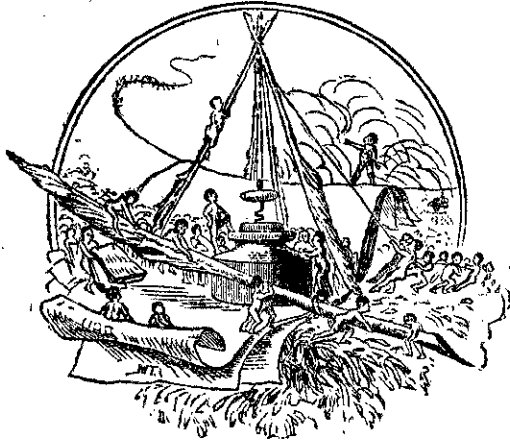


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NUMBER ONE.

MARK TWAIN'S



SKETCHES.

AUTHORISED EDITION.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. T. SPERRY.

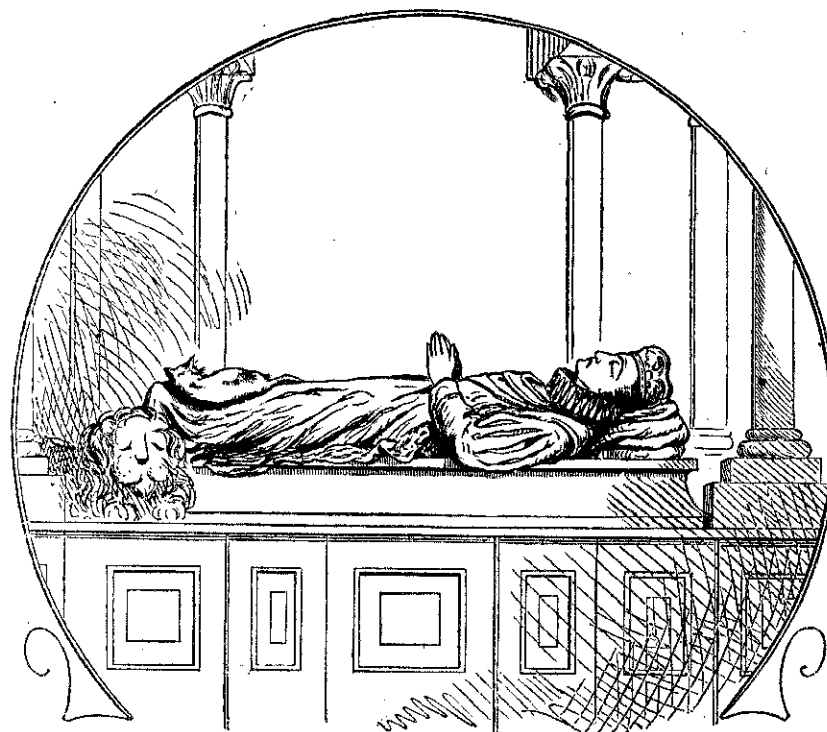
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E. H. Warren



[From the Author's Unpublished English Notes.]

A MEMORABLE MIDNIGHT EXPERIENCE.

"Come along—and hurry. Few people have got originality enough to think of the expedition I have been planning, and still fewer could carry it out, may be, even if they *did* think of it. Hurry, now. Cab at the door."

It was past eleven o'clock, and I was just going to bed. But this friend of mine was as reliable as he was eccentric, and so

there was not a doubt in my mind that his "Expedition" had merit in it. I put on my coat and boots again, and we drove away.

"Where is it? Where are we going?"

"Don't worry. You'll see."

He was not inclined to talk. So I thought this must be a weighty matter. My curiosity grew with the minutes, but I

kept it manfully under the surface. I watched the lamps, the signs, the numbers, as we thundered down the long streets, but it was of no use—I am always lost in London, day or night. It was very chilly—almost bleak. People leaned against the gusty blasts as if it were the dead of winter. The crowds grew thinner and thinner, and the noises waxed faint and seemed far away. The sky was overcast and threatening. We drove on, and still on, till I wondered if we were ever going to stop. At last we passed by a spacious bridge and a vast building with a lighted clock-tower, and presently entered a gate-way, passed through a sort of tunnel and stopped in a court surrounded by the black outlines of a great edifice. Then we alighted, walked a dozen steps or so, and waited. In a little while foot-steps were heard, and a man emerged from the darkness and we dropped into his wake without saying anything. He led us under an archway of masonry and from that into a roomy tunnel, through a tall iron gate, which he locked behind us. We followed him down this tunnel, guided more by his footsteps on the stone flagging than by anything we could very distinctly see. At the end of it we came to another iron gate, and our conductor stopped there and lighted a little bull's-eye lantern. Then he unlocked the gate—and I wished he had oiled it first, it grated so dismally. The gate swung open and we stood on the threshold of what seemed a limitless domed and pillared cavern carved out of the solid darkness. The conductor and my friend took off their hats reverently, and I did likewise. Thus for the moment that we stood there, there was not a sound; and the silence seemed to add to the solemnity of the gloom. I looked my inquiry. He answered:

"It is the tomb of the great dead of England—WESTMINSTER ABBEY!"

!

(One cannot express a start—in words.) Down among the columns—ever so far away, it seemed—a light revealed itself like a star, and a voice came echoing through the spacious emptiness:

"Who goes there?"

"W——!"

The star disappeared and the footsteps that accompanied it clanked out of hearing in the distance. Mr. W—— held up his lantern, and the vague vastness took something of form to itself—the stately columns developed stronger outlines, and a dim pallor here and there marked the places of lofty windows. We were among the tombs; and on every hand dull shapes of men, sitting, standing, or stooping, inspected us curiously out of the darkness—reaching out their hands toward us—some appealing, some beckoning, some warning us away. Effigies, they were—statues over the graves; but they looked human and natural in the murky shadows. Now a little half-grown black and white cat squeezed herself through the bars of the iron gate and came purring lovingly about us, unawed by the time or the place—unimpressed by the marble pomp that sepulchres a line of mighty dead that ends with a great author of yesterday and began with a sceptred monarch away back in the dawn of history more than twelve hundred years ago. And she followed us about and never left us while we pursued our work. We wandered hither and thither, uncovered, speaking in low voices, and stepping softly by instinct, for any little noise rang and echoed there in a way to make one shudder. Mr. W—— flashed his lantern first upon this object and then upon that, and kept up a running commentary that showed that there was nothing about the venerable Abbey that was trivial in his eyes or void of interest. He is a man in authority, being superintendent of the works, and his daily business keeps him familiar with every nook and corner of the great pile. Casting a luminous ray, now here, now yonder, he would say:

"Observe the height of the Abbey—one hundred and three feet to the base of the roof—I measured it myself the other day. Notice the base of this column—old, very old—hundreds and hundreds of years; and how well they knew how to build in those old days! Notice it—every stone is laid horizontally—that is to say, just as nature laid it originally in the quarry—not set up edgewise; in our day some people set them on edge and then wonder why they split and

flake. Architects cannot teach nature anything. Let me remove this matting—it is put there to preserve the pavement: now there is a bit of pavement that is seven hundred years old; you can see by these scattering clusters of colored mosaics how beautiful it was before time and sacrilegious idlers marred it. Now there, in the border, was an inscription, once; see, follow the circle—you can trace it by the ornaments that have been pulled out—here is an A, and there is an O, and yonder another A—all beautiful old English capitals—there is no telling what the inscription was—no record left, now. Now move along in this direction, if you please. Yonder is where old King Sebert, the Saxon, lies—his monument is the oldest one in the Abbey; Sebert died in six hundred and

sixteen, and that's as much as twelve hundred and fifty years ago—think of it!—twelve hundred and fifty years. Now yonder is the last one—Charles Dickens—there on the floor, with the brass letters on the slab—and to this day the people come and put flowers on it. Why, along at first they almost had to *cart* the flowers out, there were so many. Could not *leave* them there, you know, because it's where everybody walks—and a body wouldn't want them trampled on, anyway. All this place about here now, is the Poet's Corner. There is Garrick's monument; and Addison's, and Thackeray's bust—and Macaulay lies there. And here, close to Dickens and Garrick, lie Sheridan and Dr. Johnson—and here is old Parr—Thomas Parr—you can read the inscription:

THO: PARR OF S^R COVNTY
OF SALLOP BORNE A^O: 1483. HE LIVED
IN REIGNES OF TEN PRINCES VIZ
K. EDW. 4. K. ED. 5. K. RICH. 3. K. HEN.
7. K. HEN. 8. K. EDW. 6. MA. Q. ELIZ.
K. LA. AND K. CHARLES. AGED 152
YEARES AND WAS BURYED HERE
NOVEMBER 15. 1635.

"Very old man indeed, and saw a deal of life—come off the grave, Kitty, poor thing, she keeps the rats away from the office, and there's no harm in her—her and her mother. And here—this is Shakespeare's statue—leaning on his elbow and pointing with his finger at the lines on the scroll:

'The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.'

"That stone there covers Campbell the poet. Here are names you know pretty well—Milton, and Gray who wrote the Elegy, and Butler who wrote Hudibras, and Edmund Spenser, and Ben Jonson—

there are three tablets to him scattered about this Abbey, and all got 'O Rare Ben Jonson' cut on them—you were standing on one of them just now—he is buried standing up. There used to be a tradition here that explains it. The story goes that he did not dare ask to be buried in the Abbey, so he asked King James if he would make him a present of eighteen inches of English ground, and the King said yes, and asked him where he would have it, and he said in Westminster Abbey. Well, the King wouldn't go back on his word, so there he is, sure enough—stood up on end! Years ago, in Dean Buckland's time—before my day—they were digging a grave close to Jonson, and they uncovered

him and his head fell off. Toward night the clerk of the works hid the head to keep it from being stolen, as the ground was to remain open till next day. Presently the dean's son came along, and *he* found a head, and hid it away for Jonson's. And by-and-by along came a stranger, and *he* found a head, too, and walked off with it under his cloak, and a month or so afterward he was heard to boast that he had Ben Jonson's head. Then there was a deal of correspondence about it in the *Times*, and everybody distressed. But Mr. Frank Buckland came out and comforted everybody by telling how he saved the true head, and so the stranger must have got one that wasn't of any consequence. And then up speaks the clerk of the works, and tells how *he* saved the right head, and so Mr. Buckland must have got a wrong one. Well, it was all settled satisfactorily at last, because the clerk of the works *proved* his head. And then I believe they got that head from the stranger—so now we've got three. But it shows you what regiments of people you are walking over—been collecting here for twelve hundred years,—in some places no doubt the bones are fairly matted together.

"And here are some unfortunates. Under this place lies Annie, Queen of Richard III and daughter of the King-maker, the great Earl of Warwick—murdered she was—poisoned by her husband. And here is a slab which you see has once had the figure of a man in armor on it in brass or copper, let into the stone. You can see the shape of it—but it is all worn away now, by people's feet—the man has been dead five hundred years that lies under it. He was a Knight in Richard II's time. His enemies pressed him close and he fled and took sanctuary here in the Abbey. Generally a man was safe when he took sanctuary in those days, but this man was not. The Captain of the Tower and a band of men pursued him and his friends, and they had a bloody fight here on this floor; but this poor fellow did not stand much of a chance, and they butchered him right before the altar."

We wandered over to another part of the Abbey, and came to a place where the

pavement was being repaired. Every paving stone has an inscription on it and covers a grave. Mr. W—— continued:

"Now you are standing on William Pitt's grave—you can read the name, though it is a good deal worn—and you, sir, are standing on the grave of Charles James Fox. I found a very good place here the other day—nobody suspected it—been curiously overlooked somehow—but it is a very nice place indeed, and very comfortable" (holding his bull's-eye to the pavement and searching around)—"Ah, here it is—this is the stone—nothing under here—nothing at all—a very nice place indeed—very comfortable."

Mr. W—— spoke in a professional way, of course, and after the manner of a man who takes an interest in his business, and is gratified at any piece of good luck that fortune favors him with; and yet with all that silence and gloom and solemnity around us, there was something about his idea of a nice comfortable place that made the cold chills creep up my back. Presently we began to come upon little chamber-like chapels, with solemn figures ranged around the sides, lying apparently asleep, in sumptuous marble alcoves, with their hands placed together above their breasts—the figures and all their surroundings black with age. Some were dukes and earls, some were kings and queens, some were ancient abbots, whose effigies had lain there so many centuries and suffered such disfigurement that their faces were almost as smooth and as featureless as the stony pillows their heads reposed upon. At one time, while I stood looking at a distant part of the pavement, admiring the delicate tracery which the now flooding moonlight was casting upon it through a lofty window, the party moved on and I lost them. The first step I made in the dark, holding my hands before me, as one does under such circumstances, I touched a cold object, and stopped to feel its shape. I made out a thumb, and then delicate fingers. It was the clasped, appealing hands of one of those reposing images—a lady, a queen. I touched the face—by accident, not design—and shuddered inwardly, if not outwardly; and then something rubbed

against my leg, and I shuddered outwardly and inwardly both. It was the cat. The friendly creature meant well, but as the English say, she gave me "such a turn." I took her in my arms for company and wandered among the grim sleepers till I caught the glimmer of the lantern again, and then put her down. Presently, in a little chapel, we were looking at the sarcophagus, let into the wall, which contains the bones of the infant princes who were smothered in the Tower. Behind us was the stately monument of Queen Elizabeth, with her effigy dressed in the royal robes, lying as if at rest. When we turned around, the cat, with stupendous simplicity, was coiled up and sound asleep upon the feet of the Great Queen! Truly this was reaching far toward the millennium, when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. The murderer of Mary and Essex, the conqueror of the Armada, the imperious ruler of a turbulent empire, become a couch, at last, for a tired kitten! It was the most eloquent sermon upon the vanity of human pride and human grandeur that inspired Westminster preached to us that night.

We would have turned puss out of the Abbey, but for the fact that her small body made light of railed gates, and she would have come straight back again. We walked up a flight of half a dozen steps, and stopping upon a pavement laid down in twelve hundred and sixty, stood in the core of English history, as it were—upon the holiest ground in the British Empire, if profusion of kingly bones and kingly names of old renown make holy ground. For here in this little space were the ashes, the monuments and the gilded effigies of ten of the most illustrious personages who have worn crowns and borne scepters in this realm. This royal dust was the slow accumulation of four hundred years. The latest comer entered into his rest four hundred years ago, and since the earliest was sepulchred, more than eight centuries have drifted by. Edward the Confessor, Henry the Fifth, Edward the First, Edward the Third, Richard the Second, Henry the Third, the queens Eleanor and Philippa—it was like bringing the colossal myths

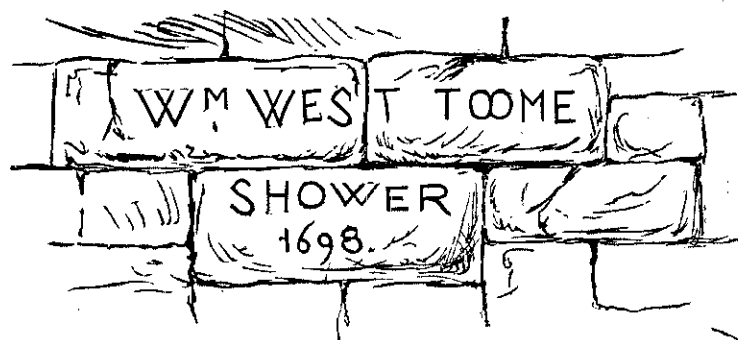
of history out of the forgotten ages and speaking to them face to face. The gilded effigies were scarcely marred—the faces were comely and majestic; old Edward the First looked the King—one had no impulse to be familiar with him. While we were contemplating the figure of Queen Eleanor lying in state, and calling to mind how like an ordinary human being the great King mourned for her six hundred years ago, we saw the vast illuminated clock-face of Parliament-House tower glowering at us through a window of the Abbey and pointing with both hands to midnight. It was a derisive reminder that we were a part of this present sordid, plodding, commonplace time, and not august relics of a by-gone age and the comrades of kings—and then the booming of the great bell tolled twelve, and with the last stroke the mocking clock-face vanished in sudden darkness and left us with the past and its grandeurs again.

We descended, and entered the nave of the noble chapel of Henry VII. Mr. W—— said:

"Here is where the order of knighthood was conferred for centuries; the candidates sat in these seats; these brasses bear their coats of arms; these are their banners over head; torn and dusty, poor old things, for they have hung there many and many a long year. In the floor you see inscriptions—kings and queens that lie in the vault below. When this vault was opened in our time they found them lying there in beautiful order—all quiet and comfortable—the red velvet on the coffins hardly faded any. And the bodies were sound—I saw them myself. They were embalmed, and looked natural, although they had been there such an awful time. One of them, though, was in bad condition—he burst open and fell out on the floor—just a mess of stuff that looked like pitch, as you may say. Now in this place here, which is called the Chantry, is a curious old group of statuary—the figures are mourning over George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was assassinated by Felton in Charles I's time. Yonder, Cromwell and his family used to lie. Now we come to the south aisle, and this is the grand monument to Mary, Queen of Scots,

and her effigy—you easily see they get all the portraits from this effigy. Here in the

wall of the aisle is a bit of a curiosity pretty roughly carved:



"'William West, tomb-shower, 1698.' That fellow carved his name around in several places in the Abbey."

This was a sort of revelation to me. I had been wandering through the Abbey never imagining but that its shows were created only for us—the people of the nineteenth century. But here is a man (become a show himself, now, and a curiosity,) to whom all these things were sights and wonders a hundred and seventy-five years ago. When curious idlers from the country and from foreign lands came here to look, he showed them old Sebert's tomb, and those of the other old worthies I have been speaking of, and called them ancient and venerable; and he showed them Charles II's tomb as the newest and latest thing he had; and he was doubtless present at the funeral. Three hundred years before his time some ancestor of his, perchance, used to point out the ancient marvels in the immemorial way and then say, "This, gentlemen, is the tomb of his late Majesty Edward the Third—and I wish I could see him alive and hearty again, as I saw him twenty years ago; yonder is the tomb of Sebert the Saxon King—he has been lying there well on to eight hundred years, they say." And three hundred years before *this* party, Westminster was still a show, and Edward the Confessor's grave was a novelty of some thirty years'

standing—but old "Sebert" was hoary and ancient still, and people who spoke of Alfred the Great as a comparatively recent man, pondered over Sebert's grave and tried to take in all the tremendous meaning of it when the "toome-shower" said, "This man has lain here well nigh five hundred years." It does seem as if all the generations that have lived and died since the world was created, have visited Westminster to stare and wonder—and still found ancient things there. And some day a curiously clad company may arrive here in a balloon-ship from some remote corner of the globe, and as they follow the verger among the monuments they may hear him say: "This is the tomb of Victoria the Good Queen; battered and uncouth as it looks, it once was a wonder of magnificence—but twelve hundred years work a deal of damage to these things!"

As we turned toward the door, the moonlight was beaming in at the windows; and it gave to the sacred place such an air of restfulness and peace, that Westminster was no longer a grisly museum of mouldering vanities, but her better and worthier self—the deathless mentor of a great nation, the guide and encourager of right ambitions, the preserver of fame, and the home and refuge for the nation's best and bravest when their work is done.



THE NOTORIOUS JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS* COUNTY.

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked him of his infamous *Fim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp

of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up, and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W. Smiley*—*Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he

* Pronounced Cal-e-va-ras.

never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

There was a feller here once by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of '49—or may be it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first come to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way just so's he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to—to wher-ever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would follow that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on

the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to him—he'd bet on *any* thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Providence she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll resk two-and-a-half she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and *always* fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you'd think he warn't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steam-boat, and his teeth would uncover and shine wicked, you hear *me*. And a dog might tackle him, and bullyrag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time,

till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that

he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor agin as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come acrost him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—its only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amateur, as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prised his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—*git!*" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started

away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—so—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says, "Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond Jim Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he button-holed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and —"

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.



[From the Author's Unpublished English Notes.]

ROGERS.

This man Rogers happened upon me and introduced himself at the town of — in the south of England, where I staid awhile. His stepfather had married a distant relative of mine who was afterwards hanged, and so he seemed to think a blood relationship existed between us. He came in every day and sat down and talked. Of all the bland, serene human curiosities I ever saw, I think he was the chiefest. He desired to look at my new chimney-pot hat. I was very willing, for I thought he would notice the name of the great Oxford street hatter in it and respect me accordingly. But he turned it about with a sort of grave compassion, pointed

out two or three blemishes, and said that I, being so recently arrived, could not be expected to know where to supply myself. Said he would send me the address of his hatter. Then he said, "Pardon me," and proceeded to cut a neat circle of red tissue paper; daintily notched the edges of it; took the mucilage and pasted it in my hat so as to cover the manufacturer's name. He said, "No one will know now where you got it. I will send you a hat-tip of my hatter and you can paste it over this tissue circle." It was the calmest, coolest thing—I never admired a man so much in my life. Mind, he did this while his own hat sat offensively near our noses, on the table—an ancient

extinguisher of the "slouch" pattern, limp and shapeless with age, discolored by vicissitudes of the weather, and banded by an equator of bear's grease that had stewed through.

Another time he examined my coat. I had no terrors, for over my tailor's door was the legend, "By Special Appointment Tailor to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, &c." I did not know at the time that the most of the tailor shops had the same sign out, and that whereas it takes nine tailors to make an ordinary man, it takes a hundred and fifty to make a prince. He was full of compassion for my coat. Wrote down the address of his tailor for me. Did not tell me to mention my *nom de plume* and the tailor would put his best work on my garment, as complimentary people sometimes do, but said his tailor would hardly trouble himself for an unknown person (unknown person when I thought I was so celebrated in England!—that was the cruelest cut) but cautioned me to mention *his* name, and it would be all right. Thinking to be facetious, I said, "But he might sit up all night and injure his health."

"Well, *let* him," said Rogers; "I've done enough for him for him to show some appreciation of it."

I might just as well have tried to disconcert a mummy with my facetiousness. Said Rogers,

"I get all my coats there—they're the only coats fit to be seen in."

I made one more attempt. I said, "I wish you had brought one with you—I would like to look at it."

"Bless your heart, haven't I got one on?—*this* article is Morgan's make."

I examined it. The coat had been bought ready-made, of a Chatham street Jew, without any question—about 1848. It probably cost four dollars when it was new. It was ripped, it was frayed, it was napless and greasy. I could not resist showing him where it was ripped. It so affected him that I was almost sorry I had done it. First he seemed plunged into a bottomless abyss of grief. Then he roused himself, made a feint with his hands as if waving off the pity of a nation, and

said—with what seemed to me a manufactured emotion—"No matter; no matter; don't mind me; do not bother about it. I can get another."

I prayed heaven he would *not* get another, like that.

When he was thoroughly restored, so that he could examine the rip and command his feelings, he said,—ah, *now* he understood it—his servant must have done it while dressing him that morning.

His servant! There was something awe-inspiring in effrontery like this.

Nearly every day he interested himself in some article of my clothing. One would hardly have expected this sort of infatuation in a man who always wore the same suit, and it a suit that seemed coeval with the Conquest.

It was an unworthy ambition, perhaps, but I *did* wish I could make this man admire *something* about me or something I did—you would have felt the same way. I saw my opportunity: I was about to return to London, and had "listed" my soiled linen for the wash. It made quite an imposing mountain in the corner of the room—fifty-four pieces. I hoped he would fancy it was the accumulation of a single week. I took up the wash-list, as if to see that it was all right, and then tossed it on the table, with pretended forgetfulness. Sure enough, he took it up and ran his eye along down to the grand total. Then he said, "You get off easy," and laid it down again.

His gloves were the saddest ruin—but he told me where I could get some like them. His shoes would hardly hold walnuts without leaking, but he liked to put his feet up on the mantel piece and contemplate them. He wore a dim glass breastpin, which he called a "morphylitic diamond"—whatever that may mean—and said only two of them had ever been found—the Emperor of China had the other one.

Afterward in London, it was a pleasure to me to see this fantastic vagabond come marching into the lobby of the hotel in his grand-ducal way, for he always had some new imaginary grandeur to develop—there was nothing stale about him but his clothes. If he addressed me when

strangers were about, he always raised his voice a little and called me "Sir Richard" or "General," or "Your Lordship"—and when people began to stare and look deferential, he would fall to inquiring in a casual way why I disappointed the Duke of Argyll the night before; and then remind me of our engagement at the Marquis of Westminster's for the following day. I think that for the time being these things were realities to him. He once came and invited me to go with him and spend the evening with the Earl of Warwick at his town house. I said I had received no formal invitation. He said that was of no consequence—the Earl had no formalities for him or his friends. I asked if I might go just as I was. He said no, that would hardly do—evening dress was requisite at night in any gentleman's house. He said he would wait while I dressed and then we would go to his apartments and I could take a bottle of champagne and a cigar while he dressed. I was very willing to see how this enterprise would turn out, so I dressed, and we started to his lodgings. He said if I didn't mind we would walk. So we tramped some four miles through the mud and fog, and finally found his "apartments," and they consisted of a single room over a barber's shop in a back street. Two chairs, a small table, an ancient valise, a wash-basin and pitcher (both on the floor in a corner) an unmade bed, a fragment of a looking-glass, and a flower-pot with a perishing little rose geranium in it (which he called a century plant, and said it had not bloomed now for upwards of two centuries—given to him by the late Lord Palmerston—been offered a prodigious sum for it)—these were the contents of the room. Also a brass candlestick and part of a candle. Rogers lit the candle, and told me to sit down and make myself at home. He said he hoped I was thirsty, because he would surprise my palate with an article of champagne that seldom got into a commoner's system—or would I prefer sherry, or port? Said he had port in bottles that were swathed in stratified cobwebs, every stratum representing a generation. And as for his cigars—well, I should judge of them myself.

Then he put his head out at the door and called—

"Sackville!" No answer.

"Hi!—Sackville!" No answer.

"Now what the devil can have become of that butler? I *never* allow a servant to—Oh, confound that idiot, he's got the *keys*. Can't get into the other rooms without the keys."

(I was just wondering at his intrepidity in still keeping up the delusion of the champagne, and trying to imagine how he was going to get out of the difficulty.)

Now he stopped calling Sackville and began to call "Anglesy." But Anglesy didn't come. He said "This is the *second* time that equerry has been absent without leave. To-morrow I'll discharge him."

Now he began to whoop for "Thomas," but Thomas didn't answer. Then for "Theodore," but no Theodore replied.

"Well, I give it up," said Rogers. "The servants never expect me at this hour, and so they're all off on a lark. Might get along without the equerry and the page, but can't have any wine or cigars without the butler, and can't dress without my valet."

I offered to help him dress, but he would not hear of it—and besides, he said he would not feel comfortable unless dressed by a practised hand. However, he finally concluded that he was such old friends with the Earl that it would not make any difference how he was dressed. So we took a cab, he gave the driver some directions and we started. By-and-by we stopped before a large house and got out. I never had seen this man with a collar on. He now stepped under a lamp and got a venerable paper collar out of his coat pocket, along with a hoary cravat, and put them on. He ascended the stoop, rang and entered the door. Presently he re-appeared, descended rapidly, and said,

"Come—quick!"

We hurried away, and turned the corner.

"Now we're safe," he said—and took off his collar and cravat and returned them to his pocket.

"Made a mighty narrow escape," said he.

"How?" said I.

"B' George, the Countess was there!"

"Well, what of that—don't she know you?"

"Know me? Absolutely worships me. I just did happen to catch a glimpse of her before she saw me—and out I shot. Haven't seen her for two months—to rush in on her without any warning might have been fatal. She could *not* have stood it. I didn't know *she* was in town—thought she was at the castle. Let me lean on you—just a moment—there, now I am better—thank you; thank you ever so much. Lord bless me, what an escape!"



BREAKING IT GENTLY.

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

Then he said, "Does the widder Bagley live here?"

So I never got to call on the Earl, after all. But I marked his house for future reference. It proved to be an ordinary family hotel, with about a thousand plebeians roosting in it.

In most things Rogers was by no means a fool. In some things it was plain enough that he was a fool, but he certainly did not know it. He was in the "deadest" earnest in these matters. He died at sea, last summer, as the "Earl of Ramsgate."

"The widow Bagley? No, sir!"

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

"Yes, Judge Bagley lives here."

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

"No, not at present."

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



BACK FROM "YURRUP."

Have you ever seen a family of geese just back from Europe—or Yurup, as they pronounce it? They never talk to you, of course, being strangers, but they talk to each other and at you till you are pretty nearly distracted with their clatter; till you are sick of their ocean experiences; their mispronounced foreign names; their dukes and emperors; their trivial adventures; their pointless reminiscences; till you are sick of their imbecile faces and their relentless clack, and wish it had pleased Providence to leave the clapper out of their empty skulls.

I traveled with such a family one eternal day, from New York to Boston, last week.

They had spent just a year in "Yurup," and were returning home to Boston. Papa said little, and looked bored—he had simply been down to New York to receive and cart home his cargo of traveled imbecility. Sister Angeline, aged 23, sister Augusta, aged 25, and brother Charles, aged 33, did the conversational drivel, and mamma purred and admired, and threw in some help when occasion offered, in the way of remembering some French barber's—I should say some French count's—name, when they pretended to have forgotten it. They occupied the choice seats in the parlor of the drawing-room car, and for twelve hours I

sat opposite to them—was their *vis-a-vis*, as they would have said in their charming French way.

Augusta.—“Plague that nahsty (nasty) steamer! I’ve the headache yet, she rolled so the fifth day out.”

Angeline.—“And well you may. I never saw such a nahsty old tub. I never want to go in the *Ville de Paris* again. Why didn’t we go over to London and come in the *Scotia*?”

Augusta.—“Because we were fools.”

[Endorsed that sentiment.]

Angeline.—“Gustie, what made Count Nixkumarouse drive off looking so blue, that last Thursday in Païry? (Paris she meant.) Ah, own up, now!” (tapping her arm so roguishly with her ivory fan.)

Augusta.—“Now, Angie, how you talk! I told the nahsty creature I would not receive his attentions any longer. And the old duke his father kept boring me about him and his two million francs a year till I sent him off with a flea in his ear.”

Chorus.—“Ke-he-he! Ha-ha-ha!”

Charles.—[Pulling a small silken cloak to pieces.] “Angie, where’d you get this cheap thing?”

Angeline.—“You Cholly, let that alone! Cheap! Well, how could I help it? There we were, tied up in Switzerland—just down from Mon Blong (Mont Blanc, doubtless)—couldn’t buy anything in those nahsty shops so far away from Païry. I had to put up with that slimpsy forty-dollar rag—but bless you, I couldn’t go naked!”

Chorus.—“Ke-he-he!”

Augusta.—“Guess who I was thinking of? Those ignorant persons we saw first in Rome and afterwards in Venice—those —”

Angeline.—“Oh, ha-ha-ha! He-he-he! It was so funny! Papa, one of them called the Santa della Spiggiola the Santa della Spizzola! Ha-ha-ha! And she thought it was Canova that did Michael Angelo’s Moses! Only think of it! Canova a sculptor and Moses a picture! I thought I should die! I guess I let them see by the way I laughed, that they’d made fools of themselves, because they blushed and sneaked off.”

[Papa laughed faintly, but not with the easy grace of a man who was certain he knew what he was laughing about.]

Augusta.—“Why Cholly! Where did you get those nahsty Beaumarchais gloves? Well, I wouldn’t, if I were you!”

Mamma.—[With uplifted hands.] “Beaumarchais, my son!”

Angeline.—“Beaumarchais! Why how can you! Nobody in Païry wears those nahsty things but the commonest people.”

Charles.—“They are a rum lot, but then Tom Blennerhasset gave ’em to me—he wanted to do something or other to curry favor, I s’pose.”

Angeline.—“Tom Blennerhasset!”

Augusta.—“Tom Blennerhasset!”

Mamma.—“Tom Blennerhasset! And have you been associating with him?”

Papa.—[Suddenly interested.] “Heavens, what has the son of an honored and honorable old friend been doing?”

Chorus.—“Doing! Why his father has endorsed himself bankrupt for friends—that’s what’s the matter!”

Angeline.—“Oh, mon Dieu, j’ai faim! Avez-vous quelque chose de bon, en votre poche, mon cher frere? Excuse me for speaking French, for, to tell the truth, I haven’t spoken English for so long that it comes dreadful awkward. Wish we were back in Yurup—c’est votre desire aussi, n’est-ce pas, mes cheres?”

And from that moment they lapsed into barbarous French and kept it up for an hour—hesitating, gasping for words, stumbling head over heels through adverbs and participles, floundering among adjectives, working miracles of villainous pronunciation—and neither one of them by any chance ever understanding what another was driving at.

By that time some new comers had entered the car, and so they lapsed into English again and fell to holding everything American up to scorn and contumely in order that they might thus let those newcomers know they were just home from “Yurup.” To use their pet and best beloved phrase, they were a “nahsty” family of American snobs, and there ought to be a law against allowing such to go to Europe and misrepresent the nation. It

will take these insects five years, without doubt, to get done turning up their noses at everything American, and making dam-

aging comparisons between their own country and “Yurup.” Let us pity their waiting friends in Boston in their affliction.



THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF THE GREAT BEEF CONTRACT.

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

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

John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, to furnish General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef.

Very well.

He started after Sherman with the beef, but when he got to Washington, Sherman had gone to Manassas; so he took the beef and followed him there, but arrived too late; he followed him to Nashville, and from Nashville to Chattanooga, and from Chattanooga to Atlanta—but he never could overtake him. At Atlanta he took a fresh start and followed him clear through his march to the sea. He arrived too late again by a few days; but hearing that Sherman was going out in the *Quaker*

City excursion to the Holy Land, he took shipping for Beirut, calculating to head off the other vessel. When he arrived in Jerusalem with his beef, he learned that Sherman had not sailed in the *Quaker City*, but had gone to the Plains to fight the Indians. He returned to America, and started for the Rocky Mountains. After sixty-eight days of arduous travel on the Plains, and when he had got within four miles of Sherman’s head-quarters, he was tomahawked and scalped, and the Indians got the beef. They got all of it but one barrel. Sherman’s army captured that, and so, even in death, the bold navigator partly fulfilled his contract. In his will, which he had kept like a journal, he bequeathed the contract to his son Bartholomew W. Bartholomew W. made out the following bill, and then died:—

THE UNITED STATES

In account with JOHN WILSON MAC-	
KENZIE, of New Jersey, deceased, . . . Dr.	
To thirty barrels of beef for General	
Sherman at \$100,	\$3,000
To traveling expenses and transportation, . . .	14,000
Total	\$17,000
Rec’d Pay’t	

He died then; but he left the contract to Wm. J. Martin, who tried to collect it, but died before he got through. He left it to Barker J. Allen, and he tried to collect it

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

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

He said, "Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

I said, "Sire, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

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

He said, "Well, sir?"

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

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

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

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

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

I said, "Your Imperial Highness: On or about the 10th day of October—"

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

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

I said, "Your August Excellency: On or about—"

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

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

"But, my dear sir—"

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

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

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

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

I did so. He sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third, and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. This began to look like business. He examined his books and all his loose papers, but found no minute of the beef contract. I went to the Second Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. He examined his books and his loose papers, but with no success. I was encouraged. During that week I got as far as the Sixth Comptroller in that division; the next week I got through the Claims Department; the third week I began and completed the Mislaid Contracts Department, and got a foothold in the Dead Reckoning Department. I finished that in three days. There was only one place left for it now. I laid siege to the Commissioner of Odds and Ends. To his clerk, rather—he was not there himself. There were sixteen beautiful young ladies in the room, writing in books, and there were seven well-favored young clerks showing them how. The young women smiled up over their shoulders, and the clerks smiled back at them, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Two or three clerks that were reading the newspapers looked at me rather hard, but went on reading, and nobody said anything. However, I had been used to this kind of alacrity from Fourth-Assistant-Junior Clerks all through my eventful career, from the very day I entered the first office of the Corn-Beef Bureau clear till I passed out of the last one in the Dead Reckoning Division. I had got so accomplished by this time that I could stand on one foot from

the moment I entered an office till a clerk spoke to me, without changing more than two, or maybe three times.

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

"Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Grand Turk?"

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

"Will he visit the harem to-day?"

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

"Renowned and honored Imbecile: On or about—"

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

He took them, and for a long time he ransacked his odds and ends. Finally he found the North-West Passage, as I regarded it—he found the long-lost record of that beef contract—he found the rock upon which so many of my ancestors had split before they ever got to it. I was deeply moved. And yet I rejoiced—for I had survived. I said with emotion, "Give it to me. The Government will settle now." He waved me back, and said there was something yet to be done first.

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

"Dead."

"When did he die?"

"He didn't die at all—he was killed."

"How?"

"Tomahawked."

"Who tomahawked him?"

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

"No. An Indian, was it?"

"The same."

"Name of the Indian?"

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

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

"I don't know."
 "You were not present, then?"
 "Which you can see by my hair. I was absent."
 "Then how do you know that Mackenzie is dead?"
 "Because he certainly died at that time, and I have every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. I *know* he has, in fact."
 "We must have proofs. Have you got the Indian?"
 "Of course not."
 "Well, you must get him. Have you got the tomahawk?"
 "I never thought of such a thing."
 "You must get the tomahawk. You must produce the Indian and the tomahawk. If Mackenzie's death can be proven by these, you can then go before the commission appointed to audit claims with some show of getting your bill under such headway that your children may possibly live to receive the money and enjoy it. But that man's death *must* be proven. However, I may as well tell you that the Government will never pay that transportation and those traveling expenses of the lamented Mackenzie. It *may* possibly pay for the barrel of beef that Sherman's soldiers captured, if you can get a relief bill through Congress making an appropriation for that purpose; but it will not pay for the twenty-nine barrels the Indians ate."
 "Then there is only a hundred dollars due me, and *that* isn't certain! After all Mackenzie's travels in Europe, Asia, and America with that beef; after all his trials and tribulations and transportation; after



the slaughter of all those innocents that tried to collect that bill! Young man, why didn't the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division tell me this?"

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

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

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

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

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



AURELIA'S UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN.

The facts in the following case came to me by letter from a young lady who lives in the beautiful city of San José; she is perfectly unknown to me, and simply signs herself "Aurelia Maria," which may possibly be a fictitious name. But no matter, the poor girl is almost heart-broken by the misfortunes she has undergone, and so confused by the conflicting counsels of misguided friends and insidious enemies, that she does not know what course to pursue in order to extricate herself from the web of difficulties in which she seems almost hopelessly involved. In this dilemma she turns to me for help, and supplicates for my guidance and instruction with a moving eloquence that would touch the heart of a statue. Hear her sad story:

She says that when she was sixteen years old she met and loved, with all the

devotion of a passionate nature, a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were engaged, with the free consent of their friends and relatives, and for a time it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterized by an immunity from sorrow beyond the usual lot of humanity. But at last the tide of fortune turned; young Caruthers became infected with small-pox of the most virulent type, and when he recovered from his illness his face was pitted like a waffle-mould and his comeliness gone forever. Aurelia thought to break off the engagement at first, but pity for her unfortunate lover caused her to postpone the marriage-day for a season and give him another trial.

The very day before the wedding was to

have taken place, Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well and fractured one of his legs, and was to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurelia was moved to break the engagement, but again love triumphed, and she set the day forward and gave him another chance to reform.

And again misfortune overtook the poor youth. He lost one arm by the premature discharge of a Fourth-of-July cannon, and within three months he got the other pulled out by a carding-machine. Aurelia's heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not but be grieved to see her lover passing from her by piecemeal, feeling, as she did, that he could not last for ever under this disastrous process of reduction, yet knowing of no way to stop its dreadful career; and in her tearful despair she almost regretted, like brokers who hold on and lose, that she had not taken him at first, before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still, her brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friend's unnatural disposition yet a little longer.

Again the wedding-day approached, and again disappointment overshadowed it: Caruthers fell ill with the erysipelas, and lost the use of one of his eyes entirely. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could reasonably be expected of her, now came forward and insisted that the match should be broken off; but after wavering awhile, Aurelia, with a generous spirit which did her credit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter, and could not discover that Breckinridge was to blame.

So she extended the time once more, and he broke his other leg.

It was a sad day for the poor girl when she saw the surgeons reverently bearing away the sack whose uses she had learned by previous experience, and her heart told her the bitter truth that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections was growing more and more circumscribed every day, but once more she frowned down her relatives and renewed her betrothal.

Shortly before the time set for the nuptials, another disaster occurred. There was but one man scalped by the Owens River Indians last year. That man was Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, of New Jersey. He was hurrying home with happiness in his heart, when he lost his hair for ever, and in that hour of bitterness he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurelia is in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She still loves her Breckinridge, she writes, with truly womanly feeling—she still loves what is left of him—but her parents are bitterly opposed to the match, because he has no property and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. "Now, what should she do?" she asks with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question; it is one which involves the lifelong happiness of a woman and that of nearly two-thirds of a man, and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion in the case. How would it do to build to him? If Aurelia can afford the expense, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and wooden legs, and a glass eye and a wig, and give him another show; give him ninety days, without grace, and if he does not break his neck in the meantime, marry him and take the chances. It does not seem to me that there is much risk, any way, Aurelia, because if he sticks to his singular propensity for damaging himself every time he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him, and then you are safe, married or single. If married, the wooden legs and such other valuables as he may possess revert to the widow, and you see you sustain no actual loss save the cherished fragment of a noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right but whose extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Maria. I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers if he had started with his neck and broken that first;

but since he has seen fit to choose a different policy and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upbraid him for it if he has enjoyed it.

We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try not to feel exasperated at him.



THE WIDOW'S PROTEST.

One of the saddest things that ever came under my notice (said the banker's clerk) was there in Corning, during the war. Dan Murphy enlisted as a private, and fought very bravely. The boys all liked him, and when a wound by-and-by weakened him down till carrying a musket was too heavy work for him, they clubbed together and fixed him up as a sutler. He made money then, and sent it always to his wife to bank for him. She was a washer and ironer, and knew enough by hard experience to keep money when she got it. She didn't waste a penny. On the contrary, she began to get miserly as her bank account grew. She grieved to part with a cent, poor creature, for twice in her hard-working life she had known what it was to be hungry, cold, friendless, sick, and without a dollar in the world, and she had a haunting dread of suffering so again. Well, at last Dan

died; and the boys, in testimony of their esteem and respect for him, telegraphed to Mrs. Murphy to know if she would like to have him embalmed and sent home; when you know the usual custom was to dump a poor devil like him into a shallow hole, and then inform his friends what had become of him. Mrs. Murphy jumped to the conclusion that it would only cost two or three dollars to embalm her dead husband, and so she telegraphed "Yes." It was at the "wake" that the bill for embalming arrived and was presented to the widow.

She uttered a wild sad wail that pierced every heart, and said, "Sivinty-foive dollars for stooffin' Dan, blister their sows! Did thim devils suppose I was goin' to start a Museim, that I'd be dalin' in such expin-sive curiassities!"

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

MAP OF PARIS.

To the Reader.

The accompanying map explains itself.

The idea of this map is not original with me, but is borrowed from the great metropolitan journals.

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

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

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

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

I never had so much trouble with anything in my life as I had with this map. I had heaps of little fortifications scattered all around Paris at first, but every now and then my instructions would slip and

fetch away whole miles of batteries, and leave the vicinity as clean as if the Prussians had been there.

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

MARK TWAIN.

Official Commendations.

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

U. S. GRANT.

It places the situation in an entirely new light.

I cannot look upon it without shedding tears. BRIGHAM YOUNG.

It is very nice large print.

NAPOLEON.

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

J. SMITH.

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

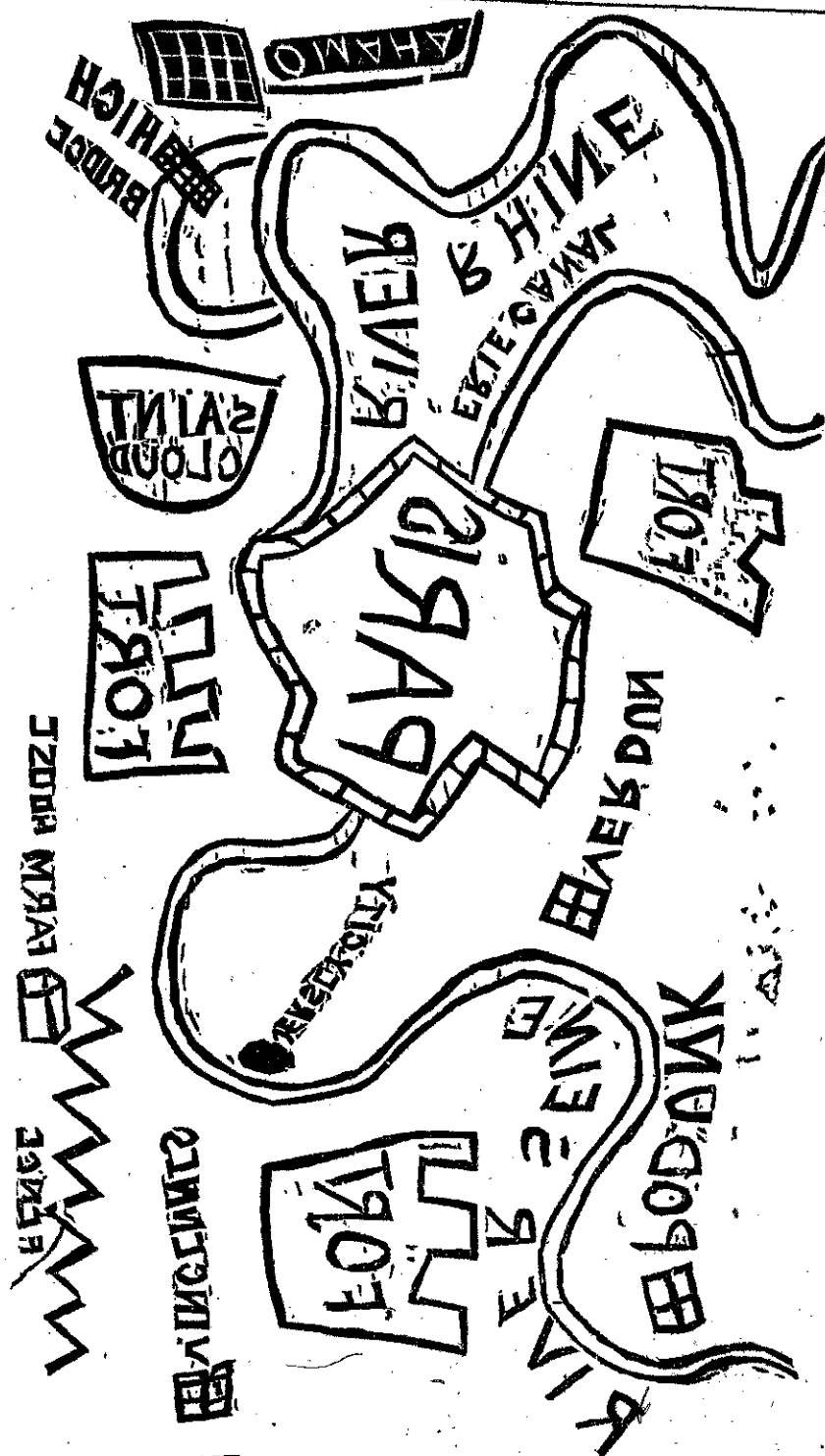
BAZAINE.

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

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

W. T. SHERMAN.

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



[From the Author's Unpublished English Notes.]

PROPERTY IN OPULENT LONDON.

The "City" of London is a mere village, right in the heart of a vast wilderness of houses—like a central square of a chess-board; and as the hordes that inhabit it daily dwell miles away on the outskirts, it has a ridiculously small population in the night compared to what it has in the day time—800,000 in the day and 50,000 at night.

Anybody, a mechanic, or anybody else, who rents or owns a house, has a vote—that is to say, a man who pays rates, or taxes—for there is no law here which gives a useless idler the privilege of disposing of public moneys furnished by other people. The "City" has its own police, and its own government. The rest of the metropolis is composed of a great hive of once separate villages which still retain their own names, (as Charing, Holborn, &c.,) but they are welded together into a compact mass of houses now, and no stranger can tell when he passes out of one of these towns and into another.

The estates of the nobility are strictly entailed, and cannot be alienated from the family. The town property which these great landlords own, is leased for long terms—from half a century up to ninety-nine years (in Scotland nine hundred and ninety-nine years.) I was visiting a house in the West End,—the quarter where dwelling house property is the most valuable. My host said he bought the lease of the house he was living in (a three-story brick, with basement,) twenty years ago, for \$7,500, when it had forty-one and a quarter years to run. Every year he has to pay \$150 ground rent. But in these days property has so greatly advanced in value all over London, and especially at the West End, that if this lease were for sale now it would require something like a fortune to buy it—and the ground rent would be placed at about \$1,000 a year instead of the \$150 the present owner will go on paying for the next twenty years. The property belongs to the Duke of Bedford, and when

he reflects upon what that property will have soared to, ten or fifteen years from now, and still paying him only the trifle of \$150 a year, he probably wants to go and dig up his late ancestor and shake him.

This house was one of seventy-five just like it that surround a beautiful square containing two or three acres of ground—ornamental grounds, large old trees, broad, clean-shaven grass-plots, kept scrupulously swept free from twigs, fallen leaves, and all other eye-sores. His grace the Duke owns all those seventy-five houses, and he owns the ornamental square in the midst, also. To each house he leaves a key that will open any of the numerous gates (there is iron railing all around) to the square, and nobody can get in these but the occupants of the seventy-five houses and such persons as they choose to invite. They do a deal of croquet. The seventy-five pay a small sum yearly to keep the square in repair.

It was a pleasant day, and we walked along down the street. Every time we crossed a new street, my host said,

"This property belongs to the Duke of Bedford also—all these stately blocks of buildings—both sides of the street."

By and by we came to another ornamental square,—like the other—and surrounded by large dwellings.

"Who owns this square and these houses?"

"The Duke of Bedford."

We turned and walked about a half-mile in another direction. Still the same. All the way it was, "This all belongs to the Duke of Bedford: this ornamental square is his; all down these radiating streets is his; this is the statue of the late Duke, all the smoky statues we have seen represent Dukes of the line, of former generations. We are all pretty well tired out by this time, else we might go on till we could show you the great Covent Garden Market—one of the sights of London."

"Who owns it?"

"The Duke of Bedford."

"I suspected as much. Does he own the property around it?"

"He does."

"Does he own any in the country?"

"Whole counties."

I took a cab and drove about seventeen miles, or such a matter, to my hotel. No candles in my room—no water—no towels. I said to the landlord, "I have a very serious notion of complaining to the Duke of Bedford about the way you keep this hotel."

He said, "What has he got to do with it?"

I said, "He probably has a good deal to do with it—I suppose he owns it."

"Well, he don't do anything of the kind—I own it myself."

The item was worth something, any way—and so I entered it in my diary:

"London is owned by the Duke of Bedford and a one-horse hotel keeper."

But I found afterward that the Duke of Portland, the Marquis of Westminster and other noblemen, own as largely here as Bedford does. Indeed, Westminster is much the richest peer in England—perhaps the richest man in the world. His income is some \$12,000 a day, counting Sundays. But, what it will be next year or the year after baffles arithmetic—for the old cheap leases and ground rents are constantly running out and the property being let at more than quadruple prices. The Duke of Portland owns the huge piece of ground on which the British Museum stands.

It is no hardship here to own real estate, for the taxes on it are trifling—as it also is on foreign wines and other luxuries which only the well-to-do indulge in. The revenues come from taxes on the manifold things which Tom, Dick and Harry of the great middle and working classes have got to have and cannot do without. That is neither just nor generous.

THE UNDERTAKER'S CHAT.

"Now, that corpse," said the undertaker, patting the folded hands of deceased approvingly, "was a brick—every way you took him he was a brick. He was so real accommodating, and so modest-like and simple in his last moments. Friends wanted metallic burial case—nothing else would do. I couldn't get it. There warn't going to be time—anybody could see that. Corpse said never mind, shake him up some kind of a box he could stretch out in comfortable, *he* warn't particular 'bout the general style of it. Said he went more on room than style, any way, in a last final container. Friends wanted a silver door-plate on the coffin, signifying who he was and wher' he was from. Now *you* know a fellow couldn't roust out such a gaily thing as that in a little country town like this. What did corpse say? Corpse said white-wash his old canoe and dob his address and general destination onto it with a blacking brush and a stencil plate, 'long with a verse from some likely hymn or other, and p'int him for the tomb, and mark him C. O. D., and just let him flicker.

He warn't distressed any more than you be—on the contrary just as ca'm and collected as a hearse-horse; said he judged that wher' he was going to a body would find it considerable better to attract attention by a picturesque moral character than a natty burial case with a swell door-plate on it. Splendid man he was. I'd druther do for a corpse like that 'n any I've tackled in seven year. There's some satisfaction in buryin' a man like that. You feel that what you're doing is appreciated. Lord bless you, so's he got planted before he sp'iled, he was perfectly satisfied; said his relations meant well, perfectly well, but all them preparations was bound to delay the thing more or less, and he didn't wish to be kept layin' around. You never see such a clear head as what he had—and so ca'm and so cool. Just a hunk of brains—that is what *he* was. Perfectly awful. It was a ripping distance from one end of that man's head to t'other. Often and over again he's had brain fever a-raging in one place, and the rest of the pile didn't know anything about it—didn't affect it

any more than an Injun insurrection in Arizona affects the Atlantic States. Well, the relations they wanted a lurid funeral, but corpse said he was down on flummery—didn't want any procession—fill the hearse full of mourners, and get out a stern line and tow *him* behind. He *was* the most down on style of any remains I ever struck. A beautiful simple-minded creature—it was what he was, you can depend on that. He was just set on having things the way he wanted them, and he took a solid comfort in laying his little plans. He had me measure him and take a whole raft of directions; then he had the minister stand up behind a long box with a table-cloth over it, to represent the coffin, and read his funeral sermon, saying 'Angcore, angcore!' at the good places, and making him scratch out every bit of brag about him, and all the hifalutin; and then he made them trot out the choir so's he could help them pick out the tunes for the occasion, and he got them to sing 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' because he'd always liked that tune when he was downhearted, and solemn music made him sad; and when they sung that with tears in their eyes (because they all loved him), and his relations grieving around, he just laid there as happy as a bug, and trying to beat time and showing all over how much he enjoyed it; and presently he got worked up and excited, and tried to join in, for mind you,

he was pretty proud of his abilities in the singing line; but the first time he opened his mouth and was just going to spread himself, his breath took a walk. I never see a man snuffed out so sudden. Ah, it was a great loss—it was a powerful loss to this poor little one-horse town. Well, well, well, I ain't got time to be palavering along here—got to nail on the lid and mosey along with him; and if you'll just give me a lift we'll skeet him into the hearse and meander along. Relations bound to have it so—don't pay no attention to dying injunctions, minute a corpse's gone; but, if I had *my* way, if I didn't respect his last wishes and tow him behind the hearse I'll be cuss'd. I consider that whatever a corpse wants done for his comfort is a little enough matter, and a man ain't got no right to deceive him or take advantage of him; and whatever a corpse trusts me to do I'm agoing to *do*, you know, even if it's to stuff him and paint him yaller and keep him for a keepsake—you hear *me*!"

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

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

"Just about the close of that long, hard winter," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "as I was wending toward my duties one brilliant Sabbath morning, I glanced down toward the levee, and there lay the *City of Hartford* steamer! No mistake about it; there she was, puffing and panting after her long pilgrimage through the ice. A glad sight? Well, I should say so! And then came a pang right away because I, should have to instruct empty benches, sure; the youngsters would all be off welcoming the first steamboat of the season. You can imagine how surprised I was when I opened

the door and saw the benches full. My gratitude was free, large, and sincere. I resolved that they should not find me unappreciative.

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

"*No! but is she though?*"

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



CONCERNING CHAMBERMAIDS.

Against all chambermaids, of whatsoever age or nationality, I launch the curse of bachelorhood! Because:

They always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas-burner, so that while you read and smoke before sleeping (as is the ancient and honored custom of bachelors), you have to hold your book aloft, in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes.

When they find the pillows removed to the other end of the bed in the morning, they receive not the suggestion in a friendly spirit; but glorying in their absolute sovereignty, and un pitying your helplessness, they make the bed just as it was originally, and gloat in secret over the pang their tyranny will cause you.

Always after that, when they find you have transposed the pillows, they undo your work, and thus defy and seek to embitter the life that God has given you.

If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed.

If you pull your trunk out six inches from the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

If you want the cuspidor in a certain spot, where it will be handy, they don't, and so they move it.

They always put your other boots into inaccessible places. They chiefly enjoy depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. It is because this compels you to get down in an undignified

attitude and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the boot-jack, and swear.

They always put the match-box in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put up a bottle, or other perishable glass thing, where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing, groping in the dark, and get yourself into trouble.

They are for ever and ever moving the furniture. When you come in, in the night, you can calculate on finding the bureau where the wardrobe was in the morning. And when you go out in the morning, if you leave the slop-jar by the door and the rocking-chair by the window, when you come in at midnight, or thereabouts, you will fall over that rocking-chair, and you will proceed toward the window and sit down in that slop-tub. This will disgust you. They like that.

No matter where you put anything, they are not going to let it stay there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get. It is their nature. And, besides, it gives them pleasure to be mean and contrary this way. They would die if they couldn't be villains.

They always save up all the old scraps of printed rubbish you throw on the floor, and stack them up carefully on the table, and start the fire with your valuable manu-

scripts. If there is any one particular old scrap that you are more down on than any other, and which you are gradually wearing your life out trying to get rid of, you may take all the pains you possibly can in that direction, but it won't be of any use, because they will always fetch that old scrap back and put it in the same old place again every time. It does them good.

If you leave the key in the door for convenience sake, they will carry it down to the office and give it to the clerk. They do this under the pretence of trying to protect your property from thieves; but actually they do it because they want to make you tramp back down-stairs after it when you come home tired, or put you to the trouble of sending a waiter for it, which waiter will expect you to pay him something. In which case I suppose the profligate creatures divide.

They keep always trying to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting agony upon you; but after you get up, they don't come any more till next day.

They try all the different kinds of cursedness they can think of; and the more kinds they can think of, the more their life is a joy to them.

Chambermaids are dead to every human instinct. They ought to be abolished.

