. I offered to conduct him to room No. 6. From the appearance of the room one would have supposed that it had been occupied eight years ago; not later. Table, green cloth, coppers, sleepers, betters, all were gone. I related my story briefly to the policeman. He said if stupidity were trump, I could play against the whole world. I told him that was equivalent to an assertion that no policeman ever gambled, and we parted. Policemen are badly brought up in this country anyhow.

I have lost a good friend, and I don't know where to find him. My "particular" holds forth at No.

6 no longer. The Thompsonian physic was no remedy in his case. But he is a good man, and I advise every one who becomes acquainted with him to cultivate him. Never desert him as long as you have any money left. It would break his heart. Let his passion for play be not to his discredit. A Christian is a good man, but he is a better.

A THANKSGIVING FROLIC.

Did you ever go up to Thanksgiving?
I swaney, what lots of good living.—*New Song.*

In different countries the inhabitants observe Thanksgiving in different ways, and with different degrees of reverence. In Madagascar they never have a Thanksgiving; in New Jersey they always do. In New England the best families, or those who have plenty of means, stuff a turkey on Thanksgiving day, and then stuff themselves. New England made herself sick on a Thanksgiving dinner twenty years ago, and has not got over it yet. Chicago has suffered from the incipency of her unwellness up to its worst stage, which has constantly manifested its presence by violent diaphragmal convulsions, and the emptying of its population in our midst by a process similar to that which would be produced in the human system by an overdose of ipecacuanha or lobelia. In Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina, Thanksgiving is welcomed with a log-rolling or a house-raising; in Pennsylvania with a quilting party; in Mississippi a horse race is the only palpable demonstration, and in Arkansas a few good sociable citizens get together and hang a man. In none of

the States is the pleasure that may be derived from this holiday totally neglected. I never celebrated a Thanksgiving day in Arkansas; but I celebrated one in Chicago a day or two ago, where no positive peculiarity characterizes the day except in the matter of free lunches. All manner of people may find enjoyment here on Thanksgiving days fitting their inclinations, but after all free lunches are in the ascendency. We have free lunches in saloons, and hotels, and private houses; free lunches on ground floors and top floors; free lunches on the sidewalk; free lunches everywhere. The man of interminable municipal possessions, whose smile is auriferous (no allusion to jaundice), and whose voice is like silver or copper (no allusion to a distillery,) may be invited to a magnificent Thanksgiving dinner in a brown-fronted palace on the avenue, but he sits down to a free lunch; it's nothing else. Free lunches are great—they are mighty—they are gorgeous. (A play on the word gorgeous is played out.) Free lunches are good for a sick man; he can eat them when (in reduced circumstances) he can't eat anything else. "Free press, free speech and free lunches," is a motto good enough for me, or any other man. I attended a Thanksgiving free lunch on the brown-fronted avenue; select. My vaulting appetite overleaped itself. They had prairie chickens, port wine and napkins on the table. Prairie chickens and napkins always affect my brain. Knowing my weakness, I went in moderately at first, but towards the twelfth round, fired with ambition and inspired by a generous rivalry, which was waged by a dozen competitors on my right and left, I struck from the shoulder and went

for the small glasses with such astonishing and soothing rapidity that the appearance of their evolutions from the table to my mouth reminded me strikingly of a juggler's performance with brass balls. The result was, that in the thirtieth round I felt bad. The host got the best of the fight; the port disappeared, and "he brought the claret." A charming young lady with an overpowering address, asked me if I was sick at the stomach. I told the overpowering young lady I was sick at the head. Thereupon she said I ought to go somewhere and laugh it off. I remember distinctly having asked her if she alluded to the head or the sick.

I had occasion to remark to a male friend of mine of the masculine persuasion (he gender), that I thought a laugh would do me good, and asked him to tickle me in the ribs, which he declined doing, saying that we had better promenade awhile and search for some innocent amusement.

We promenaded.

Arm-in-arm with my fellow-being, who had as much prairie chicken aboard as I had, except four wings, nine legs, and twelve glasses, we encountered a man who proclaimed himself treasurer of a circus. He was one of the Robinson & Howes' circus, the government of which is as follows: equestrian manager, Frank Howes; treasurer, Lloyd Howes; director, Another Howes; outside man, Junius Brutus Howes; inside man, Themistocles Howes; clown, Pericles Howes; property man, H. Greeley Howes; and others of the same family. It may seem strange to the public that there should be so many of one name connected with one institution, but let me say

to the public, for whom I have great respect, that the success of a public entertainment is always governed by its Howeses.

We promenaded, me and my friend and me, and I think his proposition for a promenade was occasioned by the peculiar inclination of my head at certain moments, and fear for the safety of his mirrors and tapestry.

The treasurer of the circus, I think, is an honest man, but the management compel him to wear pantaloons without pockets, for a reason unknown to me. It is probably owing to the fact that, being so well used to pockets, he sometimes forgets that he has a treasury box—couldn't say positively.

We entered, me and my promenader and me, without much difficulty, except in the way of paying for tickets.

The clown made a joke as I went in, and I said to my promenader if I couldn't beat that I would quit. And says he, "suppose you try your hand at it," and I replied that I didn't make jokes with my hands. The manager of equerry (I don't know what that means) heard me, and he glided around, and said he: "I don't like my clown much, and if you will take his place I'll pay you big." I accepted; the contract was signed, sealed and delivered. I arose and wended my way melancholily into the dressing-room (or the undressing room; the men were all undressing when I went in.)

I was introduced all around, to the tumblers and somersaulters, and equestrians and clowns. I sneered when I came to the latter, thinking how soon I should lay them in the shade. I wanted to play

clown just five minutes. There was a volley of whispering and snickering kept up several minutes after I entered, but I thought nothing of it.

Finally, says one of the clowns, (his name was Castello,) said he: "Hans Patrick, do you pad?"

I glanced at my godlike but slender proportions, and replied, "Not vastly."

"Well," said he, turning away contemptuously, "You ought to."

Immediately upon the utterance of his last remark, the juvenile, vulgarly called a property boy, laughed immoderately, and an application of boot leather was found absolutely necessary to reduce him to a state of decent quietude.

One of the tumblers said to me, (I met several tumblers, but only one pitcher, and he was the man appointed to pitch boisterous people out at the door,) said he: "Hans Patrick, can you stand on your head?" I replied in the negative, but told him I could stand on somebody else's head if that would answer his purpose.

I observed a man in the last stage of placidity lying stark still on the ground, while another man was rubbing a horse-shoe over his head. I inquired the cause, and was told that the proceeding was intended to make him so that he would not mind having his brains kicked out.

The manager asked me how I thought I would look in tights. I said I had been in one every day for five years, and the public had pronounced me passable. Thereupon I incased myself in a set of fleshings, and the manager offered to introduce me to the equine department. The first man I met was

a mule three feet high. May I eat hay as long as I live; may I be compelled to eat hash at a common boarding house till the crack of doom grows big enough for an elephant to go through, if the manager didn't tell me that that mule's name was Hans Patrick. I looked at his teeth, and endeavored to inform myself whether I had been named for the mule or the mule for me, but could gain no enlightenment. It tickled me to hear it stated that he was an educated mule. I wanted to cultivate his acquaintance, but the feeling was not reciprocal.

One of the knowing ones, after calling me a "guy," and other happy appellations, said he would "make me up," and commenced spreading paint on my face with a brush broom. I squared myself, manœvered the flexors and tensors of my right arm, and I think I made him up in a manner that would have won the fancy of a connoisseur. He uttered a shrill cough as I planted my digits between his optics; that was a signal for the whole congregation to take a hand. In two minutes there were a dozen tumblers on my shoulders, sixteen trapeze men on my thorax, and a wee boy doing La Perche Equipoise on the top of my head. They rolled me through the stable, and Hans Patrick, Jr., elevating his hinder half in the atmosphere, like a juvenile taking his first lessons in a hand-spring, brought his two heels suddenly in contact with my cranium. I did not stop to argue the question with my illustrious namesake, but if ever he appears in the circus here, I'll hiss him. Mark that.

I found my way out through a cylinder escape-ment, with a black eye and a sore head, and such

epithets attached to me as "nixie weeden," "sherry his nibs," and a hundred other phrases that nobody but a circus man knows anything about.

I wanted to send a pair of pantaloons to my brother in the army once, and an express agent wouldn't send them because they were inexpressibles. The public will excuse me if I fail to express my opinion of circusses on the same principle. I am opposed to them morally and physically, especially the latter. Henceforth they will find no sympathy, no balm of Gilead in my bosom. They may name their mules in honor of me if they want to, and their horses too, and pigs, and pups, and everything else, but they can never rope me in to play clown again. I've got enough.

CHICAGO, 1862.

LUCIFER'S LAST.

COMPLIMENTARY BANQUET TO THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

Facilis descensus Averno.

Whilome, the Monarch of the spheres below,
That sweltering kingdom where all bad folks go,
Was deemed a Horror, whose sulphuric breath
Was quick damnation, whose least smile was death;
Whose only pleasure was to catch at souls,
And fricasee them on undying coals.
The theory was false, I chance to know,
And to refute it, I may chance may show
His majesty a "trump"—what men might call
A very clever devil after all;
A jovial fellow, of the classic kind,
Who loves the flashes of the polished mind;
A prudent ruler who, to gain his ends,
Will sometimes even entertain his friends.

Last Sunday morning, flushed with joy and pride,
To see his darling doctrines override
The principles of decency and sense,
He made a feast for his constituents;
A glorious banquet, to the which sat down
Men of pretension and of some renown;
An Abolition Congress, men benighted,
Corrupt, polluted, and therefore invited.

Thus spoke the Monarch to a chosen few
Of choicest devils that around him drew:

"Go thou and search the mighty earth throughout,
And bring the rarest food found thereabout
For my *particular* guests; bring something choice,
That they shall praise with an united voice;
Something that Christians love; by robbing them,
You add a jewel to my diadem;
Something," he thundered, from his Seat of State,
"That good men love as one—that bad men hate."

His servants heard and vanished; ere the dawn
The guests, in merry mood, came marching on.
The Prince of demagogues the column led,
Head-Centre Stevens was the centaur's head;*
And lurking monsters, by the sight made glad,
Swung high their helmets and hurraed for Thad.
Next Sumner came, undaunted by the grievance
Of playing second fiddle to old Stevens;
He met the Warden with a bow most civil,
And sweetly smiled while going to the Devil.
Next Banks, the Conqueror, whose resistless arms
Subdued a thousand Louisiana farms;
Whose spirit once, upon a fiery track,
Upheaved the earth and turned Red River black;
Then Wentworth, Morrill, Schenck—a hundred others—
All arm in-in-arm, by twos, like trusty brothers.

The Prince of Darkness, pleased to view the train,
Commanded lusty yells to ring again;
Ten thousand voices joined the mighty roar,
And made Avernia groan from shore to shore.
Then through the gates, wide opened for the throng,
The vast procession slowly moved along.
Forth from his throne the pompous Pluto sprung,
His robes about him in disorder flung,
Wildly he threw himself on Steven's breast,
Kissed him; then stiffly bowed to all the rest.

* "Head-Centre Stevens" is a metaphorical allusion to the head and centre of the Abolition Congress, and bears no reference to the distinguished Irish patriot, who, doubtless, would feel highly indignant at finding himself in such a category.

O, valiant leader! what were all thy years
Of party glory deemed among thy peers,
To this bright moment of ecstatic bliss
When swelled thy soul within 'neath Satan's kiss?
A greater joy no hero ever had,
O, potent Stevens! O, prodigious Thad!

Now rings the reeking realm with music rare,
And imps are darting madly everywhere;
The guests are ranked and seated one by one,
The King proclaims the festival begun;
Songs, shouts and speeches for a while maintain
Supreme control, then silence reigns again;
Now bursts anew the spirit of the crowd
In diabolic cheers, deep, long and loud;
Sublime orations from the members pour,
Such as no mortal ever heard before;
Such noise as in the centuries ago
Burst down the mighty walls of Jericho.

The speeches over, thus great Satan spoke,
While 'round him cleaved auspicious fire and smoke:
"Friends, such an honor as your presence here
Is one which I esteem and hold most dear;
And for your palates I shall grace these boards
With food the richest that your sphere affords."
Then to his chiefest servant: "Sir, attend!
Thy mission's done; what dost thou recommend?"
The servant bowed him low, in meekness bowed,
Tho' his achievement made him justly proud,
And thus replied to his imperious King:
"The prize for which you sent, behold, I bring—
A prize your highness cannot overrate,
For Christians love it as the bad men hate;
Earth's richest, fairest, best, most prized production;
Here!—Johnson's policy of Reconstruction!"

Such screams for joy, such shouts and mighty cheers,
Ne'er fell on mortal or immortal ears
That morn before, as rang the great hall through
When that delicious morsel met their view.

For lo! the triumph; they in hell could fill
 Their maws with what on earth they could not kill.
 Now thrilled the breast of every sapient Rad,
 And shrieked their leader, the resplendent Thad:
 "We've met the enemy, and *it* is ours,
 Let's eat the d—d thing up before it sours."
 To work they went at once—cut, carved and slashed,
 And took down platefuls—pickled, stewed and hashed—
 Points, sections, arguments, well done and rare,
 A pinion here, and an opinion there,
 All entered quickly the capacious throats
 Of these creations of the people's votes;
 But one thing shocked them; in the feast they found
 No point attained; *every part was sound*,
 Still rang their mirth, still at their work they fell,
 "And all went merry as a marriage bell."

But see! a change is creeping on each face—
 A wondrous change, and you may plainly trace,
 Where sparkled gladness, now a sickly glow,
 A hideous, ghastly smile, presaging woe.
 What! Banks, asleep! and hoary Sumner too!
 Saints of the nation, this will never do!
 They rouse, they look around, they droop again;
 But, ah, their looks betray a deadly pain.
 Aha! now drop at least a hundred heads;
 'Mong all the guests the epidemic spreads;
 At times they rally, but again they fall;
 A sad distemper has seized one and all.
 Satan, alarmed from his position flies,
 And tries by every means, but vainly tries
 To cheer his visitors. He sees at once
 The illness that afflicts each stupid dunce.
 "Alas!" he cries, in accents short and quick,
 "That Johnson policy has made them sick,
 I might have known, as 'twas my place to know,
 They had enough of that long, long ago;"
 Then slowly round the board he takes his way,
 And of each picture has a word to say:
 "Thou slumbering Banks," he said, "thou couldst but fall,
 Thy mode of eating's too *Conventional*;

Thou didst spread *riot* 'mongst the food that's gone,
 But now it crushes thee—sleep on, sleep on!"
 Wentworth upreared before his startled eyes,
 Alarmed the Monarch by his wondrous size,
 Who said, as the vast heap he gazed upon,
 "Is this a demagogue, or demijohn?"
 Awhile the ponderous mass he closely eyed,
 Then moved along, convinced and satisfied.
 "O, Thaddeus, Thaddeus," he exclaimed in grief
 When he beheld outstretched that matchless chief,
 "My noble friend, long tried and staunchly true,
 My glorious advocate, art thou sick too?"
 His echoes died among the distant halls,
 No proud lips answered his repeated calls;
 He seized the prostrate form and turned it o'er,
 "Ah, me," he said, "thy face, how pale and hoar!
 The light gone out in these once piercing eyes,
 The stern lip silent—but how still he lies!
 The manly beauty from thy face is fled,
 Thy pulse—O, horror, horror!—thou art dead!
 Alas, that death should choose so bright a mark,
 And wreck forever my most trusted bark;
 That he should blanch thy cheek, so passing fair,
 And leave his stillness in thy clustering hair—
 Should snatch the dearest friend I ever had,
 And mark thee for his own, my proud boy, Thad!"

Slowly and sadly he at length arose,
 And sought his chamber, but not sweet repose.
 Soon came the tidings that each honored guest
 Had died outright—each following all the rest.
 And all—the idea, too, was not so bad—
 As they had always done, had followed Thad.
 "'Tis well!" said Satan, "things are for the best,
 I'll hush my grief and calm my throbbing breast.
 Their demise here will save them, that is plain,
 The trouble of a trip this way again.
 Yet I deplore the nature of their fall,
 'Twas Johnson's policy that did it all."
 Then to his vassals spake the chief once more,
 "Hang negro scalps and crape on every door,

For Stevens' sake; and as for all the rest,
 Dispose of them in peace and let them rest.
 O, bitter day, to sweep at one fell swoop
 With that accursed and poison'd Johnson soup,
 Or meat, or bread, or broth—I know not what—
 To sicken, crush and kill and send 'to pot'
 A hundred champions! 'Tis, indeed, most strange
 That any 'policy' could so derange
 The human system, and these proud heads level
 With hot and sulphury dust—it beats the Devil."

When all was done, a great and ponderous bell
 For Congress tolled a loud and doleful knell;
 Its awful tones the solemn stillness broke,
 And shook the elements, and—I awoke!
 Pleased to observe the earth still fair and bright
 That Sabbath morn, as 'twas the previous night,
 And that the horrid banquet, which did seem
 So dread and real, was at best a dream;
 But dreams, I thought, and thought the live-long day,
 Are ominous things sometimes; so wise men say.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

MR. EDITOR:—I want to address a few words to your paper for a double purpose. I want to tell your readers what a good thing it is to be sick once in a while, and to vindicate a certain class towards whom I have not hitherto entertained opinions of the most flattering kind.

The luxury of convalescence must be felt to be appreciated. Why, I have had an old-fashioned clock in my house for fifteen years, and I suppose it has been ticking all the time, but (as I live!) I never heard it until since I became ill. Now I hear it all the time. Day and night, tick, tick, tick, there is that same old sound, but it assumes ten thousand different keys, or forms, or whatever you may choose to call them, according to the frame of mind I happen to be in. Like Master Dombey, who, in his ceaseless and unhappy illness constantly imagined the old clock saying, "how do you do, my little friend?" I can also imagine that it is forever repeating words suited to my case.

And then the women-folks! Je-rusalem lemons! Ain't they "some" in sickness? I recant. I stand (or lie at present) in the same category with old Dumas. Once I thought that woman was the author of

such a book of follies in a man that 'twould take the tears of all the angels to blot the record out. But I begin to see now what a stupid dunce I was!

Believe me, I have had an opportunity recently of judging of the good qualities of the fair sex, as developed by suffering and distress. During my sickness the wives and daughters, and sisters and aunts, and grandmothers of my creditors clustered around me like blue-bottle flies around the bung-hole of a sugar cask on the Levee in the middle of July. They invested largely in my welfare; you bet. Barring their incessant chat about having my life insured, their society was very agreeable, and I have no doubt I am largely indebted to them for my present prosperity. In such an assemblage, however, there was, of course, great diversity of character, and that same diversity served to cheer and stimulate me in the darkest hour.

There was one very ancient and highly respectable lady who seemed filled with a bitter resolution to play "roots" on me—as the ragamuffins say. In her estimation, there was nothing under the sun so reliable as roots. There was the blackberry root, and the gentian root, and the sassafras root, and the square root, and the cube root, and a thousand other roots, which she wanted to combine into one grand elephantine, final and conclusive dose for my especial benefit, which I very graciously declined. "What does Dr. Gunn say?" she asked emphatically. "What does he say? There, see for yourself; in the first part of his book. He says: 'When disease begins to take hold of the system, *root* it out.' Now."

I was convinced, but I didn't take the roots.

If there is any one thing in this world I dislike more than another, its spoon-victuals—particularly gruel. At least such has been the case in days gone by. Some men there are who cannot bear a harmless, necessary cat, and some also who cannot bear a gaping pig. So Shylock says, and so, through all the years of my life, I have had an unaccountable antipathy to gruel. But when I rose up in bed one day and saw standing near me a malignant compound of smiles and dimples, and laces and flounces, and when I saw her black eyes beaming with love and tenderness, as if she wanted to be waiting on all the sick people in the world at once, and when she plucked me under the chin (O Lordy!) with her dear little finger, and pointing to a bowl and spoon which she held in one hand, reminding me of a picture I used to see in my boyhood, entitled, "Belle of the West," and said, "now you must take some gruel for *me*"—Sir, I would have taken down that gruel if it had been a coal of fire, and I had known there was a keg of powder in my stomach.

I can stand up like a hero now and knock a bowl of gruel into a continental hat three times a day, so much have I been wrought upon.

I tell you the very air of a sick room is fragrant where woman goes—"whose faint footfalls tinkle on the tufted floor."

The very nature of the creature is healing. She is, and was, and always has been a medicine—a sovereign remedy within herself—and every male, whether sick or well, ought to take a dose. Observe her. If a plant is withering, she has only to touch it and it springs into new life. If a Canary bird

droops and becomes despondent, she tells it to cheer up, and it chirrup. In her hands calomel and ipecac become nectar; nasty, good-for-nothing little pills are suddenly transmogrified into apples of gold in boxes of silver; and your room, which awhile ago smelt like a condemned apothecary shop, becomes as delicious as the perfumes of a thousand flowers, and a fitting abode for the choicest creations of mythology. Things animate and inanimate are alike obedient to her charmed influence. So am I. Verily, I believe I can tell when a yard of crinoline comes within two hundred yards of my house, by the refreshing breeze that enters my chamber window.

But I am feeble and will forbear. I chanced to look out just now, when I beheld a spectacle (a common one) that caused the current of my thoughts to take a new turn. It was a rough, uncouth wooden coffin, hurrying toward some Potter's field. I thought maybe if the inmate had had some creditors to send their female relations to look after his interests, he might have remained a little longer. In other words, with more nursing, there would be less dying. But what right have I to such reflections? I will leave these thoughts to humanitarians.

TRAINING FOR THE "TOURNAMENT."

"Richard," if I may be permitted to indulge in a somewhat obscure quotation, "is himself again." From the utmost degree of languor and debility, I have risen to the very pinnacle of health, happiness and hilarity. I am out of the "kinks," so to speak, and like the crafty king on one occasion, whose name I have already mentioned, I came out clamoring for "a horse!" the wherefore I shall at once proceed to state.

Having been attracted by a notice of a tournament that was to transpire during the approaching Fair of the Southern Relief Association, and being myself in ardent sympathy with that charitable movement, as well as a devout communicant at the shrine of chivalry in whatever shape, form, fashion or attitude it appears, I could neither eat, sleep, nor carry my head erect, until I had made arrangements to compete for the prize and victory on the notable occasion now near unto us drawing. Day and night I was either thinking or dreaming of the handsome figure I would cut, with spear and helmet, mounted on my Belphegor or Bucephalus, and parading the arena for the admiration of the excited multitude. I could see ten thousand young ladies, all in a marriageable

condition and lovely as Diana, standing erect and waving their sweet-scented handkerchiefs in acknowledgment of my gallantry and courage, and I could see them scrutinizing, through their lorgnettes, the star on my helmet, and the diamond cross on my bosom, and the tin buckles (mistaken for silver) on my knee-breeches. And then I could see me gracefully prostrating myself, like an elephant at prayer, in front of the most beautiful, and bewitching, and fascinating creature that ever the sun shone on, and afterwards rising, and, after a multiplicity of bows and blushes, performing the ceremony of the coronation, while my competitors stood around me, pictures of discomfiture and silent envy, and the five million people (apparently) present rending the welkin with joyous acclamations, quoting in their hearts those famous lines from Dryden,

"None but the brave deserve the fair,"

and very much in doubt, in their own minds, whether the quotation had reference to the fair sex or the Fair of the Southern Relief Association. All this I saw, and I felt—well, it's no use talking—I felt huge.

Of course, before I could accomplish all this, I must take the preliminary measures to be admitted to the contest. A friend instructed me where to go and who to call upon—the chairman of some committee—though why "chairman," I don't know, for he was standing all the time. Perhaps it was a standing committee. I visited the house designated, and saw whom I supposed to be the proper person.

"Sir," I said, "I have come to enter."

"Walk right in, then, sir," was the cool response.

"Hem! Beg pardon," I continued, "I believe you do not comprehend me. I want to enter the lists."

"Oh, you do? Very good; put you in the lists at once, sir. Got cholera, eh? Name and residence?"

"Cholera—no!" I thundered, growing considerably excited under the impression that he was quizzing me. "Do I look like a man with the cholera? No, sir; I want to enter the list for the Tournament. Is not this the place?"

"Not by any means," he replied, smiling all over, and rubbing his hands fatly. "A slight mistake, I reckon. This is the Health Office. We look after the sick here. If you have cholera, we can provide for you. If you are dead, we will bury you, if you have a certificate from the attendant physician."

"The d—l you will," was at the tip of my tongue, but I restrained myself and said: "Sir, your kindness is so confoundedly overpowering, that I don't know how to thank you. You will, therefore, excuse me." And I sailed out, with a gallon of fleas in each ear, and an intense suspicion that I had been egregiously humbugged.

I found the right place at last, however, and stated my case. The courteous committee man asked me for my *nom de guerre*. Told him I had no daguerreotype, but would give him a photograph if that would do. He said I misunderstood him; he wanted my fighting name. Told him I had no fighting name, but my fighting weight was 212 pounds avoirdupois. Another explanation followed, and I told him he might register "Knight of the Freedmen's Bureau," and he might add, in parenthesis, that I was a very dark night. "You are more than knight, then," he

said, laughingly. "Yes," I replied, "I'm just old nitre." After this friendly passage at arms, we parted sadly, neither one asking the other what he would take.

And now for the practice, I thought—to brush up my equestrianism. I procured a suitable horse from a first-class livery-stable, and armed with a spear of the required length, retired to an open lot in the vicinity of my dwelling to "train." The three-inch rings were placed at proper intervals, and taking my position, at a given signal, which I gave myself, I started, confident I would make a clean sweep of the rings the very first tilt. Doubtless I would have done so, but for an unfortunate circumstance. Just as my charger came within about six feet of the first ring, a wagon load of oats passed outside the enclosure, seeing which, he wheeled and shot himself off in that direction. Over a six-foot fence he went like a wild gazelle or an old he-sheep, my hat sailed off on an eddying gale like a thing of life, my spear struck a stake and was shivered, and I shivered myself, for I thought every moment would be my next. "Whoa!" I shouted, and the horse having overtaken the load of oats, he "whoa'd."

This *contretremps* attracted quite a concourse of children, as such occurrences always do, who began to regale me with sundry endearing exclamations and admonitions, such as "Whooray! see old Lum-max ride!" "Get down and carry your horse, you are the biggest;" to all of which I replied in unspeakable silence.

I have a contempt for children, on the same principle, I suppose, that a bankrupt despises money.

The weather being rather warm, the exertion of remounting caused my too solid flesh to thaw a little, and the crystal globules began to stand in such vast profusion upon my face, that I must have looked like a diamond-studded night, gotten up at enormous expense.

"Whoa!" I said, thrusting my hat on my head as firmly as if it had had a mortgage on it, and burying my heels in my horse's flanks.

I was up for another trial. But what aggravated me beyond endurance was the gathering of a little bevy of ladies on a sidewalk near by, who seemed determined to linger until my exercises were over. I can stand anything but a lot of females, or females on a lot staring at me. I can go into a battle without a shudder, and have done it. Once I contended, single-handed, against five hundred men, and was struck with a shell. Extraordinary shell, too, that—had a chicken in it, and smelt like Greek fire. That was nothing, but to experiment before a dozen gaping feminines—it quite overpowered me. Especially did I collapse when one of them, with shocking familiarity, remarked contemptuously as I rode by:

"Can't ride that horse? Pooh! I could ride him barebacked!"

"Madame," said I, rallying, "with all due respect for your sex, etc., allow me to inform you that I have no desire to see you ride barebacked."

There was a pause among them, then a twitter, then a stampede, as if they had suddenly got something "through their wool," and I was much rejoiced.

"Whoa!" I said, planting myself at the head of the stretch again.

At that moment I discovered an old hoop-skirt that had been discarded for a better, perhaps, by a prosperous owner, containing numerous steel hoops full three feet in diameter. It struck me it would be better to practice with these hoops a while before trying the smaller rings. I knew I could hit them if I could hit anything; then I could diminish their size gradually as my skill increased. The plan was adopted; the small rings were removed, and the hoops substituted.

"Whoa!" I said—then straightening myself in the saddle, I gave my steed the reins and he started.

Whether that horse had ever belonged to a circus or any other organization of mountebanks, I am not prepared to say, but he certainly conducted himself in a manner that no well-bred animal would be guilty of. No sooner had he reached the hoops than, instead of passing them at a respectable distance, as any sane horse would have done, he plunged right through them, and I became entangled in wire from head to foot. I had to release my hold on the reins to save my arms, then away he went through streets and alleys, over fences, and palings and railings, while windows flew up in all directions, and the people shouted as if they enjoyed it hugely. Gilpin wasn't a circumstance. But the worst was not come. The horse tried to leap a fence that was about an inch too high, and his hoof struck it. You should have seen us part company. I hated to give him up, but I did—and as I came down in the midst of a potato-patch, head-foremost, I wondered if the man

who owned the potatoes would be mean enough to prosecute me for trespass. For some seconds I reminded myself of Mazeppa in the last act, and tried to believe that I was insensible—it was a failure. The ground was too soft.

Presently a kind-hearted man caught my horse and brought him to me. Then I got up.

"Guess somebody's been playin' tricks on you," said he.

"Why?" said I.

"'Cause," said he, "they've put a bramble bough under your horse's tail."

It was true, as there is a world. Those mischievous, those wicked, those—I could almost say cussed—boys had played me this trick when I was not expecting it.

"Whoa!" I said, taking the horse's reins gently, but I never mounted him again. I felt like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted, and, avoiding the public gaze as much as possible, I left the outskirts of the city, and wended my way toward my residence, my noble horse following at my heels.

I will triumph yet. I will train again where there are no boys and no brambles, and I will be him of the proud and victorious lance who shall crown some gay and festive creature, Queen of Beauty, love, etc. I will enter the arena, and whoa, whoa, to my competitors.

UNDER THE WHEEL.

Of all the wretches that disfigure earth
 And rob creation of its harmony—
 Of all that dwell in perishable clay,
 With outward semblance of the human type,—
 Most pitiable, most wretched, curs'd is he,
 Whose heart and soul immovably are set
 On some lone fragment of a wreck that's past,
 While fortune wings him to a wreck, in front.
 The idle plaything of relentless fate,
 The too-susceptible, self-libelled man,
 With capabilities that in a knave,
 Or soulless hypocrite, might lift his name,
 And set it proudly with the proudest ones,
 Borne headlong down by a resistless power—
 A power he courts withal—to rocks of death,
 Still looking backward to a scene more dark,
 Still smiling most on what he most abhors.
 Ah! what a picture. Yet it is a true one.
 In this strange sphere, so varied and so grand,
 Amid the multitudes that move along,
 Stalks many an image of the All-Supreme,
 For all the purposes of life entombed.
 The gracious smile that greets us now and then,
 Kind, simple, cheerful, as we may translate,
 Is of the face: Words, gentle or severe,
 Well-timed and suited to their purpose well,
 Are of the tongue. And so of all things else.
 O heart, where art thou? Ask the living Past,
 That groans in agony but will not die;
 Ask Destiny, beneath whose iron wheel
 Are crushed the wise, the virtuous and the great;

Ask Time, for he can tell; but on that tongue,
 Or in that smile, seek not the truth to learn—
 They move unbidden.

Let the proud world scoff,
 Complacent always to its precious self,
 And hurl its ridicule when tears should flow.
 Is fate a folly? Can it be a crime?
 Go, search the chambers of your own poor minds,
 Ye soft, self-satisfied, and there, perchance,
 Amid the rubbish and the treasure strewn,
 Some pictures you will find, rare ones and good,
 On which you love to gaze. Long hidden there,
 Like faded paintings in old musty halls,
 How eagerly the memory plucks them forth!
 But further search and you will soon behold,
 (How many none may know, and few will care,)
 But one, at least, you cannot bear to view.
 "Too dark," you cry, and turn in haste away.
 Take courage, then, and thank your lucky stars
 It was not painted black.

Didst ever stand
 As children often do, and men have done,
 And picture in the fleeting summer clouds
 Some object pleasant to the moment's thought?
 Now, billowing from the bright, bland horizon,
 A straggling cloud grows suddenly possessed
 Of form and fashion marvellously true—
 A woman, shall we say? Aye, that is it—
 (But only in our whim)—a lovely woman;
 In every outline faultless and complete;
 So perfect and so fair, you stand transfixed
 In rapt enjoyment. But a change comes on,
 Striving, as all things vapory always strive
 Itself to rival, the enchanting cloud
 Dissolves its splendor, and at once becomes
 A hideous, loathsome monster. In each life
 Some clouds appear among the shiny days,
 And men are wont to watch their changes thus.
 'Tis crime to scoff at folly in a fool;
 To mock misfortune is rank idiocy.

When hearts are dead, and men no more regard
 The common formulas of plodding life,
 Ignoring present and a future state,
 Unlock the cabinet of past events,
 And there, if dwelling with terrestrial things,
 You'll find the secret spring of all their woes,
 That speeds them on and bears their being down.

Love never dies. The stars themselves grow dim;
 And in the brightest light become obscured;
 But when the night its darkness sheds around,
 Illumed again, their radiance is redeemed;
 And so of that of all the passions born,
 Most burning, most immortal; so of him,
 By terrors undiscovered to all hearts,
 Forced onward and still downward; to his soul
 No peace shall come, save that the maniac finds,
 The happiness of being miserable,
 Till crushed and mingled with his native dust;
 Then may the spirit, from its prison free,
 Find rest and refuge in its Maker's breast.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

It may be gratifying to many to learn that the price of board has ascended to such a fearful altitude that I have found it impossible to support a life of general utility and elegant indolence, and liquidate my boarding-house liabilities regularly every quarter, as formerly. Consequently, I have altered my mode of living altogether, and, as a beginning, I have taken a house in the *Rue de Fifth Street*.

Extras are becoming too frequent entirely at common boarding-houses. The last week I boarded, my landlady had nothing but what was extra. If I wanted a clean pillow, it was put down extra. Everything was extra. Coffee for breakfast, soup for dinner, and cold slaw for supper, were always charged extra, and there never was anything else on the table. Last week, to cap the climax, the landlady wanted to charge me extra for a chair to sit in at table, and said with great force of argument that in these war times, "chairs is chairs." I was glad of the information, for the one I had been using for a whole week previous was a three-legged stool. She also took exceptions to my manner of transacting business, and said I ought to pay up every month or

two. The idea of a woman teaching me how to do business, when I never asked her for a situation, as book-keeper. Ridiculous! But she kept on complaining and frowning, nevertheless, and at last began to treat me uncivilly. Every time I went home for a warm meal I got a cold shoulder. I could stand no more, and so I have left, resolved henceforth to defy boarding-houses, and live on my own responsibility. I left nothing with my former landlady, except a few dollars in debt, which she is welcome to.

New Yorkers, who have resided on Fifth avenue, when they come to St. Louis to reside, usually locate on Fifth street, because it is next to Fourth, and they naturally suppose it to be the Fifth. I never lived in New York. One of my grandfathers was a Cockney and lived in the West End; hence I have chosen my abode as above.

My house is a palace, compared with some houses I have seen on the Potomac during the war. There are at least a hundred persons who have houses under the same roof with mine. The one I occupy is twelve feet one way and twelve feet back again, and is situated on the first floor from the top of the house. My neighbors are all anxious to become acquainted with me because I have a box of blacking in my house, but I shake them off as well as I can.

I have been making preparations to keep house in the very best style, and I don't know but I will do my own cooking after a while, though I have my meals brought to me now. I bought a bucket of coal the other day. I don't need fire much at present, but the price of coal may advance as the winter ad-

vances, and there is nothing like domestic economy and cool calculation. I tried to hire a man servant the other day, but he wanted to charge me a dollar a week, and have his time to himself every night after midnight. I won't be imposed upon, if I am inexperienced in house-keeping. I have bought a considerable lot of queensware, and some kingsware, including a boot-jack.

Altogether, I flatter myself I have about as thorough an outfit for a limited business as any gentleman could desire. My mahogany may be a little inferior, but the floor of my residence is of as good white oak timber as eye ever gazed or foot ever trod upon.

In rambling around among my acquaintances, I have observed that it is a custom among business men to keep in their offices large or small boxes full of pigeon-holes, in which they deposit valuable papers. My house is not an office exactly, but it comes nearer being one than anything else I have, or ever will have, unless a generous public shall one day appreciate my talents, and make me an alderman. So, to be up with the fashion, I have purchased a box full of pigeon-holes, in which to deposit my valuable papers. The style in which most of these boxes are made is ridiculous; the boxes are all of the same size; and no business man ever has equal quantities of all kinds of papers. My pigeon-holes are arranged on scientific principles. The size of every hole is governed by its requirements; and that you may understand something about my private and public transactions, I herewith present a diagram of the whole, which includes all the holes:

FAC SIMILE OF HANS PATRICK'S BOX FULL OF PIGEON-HOLES.

2	3	4	5
1	6		

EXPLANATIONS.

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Letters unanswered. | 4. Complimentary tickets. |
| 2. Letters to be answered. | 5. Bills paid. |
| 3. Clean paper collars. | 6. Bills unpaid. |

It will be observed by a glance at the preceding diagram, that unpaid bills hold unqualified dominion over the whole arrangement. This is no fault of mine, I assure you. Unpaid bills are sent to me rapidly, and I must make some disposition of them. Why don't men send me paid bills, so that I can equalize my boxes? Because they won't. When a person tells me his bill has been standing long enough, I tell him to let it run awhile. I am always accommodating, and ready to point out to others the road to happiness. I can do no more. If a man will neither let his bill run nor stand, he must let it rest.

AMONG THE MILLINERS.

EDITOR OF REPUBLICAN:—I was fowling in the marshes of Illinois when I received your note. I was preying remorselessly upon the feathered tribe generally, with a double-barreled shot gun. My ammunition was about exhausted. I had started with a quart bottle full of powder in my breast pocket, but that was all gone except a "snit." My shot pouch was almost empty, too, but I did not care for that. A man can hunt well enough without shot if he only has plenty of powder—the kind that flies to the head.

Your message arrived in good time to be heeded. I had just got a splendid duck—by falling off a log into a stream of muddy water. I felt so much elated by my success, that I was ready to quit. Only a few hours previous to that, I had slain a dozen of the plumpest ducks I ever saw. Before I had time to collect them together, the owner appeared upon the field of carnage, and informed me that they were his ducks, and were not wild, and never had been. The owner's name was Drake. You can imagine how I felt when I learned that my ducks were all Drake's. I gave them up like a reasonable

man, and charged him nothing for killing them. I can be generous whenever I like.

After so many repeated successes, it is not strange that I felt ready to leave the field. I read the cabalistic line of your message—"come up and do the openings." I wanted to come bad enough, but I had no idea what the missive meant. There are so many openings in the world—so many things that can be opened. There are letters for instance; letters that belong to you and letters that don't; and there is champagne that can be opened; so can ink bottles; so can a bank; so can oysters (*can oysters*). When I arrived at oysters I stopped awhile, and it occurred to me that I had caught your idea. Somebody was going to open a can of oysters—the first of the season, maybe—and you wanted me to report the affair. Accordingly I came to the city in great haste, my speed being accelerated by a knowledge of the fact that my powder was all gone, and there is no good powder outside of St. Louis. I was disappointed, not disagreeably, however, when I was informed that the grand season of opening millinery and straw goods had arrived, and that I was wanted to make a tour of our city, and make an article on spring fashions.

I felt complimented when I was told that I was the man for the position, because I had a more intimate acquaintance with milliners, and could get information from the fair sex better than anybody else. I am susceptible of flattery, a little, and I felt complimented, but I mistrusted my ability. I have not had much experience in reporting. I wrote local items for three days on a country newspaper

six years ago, and some of them are going the rounds of the press yet. I ought to have had them copyrighted, for they are never credited to me. I will give you one of them—the first I ever wrote, and which is reproduced in the papers every month or two. It is pretty good, and will give you an inkling of my style:

ACCIDENT.—Yesterday a team attached to a wagon rushed madly down one of our principal streets a distance of a mile or two, and were only prevented from running away by a gentleman who, at the hazard of his life, seized them by the reins and stopped them. We are fearfully and wonderfully made.

If you hear of anybody that wants to engage a man to write that sort of items all the time, I wish you would let me know it.

I commenced at the corner of the square to do the fashions. I went through the principal stores from one end to another, and up stairs and down, but I could find no display of millinery there. I then struck out boldly up Fourth street, and came to a large house nearly opposite a large house on the opposite side of the street. I am thus precise in giving localities, that the public may know where the best millinery store is to be found. A reliable gentleman, to whom truth is a greater stranger than fiction, told me that the second story of the large house on the opposite side of the street was a bonnet and straw goods establishment. This was the information I was looking for, and bounded up stairs

"Like a wild gazelle,"

if I may be allowed to institute a comparison. At

this time I was absorbed in deep meditation, thinking how I should begin my article, and whether I should puff anybody. I was abstracted, I think, and I sailed up the stairway with my body bent forward about nineteen degrees from the perpendicular, a pencil under my arm, and a reporter's book over my right ear. I reached the head of the stairs suddenly, inasmuch as I was going very rapidly, and as a consequence of my abstractedness, or something else, I drove my head plump into a bonnet that the proprietress was showing to a customer. I was terribly frightened, and tried to stammer an apology, but it was no go. The proprietress looked reaping machines at me. I threw my pencil down and begged pardon for smoking in her presence, thinking it was a cigar. Told her I hoped I hadn't smashed anything, and she smiled a little and said I hadn't. Then I felt better, and told her I was a reporter. Then she looked milder than ever, and said, "Oh, indeed!" and immediately afterward she became insufferably inquisitive, asked me a volley of incomprehensible questions, and stared at me all the time, as though she was counting the plaits in my shirt ruffles, or the links in my watch chain, or the brilliants in my breastpin, or anything else you like.

"Are you long-hand or short-hand?" she asked.

"Neither," said I, "I'm a new hand, and I rather dislike the business, as far as I've got."

The proprietress conducted me through a long hall into a large room occupied by about twenty bonnets and sixty milliners, saleswomen, &c. I did not look at the bonnets much for the first half hour, but de-

voted myself exclusively to taking an inventory of the young ladies.

"This is a charming bonnet—golden dun—Maria Stuart front," said the lady-in-chief.

"Yes, she is," I replied; "but her hair is a little too red."

I discovered my mistake when it was too late to correct it. That's my luck.

As soon as the divine little milliners learned who I was, they gathered around me in a circle, and all were anxious to see who could say the most and the best things. One was descanting upon the beauties of a chip bonnet, and another handed me a bunch of grapes to examine. I bit one of the grapes, and got my mouth full of broken glass. Then I thought I would rather report a camp meeting than a millinery store; then I thought I wouldn't, and I mustered my courage and made another note in my note book, (grapes not sour but sharp). My tongue bled fearfully; and I spoiled my best embroidered handkerchief wiping away the blood. The circle diminished, and the crowd (perhaps I should say the bevy) came close. I began to want fresh air severely. Too many females in a close room render the atmosphere oppressive.

"This is beautiful," said a charming creature with pearly eyes and black teeth; "this is a dear duck of a bonnet."

"Is it a wild duck?" said I; "I've had enough of wild ducks, especially if they belong to a man by the name of Drake."

"Price, seventy-five dollars," she continued, pay-

ing about as little attention to me as a man of my qualifications could expect.

I asked her if she would sell it in small lots, and how much one of the straws would come to, but before I had finished the question she was showing me something else.

The ladies became less timid as they became more acquainted, and approached so near me when they wanted to give me a bonnet to look at, that my ruffles were in danger of being crushed. They piled bonnets upon me till I had both arms full and the top ones began to fall off, and every time I stooped to pick up one I dropped two. It required some skillful engineering to keep from being engulfed in the ocean of crinoline that surrounded me, and in making a desperate effort to escape from one particular billow that came fearfully near me, I plunged both feet into a magnificent French chip bonnet (that was the name of it,) with a Maria Stuart or Louisa Jane Susan Smith front, I forget which. There was another crash of glass artificials, a bunch of wheat was crushed to flour, and a fine blush rose blushed for the last time. The milliners all screamed—the circle was broken; some rushed one way and some another, and some rushed in an opposite direction. I rushed to the window, and measured the distance to the ground with my mathematical eye. I had not made up my mind exactly, when a ten-year-old, whom I had not seen before, (I think she was an apprentice,) sung out in a shrill voice: "Ma says if you don't pay her for the last shirt she made for you she'll prosecute you in the court-house."

I should have been proud to know that I had an acquaintance there if I had not been in a hurry. I threw myself out upon the sidewalk without breaking a bone—I still live. When next I go to report a millinery affair, I shall go in a full suit of armor.

TO BETTY.

"It might have been!" that blissful thought,
 Fast followed by an age of pain,
 Plucks brightness from the gem I sought;
 Although I may not hope again.
 The phantom once too quickly caught,
 With all the charms its presence wrought
 Has vanished; melted into nought,
 And yet the bliss one moment brought,
 Shines as a star that may not set,
 One artless smile a lesson taught
 Of Hope, that I can ne'er forget.

I yield thee up! for who would not,
 When love itself grows weak and tame,
 When vows and pledges are forgot,
 And tears and mockery mean the same?
 I yield thee—but, be mine the blame
 For all that from our friendship came,
 And whosoe'er shall dare to frame
 One word against thy spotless name,
 I'll curse him with my dying breath;
 Yea, with my soul's immortal flame
 I'll curse him even after death.

AN EQUESTRIAN FAIR.

I have ascertained by philosophical experiments that the temperature of equestrian fairs is frigid—eminently frigid. There has been an equestrian fair at the Washington skating park during the week past, and from observations made with a powerful instrument on that occasion, I am convinced that either equestrian fairs or skating parks are cold.

There was a warm and cordial invitation sent to everybody to be present. Warm and cordial! Comment is unnecessary. I went, and saw nothing warm from the time I got there till I came back, and the cordial could not be had for less than ten cents a glass, with leaves in it at that.

The first day, I was told, was to be devoted exclusively to exhibitions of equestrianism by gentlemen and Indians. I didn't know whether I was to infer from that that the Indians were all females, or that Indian men are not gentlemen. Not knowing what to infer, I inferred nothing.

There were five prizes, consisting principally of watches, to be distributed among the best gentlemen equestrians, the best watch to the best rider, the second best watch to the second best rider, and so on. I think the prizes were not of the right sort for this

season of the year, in this latitude. If I had been the manager, I should have made the list of prizes about as follows :

First—Ten pounds of quinine.

Second—Two gallons of French brandy, and four pounds of Cayenne pepper.

Third—Forty bottles Fever and Ague Exterminator.

Fourth—Forty boxes of cough medicine.

Fifth—One mug of hot whiskey, with pepper in it.

It was a warm day when I paid my entry fee, or I never could have been induced to take part in the fair. I of course thought it would remain warm, as the weather is generally about one temperature in this climate till it changes. However, having lavished one dollar in support of the enterprise, I was determined to reap the reward, rain or shine. I rode a borrowed horse, to be in keeping with everybody else. His name was Chills and Fever, and he was a magnificent moire antique steed that would have been an ornament to any lot of government horses ever sold in this city. I would have ridden Lead Mines, whose name has already figured before the public, but he was prostrated by the cold snap, and was not able to stand on more than one leg at a time.

I rode out to the skating park in the afternoon of the first fair day. Reapers and icicles ! I mean the first day of the fair. My horse was richly caparisoned with a four-shilling bridle and a Spanish saddle, to give him a foreign aspect. The arena was dotted with horsemen when I arrived. They were exercising their horses to keep up the circulation. The long rows of seats in the great amphitheatre were speckled with spectators and spectres. A more ghostly-look-

ing concourse of people I never had the pleasure of gazing upon. It was an easy matter to count their noses from the centre of the arena. They looked for all the world like so many blue-birds.

I dismounted, blew my breath on my finger-ends, and was introduced to We-kaw-ga-shiver-all-day-for-a-dollar-ah, the chief of the squad of Indians who were going to ride for ear-rings and frosted fruit-pins. He gazed complacently, I may say coldly, on surrounding things, and seemed sadly affected by the conspiracy of the elements. I was struck by a remark of his, made while the band was playing. He said he wished the women wouldn't let their teeth chatter so much, he wanted to hear the moosic.

Everybody was in agony, particularly ladies with false teeth, who were continually shaking them out of their mouths. The band played nothing but cold airs, and gentlemen stood around with their hands in their pockets, talking of nothing but how to keep warm. I got ashamed of keeping my hands in my pockets so much, and for change, put them in another man's pockets. He took umbrage thereat, and was going to warm himself by pounding my head, but I had become so insufferably cold that I thought I had better run a while, and by that means I got away from him. The horses suffered from the cold weather, too. I saw a number of them stamping their feet on the ground to keep them warm. My horse was not as cold as the others, because he had a blaze face. Those persons who rode fiery horses were the most enviable in the arena. Little boys with thin clothing on went dangerously near the animals, with perfect impunity, in order to keep from freezing.

A gentleman with a double-breasted overcoat buttoned around him, and a full set of furs on his upper lip, remarked to me that he thought the contest that evening would be a hot one.

"Will it?" said I, thrusting my hands, gauntlets and all, as far under my vest as possible; "I am glad of it, for everything else is cold."

My friend then gave his furs an extra twirl, and observed that I did not seem to take much interest in the fair; I was lukewarm.

"If I look warm," I replied, "I am a man of deceitful appearances. I am not what you take me to be. I am not what I think I am. I don't live where I board." Then I walked away icily, biting the wrinkles out of my cold, unmoving fingers of scorn, and wishing heartily that somebody would make a flaming speech for my benefit.

If I only could have met a young lady whose eyes sparkled the least bit imaginable, I would have bid farewell to my blissful dreams of bachelorhood, and struck a match immediately. I never knew the worth of a flame before. A capacious old cove (or cave) with a hot-air furnace and rectifying distillery in his stomach, who could burn a hole through a two-inch board by blowing his breath on it, said the cold weather was good for the ladies, it was "health-giving and a great beautifier." As the last syllable of the "beautifier" came out, I leaped out of my boots almost, and if my muscles had not been benumbed and paralyzed, I should have made myself an eternal benefactor of the temperance cause by upsetting one rum establishment anyhow.

About three o'clock the competitors were notified

to mount and form a line in front of the judges' stand. I asked the chief marshal if he could not arrange for us to ride in the direction the wind was blowing. "Not much," he said, but he would try and make arrangements to have the wind blow in the direction we were going to ride.

The horses were all numbered, and as they came in front of the stand, the numbers were taken by the awarding committee. I brought up the rear. "What is your number?" said one of the committee, addressing himself to me. "Twenty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit," and I thrust my toes in my horse's flanks, whence I derived a little warmth, the first I had felt all day.

The announcement came that we must first ride in platoons of four, next in divisions of two, and then in brigades of one at a time, driving the horses on a run, gallop, trot, canter, walk and creep. Chills and Fever got himself up in good shape, and I started off favorably. But the effects of chilled iron stirrups on one's feet on a cold day, through papier maché boots, is terrible, and at the end of the first quarter of the track I had to get down and dance a while. I danced till my competitors came round again, when I remounted, put the reins between my teeth, muffled my hands, and started a second time. I heard a loud burst of applause at the judges' stand, which I imagined was intended for me. Before I had gone much further, I came to a house with the sign "Refreshments" on the door. I dismounted again, and went in on the refresh heavily. There was a huge stove in the room, and the first thing I did was to embrace it and kiss the stovepipe. I was beginning to feel

gloriously warm, when an unprincipled fellow told me there was no fire in the stove. I was all right till I made that discovery, after which I was as cold as ever.

But the man behind the bar had a fellow-feeling, and he told me he had a good fire in another room. We went in together, and I got some of the cordial with leaves in it. It is astonishing how time flies when a body has been out in the cold. I supposed I had not been by the fire more than two hours, and that I would reach the next stopping place just in time to get the second premium. I rode up to the stand fearlessly, and with the aid of my quizzing glass was unable to discover any human being. On one of the seats was a box addressed to me, with a picture of Kane's Arctic Expedition on it. I began to feel that I had been humbugged; that the judges, who had discovered my superior riding, were partial to somebody else, and had run away to keep from giving me a prize. I opened the box and found several yards of black ribbon, together with a chilled iron medal, on which was this inscription: "Presented to Hans Patrick Le Connor, for riding around the ring in a greater length of time than anybody else." I tied the ribbon to my horse's head, and rode around the circle three times, as is customary with those who have taken a prize. Soon after that, a solitary horseman, shivering considerably, might have been seen leaving the outskirts of the city, and wending his way towards the inskirts.

I shall never go to another equestrian fair in cold weather, unless there is a horse-race in connection with it, and plenty of heats.

CHICAGO, Nov., 1862.

SABBATH RECREATIONS.

Speculation as to how we shall kill time, when time never hesitates in choosing its method of killing us, is by no means least among the follies to which the human family is radically addicted. That morsel of infinitude which, like the preface to some old book, is too frequently regarded as an insufferable bore, and which is itself but an introductory to the great volume of eternity, is a source of interminable irritation to a vast number of the inhabitants of this sublunary orb, who are sometimes as much annoyed about the passing of their time as if it were so much counterfeit money. As regards myself, I am free to confess that I am no exception to the general rule, and that the dull routine and monotony of commonplace existence have too often driven me to excesses which have almost proved the ruin of this "once godlike, but now fragile," etc., etc., etc.

You shall judge for yourself. You shall hear from my facile Faber pencil, No. 2, how, in the innocence and blossomhood of youth, I have been decoyed into adventures, experiments and associations, escape from which, without everlasting contamination, was little less than miraculous.

On a recent Sabbath, when nature seemed to have

put on her celebrating robes, as if to do homage to some great occasion; when every breeze came heavily laden with the rich perfumes of forest trees and wild flowers blooming on a thousand hills, and all the saloons in town were closed, except those which confined their sales to a certain Teutonic beverage, too numerous to mention, I became country-struck. I was seized with an itching desire to revel in glossy bowers amid the cool foliage of the new-born summer; to breathe uninterruptedly the clear, fresh and invigorating atmosphere of rural regions, for a day at least, and perchance forever. My board bill for the week ending upon that day, it pains me to state, was unsettled.

Full of a noble resolution, I applied to a hackman, one of those popular encyclopedias of municipal knowledge so utterly indispensable to every well regulated city, and asked him if he could direct me to some suburban retreat where I could spend half an hour quietly, and without being intruded upon. I knew that the hackman would tell me truly. Hackmen are, in one sense of the word, nature's noblemen. Their word is their bond. Hackmen, Philadelphia dispatches, and the local columns of Chicago newspapers, never lie. It is not to be marveled at, therefore, that I was a little surprised when the bright, particular hackman to whom I applied turned abruptly to six, eight or a dozen stout, healthy, good-natured, muscular companions, and roared at the top of his voice (which was the roof of his mouth): "Come on, cubs, here's a go. Here's a chap wants to know where he can treat to the Bourbon, and spend half a dollar without being intruded upon. It was

in vain that I protested, and declared that I had never said any such thing. I was surrounded by the multitude of hackmen, who greeted me with rapturous delight, and conducted me, *vi et armis*, up seventeen flights of a filthy alley, to one of those establishments without the existence of which John B. Gough might never have been half the man he is, and there I was commanded to "shell out," as if I had been a hazel nut or a dried bean. I shelt. To save argument, and for the benefit of my health, which I was afraid might be seriously impaired if I declined, as several of the company appeared to be considerably "on the muss," I treated. Subsequently, I sought in the most tender terms imaginable, the information I desired, from the chief of the miscellaneous assemblage in which I found myself. Said chief was in stature about half-past six, with a very expressive pork-house countenance and kaleidoscopic nose, head like a cocoanut, and hair about eighteen "carrots" fine—or coarse—which is all the same. This remarkable individual proceeded to inform me, in a manner the clearness of which would have reflected credit upon the renowned Jack Bunsby, or any other man, "that there were lots of places where a feller could see lots of fun, and there were lots of places where a feller couldn't see so much fun, and there were other places where there was lots going on, but not much fun." He therefore advised me, if I wanted to see lots of fun, to go to one of these places. I started at once, without ever pausing to take the number of his lots. Eager to escape the attentions of my too accommodating companions, I "sloped;" my coat-tails twinkled in the horizon of pig alley, and I evan-

ished amid the peripatetic panorama of human life that pervaded one of our principal thoroughfares.

St. Louis, I find, is characterized by one delicious peculiarity. Although the vending of ardent spirits on the Sabbath day is prohibited by law, lager beer, which, with "Switzer kase" and "pretzels," constitute the German diet, is retailed or wholesaled in quantities to suit purchasers, at all hours, day and night. And why not? It has been enacted by a legislative assembly that lager beer is not an intoxicating drink; and, therefore, if a man become "salubrious" by imbibing too freely the precious compound, he can easily prove the illegality of the intoxication. I have heard it stated that this favoritism for the Germanic drink over brandy and whiskey, arises from a preference in this country for German institutions as against the French, and that it is a facetious way the Americans have of setting up Gambrinis against the house of *Bourbon*. This, however, as the specials say, needs confirmation.

Not perceiving the means readily at hand of satisfying my desire to visit the rural precincts, I strolled into a subterranean cavern, where lager beer is retailed at five cents a glass by corpulent cherubs of the tender sex, with red circingles around their waists, and dollar jewelry in their ears. It has often struck me that a barrel of beer would be a capital thing to use for a drum in the recruiting service. It is astonishing how able-bodied young men rally at the tap. The particular underground establishment which I visited on this occasion possessed unwonted attractions in the persons of the adipose cherubs aforementioned. Young ladies reared in a

basement (*abacement?*) are like potato vines sprouted in a cellar—they are just more than soft. They are especially sweet on strangers. When I had taken a seat near the rim of a circular table, which seemed to have been provided for the accommodation of visitors, the dear creatures clustered around me, and several of the more fascinating ones came in such dangerous proximity to my distinguished person that I began to feel like a villain. There was music and dancing in an adjacent apartment, and being myself rather of a Terpsichorean turn of mind, I politely invited a rare and radiant creature, whose mellifluous voice was slightly embellished with the exquisite accent of the Fatherland, to join me in a waltz. She smiled—positively smiled—and her large, lustrous eyes seemed melting with love and tenderness as she replied: "I don't like to waltz; it always makes me sick."

It is needless to say that my coat-tails twinkled again. I sped like an arrow through streets and through courts, and never paused till I stood on an uninhabited arpen of free American soil, where I could breathe the pure ozone from the great prairies, and where I felt in nowise elated with my discovery of a new-fangled emetic. I mused a while upon the course I had better adopt for the killing of the remainder of the day, and while musing, a street car came that way. Instantaneously my mind was made up. I leaped aboard, full of a noble resolution to "do" the parks in the suburbs. In the car I recognized Mr. Simkins, and Mrs. Simkins, and the three little Simkinses. Simkins is a counter-jumper, or tape-worm, on a salary of a thousand a year, and

Mrs. Simkins was fairly buried in billows of lace, with waterfall, flounces and furbelows of oriental magnificence. I felt flattered upon finding myself surrounded by such aristocratic company. Scarcely had I found time to congratulate myself, however, when my equanimity was upset by a troublesome sensation of the cuticle—a sense of something crawling, and leaping, and hopping, and skipping, and going through most of the performances mentioned by Southey, in his description of how the water comes down at Lodore. I will not say I scratched, for that would have been highly improper in polite society, but I certainly did perform some very strange pantomime, consisting chiefly of a twitching of the muscles, and rubbing of the vertebral column against the side of the car. At first this necessary procedure annoyed me exceedingly, for fear the other inmates of the vehicle might have grave apprehensions concerning the state of my health, but pretty soon I discovered that Mr. Simkins was afflicted in the same way as myself; so, also, the little Simkinses; and even the Mrs. Simkins was occasionally constrained to thrust her finger-nails into her sides doggedly. I was alarmed; the situation was becoming more and more exciting. Mr. Simkins turned to Mrs. Simkins and murmured, *sotto voce*, “I wonder what the devil has got into me?” I wondered what the devil had got *on to* me. Mrs. Simkins said never a word, but she looked around to see that nobody was watching, and then made a dive for something, which she didn’t get. At last, all doubts as to the cutaneous irritation of the party were set permanently at rest by an infinitesimal Simkins, who, in a reconnoitering expe-

dition up his trowsers legs, captured a prisoner, and thereupon shrieked in a voice sixteen octaves higher than juveniles of his age are generally supposed capable of reaching, “FLEAS, BY THUNDER!” He was right.

When I was a boy, my father used to warn me against bad company, with a very homely but wise illustration, to the effect that, if a man lies down with dogs, he may expect to get up with fleas. I was unable to detect traces of cur, terrier or spaniel in the car I occupied; but with my father’s proverb running confusedly through my mind, and impressing me with the fact that dogs engender fleas, I could hardly avoid the conclusion that a majority of the human race are rapidly degenerating into the canine branch of the animal kingdom. Either this is the case, or the combined effects of the heated term and over-crowded street cars, are more potent in the production of pestilential vermin than even the most prolific of the dog creation.

Arrived at the park, Mr. Simkins struck a “bee-line” for a secluded bower, where he could gather fleas in quiet. I think he moved more briskly than was his custom. Mrs. Simkins’ skirt tilted as it never tilted before, owing, no doubt, to the light infantry drill of the fleas thereon, and the little Simkinses actually turned somersaults over each other’s heads in their great haste to reach the brush. To Mr. Simkins and his interesting progeny, the catching of the mischievous little animals was a harassing and up-hill business, while Mrs. S. succeeded wonderfully well. A woman for flea-catching, although she can’t sharpen a pencil or throw a stone.

Mrs. S. would guard warily until her eye lit upon the insect; then, wetting her fingers, she would approach cautiously until within an inch or so of the creature, and then, zip! she had him. The women are your true flea-catchers.

As for myself, I have set my miseries to music, after the manner of some verses which I read in an Eastern paper upon a similar subject. I think the original was translated from the Vulgate of A. Silliman:

'Twas Sunday, and the summer sun
His scorching rays did pour,
Till Farenheit, or Far-in-heat,
Went up a foot or more.

I took a street-car for the park,
Joy swelled within my breast,
As rustic visions thronged my mind,
And dreams of Sabbath rest.

The Simkinses were in the car,
And by their smiles I knew
That Mr. Simkins was o'erjoyed,
And Mrs. Simkins too.

But ere we went a half a mile,
One rural glimpse to catch,
A strange affliction seized us all,
And we began to scratch.

The children ripped, and raved, and tore,
The parents they did pitch;
As for myself, upon my word,
I thought I had the itch.

And when we went into the park,
What pleasure did I find?
There seemed but woe and misery
For me and all my kind.

I watched my chance, and presently
A lucky moment snatched—
I threw myself upon the grass
And scratched, and scratched, and scratched.

Let me recommend those who desire to flee from city strife for a few hours to take the street cars, by all means. Do not be surprised if the conductors do not bestow upon you that attention which you think you deserve. They expect passengers to scratch for themselves. My impression is, that I shall remain at home the present Sabbath, and content myself with thinking of the beauties of suburban scenery.

A MYTH.

My plain, colorless face, and unpretending "style," have robbed me of more than one *professed* friend. *You* are probably a stranger to the hard, bitter thoughts arising from such undesirable knowledge.—*Letter*.

A stranger to what? if the world be my foe,
'Tis a truth, I believe, that I never shall know;
If hearts become icicles, frigid and chill,
A warm heart will melt them, but nothing else will.
If friends become foes, it is folly to blame;
Smile on them ever and kill them with shame.

A stranger to what? Is it trouble you mean?
I had quite enough of it when I was green.
I suffered more pangs than I care to relate,
Of grief and all that, but I've cut them of late.
After taking a lesson in what they term grief,
I gave up the book and tore out the leaf.

I'll have enemies, doubtless, whatever I do,
But I don't like to be my own enemy too.
A stranger to trouble, I dare say I am;
You've only to say it, and trouble's a sham;
'Tis a sensitive thing—not hard to offend—
Quite easy to bring, and quite easy to send;
Court and caress it, 'twill tarry for aye;
Treat it with coldness, it bids you good-bye.

INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE.

In company with several other undistinguished persons hereinafter to be described, I have been among the Northwestern Fair considerably during the last hundred and twenty-five hours, and I want to open my heart and pour out its contents through the columns of your paper.

So here goes for the benefit of the pour.

I want to tell you how much I have suffered in behalf of our once distracted but now happy country; how like a giant I have battled with—but I guess that's as much as you can stand in that strain. I'll tell it in a different style.

You remember the great opening day of the Northwestern Fair (doubtless) when the procession variously estimated from five thousand people up to four miles in length, tramped through the streets to the serious detriment of independent pedestrianism. I had invitations to join several distinguished bodies in the procession. I had a letter from the board of aldermen, also from the board of trade, from the board of supervisors, the board of managers, and gentlemen who board for three dollars a week. I held back for a good offer. I have participated in too many hired processions to turn out for nothing.

I received no offer commensurate with my abilities, and I became a silent spectator. I have only time to enumerate a few of the most noticeable features of the procession. There was a large wagon full of sewing machines closely followed by a reaping machine, which circumstance, I think, was intended to be a verification of that oft-quoted but unappreciated proverb, "as you rip so shall ye sew." Another noticeable feature was a chariot with a little buggy on it. The driver asked me to ride with him; said he had a buggy on, and wanted a wag-on. Persons unable to see that jest can have their money refunded by sending to my address.

When the procession arrived at the court-house, Mr. B——, if I remember rightly, Mr. Thomas B——, Mr. Thomas B. B——, got off a speech. Previous to taking the stand he discovered me in the midst of the crowd, and I verily believe he mistook me for a reporter; on account of my dress probably, or the cut of my hair—can't say which. He came to me with an oratorical smile on his face, and said he hoped I wouldn't publish his address. Told him I never did those things unless paid in advance—five dollars for name and residence, one insertion. He said he didn't mean that; he meant his speech. Then I mistrusted he wanted me to flatter him, so I told him he need give himself no uneasiness; if I published his speech, I would publish it verbatim. Hang me if he didn't stare at me like a maniac, and said that was just what he was afraid of; he didn't want it published verbatim; he was trying to build up a reputation here, and I ought not to crush him in his blossomhood, and all that

sort of stuff. I took him aside then, and spoke a few words of consolation, which, like the vessels in the Southern navy, were only intended for private ears, after which he looked better. He inserted his right hand in his pantaloons pocket till the second joint of his middle finger was hid. I said nothing. The hand moved a little further, and the ring was obscured. I said nothing. The edge of his wristband went in. I said nothing. At the next motion his sleeve buttons were engulfed, and I told him that would do. I could make his oration a magnificent thing for that amount. He very quietly took from his pocket an elegant pen-knife, and commenced trimming his nails. We parted, he and I, abruptly, and I am prepared to say that no man can be an orator who can't go sleeve-buttons deep, for the sake of having his speech made respectable.

As the great oration closed a cannon was fired, which was the signal for the opening of the fair. Then I felt glorious, and jumped up and jumped down again, and asked the fellow why the Northwestern Fair was a big thing? Because it could shoot a cannon. I rushed into a paper factory and indited a note to Sylphina Brownee, asking her to accompany me to the Fair. Sylphina Brownee sent me a reply, saying she accepted. She always accepts. Sylphina confidently expects at some period or semi-colon of her life too future to enumerate, to become Mrs. Le Cennor. She told her mother so. She told her so to make her feel bad, one day, when she had pulled nearly all of the lady's hair out of her head, in a highly affectionate manner. I am excessively popular among the young Brownees, but the old Brownees

are down on me, and can't bear to hear my name mentioned. I went down to old Brownee's house and found Sylphina in a flutter of excitement, preparing to fill her appointment. She was in too big a hurry by half. After thinking the matter over calmly, when not under the influence of cannon, I was in no haste at all. Sylphina had poured a bottle of camphine on her best handkerchief, and cleaned her teeth with a shoe brush. She was about to empty a cask of coal oil on her head and rub it in with a door mat, but I entered just in time to prevent the catastrophe. I have been sorry since that I didn't let her proceed; she would not have wanted to go to a fair for the next twelve months.

When Sylphina had made all the necessary arrangements for her own outfit, she astonished me suddenly by informing me that she thought her elder sister ought to go; and her eldest sister must go by all means; and then she spoke of her eldest-est sister, (you may put on as many *ests* as you want to; she was seventy-six at least,) and said she knew I would be kind enough to take her. When I had consented to take these three, Sylphina unexpectedly thought of her younger sister, who had just quit going to school, and had not been around much yet; then there was her youngest sister, little Jane, who had never seen a Fair; of course I must take her. Last of all came the baby, an abominable young one about six months old. "Bless its little heart, it never gets to go anywhere," Sylphina said. She made me feel so sad that I could have wept if I hadn't known that weeping was so infernally hard on the eyes.

I consented to take everybody without a murmur, and we all started—seventeen and a screamer—if my memory is correct. Sylphina took the young one in her own arms at first, but as soon as we were out of the house she discovered that the ground was muddy, and said she could not hold up her dress and carry baby, too. I offered to hold up her dress, but the proposition was a failure. I had to carry the screamer, after all, as I might have known before I started. Of all the young ones I ever saw, that miserable little speck of creation took the lead. The muscles of its dear little legs would have made a professional acrobat sick. They made me sick when their possessor had kicked me in the stomach two or three times. Screamer blubbered and kicked alternately. Did you ever see a fat baby blubber? I hope you never did. The shirt bosom that I had on that day is now in the "relic" department of the N. W. Fair. It's a curiosity. Screamer had worms, I think, or young snakes. He was cutting teeth, too, and his breath smelt like Greek fire, or some other villainous compound. Besides he had a horrible habit of thrusting his hand into his mouth, and applying it to my moustache. I might have borne all this resignedly if he had not screamed loud enough to attract the attention of everybody in the streets, and make me an object of ridicule. He was patriotic; he screamed till his face was red, white and blue. His sisters called him "Little Georgie" every once in a while. By Jupiter! Big Georgia never made more noise in the Southern Confederacy than he did in my arms.

I met an old acquaintance. I was in an awful

predicament—had the young one in my arms, two women on each side of me, and the “young sisters” hanging to my coat tails. Said he: “You ought to go to the Fair; it’s a grand thing; you ought to go and take your family.” Only think that I should be mistaken for a family man—a man that never had a family, or belonged to a family, or had anything to do with a family. What a horrid idea!

We went to the Fair. We entered the hall—seventeen of us and Screamer—and I saw a sign on the door that said, “Beware of pickpockets.” I bewore! Seventy-Six was terribly frightened, and tied all her postal currency in the corner of her handkerchief. Screamer was scared too, I guess, for he gave an extra yell as he went in at the door, that caused the band to cease playing for the space of a minute.

We took a general survey of the whole establishment—seventeen of us and Screamer. Bought something for each of my flock—some chewing gum for Sylphina, and a yard of red flannel for Seventy-Six to patch her winter garments with, and Chinese fans, bead work, &c., for the others. Finally we came to the wax department. The lady who had it in charge was accomplished and accommodating. She wanted to show us some little twins, she said, which she had made herself.

Seventy-six fainted!

Oh, what a faint was there! Right up, perpendicularly, to the height of six feet, she jumped; then pointing her heels in the direction of the north star, and her head to the direction of the Southern Confederacy, she landed broadside on the floor. I rushed to her assistance, as was my duty under the circum-

stances. I held on to Screamer’s furbelows, and his head floated gracefully three inches above the floor. With one hand I seized Seventy-Six by the hair of the head, and held her till I blew my breath down her throat. Then I pounded her on the back and on the head, and told her that our lady friend meant no harm by making twins for the fair. But no signs of life were visible. Screamer screamed louder and louder. Everybody screamed. I screamed. I was discouraged. I squared myself fairly, and mustering all my strength, slung Screamer into a pile of woollen goods behind one of the stands. Then I darted through the crowd and landed, I know not how, in the street, with pieces of crinoline and fancy articles hanging all over me. I felt for all the world like a disabled gunboat.

* * * * *

Next morning the Judge of the Police Court sent for me. I went down and he received me cordially. Said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished at Bryan Hall, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast: “Guilty, or not guilty.” I responded in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had summoned us together. After the usual ceremonies I loaned the city ten dollars. Unless Richmond falls within the next twelve months, and thereby causes the court-house bell to be broken, and makes it necessary to buy another, I am satisfied I will recover the money.

CHICAGO, 1862.

PHOTOGRAPH OF A NOTABLE EVENT.

BLISS-HOVEL, June 30, 1866.

EDITOR OF REPUBLICAN:—An uncontrollable and quenchless desire to figure on foolscap and in the public prints has induced me to seize and wield the slaughtering pen once more. I love to write. It is a satisfaction, surely, to see one's ideas marching out in single file upon clear white paper, sometimes bright and cheerful, like troopers hastening to a dress parade, and again dull and sluggish, as criminals moving to the whipping post, or children driven to their morning lessons. The pleasure it affords me to note the manifold and multifarious ramifications of a single idea now and then would, of itself, be sufficient to reduce me to the condition of a confirmed quill-driver. Like John in the Isle of Patmos, I can constantly imagine I can hear a spirit commanding me to "write!" I hope you won't be so unkind as to inquire at this juncture if the same spirit has ever commanded me to "publish!"

I know you editors are the happiest dogs alive, who have nothing to do all day but to sit and write and write and write. I was an editor myself once. So great was the influence of my abilities among the patrons of the journal to which I was attached that

the subscription list went up in six weeks, (and I record this circumstance without a single feeling of pride, and, I trust, without any appearance of egotism,) in the short space of six weeks the subscription list, to my certain knowledge,—went up!

But enough on that head. The story of my past triumphs is too well known to require narration at the present time.

I am spending a few days at my suburban home, called, in a spirit of gentle facetiousness, Bliss-Hovel, because there are no women in it. Whether it is blissful, or whether it is a hovel, because of the absence of the divine creatures, I leave to the inference of the intelligent reader. Of one thing, however, I am certain; in the quiet seclusion of this delightful retreat, my philosophic musings and meditations are uninterrupted, and I assure you that a little quiet now and then is relished by one of the wisest of men. I need not tell the young folks (for they will hardly believe me), that I am in the sere and yellow leaf, for there is little in my *personnel* to insinuate the fact, saving, perhaps, my aldermanic corpulency, arising from a good constitution, good living, and a good disposition. For years I have been the counterpart of the "too susceptible Tupman," of Pickwickian renown, and gradually my diaphragm has expanded beneath a colossal waistcoat until the magnificent seal of my imperial fob-chain has taken total leave of my visual organs, and is now displayed solely for the benefit of others. But notwithstanding my circumference, and the attendant fact that my hair has become silvered in the service of causes which it has been my only ambition

through life to promote, there are times yet when I feel a return of all the ardor of my youth, and my blood leaps and hisses like lava pouring from the volcano's mouth, or hot grease fizzing on a wet grid-dle. A brace of black eyes and a dimpled chin are as potent as ever in their influence over my sensibilities, and very frequently of late they have knocked my equanimity into a continental hat. Despite my years, now approaching fifty, I can still lay my hand upon a young girl's head (if she'll let me) and bless her with all the ardor and fervency of a young man of twenty. That's so.

But I have been digressing. It was my purpose at the outset to inform you of the catastrophe which has driven me from the strife of the municipality to the sequestered bowers of Bliss-Hovel. One of the events which has recently recalled all the animation and vivacity of my boyhood's sunny hours, was the brilliant flirtation of our corporation with the sister city of Cincinnati. I was in with it. When alderman meets alderman, there is going to be something good to eat and drink, and it was by no means a difficult task to decoy me from my seclusion on this great occasion. I was invited to attend the festivities during the stay of our visitors, and I complied. I must say that I was very well satisfied with the guests and the festivities, and the etcetera and so on, but I do think the representatives of the great rival marts piled it on a little too thick in their praises of each other's virtues. Soft soap is a good thing in its way, but Cincinnati and St. Louis should bear in mind that this very necessary staple of domestic consumption is neither the chief export nor

import of either city. I rather like their style of mutual admiration, however; it is much better than wrangling and petty jealousy, to which so many rival cities are proverbially given.

We had an excursion—us fellows did—and you ought to have heard the speeches we made, and seen the champagne we imbibed. My goodness! but didn't we make the Heidsieck and Green Seal look sick? Oh, no! I guess not! They make wine in Cincinnati, but when they want to drink it they must visit a place somewhat like unto St. Louis, where the atmosphere is an appetizer to grape juice, and where the eloquence of Mississippi river water, in behalf of anti-teetotal principles, is felt and appreciated.

I drank champagne every time anybody else did; not because I liked it, but because it was the only beverage aboard the boat in which we were embarked. I am not used to steamboating, and I soon became sea-sick; or, to be scrupulously correct, river-sick. Champagne bottles began to multiply in my excited imagination, and my optical organs became dilated to a fearful extent. Instead of about two hundred and fifty Cincinnati guests, I could see a thousand. There were at least a dozen Mayors with six champagne bottles in each hand. The river water suddenly assumed the appearance of the most delicious vintage; and, oh, didn't I wish I had been a fish. I began to grow sick. Boating didn't agree with me. Everybody grew sick. The excursion was a *sic transit*. Champagne bottles began to dance in the air, and my *caput* (*vide* Andrew's Lat. Gram.) imitated the example. Somebody went on the hurricane

deck and made a speech, and we were all well pleased with the deck oration. The speaker was on a mental strain all day long. Others went altogether on the euchre deck. Euchre, by the way, is a game of cards, which you shouldn't play on a steamboat, because the deck hands always hold the best hands—they hold the whole deck. Twenty minutes later—sicker. Nearer to shore. Boat began to heave to. I leaned over the gunwale and began to heave too. Heard another man making a speech. He was a Dutch broker and spoke broken Dutch. He was from Cincinnati and went heavy on St. Louis. Said St. Louis was the greatest pork market in the world, because it exported so much pig iron. (Laughter) Said St. Louis contained the sweetest girls in the universe, because they were Mo. lasses. (Tremendous applause. Guffaws and old hats went up by the hundred.) St. Louis, he said, is much larger than Cincinnati, because since a gnat eye is small St. Louis must be larger. (A little boy grinned, and I contributed visibly to the proportions of the Mississippi. Cairo dispatch next day said: "River rising at this point.") The speaker concluded by saying that St. Louis was like a drum without a head—it couldn't be beat.

Somebody replied in behalf of St. Louis. He said Cincinnati was celebrated above all other cities under the sun for its wine and swine. (Much merriment.) In the way of grapes and hogs it was without a parallel in this latitude. (A gentleman was discovered in the act of adjusting a telescope to "see the point.") Cincinnati stocks, he said, would always command a premium, because Cincinnati was

always above Par-(ducah.) Here the speaker was interrupted by tumultuous applause, in the midst of which something was said about a stuffed club.

I was called on for a speech myself, and I spoke. A particular friend of mine, who consented to accompany the excursion merely because I went, said in two words, "Hannparricklecorreryouareabrick, Makeaspeech." I wonder my oration did not appear in the daily papers. I suppose, however, they were too much crowded with other matters. I engaged a phonetic reporter to take the thing verbatim, and here it is:

SPEECH OF MR. LE CONNOR, (THAT'S ME.)

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: (Applause). It affords me unqualified satisfaction to be able to stand (cheers) before you to-day. I believe, my friends, (enthusiastic demonstrations of joy, occasioned, doubtless, by the declaration of the speaker that he believed his friends, which is something that not every man can say). I believe the day is not far distant when our magnificent institsushushue [this word is totally unintelligible. My impression is that I said "institutions," but the reporter was so much carried away by his animal spirits that he forgot himself,] will be involved in perpetual night. (Tumultuous applause and peanuts.) My friends, this is a sad reflection. It's more than sad. (Peanuts.) To think that these two proud cities that sit in silent majesty upon the banks of two mighty rivers, like twin pumpkins on a forked vine—to think that these broad prairies and savannas and champaigns, (showers of peanuts,) must fall a prey to unrelenting, all-

destroying Time; to think that our great commercial ports and our great commercial men must crumble to the earth and come down with the dust, and that our great rivers and our great orators must all dry up; it is terrible. (Applause and apples.) At this stage of the proceedings a deck-hand, who had rushed aloft to slake his thirst for classical information in my Helicon, was so overcome by the power and pathos of my eloquence, that he fainted. This of course created general consternation, in the midst of which I concluded. Ladies and gentlemen, I continued, I do not set myself up for a public speaker, and therefore, by your leave, I will "set" down. (Peanuts.)"

And I sat down accordingly.

Having thus minutely detailed the proceedings in which I was a participant, you will very readily account for the lacteal fluid in the cocoanut. In other words, you will understand why I am at Bliss-Hovel. Cincinnati and St. Louis oratory, champagne and thin water, have quite overcome me. I find it necessary to recruit myself.

All in all, I think the recent flirtation between the two neighboring cities was a most agreeable affair, aside from the palavering, which is a necessary concomitant of such affairs; and I hope my experience will not be taken as an indication of the performances of the more prudent majority.

LILLIE, BEWARE!

Last night, in feverish mood, I dreamed
A dream of sorrow, dread and doubt,
Which came at midnight, as it seemed,
And lingered till the stars went out;
And Lillie, shall I dare to tell
What is but strangely, sadly true,
A truth you might conjecture well?
The spirit of my dream was you.

Beneath the same old cottage roof,
Where oft we sat in days of yore,
And wove our bright hopes into woof
With many a tale of love-taught lore—
You sat—just where you used to sit—
(Ah! saddening was the scene to scan,)
Your beauteous face with love was lit,
And by your side there sat—a man.

What idle whims assault the brain
When 'tis defenceless, dead with sleep,
To rack the soul with after-pain
And ceaseless misery, dread and deep.
I never doubted you my own,
But when in shadowy dreams you come,
I wish that you were more alone,
And young men more attached to home.

You seemed to sit a little near,
I thought ('twas but a dream, you know,)
Perhaps you did it just to hear,
Because he spoke in accents low;

You listened to his legends grand,
 You entertained him with a song,
 And smiled when e'er he touched your hand—
 You should not do it, love—'tis wrong.

O, Lillie, what a tender thing
 Is love, at such a tender age!
 'Tis like an eagle on the wing,
 Or like a birdling in its cage;
 The one o'erwatched, its freedom knows,
 And then, alas! how soon it flies;
 The other pines in tame repose,
 And, nursed too much, it surely dies.

You carried, as you often do,
 Clasped lightly 'twixt your finger tips,
 A rose; the stranger touched it, too;
 I *think* he pressed it to his lips.
 Not mortal eye, however keen,
 One jealous spark in me can trace,
 Yet how I wish that I had been
 A bee, to sting his blasted face.

And as you parted at the door,
 Your smile grew more and more divine;
 You held his hat, and viewed it o'er,
 Just as you used to cling to mine.
 What multitudes of sins at times
 Lie buried in a simple hat;
 What treach'rous thoughts, what nameless crimes—
 O, Lillie, only think of that!

I'm very sad, and yet I'm not—
 I'm lonely, and I know not why;
 I'm yearning for—I know not what—
 I do not care to live or die.
 That foolish dream, I ne'er believed,
 My brain was wild, and in a blaze;
 You still—and yet I've not received
 A line from you in two whole days.

Last eve the wind blew from the North,
 This morn it murmurs from the West;
 This world is what a fig is worth,
 And love is but a cheat at best.
 I stand upon the very brink
 Of ending life with all its pain;
 O, death!—and yet, I'll wait, I think,
 Until I hear from you again.

BANDMANN AND BROKEN DUTCH.

The following is an extract from a letter received by Daniel E. Bandmann, the tragedian :

* * * "I confess myself disappointed, and I think the public are. I have always had a curiosity to hear a tragedian spout broken Dutch. I know of nothing more interesting in the brief existence that we are permitted to enjoy among sublunary things than broken Dutch, unless it be a broken Dutchman.

"I saw your Narcisse. It's big. Perhaps I do Mr. Narcisse injustice when I place him in the neuter gender. I think not. He professes to be a Frenchman. Now, I maintain that a Frenchman, with as few literary attainments as he appears to possess, would not be able to speak the English language correctly. He would butcher it a little for luck, anyhow. It wouldn't be broken Dutch exactly, but it would be broken French, which is just as good. Can you marvel that I, with others, have felt some disappointment in not having a natural expectation gratified.

"Shylock was a Jew, wasn't he? Was he a Dutch Jew? If so, he would naturally speak broken Dutch, which, I am told, you do not, when representing that

character. This cannot be called truthful acting—not by a jug full. We have additional evidence that Mr. Shylock spoke broken Dutch, because after his estates had been confiscated he was a broken Dutchman. Hamlet was a Dutchman, nothing else under heaven. Yet no one infers it from your representation. I had hoped when I saw it announced that an Anglo-German actor was about to appear on the American stage, that we should have these characters in pure, unadulterated broken Dutch, as they should be. But I am mistaken.

"I am a little astonished to find that you are a temperance man. How, in the name of common sense, can you claim to be a German without drinking lager beer? The idea is ridiculous. One would naturally suppose, too, that being so fond of playing the Jew, you would also be fond of the juice (Jewess) of the grape. In almost every particular, with regard to your character and your characters, I have been disappointed.

"A lady remarked to me, on hearing you perform, that she thought your voice was musical. I told her that being a Bandmann your voice could not be otherwise than musical. I accept your thanks in advance for that favorable criticism.

"In conclusion, I wash my hands of all actors who can't play in broken Dutch. Go on and you may improve. Narcisse is immense. Cultivate him. Be untiring in your efforts to arrive at perfection. Never flag in your exertions, *nor cease*.

"Be virtuous and you will be happy.

"H. P. LE C."

A MOONLIGHT EXCURSION WITHOUT A MOON.

I once stayed all night at a tavern in Mississippi, where the following notice was posted conspicuously in the bar-room:

"If you are murdered in this house, your clothing will be taken care of till called for."

I confess it was the unexampled generosity and benevolence of this notice that induced me to stop. I knew that where such a spirit of self-sacrificing liberality was manifested, the hospitality would be overwhelming. About midnight, however, I was foolish enough to begin to fear that, in the event of my being murdered, nobody would ever be kind enough to call for my wearing apparel, so I got up and took my leave peaceably, without the precautionary measure of calling for my bill.

The grandeur and sublimity of character evinced by the Mississippi tavern-keeper was never equalled, except by that of a famous "Furloughed Officer" whom I have frequently mentioned heretofore, and who, but a few days ago, sent me an invitation to join a moonlight excursion on the lake, stating in a delicate "P. S." that if I bought tickets for six young ladies, I would be entitled to go myself at the ordinary rate of fare. A double "P. S." that looked

like the second growth of a peacock's tail, intimated that by paying double fare going out, I would be brought back for nothing. Magnanimous proposition! It would have required an iron-clad heart and a *lignum vite* gizzard to decline such an offer. I accepted.

As time was short, I was sorely puzzled about the six young ladies, without whom I was to be debarred the exquisite enjoyment of going at the ordinary rate of fare. How in the name of common sense was I, a man of modest mien and more modest means, to obtain the services of six feminine creatures? Had he included one more, I could have taken the Seven Sisters. But I was not even allowed time to advertise for young ladies to assist in the production of a spectacle. Number six is a bad number. It's very bad to take on an excursion, or anywhere else. I got the young ladies, though, by hiring canvassers and paying them a commission.

Went on the boat at seven o'clock. The first thing that met my eyes was a dazzling handbill with "reduced fare" printed in red ink. I learned what it meant when I had been on board all night, and was unable to get even a sandwich to eat. Reduced fare is a very good thing in its place, but it ought to be confined exclusively to armies in the enemy's country. It was announced that the boat was bound for the middle of the lake, and intermediate points. The only intermediate point was the point of a sandbar, where we stopped for the brief space of three hours and a half, to take water. Those who did not feel like taking water took Napoleon whiskey, misnamed Old Bourbon.

When about eight miles from port a cloud appeared in the west, and it began to thunder and lighten. I found that the beer barrels lightened in the same ratio that the heavens did. Some man with more music in his soul than brains in his head, (a copperhead or a "John Brown's body" man, I don't know which) had a fiddle along, and somebody else likewise fit for treason, stratagem, and other vile things, proposed a dance. One of the six, with a miniature gunboat on her head, and a red circingle around her waist (they call it a scarf in Indianapolis), grasped me by the arm and pulled me on the floor to dance a hornpipe called Old Hundred, the only tune the fiddler knew. Somebody introduced me to somebody by the name of Lilzale. He's a capital fellow, Lilzale is, if he don't wear a steel collar. He is a cousin to Lager Beer, and is a great joker; makes people feel very funny sometimes.

The dance went on, and the boat began to dance. The rain rained, and the thunder thundered, and the night got darker, apparently to convince the passengers that moonlight excursions were not all moonshine. A young bride on board, who had been married about a week, said it was a honey-moonlight excursion, and went on to explain why the first lunar month of married life is called a honeymoon—"because it's very sweet, and—because there's a man in it." The boat shook its sides with laughter at the joke, but the passengers couldn't see it. Young bride felt bad after the effort, and rushed into a state-room. The captain went to her and asked if she would have a berth. "Have a birth? you monster—I'll show you how to insult a sick woman;" whereupon she tried

to call her husband, but her stomach failed her. Lilzale told me to go in; chance for a row; defend the soft sex; and I defended. I threw myself at the captain, and went through the cabin window into the gangway, where about twenty of the soft sex were leaning over the gunwale, sympathizing deeply with the deep blue lake, to the tune of Old Hundred, which never abated a single octave. I got up and commenced sympathizing myself, and felt like kicking the fiddler for not playing faster. I couldn't keep time at all. The captain told me to go on the hurricane deck, in the fresh air, and I would feel better. Told him to bring his hurricane deck down and pass it round, and give his fresh air to the fiddler; he needed one very much. He laughed, the captain did, and I went below and had a long conversation with Lilzale. Somebody suffering from humor in the blood, fired a conundrum at me: "Why is a man who marries a hotel-keeper's daughter like a ship loaded with sugar?" I ran as fast as the unsteady habits of the boat and Lilzale would let me, but the demon followed me, and shouted at every jump: "Because he's got a sweet thing on board."

Talk to a man in a starving condition about landlords' daughters and a sweet thing on board. It was an instance of cruelty without a parallel. When the conundrum had subsided, I undertook to get up, but the more I tried the more I didn't. The storm had taken a new hold, and was "going for us" in a manner quite unworthy of emulation. Started to crawl out at the door and met the pilot house coming down the gangway, hotly pursued by a smoke-stack and bass drum. Collided with a young lady

and made a mammoth cave in her crinoline. Young lady said Fiddlededee. Told young lady my name was not Fiddle, and I was no D.D., if I knew it. In the confused mass of men, women, thunder, lightning, crushed bonnets and wet dresses, I saw a reporter taking notes on a paper collar, and for his heroism and devotion to his profession, I promised him an interest in my future welfare. Saw another hero amusing himself by beating his head against a door, and singing this strain :

The devil sought to injure me,
By cutting down my apyel tree;
He did not injure me at all,
For I have apyels all the fall.

The song contains two hundred verses, but the remainder of it merely expresses the chagrin and disappointment felt by his devilship on account of the failure of his malicious designs.

The passengers began to think of ordering their ascension robes when the reviving odors from the Chicago river struck us. I never saw people spring to life, health and activity as quickly as the demented passengers on that boat did under the revivifying and refreshing influence of the delightful perfumes of the river. If I have, at any time, prompted by some evil genius, said any hard things of Chicago river, I retract. It has never been known to cause sea-sickness, and that's a virtue. When I go for another excursion, I'll take the river.

CHICAGO, 1862.

I LOVE THE MERRY SPRING-TIME.

I love the merry spring-time,
When candidates are flush,
And friends of Thomas and of Finn
Have pockets full of "slush;"
Then greenbacks fly from hand to hand,
In payment for a wink,
And every other man you meet
Invites you up to drink;
I go my solid pile upon
The man who takes me in,
Hurrah for Thomas, if he treats;
If not, hurrah for Finn.

I love the gentle spring-time,
When all the girls are out,
And like so many butterflies
Are fluttering about;
I love to stand where crossings are
Not altogether dry,
And watch the tilters flop about,
As they go sweeping by;—
It thrills the old man's heart again,
And tempts me out to roam;
I love to float about the streets,
And leave my specs at home.

I love the balmy spring-time,
When gallants blithe and bold
Can bob around all night, and not
Be always catching cold.

Within a week or two, I think
 I'll take my flannels off,
 And sell my stove, and all my coal,
 And give away my cough.
 How pleasant then will be my dreams
 When I lay down to sleep—
 For I can buy a new straw hat
 And linen duster, cheap.

I love the glorious spring-time,
 Its sunshine and its shade,
 The solitude of mossy dells,
 The crowded promenade.
 Of all the seasons of the year,
 I prize that season most,
 Not warm enough for pesky bugs,
 Nor cool enough for frost.
 The candidates and pretty girls,
 And midnight sprees I love,
 And all the things herein set down,
 For reasons as above.

But most I love the spring-time,
 'Cause "lush" and lucre flow,
 And one can get a social glass
 Wherever he may go;
 And if he choose, as oft he does,
 To get a little meller,
 Electioneering policemen
 Will not arrest a feller.
 (Hic) even now I feel the flush
 Of spring-time coming in;
 That Thomas punch was awful good,
 But (hic) HURRAH FOR FINN!

APRIL, 1867.

58,600.

MR. EDITOR:—I used to be a firm believer in the infallibility of the maxim that "figures wont lie;" but latterly I have witnessed so many deviations from this proposition in the ordinary walks of life—have seen so many young ladies, for instance, display fine figures manufactured out of cotton batting, bustles and stays—that I have reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that figures *will* lie. A very recent occurrence will, I think, sustain me in this faith, to wit:

For a number of years I have been possessed of a burning desire to become opulent and eminent, and all that sort of thing. This may be regarded as a spirit of selfishness, but I shall proceed to show that it is quite the contrary. Cities are made prosperous, not by rich men, but by men who are ambitious to become rich. I can name cities among the foremost on the continent that are indebted for vast notoriety in the commercial world to a set of gamblers and adventurers who figure in transactions involving millions of capital that never had any existence except in their own fantastic imaginations. That's "biz"—that is. St. Louis could never do anything like that. St. Louis always reminded me of a fat

Dutch boy, sitting in a pile of cold ashes grinding sausage meat—slow but sure. But as the inimitable Mr. Ward would say, "comparisons are ojus." I trust there is none who will question my sincerity when I say that the only motive I had for wishing to become rich, was a desire to assist in building up the great commercial centre of the American Union. I wanted to confront Chouteau avenue and Lucas Place with a cool half million; and striking an attitude similar to that of Ajax, when he defied the lightning—he is incorrectly supposed by many to have been drinking an inferior article of whiskey out of a stone jug)—say to the town in words like these: "St. Louis—henceforth from date, even unto death—to the welfare of your inhabitants I devote my talents; to your commercial prosperity I dedicate my wealth, and to the foul appetites of your mosquitoes I donate my precious blood. *Domino!*" There was no selfishness in *that*.

But how was all this to be done? Obviously there was but one way. It must be accomplished by a *coup de main*. One night, after I had gone to my retiracy, and was thinking over if I had not better purchase a ticket in the Crosby Opera House Art Association, and astonish the world by accumulating a fortune suddenly, I dropped off in a doze, when there appeared to me in a vision a little, old, dried-up fairy, with a glass eye and a cork leg, but merry withal, and on his head he wore a tin cap, on which was inscribed in flaming figures the number

"58,601."

I was about to ask him if that was the number of

his regiment, when I awoke, and it seemed to me that the vision had been a very curious one. Pretty soon I snoozed again, and dreamed that I was at a rat-fight. I thought I had a black-and-tan, with a gold collar round his neck, on which was written, "Fifty-eight thousand six hundred and *one*." I threw him into the pit on a wager, and he slew 58,601 rats in just 58,601 seconds. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. I was monarch of an Elysium, and chief engineer of a haven of eternal bliss. I was alone with a widow, who I thought was the most fascinating creature the sun ever shown on. I did not see her face, but I heard her voice, and, oh! how delicious. Plato, of whom it is asserted the honey-bees clustered on his lips (tough story, though) was as beeswax to honèy compared with this woman. In a cool and glossy bower, 'mid deepest foliage, I proposed and she accepted me. I inquired her age; she replied that she was fifty-eight thousand six hundred and one years old, and I remember she got very indignant because I asked her if she expected me to marry a woman old enough to be my grandmother. Another change, etc. I am sued for a breach of promise, an officer comes to arrest me, and on his cap is the number "58,601." He lays hold of my arm. I make an effort to knock him down, and I awake. Next day, about noon, I may be seen at John Finn's stock mart, inquiring of that gentleman if he has stable room for fifty-eight thousand six hundred and one nightmares.

But that dream annoys me. I am given to superstition at times, and the remarkable coincidence of numbers begins to affright me. I consult astrolo-

gers and spirit rappers, doctors and savans, wizards and learned pundits, and they, every one of them, for a matriculation fee varying from one to five dollars, tell me not to be afraid; I am going to be blessed with most marvellous good luck, and to inherit a great fortune and become famous, and I don't know what beside.

After all this splendid parade of promises, what did I do but to post myself off to the agent's and buy a ticket in Crosby's raffle. I bought 58,601, for the sorcerers told me that was to be my lucky number through life. Then came a week of awful anxiety and suspense—days without food, and nights without sleep. I may literally be said to have lived on opera house—I breathed an atmosphere of it, and thought of nothing else. While others were surmising and speculating as to what they would do with it (I was especially amused by one fellow, who avowed he would buy a Newfoundland pup and a watch in the event of drawing it), I had my mind made up fully, but said "nothing to nobody;" I flattered myself I would give some grand entertainment for the benefit of my friends—possibly I would bring out the Black Cook, or whatever it is, and charge nothing for seeing it, and many more grand things I was sure to do.

Finally, the night before the drawing arrived. I suppose there were about two hundred thousand people in the United States feeling very much as little children do the night before Christmas, when they hang up their stockings. I was one of them. I retired early. The light was burning dimly in my chamber when I fell into a gentle slumber. The

little old fairy made his appearance again; but he was changed wonderfully. Instead of the jolly, good-natured elf I had seen him before, he was now a great ass. He wore the same tin cap, but the inscription this time read "Fifty-eight thousand six hundred and *lost*!" I couldn't make that out exactly. He crooked his finger and turned up his nose at me in a shockingly insolent manner. I blazed away at him with my bootjack, and was aroused by a crash, when I found that I had shattered a three hundred dollar mirror, and there was no one in the room but myself; from which I naturally concluded that the horrid-looking creature I had thrown at was nothing but a reflection of—Well, no matter whom. Next day, the telegraph informed me that ticket 58,600 had drawn the Opera House.

Figures *will* lie.

So also will dreams.

Also sorcerers.

Likewise fairies.

But I see the point. That fairy was either a wag or else he was very illiterate. That "*one*" was purposely or innocently misspelled; it should have been "Fifty-eight thousand six hundred and *won*!" then would I be worth half a million to-day, whereas I am not, and the returns are all in except from two counties. As things stand, I figure up that my guardian angel, or the spirit of my dreams, has euchered me out of a costly mirror and a \$5 ticket. Thus run the world.

For Mr. A. H. Lee, the fortunate competitor in this great chance battle, I scarcely know how to

express my admiration. I have tuned up, however, and made an effort in the following lines:

ODE TO MR. LEE.

O, Mister Lee! O, Mister Lee!
 When this you see, remember me,
 Now grown as rich as you can be,
 I hope you'll think me not too free
 In penning these few lines to thee,
 But listen to my simple plea
 For taking so much liberty.
 Like you I squandered just a V,
 In hopes that one day I would be
 As rich as Croesus was, and he
 Possessed enough to fill the sea.
 Right manfully I paid my fee,
 (Would not accept a ticket free,)
 And felt as full of joy and glee
 As any tree-frog on a tree.
 Now, what a wreck! Ah, wo is me,
 Dead-broke, I know not where to flee;
 My true-love, once so pleasant, she
 No longer sweetly smiles on me,
 Nor kindly asks me out to tea;
 Without a cent to take a spree,
 I'm very sad, indeed I be,
 O, Mister Lee! O, Mister Lee!
 When this you see, remember me,
 Else, sure as 2 and 1 are 3,
 Subscriber's going to the d——.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

POCAHONTAS.

A remnant of a great and mighty tribe
 Was gathered in a wood, beside a stream
 That watered many a fair and verdant vale
 In its meanderings; to meditate
 And act, with honest earnestness, upon
 The wrongs and dire injustice that had come
 From enemy in blood. Fierce, stalwart men;
 But few in number, they had thither come
 For deeds of vengeance that were planned against
 An adversary, whose unlucky stars
 Had made him theirs. The warriors, tried in skill,
 And proud of many a hard-fought battle won
 From weaker fragments of their native race,
 And wearing now the trophies of their wars—
 Rich jewels from the mine, and feathers rare
 Wrought into strange fantastic ornaments,
 Decking in vast profusion brow and bosom;
 And curious gems, and precious stones, and furs;
 Grand robes, plain but beautiful, and bearing
 Implements of war; clubs; bows and arrows;
 Weapons of rough, ingenious cast, and formed
 By savage hands, without much aid from art;

With these, like phantoms, reared before their eyes
 By the Great Spirit, that He might impress
 Upon their minds that they were charged by Him
 To do their bloody deeds; and with the memory
 Of all their perils and adventures, and their love
 Of glorious battle and the streaming blood;
 (Beautiful to them;) all tempered by one trait,
 Conspicuous found in every Indian tribe
 Of the great wilderness, that makes them laugh
 Most happily when they rejoice in power
 Above the weak; which in th' enlightened world
 Is scorned by valiant men as cowardice—
 A term they never knew nor feared—yet roused
 To desperate action by a sense of wrong,
 They gloried and exulted as approached
 Rapidly the hour when their charge must die.
 Two cruel stones were ordered side by side
 To bear the forfeit head.

There stood the King
 Motionless and silent. On either side
 Of the red monarch was a beauteous maid,
 Offspring of his flesh and blood. His daughters,
 Whom he loved more than his own life, they were—
 For though depraved by nature, born to hate;
 Taught that patriotism is to kill or die,
 And be insensible to sympathy,
 E'en when 'twas most deserved and most desired;
 Yet, as God's image, he was not deprived
 Of all the feelings that belong to man,
 And with a father's love he loved his daughters;
 Whilst they, more dutiful than wiser ones,
 Respected him and loved him in their hearts.
 But they were young, just blooming into life;
 The one a tender girl of scarce ten summers,
 And the other but a few years older.
 The elder—Pocahontas—heavenly name!
 Lovely in itself, but for her sake,
 Perhaps, deemed lovelier than it might have been,
 By people in our time that speak of her—
 Stood near her father, the great Powhattan,
 And with a searching look gazed on his face,
 Then turned again, and on the captive looked.

Picture of Pity, and a queen beside,
 She stood in dread suspense, and filled with awe,
 Grieved at the coming of a sad event.
 Her raven tresses in luxuriant folds
 Fell carelessly about her neck, and stirred
 But gently when the playful, straying breeze
 Touched her soft cheek as with an angel's kiss;
 Her liquid eyes, dark orbs of beauty, rolled
 So meltingly imploring, that it seemed
 Her pleasure could have called the stars from heaven;
 And her form, so graceful and so perfect,
 So like a fairy, that whene'er she moved
 'Twas scarce perceived—and oh! her loveliness,
 'Twas eloquence itself. The King's decree
 Seemed firm and irrevocable as death.
 He steadfast gazed, with air that said to all,
 As much as words, the white man must not live.
 The captive bowed his head; the chieftain raised
 Aloft in air the blood athirsting club,
 Whilst from his eyes in fearful flashes rolled
 The burning anger that he could not speak;—
 The winds were dumb, and time it seemed stood still;
 None dared to breath; death hovered in the midst;
 His chosen minister o'er the victim bent;
 The dreadful weapon trembled in the air,—
 Ha! does it lower? 'Tis forever—"Hold!"
 One moment more, and Powhattan had swept
 Into eternity his darling child;
 His club fell harmless to the stony earth,
 And from his massive, heavy chest, there burst
 Spontaneous sighs that rent his very soul.
 There lay his daughter, cherished and beloved,
 Her small arms twined about the captive's neck,
 While o'er his bosom streamed her long, black hair,
 And to his burning cheek she pressed her own.
 She wept till tears fell like the autumn rain;
 For heaven had taught her how to weep and love.
 The Indian monarch's icy heart was touched
 By the earnest supplication, sweet voice,
 And thrilling words of his beloved daughter.
 'Twas done. The deed of mercy was complete.
 The Indian girl had saved a human life.

* * * * *

Fate's work is sealed, and Pocahontas sleeps
 In the cold house of death. Far down the river
 That rushes to the broad wave, dark, dark and deep,
 Upon the banks, with golden sunshine lit,
 Where waving boughs and flowers of vernal bloom
 Perpetual blow, and merry singing birds
 Of gorgeous plumage fill the odorous air,
 Methinks I see in happy day-dreams now,
 A band of cherubim, with flowing robes
 And smiling faces, gathering from the vales
 And from the precipices, to make a wreath
 To grace the brow of her whose name we love.
 The jarring discord of the busy world
 Assails our ears. Time's river bears us on—
 And as the thunder of the cataract
 Sounds nearer, louder, fiercer, we forget
 The things that once we loved, to look ahead;
 But the great Angel of the upper house
 Guards well the portals, and from darkness plucks
 The fairest, purest gems;—thus we may know
 That still in glory sings our forest queen,
 And unseen harps shall strike her praise forever.

THE SIGNAL LIGHT.

Adown the peaceful river
 In silence glides the boat,
 Encircled by the vapors
 That through the welkin float.

No sound comes from the boatmen
 To break the silent night,
 But through the empty darkness
 Is flickering a light.

Upon the flashing waters
 Its bright effulgence pours,
 And streams across the ripples
 That kiss the rocky shores.

And as I view it twinkle
 Above the shining wave,
 I think how it resembles
 Our passage to the grave.

How Time's majestic river
 Still bears us in its sweep,
 Toward the dark dominions
 Of everlasting sleep.

And if among the mourners
 Our memory remain,
 When we shall have departed
 To ne'er return again,

'Twill linger for a moment,
 As does the signal light,
 Then fade into the darkness
 Of the eternal night.

THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK FOREVER.

Far out on the breast of a bright sunny sea,
 Where the billows are laughing and singing,
 An island of beauty—all beauty to me—
 Like a child to old ocean is clinging:
 But O, my dear country! thy soft breezes bring
 What threatens my heart-strings to sever,
 A wailing that falls like a bolt as I sing,
 The land of the Shamrock forever,
 And ever,
 The land of the Shamrock forever!

O land of the noble, the fair and the true,
 Of heroes—of beauty and bravery—
 Shall thy curses be sung by the dastardly few,
 While thy millions must praise thee in slavery?
 O, no! For thy children, though scattered they be,
 Will forsake thy proud memory never;
 And our watchword we send with each wave of the sea,
 The land of the Shamrock forever,
 And ever,
 The land of the Shamrock forever!

Speed, speed, happy gale! bear the glad tidings on!
 There's a balm for the wound that perplexes;
 A million of brave hearts are beating as one,
 From the pines of old Maine down to Texas.
 O, Ireland, Mavourneen, thy heroes afar
 Keep love that not oceans can sever;
 They murmur in peace, and will thunder in war,
 The land of the Shamrock forever,
 And ever,
 The land of the Shamrock forever!

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Say not that in these ruined halls,
 Amid these massive, crumbling walls,
 No light, familiar footstep falls:

Say not that no familiar face
 Approaches mine with happy grace,
 To greet me in this lonesome place.

Ah, me! 'tis true, I know too well,
 The records that I dare not tell,
 Of those who in this darkness dwell.

You see no face, you hear no sound,
 But all in air and on the ground,
 To you, is silence, deep, profound.

Yet say not, think not, friend of mine,
 That whilst we thitherward incline,
 My mind's imaginings are thine.

I hear sweet music in the air,
 And bounding up yon winding stair,
 I see a maiden young and fair;

A hoary-headed sire I see,
 And sturdy housewife blithe and free,
 And pretty babes that smile on me;

I hear the patter of little feet,
 Tripping along grandpa to meet,
 And the children murmur in accents sweet.

Such things are very strange, I own,
Among these piles of wood and stone,
With moss and ivy overgrown;

But is it strange that, standing here,
I dash aside the falling tear
That flows for those I deem most dear?

For, years ago, I lived and smiled
In this lov'd spot, now dark and wild,
And was a happy, thoughtless child.

This house is haunted! from the tomb
My friends come forth, and in the gloom,
Confront me here in every room.

'Tis haunted, sure; some other spot
May have for thee what this hath not—
Such scenes that cannot be forgot.

This place to me alone reveals
The mysteries my own heart feels,
And in my bosom's anguish seals.

I must not linger here. I go;
I hasten from this shrine of woe;
This is the tomb of Long Ago.

BONNY BLACK EYES.

When morning advances
In brilliant array,
With dew-spangled lances,
To herald the day;
When Nature is beaming
Above and below,
And sunlight is streaming,
And earth is aglow;
Not time in its fleetness,
Nor life do I prize,
But I sigh for the sweetness
Of bonny black eyes.

When twilight, at even,
The western sky fills,
And the veil of blue heaven
Comes down to the hills;
When starlight and glory,
And night's gentle queen,
Make mountains look hoary
With silver and sheen,
I gaze on the splendor
Of earth and the skies,
And sigh for the tender,
The bonny black eyes.

Oh! earth in its beauty,
And heaven above,
From pleasure and duty,
And nature, I love;

And friends that are near me,
 I value them too,
 Whose fond wishes cheer me
 In all that I do;
 But time may dissever
 Or weaken those ties,
 But never my passion
 For bonny black eyes.

THE WOODLAND BELLE.

Down among the blossoms blowing,
 In the summer air,
 Where the poplar trees are growing,
 Lives a maiden fair;
 Down among the blossoms blowing,
 In a woodland dell,
 By the river gently flowing,
 Lives the woodland belle.

Ah! how many hearts are beating
 For that pretty maid;
 Day by day she hears entreating,
 Under the poplar's shade,
 Hearts that love her, hearts that claim her,
 Lips she deigns to hear—
 Lips that tremble whilst they name her,
 With a holy fear.

Up and down the leafy hollows,
 Wending every day,
 One the witching beauty follows,
 In his homespun gray;
 Every day the wood is ringing
 With his cheerful song,
 And his darling, too, is singing,
 Singing all day long.

Ah! how many a heart is aching
 With Love's mystic spell;
 Many a heart is almost breaking
 For the woodland belle.

Of the hopeful lovers bearing
 Burdens of unrest,
 One the victor's wreath is wearing,
 One alone is blest.

Up and down the hollows, slowly,
 Rivals come and go,
 Patient lovers, meek and lowly,
 Marching to and fro;
 How their hearts to grief are waking,
 They alone can tell—
 Ah! their hearts are almost breaking
 For the woodland belle.

THE OLD MAN WEEPS.

Muse of the mournful measure,
 Sing me a song, I pray;
 Sing of a priceless treasure
 Carelessly thrown away!
 Sing of the broken-hearted,
 A sad and solemn strain;
 Sing how we wept and parted,
 Never to meet again!

Alas! for the wild emotion
 That fills my soul to-day!
 Alas! for the fond devotion
 That bore my bliss away;
 'Tis a thought too dread to cherish,
 Yet too earnest to disguise,
 And a truth too great to perish,
 That true love never dies.

'Tis a story sad and olden,
 And a story sadly true;
 Two hearts, and the moments golden,
 Two lives that would not be two.
 We hoped—we were not broken-hearted;
 We smiled—for our path was plain;
 We met and we loved—we parted,
 Never to hope again.

God of the hosts in heaven!
 God of the good and just!
 I tremble to be forgiven,
 I shrink from thy holy trust.

Hearts of the heart-forsaken,
 O'er life let your tears be shed!
 Weep for the living, misery-shaken,
 Smile for the blessed dead!

In the village churchyard sleeping,
 My darling Mary lies;
 And I sit by her gravestone weeping,
 Under the summer skies.
 I hear no sound but the warble
 Of birds that about me start,
 As I read on the crumbling marble:
 "Died of a broken heart!"

Old Time, on his mystic pinions,
 Has swept the years away
 Over his vast dominions,
 Till my locks are getting gray;
 Yet I still support my sorrow,
 But bear my bosom strife,
 Hoping that each to-morrow
 Will end a dreary life.

IMOGENE.

Oh, there are teachings from above,
 That float upon the summer breezes,
 And words of truth, and words of love
 Come round me while my heart's blood freezes.
 The path of life to me hath been
 A desert waste, and dark, and cheerless,
 Until I met sweet Imogene—
 Fair Imogene, the peerless.

Forebodings haunt my soul to-day,
 And bitter tears will come to-morrow,
 There's none to bear my grief away,
 And none to share my hurtful sorrow.
 Yet there is one sweet thought for me,
 That makes my faint heart stout and fearless:
 There is one soul that sighs for me,
 'Tis Imogene, the peerless.

Fair Imogene! bewitching maid!
 With cheeks like kindred blooming roses,
 And hair in careless tresses laid,
 And brow where beauty's self reposes!
 Thine eyes, now beautiful and bright,
 May those dark orbs be ever tearless,
 And may my love be thy delight!
 Sweet Imogene, the peerless.

Oh! life will cease to be a curse,
 And I shall be no longer fretted;
 My past misfortunes will disperse,
 With not a single thing regretted;

Bright heavenly light will fill my soul,
 The beauteous earth will not be cheerless,
 If I may seek life's-dearest goal
 With Imogene, the peerless.

But should the boon I crave be lost,
 The precious treasure be denied me,
 Though even she who loves me most
 Would not forget me and not chide me,—
 The earth would have no charms for me,
 My eyes would nevermore be tearless,
 And all alike would hateful be,
 Save Imogene, the peerless.

THE WORLD OUTSIDE.

Nettie and I are alone to-night—
 Alone in the parlor wide,
 And we care not a fig for the outer world—
 The great big world outside.

Rattle away, ye wintry winds,
 Where the mountain snow-drifts glide;
 When the heart is warm with a generous love,
 It laughs at the world outside.

Where Nettie and I together dwell,
 The storm in its wrath may ride;
 For the world within is a world of love,
 And we mock at the world outside.

Our hearts are ever like hemispheres,
 That together would gladly glide,
 And their little world is a world of love
 That scorns the world outside.

Then rattle away, ye wintry winds,
 And howl in your fiendish pride,
 For Nettie and I are happy now,
 And we laugh at the world outside.

THE SABBATH.

If in the angels God's good gifts awaken
 Emotions stronger than our souls betray,
 The firmament of heaven must have shaken
 When He, in mercy, blessed the Sabbath day.

Of all things sacred, sanctified and holy,
 Of all things capable of yielding bliss—
 Blessing alike the lofty and the lowly—
 There's none more precious to mankind than this.

When all is desolate, and dark and dreary,
 And earth's misfortunes grief to men impart,
 It comes to cheer the downcast and the weary,
 A balm of Gilead for the sick at heart.

'Tis not the rest it gives our minds and bodies
 That makes it holier than another day,
 But that a people, whose great ruler God is,
 May bow in humble thankfulness and pray.

Ay, there's a blessing not confined to any,
 But owned promiscuously from pole to pole—
 A golden apple given to the many,
 Which none can share with an ungrateful soul.

'Tis from a God whose love for man is vaster
 Than all the fountains of the human mind,
 And sovereign, subject, servant, slave, and master,
 Sustaining solace in His love may find.

For though the tyrant may, among his minions,
 Forbid the sacred ordinance of prayer,
 He cannot shape nor alter their opinions,
 More than he can direct the viewless air.

The mind is free, and every one may enter
 Into communion with th' eternal God;
 The Christian's sceptre now at last can centre
 More strength in man than can the iron rod.

But here, almost amid the very fountains
 From which the stream of Liberty first flowed,
 Where Freedom's anthem rang above the mountains,
 I feel it is a hallowed, blest abode.

And, as I hear the village church-bell tolling
 Its loud but doleful sounds, that skyward sweep,
 Constant and slowly, like the life-tide rolling
 Toward eternity's mysterious deep,

I bless the day that gave unto our nation
 The glorious liberty, which grants us here
 The privilege of showing adoration
 And love for Him who ruleth everywhere.

Great King of heaven and earth, and of the regions
 Far, far beyond the sphere of mortal ken!
 How hast Thou blest—Thou and Thy spirit legions—
 The homes and habitations of all men.

Oh! let me weep Thy praise, and, weeping, tremble,
 As up to Thee I look, and ask, preferred,
 How man, frail thing, can in Thy name dissemble,
 Or doubt the truthfulness of Thy great word.

The very sun that, flaming, glaring, burning,
 Wheels through the heavens in his robes of fire,
 With every season, every day, returning,
 Proclaims Thy reign, which never shall expire;—

Yet even he, upon a Sabbath morning,
 With milder majesty regards the earth;
 His dull, red ray comes like a spirit's warning,
 O'er princely palace and the peasant's hearth.

Methinks the earth doth wear a sadder, sweeter,
 A calmer, holier aspect on this day,
 Than when the hours, not pleasanter but fleeter,
 In pompous revelling are passed away.

In forest, field and city, on the ocean,
 In the frozen zone, the torrid clime,
 Free from the noise of tumult and commotion,
 'Tis silent, soothing, solemn, and sublime.

The sounding praise that in the crowded city,
 Re-echoes, rolling to the lofty dome,
 To him sounds not more sweetly than the ditty
 Sung by the peasant-child in her dear home.

Her soft, sweet sigh, so like an angel's whisper,
 The simple impulse of her childhood bears,
 And echoes back unto the infant lisper
 The name of Him to whom she breathes her prayers.

'Tis not enough temptations be rejected,
 And self-denial practised on our part;
 'Tis worship, earnest, pure and unaffected,
 That links religion to the human heart.

And this devotion gives the maid and matron,
 The youth and patriarch, a home on high;
 The doer of God's will, and His will's patron,
 Are saved through mercy when they come to die.

TWIN SPIRITS.

It seemed that they were born
 To make each other glad,
 To share Life's rosy morn,
 Solemn, but never sad.

Theirs was a holy love,
 In Heaven first begun,
 And wafted from above
 To make their spirits one.

Frail flowers they grew up
 As gentle as the May,
 Tasted Life's bitter cup,
 And gave their hearts away.

The mornings came and went,
 And midnight's diadem;
 Pleasure or discontent
 Was day or night to them.

And when their fate had come,
 And they were 'neath the sod,
 Two souls were missed at home—
 But one went up to God!

SERENADE.

Under thy window singing, singing,
 Mary, I rehearse my lay,
 Whilst my soul is winging, winging.
 With thee, in thy dreams away.

Whilst thou'rt sweetly sleeping, sleeping,
 Guardian angels from above
 Round thy couch are keeping, keeping,
 Holy vigil for my love.

Spirit hands are waving, waving,
 O'er thy calm, reposing brow;
 Fairy rogues are laving, laving,
 In thy matchless beauty now.

But alone I'm sighing, sighing,
 With my mellow-toned guitar;
 For my bliss is flying, flying,
 Passing with each cloud and star.

Waken, Mary; listen, listen,
 To my mournful melody;
 Morning's dew-drops glisten, glisten,
 I must haste—alas! from thee.

GOD'S ANGEL CAME AT LAST.

Poor 'Tilda, in her cottage rags,
 For many a day she roamed the streets;
 Familiar with Life's roughest crags,
 She knew but little of its sweets.

At length a noble-hearted man
 Beheld her sweet, bewitching face,
 And in her conduct chanced to scan
 Some fragments of a perfect grace.

He knew that hope, and nothing more,
 Was smothered when she sighed and sobbed;
 And then he said he would restore
 The charms of which she had been robbed.

And so he wooed the pretty maid,
 At first she doubted and she sighed;
 But when she knew 'twas truth he said,
 She loved him and became his bride.

He did not stoop to conquer her,
 But kindly raised her up to him;
 And 'Tilda taught him to revere
 The life and love no longer dim.

And oh, how pretty is the tale,
 When to a stricken one 'tis told;
 How many a child as fair and frail,
 Would barter thus her heart for gold.

Oh! God be praised, for now and then,
 (Though money in His sight offends,)
 He gives unto the best of men
 Some wealth to serve their noble ends.

HEART MUSIC.

The sweetest music in the world,
 In any sort of weather,
 Is that of two souls harmonized,
 When two hearts chord together.

Oh, how I love the melody
 Of hearts that love each other!
 Two hearts that strike at every beat
 The strings of one another.

For every echo from within,
 Some secret thought denoting,
 Is moulded for the ear of God,
 And heavenward is floating.

I love the pious family where
 United hearts are beating,
 And ever are, in unison,
 A *Te Deum* repeating.

Their souls ascend from earth to heaven,
 Producing discord never,
 And like a well-tuned instrument,
 Are swept by God forever.

HEALTH TO THE BRAVE AND TRUE.

Here's a health to the heart that loves a friend,
 And the heart that loves a foe;
 Here's a health to the man who will not unbend
 His honor for weal or woe;
 For I hate the man who fights for wrong,
 And who knows his error, too,
 Therefore for the brave I sing my song,
 And I drink to the brave and true.

God bless the man who will not forego
 To resent an injury;
 God bless the man who will spare a foe
 That is not afraid to die!
 For the truly brave, and the bravely true,
 Is the man who fears the right,
 And a steady arm, and a will to do,
 And a man whose right is might.

Then here's a health to the friends of mine,
 And a health to my cherished foes;
 For my wishes flow with the ruddy wine,
 And I wish them all repose.
 Here's a health to the heart that loves a friend,
 And the heart that loves a foe,
 And a health to the man who will not unbend
 His honor for weal or woe.

LITTLE THINGS.

A zephyr touched the sea,
 Touched it softly, playfully,
 Soft and silent, like a dream;
 But the waves began to gleam,
 And anon they larger grew;
 And the air intenser blew,
 Till it gathered in a gale,
 Sweeping ocean with a wail.
 Above was spread a sable shroud;
 Beneath, the billows howled aloud;
 The mighty deep was changed in form:
 The zephyr had produced a storm.

A word assailed the ear
 Of one too tender and sincere
 To bear reproach. The word alone
 Was harmless; but the angry tone,
 Though not extremely harsh, in truth,
 Proved deadlier than a serpent's tooth
 The fatal dart,
 Unwisely hurled, had pierced a heart.
 What was but a pang at first,
 Had grown in anguish to the worst;
 A simple word, an idle breath,
 Had sacrificed a friend in death.

THEODOCIA THE BEAUTIFUL.

For the beautiful one
 Be the beautiful done,
 And my muse shall not yield in despair,
 Though pen may not trace
 For that form or that face,
 A description as perfect as fair.

In vain might the bard,
 With affection's regard,
 Pour his flame in poetical beams,
 All his efforts would fail,
 And his harp-uttered wail
 Would echo unheard in his dreams.

Yet methinks thus inspired,
 By such loveliness fired,
 The veriest child might indite
 A sonnet of love
 That the spirits above
 Would rehearse in their heavenly flight.

Then may I not sing,
 And my offering bring,
 Though rude and imperfect it be?
 Enough; 'twill impart
 To the queen of my heart,
 A modest memento of me.

Her love-breathing eyes,
 And the delicate dyes
 Of her cheek put the soul in a whirl,
 For one they did more,
 They made me adore
 Theodocia, the beautiful girl.

Oft, when for a while
 In her sweet, sunny smile
 I have basked, and the radiant glow,
 I have felt that no care
 Should her pleasure impair,
 Nor a frown her bright countenance know.

And how dreary would be
 All this great earth to me,
 If the light of her face should depart;
 Then sorrow and woe
 From my spirit would flow,
 And darkness would dwell in my heart.

But there's blissfulness yet
 That I shall not forget,
 Where beauty and grace now combine,
 And the eyes that are bright
 As the gems of the night,
 Will sparkle with passion divine.

WORKING-MAN'S SONG.

Work, boys, work! If we are doomed to labor,
 Let sorrow never find us in its way;
 The shovel and the plow are mightier than the sabre,
 And if we strive in earnest, we shall surely win the day.

Work, boys, work! our prospects are increasing—
 The star of hope illuminates the sky;
 With perseverance now, and labor never-ceasing,
 We will reach the goal of rest by-and-by.

Work, boys, work! the holidays are coming—
 Be patient and forbearing, the time is drawing near—
 The chariot-wheels of Freedom are humming, humming, humming!
 Work, boys, work! the time will soon be here.

Work, boys, work! there's something still to cheer us,
 As we toil in the weather, wet and cold,
 There's an angel with a promise ever near us—
 And we've health, more desirable than gold.

Work, boys, work! our wealthy neighbors wonder
 That people will thus wear their lives away;
 But the blows we are striking shall rend the chains asunder
 That bind us down in poverty to-day.

Work, boys, work! the holidays are coming—
 Be patient and forbearing, the time is drawing near—
 The chariot-wheels of Freedom are humming, humming, humming!
 Work, boys, work! the time will soon be here.

PROCRASTINATION.

Philosophers are wont to say
That there is danger in delay,
And that some loss, or soon, or late,
We must sustain, as sure as fate,
By waiting for to-morrow.

But why it is, I cannot see,
That such a rigid rule should be;
For if to-day with troubles ope,
It speaks a Christian's heart to hope
For better things to-morrow.

And if our actions are postponed,
And each one wisely timed and toned,
We'll surely some improvement find,
To speak a philosophic mind,
In our affairs to-morrow.

What though the tempest cloud to-day
Obstruct the sun's effulgent ray,
'Twill from the changeful concave pass,
And the familiar sea of glass
Will take its place to-morrow.

I must refuse the argument
And counsel of mere accident,
And doing all I can to-day,
Defeated, I will fondly pray
For strength to do to-morrow.

SONG OF A BASHFUL SWAIN.

All evening Ellen had been gay,
And happy as a bird in May,
Or rabbit in October;
Her heart was light, her mirth was high,
And pleasure sparkled in her eye,
But I was dull and sober.

Her little brother she embraced,
And kissed his pouting lips with haste,
Then looked at me in wonder.
At last, grown weary, up she jumped,
And thumped and banged, and banged and thumped,
And raised particular thunder.

She seized me, sir, as I would you,
And pinched my shoulders black and blue,
(My back was all a blister,)
I couldn't stand it; though half dead,
I shook my fist and shook my head,
And then, by George!—I kissed her!

She threw herself into a chair—
She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
And looked as if confounded,
I sighed for home, I longed for sleep,
I could not smile, I could not weep,
I saw her pride was wounded.

I tried to speak—she hushed me quite—
"You are a coward, forced to fight!
Your valor gives no pain, sir;
And now, young man, I challenge you,
Though deeds more daring you may do,
You can't do that again, sir!"

OLD DREAMS AND NEW.

There was a time when in my boyhood's dreams,
 There mingled visions of the mighty world;
 Then strange imaginations wooed my brain
 With fickle flatteries. Ambition marked
 High on the bright, emblazoned scroll of fame,
 In adolescent light, immortal glory.
 My spirit followed the unreal lights
 Of earth, and air, and ocean; it could sweep
 With airy swiftness through the multitude—
 Or study stillness with the burning stars.
 The foolish prating of the idle throng
 In crowded thoroughfares; the parlor group;
 The shouting populace; the carnival;
 And great events, and glorifying hosts;
 The wild, sequestered pleasure halls of Nature;
 Or, happily, dismembered thoughts of heaven;
 And pastime sports; all claimed respect from me.
 Then all things to my mind seemed pure and good,
 And all seemed made for high and holy uses.
 And whom I loved, I feared; nor deemed I then,
 That to be just is to be all men's slave.
 The smiles of friends like sunbeams on me fell,
 And words of cheer came like the summer shower
 To scorching fields; and sentiments and tastes
 Were seen, embraced or shunned, not understood.
 But oh, how changed! The fantasy has fled;
 The real has usurped the fanciful,
 And life grows tedious. 'Tis a toil to live,
 And who, but to accommodate his friends,
 Whose grief he would not move, would labor thus,
 And drag amid so many weary years
 This worthless trust of perishable clay?
 My dreams are pleasant still, yet they are naught
 But dreaming over what I once have passed.

As some lone traveller, who has clambered up
 A high and hoary mountain, and sat down
 To rest his weary limbs, still gazing back
 Upon what he has left, so I have reached
 The goal once fondly sought. On either side
 The road leads downward; yet I love to look
 Back through the faded past; for it doth seem
 That at the farther end of that dim path,
 Beams the bright light which once was burning here.
 That light is happiness; upon the height
 Of manhood it was sought; now, lo! it shines
 In childhood's fairy hours. Oh, can it be,
 That when the faltering step, and feeble voice,
 And silver locks shall come, that beauteous light
 Will be still further from me? Nay, say not
 That life and it are fading; for I feel
 That when I shall descend the other side,
 And it goes out behind the mountain-top,
 Another will spring up—imperishable;
 Bright in the bosom of the Eternal One,
 To make my pathway clear, and guide me on;
 Still onward, through the vale and shade of Death,
 And lead me safe to Him. God will it so!

WON IN HEAVEN.

He never wept,
Nay, never shed a tear,
Because he knew she kept
Her sacred vow in a serener sphere.

He plodded on
In his accustomed way;
And said that she had gone
To wait in heaven for the nuptial day.

And, day by day,
The strong man weaker grew;
At length, life passed away,
And he departed for the Judgment, too.

Now, good friends hope,
And talk of sins forgiven,
And say her arms will open
To welcome the beloved one up in heaven.

THE TRUNDLE-BED.

Toss the ringlets from baby's brow,
And smooth them over her little head;
Gather her gown about her now,
And lay her down on the trundle-bed.

There may the family idol sleep,
Free from trouble and childish dread,
While mamma and papa vigil keep
Over the babe in the trundle-bed.

Beautiful baby—precious pet!
Over thy rest no tears are shed;
Life has nothing to tempt thee yet,
There in thy dreams on the trundle-bed.

Sleep on, sweet baby! I love to sit
And watch the shadows over thee spread,
And think, as I see them by me flit,
How I used to sleep on a trundle-bed.

My happiest days of life are o'er,
And the brightest hopes of my youth have fled;
But I sometimes sigh for the days of yore,
When I was a child on my trundle-bed.

WILD FLOWERS FLOURISH.

Wild flowers flourish
 In lowly places,
 Where none may nourish
 Or know their graces;
 Unseen they wither,
 Unseen they die,
 And hither and thither
 The passer-by
 Is coming and going,
 But he never knows
 That near him is growing
 A beautiful rose.

In elegant gardens,
 The rose that blooms
 Has watchers and wardens
 To scent its perfumes;
 But the wild flower blossoms
 And blooms alone,
 Like love in young bosoms
 That never is known;
 With their dew and honey
 Its leaves all fade;
 Like worth without money,
 It dies in the shade.

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

The glow of the twilight at evening's decline,
 The jewels of midnight in heaven's blue mine,
 Are fair to the view, and a feast for the eye,
 But their pleasing impressions forever must die;
 Yet there is one thing which engraves on the soul,
 Like letters of gold on an adamant scroll,
 Its earnest instructions that come from above,
 For aye to remain: 'tis the language of love.

The language of love—oh, how simple and mild;
 'Tis the tear of the sage, or the laugh of a child;
 'Tis the weapon of truth, and the shield of the right,
 The staff of the weak, and the tamer of might.
 But the hiss of the cataract torrent that leaps,
 And the twitch of the lip of the lion that sleeps,
 The thunderbolt's voice as it calls from above,
 Are like to the fruits of the language of love.

In mansions of glory, beyond the bright spheres
 That light and illumine the river of years,
 In the homes of the souls of the just and the good,
 Who the shackles and bondage of sin have withstood;
 In heaven's dominions, so lovely and fair,
 The angels of God speak but one language there;
 'Tis the language of saints and all spirits above—
 The language of God, and the language of love.

A VISION OF ETERNITY.

Worlds on worlds, and suns on suns,
 Terrible to behold;
 I saw them in a day-dream, and I saw
 A firmament of gold.

I slept, and lo! the scene was changed;
 And gazing on the whole,
 Where I had seen these wondrous things,
 I saw an infant's soul.

EGYPT.

ABSTRACT OF A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE ST. LOUIS POLY-
 TECHNIC INSTITUTE, APRIL 12, 1867.

[As some of the journals in Southern Illinois have expressed the belief that this Lecture was designed to malign their country, it may as well be stated that it was in itself a hoax. The subject announced was "Egypt," without any explanation in the printed advertisements to lead to the conclusion that it would refer to any other than the ancient region of that name. When, in the second paragraph, the boundaries of Egypt were given, the audience began to "see it," and expressed their approbation accordingly.]

LECTURE.

It is my aim and intention to make this lecture about as interesting and about as instructive as lectures usually are. Most travelers have strange stories to tell of what they have seen. So have I.

I dislike to reflect upon the attainments of my audience, and I shall not do it. You will pardon me, however, for asserting what is indisputably true, that in our maturity we are liable to neglect and

even forget the studies of our youth; and therefore it may be proper for me, before proceeding to discuss the leading features of the country that forms the subject of my remarks this evening, to refresh your memories with regard to its geographical situation, to insure a thorough and correct understanding of what I shall have to say. Egypt is that portion of the habitable globe—or, to be more precise, that portion of habitable Illinois—bounded on the south by the Ohio river, on the west by the Mississippi, on the east by the Wabash, and on the north by the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. Three of these boundaries are the work of nature; the other is the work of human nature. The country is situated entirely within the intemperate zone, judging from the habits of the inhabitants. It has no latitude and no longitude, and no need of any. Every well-regulated family keeps a medical almanac, a clay pipe, and a dog, and they are deemed sufficient for all purposes. The principal products are wheat, corn, and the other cereals, lawsuits, street-fights, and Andrew Jackson men.

I am not altogether settled in my own mind as to why this strip of earth is denominated Egypt. Historians differ on this point. It cannot be on account of its resemblance to ancient Egypt, for that is very slight. For instance, the ruins of the regular original Egypt consisted of towers, and temples, and the like. The ruins of Egypt in Illinois consist of young men between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. If I had staid there another week, I would have been a ruin myself. In old Egypt mummies abound. In our Egypt there is but one mummy, and he keeps a

hotel in Jonesboro. Our Egyptians cannot boast of famous pyramids, but they can boast of raising the largest pumpkins and the most invincible mosquitoes in the world. They have no Pompey's pillar, but they have a pompous John A. Logan, who did service in the late war. On the whole, the origin of the pseudonym is very doubtful, but I think it may be found in this circumstance, that in old times people went down into Egypt to get corn; now-a-days the frequently go down into Egypt and get corned. We will accept this explanation for the present, at least.

Cairo is the chief city. It is a port of entry. The Ohio river enters it about once a year, and sweeps away half the houses with all their contents. I was there a week or two after a flood, and a respectable citizen told me I had come too late to see Cairo. The best part of it was down about New Orleans. A gentleman who had lived in Cairo for a number of years, bought a tract of land down in Arkansas, but was not able to erect a residence upon it. He had a very handsome dwelling in Cairo. One night he went to bed wishing that house was on his farm in Arkansas. Next morning he awoke and found it in the very spot he had wished it, whither it had floated the night previous. I hesitated before giving a reply when I heard this story, but the narrator said if I doubted it, he could show me the lot where the dwelling had formerly stood. That was satisfactory, of course. There used to be a theatre in Cairo—the Atheneum. Mr. N—, a gentleman residing among you at present, was the manager. I lectured in the Atheneum. The water was three feet deep on the

floor; it was raining, and the roof leaked. I lectured to an overflowing house. One man swam two miles one night to hear me. He has been compared with Byron and Leander, who swam the Hellespont. One of them swam for love, and the other for notoriety. This man swam because he couldn't help it. It was swim or drown.

The inhabitants of this latitude do not differ materially from those two or three degrees north or south. The ladies are varied and interspersed. The prevailing style of hair is auburn. I saw some of the auburnest hair in Southern Illinois I ever saw in my life. I hope no one will take it from these remarks, that I am opposed to auburn hair. On the contrary, I am very fond of it. I like it anywhere in the world—that is, except in my butter. In that respect I am not proud of it.

There are many vestiges of antiquity remaining unimpaired by time or the forward march of civilization. Chief among these are numerous little mounds, scattered throughout the country, and supposed to be the last resting places of noble savages—those mighty heroes of the forest, whose names have been immortalized in song and the history of massacres. They were a glorious race once, but they dwell in abject poverty and misery now. The white man has followed upon the scent of the red man, until the red man hasn't got a red cent. He still lives on, however, and by his unconquerable Injun-uity, succeeds in rendering our western border a most expensive embroidery. In point of education, the savages of the present day are far ahead of those of a century ago. It is a very recent discovery, and not yet gen-

erally known, that every able-bodied Indian is a well red man.

But of the mounds—or Indian graves, so-called, I never came upon one of them without involuntarily uncovering my head in solemn reverence. Not long ago I went duck-hunting with a friend down in Egypt, and as we were wending our way beside a purling stream, not far from a railroad, we came in contact with a strange little knoll. "The grave of an ancient chief," I said, and lifted my tile in awe. I then quoted those celebrated lines from General Halleck:

"Thou wert a monarch born; tradition's pages
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
But that the forest tribes have bent for ages
To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knee."

It was proposed that we dig down beneath the sod in the hope of discovering some valuable relic of the great aborigine there reposing. We did so, and were taken aback slightly, although we never said much about it, when we discovered that the grave contained the remains of a mule which had been run over and killed by the cars on the Illinois Central Railroad. The company had concealed the animal there that they might not have to pay for it. I never saw a dead mule before, and I bore up under my disappointment very well.

I became intimately acquainted with an old farmer in Egypt, who, in a trifle less than ten years, had succeeded in clearing off nearly a whole acre of ground, and was in very prosperous circumstances. I met him by accident one day. He was sitting on

a log nursing his youngest baby, while his wife was busily engaged in cutting cord-wood. After our acquaintance had become mutual, he invited me to dine with him. He informed me that he was going to have a roast bear for dinner; "not," said he, "not that I'm pertickerly fond of ba'ar meat, but I allus like to show the superiority of man over the brute creation; therefore, I like to eat ba'ar meat whenever I kin" I dined with the old man, and we were very happy.

The soil of Egypt is alluvial—some. The principal products, as I have said, are Jackson Democrats, and street fights. There were thirteen fights in Metropolis one day, in the space of half an hour. An old resident told me it was not a good day for fighting either. "They don't fight much," said he, "till harvest's over; come down after harvest, and you will have some fun. I'll warrant you won't be in town twenty minutes till one side of your head is knocked off." I appreciated the gentleman's hospitality, but I never found time to go.

Egypt is a sort of aristocracy in its own way. In many respects it excels all other countries in the world. The inhabitants of the river towns can exist longer without water, notwithstanding they have the best water in the world, than any other known people. The mosquitoes have bells on their toes, by reason of which they are enabled to produce more delicious music than mosquitoes in common; the frogs, in addition to having diamonds in their heads, are silver-throated, and sing longer, louder, and sweeter than any other frogs I ever saw. Their con-

certs generally open on the first of January, and if the season is middling, they run till the 31st of December. Rats abound. No man ever went to Cairo without seeing rats. It is proverbial, however, that some men see more than others, which is only an illustration of the diversity of power there is in people's eyesight.

Darkness, in connection with Egypt, has been spoken of time out of mind. This characteristic of the country dwells not altogether in fiction. I remember once passing through a deep thicket at noon of day. It was then dark enough for twilight. A little way before me I discovered what I conceived to be a stump. At first I was in doubt, as there were many legends in connection with the neighborhood concerning men who had been murdered there, the appearance of their ghosts, and so on. I drew a little nearer, however, and was more than ever convinced that it was a stump. My hair stood upright, and my blood seemed freezing in my veins. At length I summoned all my courage, and marched boldly up to the horrible phantom. It was a stump.

Educational matters have not been neglected. I was present one night at a Lyceum, where the question for debate was: "Which is the mother of a chicken, the hen that lays the egg, or the hen that hatches it?" A melancholy, studious, Demosthenian-looking young man deliberately arose to his feet and undertook to prove that it was neither one, but another hen altogether. He succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations.

["Here," says a reporter for a newspaper, "the

lecturer began to retract piece-meal all that he had said about Egypt. In attempting to follow his review of his own observations, we became so enraptured by the glowing light in which Egypt was presented, that we lost sight of our notes altogether. Further remark is therefore reserved for another occasion."]