



An allegorical piece in possession of the O'Lanus family,—representing Coriolanus of History and Corry O'Lanus of Brooklyn!

CORRY O'LANUS:

HIS VIEWS AND EXPERIENCES.

WITH COMIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. HOWARD.



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P R E F A C E .

THIS book is very dear to the author, as his first literary offspring; but he hopes the reader will not consider it a dear book after he has read it.

Written for a daily journal, these Epistles appeared once a week, as a relief to the readers after heavy doses of politics, criminal intelligence, and other newspaper afflictions.

Other papers, that didn't keep a funny man, borrowed the articles, and some of them were not ashamed to adopt them as their own.

Many went the rounds of the press. The author, like a game pugilist, came up smiling after every round, and regularly came up to time.

After pegging away for three years, getting more credit than cash by his labors, the author concluded to give his enemies, if he has any, a chance by publishing a book.

And here it is.

He has used the form of spelling commonly taught in the public schools, believing that it would be just as intelligible to the educated reader, and being also of opinion that healthy humor can get along without bad spells.

Fondly hoping that his volume will turn out profitable to the reader, the publisher and the author, the latter respectfully subscribes himself,

The public's most humble servant,

CORRY O'LANUS.

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EPISTLE I.

Going to the Country—Preparations—Packing—Rail-roads and Time-tables—The Land of Jersey—Very Rural Peculiarities.

MRS. O'LANUS'S trip to the country was necessary to the health of the children.

Not that the health of the offspring of our house had deteriorated much; the grocer's and butcher's bills had not diminished, and they wore out a pair of shoes a week each, with their accustomed regularity.

But Mrs. O'LANUS observed there was no knowing what might have happened if the little darlings had been doomed to play it out inside of the city line all the summer.

It was accordingly settled that the family should go into the country.

Preparations were accordingly set on foot, and they were kept on foot for some time.

It is remarkable what an amount of preparation it takes to go into the country.

The country is fearful on clothes.

We had some clothes on hand, but nothing fit to go

in the country with; an entire new outfit was necessary.

I commenced buying out a retail dry goods store, and engaged six dressmakers for the season.

A millinery establishment was also contracted for.

I ascertained that seven kind of shoes were worn in the country, and that two pairs of each kind were regarded as a reasonable outfit.

No. 1. Slippers for morning toilet.

No. 2. Gaiters to go down to breakfast in.

No. 3. Riding-boots.

No. 4. Buskins to dine in.

No. 5. Walking boots.

No. 6. Stout boots to go blackberrying.

No. 7. Satin slippers for evening attire.

Six hats and fourteen dresses were considered sufficient for a lady of moderate expectations, and as the oil business hasn't turned out equal to my expectations lately, Mrs. O'Lanus thought this would do.

Packing trunks was next in order, and this is a business that calls into requisition the highest order of calculations.

The mind of man is incapable of grasping the science. Nothing but female intellect can accomplish it.

Unfortunately, the manufacture of traveling trunks devolves exclusively on men.

Consequently, all trunks are imperfect, and the female mind has to struggle with mathematical difficulties to stow away traveling necessities in inadequately constructed receptacles.

Being endowed by nature with weight and strength, men may be turned to account in the packing process, where pressure is required to make a trunk hold half as much again as it was intended for.

I made myself useful sitting on the lids while they were being strapped. One trunk required the united weight of the whole family, the servant girl and two flatirons on the lid before it could be persuaded to lock.

But perseverance and muscle triumphed and the trunks were ready at last.

I went to the livery stable and ordered two carriages.

Stable keeper wanted to know what cemetery we were going to?

Told him the funeral was not coming off yet, we only wanted to go to as far as the railroad depot. In which case he said he would only charge ten dollars, because there was a prospect of at least one more job.

Put the family in one carriage and the trunks in another.

Mrs. O'Lanus was very anxious about the trunks, and insisted that I should ride outside to look after them.

Got to the depot in time to see the train go off. The next train came along in about two hours, during which we had leisure to admire the admirable arrangement of the depot and study the time-tables of the various railroads which communicated with Western New York and Minnesota.

Railroad time-tables are fearfully and wonderfully got up.

Next to war maps, which have fortunately gone out of fashion, they are the best things I have seen for promoting insanity. I tried the time-table of the Lake Shore—Ticonderoga Grand Junction—Nor-Norwestern line, broad gauge. I read it crosswise, backward and upsidedown, and discovered that trains going east stop fifteen minutes for supper at Okokus, and that passengers arriving at Spodunk must change cars for Mugginsville at the Depot, and that the company is not responsible for baggage unless it is ticketed through.

Ticket office opened and passengers went up with a rush. Desperate struggle for tickets ensued. To secure tickets at a railroad station requires nerve and desperation.

I went in with determination; upset two old ladies and a country chap who was counting his money, elbowed an old gentleman in spectacles, and settled another by standing on his corns till he got out of the way; secured tickets and got into a car.

Was congratulating myself on being comfortably settled for the voyage, when Mrs. O'Lanus insisted that I should get out and look after the baggage, she was sure some of it would get lost.

Got out on the platform, and narrowly escaped being run over by a truck.

Fellow with a large voice halloed "all aboard" locomotive screeched and train began to move. Jumped

in again at personal risk, and in a state of moral desperation assured Mrs. O'L. that the trunks were all right.

The switches being accidentally all right, and meeting no trains to run into, we got into the interior of Jersey without accident, and effected a landing at the depot with some acrobatic effort.

Engaged a hackman who owned a couple of condemned army mules, and a coal-box on wheels, which passes in Jersey for a carriage, to take us to the selected spot, which is a few miles from the railroad, and anywhere else in particular.

Went in search of the baggage. Stowed the family inside of the coal-box, and piled the trunks outside.

The army mules had a tough load; but the driver told them to "git up," and they got up at the rate of a mile an hour.

We got to our rural retreat, a desirable farm-house on the outskirts of civilization, selected by Mrs. O'Lanus because she wanted to enjoy "real country life."

It was twilight when we got there, and the family had all gone to bed.

Farmers, in their primitive simplicity and frugality, go to bed at sunset to save gas bills, get up before sunrise, and do a day's work before breakfast.

We were warmly received by a large bull-dog, who manifested an intention of taking a mouthful out of the first person he could get at, and kept us close prisoners in the coal-box until the farmer came down equipped with a double-barreled gun, under

the impression that it was somebody after his chickens.

We got out, and landed the trunks.

Mrs. O'Lanus counted the trunks, and found there were only eight. She said there ought to be nine, and insisted that I should go back to the depot after the missing one, which was either a black trunk with brass nails, or a yellow one with two handles, she wasn't sure which.

I went back resolved to black the eye of the baggage master, sue the railroad company for damages, or do something else of a desperate character.

Arrived at the depot and found it shut, up and baggage-master gone home. Thought I'd wait till morning.

Hack driver refused to drive me back. Said his mules had "gin out," and I'd have to foot it. Walked back feeling quite pleasant.

When I got in, Mrs. O'Lanus said the trunks were all right. Come to think of it, there were only eight.

Went to bed and passed a lively night. Mosquitoes as thick as politicians round the City Hall, and bled me like a tax-payer.

I made my escape by the first train for the city, and "I am here," leaving Mrs. O'Lanus and family to rural felicity.

I hope they are enjoying themselves.

I am.

It takes a married man to appreciate single blessedness. Send your family in the country and try it. It's jolly.

What a glorious thing unrestrained freedom is. When I get home I am monarch of all I survey. I can do just as I have a mind to.

I can smoke in the parlor, and put up my feet on the sofa. A sense of the dignity of man before woman was created fills my bosom.

Everything goes on as serenely in the household, barring a slightly unpleasant event, caused by my inadvertently shutting the cat in the front basement for twenty-four hours. I forgot to leave her anything to eat, and she dined on the canary.

This was unpleasant. Particularly to the canary.

If it wasn't for the sewing on buttons, washing, cooking, and keeping the house clean, how much better men could get along by themselves.

Especially married men.

EPISTLE II.

Return of the Family from New Jersey—What Mrs. O'Lanus did up—Perils of Transportation by Hand—The Recklessness of Express Companies.

I AM a man of family once again. Mrs. O'Lanus and our offspring have returned to their city mansion, and the days and nights of my single blessedness are o'er.

I am no longer available as a nice young man for small parties, or moonlight pic-nics.

My evenings are now engaged.

I still retain the latch key, but it's always best to preserve peace in the family.

Mrs. O'Lanus knows what night my lodge meets, and how late they generally sit.

She stuck to Jersey until she saw the announcement of the milliners' opening and then her devotion to the beauties of nature succumbed to the attractions of art.

The folks in the country coaxed her to stay a little longer, and promised to get the chestnuts ripe in a few weeks if she would wait.

Return from New Jersey.

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The girls, who are coming to see us next winter, wanted her to stay, and promised to get up a quilting party.

But these bucolic temptations had no effect on Mrs. O'L.

Helen Maria, who is a nice girl, wanted Mrs. O'Lanus to leave me up there a week by myself. She thought it would do me good.

I thought it would.

Mrs. O'Lanus didn't. She unfeelingly declined the proposition, and insisted in bringing me along to look after the trunks.

Our luggage had grown since it went up in the country. Mrs. O'Lanus has been "doing up" things for winter.

The country is a great place for "doing up" things, and Mrs. O'Lanus having nothing else to do, besides spanking the children, went into the business extensively, and she has brought home enough dried apples, dried corn, pickled huckleberries, and preserved pumpkins, catsup, currant jelly, and elderberry wine to stock a foreign and domestic fruit store.

Then she had a dozen fresh eggs, a bottle of real country milk, a bushel of beets and a head of cabbage, which had to be carried by hand.

It was a big job, but what won't a man do for his family. I stuck to the basket containing these agricultural treasures; but it was a relief to my mind and my arm when we got home.

The cabbage was intact and the beets were all right. The milk, however, had turned sour, and

nine of the eggs were in various states of fracture.

Mrs. O'Lanus said it was just like me when I undertook to do anything.

Smarting under the reproach and the pain in my arm, the customary placidity of my temper gave way, and I exclaimed in a severe tone.

"Madam, the next time you undertake to import vegetables and dairy produce from New Jersey, by the cart load, you will oblige me by contracting with some other conveyance for their transportation."

Whereupon she dissolved in tears, said that I was a "brute," and "if she had only known this before she got married," and "if this was the way she was to be treated when she came home, she wished she had staid in the country."

I wished she had too, and at the same time I thought how differently Helen Maria would have treated her husband, if she had one.

I didn't say this out loud.

We got reconciled again; but in the language of the poetical Sawyer

"Soon a cloud of sorrow came ;"

the expressman hadn't brought the trunks home.

They contained all the children's night clothes, and the little innocents couldn't be put to bed without them.

The expressman said he would be at the house by four o'clock. Seven came and no expressman. Went to the office and found it shut up.

Saw a small boy on the stoop and asked him where the express company lived.

Boy said he went up to the White Mountains every night to see his family, and if I wanted to be ticketed through to Peoria, I'd have to come next morning after seven o'clock.

Got the trunks the next day.

On opening them we found that the catsup bottles had bursted and "ruined" about fifty dollars worth of dry goods, to say nothing of the loss of the catsup, which couldn't have been bought in the city for less than ten shillings.

Mrs. O'Lanus said I ought to sue the express company for damages.

EPISTLE III.

The Delights of Summer—The last of the Strawberry Festival—About Pic-Nics—Experience in a Grove—The Result—A Visit from the Census Taker.

SUMMER is a delightful, but otherwise warm season. Nature looks her loveliest, and does her prettiest about this time, and everything is serene.

June is a very enchanting month.

It brings out strawberries and low necked dresses, ice cream and perspiration. Enriches the makers of fans and enables proprietors of soda water stands to keep fast horses.

Strawberry festivals are not over yet.

There are lots of strawberries and pretty waiter girls left.

Pretty waiter girls you know are contrary to act of Legislature.

I asked my legal friend, D. Witt, about it. He says that taken with strawberries pretty waiter girls are a moral entertainment.

I merely wanted to know, you know, to satisfy my conscientious scruples.

A Pic-nic.

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Since then I have taken them without hesitation.

They agree with me.

That is the strawberries.

I also agree with the girls.

They always give me an extra strawberry and two spoons with my ice-cream.

Those spoons are quite a good thing in cutlery.

They have such a capital edge.

You can cut bread and butter or open oysters with them.

I took one home the other night to shave with.

I should like to get a table spoon of the same variety for a carving knife.

By way of variety I went to

A PIC-NIC

this week.

Pic-nics, like strawberry festivals, belong to the church service.

They are a light moral entertainment.

They are mostly held in groves.

A grove consists of several trees, a grass plot, a platform for the music, and a shanty where they sell lager.

There are numerous groves lying around about.

They are generally built near railroads for the convenience of the public and the profit of the railroad companies.

You take your rations, to a pic-nic, in a market basket.

A pic-nic ration consists of five sandwiches, a hunk

of pound cake, a huckleberry pie, two lemons, a pound of cherries, a box of sardines, two boiled eggs and a pickle.

The rest of the outfit consists of sixty-five Sunday-school teachers, twenty middle-aged ladies, some nice young men, a dominie or two, several hundred children, and a brass band.

Get packed in a car like a box of oranges, and smothered in white muslin until you get to the grove, where you will arrive in a state of perspiration and bliss.

Don't be particular about your own basket. Baskets usually get mixed.

Take the biggest one you can get. The ladies always fill their baskets.

When you get in the grove, you are expected to declare it is the delightfulest spot you ever saw.

Select a pretty teacher, and explore the shadiest recesses, and pour out your soul.

When it is all poured out, ask the young lady if she won't take a swing.

She will.

Sawyer has sung of "Swinging in the Lane," but I don't think he ever tried swinging in a grove.

I did.

I was kept at it for three hours and a quarter, swinging all the girls that came along.

It is splendid exercise, beats the gymnasium, double trapeze and all. I haven't got over it yet.

An old lady then proposed that I should climb an apple-tree to extricate her Johnny, who had got

his trousers involved in, a branch about thirty feet up, and was hung up like a sign of the golden fleece.

Told the old lady to wait till he got ripe and he'd drop of his own accord.

Old lady said I was a brute, and hadn't got the feelings of a mother.

She went for the man who kept the Park and sold lager. He brought a ladder and restored the aspiring youth to the fond embrace of his maternal relative.

Whereupon she spanked him for tearing his trousers.

Which served him right

We then took dinner.

Pretty teacher spread her pocket handkerchief for a table cloth and unpacked the rations.

The rations had got somewhat mixed.

The sardine box had busted and "struck ile." The huckleberry pie had amalgamated with the pickle, and the cherries had resolved themselves into jam.

But it was so charming to eat your dinner on the grass beneath the umbrageous shade of the noble trees.

So the pretty teacher observed as I was squeezing the lemons in a dinner kettle to make the festive beverage, which neither cheers nor incbrates, but frequently stomach-aches.

I was startled by a piercing shriek from the pretty teacher, and I dropped a half lemon partly squeezed and flew to the rescue.

A "horrid bug," descending from the umbrageous

foliage previously mentioned, had alighted on her alabaster neck.

I dispatched the creature and we proceeded to dispatch our repast.

But insect horrors thickened.

Entomological specimens of many varieties intruded upon our banquet; got involved in the pie, and met a watery grave in the lemonade.

Pretty teacher turned pale and lost her appetite.

I grew desperate. As the reckless insects wouldn't get out of the way I left them to their fate.

I ate several indescribable specimens with my sandwiches, and drank a spider in a glass of lemonade.

I survived it.

I don't know how it agreed with the spider.

After dinner we resumed our festive sports.

We played Copenhagen.

Which is a very hilarious sport.

It consists of chasing girls under a rope, tearing their clothes and kissing them.

The girls appear to like it.

The dominie, who had been surveying our sports with benign satisfaction, proposed to improve the occasion in oratory.

Just as he was about to hold forth, a providential thunder shower extinguished him and saved us the infliction.

We took refuge under a seven-by-nine shed, wisely provided for such contingencies, and overflowed the refreshment shanty until the shower dried up.

Groves are not immediately improved by showers,

and the grass being wet and the leaves dripping, our festivities were dampened.

We began to experience the remorse which follows dissipation.

Pretty teacher was in tears; she had ruined her dress by accidentally sitting down in a currant pie.

The ice-cream had all melted, the strawberries were all gone.

We started in a wilted procession for the cars.

The conductor being a liberal man gave us a larger lease of pleasure than we bargained for, and kept us waiting an hour.

When I got home Mrs. O'Lanus wanted to know if I'd been to a funeral. I went to bed early and dreamed all night that I was struggling desperately with a gigantic spider, who had carried off the pretty teacher and hung her up by her waterfall on the topmost limb of a big tree.

Some people like pic-nics, others like strawberry festivals—but for my part—give me liberty or give me death.

P. S.—A young man who is taking the census called at my house yesterday.

I wasn't home. But Mrs. O'Lanus was. As she knows more about the family than I do, it was all the same.

The first thing he wanted to know was, how many times she had been a widow?

I never thought of asking her that question myself, and I feel much interested in her answer. I wish you would get me an advanced copy of the census returns, so that I can find out what she said.

EPISTLE IV.

The Responsibilities of Married Life—Wear and Tear of Clothes—A Suggestion—Parlor Stoves—Westminster Abbey.

IT is a good thing for a man to pay attention to his family.

Provided he has one.

Married men generally have. So have I.

It is the natural consequence of getting married.

Families, like everything else, are more expensive than they used to be. Shoes and clothes cost a sight, now-a-days, and children have mostly good appetites.

Mine have.

Boys will be boys. They can't help it. They were born so. It is their destiny to tear their trousers, and wear out two pair of boots a month; keeping their blessed ma constantly employed, like a besieged garrison, repairing breeches, and their unfortunate pa paying out currency, under strong conviction that there is "nothing like leather"—to wear out.

I tried copper-toed boots on my heir. The copper wore well, and I had an idea that copper boots

Copper Bottomed.

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would be a good idea, but I couldn't find a metallic shoemaker to carry it out.

Mrs. O'L. also became attached to copper, and thought that it would be an improvement and save sewing if boys' pantaloons were like ships and tea-kettles, copper-bottomed. The suggestion was A No. 1, but we haven't tried it yet.

Copper so ran in my head at the time that O'Pake called me a Copperhead.

This was the origin of the term.

Mrs. O'L. is a very managing woman. She makes trousers for our son, Alexander Themistocles, out of mine, when I've done with them. He can get through three pair to my one, ordinarily, and I am obliged to wear out my clothes faster than I used to, in order to keep him supplied.

I once suggested that it might be within the resources of art and industry to make him a pair out of new material.

Mrs. O'L. said positively that it couldn't be done. It would ruin us. She concluded it was cheaper to cut up a pair I had paid twelve dollars for.

I subsequently found upon inquiry that new cloth for the purpose could have been bought for about two dollars.

I ventured to tell Mrs. O'L., expecting a triumph for male foresight over female lack of judgment.

She gave me a look of scorn, as she wanted to know if I had asked the price of "trimmings."

Trimmings were too much for me.

I have been afraid of trimmings ever since.

Trimnings I suppose means buttons and things.

In addition to clothes, the scion of our house run up other expenses.

But what is expense compared with the joy a father feels, when, after a day's laborious exercise at the office, wrestling with a steel pen, he returns to his domestic retreat, and is met at the gate by a smiling cherub, who, in tones that go to his fond parent's heart, and makes him forget his troubles, meets him with, "Hello pa, give me a penny!"

Your hand instinctively goes to the seat of his affections, your pocket, and draws forth the coveted coin, which is promptly invested in molasses candy.

This precocity of his genius is developed in his comprehension of the intricacies of the present currency. When I haven't got a penny, he will take a ferry ticket!

There is another item of expense incurred by my prodigy.

Being too young to attend the Gymnasium, he seeks the necessary exercise to develop his muscles by hurling projectiles, such as he can pick up in the street,—stones, brickbats, cabbage stalks or dead kittens, variously.

His young idea has not yet learned to shoot straight, and his missiles have an occasional habit of going through people's windows.

The owners of the fractured glass, in the most neighborly way, remind me of it by sending in glazier's bills. These bills run pretty high, owing to the price of putty, consequent upon the war.

Next to Alexander Themistocles, my domestic anxiety has been a parlor stove.

Did you ever buy a parlor stove?

If you haven't, don't.

Parlor stoves are various. Stove builders, who may be rational on cooking ranges, become insane on parlor stoves.

They run chiefly to ornament, and are given to architectural patterns of fearful and wonderful designs.

I had a stove that was a model of Westminster Abbey in cast iron. You built the fire in the chancel, and the smoke went through the organ loft and out of the belfry.

Unfortunately there was a misunderstanding between the inventor and the smoke.

The smoke persisted in looking for the flue in the wrong direction, and being unable to find it in the stove, came out into the room and had to be let out of the window.

If I had had any hams to cure, and wished to carry on the business in the front parlor, that stove would have been useful.

But I hadn't.

I sold Westminster Abby for old iron, and tried another venture.

It was a remarkable piece of ingenuity. The inventor was evidently a man of genius, and I sincerely trust that he went to the war and got killed, and redeemed his character by dying for his country.

It was the only atonement he could make.

The design was to combine the ornamental and the useful, and like all compromises it is neither one nor the other, nor anything of both.

When put up it has the classic outlines of the drygoods box ornamented at the top with a perforated dish cover.

The grate is about half way up, and beneath it is an oven.

Remove the dish cover and you have the surface of a cooking stove, with plates and pot holes. Here you have a parlor stove and cooking stove all in one.

The inducement to buy this stove was of the strongest kind. There is no knowing what we may come to if this war lasts a hundred years.

If the worst came to the worst and we had to discharge the servant girl, and let the kitchen to a small genteel family without children, with the best of references and security for the rent, we could do our cooking, washing and ironing, and bake our own bread in the parlor.

That is how I bought the stove.

We tried it.

The inventor's intentions were no doubt good.

That he failed to carry them out in this stove is owing to the obstinacy of natural principles.

As soon as hot air is generated, it manifests a tendency to go up the chimney as fast as possible, and takes the shortest route to the flue.

The inventor made up his mind not to stand this.

Man must rule the elements, and caloric principles were not going to get the best of him.

Before the hot air can escape from that stove it has to go up the sides and down the middle, through the back, twice round the oven, under and over it, and through various chambers to the flue.

This is entirely too much for the hot air. It makes ineffectual attempts, but generally gets lost in the middle passsge.

The stove, however, has its advantages.

When the children run against it they never burn themselves.

You may light a fire in it at midsummer without inconvenience.

The oven will answer passably for a refrigerator, and should the company present exceed the number of chairs, one or two could sit on the stove without inconvenience.

I think I shall sell that stove.

I can recommend it as a great economizer of fuel. It will give out just as much heat without fuel as with it.

It weighs about half a ton, and in case the family was in reduced circumstances it would realize something handsome for old iron.

If you hear of anybody who wants to make an investment of this kind, send him to me.

I don't mind taking "oil stock."

EPISTLE V.

Mrs. Chummy on House-hunting—Mrs. Chummy's Peculiarities—Woman, Philosophically and otherwise—The Water-fall Revelation—An Experiment with Canine Intelligence, and its Result—The Latest Style.

I HEARD our mutual friend Mrs. Chummy observe to Mrs. O'Lanus, yesterday, that this has been the dullest house-hunting season she ever known.

As the good old soul observed, "there isn't a house to let, except apartments, and them's few anywheres, and they ask such enormous rents, and if you have any children, and what may be your husband's business, and whether you keeps a servant, as like people who'd take the third floor of four rooms, two of them entry bed-rooms with water on the second floor and gas throughout would keep a gal. I never remember such a time since I came to Brooklyn."

Mrs. Chummy speaks from experience.

She is a lady of inquiring turn of mind and benevolent intentions.

House Hunting.

33

House-hunting is one of her annual recreations.

I may say she is a veteran sport.

It is not necessity which drives Mrs. Chummy forth in the bleak spring-time with an eye to houses labeled "to let."

Mrs. Chummy has been settled these fifteen years. Mr. Chummy had a horror of moving and bought a house.

But Mrs. Chummy is always looking out for something that may suit her better.

She lives in a brick house with all the modern improvements, so she thinks she would like to have "a nice little cottage," where there wasn't so much running up and down stairs.

Then, again, Mrs. Chummy is always looking out for her friends.

If she knows anybody who wants a house or a section thereof, she is indefatigable in her researches until they are settled.

When we used to move regularly every first of May, the kind old soul used to travel miles of streets, pervade all classes of tenements and real estate agencies, to discover something that would suit us.

She kept Mrs. O'Lanus traveling from Columbia street to Bay Ridge, to inspect every kind of premises—from a brown stone mansion on the Heights to a shanty in Gowanus, with water privileges for the cultivation of ducks and the fever and ague.

Mrs. Chummy had a felicitous way of selecting just what we didn't want.

But she never got discouraged—so long as she was serving a friend she was happy.

Such is the benevolence of her disposition.

From Mrs. Chummy's report, I infer that the sport of house-hunting is dull, the game being scarce.

Not having to move myself, I can regard this state of affairs with philosophic serenity.

I contemplated, last year, writing you an essay on the philosophy of moving.

But when I came to move I found I couldn't do it.

If anything will take the philosophy out of a man, it is moving.

Marius may have philosophized amid the ruins of Carthage;—but he didn't own Carthage.

I defy Marius, or any other man, to philosophize over the wreck of his household goods after cartage.

It can't be did.

The philosophy of house-hunting can only be comprehended by the female mind.

Mrs. Chummy might do justice to the subject if she could express what passes in her mind.

But she told me one day in confidence that she wasn't able to write for the papers; she wished she was, there are some things she would like to say which would make some people open their eyes, and she oftens wonders, she says, the papers don't pitch into some things more than they do.

Next to house-hunting the female mind delights in house-cleaning.

B. Franklin observes that two moves are as bad as

a fire, to which I would add that two house-cleanings are as bad as a move.

I am strongly inclined to believe from observation that Eve was simply impelled by a desire to move when she took a bite of the apple.

She had no house cleaning to do, and no furniture to set to rights, and no clothes to make for the children.

Woman wants something to do.

She don't seek a husband for selfish motives.

Not at all.

She knows that man is a helpless animal and she wants to take care of him.

And bless her, she does take better care of us than we often do of ourselves. She is our first, last and best solace.

What should we do without her?

Mrs. O'Lanus is now making me a half dozen shirts, which suggested the reflection that without woman what shiftless creatures we should be.

Woman wants employment.

Taking care of us is her natural vocation.

When she hasn't a family to look after she wants to look after the affairs of the nation, to vote and run for Congress.

She must have excitement, and if she hasn't house-cleaning she wants to set the country to rights.

It wants setting to rights, and I don't know but what a convention of sensible old ladies might do better than the thirty-ninth Congress did.

I believe in giving our white sister a chance as well as our colored brother.

We might as well take all our relations into political partnership while we are about it, and make it a family affair.

Mrs. Cady Stanton and I agree on this.

Woman, notwithstanding her weakness for waterfalls, are to be trusted.

But I notice that storekeepers who trust her, generally send their bills to her husband.

This ought to be an insult to the sex, and when women vote I hope they will have spirit enough to resent it and make it a misdemeanor punishable with the confiscation of the debt.

Speaking of waterfalls, do you believe the story about the "gregarines?"

Or is it the invention of a scientific enemy?

Not having a microscope in the house, I examined Eliza Jane's waterfall through an opera glass, but was unable to discover any animate object.

I then tried the animal instinct, and placed the waterfall before our dog Cicero, who, as I have already informed you, is a pup of much canine sagacity.

He seized upon the waterfall with great ferocity, and the way he made the hair fly was a caution to insects.

If there were any gregarines around they must have been astonished.

Eliza Jane was, when she discovered the wreck.

The experiment cost me seventy-five cents for a new waterfall, and Cicero got a licking for his share in the experiment.

The ladies are not to be scared out of their waterfalls by any such scientific nonsense.

But they have changed their base, and wear their waterfall on the top of their heads now, balancing their hats on the tip of their nose.

By and by, as the waterfall advances, the ladies will wear their hats under their chins.

Which is none of our business.

P. S.—I wish you would mention that to accommodate the public, I have opened a house-renting bureau for the season.

I have received several commissions from parties who have a great deal of confidence in me, and wishing to let tenants know what splendid opportunities I can offer them, I sent you the following list:

IMPORTANT TO HOUSE-HUNTERS.

TO LET—To a small family, the front stoop of a brown stone house, situated within a few minutes' walk of the principal ferries. Terms moderate.

TO LET—Without board, the front area of a large double house, convenient to the cars. To a quiet family liberal inducements will be offered. Reference exchanged.

TO LET—To a family without children, the entire upper part of a finely situated ash barrel, located on the Heights, within 5 minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry; water and gas; the hydrant and gas lamp being upon either side. Can be seen from 9 to 9 until rented.

TO LET—The alley-way of a new 3 story and English basement house on Fulton Avenue, to a responsible tenant. No objection to children.

TO LET—To a man and his wife, a large airy closet on 2d floor of house 822 Jay Street. Newly painted and papered. Rent payable in advance.

TO LET—To a family of 8 adults, a large grass plot in rear of house 1111 Henry Street. Fine view of house in front. Flower garden, shrubbery, &c., on the premises. Entrance through alley gate.

EPISTLE VI.

Corry Changes his Residence.

I HAVE moved.

I can't say that I'm settled.

Getting settled takes some time.

Likewise some money.

Our new domicile has been invaded by colored artists in lime, and "the-woman-who-goes-out-to-day's-work."

I mentioned the latter on a former occasion.

She is in all her glory now.

The woman-who-goes-out-to-day's-work I regard as a singular being.

She is a female of uncertain age, and amphibious habits.

She has an all-pervading air of dampness; she looks as though she had just been wrung out.

Her chief delight appears to be in scrubbing floors and washing windows.

I think she looks upon man with distrust, as a be-

Water-loo.

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ing too depraved to comprehend the great principles of house-cleaning.

I have never discussed the subject with her; she is always too busy.

Furthermore, she does not look like a communicative person.

I have even thought that she regarded me as an interloper on the premises, and had a suspicion more than once that the pail of dirty water I stepped into on the stairs was left there by design.

I am sure she enjoyed the blowing up I got from Mrs. O'Lanus for "not looking where I was going."

The woman-who-goes-out-to-day's-work is not my only affliction.

Everything is up sidedown.

Nothing is to rights yet.

We had a fearful time moving.

The carman I solemnly contracted with never came.

Somebody offered him twelve dollars a load more, and he went.

After waiting three quarters of a day for the faithless wretch, I found a substitute, and we got moved by midnight.

That was a terrible night.

The night before the battle of Waterloo couldn't have equaled it.

Chaos wasn't a circumstance to the situation.

Mrs. O'Lanus had but one settled idea, and that was that the parlor furniture was all ruined and half the things lost.

Being very tired we retired.

By which you may infer that I mean that we went to bed.

I don't.

The carman had carefully put the beds in one corner and piled everything on top of them.

Mrs. O'Lanus said we would have to sleep any how.

We did.

The children I believe slept on the mantelpiece.

I turned in on the dining table, which had been carefully set upside down on a bureau.

I dreamed I was a boy again, snoozing in my grandmother's fourpost bedstead.

Mrs. O'Lanus and Eliza Jane bunked on two chairs and a washstand.

Next day Mrs. O'Lanus surveyed the prospect, and made a report.

The house wasn't quite as dirty as she had a right to expect, but the closets were insufficient in number and capacity.

She declared there wasn't room enough in the back kitchen to turn round in.

Went to make a personal inspection and managed to turn round several times.

Told Mrs. O'Lanus that I had revolved in the apartment.

To which she responded, "Do you wear hoops?"

That probably makes a difference.

The next discovery was that the roof leaked, and in the event of a shower the family were in imminent danger of being drowned.

I called in Davis, the roof man, who made us water-tight.

With the exception of a plasterer to mend a corner of the ceiling, a carpenter to put shelves up, and a stove-man to fix the range, nothing more was required to be done, beyond painting, whitewashing, papering and scrubbing, to put the house in order.

We shall get settled by-and-by; Mrs. O'Lanus has already put one closet to rights, and is putting the carpet down in the entry bedroom.

We are beginning to discover things again.

My box of blacking and Eliza Jane's hair oil are still missing, and suspicion rests upon the carman.

He was suspected of the carving knife, a soap-dish, and two flat-irons, but these articles were subsequently discovered.

The damage to the furniture was not as extensive as at first supposed.

Only one looking-glass was cracked, four tea cups and a wash-pitcher broken, the veneer peeled off a mahogany toilet table, two chair legs fractured, a handle or two knocked off the bureau, two band-boxes and a link of stove-pipe collapsed, and a few other articles scratched.

EPISTLE VII.

A Chapter in House-cleaning.

MRS. O'LANUS is house-cleaning.
She has an attack twice a year.

The symptoms are those of a disordered imagination. She begins by imagining that the house is in a "filthy" condition.

It's no use for me to tell her that I can't see it. Contradiction only aggravates the disease.

It finally breaks out, and the result is chaos in our once orderly mansion.

The carpets are taken up, the curtains are taken down, and everything else is turned upside down.

The sufferers are myself, the furniture and the children.

Even the peaceful cat dares not venture into the house. I left home after breakfast one morning, and all was serene. When I returned at eve the scene had changed to wild disorder.

In the basement the stove was floating around in a sea of soap suds.

Mrs. O'Lanus is House-cleaning. 43

Our son Themistocles was seated on the dining table to keep his feet dry.

He had been banished to the back yard; but while recreating himself with the innocent pastime of throwing stones at perambulating cats on the fence, he had accidentally hit the woman who goes out to day's work.

He was seized and convicted, underwent a good shaking, and was sentenced to confinement indoors.

He sat on the table in the midst of surrounding dampness, like Napoleon at St. Helena, singing "Pop goes the Weazel," in the gushing innocence of childhood.

Putting on my water-proof boots, I waded up-stairs, guided by the sound of the scrubbing, and found Mrs. O'Lanus, armed with a broom and dust rag, issuing mandates about "scouring paint."

I mistook her at first for the woman who goes out to day's work.

She was got up in all her worst clothes, and looked the "most distressful female that ever she had been."

Venturing to allude to dinner, I was agreeably told I must not expect much dinner, and I'd have to put up with what I could get.

It is a sad trial to a man who appreciates peace and quietness, to be upset so.

The air is redolent of soft soap, and dampness is all-pervading.

I narrowly escaped breaking my neck over a white-wash pail left on the stairs by the woman who goes out to day's work, and I confidently expect to have a

bad cold so that I shan't be able to speak at the meeting next week.

I have no statistics at hand to show the number of fathers of families driven to suicide by the horrors of house cleaning; but I have no doubt the number must be great.

I have no doubt there is a firm conviction in the mind of the woman who goes out to day's work that Eve was sent into the world for the express purpose of cleaning house for Adam.

I wrote you once before about this industrious female; she is quite a study for a naturalist.

I regard her with great curiosity, not unmixed with awe, and study her at a respectful distance as a being peculiarly endowed.

Her habits are amphibious; she never appears to be so happy as when she is up to her eyes in soap suds.

I used to wonder that she didn't take cold under such damp circumstances, but she doesn't seem to mind it any more than if water was her natural element. Some of the cold water establishments ought to hire her as an example of what the human system can stand in the way of soaking.

If that woman had lived at the time of the Deluge, I am satisfied that if you had given her a scrubbing brush and a dish of soft soap, she would have scoured her way through it.

Such is the force of genius in whatever direction it may be directed.

House cleaning is an uncomfortable proceeding, and I asked Mrs. O'Lanus why she didn't put it off

till next year when the weather would probably be more settled.

To which reasonable suggestion she responded,

"I'd like to see how you men would live if there were no women in the world to look after you? Pretty looking houses you'd have, wouldn't you? You would live up to your eyes in dirt. You would smoke in the parlor, black your boots in the dining-room and never think of as much as polishing the stove. You wouldn't clean the windows until they were so black that you couldn't see through them; and then you'd do like I saw a man in one of your offices, spit on his coat sleeve and rub off a pane of glass to look through. You would never shake a carpet till the dust rose and choked you, and as for washing,—there's that boy throwing stones again; you must take him in hand, for I can't do anything with him."

I rushed out in the yard in time to catch master Themistocles in the act of taking aim for a second shot at the cat on a fence.

I collared the young reprobate and spanked him for his mother.

He went into the house howling dismally, and as I came out I heard the reproving tones of Mrs. O'Lanus mingling with the sweet voice of the child, to the effect, "Now, you see what you got for throwing stones; I told you you'd get it if you kept on," etc.

I kept on and put the street door between us, and didn't hear the balance of the summing up of man's iniquities.

I suppose that if men had to do their own house-work some things would be neglected—cleaning house for instance.

Agitating a scrubbing brush is not a man's forte, though Mark Twain tells me that the Chinamen in California make first-rate washerwomen.

If, after we have given woman the ballot, she should consider the washboard beneath her dignity, we can fall back on the Chinese.

At present these interesting subjects of the Brother of the Moon who live in Brooklyn, are peddling infernal bad segars and pine-apple rock candy for the benefit of the dentists.

But the agony is nearly over for the present. The furniture is resuming its wonted position, the windows are getting dry, and the curtains are being hung up. To night the woman who goes out to day's work is to be paid off and discharged, the house will be once more to rights, and may be considered safe until spring.

EPISTLE VIII.

Mrs. O'Lanus' Views on Economy concerning the New Heater and its Wonderful Properties—Trying Conduct of Master Themistocles.

NOT having heard from me since election you have been may apprehensive of something.

That I had taken the result to heart and retired from public life.

Or that it had made me sick.

Not at all.

The result was just as I expected, only a little more so.

All my particular friends were elected, because people took my advice and voted for them.

The P. F.'s don't see it in that light perhaps.

I met one of them the other day. He didn't shake my hand as vigorously or inquire as fondly about the health of my family as in days before the election.

He has the cares of office on his mind now, poor fellow, and less time to bestow on friendship.

You never know, my boy, the consequences of things until they happen.

If I had been elected to Congress who knows but I might have come in time to slight my bosom friends, and even to go back on O'Pake.

My mind has been absorbed lately with

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Winter creates a sort of revolution in the household.

It is a season that I have a steadily increasing objection to.

I can stand cold weather though I don't prefer it.

With the assistance of an over coat, warm underclothes, waterproof boots, and occasional hot whiskey, a man can worry through the coldest spells.

But when he runs a domestic establishment, the business becomes complicated.

Likewise expensive.

Mrs. O'Lanus and I have been in session for some time, over the subject of

PREPARING FOR WINTER.

We have had many interesting debates on the supplies.

She made up a Budget, and submitted it to me for ratification.

It comprised things, she said, we couldn't positively do without.

As the total went beyond my immediate resources,



Moving-day with Mr. O'Lanus' family.—They sleep in a somewhat promiscuous manner the first night.—See page 40.

Preparing for Winter.

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I moved to take up the items in detail, so as to accomplish a reduction.

We got along very well on some points.

Coal was passed unanimously, and ordered next day.

Flour was postponed, in hopes that the market may be lower, when we expect to purchase a whole barrel. Meantime, we are economizing by buying it by the bag at the grocery.

If everybody would only do this, the wholesale speculators would be brought to their senses in no time.

The rest of the groceries were disposed of by a resolution to continue the present system of buying in a week's supply at a time, at the current rates for cash—when we had it.

The subject of replenishing wardrobes was more difficult to handle.

And was the subject of lively debate.

Until women become more enlightened on the subject of Parliamentary Law, I shall be opposed to their admission to full political privileges.

Unless Mrs. Cady Stanton knows more about Jefferson's Manual than Mrs. O'Lanus, her non-election to Congress was a blessed thing for the next speaker of the House.

It was no use for me to call for a division on a question. Mrs. O'L was always in a majority.

I tried to explain to her the beneficent rule that in case of a tie vote, a motion is lost.

She couldn't be induced to see it.

I referred to Jefferson.

She said she differed from Jefferson.

Jefferson wasn't there to defend his policy, and I don't think he could have changed the decision if he had been.

I tried amendments of a reductive tendency, with but partial success.

The result was, I was defeated as badly as the Democracy in the rural districts.

I stand pledged to heavy investments in the dry goods, leather, millinery, and clothing line, all because Winter is coming on.

Just as though I was responsible for the vagaries of the season.

Mrs. O'Lanus believes in economy.

She has told me so several times.

And from my knowledge of her character for sincerity I am constrained to say that I really believe that she thinks she does.

But as she says, first get what you want, then save.

From which you may infer that she has not been able up to the present time to get all she wants.

When she does, she will begin to save, and I shall begin to make estimates on the probabilities of becoming a millionaire, and being elected to Congress.

You may also except that date as the basis for calculating the arrival of the millennium.

We are trying an economical experiment in the heating line.

Mrs. O'Lanus discovered a new heater which would

warm the whole house up, at an immense saving of coal.

I had one put in.

It is a ponderous affair. It looks like a sheet-iron model of the Washington monument, and runs up to the ceiling.

Up stairs there is an iron grating which the man called a Register, which lets up hot air.

Eliza Jane incautiously stood over it a few minutes the other day, when her skirts inflated like a balloon and she came near going through the ceiling.

The stove man specified as one of the virtues of this heater, that you could keep a fire in it all the time by putting on coal and regulating the dampers.

After this unfortunate revelation he instructed Mrs. O'Lanus in the mystery of the dampers, and she has been able to keep up a steady fire for two weeks.

She triumphantly pointed out to me what a gain this was in the saving on kindling wood.

How it was on coal she forgot to mention.

I think, however, that the heater was a success.

It made the house quite comfortable on the mildest day last week.

If Mrs. O'Lanus succeeds in keeping the fire going all winter, I believe she will keep it up all summer.

She has got the dampers trained to such perfection now, that she could consume a ton of coal without your being conscious of a fire in the house.

She regards this heater as a wonderful invention, and means to persevere in the development of its capabilities and adaptabilities to all seasons.

But our son Themistocles has to be watched closely.

He takes as much interest in the heater as his mother.

But his experiments on the apparatus are not guided by as much wisdom.

He was detected yesterday dropping hair pins and slate pencils down the register. Two spools of cotton, a thimble, Eliza Jane's tooth brush, and other small articles which have been missed lately, are now supposed to be in the cast-iron recesses of the heater.

Mrs. O'Lanus says that boy will be the death her.

I have no such expectation; but as she has so set her mind on it, I am afraid that if the heater did get out of order there would be an unpleasant time in the family.

Therefore I gave Master Themistocles to understand that if he circulated too much round that heater he would get doubly warmed.

EPISTLE IX.

*How to Start a Religious Weekly—Prospectus of the
"Church Cancer."*

DO you know, I think of starting a newspaper
Don't start at this announcement.

I shan't run an opposition paper, but occupy a different sphere of journalism.

Not to keep you in painful suspense, I mean to start

A RELIGIOUS WEEKLY.

on the gift enterprise plan.

It will be devoted to sanctity and sewing machines.

Piety, politics and patent medicine.

We shall not attach ourselves to any particular sect, but go in for the churches that subscribe for the largest number of copies.

In short it will be an Independent journal on the Union plan.

O'Pake is going into the enterprise with me.

His law practice is still quite select, and allows him a good deal of leisure, which he proposes to devote to literary pursuits.

Several distinguished clergymen are expected to contribute to the columns of the paper articles acknowledging the receipt and certifying the superiority of cologne and clothes-wringers which will be sent to them.

I think of calling it the church *Cancer*.

Which is quite an expressive and characteristic name.

I am prepared to offer the most liberal inducements to subscribers, having made arrangements with the various sewing machine, patent medicine and brass jewelry manufacturers for the purpose.

You don't have to go into this line of business.

It is not necessary to offer strawberry plants or patent corkscrews to induce anybody to buy the "Eagle."

But with religious papers it is quite different.

People won't take a religious paper unless you offer them some substantial inducement.

They naturally want the worth of their money.

Which I propose to give them, as you will see by my

PROSPECTUS,

which I inclose.

Publish it in a conspicuous place in your columns for six weeks and charge it to me.

When I settle with you for the four-cylinder press, you can deduct the amount from the bill.

The Church *Cancer* will be published once a week, on account of its being a weekly paper.

It will be printed on the best paper the proprietor can obtain on credit, which is a great recommendation for a family paper, because after you have done reading it, the ladies can use it for cutting out patterns or putting up their hair.

The subscription is two dollars a year, in advance, in currency. Specie will be taken at a moderate discount.

PREMIUMS.

will be given to subscribers, as follows:

Subscribers for one copy of the Church *Cancer*, will be presented with a box of patent Petroleum Paste Blacking. This is a very superior article; it will black boots or stoves, and may be used as a hair dye. (For testimonials from leading clergymen, statesmen and boot-blacks, see advertising columns of the *Cancer*.)

Subscribers for two copies will receive a box of sardines.

Subscribers for five copies will be presented with a pair of iron-clad spectacles, with glass eyes, warranted to suit one age as well as another.

Subscribers for ten copies will be entitled to a patent adjustable bootjack, which can also be used as a corkscrew, a coffee mill, or an inkstand.

Subscribers for twenty copies will be presented with a gilt-edged copy of the writings and speeches of General Daniel Pratt, Jr.

Subscribers for twenty-five copies will receive a marble bureau with a mahogany top.

Subscribers for fifty copies will receive a seven octave sewing machine with the Agraffe attachment. (Craige's W. W. patent.)

Subscribers for seventy-five copies will receive a basswood parlor suite of furniture.

Subscribers for one hundred copies will receive a burial plot with an order for a tombstone delivered when required.

Subscribers for five hundred copies will receive a nomination for Congress.

Subscribers for a thousand copies will be presented with a farm in New Jersey, fenced in and mortgaged.

Liberal inducements will be held out to advertisers.

Communications inclosing subscriptions should be addressed to C. O'Lanus & Co., publishers.

ON WALRUSSIA.

I begin to think this is an ungrateful country, and that genius is not appreciated here.

All my efforts to serve the public have been unavailing.

I have some thoughts of leaving Brooklyn and going where talent is recognized.

The purchase of Russian America opens a new field of enterprise.

A splendid field for ice companies and skating-pond proprietors.

The climate they say is pleasant after you get used to it.

There are none of the sudden changes of temperature you experience here.

It freezes steady the year round.

It never rains there; snow is the nearest approach to it they ever experience.

Winter usually sets in about the first of November, and lasts till the middle of next November.

They have a short summer about the first of August.

Which lasts about twenty minutes.

The people avail themselves of the opportunity to lay in their winter supplies.

The population is of mixed descent, like that of the Eastern States.

The principal races are Esquimaux, Seals, Russians, Bears and Walruses.

The chief productions of the country are ice, furs, ice, aurora borealis, ice, whales, icebergs, whale-oil and ice.

The ice crop is the largest in the United States.

A statistician in the State Department has computed that a tax of half a cent a pound on all the ice produced in this new territory would pay off the National debt in six months, with a balance sufficient to pay the salary of the Secretary of State.

To say nothing of the income tax that might be collected from the Esquimaux.

The peculiar wants of the people would open a new market for the products of American industry.

The principal diet of the Russians is fried candles. Since the introduction of kerosene oil, the candle

trade has declined and it is nothing like what it was when Garibaldi made long sixes at Staten Island.

The annexation to the States of so large a candle consuming population would create a revival in the trade.

But the political advantages are still greater.

What a lot of new offices will be created.

Collectors, Assessors, Postmasters and such.

The Esquimaux are not much addicted to correspondence; but it wouldn't be the fault of the Postmasters if they had nothing to do.

The territory would want to become a State, and if its sentiments at all correspond with the latitude, it would be sufficiently Northern in politics to insure prompt admission to the Union.

There is a suspicion that, owing to their very northern situation, the popular ideas of the population might run to an extreme that would out-radical the Radicals.

Suppose, for instance, they insisted on extending the franchise, not only to the human population of all the races, ages, and sexes, but give the vote to the seals and walruses.

Barnum's learned seal might be one of the first Senators sent to Washington.

I think of going out to the territory to run for Congress.

A fellow could retire on the proceeds of one term.

The amount of mileage of a member of Congress from the North Pole to Washington, at the present rates, would amount to \$139,892 14.

A man could afford to go through a great variety of temperature at this rate.

The new territory has not been named yet, and Secretary Seward is open for proposals on the subject.

Expecting to represent the country officially, I also feel interested.

We would like to have something original, and expressive.

Johnsonia has been suggested, but A. J. is rather played out, and the name wouldn't go down.

Being of Russian extraction, a name with a Muscovite flavor would be appropriate.

All Russian names end with off or ski.

This has divided public opinion into two parties known as the "offs" and "skis."

I belong to the "skis," my friend O'Pake, who belongs to the same party, has suggested the appropriate name of "Corriolanuski."

Modesty forbids my expatiating on the euphony and elegance of this name.

The "offs" have a great many names.

"Damlongwayoff" is Russian, peculiar and expressive.

"Eversofaroff" is not so emphatic.

"Jumpingoff" is not bad for the extremity of creation.

The subject of names opens a wide field for discussion, and I will leave it to Congress, who is paid to attend to such business.

I have however, devised a coat of arms for the new State.

60 *Motto for our Russian Possessions.*

An iceberg illuminated with the rays of the aurora borealis, a walrus rampant, and the Universal Yankee seated on a barrel of whale oil, whittling the north pole with a jack-knife.

Motto: "*Fiat justitia ruat seal-um.*"—"Let justice be done the seals.

EPISTLE X.

A Historical Paper—Concerning the Battle of Long Island—A Modern Description of the Engagement.

HAVING got settled at home, I have devoted myself to fulfilling a promise I made to write up an authentic account of the battle of Long Island for the Historical Society.

There have been seventeen accounts already written for the Society.

But you see as it was the only battle fought in this vicinity we want to make the most of it.

My account is necessary to explain the other accounts.

In order that the Society may place the fullest reliance on my account, I will state that I obtained all the information from a marine who was stationed at the Navy Yard at the time.

To understand the motive, bearing, importance and ultimate consequences of this conflict, it is necessary to retrospect somewhat.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA,

Of which the United States forms a section, was achieved by Commodore C. Columbus, in 1492.

Long Island was subsequently explored.

The country was then populated by Indians, who were entirely unacquainted with the Constitution of the United States or Republican institutions.

Several people came out here from England, and some from Holland, who bought farms and settled the country and the Indians.

George the Third then sent Internal Revenue Collectors out here to sell stamps, and undertook to regulate the tea trade.

Americans weren't used to taxes in those days—they've got over it now.

There was a row about it.

Congress appointed G. Washington commander of the Army of the Potomac.

George III. sent over several regiments of bloody Saxons and mercenary Hessians to fight it out on this line.

It is not necessary to pursue the consequences of these belligerent proceedings all over the country.

I shall come to the point, which is

THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND.

The object of the British in advancing on Brooklyn was not clearly understood by my marine.

The British commander having heard a good deal

about Beecher, was, it is said, anxious to attend Plymouth Church.

Be that as it may, one morning before breakfast the keeper at the Reservoir at Prospect Hill, on looking towards Flatlands, saw a large body of the enemy advancing along the road.

The keeper promptly jumped into a Flatbush Avenue car and rode down to the City Hall and told Inspector Folk, who notified the Captains of all the Precincts by telegraph.

The military authorities were likewise informed, and the National Guard were called out.

A special meeting of the Common Council was immediately called, and a resolution appropriating money enough to buy each regiment a flag was unanimously adopted, and the flags were presented by Mayor Booth, in a neat speech, which was appropriately responded to by Gen. Pratt.

A mass meeting of citizens was held at the Academy of Music, over which the Mayor presided, and speeches were made and the people pledged to take care of the widows and orphans of our brave defenders as long as the city was in danger.

THE MILITARY MOVEMENTS

then commenced.

The British, who were commanded by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Colin Campbell, had seized the Flatbush Railroad, and were pouring troops into Prospect Park.

At the same time a flank movement had been ex-

ecuted towards the Coney Island Railroad, which was cut below Tunison's.

A little later the Toll Gate was captured by the Hessians, who opened a lager bier saloon on the spot.

Lord Nelson, who commanded the British fleet, sailed up Gowanus Creek, and bombarded the coal yard at the foot of Bond Street.

By this time the American forces had got under way.

Captain Hogan's battery was planted on Fort Greene.

Gen. Crooke advanced at the head of his brigade, and covered the Atlantic Street Railroad, to keep open communication with his base of supplies at East New York.

Gen. Pratt drew up his forces on the left bank of Gowanus Canal, to dispute the passage of that historic stream.

Gen. Spinola advanced up Powers Street, with his right resting on Fifth Avenue.

Gen. Jesse C. Smith commanded the reserves, which were drawn up in the City Hall Park, and intrenched behind the fountain.

THE ACTION COMMENCED

by an attempt of the Hessians to flank General Spinola, and carry the Washington Skating Pond.

Which was gallantly frustrated.

The action was severe, and in leading a charge the General was wounded in the hat.

Hearing of which several wealthy citizens got to-

gether, raised money and gave the General an order for a new hat.

The General was enabled to take the field again, which he kept until a sixty pound shell carried away his shirt collar, when he was compelled to retire.

Meantime the British had captured Canarsie, and sacked Uncle Sam's cabin, and destroyed the American blue fisheries.

The Hessians at the same time captured East New York, and drank up all the lager, which had a discouraging effect on the 28th Regiment.

Spinola's Brigade fell back in good order to Flatbush Avenue, and effected a junction with Crooke's division near the railroad stables, where several excursion cars were in waiting to carry them to the ferry.

General Pratt finding Carroll Park untenable, the British having carried the Third Street Bridge, and threatened to cut off his communications with the City Hall, retired in good order down Court Street.

The reserves under General Smith had up to this time held their ground, and it was resolved to make a stand at Johnny White's corner.

The Hessians at East New York, however, seized the Broadway Railroad, by which they forwarded troops to the junction of Flushing Avenue, captured the swill milk stables, and threatened Williamsburgh.

Another column had advanced along Myrtle Avenue, captured the 44th Precinct Station House and Justice Morehouse's Court, which exposed Captain Hogan's right flank and menaced Gen. Crooke's rear.

A council of war was then called in the Directors' room at the Academy of Music, when a brilliant strategic movement was determined upon, which was to fall back upon New York.

The Union Ferry Company patriotically placed a ferry boat at the disposal of the American army, and conveyed the forces to New York for half price.

Fortunately at this juncture a heavy shower came up, and the British army being unprovided with umbrellas were unable to follow up the pursuit, and the American army escaped without the loss of a man.

The next day was Sunday, and the British army finding all the liquor stores closed under the new Excise Law, left Brooklyn in disgust.

The British monarch finding it impossible to conquer a people so devoted to liberty and Metropolitan commissions, shortly afterwards recognized the independence of the United States.

This chapter of history affords room for much reflection.

I have got several reflections, but haven't time to write them now, as Mrs. O'Lanus wants me to dig up the garden.

EPISTLE XI.

Ristori—Her Arrival—Her Début—About Medea—Remarkable Effect of the Performance.

THERE are two great people in this country at the present time.

One is A. Johnson.

The other is Ristori.

A. J. has just completed his star engagement in the principal cities of the Union.

Ristori has just commenced hers.

New York has got Ristori on the brain.

Brooklyn will catch it next week.

So look out.

I have been over to see Ristori, and send you a few notes in advance to prepare you for a sensation.

You know

RISTORI

arrived in New York a week ago.

She came in a steamer from Brest.

Brest is on the French coast.

She landed as soon as the steamer arrived.

And proceeded to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Her trunks—a hundred and seventy-three in number—were sent by express.

As soon as Ristori had counted the trunks, to see they were all right, she ordered lunch.

The next day she drove through Central Park, and was much struck with the naturalness of the trees.

But I shall not invade the sanctity of her domestic life further than to observe that she takes her meals regular, dresses well, and speaks Italian quite fluently.

Which is accounted for by the fact that she was born in Italy, and commenced the study of the language when she was quite young.

I pass on to

HER DÉBUT,

which I went to see.

You should have been there, my boy.

You know Grau.

He is one of our operatic Head Centres.

He induced Ristori to come here, by offering her ten millions in gold and all her traveling expenses for a season of six months.

Liberal, wasn't it?

He will be out of pocket about nine millions and a half.

But Grau don't mind that.

These operatic impresarios are used to it; all they care about is art.

What artless chaps they are.

But never mind Grau, Ristori is the party we are talking about.

Ristori débuted at the French Theatre.

It is called the French Theatre, because they play English and Italian operas there alternately.

It isn't a circumstance to our Academy, but it does for New York.

The audience comprised all the wealth, beauty and intellect of the nation.

Everybody in fact was there.

By referring to the last census you can estimate the exact number, by adding ten per cent for the illustrious foreigners who have come to this country expressly to see Ristori.

The character chosen for her début was

MEDEA,

which is a mythological tragedy in three acts.

You won't find it in Shakspeare's works.

Or Bourcicault's.

It was dramatized by a Greek chap named Euripides.

It was converted into French by a person named Legouvé.

It was then turned into Italian expressly for Ristori.

THE STORY

of Medea is touching.

Medea marries a young man named Jason.

Jason turns out bad.

He abandons his family, consisting of Ristori and two children.

But they won't be abandoned.

They follow him over the mountains and over the moors, several hundred miles.

As there were no railroads in Asia Minor in those days they had to travel on foot.

Which was hard on Medea.

She finally fetches up with her interesting family in Corinth, a place in Greece named after a village in Mississippi, where Beauregard and Halleck played a strategical game of bluff during our late family difficulty.

Neither Beauregard nor Halleck are introduced in the play, owing, probably, to the foreign prejudices of the author.

Medea here discovers that the absconding Jason is cruising around with a gal called Creusa, and is about to commit bigamy.

Medea raises a row about it. Jason, who is now utterly depraved, instigates a crowd of supernumeraries to mob Medea; but a gentleman named Orpheus, of mythological musical renown, rescues her.

Medea then meditates on murder.

She concludes to kill Miss Creusa, so that she can't become Mrs. Jason.

She had some hesitation about the choice of weapons, but decides on poison as the most fashionable.

Obstacles interpose to the carrying out of this benevolent design. Medea's bosom is torn by passion, and she becomes elocutionary.

Jason proposes a compromise.

He offers to support and educate one of the children; Medea to take the other, and to toss up for the choice.

Medea don't see it in that light.

Her feelings as a mother are aroused, and in the noble impulse of maternity, she kills both her offspring.

Jason comes in, and his feelings as a father are moved at the spectacle.

He inquires in tragic tones, that thrill the audience: "Who didst this?"

Ristori, with great presence of mind, charges the infanticide on Jason, and before he has time to plead not guilty the curtain comes down, and the audience are left in doubt whether the case was ever investigated and the guilty parties brought to justice.

The play is not satisfactory to a legally-constituted mind, but Ristori is immense.

So was the effect on the audience.

I had a seat in the parquet, and at the end of the first act I had to go out and borrow an umbrella. The tears of the upper boxes came down in such torrents that I thought the roof leaked.

The parquet had to be pumped out twice during the performance.

When you go to see this play, I advise you to put on your India rubbers.

I am now suffering from a cold in the head in consequence.

Which prevents me from extending my criticism.

EPISTLE XII.

O'Pake's admission to the Bar.

GETTING admitted to the bar is a big thing. You have to be examined by three legal chaps who go right through you.

O'Pake was admitted at the last term of the Superior Court.

He read law the evening previous, and when he came to be examined he went through like a dose of castor oil.

The examiners ask you a string of questions which you are expected to answer.

The examiners are expected to know if you answer right.

As a general thing they don't ask you anything they don't know themselves.

Men who know too much are not selected as examiners.

It wouldn't do, you know; we shouldn't get half so many lawyers as we do.

O'Pake has lent me the notes of his examination,



Ristori in the character of MEDEA.—She is here represented as a deserted wife, chasing Jason, her husband, all over Asia Minor.
—See page 70.

which may be useful to future aspirants, so I send it to you.

Here it is: Mr. O'Pake, what is the chief object of law?

To provide the legal profession with the means of earning a living.

When a man comes to you to engage your services in a lawsuit, what is your first proceeding?

To ask him for a retaining fee.

Have you any knowledge of Coke?

Yes, we burnt coke one winter in our family, but at four dollars a chaldron, did not consider it as economical as coal.

What is a mandamus?

A legal process to restrain railroad companies from laying tracks on a street until they have seen the property owners.

Suppose you had a client who had been defrauded in the purchase of a house which had a mortgage on it that had been foreclosed, the property having been previously sold for taxes on account of a defect in the title growing out of a contested will case, in which the heirs joined issue and threw the property into chancery, and subsequently assigned their claims to a man who died insolvent, and his property was sold to pay his debts—how would you proceed?

I should either move a *certiorari* for the discovery of the property, or else by proving a *nolle prosequi* obtain a *habeas corpus* on the proceedings in equity, and in case I failed to prove that the respondent was legally married to the appellant in *pro forma pauperis*,

then I should obtain a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* and take the case to the Court of Appeals on the constitutionality of the act.

What is the main point to be kept in view by a lawyer?

To make all he can out of his client.

When legal business is dull, what should you do?

Get the Legislature to pass a new Liquor Law, and persuade the liquor dealers that it is unconstitutional.

What beverage in your opinion agrees best with the constitution of a practitioner at the Bar?

Bourbon.

What is the first duty of a candidate who has passed a successful examination?

To ask the examiners out to take a drink.

Suppose they should decline—what then?

Such a case would be without a precedent, and not being regarded by the compilers of our laws as within the bounds of possibility, no provision has been made in the revised statutes for such a contingency."

A favorable report on the candidate was immediately rendered and the court adjourned to a place where a good many members of the profession do most of their practice at the bar.

BASE BALL.

I am beginning to take an interest in our national game.

Which is base ball.

Our noble city, third in population and first in Base Ball, has been glorified in field sports by the

Atlantic Club, who have whipped everything in the Ball line.

As a Brooklynite I am proud of the Atlantics.

There are nine of them.

They are wonderfully smart fellows. Stand six feet two in their stockings, can run two miles a minute, jump over a forty foot fence, or through a knot-hole: turn a somersault and catch anything from a base ball to the measles.

They are an honor to Brooklyn.

I went to see them play. The spectacle was inspiring. Equal to the circus.

Base Ball is generally played out of doors in a big field.

For fear I might catch cold I was let into a tent with no sides to it, where a lot of sagacious looking chaps were congregated with two or three policemen to look after them.

These fellows are called referees, umpires and scorers. The scorer is a sort of book-keeper who keeps his accounts by double entry, makes out a balance-sheet when the players get through, foots up the runs, and lets the public know who is ahead.

He is useful; the other chaps are merely ornamental.

Once in a while, they are referred to when any of the players want an opinion.

For instance, if a very muscular player should knock the ball into the middle of next week, and the chap running after it should miss the car and not get back in time before the next innings was called,

and the other side should claim foul, ought the run to be allowed, or should he go back to the first base, and try it over again?

The game is a great invention. It is easily understood. All you have to do is to

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL

It is all about the ball.

They also use a bat. The bat is a stick built on the model of the club Barnum killed Captain Cook with.

This is why the organization is called a club.

One fellow takes the club, and stands on a line; another fellow stands in front of him, and fires the ball at him.

The chap with the club hits back.

The ball flies in the other direction.

The first fellow drops the club as though he was scared, and runs like a pickpocket with an M. P. after him.

Several fellows run after the ball; somebody catches it, and fires it at somebody else, when the chap who had the club stops running.

Another fellow then takes the club, and the same man who is called a "pitcher" pitches on him, fires the ball at him, and he hits back, knocks the ball, drops the club and cuts his stick for the first base.

Half a dozen fellows out on picket duty scramble for the ball.

One reliable B. B. is posted behind the club man, in case the club man misses the ball, to see that it don't go by and hit the Umpire.

When one side is out the other side goes in, and when both sides are out it is called an *in-nings*.

It is quite an intellectual game, depending entirely on the use of your legs. The first principle of the game is running.

When you are "in" you run away from the ball, when you are "out" you run after it.

It is splendid exercise; keeps you so warm. Consequently is always played in the summer time.

It is recommended as an invigorating exercise for ship carpenters and blacksmiths.

Base ball is sometimes played on ice, and I understand that Blondin is coming over next season to challenge the Atlantic to play a game on the tight rope over Niagara.

I think that would be worth seeing.

I shall go there when it comes off.

EPISTLE XIII.

*The Museum Fire—Proposal to start a new Museum—
About the Collection.*

THE burning of Barnum's Museum, the boiling of the whale and melting up of the "wax figgers," the other day, was a catastrophe to be mourned in Peoria.

When the young man from the country comes to town, where can he go to now?

What is to become of the Fat Woman. Between grief over the conflagration and the hot weather, I understand she has lost six hundred pounds during the past three days.

The Board of Education, I understand, intend to adopt the Lightning Calculator to assist the members in computing the lowest possible amount of salary the female teachers can live on.

The Giantess has been taken apart and packed away in sections until Barnum starts again.

It is enough to bring tears to the eyes of a member of the Historical Society to think of the destruction of relics, curiosities and antiques.

The Museum Fire.

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This leaves an opening in the Museum line, and I propose to go into it, and have a big show over here.

I have got my Charleston collection of curiosities to start with.

Also Adam's fig leaf apron, the first article of attire ever worn by man, the club which killed Captain Cook, and a splinter from the North pole.

Pocahontas's sewing-machine, (*Wilcox & Gibbs.*)

Cleopatra's clothes-wringer.

A piece of "Rock of Ages."

King Solomon's tobacco box.

Nebuchadnezzar's toothpick.

I have employed several sign painters to get up a series of paintings of revolutionary sires.

Also put several carpenters, stone-cutters, tailors and cabinet-makers at work on curiosities from all parts of the world.

Barnum has sent a man to Europe to buy a new set of relics.

This is a slight to native genius. We can manufacture as good articles in this line as any people in the world, from a mastodon to a mermaid.

Barnum's curiosities were most of them old, and some of them shabby. Mine will be an entirely new collection.

I shall have many local relics quite as interesting.

The War Fund Committee will grace the collection of fossils, with wax figures of a member of the Board of Education and the Committee on naming streets.

Philadelphia has secured the log house where

General Grant put up while engaged in the military business in Virginia, but I bought the site of the Battle of Bull Run, and intend to bring it to Brooklyn.

The building will be located in a central locality, and will be a gorgeous piece of architecture.

The architect, Mr. I. O'Nic, a gentleman of deep designs, has drawn out the plan of the edifice on a shingle, from which I am able to give you a brief description.

The architecture of the main building will be of the Celtic order, modified after the three-story-brown-stone-front improvement, which retains all the beautiful simplicity of the original Celtic, as seen in the rural mansions of the original squatters at Red Hook.

The basement will be in the Teutonic style, the columns forming the graceful outlines of a Bologna sausage, resting on a lager beer keg for pedestal, and surmounted by scroll work in form of a pretzel.

The interior of the building will be fitted up in equal taste. The ceilings, which will be plastered throughout, will be beautifully whitewashed.

The walls, which will also be plastered, will be papered in superb style.

Gas and water will be introduced.

The building will be divided into stories, which will be arranged one above another.

They will be connected by staircases, running up and down.

Numerous windows will likewise be employed to light the building.

These windows will be made so that they can be open and shut, making the Museum the "coolest place of amusement in the world."

The windows will also be handy to jump out of in case of fire, affording an opportunity for the exercise of taste to those who prefer breaking their necks to being roasted.

The Museum will be arranged into departments.

THE NATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENT

will be at the top of the building, to be convenient for the elephant.

The collection will embrace wild animals of every variety to be found in Kings County. Besides the elephant, I have got a stuffed owl, two canaries, a rat-and-tan terrier, and a City Railroad car horse.

The Indian Department will be very rich. I shall have Powhatan's boot jack, Red Jacket's suspenders, and Tecumseh's neck-tie.

Also a "Live Indian," the renowned brave Santa-kruzsauer, of the great Gin-an-sugah tribe, will be in attendance, execute a war-dance, and scalp visitors for an extra charge of ten cents.

LIVING CURIOSITIES.

I am raising a giantess down in Vermont, who is sixteen feet high now, and is growing at the rate of ten inches a week. If she should be too large to be seen all at once, she will be exhibited in sections.

A farmer on Long Island has agreed to raise me a

pig with two heads, and a calf with six legs and two tails.

A portion of the building will be fitted up as a "Vestry Room," after the style of the Park Theatre, where strictly moral dramatic entertainments will be given, such as "Jack Sheppard and his dog--on horseback," with a real dog.

All that is required is the public patronage to establish this enterprise, which shall make Brooklyn independent of New York for a place where afternoon meetings can be arranged, and the wonders of nature studied, for the low price of admission of twenty-five cents.

EPISTLE XIV.

Reception of the Philadelphia Firemen.

I HAVE been looking after the Philadelphia firemen.

Just to set the Philadelphia folks an example of hospitality to distinguished visitors.

I like Philadelphia.

Because it is the city of Brotherly Love, a virtue I particularly commend for cultivation.

Philadelphia moreover is quite a large village.

More people live there than do in Brooklyn according to Depew's census.

This shows a want of taste, but this is a free country, and a man has got a right to live where he pleases and if he likes Philadelphia better than Brooklyn, let him live there.

Somebody has got to live there, or the town would have to be abandoned, and owners of real estate ruined.

I don't think it would answer for everybody to live in one place.

Ever since Adam and Eve made their first move the human family have scattered.

This has its advantages.

If everybody lived all together, nobody would want to write any letters to anybody, and the Post Office would be shut up for want of patronage.

And they wouldn't want any Postmaster.

I was speaking of Philadelphia.

And mentioned that it was a nice city.

It is a good place to get lost in.

You can find yourself so easy.

The architect who laid out Philadelphia had studied geography on a checker-board.

Philadelphia was consequently laid out on the square. All the streets in one direction run one way, the cross streets all run another.

Consequently you can tell at once which way to go if you know where you are, and where you want to go.

Philadelphia is well off for water. She owns two rivers.

The Delaware and the Schuylkill.

They drink out of the Schuylkill.

But I am not a judge of that beverage.

The quantity of drink when I was there was not sufficient to enable me to express an opinion.

I asked one of the Reliance fellows, the other night, his opinion on the subject.

He gave his

VIEWS ON WATER.

"Water," says he, "is useful, we uses large quantities putting out fiers. I don't know what we should do without it. With soap, it is a good thing to wash with. Some people drinks it; I hev myself, at a pinch. I hev bin all over these United States; drank Schuylkill water, Croton water, Mississippi water and soda water, but for a steady drink, give me Bourbon."

I grasped him by the hand.

We swore eternal friendship on the spot.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Human nature flourishes in Philadelphia, as elsewhere.

He said if ever I was cast upon the world in Philadelphia, without a home to sleep in, there would always be a bunk for me in Seven's house.

I responded, with tears in my eyes, caused by my overflowing feelings and the vigorous way he had of shaking hands, that if Mrs. O'Lanus had been home I should have been happy to invite him to tea and introduce him to the family.

To compensate for this disappointment I proposed to take a drink.

We took it.

Then we talked about Philadelphia.

Philadelphians know a good deal about Philadelphia.

They are under the delusion that Philadelphia is the greatest city on the American continent.

Just to think this of a city that has no navy-yard, no Beecher, no big organ.

I believe they have got a post-office.

The committee on naming streets in Philadelphia were great on nuts.

They used up the names of all the nuts from cocoanuts to pea-nuts, and then, in despair, they took to arithmetic.

This makes the streets easy to remember.

It is either a nut or a number.

Philadelphia is located at one end of the Camden and Amboy Railroad.

Nothing stands between Philadelphia and New York but the State of New Jersey.

I ascertained these facts between drinks from my Philadelphia friend.

Also something

OUT THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

I used to belong to the fire department.

I joined Hose 86, some years ago.

I got so that I could holler as loud and chew as much tobacco as any member of the company.

And assisted in the fights with Hook and Ladder 92, until the members of that scandalous company resorted to hitting back, and the side of my head was damaged by a collision with a brick.

When I got married, Mrs. O'Lanus objected to my running to fires.

She said it didn't answer for a married man.

You see the fires got in the habit at that time of breaking out in the middle of the night.

One of our bunkers used to wake me up by holler

ing 'fire' through the key hole of the hall door, and firing a brick bat at our bed-room window.

It usually woke me.

Mrs. O'Lanus also.

To which she objected.

To have peace in the family I resigned.

Mrs. O'Lanus made herself a Garibaldi jacket out of my red shirt, and used my fire cap for a coal scuttle.

Since then I haven't run with the machine.

EPISTLE XV.

Concerning the Fine Arts, and one of the Artists—The Exhibition and its Visitors—Popular Criticisms of a Public Work.

THE Fine Arts has been raging this week with much severity.

Everybody has been to the Academy, or is going to see the pictures.

No wonder the sign painters are striking for wages, their vocation is looking up.

There are several pictures well adapted for signs for respectable places of entertainment in the collection.

The discontinuance of the good old publican custom of hanging out signs, has driven many worthy artists to the studio and exhibition room, where their works only find a limited appreciation.

There is my friend Chiar O'Scuro, whose genius for sign painting is undoubted, and half a century ago it would have enabled him to earn a comfortable living for a family.

Concerning the Fine Arts.

89

The changes which have come over art, have affected O'Scuro.

He cultivates all his hair, smokes a large meerschaum, spoils quantities of good canvas, and earns his board and tobacco by coloring photographs in private.

But O'Scuro sticks to high art, paints in an attic, and soars in spirit—(usually Bourbon.)

O'Scuro's specialty is mountains.

Because they are lofty like his spirit.

He is equal to a mountain of any dimensions.

He has painted every respectable eminence from Brooklyn Heights to Chimborazo.

He can do mountains singly or in groups, to suit purchasers, at so much a mountain.

His "Fort Greene in a Thunder Shower," is a work that appeals to the imagination. The historic height is deserted by its frequenters, who have fled to shelter. The grass is damp, and the wooden benches glisten with moisture. The flag-staff looks pale in a back ground of thunder cloud, and the streak of lightning has a zig-zag naturalness thrilling to the beholder.

O'Scuro don't belong to the Art Association.

He considers it a stuck up institution.

He is about starting a society of his own, which holds the payment of dues unconstitutional.

O'Scuro objects on principle to paying dues—or any other obligations.

A principle, my boy, not confined exclusively to the unsophisticated children of art.

As there was nothing to pay, O'Scuro had no objection to accompany me on a visit to the Exhibition.

It was afternoon, and the sun shone through the skylight on a collection of oil paintings and young ladies.

It was pleasant to see the ladies of Brooklyn take such an interest in the fine arts.

It made me feel quite an interest in the ladies.

I found several interesting subjects for study—art study, of course.

Some of the artists have selected ladies' heads for their subjects, and—as I explained to Mrs. O'Lanus, who observed, when I took her one evening, that I looked more at the ladies than at the pictures—I was merely comparing art with nature with a critic's eye.

Mrs. O'Lanus said I might study the difference between two styles of painting.

Mrs. O'Lanus can be severe, occasionally.

I noticed some very handsome works of art on this occasion—I mean among the pictures, not the ladies.

I don't mean that, exactly; there were of course plenty of beautiful creatures, very neatly framed, showing an artistic skill and an experienced eye to effect.

I think I must have meant the pictures, and have got canvas and crinoline slightly mixed.

O'Scuro objecting, on principle, to paying twenty cents for a catalogue, borrowed mine, and in the abstraction of genius forgot to return it, consequently I am unable to give you the number of a lovely pair of blue eyes, an angelic nose, tempting lips, with a back-

ground of golden waterfall, done by Nature, and as I should judge, still 'For Sale.'

There were likewise some nice things on canvas. Mr. De Haas's waterscape is quite a picture.

The sea has quite a marine appearance, and the boat looks as though it would upset every minute, but it hasn't yet.

Gignoux's picture has excited the envy of O'Scuro, because it is in his line—mountains. He threatens to paint a picture twice as big, if he can only get credit for enough canvas, and eclipse Gignoux in the next exhibition.

Making allowance for O'Scuro's prejudices, I think Gignoux's painting is a big thing on canvas.

It was painted for the Duke of Wellington, who wanted a view of the Alps after Napoleon had crossed them. The crossing had been taken up before Gignoux got there, and is not represented.

Williamson has done another section of Lake George. He has only enough Lake George left for two more paintings, and he will have to hunt up another lake next summer.

There are numerous portraits of great men. Two of G. Washington, which look enough alike to be relatives. Which is the correct likeness, and which isn't, is left to the judgment of the observer, who pays his money for a catalogue and takes his choice.

COLONEL WOOD'S PORTRAIT

is placed on the other side of the room, so that it couldn't be mistaken for Washington.

There are a good many opinions about the Colonel's picture.

As it is public property, everybody has a right to say what he thinks of it.

Seventy-four people said it represented the Colonel.

Forty-eight thought it was a striking likeness.

Fourteen were positive that it didn't look a bit like him.

Six (very young) ladies thought it wasn't good looking enough.

Two (mature) ladies were of the opinion that it was handsomer than the original.

Nineteen thought the expression was quite natural.

Fifteen objected to the background.

Four (romantic young) ladies were sure the artist had not sufficiently developed the Colonel's whiskers.

Eleven thought the figure was too stiff.

Nine considered the posture quite graceful.

Four thought the eyes were very fine.

Two observed that they had a vacant look.

Three thought he looked as though he was uneasy in his mind.

Five detected a resigned and placid expression in the countenance.

Twenty-four thought it was too highly colored.

One detected a defect in the eyebrows.

An old gentleman who hadn't bought a catalogue wanted to know whether it was Thad. Stevens or Colonel O'Mahony.

Told him it was Mayor Wood.

Said he thought it was, only he hadn't seen Fernando since he wore whiskers, and wasn't sure whether it was him or Brother Ben. He considered it a remarkable likeness, and wanted to know the name of the artist.

Told him it was Fisher.

He then wanted to know if he was any relation to Fort Fisher, or General Butler, as he was acquainted with both families.

I referred him to the boy who sells the catalogues. Boy shut him up by refusing to entertain any proposition under twenty cents.

The sculptural display is shabby.

There are only six images in the show.

The Italian Image Men can't be induced to join the Association, preferring to give exhibitions of their art on the steps of a Savings Bank, in connection with a wax-fruit dealer.

The biggest thing in plaster is the group called

FRANCESCA DI RIMINI.

It represents a lady and gentleman dressed like actors when went to appear as Spanish Cavaliers, or Russian peasants.

Also a baby which hasn't been dressed yet.

They all appear to be in a state of mind about something. Except the baby, which don't appear to mind it.

It illustrates the most thrilling passage of Dante's

Inferno, by Tasso, which was set to music by Livy, and afterwards performed by Alfieri.

Those not versed in Italian literature may be unacquainted with the story, which has *not* been published in the *Ledger*.

It is a legend of one of the centuries, I forgot which ; but that don't matter.

It is a sad and sorrowful story : full of dark deeds, misery and misfortune, unrequited affections, stern parents, and a mother-in-law.

It ends, I believe, in the death of all hands, including the baby. I am certain, however, that they are not living at the present time. At least in Brooklyn.

Francesca is the name of the woman : Rimini is the name of the man. The baby was not christened, owing to the misfortune of its parents, and died young.

The sculptor has illustrated the climax of the fearful catastrophe which is so thrillingly narrated by the poet.

Seated on a bank where the wild thyme grows, as it is in the habit of doing in Italy, Francesca is leaning on the left shoulder of Rimini, who is in the attitude of looking up to see if there is any prospect of rain, while the baby is comfortably stowed away out of the shower.

The storm, however, came on suddenly, as it is liable to do in Italian climates, and being without an umbrella, they got wet through. They took cold. Cherry Pectoral was unknown in Italy, so they got worse. Diphtheria set in and carried them both off.

The baby, left an orphan with nothing to wear, died a few hours after of grief for the loss of his parents, and they were all buried in the ancient vault of the Rimini family in the cemetery at Crow Hill.

Such is the affecting history here illustrated.

EPISTLE XVI.

GENERAL GRANT is coming over to see us on Monday.

He has been doing New York.

I told him while he was in this vicinity he had better drop over and see Brooklyn.

He said he would if he had time.

Seward came on the day before yesterday with word that Andy Johnson thought he could run Washington alone for a few days, and take care of Thad. Stevens and other "Dead Ducks."

Andy has got his back up, and is not going to stand any more nonsense.

Having settled the Tennessee rebels he thinks he can polish off the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania guerrillas.

It will be safe to bet on Andy.

I have a great deal of confidence in Andy.

So has Grant.

He therefore concluded to stay a few days and do Brooklyn.

I should have invited him to dinner, but Mrs. O'La-



Mr. Corry O'Lanus is here seen escorting Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Nation, about the streets of Brooklyn.—See page 107.

nus is cleaning house, and said she wouldn't like the General to see her house when things were so upside down.

I explained this to Grant, and being a family man himself, he understood how it was and excused me.

As that bridge is not built yet, the General will come over in a ferry boat.

I shall meet him in the ferry house, and take him up Fulton street.

We shall then take a car, ride up to the City Hall, and let him admire the fountain.

After refreshing I shall take him a walk round the Heights, and point out to him the location of New York, Governor's Island, and New Jersey.

I shall show him the Academy of Music, the Park Theatre, Plymouth Church, and Hooley's Opera House.

If the weather is fine and the road in good condition I shall hire a buggy and take the General out on the Coney Island road.

I intend to treat the General handsomely.

I always had a high regard for the General.

When he wanted more men for his army in Virginia I sent my wife's cousin to re-inforce him.

I have no doubt the General feels grateful for this, and that is why he came to promise to come to Brooklyn.

He wants to see the city where disinterested patriotism found a home.

In the evening we shall give a public reception at the Academy of Music, where I shall have the pleas-

ure of introducing to the public the great military hero of the age.

The public will bear in mind that the General's engagement at the Academy will be limited to one night only.

The following is the

PROGRAMME AT THE ACADEMY.

The General will appear in his much admired costume of blue coat, brass buttons and shoulder straps.

To avoid mistakes of identity I shall appear in a black coat with a white necktie.

We shall march with military escort on to the platform.

Music by the band; enthusiasm by the audience; waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies.

The General will then be introduced and bow to the audience, who are expected to hurrah as long as they can stand it.

The General is used to noise.

The General will be welcomed to Brooklyn in a neat speech.

To which the General will respond to the effect that he don't make speeches.

Which will be received with immense satisfaction by the audience.

Cheers and waving of handkerchiefs ad libitum.

(N. B. The audience are requested to bring clean handkerchiefs, and economize their perfumery—the General has smelt powder, but he can't stand everything.)

Subsequently the audience will be introduced to the General individually, with the privilege of shaking hands.

Shakes will be limited to two seconds each.

As the General has only got two hands he can't shake hands with three people at once.

The audience are requested not to ask the General any impertinent questions.

Such as his opinion of the Freedmen's Bureau; whether Thad. Stevens ought to be hung; or who's his hatter?

The General is very reserved in his opinions, and when he has any he prefers to keep them to himself.

People will be allowed to say "How are you General," "Glad to see you," "Hope you're well," and similar observations of a brief and friendly character.

Elderly ladies will be permitted to say "God bless you, General."

Gushing young ladies will under no circumstances be allowed to kiss the General in public.

It would overcome him, he is so bashful.

Besides, Mrs. Grant might object to it, and not let him come here again.

If they must embrace somebody they can call on me.

Mrs. O'Lanus won't be jealous, if she don't hear of it.

After the exercises are over the General will retire.

The audience are also expected to retire.

If they don't the janitor will put them out.

When the audience are all out, the janitor will put the gas out and go to bed.

EPISTLE XVII.

Washington and his Birthday—Washington Measured by the Latest Standard—As a great man—As a Military Man, and otherwise—Washington's visit to Brooklyn—Where he boarded, and Why he moved Away—Anecdotes of the General.

I HAVE just got over celebrating Washington's birthday.

If he had lived till yesterday he would have been a hundred and thirty-five years old.

Just think of that.

It is about the age of the oldest inhabitant.

Washington was a great man.

He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, and belonged to one of the first families of Virginia.

He was likewise the Father of his Country.

If he was alive now I don't think he would feel proud of his offspring.

Had he still continued to reside up to this time at Mount Vernon he would not be eligible to a seat in Congress.

Washington as a General. 101

If Washington had lived in this generation he couldn't have been a great man.

One of the earliest traits of his character was his inability to tell a lie.

That alone would have ruined his political prospects.

As a general he wouldn't have done either.

He didn't believe in "marching on the enemy's works," sufficiently to have insured his retention in command of the army of the Potomac.

He never expressed an intention of fighting it out all the summer on any particular line.

It took him seven years to crush the British Lion; we did up a more extensive war business in four years, killed five times as many men, and spent fifty times as much money.

I am afraid Washington was slow.

Then we don't hear of anybody making fortunes by army contracts for beef and shoddy in his day.

Then his farewell address would have been fatal to his reputation.

He was open to suspicion of free trade proclivities because he affiliated with a Boston party who refused to pay the duty on tea.

Consequently the *Tribune* would have been down on him.

Some men are born too soon, some too late. Washington was born about the right time.

People didn't know so much in his day.

Or at least they didn't send such wise men to Congress.

People were satisfied with the Union under the Constitution then, entertaining a very foolish respect for the Constitution without the amendments.

Washington paid a visit once to Brooklyn with his army.

He put up at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the name of which has been changed to Washington's Headquarters.

The accommodations were not first-class, but the Pierrepont House was not built at that time, and the boarding houses down town were all full.

Washington would have staid longer in Brooklyn, only the British and Hessians came in from Flatbush in such large numbers that he got disgusted, and after trying to drive them out he moved over to New York one foggy morning, and subsequently retired to his farm in New Jersey, where he passed a very hard winter.

He distinguished himself by crossing the Delaware when there was a great deal of ice on the river, though he didn't take any ladies with him, as Captain Duncan did.

While in Jersey, Washington got up a surprise party, and called upon a Hessian family in Trenton.

The Hessians were much surprised, and quite taken by the undertaking.

This shows that Washington was open to the social amenities of life.

There are several anecdotes of Washington extant.

One of which is about a British sentinel who was on picket duty one night when he saw a man—a tall man,

ride by. The British sentinel, who was strictly loyal to his government, thought he would shoot the tall man. As the idea occurred to him he raised his gun to carry it out. Just before he pulled the trigger the British sentinel altered his mind and didn't shoot.

The tall man who wasn't shot was Washington.

He never knew it until somebody told of it afterwards.

Such was the greatness of his mind.

There is one other anecdote of Washington never before published, but was related privately to me by his nurse, Joyce Heth, when she was in Barnum's Museum.

Washington's father made little George a Christmas present of a nice little cherry tree which he had bought at a hardware store in Richmond.

Little George, who was of an inquiring turn of mind, wanted to find where the cherries came from, so he took a favorite hatchet that the hired girl used to chop kindling wood with, and chopped up the tree.

It took the edge off the hatchet and hacked it like a buck saw, so that it wouldn't split fine kindling wood.

"Who has done this?" said old Mr. Washington, looking around for a hickory switch to warm his offspring.

"Father," said Georgey, with the presence of mind of future greatness, "I'm the boy who dissected that specimen of horticulture."

"Come to my arms, my son," said the old gentleman.

There is only one parallel in American history to this touching story of attachment to veracity.

When Col. Billy Wilson's Zouaves of predatory notoriety, were encamped on Staten Island in '61, some benevolent persons in New York took up a collection to supply the lambs with hymn books and chewing tobacco.

The committee with the funds went down to Staten Island, passed through the camp, inspected the lambs in their tents, and finally came to Col. Billy's headquarters. The chairman made a neat speech, then putting his hand in his pocket discovered that the money was gone.

"I had it," said he, "when I reached the camp."

Says Col. Billy, "I guess it's all right; some of the boys have got it. Adjutant, just inquire who's lifted the swag from the old duffer in spectacles."

Adjutant went out to investigate and returned with a report that Company Q said they had relieved the old gentleman of the money for fear he might get fatigued carrying it any further.

"Behold," said Col. Billy, his eyes gleaming with emotion, "the nobility of the lambs; they may steal, but they won't lie."

Truth is an exalting virtue which American youth with such illustrious examples before them ought to cultivate as one of the necessities of life.

Mrs. O'Lanus has impressed this noble precept upon our Themistocles.

When she accuses him of a broken window, sticking pins wrong way up in the chair cushions, or other peccadillos, she tells him to own up and then she will not lick him, but if he denies it he will be whipped additional for telling a story.

I don't think his interpretation of the precept or appreciation of the inducement to leniency is altogether clear.

For instance, he frankly owned up when accused of breaking the nose of his mother's favorite pitcher, when subsequently Eliza Jane confessed that she did it.

When called upon for an explanation, Master Themistocles fell back upon his mother's assurance that she wouldn't lick him when he owned up.

It is a good thing to encourage youth to virtue, but it is as well to do it understandingly.

EPISTLE XVIII.

The Queen of the Sandwich Islands visits Brooklyn.

I HAD the honor of receiving the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, when she came to Brooklyn.

Her Majesty brought a letter of introduction to me from Queen Victoria, and I had to do the handsome thing.

Both their Majesties you know are widows, and I have as much sympathy for widows, as my friend Morris.

Queen Emma is on a tour of observation and collection.

She is collecting money to build a church, and concluded that the City of Churches was a good place to come to.

I escorted her Majesty to the Navy Yard, and showed her the marines.

We then took a Sands street car and visited Plymouth Church to see the organ.

We walked through the principal pipes of the organ, at which her Majesty was pleased to express her gracious astonishment, and growing enthusiastic, she pronounced it a "big thing."

She said she should have very much liked to hear Mr. Beecher play on it.

I apologized for his absence and explained to her Majesty that the religious season in this country only covers the fall and winter months.

And that ministers who move in the best society go out of town during the dog days.

Her Majesty in her native simplicity said, "If the shepherds leave their city flocks unguarded, isn't there danger that the wolf may descend to the fold and carry off the lambs?"

I reassured her Majesty on this point by explaining that the Devil found plenty of employment at the fashionable watering places during the season.

And if her Majesty should want to find his Majesty at the present time, the most likely place to look for him would be at Saratoga, where, according to the correspondents, there are more "hells" in operation than anywhere else this side of Baden-Baden.

Her Majesty was much interested, and said when she got back to the Sandwich Islands she would see that missionaries were sent over here.

Her Majesty inquired about the state of feeling here towards the Sandwich nation.

I told her Majesty that Sandwiches were held in much esteem until the *trichina spiralis* brought ham into discredit, and at present crackers and cheese were preferred for a portable lunch.

In the evening I took her Majesty to Hooley's, where she was much pleased with the show, and observed that the freedmen were an amusing people,

She got things slightly mixed—wanted to know which was Fred Douglass, and mistook Mulligan for Theodore Tilton.

I told her Majesty that he was no such person.

After partaking of some clam fritters and other slight refreshment, I escorted her Majesty to New York. She said she much pleased with her visit to Brooklyn.

I don't wish this affair alluded to before Mrs. O'Lanus, who is going out of town next week, and it might cause her to change her mind.

Women, you know, etc.

It is just as well to keep peace in the family.

HOW TO CONDUCT A SLEIGH-RIDE.

The festive season of Winter has appeared.

I suppose you and your readers have become aware of the fact, therefore I mention it. Nothing pleases people so much as having their own observations verified.

Some people like cold weather. Some don't.

It is not so much a matter of taste as a matter of circumstances. Circumstances, in fact, have everything to do with it.

If I owned a spanking team, with a rakish cutter, various Buffalo robes, a set of sleigh-bells, and knew a bright young widow who wanted consolation in her bereavement, and preferred it in out-door exercises, I should rejoice in snow.

But when your equestrian establishment consists

entirely of the clothes horse and a dinner bell, you don't admire snow.

It is unpleasant. Costs fifty cents to have it shovelled off the sidewalk, by order of a policeman, who notifies you with the air of an officer admonishing an old offender who has again been caught in the act.

ABOUT WIDOWS.

A friend of mine who had made sleigh-riding the study of his life, assured me that widows—(young of course,) were the best consolation in a sleigh-ride. They are reputed dangerous, but the peril, perhaps, enhances the pleasure. —

If a widow is not attainable the singly blessed are eligible as substitutes.

Very young ladies are not desirable; they are apt to get frightened if the horse should run away, and don't enjoy the "spills."

It requires a good deal of dexterity to conduct a "spill" properly.

Care should be taken in the selection of a good spot, where the snow is pretty deep.

The gentleman should throw a somersault over the lady so as not to fall on her when he is shot out.

The lady should be pitched out gracefully at the side of the sleigh.

In case she is buried deep in a snow bank, don't attempt to pull her out by her balmorals. Or wait until she is thawed out. Drive to the nearest hotel, take a drink, borrow a shovel and go back and dig her out like a man.

If you don't keep an establishment, and can't afford to hire one, I can recommend an economical substitute.

Get a wash tub. Take it on the back stoop. Fill it with snow. Sit in it. Hire a small boy to ring a bell. Another boy to fire snow balls at you. Then if you can only imagine the motion, your happiness will be just as complete as if you were paying a livery stable keeper five dollars an hour.

EPISTLE XIX.

About the Income Tax.

I SEE you are publishing the income tax lists again. I regard them with a great deal of interest; they give you an idea of the individual and collective prosperity of the community.

Particularly the collective—that is the amount of income the collector can collect tax on.

Some people I know don't seem to have any income.

But their outgo is considerable.

They probably borrow the money.

A national debt being a blessing to the nation—according to J. Cooke—why should not a personal debt be a blessing to an individual?

I know a few individuals who have been trying the experiment for some time.

One of them in particular.

He experimented on me to the extent of ten dollars.

He no doubt feels ten dollars better. I don't.

There's where the difference lies. A chap who borrows and don't repay may be blessed; but I'm blessed if the fellow who lends is more blessed to give than receive—when applied to advice, physic, or the measles.

But credit is quite contrary.

I thought I'd try J. Cooke's advice, get in debt and be happy.

I did try. The experiment didn't quite succeed.

None of my acquaintances had any money to lend.

Even tailors have lost confidence in mankind, and expect to be paid.

To return to incomes—it is a gratification of that philanthropic curiosity which prompts man (and woman) to take an interest in a neighbor's affairs, when you publish the tax list.

Mrs. O'Pake can't impose any more airs on us. O'Pake's income is only \$2,000 after all. She has been going it as though O'P., had made ten thousand at least.

Then there's Peter O'Leum, he returns forty-eight thousand, nine hundred and forty-two dollars.

Which is preposterous!

He pays the tax merely to make people believe that he is a millionaire.

He can't deceive us.

O'Bleek's name don't appear in the list. If he hasn't any income how does he pay his board at the Upper crust House, and keep a 2.31½ team?

Which is just what we would like to know.

The publication of the income tax lists exposes the

hollowness of society, and affords material for moral conversation in select social gatherings where elderly ladies predominate.

I wish my income correctly reported, so I send you the figures.

Income.....	\$000,000,37½
Gold Watch.....	0,00
Billiard table.....	0,00
Carriages.....	0,00
Plate, 20z.....	0,00
Yacht.....	0,00
U. S. Gold bearing bonds.....	0,000,00
Revenue from 7.30's.....	000,00
“ “ State Stocks.....	00
“ “ Bonds and mortgages.....	0,00
“ “ Oil stock.....	00,00
“ “ Other securities.....	0
Total taxable revenue.....	\$000,000,37½

Meantime I have been considering the

INCOME TAX LAW,

about which I have received three hundred and fifteen communications asking for information.

The law is very clear when you understand it.

The government expects every man to have an income.

At the same time it requires him to swear to the fact.

A man that has got no income can swear that he has, and if he pays the taxes on it, the law don't insist on his taking the money back.

The Collector of Revenue is authorized to receive all he can get, and hand as much as he can afford over to the government.

The Assessor's business is to see that every man assesses himself.

If a citizen fails to assess himself in any sum, the Assessor is authorized to double the amount and add a hundred per cent to it.

If the Assessor thinks a citizen has assessed himself too much, the law requires the Assessor to say nothing about it, for fear of hurting the citizen's feelings.

Revenue derived from all sources is taxable; but a man is not required to pay taxes on what he borrows, unless he pays it back, which may be taken as an evidence of his ability to support the government.

A man may deduct the rent of the house he lives in, whether he pays his landlord or not.

That's the landlord's business.

When a man owns the house he lives in, he is not authorized to deduct the wages of his servant girl from his taxable income.

Single gentlemen who board within convenient distance from the ferries, with all the comforts of a home, are not allowed to deduct their tailors' bills on a certificate of payment from their tailors.

When a man and wife have each separate incomes and don't live together, and the wife boards with her aunt who is a widow and has property of her own in government securities, real estate or oil stocks, and the husband is not in the habit of paying his wife's

board or milliner's bills, the tax for which he is liable will depend upon the amount of his revenue, if he has any. His wife's aunt cannot be held liable for his income tax unless the man should die and leave his property to her; but should he die and leave no property, then the Assessor may remit the aunt's income tax, except on what she actually owns.

If a man dies intestate and leaves no property, his executors are only liable for their own income tax.

If a man fails to make any return, the Assessor may make one for him, and allow him any income he thinks proper. In case the man should not happen to be in receipt of such income, the Government is not bound to pay it to him.

In case a man assessed under such circumstances shall be proved to have died five years ago, his surviving relatives may be allowed to pay the tax.

In making returns of revenue derived from business transactions of a certain, uncertain, or any other character, the law requires a business man to specifically state how much he has made, and he can make as much as he likes, but he need not deduct his losses.

A merchant who has made fifty thousand dollars this year, on indigo, cannot deduct seventy-five thousand dollars he lost, in 1849, on gum-cowrie and bees-wax.

Conductors are not required to pay income tax on any portion of the revenue of a railroad company.

Young men on salaries of twelve hundred a year who spend five thousand, are not required to pay full

tax on the latter amount, as the tax is a tax on income, not on outgo.

A young man who is entirely dependent on his aged mother for support is not required to pay her income tax.

Revenue derived from the sale of soda-water is taxed six per cent on the syrup, provided an iron fountain is used, and it is drank on the premises.

Foreigners who reside abroad and derive all their income from real estate in Europe are not liable to be taxed in Brooklyn.

Gentlemen who went to Canada to avoid the draft, and were supported by their fond relations until the cruel war was over, are not liable to be taxed unless they return to the United States.

Widows are not required to pay tax on the income their husbands might have earned if they had lived; neither are their second husbands liable therefor.

Orphans over 21 years of age are liable for income tax.

These decisions are not from the Commissioner, and are consequently reliable.

The interest which a man takes in his neighbor's affairs is an evidence of the deep fraternal sympathies of human nature.

This enlightened sentiment of curiosity is widely gratified by the publication of the income tax list.

Here you have a man's own estimate, by the standard of greenbacks and society, of his own worth.

A thirty-thousand-dollar-man can walk the street with the conscious dignity that he is a rich man, and

everybody who reads the paper knows it. I entertain a profound respect for any man who returns over ten thousand a year.

Between ten and five thousand I extend a polite deference.

Below five and over two thousand I admit to familiar intercourse.

Such as taking a drink with, and allowing them to address me by my baptismal cognomen.

Anything over a thousand a year I am tolerant of.

All below a thousand I treat with condescending politeness, but do not commit myself by allowing too close an intimacy.

I approve muchly of your publication of the income tax list.

It is a sort of

GUIDE TO RESPECTABILITY.

Prevents people from being imposed upon.

Ladies with marriageable daughters cut out the list and paste it up on the closet door for reference.

An eligible young man is introduced; while the young ladies are studying his shape, the old lady is looking after his figure or that of his governor, on the income list.

The maternal mind is made up at once, and the young man is put out of suspense before he has had time to get more than knee deep in love.

A great amount of despair is thereby saved.

The crop of blasted hopes is reduced, said hopes being withered in the bud.

There are less suicides.

Since the income lists have been published, there hasn't been a single case of a young lady drowning herself in her waterfall, of a young man hanging himself in his suspenders through disappointment in love.

This is bad for the Coroners, but as a compensation, I should suggest that Congress remit the tax on their incomes.

Ever since Congress levied the income tax, I have been anxious to contribute largely to the revenue of the government.

The Collector won't let you pay over five per cent unless you have over five thousand a year.

I am anxious to pay ten.

By elevating my salary you will gratify this laudable desire and benefit the government.

I can stand any amount of increase.

If I had Stewart's income, I believe I could pay his taxes.

If I had four millions a year I think I should retire from literary pursuits, and devote myself to the pursuit of happiness. The signers of the Declaration of Independence guaranteed the right to pursue happiness to every citizen of the United States.

But they forgot to provide him with the means.

I can chase happiness up as far as the railroads run, or pursue her as far as Coney Island. But when she goes off to Saratoga, I have to wait till she comes back.

In the primary school, where my young ideas were

trained to shoot, we used to write moral copies about the vanity of riches, and that money was the root of all evil.

This idea took root in my habits, and I always get rid of the root of evil as fast as I get it.

I never found any difficulty about it, but could get rid of twice as much if it was thrust upon me.

We had another copy, that used to come in with capital C; we pursued the alphabetical system; it was: "Contentment is better than riches."

Perhaps it is; I should prefer a little of both.

The possession of wealth they say brings anxiety.

Some people who haven't got money, exhibit a great deal of anxiety about getting it.

They probably prefer anxiety with money to anxiety without it.

You may think by these observations that I would like to be rich.

Well, I should for a change.

If you know any benevolently disposed millionaire who wants to bestow fifty thousand dollars on a worthy object, send him my name and address.

Fifty thousand would do for a start.

Mrs. O'Lanus, being more moderate in her aspirations, says she wouldn't ask to be rich.

All she wants is to be comfortable.

Inquiring how much it would take to set her up in comfort, she thought a hundred thousand dollars would do.

The aforementioned millionaire can adopt this as an amendment if he likes.

I shouldn't object.

EPISTLE XX.

Travelling Facilities Extraordinary.

IF you want to enjoy extraordinary travelling facilities,

GO TO WILLIAMSBURGH

by railroad.

Take the Greenpoint line.

Cars start from Fulton Ferry. They are supposed to reach Greenpoint.

I only ventured as far as Grand Street.

Under ordinary circumstances, you can go to Grand Street and back in a day.

It sometimes takes a day and a half.

The line is open as far as Classon Avenue. When you get to Wythe Avenue, you have to take your chances.

They have only got one track on Wythe avenue. Cars can't run both ways on a single track at the same

Length of Journey.

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time; consequently, it depends on luck and resolution on the part of the driver, whether you get the use of the track.

I went on car 1,049. We had only sixty-four passengers and eight market baskets.

We got half way into Wythe Avenue without impediment. We then met a car coming from Greenpoint.

Both cars paused.

The drivers and conductors called a convention to decide which car had to go back to the double track.

Conductors tossed up a cent, to see who should give way. Car 1,049 went heads: cent turned up tails.

Driver hitched horses on the other end, and we went back.

We then made another start.

Got half way, and met another car from Greenpoint.

The Greenpointers wanted us to go out again.

Our driver got his back up, and said he would see Greenpoint in—Williamsburgh first.

Greenpoint driver appealed to his sympathies. He wanted to get down to the office to draw his pay, as he hadn't been through for two weeks.

Our conductor said his family lived in Williamsburgh; he hadn't been able to reach them on the single track for a fortnight.

Passengers backed him up, and told him to stick to his line.

Greenpoint driver got belligerent, and threat-

ened to mash our driver if he didn't get out of his way.

Our driver fell back on his muscle.

I told him to go in.

Drivers got down and went in.

They had six rounds. Our driver came out with two black eyes.

Greenpoint claimed the track.

Our conductor got savage about his family and pitched in, and was knocked out of time in two rounds.

The passengers then sailed in.

Things got very lively.

I engaged a Williamsburgher, a chap who said he had been three weeks trying to get to the City Hall, and he was bound to go through this time.

We fought twenty minutes.

He said he was bound to fight it out on that line, if it took all the summer.

Being in a hurry to get to Williamsburgh, I couldn't wait to accommodate him, so I left on foot, and made good time for Grand Street.

The rest of the passengers are still fighting for the right of way.

Coming back I thought I'd try the ferries.

The Williamsburgh ferries run in the direction of New York.

The boats start at intervals.

I waited an interval—about an hour or two. Boat came in and I went aboard.

A shower came up so I went in the cabin.

It rained a good deal harder in the cabin than it did outside, and experienced passengers preferred the outside.

Boat started at the rate of a knot and a half an hour and got into the river.

Sound steamer came along, and being in the way we ran into her. Ferry boat got the worst of it, was stove in and put back to Williamsburgh for repairs.

Being used to collisions the passengers didn't seem to mind it.

Funny people those Williamsburghers.

The company, with great foresight and enterprise, keep two boats; so we got on the other boat, which came along in about an hour.

An old gentleman on board told me all about her.

She was a very fine boat. Built on the model of Noah's Ark, and with the tide in her favor and a full head of steam, might make three knots an hour.

She had been sunk fifteen times by collisions, had run down fourteen sloops and a schooner, and drowned twenty-five passengers, and was good for as many more.

At the outbreak of the war, government wanted to purchase her to capture privateers, but George Law wouldn't take her off the ferry for any money.

Not meeting with anything to run into, the pilot in disgust ran into the bulkhead of the slip, upset the horses on board, and knocked all the passengers off their legs.

Being Williamsburghers they seemed to enjoy it.
Not being used to such diversions, I didn't.

When we landed in New York the Williamsburghers held a congratulatory meeting on their safe arrival, and the old gentleman referred to, proposed to take up a subscription to present the pilot with a piece of plate.

Not being a Williamsburgher I modestly declined to participate, and made a short cut for Fulton Ferry.

I don't think I shall move to Williamsburgh.

The travelling accommodations are altogether too lively.

EPISTLE XXI.

The Fashions—The prevailing Styles in both Sexes.

I SEE you were at the Opening.

I was there. It was a gorgeous occasion. New York was outshone, Paris was eclipsed, and the rest of the world was nowhere, millinerily speaking.

The ladies of Brooklyn wanted my opinion of the new styles.

I went, I saw, and I wondered.

The resources of the millinery art are like the resources of this great and mighty nation—inexhaustible.

And the milliners of the country seem to think that the resources of the husbands and fathers of the country are also inexhaustible.

But who cares about expense when decorating that masterpiece of creation—lovely woman? Who begrudges twenty dollars for the sweetest love of a hat, which will make the sharer of your joys and income look like a seraph without wings?

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself has said, this is my wife, and I will take

her to a milliner's for peace's sake and buy her a bonnet?

The thought is inspiring, and reminds me of the language of the great poet, what's his name, who says:

"When lovely woman wants a bonnet,
And her brute of a husband he won't buy,
How can she wring the wretch's bosom?
By sitting down to have a cry."

The husbands and fathers of Brooklyn are not adamant; neither are they petrified granite. They will, if they have not already, come down with the greenbacks, and make every angel in Brooklyn supremely happy by enabling her to call on her milliner, and order that loveliest thing she ever laid eyes on.

THE STYLE

of Fall and Winter hats is novel. Most new styles are novel. There is quite a fall in the size, but the prices have heroically advanced. The shape of the bonnet was of course suggested by the Empress Eugenie, who is married to the Emperor Napoleon III.

She lives at Paris, and keeps a large millinery establishment by which she supports herself and husband in elegant style.

The present shape was due to a pleasing domestic incident, which at once discloses the felicity of the imperial domestic circle, the playful nature of the Emperor, and the inventive talent of his august spouse.

The Emperor had come in from his club, where he had staid rather late playing three handed euchre

with Count Walewski and the American Minister, and having won the oyster supper and a basket of champagne, he was in a particularly good humor. Eugenie and her maids of honor had been sitting up late getting things ready, as it was opening day in Paris on the following Thursday. They had placed the hat which was to electrify the fashionable world on a chair, and the Emperor in a waggish mood sat down on it, singing that well known operatic air:

"I'm sitting on the style, Eugenie."

A scream of horror burst from the affrighted dames of honor, and Eugenie turned pale.

The Emperor arose. The hat which had towered like a Gothic arch, had been reduced to a flat roof. The Emperor, pursuing his playful fancy, turned the hat on one side, and sat on it again, to equalize the pressure and make the sides correspond with the top.

"There, my dear," observed his majesty, "is a new style of 'flat.'"

The Empress was delighted with the idea, embraced his majesty, and declaring the "shape" an inspiration, issued it as the style at the Paris opening, and in the language of another poet on the occasion of a calvary charge, "all the world wondered."

This story was told me by a "reliable milliner," and is of course authentic.

The shape is not to be disputed, but the material used is immaterial, and may depend upon the taste of the wearers, if they have got any.

Hats are chiefly made with velvet, silk or satin, with lace, tulle, flowers, ruches and ribbons.

Birds are out of season, the bonnets being converted into flower pots, and the only specimens of live stock tolerated among the rosebuds and sunflowers being bees and butterflies. Several ladies hitherto regarded as perfectly sane have been seen with a "bee in their bonnet."

Some of the specimens displayed were truly resplendent, and, acting on an irresistible impulse, I must describe one or two.

The most elegant and refined and tasteful, rich and handsome specimens were to be found at the superb French millinery establishment of Mme D'Oshaughnessé.

The principal object which transfixes the attention of the visitor on entering is a full dress hat of elegant *moire antique* uncut velvet, magenta and green, with full crown, and a fall of Bergen point lace; the inside was trimmed with an elegant *Charlotte ruche*, with a pea-green butterfly, very natural, resting upon a sunflower; an ostrich feather, drooping gracefully over a bunch of dandelions reposing on a lettuce leaf sprinkled with Iceland moss, completed the *tout ensemble*.

The next was an evening hat, very *recherché*. It was of sky-blue shirred satin, with lavender-colored ribbons in *méringues à la crème*; with drooping crown, over which falls a Shanghai feather; inside puffings of illusion, and an exquisite bouquet of Roses of Allendale, and flowers of Dumblane.

The jockeys, too, were very becoming—to young ladies on horseback.

The most charming things in this line are to be found, of course, at the elegant bazaar of that Parisian artiste, Madame John Smith.

The males' styles are rather more subdued.

The first thing on this head is

HATS.

The Fall style of hats are exceedingly elegant and cost eight dollars.

Crowns are still worn, and are generally found at the top of the hat.

The stovepipe order of architecture yet prevails in dress hats. The materials are silk and cassimere; the latter are usually known as *chapeaux de cast iron*.

The brims are of average width—which is about as wide as a piece of ribbon, and either slightly curled or straight, I forget which. (My hat hasn't come home yet.)

Hat stores are generally found on streets where they are located, and gentlemen will easily find them if they look in the right place.

To assist your readers I will mention a few of the most gentlemanly and artistic head decorators.

Mr. Smiffles, of 1,101 Fulton Street, sells the best hats in the business. The feature of this store is a superb black silk hat, lined with white muslin and leather. On the inside of the crown is the name of the maker in gilt letters, giving an elegant finish to

the lining; a narrow band of black braid, fastened with a chaste black buckle, surrounds the base of this magnificent tile, and completes the *tout ensemble*.

Mr. Caubeen, of 2,014 Columbia Street, has a most superior stock of soft hats, felts and cassimeres of the Parisian modes. Though the *haut ton* affect the elegant stove pipe, Kossuths are more in request.

They are much more convenient to sit upon than silk hats.

COATS

are still worn.

The materials chiefly in vogue are cloth.

Linen coats will not be worn much this winter.

Overcoats will be generally worn by those who can afford them.

Mr. Snip, of 914 Fulton, has a gorgeous display of these useful articles. The most noticeable specimen was a double breasted beaver, with two rows of buttons in front and a double row of button holes to correspond. The sleeves have openings to accommodate the arms, and there are four pockets, conveniently distributed, and capacious enough to hold half a pound of tea, a bar of soap, or a mackerel, which would save you from carrying a basket when you go to the grocery.

Mr. Sleeveboard, of 4,119 Court Street, has the most elegant assortment of business coats of the sack variety.

The tails of the sack are gradually receding upward. They now reach to the waist. By next summer the garment will be reduced to a collar and a pair of sleeves.

PANTS

have undergone no material change, or change of material. Every gentleman wears them, and they are said to be occasionally assumed by ladies of the married denomination.

The present style is now long, reaching from the waist down to the ankles, and are attached to the suspenders by means of buttons.

VESTS

will be generally worn this fall.

They are worn the same as before, under the coat, and usually buttoned up. The number of buttons depends on the taste of the wearer, or liberality of the tailor. I usually get as many buttons as I can, because when the vest wears out Mrs. O'Lanus cuts them off and keeps them to use when she makes our boy a suit. It saves buying new ones, and the boy is not old enough to appreciate the difference.

BOOTS

are still regarded as preferable to shoes for winter wear, and they save the expense of shoe strings.

The most elegant boots to be seen in the city, will be found at the store of Mr. Hammerwax, of 70 2 Montague Street. Among the articles he has on exhibition is an elegant pair of boots, the uppers of

which are real calf-skin. The soles are likewise of leather. They are also genuine rights and lefts. Attached to the tops on the inside are small straps which enable the wearer to pull them on with slight muscular exertion.

EPISTLE XXII.

The Atlantic Cable.

I SEE you don't believe in the Atlantic Cable.
Because you don't understand Field:

The cable is all right; it is safe at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Signals work beautifully.

All the electricians are delighted.

Field says so.

In a private dispatch to me, as soon as the Great Eastern ran into the ferry slip at Newfoundland, Field says:

FIELD TO O'LANUS.

DEAR CORRY: We have arrived here. The cable is laid. I left one end of it in Ireland and brought the other end over with me. The great event of the universe is accomplished. I am receiving congratulatory messages every ten seconds from all parts of the world. All right.

FIELD.

Upon which I replied:

O'LANUS TO FIELD.

DEAR FIELD: Allow me to congratulate you on your safe arrival with the end of the cable, and the end of your gorgeous enterprise. Your dispatches have been read by the marines with the utmost gratification. You are a great man, Cyrus. If we were in want of a President now, the Radicals would no doubt take you up for dispatches, which beat anything outside of the *Tribune's* account of the New Orleans riot. But we shan't want a President for a couple of years. If you had been in Brooklyn this week, I could have got you on the slate as a delegate to Saratoga, but it is too late now.

Tell Queen Victoria that Beecher's new organ is a great success, that the long stop operates beautifully.

Drop a line to Paris, and give my compliments to Napoleon; tell him I'm sorry he has got mixed on the German question. Mrs. O'Lanus would like to know how Eugenie wore her hair at the last reception. Mrs. O'Lanus is going into the country, and she wants to appear in the very latest style, and astonish the natives.

Yours telegraphically,

CORRY O'LANUS.

FIELD TO O'LANUS.

HEART'S CONTENT. }
August 1, P. M. }

DEAR CORRY: Cable working beautifully. Signals getting perfecter every minute. Messages arrive the day before they leave England. Just received congratulatory messages from the Lord Mayor of London and the Cham of Tartary. Sent your dispatch. The Queen is delighted about the organ. Tell Mrs. O'Lanus that the Empress wore her hair on her head. Which is the prevailing style at present.

London Markets—Cheese lively. Tallow candles dull, pig lead heavy; money in general demand for everything.

FIELD.

I forgot to ask Field how the German war is going on; but I learned from a private dispatch that there has been no fighting since the last battle.

The Prussian needle gun has sewed Austria up.

The needle gun is a great invention, but Brother Craige proposes to take it down with

A SEWING MACHINE BATTERY

of light artillery.

But I am losing the cable of my narrative.

I repose the utmost confidence in Field and the cable.

Particularly in Field.

You wait till the next steamer arrives, and you'll hear news that will convince you that the cable is a deep institution.

EPISTLE XXIII.

Anneke Jans and her Heirs.

I HAVE been looking up some property belonging to the family.
Are you an heir of

ANNEKE JANS?

Every other man you meet is.
So is every other woman.
So is everybody's children.
And their cousins.
Also their uncles, aunts and godmothers, and any other relations they may have.
The heirs of Anneke Jans, you know, own Trinity Church.
And pretty much the rest of New York below Central Park.

Heirs.

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Trinity Church claims the whole of it.
So do the heirs of Anneke Jans.

The church, being a corporation, is of course in the wrong.

Corporations have neither souls nor rights which anybody is bound to respect.

I ascertained that Mrs. O'Lanus was one of the heirs.

Our two children are also heirs on account of their mother.

The relationship was settled by an act of the Legislature of 1702, or thereabouts, which declared that all persons whose grandmothers were born in New York should be acknowledged as descendants of Anneke Jans, and entitled to all the property they could get.

This is so clear that the church can't get over it.

All you have to prove is:

That you had a grandmother.

That she had Dutch ancestors.

Who originally came from Holland.

The recent admission to the bar of my friend O'Pake, enabled me to place my case in the hands of trusty counsel.

I consulted him in the matter, and he proceeded in a business-like manner.

Which was to demand a retaining fee of ten dollars, merely, he observed, as a matter of form.

The first proceeding he said was to make a formal demand on the Sexton of Trinity Church for the delivery of our share of the property.

If he refused, then O'Pake said we should enter an action of ejectment against the church *pro forma et compos mentis*, to compel them to show cause why.

Then carry the case up on a *ne exeat* and produce our evidence.

In case the respondents (N. B. This is a legal term and means the parties you are suing) should offer to compromise with me, which is generally understood to be their little game when they get hold of an undeniable heir, O'Pake advised me not to settle for less than six full lots on Broadway.

I went over to Trinity Church.

I went on Sunday as the most likely time to find the folks in.

The Trustees were readily recognized by their gorgeous raiment, which is purple and fine linen, as accurately described in the Sunday papers.

I introduced myself at once as C. O'Lanus, husband of Artemesia O'Lanus, descendant of Anneke Jans in consequence of her grandmother, and heir to the Trinity property.

Also as father of Themistocles and Cassandra O'Lanus, children of the same, and likewise heirs, and said I'd trouble the church to hand over their share of the property at once, otherwise they would hear from my solicitor, which was Miles O'Pake, Esq. who had been instructed to commence an action forthwith in the Superior Court of New Lots.

Instead of defying the heirs of Anneke Jans, as I had understood the Trustees were in the habit of doing, the Head Centre of the party, who was quite

a respectable looking old chap with much expanse of waistcoat and blue spectacles, replied:

"Certainly, Mr. O'Lanus, we mean to do the square thing, and divide up this property among the heirs and have done with it. How much do you estimate the property to be worth?"

"I reckon," said I, "it's worth about sixty millions."

"That's the exact figure," said he; "we had it weighed last week, and estimated at Washington Market prices. Sixty millions is the figure, and there is just one hundred and twenty million heirs, which entitles each heir to fifty cents in currency as his or her share of the estate. You said, I believe, that you represented three heirs; your claim will amount to twelve shillings. If you will come over to-morrow during business hours, bring with you a deed of acquittance signed by the heirs, properly attested and internal revenue stamped, and change for a hundred dollar bill, we shall be happy to settle your claim."

I went to O'Pake, who had been celebrating his first case on the retaining fee and didn't feel well, and asked him what I had better do?

Says he, "It's a pity to settle such a splendid case. It would keep you in law for years if you only had the means. But Corry, you can't afford the luxury of law. It's expensive. As a professional man, I weep over a lost opportunity which I sacrifice to personal regard for an old friend. Don't go to law—take the twelve shillings. I shall only charge you

five dollars for advice and consultation, and if all the heirs of Anneke Jones get off as cheap they will be lucky."

I took his advice.

The account stands:	Cr.	Dr.
Received from Trinity estate.....	\$ 1 50	
Legal expenses.....		\$15 00
Ferriage.....		06
Revenue stamp.....		02
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$ 1 50	\$15 08
		1 50
		<hr/>
Balance out.....		13 58

If you know any more of Anneke's heirs, advise them to sell out.

It isn't paying business.

EPISTLE XXIV.

A Grand Discovery—A New Mineral Water—Its Wonderful Properties and Effects—Testimonials of its Efficacy—What it is Good for—Directions for use.

THERE has been quite a change since last we met.

The thermometer has ceased to be the object of interest—nobody quotes the temperature now.

It is only when it is confoundedly hot, or deucedly cold, that we care about knowing how the thermometer stands.

Between 20 and 80 degrees, that interesting instrument is an object of indifference to the multitude.

Such is the fate of mediocrity.

The close of the hot weather has rather interfered with a little speculation I had on foot.

It was a new

MINERAL WATER.

which I had got up.

It is no longer necessary to go to Saratoga, or drink home-made Kissingen.

One trial of the A No. 1 Bilge Water is sufficient.

I send you a circular, which you can publish and take out pay in Bilge Water.

It will do you good.

CIRCULAR :

The proprietor takes great pleasure, and hopes to derive much profit, in introducing to the dry and intelligent public the celebrated A No. 1 Bilge Water.

It is drawn from the remarkable spring at the renowned mineral watering place, Carnarsie, which has hitherto been undiscovered since the first settlement of Long Island.

The proprietor can guarantee its purity, since he manufactures it himself.

It contains all the qualities, medicinal and otherwise, of Saratoga, Congress, Kissingen, Croton, Vichy, Pyrmont, Seltzer, Empire, Cochituate, Ridgewood and other waters, mineral and otherwise.

It holds in solution heavy quantities of iron, silver, nickel, and other precious metals; barytes, potassium, saleratus, ginger, epsom salts and the essence of peppermint.

It is good for everything.

A No. 1 Bilge Water is warranted to cure all complaints.

TESTIMONIALS

have been received from the most eminent politicians, philosophers and divines, to whom samples have been sent free of charge.

FROM THE PRESIDENT.

WHITE HOUSE, July 4th.

DR. O'LANUS: I tried the case of your A No. 1 Bilge Water, which you sent me, with the most gratifying result to the Constitution of the United States. It has effected a dissolution of the Cabinet, and another case will bring about an adjournment of Congress. I have ordered a supply for the Philadelphia Convention.

Yours gratefully,

A. JOHNSON.

FROM A DISTINGUISHED DIVINE.

CHURCH ON THE HILL.

DEAR SIR: I have used sixty bottles of your A No. 1 Bilge Water with the happiest result. I have been afflicted with black bile for many years, and nothing has done me any good until I tried your valuable discovery. It has cleared my vision and I can now regard the white man as an object of Christian solicitude.

T. L. POUNDTEXT, D. D.

FROM PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

DEAR O'LANUS: I have tried your A. No. 1 Bilge Water on our New Organ, with the most wonderful result. It has imparted quite a new tone to the instrument.

H. W. B.

Testimonials.

FROM THE REV. S. T.—1860—X.

State Street, July 19th.

SIR : I have taken forty bottles of your A No. 1 Bilge Water, and pronounce it equal to Plantation Bitters in improving my temper. I send you back the empty bottles to have them re-filled on the same terms.

Yours,

S—T. 1860.—D. D.

FROM O'PAKE.

FRIEND CORRY : Your A No. 1 Bilge water is a big thing. Taken with an equal quantity of Bourbon, it is quite a pleasant drink. Next to Bourbon straight there is nothing like it for a tonic beverage.

Still fondly thine own

M. O'PAKE.

The A No. 1 Bilge Water has received the approval equally cordial from the Army and Navy of the United States. In evidence of which I have glowing testimonials from Major Gen. R. Tillary, Brigadier A. D. Camp, Admiral O'Kum, Gen. D. Kanter of the Marines, and many others.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS,

made by an eminent professor of chemistry.

"I have analyzed a barrel of A No. 1 Bilge Water and find it to contain no ingredient deleterious or otherwise. Its properties embrace chemical qualities superior to all other mineral waters. It is highly tonic, diuretic, cathartic, antaretic and prophylactic. It will cure chills and fever, lumbago, chilblains, the mumps, bunions and the toothache. It is a good thing to wean infants on, and an excellent hair restorative.

O. P. O'DELDOC,

Professor of Chemistry, Canarsie College.



Latest style in ladies' bonnets. Corry O'Lanus relates how Louis Napoleon introduced the new fashion.—See page 127.

Directions for Use.

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DIRECTIONS FOR USE

The A No. 1 Bilge Water may be taken at all hours. From ten to fifteen bottles before breakfast, and about thirty bottles in the course of the day, is the constitutional allowance.

It is put up in green bottles with the Fenian coat of arms on the cork and none are genuine unless signed C. O'LANUS.

I send you twenty-five dozen for your private use, and you can add a certificate of your own experience if you survive it.

N. B.—(Private)—O'Pake's method of using the water is probably the safest, and if you haven't taken the pledge, I should recommend it.

EPISTLE XXV.

The East River Bridge Question—The Ice Bridge and other Bridges—A Bridge as is a Bridge—A Bridge to Jersey—A Plan to Recover our Abridged Privileges and Bridge the Excise Law—Diagram of the O'Lanus Bridge from the Original Drawing.

I SEE you have the prevailing complaint, which is

BRIDGE ON THE BRAIN.

I have considered the subject myself in all its bearings, and have come to the conclusion that the only way by which we shall ever be able to cross the river without the aid of ferry-boats is by means of a bridge.

Let us have a bridge by all means.

Owing to the prevalence of ice, and the inability of ferry-boats to float on anything but water, the communication with New York during the past week has been otherwise than expeditious or comfortable.

The bridge constructed by J. Frost on Wednesday was not reliable.

The East River Bridge.

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I did not patronize it.

I thought I would go over to say I had done it.

It is considered something to brag of to your grandchildren.

I know a man whose grandfather crossed the North River on ice, about two hundred years ago, and he mentions it every time it freezes as a matter of family history to be proud of.

My grandchildren might, I thought, mention with pride that I had gone over the river on ice.

Mentioning this to Mrs. O'Lanus she promptly responded: "Don't you be a fool.

"If you go on the ice it will be sure to break and let you in, and you'll be brought home soaking wet, and then be going round the house complaining of the rheumatism for the rest of the winter. Don't you do it."

"But, my dear," I expostulated, "consider our grandchildren, and"—

"Bother your grandchildren, how do you know you'll ever have any?"

The present contingency of getting wet, and the doubtful nature of the future, dampened my enthusiasm, and I concluded to wait for a more reliable bridge.

I have given the bridge question close study.

Examined all the bridges on the Gowanus Canal, and read all the plans published.

Also signed the petition to the Legislature for a bridge twice a day during the past week.

If we don't have a bridge it won't be my fault.

In fact, if anybody will lend me the money, I'll build a bridge myself.

It won't take much.

Only three millions.

And Murphy's bill says, if anybody will build it for three millions, the city will give them four millions for it.

Here is a chance to make a million.

As I didn't draw the Crosby Opera House, and my religious newspaper has not met with the encouragement it deserved, I am not ready for a new enterprise.

There are several

PLANS FOR A BRIDGE,

some of which differ from others.

One plan is for a suspension bridge.

Now a bridge liable to suspension would be no better than the ferry, which has been in the state of suspension for several days.

I have got a plan for a bridge, the advantages of which are striking.

I don't think we ought to be selfish while we are about so great an undertaking, and we ought to remember the folks in Jersey who are liable to be froze up as well as ourselves.

My plan is to bridge the North and East rivers in one job, and bring Hoboken into direct communication with the Wallabout, so that when Washington avenue is extended and Harteau's basin built, we

shall have a direct line of communication with New Jersey, so that people can get over there on Sunday and take a drink in spite of the Excise Law.

My plan contemplates a bridge from the top of Fort Greene to Weehawken Heights, over New York and both rivers.

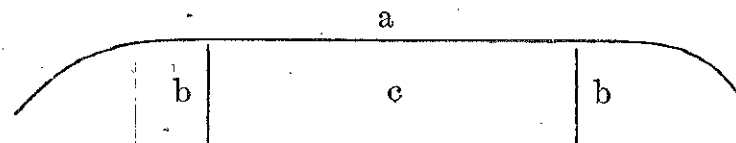
For the accommodation of way passengers I would have a landing over New York with a dumb waiter down one of the columns to hoist and lower folks who wanted to get in and out at that city.

This is a little ahead of any proposition I have yet seen.

Such a bridge would be an ornament to the country and a joy to posterity.

To convey an idea to the general mind of the plan and outline and appearance of the bridge, I send you the following diagram, which I drew on a slate without any assistance.

PLAN OF THE O'LANUS BRIDGE.



EXPLANATION.—*a* is the top of the bridge, where people can walk over the river without getting their feet wet, regardless of ice. It will also be strong enough to bear railroad cars and ice wagons. *b* are the buttresses which hold up the bridge. The buttresses will be sunk in post-holes to make them firm and steady. *c* is the river, which flows calmly beneath in all weathers.

The beauty of this plan is its striking simplicity. It can be done in iron or stone, the material is immaterial to me.

My idea is to build it on the gift enterprise plan.

The bridge will cost say six millions.

Sell a million shares at ten dollars each, which will raise ten millions, allowing a margin for printing, (I shall have a good deal of printing done,) and a commission for the architect.

Each subscriber is entitled to a photograph copy of the bridge, like the above illustration.

When the bridge is built a drawing will take place.

The man who owns the lucky number can draw the bridge.

He can draw it how he likes, with a corkscrew or with a piece of chalk on a shingle.

The other prizes will consist of season tickets to Prospect Park and dissolving views of the Crosby Art Association.

I have sent this plan to Albany, with a promise of a dozen tickets to each member of the Legislature.

Editors giving favorable notices will be entitled to similar favors.

LATER PROCEEDINGS.

The bridge is coming on handsomely. There are sixty-two plans before the committee, but my plan is regarded with favor.

Some people want a two-story bridge, but I think

one-story will do to start; with you can put on another story afterwards if you want to.

A basement might be included in my plan, but it would be rather damp.

You want a high and dry bridge.

Another point is the number of arches.

Now I am not particular to an arch, but the more arches you have the more abutments you want, and abutments are expensive, owing to the price of stone.

Here a question arises about the foundation. What kind of a bottom has the East River got?

A motion was made at the last meeting to turn it bottom upwards and see.

This was opposed by the Engineer, who explained the consequences—the water would all run out.

Then O'Pake, with his usual obtuseness, said that would be just the thing, we could walk over to New York on dry land.

But what would become of the Ferry Company, in which some of us own stock?

Besides which we shouldn't want any bridge.

The motion was lost.

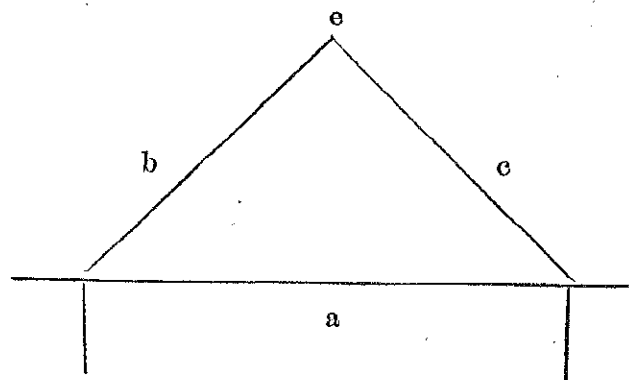
Subsequently, on motion, a diving committee was appointed to make a survey of the bottom of the river and report.

The committee asked for time, as it was too cold at present to go into water, but promised, as soon as salt-water bathing was practicable, to dive into the business.

We must await the report of the committee before taking further action.

We have engaged a practical engineer of much experience. He ran a saw-mill in the country for eight months, and designed a bridge over the Chenango Canal. He presented me with a copy of his original design, drawn on a shingle with a piece of charcoal.

I send it to you, and think you might reproduce it in the paper, to give an idea of his architectural genius, and inspire public confidence in the success of our resplendent enterprise.



THE ENGINEER'S DESIGN.

The advantages of this design will strike you when I explain them.

A, is the main roadway for a railroad, horses and wagons, ice carts and such.

B and C, inclining planks, will afford a path for foot passengers, where they will be in no danger of being run over, and they can cross the bridge at half the usual exertion.

They need only walk half way thus—on reaching

the apex, E, they can sit down on their trowsers and, owing to the declivity, slide the rest of the way.

O'Pake has inquired how about the ladies. Well—they can ride over.

Thus you see every objection to the practicability of this great project vanishes, and nothing that can be accomplished is impossible.

EPISTLE XXVI.

PETROLEUM PAPERS.—No. I.

A Start for the Oil Regions—Perils of the Erie Line-

SINCE O'Pake made a million in the oil regions and moved his family into the upper circle of society, Mrs. O'Lanus has had symptoms of oil on the brain. She thinks it would be a good thing to get rich.

So do I.

"Then," says she, "why don't you?"

I replied that the reasons were too numerous and of too complex a character to admit of a direct reply. But the principal reason was because I couldn't.

"Do as O'Pake did; be an oil company."

The suggestion struck me as worthy of consideration.

In the present condition of the country it is the patriotic duty of every citizen to get as rich as he can, in order to contribute as much as possible towards the support of the government by the way of income tax.

I determined to start at once for the oil regions.

Tour to the Oil Regions. 155

Packing up a change of collars, a pair of socks and a gimlet, I started on my

TOUR TO THE OIL REGIONS,

of which I propose to give you the first and only original account.

In explanation to the uninformed public, I would describe what petroleum is.

It is not a mineral substance.

It don't grow on trees.

Its character is oleaginous and its form is fluid. But it is not good to drink.

It was undoubtedly known to the ancients. Authentic records, not yet in possession of the L. I. Historical Society, show that Noah took a barrel of petroleum into the ark to grease the animals when they got rusty from the prevailing dampness.

The deluge closed up all the oil wells which had been previously bored, and Noah's family having engaged in other business, the oil was forgotten.

It was next discovered in Ireland, near Blarney, in the time of Brian Boru, and it was used for centuries in the manufacture of whiskey.

The word "potheen" is probably the Milesian for petroleum.

When Oliver Cromwell undertook to exterminate Ireland, his first step was to cut off their supply of whiskey, and for that purpose he had all the petroleum pumped out of the kingdom.

This is one of the wrongs the Fenian brotherhood have sworn to avenge.

Petroleum was next discovered in Pennsylvania, where it has remained ever since.

In starting for the oil regions, the best route to take is over the Fulton Ferry, as the regions generally lie on the other side of New York.

If you give the man who lives in the little house at the gate two cents, he will let you go through.

You will find a ferry boat waiting for you.

These ferry boats have two cabins. One is called the gentlemen's cabin, chiefly because it is never fit for a gentleman to sit in, unless he prefers breathing concentrated tobacco smoke, or prefers standing up to his ankles in tobacco juice.

The voyage across the East River is brief—unless there happens to be a ship lying across the slip.

You land in the city of New York, a very large suburb of Brooklyn.

It has no "heights," no Plymouth Church, and is consequently an ungodly city, given up to mock auctioneers, patent safe inventors, bounty brokers, Common Councilmen and other wickedness.

The traveller to the oil regions should not pause in New York—except to take a drink, and then pursue his journey.

Particularly avoid Barnum's Museum, as a delusion and a snare, and don't get run over in Broadway if you can help it.

If you propose to go by the Erie Railroad, you had better go to the foot of Chambers Street, as it don't

start from anywhere else. Here you will come to a ferry, which is much like Fulton Ferry, only the boats are not so big, and the river is bigger.

When you get across the river you will be in Jersey.

At another time I propose to write a paper for the Historical Society, on the entomology, ethnology, zoology and other things of New Jersey. At present I shall proceed on my journey, as I know your readers are anxious to hear about the oil regions.

You don't have to go far into New Jersey before you come to a train of cars. As the people of New Jersey speak and understand English tolerably well, you can by inquiring ascertain which cars are going the way you would go, and about the time—within an hour or so—when they are going to start.

I got in and took possession of half a seat—the other half was filled to overflowing by an elderly inclined lady, given to stoutness, whose mind was burdened with the care of five bundles and a market basket.

She said she wanted to get out at Podunk, if I would be so kind as to tell her when we got there. She said she kept a farm at Podunk, and had a husband and seven children, two on 'em married, and another liable to the draft.

In the course of an hour or two after the time advertised, having boiled steam enough on the locomotive, the engineer took a parting drink at the depot, a fresh chew of tobacco, hollered "all aboard!" rang a bell, gave a screech, and we started along into the bowels the land of Jersey.

We had hardly got going when a chap behind me touched me on the shoulder.

He wore a broad brimmed hat, his hair was long, he hadn't been addicted to shaving, his eye was inquisitive and he carried a note-book and an inch and a half of lead pencil. I knew him at once; he was a reporter, and my blood run cold.

Says he, "I'll trouble you for your name and address, your business, age, and if married, number of family."

"Young man," says I, "what do you mean?"

"Why, the fact is," said this chap, "I'm a reporter, this is 'accident day' on the Erie Line, and to get the particulars of the smash-up in the Tunnel in time for the evening edition, I go on the train. When persons are instantly killed it's difficult to get their names, and if they are only mortally wounded, it is painful to get particulars out of them, so I get all the names in advance, and strike off afterwards all those who escape."

"My gracious! young man, are collisions a regular habit on the Erie?"

"Rather. Tunnel very dark. Engineers can't see each other. Two trains meet; another train runs into the rear. Awful smashes occasionally. Company have opened a private cemetery in the Tunnel, more than half full now."

"Ain't you reporters afraid of getting killed," says I.

"Not at all—Company couldn't afford it. Kill a newspaper man, and the press of the country

would be aroused. Press would arouse public opinion, and Erie would go up higher than a kite."

"Do you think there is any particular danger at the present time," said I.

"Chances of a 'big item' very promising. Dunkirk mail four hours over due. Morris and Essex train about at the Bergen curve. Paterson train started fifteen seconds after we did and about a hundred and fifty yards behind; engineer tight as a wedge, switchman probably playing euchre with my chum who takes the outside view and will write 'another account,' of the catastrophe. Trains will come together about centre of tunnel."

Here this chap's eyes sparkled with professional enthusiasm, and he began to write out a big heading. "Another catastrophe on the Erie Tunnel." "Two hundred and fifty lives lost." "Scenes by an eye witness," etc.

The old lady next to me had fainted at an early stage of the conversation, and lay buried beneath her bundles.

A young man came around to light the lamps—we were approaching the Tunnel.

The reporter was now absorbed in business. He firmly grasped his note-book and pencil, and was listening intently for the sound of the whistle of the approaching train which was to knock us all to smash.

I could stand it no longer.

"Young man!" I exclaimed, frantically, "is there no escape from impending doom?"

"Yes," says he, "the Company has humanely provid-

ed that trains shall come to a halt at the entrance of the Tunnel, and those who don't like to risk the passage can get out and walk. But you had better stay in and see it out. It will be a splendid accident. And if you should get knocked off, I'll guarantee you a handsome obituary in the New York *Muddler*. But if you get behind the old lady, who is pretty stout, and would make a good cushion, I think your chances would be good for nothing worse than a smashed leg or two."

I heeded not these persuasions. The locomotive gave a plaintive screech, the speed gradually slackened, and the train came to a stop.

I concluded not to stop. Hastily clutching my baggage, I jumped from the platform and ran.

I came back and got home safe, and narrated my narrow escape to Mrs. O'Lanus.

She didn't see it. She said the reporter had been selling me.

I indignantly scorned such a supposition.

She has been asking me ever since to bring home a paper containing the account of that accident.

I haven't seen it yet. Perhaps it didn't come off.

But for this incident I should probably have been at the oil regions.

When I go I'll let you know.

EPISTLE XXVII.

PETROLEUM PAPERS.—No. II.

At the Oil Regions—Hotels and things there—Elevated Real Estates.

OIL REGIONS, PA.

I HAVE reached the land of oil, having taken a safer route than the Erie.

Pennsylvania is a good sized state, and it takes some time to get here.

When you do get here you wish you hadn't come.

There is plenty of oil—and that's all, except lots of people.

I made for "Snaky Run," the most likely place for oil.

They call these places runs, because everybody who is after oil runs here.

Every man you meet is the President, Director or Engineer of a petroleum company.

The natives, who are white people, and resemble country folks, live by selling land and greenhorns.

They have a system in both transactions. They double the price of land every morning.

If you know anybody who has got a few vacant lots that he wants to sell, tell him to bring them out here.

The folks are too busy looking for oil, they haven't time to build houses, and everybody is afraid to put up a house for fear that he might cover an oil well.

Consequently the hotels are a little crowded.

The Muggins Hotel, where I put up, is much so.

Muggins, the proprietor, is the most accommodating man you ever saw. A city railroad conductor isn't a circumstance to him.

He has only got six beds in the house, but he is always ready to take in everybody.

He took me in.

Also two hundred more petroleum pilgrims.

The sleeping accommodations are various. We go to bed in platoons.

When the first platoon get asleep they are carefully taken out of bed and hung over a clothes line. The second platoon go through the same process until everybody is provided for.

Preferring to sleep alone, I slept on the mantle-piece with the coal-scuttle for a pillow.

As I observed, land is precious out here.

I bought a lot ten inches by four, for three hundred thousand dollars, and commenced operations.

The next thing is to commence boring.

You want a sharp bore. A public lecturer won't do. Neither will a skating gimlet.

I took a brace-and-bit, and went in. Got down about seven hundred thousand feet into the bowels of the land when I came to an impediment.

Found that I had struck the pre-Adamite rock, of the ossified strata of the Silurian formation.

This is geology, and perhaps you won't understand it, but I will explain it all in the paper to the Historical Society I am about writing.

Got a candle and went down to see about it.

I found a big Megatherium about six hundred feet long, and nine hundred wide, in a capital state of preservation.

I got him out and shall send him on by express.

Went on boring through forty thousand feet of sand-stone. Here encountered a strange smell of sulphur, which alarmed the native who sold me the land, and to ease his conscience he gave me half the money back, and wanted me to stop boring.

Told him I was bound to keep on until I struck ile, or came out the other side of creation.

Bored on. Went through about sixty thousand feet more, when suddenly the brace-and-bit went in, and there was a grand report like that made by Butler's powder boat which didn't blow up Fort Fisher.

Things were slightly confused for a time. A section of Pennsylvania went up, and I went up with it. I guess I must have come down again, as the next idea I had, was finding myself comfortably hung over the clothes line at the Muggins Hotel.

An investigation into the matter showed that I had struck through to a gas factory in China, which had exploded at both ends of the bore, killing half a million Chinese.

The casualties on our side were confined to one native and a small dog.

The Megatherium had also disappeared; probably scared off by the explosion.

I haven't given up yet. The folks here are very encouraging, they will stick to a man as long as he has got a cent left, and I never knew Muggins to turn a man out of his hotel who had the means to pay his bill.

A kind-hearted chap offered me another piece of land, the size of a stove plate, within a mile and a half of a seven hundred barrel well, for the reasonable figure of half a million and two-thirds of the oil.

I concluded that boring for oil is not so profitable as bleeding the public. I shall start an oil company on more liberal terms than any yet offered.

I shall be prepared to guarantee anything. The capital will be a million dollars, divided into two million shares at fifty cents each.

Dividends of two hundred per cent. will be paid weekly, in addition to which each subscriber will be entitled to a season ticket for Lanigan's Ball, a new hat, a farm in Minnesota, and a ton of coal at market prices.

The "Scaly Run" Petroleum Company will be the biggest thing in oil in the market.

I am coming on to arrange the business as soon as

my friends remit me funds enough to pay my way back.

LATER.

The recent deluge in the oil regions has materially affected the petroleum interest.

Instead of oil being poured on the troubled waters, the troubled waters poured down upon the oil.

Stocks can be watered, but this was a watering of the dividends that stockholders didn't approve of.

Floods don't affect my companies. Our oil wells are not near any rivers.

Or anywhere else.

The report that a citizen in Pineapple Street, while having sewer connection made on his premises, had struck oil in his back basement, is unfounded. It was only a bottle of hair oil belonging to the cook.

P. S.—The deeper I go into the oil question the more I ascertain about it.

Solomon was right when he said there was nothing new under the sun.

The oil business is ancient and honorable. The patriarchs had petroleum companies, and struck ile.

Do you know that

JOB WAS THE FIRST MAN WHO STRUCK ILE.

Here is my authority. Job says:

"When I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oil." (Job, chap. xxiv., v. 6.)

That accounts for Job being so rich.

I have been inquiring where that rock was, and find it was in the land of Uz, which is down east.

This mine, according to Job, who ought to be good authority, produced not only oil, but butter. Just think of the dividends on butter at 65 cents at the corner grocery!

Look out for the prospectus of the "Uz Petroleum Company."

EPISTLE XXVIII.

PETROLEUM PAPERS.—No. III.

Local Oil Companies—Strikes Extraordinary—Wealth and Munificence of the Subscribers.

PERHAPS you'll think I'm getting to be a bore on oil, but boring is the only way to strike oil.

I have just launched fourteen more new companies with capitals of a million each. The shares are going off like hot cakes.

Everybody wants them. Lawyers, doctors, switch-tenders, chambermaids, counter-jumpers, drug clerks, reporters, policemen, bounty-brokers, provost-marshals, contractors, married women, railroad conductors, organ grinders, cooks and old maids, all want them.

Children cry for them.

Shares are sold at prices to suit circumstances, from ten cents each up.

Oil is being discovered everywhere.

I discovered some at Red Hook the other day.

It was in barrels.

Some folks think petroleum is dangerous, because it burnt up a section of Philadelphia the other day.

The oil may be dangerous, but it isn't a circumstance to the stock; the way some folks will get burnt on that one of these days will be a caution to brokers.

My enterprises are all *bona fide*.

If the wells turn out well all will be well.

The "Bushwick Creek and Penny Bridge Petroleum Company," being a local enterprise, is entitled to support.

The directors are all honorable men, and actuated by the best of motives. Their credit is good at the corner grocery, and they have never been known to cheat their milkman.

The company owns a site of land on Bushwick Creek, and are now diligently boring for oil and subscription to their stock.

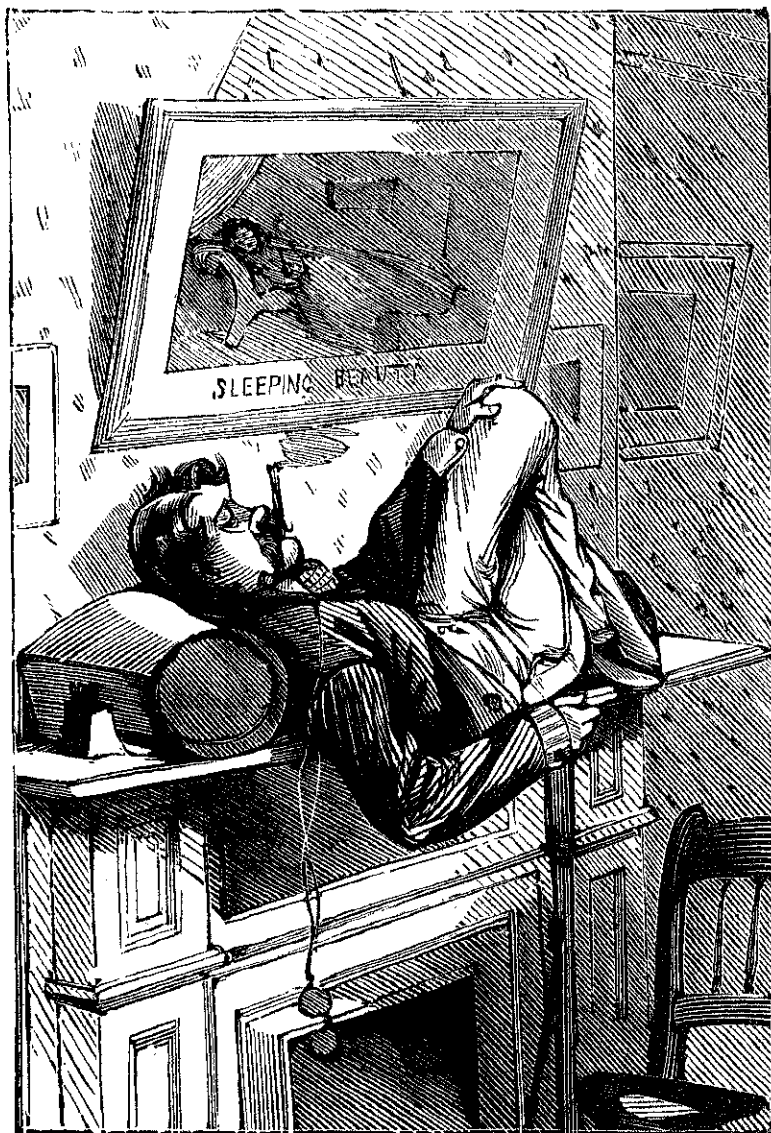
Several eminent bores have been engaged with remarkable success so far.

They haven't struck it yet, but there is no telling but what they may.

One well gives great promise. At the depth of sixty-five thousand feet the bores struck lard.

Ten thousand feet lower they struck soft-soap.

The bores next struck for wages, which the company haven't been able to pay yet. They will do so, however, as soon as sufficient subscriptions are paid in, and boring will be resumed.



Mr. O'Lanus visits the oil regions of Pennsylvania, and, as the Hotels are crowded, the obliging landlord permits him to sleep on the mantel-piece.—See page 162.

Bushwick Creek Company. 169

The "Patch Petroleum Company" is another local institution, with a well on Gowanus Creek.

This well is expected to produce the best quality of toilet soap.

I won't trouble you with a full list of the sixty-five petroleum companies in which I am director and treasurer, but they are all sure investments, and one is just as promising as the other.

I accumulated an immense fortune several days ago, but I shall keep on piling it up, out of purely patriotic motives, that I may pay as large an income tax as possible for the support of the government.

I think of finishing Prospect Park at my own expense and presenting it to the city. Also a few boulevards.

THE BUSHWICK CREEK OIL COMPANY

is doing as well as can be expected.

We are boring at the rate of a thousand feet a day, and several veins have been struck.

I have had one sample of the oil analyzed, and find it contains:

Benzole 1, chloride of sodium 1, pure petroleum 45, Orange County butter 11, hair oil, in bottles, 6, brandy peaches 30, paraffine candles 4, calf's foot jelly 2.

I have started nineteen new Companies during the week with thirty millions of capital. Par value of shares, \$2.50, at ten cents each.

No liability, no responsibility, no future assessment—or anything else.

All shareholders have to do, is to pay in their money, and they need have no further anxiety about it—it will be taken care of.

We have adopted a new style of advertising, which is quite neat and effective, and has the additional advantage of not costing anything—the editors of the newspapers have not found it out yet.

41144 HOOKEY ST., N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "GREENHORN:"

SIR—I have just received intelligence that the Skunk's Hole Well, in O'Gammon County, Pa., belonging to the "United Grand Junction Scalliwag Petroleum Co.," has increased its flow of oil two million barrels a day.

Yours, all o. k,

C. O'LANUS.

Editors publish it as an item.

Grand Junction office immediately overwhelmed with subscriptions.

Directors dine at Delmonico's; toast the press; and subscribe for a new season of opera.

There is a great demand for old gentlemen of a clerical aspect, who can make up well in a suit of black and a white necktie.

They are wanted for Presidents of Petroleum Companies.

Deacons of churches are in great requisition, if personal appearance corresponds with vocation.

Bald heads are not so much thought of. They are too common.

Long silvery locks, and a patriarchal aspect, is an oil well to the possessor.

Who could doubt the reliability of a Petroleum Company with such a President?

EPISTLE XXIX.

PETROLEUM PAPERS.—No. IV.

Mrs. O'Lanus goes to the Opera.

THE oil business is a big interest when you get into it.

Wall street is a better location for the business than Pennsylvania.

Digging oil wells is sometimes uncertain, but sinking a paper shaft into the pockets of the people is a pretty sure speculation.

It is almost as profitable as the bounty broking business.

And a good deal safer.

I am now conducting sixteen Petroleum Companies, and intend starting nine more next week. The stock is going off as fast as we can print it. They are all splendid investments, and there will be no

danger of having to pay any income tax next year, if you put your capital down in oil.

The tax is imposed on the dividends of the companies.

In order to save the tax, no dividends will be declared.

If you have got any capital to invest, drop in at the Petroleum Exchange.

Being now in the oil business, Mrs. C. O'Lanus considers it her duty to maintain the dignity of Petroleum in private life.

We can't move into our brown-stone mansion before the 1st of May, though it is chafing to the spirit exalted by oil to have to abide in a two-story cottage. Such improvements as can be made are attended to.

Our door-plate is polished every morning, and we take an extra quart of milk.

I go in and out of the front door now, instead of the basement.

Appearances are everything.

In view of our present position in society Mrs. O'Lanus deemed it her duty to go to

THE OPERA.

where everybody goes who is anybody, or wants to make believe they are.

We went.

I don't think it cost us over two hundred dollars. Mrs. O'L. was got up in the highest style of art.

Her dress was marvellous, and her opera cloak was a miracle. Hats were not worn at the opera, and she had her hair done in waterfalls, cascades, rosebuds, camellias and things.

When the carriage came to the door, Mrs. O'L. stepped forth in all her grandeur, and entered the vehicle, which she comfortably filled with her expanding brocade silk, and for fear of spoiling the effect by crushing the dress, I rode on the box with the coachman, with the opera glass, two shawls, and a pair of overshoes, to put on when we came out.

In order to make a becoming appearance, Mrs. O'L. did not mind risking a cold going, but considered it prudent to take every precaution on coming home.

We drove up to the Academy with a flourish, and were received by a gentleman in uniform, whom Mrs. O'L. first took to be a Brigadier-General, but who turned out to be an officer in Jones's Brigade.

He gave me a ticket, and the driver another, so that I could recover him, like an umbrella, when we came out.

Mrs. O'L. had told me to secure seats in advance.

I did. I secured the most advanced seats in the house, which were next to the orchestra.

I hadn't told her this; I thought it would be a pleasant surprise.

She evidently was surprised, but not pleasantly so.

She looked as she generally does when she has something on her mind for which she holds me responsible.

She was almost moved to tears, but she restrained their flow, as she afterward observed that it wasn't fashionable to display any emotion whatever.

"We might as well have been musicians at once, and sat in the orchestra," she observed when we got home. "We couldn't see anybody but the private boxes, and I don't know whether I made any impression on the audience."

I assured her that she was the cynosure of all eyes, for when I turned my head around two or three times, everybody was looking our way.

I had a good opportunity of studying the orchestra, and I got quite familiar with the big fiddle who stood in front of me, and bisected my view of the stage.

The brass instruments are assigned to young men of a clerical aspect, while the light, genteel instruments are played by vigorous and robust gentlemen. The violoncello was a compromise, being an elderly gentleman who had grown through his hair at the top. They came up from a subterraneous passage, and as they appeared after each brief retirement they were accompanied by an odor of tobacco and lager. On account of the music being Italian, the orchestra is usually of the German faith.

I bought a "book of the opera," containing the words in English and Italian, and Mrs. O'L. went through it during the overture, so as to be prepared for what was to come.

This book greatly enhanced my opinion of the Italian language, for I found it just as intelligible as the English.

The opera was called "Fra Diavolo," after the name of the mild young man who sings the tenor part. He is supposed to be a brigand, but he don't look like it. It is a business that requires muscle. Sig. Fra Lotti Diavolo ought to train at Burnham's Gymnasium, and eat bronchial troches to strengthen his voice.

The opera is all about this little fellow. The Metropolitan Police not prevailing in Italy, the government sends a regiment of soldiers after Diavolo. Instead of attending to their business they spend most of their time singing choruses, while their officer, whose commission ought to have been revoked for not singing better, is making love to the innkeeper's daughter.

I admired the young lady myself. She sings like a cherubim, and has pretty ankles.

I observed this to Mrs. O'L., who didn't seem to approve of the latter part of the observation, and took the opera glass away from me.

There is an English Lord in the piece, who wears check pantaloons and red sidewhiskers, as is the universal custom among English noblemen. His wife is a very fine looking woman, with a fine voice and a white poodle.

They sing, like everybody else. In Italy singing is the chief business of life, as exemplified in opera.

The Lord sings at the Captain, who sings back. His soldiers come to the rescue, and after singing themselves up to a pitch of heroic determination they start off to look for Diavolo, who comes in soon

after, disguised as a respectable citizen, in a pair of top boots, white small and a top coat, in which he resembles a post boy in good circumstances.

He sings likewise. So does the inn-keeper's daughter. The innkeeper neglects his business to sing. Everybody sings except the poodle, who appears to have too much respect for his species, to do anything of the kind.

The second act takes place in the young lady's bedroom.

After the rest of the folks had gone to bed singing, the young lady prepares for her couch, right before the audience. Being Italian, nothing is thought of such a proceeding. Her disrobing is watched with a great deal of interest by three brigands, and an appreciative audience.

The lady having taken off her apron and three hair pins, goes to bed singing, and has operatic dreams. The brigands then commit a burglary in the highest style of art, to slow music.

The Captain of the soldiers, who sits up all night, then comes into the lady's bedroom, and wakes the house up, and there's a terrible musical time by all hands.

The opera winds up in the mountains. Mr. Diavolo has assumed his natural attire and a small gun, and is looking out for stray travellers. He expresses his views of things to music, and goes off. The rest of the people then come in and sing variously. Two young ladies in very short and very light skirts, who are not able to sing, are allowed to dance.

The two scallywags of brigands, who couldn't keep it to themselves that they were in the young lady's bedroom when she retired, are deservedly found out. They are arrested after a cavatina, denounced in a strong chorus, and searched in a duet; documentary evidence and a stolen pocket handkerchief are found in their possession. The soldiers, other people and the music then lie low until Diavolo comes out, when he is "shot on the spot," to the comfort of everybody concerned, and which was a just retribution for undertaking a part he was not fitted for.

Everybody having indulged in a final chorus, the curtain came down and it was all over.

EPISTLE XXX.

PETROLEUM PAPERS. No. V.

Mrs. O'Lanus indulges her Taste for the Fine Arts.

WHEN a man strikes ile, it is his duty to patronize art. Petroleum is naturally associated with oil painting.

When O'Pake became a millionaire, he went extensively into oil paintings, and he has got quite a handsome collection.

He bought a collection of works of the old masters at an auction in the Bowery. Ostade, Teniers, Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, Homer, Aristides, Oliver Cromwell, Paul Jones. Rubens, William Tell, Sophocles, Victor Hugo, and eminent antediluvian artists.

I don't think these chaps knew much about painting, judging from O'Pake's specimens, but they are valuable as antiquities.

You see the common mind does not understand the true merit of the fine arts.

Age is everything.

Dilapidation is all the rest.

If you doubt it inquire of the Historical Society.

A distinguished connoisseur, whose collection is the envy of a wide circle of discriminating critics, assured me privately that he kept his pictures in a smoke-house, to impart the ancient tone and flavor of the old masters.

I had been looking at some very old pictures in Chathan street, which would have done to start my collection. They could have been had quite cheap, only five dollars a pair; the Hebrew custodian of these works of art not understanding the preciousness of the antique.

But Mrs. O'Lanus, who was selecting the rest of the furniture for our new mansion, said she wasn't going to have any second hand pictures.

She wanted bran new ones, or none at all.

On the subject of art Mrs. O'L. is somewhat heterodox. It is best to let woman follow the natural instincts of her lovely nature.

It promotes peace in the family; so I let her order the pictures.

She selected that promising artist, Rembrandt Titian Jones, who wears long hair, a slouched hat, turned down collar, and a walking cane, and who devotes his existence to coloring canvas and a meerschauum.

He came to the house, measured the walls, and took an order for a full set of pictures, consisting of two landscapes, a marine view, a fruit piece, a scene up the Hudson, the White Mountains by Moonlight, Lake George, and a few other trifles.

I insisted on a view of the Alps. Every collection has the Alps and a Swiss Lake.

That reminded Mrs. O'Lanus that she had forgotten Niagara Falls.

The Alps and Niagara were added to the order. Mrs. O'L. wouldn't admit the Swiss Lake; she thought the Falls would be water enough for the collection.

The artist promised to have them all done in three weeks. Mrs. O'L. wanted them sooner, but Jones said he couldn't do justice to the subjects in less time and finish two or three other pictures he had on hand; one of which, a view of the Weehawken Mountains, eight feet by five feet two, he must finish for the exhibition this week.

Jones at last agreed to let us have the landscapes in ten days.

The landscapes came, and when I returned I found Mrs. O'Lanus in a frame of mind bordering on indignation.

"Really," said she, "I didn't think an artist could be capable of such meanness."

"What has he done, my dear?"

"Done," said Mrs. O'L., "look at that, there are only three cows in that landscape; Mrs. O'Pake has got five in hers."

I soothed her by promising to call at once on Jones and have the deficiency in live stock made good.

Jones at first objected. He said it would spoil the artistic effect.

Mrs. O'L. said that was only his meanness. I accordingly insisted on more cows.

Jones finally gave up, and introduced two more cows; one short-horned and one Durham, to give variety to the scene.

The other pictures haven't come home yet.

Our pictures were not in the exhibition. We didn't wish to ruin the rest of the artists by comparison.

There were, however, some good bits of painting in the collection.

No. 708. View of Fulton Ferry in a Fog, by Muggins, was very natural. The fog is so dense you can't see anything else. Nothing but the sound of the bell which is generally rung on such occasions is wanted to complete the delusion.

No. 1104. Fruit piece, by Nubbles. The dried apples look very natural, while the hickory nuts look as if they ought to be cracked.

No. 3001. Sunset in the Wallabout. A superb picture. The chiaroscuro, combined with the perspective, are unsurpassed. The slantendicular rays of the setting sun illumine the spars of the North Carolina, and show in beautiful relief the workmen, whose daily toil is over, emerging from the gate with their dinner kettles in their hands, about to return to their peaceful homes. The artist is Michael Angelo Buonarotti Smith, one of our most rising artists. The picture was painted for our distinguished fellow townsman, P. Troleum, Esq., who, before he struck ile, used to agitate a jackplane in the Navy Yard.

The picture is, therefore, suggestive.

No. 702. A Prairie, by Scroggs. The effect is com-

prehensive, the depth being only equalled by the breadth. Such broad effects could only be produced by the largest sized whitewash brush, and an unlimited supply of paint.

No. 4,901. Fish, by Smelts. Represents a boiled lobster and a plate of oysters on the half-shell.

The portrait of General Sherman in very striking. He looks as though he was striking a final blow at the rebellion. The redness of the General's whiskers is satisfactorily explained by the artist. The picture was taken when Wheeler's cavalry had interrupted his communications and cut off his supply of hair dye.

The picture of three children and a cat is very good, particularly the cat. The thread the cat is playing with is very finely drawn. Mrs. O'Lanus recognized it at once as Wilson's No. 12 spool cotton, which the children in their sportiveness had no doubt taken from their mamma's work-box. Mrs. O'L. would have ordered a picture just like it, only we have no cat at present, and only two children.

Altogether the exhibition is one of the finest we have seen since the one we previously attended.

The Hanging Committee discharged their painful duty conscientiously. If they could conveniently hang some of the artists before they had an opportunity to inflict any more pictures on the public, they would enhance the obligation of the public for their efforts.

EPISTLE XXXI.

About Chowder and Chowder Parties—A Suggestion for our Policemen—The Sports of Youth and the Fragility of Glass—Propensities and Education of our Offspring—The Legal Profession Considered as a Desirable Destiny for Young Men—O'Pake's Position and Prospects—A Calumny Exposed.

DO you belong to a Chowder Club?

Chowder Clubs are in season now, and prevail numerously at Sheepshead Bay.

Sheepshead Bay was designed for Chowder Clubs, or else Chowder Clubs were instituted for the benefit of Sheepshead Bay.

They go together as naturally as Coney Island and clams.

The inhabitants of Sheepshead Bay are divided into two classes.

One class keeps hotels, and the other keeps boats to let.

The only earthly inducements that take people to Sheepshead Bay are to fish and eat chowder.

Both are very dry occupations, and the hotel-keepers sell a great deal of whiskey and lager to the fishing and chowder parties.

I don't know who invented

CHOWDER,

or for what wise purpose it was invented, unless it was to enable the Sheepshead Bayans to make a living.

Chowder is fearfully and wonderfully made.

I have detected clams in chowder, and other varieties of fish and vegetable.

But if you haven't one thing you can make it out of another—anything indigestible can be worked in.

Old boot tops, umbrellas and felt hats, properly seasoned, will pass muster when clams are scarce, and no other kind of fish is to be had.

O'Pake delights in chowder, and as his Club went down to the Bay the other day, he inveigled me into going along.

We went down in a big omnibus with six horses, with flags on their heads.

As we went along the streets small boys called us "hi, hi!"

We said "hi, hi" back.

O'Pake had brought a bottle of whiskey along, in case we should get dry between the hotels.

Everybody took a starting drink.

We picked O'Bleek up on the corner of Fifth Avenue and took a drink with him.

We subsequently took a drink all round.

We got on the road and stopped at the first hotel to take a drink.

At the next hotel we stopped to water the horses and whiskey the party.

We eventually reached the Bay, and took a drink in honor of our safe arrival.

The Committee on Chowder, who were miraculously sober, began to cook this delectable provender.

Chowder is concocted in a cauldron something like the one used by the three disreputable old ladies in Macbeth.

I guess the witches were having a chowder party when Mac dropped in upon them.

Chowder is boiled, and requires to be tasted very often during the process.

In the course of time it is pronounced "done."

While the chowder was being done the party amused themselves by taking drinks.

Everybody is expected to pronounce the chowder the best he ever tasted, and eat as much as he can hold.

After the chowder, drinks are resumed, and kept up at easy intervals of ten minutes during the rest of the day.

In the course of the evening the horses get hitched up and the party starts for home, pleasantly winding up the excursion by stopping at every hotel on the way and taking a drink.

I have some recollection of having got home that night, and hearing the cheerful voice of Mrs. O'Lanus,

observing something about a "pretty condition for that time of a man to come home with a night, and the sooner he takes his boots off to-bed the better."

I never knew Mrs. O'Lanus to be so indistinct before.

I went to bed and dreamt I was the Quadrilateral in a state of siege, with Garibaldi keeping up a lively bombardment.

I was anxious to surrender, because the garrison had been out of water for six months, and I was awful dry.

The next morning I found that chowder didn't agree with me.

I have hardly got settled yet.

The sight of a six horse stage still revives unpleasant sensations.

Spring, or, as the poet calls it, ethereal mildness, has come.

It is a rather pleasant style of weather, and I hope it will continue.

Snow is a good thing in its way; it promotes sleigh-riding and is good for the agricultural districts, but in the city it is rather in the way.

I got tired of shoveling snow off our front stoop and sidewalk, which had to be done in consequence of a policeman on our block who was familiar with the city ordinances, and was fond of quoting them to the neighbors after every snow storm.

Snow being out of season, that policeman will have nothing to do but watch the sportive youths who, when denied the luxury of snowballs, use stones as substitutes.

If he does not consider small boys beneath his notice, I wish he would keep an eye on these youths who have such a fancy for projectiles.

One of them projected a lemon through our parlor window.

As the window happened to be shut at the time, one of the panes of glass had to make an opening for it.

At the present price of putty, window glazing is expensive.

Mrs. O'Lanus is soliciting proposals from all the glass-put-in men who come along.

The lowest figure at which any of these artists will repair the damages is ten shillings.

I love to gaze upon childhood pursuing happiness while it may, but this particular recreation is too expensive.

Our Themistocles has a weakness for throwing stones which is often brought home to me by neighbors who come in to complain.

I have tried to convince him of the error of his ways. I have reasoned with him with a rattan, and Mrs. O'Lanus has tried the persuasions of a slipper.

But we only effect a temporary abstinence; the first thing we know he is at it again.

He is an unlucky youth—if he breaks a window he is sure to be detected and exposed to his parents with a bill for damages.

The expenses of that boy's education will include a large item for mending broken windows, besides being a source of anxiety to his mother, who assures

me every day that it is impossible to keep him looking tidy.

He certainly has a remarkable talent for tearing his trousers.

Allusions to policemen used to exert a wholesome influence over him, but latterly the guardian of the peace has lost his terrors for Themistocles, and he now irreverently speaks of him as an M. P., and says, "The M. P. can't take you up unless he sees you do something."

Where the boy got his knowledge of the law I don't know. It is quite remarkable for his age.

Mrs. O'Lanus thinks that he will turn out to be a great man when he grows up, and may be President of the United States or a Justice of the Peace one of these days.

When he is old enough I think I will put him under instructions to O'Pake to study for the bar.

The law is a very good profession to put a young man at when you don't know what else to do with him.

It is a genteel business,—don't require much capital, either in cash or intellect, to start in business with.

All you want is to hire an office, a small boy to hang around the premises, and get your name painted in gilt letters on a tin shingle to nail to the door post as a bait to the unwary.

If he finds the law is too hard work, or don't pay for want of work, having plenty of leisure he can cultivate politics and get an office.

It may lead him into the Legislature, or even to the Common Council, but there are risks in all professions.

O'Pake is making out very well.

He has had one case already.

It was the police court, I believe.

Whiskey was the foundation of the suit.

Which would naturally account for O'Pake's connection with it.

His client was acquitted.

Whether he got him off on an alibi or a habeas corpus I didn't hear.

Anyway it was a triumph for O'Pake, and his friends talk of running him for District Attorney or County Judge.

He is a rising man, is O'Pake.

He is laying the foundation of a successful career by joining all sorts of societies.

He belongs to the Ward Democratic Club, a Fenian circle, the Dew Drop Socials; is one of the fourth nine of the Hit-or-Miss Base Ball Club, and turned out with the Striker Musketeers.

The report that he had taken the pledge is a calumny, got up by a rival who wants to damage him with the liquor interest.

Nobody who knew him believed it for a moment, but some misguided Son of Temperance took it up and quoted the rumor one evening at a meeting, as an evidence of the progress of the movement.

Whereupon the head Patriarch of the division gave out the hymn:

"Brethren, rejoice, the day has come,
When sinners vile forsake their rum.
With songs of praise the echoes wake.
For a rescued brother, Miles O'Pake "

It hurt O'Pake's feelings, and took away his appetite so that he didn't drink anything for half a day ; but he is better now, and his views on the Excise Law are unchanged.

EPISTLE XXXII.

Will Saltpetre Explode ?

I HAVE been called in to assist the Aldermen who are trying to ascertain whether

SALTPETRE WILL EXPLODE.

Something exploded some time ago on the dock, you'll remember. Somebody said it was saltpetre. Explosions are dangerous if you happen to be too close to them when they are going off, and it is best to avoid them.

The Aldermen have got a Committee sitting on it, at three dollars per day.

They have accumulated a wonderful deal of scientific and chemical knowledge, has that Committee. They now know more than any Aldermen ever knew before.

Scientific men from all parts of the city have enlightened the Committee.

It was demonstrated by one scientific gentleman that gunpowder, the most combustible material known to science, is perfectly harmless if soaked in water for

twenty-four hours. This brings to mind the memorable advice of Cromwell to his soldiers, to keep their powder dry.

The scientific gentleman further explained to the Aldermen, that even when kept perfectly dry, powder will not explode unless it be brought in immediate contact with fire. He explained the various uses of gunpowder, to fire salutes, make fire crackers, blast rocks, and kill rebels. The latter use it to shoot loyal men, showing how the gifts of science may be perverted.

Mr. Doublex, who represented the insurance interest, said he had a deep interest in the proceedings. If the Aldermen would find out what was dangerous to insure, it would save the insurance companies the trouble and expense of finding out for themselves. As a general thing insurance companies never insured anything that was uninsurable, except at double premium. He had had a good deal of experience himself, and had written to the secretary of an insurance company in Constantinople for information on the subject, and had received a reply in the Turkish language, which he would be happy to read for the information of the committee, if any of the committee understood the language.

The committee didn't.

In conclusion, Mr. D. said the insurance companies were desirous of abating fires, as they interfered with their dividends. They therefore hoped the Common Council would pass an ordinance prohibiting fires in the city of Brooklyn.

Ald. McMuddle wanted to know what would become of the Fire Department if fires were abolished? It would throw out of employment several bell-ringers, and ruin the patentee of the hose clamp.

The committee decided that these interests were too great to be trifled with.

THE SAGE OF

Williamsburgh then arose, smoothed his beard, gazed compassionately on the surrounding ignorance, and solved the problem:

"Gentlemen," he observed, "this is a scientific subject of great depth, and I have gone into it several fathoms. This atmosphere is composed of various gases, which are susceptible of various combinations, with one another, or otherwise. These combinations are either harmless, or they are not. When they are not they are dangerous. Combustion is produced when gases are combined so as to form an inflammable gas. There are oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, carburetted hydrogen, sulphuretted hydrogen."

Ald. Grapevine wanted to know if London Dock gin belonged to the family.

The sage replied that that kind of gin was a fluid deduction of the same elements, and very wholesome when taken in moderate quantities.

The great element in combustion was carbon. All that was necessary to prevent fires was to exclude carbon. You could no more get up a fire without carbon than you could make punch without whiskey.

The great question, gentlemen, is, will saltpetere explode?

"That's what we want to know," said Mr. Doublex.

"Well, sir," continued the sage, "I can enlighten the world on that point. Saltpetre when let alone is as harmless as an untapped barrel of lager. It won't spontaneously combust without the interference of carbon, as I before observed. Charcoal is a harmless and useful substance, but add to it largely of saltpetre, and slightly of sulphur, and it becomes that highly explosive compound designated as gunpowder."

Mr. Doublex observed that accounted for a domestic phenomenon. His wife always cleaned her teeth with pulverized charcoal, and an occasional tendency to blow everybody up was now explained. He made a note of the discovery for the benefit of the insurance companies, and charcoal wagons are now rated as extra dangerous.

The sage here remarked that he was too dry to proceed any further, so he dried up.

Ald. Grapevine said it was evident, from the remarks of the learned sage, that the whole difficulty lay with carbon, and that all that was necessary would be to prohibit the manufacture or storage of carbon in the city of Brooklyn, and an ordinance could be drawn up to that effect.

EPISTLE XXXIII.

CORRY RUNS FOR CONGRESS.

Having decided by particular request to run for Congress in the Brooklyn district, I expect to be sustained, and submit reasons for my course—A lucid explanation of the Registry Law—A few Campaign Documents—Read, Ponder and Digest.

NO man is ready to make more sacrifices for the party than I will.

Rather than jeopardize its success I am willing to see the hopes and aspirations of my best friends blighted, and other men nominated for the offices they aspire to.

But my nomination is demanded by the citizens of all colors, and various descent.

The tax-payers want me.

The workingmen demand Corry.

The ladies unanimously insist on Corry.

Children cry for Corry.

Soothing syrup is not a circumstance to my popularity.

I am a universal remedy, like O'Neil's Bitters, for all the ills that the body politic is heir to.

The City Convention will act accordingly.

As soon as I am nominated I shall have my portrait taken, and send you my biography, showing that I was born, and had parents; how old I was when I had the measles, and other important incidents of my life.

Until then I abstain from further political discussion.

My letter to the Army and Navy Association, defining my views on the subject of allowing soldiers and sailors to have all the offices they can get, was mislaid the other night.

I send it to you now :

RED HOOK, October 25.

DEAR COLONEL : Not having received your circular addressed to candidates on the subject of preferring honorably discharged soldiers and sailors (which I presume included marines) for public employment, I feel under obligation to reply to it.

I might appeal to my record: but, as it would give you some trouble to find it, I won't.

The question is a momentous one, and fraught with consequences.

Occupying, as I do, a public position before the community, the cynosure of all eyes, anything that I may say will be regarded as an expression of my sentiments, which, as everybody who knows me is aware, always have been as they are now, and will continue to be, whether elected or otherwise.

The soldier is an institution the country has reason to be proud of.

Likewise the sailor.

I am proud of them. I like to see them marching in their gay and festive uniforms after a band of music and a Brigadier General on horseback.

And I mentally exclaim to myself, such is the glory of our country.

These gallant boys in blue have all fought and bled, many of them died for their country.

Those who haven't died are naturally desirous of making a living, and a few propose to adopt the political profession.

As a member of that noble profession, and one who aspires to the highest municipal "sit," I welcome the Veterans with open arms.

I believe that it is the duty of all the other candidates, if their professions of regard for the soldier are sincere, to retire at once from the canvass and make room for soldiers.

As an example, Colonel, I am ready to fill out my ticket with soldiers or sailors.

I am ready to sacrifice O'Pake, if you have a soldier fit for the Comptrollership.

In short, Colonel, confidentially, I am prepared to make as handsome a bid for the soldiers' vote as any other man.

Fully assured of the cordial and unanimous support of your association,

I remain,

Yours where glory awaits us,

CORRY O'LANUS,

Next Mayor of Brooklyn.

I think that will do.

This will assure my election. The other candidates had better withdraw and save their printer's bills.

Next week I shall have a private mass meeting of my own, at which I shall preside and do all the speaking.

This is the last opportunity I shall have of addressing my fellow citizens on the momentous issues of the election, and of impressing upon their minds the necessity for voting for me.

There is nothing needed to insure my election but a sufficient number of votes.

The Registry Law was a malignant device of the last Legislature to defeat me, but the intelligent voters of Brooklyn only need thwart this nefarious scheme to defeat it.

The first thing is to get registered.

The law I know is complicated, but it is clear enough when you understand it.

The points settled by opinion of the Attorney General of the Marine Court, are as follows:

I. Citizens between the ages of 21 and 100 are entitled to be registered.

II. Naturalized citizens must produce their papers, if they have got any, if they haven't they can swear they've lost them. If the Inspectors won't put their names down, they can swear at the Inspectors.

III. Citizens who were born here, must produce a testimonial to that effect from the family physician and a monthly nurse in attendance; likewise a copy of their parents' marriage certificate.

IV. Male persons whose parents came to this country before the war of 1812, are entitled to vote on attaining the age of 21, provided they were born here, and it is the duty of Inspectors to put their names down on application on proper proof of the above facts.

V. Citizens from a foreign land who have previously voted for the last ten years without going to the trouble of taking out any papers, are not obliged to state these facts to the Inspectors, but it would be advisable to take out papers before they are registered.

VI. Any man who went to Canada to avoid the draft and still resides there, is not entitled to vote in the district he used to live in before he went away, and the Inspectors are not bound to register his name.

VII. A man whose name has been copied from the poll list of

the district he lived in last year, and who has also been registered in the district he moved into on the first of May last, is not required by law to vote in both districts.

It is the duty of every Democrat to see that his name is registered; Republicans needn't if they don't want to; as they are bound to be beat, it is hardly worth their while voting, unless they repent and conclude to vote for me.

I have got up some capital

CAMPAIGN DOCUMENTS,

which you can publish. They must strike every intelligent voter as conclusive evidence that they should vote for me and Slocum.

The logic is slightly *Tribunish*, but otherwise the style is original.

Here they are:

"Under the Democratic administration of Franklin Pierce, coal was five dollars a ton; since Wood has been Mayor, butter has risen to sixty-five cents per pound. Vote for Corry O'Lanus and economy!

"Every vote cast for Boggs is to encourage the destruction of pumps, and insure a further advance in the price of milk! !

"Mechanics vote for O'Lanus. He is in favor of everything, except the cholera!

"O'Lanus is an upright citizen, always pays his debts,—see card from his grocer and washerwoman in another column. . .

"Gen. Slocum took Atlanta, while the Republican candidate for Mayor was in Brooklyn, earning two dollars a day in peace and security as a Supervisor. All who disapprove of such conduct should vote for O'Lanus and Slocum,—particularly O'Lanus.

"Firemen, O'Lanus is your friend: he looks upon a conflagration as a sublime spectacle, and he is willing to let you work without pay as long as you like.

C. O'L."

EPISTLE XXXIV.

DRAFT PAPERS.—No. I.

How the Quota was Estimated, and Who were Exempt.

I SEND you all the particulars I can obtain about

THE DRAFT

which is impending.

Brooklyn is once more called upon to fill her quota, but the men wouldn't come when they were called, so they will have to be sent for.

The Supervisors stopped paying bounties, because they hadn't any money,

People won't accept this excuse when they were drafted. It was the business of the Supervisors to get money. If they couldn't get it by selling bonds, why didn't they try oil?

I have promised to rescue my fellow citizens from the fatal wheel, if human agency, backed by the influence of oil, can accomplish anything.

I wrote a private note to my friend A. L., LL. D.,

How to get out of the Draft. 201

for an explanation of the present apportionment, and what time would be given to get clear of it.

He sent me one of his lucid replies, which explains the whole case. Here it is:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

February, 1865.

DEAR CORRY: Yours came to hand. I have seen Fry, who makes the thing just as clear as refined petroleum. The last call was made for the purpose of attaining its object, which was men, irrespective of the number of prisoners taken at Vicksburg, or without deducting the present membership of the 14th regiment Veteran Society. The quotas apportioned on the basis of the astronomical calculation of the next eclipse, to which is added the diameter of the planet Mars. From these you deduct all the credits you can get, and by dividing the total by the 4th of March, you will have the exact quota of each district, more or less as the case may be. The draft will in no case be postponed after it has taken place, but it will not commence before it begins in any of the districts which have filled their quota by voluntary enlistments.

Yours, &c.,

A. L., LL. D.

The public now understand what they are to expect.

I had a consultation with several supervisors, but they were able to devise only one plan to escape the draft.

The Third Ward you know is out of the draft, and it was suggested that if everybody would move into the Third Ward they would be all out of the draft.

The only obstacle to this ingenious plan was the fact that the Third Ward was full as well as its quota, and wouldn't hold any more people.

Everybody wants to hire a house in the Third Ward for next year.

Rents have consequently gone up. Landlords add the price of a substitute to their previous demand.

For the benefit of all who are concerned, I republish the decisions made last Fall, as to who were

EXEMPT FROM THE DRAFT:

"A man who paid \$300 commutation under the first draft, and has since died, is not liable."

"A man who has furnished an alien substitute, and is over forty-five years of age is not liable."

"Females of all ages are exempt."

"Young men who have postponed their twentieth birthday on account of the draft are liable—if they are found out."

"Any man who has not been enrolled can have his name put on the list on application at the Provost Marshal's office. And such persons shall be entitled to all the privileges of the draft, in the same manner as though his name had been originally enrolled by the proper officer."

"Going to Canada for a few months to see a relative does not debar a citizen from his right to be enrolled and drafted."

"Because a man's father has a wooden leg his son is not exempt, unless he inherited the infirmity."

"If a drafted man is mustered into service for one year, and gets killed within three months, his executors are not bound to furnish a substitute for the balance of the term."

These decisions are *not* by Fry. Consequently they may be relied upon.

EPISTLE XXXV.

DRAFT PAPERS.—No. II.

Corry is Drafted—His Reflections Thereon—Advice and Information for Conscripts—The Doctor on the Situation—How to Make the Draft Pay.

I PERCEIVE by the papers that I have been drafted.

Of course nobody is to blame but the Supervisors, whom I shall call to account personally for their neglect to fill my quota.

I have received the condolence of numerous friends over forty-five years of age, who assure me that it is an honor and privilege to serve one's country.

Tempore mutantur. It is strange how different we view things at different periods of life. Patriotism does not attain full bloom in this country until after the forty-fifth year.

Youth, which ought to be in arms and eager for the fray, often turns its face to the North, instead of the South, and invades the land of neutrality owned

by her blessed Majesty, instead of the domain of Jeff Davis.

I think the advice of Mr. Bozzaris "to fight for your altars and your fires," is very good; that is provided you have any altars to fight for.

I haven't an altar.

I keep fires in the house, and they are anxiety enough when coal is thirteen dollars a ton, without having to fight for them.

But then there is the Union to preserve. Of course the Union must and shall be preserved, and if anybody hauls down its flag he ought to be shot on the spot.

Or anywhere else.

I have always cultivated the patriotic sentiment, and encouraged enlistments.

I have always maintained to every man I conversed with that it was the duty of every other man to serve his country.

I have sent quite a number of my own and my wife's relations to the war, and I have always been willing to let the rest go, as soon as they got ready.

But there are more ways of serving your country than fighting, bleeding and dying for it.

This sounds well. From observation I should judge that it affords a man great satisfaction to be able to say, My grandfather fought, bled, and died in the revolution.

But I don't think it was as pleasant for the grandfather.

Glory is a fine legacy to leave your children, but glory won't pay grocer's bills.

When a man is drafted, he is called upon to perform a duty he owes to his country. And when a duty devolves upon a man, he is bound to get out of it the best way he can.

When a man finds that his name has been drawn, he should at once consider whether he is able to go.

And if so, where he will go to.

The conscription act does not require drafted men to report in Canada.

No U. S. military department has yet been established in that region, and young men who have gone there have never been able to find a Provost Marshal's office to report at.

Look at the family Bible and see if you are not turned forty-five yet.

Try and recollect if you ever sprained your ankle when you were a boy, and have never thoroughly got over it.

If you have a cold, improve it, cultivate your cough in the lower, or chest notes.

Fits are good property, and rheumatism is as good as a substitute.

Exemptions for physical disability will only be granted on the following grounds.

1. Loss of one leg.
2. Loss of both legs.
3. One or more arms lacking.
4. Hydrochlorosis of the epigastric conglomeratus, when chronic.
5. Optagenitis.
6. Loss of one or more eyes.

7. Being deaf and dumb from infancy, or other causes.

8. Having a leg and six ribs broken by a railroad accident.

9. Epileptic fits.

10. Other fits. (N. B.—Conscripts with this malady must bring a specimen fit with them when they go before the examining surgeon.)

Loss of appetite is not an exemption.

Being of a stupendously robust nature there is no hope of my getting through on any of these grounds. I haven't made up my mind yet what I'll do.

I advise any conscript brethren to keep cool until the time comes. Go to the Gymnasium and get their muscle up, so as to be in good fighting condition, and when they are called upon—put in a substitute.

The Provost Marshal has been good enough to notify me that I have been drafted.

I was aware of it before, but it was obliging in him to remind me of it.

He wants to see me next week, to ascertain my physical ability, whether I am of age or over age. Whether I am an alien or a lunatic, and how many years I have been in the service.

I have consulted with some conscripts who have been through.

They say the Doctor is not so particular as he used to be.

That medical personage reads the *Tribune*, and is quite sanguine that the rebellion is on its last legs, and that those legs can't last long.

One chap came up who had been cultivating consumption as a draft insurance.

"What's the matter with you?" said Sawbones.

"Got consumption, bad; only half a lung left."

"Half a lung—well that will last you nine months; rebellion will be over by the 4th of July. Time enough to serve your country, sir, and hand down an inheritance of glory to your posterity. Give him a uniform, sergeant."

The next chap who came up for exemption said he was a habitual drunkard, and presented his nose as a certificate.

"Art thou likewise a plebeian?" said Galen.

"Rather. My parents were in the hook and basket line. I am assistant engineer of an ash cart, when necessity compels labor to obtain the needful, when there's no election coming off, and I have to buy my own whiskey."

"Then embrace the tide that leads to fortune. Join the army, distinguish yourself by extinguishing the rebellion, and the Vice-Presidency awaits thee."

I am afraid I shan't get off this side of the St. Lawrence.

Being drafted is not a bad thing for some people.

I know a chap who expects to make money out of it. He joined a draft association and was drafted. His association are to get him a substitute with the County bounty. He expects to get \$300 out of the Common Council. Deduct \$100 paid to association, this leaves \$200 profit.

He thinks of becoming a conscript by profession,

and if there are only drafts enough, he will make money.

It is unnecessary to add that he is a strictly loyal man, and in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, to the last man and the last dollar.

EPISTLE XXXVI.

About the Holidays and Holiday Presents—Some Hints on that Subject, also on Ladies' Fairs—Christmas as a Festival—Mrs. O'Lanus's Christmas Tree.

THE Holidays have set in with their usual severity.

Everybody is supposed to have lots of money and to be exceedingly anxious to get rid of it.

Everybody who has got anything to sell is anxious to make you believe that it is the most suitable thing in the world for a Holiday present.

There is anything you want, or your friends may want, from a corkscrew to an India rubber jackknife—all suitable for Holiday presents.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

are good things to receive.

I receive all I can get.

I am not at all particular; anything from a turkey to a house and lot.

It is much more blessed to give than to receive.

I have tried to impress this fact upon my acquaintances, but they don't see it to any given extent.

In selecting Holiday presents it is as well to study the tastes and circumstances of the case.

I wouldn't, for instance, present a young lady with a meerschäum

Or a friend with a wooden leg, with a pair of skates.

You may derive assistance from the

LADIES' FAIRS

which break out like the measles just before the holidays.

I haven't been to any this season.

And I don't mean to go to any next season, or the season after.

I have been there, and seen as much of the elephant as I can afford.

If you want to experience, in a strictly moral way, the combined effects of the patent-safe operation, fighting the tiger, and a course of bluff on a Mississippi steamboat, go to a Fair.

The money I have invested in preposterous wax dolls, worsted elephants, canton flannel rabbits, and in chances in lotteries that never were drawn,—at least I never won any of the sets of china, silver sugar bowls, or bottles of hair dye that were to be raffled—would have bought a neat cottage in Gowanus.

Like some of our storekeepers, they sell "regardless of cost."

An article that cost two dollars, is sold in the most reckless manner for fifteen.

Not being a millionaire or wishing to be regarded in that light, I decline all invitations to Fairs.

As a matter of principle and accommodation to any friends or relatives, I prefer being the recipient of holiday gifts.

But being a man of family, I am one of the victims of

SANTA CLAUS.

I think it is time missionaries were sent out to wean the juvenile mind from this superstition.

I believe it was introduced to this country by the Dutch.

Santa Claus, long pipes, and the art of coloring eggs are about the only things the Dutch ever introduced to this country, besides themselves.

The St. Nicholas Society ought to be called upon to pay the expenses of keeping up these offerings to that mythical saint of theirs.

I speak feelingly, as a father who has got two stockings to fill to-morrow night, with toys at war prices.

You have been writing about the rapacity of coal dealers, retail butchers and corner grocers, but the toy and general variety business want looking after.

Neither the premium on gold nor the inflation of the currency can justify charging five cents for a penny whistle, or a dollar and a quarter for a Noah's Ark, in which the variety of animals is exceedingly limited.

If we had only known it in time we might have formed a Mutual Toy Company and purchased them at the mines at first cost.

CHRISTMAS

has been claimed as a Fenian festival on account of the wearing of the green.

I wrote to O'Mahony about it, and he referred the matter to the Senate.

The Senate has laid the matter over till Stephens arrives.

Without waiting for Stephens, Mrs. O'Lanus has draped our apartments in the livery of the brotherhood.

Our back parlor looks like a vegetable stand in Washington Market.

Besides any quantity of greens strung up like dried apples in a New England kitchen, she has got a Christmas tree.

That tree, which cost seventy-five cents at the corner grocery, and twenty-five cents for a block of wood to plant it in, has occupied the family mind for several days.

Some trees may be known by their fruits, but it would puzzle a horticulturist to define the genus of that shrub, by the present attachments to its branches.

It grows a large quantity of confectionery; sugar lions, chocolate contrabands, lemons, cornucopias, pretzels, a porcelain baby, a woolly dog on wheels,

three apples and one hundred oranges, and other things too numerous to mention.

My boy Themistocles, who takes an interest beyond his years in the fire engine round the corner, conceived an incendiary idea.

He invested some currency I gave him in small paper lanterns with green and red candles in them.

He hung them on the tree and proposed to illuminate the bower at nightfall by lighting up these lanterns.

Mrs. O'Lanus thought it was quite a luminous idea, and concurred in it.

I remonstrated and set forth the inconvenience of being burnt out at this season of the year.

To which Mrs. O'Lanus rejoined that it was just me; I never wanted the children to enjoy themselves.

The illumination is to take place on Monday night.

I have privately notified the engine company round the corner to be prepared for an alarm of fire at a moment's notice.

I have also engaged a small boy for a gratuity to stand in front of the house to holler fire, as soon as he sees me drop the marble top table and the two children out of the parlor window.

Where you can't prevent the risk there is nothing like taking precautions.

I like to see children enjoy themselves.

I don't care how much noise they make in the house when I'm not home.

Youth is the period for innocent pleasure, and why should the festive infants be debarred from following the moral injunction to go it while you're young?

Strange as it may seem, I was once a boy myself, wore round jackets, chased the festive ball, and pursued the fleeing hoop.

I was quite young at the time, and didn't know any better.

My parents, who regarded me as a future President of the United States, little thought I would ever write for newspapers.

But there is no telling what your children may come to.

It is a painful reflection, as you gaze upon a group of American youth engaged in the innocent pastime of raising mud pies on the curb-stone, to think that some of them may live to become Aldermen.

But what is to be will happen.

The best way is to cultivate the opportunities of the fleeting moment, and let futurity look out for itself.

I recommend everybody to enjoy themselves on Christmas day.

I shall be as happy as a man can be expected to be with apprehensions on his mind of a conflagration when that illumination comes off.

EPISTLE XXXVII.

*Historical—Congressional History—Napoleon on Cæsar
—A Further Installment of the History of Long Island.*

I HAVE just received a dispatch from Washington.

Congress wants a history of the Rebellion written, and seeing my historical papers last week they want to know what I will undertake the job for.

I don't think I could do it according to specifications.

Congress wants a highly colored history.

The historian will be called upon to prove:

1st—That all fighting on the Union side was done by the darkies.

2d—That if it hadn't been for the darkies the rebellion would have been going yet.

3d—That the darkies saved the Union.

4th—That the only people in the country to be trusted are the darkies.

Greeley didn't quite come up to the mark.

Swinton has too much regard for facts.

Abbott's imagination was exhausted on Napoleon No. 1.

Parton might do up the darkies biographically, but as there are three millions of them, it would take too long to do them up one at a time.

So I was sent for.

History is a gorgeous theme for the ambitious writer.

Napoleon has gone into it, and selected Julius Cæsar as a suitable subject to serve up.

Cæsar flourished in Rome about nineteen hundred years ago, consequently it is perfectly safe to write about him.

Shakespeare has used him up dramatically; and he has always been considered an indispensable character in Roman history.

His wife's name was California, and she was chiefly remarkable for being above suspicion—Mrs. Grundy couldn't say anything against her.

Cæsar went to the Capitol one day to attend a meeting of Congress, when a party of Radicals pitched on him and bled him to death.

A distinguished Roman named Mark, Antony, delivered his funeral oration, which is to this day considered quite an eloquent effort, almost equal to Bancroft.

Cæsar was a great man in his day, but as a General I don't think he would have been a match for Grant.

I shall leave ancient history to Napoleon and Plutarch, and let Bancroft finish the United States,—

having contracted with the Historical Society to do Long Island historically in sections.

I am now preparing a paper on

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF SHEEPSHEAD BAY, from the discovery of Barren Island to the landing of the Wycoffs on Coney Island.

The more you inquire into the history of Long Island, the more you know about it.

Long Island was in existence when America was discovered, and was occupied by several Indian families, who came over to avoid the high rents prevalent in New-York.

There is some doubt as to the derivation of the term "Long" Island.

It is supposed by some historians to have been derived from the fact that the Island is longer lengthwise than it is breadthwise.

Just as like as not.

The Dutch wanted to call it Nassau Island, but nobody but the St. Nicholas Society has adopted that idea.

Previous to the landing of the Dutch not much is known about Long Island, as the Indians did not publish any daily newspapers.

The Fulton Ferry was not established, nor the Academy of Music built.

Building lots on the Heights could be had cheap then.

If I had only thought of sending my ancestors over about that time to invest their capital in real es-

tate, I might have been quite well off before this time.

The Dutch preferring agriculture to city life, settled at Flatbush, Flatlands, and Gravesend, which were inconvenient of access at that time, as the city railroads were not built.

Red Hook was settled by the Fenians about a century later.

It was called "Red" Hook because it is below Greenpoint, so that we might have "the green above the red."

There is much uncertainty about the early history of Williamsburgh.

The delays, dangers, and difficulties of getting there, either by ferry or car route, have deterred explorers from venturing into that region.

I understand now that a double track is being built on the Greenpoint line, which will enable you to go to Williamsburgh and back the same day.

When that is accomplished I shall visit that section of the Island in order to complete my researches.

Persons who have got any historical data, or any other property, are invited to send it in; I will take care of it, and mention it in the forthcoming history.

EPISTLE XXXVIII.

Corry's Experience with the Doctors—His Views on Homœopathy—O'Pake's Enterprise—A New Year's Notification.

YOU mentioned to your readers that I was under the weather, so I may state to relieve their anxiety that I am convalescent.

A convalescent is a person who is neither sick nor well, but a little of both.

Fighting a fever is tough work; but being seconded by an able-bodied physician I came out ahead at last.

It pretty nigh used me up.

The doctor didn't seem to mind it.

He belongs to the

HOMŒOPATHIC

dispensation.

When Mrs. O'Lanus found that castor oil brought no relief and gruel was in vain, she sent for the doctor.

He first inspected as much of my tongue as I could

conveniently expose, to ascertain the state of my internal economy.

He then grabbed my wrist, and took out his watch to see if it kept time with my pulse.

Pulse beat the watch ten seconds on the mile. Doctor got disgusted and put his watch up.

Mrs. O'Lanus, who took much interest in the proceedings as owner of the property at stake, asked the doctor what was the matter with me.

"It is a case, madam," said the doctor, "of Pegasus of the Plural Convexity of the Eureka."

"Dear me," said Mrs. O'Lanus, "we thought it was merely a cold."

"Had its primeval origin from a cold, no doubt," observed the M. D. "Cold settled in chest, and expanded. The blood being in a state, and the stomach in a high condition, the consequence was parallaxoralysis of the functions of the system, and prostration of the capillary nerves."

"And do you think, Doctor, he will get over it?" said Mrs. O'L.

"If he survives it, I think he will."

"How long will he be likely to remain as he is?"

"We can't tell; the diagnoses of these cases present such a variety of phases, as the symptoms develop in the progress of the complaint, that we can't tell what will occur until it has happened, or shortly after. If no change takes place, he will remain as he is for some time. Otherwise, he will get better or worse."

The Doctor said I had better be a little select in

my diet, and not eat any pork pies, Welch rabbit or pickled pigs' feet while the fever was on.

The Doctor then put three drops of something into a pail of water, and said I was to take a teaspoonful twice a week.

If ever you get sick, my boy, try homœopathy.

Just think of what I escaped by avoiding allopathy.

I might have swallowed ten gallons of apothecaries' stuff, and a wheelbarrow full of pills.

To say nothing of the contingency of being leeches, and blistered and mustard-plastered within an inch of my life.

Homœopathy is the sublimity of economy.

If we could only apply its principles to gastronomy!

If we could boil an ounce of beef in a barrel of water, and live on a wine-glass-full a day, we could all make fortunes keeping boarding houses.

Unfortunately the science of homœopathy is confined to doctors and public lecturers.

The latter carry the principles of homœopathy to as much perfection as the former.

The homœopathic lecturer dilutes a single grain of idea in forty bushels of words, and doses a thousand people at fifty cents a head.

I got along by degrees,—sometimes I was below zero; sometimes I got over zero.

Besides the Doctor and his liberal allowance of medicine, I had another reliable backer, who stuck to me all through.

Man needs to be sick occasionally to appreciate

the fact that it would be pretty tough for him to get along without

WOMAN.

Gen. Scott says something, I believe, in his Infantry Tactics, about "woman in our hours of ease, never does anything but tease," etc.; and when care and sorrow wring the brow, how she administers physic and consolation like an angel.

I forget the exact words, but that's about the sentiment.

I indorse it.

Woman's presence in the chamber of sickness seems to fill the air with the fragrance of the Egyptian lotus, and is as soothing as Winslow's syrup to the dentally irritated infant.

Whose touch is so gentle, who can smooth the pillow so softly, and calm the restless sufferer like she who was given unto man as a helpmate, to share and lighten his sorrows, and at times give him a glimpse of a higher and holier order of beings than dwell here below.

And then to think how we have grumbled when the dear creatures have wanted a new hat; and the strong expressions uttered over dry goods bills for the adornment of our treasures!

Man is a brute, and deserves to have his head punched.

If Adam had been taken sick before Eve came, what would have become of him?

Who would have made his gruel and beef tea, or

bound his head up in a wet towel and a slice of pickled cucumber?

A pretty pickle he would have been in.

Woman is indispensable in the domestic sphere of life, particularly in case of sickness.

As I observed in the commencement, I am only a convalescent at present.

When I first got through with the fever I was a pretty slim specimen of humanity.

I presented quite an interesting anatomical study.

O'Pake, who made a sympathetic call on me, suggested as a likely speculation that I should go into the side-show business, as the original "Living Skeleton."

He offered to act as Treasurer, and secure the services of a talented organ grinder as orchestra.

I declined, as travelling and sitting all day in a tent might involve colds, and I had had as much colds as I could conveniently stand for the present.

I have improved considerable since.

I have picked up a pound and a quarter in weight, and am not near so weak as I was before I began to get stronger.

I am gaining strength steadily.

About an ounce a day.

I expect to be all right, and in full possession of my appetite by New Year's.

Ladies who gave up the idea of setting a New Year's table when they heard I was sick, may now resume their hospitable intentions.

EPISTLE XXXIX.

On New Year's Tables and New Year's Calls.

TIME is supposed to have been born about six thousand years ago, on a New Year's day in the morning.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

was not observed very much when Time was young.

Historians are in doubt whether Eve set a New Year's table, or Adam made calls.

The custom is attributed to the Dutch, who were too slow in their movements to call on their friends more than once a year.

As observed at present, it is a very agreeable dissipation.

Young men should indulge in it in moderation.

The number of calls may depend on circumstances, but the quantity of eatables and drinkables absorbed should be regulated.

Coffee and sandwiches is a good foundation, and may be taken for the first eight or nine calls.

Then a course of lemonade as a corrective of the bilious tendency of the coffee.

Setting a table is a study for the female mind.

New Year's Day.

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There is room for artistic display in the arrangements, and a study in economics in feeding two hundred callers without diminishing the attractions of the table.

The recipe for a New Year's table is as follows:

One turkey, one ham, two large cakes, several small ditto, a dish of mottoes, ditto almonds and raisins, a bunch of celery and a plate of pickles. Beverages according to moral predilections, but nothing stronger than Bourbon should be used.

The turkey is usually roasted and decorated with rosettes in carved beet and ribbons. The ham should be boiled and trimmed around with a paper frill, after the style of Queen Elizabeth, and further ornamented with a patriotic device in cloves.

Three or four young ladies are required, as good-looking as possible, one who knows how to wait on table, another to play the piano, and the third to sit on the sofa and do the sentimental with the young men who part their hair in the middle.

Elderly ladies are embarrassments, and of no use except to pour out the coffee.

For gentlemen who make calls, the rules to be observed are:

Don't eat anything for two days previous.

Don't buy a new hat to make calls in; it may not fit you at night.

It is of no consequence whether you know the people of the house you call at. If they never heard of you before, it will afford them a pleasure to get acquainted with you.

If the old lady is in the room, contrive to mistake her for her own daughter. She will either feel flattered—or come to the conclusion that you are intoxicated.

Ascertain the state of the weather before you go into the house, so as to be able to indorse any observation on its condition.

Ask the young ladies if they have received many calls, as soon as possible. They will be sure to ask you if there are many out making calls. If they say they have not received many calls, you will relieve their feelings by assuring them that there are very few people out to-day.

Towards evening it is not worth while being particular about hats. Take the best looking one that will fit, you can find on the hat-stand. If it is too big for you the next day, advertise that the gentleman who exchanged his hat making New Year's calls can get the mistake rectified by sending to your residence. About fifty hats will be sent in, and you can make your selection.

When a young man wishes the hat stand a happy New Year, hangs his hat on the door mat, and shakes hands with the leg of the piano, it is about time to go home.

The day after New Year's the ladies make their calls, and finish up what's left.

I shall be happy to receive the ladies; I always am. They will find me at home where I live.

If those who don't know where I live will call at

my house any time between this and New Year's, I will give them my direction.

But Mrs. O'Lanus's table is gorgeous to behold.

The leading object is, of course, the turkey, which after being done to an elegant brown, undergoes a series of decorations in the latest style of art.

On its bosom it wears a rosette, like a member of a Promenade Concert reception committee.

A bunch of ribbons at each end completes its toilet, and it reposes in a luxurious bed of moss and jelly.

If that turkey could have lived to see himself on our New Year's table he would have been tickled to death.

Then the ham.

Mrs. O'Lanus usually surrounds the ham with a paper frill, which makes it resemble a portrait of Queen Elizabeth.

On the surface is a decorative design, in cloves, of the American Eagle.

I generally have to assist on these occasions, and I expect to be up until two o'clock on Sunday morning, squeezing lemons.

As Shakspeare observes, "New Year's comes but once a year."

Which is about as often as we could stand it.

EPISTLE XL.

A Visit to Chicago.

I HAVE been doing the Great West. Chicago had a curiosity to see me and I had some curiosity to see Chicago, and as Chicago couldn't come to me, I came to Chicago.

It is quite a city.

Geographically, it is situated on Lake Michigan, at the termination of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad.

It is likewise in the State of Illinois.

To get at it you have to go through Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana.

You can see a good deal of those States out of the car window as you go to Chicago.

I took copious notes of travel on the agricultural, moral, political and philosophical condition of those States, and think of publishing them in volumes under the titles of "Four Hours in Pennsylvania," "Five Hours and a half in Ohio," and "Seven Hours in Indiana."

The West is a vast country.

I admire the quantity, but can't say as much for the quality.

A Visit to Chicago.

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As a place of residence I still prefer Brooklyn.

There is no place like home.

The people of Indiana in particular are, I think, entitled to a great deal of credit for staying there.

If I were born in Indiana I would sell out and move East.

Ohio is a little more civilized and endurable. It has some respectable villages and farms.

One peculiarity of their towns is that every place you stop at you find a Tremont House.

I inquired of an intelligent Buckeye the wherefore of this phenomenon.

He said it was in accordance with an act of the State Legislature. No town could get a charter until it had a hotel called the Tremont House.

He said it was a purely business idea for the good of the State.

A good many Bostonians travel that way, and no Bostonian can pass a Tremont House without going in to take a drink.

The result is, a good deal of money left in the State and much bad whiskey got rid of.

But I will pass over these rural districts and come to Chicago.

Considering where it is located it is quite a great city.

The most remarkable features of Chicago are its public buildings, water-works and divorce cases.

The Chicagoers are a very driving people; they are up to their eyes in business, and so pre-occupied

that they often mistake other men's wives for their own.

That's how it is.

The public building that most interested me was Crosby's Opera House, which ought to have been mine—I went ten dollars on it, and came within fourteen thousand six hundred and eighty-five of drawing it.

Chicago is a promising place for newspapers; the press is extensively represented by morning, evening, Sunday and weekly papers.

I haven't got the census of them yet, they are so numerous.

Then such avalanches of news as they have!

It would do your police reporter good to come to Chicago.

One murder, three bloody outrages, two divorces, eight assault and batteries, is the daily average.

The Chicago reporters don't wait for the police to discover items for them.

The coroners used to waste a good deal of valuable time searching for the bodies of the reportorial victims until they got posted on the ways of Chicago journalism.

After reading a few of the Chicago dailies, I was struck with admiration for the men who got them up, and thought I would like to get acquainted with

A CHICAGO NEWSPAPER MAN.

But it is a difficult matter. They are so engrossed in business.

Their motto is: "Constant vigilance is the price of items."

They haven't time for social frivolities.

You barely get introduced to them before they are off and out of sight, and if you meet them again they have no consciousness of ever having seen you before.

I made a determined effort to get acquainted with one reportorial young man.

He seemed to be more socially inclined than the rest.

On my first introduction he got so far as to say "How do you do; what do you think of Chicago?"

I intended to say something complimentary to the city, but before I could get it out he had shot off in pursuit of an item.

But in my purpose I followed him up and stuck to him.

I got an acquaintance to introduce me to him at intervals of fifteen minutes, for a few hours.

We then got to exchanging cards.

On the ninth round he began to think he knew me, must have seen me before somewhere. Recollected that he had, and grasped my hand with all the cordiality of an old acquaintance.

When a Chicago newspaper man does bestow his acquaintance on you, he opens his heart to you like a brother.

He asked me to take a drink.

Not wishing to nip the bud of friendship in its tender bloom, I responded affirmatively.

Just then his eyes wandered across the street, and he rushed off frantically in pursuit of somebody.

It was a rival reporter, and my friend at once divined that he was on the trail of an item.

He was.

A boatman had picked up a hat on the Lake after a severe squall.

The enterprising reporters of the Chicago dailies proceeded to fit the hat with a head and a body attached, supposed to be at the bottom of the Lake, and connected it with a fearful tragedy; the impenetrable mystery of all the circumstances and the doubt of there being any circumstances at all, only deepened the horror and intensified the interest in the case.

After that I gave up the attempt to get acquainted with the Chicago newspaper men, and admired them at a distance.

EPISTLE XLI.

On Boarding-Houses.

IF it's ever so humble there is no place like home. There is no other place where you can feel so much at home.

Where a man can do just whatever he likes, that his wife don't object to, and enjoy the proud satisfaction of paying the whole of the expenses.

Single blessedness is not good for a married man of mature years.

He gets along very well for a little while, until his first fortnight's washing is brought home, when he begins to realize the value of matrimony by the absence of shirt buttons.

Man can never be an independent creature until the necessity for buttons can be dispensed with.

In a boarding-house a man has considerable conceit taken out of him.

His interest in the establishment is limited—authority he has none.

The landlady agrees to fodder him two or three

times a day, and stable him at night somewhere on the third floor.

We can't complain of the coffee, or growl if the potatoes are underdone.

If he doesn't like it he can leave it. There are other boarding-houses, and he has a choice of evils.

In the evening he has all the world before him.

He has perfect liberty of choice between his bedroom and the street.

THE PARLOR.

There is the parlor to be sure; but the young lady who has steady company is already there.

You go in and the damsel looks daggers.

Her young man looks as though he would like to punch your head.

If you are possessed of a sensitive and sympathetic nature you can't resist this mute but eloquent appeal.

Especially when it comes home to you, as it does to me, that there was a time when you were similarly situated.

How would you have liked it yourself?

There is no alternative but to suddenly remember that you "have an appointment," seize your hat and rush out into

THE STREET.

And then?

Where can the hapless youth find recreation?

When billiards were a shilling a game, O'Pake and I used to indulge in that elevating pastime when we had an evening to spare.

But now they charge sixty cents an hour for a table; we can't stand it.

Twelve shillings a game is more than either of us could afford, on our present incomes.

I tried Hooley's, but the liability to sudden fits of laughter endangered those precious buttons which I had nobody to sew on again.

Thus I wandered sad and lonely until bed time.

There is something sad in the condition of those hapless young men in boarding houses, cast upon the street after the evening meal, with nowhere to go to and nothing to do.

They might improve their minds.

But some of them have no minds for improvement.

RECREATION.

They want recreation.

Something cheerful—that won't strain the intellect.

So they take to billiards, euchre, muggins and lager as long as the Excise Law will permit.

And this is set down to the profligacy of youth, and is a theme for sermons on sinfulness and the vices of city life.

If I was a single young man, doomed to live in a boarding house, I think that in less than twelve

months I should either become a confirmed profligate
—or get married, which on the whole is, I think, the
least of the two evils.

Yours philosophically,

CORRY O'LANUS.

THE END.



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