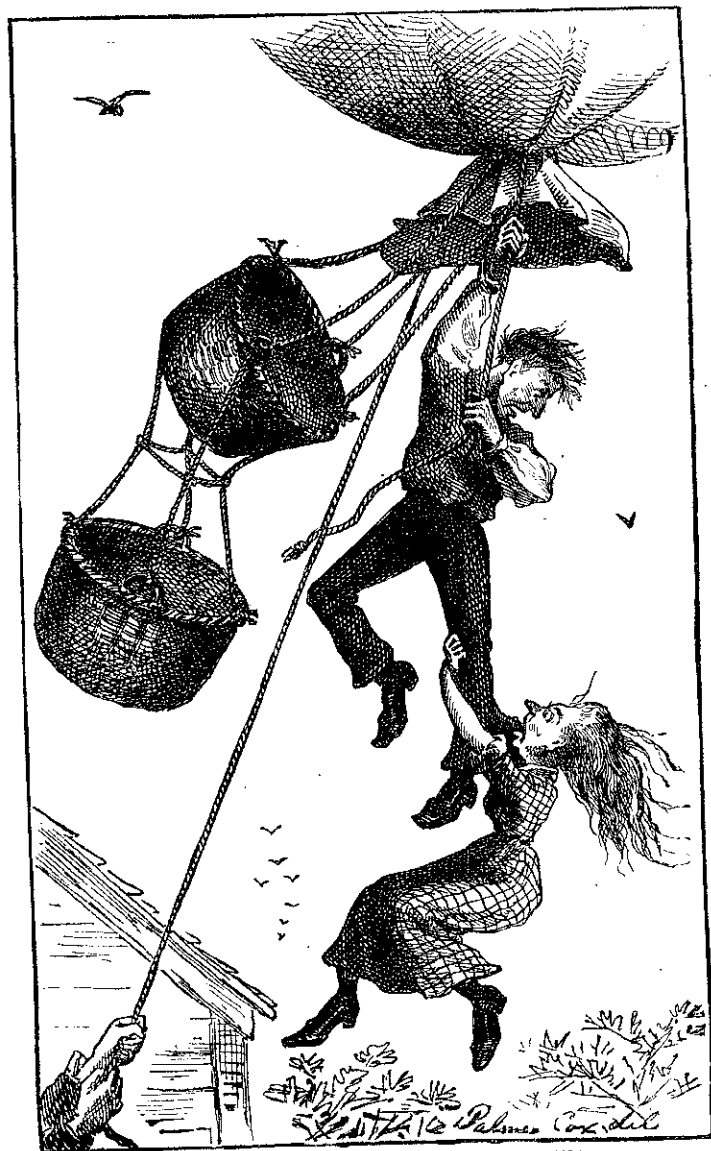


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SAM PATTERSON'S BALLOON. (SEE PAGE 119.)



SQUIBS
OF
CALIFORNIA
OR
EVERY-DAY LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

BY
PALMER COX.
(SU DONIM.)

"Sights outlandish would you see?
Hear things scrumptious? come with me."

Old Volume

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HARTFORD, CONN.:
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To
COLUMBUS WATERHOUSE,
of San Francisco,
A GOOD MAN AND TRUE,
THIS ILLUSTRATED DIARY
IS
INSCRIBED.

PREFATORY.

For launching this Book adrift upon the great sea of letters I have no apology to offer. Having carried the manuscript with me for a year, adding to its pages daily, it has grown too heavy for my pocket and I now saddle the public with the burden.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE TASK.

JANUARY 1ST.

Time's wave another year has drowned,
 And I, poor wight, once more am found
 With sharpened lead and pensive look,
 Bent o'er a blank unsullied book.
 I gaze upon the countless leaves,
 White as the shroud that winter weaves,
 Around pale autumn's clay;
 And muse how scenes the coming year,
 Shall patiently be pictured here,
 Let hap what happen may.

Why do you toil while others sleep?
 Why museful sit in silence deep?
 Why self impose an onerous task
 To last a year? companions ask.
 And this my answer to the query;
 That I may make the moody, cheery—
 That when old age dries up my veins—
 And creaky bones are split with pains—
 When Hope no more my hand inspires,
 And Fancy to her cell retires,
 These pages as they meet my gaze—
 Shall mirror scenes of youthful days.



THE NEW YEAR.

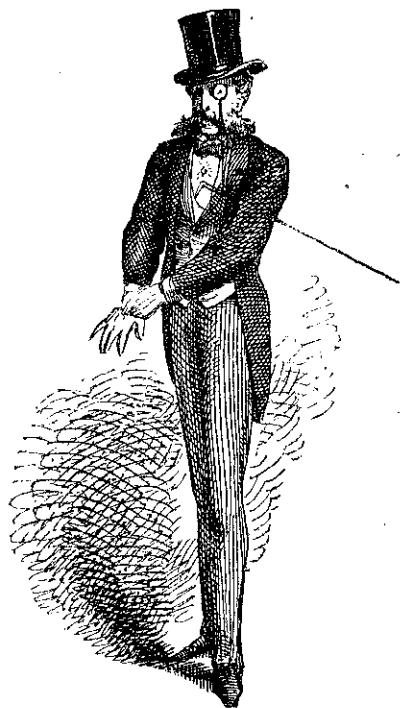
HIGH HO, the New Year is again upon us with its open houses, its "hope you're well's," and its "bye bye's."

Let what will grow dull or rusty, the sweeping scythe of old Time is ever sharp and busy. How tempered must be that blade which nothing can dull or turn aside.

Nôw as I sit by my window and look pensively out upon the streets I see them crowded with callers, all anxious to enlarge the circle of their acquaintances. They ring, scrape, and wait. The door opens and they disappear from my view, but fancy pictures them out as they doubtless appear inside, embarrassed because of a painful dearth of words. The weather, fortunately, is a standing theme of conversation. It will always bear comment, and but for this how many callers—who perhaps can hardly come under the head of acquaintances—would

wish themselves well out upon the street again, even before sampling the customary wine and cake.

But Fashion is King, and when he nods, his satellites and minions must obey or perish. But I, who come not under the awe of his scepter, have few calls to make. With a leaking roof and no bolt to my door I can keep "open house" without going to the



STARTING OUT.

expense of procuring cake or wine, and for this left-handed blessing may the Lord make me truly thankful.

I have been sitting by my window most of the day

watching gentlemen—who were not so fortunate as myself. And I notice with considerable pain—for as reader and writer cannot understand each other too soon I may as well inform you at once that I am a philanthropist—that some of these callers present an aspect in the evening quite different from their festive morning appearance. Here, for instance, is a sketch of an exquisite as he appears when starting to make his numerous calls. Mark what grace is in every movement as he struts the pavement with military precision, adjusting his lavender colored kids as he goes. There is something in the airy set of his stylish new stove-pipe, in the very easy elegance of manner with which he holds the crystal orb over his left optic, that bespeaks the born gentleman. Not to a rise in stocks, he would tell you, or a lucky lottery ticket, that he owes his carriage, but to a line of ancestors which he can trace back, perhaps, to the very loins of William the Conqueror.

Look now upon *this* picture. The unpracticed eye could hardly recognize the gentleman, and yet this is the same sociable, but absent-minded individual, as he appeared in the evening frogging up the steps of the dwelling opposite, to make his third call upon the same family. He is evidently "turned around," poor fellow. Ah, this mixing of liquors will play the deuce with a man and no mistake about it. The young ladies with mouths ajar and dilated eyes, look out upon him through partially closed blinds. But he recks

not of it as he leans backward, pulling and jerking at the bell knob as though he was drawing on a tight



A LITTLE MIXED.

boot. The bell-hanger will doubtless have a job in that house to-morrow. The question naturally arises, will they chalk the gentleman down as a caller each time he favors them with his presence? Now that I think of it they might do so with an easy conscience, for he is certainly not the man he was when he first offered the compliments of the day.

FINDING A WAIF.

JANUARY 4TH.

TO-DAY while roaming around through an old cemetery in which the dead are no longer buried, owing to its close proximity to the city, I came across an old vault, and looking through a crevice by the door, discovered what appeared to be a bundle of clothes. My curiosity was awakened. Hunting around I found a piece of wire, made a hook of it, and fastening it to a pole, fished out the bundle. Wonders on wonders! it proved to be a new born babe, nicely dressed in white muslin, and wrapped carefully in a shawl. The child was dead, however, but had the appearance of having been in the vault but a short time, and of having been alive when deposited there. It had been lowered into the vault with a piece of window curtain cord through an aperture in the top. It was, in all likelihood, a little intruder on some person's happiness, that could well be dispensed with. The discovery of these little

unfortunates is a common occurrence in San Francisco.

We find them in the vacant lots, there are many here about;
And often when we go to fish the fish-hook hauls them out.

This kind of business is beginning to grow monotonous with me. Am I set apart by Providence for the purpose of discovering these superfluous waifs? I can't go hunting, fishing, or even musing over the sand hills, but I return to town car-



FINDING WITHOUT SEEKING.

rying a dead infant by the heels, while a rabble of inquisitive children clatters in my wake.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

JANUARY 5TH.

I AM not the oldest inhabitant, and don't know what sort of storms they used to have here before the flood; but I'll wager a corner lot against Emperor Norton's nodding plumes, that San Francisco has not snoozed through a rougher night for the last twenty years than the one just past.

It would have been a glorious night for a revivalist to spread himself. Converts would have crowded in like grists to a mill after harvest. I have not felt so much like praying since the last great earthquake as I did about twelve o'clock last night. I arose from bed, and went to rummaging books, trying to find the description of a storm that would equal ours. I found the tempest that Tam O'Shanter faced the night he discovered the witches, and the one in which King Lear was cavorting around, bare-headed, and that which made Cæsar take an account of stock and turn to interpreting dreams, and jumbled them all together;

but the product was unequal to the fury that was raging without. There was no more similarity than a baby's rattle bears to a Chinese gong.

Then I fished out the storm that howled while Macbeth was murdering Duncan, and chucked it in with



A ROUSING EVENT.

the others. This addition made things about even. The "lamentations heard i' the air" of Macbeth's

tempest, were a fair precedent of the clamorous uproar from the fire bell in the City Hall tower. Only an earthquake was lacking to enable us to say "the earth was feverous, and did shake," or boast a night outvieing four of the roughest on record, all woven into one.

It had one good effect, however,—one for which poison and boot-jacks have been tried in vain: it dried up the dogs and cats pretty quick. Their midnight carousals were as rare as they were in Paris just before the capitulation. Quarrelsome curs postponed the settlement of their little differences, and defiant barks, until such times as they would be able to discover themselves whether they barked or yawned, and cats sought other places besides a fellow's window-sill to chant their amatory tales of love.

I know the rain is refreshing, the wind purifying, the lightning grand, and the thunder awe-awakening; but as the poor land-lubber advised, when he was clinging to the spar of the wrecked vessel, "Praise the sea, but keep on land," so I say to those people who want to cock their willing ears like a war horse to catch the sublime rumble of Heaven's artillery, or sit by their window and blink at the blazing sky, like a bedazzled owl at a calcium light; but I know *one* individual who could have got along quite as well if there had raged no war of the elements. He would have slept soundly and never known how much he lost.



SCENES ON THE SIDEWALK.

JANUARY 6TH.

I sit at my window to view the odd sights,
And whatever to study or action invites
Upon the white paper before me I spread,
By aid of my constant companion the Lead.
A lady of Fashion sails by like a queen,

DOWN HILL.

29

With ruffles and lace, and her *satin de chine*.
Her shimmering train as it now sweeps the street,
Is playing the deuce with a gentleman's feet.
It is painfully plain an apology's due ;
But which should apologize first of the two ?
And next, an old man full of years shuffles by,
His nose to the dust, and his back to the sky,



WHAT WE HOPE TO BE.

The few snowy hairs that still cling to his head,
Far down o'er his collar untidily spread.
And who now would think that the feeble dry hand
That hardly can free the rude cane from the sand,
Once swung a long saber, that cut its way through
The cuirassiers' helmets at famed Waterloo ?
Old Time warps the figure firm knitted and square,

He sharpens the feature, he blanches the hair,
 And bows the proud head, be it ever so high ;
 This much hath he done, for the man passing by.
 Away, to the fields of the diamond and ruby,
 The miner sets out like a consummate booby ;
 What loads the poor devil proposes to pack :
 His rifle, his shovel, his grub, and his sack ;



A MINER WHO WILL SOON BE MINUS.

His rifle to guard against numerous ills,
 His shovel to shovel his way to the hills,
 The long leather sack, that he bears in his hand,
 To hold the bright gems he may pick from the sand ;

In fancy I see him ascend the steep hill,
 Or traverse the plain with his sack empty still ;
 While down on his head ever scorching-hot rays
 Descend from the unclouded sun like a blaze,—
 Too far from his friends, and too nigh to his foes,
 Who welcome the stranger with arrows and bows,
 And rifles, and war-clubs, and hatchets of stone,
 And weapons for scalping, and lances of bone
 Trudge on to your treasure (?) poor dupe of the knave
 And prey of the savage—pass on to your grave.
 Now stepping as one see the new married pair
 Emerge from the church. What a contrast is there !
 Come haste to the window and gaze out with me—

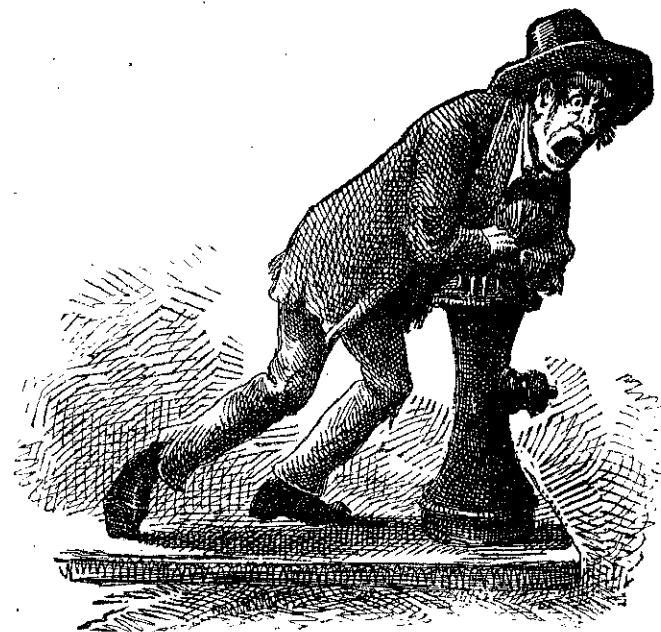


HOLY WEDLOCK.

Ere they enter their carriage the pair you may see,
 Oh, May and December ! extremes of the year,

When linked thus together, how odd they appear;
 The bride in her teens, with a mind as unstable
 As ladders of fame, or a medium's table;
 With a riotous pulse, and her blood all aglow
 With the fervor of passion, of pleasure, and show.
 The bridegroom is pussy, rheumatic and old,
 His teeth are in rubber, his blood thin and cold;
 His nose tells a tale of inordinate drams,
 The gout has laid hold of his kidney-shaped yams;
 The hairs on his cranium scattering stand,
 Like nourishing blades on a desert of sand.
 I muse as I gaze on their arms softly twined,
 How soon some young maidens can alter their mind.
 'Tis scarcely three weeks since I heard her declare,
 When speaking of him, who now walks by her there,
 In marriage she never would give him her hand
 Though rolling in gems, like a horse in the sand.
 But she clings to him now, as a green cappy vine
 Embraces the trunk of a time-honored pine;
 While her looks and her manner would seem to imply
 That she never before on a man cast an eye;
 But I, delving back through the layers of Time,
 Exhume the pale ghost of a youth in his prime,
 Whose feelings were tortured, whose reason was muddled,
 Whose pistol was emptied, whose temple was ruddied;
 Because of coquetry so heartless and strange,
 Her passion for diamonds, her longing for change.
 Pass on, happy bride, with your beaming young face,
 May happiness still with your moments keep pace,
 And never mistrust pierce the groom at your side
 That wealth, and not virtues, have won him his bride.
 Now bent o'er a hydrant poor Bacchus I see,
 The victim of drink and free lunches is he.

Oh, look at him well, the great awkward lout,
 Who straddles and shuffles and sprawls himself out;
 Who heaves like the whale when upon the dry shore



BACCHUS (FROM A MODERN STATUE.)

It vomited forth the old prophet of yore;
 Unlike the fair god that mythology shows,
 This Bacchus—that yonder his liquor upthrows.
 In pivoting round he is taking due care
 To trust not to legs, for support is not there;
 He clings to his stay like a fiend to a soul,
 To leave that support, in the dust is to roll,
 Which fact is apparent to you and to me,
 And plain to this Bacchus as A, B, and C.

THE REJECTED SUITOR.

JANUARY 10TH.

DURING our pilgrimage through this vale of tears, we are seldom called to contemplate a sadder spectacle, or one that more quickly awakens to life the dying sparks of our sympathy, than that presented by a discarded lover; especially if the suitor has reached the shady side of life. It is a picture that once seen is not soon forgotten.

Here is the rejected suitor, whom I last night saw leaving the residence of one around whose cold, irresponsible heart his own had fluttered.

What a study for the painter, as he moves away from the house, leaving all hope behind.

He crosses, for the last time, the threshold over which he has so often stepped with a joyous pulse and an admiring smile, offering a sweet-scented bouquet perhaps, or some more substantial present, when faith was firm and maidens supposed to be true.

And it generally so happens, at such a distressful

time, when a poor fellow's cup seems full, even to overflowing, that his successful rival is confoundingly "haw-hawy," and seizes the opportunity to make



A SUITOR NON-SUITED.

abortive attempts to be witty, and in the fullness of his joy does not hesitate to draw odious comparisons at the expense of the unhappy cast-away. And that

gentleman, not having the remotest idea that he is watched, unfortunately leaves himself painfully liable to the shafts of humor. By the careless manner in which he has adjusted his hat, the utter *abandon* he manifests in thrusting both hands into his breeches pockets, and the grievous lassitude with which he moves down the walk, he opens wide the door for criticism's eager entrance. Everything behind him is bitter, and nothing before him is sweet. He looks into the future much as a fly peers into an inkstand.

The prospect is dark, and the odor anything but inviting. He does not care the turning of his hand whether he lives or dies. Let us in charity hope, that if fall they must, the clouds which now darken his sky and threaten to inundate him, may break on younger heads, better able to bear up under the awful pressure. Let us hope that despondency may not get the better of him, and cause him to drop uncalled for into the presence of his Maker, with a self-adjusted rope around his neck.

Heaven keep far away from us such terrible thoughts as those which crowd through the head of the poor, discarded suitor.

MY CANINE.

JANUARY 11TH.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

Shakespeare.

Some fond poets sing of their lady-love's eyes,
Or lovers who sail the seas over;
But poet-like I shall gaze up at the skies,
And muse of my little dog Rover.

The canine I sing, to disease is a prey;
The mange, the distemper, and flea,
Have all had their turn, and have worn him away;
His shadow you scarcely can see.

From earliest light, until late in the night,
He's dodging hot water and sticks;
I'm shamed to confess it, but truth I must write,
He's a foot-ball that every one kicks.

I hear his thin cry, and his frightened "ki yi,"
Almost any hour of the day;
And Bridget's "Bad 'cess to the likes of your Skye,
Sure he's here, and he's there like a flay."

Upon his poor body the hair has all died,
'Tis smooth and as bare as your hand;
I vow I believe there's no life in his hide,
It looks just as if it were tanned.

A SORROWFUL STORY.

His blood is so thin that he never is warm,
 And keenly he feels the cold weather;
 He shivering stands with tail end to the storm,
 And his four feet all huddled together.



He suffers sad woe as his body doth show,
 His face bears a hopeful expression;
 He seems to be wondering why he's a foe,
 Who never commits a transgression.

He's only a dog in the dark to be sure,
 But I who am singing his praises,
 Know accident often exalts the low boor,
 While merit is crowded to blazes.

How oft do we see the chief dunce of the town,
 With head like a turnip or melon,
 Advanced to the Bench, or clergyman's gown,
 Though thought to be born for a felon.

Dost laugh at my song? Well, I care not a pin,
 ' My notion I never shall loose;
 I know that my dog has a spirit within,
 That cannot be crushed by abuse.

A FAMILY JAR.

JANUARY 12TH.

AND it came to pass, upon the eleventh day of the present month, while a certain traveler was journeying along the highway which leadeth into the country round about the Mission, that he came to a place where there was a house. And as he drew nigh unto it he heard a great noise therein, and the noise was like unto the cry that went up to Heaven when the hosts of Brian Boroo did engage their enemies in the bogs of Ireland. And the stranger marveled much when he heard the great tumult within, and he drew nigh to the window that he might learn the cause, and lo! the husband and the wife were engaged in battle; and as he stood without and looked in, he saw the husband wage war upon his wife with his clenched hands, and the wife wage war upon her husband with a rolling-pin. And the traveler communed within himself—for he was a shrewd man, and one not given to act without deliberation,—“Surely, this is some

family difference, and it is not meet that I should make the quarrel mine, or enter in and remonstrate, for behold, I am new risen from the couch of pain, and weak withal, and peradventure they would turn upon me, and beat me, and send me away in pain."



STRANGER WHO WENT NOT IN.

So he turned again from the window, and went not in, but proceeded on his journey, and left the husband contending against his wife, and the wife contending against her husband.

And when he was a great way off, he turned him round to listen, and lo! the noise of battle fell upon his ear even greater than before. And he said unto himself, as he stood in the way: "Surely, this is indeed a great battle, and I now repent me that I went not in to remonstrate while I was yet at the house." So he kept on his way repenting, but turned not back again to enter in.

And not many minutes after, behold, another traveler was passing by that way, and he also heard the noise of battle proceeding from the house which was standing by the wayside. And the tumult that he heard coming from within that house was like unto the noise which ascended up when the powers of Michael and of Satan did mingle upon the battlements of Heaven. And as he drew nigh to the door, he heard the sound of the husband's hands as they fell upon the body of the wife, and also the sound of the wife's rolling-pin as it fell upon the head of the husband. And he communed thus within himself—for he was a peace-loving man, one who delighted not in war: "Surely, this is a family jar, and it is meet that I should enter in and interfere, else peradventure, there will be murder done within this house; and I will appear as one accessory to the deed if I enter not in to stay the broil, but pass on, leaving arm to contend against arm, and tongue against

tongue." So the traveler delayed not, but ran into the house, even through the hallway, and passed on to the inner room, where they did assail one another. And laying hold of the husband, as he contended with his wife, he cried out to him after this manner: "Why do ye go beyond the brutish beast in this unseemly broil, and spare neither sex nor kin? Cease to lay violent hands upon the woman! is she not flesh of thy flesh, and bone of thy bone? Then wherefore will ye do this thing?"

Then did the husband cease beating his wife, and turning about, saluted the stranger, and this was the manner of his salutation: "Is she not mine own? And, moreover, whose house is this? do I not answer for the rent thereof, and do I not say to whom I will, come in, and to whom I will, stand without? Then, wherefore are ye entered in at my door, and I invited you not? Neither went I about seeking to make myself known unto you."

Then also the wife ceased to lay violent strokes upon her husband, and raising her voice, she also saluted the stranger, saying: "Aye, wherefore came ye in? Come, let us beat him."

So they did both lay hands upon the stranger, as he attempted to pass out by the door and avoid them; and they did beat him soundly there within the house; and the wife laid hold of him and held him, that the husband might beat him: then, also, the husband laid

hold of the stranger and held him, that the wife might beat him. And they did rend his raiment, and did pull hair from his head, and hair also from his jaws in abundance. And he did cry out with agony.

Then did he swallow divers and many teeth, there in the presence of the husband and of the wife.

So they left not off beating the stranger, but dragged him to the door, even through the hallway by



THE STRANGER WHO WENT IN.

which he entered, and rolled him into the street, and sent him away lame.

Now, which of these two travelers showed the greatest wisdom: he that entered not in, but afterwards wished that he had, or he that entered in, and afterwards wished that he had not?

town. Yer see him and I was great chums, and roomed at the same house on York Street. Jim was

JIM DUDLEY'S FLIGHT FROM GOSPORT.

JANUARY 13TH.

"Thou canst not say I did it ;
Never shake yoursqualling babe at me."

Shakespeare mixed.

THAT blabbing Hoosier, Bob Browser, has found me out, and paid me a call, boring me with his confounded stories. Even as a hungry parrot when crackers are in view, or as a miller's hopper when water is high and the farmer's meal bags low, he rattles right along with copious discourse.

"The devil you say! Did you know Jim Dudley? What! him as the boys in Gosport used to call Carrot Top Jim? Wal, I'll be derved if that ain't queer. Wasn't he the allfiredest shirk you ever did see? Perhaps you remember how mity sudden he left Gosport jest before the war? Oh, that's so, sure enough, you went north sometime afore that.

"Wal, that cuss was eternally gettin' in some scrape or another; I do jest think I've helped that Jim out of more close corners than there are buildin's in this yer



BOB BROWSER.

a courtin' a butcher's darter that lived out near the cem'try for 'bout a year afore he left, leastwise he was a totin' of her around considerable, and all the old wimmin in the neighborhood had him married to her more'n a dozen of times. I kind of had my doubts

about him gettin' married, 'cause he was pooty wild, and sometimes I'd ask him when the nuptils were a comin' off; but he'd allers shuffle out of it by sayin' when they did come I'd git an invite, and kind of larf it off jest that way.

"One night pooty soon arter I had got into bed I heered some one thumpin' at my door, and afore I had time to say anythin' Jim Dudley was plum across the room and standin' by the bedside.

"'Bob,' ses he, jest that way, 'we've got to part agin' and I've come to gin your paw a shake afore I leave.'

"'What in thunder's up now, Jim?' ses I, pooty surprised and settin' up amazin' fast in bed to strike a light, 'cause I allers liked Jim. Drat my pictur, if I didn't. He stuck to me like a love-sick gal when I was down with the yaller fever—that cuss of the Southern bottoms. I was peeled down so mity thin that I didn't make a shadder only arter I'd been eatin corn dodgers or somethin' that wasn't transparent. Soon as I got a light I seed his face was tombstun white exceptin' some long red scratches onto it, that made me think thar had been cats aclawin' of him.

"'I haint time to gin particulars now, but water's gettin' too almighty shaller for me in Gosport,' ses he, jest that way. 'And I'm gwine to pull out for deeper soundin's. I want to head off the night express, and as I've got only fifteen minutes to do it in

must be a movin', and givin' my hand a rattlin' shake he turned, and before I could say scat he was goin' down the stairs like a bucket fallin' down a well, and I thought he hadn't more than got to the middle of the flight when I heer'd the door a slammin' to behind him.

"I lay awake thar' for hours thinkin' and wonderin' what on airth could have turned up ugly enough to make Jim dust out of town so al-fired sudden, bein' as how he was doin' pooty well pecun'ar'ly—that is, for *him*.

"I kind of mistrusted somethin' had gone wrong with him out to old Hurley's—the butcher's. So the next day, bein' kind of curious, I took a stroll out that way, to look around a leetle and see what was goin' on. I seed a glaz'er a fussin' round a winder, and old Hurley sittin' on the steps lookin' mity solemn at a hat—which I knowed was Jim's—that was a hangin' on a bush in the garden.

"Thar were some old wimmin a flutterin' around through the house, but I didn't see anythin' of the darter.

"Some months arter this the war was a bilin' and I jined a company and went down to Cairo to go into camp. By thunder! would you believe it? almost the first man I ran ag'in' was Jim Dudley! He'd enlisted in a hoss regiment up to St. Louis, and come down to camp a few days afore me. We were both mity tickled

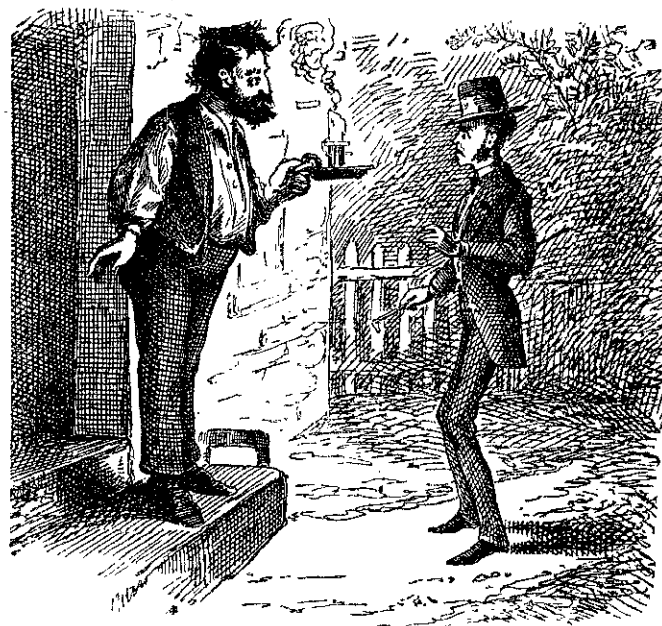
to meet one another right thar, so we p'inted for a shebang to lick up a leetle, and while we were sittin' thar, talkin' about old times, ses I to him:

"'Jim, now we're a gwine down into this derved muss, and the chances are pooty good for us to git chawed up down thar, and nothin' more to be heer'd about us—now s'posin' you tell a feller what made you pull up stakes and dust from Gosport so amazin' fast, last Fall.'

"'Wal, Bob,' ses he, 'seein' we've met agin, I don't mind if I do enlighten you a leetle in regard to my leavin' so sudden. You remember I'd bin over to Franklin for some months afore I left, and jest got back to Gosport that day, and in the evenin' I started out to see Mag. I was a hopin' the old man wouldn't be to hum—he ginerally was away Saturday nights.

"'Twas dark afore I got thar', and jest as I was agettin' up to the door, I seed old Doctor Forcips a drivin' off in his gig. I kind of wonder'd who was ailin', but gin the bell-knob a jerk any how, and pooty soon old Hurley himself came to the door, with a candle in his hand. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and I reckon he had jest come hum from work. He kind of gin a start, as though he was surprised to see me; and I gin a start, too, and jumped back from the door pooty quick, for I thought I heer'd him grit his teeth a leetle—somethin' like a sheep arter she's bin eatin' beans—but I wasn't sertain.

"'Come in, M-i-s-t-e-r Dudley,' ses he, kind of low and coxin' like. 'I hope you've bin enjoyin' good



THE BUTCHER THROWS LIGHT ON THE MATTER.

health. I hope your constitution is as strong and robustious as it was some months ago."

"Thankin' him for his kind wishes, I follered him along, wonderin' what in thunder made him so amazin' solicitous for my health all to wunct, 'cause I knowed the old man hated me worse than a rat does pizen.

"He didn't stop in the parlor, where some folks were sittin', but kept on into a small room, beck'nin'

me to foller, which I did, though I was beginnin' to feel pooty suspicious about the old feller's movements.

"Stay here a minute, Mr. Dudley," ses he, arter I had sot down. "I want to show you somethin' that I know you'll like to see," he continued, jest that way, and then he stepped out.

"I tell you, I begun to feel wonderful fidgity and kind of prickly down along the spine; and when I heer'd the old man comin' back, and heer'd somethin' ginnin' a wheezin', squeakin' cry somethin' like a Guinea pig, then I knowed thar' was trouble ahead. I could feel the distressin' presentiment jest a bubblin' through my veins, and limberin' up my j'intz, as fast as could be.

"Pooty soon the old man came in, a holdin' the ngliest leetle red-headed young 'un you ever did see in his left hand, and keepin' his right hand ahind him, kind of careless like, as though 'twas there by accident. I knowed 'twas an unnatural position, and kept peerin' round, for I reckoned he had a cow-hide, and was calculatin' to gin me a sound tannin'; but when he went to shet the door ahind him, I got a glimpse of the alfiredest great butcher's cleaver you ever yet sot eyes on, a shinin' jest as bright as could be. Jerusalem! if that gol-derned bone-splitter didn't make me begin to feel tarnation wormy, then thar's no use sayin' it. My heart flopped up so far into my throat

it actewelly seemed as though I could taste it. "I've got very pressin' business down town, and guess I'd better be a movin'," ses I, rizin' up.

"S-i-t d-o-w-n," ses he, easy, that way, as though he wasn't disturbed any, though I seed he was thunderin' pale. "Don't be in a hurry. The night is but young," he went on, keepin' his back flat against the door the whole time.

"See that," ses he, a holdin' the squirmin' young 'un close up before me, until its face—which was the color of a b'iled lobster—e'enmost rubbed against my nose. "What do you think of this yer offspring?"

"I reckon it's a mity pooty baby," ses I; "but I'm not a very good judge of such truck."

"Look in that face," ses he, "and see if you recognize any of the liniments of yer own face thar: doesn't it seem about the same as a lookin' into a mirror? Hain't she got yer har?" he continued, jest that way. "Don't you want to clasp it to yer boosin? Haven't you got no sympathetic feelin' for the young 'un? Why ain't you a screwin' yer mouth up to gin her a kiss—she's expectin' it of ye; don't you see she's a crowin' for it?" he says, mity bitter and sarcastic, now I tell you.

"Wal, I don't know as I'm particularly stuck arter kissin' her—not much," I ses, jest that way, tryin' to larf, but breakin' down when I thought of

the cleaver, and see how plag'y glum he looked.

"'No! I s'pose not,' he growled, fairly bilin', he was so riled. "If she was sixteen years older perhaps you wouldn't be so doggoned scrupulous."

"'Wal, what are you a drivin' at?' ses I, thinkin' somethin' must be said, but not knowin' what. "How long is the play a gwine to last, or how does it end?" I contin'ed, jest at random, like.

"'I'll show you how it'll end, my sweet-scented scrub, within fifteen minutes,' he hollered. 'I've bin a layin' for you, jest a pinein' to git hold on ye for some time back. You Madagasker monkey, ye, you've bin a cuttin' up dido's with my darter, so you have, and if ye begin a denyin' it I'll make fish-bait of ye. And though I'd a derned sight rather live on quinine tea the rest of my life than hev ye j'ined to the family, bein' as how the gal has a continual yearnin' arter ye, I'm a gwine to make ye marry her inside of fifteen minutes, or I sw'ar by the hully gospel I'll hash you up finer than sausage meat!' and he flourished the thunderin' great meat-ax around his head, fairly hankerin' to slice me.

"'Jewillikins! wasn't he mad though, and I skeered? I actewelly felt myself a settlin' and a wiltin' down, until I seemed like a toad a settin' on the cheer, starin' up at him, all mouth and eyes, like a squab robin gawpin' at a mosquito hawk.

"'I've sent for Father Quinn," he contin'ed, "cal'-

latin' to hev this scandalous affair settled up afore you leave the house,' and he gin the cleaver *another* flourish, but while he was a doin' it he almost let the plag'y young 'un fall. While he was ritin' it head up agin, I jest shet my eyes tight, and made one detarmined lunge for the winder, head fust, like a ram through a clump of briars, and went a crashin'



OLD HURLEY ON THE WAR PATH.

and a wallopin' plum out on all fours into the garden', takin' the hull lower sash along with me.

The old man gin one rattlin' shout like a wounded gorrillar, when he seed me go. I knowed he'd be arter me mity quick, so I broke through the garden for the toll-road, the infarnil sash a hangin'

around my neck like a hog-yoke, catchin' on every thin' as I ran. I snum, I hadn't more'n struck the road and begun to dust along it, when I heered the old man comin', a snortin' an' a spatterin', down the turnpike hell-a-te-larrip ahind me. I allowed he'd overhaul me if I kept right on, 'cause I hadn't got the sash off yet, and the derned thing was jest ginnin' my neck jess; so flouncin' aside pooty sudden, I flopped down ahind a sassafrass bush, and I hadn't more'n got thar nuther when old Hurley went a rackin' and a rearin' past, the thunderin' great meat-ax a gleamin' in his hand jest as bright as could be. He reckoned I was still ahead, so he went a flukin' down the road, clearin' the toll-bar at one bounce, without so much as dustin' it, and keepin' right on for Gosport like a qua'ter hoss. Thunder! didn't I tear off the ruins of that winder mity fast though? Then I clim' the fence, and took across lots through Hiram Nye's corn patch, and down by Blake's orchard, comin' into town by the lower road. I think more'n likely old Hurley kept a goin' it plum to Gosport before he mistrusted that I dodged him; and I do jest think if he had got hold on me—a bilin' as he was—he wouldn't have left a piece of me together large enough to bait a mink trap. Wasn't that an al-fired close dodge though? I reckon you'll not see me in Gosport agin, leastways not while old Hurley's a livin'. Thar's the bugle callin' to muster—let's lick'er agin and go.'"

A CUNNING DODGE.

JANUARY 18TH.

I LEARNED to-day that there was a certain citizen of this place, a butcher by occupation, who, deem- ing the remuneration he received small in comparison to the amount of service done, resolved to discontinue butchering cattle and become a butcher of men, or in other words to assume the responsibilities of a practicing physician and surgeon. It seems in his travels he had collected quite a number of receipts and prescriptions from old almanacs and doctors' books.

With this limited stock of medical knowledge, and an unusually large amount of "cheek," he thought to work himself into a lucrative business. As an invoice of small-pox was expected by every steamer, he imagined he might pass among other professionals as though his scientific acquirements were excelled by none, and his vocabulary of Latin names surpassed "Doctor Hornbook's."

Hiring an office in a central locality, he hoisted a board reaching nearly across the building, on which

his name and calling were made known in large characters. Then sitting down amidst a "beggarly account of empty bottles," he patiently awaited the result. Whether the city had suddenly become remarkably healthy through the sanitary exertions of the health commissioners, or he had not his proportionate share of the medical practice in requisition, he knew not, but certain it was, that from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve he sat in his room—

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

One day, however, while straying along North Beach, musing on the strange vicissitudes in human affairs, and thinking how "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable" were all the uses of this world, a happy idea presented itself. In the vicinity of the County Hospital he had noticed the invalids coming out to sun themselves, like seals, along the Beach. What a glorious attraction to custom they would be, congregated around his door! Entering into conversation with some of them, he soon struck a bargain with thirty or more. They were to visit his office once a day, those who could walk there without much trouble or pain receiving fifty cents per day, while those who traveled under greater difficulties were to be paid accordingly. So, every morning, after breakfast, they took up their line of march in twos and threes along the street towards the charlatan's place of business.

They were indeed a motley crowd—that cripple brigade—as they hobbled through the thoroughfare.

There came the maimed, the halt, the withered, and the blind, shuffling into his office thicker than dis-



ADVANCE OF THE CRIPPLE BRIGADE.

eased Jews to the troubled pool of Bethesda. If any stranger chanced to drop in for medical treatment, the crowd of hired specimens began at once to converse amongst themselves of the wonderful skill of the physician. One remarked how his sight had improved under treatment. Another related in glowing terms the ravenous appetite the doctor's bitters had awakened in his system. A third would eulogize his method of treating contagious diseases in general.

In this way the real patient, though receiving no actual benefit from the watery potions administered, was retained in hopes of an ultimate cure. At length the curiosity of the resident physician of the Hospital was aroused. He couldn't imagine where his patients filed away to every morning, as regularly as liberated geese to some well-known pond. Following up the bandaged crew and investigating the matter, he soon learned the state of affairs, and forbade their leaving the Hospital-yard without a permit. This sudden falling off in the would-be-doctors' patients made a material change in the appearance of his office. In short it leveled his business and his hopes, and again the quack sank into that obscurity from which he so energetically struggled to emerge.



WHAT A FALL WAS THERE!

JANUARY 23D.

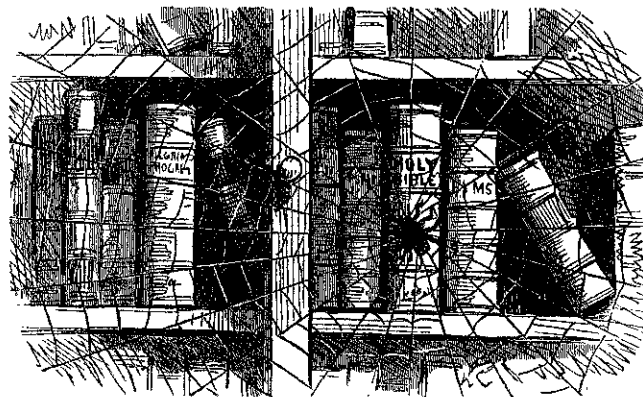
My faith in woman's constancy grows weaker day by day.
Last night poor Parson Pelvy's wife eloped with Michael Shay,
Whose total income doth accrue from dice and cards at play.

For twenty years the pious pair one bed, one pillow pressed,
Each in the other's face had smiled, when waking from their rest,
And by a thousand loving acts their onward journey blessed.

But, as the devils entered swine while peacefully they fed,
And caused them to exchange green hills for the deep river's bed,
'Till every creature in the herd lay on the bottom dead:

So restless devils oftentimes in human beings crawl,
To take possession of their heads, their hearts, their limbs their all,
And force them from the safer paths in filthy sloughs to fall.

My faith in woman's constancy grows weak, to say the least,
When preachers' wives leave sainted homes to consort with a beast,
As vultures drop from heavenly heights to seek their carrion feast.



A REMARKABLE FORENSIC EFFORT.

JANUARY 25TH.

HAVING learned that a highly educated and respectable lady of this city had instituted a suit in one of our courts for the purpose of obtaining a divorce from her husband, I stepped into the hall of justice for a few moments to learn how the case progressed. The fact of a young wife demanding a separation in a city like this, which is proverbial for its separations, is nothing to be wondered at, and I was considerably surprised on reaching the court room to find it so full of people that I could hardly gain admittance. I was not so much astonished at the great rush, however, when informed by the bailiff that the ground on which the lady in question rested her case was that her husband snored. As I entered, the plaintiff's lawyer commenced addressing the court. He entered into the case with the spirit and fire of a Clay or Webster. After reviewing and commenting largely upon the testimony given in the case, he ended his argument in something like the following words;

A BOLD ADVOCATE.

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"Now sir, whatever other people may think of this application, I take a bold stand, regardless whose corns



THE ADVOCATE.

or bunions I tread upon, so long as I put my foot down where it belongs. We have too many snorers

among us. They are in our places of amusement, introducing groans and thunder where none were intended in the play. We find them in our places of worship, breaking forth in the midst of the pastor's prayer, or while he is picturing to the congregation the wreck of ages and the crash of worlds, and all the horrors of Hell. I maintain that this application is a righteous one; that it is a shot in the right direction which will in all likelihood eventually bring down the game; and were I a judge invested with power to decide a peculiar case of this kind, I would show no hesitation, but grant the plaintiff her natural and very reasonable request more readily than if the grounds on which she sued for a separation were drunkenness or desertion.

"The absurdity of an irascible wife seeking a divorce from a husband because he drinks, must be apparent to all. She rushes into the crowded court room and, figuratively speaking, catches the astonished justice by the ears, as Joab in the extremity of his distress laid hold upon the horns of the altar, and requests him to sever the chafing bonds with his legal shears. Again: what a pitiable lack of discretion that woman exhibits who seeks a divorce merely because her husband deserts her, leaving her to pursue the even tenor of her way. Why! in nine cases out of ten, this is a 'consummation devoutly to be wished;' for she is left untrammelled, and has no husband to support, who

would repay her care with jealousy like the 'Moor' we read about in Shakspeare.

"I will not allude to the wife who flares into an ungovernable and I may say unwarrantable passion over a possible infidelity.

"But, sir, it is with no ordinary thrill of pride that I espouse the cause of the woman who seeks a divorce from a snoring husband. I say, and I may remark that I say it boldly, that I rejoice it was reserved for me to raise my voice in her defence. I hold that a man who snores, a man who with malice aforethought takes from her peaceful home a tender and confiding maiden without first informing her of his trouble, commits a grave and unpardonable crime. The dogs of justice should be loosened at his heels to hound him from Puget's Sound to Passamaquoddy Bay. He should be made to repent his villainous act. Think how the tender nerves of a bride must be shocked on being awakened by such a brute from the first sweet sleep of her married life. Picture to yourself her husband, not breathing her name in words of love, as you may suppose, but lying flat upon his back, oblivious of her presence, and snoring with all the vehemence of a stranded porpoise, causing the little piper and peasant girl on the mantel to dance a horn-pipe round the clock with the horrid jar.

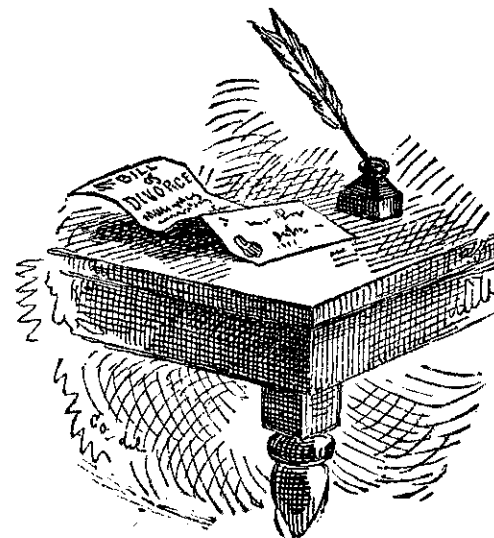
"Now, sir, I ask what mercy should be shown the

monster who has himself shown none? He has knowingly doomed a fair representative of that sex whose presence civilizes ours, to an ever new affliction and a life of perpetual wakefulness. What course can she pursue? There are but two roads. Which shall she take? One leads to the court room and the other leads to the cemetery. She must either be freed from her husband or go down to an untimely grave, perhaps to have her place quickly filled by another unsuspecting victim. No, your Honor; this man, and I regret to say it, this husband and father, should not be permitted to destroy the peace and bright prospects of more than one female. Let it be known to the world that he has ruined the hopes of a loving wife, let it be blazoned upon the housetops and upon the fences that he snores, and then let him get another mate if he can.

"The wife should not only have a divorce from the deceptive monster, but she should have the custody of the children. She deserves them by virtue of her long suffering and patience, while he who has so heartlessly deceived her cannot be competent to guide their little feet aright down the dangerous walks of life. On behalf of this sorrowing wife, all other wives, and of the wives yet to be, who are ripening into womanhood around our hearths, I cry separation! In the name of a confidence betrayed, of hopes

blasted, and of a life aged before its time, I repeat, separation! separation!"

He sank into his seat, and despite the order of the bailiff for "silence in court," the applause was general throughout the room. The judge took occasion to compliment the lawyer for his able argument, and said it was the greatest forensic effort he had listened to since he assumed the responsibilities of his office. It is, perhaps, needless to add that the prayer was granted and the children awarded to the plaintiff.



A TERRIBLE TAKE IN.

JANUARY 27TH.

TO-DAY, while taking dinner at an eating-house in Vallejo, I witnessed an amusing incident. It appears the proprietor had often been imposed upon by bummers who would walk boldly into the dining-room, and after stowing away a supply of victuals that would fill an ordinary carpet sack, would shuffle up to the counter, and in an undertone of voice inform the person there officiating that they were unfortunately "dead broke." Of course the law doesn't allow any ripping to be done on such occasions, other than swearing. Then the well-filled rascals would walk off picking their teeth with the utmost composure; except in extreme cases when the out-going party would be assisted over the threshold by an uprising boot. But even kicks would not bring the coin into the till, or bring back upon the table the vanished edibles, so this treatment was seldom resorted to. Finally the proprietor sent to San Francisco for

HIGH EXPECTATIONS.

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a large syringe, and placing it in a drawer in the dining-room, bided his time.

It happened while I was sitting at the table an individual, whose cheek the proprietor had reason to believe far exceeded his checks, entered the room and sat down directly in front of me. A plate of hot bean soup sat invitingly before him, from which the savory steam rose up in clouds, and not only filled the nostrils of the hungry man with delicious and enticing



"PAY IN ADVANCE, SIR."

odors, but served to whet the hungry edge of appetite.

Lifting a large pewter spoon that lay beside the

plate, he was about to introduce it to the hot decoction before him. Already the limber hinges of his jaw began to relax, preparatory to admitting the well-filled spoon. His attention was suddenly arrested by the proprietor, who, with one hand behind him and the other laid upon the spoon-arm of the would-be-eater, demanded the price of the dinner before he went any further. The man, it seems, was not a member of that class of individuals which the hotel keeper thought him. He was justly indignant, therefore, at the demand, and sharply informed mine host that "he guessed after he had eaten his dinner would be time enough to pay for it." But the oft-swindled proprietor thought differently. The man had scarcely got the words out of his mouth before he pulled from behind him a syringe large as the trunk of a good sized elephant, and slapping the nozzle of it into the soup, ran it circling around the plate, and with one long slobbering suck, like that made by a horse drinking through his bits, the soup plate was left lying before the hungry man, as empty as his own stomach.

The astonished individual looked first at his plate, on which not even a bean was left, then at the dripping, steaming muzzle of the syringe, and lastly at the landlord, who stood with a look of triumph spreading over his face, silently waiting for the man to either come down with the coin or leave the table.

Though not liking that succinct way of treating a

person, the man was either too hungry or too limited in time to go further for a meal, so he fished out of his pocket the change and handed it to the proprietor. The latter thereupon discharged the contents of the syringe into the soup plate again, and walked away, leaving the customer to proceed with his dinner.





THE GRANGER.

JANUARY 29TH.

I want to be a Granger,
And with the Grangers stand—
A whetstone in my pocket,
A blister on my hand.
I sing to be a Granger,
Without the right of way,
Across my neighbor's lot, to drive
My ox-cart or my sleigh.

THE GRANGER'S SONG.

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I long to be a Granger,
And own a breachy mare,
That oft will leap the bound'ry line,
And make my neighbors swear.

I pine to be a Granger,
And own a kicking steer,
That I may feel his horny heel
Whenever I draw near.

I sigh to to be a Granger,
And plant my field of corn,
That crows may flock and pull it up
Before the streak of morn.

I shout to be a Granger:
How much I would adore
To drive a cow, or stubborn sow,
Some five long miles or more.



SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

JANUARY 31ST.

HERE we are at the end of January already; how much faster the world seems to revolve as we grow older; and how old Time loves to crowd along when he is not wanted. When we were young, and were foolishly inclined to accelerate his movements, true to his contrary nature, he would seem to come to a stand-still, or, pig-like, double upon us! But now we fain would have him "slow speed," he delights to scurry ahead with alarming rapidity, until we could hamstring the old reprobate with good grace.

The old year hobbled over the well-worn threshold, and many an eye watched his going, some moist with sorrow, but more sparkling with joy. He is hardly out of hearing, and still already forgotten!

The hair has hardly commenced to shoot upon the head of the infant year. He is yet crawling out of his swathing clothes, which will soon be cast aside, like mouldy relics of the past, in an old garret.

And poor old Santa Claus! Where is he, who was

the lion of the time, welcomed into the homes of rich and poor throughout the length and breadth of the land—allowed the freedom of the city, so to speak—and now is mentioned no more? Alas! poor Santa! I could weep over his wrongs. He burdened himself for the public good, and hardly has he shaken the chimney soot from his white flowing beard ere he has slipped from the memory of an ungrateful community.

But what are the sufferings of the frosty old gentleman compared with the afflictions of my friend Toomy, who lives on Mission Street, and who is certainly not "the man for wisdom's various arts renowned." Toomy had a corn upon his instep, and thought to remove the plague by moistening it with vitriol. The liquor contained the exterminating qualities in an eminent degree. The corn grew rapidly less beneath the application. But Toomy started a fire which would not be quenched. At last accounts, the vitriol was boring into his pedal extremity at the rate of half an inch per hour by the time-piece on the mantel. Meantime poor Toomy belloweth aloud with an exceeding loud bellow, insomuch that his fellow-lodgers go about the streets rather than abide with him in the house.

THE ROD OF CORRECTION.

FEBRUARY 2D.

IT is not often a poor devil like myself can have a good laugh at the expense of a high dignitary. To-day, however, an opportunity presented itself, and happily I was in the right humor to appreciate it. Passing along Stevenson Street, near Fourth, I saw an old Irish woman unmercifully beating her boy with a rod, which, if it had not been divested of twigs and leaves, would have served as a Christmas tree for a good-sized family. This of itself was nothing to make one smile, and perhaps no person would more readily endorse such a sentiment than the boy himself. But the end was not yet. It appears that while on his way from the corner grocery, with a pitcher of beer for his mother, the little fellow tripped up and spilled nearly the whole contents in the street. The old woman, with parched lips was standing at the gate, impatiently awaiting her youngster's return. At last she saw him emerge from the store, pitcher in hand. Her

quick eye caught sight of the light foam rising in airy bubbles above the brim, and she knew the grocer had sent her no stinted measure. In fancy she was already quenching her thirst with copious draughts of the cooling drink—when she saw the boy measuring his length upon the planks. Worst, and most lamentable of all, she saw the delectable beverage coursing down the sidewalk in a dozen foaming streams. Her rage knew no bounds. The moment the boy put his foot inside the gate, she seized him with the grip of a virago, and belabored him with the cudgel till he roared “blue murder” at every application. So great was the outcry that every window in the vicinity was immediately crammed with heads. Taught by the lessons of my youth that he who meddles in other peoples' affairs often treads upon his own corns, I maintained a wise silence; but I mentally prayed that the wrath of the old fury would be appeased, for the cries and wild antics of the little wretch began to grow monotonous.

It chanced at that moment an eminent minister was passing, who weekly fills his fashionable spacious church with a glittering congregation. He saw the woman was in a towering passion, and he ventured to remark: “My good woman, the rod of correction should never become the weapon of passion.” The remark caused her to temporarily suspend hostilities; but she still retained her hold on the collar, as she turned

around sharply to ascertain who dared criticise her method of training up a child in the way he should go.

For a minute she glared upon the clergyman with flashing eyes, as if astonished at his interference. Surveying him from the soles of his boots to the very crown swirl of his silk hat, she drew herself up to her



A REAR ATTACK.

full height, and, in the most indignant voice, shouted: "Away wid yer cotations, yon ould sermon thief! it's not from the likes of yees I learn me juty!" The clergyman was nonplussed; he quailed before the fiery eyes and sarcastic tongue of the old vixen; and I fancied his face lit up with joy when he discovered that he was nigh a corner, around which he quickly disappeared.

DINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

FEBRUARY 6TH.

TAKING dinner to-day in a restaurant over in Oakland, I was in danger of being carried off by cockroaches. If I was inclined to draw comparisons, I would say that in size the cockroaches I encountered in this place would compare favorably with cupboard door buttons. I had seen these troublesome insects on former occasions when I thought they were numerous—when they were as thick around the bread plate as bees around their hive in June. But I had never been present when they turned out in sufficient numbers to take and hold possession of everything upon the table, even to the mustard-pot. To-day I witnessed such a spectacle. I counted eighty-three upon my plate of meat and potatoes within five seconds after it touched the table. They had evidently been lying in ambush in the cruet stand from the moment I sat down and gave my order, for the ring of the plate as it struck the board seemed to be the signal for a general movement. They appeared

in military ranks, moving towards the dish in a semi-circle, like a line of Fenian skirmishers advancing



BUMMERS ON THE RAID.

heroically upon a—turnip patch. There were no frost-nipped fellows, with drooping horns and dragging limbs, among those legions either. All were active, square-shouldered customers, real thorough-breds, wide across the hips, and boasting a depth of chest capable of enduring any amount of running; while their long, formidable-looking feelers stood out at right angles from their heads, like the horns on a Mexican steer.

“During your natural life,” I commenced, addressing

a waiter who stood near by, evidently enjoying my surprise, “whether while officiating as head steward on board of a floating palace on the Mississippi, or serving as second cook on a grain scow on the San Joaquin, did you ever run across a place where the cockroaches were one-ninetieth part as numerous as they are in this restaurant?”

“Numerous?” he answered; “you should be here a warm, sunshiny day if you want to see cockroaches, for then all the invalids are out—those fellows who have had their movements across the table accelerated by a snapping finger, or such as have only tasted the poison scattered around for their benefit, or those who have taken an overdose and throwed it up again. These lie in cracks and cupboards, with stiffened joints and weak stomachs, when the weather is cold and cloudy; but when a warm day comes they are all abroad and busy.”

“Well, I will bear that in mind,” I said, rising from the table, “and when the next total eclipse of the sun occurs, which, as I am informed, will take place in about four hundred and thirty-seven years, I may come into this restaurant for another meal, and not until then,” and with that I left.

THE THIEF.

FEBRUARY 10TH.

Richard Roe was a thief, whose temptation to steal
Always grew more resistless when wanting a meal,
Once he entered a store, when no person was by,
Took a box of sardines, and attempted to fly;
But, although he could slope when occasion required,
Like a stag to a stream when the forest is fired,
The scoundrel was spotted and nabbed at the door
By officers Murphy, McMannus and Moore;
And away to the jail, midst a crowd you should see,
Went the thief, the sardines, and the officers three.

The next day came his sentence, and people were there
From all stations in life, on the prisoner to stare.
There were gamblers, street-pavers, stevedores, undertakers,
Ship-chandlers, brick masons, and umbrella makers,
Corn doctors, reporters, clerks, tailors, and teachers,
Pimps, peddlers, horse trainers, clairvoyants, and preachers.
A few women were also jammed in with the rest,
With their bonnets awry, and their babes at their breast,
And their broad, beery faces, all pimply and red
Full ear-deep in the back of some person ahead;
And like peas in a kettle, or bees in a hive—
Ever shifting position—so they were alive;

THE LOOKERS ON.

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All impatiently wedging around in a stew,
In the hope they could better their chance for a view:
This one grumbling because some one crowded so near



RICHARD ROE THE THIEF.

That he shot his hot breath in the depths of his ear;
That one cursing because some one's elbow so rude
On his ribs was inclined to encroach and intrude:
And another one howling and looking forlorn,
Just because some one trod on his favorite corn.
Over all the hoarse voice of the bailiff did wheeze—
"Order! order in the court, gentlemen, if you please!"

Six feet two, if an inch, and proportioned in size,
 Stood the thief in the dock, when the clerk bid him rise;
 And amongst all that crowd not a man could be found
 With his shoulders so square and a physique so sound.
 First, around on the lawyers and officers there
 He defiantly gazed, with a bold, brazen air;
 And then, turning around, stared the Judge in the face,
 As though *he* was the thief and the rogue in the case.
 The stern Judge ran his eyes the unmoved villain o'er,
 From the crown of his head to his feet on the floor—
 While the rogue seemed to study with critical care
 The time-honored "Court," with his thin crop of hair.

For five minutes or more, it's my candid belief,
 That the thief eyed the Judge, and the Judge eyed the thief;
 As two rivals, long parted, in some foreign land
 By mischance blown together, each other they scanned;
 While there rose from the concourse no perceptible sound,
 Not a whisper or yawn even circled around.
 But a charnel-house calm o'er the room seemed to fall,
 Till the flies could be heard on the plastering crawl—
 Till beneath the rogue's stare the Court's visage grew red.
 But down-choking his rising resentment, he said:
 "Richard Roe"—and he spoke quite emphatic and slow,
 As though weighing each word before letting it go—
 And inclined his head downward, as men often do
 When they look over spectacles rather than through—
 "Richard Roe, you have come to the surface once more,
 Like the ghost to the feast of the monarch of yore;
 I have lectured, imprisoned, and fined you in vain—
 You will still depredate, and confront me again.
 From the door of the jail to the till of a store
 There is simply one pace unto you, and no more;

As the dog to his vomit, the sow to her mire,
 You will glide the born slave of your hellish desire;
 By my oath, it's a sin, a disgrace, and a shame.
 With your shoulders so broad, and so robust your frame,
 With your arms like a Hercules, muscled and strong,
 With your wind like a stag-hound's, so perfect and long,
 To earn a support you're possessed of all means—
 And yet you've been stealing a box of sardines.

"I have worked my way onward, year out and year in,
 Among characters blackened and blistered with sin;
 Amongst men I'd have quaked to have met in a lane,
 As I would the arch demon, relieved of his chain;
 But I'm frank to confess, and I'd state it as free



THE JUDGE.

On a Bible as large as a bed, if need be,
 In my thirty years' practice, on Bench or at Bar,
 A thief more consummate and bold than you are

I have never encountered, in county or town,
 Among whites, copper-colored, or greasers done brown.
 You're as prone to purloin as an eagle to fly,
 Or a salmon to swim, or a lover to sigh.
 Not an esculent known, or utensil of use,
 From a cantalope down to the quill of a goose,
 From a tripe in the stall to a fowl in the coop,
 But at some time or other in your life you did scoop."

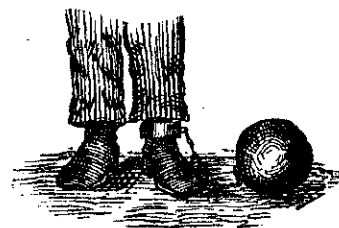
And as if in assent, Richard Roe bowed his head,
 While the Judge wiped his face, and continuing said:
 "Here so often, of late, you have taken the stand,
 To give answer for larcenies, petty or grand,
 That your face has become as familiar to all
 The practitioners here as the clock on the wall."
 Here he pointed it out, and a glance at it threw;
 And bold Richard turned round and regarded it too,
 While full back to his ears a grim smile slowly broke,
 For, despite his position, he relished the joke.
 "I regret that our law draws the limiting line,
 For it seems but a farce to impose a small fine,
 Or to send you below for a week or ten days,
 To recline on a mat and hatch future forays.

"But since neither the gloom of the prison, or fine,
 Seems to work a reform in that bosom of thine,
 I will try a new method—throw justice one side,
 And appeal to your manhood, your honor, and pride.
 It is said kindness conquers where knuckles will fail,
 And a pardon may faster reform than the jail;
 Since the stock-raiser advocates crossing the breed,
 And the farmer finds profit by changing the seed,

Who can tell but a change may regenerate you—
 So we offer you mercy where none is your due.

"Mr. Sheriff! release that purloiner! as free
 As the wind that awakes the dull ocean, is he.
 But, sir, hark! Richard Roe, ere you mix with the throng,
 Take this friendly advice from one knowing you long:
 And in future, whenever your stomach does feel
 Like digesting a fish, take a rod, and a reel,
 A few hooks, a fine line, and of gentles a few,
 And go catch your own fry, as all good people do;
 For you'll find it more wholesome to follow a creek,
 And there angle for trout seven days of the week,
 Than to strive to obtain by unwarranted means
 E'en a box of diminutive, oily sardines."

Subdued was bold Richard, he gazed in surprise,
 And trembled, while tears welled fast from his eyes,
 As he vowed that henceforth the right course he'd pursue;
 And Roe is now honest, trustworthy, and true.



"STILL HARPING ON MY DAUGHTER."

FEBRUARY 15TH.

WHILE standing on Vallejo Street wharf, this afternoon, watching the passengers coming ashore from the Petaluma boat, I was accosted by a portly old gentleman from the country, who had stepped upon the wharf from the steamer. He inquired of me the way to the City Hall. As I was about going in that direction, I volunteered to pilot him, for I could do it much easier than give him directions that would enable him to find it himself. Besides, I saw he was a stranger in the city, and my heart warmed with sympathy towards the old gentleman; for I have been a stranger in cities myself, and always bear in mind that I may be again.

On our way to our destination he informed me that he was in hot pursuit of a truant daughter, about sixteen years old, who, like the truthful Cordelia in Shakespeare's tragedy, could see no reason in loving her father *all*, and accordingly had eloped with an old gallant whose silvered locks and furrowed brow showed he

long since had passed that gloomy turn in life where youth ended.

After reaching the City Hall, the anxious "parient" lost no time in hunting up the County Clerk. The official informed him that a couple answering his description of the pair—even to the nap on the gallant's coat and the red clay of Sonoma County sticking to their shoes—had that morning procured a marriage license, and, in all probability, ere that hour they had made use of it, and were enjoying the great privilege it conferred upon them.

This information almost settled the old gentleman. He tottered for a time under the sudden and distressing intelligence, as though the weight of twenty additional years, with all their cares and trials, had fallen upon his head. He soon rallied, however, as the thought flashed upon him that delays do sometimes occur even in marriages. He inquired of the Clerk to what minister they would be most likely to proceed to have the knot tied. The knight of the quill informed him that Dr. S—— would probably be the man to pocket the fee, as *his* marriage ceremony merely consisted in joining their hands and saying, "In the name of the Lord, git."

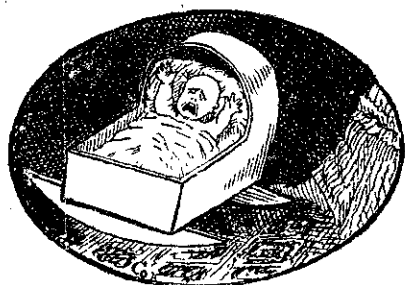
I confess I began to feel somewhat interested in the case myself, and readily consented to guide the aged stranger to the minister's residence, as he still harbored the hope that he might enter upon the scene in time to

forbid the bans. But alas! fond hope; just as we reached the steps of the ecclesiastical mansion, whom should we see issuing from the door, under escort of the clergyman himself, but the gray-haired gallant and his fair young bride, blushing—

“Celestial rosy red, love’s proper hue.”

My friend took in the whole situation at one quick glance. He saw the twain had been made one flesh. As there was no help for it now, he acted the part of a wise man, and gulped down his chagrin like a stale oyster, and “grinned horribly a ghastly smile” as he turned back with them from the house.

When last seen, the trio were wending their slow way to the Petaluma steamer, *en route* for the home of the old gentleman, who looked as happy as could be expected under the circumstances.



ROCK OF AGES.

AH TIE.

FEBRUARY 18TH.

I sing the woe and overthrow
Of one debased and sly,
Who entered soft a baker's shop,
And stole a currant pie.

And not a soul about the place,
And no one passing by,
Chanced to detect him in the act,
Or dreamed that he was nigh.

Ah Tie began, while fast he ran,
To gobble down the pie,
Determined that, if caught at last,
No proof should meet the eye.

For not the fox, for cunning famed,
The crow, or weasel, sly,
Could with that erring man compare—
The heathen thief, Ah Tie.

But, blessings on the pastry man!
 Oh! blessings, rich and high,
 Upon the cook who cooked a rag
 Within that currant pie!

Dim was the light, and large the bite
 The thief to bolt did try,
 And in his haste, along with paste,
 He gulped the wiper dry.



A TIGHT PLACE.

He strove in vain, with cough and strain,
 And finger swallowed nigh,
 Or in or cut to force the clout,
 Or turn the thing awry.

But tight as wadding in a gun,
 Or cork in jug of rye,
 The choking gag, but half way down,
 Fast in his throat did lie.

Not finger point or second joint,
 Or heaving cough, or pry,
 Did seem to change its posture strange,
 Or work a passage by.

The Lord was there, as everywhere—
 His ways who can descry?
 He turned to use the rag that missed
 The cook's incautious eye.

Slow grew his pace, and black his face,
 And blood-shot rolled his eye;
 And from his nerveless fingers fell
 The fragments of the pie.

Then down he dropped, a strangled man,
 Without a witness nigh—
 And Death, the grim old boatman, ran
 His noiseless shallop by.

MY DRIVE TO THE CLIFF.

FEBRUARY 26TH.

I AM out of humor, and what is worse, out of pocket, and have just been settling a bill for repairs to a buggy, which was knocked out of kilter on the Cliff House road, the other day; and at the present writing I feel that it will be some time before I take the chances of injuring another. The moon may fill her horn and wane again, the seals howl, and the ocean roar, but I will hardly indulge in the luxury of a drive to the beach for many a day to come. I had a couple of ladies with me. Splendid company ladies are—so long as they have unlimited confidence in your skill as a driver. But they are not worth shucks after they lose faith, and want to get the lines in their own hands every time you chance to run a wheel into the ditch, or accidentally climb over a pig or calf. Those who were with me on that occasion are not particularly loud in their praise of my driving. The fact is I didn't acquit myself in a manner calculated to draw down encomiums in showers

upon my head. I drove a span that day. They were called high strung animals. But I don't like high strung horses any more. If they would only run along the track like a locomotive I could hold the ribbons as gracefully as anybody; but I am eternally down on any of their little by-plays. This getting scared at a floating thistle-down, or grasshopper swinging on a straw, is something I don't approve in a horse. There is no reason in it; no profit accrues from it.

Both my trotters were frightened at different objects at the same moment—one at a snail peacefully pursuing his way across the road, and the other at a butterfly winging his wabbling flight along the ditch. At once they became unmanageable, and vied with each other in extravagant antics. From the first the ladies had no very exalted opinion of my manner of handling the lines. Even before we were well under way I had the misfortune to run down a calf. Then a New Found-land dog thought to stop the buggy by taking hold of one of the hubs, but he made a mis-dive, and shoving his head between the spokes, kept us company for twenty rods without any effort on his part whatever. I also ran over a wheelbarrow loaded with bricks (the Irishman escaped with a crushed hat), and overthrew an applewoman's stand while turning a corner. I fancy I can yet hear ringing in my ear the shouts and execrations of the old vender, when she saw the wheels mounting her baskets and squeezing the cider

out of her choicest bellflowers. Until I passed the next street I could look back and see the old lady in her embarrassing situation. There she sat, with one leg



SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSING.

caught under the broken table, and kicking about wildly with the other, revealing her hose in a reckless manner, while her bonnet was knocked askew by the fall she sustained, and stuck on one side of her head in the most comical and jaunty position imaginable.

At this point the horses became more frightened, and commenced "cutting up strange didos." Things were

getting badly mixed, so much so that one horse turned his head to the dasher. The ladies took a hurried view



BADLY MIXED.

of the situation, and voting me an incompetent driver, began to desert me by back-action movements over the rear end of the buggy.

I shall always think that I could have managed the animals without any difficulty if they had not both

been frightened at the same time. But with one bucking like a Mexican plug, evidently bent on crawling under the buggy, and the other seemingly striving to reach heaven by an invisible ladder, they were indeed difficult to control.

My companions concluded they had sufficient buggy riding for one day, and took the cars into town, while I patched up the harness as best I could (sacrificing my suspenders by the performance), and returned to the livery stable, fully concurring with the women folks that as a driver I was not a success.



SECOND SIGHT.

MARCH 3d.

A SINGULAR case of second sight occurred in Hayes' Valley last evening while I was there. An old Irishman named McSweegan, who lives in that locality, is the possessor of a multiplying pair of eyes. That is, they have the strange faculty of making two objects of one. This natural endowment is particularly distinguishable after he has been indulging freely in strong decoctions of old rye.

Yesterday he was in town attending a primary election, at which he expected to be brought before the public as a candidate for some fat local office. An influential friend had been intrusted with that highly important and vital mission of bringing his name before the delegates; for which service he was to receive some petty office if his election was effected. McSweegan stood back in a recess of the hall, hat in hand, impatiently waiting to hear the familiar name pronounced. In fancy,

he already listened to the shout of applause that would follow his nomination. But he stood with a quiet smile and a cocked ear in vain. Candidate after candidate was announced, but the ancient and honorable name of McSweegan, thrilled not his auricular nerves. The ticket was at last declared full, and he was not one of the happy number. His friend had played him false,—to use a common expression, “had gone back on him,” and he was justly indignant. On his way home he took Lethean draughts in which to drown his trouble and keen disappointment, and by the time he reached his clap-board front was in capital condition for seeing double. The hour was late as he entered his house, but he found his industrious better-half sitting at a table sewing by the flicker of a tallow candle. His red and multiplying optics were riveted by the wannish flame, which to him had the semblance of two well defined and separate lights. This was an extravagance that he could not countenance. To have found his wife up at such a late hour would have been severe enough strain upon his already ruffled temper; for he had no wish to discuss the result of the “Democratic Primary.” But to find her needlessly consuming *two* candles, showed a wastefulness on her part, evincing an utter disregard for the low condition of his exchequer. He was exceedingly provoked, and with a view of curtailing home expenses, attempted to puff out one of the flames. After several

ineffectual attempts, in which he scorched his whiskers and eye-brows, he succeeded, but found himself envel-



THE ECONOMIST SEEING DOUBLE.

oped in Egyptian darkness. His rage increased. He at once accused his wife of blowing out the “other candle” through spite. Her contradictions only fanned his fury, and the performance ended by putting her out of the house and keeping her out all night,—for which brutal act she had him arrested. He now languishes in the lock-up.

A CAT-ASTROPHE.

MARCH 7TH.

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more.'"—*Shakspeare.*

LAST evening soon after retiring, I was made aware of the exceedingly annoying fact that a pair of cats had selected the yard under my window for their trysting-place, and were behaving in the most scandalous manner imaginable.

I have no objection to cats having their courtships as well as men; but see no reason in having such a hoo-dooing time over it, making night hideous with rascally yowls. There is, perhaps, nothing more aggravating in life than to hear a little saucy spit-fire of a puss spit and yell like a she-devil if an admirer happens to move within a rod of where she sits on her haunches.

The night wore on. Their inharmonious chants increased in volume and spirit. Considering the matter I came to the conclusion that I would rather pay the fine imposed for shooting in the city limits than lose even a half hour's sleep, for I had been up the previous night at a surprise party until the "wee sma' hour ayant the twal."

I hastened to procure my shot gun, determined to

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make a scattering amongst them if nothing more. As I reached the casement, a bright flash from the window of an adjoining house, and a simultaneous patter of shot in the yard, informed me that some co-sufferer had taken the initiative in the good work of demolition; for though wrought to the highest pitch of ferocity, his nerves were steady and his aim was sure.

He evidently hit them where their nine lives were centered, and they dropped as they stood when the fatal tube was levelled. In short—

They died as erring cats should die—
Without a kick, without a cry;
The faintest rustle in the chips,
A slight contraction of the lips,
Which brought the pointed teeth in sight,
And they had passed to endless night,
Ere half their tales of love were told.

Even as I write (ten o'clock A. M.) they are lying in the yard as they fell, a terrible illustration of sudden transition from bliss to blazes! There they lie locked in each others embrace, like a pair of lovers in a ship-wreck, who have clung to each other through fire and water, and at last reached the wreck-strewed beach in body, but not in spirit.

The gentleman who owns the yard has just been out looking at them. After surveying the corpses a long time in silence, he walked away without disturbing them.

His motto was evidently "*Requies-cats in pace.*"

GONE FROM HIS GAZE.

MARCH 12TH.

There was a little man,
And he had a little dog;
And he said: "Little dog, you must stay, stay, stay,
Playing here by the house,
As peaceful as a mouse,
And never hoist your tail and away, 'way, 'way—
And never hoist your tail and away."

Then said this little pup,
At its master looking up:
"I know, little master, you are cute, cute, cute;
But if you will allow
Such a question, tell me, now,
What the dickens do you want with a brute, brute, brute?
What the dickens do *you* want with a brute?"

Then the little man did stare,
And uprose his little hair;
And his cheeks with fear grew pale, pale, pale,
As he said: "I do propose,
Soon as you have found your nose,
To kill by the dozen little quail, quail, quail—
To kill by the dozen little quail."

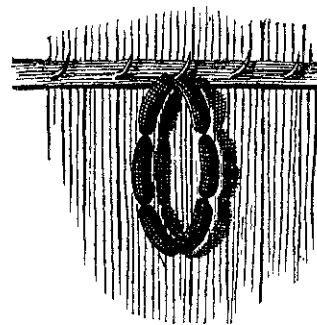
DISOBEDIENCE PUNISHED.

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At this the puppy grinned,
Like a mischief-making fiend,
As he whined: "You cannot come it upon me, me, me.
You would have me lie around
In a back-yard, like a hound,
And become a paradise for the flea, flea, flea—
And become a paradise for the flea."

When the toil of day had flown,
Little man, with little bone,
Went out where the little dog ought to be, be, be.
He whistled, and he called,
He patted, and he bawled,
But the devil any dog could he see, see, see—
But the devil any dog could he see.

Next day he chanced to stop
By a sausage maker's shop,
And something that he saw made him holler, holler, holler;
For there in the street,
All bloody, at his feet,
Lay his poor little dog's leather collar, collar, collar—
Lay his poor little dog's leather collar.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

MARCH 17TH.

EIRIN go bragh! St. Patrick's day is upon us, and the city seems wrapped in a "mantle of green," so numerous are the Irish flags flying in the breeze.

From hovel roof, and church of size
Alike, the harp and sun-burst flies!

The ear of morn is stunned with the bray of at least a dozen blatant bands, as they discourse Old Erin's soul-stirring airs. It is an easy matter for a person to imagine himself sitting by some sheeling door in "County Kerry" instead of this great American city by the sea. The Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Fenians are out in full force, with clean boiled shirts, and soap-washed faces. Marshals charge around upon their caparisoned steeds like real heroes, and sitting gracefully as a sack of potatoes upon the back of a spavined mule trotting over a corduroy road. Evidently some of them have never before bent over anything that came nigher to an equine than a saw horse. It is plain

Those who always rode, now ride the more,
And those now ride who never rode before.

KEEPING ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

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Well, they love the country that gave them birth, and that is a virtue that is certainly commendable,—a natural excellence often wanting in other nationalities. Besides, celebrating the old gentleman's birth-day makes business lively with the stable men and the shoemakers, and that of itself is a good reason why the demonstration should be encouraged. It is hardly probable that any of the great powers will be materially weakened by these loyal manifestations.

Here is a sketch of a spirited member of the



IN THE MORNING.

"Ancient Order of Hibernians," as he appeared passing my window in the morning, full of life, and loyalty,

tripping the asphaltum pavement lightly as though traversing the springy surface of his native bogs. And below is another sketch of the same individual in the evening, when full of oaths and whiskey, lying in the



IN THE EVENING.

gutter with all that ease and abandon which characterizes the Celtic race, wherever dispersed, in every land, and in every age.

The different races of men have their different weaknesses. It may seem an extravagant statement, but I venture to say if there had been no rice plant in the world, the Chinese would not have cared to live. I will even go further and say perhaps there would have been no Mongolian race. And now the thought occurs to me, this deficiency in the human family would not have been such a terrible thing after all. True, we should have been obliged to get along with catnip tea instead

of Souchong, which would have been pretty heavy on old women. We also would have been obliged to worry through without old Confucius, which might have made some confusion in metaphysics, or political morality. But as the latter could hardly be worse than it is at present with all his teachings, we possibly might have managed to exist very well without the moon-eyed philosopher.

The Teuton dotes on his well seasoned bologna. The grizzly Emperor William, standing upon an eminence near Rezonville, overlooking the battle-field, with a spy-glass in one hand and a large bologna sausage in the other, furnished indeed a striking sketch for the special artist of the occasion. The humor of the situation came in when the Emperor, forgetting himself in the excitement of the moment, raised the sausage to his eye instead of the spy-glass, and because he failed to see the squadron of Uhlans—that a moment before were charging upon a battery—concluded they were blown to smithereens, and losing his usual equanimity, commenced to swear fearfully, and order up another division to take their place. There was a broad and sarcastic humor couched in the remark of the officer at his side, who observed the mistake, and ventured the suggestion, "If your Majesty will take another bite from the sausage, perhaps you will be able to see through it."

And then, there is the jovial, careless, free-hearted, yet quarrelsome Irishman, who thinks Heaven without

a little whiskey still in one corner of it,—“over beyant the throne, and forninst the back dure,” for instance—would be just no Heaven at all. I believe there is not a race of men upon the face of the earth—from Behring Straits to Tierra del Fuego, round and about, over and under, or down either quarter—that can extract the same genuine soul-satisfying bliss from a flattened nose or swelled lip, that a real, irrepressible, County Kerry Irishman can. Let him have that, and a good stiff horn of whiskey to keep the blood running freely, and my advice to you is, keep upon the other side of the street, if you intend to sit for your picture that afternoon, or visit your sweetheart that evening, or expect to take up the collection during divine worship the next Sunday. At such a time he is no respecter of persons, this set-up Irishman. You may be the Rector of the finest cathedral in the place, the mayor of the city, the judge of the supreme court, or even the governor of the state, and should your hat chance to blow off and roll in front of him,—though it should cost him a fall upon the pavement,—that man will kick it. I tell you he will kick it, and soundly too. He will make no mincing about it, but go for it, as he would for his neighbor's sow, should he find her in his garden of cabbages. At such a time he is full of words also, and can bestow upon the stone that trips him up, the same flow of abuse that he can shower upon the man who assists him to his feet.

THE CONTENTED FROG.

MARCH 20TH.

The frog that once in Selby's dam
 . It's weird music shed,
 Now lies as mute as stranded clam—
 Because that frog is dead.
 So sleeps the plague of former days,
 So noisy nights are o'er,
 And he now on the pond decays
 Who long cried, “Sleep no more!”

—o—
 A frog upon a log one day
 In meditation sat,
 And gazed upon his pond, that lay
 Still as a tanner's vat.
 No fish swam in his fetid lake,
 No current seaward run;
 But hemmed by grasses, weed, and brake,
 It mantled in the sun.



IN MEDITATION.

At length from reverie he woke,
And thus to free his mind,
He in the gutt'ral jargon spoke
Peculiar to his kind:

"Give me my slimy pool," quoth he,
"Before a river wide,
Where cranes are found, still wading round,
And hungry fishes glide.

"Here light first dawn'd, here was I spawn'd,
And here I make my home—
Those longest live who're not inclined
In foreign parts to roam.

"Upon this log, or stone, I sit,
The water-fly to view,
Or watch the glossy whirligig
Describe his circles true.

"How foolish are some pollywogs;
Before they've lost their tails
They often class themselves with frogs,
And leave their native swales;

"And while exploring down some ditch,
Beneath a scorching ray,
Upon a sandy bar they hitch,
And bake as dry as hay.

Had they but waited till the tail
Had from their body dropp'd—
And in its stead four legs shot forth—
Away they might have hopp'd."

Thus while he sat above the pool,
Commenting on his lot,
He heard a truant boy from school
Come whistling to the spot.

"Ah ha!" quoth he, "I hear, I see
An ancient foe of mine;
He stones will throw, that well I know,
And straight ones I divine.

"The sparrow on the picket fence,
The squirrel on the limb,
The swallow flying overhead,
Alike look out for him.

"There are some hands I scarcely fear,
So ill a stone they guide;
But when Bob Stevenson is near
'Tis meet that I should hide."

So, prompted by the fearful thought,
He leaped in with a thud,
And diving to the bottom, sought
Concealment in the mud.

Now burrow, burrow, little frog,
As you will trouble find;
Think not because your eyes are shut,
That every one is blind.

Then burrow deeper, deeper far
Leave not one claw in view;
Or, swifter than a falling star,
A stone will cleave you through.

"While here," said he, "I'm safe enough,
And here I'll peaceful lie
Until that little whistling rough
Has passed the water by."

But, ah! while he did reckon that
The host was not around,—
The youngster saw him quit the log,
And soon a stone was found.

He stood beside the circling pond,
And gazed a while below—
The tell-tale mud the frog disturbed
Rose from the bottom slow.

But, ah! for childhood's searching eyes,
What can escape their darts?
Projecting from the mud he spies
The croaker's hinder parts.



HITIN' HIM.

"Ho! ho!" then laughed this cruel boy.
"Bear now this truth in mind:
If you from trouble would be free
Remember your behind."

ALAS! POOR FROG.

Then down he sent the ready stone,
 Nor went it down in vain—
 Dead as the missile that was thrown,
 The frog came up again.

—o—

Along the river's ferny banks
 The frogs still chant their lays
 While floating on his native pool,
 That stone-killed frog decays.



SAM PATTERSON'S BALLOON.

MARCH 24TH.

LAST night while a party of us were sitting around the table in the cabin of the *New World*, talking about the San Francisco Avitor and aerial sailing generally, our conversation was interrupted by a dark, raw-boned Hoosier who had entered the cabin shortly after the steamer left Vallejo. He kept squirming on his chair as though troubled with the colic, and was evidently anxious to shoot off his mouth. "I say, coons, I'm Sam Patterson," he commenced at last, "and if this yer hash is free and no one han't no objections, I'd like mi'ty well to dip *my* spoon in."

All turned to look at the speaker. Even the fat old colporteur who, during our conversation, had not taken his eyes from the *Christian Guardian* he was reading, stretched up and peered over the top of the paper at the speaker. Before any one could reply the Hoosier gave his chair a hitch nigher the table and went on.

"I say, boss," he continued, addressing his conversation to me, perhaps because I had just been expressing



SAM PATTERSON.

my opinion, "I don't go a derved picayune on navigatin' the air. They ain't no need of talkin' and gassin' about crossin' the 'tlantic or any of them foolish ventur's. I happen to know somethin' about balloonin', and understand pooty near what you *can* do and what you *can't* do with one of them fellers. I'd a plag'y sight rather undertake to cross the ocean in a dug-out, than ventur' in one of them derved tricky cob-webs; you can't depend

on 'em. Thar like a flea,—when a man thinks he's got 'em he hain't."

"Perhaps you are misled by prejudice?" I ventured to remark.

"No, I ain't nuther," answered the Hoosier, "I speak from experience. I've bin thar."

"Oh! you have given the aeronautic science some attention then?" I said. "An inventor, I presume?"

"Wal no. I don't exactly claim to be an inventor," he replied; "I reckon I foller'd on the old plan exceptin' in the material used in constructin'."

"Did you ever make an ascension?" I asked.

"Wal, yes, I've bin up *some*," he answered dryly.

"Have you ever been very high?" inquired the colporteur, who seemed to grow interested.

"Perhaps not so high as eagles or turkey-buzzards fly, but a derved sight higher than barn-yard fowls ventur'," answered the Hoosier. "You see," he continued, "I was stayin' down to Orleans once for about a week, and thar was a professor had a balloon in the park hitched to a stake, and he was histin' people up the length of the rope for two bits a head. I stepped into the cradle that was a hangin' to it, and went up the length of the rope, and liked it pooty well. I went up three or four times and made considerable inquiries about the manner of constructin' and inflatin', as I was cal'latin' to rig up one when I got hum to Tuckersville.

"When I got back I telled Sal what I was bent on

doin'. She tried pooty hard to git the notion out of my head, but 'twas stuck thar like a bur to a cow's tail. I telled her it mout be the makin' of us, so arter a while she gin in, and as silk was too alfred expensive Sal gin me a lot of bed sheets and helped me sew 'em together down in the cellar. We put it together down thar 'cause I didn't want any of the neighbors to know what was up, until I could astonish 'em some fine mornin' by rizin' above the hull caboodle, and for wunet lookin' down on some on 'em that was snuffiin' around and tryin' to look down on me mity bad.

"I used a rousin' great corn basket for the cradle, and arter she was already for inflatin' I had my life insured, 'cause I didn't want Sal to suffer by any of my ventur's. Then I went to Sol Spence, the lawyer, and had him draw up the writin's of a will, and while he was doin' it he wormed the balloon secret out of me, and wanted me to take him along. I telled him 'twas pooty risky business and that he'd hev to run some chances, as I was cal'latin' on seein' what clouds war made of before I came down. He said them war his sentiments exactly; that he allers had a great hankerin' to git up thar and see what sort of a spongy thing they war anyhow.

"I didn't object much, I reckoned the sheets war good for it, though he went over two hundred, but I cal'lated he'd do instead of ballast, and be company besides. So I took some bed cord and slung another corn basket

below the one I was gwine in, and after dark we hauled the great floppy thing out into the back yard, and arter we got it histed up on stakes we commenced buildin' fires under her to git the gas up and gittin' things ready ginnerally. About sun up we had her all ready to step into. Spence had his sketch book along cal'latin' on taking some birds-eye views, and I had a bottle of gin cal'latin' to empty it gwine up and fill it with rain water while up thar. The thing was a wallopin' and rollin' around the yard mity impatient to git off. I hitched her first to the grindstone frame, but she was 'snakin' that around the yard, and the dogs commenced sech an alfred yelpin' and scuddin' round and watchin' of it through the fence, that we were obliged to put 'em in the cellar, 'cause we didn't want the hull neighborhood attractid by thar barkin'. Then we fastened the balloon to the shed post and left Sal to watch her while we war eatin' a snack of breakfast. Pooty soon arter we heard Sal a shoutin' that she was a gwine off with the wood shed. So we ran out mity lively and had no time to spare nuther. I jumped up and caught one rope and Spence got hold of another. We couldn't fetch it down 'till Sal caught hold of my leg, and between us three we pulled it back agin. (See frontispiece.)

"She gin a sort of puff and come down pooty sudden when near the ground, and one of the posts of the shed came fair onto the back of a leetle pet hog that was rootin' round the yard and knuckled his back down into the chips, leavin' his head and hinder parts stickin'

up. He commenced sich an almi'ty squealin' you could hear him more'n two miles. While Spence and I were fussin' at the ropes to unloose her from the shed, she



ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION OF SAM'S WIFE.

took another sudden start up agin and shot away from us quicker than scat. Sal happened to have hold of a rope at the time and up she went into the air scootin'

like a rocket. Sal was a plucky critter. Durn me, if she wasn't as full of grit as a sandstone. She could have let go that rope, but she wouldn't; she wanted to fetch the consarn down agin, and was bound to cling to her until she did. Blow me, if I didn't think for a while I was goin' to lose the old woman. 'Thar she was a hangin' on to the end of the rope hollerin' like a hull regiment chargin' a battery, and trillin' and swingin' about without any notion of lettin' go.

"We had a lively time of it gettin' her down agin too, now I can tell you. I jumped over a fence into the garden, and snatchin' up a rake commenced to scrape at her, and finally the teeth caught in her dress, and then I had a pooty good hold so long as Sal was good for it. Spence got hold of another rope that was danglin' around, so between us we got her down the second time. Then I sung out to Spence, 'Spence,' ses I, 'climb into yer basket and let's be off, or by thunder! the hull town will be here and stop us gwine.' So we clim' into our baskets and flung out Sal's flat irons, that we had for ballast, and up we shot like a spark up a chimney. I hollered back to Sal to put the hog out of pain and stop the infarnil squeakin', and the last I seed of her as we went round the gable, she was a whackin' him over the head with the back of an ax, and he was a hollerin' wuss and wuss.

"The wind took the balloon first over a swamp back of the village, where no person seemed to see us, and then the world began to drop away pooty nicely.

'Twant long till I heered Spence callin' out mi'ty skeered like:

"'I guess, Sam, you mout as well land her and let me git out.'

"'Are you afeered, Spence?' ses I, jest that way.

"'No,' he answered. 'I arn't afeered, but I reckon my fam'ly would be mi'ty uneasy about this time if they knowed whar I was, and I begin to feel pooty sowlicitous about 'em.'

"'This yer thing is somethin' like law,' I ses, 'when yer' into her you've got to keep goin' till somethin' gins out. She hasn't got a rope a holdin' of her down now, Spence, and as for yer' fam'ly, I reckon they are a derned sight safer than you be, so if you have any spare sowlicitude, you had better be a tuckin' it onto yourself. 'Sides,' I contin'ed, 'I hain't studied into the lettin' down part of it half so much as into the rizin'.'

"'Jerusalem!' he shouted. 'I thought you war famil'ar with the hull thing or I'd have as soon thought of gwine up in a whirlwind.'

"'I fancy I do know considerable about it,' I ses.

"'Then why can't you stop her right here?' he hollered, lookin' up pooty pale.

"'I cal'late we've got to keep ascendin' while the gas holds out,' I answered.

"'Thunder and lightnin'!' he hollered, jest that way, 'and what are you agwine to do arter the gas gins out?'

"'I reckon,' ses I, 'we'll come down agin.'

"'A flukin'?' he asked.

"'Perhaps so,' ses I. 'I cal'late we'll come down



"'A FLUKIN'."

faster than we're gwine up, but I'm hopin' to catch an

undercurrent of a'r that will sweep us along, and let us down sort of gently.'

"Just as we war' talkin' somethin' gin an alfred crack overhead, and she began to drop down by the run pooty derned lively.

"'What's that?'" shouted Spence. 'I think I hear a sort of tearin' noise up thar; ain't somethin' ginnin' out?'

"'I reckon the old woman's sheets have commenced to gin out,' I said, kind of careless like, though beginnin' to feel mi'ty narvous all to wunct. On lookin' down, I seed Spence was a cranin' out of the basket and lookin' down jest as pale as could be.

"'Sufferin' martyrs!'" he shouted. 'Can't you throw out somethin', Sam, and lighten her a leetle? She's droppin' straight down like an aerolite.'

"'I hain't got anythin' to throw out exceptin' the gin bottle, and that ar' is e'enmost empty,' I ses. 'I cal'late we've got to take our chances; if you hain't forgot yer childhood prayers, you mout as well be a runnin' of 'em over, for things are beginnin' to look mi'ty skeery jest now, I can tell ye.'

"Pooty soon I heer'd him a mumblin' to himself, and I allers allowed he was prayin'.

"We war now about steeple high, and as I had expected, the wind caught us and began to sweep us around pooty loose. As we went wallopin' over St. Patrick's church, Spence's basket struck the spire and

was a spillin' of him out like a lobster out of a market basket. I peered over and seed he was e'enmost gone, so I hollered, 'Go for the cross, Spence, it's your only chance.' He seemed to be of the same mind, for as I spoke he was a grabbin' for it and managed to git hold on one arm. I reckon if he had got hold on both arms like the gal in the pictur, he'd have bin all right; but things war gettin' desperate and he had to take what come. The balloon riz some when he fell out and as it was a movin' off I looked back to see how he was makin' it. He was a hangin' thar like a gymnast, a kickin' and a wormin' and the steeple a rockin'. But he was too derned heavy; he couldn't draw himself up nohow. Pooty soon the arm of the cross gin out, and down he slid along the steeple like a shot coon down a 'simmon tree.

"Fortunately he struck the roof and over it he rolled, clawin' and a scratchin' the shingles as he went. But it was 'all go and no whoa,' as the gal said when she was a slidin' the greased balluster. Old Father McGil-lop was just comin' out of the vestry door arter matin's as Spence come a scootin' over the eaves and down ker-flumix right on top of him. This, ye see, sort of broke the fall for Spence, but it spread the distress. He was so heavy and come with such force he druv the old priest's legs into the ground like stakes, and left his feet settin' on the grass. 'Sides this, he disjinted the neck of his Riverence, and shoved it so far down into the

body that his collar bone scraped off both ears, which flew out like chips from an axe. They had to git a shovel to dig up his legs, and Doc. Willoughby was a fussin' over him more than five hours a yankin' his neck out of his body, and sewin' his ears on, and "——"

"Stop now," said the old colporteur, who was worked up to the top notch of attention, "do you mean to say he lived after his neck was dislocated?"

"Wal I reckon, old hoss," said the narrator, as he took a fresh quid of tobacco, "I hain't made no sech derved unreasonable assertion. I was sayin' they hauled his neck back, and sewed his ears on agin, (or ruther one of 'em, for the butcher's dog eat t'other one before the old sexton could git to it,) so that he mout make somethin' like a decent appearance in the coffin.

"Soon as Spence went over the eave I lost sight of him, for I was drivin' pooty briskly over Kent's corn patch, and as I came sweepin' down by the widder O'Donnell's she was in the yard gittin' an apron full of chips. I reckon she heer'd a burrin' sound over head, 'cause she looked up, and when she seed the balloon she gin a squall and cried out 'Hully Virgin,' and set in to cross herself; but afore she had described the shank of the cross, she flopped in a dead swoon. Thar war about a dozen black hogs in good runnin' order a huntin' clover roots close by, and when they seed her drop they soured on roots and went in for flesh. Soon as I seed 'em cluster around her head on—like flies around a sore

—I reckoned they meant business. The hired man was a comin' from the pastur' with a pail of milk, and I shouted down to him, 'Hurry up, the widder's drop't, and the hogs ar' arter her.' He didn't know I was thar till I hollered, then I reckon he didn't understand me, for he broke and run for the barn, lookin' up and runnin' like the center field of a base ball club, when he's bent on makin' a fly catch. When the wind shifted I got another glimpse of the chip-yard, and I seed the hogs had broken into knots of twos or fours and war wranglin' and tushin' and tusslin' around the yard, so I cal'latid' they had got through with the amputation business and war——"

"What, what, was she torn to pieces?" asked the old colporteur excitedly.

"Waal I reckon she was torn to pieces, and pooty well licked up too," answered the Hoosier, "all that was found of her was put in a box about the size of a violin case, which the sexton carried to the buryin' ground under his arm.

"I was a drivin' and a driftin' over the village like a thistle down, for more than two hours, and the dogs war a barkin' and the men and wimmin a hollerin' and a runnin' arter it wherever it drifted. The barn-yard fowls war a cacklin' and a screamin'. Jehosophat! didn't I make a rumption among them though! You'd think thar war forty thousand hawks and turkey-buzzards a hoverin' over the village, by the way they scattered,

against the winders, ahind stun walls, into the wells, under lumber piles and currint bushes; such a scrugin' and squattin' and scootin' I never did see. Parson Jones had thirteen lights of glass smashed by fowls a batterin' against the winders tryin' to git in, and Dud Davis, the blacksmith, fished seven dead hens, two turkey's, a guinea fowl, and two small pigs out of his well next day, whar they sought refuge and war drown'd. Dad Kent gin me six traces of good seed corn next fall. He said barrin' the killin' of Priest McGillop and the widder, it was the best thing that ever happened in Tuckersville. He said I did more for his crop than if he had a scare-crow standin' astride every hill. Thar wasn't a crow flew within two miles of the village for more'n a fortnight, and by that time the corn was grown so they couldn't pull it up.

"Pooty soon the balloon come down about house high and druv over towards the dee-pot. I was a hopin' she'd catch on the telegraph wire, but she skimm'd over, like a swallow over a fence, and immediately riz up tree high agin, where scrape, slap, slash, she went into a pine tree that stood out alone in the field. I was scratched pooty bad but hung on to the limbs, and arter a while slid down the tree leavin' the balloon hangin' in the tree-top. Great turnips! if all Tuckersville wasn't down thar in five minutes. Thar war young 'uns runnin' around in their shirt-tails, with corn-dodgers in their hands, and wimmin half dressed, with suckin' babies in

their arms. It was like a dog fight, only, as the feller said when describin' the nigger by the mulatter, it was more so.

"The train was delayed half an hour that mornin,' 'cause the engineer, conductor and all hands jumped off the cars and ran down to the balloon. Peg-leg Dibbly, the Mexican war veteran, was thar, hobblin' around amongst the rest. He was in such a hurry to git down to the tree he wouldn't go around by the road, but



"GO IN, CRIPPLE."

started in to take a short cut across the marsh with the crowd. And he had a sweet, sweatin' time of it too,

now I can assure you. First his cane would stick, and just about the time he would git that out, down would slide his iron-shod leg fully a foot into the mud, and stake him thar like a scarecrow. Then he would look down to where the people were standin', and rip and swear until the want of breath only would make him let up. He got down thar after a while though, but he had to crawl considerable before he could do it; and arter he got thar he was bobbin' here and bobbin' thar, tryin' to git a better look-up into the tree, until at last he stumbled and fell across one of Dud Davis' young 'uns, and gin her left leg a compound fractur'. She set up a screamin', and he was so weak and frightened he couldn't git up agin no how, but lay thar gruntin', and sprawlin', and kickin' his one leg around, like a crawfish stuck on a clamshell. The blacksmith was thar himself, and when he seed his young 'un down in the mud, with her leg broke, and the old feller a clawin' round on top of her, you never seed a man so mad in all your born days. He jest ran and grabbed the old pensioner by the coat collar, yanked him off the gal quicker than lightnin', and slung him more'n fifteen feet, landin' him slidin' on his back in the mud, like a crab.

"About the same time Tubbs, the cooper, was a lookin' up, and he seed a bough springin' up, and he allowed the balloon was comin' down; so he started to run, and stepped on the foot of Kent's snappin' bull-dog, that was a settin' thar lookin' up the tree, thinking thar

must be a coon up it. The cur whirled round mad, and sot his teeth into the nighest thing to him, which happened to be old Polly Allen's leg. But he



A RIGHT ANGLED TRY-ANGLE.

got more than he bargained for though, as the man said when his wife had twins, for her leg was pooty tough and cordy, and his teeth stuck thar, and she was a screamin' and a runnin' hum, draggin' him arter her more'n half the way. I never did see sich an excitin' time. School was dismissed, and there wasn't a lick of work done in Tuckersville the hul day. The hul talk was 'Sam Patterson's balloon; Sam Patterson's bal-

loon.' I didn't have to pay a picayune over the counter for drinks for more'n three weeks. Parson Jones preached a tellin' sermon about the balloon, and thar wasn't standin' room in the church; they had to keep the windows open and let people standin' on the outside stick their heads in and listen. He likened it first to youth, when it was a rollin' around in the back yard, whar nobody seed it, impatient and ambitious to rise. Then like unto manhood, when it was up, a bustin' and droppin' down agin. Next he said it resembled old age, when it was in rags a floppin' around in the tree more for observation than use. Thar wasn't hardly a dry eye in the hul meetin' house. Hard-hearted old cusses cried like teethin' babies.

"The balloon hung in the tree all summer, and every day thar'd be a crowd of people starin' at it, like cats at a bird cage. A photographer came the hul way from Terre Haute, and took lots of views of the remains; and one of Frank Leslie's special artists come rattlin' down from Indianapolis, and sot thar on a stun wall for two days drawin' sketches of it. He said it was the most spirited subject he had sot eyes on since he sketched the hoop-skirt Jeff Davis was captured in. But I'm gettin' thunderin' dry. Ain't some of you fellers agwine to call on the stimilints?"

As his eyes were fastened on me when he asked the question, I took the broad hint, and told the bar-tender, to prepare the poison.

A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS.

MARCH 28TH.

I HAVE been taking a flying trip over the Sierras about which the poet so mellifluously sings. There were many beautiful scenes presented to view during that trip, but abler pens than mine have described them fully, and did them justice, and I will not attempt to set forth their various charms. It is not my forte anyway, and I am free to confess the fact. Enough for me to describe the excellent lunch which I had the good fortune to have along with me, and to speak plainly, I enjoyed it the most of anything I saw during my trip. It was no ordinary lunch, however. The back-bone of it was a nicely roasted chicken, which reflected great credit upon both the poulterer, and the kind hearted young lady who volunteered to see it through the oven. Ah, that brisk little Mrs. M— can prepare a dish fit to set before the gods. If that is not doing the lady justice, tell me what more can be said and I will pile it higher. She is worthy of it. The virtues of that fowl

live in my memory yet. It was good. If you could meet an old lady that was a passenger in that car—not the one with the bunion on her left foot and the crockery teeth, who mistook me for a minister, but the mild old lady with glasses that sat opposite me—she would tell you the same. *She* knows. Bless her old heart! If she doesn't, I would like to know who does. She partook of the fowl. I saw her looking wistfully upon it as I dismembered it, and, though I say it myself, I am not hoggish, by any means, so I offered her the juicy neck. Did she take it? Ask rather if a cat that had fasted a week, would take a mouse if she got between him and his hole? As old Shylock said, "Are you answered?" She was no novice at picking the neck of a fowl, either. She manipulated it in a manner that proved to me clearly she had a perfect knowledge of its construction. It was not long—perhaps ten seconds—before she had it picked as bare as a corkscrew. She did it with such ease, too; and that's what got me. She kept it revolving as rapidly as a squirrel does the cylinder in his cage. She had but one front tooth left in her upper jaw. The intelligent mind will no doubt immediately picture forth a *long* tooth; and the intelligent mind in so doing portrays the incisor correctly. It was indeed a long tooth, but it was just the thing she needed for the business before her. It seemed to be specially made for it, as it fitted into every depression or notch in the neck as nicely as a key into a lock. It ran around

between the vertebrae like a turner's chisel, throwing the small particles of nutriment far back against the roof of her mouth. It did me good to see her play around that fowl's neck. I grew young again while



NECK TO NECK.

beholding the busy scene, and actually regretted that a chicken did not have two necks, as well as two legs, that I might repeat the generous donation, and see the pleasing scene enacted again. As it was, I won golden opinions from the old lady.

A stout German lady who sat near by also seemed to

be looking upon the chicken, as though she would like to help me make away with it. With that magnanimity which was ever my peculiar characteristic, I severed the pope's nose from the trunk and proffered her the delicious morsel, when, to my utter astonishment and confusion, she whipped out of her pocket a big bologna sausage the size of a stuffed club, and shook it triumphantly in my face, so close that it might have greased the end of my nose. She actually scouted the idea. Independent, proud, and self-sustaining these Germans, and no mistake. She evidently felt insulted, and delivered herself of a long essay in the German tongue. She was undoubtedly giving me to understand that she was able to furnish grists for her own mill. Of course that is what she meant. I could tell that by the way she flourished the bologna, and pointed to her mouth and stomach. I expected she was about to whack me over the jaw with the singular looking weapon, and prepared to dodge on the shortest possible notice. But she didn't. As if to madden me she commenced eating the sausage in a hasty, excited manner, taking about two inches at a bite. What could I do? What did I do? Why, let her eat it, of course; it was none of my business. I had no objection, so long as she didn't choke, and render it necessary for me to pat her upon the back, which I certainly thought I would have to do before she finished her meal.

You may be sure I offered no more chicken to any

person after that, but picked the bones as bare as pen-holders. If she liked bologna better than a choice piece of fowl it was her fault, not mine. I washed my hands of the whole affair.

There is no accounting for people's taste. I have known a minister of the Gospel, for example, who was not only highly educated, but he was apparently a gentleman in every respect. As an expounder of the Holy Writings, he stood pre-eminent among his fellow laborers in the good cause to which he devoted his life. He would stand in his pulpit, like St. Paul on Mars Hill, and electrify his hearers with plausible arguments and interpretations. His clarion voice filled the edifice from central nave to the topmost cove with the richest melody. His congregation would sit with riveted eyes and wide open mouths, eagerly catching at the words as they flowed from his lips. All religious denominations or sects joined in praising his virtues. His congregation worshiped him, and even the travelers far along upon the road that leads not in the right direction, would stand still and reverently listen to his eloquent discourse. And yet, after service was over, I have known that man, that minister, yea, that husband and father, to mingle with his interesting family, and while the solemn strains of the organ were lingering in his ears, and the dust of the pulpit cushion was yet upon his sleeve, to sit down at the dinner table and deliberately, and in the face of heaven, eat tripe! Ugh!

I stopped a few hours at a mill in the mountains, and while there witnessed an amusing incident. There was a small pipe leading from the engine, and projecting through the side of the building close to the ground. Through this pipe the waste water was conveyed from the engine, and at the end of it quite a puddle or drain had been formed, about a foot in width and eight or ten feet in length. The constant dripping from the pipe kept the water warm, and from it a steam was continually rising. There were several Indian camps in the vicinity of the mill, and as wood was rather scarce, the squaws belonging to the camps were in the habit of congregating around this warm drain when the cold weather numbed their poorly protected limbs. It was not an unusual thing to see half a dozen coming down the hill to squat down with a foot on each side of the drain, and there they sat for hours discussing the current topics of the day, enjoying at the same time all the luxury of a cheap steam bath.

There were a couple sitting over the drain in this novel manner while I was at the mill. I called the engineer's attention to the capital opportunity that lay before him to give them a surprise that would be fun to behold. This he could do by simply turning a guage cock and allowing the steam to go out with a rush underneath the squatting pair. The engineer was a pious man, not at all given to humor, and not inclined to take advantage of the opportunity. But when I

informed him that I was keeping an "Illustrated Diary" and wanted a stirring sketch for its pages, he consented for my benefit. As he went to comply with my suggestion, I moved to the window to see how the squaws would receive it. I had hardly reached my position when I saw the steam shoot along the surface of the water like smoke from the muzzle of a rifle. At the



STEAM LET ON.

same instant the gentle savages shot at least four feet into the air, in the most extravagant positions imagina-

ble. Until that moment I would not have believed the human form could assume such strange attitudes on such short notice. If I had not been intently gazing upon the pair as they sat chatting sociably over the drain, and had my eyes riveted upon them as they shot aloft, I could hardly have thought the two dark figures performing such grotesque evolutions in mid air were indeed human beings.

The steam was no doubt harmless, as it had to go quite a distance before escaping the pipe, but the squaws didn't understand anything about that, you know. No person had enlightened their untutored minds upon that point, and they didn't sit there very long in order to ascertain; for the sake of the squaws, however, let us hope that it was. One thing they evidently *did* feel certain about, and that was that something had broken loose, and at a very inopportune moment for them. The thought that followed close upon the heels of the other was to change their position for a more defensive one in the shortest possible time. If they both had been shot into the air out of one mortar they could hardly have shown greater concert of action. If there was any difference in their sensitiveness or agility, the one farthest from the pipe seemed to claim the superiority, for, as near as I could judge, she was first to spring aloft. The back of one was towards me, and the face of the other. Though quite a distance from them, I could distinguish the

white eyes of the latter standing out as prominently as a pair of silver-headed nails in the end of a mahogany coffin.

It may be argued that this was a mean trick. It may even be said that it was a sinful act. I admit all this; nay, more, it may be that I will have to answer for it hereafter, when you, and they, and all of us, have ceased to be interested in things pertaining to the flesh; but in the face of this supposition, I must still adhere to the original assertion that it was indeed an amusing incident. I will go further and say that as yet I have not been brought down to that perfect state of repentance where I could sincerely say that I regretted having been the instigator of the deed.

I never learned whether the squaws returned to sit over the drain again, but, judging from the way they hustled over the hill in the direction of their camp, I am inclined to think not.

While coming down the river from Sacramento there was quite an excitement on board, on account of the steamer grounding suddenly upon the "Hog's Back." She was running pretty fast at the time, and the sudden stop threw several passengers off their feet, and for a few moments all was confusion. I was partly undressed at the time, and the first thought that entered my mind when we stopped was that we had collided with some schooner on its way up the river. Before leaving Sacramento a gentleman placed a lady and two

small children in my charge, and my first action was to run to the state-room in which they were. I found the lady undressing, but the children were already in bed. Without much ceremony, I seized a child in each hand, and bidding the lady to follow, started to deposit them near the davits, that they might be handy to throw into the boats in case we were compelled to take to them.

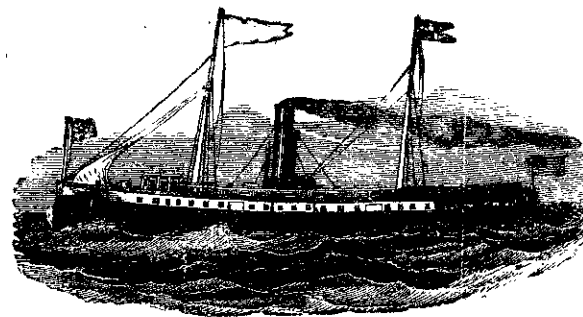
While hastening through the cabin I was confronted by a stout lady in her night-clothes, who jumped out of her state-room as I was passing the door. In her hands

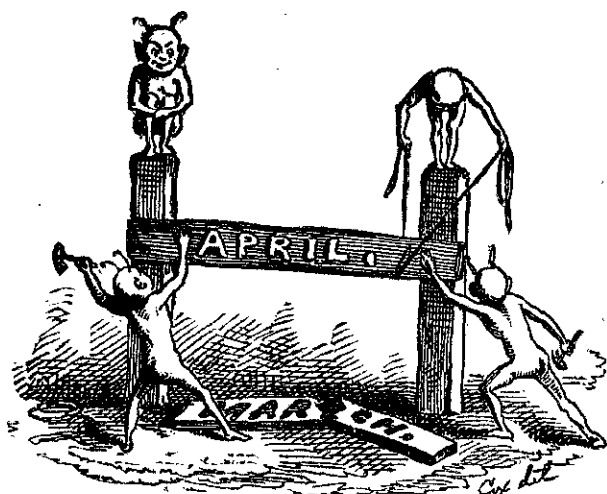


"BLOW ME UP!"

she grasped the nozzle of a large life preserver, which she

had buckled around her, and which only needed to be inflated with wind to make her comparatively safe. No sooner did she see me than she commenced dancing frantically around me in the most comical manner, at the same time shouting with the strength of her voice: "Blow me up! blow me up! for the love of heaven, Mister, blow me up!" But I had enough to do at that moment without stopping to "blow her up." Besides, I didn't know but I might have to swim to the shore, and would, consequently, need what little wind I could muster to bear me through the task. Before proceeding far, however, I met the mate, who told me to put the children back in bed and go soak my head, or do anything that would keep me from making an unqualified ass of myself, with which kindly suggestion I meekly complied.





ALL FOOLS' DAY.

APRIL 1st.

THIS is "all fools' day," and judging by the number of people who are passing along the sidewalk with strings and rags dangling from their coat tails, the custom of making people appear ridiculous is not obsolete. What delight the youngsters take in covering a few bricks with an old hat, and leaving it temptingly upon the sidewalk, while they withdraw into some nook to watch the bait and halloo at the person who is thoughtless enough to kick it.

Though the custom has age to sanction it, I am decidedly opposed to making people—either on the first of April or upon any other day—appear ridiculous in their own eyes as well as in the eyes of every person

with whom they come in contact. People will make fools of themselves often enough, without the assistance of others. I wonder why men are not more upon their guard upon this day. Just now I saw a newspaper reporter who certainly should have known better, kick



SOLD.

an old hat from his way, and go limping to the office, cursing everybody in general, but children in particular. Speaking of reporters calls to mind something that I have often thought. I believe if I had been endowed with more cheek and less scruples about over-stepping

the line of veracity, I long before this would have made my mark in the world as a newspaper scribbler.

My unconquerable modesty always rose up like a barrier between me and reportorial fame. It would never allow me to dip into trivial, baseless rumors, and magnify them into scandalous and detailed reports. My pride, too, was a clog that blocked the wheel of progress. I could never throw it aside long enough to intrude myself uninvited at select gatherings, or creep and crouch under a window sill or behind a door, like a base eavesdropper, to hear words that were not intended for the public ear, in order to work up a stirring article. But for these drawbacks, I cannot help thinking I would have done well at the business, because, by a singular decree of fate, I am generally present whenever any strange or amusing incident transpires, or even when scenes of a serious nature furnish work for the pen, and many a time, too, when I could well wish myself suddenly removed far enough from the distressing scene before me.

This afternoon a terrible assault was perpetrated in the back yard of the house adjoining the one in which I reside.

There is no use talking, I will have to get up and bundle out of this locality, before long. It is becoming too great a hot-bed of crime for me. Its poisonous air would tarnish the brightest reputation that ever shone upon a forehead.

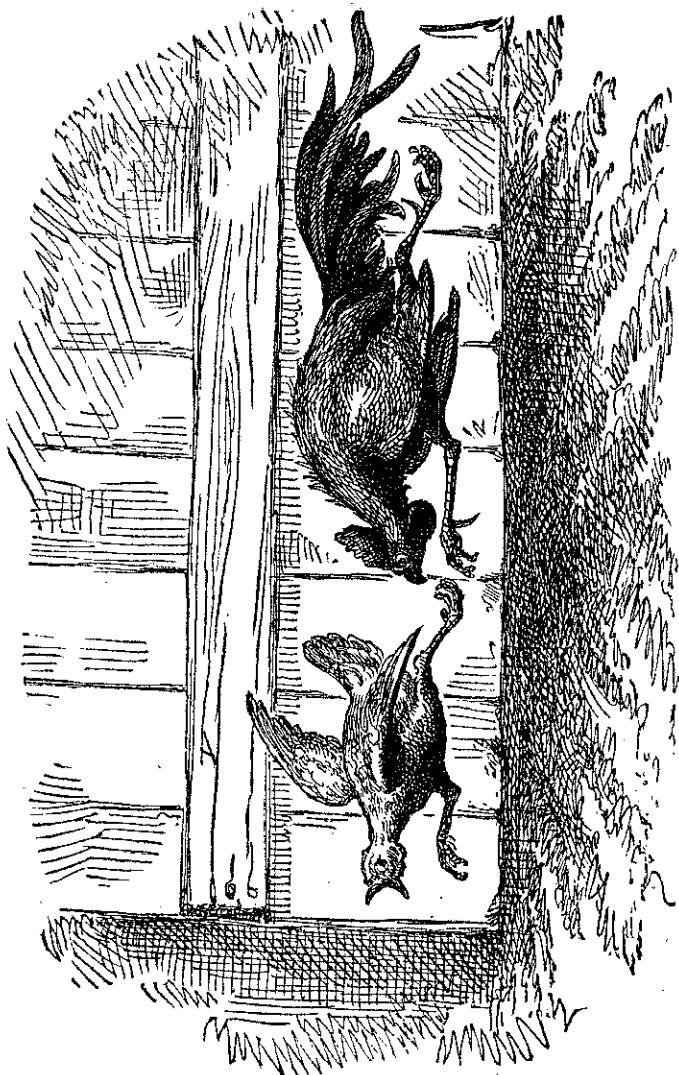
With my usual luck, I happened to witness the affair. Thus far I have kept it to myself, as I have no desire to figure in a court of justice in any such scrape. Some people, perhaps, would rush forward and volunteer their testimony, but I am not of that turn of mind, and calculate to keep my mouth shut until it is pried open by a legal bar. I have been looking over the evening papers, but they make no mention of the case, so perhaps the authorities are keeping the matter quiet, fearing that by giving it publicity they would defeat the ends of justice.

I was sitting by my window at the time, reading *Paradise Lost*, and little dreaming, dear knows, that I was about to witness a scene that might well infuse a giant's strength into the feeblest arm that ever swung from a shoulder-blade. My attention was arrested by cries coming up from the yard, and on looking down I saw a scoundrel pursuing his victim around the enclosure regardless of time, place, or consequences.

The last I saw of the pair they were disappearing in the wood-shed, whence soon afterwards issued smothered cries, showing that the victim was at the mercy of the monster.

Fortunately my drawing material was near, and while the scene was fresh in my mind I hastily produced it on paper.

On the next page I give a sketch of the parties as they appeared when entering the wood-shed.



FINDING A HORSE SHOE IN THE WAY.

APRIL 2D.

UPON this day, and at this time, while the fire burneth in the grate and the warm drink steameth in the bowl, I speak as with the tongue of a scribe of the olden time, and this is the burden of my speech :

A certain man, a citizen of this place, as he journeyed to his home, that looketh toward the mountain which is called Lone—and at the base of which the dead are entombed—found an horse-shoe in the way. And he was exceeding pleased because of his luck, insomuch that he rubbed his hands together joyfully, and said within himself: “How blessed am I in finding this shoe in the way. This bodeth good to me and mine household, because it pointeth in the way that I am going, and it would show a lack of understanding in me should I not pick it up.” So he placed it carefully in the pouch that was sewed in the hind part of his garment, which is called the tail, and hastened on towards his home; and as he went his countenance was

bright to look upon. And it came to pass when he had arrived at his house, and was entered in at the door, he said unto himself—for he was an eccentric man, and his ways were not as the ways of sensible people—"Now will I make all haste and fasten this shoe above my parlor door, that it may continually bring good towards my house, for my grandmother hath often said there lyeth a charm for good in the horse-shoe that is picked up by the way." So reaching forth his hand, he took a hammer and a nail—such a nail as builders use when they would have their work outlast themselves—and stepping upon a chair, essayed to transfix the shoe to the casing above the door.

Now it came to pass that this man had a wife, a woman who was not eccentric, neither had she patience to spare on those people who had eccentric ways; and as she was at work in the kitchen—for upon the whole sea-coast there was not found a more industrious or tidy woman—she heard the sound of the hammer proceeding from the room which was her pride; and she made haste and dropped the dough that she was kneading for the oven, and looking out into the apartment, she beheld her husband standing upon the chair attempting to transfix the horse-shoe above the door. And she was exceeding displeased because of his action, and of his provoking eccentricity, and she remonstrated with him mildly, saying:

"Souls of the Innocents! is this a barn? or a black-

smith's shop? or are ye gone stark, staring mad? or has



THE CHARM.

old age benumbed your senses as well as your flesh? that thus you would establish the unsightly object above

the door, to be a jest for visitors and a shame unto us?"

But the good man of the house, looking down reprov-
ingly from the eminence upon which he was builded up
—being nettled because she had likened him to a man
stark, staring mad—answered the woman sharply, after
this manner, saying:

"Go delve into thy dough, *old* woman! Did ye
never have a grandmother? or is thy memory grown as
short as thy wind? Know ye not I fix it here that
it may bring good unto our house, as hath been said of
it in the olden time?" So he left off speaking with his
wife, but turned him about and once more essayed to
establish the shoe above the door. For his mind was
firm on that point, that he would nail it there, that it
might bring good unto his house.

Then waxed the woman exceedingly wroth—for she
was of the house of O'Donohue, whose temper caused
him to be cast into prison, because he smote the
anoointed priest within the chapel—and bending her
body, she laid hold of the rounds of the chair upon
which her husband was builded up, and pulled it sud-
denly from beneath him while he did reach to drive the
spike, and behold, he came down quickly, and lay along
the floor like a cedar felled.

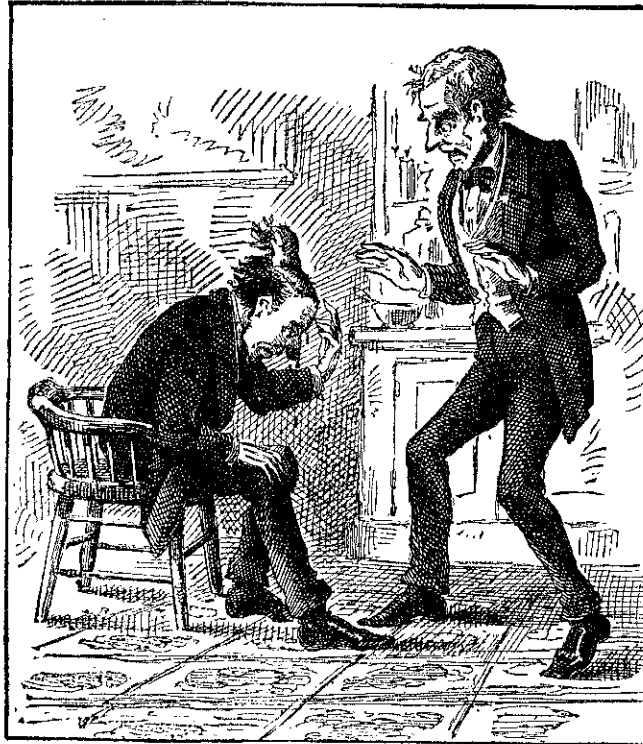
And it came to pass, as the woman attempted to pass
out by the door which led out into the kitchen, lo! a
hammer followed after, and overtook the woman, and
lodged upon her back, even between the two shoulder

blades, and caused her to cry out with a marvellous loud
cry; but turning herself around while yet the cry was
proceeding from her mouth, she lifted the hammer from
the floor and cast it from her, even at the countenance
of her rising husband. Now it came to pass when the
good man of the house looked upon the weapon as it left
the hand of his wife, and saw that it was drawing nigh
unto his head, swift as a javelin hurled from a Trojan's
arm, he said within himself, "As my soul liveth, mine
hour is come." And as he spoke he dived to the floor,
that it might pass over and work him no harm. But
even while he stooped, the weapon caught upon his
scalp and peeled it backward to the very nape.

Then went the woman out into the kitchen, and
when her husband was risen from the floor, he ran out
into the streets seeking where he might find a surgeon;
and as he ran the people stood and looked after, and
communed one with another, saying: "Surely this man
hath escaped from the *Modocs*!" But he was sorely
troubled because of his scalp, so he heeded not the
people, neither loitered he by the way to enlighten
them concerning the wound; but when he had entered
in at a surgeon's door he entreated him to make all
haste and bind up his wounds, that he might become
whole again.

And when the surgeon drew nigh and looked upon
the wound he was exceedingly astonished, and he cried,
"Of what tribe was the savage that hath done this?"

But the injured man answered him sorrowfully, saying, "Nay, but my wife hath done this thing!" and bowing his head between his knees he wept bitterly,



REPAIRS NEEDED.

even as David wept when he learned that Absalom had perished in the boughs of the great oak. And when the surgeon had poured oil upon the wound, and sewed it together—even as a housewife seweth the rent in a garment—and spread plasters upon his head in divers

ways, he arose and journeyed to the Halls of Justice, which is by the Plaza, and entered a complaint against the woman.

And it came to pass when the magistrates and the wise men of the place heard his complaint, they looked upon him as a person altogether given over to falsehoods, and they questioned him, saying; "Give us a sign, that we may know if ye indeed speak the truth in our ears." And removing the bandage from his head, with which the surgeon had wrapped it round, he answered and spake unto them, saying: "Ye ask for a sign, and behold! I give it you!" And when they drew nigh and looked upon his head they saw that it was covered over with plasters, insomuch that it resembled a bolt of linen fresh from the loom, and they were sore displeased because of the assault. So they called together four men, the chosen officers of the force, and commanded them to arrest the woman, saying, "Take ye the woman into custody, and lodge her in prison, that on the morrow we may sit in judgment over her."

So these four officers, named Murry, the brave; and Flynn, styled the "blinker," and Curran, and Flaherty, —surnamed the "beat"—armed themselves with pistols, and knives, and staves, and went forth to arrest the woman. And a great crowd followed after, for they said among themselves, "Surely some murder hath been done; come, let us see." So when they had come nigh

to the house they laid plans how they might surround it; and this was the manner of their approach towards the house. Murry on the east side, and Flynn, styled the "blinker," on the west side; and Curran on the north side; and Flaherty, surnamed the "beat," on the south side. So they did compass the house about and enter it; and this was the manner of their entrance. One by the front door, and one by the back door, and one by the window that looked out at the west side of the house, and one by the window that looked out at the east side of the house; and they did converge and meet in the center. And they found the hammer and the blood thereon; and the horse-shoe and the nail sticking therein; but they found not the woman. And they searched the house, beginning at the cellar, and ascending even up to the loft, but be it known unto you, the woman had fled, and her whereabouts remaineth a secret to this very day.

AN EVENING WITH SCIENTISTS.

APRIL 4TH.

THIS evening I accepted an invitation from a member of the Academy of Science to attend a regular meeting. I started out almost under protest, thinking it would prove a very dry entertainment. It had been said that at their meetings they conversed only about fossils or stratas, or grew warm while arguing some point about the Azoic or Silurian age, that period before which even the Mastodon or Dinotherium ran bellowing across the flinty earth. I was agreeably disappointed, however. For I found it not only instructive, but amusing to others than scientists. The President announced to the Academy that a feathered mouse had been sent by an unknown friend from Stockton. A vote of thanks was then tendered the donor. The feathered mouse, however, proved to be a cruel fraud, for a subsequent examination revealed the painful fact that the feathers were stuck to the skin by some adhesive substance. The vote of thanks was then rescinded, and

the feathered mouse informally introduced to the office cat.

A communication was then read from a man in Tulare County. He informed the Academy that he had in his possession a large sow, that when quite a small pig had been severely bitten by a black dog which made a lasting impression upon her. In after years if any of her litter were black she singled them out, and devoured them with as little remorse as an old woman would a dish of stir-about. The sow had that day died from the effects of eating a tarantula, and he offered to donate her to the Academy, providing they would bear the cost of transporting her to San Francisco. By a unanimous vote the communication was laid *under* the table.

Quite a discussion then took place as to whether pigs really do see the wind, and if so, why?

A member then presented the Academy with a new species of snail, or slug, which he found in Alameda, and which had but one horn. He proposed having it called a "unicorn snail." Quite a controversy followed. Several members maintained that the snail imprudently left its horns out over night, and one, getting nipped by the frost, dropped off. This proposition angered the generous donor, and reaching forth a hand trembling with emotion, he lifted the snail from the palm of the admiring President, and laid it down gently upon the floor—as a mother might deposit an infant in the cra-

dle—and while the whole Academy stood spell-bound, before a tongue could be loosened from the roof of a mouth, or a hand stretched to save, he planted the sole of a number eleven boot upon the crowning back of the little gasteropod, and when he lifted his foot again, all



THE PRESIDENT OF THE ACADEMY.

that was visible of the one-horned snail was a little grease spot upon the floor, the size of an average spit. This inhuman act seemed to throw a gloom over the academy.

No further business appearing, the meeting adjourned.

CORA LEE.

APRIL 10TH.

Would you hear the story told
Of the controversy bold,
That this day I did behold,

In a court of low degree,
Where his Honor sat like fate,
To decide betwixt the state
And a wanton devil's-mate,
Called Cora Lee?

The bold chief of stars was near,
As a witness to appear.

(By his order, Cora dear
Was languishing below.)

And for counsel she had got
A descendant of old Wat—
Noted for his daring plot,
Some years ago.

"AN ANIMUS."

161

It was he commenced the fuss,
"For," said he, "by this and thus,
Here I smell an *animus**

As strong as skunk of yore;
And it's my condensed belief,
That in language terse and brief,
I can trace it to the chief,
E'en to his door."

Then to all it did appear
That the chief was seized with fear;
To the lawyer he drew near,

And to him muttered low:
"I could never think that ye
Would be quite so hard with me;
You had better let me be,
And travel slow."

Then the lawyer quit his chair
As if wasps were buzzing there,
And with quite a tragic air,
Addressed his Honor thus—
"At your hands I claim protection,
Keep your eyes in this direction,
Take cognizance of his action,
This *animus*!"

Then arose the chief of stars,
And his visage shone like Mars,
When he recked not battle scars,

But charges to the fray.
And his hand began to glide
To his pocket deep and wide,
Where a weapon well supplied
In waiting lay.

*Private enmity towards the prisoner.

"Ho!" he cried, "you shyster hound,
If you go on nosing round



THE CHIEF.

Till an *animus* you've found,
My dear sir, hearken you :
I will open, by my soul!
In your carcass such a hole,
You will think a wagon pole
Has run you through.

"You would prate about the law?
You would magnify a flaw?
You would touch me on the raw?
So now, sir, say no more!
Keep a padlock on your jaw,
Not a sentence, or I'll draw,
And I'll scatter you like straw
Around the floor!"

Now the Judge's face grew red
As a turkey gobbler's head,
When a scarlet robe is spread
On the grassy lawn.

"I adjourn the court," he cried
"Till that *animus* has died,
And upon a shingle wide
His hide is drawn."

Then the rush was for the door.
From the corridors they pour,—
Three old women were run o'er
Within the justice hall;
And above the tramp and patter,
And the cursing and the chatter,
And the awful din and clatter,
Rose their squall.

When the open air was gained,
Then the epithets were rained,
And the passer's ear was pained
With vulgarity flung loose.
Back and forth the wordy pair,
Shameless swapped opinions there;
Even mothers got their share
Of vile abuse.

THE LAWYER RETORTS.

When the man of "briefs" would flee,
Chieftain followed like a bee,
Or a shark a ship at sea

When hunger presses sore;
'Till enraged, the lawyer, he
Cried, "If fight you want of me,
Wait with patience minutes three,
Not any more;

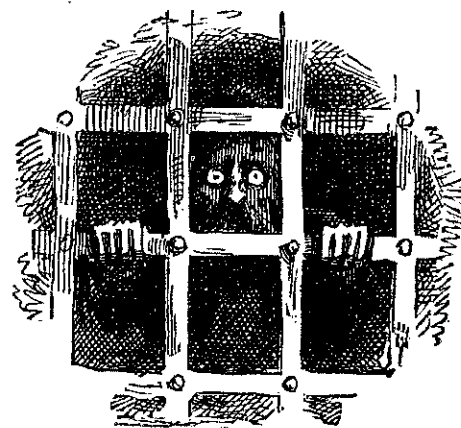
"Till I hasten up the stair
To my office, and prepare,
Like yourself for rip and tear,
And piling bodies dead.
Then, if you can blaze it faster,
Carve designs for probe or plaster,
Quicker work a soul's disaster,
Just waltz ahead."

But alas! his hasty tongue,
Vulgar name or sentence flung,
And the chieftain's pride was stung
Down to the marrow bone.
Now upon him, head and tail,
Pitched policemen, tooth and nail,
Hot as bees when they assail
A lazy drone.

And upon the evening breeze
Rose the "begorras" and the "yees"
Of a dozen Mulroonees,
As they roughly hale
The poor lawyer through the street,
Sometimes lifted from his feet,
Sometimes o'er the noddle beat,
Toward the jail.

BEHIND THE BARS.

Now upon a truss of straw,
Lies the counsellor-at-law,
Wishing Satan had his paw
On wily Cora Lee.
For himself to grief is brought,
While the *animus* he sought,
Running is as free as thought,
Or like his fee.



THE COUNTRYMAN'S TOOTH.

APRIL 12TH.

Last evening, while sitting in a physician's office at the Mission, I was amused by a countryman, who entered the office to have a tooth extracted. The doctor took one of the old-fashioned "cant hooks" and went for the molar, but whether it was owing to lack of skill or the patient's ducking while the instrument was being adjusted, it became fixed directly between two teeth, and after a painful struggle, out they both were drawn. The operator saw he had taken out two masticators instead of one, and before the patient noticed the fact one was chucked under some papers lying upon the table by his side.

"Jerusalem!" cried the countryman, as soon as he could speak. "I thought by the screwin' and crucifyin' pain you had hitched the infarnil thingamagig onto my backbone and was a snakin' it out. Why, bless my etarnil soul!" he continued, as he ran his tongue into the awful chasm. "Hain't you made a mistake, Doc-

HOPES HE'LL GET USED TO IT.

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tor, and pulled out the jaw and left the tooth? Thar appears to be a ginneral cavin' in all around thar."

"Oh, no," said the doctor; "there is the tormentor, sir," and he held up the one tooth before the contorted face of the victim in triumph. "Your teeth pull out easy, sir, for their size," he continued, as he wiped his instruments and put them away.

"They do, eh? he exclaimed. "Wal, the Lord help them that have teeth that come out hard. 'Taint all in the pullin' nuther, but the incredulous hole they leave ahind 'em when they do come. Why, my teeth seem as far apart as two Sundays to a laborin' man."

"The other teeth will crowd over after a while," said the Doctor, encouragingly.

"It may be I'll git sort of used to it after a while," he replied, "but I'll be derned if it doesn't feel as though my tongue was wabblin' around in some other person's mouth about this time;" and he arose from the inquisitorial chair, paid the damages, and left the office.

AN IMPATIENT UNDERTAKER.

APRIL 15TH.

WE now and then come across a scoundrel, an inhuman wretch, of such magnitude that we are inclined, like Bassanio, to waver in our faith, and hold opinion with Pythagoras, that being the only hypothesis by which we are enabled to account for their being possessed of such brutish natures.

An undertaker of this city was pointed out to me to-day who follows so close in the wake of death that he quite often—when in danger of losing the chance of making a few dollars—crowds in advance of the grim leveller, and secures, if possible, the job of burying the body while yet the person is alive, with as little feeling as he would bespeak a quarter of beef of his neighbor before the animal was butchered. It appears this individual heard that a man was about to die in the County Hospital, and learning that the only friend of the sick man was about to leave the city, he hunted him up and solicited the job of performing the last sad rites for his friend when death had gathered him in.

The request was unthinkingly granted, and sufficient money to cover the expenses of the burial was placed in the hands of a third party, who was to pay it to the undertaker when the obsequies were performed. The man of coffins departed, smiling over his success. The only thing that remained now between him and a fat profit was the man's life; but this was only a slim barrier and likely to fall at every breath of air. He paid semi-daily visits to the hospital to learn how the disease was developing.

Each morning as he arose and looked out upon the cold fog hanging over the city, he rubbed his hands together with delight and chuckled, as he thought how impossible it would be for the sick man to live through such a disagreeable day. "It's not in the nature of the disease to allow it," he argued. "If he is not gone already he will be as stiff as a piston rod before ten o'clock, or I am no judge of cause and effect."

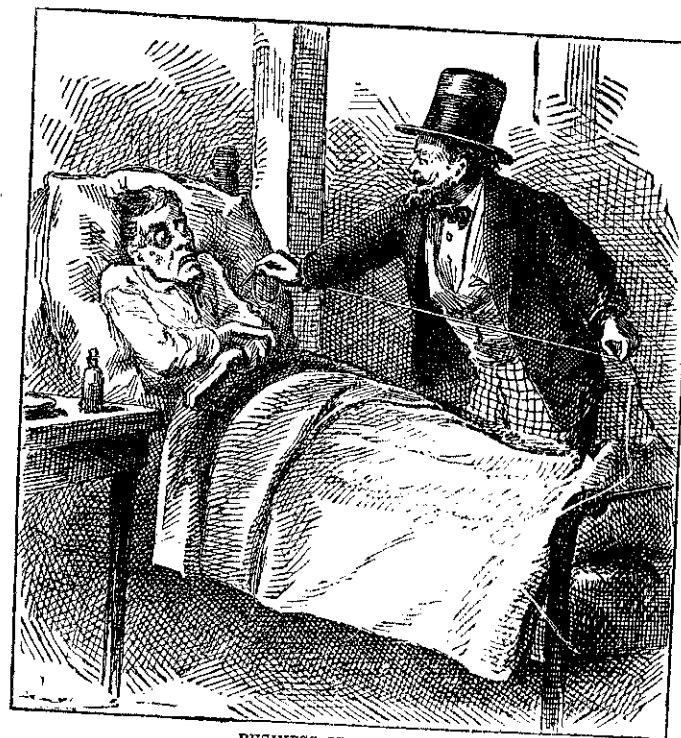
But somehow the last thread of life was indeed a tough one, and held out wonderfully. One, two, and three days dragged by, and still the invalid's cough waked the echoes of the corridors and halls of the hospital. This annoyed the anxious undertaker terribly.

"What if he should recover, and cheat me out of the money after all?" thought he, as he sat in his gloomy office, and gazed about upon the coffins standing on their ends around the room.

Then his small gray eyes lingered longest upon the

cheap burial case in the corner—which he thought would about fit the man in the hospital. “There’s no use of this delay,” he muttered to himself. “There must be some outside influence brought to bear upon him, and that immediately, or the fellow may linger along through the whole winter, and keep the money lying idle, that is now almost within my reach.” Taking a tape measure in his pocket, he repaired at once to the hospital, and gained admittance to the sick man’s room. The poor fellow was lying in the last stages of that deceptive disease, consumption. But instead of thinking he was so far gone that his obsequies had actually commenced, he was promising himself long, happy years of life and usefulness. The unfeeling scoundrel approached the bed and deliberately proceeded to measure the poor fellow for his last outfit, in the meantime keeping up a sort of rattling conversation, like the following:—“Hello! old boy; so you’re going to peg out, eh? Well, it’s a road that sooner or later we’ve all got to travel; so there’s no use of a feller making any bones over it. Rather young, though, to have to stiffen out; without even having the pleasure of being married—there won’t be no such enjoyment where you’re going, the Scripture tells us. There—that’s a good fellow; stretch out full length, so that I can get a correct measure. If there is anything I do dislike it is to see a corpse stuck into a coffin that’s too short by a few inches. I would rather pinch a fellow a little in width

than in length, ’cause it doesn’t cripple a corpse up so bad. There—that’s it to a dot; five feet nine and a



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

quarter, with half inch allowed for the stretching out of the joints just as you are going off. You know a fellow elongates a little about that time, so I always make some allowance when I measure a live man for his coffin. Now for the depth, my hearty! Jerusalem! a general caving in all along the line, eh? Why,

you're as flat as a griddle-cake. Ah! that consumption is the thing that plays hob with a fellow! it *is*, my boy, there's no use denying it. It scoops a person out mighty quick, I can tell you. Four and three-quarters—four and a half—pinch measurement. Why, blow me if it doesn't seem like a waste of material to give you the standard depth. If it wasn't for your long feet I would be inclined to shallow a little on you, old boy! Let me think now,—why what a numb-skull I am to be sure: I can twist your feet crosswise a little and make a go of it like a charm; but hold on,—no, I can't do it after all, for there's your nose sticking up at t'other end, and it wouldn't hardly be doing the fair thing by you to twist your head around ear up, for the sake of saving a few inches of material, no sir e-e. I wouldn't do that sort of thing to the dearest corpse I ever screwed a lid over; I'll do the fair thing by a man, be he dead or living, though it should keep me poor. I can give you the juvenile handles though, for you don't weigh any more than a Cape Ann codfish. You're going off the reel at a favorable time, too, for I've been wishing for a chance to give my light team an airing, for some time. Old Skidamadink over on Market Street, I hear, is going to take out a stiff one to-morrow afternoon also, and no doubt he will be trying to forge ahead of me the way he did yesterday when I had the spavined grays along; but he'll find out that he has got to limber up a little differently when Moll and Kate are

stuck in his flank. He wouldn't have shook me off yesterday, if I hadn't that soggy old sea captain aboard. He seemed to grow heavier the longer I kept him. If there is any one thing I dislike more than another it is a pussy corpse. It is bad enough to have a fat person around you while living, but when they come to peter out it's worse,—you can't chuck them under the ground too quick. I had the old emblem of mortality packed away in an ice chest for three weeks, waiting for his wife to come down from Carson to attend the funeral, but she finally sent down word that she had got married again, and if she knew the duties of a wife—and she thought she did—her place was alongside of a living husband rather than trapesing after a dead one. Oh! these women are terribly slippery sweet-meats the world over. How fast they get over any thing, crying one minute and singing the next. Well, well, I often wonder whether they have the genuine feeling that we men have. Well, business is business. There—now let me fold your arms across until I get the width; so we go, so we go, steady, there you are, that's it, that's the posish; natural and easy as death itself. Whew! there it is again, never knew it to fail, follows as naturally as the fruit does the blossom; broad across the shoulders, sure sign of consumption; show me a person broader at the shoulders than at the hips and I will show you an individual that is bound to spit up his lungs; never knew a person of that build that didn't die of consump-

tion; never sir, bound to cave, no getting around or climbing over it; might as well be knocked in the head at birth, for they are sure to go sometime.

"Well, time is crowding, I must be off, as I've got to rustle around in order to have things ready for you. I'll expect to find you stiff as tongs in the morning, so I'll say good-bye now, while you can appreciate it."

Thus did the inhuman scoundrel rattle along while his poor victim lay paralyzed with fear; hope, at every word uttered by the monster, deserting his breast, and despair usurping the vacant seat.

With gaping mouth and wide open eyes he watched each movement of the undertaker. His face seemed to be all eyes as he stared at the bustling trader in death, worse than you now stare at me, while I relate the blood-curdling incident.

The object of the visitor was, that a speedy death would follow this disconsolate harangue; and sure enough, the sick man rapidly grew worse, and died within a few hours.

But whether the undertaker allowed Old Skidamalink to get past him on the way out to Lone Mountain the next day, I did not learn, but presume Moll and Kate yanked the poor fellow's remains over the road rather lively.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

APRIL 19TH.

THE editor of a city paper having occasion to take a trip into the country, prevailed upon me to assume the responsibility of answering letters from correspondents. The task is an onerous one—the more so as the editor, with that cunning ever noticeable in a person who takes the cream of a job, left me to reply only to the knottiest epistles. But I will sometime get even with him, however. I will assume the editorial "we," and should I waken the wrath of any person *he* will be the sufferer. Here is a copy of my answer to "Katie:"

"The minister was perfectly right in refusing to marry the couple, if, as you say, the bride insisted upon holding her poodle in her arms during the ceremony. The more so as the clergyman was near-sighted. He might possibly mistake the puppy for the bridegroom."

Now comes a wail from a "Young Wife," whose feelings have been hurt. Dear me, dear me! What a peck of trouble she is in, to be sure. I'll talk to her

after this fashion:—"We are half inclined to think you have not made a clean breast of it, but like a guilty client, kept back something in order to show yourself in a better light. If you were doing nothing more than sitting upon the lounge—one at each end of it—(a fib, I'll wager!) chatting about the Italian Opera, the young gentleman did indeed display considerable cowardice by jumping hatless through the conservatory window, when he saw your husband entering the yard on his way from the gunsmith's with his shot-gun, which he had been getting fixed for quail season. And you didn't help the matter any by running into your room to have a 'good cry' over the unpleasant position in which it placed you. If you felt like shedding tears you should have let them ripple in your husband's presence, as he would very naturally suspect you ran into the room to arrange your disturbed toilet. Put it in the best light you can, and there still remains sufficient shade to give the old gentleman something to think about for time to come. He will hardly go quail hunting this season. We wouldn't were we in his place.

Another person, writing from Napa City, accuses a correspondent of a mis-statement. He says it was the editor of the *California Farmer*, and not the editor of the *Examiner*, who planted the package of No. 16 homeopathic pills sent him from the country by a wag, as the seeds of a Sandwich Island cabbage.

The old editor for weeks regularly watered the plot

where he sowed them; but as nothing appeared, wrote to the country gentleman, informing him that his seeds hadn't sprouted, and he thought it likely they might have been taken from a dead head.

"Amy" is all in a fluster about spirits. I will talk to her after this manner:

"We have always considered spiritualism the bluest carbuncle that ever festered upon the neck of society. We care not if the spirits were rapping around our table like a forty stamp mill, we would eat our regular allowance with all the coolness that a Celestial manifests when absorbing his bird nest soup. If your bed dances a *pas-seul* after you get into it at night, there must be more than spirits around; and you would do well to throw a boot-jack or flat-iron under it before retiring. Such a proceeding might give you the satisfaction of hearing the spirits yell blue murder.

"There is not much danger of your going crazy, because in plain terms we consider you to be luny already. The poor devil in the Stockton Asylum, who imagines Queen Victoria has made a private residence of his nose, and has blown both eyes out striving to eject her, is hardly more so."

I trust the editor will lose some hair over that answer. On second thought, I remember the editor has none.

JIM DUDLEY'S RACE TO GRAB CORNERS.

APRIL 24TH.

NOW that I am rid of my wild-cat mining stock, my aching teeth, and inverted toe-nails, that immeasurable sponge, "Jim Dudley," turns up again with his improbable stories and plenteous discharge of slang.

Last night he told about the fast team he once sported in Indiana, and I wager considerable he never drove a horse in his life, except it was to the pound that he might get half the fine. But this is the way he spun his yarn:

"Did the boys tell you about the span I used to drive down at Grab Corners? No? wal, that's derved queer. I owned an almi'ty fast pair while I was stoppin' thar.

"You see I fust had a wall-eyed gelding, and used to go buzzin' through the village like an evil report; and when I had jest enough whiskey aboard to make me feel a leetle reckless, I used to turn the corners on the two inner wheels and never make a miss of it.

"My ambition was to own a span though. Arter a

JIM DUDLEY'S RAT-TAIL MARE.

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while I bought a young mare from Deacon Shovelridge. She was the homliest lookin' critter you ever sot eyes on. Her tail was as hairless as a garter snake. She was a basin raised colt, and one mornin' she was standin' round whar the boys were makin' soap, and while backin' up to the blaze to git warm, her tail caught fire and every spear of hair was burned off. It never came out agin nuther.

"It made her look pooty bad, but I see the go was in her, and that was what I was arter. Durin' fly time I used to help her out of her troubles a leetle by fastenin' a heavy tassel to the end of her tail, and arter some practice she could fetch a fly off her ribs, or fore shoulder e'enmost every pop.

"I got her pooty reasonable. The Deacon said he was actewally ashamed to go out with her, for the boys were allers a hootin' arter him. Besides the old codger seemed to have a likin' for me, and allers took my part when others were runnin' me down. I never exactly understood how it was, but allers allowed it was because he had no daughters. The mare matched the gelding fust rate. Both had hides like rhinoceroses, which the sweat could never get through. They might be bilin' hot inside, but they never showed any signs of it outwardly.

"Arter a little trainin' they pulled together, and spat-tered it out as even as the wheels of a ferry boat. I used to make a commotion among the villagers when I turned out, for I could pass everythin' around the Corners;

and you ought to have seen the fellers a runnin' out to hold their hosses by the head when they see me comin', and the wimmin a hollerin' and tuckin' up their skirts and scuddin' arter their young 'uns as though a drove of Mexican cattle were a comin' across the bridge.

"One day an old sport named Abe Drake, a sort of



ABE DRAKE.

spreedin' old bachelor, come over thar from Illinois. He afterwards married a brokin winded old concert

singer that used to be squeakin' around there, and went to live in Hulltown.

"People suspicioned they weren't married, but I seed 'em soon arter, and I noticed there was a sort of coolness sprung up atwixt 'em, and then I allowed they were married fast enough. Wal, as I was sayin', he came over there and brought a spankin' fine team along with him.

"They were amazin' nice lookin' critters now I can tell you; skins smooth and shiny as seals, and tails on 'em that actewally trailed in the dust behind. He allers had plenty of money and was etarnally takin' the gals around to one place or another. He was ginerally considered the biggest cat on the wood pile. We never came in contact when we had our teams out until one day at a picnie in Gawley's Wood.

"That straw-headed Kate Rykert was thar. She was the rollickin' don't care gal of the village, one of these tree-climbin', astride-ridin' critters, but a mi'ty good gal for all that, and handsome as a new fiddle. She was well up in the fine arts, but she could realize more genuine enjoyment chargin' through the pastur' astride the old mooly cow, than she could by trummin' a pianer.

"Wal, there wasn't hardly a gal in the village that Abe Drake hadn't bin a spurrin' round, and he had sort o' commenced a trampin' on his wing like around Kate Rykert about this time.

"It happened I had a sort of weakness that way myself,

and I didn't like his maneuverin' any too well now I kin assure you. He couldn't make much out of Kate



KATE RYKERT.

though. She liked fast horses and a splurge, but she wasn't one of those gals that would marry an empty pair of breeches because there was greenbacks in the pockets.

"But, as I was remarkin', that day while the picnic was breakin' up, we got gassin' and talkin' about a ball that was comin' off the followin' week down at Crow Bend. Abe wanted Kate to go down thar with him, but she had partly agreed afore that to go long er me; so to git herself out of it and me in, she said she would go with the one who could take her the fastest.

"That's me,' said Abe, straightenin' up kind of proudly, and givin' his pantaloons a hitch up at the waistband. 'I can let you count the panels along the turnpike a leetle the quickest of any person around these quarters,' and he looked sideways at me to see how I took the assertion.

"It's not allers the hen that does the most extensive advertizin', that makes the largest deposits,' said Tom Ruggles, laughin' as he sat thar packin' away his dishes.

"No, Tom,' said Gus Parks, the millinery man, who didn't like Abe any too well because he sort of bustid an engagement between him and the schoolmarm; 'and it's not allers your longest tailed quadrupeds that git over the ground the fastest nuther.'

"Wal, never mind boys,' ses I, jest easy that way, 'the proof of the whiskey is in the headache arterwards. I reckon I can kill as many grasshoppers between here and Grab Corners, as any person that cracks a whip in these parts.'

"What! with them thick skinned critters of yourn?' said Abe p'intin' his fingers at my hosses, and laughin' as though it was mi'ty funny. It made me feel pooty riley, but I kept my temper.

"Supposin' they hev thick skins,' I ses, 'they're somethin' like the cheese that goggle eyed Peter bought from the pedlar, their peculiarity doesn't lie in the thickness of their hide so much as in the derved mysterious way they have of movin' themselves around.'

"'S'pose you try a race back to the Corner then,' ses one of the boys.

"'Yes,' ses Kate Rykert, clappin' her hands and jumpin' up. 'I'll ride back to the Corner with one of you and let Tilley Evans go with the other, and I'll go to the ball with the one who gets to the village first.'

"'Agreed,' ses Abe, 'and you'll ride back with me?'

"'No, I'm heavier than Tilley,' ses Kate, 'let everythin' be even; toss up for partners back to the Corner.'

"This seemed fair, so we flipped, and I won Kate. She weighed ten pounds more than Tilley, but I didn't care for that, for I knowed if the worst come to the worst she was none of your jumpin' out kind; she would stick to the buggy while there was one wheel and the seat left, and that's the sort of a gal to have along with a feller when he's tryin' hoss flesh.

"The whole picnic gathered around us when we were gettin' our teams ready and war speculatin' on the result. Money was gwine up on all sides. Parson Briarly had no change about him, but he bet his gold bowed spectacles against old Silverthorn's meerschaum pipe, that I would git to the Corner fust.

"'Beat, him Jim,' ses Gus Parks, 'and I'll give Kate the best bonnet in the store.'

"'And I'll give her the highest-heeled pair of boots that I've got in my shop,' said Tom Ruggles, the boot and shoe dealer.

"'Then Kate is a bonnet and a pair of boots ahead,

for sartain,' says I, jumpin' into the buggy and squarin' round my horses for the road; and with that we started, hell-a-te-hub! down the turnpike, Abe a leetle ahead, but not enough to make much difference with five miles of good turnpike ahead of us without let or hindrance.

"Pooty soon Kate leaned over to me, and ses she, 'You must beat him, Jim, for between you and me, I would ruther go to the ball with you, than with Abe.'

"This made me feel mi'ty good, and ses I, 'You mustn't get skeered then for I reckon we'll hev to take some desperate chances to git thar fust.'

"'Let me alone for that,' ses she, 'when I can't ride as fast as a hoss can run, then I'll stay to hum, and let dad tote me around in the wheelbarrow.'

"Just then we came up with him. He tried to shake us off, and would spurt ahead, but I'd crawl up on him agin, and stick thar, lappin' him and goin' with him stretch for stretch, like a dog when he's a freezin' to a pig's ear. Away went Kate's hat a flutterin' over butter-cup swale, like a Bird of Paradise over the gardin of Eden.

"'That's mi'ty bad, Kate,' ses I, loookin' over my shoulder at it sailin' off.

"'Let it go hatchin',' ses Kate laughin'ly. 'It's only gettin' out of the way of the new bonnet.'

"I thought 'twas a good omen myself, but didn't say anythin', for jist then Abe shot a leetle ahead, and as he was gwine off, he hollered 'You can't do it, Jim.'

"'I kin,' ses I determinedly.

"'Your hosses are ginnin' out; they hain't got the bottom into 'em,' he shouted jest that way.

"'It must hev dropped out last night then,' ses I, and with that I overhauled him agin. Past Brian O'Laughlan's door yard we went like a whirlwind through a flour mill, over a hen and three suckin' pigs. The



MRS. O'LAUGHLAN.

old woman was standin' thar in the yard with her apron full of chickens, shakin' her fist at us and swearin'

like a drunken gypsey. Her long tongue slushin' and dashin' against her one front tooth like a mop ag'inst a table leg.

"I could have laughed myself to tears only I had to keep my eyes clear, for the road was so narrow in some places that when we were abreast there wasn't any ground to spare.

"We were now passin' the half-way spring and the



JUST AS IT WAS.

race was fully as undecided as when we broke away from the hootin' crowd on the picnic grounds.

"Down past old Deacon Shovelridge's ten-acre hop-yard we went rack-a-te-bang! hub end against hub end,

and the outer wheels a spokin' it within six inches of a four-foot ditch.

"The ride to the Corners began to look like the ride to etarnity, and Tilley was pale as a gray nun's ghost, and continewally making narvous reaches for the lines.

"But Kate was equal to the surroundin's. Thar she sot, with one arm around me and 'tother graspin' the seat rail, and above the clatter of hoofs and steel axles, I could hear her repeatin':

"Stick to him, Jim, like a weanin' young 'un to its thumb, and start my stitches! if he doesn't git his crop full of dust yet.'

"Old Shovelridge was in the field on a load of hay as we were passin'. He was inclined to piety, and if the world had no hosses or wimmin in it I reckon he'd have bin as pious as a Church orgin. But he had a sort of an ungodly weakness to'ards wimmin, and hoss flesh.

"And when he saw us a raspin' down the turnpike as though we were ridin' in a four hoss chariot, and saw Kate Rykert's great swad of blonde ha'r a streamin' out behind like the tail of a comet, he couldn't contain his feelin's no how.

"He gin a rousin' whoop like a Chilchat Indian, when he sights a fur hunter. Throwin' away the pitchfork,—which accidentl'y harpooned the old lady in the back who was rakin' behind—and jumpin' from the load, he took across the field to'ards the turnpike, swingin' his old straw hat and hollerin':

"Go it, Dudley; go it, you red-headed son of a sea-cook. Keep the wall-eyed gelding up with the rat-tail mare, and I'll bet my farm ag'inst a last year's chance you'll make Grab Corner fust!'

"This made me feel pooty good, for the mare was the one I had some fears about.

"But you ought to see how it affected Abe; he commenced to slash his hosses and swar like an ox teamster when his cart is stuck hub deep in the mud.

"Finally the off horse broke, and there was a sort of irregular upheaval among 'em for a while as though they war steppin' on broken cakes of ice; one would be gwine down while 'tother was a comin' up.

"Abe tried to bring 'em down to their work agin, and in the mean time I kind of cork-screwed ahead and swung into the center of the road in advance of him. Then I began to feel somethin' like a feller what holds the winnin' cards, and sees the other bluffers a pilin' up the coin on their inferior paste boards. But I see some young half-breeds a squattin' around on the road about a quarter of a mile ahead, and knowed at the rate we war travellin' we'd be on top of 'em before they'd see us if I didn't haul up.

"So I ses to Kate, 'See them plag'y brats ahead of us thar! what hed we better do about it?'

"Run over the derved centipedes,' ses she, 'thar's more whar they came from. Abe ain't a gwine to slack up for 'em,' and she cuddled closer to me so the jolt wouldn't hist her out.

"I shouted two or three times, but they were too busy with their mud pies to take any notice, and Abe was makin' no signs of haulin' up. So I ses, 'over it is then, and as the judge says, "May the Lord hev mercy on thar souls,"' and with that over 'em we went hop-a-te-jolt like a cart over a corduroy road, and kept right on for the Corner, as though the very devil himself was pokin' us on end.

"I heered 'em scream as we slashed on, but reckon it was more through fright than injury, for we got over 'em so almi'ty fast they couldn't hev bin hurt much.

"Abe had lost his grippin's. He couldn't overhaul me ag'in no how, and I gradually crawled away from him, if he did his derndest.

"The whole village seemed to be out to the bridge to see what was comin'.

"They see the dust risin' when we were three mile away, and they allowed the derndest run-away was a comin' down the turnpike that had happened since Bull Run, and were out thar speculatin' as to whose family was in danger.

"But when they see it was a race, and recognized me, you ought to see the scatterin' amongst 'em. You'd think a hul menagery had broken loose and was comin' for 'em.

"Pock-pitted Pelvy, the botchy shoemaker, was settin' on the railin' of the bridge; but jest as I crossed it, the crowd hoorayed, and jostled him off. He hung

over the railin' by one leg with his body swayin' below, and him a hollerin' like a good feller, and signalin' for



CURING PEOPLE'S CORNS.

help, but the crowd were so taken up with the race, and were cheerin' and swingin' of their hats continewally

that they never knowed anythin' about his position.

"Pooty soon his leg slipped over, and then he went end over end more'n twenty-five feet into the river, and was carried over the falls before anybody missed him. Arter that people wern't troubled so much with corns around Grab Corner, for though he's dead now, I'll say it of him, he was the wust shoemaker that ever shoved an awl into a hide.

"I druv up to the hotel, and had jest got through helpin' Kate out, when up come Abe, with his hosses hobblin' as if they had picked up a twenty-penny nail in every hoof.

"They looked somewhat as if they had bin swimmin' in a soap vat.

"Abe was very much of a man, though, arter all. His hosses I reckon had never bin passed before, but he didn't bluster or git mad about it neither, though it must have bin pooty tryin' to him.

"'By the Witch of Ender's long eye tooth,' he cried as he jumped from the buggy, 'you did it, Jim; and you did it fair. Only I kinder think you swung in ahead of me a leetle too quick, back thar where that derved old whipper-in hollered so.'

"'No, Abe,' ses I, 'I didn't take an inch of turnpike until I was entitled to it.'

"'Wal,' ses he, as he came round to look at my animals that were standin' thar seemingly as cool as a

brace of toads in a cellar, 'I'll be eternally cussed if them hosses of yourn ain't somethin' like the widder Tappan's boarders. The speed they show in gettin' away with anythin' surprises me less than the sort of false bottom that the derved critters seem to have in 'em.'

"So Kate Rykert got the bonnet and boots, and I gin her a new dress to go with them, and if we didn't come out some the next week down to Crow Bend, then thar ain't no use talkin' about it, that's all."



A TERRIBLE NOSE.

MAY 1ST.

WHILE in San Jose to-day, I was brought in contact with an old gentleman named Bickerstaff, who keeps a crockery store in the village. This Bickerstaff is the unfortunate possessor of the queerest looking nose I have yet encountered.

It was not the original intention of Providence that he should follow such a proboscis through life, for there was a time when he, like other men, had a fore-runner ornamental as well as useful. But through an accident, the nose he now bears in all its deformity was afterwards shoved upon him.

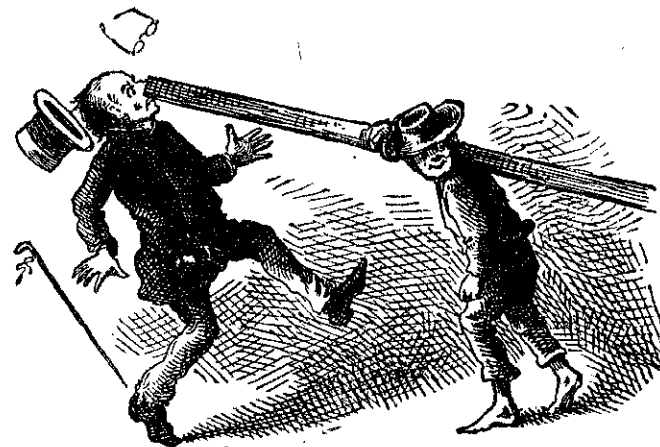
It seems one day while furiously pursuing a little urchin who had mischievously put a stone through a glass jar by the door, he ran his face against the end of a scantling a boy was carrying past on his shoulder and set his nose well up on his forehead in a triangular lump.

Strange to say, no inducements that the doctor could

WIFE SUES FOR A DIVORCE.

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hold out served to coax it back to its former position. His wife, who was young, and rather prepossessing in appearance, worried terribly about it. She finally left



BUSTING HIS BUGLE.

him, and went over to Poison Oak Valley, to live with her mother, and immediately set about obtaining a divorce from him.

She would, in all probability, have obtained it, if she had not died before the case was properly laid before the commissioners; because she was capable of doing better, and when you come to see the nose with which she wished to sever her connections, you could hardly blame her.

Old Bickerstaff, to tell the honest truth, did look like the very devil in masquerade costume.

His nose, as it reposed between his eyebrows, displayed an enormous pair of nostrils large as front door key holes. At a short distance, a person would think he had four eyes in his head.

He was the living terror of the school children, who daily passed his place of business. They either scurried past on the run, or with their hands over their eyes.

Even amongst creeping infants,—who had often shrunk back from the threshold as old Bickerstaff passed the door,—he was known as the Boo; and there was no danger of them crawling into the street while he remained in the vicinity.

Panicky women also avoided him.

They would cut across the road when they saw him coming towards them, or turn back, feeling their pockets as though they had forgotten something, and hurry back to go round some other way.

Dogs never barked at him. If they happened to be engaged in that pastime when he hove in sight, they would slope off the demonstration into a yelp. And as if they had suddenly recollected that they were wanted at home about that time, they tucked their tails between their legs and dusted away from the locality at a lively rate.

Hitched horses snorted lustily, and pulled hard upon their halters when old Bickerstaff shuffled by.

The old gentleman had a pew in the church directly

in front of the pulpit, and the first time he attended divine worship after his nose had been set up, he threw the minister out of his discourse altogether. He couldn't keep run of what he wanted to say no way he could fix it. He had Jonah swallowing the whale instead of the whale doing the job for Jonah.

No matter how much he endeavored to keep his eyes in some other direction, they would invariably wander back to rest upon that terrible sight, and then he would be off the track again in a twinkling.

The next day the trustees of the church waited on Bickerstaff, and in the most polite manner possible, requested him to exchange his pew for one farther removed from the pulpit.

The old fellow—who, by the way, had considerable temper—flew off the handle at once, and in the most unchristian-like language damned the church and the doctrine that would draw the line of demarkation between fair faces and plain.

He informed the trustees if the parson didn't like the looks of his congregation, he could turn his pulpit around facing the other way. Yet, though he was rough in his speech, and given to storming considerably when his pride was touched, he was not altogether lacking in those qualities which go far to make up your real man; and when the trustees offered to give him the side pew *rent free*, his voice at once grew low, and in a

becoming manner he accepted the situation. After that, things were not quite as bad. The minister occasionally got a quartering view of him, but the odd looking disfigurement didn't strike him with full force. Still, I was informed, the Reverend gentleman's discourse was principally addressed to the hearers on the other side of the church, thereafter.

But—to his credit be it mentioned—he always turned in the direction of old Bickerstaff when he closed his eyes in prayer.



SPORTIVE WINDS.

MAY 3d.

O, winds of May! O, winds of May!
Fie on the antics that ye play!
The aged matron's step ye urge
To hurried mirth-provoking splurge.
Ye hurl her garments in the air,
And leave her poor old ankles bare.
The kiting dame but little knew

AN EXPOSED SITUATION.

This morning, when her hose she drew,
 That half the town would criticise
 Her patent, new elastic ties.
 Not less the plump and buxom miss
 Doth caper in these winds, I wis:
 In vain she whirls around and tries
 To hide her charms from prying eyes.



THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

All sudden comes the fearful gust,
 And fills her eyes and mouth with dust;
 And while confusion rules her quite,
 Up goes the fluted muslin white,
 And shapely limbs are brought in sight.

A MASKED BATTERY.

MAY 5TH.

I LEARN by an evening paper, that an old lady on the Potrero to-day, while burning some cast-off garments, threw an old vest belonging to her son-in-law into the fire-place. A Remington rifle cartridge happened to be slumbering in one of the pockets. It awakened, and thereby hangs a piece of crape.

This draws me on to fasten upon paper an incident that happened in the mountains some years ago. I was spending a few days in the mines at the time, with a friend named Colyer, who was working a claim back of Sonora.

He had three partners in the concern. One was an old fellow named Twitchell, who at some time in his life had been a judge in a supreme court in one of the South-western States—I forget which. At all events, they called him "Judge," and he bore the title with becoming dignity.

Another was a dark looking, one-eyed Swede, who

wore a large green patch over the empty socket. This seemed to add a double brilliancy and fire to the other optic, and gave to him rather a ferocious appearance. He would have passed any where for a buccaneer of at



THE ONE-EYED SWEDE.

least fifteen years' cruising. Yet he was quite a mild and peaceable man, for all his demoniacal aspect. The third was a Vermonter, named Theodore Arthur Willoughby Spooner, called Spoon, for short. They occupied a small log cabin near their claim, and were like miners generally, hopeful, if not happy.

One evening Theodore Arthur Willoughby Spooner was rummaging over some old articles left in the cabin by a former occupant. Among them he found an odd-looking pistol which the rust of years had rendered

worthless. The weapon was an uncommon one. I never saw anything like it before or since, and it is my daily prayer that I never may.

It was a ten shooter; with nine chambers for bullets, and a tenth and larger barrel for throwing buck-shot, slugs, walnuts, small onions, or potatoes. In fact it was capable of receiving almost anything not exceeding a billiard ball in size.

Such an awe-inspiring shooting iron would be invaluable to a foot-pad, or road agent. It was particularly suited for men of this stripe; for the man who would not blanch, settle down on his knees and surrender up his valuables when that battery was leveled at his head, must be brave indeed.

After we had examined it for some time and vainly endeavored to raise the hammer, the one eyed Swede took it. In trying to revolve the chambers he dropped it unswervingly upon Judge Twitchell's favorite corn. It weighed about as much as a good sized anvil, and no person who had experienced the peculiar sensation that shoots along the nerves from an injured corn, could blame the Judge for indulging in a little profanity about that time.

Smarting under the contusion he grabbed the instrument and in an erring moment flung it into the fire.

Not a man of that little assemblage but would have given his day's pan-out to have the pistol out of the flames again; but neither wished to assume the responsi-

bility of poking for it. The confounded thing hadn't been fully canvassed, and we didn't know whether or not it was loaded or which way it was aiming.

It might be pointing out at the door, or up the chimney, or it might be leveled at a fellow's very vitals; there was a sort of creeping uncertainty about the whole thing that was calculated to inspire solemn and serious reflections, and make us sit uneasily upon our stools.

We were not long in doubt, however, for in ten seconds after the villainous looking mitrailleuse settled into the glowing embers, there was no foot of space, no nook or corner within the wooden walls of that humble dwelling, that was a good place for a man to be who had not made his peace with heaven.

File firing commenced on the right of the fire place, under cover of burning brands. There was a sharp report, a cloud of ashes and a shower of coals, and amid the general din, the stem and bowl of the meerschaum in the teeth of Theodore Arthur Willoughby Spooner, dissolved partnership at once and forever.

At the same instant the old water pitcher jumped from the table mortally wounded in the abdomen.

During the next few moments there was extraordinary ground and lofty tumbling inside the cabin.

Not because I was possessed of greater fear, or less courage, than any of the party, but because I felt that I had more to live for, I was the first to reach the open air. The "Judge" was following close at my heels,

but in his blind haste he tripped in the doorway and blocked the passage. It was at this critical



NEEDED AIR.

moment that the leap-frog performance commenced. The antics of Chirini's circus troupe, during their

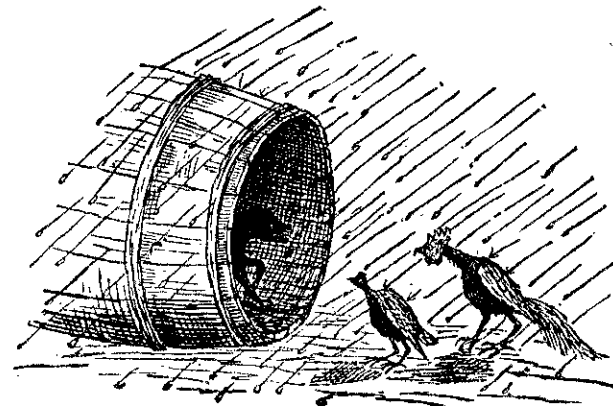
most brilliant achievements, dwindle into mere school boy exercise when compared with the gymnastic efforts of the excited miners. Out came my friend Colyer over the prostrate form of the Judge, and the one-eyed Swede over Colyer, his hair erect and his one dilated eye standing in bold relief from his dark face, like the ornamental stud on a horse's blinker. Last though not least interested or frightened, came Theodore Arthur Willoughby Spooner, sailing like a flying squirrel over the one-eyed Swede. In the meantime the pistol was jumping about in the fire like a fish in a scoop-net, showering bullets in every direction.

The clock hung silent upon the wall, having received a charge of buck-shot full in the face, and the dog lay dead upon the hearth-stone. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," and indeed it would seem so, for poor Judge Twitchell, whose rashness brought about the whole calamity, received a parting salute, a farewell shot, just as he had gathered himself on all fours to make a final lunge from the hell within.

Fortunately the wound was not a fatal one, though severe enough to keep his memory green for weeks. If he did—through any outside influence—forget it for a moment, when he sat down the act invariably jogged his memory, and his thoughts would again revert to the villainous pistol and its cruel parting shot.

Some time elapsed before any person would venture back into the cabin after the firing ceased. No one had

kept count of the shots or knew at what moment the battery might open again. We probably would have remained out all night rather than take any chances, but the coals which had been thrown over the cabin, started a brisk fire in half a dozen different places, and we were obliged to run some risks to extinguish the flames.



OUR TABLE GIRL.

MAY 14TH.

"O, those girls!

Naughty, laughing, beautiful girls."—*Old Song.*

I COMMENCED boarding in a new place to-day, and am completely smitten by the charming table girl. "Coffee, sir?" Such eyes, and such—well, no matter.

Oh, she is young and full, and fair,
With midnight eyes and inky hair,
Which unconfined, without a check,
Falls round a plump and snowy neck.
Her ripened form and winning smile
A fagging Mormon would beguile,
And though he had of wives a score,
He'd sigh to add one charmer more.
Oh, sweet she bends above my chair
Like Juno, when old Jove's her care,
And as she stoops to hear me speak,
Soft falls her breath upon my cheek;
And I forget (true as I live,)
The order that I fain would give.
Before her dark and earnest eyes,
My appetite distracted flies;
And though I hungry sit me down,
I rise full as a country clown
Who by a picnic table stands,
And shovels in with both his hands.

THE PRIZE THAT I DIDN'T WIN.

MAY 16TH.

WHO hath contended for a prize? Who hath stood in front of an armed host with a noble emulation warming his breast; and one eye glancing along the barrel to the target in the distance, and the other closed upon the world, hath pressed carefully upon the decisive trigger?

And who hath seen the glittering bone of contention passing away into other hands than his at the close of the contest? If such a person there be, then can he sympathize with me in this, my dark hour of despondency.

To-day I entered the lists with eighty men to compete for a gold watch and chain of two hundred and fifty dollars in value. It was to be presented to the winner by the Governor of the State, at a grand ball in the evening.

I, who prided myself that I was no woman with a gun, made a very fair impression upon the target; and

fell back. For six long, dragging hours I watched the marksmen striving to beat my score. One by one the good shots whom I had reason to fear, stepped forward, discharged their pieces, and fell back cursing their ill luck. At last nearly all had fired, and I in fancy could hear the elegant time piece ticking in my pocket, and was already preparing the usual impromptu speech with



THE BEST SHOT.

which to thank the generous donor. At this point an individual stepped forward whom I had not included

among my dangerous competitors, because on former occasions he failed to hit the broad side of a mountain. Yet to my astonishment he bore off the glittering prize!

I shall always think the devil rode astride of that individual's bullets and guided them into the target; for while taking aim, the muzzle of his gun was tossing around like the tip of a cow's horn when she's grazing in a clover field.

What a picture was I, as I stood that evening at the ball, watching his Excellency presenting the magnificent watch I had looked upon as mine for hours together.

Had I not received the premature congratulations of my friends, and been lavish of change at the bar in consequence? And the watch—where was it? I feel that I shall never have the face to look my musket in the muzzle again.

AN OLD WOMAN IN PERIL.

MAY 21ST.

YESTERDAY while in Marin County, I saw an old woman in what would have been a very laughable predicament, were it not a pitiable one.

An unusually large Californian vulture had for some time been soaring in the neighborhood of Salmon Creek, occasionally scraping acquaintance with one of the fat ewes grazing in the valley. Several of the farmers had the vexation of seeing him perched upon a lofty eminence making the wool fly from some favorite Cotswold. They were justly enraged, and resolved to put a stop to his depredations.

They accordingly posted themselves nigh their flocks, and with guns heavily charged, awaited the advent of the rapacious bird. But he was no booby, and though his gizzard could digest a good sized rib or hoof with all the ease that a Ballyshannon woman makes away with a mealy potato, he hadn't the least inclination to test its grinding power upon a charge of slugs or buckshot.

WHAT A VULTURE SELECTED FOR HIS DINNER. 213

For several days thereafter he was known in the neighborhood as a "high flier." With a pining maw he would sit upon some heaven-kissing crag, and with drooping head watch the fleecy flocks grazing in the green valley below. He found it difficult, however, to cloy the hungry edge of appetite by bare imagination of a feast, and, emboldened by want, began to drop to a lower level when flying across the fields.

Yesterday, as mutton was out of the question, he resolved to try his beak upon some tougher viand, and while in the vicinity of Salmon Creek, he swooped down upon a little old woman who was gathering chips in front of her cottage.

The poor body had not the least warning of the vulture's approach. As she stooped in the act of picking fuel enough to cook her evening meal he dropped upon her like an arrow.

Fastening his powerful talons in the most accessible part, (see illustration) he spread abroad his mighty wings and began to haul her heavenward. The astonishment, anxiety and indescribable antics of the poor old lady when she found herself slowly but surely leaving *terra firma* by an unknown agency, was indeed terrible to witness.

She knew not whether it was a gold-tinseled angel, or an iron-rusted devil, that was thus, in open day, and while she was yet in the flesh, unceremoniously translating her to some remote planet; she had no means of

discovering, she was only certain she was going; that her direction was onward and upward. Her favorite



HOW THE OLD LADY GOT HER BACK UP.

holly-hock tickled her nose as she swept over her little

garden, and the clothes line, that for a moment seemed to baffle the vulture's flight, was now stretching beneath.

She deployed her feet regardless of appearances, first to the right, then to the left, above, and below, vainly endeavoring to come in contact with something that would give her an inkling of what was responsible for this mysterious movement. There was a vague uncertainty about the whole proceeding well calculated to alarm her. Even though she succeeded in shaking herself loose, her fall would now be fearful, and each moment was adding to the danger. What could I do? I was powerless to save. I had no gun, and even if I had there would have been some grave doubts in my mind as to the propriety of firing, as I generally shoot low, and such an error in my aim could hardly have proved otherwise than disastrous.

There was no use striving to make the bird loosen his hold by hooting. If there had been any virtue in that sort of demonstration the old woman would hardly have been raised above the eaves of her shanty, for she was screaming in a manner that would have made a Modoc blush. The only thing that suggested itself, and that rather hurriedly, was to get out my pencil and paper and take a sketch as she appeared passing over her cottage in the vulture's talons.

The blood, which at first forsook her cheeks through fear, was almost instantly forced back into her visage again by the pendant position of her head.

She beat the empty tin pan which she still retained in her hand, but the voracious and hunger-pinched vulture had no notion of relinquishing his hold on account of noise. On the contrary he seemed to enjoy it, and with many a sturdy twitch and flap, and many an airy wheel, he still held his way toward a rugged promontory situated at the head of the cañon. Fortunately, when he was twenty feet from the ground and about eighty rods from the cottage, the calico dress and undergarments in which his talons were mainly fastened, gave out. The liberated woman dropped on hands and knees in the muddy bed of the creek, over which the bird was passing at the time.

While hovering over her, about to pounce down upon her and try the elevating business over again, a sheepherder who had seen the bird approaching the cottage, gave him a dose of buckshot, which broke one wing and left him at the mercy of his captor.

He measured twelve feet ten inches from tip to tip, and was indeed an extraordinary specimen.



JUNE 1ST

Oh June! thou comest once again
 With bales of hay and sheaves of grain,
 That make the farmer's heart rejoice,
 And anxious herds lift up their voice.
 I hear thy promise,—sunny maid
 Sound in the reapers' ringing blade,
 And in the laden harvest wain,
 That rumbles through the stubble plain.
 Ye tell a tale of bearded stacks,
 Of busy mills and floury sacks;

Of cars oppressed with cumbrous loads,
 Hard curving down their iron roads;
 Of barges grounding on their way
 Down winding streams to reach the bay;
 Of vessels spreading to the breeze
 Their snowy sails in stormy seas,
 While bearing to some foreign strand,
 The products of this golden land.

Ye come again with cereal brows,
 And crescent blade, to fill the mows;
 And never fall thy feet too soon,
 Oh, ever welcome, sunny June.



A LETTER AND ITS POSTSCRIPT.

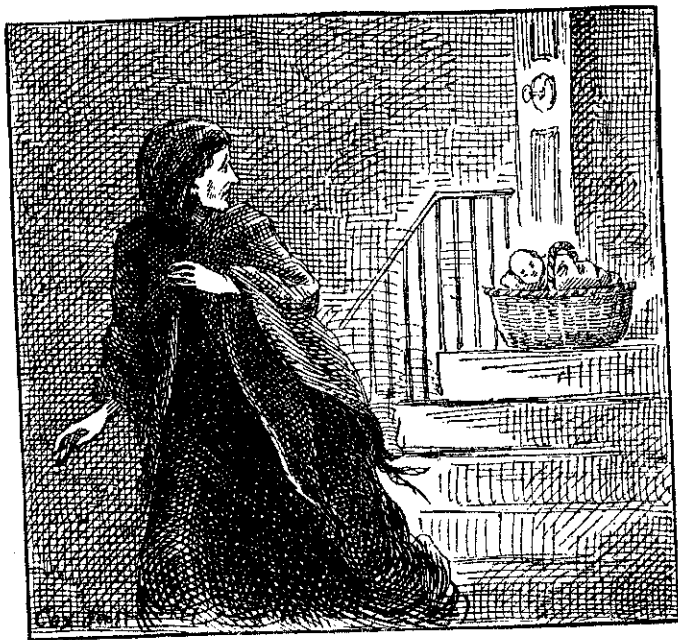
JUNE 5TH.

I HAVE been reading a letter from a young married lady residing in Canada. She informs me that she is the happy mother of a fine daughter. She freely boasts of her baby's various charms, of its white skin (oh!) and its pleasing voice, (my!) It is undoubtedly *the* baby of the district, and bears off all the honors, leaving other poor infants kicking unnoticed in their mother's laps.

This maternal partiality is quite natural, however. Ever since that morning in the long ago, when our first parent Eve looked smilingly down upon her first born slumbering on her bosom, and in the fullness of her heart exclaimed to Adam standing at her elbow, "Oh! how good and how pleasant it is to be a mother," (see Scripture,) the love for children has been the same.

Ever since the night on which the infant Moses hid the bulrushes in the woman of Leviticus, the same feeling has existed; ever since the fat Prodigal was killed

because of the calf's return,—but why continue? enough for me to know that the young wife is exceedingly happy, and long may she wave the broom-stick of dominion over the head of her subjugated partner. Well, now that the thought comes, is it not better for a mother to be crowing over her offspring than shifting a responsibility from door to door, like the woman whom



SHIFTING A RESPONSIBILITY.

last night I chanced to see depositing a little waif upon my neighbor's doorstep?

She looked guilty enough as she disappeared in the gloom after the heartless act.

I would have eyed my neighbor this morning with looks of suspicion, would have passed him on the street without recognition, would have considered him a bad *bad* man, and one altogether given over to iniquity, if I had not seen the female endeavoring first to leave her burden at the door of the minister opposite.

She was driven away by a large dog, and so my poor neighbor had to take it. But my neighbor's wife doesn't know anything about that, no indeed, she doesn't, and that accounts for the early visit she paid the lawyer's office this morning. Evidently my neighbor and my neighbor's wife will soon be paddling separate canoes.

But to return to our mutton. A lady's letter is not complete without a postscript, and in the one attached to this my friend asks this terrible question: "Why don't you get married?" I lay down my pen and wonder if she thinks she is the only, or the original propounder, of that question; if she thinks it was reserved for her to startle me by this home thrust; if she does she is as mistaken as if she wrapped her husband in swathing bands instead of her infant. Why bless her inquisitive soul! I have heard that conundrum so often it has become as familiar as the ticking of my octagon time piece over against the mantel.

I can tell by the puckering of a mouth, as far as I can see it, when that question is about to be shot at me.

It has come in all tongues, from the dead languages down to South Sea Island Chinook. It comes upon

me, encircled by a halo of tobacco smoke, or impregnated with whiskey from the emboldened tongue of some traveling companion.

I have grown hoarse and husky-throated endeavoring to laugh away the interrogation. I have made wide and hasty detours around it at the risk of being thought deaf as an ear of barley, or dull of apprehension as a field turnip.

I have climbed over it crawled under it, and when fairly cornered, have commended myself to my Maker, and broke through it, Job-like escaping with the skin of my teeth. And here it is again, bubbling up from the postscript of a letter as innocently as though I hadn't been dodging it on an average about twenty-five times a day for the last ten years.

But now I think of it, have not the people some reason to inquire? With my usual candor I will admit that they have. I will even go further and say, that by this time I should have reckoned my progeny as the baker does his loaves. But let that pass; it is not for me to censure myself, there are plenty to do it and without the asking.

DUDLEY'S FIGHT WITH DR. TWEEZER.

JUNE 10TH.

THAT insufferable bore "Jim Dudley," called again last night, and as usual bored me with one of his confounded stories. I overshot myself by mentioning to him how low he stood in the estimation of Doctor Tweezer, for that brought down the following upon my head:

"Dr. Tweezer didn't speak very highly of me, eh! Wal, 'tain't to be wondered at when you know how I wrought upon his feelin's once. When a feller has to go around among his patients for more'n two weeks with a beef steak the size of a hearth rug, tied to his face, as *he* did, he ain't agwine to hurt himself eulogizin' the person who set him off,—not much.

"Ever fight? wal, I reckon you'd think so if you had seen the Doctor's yard arter we got through turnin' the chips over thar. *He* can fight, and squirm like a cat with her tail in a tongs that Dr. Tweezer can.

"You see the Doctor's place was along side the widder

Gezot's, and she had an al-fired host of hens, specimens from cold countries, with feathers clear down to thar toe nails; and others from bilin' hot districts, with no feathers at all onto 'em, 'ceptin' a few downy substitutes frillin' around the neck.—They were etarnally a gettin' into his garden and a sprawlin' round in the soft beds thar.

"He was pooty mad over it too, for he prided himself on razin' early vegetables, and two or three times he cautioned her to look arter her p'ultry, or he'd gin 'em a dose that would warm thar little gizzards for 'em if he was any judge of drugs.

"The widder Gezot was a plaguy stirrin' little woman, one that was allers willin' to flounder ahead the best way she could. But arter all it's mity convenient for a woman to have a man around to sort of tramp the road for her, and I was on kind of easy stay-about terms with the widder, and used to ginnerally chime in when she got into any difficulty.

"She soon told me what Dr. Tweezer said about the hens; so we set in, and poked 'em, and stuck feathers through their bills, and did all we could except wringing their necks, to keep 'em out of his garden.

"But hens are hens, you know, and the warm sand makes 'em feel mi'ty nice I reckon. They still managed to git through the fence, or over it, and hold caucuses in the Doctor's onion beds. One day arter I had bin down, to the tavern talkin' politics and havin' a leetle

corn whiskey with the boys' thar, I was settin' on the widder's door step smokin' and musin' like, when I see her hens come a rustlin' hum as though forty hawks were a stirrin' 'em up behind. They p'inted straight for the water trough, and after takin' about two dips into it commenced the derndest gymnastic feats you ever see, flip-flopin' around, stannin' on thar heads, and then on thar tails. Finally they quieted down, and turnin' feet up, lay thar dead as the chips around 'em.

"I more than suspected Dr. Tweezer had gin 'em a dose of arsenic or some other mi'ty tellin' drug. So I jest riz up quietly and took a look over into his yard, and sure enough thar he was a staggerin' and squirmin' around a holdin' of his sides, and e'enmost a bustin' with in'ard laughter. Now this sort of upsot me. Not that I cared so much about the widder's chickens, but I didn't like to see a feller so almi'ty tickled over a derved mean trick. So I went prancin' around to the Doctor's yard pooty durned lively a pullin' off my coat as I ran. I cal'lated I couldn't devote much time to strippin' arter I got in thar.

"His back was towards me, and he never suspicioned I was comin', but stooped over warpin' around and sort of unwittin'ly invitin' a kick.

"It's mi'ty funny business, a pizenin' chickens, isn't it? I ses jest that way, and at the same time I gin him such an al-fired hoist with my boot, that I sent him playin' leap-frog more'n fifteen feet, and for a few moments

I reckon he thought he had backed up ag'insta batterin' ram.

"He was mi'ty cranky though, and turned round quicker than a dog when his tail is trod on.

"Dudley," he hollered, 'you infarnil go-between,



GOING FOR THE DOCTOR.

you've invoked the pest, so now look out for scabs,' and with that he came at me like a cluckin' hen at a strange

dog. I see I was in for a lively time, as the boy said when he upset the bee hive. At it we went, ring and twist, duck and dodge, hop and catch it, round and round the yard like fightin' turkeys. I could play around him at boxin' like a cooper round a barrel, but he was grizzly on a hug, and could kick and gouge like a Mississippian.

"He went for my right eye like an Irishman for a ballot box. I'll be derved if I didn't think I'd have to go one eye on it ever arterwards. Several times he had it stickin' out like a door knob. Finally while he was a fumblin' around he accident'ly slipped his finger into my mouth, and I shut down on it mi'ty fast now I can tell you.

"Fair play! fair play!" he hollered, 'no bitin'.

"H-e-l-l!" ses I jest that way, 'twixt my teeth, 'all's grist that comes to my mill I reckon,' and with that I snapped it off at the second jint like a radish. Jest then his wife hearin' an unusual rustlin' and scrapin' around the yard, come a runnin' to the door to see what was up. Woman like, without inquirin' into the particulars, she took sides to wunst, and started with a dish of hot water cal'latin' to gin me an al-fired scaldin'. Luckily she stumbled over the dog that was a skelpin' into the house to git out of harm's way, and her own young 'un that was crawlin' around the floor munchin' dirt got the hottest bath it ever experienced. That gave her somethin' else to look arter, so the Doctor and I had it out alone.

"Arter we had bin at it about fifteen minutes we held a sort of informal truce, just arter a simultaneous exchange of compliments, which left the Doctor layin' across the grindstone and me astride the pump. It was the fust chance I had of gittin' a fair look at him, since we started in. I see he was punished mi'ty bad. One eye was retirin' from active service pooty fast, while his face ginnerally looked as if he had bin bobbin' for pennies in a dish of tomato sauce. I reckon he wasn't aware he presented such an appearance, for ses he:

"Your lookin' mi'ty bad, Dudley, and you mout as well gin up now as anytime, for you'll eventually have to holler."

"If I looked one-half as bad as you do, Doctor, I would holler," I answered.

"I ginnerally have to look about this bad before my blood gits up to a fightin' heat," he ses detarminedly.

"Wal," ses I, 'I've fit at every election for the last five years, and last Fourth, put the bully mate of Terre Haute into a coal bunker, blind as a three hours' pup, and I cal'late no derved pill-mixer is agwine to git away with me very bad.'

"You'll have to be born ag'in before you can whale me, Dudley," he shouted, 'for I'll fight while there's enough blood left in me to lunch a stall-fed muskeeter.'

"We both suck through the same straw then, Doctor," ses I, 'for I cal'late to stick to you like a poor man's plaster to a beggar's ribs or I'll have the worth of the

widder's chickens out on ye,' and with that I spit out his finger that I had forgot all about, and the hul time had bin chawin' like a piece of flag-root, I was so gol-derned mad. I allers will think he would have gin up the fight then, if he hadn't seen me spit out the finger. He looked down at his maimed hand and then at me, and the devil seemed to spur him on ag'in.

"You infarnil cannibal cuss!" he hollered as he edged up to me. 'I'll make head-cheese of ye!' and with that he made a pass at me; so at it we went ag'in, hotter



HANDS UP AND HEADS DOWN.

than ever, hands up and heads down like fightin' wasps, round and about, over the goose-house and wheel-barrow

spat-a-te-kick, and down into the sink pool roll-et-e-roll, and the hair was a flyin' and the teeth war a spinnin'. I got in a left handed wipe on his chin while his mouth was open swarin', and I made his jaws snap like a wolf trap, and sent one of his molars a buzzin' through the kitchen winder like a bullet from a Springfield muskit.

"I never knowed a man could lose so much blood and stand up arter it, until I had that fight with Dr. Tweezer. The blood was a flyin' from him every which way like the water from a sprinklin' cart, and yet the cuss wouldn't holler.

"Arter a while he clinched and throwed me, but I managed to turn him, and commenced to shut off his supply of wind by twistin' his neck-tie; but jest as his tongue began to crop out promisin'ly, a couple of fellers drivin' by in a wagon seen us, and they allowed that I was one of the Doctor's crazy patients that had got the best of him; so they come runnin' in with a derved long rope and set in to tie me up right thar.

"The cussed Doctor turned in to help 'em do it. I cussed, and hollered, and kicked off both boots, and broke two of my teeth a grittin' of 'em, I was so consumin' mad. But it was no go, I was a playin' a lone hand with both bowers and the ace ag'inst me.

"The fust thing I knew they had me tied hand and foot, and h'isted into thar derved old meat wagon with some dead hogs.

"'To the lock up with him,' shouted the Doctor, jest

bilin' with rage, 'he's crazy as a cow with her horns knocked off.' They took me thar sure enough, and I staid thar till midnight before the mistake was known.



ALAS! POOR DOCTOR.

I was pooty well scratched up, but that Dr. Tweezer was the most horrid sight you ever did see.

"Arter that fight, derved if he didn't look as though he had been the subject in a dissectin' room with at

least a dozen physicians peelin' and hackin' of him in the interests of science. The Doctor allowed that the erysipelas would set in, seein' thar were so many small veins busted in his face, so he painted it all over with scarlet iodine as a precautionary measure.

"He did look like the very old Nick, and no mistake. His face was fearfully puffed up you see, and his nose was knocked clear away round to one side. His mouth in particular was a study that a feller couldn't git familiar with. It was a problem that the more you looked into the more your ideas got confused. It was swelled, and twisted, and run around, out of all shape and proportion.

"He had the dog-gondest fumbelin' time you ever heard of gittin' his victuals into it and fairly started down his throat. Thar he would sit at the table explorin' about for fully five minutes strivin' to make the harbor, and when he couldn't fetch it, he would draw the spoon back and look at it a while plannin' another expedition. He knew where his mouth *ought* to be, you see, and where it *had* been a few hours before, and to be obliged to canvass the whole of his head to find it, was somethin' he wasn't accustomed to.

"It seemed as if he never would git through jabbin' the spoon about his face, and when he would finally strike the openin' it would be away round on one side of his head, so much so in fact, that a person would think he was pourin' the soup into his ear. He would

be all hunkadory then durin' the remainder of that meal, but the next time he would come to the table, the same performance would have to be gone through with.

"He couldn't keep run of the durned thing no how. It was here to-day and somewhere else to-morrow, like a wrinkle in a shirt.

"The swellin' kept shiftin' and undulatin' about continually, down in one place and up in another, all within an hour, and that would shove the mouth away down along the neck somewhere, or clear across to the other side of the head perhaps.

"The family would be sittin' thar eatin' no more than he was, they would be so busily engaged watchin' his singular manœuverin', and it would make him so roarin' mad that he would send 'em all away from the table. His old mother would snatch a piece of toast and start off munchin' it and hunchin' up of her shoulders and laughin' thar like a young 'un.

"He tried to eat by the aid of a small lookin' glass, but that didn't work any better than goin' it blind. When he saw how disfigured every feature was, his appetite would begin to git away from him pooty lively, and he would sling the glass into the corner, and fall to cussin' me like a crazy bush-whacker.

"Beside that, I tumbled and tousled and started his hair up by the roots, so bad that he couldn't keep it down sleek for a month arterwards. No matter how much grease he would rub over his head, as soon as he

would take the comb from his hair, it would start up and lean back contrariwise like, until his head would be thrown into as great disorder as a brush-heap struck by lightnin'. The yard, too, was a sight, everythin' in it was painted and scratched and painted ag'in.

"Old Mrs. Sharron—who was allers a smellin' around about butcherin' time, on the lookout for a fresh morsel—was gwine by the Doctor's the next mornin', and she noticed the blood and ha'r a stickin' to the chips and pump handle, and she allowed he had killed his spring pig, so she dropped in to ask him for the ears and a piece of the liver.

"The Doctor thought she was runnin' him on his late skirmish, and you never see a man fly into such a passion in all your born days.

"He jumped up and pulled his pizen pump out of a drawer, and ses he: 'You old faded remnant! you scollop! you creasy old cinder of an incendi'ry fire!' he contin'ed, jest that way, 'I'll gin ye jest seven seconds to git out of my house in, or by the hully writin's, I'll hoist every spoonful of mush that's dropped in your old crop for the last ten days!'

"Jehominy! wasn't she skeered, though? You never see a cat git from under a stove quicker when a pot biles over, than she got out of that house.

"So Dr. Tweezer didn't speak very highly of me, eh? Wal, now you kind of know the reason, don't ye?"

MY NEIGHBOR WORSTED.

JUNE 12TH.

AS I look from my window I am surprised at the change the last half hour has wrought upon my neighbor, and his immediate surroundings. At that time he emerged from the shed in which he keeps his extra household furniture, with a length of stove-pipe and an elbow under his arms. They were apparently just the things he needed, to tone down the draught of his new stove, and shoot the sparks clear of the banker's eaves.

I think I never saw him look better natured than at that moment. His face was clear and unruffled as a woodland pool. His children played around him with unsuspecting minds and unlimited speech. The household cat, with all confidence in his noble nature, familiarly rubbed her ribs against his leg, as he for a moment stood deciding which end of the length to introduce to the elbow. Even the old hen roosting on the enclosure, seemed to settle her head into her body

with more than ordinary satisfaction, as she regarded the complacent scene beneath her. But half an hour ago all was peace, confidence and love, and now what a change is here! I hear the children but see them not.

Their plaintive wail reminds me how often laughter is the harbinger of tears. The hen with ruffled feathers and out-stretched neck stands aloof upon the ridge of a distant dwelling. The household cat that had grown old—even to sterility—in the family, and had good reason to believe herself privileged, purrs no more. She has painful reasons to think otherwise now, as she crouches in the most retired corner of the premises, with hind leg shouldered, assiduously applying whatever balm her tongue affords to injured parts. She doubtless muses how heavier than an infant's spoon it is to feel an adult's boot.

Yet my neighbor was neither rash nor hasty.

He seemed the embodiment of perseverance, as he repeatedly offered that length of stove-pipe an elbow which it, like a prudish maiden, provokingly refused. Soon the drops of perspiration began to stand upon his face and neck in large globes, and I knew that patience was oozing from every pore. I knew by the scattering children, the cackling hen, and the flying household cat, that the "rose-lipped cherubim," of which the poet sings, was abiding with him no longer.

Presently his wife came to his assistance with a case-knife, and for a time it seemed as though victory would

crown their united efforts. But the poor woman retired from the scene with wounded fingers and damaged pride.

My neighbor himself has ceased to strive. Flattened, kicked, and abandoned, the pipes lie masters of the situation.

Ah! I am fully persuaded that neither depth of affliction, nor height of impudence, nor length of trial, nor breadth of argument, nor extravagance, nor parsimony, nor things in particular, nor things in general, can begin to compare as triers of patience, with a couple of old frill-edged stove-pipes, that emphatically set their edge against a union.



MINING STOCKS.

JUNE 14TH.

SAN FRANCISCO to-day has been in a state of excitement, over dispatches received from Virginia City. The telegrams were fraught with startling intelligence. There has been a rich strike in the Savage mine, and stock is going up accordingly.

When stocks are running high,
How natural to sigh.
Ah, that I a thousand shares did command,
That I might drink champagne,
And hold a double rein,
And be counted a power in the land.

The streets are crowded with men, women and children. It is certainly—as an old woman remarked at my elbow—easier for a needle to go through a camels eye, than for a person to pass through the throng at some of the corners. At present the person who does not own savage stock is not considered of much account. I, who

NEARING THE SUMMIT.

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am always on the alert for any new developements, and act upon the moment, make haste to give a sketch of the



SAVAGE STOCK GOING UP.

It is ascending at a lively rate, there is no mistake about that. There is always two sides to a hill, however, and though the lucky stockholder to-day may reach the summit of his expectations, to-morrow may bring a descent that will be something to stand from under. And being possessed of quite a prophetic soul,

I anticipate the event and as a companion piece for the foregoing, give another sketch of the



SAVAGE STOCK COMING DOWN.

which it will undoubtedly be before many days.

Well, I can exclaim with Banquo's facetious murderer, "Let it come down," the decline cannot destroy my peace, or deplete my purse.

A VISIT TO BENICIA.

JUNE 17TH.

TO-DAY I had occasion to visit Benicia. The place is situated on the Straits of Carquinez. Not far from the town the Government Arsenal and Barracks are situated. And as a striking proof of the loyal and law-abiding spirit of the citizens, I may mention the fact, that all the government property above alluded to is defended by two soldiers, a corporal—who, by the way, has a wooden leg—and a high private.

While stopping there, I noticed they were engaged in the pleasurable task of firing a salute of twenty-one guns, in commemoration of Bunker Hill. They were having a busy time of it, for while the wooden-legged corporal was loading and discharging the cannon, the private was forwarding the ammunition from the magazine—about a quarter of a mile distant,—in a wheel-barrow. "If soldiers will do this in time of peace," I said to

myself, "what would they not accomplish in time of war?" and I walked away from the spot, congratulating myself for having invested in Government bonds.

The town, in all likelihood, would have never been heard of outside of the State, had it not been for the brave "Benicia Boy." Here it was that John C. Heenan swung the blacksmith's heavy sledge, and practiced the first rudiments of the pugilistic profession, which subsequently gained him his world-wide notoriety.

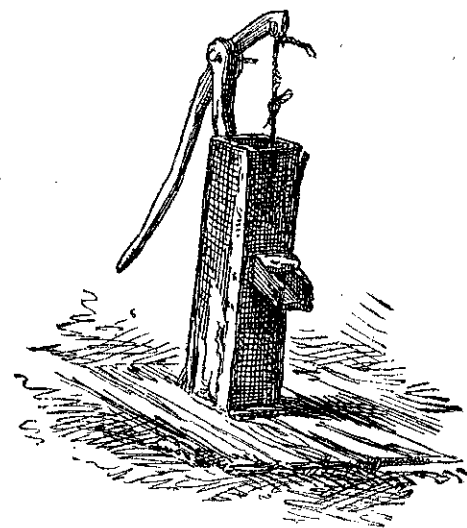
Many of the citizens, especially the frequenters of grogeries, are yet pointed out to the visitor as parties who at some period of their life served as a sand bag, on which the muscular "Boy" hardened his knuckles.

As I gazed upon the scattered village,—for it is no more,—I mused, how a man should come forth from such a paltry place to "awe" the world. For as Goliath challenged the host of the living God, so came the brave "Benicia Boy" and dared creation's millions.

And as the youthful shepherd, afterwards king, rose up and smote the overweening giant, with a stone, till all his brain oozed forth, so from Albion's Isle a youthful "King," smote the western champion in the midriff with his mawley, and all his wind gushed out!

After searching some time to discover the blacksmith shop where the pugilist used to work, I learned that it was long since torn down and a church now occupied the site. But an old gentleman who kept a small board-

ing house, conducted me to an ancient pump, at which he said the "Boy" on several occasions bathed his nose



ONE OF HEENAN'S MEMENTOES.

after having a bout with some person who didn't let him have things all his own way, and there I wept my tears of tribute.

A large iron bound boot-jack, set in a glass case, was shown me by a saloon keeper. He assured me, with this weapon the "Boy" had killed several cats belonging to the neighbors, which had disturbed his slumbers. This boot-jack had also caused the death of a mule, for on one occasion the pugilist hurled it with such violence at a cat that was scampering across the roof of an out house, that the heavy missile went through

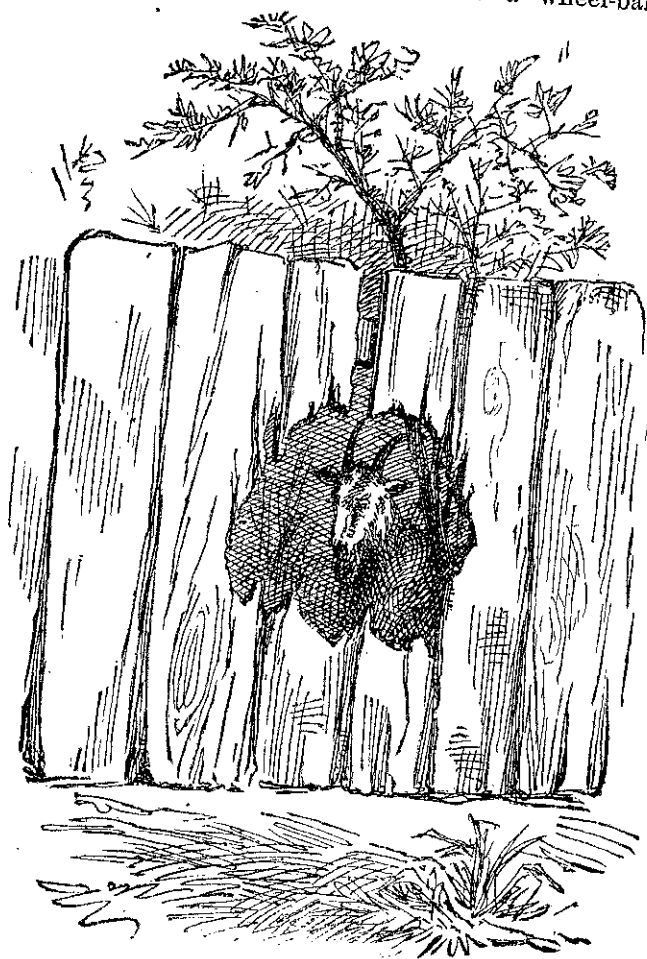
the boards. A farmer's mule that was standing in the shed received the weapon behind the ear, and immediately went to gravel as though he had been felled with a sledge-hammer. The farmer instituted a suit against the "Boy" to recover damages, but the friends of the pugilist made up a purse to satisfy the demand of the farmer, and the matter was hushed.

I was also shown a jagged hole in a high board fence, which it is said the "Boy" made one night while going home from a neighboring saloon slightly (?) corned.

It seems he had some trouble with a companion before leaving the saloon, and seeing his shadow dogging his steps, mistook it for the substance of his late antagonist; very naturally presuming that his intentions were anything but friendly, he turned hastily around and dissipated the obnoxious shadow by knocking it about fifteen feet into the garden.

The fence rattled and shook around the whole lot under the terrible blow. He made a hole in the boards, through which a large goat could readily jump without sacrificing any of its hair by the performance, and permanently injured a good sized pear tree that stood inside the inclosure, about three feet distant. The concussion was terrible. A couple of turkeys that happened to be roosting in the tree at the time, dropped from their limb as though shot through the head with a needle-gun. Never afterwards could they be induced to roost upon

anything further from the ground than the cross-bar of a saw-horse, or the handles of a wheel-barrow.



A SCIENTIFIC OPENING.

No doubt Benicia at one time had great expectations,

as it formerly was the capital of the State. It is now a capital joke to see a person undertaking to walk through the town in the winter season, without faith strong enough or feet broad enough to support him upon the surface of the oceans of mud he will find himself gazing wistfully across.

On my way down a man was pointed out to me on the boat, who is said to be the meanest man in Solano County. My informant assured me that when the mean individual's wife died last year, he borrowed a pair of forceps from the dentist, at Benicia, and extracted all her gold-filled teeth. And on the morning prior to her funeral he sat upon the door step, hammer in hand, with a flat-iron upon his knees, cracking the teeth like English walnuts, and with a sewing awl extracting the filling from the cavities.

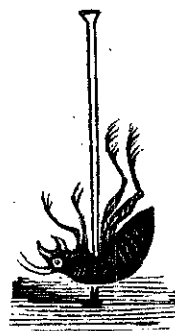
During my journey I didn't cultivate that man's acquaintance, he is a person to stand away from especially when clouds are charged with electricity.



ROLLER SKATING.

JUNE 18TH.

Oh! skating, roller skating now, of pastimes takes the lead;
 No more we take the moonlight sail, or mount the prancing steed,
 No more to fair, or carnival, no more to masquerade,
 No more along the lengthy bridge, the thousands promenade,
 No more we see Othello rave, and roll his jealous eyes,
 Or Hamlet leaping in the grave, where loved Ophelia lies.
 Or see the boasting Falstaff sheath his blade in Percy's corse,
 Or hear the baffled Richard shout, "My kingdom for a horse!"
 In vain the minstrels shake the bones, and tell the smutty tale,
 Their blazoned bill, or blatant band, to draw the public fail;
 For those, who still their millions hide, and those at ruin's brink,
 Alike throw business cares aside, and hasten to the Rink.
 Talk of your bounding horseback rides, or of the grace indeed
 A maiden shows when she bestrides the frail velocipede;
 I charge ye, if you'd see a maid when graceful she appears,
 Go see her on the roller-skates, as round the Rink she steers.



ODE ON A FLEA.

JUNE 20TH.

"A lofty theme,
Fit subject for the noblest bard
That ever strung a lyre."—Coleridge.

Insufferable pest! that with wondrous force
Sinks in my quivering flesh thy noxious tooth,
To tap life's current in its healthful course,
And break my needful rest, and bring me ruth.
Oh! virulent marauder, thou art a curse in truth,
And who, that smarts beneath thy awful bite,
And poisonous delving, but will, forsooth,
Think that sage poet may have erred a mite,
Who ably sang in ages past, "Whatever is, is right."

NO VIRTUES IN A FLEA.

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I'll place thee foremost in the swarm of those
Tormenting insects that plague mankind ;
Yet greater craven from the earth ne'er rose,
Than thou, mute robber of my peace of mind.
In the musical mosquito noble traits we find ;
When he at night upon his mission goes,
And quits the ceiling where he long has pined,
On his shrill bugle a lusty blast he blows,
To warn his drowsy prey that a raid he doth propose.

The vampire bat of Southern latitudes
That preys at night upon the throat of man,
Quite conscious of the pain his tooth intrudes,
Doth with membraneous wings the victim fan,
To hold him still unconscious if he can,
Of the dark demon hovering o'er his head,
Drawing the blood from visage pale and wan ;
Till fully gorged it leaves the sleeper's bed,
And he, awaking, scarce believes he has been freely bled.

But thou, black devil, what virtue canst thou claim ?
Save great activity, which makes me hate thee more.
Through night and day thy laboring is the same,
Insatiate ever, thou never wilt give o'er,
But glutton-like, still sap and bite, and bore.
Yet truly thou art cursed in having such a jaw,
The champ of which doth try my patience sore.
And soon thou hast to scud from angry scratch and claw,
And often thou must bite afresh ere surfeited thy maw!

Hadst thou instead of escharotic teeth
Been furnished with a blood-extracting bill,
Which once insinuated skin beneath,

The worst were past ; I'd feel no thrill
 To make me shiver as though an ague chill
 Did all my joints and nerves undo,
 Till I sit chattering like a fanning mill,
 Perhaps when sitting in the still church pew,
 Where I should think of heaven instead of things like you.

I grant there's naught on earth nor in the sea,
 Nor in the windy waste around our rolling sphere,
 That can at all compare with thy agility
 When thou art taken with a sense of fear.
 And what was ever formed that can come near
 Thy well knit bones ? Thy curs'd infrangibility
 Is too well known to need long mention here,
 For who but oft has seen thee spring away quite free,
 Although between the fingers long rolled most spitefully.



AHA !



SOMETHING TOO MUCH OF INDIAN.

JUNE 25TH.

TAKE away the dish ; my gorge rises at it, I have had my fill of Modoc ; have had buck for breakfast, squaw for dinner, and papoose for supper, until at the very mention of Indian, my appetite forsakes me.

The appellations that for a season fell upon my ears, like a new poem from the lips of some sweet bard, have poetry for me no longer. The names, " Captain Jack," " Scarfaced Charlie," " Shacknasty Jim," or " Ellen's Man," have lost their charm. They have become dull and uninteresting, and I would hear them no more for-

ever. I have been duped, deceived, defrauded, on account of these rascally Modocs.

I have gazed in silent awe upon what I supposed to be the scalp of no less a personage than "Old Sconchin," and it now transpires that the redoubtable old chief turns up among the Indians recently captured.

Oh! Lord, how this world is given to lying!

I have journeyed long and far, by water and by rail, on horseback and on foot, and purchased at an extravagant price an Indian's scalp which the seller under oath, with lifted hand, assured me was the veritable crown lock of that same "Old Sconchin."

With tears coursing down his sunburned cheeks he informed me, that with his own eyes, in the full light of day, he saw it plucked smoking from the scone of the expiring brave.

I have consequently braided watch chains of the hair, fashioned a money purse of the skin, and then withdrawn into a private apartment to shed bitter tears of sorrow, because the material didn't quite hold out to make a tobacco pouch. And now the distressing intelligence reaches me that the renowned "Old Sconchin" stands manacled in the camp of his foemen, with an unscarified top and as luxuriant hair as ever drew nourishment from an Indian head.

Oh! where shall we turn, or where shall we look for honesty, since it is not found in the breast of the Indian scalp peddler?

COURT ROOM SCENES.

JUNE 28TH.

I AM as full of law this evening as a sea-shell of sound, having been wedged in the Fifteenth District Court room from 10 o'clock A. M. to 9 P. M., listening to the testimony in the case of the People vs. Laura D. Fair.

Though the room was crowded almost to suffocation, I fancy there is not that deep interest manifested that was shown during the former trial. On that occasion there were so many letters introduced in evidence, such a mass of private correspondence dragged from musty trunks, and laid open to the public, that thousands flocked daily to the court room, in hopes of hearing something rich, if not instructive. I shall never forget the excitement during the reading of letter No. 947.

It was from Mrs. Fair in San Francisco to Mr. Crittenden in Virginia City.

The counsel for the defence argued a good round two hours and a half by the court room clock, against the letter being admitted in evidence. He maintained it was irrelevant, as it had never been opened, Mr. Crittenden forgetting to read it, or neglecting to do so, for some reason of his own.

The counsel for the people followed with even a longer appeal to the judge to admit the letter, strengthening his argument by lengthy quotations from Blackstone, Kent, Wharton, and other authorities, endeavoring to prove it should be put in evidence, as its contents might assist materially in furthering the ends of justice.

The judge began to show unmistakable signs of impatience. He remarked that already a package of letters had been read that would go far towards shingling the Mechanics Pavilion, and had no more bearing upon the point at issue than "Darwin's Descent of Man," had upon the culture of white beans. He finally gave way before the preponderance of the prosecuting attorney's argument, and directed an officer to wake the jury, as a letter was to be read that all should hear. After considerable shaking and poking, this difficult duty was performed. Even the deaf juror was aroused, though the good natured judge had permitted him to

sleep during the introduction of several preceding epistles.

After order was restored, and an inventive juror had



A DROWSY JURY.

improvised an ear trumpet with a piece of legal cap for his unfortunate companion, the *billet doux* was opened. As the seal was broken, judge and jury rose to their feet with one accord, and leaned as far forward as their desks would allow, the more readily to catch every word of the important document. The silence in the room was death-like. The weak ticking of the dusty clock upon the wall was the only sound that disturbed the awful stillness, and as the calm settled, the muffled beat of the

time-piece increased in force and volume until it actually seemed to attain the startling and sonorous tones of a fire bell. Presently the attorney in a high and tremulous voice began to read. The contents ran thus:

"San Francisco, July 9th, 1868.

MY DEAR DELIGHTFUL DARLING:—How are my stocks selling now? Your Loving, Adoring LAURA."

The effect produced was marked. The lawyer dropped the letter upon the table before him, ran his white fingers through his hair, and looked around with the air of a tired traveler when he ascertains he has walked five miles upon the wrong road. The gentlemen of the jury, with looks more of anger than of sorrow, dropped into their seats as suddenly as though an invisible hand had caught them by the seat of the pants and assisted them to their benches.

The Judge, with an ill concealed look of disgust, settled back into his chair, and the deep crease in his vest immediately over his stomach—where his dinner should have been hours before—grew more and more perceptible.

I elbowed my way from the suffocating room before another sample of correspondence was selected from the package for perusal.

As the trial drew to a close it became even more monotonous, one week being entirely occupied with reading and arguing over letters alone.

PEEPING TOM.

JUNE 28TH.

Fair Mary had a little man,
As cunning as a crow,
For everywhere that Mary went,
Her man was sure to go.

One day went Mary to confess,
He followed on the sly,
And caught the priest in Mary's arms,—
Oh, how was that for high?



What did the injured husband do
 When this strange sight he spied?
 Grew pale with rage, then dusted through
 The chancel long and wide;

And in the holy house sedate,
 Beneath a crucifix,
 He broke across a holy pate
 Five holy candle-sticks.



GOING UP THE SPOUT.

JUNE 30TH.

RATS and mice, like ourselves, often labor at a great disadvantage while endeavoring to make a livelihood. They often make a miss of it altogether by not knowing the proper time to set out upon an expedition. Their life is a perpetual skirmish. They have to take chances and be upon their guard continually. Their mortal enemy and dread, the cat, may be asleep in the fourth story, and the poor mouse knows not of it as he looks wistfully across the intervening space between the ash barrel and the basement stairs; but after weighing the chances of escape or capture, he scurries across the opening with as much haste as though the sharp claws of pussy were raking the stunted fur from his wiry tail.

The sun may pour down its warm rays and the planks which his way lies over be warm and inviting, but he cannot loiter to enjoy its warmth or survey the beauties of nature. Oh! who would be a mouse? sigh I, as I sit and ponder over his life of inherent fear and uncertainty.

He seems to have no confidence in himself. His

actions are like those of an inferior checker player. Shove about as he may, the chances are he will soon regret the manoeuvre, and wish himself safely back again at the starting point.

Everything about the premises seems to be after him. He regards the old blacking-brush, that lies under the bench, with looks of suspicion for hours together, and dare not risk a scamper past. He takes it for a horrid cat, quietly and patiently biding her time. He retires into his hole and waits fully an hour before peeping out again; but there it sits to blast his sight and cause a cold thrill to run along his little spine. The fact that it does not change its position does not in the least weaken his mistrust; on the contrary it rather strengthens it. "It is so cat-like," he says to himself, "for it to be sitting there motionless." In the handle projecting from one end, he very naturally thinks he recognizes the tail, and at this new discovery he backs into his hole again in great trepidation.



AN OBJECT OF SUSPICION.

He feels certain now that he was right in his suspicions. Another wait follows. On again emerging there it lies as before, and if that mouse was profane, and had a soul to hazard, it would undoubtedly hazard it, and roundly curse that brush through compressed teeth.

It takes but little to set a poor mouse into a perfect fluster. Down rolls a stick of wood from the pile, and

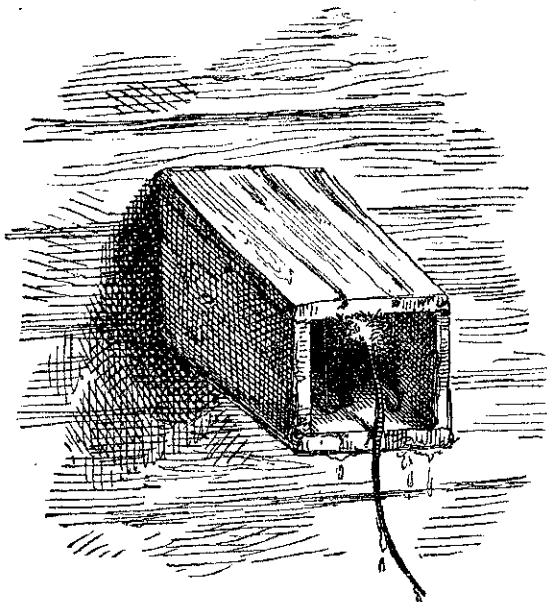
Mr. Mouse, nibbling at the other corner of the shed, jumps at least eight feet in the direction of his hole. The wind blows down the clothes-line stick, and simultaneous with its fall upon the planks, the heart, liver, and lights of the poor mouse seem to be running a steeple-chase to see which can jump from his mouth first. Away he scurries across the yard, so fast, that though your eyes were endeavoring to keep up with him all the way, you merely know *something* has been moving, but can only surmise what.

I sometimes think it bad enough to be a human, but dear me! from being a mouse deliver me. For all their care and caution they do so often miscalculate. This is evidenced by the number of times our old cat enters the house with her mouth full, and her eyes sparkling with pride.

There is nothing so very degrading or humiliating in a cat's life, and the thought of becoming a cat does not make one shudder as does the thought of becoming a mouse. A cat does not occupy such a very bad position in life after all, and now that I think of it, I do believe I would rather be a good household cat,—by *good* I mean an excellent mouser, one never guilty of letting a mouse escape after having the second wipe at him; no scraggy creature, with stove-singed back and scalloped ears, but a well behaved profitable animal. I say I would rather be such a cat than be some men whom I have met in life, that is, if there were no children in the house.

There is always some drawback; a cat is peculiarly blessed that lives in a house where there are no children; it seems to be counted as one of the family almost, and its life, though short, is certainly a happy one. But ah! these reckless children, that snatch up Tommy by the tail as they would a sauce-pan, and as though the tail was actually intended for a handle. On second thought, I don't know as I would like to take the chances of being a cat after all.

For the last half hour I have been deeply interested



ON A RAID.

in the manœuvres of a large rat in the yard of an adjacent house. He has made three unsuccessful attempts to

go up the sink-spout. Thrice has he glided up the slippery incline until the tip of his long tail disappeared from view, but, as often has he beat a hasty retreat, assisted on his downward way by a rushing torrent of hot dishwater.

He is a determined fellow, however, and sticks to an enterprise with the spirit and pertinacity of a world-seeking Columbus, or a prison breaking Monte Christo. No doubt the hungry edge of appetite is whetted by the strong effluvium arising from Limburger cheese (the people are Germans) that fills the whole atmosphere with an odor truly agreeable to the rodent nose, every time the pantry door is opened. The cheese has lately been stirred up I presume, by the trenchant knife of Paterfamilias, and consequently the poor hunger-pinched rat is allured up the spout at this inopportune hour, while the servant girl is washing the dishes.

Every living creature has its weakness. The horse whinnies when the oats draw nigh, and forgets the galling collar. Sheep, that at other times will not come within gun shot, grow tame and unsuspecting when the salt is shaken in the pan.

The hog has a penchant for clover-roots, or wherefore does the rusted wire ring ornament his nose? Is it there because it is the fashion? Ask the farmer.

And undoubtedly cheese is the weakness of the rat family. It is their aim, and often their end, too. It is

the shrine to bow down before which, the rat will jeopardize his life every hour of the twenty-four.

He dreams of it. In his fitful slumbers he beholds it ranged around him tier on tier, as in a great store room, and not a cat within forty leagues. He is in the rat's heaven, and happy. No deceptive poisons that consume the stomach, no insidious, subtle traps, yawning ready to clutch the unsuspecting victim, surround him. He is safe and at peace, and would dwell there forever and forever in one unbroken endless night. But the heavy rumbling of a dray startles him, for all sweet dreams have their wakings, alas! that it is so! He wakes, and where is he? Under the wet sidewalk, drenched and tousled with the drippings of the day's rain, with nothing for breakfast but a dry onion peel, the prog of the previous night, which nothing but a forty-eight hours' fast could induce him to seize. Ah, me! what chances the fellow has to take in order to secure sufficient sustenance to keep life and body together.

"Honor pricks me on," soliloquized old Sir John, on the field of Shrewsbury, when he withdrew from the general clash and rendering up of souls, to breathe a spell, and moralize upon the insignificance of Fame, or Honor, as against the value of life. But nothing pricks on the poor rat but his craving little digestive organs. The mill is crying out for grists, the hopper is empty, the stone still turning, and something must be done, and that quickly.

No honor is attached to the expedition, and even though he should succeed in making the "inning," which is doubtful, all that can be said is that he has "gone up the spout," and in the common acceptation of the saying, that is certainly nothing to be very highly elated over.

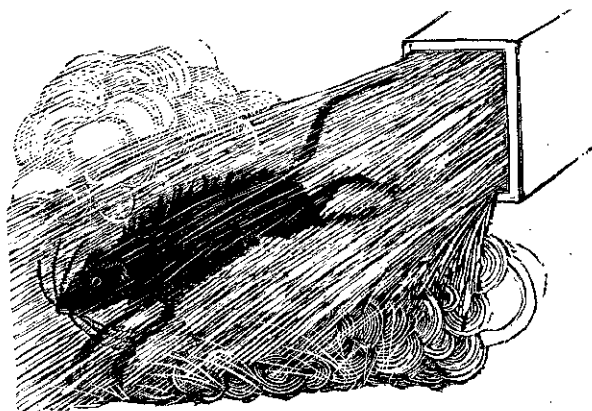
I actually feel ashamed when I think of the many projects I have abandoned through life, because I met with slight reverses. Here before me is this poor water-soaked rat, his hair still smoking from his recent scald, emerging once more from behind the wood box, determined to solve the problem of the sink-spout or perish in the attempt. A grim smile of resolution seems to part his pointed features, as he moves quietly up to the dripping conduit from which he lately scampered with steaming ribs.

They may talk of deeds of noble daring, of vaulting the breach, or traversing the wild; but for sterling courage, for indomitable perseverance and pluck, commend me to this little adventurer in my neighbor's yard. In the face of three scalding inundations, he ventures again upon the expedition, unshaken, unsubdued, unterrified. He takes more chances and subjects himself to more risks in ascending that spout than old Samuel de Champlain in exploring up the St. Lawrence among the Iroquois.

What if the large flea-breeding dog lying indolently

in the yard would rouse from the lethargic sleep that holds him, and for once make himself useful by thrusting his bristling muzzle up the orifice after the little explorer, thereby cutting off retreat in the event of another disastrous deluge? The terrible result of such an action on the part of the dog is too painful and improbable to contemplate.

Now I think of it, this is the last day of the month, and June, like the rat in my neighbor's yard, is going up the spout.



THE BREATHING SPELL.

JULY 1ST.

As some lone reaper, tanned and sore,
Doth pause to glance his acres o'er,
Comparing what hath passed his hands
With what before him bristling stands.
Behind him lie the shocks and sheaves,
While like a sea before him heaves
Far over valley, hill and plain,
The waving heads of waiting grain:
So pause I now, when half way through
This growing book, my task to view;
Behind lie many a sketch and line,
Before me, countless pages shine:
Behind, the thoughts are shaped and bound;
Before, they float in freedom round.

And as that reaper stoops again
To throw his hook around the grain,
And sinks amid the sea of gold,
To rise when hands no longer hold:
So bend I to my task anew,
And undismayed my course pursue,
Till clip on clip, and sheaf on sheaf,
Shall bear me to the farthest leaf.



YOUNG AMERICA.

JULY 3D.

You need not wake to call me, to call me, mother dear,
For to-morrow'll be the noisiest day of all the passing year;
Of all the passing year, mother, the most uproarious day,
And I, you bet, will stirring be before the morning gray.

SQUINTY WARE'S EXPLOITS.

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A flag-staff will be hoisted, mother, two hundred feet in air,
And cannon will be ranged around the whole of Union Square,
And on the instant Phoebus shoots his arrows o'er the hill,
There'll be a roar will shake the shore, as far as Watsonville.

You know the tailor's nephew, mother, they call him Squinty Ware.
Last year he powdered Perry's jaw, and blinded Dobson's mare,
And while his poor old grandmamma was peeping through the blind,
She got a "whiz" in her old phiz, that she'll forever mind.

And Henrietta Loring, mother, tied crackers to the tail
Of Deacon Reed's big lazy hound, while eating from a pail;
And goodness! gracious! how he jumped, and dusted for the shed;
And in a moment every straw was blazing in his bed.



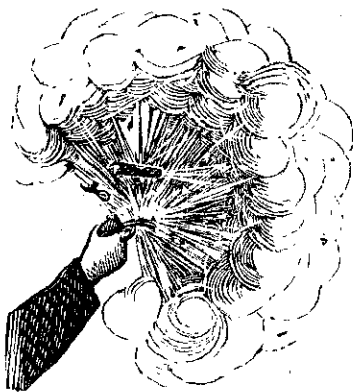
CELEBRATING THE 4TH.

And you'd have died of laughter, mother, I'm certain, if you saw
Old Deacon Reed run out to tramp upon the burning straw;
And when he ran to get the hose—for tramping would not do—
His wig blew off, and down the street for half a block it flew.

I *know* it was not proper, mother, and I ashamed should be
To stand and gag, just like a wag, another's loss to see;
But 'twas a sight that got me quite, and I'll be old indeed
When I forget the comic look of that old Deacon Reed.

I've got a rousing pistol, mother, the loudest in the block;
And I have filed the little catch that holds the thing at cock,
And hardly do I get the charge of powder in the bore,
When off it goes just with a shake, and thunder! what a roar!

So sleep on if you can, dear mother, and have no thought of me,
For I'll be up and charging round before there's light to see.
And when you hear a bang that makes the ring dance in your ear,
Then you can bet your scissors, mother, that I am somewhere near.



FIGHTING IT OUT ON THAT LINE.

JULY 5TH.

WHILE crossing Telegraph Hill this evening in the vicinity of Francisco Street, I witnessed an amusing incident which has kept me grinning to myself for the last two hours.

A couple of car-men met in a street at a place which needed repairing. One cart was heavily loaded. The other contained but a few sacks of coal.

The driver of No. 1 (heavy load) was in favor of suspending that time honored clause in common law, which says, "turn to the right." Having the heavier load he wished to adopt the English system:

"The law of the road is a paradox quite;
For as you are driving along,
If you go to the left you are sure to go right,
If you go to the right you go wrong."

But driver No. 2 was immovable as Cæsar, when the conspirators with ready weapons knelt around him. He

was determined to enforce his prerogative, even to the anchoring of his opponent's cart.

No. 1 said he would "stand there until his corns sprouted." No. 2 replied that he "wouldn't budge until his corns not only sprouted, but until they went to seed, or he would have his rights."

After considerable loud talk in which they freely expressed unqualified opinions of each other, they commenced unhitching their horses from the carts, as night was setting in, and quietly started off to their respective stables.

It happened they had met directly before the residence of a stout Teuton who owns a large brewery at North Beach. They had scarcely left the disputed point when the brewer arrived. His flushed face showed he had been freely testing the quality of his malt liquor. He demanded of some bystanders how the carts came there. Being informed of the whys and wherefores to his satisfaction, he called out his two stout sons to assist in removing the unsightly ornaments.

The united efforts of the three soon started the carts down the hill, in the direction of the bay, like a battery of flying artillery. It was only a few rods to the water, and in they plunged, one after the other, and shot out from the shore like things of life. The old man and his sons stood upon the crest of the hill viewing the descent in silence. After they had been successfully launched,

the trio retired into the house with that self-satisfied and confident air that Emperor William and his two warlike aids might exhibit when retiring to their tent after a battle in which the enemy was routed. To some of the bystanders this seemed rather a precipitate proceeding; but to my untutored mind it was the most righteous act I had witnessed since the hanging of Casey by the Vigilance Committee.

As I left the hill, I took a last look back at the carts fast growing indistinct in the gloom, and mist, closing over the bay. One craft was hugging the shore off Black Point, with a close reefed tail-board, and her wheel well under water. The other was sinking by the stern, but still scudding under bare poles in the direction of Raccoon Straits.

JIM DUDLEY'S SERMON.

JULY 8TH.

HEREAFTER I shall have no faith in reports. Last week I heard that infamous yarn-spinner Jim Dudley had left the city, and was congratulating myself on at last escaping him. But my congratulations were premature. Last night he called upon me, and kept me in torture for fully two hours; at a time, too, when I should have been asleep. But what cared he for that? The scoundrel! there was no shaking him off. He sticks to a person like mortar to a brick. I had to sit and listen, though I do honestly believe every word the fellow uttered was an unqualified lie; but he swears to its truth, and how can I prove it other-wise. It is better to take it as it comes and ask no questions for conscience's sake.

"I never told you about the sermon I preached over in Misertown one Sunday. I had a time of it thar and no mistake. Hold on till I shove over this spittoon and I'll tell you how it was.

"You see, Gil Bizby—that derved shirk, I never men-

tion his name but what I feel like cussin' of him—but he was a genius though and no foolin' about it, a natural born inventor, chock full of notions as a toy shop.

"But some how or another he never could bring any thin' to a payin' focus. Allers whittlin' and borin' and plannin' around though. Wherever you'd meet him he'd be haulin' out of his pocket some derved old drawin',



SOMETHING NEW.

with more wheels and contrivances pictured out on it than you could think of in a twelve hours, dream. He never could git the cap sheaf onto his endeavor. Allers somethin' amiss; a wheel too many, or another one wantin', or too many cogs to have the thing work just right.

He invented a contrivance for pluckin' chickens.

"That was a rustler. He shoved the fowl through a machine somethin' like a corn sheller, and gin 'em an electric shock while passin' along, and shot 'em out of a spout at t'other end of the machine as bare as weavers' shuttels. He didn't make anythin' out of it though. He had to chuck 'em through while alive, you see, and that clashed with the law. When he took the machine down to the city to introduce it to the pultry dealers, the society fellers who look out for the interests of dumb critters got arter him and sewed him up. They put a reef in his jib pooty durned quick now, I can tell you.

"They were passin' along through the market one day, and they saw Gil just a humpin' himself showin' off the apparatus to the market men. He was crankin' and pumpin' away, like a sailor when there's fifteen feet of water in the hold, and still rizin, and the chickens were a screamin' and a scootin' through the contrivance, close as if they were run on a string head ag'inst tail, and just a cloud of feathers hoverin' around over it. Didn't they fasten on to that Gil Bizby though? They snatched him up quicker than if he had been hoss-stealin', and confiscated his plucker, and tucked an alfred heavy fine onto him besides.

"Meetin' with such poor encouragement in that direction he went back to Sculleyville, and set out to invent a thunderin' great machine for layin' cobble-stones. That was jest him all over; allers startin' in to git up some outlandish lookin' thing. This machine was a

crusher and no gettin' round it. It was fearful enough to make a cow slip her cud, I'll be durned if it wasn't. It looked somethin' like Noah's ark set on wheels and filled with all kinds of machinery.

"He started in to experiment one moonlight night in front of the court house, but got the main belt crossed or somethin', I disremember just what, and Jerusalem! in less than ten minutes he ran the whole population out to the foot hills in thar night clothes. There wasn't no stoppin the durned thing. Poor Gil was knocked senseless at the first revolution, and nobody else knowed how to control it. It rolled the whole length of the square, tearin' up the stones it had pounded down the day before and sendin' of 'em buzzin' over the village in all directions.

"No home was sacred, and no head was safe, as the poet has it. Poor old Mrs. Scooley lived just long enough to learn this, and no longer. She was goin' once too often to git her beer pitcher filled at the corner grocery that night, and a stone took her in the small of the back as she was enterin' the door, and it h'isted her clear over the counter astride of a barrel; it's true as I'm tellin' it to you. Poor old body; she was the pioneer female of the village too. The first woman to wash a shirt in Sculleyville. But arter all, the town wasn't much loser by her passin' away.

"She was a sort of panicky old critter anyhow, always scary about catchin' the small pox or any other prevailin'

disease that come around. The old village physician said he would rather see the very devil makin' towards him on the street than old Mrs Scooley.

"Comin' from church or market, as the case might be, she would fasten on to him like a wood-louse to a leaf, and he couldn't git rid of her nohow. She would have him time her pulse right thar on the sidewalk; and be a shovin' of her old red tongue out for his inspection.



THE DOCTOR'S SCOURGE.

And she did have such an unlimited, wallopin' great tongue too; it seemed when she was shovin' of it out, as

though she was actewelly throwin' up her liver. It's so, by Jingo! People would be a stoppin' and standin' thar, wonderin' what in thunder was the matter with the old pelter—that is, people that didn't know her peculiarities; though most everybody in the village had seen her standin' in that position so often, that they would be more surprised to see her with her tongue in her head, than projectin' out in the rain.

"The old Doctor used to be terribly annoyed. He would say, kind of hurriedly like, because he would be itchin' to git away from her:

"'Oh! you're all right I reckon, Mrs. Scooley; but you had better be a gittin' along home, and not stand too long in the cold air, with so much of your internal organs exposed to the weather, or the result may be fearful if not fatal!'

"That would ginnerally start her off pooty lively towards her shanty. They say the first time the Doctor saw her tongue he was surprised so much that he looked actewelly skeered. Says he: 'I've been nigh unto eight and thirty years a practicin' physician, and until this moment I flattered myself that I was familiar with all the ins and outs of the profession. But I am free to confess that I begin to think I gin over the dissectin' knife too soon, for here's somethin' that I was not prepared for; I'll be durned eternally if I ever did see so much flesh about the human form before, without some bone connected with it.'

"But that's not tellin' you about the sermon, is it? but when I mentioned that Gil Bizby, I sort of wandered off arter him and his durned contrivances. Wal, as I was about to tell you, Gil and I were saunterin' around Misertown one Sunday, and we saw any number of gals goin' into the school house where the preachin' was carried on. So we concluded to step in and git a better look at some of 'em. I didn't know many of the people round thar, but from what I had heard I judged they were the meanest, close-fistedest set of sinners that ever had the gospil scattered amongst 'em.

"I understood they had treated their minister plaguy mean when he fust come thar to look arter souls. Thar was no regular place for him to stop, you see, and they agreed amongst themselves to take turns a keepin' him until they could git a house up for him. He was one of those young, easy, green kind of fellers that had seemin'ly never been so far away from home before but what he could see the smoke of his father's chimney, or smell his mother's corn-dodgers burnin'. And they soon took advantage of it, and sort of played button with him, shovin' him around from one to another as though he was too hot to hold.

"He fust went to a feller by the name of Wigglewort. Ses Wig, 'I'm really very sorry, Mr. Sermonslice, (that was the minister's name, queer one too, wasn't it?) but we unfortunately have no accommodations for you at present. We have no place for you to sleep 'thout we

put you in the same room that our daughter, woman grown, occupies. Of course you would object to any such accommodations as that, of course you would, it's to be expected of ye, Mr. Sermonslice. Besides,' he contin'ed, (for he was a mean one and no dodgin' it; exceptin' his neighbor, Strawsaver, you couldn't find a meaner cuss if you were to offer a reward for one, than that old Wigglewort,) 'besides, she walks in her sleep sometimes, and she might be gittin' up and disturbin' of ye.' I'll be durned if he didn't skeer that minister right thar.

"Oh! certainly I'd object to it. Most assuredly I'd object to it. I couldn't for a moment think of acceptin' such accommodations,' he answered hurriedly, just that way. As he spoke he blushed clear down as far as you could see for his shirt collar. 'However harmless your daughter might be,' he contin'ed, 'my standin' in society compels me to look further before acceptin' such accommodations. I will step over to Mr. Strawsaver's, and stop with him a short time. He has a large house and no family, I understand, exceptin' his wife, and I reckon it will not inconvenience him much to give me lodgin's.'

"Wal, he went over thar sure enough. And what do you think that old Strawsaver said to him? Did he take him? Not much he didn't. He gin him his supper and pooty soon arter he beckoned him one side quietly, jest that way, and ses he, low and serious like:

"'Thar's somethin' troubles me, Mr. Sermonslice. I've been thinkin' over it all the evenin'. I'm mi'ty

sorry that you happened to come just at this time of all the year the most embarrassin'. It's not but what I would like to have you stop with us. I would, indeed, Mr. Sermonslice, consider it an honor to have you in the house. But the fact is, the present is not a very pleasant season for a single gentleman to be around the place. You understand I presume,—my wife—you know,—any hour,—hoss harnessed in the stable night and day. A hint to the wise is enough, I reckon, Mr. Sermonslice. He! he! he! Unfortunate, isn't it? Bought a cradle this afternoon. Stirrin' times around here before long I reckon. You would no doubt rather be somewhere else about that time, Mr. Sermonslice, of course you would,' he went on just in that broken way, and the hul time a p'intin' backward with his thumb towards his wife, who was workin' around as unproductive as a snow-drift.

"The old cuss did that just to skeer the parson off, and he did it, too. Oh! you bet, he skeered him. Though he wasn't any of the smartest, he wasn't such a greeny but what he could cry 'skunk!' arter one of the critters had come within hailin' distance, and introduced itself.

"So he said, 'Oh! certainly, Mr. Strawsaver, I would *ruther* be somewhere else,' blushin' as he spoke clear down e'enmost to the waistbands of his breeches. 'I'm ever so much obliged to ye for tellin' me in time. I'll take advantage of your hint and git away immediately.

Good evenin', Mr. Strawsaver, good evenin', good evenin',' he contin'ed hurriedly, like that, snatchin' up his bundles as he was talkin'. Tuckin' his Bible under his arm, he started out into the night as though his life depended upon the most prompt kind of action. He wasn't within hailin' distance inside of three minutes.

"He went over and succeeded in gettin' lodgin's with a feller named Joe Grimsby, who lived over by Frog Marsh.

"He was too derved lazy to do his own prayin', and



JOE GRIMSBY.

while the parson stopped with him he got rid of it. They do say he was the laziest old Christian that ever

clasped his hands, and turned up his eyes to watch the flies crawlin' upon the ceilin'. He used to say a praar at the beginnin' of the month, and on the followin' nights he would only allude to it in a sort of matter-of-fact way. 'You know my feelin's towards ye, Lord. Nothin' hid from ye I reckon. I haven't changed my sentiments yet. If I do I'll let ye know of it. I'll keep nothin' back from you, though it should take the har off.' He would go on in that business like way, and the hul time be a crawlin' into bed.

"Wal, as I was goin' to tell you, Gil and I poked into the buildin', and sat down thar amongst the congregation.

"The minister hadn't come yet, and pooty soon an old feller got up, and ses he, 'It may be the minister has had a late breakfast and will not git here for some time yet. In the meantime, as it's a dry season and our crops need a shower of rain, we mout as well have a little prayin' goin' on. We can't do much harm any how, and we may be the means of bringin' down a good smart shower that will be money in our pockets in the long run.'

"He asked several to take hold and do somethin' in that way, but one had a cold, and another one was just gettin' over the mumps. And so on they went makin' excuses. Finally the old feller turned to me, and ses he: 'Perhaps *you* would lead us in praar, you look like one who has often trod the road to Zion.'

"I thanked him for the compliment, but told him I was somethin' like the officers in the army—I would ruther foller than lead. But he stuck to me like a Jew to a customer. Arter a while I consented, and jest as I was about startin' in, a feller come in and said the minister had got a terrible ticklin' in his throat caused by partly swallowin' a har in the butter over to old Joe Grimsby's, and couldn't attend to his duties that day. So the old cuss got up ag'in, and ses:

"'We won't have any preachin' then, without some person present will volunteer to act in our pastor's place this mornin'.' But no one spoke up. 'Perhaps,' he ses, turnin' to me, you would favor us by conductin' the service, young man. You doubtless are competent to perform that pious duty.'

"This sort of got me in the door. Then the thought struck me perhaps I'd make somethin' out of 'em by it. Besides I didn't want to plead ignorance right thar amongst 'em, so gettin' up I ses: 'This is somewhat unexpected. Honors foller one another pooty fast, as the feller said when his wife had triplets.' With that I got into the pulpit and began to look down at 'em pooty seriously. Thar was no Bible on the desk, so I asked if thar was any person that would loan me one for the occasion.

"Some of 'em spoke up and said they had Bibles, but were in the habit of keepin' 'em to foller along arter the minister, and correct him when he made a mistake.

Besides they liked to see how he worked out the text. I looked at 'em some time pooty hard. I thought they laid over anythin' I had come across for some time, and I had a good mind to git down ag'in, only I allowed they'd laugh at me.

"So I ses, 'All right, you can keep your Bibles. I reckon I have enough of the Scriptures by heart to git along without one. We will commence the service by the choir singin' Old Hundred,' I ses jest that way.

"'Short or long meter?' inquired the leader of the singers, who were settin' over in the corner. I didn't exactly understand him. As I knowed he was in the habit of meetin' Sal Clippercut over to Mrs. Curry's every Sunday afternoon, I allowed he was askin' for somethin' shorter, as he was longin' to meet her. I spoke up pooty sharp and ses, 'You will please sing what I gin you to sing. I reckon you aren't longin' to meet her so bad but what you can wait until arter the service is over. She'll keep that long I reckon without spilin'. I know her. She isn't none of your Spring chickens nuther,' I contin'ed, just like that, and you ought to have seen the way he looked; and the gals commenced to snicker and crowd thar handkerchiefs into thar mouths.

"One little red-faced critter that sat alongside of him tittered right out. Her mother who was sittin' near by jumped up and ses: 'Becky Jane, you go right straight hum this minute and go to peelin' the 'taters for dinner.'

But a feller who looked as though his mother had been chased by a nigger who could run faster than she could, got up and ses:

"'The gal isn't to blame in the least. It's that feller in the pulpit thar.' I for one don't want to hear any more of his lingo.' 'Wal then, you can 'stuff' wool in your ears,' I ses, 'and you won't have far to go to get it nuther,' I contin'ed just that way, alludin' to his own ha'r which was pooty woolly.

"You ought to see how they looked, fust at him, then at me. He colored up I reckon, but he was too black to show it. I heard him grit his teeth from whar' I was standin'. He didn't say any more, but an old woman who was settin' near the pulpit, jumped up and ses she:

"'The house of worship is turned into a thayeter! When a muntysbank gets into the pulpit it is high time for respectable people to be movin'. I'll leave!' she exclaimed, pullin' her shawl around her shoulders and beginnin' to bustle out of her seat.

"'Wal, ye kin go!' I hollered, jest that way,—for I was beginnin' to git sort of riled at the way things war a goin'. When I'm talkin' politics or arguin' over the merits of whisky, I can bear crossin' like a Catholic buryin' ground. But right thar in the pulpit where a feller had to be choice of his language, it was different business. 'Ye kin go,' I ses. 'Souls kin be saved without you I reckon. We're willin' to chance it any

how. Take your knittin' along, don't leave that behind,' I contin'ed, pointin' to the seat as though I saw it lyin' thar. I didn't though, but I wanted to give the old



TRUTH IS POWERFUL.

heifer a mi'ty hard rub, for I suspected her piety was put on, and that she was displeased because nobody seemed to be noticin' her new bonnet.

"The hul congregation took it for granted that the knittin' *was* thar, and you ought to have seen 'em stretchin' and cranin' out thar necks as far as they could to get a look into the pew. One old feller that sot back pooty far, craned out kind of quarterin' rather suddenly and his neck gin a crack like a bon bon. He commenced oh! ohin' and tryin' to git it back to its old position

ag'in, but he couldn't until his wife went to rubbin' and chafin' of it, right thar.

"But that old woman, whew! She was as mad as a wet hen. She couldn't hardly find the door she was so mixed up. When she finally got thar she turned round and straightenin' of herself up she ses, "Young man!"—Before she got any further I broke in on her, for I judged she had a tongue that was hung in the middle. So I ses, 'That'll do, that'll do, Mrs. You kin move along. You're disturbin' the peace of the congregation, and showin' your false teeth mi'ty bad into the bargain.'

"She got out arter that pooty lively, now I can tell you. I could see the old pelter as she went up the road towards her home, and two or three times she stopped and turnin' around acted as though she had half a mind to come back and try the hul thing over ag'in. But arter standin' thar a while thinkin' like a pig when it's listenin' to the grass takin' root, she would shake her head and move along up the turnpike as though she concluded she had enough of that kind of pie. I reckon she thought she run across somethin' that it wasn't very good policy to stir up very much just thar, as the man said when he found the pole-cat crawlin' around his cellar.

"This piece of performance sort of throwed me off the track. While I was standin' thar thinkin' where to start in with the discourse, Gil Bizby come a crawfishin' up the steps to one side of me and whisperin' ses, 'I

say, Jim, you haven't got to chock blocks already, have ye?'

"No," I answered, 'I ain't got to chock blocks, but I've got the ropes twisted around and things look ginnerally mixed jist now, I can tell ye.'

"You ha'n't got in the openin' praar—that's what's amiss," he whispered.

"Thunder!" I ses, 'I can't pray worth a cuss. If souls were as easily saved as white turnips, I couldn't begin to git one that way. I must do it by reasonin'. I want to git around the prayin' part of the service if I kin, for it's so long since I did anythin' in that line, I hardly know where amen comes in.'

"Wal, start in on the sermon at once then," he urged, 'for they are gettin' mi'ty impatient now I can tell you. You've got to be doin' *some*thin' pooty quick. But whatever you do,' he contin'ed 'don't git up very high without havin' some idea how you are goin' to git down ag'in. Keep steerin' around waters that you've piloted over before. Remember a blind mouse shouldn't venture very far from its hole, especially if thar's a whole generation of cats watchin' of it.'

"With that he backed down to his seat ag'in, and took out his pencil and began to design a machine for pickin' the bones out of fish, on the fly-leaf of a praar-book that was lyin' thar. So I started in on the sermon. It wasn't much of a sermon to be sure. It was

more like a lectur'. I couldn't think of any passages of scriptur' just then, so I gin 'em the line from the philosopher, 'Why does the frightened dog carry his tail betwixt his legs when he runneth?'

"You ought to have seen 'em rustlin' and turnin' the leaves of thar Bibles huntin' to find the passage. One



MR. SPUDD.

old feller by the name of Spudd commenced to paw over the pages, and his wife ses, 'Don't go that way; turn back to the Book of Job.' He looked round at her with his under lip stickin' out jest that way, arter wettin' of his thumb to start turnin' over ag'in, and ses, 'Job be biled and buttered! I kin pick old Solomon from amongst a thousand of 'em. He was sound on the goose, old Sol was.'

"Two or three of 'em started in to ask me where the text was located, but I kept talkin' right straight along, lookin' around to all of 'em at once and no one in par-

ticular. I didn't gin 'em a chance to stop me ag'in, or git a word in edgeways. One singular lookin' old coon with a weed on his hat got up and stood signalin' of



THE OLD INTERROGATOR.

me, and waitin' and watchin' for a chance to ask me somethin'. But I never let on to see him. I reckon he

stood thar five minutes with his finger up pointin' to attract my attention, and his mouth open so wide, that from my elevated position I could tell what he had swallowed for breakfast.

"I gin 'em a sort of ramblin' discourse, alludin' to the prevailin' passions, and errors of the age. Amongst other things I touched on jealousy a little,—I wanted to hit one feller that was troubled with a pooty jealous wife. She caught him one day a huggin' of the spinnin' gal, and she started for him amazin' lively. He thought to git out of the door before she overhauled him, and he did.

"But Jerusalem! just as he crossed the threshold, he got the contents of a basin that happened to be settin' on the stove, and—wal, he eat his meals standin' for at least two weeks arter that affair anyhow. When I said—quotin' from the poet—'Jealousy in the wife is wuss than trichina in the pork,' he leaned over to the man settin' in the next pew and ses, 'I can't tell you for the life of me whar in thunder he gits the passage, but it's the gospil truth anyhow.'

"So I went on and finished the sermon, or lecture ruther, and then I ses, 'The choir will please sing the hymn beginnin' "Give, give, give to the needy," arter which I will pass around amongst the congregation and take up a collection for the purpose of extendin' the gospil to the heathen in furrin parts.'

"Jewhittaker! You ought to have seen 'em turn

around and look at each other when I said that. I can't describe it to you. I can't do the scene justiss. If I had told 'em I was the prophet Daniel rizen ag'in' I could hardly have started 'em to thinkin' any more than I did by tellin' 'em about that collection for the heathen in furrin parts.

"Arter two or three abortive attempts the singin' commenced. I closed my eyes, and leanin' back in my chair minister like, commenced to estimate the probable yield of each pew. While I was thinkin' thar, and cal'latin' how much I would make by the preachin' business, I noticed the singin' dyin' out, and a dyin' out slowly like, as the prisoner said his hopes were when the sheriff was a fumblin' around his neck adjustin' the rope. So I opened my eyes easy like, as though comin' back to earthly scenes reluctantly, and you can water my whiskey if I wasn't just in time to see limpin' Ned Scullet's coat-tails whiskin' around the door jamb, the hindmost rag of the congregation. Women and children and all were gone sure enough. On lookin' out of the winder I see 'em a scatterin' and a hustlin' and elbowin' themselves ahead of each other along the turnpike, asthough thar was great danger in bein' left behind.

"Would you believe it, thar was that gol-durned shirk Gil Bizby a cranin' up the hill a leadin' the crowd. I sat thar a while lookin' after 'em and a cussin' of 'em.

"Comin' down I began to look around a little, and

pooty soon I noticed that several of 'em left thar hats they were in such a hurry to git out. So I selected a pooty good one only 'twas a little out of fashion, and puttin' it on I ses to myself, 'If you think I'm interested enough in your derved corky souls to preach to you for nothin', you're mistaken, I reckon.' With that I walked out, but not until I had kicked the remainin' hats around the room pooty lively.

"The next day I noticed an old feller with a dilapidated beaver on, that looked as if it had done duty on a scarecrow for several seasons, sidlin' up to me, and circlin' around two or three times lookin' mi'ty close at my tile. I'll allers think it was his stove-pipe, but he was too much ashamed to come right out and lay claim to it.

But that Gil Bizby! durn his skin! I didn't wonder so much at the congregation dustin', arter all, cause they didn't know me, but *he!*—well, no matter, I'll git even on that shirk yet; if I don't you can call me a Yank, that's all.

THE DISPUTED WAY.

JULY 8TH.

YESTERDAY, while pursuing a lonely and intricate path along the banks of a small creek in Napa County, endeavoring to catch a few trout, I ran across the following rhyme, written on a piece of brown paper, and pinned to the trunk of a large tree standing near the head of the cañon. As I happen to know the angler mentioned, and that he has been trout fishing but once this season, though to my knowledge, he never went less than a dozen times during other seasons, there may be some truth in the doggerel.

"Beneath this tree—a drooping larch—
Upon the fifteenth day of March,
A man named Biggs, while angling trout,
Surprised a bear. He turned about,
Nor for a second look did tarry,

BIGG'S FLIGHT.

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But fast as legs could body carry
He bounded down the rough ravine,
Until he placed three miles between.
Not for a moment's space he durst
Pause by the stream to slake his thirst,
Though all the fires that devils know
Seemed in his breast to hiss and glow:

Through stinging weeds and poison-oak,
Without a swerve he headlong broke—
For at each bound increased his fear
That bruin's paw would claw his rear,
And at the thought fresh vigor flew
Down every nerve his body through.
This stream is now of fish bereft,
There's hardly one seed minnow left;
From shady pool and glittering fall
The angler's rod has switched them all;
With bleeding gill and quivering fin
They, one by one, were gathered in;
But never since that morning fair—
On which he met that grizzly bear—
Has Biggs, with basket, reel and rod,
This dark and lonesome canon trod."

Whatever truth may have been in the other portion of the rhyme, the lines alluding to the scarcity of fish were correct in every particular. In my tramp up the creek, I hadn't found a fish possessing moral courage enough to tackle bait. What few I saw were very small, and seemed to mistake the hook for a larger fish than themselves, and displayed great trepidation for fear it would start after them, and gobble them up.

THE POISONED PET.

JULY 11TH.

I WAS over in Alameda Park the other day at a picnic. A lady friend insisted on tacking her pet boy to me on that occasion. As she couldn't go herself she wanted me to have an eye to "sonney," and see that he didn't come in contact with poison-oak. She assured me he was a good boy and would mind me as if I was his father! I didn't pine for the pet's company, but could not very well refuse her request. So he went with me.

I very soon found out he was one of those smart children, who, by a strange freak of nature, are placed in possession of an impudence that prompts them to believe they know more at the age of eight than your average adult.

My will and his wishes soon clashed.

Then the thought entered my head that his mother misrepresented "sonney's" obedient nature. "If this

is the obedience that an offspring manifests to a father," I mentally murmured, "it were better to *want* the offspring." The boy sauced me. He even went so far as to call me names anything but flattering, while I was sitting in the presence of a young lady I most ardently adored. "Go on, sonney!" I said to myself savagely, "go on precocious youth, there are no raging bears in this suburban park to tear the flesh from the bones of mouthy children who "sauced" their betters, as did the animals in the days of prophets and miracles. But the vengeful gods have sprinkled a few shrubs around here that can pile the flesh on to a person's bones to an alarming degree, if they get a fair chance."

After that I paid no attention to him. He ran at will, browsed through the vines like a hungry deer, and burrowed into the very heart of the poison oak bushes, with as little fear as a quail retiring to roost. He enjoyed himself immensely; so he informed me in the evening. I am glad he did, for he is having a quiet time of it now. I saw him this morning, and his face was as full of expression as a Christmas pudding new rolled from the cloth. I think my lady friend will not be over-anxious to appoint me guardian over her dutiful son at another picnic. On the next page is a sketch of "sonney" as he appeared this morning, striving to recognize me by my voice; which he failed to do, however, being deaf as he was blind.



HAVING A QUIET TIME.

HEELS UP AND HEAD DOWN.

JULY 14TH.

TO-DAY, I chanced to witness an amusing incident.

A pussy old gentleman was enjoying the luxury of a salt-water bath in the bay, a short distance from the Lead Works. As he was a poor swimmer—notwithstanding he had a good supply of blubber—he attached a couple of bladders to his shoulders, by means of a string under his arm-pits. During his splashing about, and his repeated endeavors to strike out like Cassius bearing Cæsar from the troubled waters of the Tiber, the bladders changed their position from his shoulders to his hips. This change he was not prepared for, and the result was distressing in the extreme. He immediately commenced sinking—as sailors say—by the head. In vain would he make long and desperate reaches toward the bottom, striving to anchor his feet in the soft sand. Just as his toes would touch the bed below, the buoyancy of the bladders and under-current combined would prevail against him.

Up would come his pedal extremities to the surface,

and consequently down he would go head first like a pearl diver, grasping at the pebbles beneath. After making a commotion in the water like the screw of a tug boat, which brought small crabs and craw-fish to the top with dismembered limbs, he would manage to get his head above water long enough to get a mouthful of fresh air, but retire immediately below to digest it. Some Italian fishermen running, in from the offing with their day's catch of rock-cod, sighted the old gentleman beating off Presedio Point. They mistook him for a "devil fish," or some other odd looking inhabitant of the briny deep, disporting itself in the sheltered waters of the bay. Getting out their hooks and harpoons ready for action, and changing course, they bore down with all possible speed in the direction of the singular monster.

The wind was blowing quite fresh, and it wasn't long until the Italians came nigh enough to ascertain the real state of affairs, and rescue the unfortunate swimmer from his perilous situation. The fishermen rolled the old gentleman over a keg they had in the boat for half an hour, before his stomach could be emptied of its washy load and breathing rendered easy. When sufficiently relieved to admit of speech, the bather gave his rescuers to understand, that in future the tide might ebb and flow, be warm as milk new drawn from the cow, and tranquil as a frozen pond, but a common bath-tub would be oceans, lakes, and rivers to him, during the remainder of his life.

FISHING FOR A WIFE.

JULY 20TH.

AND it came to pass about the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, being in the autumn, when the new wine was oozing from the press, and the corn was hardening in the crib, a bachelor, a farmer of great possessions, dwelling in the valley of Berryessa, bent above his resting plow, and thus communed with himself:

"My stacks are builded, my wine is dripping from the press, the ripe ears are garnered in my cribs, my flocks and herds feed fat upon the hills; and yet, because of my loneliness, am I unhappy.

"I will arise at eve and repair to my neighbor's cottage. Peradventure the aged widow of the murdered gypsy can counsel me."

So when the evening hour was come, the farmer arose and sought the aged widow's abode.

And as he drew nigh to the cottage, he lifted up his eyes and, behold! the crone sat upon her door step.

And when the dame looked upon the farmer she

knew his heart was troubled ; but she knew not the cause.

So, lifting up her voice she cried inquiringly : " What aileth my neighbor ? Has aught befel thy goods ? Has



THE CRONE.

bruin descended from the mountains to worry thy flocks ? Or, are thy stacks consumed ? that thus you droop your eye-lids to the path, and move as by a hearse."

And the farmer drawing nigh replied : " My flocks

unharm'd graze sleek upon the hills ; my stacks stand unconsumed ; yet is my spirit heavy, because my walks are lonely and my bed is cold, and I come as one seeking an advice."

Then answered the dame reprovingly : " Out upon thee, for a fusty, dreamy bachelor ! Go take to thyself a wife ; then will thy walks be no more lonely, neither will thy bed be cold."

But he answering her sorrowfully said : " Mock me not, good madam, but look with pitying eyes upon me, and harken to my voice.

" Behold I am now well stricken in years, my body is stooping to the grave, my manners like my hands are rough ; my blood like my hair is thin ; and my teeth but shine in memories of the past.

" How then can I win maidens' hearts ? verily I say unto you, they would giggling flee from before me ; no hope for me remains ; if I would wed, I needs must wed a squaw !" And his countenance fell.

Then was the crone exceedingly displeased, because he said, " I needs must wed a squaw," and she answered him derisively, saying :

" Go to ! Ye speak as with the beak of a parrot, and with the understanding of a babe ! Are ye studied in books and know not the proverb, ' A golden snare will catch the wildest hare ?'

" Do not your stacks dot the vale below like an Egyp-

tian camp? Are not your tanks brimming with wine and your cribs grinning with corn?

"Do not your cattle graze upon an hundred hills? and your industrious laborers follow in the furrow? And are ye still afeared? Oh, ye of doubting mind!

"Go, get thee to thy chest and take to thyself suitable coin, and hasten to that great city by the sea—whose churches point to heaven, but whose people bow to gold.

"There sojourn for a season, and make no delay in adorning thyself with precious stones.

"Put diamonds upon thy bosom and rings upon thy fingers, and be zealous to stand in the hall-ways and in the market-places, and in the houses of exchange.

"Seek to be observed of the people, and take heed that ye look upon all men as being thy servants.

"And let thy wealth be noised abroad.

"Then shall rise up in the house of mourning the widow of a month, and dry her weeping eyes.

"Then shall the maid of many summers lay aside her pets, to readjust her charms, and disinter her smiles.

"Then shall the young virgin, when her parent makes fast the door, creep out some other way.

"Then also, shall the wife eschew her husband, yea, forsake her suckling in the cradle.

"And they shall come trooping as with the voice of birds to court thy smiles, and thy manners, or thy years, shall be as the silk of the spider in your way."

Then was he exceedingly glad because of the crone's advice, and he went away to his own home rejoicing.



MEANING BUSINESS.

And on the morrow he arose before it was yet day, and saddled his mule, and journeyed to the great city by the sea, and lodged at the house of a friend.

And he made haste to purchase diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, and onyx-stones, and sapphires, and put massive rings upon his fingers, and seals upon his chain.



PARTNER WANTED.

And even as the crone had directed, he scrupled not to stand in the hall-ways, and in the market-places, and in the houses of exchange, and sought to be observed of the people, and lived as a man having great possessions.

And not many days after, a young woman of that place looking from her window, saw that the stranger

shone like the mid-day sun, even so much that her heart was warmed.

So she called the keeper of the house aside and questioned him concerning the stranger, saying :

"Who is this stranger that lodgeth in thy house, who beams with jewels like the noon-day sun? Make him known to me, for he is a choice and goodly man, and my heart warms for the stranger."

Then answered the good man of the house, "He is a sojourner from the valley of Berryessa, a man of great possessions; and moreover, take heed if he comes in your way, that ye smile graciously upon him, for be it known unto you he is a bachelor, who cometh amongst us seeking a wife."

Then was the damsel exceedingly moved.

And she laid in wait for the stranger, and sought to be made known to him, that she might compass him about.

And when it came to pass that the stranger was brought before her, she smiled graciously upon him, and she opened her mouth and spake knowingly of barley, and of rye, and of corn in the ear, and of tares.

And she also spake of four-footed beasts, of calves, of pigs, and of goats, and cattle after their kind; and of fowls; of doves, and of ducks, and of geese. and poultry after their kind.

And she spoke also of cabbages, and of squashes, and of turnips, and of new laid eggs, and of honey, and

of buckwheat cakes, and of cheese, and of sausages!

And lo! the farmer's heart was touched, for she was comely to look upon, and wise withal.

And he communed within himself, saying: "surely this maid would indeed be a great catch, she would make her husband's home cheerful, and in divers ways pluck from the palm of life the festering thorns. Be-shrew me, but I will lay strong siege to the damsel's heart."

So he made haste to pull wide open the mouth of his purse and loaded her with presents, for the damsel had found favor in his eyes, and he sought to win her.

And not many days after he espoused the maiden, and there was great feasting and merry making at that house, and the same was heard of the neighbors.

And the bridegroom drank freely of the wine set before him as one overjoyed; and the bride, likewise, as one whose days of care are passed, tipped often the sparkling glass.

And their faces grew red as the moon grew pale.

And it came to pass when the night was well nigh spent they retired to their chamber, and the bride knew not when the groom lay down, or when he rose up.

And on the following day, the farmer arose and took her to his own home, in the valley of Berryessa, and they lived together for the space of three — days.

And on the morning of the fourth day the wife arose while her husband was yet asleep and unmindful of

her; and dressing herself with all possible haste, she went out into the field and saddled a mule, and turning his head towards the sea, she rode away from that house and from that husband.

And people that labored upon the hills looked down upon her as she fled down the valley, and behold, she



THE HAPPY BRIDE.

was riding toward her own home like a messenger bearing tidings of great import.

So she forsook her husband and fled, and breathes once more the air of that great city by the sea. And again the farmer's heart is lonely, and again his bed is cold.

A WRATHFUL SENORITA

AUGUST 1ST.

THIS afternoon while crossing Broadway, at the intersection of Dupont St., I saw an affray that brought to mind the oft quoted passage "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." A voluptuous daughter of Spain figured as the attacking party. It appears a young fellow—a countryman of hers—succeeded in winning the love of the fair Beatrice. In an evil hour, beneath the sweet silver light of the gas lamps, young *Don Juan* accompanied by the bride that was to be, retired to the rural districts.

For a season, in felicity, they dwelt and loved. But "Love bears within its breast the very germ of change."

Soon the fickle Don forsook the young brunette, and returned to San Francisco to make new conquests. The deserted woman grew desperate. Being, as the Court Journals have it, "in an interesting way," there was no time to lose.

Following him to the city, she armed herself with a

revolver, and started in search of the deceiver, whom she soon met upon the street, and demanded of him what he was going to do for her. He was very cool, in fact, icy, toward her. He even went so far as to inform her, in the language of the hump-backed tyrant, that she "did not please him as at first." With that he started off. Drawing her repeater, without more ado, she deposited the contents of one chamber in his back, and was about to double the dose, when he, thinking one was sufficient, if after being taken it was well shaken, skedaddled as fast as nature would permit. He ran into a second-hand furniture store kept by a colored woman, and sought concealment in an inner room.

The wrath of the maid of Saragassa, however, was not appeased. On the contrary, her Castilian blood waxed hotter as the fray progressed. She "carried the war into Africa" by charging into the shop after her fleeing seducer. Here she was met by the stout negress, who had lived too long on the "Barbary Coast" to be a stranger to war's alarms. She seized a lounge, and up-ending it in the door prevented the avenger from following her victim into his retreat. With a demonstrative energy truly worthy a field marshal, the enraged woman thrust her hand through an aperture at the side of the lounge, and commenced "going it blind" at the old colored woman, who was standing prop fashion against the barricade.

Before she succeeded in doing the negress more injury than to cut a groove about three inches long in



GOING IT BLIND.

her ebon thigh, an officer arrived upon the scene, and took her into custody. The bullet entered near the spine and went—the Lord knows where, but the doctors don't. If he does recover he will probably, the remainder of his life, be able to sing with Dr. Watts, "A charge to keep I have."

A STRANGER AND THEY TOOK HIM IN.

AUGUST 7TH.

JOHN SPARSHACKLE is a sea-faring man, who arrived in San Francisco, on the ship *Sea Mew*. During a long cruise he earned over two hundred dollars, which amount he received in silver coin upon arrival in this port.

This was a sum much larger than he had had the pleasure of carrying around for some time before. He felt as though he had a whole quartz mine located in his pocket. "How on earth," thought he, "will I be able to spend such a mint of money before growing weary of a land-lubbers life?"

He stopped around the boarding house all day, the coin, meantime, hanging like an anvil in his pocket. Like most sailors when set on shore, as soon as evening arrived he sallied forth to see the sights. There appears to be some loadstone in the vicinity of Pacific Street, which attracts all sailors without sense, all countrymen without brains, and all thieves with cunning.

They drift thither as naturally as tourists to old crumbling shrines of art. Like the great mass of foolish fellows Sparshackle wended his way at once into Pacific Street. Beating around the Barbary Coast, he began seeing life in San Francisco by drinking bad whiskey, stale beer, and watching the clumsy movements



AN OLD SALT.

of heavy leathered countrymen and gauzy dressed dance girls, as they swung around the room to the music of an asthmatic clarionet, a sickly cornet, and a bass trombone, all ably filled and fingered by musicians from over the Rhine.

As the evening wore on the "dive" filled, first with people, then with smoke. All countries were represented in that low cellar, and the representatives reflected no great credit upon the nations either. Down the steps they clattered continually, especially sea-faring men. A dance-cellar is without doubt the sailors' Paradise.

With hands in his pockets, one shoulder at least six inches higher than the other, and whistling a stave, the jolly old Liverpool sailor entered, as light of heart as he was of pocket.

With his pipe wrong side up in his mouth, and the vizor of his skull-cap drawn over one ear, down jolted the Orkney Island salt, who had crossed the ocean oftener than ever he crossed a bridge.

With one side of his nose peeled from the eyebrow to the nostril, in shambled the dark, greasy looking Portuguese, who would be unhappy should he by any possible chance escape his daily knock-down from the heavy-fisted mate.

Half sliding and half falling, and knocking the red clay of the valley from his boots, down clattered the unmistakable countryman, who, after a year or two in the interior, was bound to have a time in the city. Thus the place soon filled, and all was revelry and racket.

The scene was a dazzling one to our friend of the marline-spike. He watched it with staring eyes and gaping mouth, and wondered where else on earth such elegance existed. Tam O'Shanter was not more carried away with the scene inside "Kirk Alloway," than was Sparshackle by the free exhibition in the smoky dance cellar. He had cruised in southern ports, where lithe Castilian nymphs in wild fandangos displayed their shapely limbs. He had sailed to Eastern climes, where

half nude dusky maids in lively groups danced through the scented groves. But never before in all his travels had he witnessed such an enlivening spectacle.

Finally one of the damsels asked him to join her in a dance. He at once consented. After dancing a few moments she informed him it was the custom of the place to treat the ladies(?) As might be supposed he complied and imbibed several times. The oftener he drank the livelier seemed to grow the scene before him. Finally—as the coin in his pocket interfered materially with a free use of his legs—he gave up dancing, and sitting down in the corner, confined himself to his peculiar speciality, patronizing the bar. He watched the gay panorama, and applauded those, who, nobly bearing up under the pressure of Jersey lightning and extravagant exercise, still went whisking around the apartment in the full flush and delirium of joy.

Every thing in the room seemed to catch the inspiration of the hour, and join in the sprightly revelry. The very pictures upon the wall commenced diving after each other, as though in pursuit of unwilling partners. Even the clumsy counter and bald-headed bar-tender joined in the pastime, and went eddying around the room in the familiar grip and hug, of the licentious German waltz.

Presently objects grew indistinct. Things moved too fast for his eyes to follow, and he found it preferable to keep them closed. In short he fell into a deep sleep

which lasted until about five o'clock the next morning. When he awakened, he found himself in a narrow alley, not only minus his money, but actually stripped to the buff. Fortunately an old barrel was lying beside him with both ends stove out. Into this he crawled, and lost no time in navigating the streets to his boarding house.



ANY PORT IN A STORM.



THE MAID OF VALLEJO.*

AUGUST 15TH.

There was a fair maid of Vallejo
 Who came to this city, to stay, O.
 She met with a lad
 Who treated her bad,
 So back she cut stick to Vallejo!
 I saw that fair maiden to-day, O;
 She's blue as the wing of a jay, O.
 Her parents, I'm told,
 Berate her and scold—
 For they hold their heads high in Vallejo.

*Pronounced Val-yä-ho.

A WARNING.

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But though they should scold her for aye, O,
 Or wrap her in sack cloth and pray, O,
 The stigma and stain
 Of that sin will remain,
 Till high heads are brought low in Vallejo.

'Tis a warning to all who essay, O
 About other's misfortunes to bray, O;
 The laugh may go round,
 And the whisper profound!
 As it will very soon in Vallejo.



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THE BITTER END.

AUGUST 20TH.

WHILE in one of the interior counties to-day I stood beside the graves of six members of one household. The father and his five sons all fell in one sanguinary family feud.

It seems an ill feeling had long existed between two families named respectively Frost and Coates. Though they frequently indulged in small skirmishes—from which black eyes, bloody noses, or slit ears were the principal trophies borne away—they had never met when their full forces were under arms. And for the happy hour that would bring about such a meeting, each party looked forward with interest, if not impatience.

A day arrived at last full of promise. It was an election day. Each party expected the other out in strength, with furbished arms, and prepared themselves accordingly. They took the street, resolved, that—

“Ere the bat had flown
His cloistered flight: ere, to black Hecate's summons,

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Had rung night's yawning peal, there would be done
A deed of dreadful note.”

Two planets keep not their motion in one sphere, nor could two quarrelsome families move long in a small village, or freely patronize the same groggeries without a collision. Towards evening they met, some mounted and more on foot, and from low jests amongst themselves respecting each other's lack of prowess upon former occasions, the controversy soon reached the point of positive contradictions. As the “lie direct,” is equivalent to a well developed kick to your average fighting man, hostilities soon commenced.

The Coates family opened the engagement with a brisk fusilade, and at the first fire the gray bearded patriarch of the Frost faction went down with all his imperfections on his head.

The firing now became general. “From rank to rank, the volleyed thunder flew.”

Neutral parties fled from the street, and for a time transacted business with “closed doors.” The report of the fire-arms frightened the horse of a disinterested gentleman, who was riding through the village, and despite his efforts to control the animal, it dashed directly between the belligerent parties. The fighting men, however, did not slacken fire on his account, but blazed away without seeming to notice or care, whether the agitated stranger went down in the general *melee* or not.

Fortunately, the gentleman escaped injury, but it was certainly more by chance than good guidance. It is said so rapid was the fire that a steady blaze seemed issuing



LIVELY WORK.

from the muzzle of their weapons. When the smoke of battle raised, five of the Coates family were lying dead.

On the other side, Frost and one of his sons were killed, and a son-in-law mortally wounded. People say the funeral was a saddening spectacle. Amongst the mourners, were mothers, daughters, sisters and wives.

But the end was not yet:

Before the grass had taken root upon the graves, the ground was again broken, and another victim of the

malignant feud was hidden from the sight of friends and foes.

The fires of hate still smouldered, and within a year another of the Coates family was put *hors du combat*, while going one night from the village to his ranch.

He was seen leaving for home on horseback at nine o'clock, but, about ten his horse ran masterless into the farm-yard. The man was found lying by the roadside dead, a bullet having passed through his head. Suspicion reverted to the Frost family, but no proof could be brought to establish their guilt.

The public finger, still points toward them, however, and, doubtless will continue so to do, for many a day, or until the mystery is cleared up.



THE ADVENTURE OF DAVID GOYLE THE MILLER MAN.

AUGUST 22D.

"'Tis a strange cap: 'Twill give and take, and fit many heads."—*Old Volume.*

Oh, will you hear with patient ear,
The story I'll relate
About man's infidelity?
And learn his losses great?

There lived a little miller once,
Who owned a tiny mill;
While there was water in his pond
The stones were never still.

For not a man the country round
From Inyo to the Bay,
Was closer to his business found
Than David Goyle, they say.

Let people pass at eve, or noon,
Or at the break of day,
They'd see the dusty miller there
And hear the hoppers play.

THE WIFE'S WARNING.

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But when the narrow stream run dry,
The miller was at fault;
The rack-a-tacket mill reposed
As silent as a vault.

The little vicious artisan
Had spun his silken snare
Across the dusty flour-chute,
And silent gearing there;

While in the elevator's cup
Was heard the mouse's squeak,
And village children in the flume
*Dry-shod, played hide-and-seek.

Said David to his wife one day,
"I think while water's low
I'll take a business trip to town,
Just for a week or so.

"I have not ground a peck of grain,
'Tis now eight days or more;
But sat and picked, and picked the stones,
And dressed their surface o'er."

Then turned his little loving wife,
With much concern, said she,
"I hope while you are stopping there,
That you will careful be;

"And shun those dark and narrow streets
Where rogues do congregate,
And look from out their low retreats
As spiders watch and wait.

HE HAS TRAVELED BEFORE.

"Have not the city papers teemed
With incidents, whercin,
Some people proved not what they seemed,
And took the stranger in?

"Then trust not smiles, or wanton wiles;
Be careful where you tread;
The very ground beneath your feet
With pitfalls may be spread.

"There's not a trick, a trap, or plot,
Or scheme of any sort—
From playing fine to drugging wine—
To which they'll not resort."

Then leaned this little miller man
Away back in his chair,
And laughed until his anxious wife
Thought he would strangle there.

Said he, "You much amuse me, wife,
Have you forgot, my dear,
That I have traveled in my life,
And came from Jersey here?

"Or can you for a moment think
Your husband's mind is lewd?
Or deem that I the cup would drink,
By Temperance men tabooed!

"Those who can get the start of me,
In country or in town,
By jove! must early risers be,
And you can put that down."

MEETS WITH TEMPTATION.

For he was vain, this miller man,
Who thought his mind so vast;
But look with me, and we will see
How he comes out at last.

In course of time he reached the town,
To stop a week or more;
And in a large hotel was lodged,
Upon the second floor.

If you should doubt my word in this,
Step over to the "Grand;"
You'll find his name recorded there,
And in a scrawling hand.

It chanced—but hold! ere more I say,
Or sentence more you read,
Are you prepared with me to stray
Wherever he may lead?

You are! all right, then on's the word,
Again my pen I hold,
And blame me not, if I should jot
Down facts best left untold.

It chanced while Dave was strolling down
A certain narrow street,—
(Its name at present slips my mind,
Or you'd have all complete)—

There leaned a dame of portly frame,—
Or figure, if you will,—
With graceful ease, and smile to please,
Across her window sill.

She hailed the stranger,—no, I think,
He first the dame addressed—
 I would not do the woman wrong,
 She's bad enough at best.

By this you'll see that facts with me
 As sacred things appear;
 And though they burst my rhyme in three,
 They precedence claim here.



ROPING THE MILLER.

She spoke the stranger very free,
 She "came from Jersey too!"
 (Oh, she was cute:—and so was he—)
 She thought his folks she knew!

"There was a Goyle;—yes, yes, I'm sure,
 How strange that we should meet!
 I've passed his house a thousand times,
 And met him on the street."

The miller scarce could credit this;
 But she was something fair,
 So he resolved to step inside,
 And talk the matter there.

"He thought not then of loving wife!"
 Perchance at once you cry.
 It gives me joy to say he did,—
 And dodged in wondrous spry.

There is a drug that *nymphs du pave*,
 Do mingle with the wine
 They give to country friends like Dave,
 For what, I can't divine.

Perhaps those thoughtful women deem
 The noisiness of town,
 Might not allow refreshing sleep
 To weigh their eyelids down.

But whether this the cause, or not,
 Enough for you and me
 To know, the wine that David got
 Was not from mixtures free!

Now take me by the hand, my dear,
 And let us trip away,
 Until the watchful chanticleer
 Proclaims the coming day.

HE DESERVES TO BE BRAINED.

For there are sights we may behold,
 Or words that we may hear,
 Which may not properly be told,
 Or in a book appear!

Oh! for a club to brain the knave
 Within that house of sin;
 Oh! for a spade to dig his grave,
 And dump him headlong in!

Oh! for a slab as black as night,
 To raise above his head;
 On which this strange inscription might
 By passers-by be read:—

"Come not around this weedy mound,
 All ye who virtue prize:
 Nor shed one tear, for buried here
 A faithless husband lies."

The night has passed away at last;
 Now hand in hand we'll scout,
 Now here, now there, with greatest care,
 To search that miller out.

Thus, side and side, we first will glide
 O'er letter, word, and line;
 Until we stand that house beside,
 Where Dave was drinking wine.

Oh, sight! so hideous to the eyes,
 It dims them like a fog!
 Within the house the miller lies,
 As still as any log!

And not until the sun was high,
 And bells in towers spoke,
 From out that deep lethargic sleep
 He wonderingly awoke.

He gazed upon the papered wall:
 The ceiling over head;
 But strange was paper, pictures all,
 The foot-board of the bed.

At last the past before him shone,
 And turning with a smile—
 Discovered there he lay alone!
 Like Crusoe on his Isle.

Swift as the lightning's flash destroys
 The spider's flimsy toil,
 Suspicion traveled through the head
 Of the awakening Goyle.

As starts the lodger from repose,
 When flames burst in the door,
 So suddenly that miller rose,
 And bounced upon the floor.

One stride sufficed to reach the chair
 On which his robes were cast;
 But seemed it to that man an age,
 Until he grasped them fast.

No nimbler does the maiden's hand
 Play o'er the keys of sound,
 Than did that miller's fingers glide
 In searching pockets round.

In vain he felt from tail to top;
 The blonde had gone before,
 And harvested a golden crop,
 While he did dream and snore.

Gone was his purse, and all within;
 A ring he valued more;
 Gone watch and chain, the diamond pin
 That on his scarf he wore.

His little wife with miser care,
 (And warning words no doubt,)
 With her own hands affixed it there
 The morning he set out.

Enraged, that miller waltzed around,
 And like his hopper shook:
 And swore by all the grists he ground,
 And all the tolls he took,

That since the days when he was schooled
 In games of pitch and toss,
 He never was so deeply fooled,
 Or so betrayed to loss!

Ten times at least, that pallid man
 Strove to insinuate
 His nervous limbs into his pants,
 But failed to guide them straight.

First hop, hop, hop, to left he went,
 Now, hop, hop, hop, to right!
 Then hop, hop, backwards, till he rent
 The pants asunder quite!

With one leg in and one leg out,
 He polka'd here and there,
 Now *chasse* up now *chasse* back,
 Then balanced o'er the chair.



A ONE SIDED OPERATION.

At last his toilet was complete,
 The yawning rent was pinned,
 And out into the narrow street
 He bolted like the wind.

'Twould be a feast to gravest priest
 That ever sat to hear
 Confession from an erring maid,
 To see that man appear.

He ran towards the City Hall,
And swore at every bound
That justice would he seek and have,
If justice could be found.



A GREENHORN'S SEARCH.

The milkmen stopped their reckless drive,
Or dropped the cup and can,
And leaned to catch a glimpse of Dave
As down the street he ran.

Old women early out to mass
When Dave went racking by,
Would jump aside to let him pass,
Then to each other cry:

"Lord bless us! did you see him go?
As though from cannon sent.
A crazy creature well I know,
And see his pants—how rent!"

But ah, my muse, no longer here,
(This moment she withdrew.)
I scarcely have the vim, I fear,
To trace that miller through.

Suffice it here to be explained
Before I close the tale,
The justice David Goyle obtained,
Was not of much avail.

Go net the sea to catch the whale
That did on Jonah dine;
Go rake the land to find the stone
That slew the Philistine;

But seek not her whose hoodwink'd eyes,
Proclaims her dealings just;
Well hangs her balance in the skies,
For here on earth they'd rust.

Returned that miller to his wife,
And nothing from her hid,
He told her how and where he lost,
(At least, I hope he did.)

Let not the husband nor the wife
These secret dodges start;
Or soon suspicious thoughts will come
And crowd their loves apart.

I throw this in—as you will see—

A sort of gratis hint;
It may not be pure poetry,
But there is truth within't.

The rumbling stones are grinding now,
There's water in the pond;
But do not bet that miller yet
Forgets the wicked blonde.

For every waking hour he knows
Throughout the twenty-four,
His scowling face and muttering shows
He counts his losses o'er.

There's not a time he laves his hands,
But what that ring is missed!
(Its gold he gathered from the sands,
A gift the amethyst.)

And oh, the query gives him pain,
"What is the time of day?"
For to the missing watch and chain
The miller's mind will stray.

And now no more upon his breast
The brilliant diamond shines,
It's lustre falls in other halls
Where flow the noxious wines.

There is a moral shining bare,
Throughout this lengthy screed,
And those who cannot see it there,
In vain these verses read.

A TRIP TO THE INTERIOR.

AUGUST 25TH.

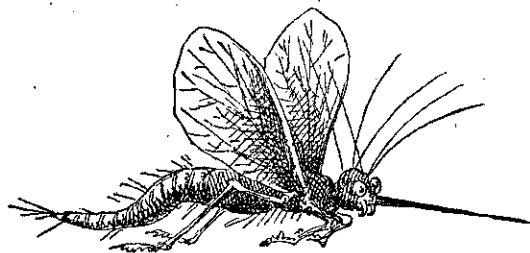
I HAVE been taking a trip into the interior, and am not favorably impressed with it. There were too many mosquitoes—too many graybacks. It is too far from civilization, and too nigh the sun. There is not enough of water upon the roads, and too much in the liquor. I stopped over night in Sacramento, and the first thing that attracted my attention on entering the city, was the pale and sickly look of the inhabitants. This I attributed to the fever and ague, the hot weather, and impure river water which they drink, and call "Sacramento straight." I was credibly informed by several parties that their pallor was owing to the quantity of blood that is nightly extracted from their veins by the mosquitoes.

From the number of these pests infesting it, Sacramento has taken the name of "The Mosquito City."

Those people who cannot indulge in such a luxury as mosquito bars, have to sleep during the day. They sit up nights and wage war against their ferocious enemies

with tobacco smoke, burning leather, wet towels, or any other weapon to which they can conveniently resort.

To be stung by a black hornet or a scorpion is bad; to be bitten by a tarantula or rattlesnake is worse; but to be punctured to the bone by the bugle of a Sacramento mosquito is terrible. They are enormous insects. When flying through the air they are as discernible as thistle-down, or even humming birds. The sharp tube through which they sap their victim's blood is fully three-quarters of an inch long, and resembles a cambric needle; this they steadily and unhesitatingly press into the flesh until they either strike a bone, or their fore-



SACRAMENTO MOSQUITO ON THE SCENT.

head prevents them from doing deeper injury.

Accompanying this article are two sketches of an ordinary Sacramento mosquito, life size.

Towards evening they rise with pining maws from the damp tule land around the city—

"Innumerable as the blades of green,

That carpet the vale of the San Joaquin;"

and as they close in upon the devoted inhabitants, their

blended cries swell in pitch and compass until the sound resembles the impassioned tones of a fish-peddler's horn. I stopped at a hotel in the lower part of the city, and before retiring for the night looked carefully about the room. As few mosquitoes were in sight, I concluded to sleep without using the bar. Congratulating myself on being assigned a room where so few of the common enemy of man were lying in wait, I extinguished the light and turned in.

Scarcely was I stretched upon the couch when,

"At once there rose such hungry yells,

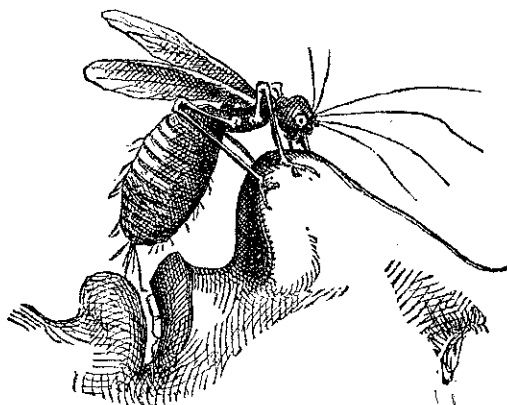
From every point the compass tells,"

that I lost no time in striking a light and adjusting the netting. I now saw them emerging from every conceivable hiding place. Trooping they came, from behind picture-frames, from under the bureau; out of vases and old empty bottles. They were climbing and clambering and pitching towards me with energy. I noticed a steady stream of them shooting out of the closet through the key-hole, with such velocity that they went warping half-way across the apartment before they could check themselves sufficiently to tack around and dive for the bed.

They had all they bargained for, to get safely through that key-hole, too. There was not much spare room, I can tell you. But for the great pressure from behind kept up by others anxious to get through, many a large fellow would have been sticking in that opening yet.

But once they got started in, there was no backing out; no, indeed! On! on! was the cry, and they pressed forward with a rush, often sacrificing a leg or wing by the maneuver. But they didn't seem to care for the loss of one of those members so long as their bill remained intact. Deprive a mosquito of one wing, and he will seem to laugh at you while he makes the other do double duty. Brush off one leg, and he will shake the remaining ones triumphantly in your face.

But damage his bill and you demoralize him at once. He becomes immediately disheartened. He loses caste



TO THE HILT IN BLOOD.

among his companions, and confidence in himself. He wabbles about here and there to no purpose, like a bachelor. You deprive him at once of his song and his supper. You can hardly picture to yourself a more dejected insect, one more hopelessly down in the mouth.

He withdraws to the ceiling, or curtain, and looks with envious eyes upon his associates gorging themselves while his poor digestive organs are drying through inactivity.

We would be inclined to pity him in his sad condition, were it not that we hold the whole insect race as coming under our ban.

The whine of disappointment, long, loud and quavering, that went up when they ascertained I was protected, will always remain a fixture in my memory.

As they closed around the bed, so numerous were they, their flight was actually impeded. Down they settled with locked wings on the bar above me, thick as snow-flakes around some old uprooted pine by the Madawaska. I had long heard of the Sacramento mosquitoes, and was prepared for an introduction to formidable insects, but found them even worse than I expected.

I stopped in Stockton one night. This city is the stronghold of the fever and ague on the Pacific coast. In other portions of the State it may be more active for a few months of the year, but in Stockton it stays by the people like their consciences. The winds may rise and comb the valley until the very grass is lifted by the roots and borne to the mountains. The sun may grow weary of well doing, enter Capricorn, and for a season be hid; or the rains may descend until the narrow slough—by which the city is situated—becomes a wide-spreading

lake, through which ships of the line might plow with safety; but the chills and fever stays by them still. There is no "shaking" it off. It holds its grip like a mortgage.

The tender limbs of the new-born babe, and the pithless bones of ripe old age, shiver alike in its awful grasp.

The citizens are a serious, matter-of-fact people, who seem to think it was not the original intention that men should spend any time in laughter, for they indulge very little in witicisms or humor. A good joke is often lost upon them, and the perpetrator of a bad one places himself in jeopardy. A person who attempts a pun that like a sword-fish does not carry its point before it, is in danger of being immediately seized from behind and hurried in the direction of the Insane Asylum.

While stopping in Stockton I visited the small theatre of which the inhabitants are justly proud; and shall never forgive myself if I fail to mention the orchestra, that discoursed most eloquent music on that occasion.

Whether the regular musicians of the theatre were on a strike for higher wages, and the manager was obliged to bring in outside talent, I did not learn; but certain it was, the sole instrument that kept the audience awake between the acts, the night in question, was a large piece—a bassoon, I think—filled and manipulated by a stout, spectacled representative from the Faderland.

In addition to the musician's frog-shaped body—which of itself would doubtless have attracted my attention—

he had a head that was truly a study. To say he was bald, is to make a remark that would be applicable to more than two-thirds of the gentlemen in the theatre,



THE ORCHESTRA.

but to say that his head was as smooth, as shiny, and devoid of hair, from the eye brows to the very nape of the neck, as a billiard ball, is hardly doing the head justice. It seemed actually peeled.

Besides, it was of a conical form, and as I looked upon

it I thought what an advantage it would have been to me in my younger days if I had had some such thing in the barnyard, over which to break pumpkins for the cattle. I am certain a pumpkin or squash brought down upon such an object with well centered precision, would fly into as many fragments as the German Empire.

I was not the only person whose attention was arrested by that marvelous development. If a diamond the size of a rutabaga, had suddenly flashed revealed, the audience would scarcely have turned with greater haste to contemplate its beauties than they did to regard that head the instant the hat was removed.

It had such a smooth and polished surface the actors, as they passed back and forth upon the stage, were mirrored out upon it in Liliputian proportions. The large globe light was reflected so perfectly upon that glossy scalp, it shed a positive light to remote corners of the auditorium; and a person would look first at the head, then up at the globe, and then down at the head again, and *then* not hardly be prepared to decide from which object the original rays of light proceeded.

The musician had one original "turn," which afforded me much amusement. At the commencement of a tune he would sit facing the stage, which was proper enough; but as he proceeded he would turn by degrees until he was sitting full face to the audience.

The gods in the gallery seemed to consider it their especial privilege to pelt his head with peanuts; and when

one would happen to hit—which was quite often—it would bound and skip from the polished object in a manner that would invariably bring down the house.

Standing as it did in bold relief from the dark panel-work and drapery behind, it was a most excellent and inviting mark. Man though I am, with the sobering cares of life closing gloomily around me, and an immortal soul yet in jeopardy, I actually regretted I couldn't try a shot at the old codger's head myself.

It has been said "The king of Shadows loves a shining mark;" if this is so, how that musician managed to escape the arrows so long is more than I can understand. For many a year he certainly has presented a target worthy the whole archery of heaven.

The evening's entertainment was made up of selections from Shakspeare's tragedies, "Macbeth," and "Othello."

The principal actor, whose name I forget, was the oddest and hungriest looking player I ever saw stalk across a stage, or foam and fret in histrionic effort. He looked as though he had been dangling from the lowest spoke of Fortune's wheel for the last twenty years. His make-up was terrible also, and after I learned the performance was not an intentional burlesque, I could hardly keep from hooting whenever he appeared. As the evening advanced, however, he warmed up considerably. When he appeared as the murderous Thane moving toward the apartments of his slumbering victim,

huskily repeating the thrilling lines, "The bell invites me! I go, and it is done!" he looked every inch a villain, and the little theatre rung again with the clap-



MACBETH.

ping and clattering of the enthusiastic audience. In "Othello" his dress was even worse than in "Macbeth." In the scene where he smothers Desdemona, he was barefooted, and looked too ridiculous for anything. I would have given double the amount I paid for admission for the glorious privilege of kicking him across the stage.

The customary pitcher-shaped lamp which the "Moor"

usually bears in his hand upon this occasion, and to which he alludes when he says:—

"If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me?"

was not procurable.

The tragedian therefore carried a candle stuck in the neck of a large wine-bottle, and under his left arm he



OTHELLO.

carried a pillow about the size of a single-bed mattress, with which to put out the light of the fair Desdemona,

lying upon a lounge at the left of the stage. I was too great a lover of Shakspeare to sit longer by, and witness the terrible butchery. I arose and left the house, and as I passed out, the pitying glances of the audience informed me that they didn't understand the real state of affairs, but thought I was taken suddenly ill. I was ill at ease, and had been, during the entire evening.

There was one redeeming feature, and that came in the shape of a very handsome young actress, who evidently traveled upon her shape (and, by Jove! she had a very good means of conveyance).

Nearly all she did upon the stage was to assume striking attitudes. Judging by what I saw of her (and in truth that was considerable) Eve's daughters are seldom put up in a more tasteful manner than she, and I would never forgive myself if I should fail to give a representation of the young lady in this book. I therefore give the sketch on the opposite page to show to the world what Mother Nature can do for a person, when she wishes to turn off a masterpiece, and goes to work in right good earnest.

On the way down from Stockton the next morning an amusing incident transpired, worthy of mention.

An overland passenger made my acquaintance on the cars, and while conversing about the long snow-sheds and tunnels on the Central Pacific, I informed him of the long tunnel through which we would pass on leaving Livermore Valley.



THE ACTRESS.

"Are we near that tunnel now?" he asked. "Yes," I answered, "we will enter it in about fifteen minutes." "Is the tunnel dark?" he inquired. "Yes, very dark," I replied, "ten shades darker than a cloudy midnight." "By jingo!" he cried, "that's just the thing for me. I forgot to put on a clean shirt last night, and I hate like the deuce to arrive in San Francisco looking as I do now. Do you think a fellow would have time to put a shirt on while passing through it?" he continued, earnestly.

"He might," I answered, "if he had it ready to pull over his head, before reaching the tunnel."

"Well, I'll try a pull, anyway," he said, as he took down the valise from a rack overhead to select the garment. "I'll have it all ready for a hoist," he continued, "and if I don't climb into it faster than a spark into a chimney, I'm not what I think I am, that's all;" and with a look of determination he went to a seat in the rear of the car, and for a time seemed busily engaged preparing for the great change.

I had made an error in regard to the time that would elapse before we reached the tunnel, and the result was we reached it before he was fully prepared for it. Into it the locomotive plunged with a wild scream. Gloom closed around the passengers, hiding the nearest objects from their view. On we sped. The rattling of the trucks told us rail after rail was passed, but still a dark-

ness that might be felt enveloped the rushing train.

Those who were conversing as the car entered the tunnel, stopped as though the icy hand of death had been laid upon their throat. The half uttered word rested upon the tongue, and the tunnel, like a long dash, stretched between the parts of a sentence.

I thought of the passenger, doubtless by this time struggling in his linen, and turned around in my seat facing him. With considerable interest I waited the return of light. At last it came glimmering far ahead. Plain and plainer the objects grew around, and first and most noticeable of all, was the tall form of the passenger from over the mountains, leaning over the seat in front of him, enveloped in his snowy linen shirt, his hands stuck in the sleeves at the elbows, and his head vainly endeavoring to shoot through the opening at the neck, which in his haste he had neglected to unbutton.

Notwithstanding his head was enveloped, he was conscious that light had dawned upon the scene, and his struggles and frantic thrusts became painful to look upon.

Finally the fastening at the neck gave way, and his face came through the opening, red as a pickled beet. Fortunately most of the passengers were sitting with backs toward him, and but few witnessed the terrible struggle. One old lady, however, got nearly frightened

out of her wits. When objects began to grow visible around her, she became suddenly apprised of the startling fact that a white figure was bent over her, with



A HASTY TOILET.

out-stretched wings fanning the air, and she very naturally came to the conclusion that an angel was about to gather her to her fathers.

The ashen look of the poor old body, as she stole a glance over her shoulder at the white object behind, showed that however fitted she was—in respect of years—for the final taking off, she was anything but willing to start upon such a tedious and uncertain journey.

THE ART GALLERY.

AUGUST 31st.

HEARING that a large collection of paintings were on exhibition at the Art Gallery, I visited the rooms this afternoon, and was agreeably surprised to discover that quite a number were by eminent artists.

It is pleasant to stick your nose into an old picture that has come down through the dust of ages. I made it a point to employ the hour at my disposal in sketching several subjects most admired by the visitors. I did not learn the name of the large picture from which the accompanying sketch was taken, but was assured that it came from the hand of an old master.

I would have thought it a representation of "Cleopatra before Cæsar," if the female had been running toward the man instead of away from him. History belies Cleopatra, or she was not the woman to show such a clean pair of heels when one of the opposite sex made advances.

A gentleman present who examined the painting close-

ly, gave it as his opinion, that the couple represented "Tarquin and Lucrece."

He informed me he had visited many art galleries of



TARQUIN AND LUCRECE, (FROM A PAINTING BY AN OLD MASTER.)

the Old World, and found several paintings which had been copied from this masterpiece by artists, who paid homage to such creative genius.

As he claimed to be something of a connoisseur, his supposition was probably a correct one, though he was not able to thoroughly account for the singular looking bonnet, that shadowed the head of the prancing "Lucrece."

It is certainly anything but a Roman head-dress, and why it should be dangling from her royal top, is something for critics to comment on, and antiquarians to inquire into.

Another little sketch attracted great attention, espe-

cially from the ladies, whose love for the beautiful is only excelled by their love for the good. It was entitled



"LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM."

"Love's Young Dream." I regret I am not able to give the artist's name. I could not get near enough to decipher the signature, owing to the crowd of ladies admiring the beautiful gem.

The members of the Graphic Club were sketching. Accepting an invitation from one I stepped into their room to see them draw. Quite a number of artists were present. Denny was there, who loves to paint the ves-

sel going before the wind, when in its might it takes "the ruffian billows by the top." It was pleasant to watch his pencil pile up the "yeasty waves" at will.

It was also interesting to lean over Mr. Hill's shoulder, and see the branches sprout from his grand old oaks, against whose trunks it would seem the storms of centuries had spent their force.

It was no less pleasant or interesting to perceive the horns shoot from Bloomer's cows. As the animal grows under his active pencil, we may be inclined to think she will be of the Mooley species, and never shake a gory horn above a prostrate victim; but alas! a few hasty but well directed strokes, and she stands forth more formidable than the armed rhinoceros or rampant unicorn. Then we hold our breath, as we see the pencil slide away to some other locality before a tail is attached to the body, and inwardly wonder whether the artist has forgotten to bestow upon her that graceful adjunct, or is intentionally giving us new species of cattle. We heave a sigh of relief when the pencil returns, after a brief skirmish along the ribs, to bestow upon the cow that terminal appendage, at once a scourge for milk-maids and a swing for dogs.

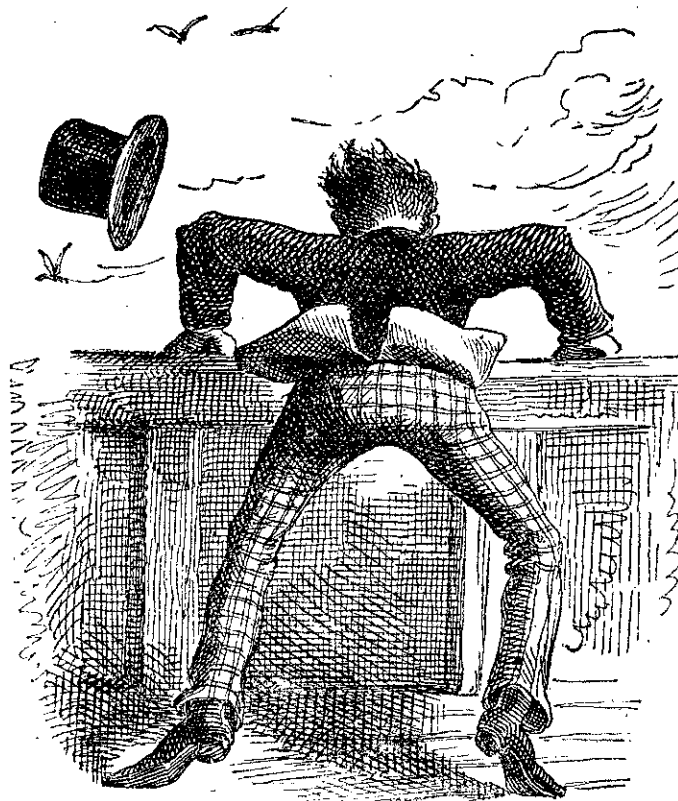
A TRIP TO OAKLAND.

SEPT. 8TH.

THE heaviest fog that has visited San Francisco for some time, enshrouded the city and vicinity this forenoon. So dense was the vapor across the bay, that several sportsmen hunting near Oakland Point were considerably annoyed by wild ducks flying into them as they swept along the margin of the bay. One gentleman sitting on the bank waiting for the fog to raise, was run into by a passing mallard with such violence as to knock him down the embankment into the water. The bird passed on, leaving one-half of its bill sticking in the gentleman's ear, having penetrated that organ to the depth of two inches. He was obliged to call upon a surgeon to have the novel spike removed. It was a singular incident, and proves that birds cannot see through mist any better than ourselves.

I took a trip to Oakland in the afternoon. The bay was so rough the ferry-boat could scarcely make her regular trips. The passengers were nearly all sea-sick,

and elbow to elbow, leaned over the side of the vessel feeding the fishes. One gentleman friend lost his hat



CASTING BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

overboard while engaged in this pastime, but he was so taken up with internal affairs that he cared little for outward appearances, as one could readily observe by the earnestness with which he addressed himself to his work.

Passing through Oakland, I saw a poor old woman thrown into terrible disorder by a kick from the cow she was milking in her yard. Judging by the quantity of milk lying around loose, she must have been nearly through her task, and was probably in the very act of



GOOD BYE.

complimenting the cow for her generosity, when the spiteful animal gave the pail a hoist completely over the old woman's head like a huge helmet, while the lacteal fluid ran down her body. The pail seemed to stick, despite her efforts to remove it.

As I looked back I could see her groping toward the

house, her visage still concealed in the blue bucket. She did look odd enough as she felt her way up the steps with that novel head-dress decorating her person, and must have given somebody a surprise.

The night before I was there an amusing incident occurred near the Point. A party of young men were serenading a newly-married couple, and not receiving the attention they believed was their due, and pretty well saturated with "sour mash whiskey," made bold to enter the sanctum sanctorum, or bridal-chamber. Without more ado, they laid violent hands upon the legs of the astonished and expostulating bridegroom, and attempted to drag him from the warm sheets.

During the struggle which followed, the slats gave way, and down with a terrific crash, went shouting bride and bridegroom, the billowy bedclothes closing completely over them. The serenaders, thinking they had gone rather too far with the joke, betook to flight, and stood not upon the order of their going, but left as though a *posse* of black hornets was escorting them to the street.

The last person out took a look over his shoulder at the bed just as he reached the door. All he could see was four feet and four hands, sticking through the white bedding, beating time in sweet unison to the music of departing footsteps.

There is a youth in Oakland who bids fair to be a second Landseer. As I passed his father's residence I saw the young aspirant at work sketching from nature.

He had the foot of a little cur fast in the jaws of a steel-trap staked in the orchard. The artist sat at a short distance sketching the poor fellow, as he stood on three legs gazing at the heavens and crying piteously.



BOUND TO RISE.

He was probably striving to get the expression of pain upon the dog's face, and by the grin upon his own countenance I judged he was succeeding.

There was something in the pair that reminded me of Pharhasius and the Captive; and being in somewhat of a sketching mood myself at the time, I produced my book and pencil, and leaning over the fence, sketched the painter and howling model.

On my way back to the city the bay seemed even rougher than in the morning. There was hardly a passenger, male or female, on board the ferry-boat, but what showed symptoms of trouble in the interior. Although

most of them would have been excellent subjects for the artist of a comic pictorial to have encountered, my attention was directed towards an elderly lady who sat with folded arms, the elbows resting upon her knees, and a most woe-begone expression was depicted upon her wrinkled visage. Some passengers who were sick were able to partly conceal their emotions; *she* was not; every muscle of her face betrayed her. She was



THE WOMAN THAT WAS SICK, AND COULDN'T HELP BUT SHOW IT.

If there was an individual amongst that crowd of

passengers, who knocked louder at the door of sympathy than the old lady referred to, it was unmistakably



THE WOMAN THAT WAS SICK AND HAD TO GET UP AND GO IT.

A ROLLING STONE.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.

WHILE climbing Telegraph Hill this afternoon in company with a gentleman named Stone, I saw an amusing illustration of the old maxim, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." We had almost completed the ascent on the side of the hill next India Dock, when Stone's feet slipped from under him, and striking upon his side he commenced a rapid descent.

About four hundred feet of steep grade stretched before him without let or hindrance. I saw at a glance he was bound to pass over every inch of the space before he stopped. Onward he went, gathering speed as he proceeded, and catching wildly around him at every revolution; but, as there was nothing growing upon the barren slope but stunted grass or brittle moss, his efforts to "slow speed" were in vain. After he had made about ten revolutions his hat came off, and for a short time the race between him and his tile was truly interesting. It would have been an even bet, which would

THE HAT DISTANCED.

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first reach the fence at the bottom of the hill. After making about half the distance, however, the hat swung in ahead of him.

Whether it was the wind acted upon it I couldn't



A THROUGH PASSENGER.

tell, but Stone overhauled it, and passing over it, materially injured its form as a roller, by giving it an oblong shape, and soon left the crushed hat wabbling

far behind. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, but rolled as straight down the hill as a saw-log down the bank of a river into a mill pond. Goats nibbling in the vicinity would pause in their repast and look pitifully at the gentleman as he went tumbling by them. When coming to some shelf he would bounce up about three feet into the air, and continue down the incline with increased velocity. Nor did he stop his downward career until he brought up whack against the fence.

Fortunately he was unhurt, but was so dizzy that everything was turning around him for an hour afterwards. He declares to his friends that though he should live in San Francisco until he became so old as to forget the way to his mouth, he has taken his last look at the city and surrounding bay from the summit of Telegraph Hill. And when we think of his last descent from that high altitude, we can hardly wonder at the declaration.

DUDLEY AND THE GREASED PIG.

SEPTEMBER 22D.

BOIL STRICKEN Job had his comforters(?) who, despite his timely injunction, "Oh, lay your hands upon your mouths, and thereby show your wisdom," would still drum in his ear, "Hear us, for we will speak."

Poor old Falstaff had his evil genius in Bardolph, his impecunious follower, with his "Lend me a shilling."

And I have my burdensome "Jim Dudley," with his "Let me tell you a story." I was kept awake last night listening to his cursed yarn about the "greased pig," as if I cared anything about his villainous scrapes.

"Oh yes, that scrape with the greased pig? I never told you about it, eh? It's worth heerin', for that was a durned race, and I came mi'ty nigh gettin' shoved out of the village on account of it, too, now I can tell ye. Down on me? Thunderation! I reckon you'd think so if you heered the hollerin' that was gwine on for a while arter that race, some cryin' one thin' and some another. 'Tar and feather the cheat,' one would holler.

"'Lynch the onerous cuss!' another would shout.

"'Put him in a sack and h'ist him over the bridge!' would come from another quarter.

"A doctor was never so down on an old midwife, as they were on me arter that race, especially old Parson Coolridge, who was one of the principal sufferers, yer see.

"It was May Day amongst 'em, and the hul village seemed to be out thar enjoyin' 'emselves.

"They had sack races and wheelbarrow races. That was the day blindfold Tom Moody ran the wheelbarrow through the grocer's window, and Old Shulkin knocked him down with a ham, and a dog run away with it. He charged Tom with the ham in the bill, along with the broken winder.

"They had a greased pole standin' thar with a ten dollar greenback tacked on top of it, but no person could get within ten feet of the bill. The hungry cusses were standin' around gazin' wistfully up at the flutterin' greenback like dogs at a coon in a tree top.

"I didn't try the pole, but when they brought out the greased pig—a derved great slab-sided critter, jest in good condition for racin',—I got sort of interested in the performance. His tail was more'n a foot long, and it was greased until it would slip through a feller's fingers like a newly caught eel.

"Several of the boys started arter him, but they'd jest make one catch, and before they were certain whether

they had hold of it, they would go one way and the hog would go another. And then the crowd would holler.

"I was standin' thar a leanin' over the fence watchin' of 'em for some time, and I see the pig was in the habit of formin' a sort of ring with his tail; leastwise he'd lap it over so that it e'enmost formed a knot—all it lacked was the end wanted drawin' through. I cal'lated that a feller with pooty nimble fingers could make a tie by jest slippin' his fingers through the ring and haulin' the end of the tail through. That would make a plaguy good knot, and prevent his hand from slippin' off. Arter thinkin' over it for some time I concluded if I could git up a bet that would pay for the hardships that a feller would be likely to experience, I would try a catch anyhow.

"So I ses to Jake Swasey, who stood along side of me, 'Jake, I believe that I kin hold that durned pig until he gins out.'

"'Hold?' he ses, surprised like and raisin' his eyebrows just that way, 'what's the matter of ye? hain't you slept well? Ye mout as well try to hold the devil by the tail as that big slab-sided critter.'

"'Wal now, jest wait a bit,' ses I; so I went on and told him what I cal'lated to do, and arter he looked a while he ses, 'Wal, go ahead, Jim, I'll back ye. I reckon we can git any amount of odds so long as we keep the knot part of the business to ourselves.'

"So pullin' off my coat I gin it to Jake to hold,

and jumpin' on the fence I hollered, 'I'll bet ten to twenty that I kin freeze to the pig's tail till he gins out!'

"Gosh all fishhooks! you ought to have seen 'em a rustlin' towards me. I couldn't see anythin' but hands for five minutes, as they were holdin' of 'em up and signalin' an' a hollerin', 'I'll take that bet, Dudley, I'll take that bet!' I got rid of what money I had about me pooty soon, and Jake Swasey was jest a spreadin' out his greenbacks like a paymaster, and arter he exhausted his treasury he started arter his sister to git what money she had. I hollered to him to come back—I was fearin' he'd tell her about the knot business; but he wasn't no fool and knowed too well what gals are to trust her with any payin' secret.

"Old Judge Perkins was thar, jolly as a boy on the last day of school. Wal, he was holdin' of the stakes and his pockets were crammed chockfull of greenbacks. He was a pooty good friend of mine, and couldn't conceive how in thunder I was agwine to get my money back.

"Beckonin' of me one side—'Dudley' ses he, kind of low that way, and confidentially like, 'I know you're as hard to catch as an old trout with three broken hooks in its gill; but I can't help thinkin' a greased pig's tail is a mi'ty slippery foundation to build hopes on.'

"'Never mind, Judge,' ses I winkin', 'I can see my way through.'

"'Yes, Dudley,' he ses, a shakin' of his head dubious

like, 'that's what the fly ses when he's a buttin' his head against the winder.'

"'Wal,' ses, I 'without the tail pulls out, I cal'late to travel mi'ty close in the wake of that swine for the



JUDGE PERKINS.

next half hour;' and with that I moved off to where the pig was listenin' to all that was gwine on.

"I fooled round him a little until I got betwixt him and the crowd, and when he flopped his tail over as I was tellin' ye, I made one desperate lunge, and made a go of it the fust time. I jest hauled the end through while he was turnin' round, and grabbin' hold above

my hand rolled it down into the tightest knot you ever sot eyes on. It was about two inches from the end of the tail, and he scoloped around so derved lively that no person could see it. The crowd allowed I was hang-in' on the straight tail, and they didn't know what to make of the performance anyhow.

"Go it piggy!" I ses to myself just that way, 'I guess it's only a question of endurance now, as the gal said when she had the flea under the hot flat iron.'

"The gate was open, and arter a few circles around the lot the hog p'inted for it, and away he went, pig fust and I arter. He ran between the feet of old Mother Sheehan, the fruit woman, jest as she was comin' through the gateway with a big basket full of apples on each arm. I did hate like snakes to hoist the old lady, durned if I didn't! I would ruther have run around a mountain than do it, 'cause you see she had jest been gittin' off a bed of sickness that came nigh shroudin' her, and she wasn't prepared for a panic by any means.

"I did my best to swing the critter around and git him off the notion of goin' through, but his mind was made up. Thar was plenty of room outside for him to pass along without disturbin' the old lady, but a hog is is a hog you know, contrary the world over. Besides he allowed he could brush me off by the operation, but I wasn't so easily got rid of. The money was up, you see, and I had no choice but to follow where he led and stay by the cuss until he gin out. 'Where thou goest,

I will go,' I ses to myself, rememberin' the passage in the scriptures, and duckin' my head to follow him. I scrouched down as low as I could and keep on my feet,



A RISE IN THE FRUIT BUSINESS.

for I cal'lated do my best, the old woman would git elevated pooty durned lively. My legs are pooty long, and when stoopin' down my back ridged up ruther high to admit of a free passage under.

"She hollered as though a whole menagerie,—ele-

phants, snakes and all—was a trainin' through between her legs. Her sight wasn't any too clear, and the whole proceedin's had come upon her so sudden that she didn't exactly know what sort of an animal was effectin' a passage. She would have been satisfied it was a hog if it hadn't taken so long for him to git through. I followed so close to his hams that she reckoned we both made up one animal. The hog gin a snort when he started in to run the blockade, and she ses to herself, 'Thar goes a big hog; ' but about the time she reckoned he had got out on the other side of her, I come a humpin' and a boomin' along in my shirt sleeves, and gin her a second and higher boost, throwin' the old woman completely off her pins and out of her calculations at once.

"She did holler good, thar's no mistake about that.

"The crowd hoorayed and applauded. The older ones of course sympathized with the poor old woman; but they could do nothin' more, 'cause the whole catastrophe come upon her as sudden as an earthquake and nobody seemed to be to blame. I wasn't, and they all could see that plain enough, because I yanked the old hog's hind quarters around pooty lively when I see what his intentions were, and got down lower than I would for a great many in that town. The young uns went for the scattered apples, but the pig and I kept right on attendin' to business. Now and agin he'd double back towards the crowd, and they'd commence

scatterin' every which way, trampin' on each other's feet. Si Grope, the cashiered man-of-wars-man, stepped on old Pat Cronins bunion, and he responded by fetchin' the old salt a welt in the burr of the ear, and at it they went tooth and nail right thar. A few stopped to see fair play, but the body of the crowd, about three hundred, kept right on arter I and the hog.

"Jake Swasey managed to git up pooty nigh to us once and hollered, 'How are you makin' it, Jim?'

"'Fustrate,' I answered; 'I cal'late to stick to the derved swine through bush and bramble like a tag-lock to an old wether, till I tire him out.'

"'That's the feelin',' he shouted, and with that we left him behind. The old judge was a puffin' and a blowin', strivin' his best to keep up, and for some time he actewally led the crowd.

"In his younger days he was mi'ty spry, and at collar-and-elbow or a rough-and-tumble, was ginnerally shunned. But latterly he had led sech a sedentary life he sort of run to pussiness. When he was a runnin' his in'ards were continewelly gwine glug-glug, glug-glug, somethin' like a horse trottin' down hill, which was not only mi'ty annoyin', but derved tellin' on a feller. He didn't hold out very long, but gradewelly sank back to the rear.

"Rod Munnion, the tanner, stumbled and fell while crossin' the street. His false teeth dropped out into the dirt, and while he was scramblin' on all fours to git

'em ag'in, a feller named Welsh, who was clatterin' past, slapped his foot down and bent the plate out of all shape. Munnion snatched 'em up ag'in as quick as the foot riz, and wipin' 'em on his pants as he ran, chucked 'em back into his mouth ag'in, all twisted as they were. They did look awful though, stickin' straight out from his mouth, and pressin' his lip chock up ag'in his nose.

"Bow-legged Spinny, the cabbagin' tailor, was thar.



BOW-LEGGED SPINNY.

He met the crowd while carryin' home Squire Lockwood's new suit, and catchin' the excitement of the moment, tossed the package into Slawson's yard, and it bounded into the well quicker than scat. He didn't

know it though, but hollered to the old woman, as he ran past the window, to look arter the package until he got back. Not seein' any package she allowed he was crazy as a cow with her head stuck in a barrel, and flew to boltin' of her doors pooty lively. He had been once to the Lunatic Asylum, you see, and they were still suspicious of him.

"The crowd thought to head us off by takin' down a narrow lane, and it was while they were in that, that they began to surge ahead of Judge Perkins. He was al-fired quick tempered, and pooty conceited, and when bow-legged Spinny was elbowin' past him he got mad. Catching the poor stitcher by the coat tail, he hollered: 'What! a derved thread needle machine, claimin' precedence?' and with that he slung him more'n ten feet landin' him on his back in a nook of the fence.

"That was the day they buried old Mrs. Redpath, that the doctors disagreed over. Dr. Looty had been doctorin' her for some time for bone disease. He said her pelvis bones war decayin'. He didn't make much out of it though, and they got another doctor.

The new feller said he understood the case thoroughly, he ridiculed the idea of bone disease, and went to work doctorin' for the liver complaint. He said it had stopped workin' and he was agwine to git it started ag'in. I reckon he'd have accomplished somethin' if she had lived long enough, but she died in the meantime. When they held a post-mortem, they found out

the old woman, some time in her life, had swallowed a fish-bone which never passed her stomach, and eventually killed her.

" 'Thar,' ses Dr. Looty, 'what did I tell ye? You'll admit, I reckon, my diagnosis of the disease was right arter all, only I made a slight error in locatin' the bone!'

" 'Bone be splintered!' ses the other feller, 'hain't I bin workin' nigher the ailin' part than you?' So they went on quackin' thar and disagreein' over her until old Redpath got mad and hollered, 'You derved melon-headed cusses! isn't it enough that I'm a widderer by your fumblin' malpractice, without havin' ye wranglin' over the old woman!' So he put 'em both out, and chucked their knives and saws arter 'em.

" But as I was sayin', that was the day of the funeral, and while it was proceedin' from the church to the buryin' ground with Parson Coolridge at the head, with his long white gown on, we hove in sight comin' tearin' down to'ards the parsonage. The minister was a feller that actewelly doted on flowers. When he wasn't copyin' his sermons, he was fussin' around among the posies. He had his gardin chock full of all kinds of plants and shrubs. Thar you could see the snapdragon from Ireland, the fu-chu from China, the snow-ball from Canada, the bachelor's button from Californy, and every kind you could mention.

" He had noticed the gardin gate was open when the

funeral passed, and it worried him considerable. So when he heered the hootin' and hollerin' and got sight of the crowd surgin' down the street, and see the pig and I pointin' in the direction of the house he couldn't go ahead no how.

" Turnin' around to the pall bearers who were puffing along behind him, he ses, 'Ease your hands a minit, boys, and let the old woman rest, 'till I run back and see if that vampire of a Dudley is agwine to drive that hog into my gardin. Confound him!' he contin'ed, 'he's wuss to have around the neighborhood than the seven years' itch.' With that he started back on the run, his long white gown a flyin' away out behind, the most comical lookin' thing you ever see. And he could run, that Parson Coolridge. Durn my buttons! if it wasn't astonishin'.

" I reckon he hadn't stirred out of a walk before for thirty years, and yit he streaked it over the ground as though it was an every day occurrence.

" His j'int's cracked and snapped with the unusual motion like an outhouse stairs in frosty weather, but he didn't mind that so long as he could git over the ground. He was thinkin' of his favorite plants and the prospect of their gitting stirred up and transplanted in a manner he wasn't prepared to approve. He did jerk back his elbows pooty spiteful, now I can tell you. He tried to make the gate-way fust, and put in his best strides. But when he saw he couldn't, he hollered, 'Keep that infar-

nil great wild hog out of my gardin, Dudley, or by the rod of Aaron, I'll take the law of ye.'

"'Don't git wrathy, Parson Coolridge,' I shouted. 'I can't prevent the cuss from gwine in. I have hold of



NIP AND TUCK.

the rudder, but I'll be gol derved if I can control the ship.' With that, through the openin' we went, pig

fust and I arter, and the hul crowd a clatterin' behind us.

"The judge was amongst 'em, but got left in the hind end of it, where the women were comin' a trottin'. The Parson's flowers went down with broken necks quicker than lightnin'. It wasn't more'n ten seconds until they were six inches under ground, for the hog kept a circlin' around and the hoorayin' crowd follerin' arter, payin' no more attention to the Parson, than if he had been a young 'un a runnin' around in his night-shirt. When they saw the crowd, the pall bearers and most of the people who were jest follerin' the remains through sympathy, turned back on the run and left the mourners standin' thar by the coffin.

"Oh! it was the most excitin' time the village had ever experienced. The ground was too soft in the gardin for the pig to git around well, and pooty soon he gin out. I was al-fired tired and was hangin' a dead weight on him for the last ten minutes.

"When the boys see the knot on the tail you ought to hear 'em a hollerin', 'Bets off! bets off!' They were set on claimin' a foul, and surrounded the old judge demandin' thar money.

"But, as the crowd was increasin' and the Parson was e'enmost crazy, the judge told 'em to come with him to the Court-house—he wouldn't decide nothin' in the gardin. As the hog couldn't walk, the judge took

his tobacco knife and cut the tail off and took it along with him to introduce as proof. He decided in my favor. He said that I had held on to the tail and touched nothin' else, and if I managed to tie a knot while runnin' I had performed a feat never before heard of in the country, so he paid over the money.

"But Parson Coolridge was the most worked up of any of 'em. He had legal advice on the matter, but the lawyer told him to gin it up, for the judge was on my side. Besides he shouldn't have left the gate open, if he didn't want the pig to go in thar. Arter a while he gin up the notion of suin' me, but while he stopped in the village he never got over it.

"The boys had pictures chalked up on the fences and shop doors, so that wherever you'd look you'd see sketches of the Parson runnin' back from the coffin, and me a holdin' on to the pig's tail. He paid out more than ten dollars in small sums to one boy that belonged to the Sunday school, hirin' him to go around and rub out the pictures wherever he'd happen to see 'em. But every time the Parson would start out through the village, thar on some fence or door, or side of a buildin', would be the same derved picture of him a streakin' it to head off the hog, so he would start the boy arter that one.

"One evenin' he happened to catch the same little cuss, hard at work spreadin' himself chalkin' out the identical sketch on the cooper's shop door, and was so

derved mad he chased him all over the village. The young speculator had bin carryin' on a lively business, but arter that discovery thar was a sudden fallin' away in his income from that quarter. Oh! it made a plag'y



MORE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

stir thar for a while, and I reckon if Judge Perkins hadn't been on my side I'd have been obliged to git out of the place, for they all looked upon me as an at-fired scoundrel. But come, let's flip for the drinks."

SAN RAFAEL.

OCTOBER 1ST.

YESTERDAY I took a trip to San Rafael. On entering the town I was surprised at the scarcity of men in the place. There were plenty of women—fashionably dressed and otherwise—to be seen in the houses or gardens, but I rarely encountered one of the male sex in my travels through the streets. This, I at first supposed, was owing to the number of gentlemen residing there, who carry on business in San Francisco, and are consequently in the latter place during the day. I was informed, however, by the proprietor of the hotel at which I stopped, that such was not the case. He assured me it was mainly owing to the fact that the Marin County Court commenced that morning, and most of the male inhabitants, as was their custom on such occasions, had taken to the surrounding woods and mountains to escape jury duty.

San Rafael is beautifully situated between high green hills, and said to possess the healthiest climate of any town in the State. During the summer months people

flock there from all parts of the country. Healthy people pay high prices at the hotels for the privilege of living there, and sickly people do likewise, for the privilege of—dying there.

The peculiarities of the town, and the distinctive manners and customs of the inhabitants have been ably described by a poet whose effusions have not yet been translated into the foreign languages. Following is a part of the poem which bears directly on San Rafael:

"Here rest we now in San Rafael,
Where invalids and nurses dwell;
Where yelping dogs run through the street
Like wolves across a prairie wide,
And cattle wild as bison meet
You face to face, on every side;
With tails in air, and frothy nose,
And levelled horns they round you close.

Where people sit around the door,
In lazy groups of three or four,
And still their chronic thirst abate
With copious draughts of "whiskey straight."

There was quite an excitement in the town before I left. A fire broke out in an ash barrel situated in the rear yard of the house at which I was stopping, and for a time threatened to destroy the ashes. There is no estimating the amount of damage the citizens might have suffered if the fire had spread to a wash-tub that stood close by. Business was generally suspended and stock in the insurance companies went down immediately.

The citizens breathed more freely, however, when the efficient and energetic Fire Department turned out promptly as one man, and hastened to the city water-works, situated on a slight eminence in the centre of the



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

town, and turning on the water succeeded in extinguishing the flames. The only damage done was the partial burning of the barrel, and the scorching of the wash-tub and five dog-houses. The dogs were lying under the kitchen stove at the time and escaped injury.

RIDING IN THE STREET CARS.

A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And faith he'll prent it.—*Burns.*

OCTOBER 6TH.

THE greater portion of this day I have spent riding in the street cars. I find it is quite a pleasant way of passing a few leisure hours. Neither is it an extravagant way of entertaining one's self.

On figuring up I find, by choosing the longest routes, it cost just seven and one quarter cents per hour. This is certainly reasonable.

There is always something amusing to look at as you pass along. There stands the nervous old lady upon the street corner. She wishes to ride, and endeavors to signal the driver and prepare for embarking at one and the same time. She proves the truth of the old saying that a person may get too many irons in the fire. In her eagerness to attract the attention of the driver or conductor, she is not aware that in lifting her skirts she has got one or two thicknesses nigher the skin than she intended, or than is actually necessary,—without she intends bathing her limbs in the neighboring horse-

trough. Poor old lady! It is not our place to look at her even though she does present a picture that might



THE SIGNAL STATION.

well attract the artistic eye. As we cannot draw her lifted skirts over her stumpy limbs again, we can at least turn our eyes from the singular spectacle and study the advertisements ranged around for our special benefit. She emits a short, quick cry, half whoop and half squeal, and signals repeatedly, to do which the inevitable umbrella is brought into requisition, and

flourished around her head as though she was warding off a detachment of aggressive wasps. She gives the conductor a look of surprise, if not anger, because he completes the curve before stopping to take her up. The old lady means business, and has never got it through her head that conductors have rights which she is bound to respect. She no doubt believes that on all occasions and at all times he ought to seize the strap and stop the car as suddenly as he would a clock by holding the pendulum.

Then there are the fashions which we can study without having to pay exorbitant prices for seats in the theatres. It is even better than to go to a fashionable church. This reminds us of our last experience in a house of prayer where we had no pew. We were shown into one by the accommodating sexton, who meant well enough, but who actually got us into a scrape. He was not aware the owner of the pew returned from the Springs the day before, and shortly he and his whole family rustled in. It was indeed quite embarrassing, and inspired anything but pious thoughts.

There we were posted in the centre of the pew, the cynosure of all eyes for once in our life, like a strange scholar in the district school. The fact that we were crippled down upon our knees engaged in prayer didn't help our case a particle; we were intruding and there is no rubbing it out.

We had not followed the rule,—pay your way first,

then pray afterwards,—but on the contrary, in our eagerness to gain salvation, we planted our feet upon another man's head—as it were—the better to reach a blessing, and we reaped our reward. Our prayer became confused and scattered, we lost our hold upon the Ear above, which turns to catch the outpourings of a more contrite heart.

In the earnestness of our cry, we may suppliantly scrub the floor with our knees, so firmly clasp our hands the fingers become imbedded in the backs thereof, and piously rivet our gaze upon the stucco ornaments over head, until our eyes seem frozen in their sockets; but our disturbed mind will gig back to our thread-bare coat, and our greasy hat, that occupy a prominent position on the elegant cushion by our side. Indeed it will.

The new comers regarded us with looks which left no doubt in our mind it would afford them infinite satisfaction to shake us over that unpleasant place, which the good parson, by precept and parable, was zealously striving to direct us around.

Besides the advantages which a ride in the street car offers us in the way of studying the fashions, we often see strange sights, well calculated to awaken our humor. There, for instance, we encounter the sleepy passenger; who, in charity let us hope, is drowsy through loss of rest, rather than loss of reason! Let us hope he is some physician who has been attending to his patients; or a minister of the gospel who has spent the night by the

bedside of some dying penitent. Or a supervisor, who—while his constituents have been snugly dreaming away their troubles,—has been legislating, and growing hoarse declaiming for the public good. Doctor or supervisor, as



RATHER "SLOROPPY."

the case may be, it is evident he is sleepy, and cares not who knows it. Otherwise he would pick up his hat, which has fallen off, before it has twice been stepped on by passengers staggering through the car while in motion.

With a persistency truly amusing he tips in the direc-

tion of some old lady, who apparently hates men, especially when excessive sleepiness(?) makes them familiar. He, however, is oblivious of her likes or dislikes, even of her presence it would seem.

He bobs towards her until his dishevelled fore-lock actually tickles her under the ear, which sensation causes her to start suddenly, and look around so quickly, that a person must think the movement gave her a crick in the neck, and her subsequent rubbing of the cords below the ear would seem to bear out the supposition as a correct one.

Then, as we ride along we can see the bold policeman! standing by the corner of a building. He is earnestly looking down a narrow lane taking notes perhaps; but more likely watching the progress of a fight, and wisely waiting until all the pistols are discharged before venturing to arrest any of the belligerent parties. He looks as though it would not take much longer reflection or many more shots, to make him forego that duty *in toto*, and turn around to arrest the poor Chinese vegetable peddler, who, with his basket pole upon his shoulder, is trotting along upon the sidewalk, and thereby violating one of the city ordinances. While hustling the prisoner to the station house he would escape performing more unpleasant and risky business.

He is in the right of it, too, when a person comes right down to reason the case. The policeman may have a family depending on him for support. Or it may be

upon the very stroke of the hour when his duty for the day will cease, and he can saunter to his home, leaving his successor to rush in and stay the slaughter.

It may be argued that the policeman is paid to take



SNIFFING THE BATTLE FROM AFAR.

prisoners, and consequently to take chances. This is true, but he is not paid to commit suicide. For a broad

man like him, to move down a narrow lane, up which the bullets are whistling, can hardly be considered anything short of it. Oh! he is a cunning fellow I tell you, and revolves the matter carefully in his mind before taking action.

He has been too long a resident of San Francisco, and too long a member of the "star brigade," not to know that the city can better afford to lose two or three indifferent citizens, than it can one able and efficient policeman.

We turn from the policeman to contemplate the flashy looking blonde, who comes bouncing in with her poodle dog in her arms.

After she is seated she amuses some of the passengers and displeases more, by the affectionate names she lavishes upon the little sore-eyed pet in her lap. Some of the passengers would doubtless like to be the dog and others would almost like to be a distemper that they might legally kill the dog. She temporarily ends her caresses by repeatedly kissing its cold peaked nose, to the infinite disgust of the majority of the passengers, who, rather than witness a repetition of the provoking act, look out of the windows and become suddenly interested in the construction of the buildings or fences along the route.

And then there is the impatient passenger, who is either limited in time or sense.

He foolishly attempts to leave the car while it is in

motion in order to save a few moments. Immediately afterwards he wishes he hadn't, and sits down with considerable feeling to think over his rashness.

When we consider the roughness of his seat, and the unexpected manner in which he settled on it, we have



"OH!"

to acknowledge that he sits with considerable grace. However, as he has lost time, instead of gaining it by the action, he will perhaps try to catch a better hold of the old rascal's fore-lock the next time he is running past him.

THE VALUE OF A COLLAR.

OCTOBER 12TH.

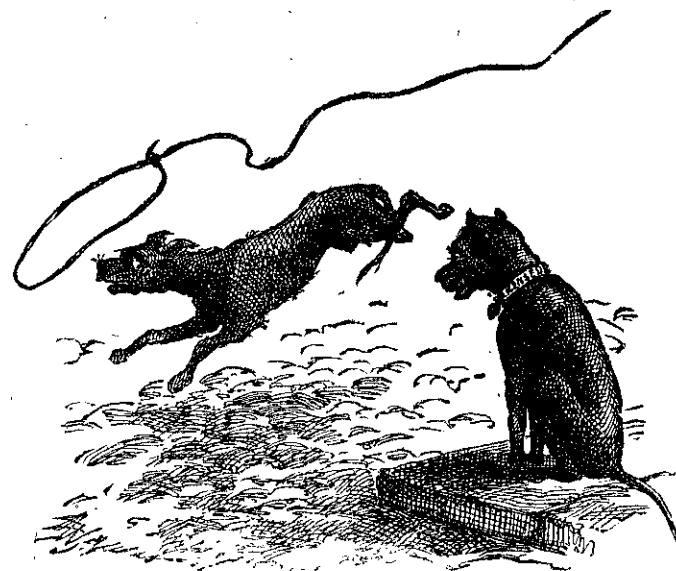
DEAR ME, dear me! what a terrible dodging life the poor city cur leads, to be sure, whose owner does not consider him of sufficient importance to warrant taking out a license. His excursions must necessarily be limited.

He never dares bark in the day time, and now I think of it, that may account for his howling all night. To bark between the hours of seven in the morning and six in the evening would be equivalent to running his head into the pound-keeper's lariat. He knows it too, the rascal, and hardly indulges in a yelp, even if his tail is trod upon. I have always noticed that the eyes of the cur that wears no collar—(which would entitle him to the freedom of the city)—protrude from the sockets much farther than the optics in the head of the licensed animal. I have noticed this fact and pondered over it, striving not a little to arrive at some satisfactory conclusion in regard to the matter. It may be that this

strange protrusion is brought about by the continual strain while on the look out for the pound-keeper or his sneaking aids.

Another peculiarity about the unlicensed cur,—his eyes are invariably the color of tobacco juice. "Why are they so?" you probably inquire. Be patient and I will tell you? It is the result of the burning envy continually agitating his breast and adding a bloodier luster to his orbs.

How must envy consume his very vitals when he beholds his younger brother, perhaps, trotting forth into



NO COLLAR, NO CRUMBS.

the street, his neck encircled with the leather zone that insures him respect and immunity from assault; while

he must cower behind the ash barrel, and wait for night to temporarily shield him from insult and injury.

The old adage is hardly applicable to his case. He has no *day*, but he has his night, however, and he would be a fool not to make the most of it.

How trifling a thing will draw the line between him and his licensed brother. One white foot, perhaps, a spot too many on the head, or want of one above the tail may have cursed him through the length and breadth of his existence. If he lives it must be by his wits. Every man's hand or boot seems to be against him. The licensed dog can stretch lazily upon the sidewalk and oblige the pedestrians to go around him rather than take the chances of stepping over, or stirring him up with a kick.

It is dangerous business, this waking up a dog with your boot. You may take him in a time when not in the mood for permitting such familiar demonstrations.

Perhaps he may be hungry, and since the dogs devoured poor painted Jezebel, their weakness for human flesh will occasionally make itself manifest. I who have been thrice vaccinated by a canine tooth, (and it took each time, too,) speak knowingly on this subject.

Now as I gaze out upon the street, I mark the slow approach of the pound-keeper's dingy cart. Ever and anon it comes to a sudden halt, and skirmishers are deployed on each side to search the alley-ways and lanes along the route. Hark! what cry is this that

comes quavering forth from that shaky prison? A bark? No, never a bark, but a quavering bleat from the pale lips of a poor old goat. Alas! poor goat.

It too, was evidently straying about unlawfully, and in consequence is now occupying a position that, however irreverent the thought may be, reminds me of Daniel in the lion's den.

His fellow prisoners are dogs of every breed under the sun.

There is no discrimination in that moving prison, no separate cells. The full blood setter pup, fares no better than the worthless poodle that couldn't smell a quail a yard distant unless it was roasting. The big, sour, surly mastiff, with bloodshot eyes and pendent jowl, who long has been the acknowledged champion of a block, and in his day lacerated many a paw, hasn't even a growl to offer, but crouches side by side with the poor maimed and mongrel cur that for years has been racking through life on three legs.

Still the dismal looking cart jolts along attracting the attention of the passing crowds. Still the villainous looking aids, who flank the vehicle, trail their ready lariats, and dart exploring glances into every nook and corner. And as I gaze, I marvel to see how quickly the outlaws get a knowledge of its approach, and stand not upon the order of their going, but precipitately leave for back yards and kitchens.

HUNTING WITH A VENGEANCE.

OCTOBER 20TH.

"That man received his charge from me."—*Shakspeare.*

MY friend butcher Gale has been quail hunting under difficulties. His case is a sad one, and as I feel in somewhat of a rhyming mood at present, I will invoke the gods, and with eyes in "fine frenzy rolling," proceed to state his case in verse.

"Come leave your hogs," said lawyer Boggs
To red-faced butcher Gale,
"We'll take a day across the bay,
And slather lots of quail."

Soon guns were got, and bags of shot,
With powder, wads, and caps,
And up the canons dry and hot,
Tramped these two city chaps.

Old lawyer Boggs had borrowed dogs
Well worth their weight in gold;
The setter had a "double nose,"
And it of her was told,

That she could scent two different ways
As easy as you please;
While one nose smelled along the ground,
The other sniffed the trees.



ADVANCE OF THE EXPEDITION.

The pointer had peculiar traits,
His power of scent was small;
But if he saw three birds at once,
He pointed at them all.

For while his nose would indicate
 Where one poor piper sat,
 His tail, straight as a marline-spike,
 Would point another at;

Then if a third one raised its head,
 Preparing for the air,
 That dog would balance on three legs,
 And aim the other there.

With such a pair the quick to scare,
 And then retrieve the dead,
 The hunters' sole remaining care
 Was how to scatter lead.

They traversed gorge and gully low,
 And many a slippery height,
 And though their feet did heavier grow,
 Their game bags still were light.

While roving o'er the mountain side,
 It seemed that every quail
 Within the county limits wide,
 Was piping in the vale;

But when they would forsake the hills,
 And in the valleys dive,
 It seemed as if the heights around
 With bevs were alive.

Boggs had one fault, from childhood brought,
 More marked with age it grew;
 He never failed to shut both eyes
 Whilst he the trigger drew.

This plan might do, if lead he threw
 At barns or target rings;
 But frightened quail, when turning tail,
 Are visionary things.

And let him sight, quick as he might,
 Space still would grow between,
 And bang! would go the shower of woe
 Just where the bird—had been.

'Tis said those knowing canines knew
 While men were taking aim,
 Whether or not 'twould be their lot
 To gather in some game.

So when they saw Boggs shut both eyes
 Whene'er the piece he fired,
 They dropped upon their hams and howled,
 And from the hunt retired.

And he as soon could cause a stump
 To walk upon its roots,
 As from a sitting posture coax
 The two disgusted brutes.

Wide was their aim, and wild the game,
 And when such facts do yoke,
 There's many a shot goes off, I wot,
 Brings nothing to the "poke."

The grains were sown, the fields were mown,
 The crops proved rather thin;
 Oft was the raking summons thrown,
 But slow the heads came in.

At last while Gale just in advance,
 Was clambering o'er some logs,
 He got a charge of shot by chance,
 From the excited Boggs.



BOGGS RETRIEVING HIS GAME.

Then was there rustling there a spell,
 And as you may suppose,
 From out the shaking chaparral
 Linked oaths profusely rose.

Boggs dropped his gun and forward run,
 With apprehension bleached,
 And this poor lame excuse begun
 When he the butcher reached ;

"A splendid shot ! I quite forgot
 Precisely where you stood ;
 The birds flew fast, were nearly passed
 Behind a screen of wood ;

"I must let go, or lose a show
 Of bagging three or four,
 And in my mind you were behind,
 Until I heard you roar."

He cursed the logs and kicked the dogs,
 And wished on toast the quail ;
 But that did not take out the shot,
 Or make a sore spot hale.

The doctors who have dressed his wounds
 Have to his friends declared,
 That though he is a sorry sight,
 His sight is not impaired.

Well was he peppered, but my muse
 Forbids me telling where ;
 'Tis hardly proper for a tale,
 Although a tail affair.

For if a monkey he had been,
 Instead of butcher Gale,
 The chance was fair while climbing there
 For him to lose his tail.

There is a moral this within,
 And shaped the times to suit,
 But lest it should appear too thin,
 Here's this advice to boot :—

Ne'er venture on a hunting cruise
 With any green galoot,
 Who shuts both eyes and opes his mouth,
 When he attempts to shoot.



QUAINT EPITAPHS.

OCTOBER 25TH.

WHILE strolling through the cemetery in Oakland this afternoon I was surprised at the number of quaint epitaphs there to be found.

For a while I almost imagined myself rumaging among the old time-worn tombstones in some English or Welsh burying-ground. Many are written in verse, especially on the stones erected between the years 1856 and 1860, which proves that during these four years Oakland had a tombstone poet among her citizens.

He was an odd genius, whoever he was, this graveyard rhymers.

One peculiarity seems to have been his coupling with the epitaph a brief account of the manner in which the deceased party was taken off. The first inscription which attracted my notice as odd, was chiseled upon a large marble slab which leaned over the spot where a party who had borne the ancient and honorable name of

"Smith," rested from his labors. The obituary ran thus:

"Smith ran to catch his fatted hog,
And carried the knife around,
He slipped and fell;
The hog is well,
But Smith is under ground."

This stanza should be introduced into public schools, and adopted as a morning chant, to impress upon the mind of the pupils the importance of a person's having his wits about him. Death brought about by such gross carelessness as Smith showed, is—to say the least—first cousin to suicide, and doubtless there will come a time when Smith's case will be inquired into.

Under a large oak tree on the south side I came upon a tombstone which bore no date, but had evidently been erected many years. The fence which once enclosed the grave had nearly disappeared, nothing remaining except a few rotten stakes protruding through the grass. What once had been a mound was now a hollow, which told the mute gazer, decay had done its worst.

Through a rank growth of weeds and briars, a few pale neglected flowers raised their delicate faces, like virtue struggling heavenward through the retarding throng inhabiting this naughty world.

The headstone was evidently erected before the poet's day, and he who erected it had composed the epitaph. It is more than likely he chiseled it also, as the letters

were ill-shaped and irregular, and looked as though carved out with a pick.

Here is a *fac simile* of the inscription:

"Cynthy Ann, is berried here.
Be easy with her,
Lord,
And, you won't lose nothin',
She was a plaguy good wife to me
But
She wouldn't be druv."

That "Cynthia Ann" had faults is evident from the tone. But I thought as I turned from the spot, if her greatest fault lay in not allowing herself to be "druv" her prospects were better than the average.

What a contrast was the line inscribed upon a tombstone directly opposite:—

"He sleeps in Heaven."

Mere speculation only, and wild at that. The extravagant notion that a person sleeps in Paradise must have emanated from the brain of some sluggard, who thought that heaven without sleep would be like prayer without an Amen. The "sleeper's" name was Gregg, and from a representation of a pair of scissors cut upon the slab I presumed he was a tailor. On making inquiry of the sexton, busily engaged closing a grave at the time, I found my supposition was right. Gregg was a tailor, but met death at the heels of a horse. To use the sexton's own words which were spoken in original Greek.

"Begorra he *was* a tailor, and it was meself that planted him there. He was killed in the barn beyant,



THE SEXTON.

while sthrivin' to pull the makin's of a fish-line out of the tail of owld Gleason's stallion."

When a person learns what his occupation had been, and how he died, the assertion that he had gone to heaven, must strike every one as too ridiculous for anything

There was one brief epitaph which struck me as a terrible warning to wives over-anxious to raise a large family in too short a period of time. It was inscribed upon a slab, sacred to the memory of Elizabeth Snooky. Under the date of her demise were these pointed words:—

"Triplets did it."

And three little mounds about the size of ant hills ranged along side of the mothers' grave corroborated the statement.

Not less amusing or quaint was the verse inscribed upon the plain marble slab which marked the resting place of Mr. and Mrs. Barradier. The stone was probably put up by some acquaintance of the deceased couple who knew that their marriage had been anything but a happy one, the verse upon it also informs the passer-by that they left no relations to perform that pious duty. It said:

"Released from worldly care and strife,
Here side and side lie man and wife;
And with the couple buried here
Expired the name of Barradier."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

 NOVEMBER 2ND.

I WITNESSED an amusing scene this afternoon while coming up from the post-office. It was a case of mistaken identity. It seems a somewhat dissipated old Irishwoman was deserted some weeks ago by her husband.

Through her domestic troubles and excessive drinking she at times becomes quite crazy,—so much so that her friends have to keep a constant watch over her to prevent her from doing mischief. She is very large and powerful, and when in one of her tantrums is no easy person to manage. It appears when she has one of these crazy spells, she imagines she recognizes her husband's Milesian features in almost every face she looks upon.

This afternoon, while the crazy fit was upon her, she escaped from her keepers, and rushed into the street with dilated eyes and dishevelled hair. With sleeves rolled up to the arm-pits and clenched hands, she charged up

the street, looking right and left for some person on whom to fasten.

She was indeed ripe for an encounter, and nearly the first person she met was a prominent clergyman returning to his residence from the Mercantile Library, with his newly selected book under his arm. She stood for a moment directly in front of the minister, and riveted her red optics upon his face in an inquiring stare, which soon kindled into one of recognition.

Anticipating trouble he attempted to pass around her, and proceed quietly on his way.

But she was too quick for him.

Reaching out her long bare arm, she brought it around like the boom of a sloop, and with one wide sweep knocked his hat spinning to the sidewalk at her feet.

He stooped to pick it up again, and while bent in the act, she seized him by the hair with both hands, and giving a guttural laugh, not unlike the self-satisfied croak of a down east bull-frog, exclaimed:

"Ah! Barney, ye galavantin' divil! ye can't desave me wid yer stove-pipe! So ye'd dezart the wife o' yer boosome, would ye? ah, ha! come home wid me now, or be the love of the blessed Vargin, I'll be afther takin' your durty ould scalp along wid me!"

A soft rabbit under the wide paw of a California lion, or a sparrow in the talons of a hawk, is not more utterly helpless than was the poor domine in her terrible clutch.

His position was anything but an enviable one. It actually seemed as if every hair upon his head was gathered



A DIVINE IN LIMBO.

and drawn into one mass, over which her muscular fingers held complete control.

He dropped his book and shouted loudly, partly through pain, and partly anger at seeing the fate of his fashionable hat, now lying under her great broad foot, flat as a German pancake.

His cries of fear only made the crazy woman more confident of her abilities. She commenced backing along the street, in the direction of home, and at every

step, with an irresistible yank, she dragged the expostulating minister along with her over the uneven sidewalk.

She had snaked him along fully two rods in this manner, and was making, to use a nautical phrase, such good stern-way that she was on the point of breaking into a trot, when her heel caught on the edge of a plank.

The result was terrible in the extreme.

She fell backwards pulling the unfortunate captive on top of her in the most ludicrous position imaginable.

A couple of gentlemen, emerging from a store at that instant, looked on the pair in blank astonishment for a moment. Recognizing their own gifted pastor, they ran to his assistance, and lost no time in raising him to his feet, turning over the old crazy woman to an officer who happened at that moment to step out of a saloon.





NOVEMBER 9TH.

NO poet, however gifted, can get along without his muse any better than a navigator can without his compass. If the goddess is not at his elbow, the lyre hangs mute upon the wall, and the pen corrodes in the ink. Then what can the poor limited rhymers do without a muse to inspire him? As mine is at present leaning over the back of my chair in a very encouraging manner, I will strike my harp and lay the following heart-rending tale before the world in verse.

SIMON RAND.

First gossip—"Was she false?"

Second gossip—"Ay, false as her teeth."—Old Volume.

In Siskiyou, a tanner lived,
Whose name was Simon Rand;
He loved the miller's daughter, fair
Annetta Hildebrand.

The maiden loved the tanner, too,
(At least the maid so said,)
And she the happy day had named
The parson would them wed.

The golden day-dreams lengthened as
The season shorter grew,
And Cupid slung his bow across
His shoulder, and withdrew.

A golden pointed arrow lay
Imbedded in each heart;
The little god conjectured they
Could never live apart.

But fire will test the iron safe,
And powder prove the mine,
And tempests try the ship at sea,
The woodman's axe the pine.

And gold will sound the human heart,
The maiden's love it tries;
It is the plummet weight that proves
How deep affection lies.

One Jacob Towle, a rival, came
To darken Simon's days,
His clothes were fine, his purse a mine,
He drove a span of bays!

The fair Annetta was his mark;
He deftly played his hand,
He turned her giddy head around,
And love from Simon Rand.

The tanner saw his dove prove daw,
And scarce believed his eyes;
But change was there, in look and air,
And in her curt replies.

He called one night, in hopes he might
Back his affianced win;
Word came by "sis" (an old game this),
"Annetta was not in."

But ah! how keen are lovers' eyes
When rivals are around;
A glossy bat hung in the hall,
He reached it with a bound.

"See, my child, a pleasing sight!"
Said he with a ghastly smile;
"For into fraction, into mite,
I'll reduce the villain's tile."



REVENGE IS SWEET.

He seized it, and he squeezed it, too,
He bowled it on the floor,
He thumped it, and he jumped it, and
He kicked it through the door.

So through the gate he then escaped,
And he was heard to say,
"By all the hides that I have scraped
With life I'll make away."

Next morning he was missing, and
The neighbors thought it queer;
For he at work was ever found
Throughout the busy year.

Noon came, but brought not Simon back;
 And then their wonder grew
 Into a fear, that he had done
 What he had sworn to do.

A search was instituted, and
 All work was at a stand,
 For weak and stout alike turned out
 To search for Simon Rand.

Across the mill-pond and the flume,
 The grappling drag they drew,
 They scanned the trees and probed the wells
 The little village through.

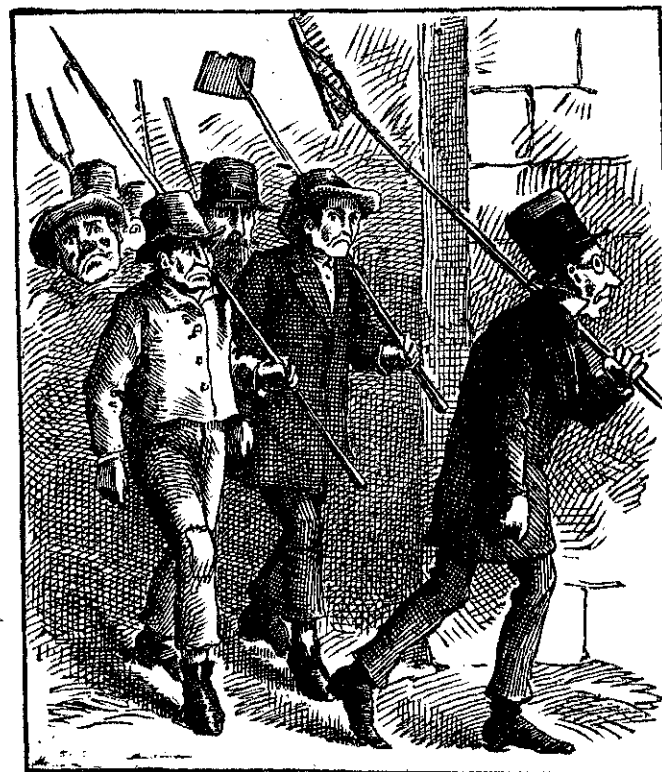
But tale or tidings none they found;
 So all the search gave o'er,
 And sat them down to talk and smoke,
 Around the tavern door.

When teamster Joe picked up a hoe
 That by his side was laid,
 And turning round to farmer Pound,
 He slapped his thigh and said,

"I'll stake my strongest pair of mules
 Against Moll Benson's cat,
 That Simon Rand, the missing man,
 Lies dead in his own vat!"

No face was there, beard-hid or bare,
 Light, tawny-hue, or dark,
 But on the instant plainly showed
 The weight of that remark.

To feet they sprung, both old and young,
 And down the shortest road,
 By Silly's still and Burrill's mill,
 To Simon's shop they strode.



THE EXPLORING PARTY.

One pace in front leaned Parson Lunt,
 Who let his dinner stand,
 And joined the throng that surged along
 In search of Simon Rand.

Across his shoulder, stooped with age,
 He poised his garden rake,
 And those had need to urge their speed
 Who followed in his wake.

Then side and side, with equal stride,
 Pressed Joe and Jasper Lane;
 Next Elder Chase kept even pace
 With stout old Sidney Vane.

Then two and two, and three and three,
 And sometimes four abreast,
 With hoes and hooks, and thoughtful looks.
 Come clattering on the rest.

The place was gained, all eyes were strained
 Towards the brimming vat;
 But not an eye its depths could spy,
 Or pierce its scum of fat.

"A fearful place," sighed Elder Chase,
 As down he dipped his pole.
 "No love or woe could make him throw
 Himself in such a hole.

"A man would choose a hempen noose,
 A pistol, drug, or knife,
 If he designed through troubled mind
 To make away with life."

A silent group they kneel and stoop,
 And shove their poles around,
 Now left, now right, till all affright
 One cried, "I've something found!

"It's him I know, I must let go!
 I dare not see his face
 When coming from the depths below.
 Will some one take my place?"

Then Parson Lunt stepped to the front,
 And clasped his hands in prayer;
 And cried, "We thank thee for his dust,
 His soul in mercy spare."

Then took the pole from Selby's hand,
 Who quickly sought the rear,
 Yet dodged and peeped his best to see
 If Rand indeed was there.

Up rose the heavy burdened hook;
 "That's him!" a dozen cried;
 But when they took a second look
 It proved a brindled hide!

Then impious Brown, the village clown,
 Turned from that vat aside,
 And laughed until the tears ran down
 His cheeks as though he cried.

Still round he went, with body bent,
 His face one endless grin,
 Because the Parson praised the Lord,
 Then raised—the heifer's skin!

The tools once more sink as before,
 To scrape the bottom slow:
 Another mass—they strike—and pass,
 It rolls along below!

"I have him now!" cried Dennis Howe,
The blacksmith's helping man;



UP HE COMES.

While down his face, in rapid race,
The perspiration ran,

With mighty grip, and backward tip,
Stout Dennis manned the pole,
Which bent as though 'twould snap and go,
And Howe would backwards roll.

And woe is me, that tanner man,
And woe is me, that maid!
And woe is me, that staring group
Around that vat, afraid.

The hold was good, the pole has stood,
And up the hook has drawn
The poor discarded Simon Rand,
Dead as a pickled prawn!

And lo! a great cast-iron weight
Fast to one leg was tied;
Which, as he rose did oscillate,
And swing from side to side.

Upon a door his form they bore
Back slowly through the town,
And still behind them left a trail
Where dripped the water down.

For every step fresh showers drew
Down from that litter bare,
From garments soaked quite through and through,
From mouth and nose and hair.

'Twere sad to tell of funeral show
That in that town was seen;
Enough to know that Simon low
Lies where the grass is green.

Annetta, now, is Mrs. Towle,
 And servants on her wait;
 And dogs with uninviting growl
 Drive beggars from her gate.



UNPROMISING OUTLOOK.

And Simon's shop has gone to wreck,
 No bark is needed now,
 No more before the greasy door
 Lie horns of ox or cow!

But on the anniversary
 Of that distressful night,
 The superstitious people say—
 Within it burns a light.

And there the tanner may be seen
 His thin arms shining bare,
 Bent o'er the bench, as though at work
 Fast scraping off the hair!

Anon, slow rising from his toil
 A woeful sigh he gives,
 And gazes long towards the hill,
 Where false Annetta lives.

Then turning round he gives a bound,
 As when he crushed the hat,
 And fastening to his leg a weight
 He leaps into the vat!

And with him goes the wonderous light
 That shed its ghostly ray;
 And dismal darkness wraps the place
 Until the dawn of day.

VISITING A SCHOOL.

NOVEMBER 14TH.

ACCEPTING an invitation extended to me by the principal of the Tehama St. school, I visited that institution to-day. The mass of young humanity a person finds in one of these temples of instruction, imme-



HEAD OF HIS CLASS.

diately impresses the fact upon his mind that some persons have been doing their level best to carry out to the very letter the ancient injunction. There are eight or nine hundred scholars attending the school.

WOULD LIKE TO CHOOSE HER GAME.

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This article would be incomplete without a faithful sketch of the boy who stood at the head of his class. How he felt at that moment, I couldn't say, never having any experience in the position myself. He looked happy and confident, however, and snapped eagerly at the words as they fell from the teacher's lips, much as a dog does at the crumbs falling from a table. My sym-



FOOT OF HER CLASS.

pathies, however, were decidedly with the little contortionist who stood at the foot of her class. I knew how it was myself. I had been "yar," and I regretted I wasn't a ventriloquist, that I might from afar whisper in her ear, and thereby assist her over some clogging syllables. If she could have gone into the yard, where I noticed a scholar of the senior class throwing herself in a delirium of joy brought about by a skipping-rope, she would probably have acquitted herself in a credible

manner, and won the praise and unqualified approval of all.

For, however inferior a person may be to another in some matters, when they can choose their game they



"WHOO LA."

often reverse the order of things, and doubtless the poor stammering scholar could have skipped the shirts off those, jogging ahead of her in the common speller.

DUST TO DUST!

NOVEMBER 22ND.

I ATTENDED the funeral of a Polish Jew to-day. In conformity with the rules of their church, the body was placed in the coffin in a perfectly nude state, that the scriptures might be scrupulously fulfilled, "Naked came he into the world," etc. etc. Some wheat straw, pieces of old crockery, and glass bottles were thrown into the coffin, as emblems of the brittleness of life, and the worthlessness of the body after animation has left it.

Though the man had left great possessions, the coffin was very plain, and so rudely put together, that there was danger of its falling apart while being carried from the church to the grave.

While the bearers were carrying it down a hill in the grave-yard the body surged forward, and one foot partially projected from the end of the box. As there were no handles on the coffin, the body heavy, the day wet, and the bearers small sized men, the scene at the grave

was an amusing, rather than a saddening spectacle.

One bearer, while backing along the excavation with a foot on each side and dragging the coffin after him, slipped and fell in. The hole was partly filled with water, and had not the coffin caught on a plank at the edge of the opening, it would have gone down end first upon the poor bearer, who was lying at full length in the bottom. In his frantic efforts to arise he was clawing the clay from the sides of the grave and slowly burying himself by the operation.

It may be all right to follow old established rules, I am not disposed to set myself up as either the champion or antagonist of any sect or creed; no person shall consume at my stake, or decay in my dungeon, because they don't think as I do. I have no particular objection to people burying their dead head downwards, if ancient custom calls for it, and the church approves. But, if I was in the habit of remarking or giving my views on such a subject, I would say, if the Creator has the slightest disposition to risibility, or is ever amused at the actions of poor mortals below, He must smile when beholding His creatures working at such a disadvantage as they did to-day, under the silly impression that handles to a coffin would prevent the deceased from entering Heaven's gates.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

NOVEMBER 30TH.

Jonathan—"I hain't got no tongue for soapin' of ye, Susan Jane, I mean *business* I do. Will ye hev me?"

Susan Jane—"I don't know much about ye, Jonathan Junkit, but dang my skirts, if I don't risk it any how. Yer's my hand. I'm yourn."

—*Old Volume.*

THIS afternoon I attended a private marriage on Howard Street. I may safely term it "marriage in high life," as the combined height of the couple was something over twelve feet two inches.

The groom was a bachelor, who for many a year had stood around the fire like the half of a tongs, very good as a poker, but not worth standing room as a picker up.

He looked as though it wouldn't require much advice to make him—even at the eleventh hour—prove recreant to his vows, and back out from under the yoke the reverend gentleman was about to place upon his neck.

His companion, however, was no novice in the business in which she was engaged. She was fearlessly embarking upon that sea on which she had twice been wrecked, but she was nothing loth to try it again.

It was truly encouraging to the timorous and unin-

tiated, to see with what a broad smile she regarded her husband that was to be; and with what a readiness she



THE TRYING MOMENT.

responded to the momentous question, propounded by the minister. And when they stood as husband and wife, her old Milesian face lighted up with irrepressible joy, until it beamed like a Chinese lantern.

Her emotions went far to convince me that there is in those fields a balm for every ill; a perfect bliss worthy the seeking, even at the risk of receiving the bruised spirit, if not the bruised head.

A REMARKABLE MEAN MAN.

DECEMBER 2D.

YESTERDAY, while passing through Stanislaus County, I came across a singular looking individual dressed in a greasy, dingy suit. He was sitting on a log before his door engaged in repairing a shovel-handle.

"Say stranger," I said, addressing him, "can you inform me where Deacon Shellbark lives?"

The farmer looked up, pushed his slouched hat back on his head, and after surveying me some time in silence, drawled out:

"Be you any relation of his'n?"

"No," I replied, a little surprised at his manner of answering, "I haven't a relative in the state."

"By thunder! I congratulate you upon your good fortune," he ejaculated, "particularly because there's no tie of consanguinity existin' atwixt you and old Deacon Shellbark. He's expectin' a son home, and I thought you mout be him.

"Wal," he continued, pointing with a huge jack-knife

that he held in his hand, "you see that house to the left of them scrub oaks, don't you? that ar buildin' with the leetle coopalow on't? Wal, that's whar old Deacon Shellbark lives; *the meanest man in Stanislaus County*, and that's sayin' a derved sight, too! cause we've got some vicey-fisted customers round these yer parts, men who scrape the puddin' pot mighty clean before the dog gits a chance to canvass it, now I can tell ye. But I feel safe in stickin' in old Shellbark at the head, and I ain't agwine to haul him down nuther. I don't believe in talkin' much about one's neighbors, but I ginnerally tell strangers what sort of a man he is, cause if they go to tradin' with him and aren't on thar guard, he'll skin 'em quicker than a whirlpool sucks in a dead fish."

"You know the Deacon then?" I remarked, while the hope I had entertained of getting his name on my subscription list, began to take to itself wings.

"Yes, I reckon I do know him," he replied, "pooty well too; a derved sight better than is profitable to him, and he knows it. Oh, you bet he knows it, and hates me as he does the dry murrain that gin the crows fifteen of his best cows last summer. I knowed him back in Scrabble Town.

"They wouldn't allow him to come within pistol shot of a church back thar, because they more than suspected he stole the wine and cheese from the communion table one day. They were down on him flatter than a stone on a cricket allers arterwards. He's a deacon

out here though, but that ain't nothin'. He can't fool me with his prayin', I want no sech crooked old disciple as he is intercedin' for me, you know."

"I was hoping he would subscribe for this book," I remarked, "but I am afraid there is not much use of my going there if he is so very mean."

"Look'e here, stranger," he remarked earnestly, "you mout just as well stop thar whar you're standin'. Subscribe! He'll gig back from a subscription list jest as he would from a six-shooter."

"Ah, but this is a religious work, and perhaps he would lend that his support," I answered quickly.

"Religious work be derved," exclaimed the farmer. "That doesn't help ye any; you can't do anythin' with him, 'cause he hain't got no more soul than an empty gin bottle. You mout as well bait a rat trap with a cat's head and expect the varmin to go a nibblin' at it, as to expect him to put his name down to anything that's agwine to take coin from his pockets.

"You're a stranger in these yer parts I see, and tharfore haven't the slightest idea what a derved mean man he is, why, he'd run a mile to git on the sunny side of a feller to cheat him out of his shadow! I knowed him back in old Indiany. He's from the same place that I am, but you can kick me on eend clear over to them foot-hills and back ag'in if I don't feel like takin' pizin every time I have to own up to it. He used to be in cahoot with a tanner back thar named Doby; sleepy

Doby, the boys called him, for he was the sleepest cuss you ever did see. Go asleep while workin' at anythin'.



SLEEPY DOBY.

He would drop asleep sometimes while scrapin' a hide, and cut the derved thing all into parin's, and at other times he would fall back into the tan vat, then wake up and holler for the boys to come and fish him out.

"He dropped asleep once while ringin' a hog to pre-

vent him from rootin' up the clover patch. The minister of the village had to pause in the middle of a funeral sermon he was preachin' half a block away, until the squealin' subsided. He was a drowsy one and no mistake. He ginerally dropped asleep while prayin'. His wife would be lyin' thar waitin' for him to git into bed, and arter awhile she'd grow impatient and look up, and thar he'd be on his knees by the bed-side fast asleep. Then she'd reach out and catch him by the ha'r, and jerk him from his knees quicker nor lightnin', and he'd git mad and cuss and sw'ar like a Dutch pirate until the whole house would be on end listenin' to 'em.

"But as I was gwine to tell ye, before the rheumatism got into his j'int's and made him shun water as he would a tax-collector, old Shellbark used to be pooty fond of fishin'. One day Parson Bodfish was gwine off to have a day's sport, and took me along to carry the fish. I was only a boy then, and mighty tickled because I could go. Jest about the time we got to the river we overtook old Shellbark a pointin' thar too. When we got to the bank they both set in gettin' out thar hooks and lines, and then for the first time old Shellbark found out he had left his bait to hum. So he commenced to sputter and fret, takin' on terribly about it, until Parson Bodfish ses to him, 'That's all right; I reckon I've got enough bait in this box for both of us, and I'll give you half of mine, and let us start in and make the most of it.' So the Parson—who had a heart the size of a
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sheep's head—took out his bait-box and gin him more than half. It's so; I seed 'em when he took 'em out. Pooty soon arter while the parson was a standin' on a log that horned out over the water a baitin' of his hooks, a big-mouthed fish-hawk gin a chatterin' screech overhead, and startled him a leetle, and while lookin' up he let his bait-box fall into the river.

"The box was open, so the worms war scattered every which way, and away went box and bait a flukin' down the rapids, and the parson's cusses follerin' arter. He *did* swar, by hunky! I heer'd him. He had a mi'ty hot temper, and it was more than he could do sometimes to keep it down. I didn't blame him much for sw'arin' jest then, 'cause 'twas a pooty tryin' time. He turned around sort of quick when he thought of me bein' thar. I seed him turnin', though, and let on to be talkin' to a fish that I was stringin' on, so he reckoned I hadn't noticed him. We hurried on down the river, and arter a while overtook old Shellbark, who was snakin' 'em out as fast as he could fix bait and throw in.

"I lost all my worms back thar, while standin' on a log,' ses the parson, 'and will have to fall back on you for some.' The old tripe grumbled out somethin' about bein' out of all patience with people who war so fool careless. Arter a while he took out the rag he kept the worms in, and although he had quite a large knot of 'em, he gin the parson only one, and dead at that! It's

so! You may laugh, but I seed it. When he was a pickin' it out and handin' it to him, and when Parson



OPENING HIS HEART.

Bodfish was a stickin' the hook into him, he lay thar and took it as e-a-s-y, and never squirmed or objected a gol-derned bit. You'd hev thought it was a link of vermicelli the parson had picked out of a soup plate.

"When Parson Bodfish took it from him, he held it between his finger and thumb a while, jest that way, and I swow I felt gospil sure he was agwine to slap it back into old Shellbark's face.

"He didn't, though. But he did look as if he'd like to, mi'ty well. He stood thar and stared him in the face as if actewally in doubt about his being the person he divided with in the mornin'. Arter a while he baited his hook and started in right thar. He had amazin' good luck, too, with one bait. He hauled out four floppin' great chubs, one right arter the other, and durin' the same time old Shellbark didn't get a bite from anythin' but musqueters. He seemed just bull-mad over it, too, I can tell you.

"He stood thar a floppin' and a scratchin' and a slingin' of his line out the full length, tryin' on all sides continewally, but to no purpose.

"At last, thinkin' he had a fish when he didn't, he switched up his line so derved spiteful it caught in a tree-top more than twenty feet above his head; and while he was a gawpin' up thar, jerkin' the line, and stampin' round, he sot his foot flat onto his string of fish that war layin' thar on the bank, and squashed the in'ards out of nigh every one of 'em. Between thar slipperiness and his confusion, hurryin' to git off 'em before they were sp'iled, he fell and slid more than fifteen feet down the bank, head fust, a clawin' and a kickin' jest like a skeer'd alligator. Only he chanced to

strike ag'inst an old root that was stickin' up at the margin of the river, he'd have gone plum to the bottom for sartain.

"Unfortunately the last fish Parson Bodfish caught had swallowed the bait, so he ses to me kind of low, 'Dolphus, let's see if we can't skeer up a lizard, or somethin' that'll do for bait when a man's in a pinch.'

"So we set in to huntin' and s'archin' under old logs and stones, and dead wild grass, but couldn't git hold of anythin'. The parson fell three times on all fours in the dirt, and gin his wrist a mi'ty bad sprain while pursuin' a derved long-legg'd, horned critter somethin' like a cricket, only pizenous, I guess. I could have caught it once, as it went dronin' past, but didn't feel like touchin' it. Finally it got stuck into a clump of ferns, and he gin it up. So arter a while he ses, 'I'll have to go back and try that old Shellbark ag'in, though I'd ruther take a dose o' ipecac than do it.'

"So we come back to whar he was fishin'. He looked mi'ty solemn, and was muddy as an old stone boat. Ses the parson to him, 'I'll have to call on you ag'in for another *dead* worm; the one you gin me is all gobbled up.'

"Seems to me you're mi'ty extravagant with the bait,' he ses gruffly, and switchin' his line around and slingin' it out far as the pole would let it go, but not makin' the least motion to comply with the parson's request.

"Wal, I don't know how that is,' ses Parson Bodfish, kind of easy like, and tryin' to keep down his anger

that I seed was rizin' jest 'like bilin' sugar, 'I nabbed four rousin' good fish with that one bait. I reckon that's doin' pooty well; fact I know it is. They seem to bite fust rate at dead worms jest now.'

"'Waal, I don't know anythin' about that,' ses the old outside of a sausage, 's'posin' you cut off some of your fish and see if you can't catch somethin' with that sort of bait; fish bite pooty well at that sort of an offerin' jest before rain, they say.'

"'Then you ain't a gwine to gin me any worms?' ses the parson in a husky voice, and shakin' like a rag in the wind, he was so chock full of passion.

"'Waal, this is a sort of curious world, Mr. Bodfish,' ses old Shellbark slow and niggardly like, jest that way, 'and without a feller looks out for himself he ain't considered nothin'. 'Sides you know,' he contin'ed, 'fish bait is a good deal like an oyster or a wife—somethin' that's almighty hard to divide with a feller,' and he commenced to troll along down stream.

"'Apple sass and spinage! I never did see a man so riled as that Parson Bodfish was sence I could distinguish the moon from a lightnin' bug. He changed to all the colors of the rainbow by turns in less time than I'm tellin' ye. You never seed sech a struggle between sin and piety sence your mother bore ye, as raged inside of that parson for about five minutes.

"'Fust piety seemed to be gettin' on top, then sin would choke her down and hold her thar. At last he

turned around and run full chisel ahind the turned up roots of a big windfall as though a gallon and a half of black hornets war arter him. I reckoned he was gwine arter stuns to gin the old cuss a derned good peltin', and that kind of work bein' right into my hand I ran thar too, cal'latin' to help him do it. But I was mistaken'd.



SWEARING TO GET EVEN.

"'He wasn't gwine arter stuns, for I seed so soon as he thought he was out of sight he flopped down on his knees slush-a-te-jam right thar in the mud, a holdin' his

hands jined together above his head jest that way. I allowed he was a gwine to pray then for sartin, but he didn't pray, no siree, not much pra'ar jest then! he sw'ar'd though. He did by lightnin'! I heered him jest as plain as could be, ses he:—

"'I sw'ar by the gospil accordin to St. Matthew, I'll git even yet with that old lick-pot Shellbark, if I have to yank him out of his grave like a body-snatcher, to accomplish it!'

"I felt like runnin' thar and sayin' 'Don't rise yet, let me kneel and sw'ar too,' the same as that tricky feller does in the play whar he's a foolin' the jealous nigger so bad; but I knowed it wouldn't do 'cause he didn't want me to see him kneel thar in the mud sw'arin'. So when he came back he found me peltin' a frog as if nothin' had happened.

"'Come, 'Dolphus', ses he, 'its gettin' pooty late; I guess we mout as well be a movin' back home.' So we turned back toward the village, though 'twa'n't more than noon, and left old Shellbark fishin' thar. He did git even with him though.

"One Sunday soon arter Parson Bodfish was"—(here the farmer was interrupted by a masculine looking female who stuck her frowzy head out of an open window, like a turtle out of its shell, and shouted in anything but a sweet voice:—

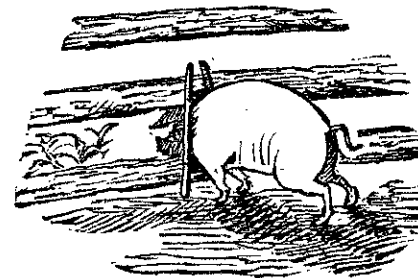
"'Dolphus! you nateral born derved lop-eared fool you! what are ye a settin' a pratin' and a pratin' about

out thar? that infarnil sow's in the gardin ag'in jist a h'istin' the parsnips, and crunchin' 'em like an old b'ar."

"Consarn her old spotted hide!" he vociferated, jumping up and grabbing a huge manzanilla cudgel that lay in the yard. "Jest you stop yer stranger for about ten seconds, until I make that derved old swine think thar's a trip-hammer got a foul of her, then I'll tell ye how the parson got even."

"I couldn't stop to hear the story any way," I replied, "for I must be travelling along. However I'll take your advice and give the old Deacon a wide berth, for I think you are easy on him when you call him the meanest man in Stanislaus County. You could safely say the meanest man in the United States, if not in the known world."

As I descended the hill from the house, the swine's shrill wail was ringing in my ears, and I judged the trip-hammer was at work.



WHO WAS HIS NEIGHBOR?

DECEMBER 7TH.

AGAIN I open my mouth, and speak as with the tongue of a Scribe of the olden time; and this is the burden of my speech.

A certain man who dwelt in the country along the waters of the Yuba, resolved to take a journey to a large city over against Goat Island.

And while he prepared for the journey, he communed thus to himself:

"Behold! I go to a great city, where dwelleth many fair women who look out upon the stranger with loving eyes; and where are many strange sights on which mine eye hath never rested. Therefore, it is meet that I should take with me suitable treasure, that I may not fast by the way, neither go about the streets as one having no soul within him."

So he took with him six hundred dollars of coined gold, and three half dollars of silver,—even all that he possessed,—and put on his best raiment.

And it came to pass, when he had arrived at the

THE STRANGER FREE OF HAND.

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strange city over against the Island, he traveled through dangerous ways where iniquity abounds, and soon fell



THE STRANGER.

among sharpers, who put forth their endeavors to dupe the unwary; and among women, who put forth their heads and use soft words that they may beguile the stranger; and among men who traffic in liquor that confuses the senses.

And began to be merry.

And he did drink deeply of the liquor poured by the

damsels of the place, and scrupled not to call upon all to partake of his bounty.

For he was free of heart, spreading abroad his treasure with liberal hands.

And it came to pass, while he was rioting within the house of sin, a certain citizen passed that way.

And he stopped, and stooping down, looked in upon the stranger and felt concern for his welfare.

And he said within himself, "Behold, the patient and clinging leeches; but he spendeth that which is his own, and it is meet that I should hold my peace."

So he passed on to his home, and left the stranger.

And not many moments after a second man was passing that way; and he also stopped, and stooping down, looked in upon the stranger, and felt compassion for him; and thus communed within himself:

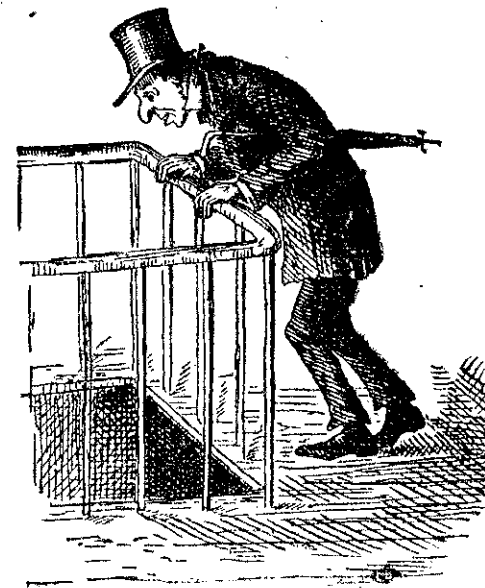
"Behold, a shorn Samson among the Philistines. When he goeth out thence, he shall be naked as when it was said of him, 'Behold, a male child is born unto the world;' but he is not of my kindred, and therefore, I may not interfere for the welfare of the prodigal."

So he also passed on home, and left the stranger.

And it came to pass, not a great while after, another man—a preacher, who exhorteth the people to repentance, passed that way; and he likewise stopped, and stooping down, looked in upon the stranger, and saw that he was riotous, and full of wine—insomuch, that his face was the color of the setting sun—and he was environed

with thieves, gamblers, and women of low repute.

And the preacher had compassion for the man, and thus communed within himself: "Behold, a ram without



TAKING A PEEP.

the fold! and the wolves do compass him about; but he is not of my flock, nor of my people; else would I pray that he be delivered from his enemies safe and sound."

So he likewise passed on to his own home, and left the stranger. And lo! on that night he was fleeced as a sheep in the hands of the shearer.

Now, which of they three was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves and dissolute people?

THE MASON'S RIDE.

DECEMBER 12TH.

The goat, the goat, the bearded goat!
The horned, the hoofed, the hairy goat!
As I'm a sinner of some note,
Last night I rode the mason's goat!

He was a beast of wondrous size,
With lengthy limbs and glassy eyes,
And beard that swept the carpet clear,
And horns that shook the chandelier!
Ye gods! if there's a time we feel
Misgivings through our noddle steal,
It is when we through mystery float
Upon the dark Free Mason's goat.

Three times was I compelled to ride
The beast around the Temple wide,
But while I tried the fearful mount,
My heart's pulsations all might count,
For thump on thump with treble knell

A POOR HOLD BETTER THAN NONE.

455

Within my breast it rose and fell.
Twice did I make the circuit fair,
My hold his horns, his tail, or hair,



THE ROCKY ROAD TO MASONRY.

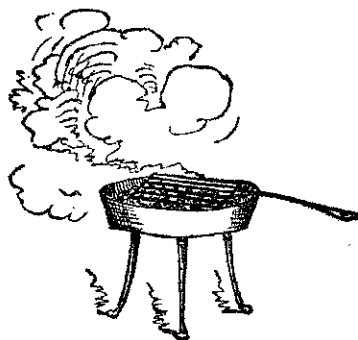
Though never shot a kangaroo;
So fast Australian jungle through.

Till on the third attempt, and last,
When I presumed all danger past,
He pitched me clear of horns and head,

"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE."

And left me far below for dead.
But when I rose with terror pale
The goat had vanished head and tail,
And I was styled by one and all
The greenest mason in the hall.

Let those who deem they are possessed
Of fadeless cheeks and valiant breast—
Of hair that never will aspire
To bristle like a brush of wire—
No matter through what risk they run,
Go ride that goat as I have done.



THE COBBLER'S END.

DECEMBER 10TH.

THERE is, perhaps, no city in the Union where there are so many suicides in proportion to the population, as there are in San Francisco. This fact is proved by the action of the proprietor of a large hotel, who suffered such loss by desperate guests bleeding themselves in his elegantly furnished apartments, that he posted the following notice in the office:

"Guests contemplating suicide while stopping at this hotel, will please notify the clerk, and a room exclusively set apart for the accommodation of self-murderers will be assigned them."

This leads me on to relate what I saw last night while coming home from the theatre.

My attention was arrested by a large crowd of people standing in and around a small shoemaker's shop on Third Street. Elbowing my way to the inner circle, I found the excitement was over a man who had committed suicide.

He was lying upon the floor in a large pool of blood,

his hands still grasping a shot gun, with which he had blown off the top of his head.

I learned it was the shoemaker, and that he had committed the rash act because the woman who had been living with him as his wife had that night deserted him. It seems the cobbler occupied a room directly over his shop, and the woman, who was very handsome, had for some time made his home happy by her presence; and there, in loving dalliance, was the cobbler wont to spend his leisure hours.

Just opposite dwelt an Israelitish tailor, or mender of old clothes, who never had the good fortune to have either wife or mistress; yet it appears he was neither dead to love nor indifferent to beauty.

The tailor was charmed with the comeliness of the cobbler's companion, and whenever an opportunity offered was in the habit of throwing sheep's eyes at the fair occupant of the opposite apartment. The woman saw the tailor was interested, and began to smile archly upon him, and on one occasion tossed him a kiss as she turned from the window.

The tailor, who had never received such a compliment from so pretty a woman before, was quite carried away with joy. He felt that his love was returned, and from that moment the world presented a different aspect. It was not even a new picture in an old frame, or *vice versa*, but was new throughout.

Even the old breeches on his lap seemed to suddenly

undergo a strange metamorphosis. The stout, rough material, over which he had lately been bending with crippled fingers and sprung needle, in the twinkling of an eye seemed transformed into a golden fleece, through which the waxed thread flew like chain-lightning through a cotton umbrella. To have an interview was now his only study, and where there's a will there's a way.

One day a small boy was pressed into service and intrusted with a letter to the woman in whom his whole heart seemed wrapped. She received it safely, and duly by return of post broke the delightful intelligence to the tailor that the cobbler would be absent that evening in Oakland, and ended the epistle by requesting him to call.

Hardly had "seeling night scarfed up the tender eye of pitiful day," when the tailor with palpitating heart ascended the rickety stairs that led to the apartment of the cobbler's paramour. How he was received there is no knowing, but it is apparent to all he soon ingratiated himself with the handsome damsel, as the sequel shows.

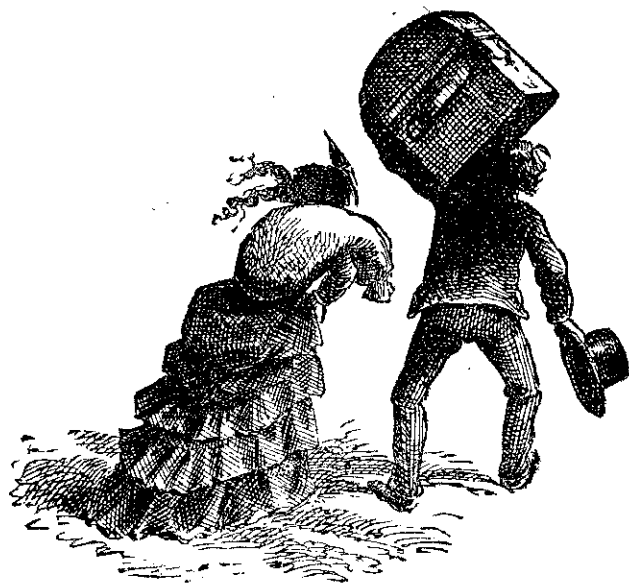
As the knight of the thimble and needle had saved considerable money and was comely to look upon, while the cobbler was declining into the vale of years and living from hand to mouth, the woman soon consented to let the latter "paddle his own canoe," and fly with the tailor to other scenes.

As it happened, neither the lover nor his fair innamorata

were troubled with enough luggage to require the services of an express wagon, and it wasn't long before their traps were stuffed into sacks and bundles ready for removal.

Strange as it may sound, it is sometimes an advantage for a person not to be cumbered by much worldly goods. This advantage is generally felt when a person is called upon to take a sudden start, as did Joseph into Egypt with his family and limited stock consisting of one mule.

Shortly before the arrival of the eleven o'clock boat from Oakland—which was to bring the shoe-maker home,



A MOVING SCENE.

--the fugitive pair might have been seen bending under their respective burdens, and moving rapidly down the

thoroughfare, towards the northern part of the city.

The Crispin soon discovered his handsome bird had flown. A short note from the woman, addressed to himself, lay upon the table. In it she conveyed to him the not very flattering intelligence that he, like other dogs,



SHUFFLING OFF THE MORTAL COIL.

had had his day, but was now played out. This was too much for the poor mender. He couldn't bear up under the weight, and, procuring his shot gun, soon ceased to exist.

These facts I gleaned from a grocer who lived near by, and who was acquainted with all the parties. My mind was so disturbed by the distressing event I found

it impossible to sleep for hours after I reached my room. I started in to recite a book of Paradise Lost, but it was no go. I had Michael assaulting Satan with a shoe-maker's awl instead of with his sword of celestial temper. I then endeavored to run over an act in Shakespeare, but met with no better success. I had Othello blowing his head off with a shot-gun, instead of stabbing himself with a knife. Still the terrible desertion, dejection, and death of the poor cobbler crowded upon me in a saddening train.

His fair mistress proved untrue,
And absconded with a Jew;
Which was more than selfish heart could bear;
So he got his gun in haste
In his mouth the muzzle placed,
Turned his eyes aloft as if in prayer,
On the trigger set his toes—
As the illustration shows—
Then up to the ceiling went his hair!

DUDLEY'S FIGHT WITH THE TEXAN.

DECEMBER 19TH.

THE poor cur, kicked and scalded during the day, at night can lie and lick his sores in peace. The scudding hare that can hold out ahead of the baying beagles, until black Hecate waves her wand between the hunters and the hunted, may hope to shake them off. The aeronaut, tiring of the clamor here below, can rise above the busy haunts of men and hold sweet communion with the gods in quiet.

But I, alas, find no escape from that inexorable plague, "Jim Dudley." Again he comes upon me like a thief in the night and mars my rest. Within the holy sanctuary even, he whispers in mine ear. Through the busy marts and thoroughfares he haunts me still; and tells of fights and hair-breadth escapes, with all the glibness of an old battle-scarred veteran who has primed his fire-lock in three campaigns. He talks of drawing deadly weapons as a dentist would of drawing teeth. In all likelihood the fellow never drew a weapon in his

life, except, perhaps, at a raffle. I had long noticed a scar on "Jim's" forehead, but never ventured to ask him how he got it, fearing a story would follow. Last night he detected me looking inquiringly, and without any query on my part the following infliction fell upon me:

"You see that scar that looks somethin' like a wrinkle, over my left eye brow, don't ye? Wal, you can't guess how I come by that. Cow kicked me? No, not by a durned sight, nor a hoss nuther. I got that scar the summer I was gwine through Texas. I'll not forget how I got it nuther in a hurry, for I never did have sech a narrow dodge since the night dad's old house burned down and I escaped in my shirt through the cellar drain.

"I was travelin' towards the border of Texas, gwine away back of Waco, and arter I got as far as cars would take me I set out on hossback. One evenin' jest as I was gettin' into a small village, my hoss got one of his legs into a hole in the road, and fallin' over, broke it snap off below the knee. I felt mi'ty bad over it, because I didn't have any too much money about me at the time; but I had to leave him thar and go into the village on foot, carryin' the saddle along, for I cal'lated to git another animal the next day and continue my journey. I put up for the night at a small hotel, and thar was quite a number of fellers a settin' around the bar-room talkin'; but amongst 'em was one big, ugly,

mullet-headed lookin' cuss, with a glass eye that was continewally droppin' out and rollin' across the floor like a marble. Pupil up and pupil down, it would move along under chairs and tables, the most comical lookin'.



BILL AFTER HIS GLASS EYE.

thing you ever sot eyes on. He would walk arter the truant, glarin' around with the other eye as though watchin' to see if anybody was laughin' at him. Then he would pick it up and chuck it back into his head ag'in, as if it was a pipe that had dropped out of his mouth.

"He seemed to be a bully amongst 'em, for when any of the other fellers went to pass they circled round him,

somethin' like a woman around a hoss standin' on the sidewalk. I judged by that they were skeered of him, and didn't want to git anywhere near his corns lest they might accidentally touch 'em.

"I sat thar watchin' of him for some time, and at last while he was leanin' on the counter beatin' time with his fingers on top of it, a feller come in and called for a glass of whisky.

"The bar-tender gin him the bottle and he poured out a drink and left the glass settin' on the counter, while he turned around to spit out his quid of terbacker. As he was doin' it the big bully-lookin' cuss h'isted the glass, drained it right thar, and smacked and licked his lips arter it as though wishin' thar was more of it,—somethin' like a young widder arter ye give her a kiss.

"The feller that ordered the drink turned back wipin' his mouth gettin' ready to swaller. When he see the empty glass he riz up sort of indignantly, and was agwine to say or do somethin', but when he see who it was he changed his mind pooty sudden, and settlin' down about six inches, turned around and jest slid away easy like out of the room. As he was gwine out I could see his ears looked as though they were freezin', for they were gettin' whiter and whiter as he moved along down the steps. As I was thinkin' about it, a ministerial-lookin' man come edgin' up to me and ses:

"'You're a stranger in this quarter, I believe, and

let me gin you a little advice; it may prove valuable to ye before you git away from yer.'

"'Why, what's the matter?' I asked, wonderin' what he was comin' at, 'have you got the small-pox in the house?' I contin'ed.

"'Small-pox be derved!' he answered. 'Wuss nor that, stranger; for the love of heaven—for the love yer mother bore ye when she fust learned ye war a male child,' he contin'ed, 'keep clear of that onerous cuss at the counter. Let him hev his way in everythin'. You mout as well undertake to cross a crater as him in any of his bullyin' tantrums. Now mind I'm tellin' ye. If his eye falls out don't laugh at it, don't betray yer emotions.

"'If he steps on yer corns, suffer it; take it as if the Lord himself had reached down his foot and trod on ye, and you'll come out of it better than if you *did* object, a derved sight.'

"'Who is he?' I inquired.

"'Why, that's Bill Cranebow,—Glass-eyed Bill, they call him. He's had more fights over that derved glass eye of his'n than ever a dog had over a sheep's shank.

"'Everybody's afeared of him. They hate him wus than a lawyer does a peace-maker. No one who knows him wants to undertake the job of gettin' away with him; they'd rather let it out to strangers. Oh! he's lightnin' at a fight for all he looks so slorropy and clumsy. What the butcher is with the cleaver, that

Glass-eyed Bill is with the bowie-knife. He knows jest where to strike to open a jint or git betwixt two ribs. You'd think to see him at it, he had practiced for



THE MINISTERIAL LOOKING MAN.

twenty years with some old anatomist by the way he can disarrange the "house we live in" as the poet ses.'

"'Wal, that's sort of curious,' I ses, 'ain't thar no person around this section that has had any experience at the cuttin' business? He's only human I reckon. If he gits a poke between wind and water he's as likely to wilt as anybody else, isn't he?' I ses jokin'ly, jest that way.

"'Thunder and mud!' exclaimed the ministerial-look-in' man. 'You've bin used to fightin' with women, I reckon. Lose his strength? You mout as well try to kill the strength of a red pepper cuttin' it up, as that feller. Why, I've seen that Glass-eyed Bill in some of his fights yer, when he was so cut and slashed apart that you could see his in'ards workin' like a watch. And I'll be called a down-east noodle, if he didn't stand up to his work like a barber until he got through with his man. He likes to fight in a dark room best though, 'cause thar's no chance of gittin' on the blind side of him thar; and the landlord not long ago fixed up one on purpose to accommodate him, he had so much fightin' to do. He'll work a quarrel out of the least thing. Laughin' at his eye rollin' off is as certain a way of gettin' into trouble as runnin' ag'inst a wasp's nest.

"'Though he smokes like a coalpit himself, I knowed him to pick a quarrel with a young Georgian and kill him, because he happened to send a whiff of smoke in the direction whar he was settin'. Ever since that whenever he comes into the room you'll see the fellers a jerkin' and a snappin' thar pipes out of thar mouths and crammin' 'em into thar pockets, or under thar coat-tails, —any where to git 'em out of sight, like boys who are jest learnin' the habit when they sight thar old dad a comin' along.

"'Take my advice and keep away from him, for he's dead certain to pick a muss with strangers, as they gin-

nerally resent his insults. Durn him!' he contin'ed, 'I wish he'd go away from the door, I want to git out; but it's not good policy to go a scrougin' past him while he's lookin' so al-mi'ty glum.' With that the old man went quietly over to a cheer in the corner and sat down,—somethin' the same as a monkey does when a larger one is dropped into the cage.

"I went to bed pooty early that night as I was plagy tired. In the mornin' I learned thar had been a fight in the dark room betwixt Glass-eyed Bill and a Tuscaloosan. Bill, as usual, had killed his man. I began to wonder whether I'd git into some scrape or another before I'd leave; and as there was to be an auction sale of horses and mules that mornin' right thar at the hotel, I concluded to make a purchase and git away from the derved place as soon as possible.

"I bid two or three times on horses, but they run 'em up too al-fired high. At last they fetched out a big mule, and thinkin' that would be jest the thing, I went for him pooty strong and succeeded in gettin' him. Glass-eyed Bill had bin settin' on the door step thar, and didn't seem to be takin' any part in the biddin'; but when I went to lead the mule off he hollered:

"'Whar are ye agwine with that critter? Leave him standin' thar, please, I kin attend to him myself, I reckon.'

"'Wal,' ses I jest slow and easy that way, for I wanted to keep down my rizin' temper, knowin' what I was

when I got mad, 'if I'm any judge of auctioneerin', the mule is mine, and I cal'late to lead him away when and whar I derved please.'

"Just then the same old ministerial-lookin' man come chuckin' and pullin' at my coat, and ses he, 'I'm takin' ruinous risks in speakin' to ye now,' he ses; 'but I tell ye again, don't cross him, let him have the mule, or you'll expire quicker than a spark when it drops into a b'ilin' pot. He doesn't want the mule no more than a husband wants two mothers-in-law; but he's jest pinin' to git ye into a muss, and he doesn't see any way of doin' it without he disputes the mule with ye. Let him have it, or it'll be wuss for ye; now mind what I'm tellin' ye.'

"'No, I'll be derved if I will!' I answered. 'He ain't agwine to wipe his cussed hoofs on me until—arter I'm dead any how.' And with that I began to move away with the critter, when Glass-eyed-Bill jumped up from what he was settin' and shouted pooty snappishly like, 'Hold on thar! drop that rope as though it was the devil's tail, without you want to collapse so quick that one half of ye will be in etarnity before the other half knows thar's anythin' amiss.'

"'On what groun's do ye claim the critter?' I asked jest a b'ilin' inside, but keepin' sort of cool outwardly.

"Words doesn't amount to a woman's sneeze in settin' a matter of this kind,' answered the glass-eyed cuss sneeringly.

"'What does then?' I inquired quite innocent like, as though I didn't know what he meant; though I did know derned well what he was drivin' at.

"'This does!' he answered, rizin' up and puttin' his hand behind him, as I do now, and jerkin' out a cussed great knife about as large as the colter of a plow. 'That's the sort of a thing to settle disputes with. No gentleman will argue a case while he's got an arbiter like that to leave it to,' he contin'ed a slappin' it down flatways into the palm of his left hand as he spoke, and bringin' an echo from an old barn that stood near.

"I see the bystanders began to turn pale as white-washed chimneys, and commenced lookin' at the ground as though huntin' for straws or splinters to pick thar teeth with, but they only wanted some excuse to git away.

"'Supposin' I should pull out a knife about seventeen inches and a half long,' I ses, jest that way, 'what then?'

"'It's jest exactly the thing I want to see,' he answered quickly. 'A young mother was never more tickled when she discovered the fust tooth a peepin' out of her young un's gums, than I am when I see a knife comin' out of its sheath in a feller's hand.'

"'Wal, I reckon you must have been brought up in a fightin' settlement,' I ses jest like that, for I couldn't hardly keep from jokin', he seemed so cussed eager.

"'Come, which'll ye do? gin up the mule or fight?

You've got to do either one or t'other,' he ses, impatiently, as he stooped to pick up his glass-eye, which jest then dropped out and was a rollin' under the hoss trough.

"'Wal,' I ses, 'I ain't perticularly stuck arter fightin', but it's bad enough for a feller to squirt his terbacker juice on to you, without wantin' to rub it in; and if it'll be any accommodation to ye, I'll fight fust and then take the mule arterwards.'

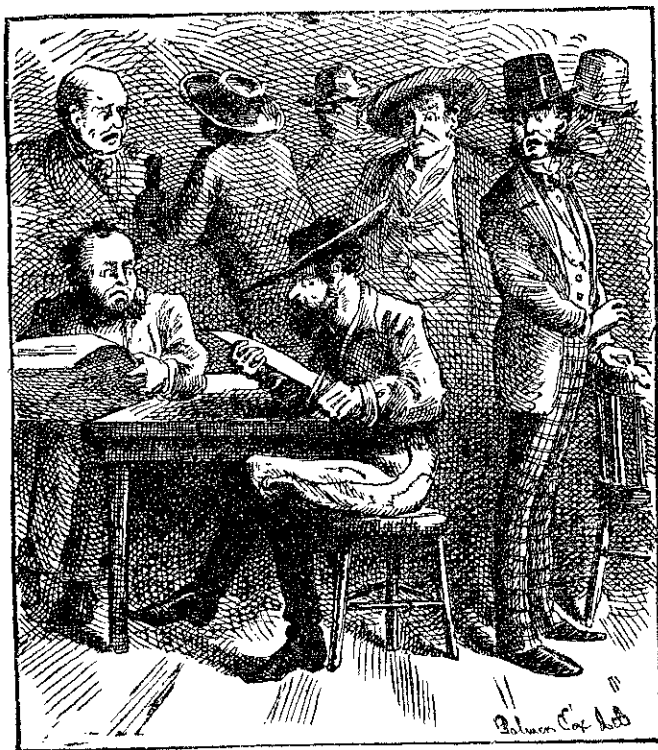
"'Enough sed,' he answered, just short that way; and then turnin' to the landlord who was standin' in the door he asked, 'Is the dark room ready for use?'

"'No, not quite,' he answered; 'thar's some pieces of that long Tuscaloosan lyin' around in thar yet, I believe, but I'll attend to removin' them right away,' and he started off with a bucket and dustpan.

"So we all went into the bar-room, and staid round thar waitin' until the place would be prepared. While we were thar, Glass-eyed Bill pulled out his knife, and commenced to draw it backwards and forwards over his boot-leg, as though to git a fine edge on it.

"'Wal, you can whet your derned great scythe blade,' I ses to myself, kind of low that way, for I allowed he was doin' it to skeer me. 'It ain't allers the longest horned cow that does the most hookin'. Perhaps my old terbacker shaver has got p'int enough on it to inaugurate a new passage to the interior if it *won't* cut a har.'

"Arter a while he leaned over to a feller that sat by the table, and while runnin' his thumb sort of feelin'ly along the edge of the knife, he ses: 'The man I bought this from in Galveston assured me it was the



STARTLING DISCLOSURES.

best of steel; but he lied, I reckon, for I turned the edge of it last night on that long Tuscaloosan's ribs. Yet that's not to be much wondered at, arter all, for I do believe he had as many ribs as a snake. I thought I never would succeed in gettin' the blade betwixt 'em.

Arter I got him down in the corner and his knife away from him, I commenced jabbin' at his armpit, and I prospected the hul way down to his kidney, before I could git the derved thing in far enough to let his dinner loose.'

"Gewillikins! when I heered him talkin' like that, didn't I begin to squirm and fidget around on my cheer! I wished then I had never seen the place, more especially the cussed long-eared mule. But I see I was in for it, as the boy said when he got his head stuck in the cream jar. Thar was no way of gittin' out without comin' right down to beggin' off, and I was too derved proud to do that, you know, if I was sartain of bein' cut up into as many pieces as a boardin'-house pie.

"Jest then the landlord came back and sed the room was ready, but remarked that it was a leetle slippery yet. He sed, for a lean man he never did see a feller that had so much blood into him as that Tuscaloosan had. 'Beckonin' me to the counter he ses:

"'You mout as well settle your bill now before you go in thar; it may be more satisfactory to you to have the settlin' of your own affairs, and it'll save me the trouble of huntin' over your effects arter you're dead.'

"'All right,' I ses, 'now if you say so; but it's ginerally admitted that sure things sometimes git al-mi'ty slippery all to wunct, and perhaps somebody's goggles may prove blue in the mornin' that were bought for green uns at night.'

"I didn't want to let any of 'em think I was skeer'd, though by jingo! I felt sartain of bein' minced up, and the cold chills were jest streakin' all over me like.

"So we started for the room, which was about twelve feet square and dark as a nigger's stomach.

"The landlord held the door open until we were in opposite corners with our knives out. Then he shut and locked it and left us to work out our own salvation, as the missionary did the South Sea Islanders when he overheard 'em talkin' about the best way of cookin' him the next mornin'.

"Hully martyrs! wasn't it dark in thar though? and still? you could have heered a lizzard a breathin' in thar, it was so quiet.

"I allowed Glass-eyed Bill was expectin' that I would go a shufflin' and a huntin' around for him, but I had no sich derned foolish notion. I cal'lated if thar was any findin' to be done he'd have to do it, for I was detarmined to stand right thar till the day of judgment before I'd go a s'archin' around for him.

"I commenced breathin' about twice a minute, and not makin' any more noise at it than a wall-bug, nuther. But for all that I heered him a movin' over towards me. I'll allers think the cuss had a nose onto him like a setter dog, for he somehow or another got right over thar whar I was standin'. Pooty soon I felt somethin' a stingin' along my forehead thar, and I suspected at once that it was the knife that was feelin' around for

me; so I reckoned it wouldn't be long until he was a proddin' of it somewhere else, and like the boy with the candy bag, I cal'lated the fust poke was everythin'; so I made one sudden and detarmined plunge and a sort of upward rip, at the same time cal'latin' to do all the damage I could right at once while I was about it.

"He heered me start, and thought to squat down before I got the knife into him I reckon. Though his intentions were good he only spread the disaster, like the gal who tried to put the fire out with the corn broom, for as he was gwine down the knife was rizin', and the result was truly astonishin'. I'll be derned if he didn't fly open from eend to eend like a ripe pea pod. It was done so alfired quick too, that he didn't realize how bad he was hurt I think. Ses he, 'We'll try that over ag'in, stranger.' As he spoke, he started to git up, but fell away seemin'ly in two different directions.

"'Not on this side, we won't,' I ses as I went huntin' around for the door.

"I was surprised as much as him at the way things had turned out; for when I stepped into the room I looked upon it as steppin' into etarnity. When the door was found I commenced knockin', and pooty soon the landlord came and opened it. He couldn't see me at fust, but allowed it was the bully that was thar of course, and ses he:

"'You made pooty quick work of it this time; that

feller won't want to buy any more mules arter this, I take it.'

"'No,' ses I, steppin' out, 'nor claim a critter that doesn't belong to him nuther.'

"'What!' he cried, jumpin' back with a look upon his face that told me at once he was mi'ty displeased at the way things war developin', 'is it you? whar's Glass-eyed Bill?' he contin'ed shadin', his eyes with his hand and peerin' into the darkness.

"'He's lyin' around in thar somewhar,' I answered careless like, jest that way. 'The head-half of him is nigh the door here, paralyzed I reckon, but the leg part is somewhere over in the corner thar whar ye hear the kickin'; you mout as well be gettin' yer bucket and dust-pan ready, for you'll have quite a job gettin' all the pieces together, I reckon,' I contin'ed, just that indifferent way, and walkin' out towards the bar-room as I spoke.

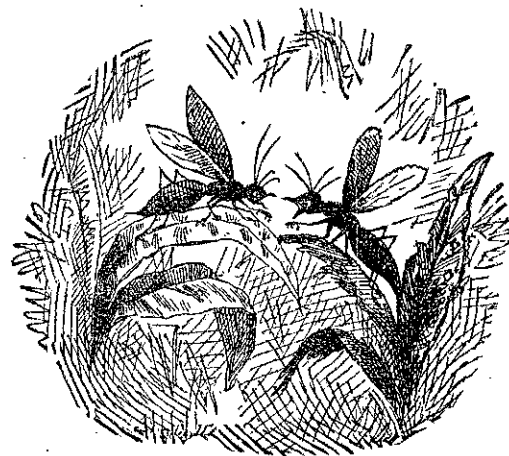
"Mush and molasses! you never did see a feller so set back in your life. He looked at me as though I had as many heads onto me as the beast the feller tells about in the scriptures. I'll allers believe that he was in cahoot with the glass-eyed bully, and jist kept him thar to pick quarrels with strangers so they could have the pickin' over of thar effects.

"Arter washin' my hands and plasterin' up the cut on my forehead a little, I went out and saddled the mule, and the crowd all come out to see me gwine off.

I reckon if I had stopped in the village I could have had things about my own way, for some time. Before I rode off I turned round to 'em and ses:

"'When you git so frightened of a bully ag'in that you daren't sneeze within forty feet of him, jest send for me, and I'll open him up ready for saltin' while you'd be wipin' your mouth.'

"With that I rode off, and left 'em all starin' at each other and then arter me, as though wonderin' who or what in thunder I was anyhow. Wal, I'll sw'ar, if here ain't that derved slipper-shod shoe-maker a beckonin' of me to go and shake for the drinks. I beat him this mornin' throwin' the ivories and he's set on gettin' even. But he's like the feller with the chills and fever, the more he shakes the poorer he gits."





FLIRTING AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

DECEMBER 20TH.

At an open window wide, just across the way,
Sits a roguish little blonde nearly all the day,
Playing with a tabby cat, and gazing down below,
Flirting with conductors that are passing to and fro.
Some receive a passing nod, and some receive a smile;
But she watches Number 6 whilst going half a mile.

And the gay conductor while he's throwing kisses there,
Doesn't hear the signals given by an aged pair,
Though the man as best he can whistles loud and shrill,
And the wife as though for life, charges down the hill.

And the blameful driver, while he gazes wistful back,
Doesn't see the little child a creeping on the track.
Soon the jury summoned there to question how it died,
Will as their opinion give, "a case of suicide;"
And the driver and his mate acquitted from all blame,
Kisses at the blonde will throw, and she'll return the same.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

DECEMBER 24TH.

CHRISTMAS EVE! I sit idly by my window listen-
ing to the rapid patter of the rain upon the shingles,
and the wild whistle of the wind as it plays around the
gables, or draws weird music from the telegraph wires
stretched between the house tops, and upon which
dangles the ghost of many a school-boy's kite. Christ-
mas Eve! and I am not yet invited out to dinner! what
can this mean? Am I then left to wither for want of
attention, like some poor shrub plucked from a garden
and planted in a graveyard? Well, let it be so. Alone
though I am, I nevertheless enjoy myself hugely, and
it requires considerable to enliven me now. There was
a time when I could be moved to mirth by very little.
The desperate efforts of a one-legged grasshopper
describing circles while endeavoring to leap straight
ahead, would amuse me for hours together. But it is
not so now; I turn from such scenes to bury my eyes in
theological works, and it is meet and proper I should.

For the last half hour I have been watching an old washer-woman stealing my neighbor's wood!

This is fun for me; strange as it may sound, I rather like it. It furnishes food for comment, and keeps the mind from lagging too long around the saddening fact that I am growing old and uninteresting, and that the cold shoulder of society is unmistakably beginning to cast its chilling shadow over me. Besides it is Holiday season, and though I am not able to be charitable to a great degree, I can at least afford to be indifferent in this case, which is about equivalent.

The washer-woman is doubtless a hard-working and deserving old body, who perhaps has sunk her whole weeks' earnings in a Christmas turkey, that her childrens' hearts may be made glad and their stomachs full; and it would be a great pity if it should be spoiled if the cooking for the want of fuel.

I waive the crime, and speak of the facts from a disinterested stand point. I have been such a diligent scholar in the severe school of experience, that I have learned to look upon my own misfortunes lightly; and certainly can behold—with an unmoistened eye—my neighbor's choicest sticks noiselessly slipping into an adjoining yard. Besides, my neighbor can afford to lose a few. To make my position good, I entrench myself behind the following fact. I saw his wife on Kearney Street last evening with fully four yards of expensive satin trailing in the mud behind her. While

he indifferently beholds such a wasteful running at the bung, why should I assume the busy body's role and clapp my finger on the dripping spigot?

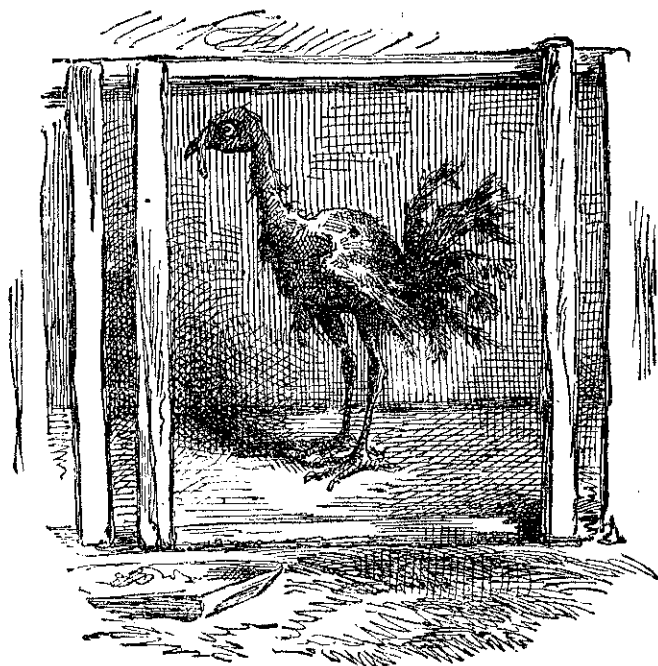
It was my misfortune to be walking directly behind her. As the crowd were pressing me onward, I was obliged to dance a sailor's hornpipe for half a block, in order to keep from treading upon her skirts. It needed not the grins of shopkeepers, nor the curses of pedestrians whose corns I chafed, to assure me that I was cutting a ridiculous figure.

I am now enjoying my revenge! Indirectly though it comes, it is none the less sweet, or acceptable. On the contrary, it is rather more gratifying, as it calls for no action on my part; but simply to keep my mouth hermetically sealed. The poet truly sings:

"Time at last sets all things even."

It has in this case much quicker than I expected. As the skinny white arm stretches up out of the gloom of the washerwoman's yard, and another billet shoots from the pile and disappears like a star from the firmament of heaven, I feel that a load is lifted from my heart, and I am reaping revenge!

Stay! what is this? a note, that all the evening escaped my notice. Lo! an aroma issues from it, sweet as Cytherea's breath! It is an invitation, as I live, to help dissect a Christmas turkey! Sound the timbrel, beat the tom-tom. I am not forgotten yet!



THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

DECEMBER 27TH.

WHILE passing through the California market this morning, I saw the only turkey that escaped the ravages of barbarous force on Christmas. He is said to be the sole remnant of the turkey tribe—living or dead—at present to be found in the city. Though the door of his coop was open he seemed to have no desire to escape. Evidently, like Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon,"

he has been so long an inmate he has become attached to it, and would rather remain there than take his chances in the busy world outside.

He stood most of the time in the center of the coop in a brown study. Once while I was looking at him, he attempted to expand the dilapidated substitute for a tail and assume the dignity and strut of other days. The effort was too much for him, and he settled down again into a dreamy somnolent state, from which the crowing of a large Brahma, even failed to arouse him. The poor fellow will doubtless fall a victim to man's rapacity on New Year, for I noticed a fleshy old epicure regarding him with hungry sinister looks. Nay, more, setting a price upon his head.

Passing through the market this afternoon I noticed the coop was empty, the "Prisoner of Chillon," was missing. Who had purchased him? or what had become of him? were questions which, however pertinent they might be, I felt I had no right to ask, and I didn't. But the finger of suspicion points directly at the mouth of that venerable justice who was setting a price upon its head.

GLOOMY REFLECTIONS.

DECEMBER 29TH.

THIS is the anniversary of my departure from my native fields, and as I sit gazing by the fire pondering over the event, thoughts of friends far away, and foes who are near, come crowding upon me numerous as spirits around some powerful medium.

Ten years ago I turned my back upon all I loved and setting my face against the sinking sun cried:

"Ho, sailors! spread your widest sails,
And court the strong impellent gales,
Until the stout and stubborn mast
Bends like a sapling to the blast.
And westward let your bearing be;
My fortune lies beyond the sea."

What a ruinous rent ten years make in a person's lease of life. Why, bless my benighted soul! the seal, the signature, and the better portion of the parchment is gone. There's hardly enough document remaining upon which to hinge a hope. Now that I think of it,

what have the last ten years neglected to bring me? No flaxen heads cluster around my board; no nose is flattened against the window pane, or no eye strained to mark my coming, when the granite pave is chafed by the home-ward hastening feet.

No jute or mohair chignons, lie around my room in rich profusion, adding charms to the apartment that pictures cannot give.

When I muse upon the many blessings that the past years have failed to furnish, I am inclined to sadness. But when I turn to contemplate what they *have* brought, my heart sinks down into its lowest recess and for a time lies still. Aye! that's the rub that makes me wince.

There is some satisfaction in the thought that I am not alone in this. I look around and I see others drifting down the stream as rapidly as I. Time is cutting furrows in fairer brows than mine. He has brought many a person during the last ten years,

A scattered sight, a limping gait,
Toothless gums, and a shining pate.

Why should I squeal because I feel his hands? Yet when I call to mind the full young face that turned to take a last long lingering look upon the old home, the old roof beneath whose protecting shingles it was formed, and compare it with the wan visage that now peers out of the mirror before me with a weird and woeful expression, a cold shudder runs through my frame until my very toe-nails seem to partake of the

agitation. Where are those full cheeks, those hopeful smiles, those luxuriant locks, and firm-set grinders?

Gone, like the life from a busted balloon,
 Gone, like the soul from a ruptured bassoon,
 Gone, like the sheen from a pock-pitted cheek,
 Gone, like our change at the close of the week,
 Gone.

But what has that to do with my sore heel, peeled to-day by the hoof of a clergyman's horse before I could get out of the way? The event called forth the following lines, written while laboring under great mental excitement.

How blest is he above the many
 Who turns by prayer a handsome penny!
 Far richer pickings he commands
 Than ears of corn rubbed in the hands.
 How different now from days of yore,
 When sandal-shod, and spirit-sore,
 With stiffened joints and limber thews,
 And garments damp with midnight dews,
 The poor Apostles, staff in hand,
 Went limping through a stranger's land.
 Now charge they up and down the way,
 Like jockeys on the "Derby day;"
 And we poor wights must waltz aside,
 And let the pulpit princes glide,
 Or have a phaeton o'er us wheeled,
 Or have our heels adroitly peeled.
 Oh, money! money! root and start
 Of every sin, 'tis claimed thou art;
 But let them doubt the fact who will,
 'Tis money spreads the gospel still.



THE DYING YEAR.

DECEMBER 31ST.

The year, decrepit, bent, and gray,
 Is hobbling from my gaze away!
 Limp on, old thief! thou'rt near the deep
 In which thy predecessors sleep.
 One shuffling step, a moment more,
 And you will topple from the shore;
 And with thee go, Time-shaken dame,
 The curse of one I may not name,
 What ten long years of toil had brought

Ye stole, nor left behind you aught
 Save cankered hopes, and rooted fears,
 And channels plowed for future tears.

Everything must have an end, even a tape-worm, and with the closing year I close this book. No doubt there are many things which should have been said before the end was reached, but it is too late to remedy the evil now. Perhaps I should have been more enthusiastic over the beauty of California's daughters, who are in truth peerless; or eulogized her sons, who are indeed hairless. Perhaps I should have spoken of her broad valleys, and wondrous products; but leave that to writers who love to delve among pork and potatoes.

Enough for me to state that her beets and mangel-wurzels grow so large they have to be blasted asunder with giant powder before removed from the ground. I was evidently not formed to write of cattle, of cauliflowers, or corn in the ear; I have a higher and holier mission to perform. If I was given to mope through musty sober facts, I might tell you that the wind at present writing is "sou' west by south," with a strong tide setting in, literally alive with shrimps and muscles. But this intelligence would hardly interest the reader. Neither would he care to hear that a contrary sausage-maker, "hung" the jury last night in a cow case; neither would it cause his heart to leap within his breast, or his cheek to become flushed with joy, to learn that San Francisco is ablaze with

rejoicing because she has at last found one exemplary official, one person in power who refused to accept a bribe. The worthy individual is a stove-pipe inspector from the eighth ward.

These things may be of vital importance to San Franciscans, but would hardly interest people of the outside world.

Therefore, to you who have journeyed with me through the past eventful year; to you who laughed with me over things ridiculous, and with me wept over the sins of the times; I say we may meet again and learn to know each other better; but for the present,



BYE-BYE.

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