

THE
PARADOX PAPERS:

A
Medley of Original Humorous Articles,

INCLUDING A RE-PRINT OF

THE OLD DUTCH LEGISLATIVE

SOUR KROUT MESSAGE,

NUMBER TWO:

ALSO

SATIRICAL HITS AT SOME OF THE CURRENT REFORMS
OF THIS MAGNIFICENT AGE OF PROGRESS.

BY

PETER PARADOX,

A BRIGHT LUMINARY OF THE AMERICAN INCORRUPTIBLE PRESS.

No. 1.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

LAUGH, BUT THINK!
1873.

reprinted 1840

NOTE.—It will be perceived that the Dutch message herein reprinted is the *second*, instead of the *first*, which should have preceded it; and which, at the time, had much the larger sale and the widest circulation. The reason for this is that at the date of this publication (1873), no copy of said first message could be found. The 1st and 2d editions of it were published in the *Albany Microscope*, about Jan. 1, 1843, and the 3d in a small pamphlet, a few days later. And, although the editor subsequently lost his files by a fire, we are confident a copy *can* be elsewhere found in time for our next issue, a few months hence.

Any one having such a copy still in his possession, and sending it to us by mail, directing it to Peter Paradox, care of J. Munsell, Printer, Albany, will confer a favor, and find said copy duly returned in time with a free copy of any future issue of the Paradox papers, containing the reprint.

Peter Paradox will send a copy of any subsequent, or of the present issue, free of postage, to any subscriber previously sending us 25cts. also prepaid. And for every 5 copies of either issue ordered and prepaid, an additional copy free.

Address as above for any number of copies of the present issue.

THE Paradox Papers.

PRINTER'S APOLOGY.

The printer deems it due to the public to wash his hands of certain unlucky interpolations in the following pages, after the fashion of steam boat and rail road officials, after every catastrophe resulting in "slightly killing" a hundred or two of confiding fellow mortals.

Some of these, signed "P. D." or printer's devil, we have, with very praiseworthy scrutiny, traced up to our youngest apprentice, who has taken advantage of our reluctant absence. It is not his first, we hope it will be his last offense in this line. It will be so if there is any virtue in calf skin poultices, several of which we have applied with an unction which *must* have painfully reminded him of his "latter end." We would have discharged him, but for reasons following: he is needed to chop wood, kindle fires in cold mornings, eat cold victuals, dun customers, black boots, rock baby, go errands, stand the scoldings of our better half, and act scape goat when we displease the generous public.

Yet, it is said, that "troubles and bed bugs never come single;" and a favored and petted, and consequently, saucy female type setter in our office, seemingly distrustful of our ability to "paddle our own canoe," must needs, behind our jacket, occasionally dip her uninvited paddle, as will be seen. And as the editor has just been in with "his breeches full of bumble bees," in his hurry to get out his book, we have no time for corrections, but must put it to press as it stands, merely dismissing our fair compositor with the benevolent aspiration: may she die *farrow*—od rot her!

If asked who is the writer of those interpolations headed "Grumbler," we plead innocence in behalf of all in our

office. We *did find* the copies in the pile of manuscripts upon which the editor set us at work. One thing only is clear, they *cannot* be the work of so zealous and jolly a reformer as our editor.

We state a few facts, and *may* venture an inference or two, no more. Soon after the MSS. were left with us, an elderly gentleman called in, enquiring for Mr. Paradox, and whether our copy for those papers (of which he seemed to know something), was ready. Answering in the affirmative, and pointing to the pile, we, and we fear, he too "*went about our business.*" We soon after had occasion to check him about shuffling the papers of the manuscript, but he crustily replied that, being no thief, he would at least, leave all he found. We guess he did, may be, more.

But, not liking his actions, we scrutinized his looks, as he passed us on his way out; and we did not like *them* either. He was tall and thin, and had his hat pulled down, to cover a pair of sad, red eyes. His lips were compressed, his jaw hung quivering, and his whole aspect, dejected, dispirited, unmann'd, and half morose, unmistakably marked the *henpecked man*. But what most puzzled us printers, was this unaccountable fact, when the editor next overhauled his manuscript, like our Creator in Cuffee's sermon, when, after rehearsing the creation of woman, the preacher adds, "He say not one word." We noticed a queer twinkle in his eye; but there was no rearrangement of the papers, no scolding, no new orders for us.

Soon after that our foreman, in passing a saloon, saw, or dreamed he saw, through the half closed door, our editor and a tall thin man, very like our late visitor, "practising together at the bar." The editor called for the bottle of "tangle foot." [We *thought* he was a "good templar."] He used a small glass himself, but pushed a half pinter to the sad, morose man, who filled his with a stiff bumper. Peter half filled his, they touched glasses, the editor proposed the "*good time coming*" and "*better luck next time,*" both emptied their glasses standing; and the stranger left instantly, like a man who knew that he must do *his* travelling soon, or stay where he was.

Can our editor be insincere, and neither wise enough to be an infidel, nor philanthropic or patriotic enough to be a true blue reformer? The anxiously thoughtful printer leaves this puzzle to the wiser reader.

THE CHARIVARI.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was written during the author's colthood (does he mean calfhood? P. Dev.), fifty-three years ago, when the writer was a lad of 16 years old. Some months previously, a set of rattlebrain youngsters, amusing themselves with a *charivari*, or "horning" a newly married couple, a custom still in vogue in many parts of the country, had happened to incur the wrath of the master of the house thus complimented. That patriarch, taking advantage of the darkness of the evening, from behind a currant bush breast work, gave some of the lads "a piece of his mind," in the shape of the contents of an old Queen Ann, whose unground pepper was lodged in the *understandings* of several of the Orpheans of the occasion; and some of them, years after, carried their hams ready peppered to the grave.

It was not far from this scene of jubilation, and while the entertainment was still fresh as "a sweet morsel under the tongues" of some of the uninvited guests of that evening, that the writer, then a sucking pedagogue, first winter, was honored with an invitation to another outside entertainment of the same order. His stomach being out of tune with reference to the possible *seasoning*, he politely declined; but furnished the following *elegy* for the mournful occasion. Custom at the time vacated the place of any person in the motley choir, on his own marriage.

The writer set so little value on his offspring at the time, that he did not even preserve a manuscript copy of his effusion; and it is only from its occasionally buzzing through his head ever since, that he was two or three years since enabled to jot it down; fearful that he never should be able to write anything better. It may suit some tastes. "*De gustibus non disputandum est,*" as the sailor said when he kissed the cow.

We wail to night our chieftain gone
To matrimonial jaws, [Does he mean joys? P. Dev.]
No more he'll lead melodious throng
In our time hallowed cause!
How oft he well and wisely vow'd
A bachelor to remain!
Yet that he's haltered strong at last,
Alas! 'tis sadly plain!

CHORUS.—Quicker beat the rattling drum!
 Louder toot the horn!
 And let the kettle's plaintive note
 Be on the night winds borne!
 More wind to fife and lone goose quill!
 Be the tin pan loudly rung!
 And the cowbell our deep sorrow tell,
 Too sad for the faltering tongue!

And frolic's priestess too is gone,
 That queen of wit and song,
 "To waste her sweetness" hence, for aye,
 In spanking urchins strong!
 No more she'll swim in the billowy dance!
 No more dissolve our beaux!
 No more invite the warm advance
 By treading on our toes!

CHORUS.—Quicker beat, &c.

"To this complexion must each come
 "At last?" how sad the thought!
 Hush'd be each jest! Be Momus dumb,
 And every joy forgot!
 "Unwept, unhonored, and unsung"
 Swing he who next deserts,
 On matrimonial gibbet hung,
 A laughing stock for flirts!

CHORUS.—Quicker beat the rattling drum!
 Louder toot that horn!
 And let the kettle's plaintive note
 Be on the night breeze borne!
 More wind to that fife and lone goose quill!
 Be the cowbell louder rung!
 And the cat call our deep sorrow tell,
 Too sad for the palsied tongue!

—A certain western inn rejoiced in a very waggish ostler; and obtained its water from a spring a few rods distant. The pretty cook, just starting for a pail of water very opportunely met the latter. "Oh, Bill!" said she, mounting one of her sweetest smiles, "I am so glad to see you just now; Here, run bring me a pail of water to cook dinner with. You will Bill, now, won't you?" "I would, Amanda," said the obliging Bill, "if it warn't for jest *one thing*." "Well Bill," said she, "what's that one thing?" "Why Amanda," said the amiable youth, "It's that I'd see you d—d first."

ADDRESS OF THE EDITOR OF THE PARADOX PAPERS.

To our respected Readers.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Desiring to be understood and seconded in our efforts at the reformation and improvement of society, we beg leave to "define our position" in advance.

To begin then. Those who take us to be innovators will find themselves grossly out of their reckoning. There is *now a great reform* in current progress, in religion, in morals, in political, in social, and in domestic principles and practices, very essentially modifying each and all. This reform was first promulgated in the first gospel sermon preached on earth, by a renowned "Angel of light." The pulpit was in Paradise, and the only auditor present seems to have belonged to the "female persuasion;" a very able auxiliary in any cause she saw fit to espouse, then and since.

Of the sermon then and there preached, and of the reform it proposed, (and of which we shall hereafter have more to say) we shall only say at present, that though well calculated to make man wiser, and of course happier, as wisdom always *must*, yet, owing to certain rather unfortunate coincidences, not likely to occur again, the immediate result of the sermon and of its reception must be conceded not to have been of the happiest kind that could have been wished. As very few, however, will admit that there was any deterioration of the race consequent upon the adoption of that reform, we propose, in fact, the same reform, to an audience which, while infinitely larger and more intelligent, is far better calculated to profit by it. This, as we hope in due time to show, is a comprehensive view of the gigantic and beneficent general "reform movement" of this resplendent "*age of progress*."

In this great and good work we only offer our humble services as auxiliary exponents and advocates. We shall aim, by showing, from time to time and in our own feeble way, *how* this noble enterprise will proceed; and *why* it cannot fail of its promised result, "The greatest good of the greatest number," the universal amelioration of the condition of all mankind, *now and forever*.

In the above capacity of exponents and advocates, we offer our humble services to that numerous and august body the self styled, "church;" a body whose claim to that designation very few deny. As "it is, and of right ought to be" the principal engine of the state, the right arm of the demagogue and political factionist, and the chosen asylum of most moral delinquents of the day, it becomes the very powerful ally of all great moral agitators; every thing, even gloating blood thirstiness, and general plunder can be effected with, and no *great and good* end can be accomplished without its aid. We trust that we shall not be understood to refer to any "branch" or denominational church—between *such* there is no essential difference, as all recognize each as members in common.

But by "*the church*" we mean, as above, that large, reverend, homogeneous body which, aware that "the mountain never *will* come to Mahomet," wisely accommodates itself to the circumstances, and by meekly "going to the mountain," indulgent to creed and character, effectually absorbs *all*. We of course do not include that insignificantly small band of rigorous bigots, crowded over by pharisees, and of consciences too honest and stern to be admitted to fellowship in *any* society. By *any* "church" we mean a better body than to claim affinity with a primitive slaveholder; a body that can afford by broad implication to cast obloquy upon a Savior whose earthly mission opened by turning good, wholesome cold water into wine for a festal occasion; and closed by instituting a memorial ordinance in the use of that same pernicious fluid. We shall zealously aid *that* church's many darling, legitimate and adopted projects of reform, infering, as in duty bound, the wholesome expediency, and therefrom, correct and lawful, nay, absolute necessity of its policy.

Yet, though the church constitutes nearly the whole community, and is usually an element in all its enterprises, still many beneficent reforms purport to be originated in, and be operated by community as such, we shall zealously strive as an exponent and agent of that peculiarly social function of the great reform movement.

The present peculiar exigencies in which the hasty and ill-digested measures of our undoubtedly well meaning political reformers have left them just now, also call loudly for explanation and relief. We shall come forward manfully, as brethren should, and do all we possibly can, in both lines. It is eminently true that "the end justifies the means," and that it is always lawful to "do evil that

good may come;" if we only mean good by it, as all malefactors usually do, in some sense or other.

One word more in defense of the *church* spoken of. Laudably anxious as it is "to do good, and to do so with all powerful efficiency, it should be leniently judged in an omnivorous maw," compassing sea and land to make one proselyte," nay, to swallow *all* mankind indiscriminately, till its tests of fellowship are so much more lax than those of civil society, that its endorsement is not always and *per se* a good passport into such society. It is but too true that nothing vitiates "good standing" there, which would not peril a brother's civil liberty under human laws. But were the strict scriptural rule only applied to its augmentations, it would clearly keep the body so small as to be totally worthless in both the political and secular markets; and then how much "good" could it do in the hands of either?

By "opening its mouth wide," that it may be "filled," according to promise, and thus accepting, nay, urgently inviting in "every thing that walks on two legs," the *church* fulfils two more important functions at once. It thus firstly, unquestionably "*does good*." Secondly, it quiets many uneasy consciences. Thirdly, if it does not *raise*, it certainly dilates, not to say *dilutes* the popular standard of *moral rectitude*. Few will severely criticize morals, such as many "professors of religion" freely indulge in.

By introducing as "*doctrine*" certain "commandments of men" not found in the scriptures, as coercive abolitionism and *teetotalism*, it condones for liberal deductions from, and dilutions of the quite too uncomfortably stringent scriptural code. For this service alone it merits large gratitude from every impatient watcher for a now rapidly approaching "conversion of the world."

And "last, not least," while its ever wasting funds are thus more rapidly replenished, its numbers, weight, and power and consequent money value in the political market, is accumulating in a *ratio* that might well make the bones of the sleepy old apostles rattle in their graves.

Not as innovators then, but only as exponents of all the "*reforms*" of this astonishingly "progressive age," we aim to labor outspokenly in each of its happily undivided fields, the church, the state, the world, religious, political, secular, social, and domestic. "Stand from under!"

A word to ambitious critics. An editor is generally a very unwholesome mule to "harness," as he is always sure to have the last and ugliest kick.

SOUR KROUT MESSITCH DER SEGOND.

MIT WORSHT UND ROELETJIER,

NOTE PREFATORY.—The fame which truly great and good men bequeath to posterity, though often earned under circumstances demanding the highest mental powers, the firmest energies, the most iron industries, and the most unconquerable perseverance, is yet often largely due to opportunities which do not always occur to favor and arouse patriotic ambition. Under such circumstances greatness may often, without any fault of its own, sigh in vain for fame. That it has failed to make its mark on ambition's flaming record is therefore no proof that it did not exist. It is perhaps not unsafe to doubt that had even that highest boast of all humanity, George Washington, been born a century earlier or later, he would have left any renown behind him, beyond the local and transitory one, daily left by the honest, methodical, industrious and successful farmer, the influential citizen, and the "good neighbor."

No purity of personal or political character, and no inflexibility of official integrity can, under prevalent American political ethics, protect him who holds, or him who seeks for official position from open detraction, or even more unfair ridicule.

Though the writer cannot without reserve subscribe to the maxim, *de mortibus nil nisi bonum*, yet he feels it due to the character of the late Wm. C. Bouck, to say that among those who knew him in life, he was recognized as a man of honest principles, high abilities, and an amiable heart, the warm friend, the wise counselor and the beneficent peace maker. Now what can his friends desire to add to the record left behind him at the end of a long life, much of which was spent in public stations—than that he had been for many years a canal commissioner to whose wisdom, energy, honesty and prudence the state system of internal improvements and its thereby enhanced wealth and prosperity were greatly indebted—that he had contributed more honor to, than he had derived from the gubernatorial chair of his native state—that as U. S. collector of the port of N. Y. he is still reverentially remembered, in and out of the Custom House as a noble specimen of "the noblest work of God," and, though last, not least, that while his private and official integrity were never seriously disputed, no poor man ever departed from the threshold of his hospitable mansion with tears more bitter than those of gratitude and love. Peace to his honored ashes!

Alpny, Channary der Segond, 18 tousant, 100, 4 & 40.

Veller Shiticens.—De yahr has coom rount acain, and you haf meet in gounsel in Dis capital of de lant of der coot olt Derriek Knickerbacker, for to shettle de piseness of de unifarce. Op dish auspicious-oggasion I dake mit bleasure der jance for shpeak in your airs mine gint wishes for your gesonddeit ant your fodes, and to wish you all habby New Years and blanty of oley cookies. I shall pye and pye shake hants mit you all offer a tousant ells of leverworsht

ant a bod ash kettlefull of hot schnapps, py the site of zwei hay shtags of prown pretzels.

We have vrighten all mangint into beace mit us; der zeason hasd pe fery vruitvoul; die hucleperries hash brotuce by tousants, and die kroust wash nefer more apuntant. Gommerce bash vlourish poundivully; maar it ish mit pidder crief dat I lameud dat your honoraple poty tit not bass de deriff pill vor de prodegtion of the many Duetsche menschen encached in the manuvacture of worsht, roeletjies, and sour kroust, ash I regommentet in mine lasht animal messitch op your honoraple poty, lasht winder. Maar it ish no wonter, if, ash I have, mine sour kroust messitch was only reat in the tird house. I regomment dat a special choint gommittee be appoint py pote pranges of die shtate lechislature, to inguire into dis tirdy piseness, mit bower to side bersons ant babers, ant teal out blixen to de kildy.

Your axacutif pardly in hees lumpur waccon, ant pairdly op hees pedder half, der olt cray horse,¹ has fisid mooch of der shtait der basht zeason; ant many goundies haf pe well secoort vor de timmygradie dieket. Maar, in die mitst of mein rechoising derefer, I criefto say, dat in bassing de shtate poarting house down de riviere, were dey sing twice, Your axacutif was most tancherously "exposed to der enemy."² Ant so it was you see; der olt cray always palk ven he meet any poty. Zo I meets der cuart in the night dime, wen it was so tark, you might tick potatoes out of it, so I not see der cuart. Maar all was it so tark, you might cut it mit a knife, der olt cray he see der cuart, and pekin for to shoeetsh hees dail, and shnort,

¹ Governor Bouck had served the state in other departments for many years previous to his election as governor. During 20 years of this time he had acted as canal commissioner, while the system of internal improvement was in its infancy, and the Erie canal was in process of survey and construction, a new experiment. Much of our journeying was then done on horseback. A favorite grey horse of Mr. Bouck usually carried the incipient statesman wherever he had occasion to go, whether among his congenial Dutch neighbors in Schoharie Co., or on his supervisory tramps on the canal route. Both his personal and political friends were in the habit of boasting that so kind was his heart, so affable his manner, so uniform his habit of stopping to exchange a few kind words with every poor laborer he met (and always in Dutch with Dutchmen), that said grey horse always stopped for this purpose, as a matter of course, on meeting any poor man.

² "This is a 'slant' at the previous low Dutch governor, Joseph C. Yates, who was represented as having been 'exposed on der enemy'—meaning political adversaries. But there is (Washington Irving confounds them), a wide difference between the High Dutch and Low Dutch brogues, or modes of pronouncing English words, when using them. The latter particularly pronouncing the English *e*, whether long or short, as we pronounce *a*.

ant shtomp ant shqueal. Der cuart he holler so's ein loon; and he shay, "Who coes dere?" I say, "Ein vrient!" Maar de cuart no like he shmell of tings, and he shay, "Op mein dunder! dat ish ein Deutschman! He not coot Yankee shpeak can! Oeh, Krout ant bluthworsht! Das ist no loud ein brisoner! catch him!" Now, ash der olt crey shtoot mit hees vour lecks praset out, ant hees ears on de tob of hees neg op, ant wot co not, sonter you him coags along mit a peg of oats, your axacutif was forced for town to chumb, and crafel sheratch.

Maar wen der cuart hees langtern by der olt crey's sein nose holt, wile der olt crey for the oats winner, der cuart see dat the nose be crey (ant den he de voice know, ant de bret schpell—for he shleeb mit der olt crey more as tousant times, wen pote was colts): den he all apout it know; and der next tay he pring der olt crey to me, ant barton peek up his knees, ant hees bromise kif dat next vall he for me tree times fode. Vor dis scherabe I regomment dat der olt crey pe no lonker Lieutenant Kofernor.

I woot furder regomment dat in orter to brefent anoder sich scherabe, dere pe none but Deutschen officers appint py de shtate brisons, ant none freed Deutschers electit brisoners, so dat dey can one anoder vershty wen dey talks Deutsch, oder Yankee. Your axacutif has pecun for to mofe in dis madder, py obbinting one vrint to an office op Sing Sing, wat put hees name op a fery coot Deutsch electioneering ledder a yahr ago lasht vall.¹

Die wicks pe all used up ant cone. In all mine crass mowing lasht winder, I tit only see one, ant he was run away like ein wulluf in der pushes, wicklin hees dail pehint him like ein bollywock. No toud die shkunks has him all glean up eat pefore dis time.

We pe in beace mit all manght. We receife bromishes of coot will and brotection vrom all de growned hets in de wort. We haf hobe of ein fisid from fader Mattew and dat vine old chendleman der Bope of Room. Der king of die Frantz be kitting vat als ein vool; wile Inklant's Gween, pless her poty! she preets like tree rappits. Maar we neet's not to zent vor any of her leedle ones to dis goundry; omdas I haf cot poys and cals enough to supply mine own supchecks, ant kofern efery shtate in Yankeetootltom. Dere ish no millech in Figdory's posom schweeder or pedder

¹ Col. H. Mareley of Sharon, now Seward, who had circulated, in Gov. Bouck's interest, during his gubernatorial canvass, an electioneering document, laudatory of his candidates, written and printed in German.

ash timmygrad office; ant I ant Hansjie Dyer gan our own brocheny derrop veet schoost so weels as der Gween gan nuss her papies, if she do her vattest.

Die national and shtate boliey pe vasht pring apout wat we haf so lonk wantet. De reechman pe reecher crowing, ant de boor boorer. Der boor man, it ish true, ties hart. He shtill tinksh he musht tree time a tay eat, and in a pet shleeb, choost zo as ein reech man, profitin he wurrecks as hart. Dis is pesure comical. Maar he shtill fodes die loky vogy digged; he dake hair of de tock wat pit to coor die wount; ant in dis way de coot olt times pe gomin rount akin, wen der boor man will be clat vor wurreck vor der reech mon vor ein sheeb's het ant blug a tay, and unter a wacon at night co shleeb, ash dey ushet to tit, coot enough vor him.

Gofernor Zewart tit regomment shcools vor die voreigners, to dech dier jiltern in deir own languitch. We tit kick at dish fery shtoutly, pegause Zewart was ein wick. Maar, now dat die wicks pe all tet cone, I woot recomment dat we estaplish shcools vor all die headens in die shtate, and bardigularly vor die High Deutsch, in deir own lankwitch; zo dat your axacutif gan co two tree quarters op ein Deutsch shcool, zo dat negst lection, wen die Deutscher Yankees me anoder Deutscher ledder write, I gan dem in Deutsch answer, ash ein Deutscher varmer kofernor shoulth can to.

Veller shiticens, I vas elactit pegaus I vas ein Deutschman. Ise pe shtill ein Deutschman. Dish ish ein shtrong glaim op die tear peebles. Ein Deutcher moosht, py coorse, make a coot cofferner.

More ash dat, I wash elactet pegause I was auch ein varmer. Ant I pe shoost zo mooch ein varmer now ash I usht to was. I haf blow, und track, & sow, & mow choost zo mooch since I haf pin coferuor, ash pefore; ant choost so mooch winder ash zammer, (pedween you ant me ant die old woman on tob of dish Shtate house.) Dish ish anoder shtrong glaim op der beebles. Oeh, der beebles! der tear beebles! der coot, wise, & sufferin beebles! [I hobe dey will sug all dis.]

More as all dish, I was elactit pegause I tit nefer shteat any of der beebles' money.¹ It ish drue, die saazy wicks

¹ This claim was never seriously disputed. It was only a derided claim for a negative virtue. And it is no insignificant commentary on the subsequent progress of political morality, to ask which of the actors on the public stage since that era can claim as much? Nay, is the old adage not almost universally carried out. "The public is a great goose, and he that

tit teny all dis. Maar we zoon vount out a way to zilence de minority: dey goul netting brofe; ant any mon ish always innozend dill broof kildy. I pe clat tat I pe noch innozend; vor I derepy shtant a nople jance for a re-election ter next vall. Dish glaim pe choost so coot est efer; and op dis crount any one of you dat outlifs me & mine poys gans run for cofernor, if he nefer shtole any of de peeble's money. Dere is pud one pedder jance; und habby ish der man dat gan gall heself Poppy Dyer.¹

I tinks, veller shticens, dat I shall gonzend to run acain next vall for your coot varmer cofernor. Ash ein varmer, I shall watch for a coot jance to blow two tree vurrows rount some sourkrout batch in few of der tear beebles; ant to hervorm farious oder antigs in varmer shtyle, sich as washing shkunks forde shearers & trawing outtung on der landt, tressed in tow vrcek & goarse shtraw hat ant gowhite poods. Ash "ignorance ish plish" ant bower too, I shall rebread mine brodestations of innozence of de chutitiary, ant oder teeb madders of shtate. A cofernor sardinely ought to know notting pud varmin; ant how less of dat, how pedder

Pesites all dish, I shall drafel mooch apoud among die varmers, nort und wesht op mine palky crey horsh, ead supawn unt milleck in der lock gapins (aldo I must take ibbigag to pring it oop acain); and I shall dalk Deutch mit Deutch peebls, aldo I no timmycock pe. Moreofer, I shall vife tollars shpent on coogies aut zucur blums vor de leedle poys ant cals in Yankee neighborhoots nexsht pingster. Won't der tear beebles trow up deir gaps ant "whoraw!" vor deir coot varmer coferner! Dere pe many tounsants of Deutch peebls in der shtate; ant you gasit to pedder ash run an Deutchman; vor den you all deir fodes ket, any how. Oeh, Dunder und worsht! ish not dat do vunny! Gant wedewool bull of der eyes of de boor zimble Yangceese! We haf deach dem dat all our indarnal imbrosfemends was all humbuck, and dat all our ingreasing wealt ant boshberidy wash all "Fol-de-rols!"

Veller shticens, mine apilidies ash ein shtatesman I resht op de many brominent ant orichinal measures of mein own

allows the opportunity to pluck her effectively to escape him unimproved a fool? Let the authentic history of the past twelve or fourteen years answer the question. It is but too often true, that the *outs* are impatiently laboring to oust the *ins*, that they may retrench and reform, after the pattern of Rehobotham, II Chron., x, 10.

¹ Robert, son of John Tyler, at that time President of the United States, and understood to be a "fast" and ambitious youth.

atministration, (aldo die wicks to mosht maliziously call me King Lock in der vuple);¹ op mein oft rebated teglarations of zount obinion op madders ant tings; op mein electioneering drambs; op mein callandry to die women vokes, op mein Deutch dalking mit de olt men, ant mein choking mit die poys, (aldo I *musht* zay, I tinks de Aircuss, ant oder loky fogy babers radder too much vun at me boke in dis line; op mein evvishient vurdering of de sky-ant-tiffie opchecks of shtate lechislation; op mein teeb lore in chee-olochy ant shkunkolochy; ant op mein roar rampitious seal for de chenereal inderest of der tear peebls.

Mein wishtom ant indecrity hash peen tishplay in wite spreat bromishes of bromotion to vrient ant voe, ant in de faitful fulvilment of all dese bromishes. De cradevul eshtimation of der peebls vor mein tishintereshted evvorts hash peen exbress in de lout hosannas of die timmygradic babers ofer mein abbointments to offish. Die offish holters hash all shpeak lout in mein brays, vrom Tan to Peer-sheep-ah. Die offish zeekers hash helb to shwell die zong, pote lout ant lushtily; maar die plessings and die zymphonies of de tishabbointet ish not guite so moosical and chinkle make. Ish dere no way, chendlemen to brefent dese men pooking up deir sourkrout & supawn, ant der wick digget next vall foding? Ish dere no more colten bromishes, no more lacker pop in shtore, to geeb dem licking deir libs tell after elegtion?

I imblore de reasonaple gonsiteration of der tear peebls, ant bardigularly of der varmers! I peck dem to rememper mein New Years tinner lasht winder. De varmers hash cot a puntance of worsht & roeletjes in deir shnesks houses, and whole shkibbles of crout in de crout in deir crund-beeren holes.

Let dem dese in pring pevore de next New Years; and I will goog vor poil up ein eread hash. "Ish dere no tinner als fish in die house?"

If der peebls toud mein apilidies ash ein enlightenet shtatesman, let dem reat mein shpeches op farious buplig gasions, in witch mein obinions hash always peen loutly ant vearlessly exbrees. I woult broutly boint up mein

¹ Lacking, in common with many truly valuable men of his time, the superior educational advantages of a later period, Gov. Bouck, though of no mean order of practically cultivated intellect, modestly and wisely refrained from the assumption of public roles in which he had never, from want of opportunity, been trained. Besides this, his official period offered no field for brilliant displays of startling statesmanship. Through similar causes, many an embryo hero must forever sleep under undistinguished marble.

shpeege in dish sidy, op der recebtion of Mishter Atoins, mein shpeege in New Yorg, op de recebtion of Golonel Chonson ant mein coot vrient Hansjie Dylar; mein creat shpeege in Rogesder op de lasht acriguldural vair; ant, lasht, put not leasht, op mein inzultet ant beshpittenet sour krout messitch op your honorable poty last winder; op die rechegtion of witch I so unnozelt weeb in dis mein more dan immortal segont sour krout brodugtion. Who gan lonker tout dat I ein mon be a creat mon, a honest man, a wisa mon, a right town, your horse deam, rib shnouder, co aheat varmer cofernor, de pesht gantitade pedigsht Tofed ant sun-town vor jieve machistrade of a cread, pud zufferin ant zult et peebls! Ant I kif you dimely notice now, chendlemen, dat iv mein segont sour krout messitch not pedder vare dan die virsht, iv he pe kig unter de taple, ant I pe not re-elect I pe town upon you pe, like an tousant of prick mit my tird; ant den dere pe no marcy vor de hair monous vrients of Vanbooren, Galhoun, oder Pumpernikel!

Let cread meadings pe helt all ofer die shtate in vafor of der Shcoharie varmer meadings of all der peebls, mitout tistingtion of bardy; or at least of all drue plue timmygradig repoaplicans, wedder pugdails, higgory horns, Chagson men, pank, oder anti pank, olt hungars, pairn purners, "Taney, Kintle, Van Pooren, Chagson men," oder tissibles of Vanney Rite, P. F. Pudler, Choe Shmit, oder Hansjie Dylar.¹ Let der varmers in bardigular pe gallet out mit zount of conch shell ant tinner horn, ant paidet, if neet pe, mit zuear blurns & grogotile dears. Pe efery offish hoter on der crount, on bain rechegtion, ant efery offish seeger on bain of tish mission, let pote tress in olt wootjung shkin gaps, oder shtaw hatch, ant ledder preejes, mitout ruvelt shirds, oder sillaek shtoggings, (et dem leafe desa py home), let dem blendivul use make of higgory boles ant prowse; ant let dem atress der peebls in coot high Tutch, mit prass vaces ant iron lungs; ant bress op dru de wicketness of all indarnal imbrovements, de lout taucher of a national pank, die volly of der peebls in looking to Ungle Zam to take gare of his jiltern, or of any poty pud his poys op Washington; ant arcue mit sdork lochig de peaudies of shtarvation to der boor, ant de brifileches of ruin to the varmer wen he zell hees crain, hees sheeck,

¹ An incomplete list of faction leaders, genuine or slang, of the time. There was a respectable politician named Benj. F. Butler, whose misfortune it was not to have earned the "Spoons," suffix of him of these times of greater "moral progress."

hees souse, hees wool, and all oder tings put hees krout vor leedle oder nothing at all.

I pe very bang,¹ dat der shtate co wick next vall py a crate Hall;² ant that you and I will electet pe vor at home to shtay vor a tousant yahr afterwarts. Der beebles, it ish drue pear in silinx, ant day to say dat die wicks be all teat; maar I pe pang dey only bossum blay. Maar led us dem dry to gonfince a leetle lonker dat tings pe all recht, dat die efils arise vrom die wicks hafin too much bower (do dey pe now out), dat dey too mate bromishes, ant coot not vulvil, ant dey pe all a zet of scooneralls; and den we may shwim along acain, dill tistress trifles der beeples to a sifil war.³ Den we gan mooch gelt in our boggeds put; ant to our timmygradig vrints in Nofa Shcotia co vlee vor zavedy.

Mr. Van Pooren too at the nort say dat he in vafor of ein dariv pe mit insituious brodegition. Den he ein ledder to de sout write to shay dat he "obboset pe to dis dariv in brinzible ant in de tail." Now, choost so shtant I op der indarnal imbrofemend question. Die zendre want die Erie canawl enlarchmend, die sout want deir railroad, die nort want someting doo, der wesht all, and die east notting. Now, I in vafor of all dese pe, bartigularly die lasht. I pe a vigar of pray, a man of one brincible always, ant dat ish to lif and tie covornor, if it me guts.

Op de enlarchmend I woot recommment dat your honorable poty make abbrobriations enough to geeb der peebls easy till avder election; a leedle here, ant a leedle dere, ant a creat teal no where; der opcheck peing to to no oder coot; maar choost to prefend die timmycrads gigging deir lecks ofer die drases till die election ofer pe. At der Shcoharie greeg I recommment dat dere pe something tone; not doo mooch, mint you. It might pe well to abboint a gommiddee to gonver upon pilting shandies in die holes tuck op der enlarchmend, ant rend dem to der Irish canawl tickers, wat woult all vor me fode. Der only toud is wedder we shoult vat op die rend, wile we kif dem no work to make it out of—maar wat of dat, so lonk as we deir fodes get? We haf mate a cread many shweet, shmelling

¹ "Bang," afraid, frightened, timid, or concerned; vernacular Dutch.

² The late Hon. Willis Hall, of N. Y., at that time proposed as a whig candidate for the governorship.

³ The civil war here foreshadowed was delayed to break out under the benign reign of a very different class of statesmen; and the history of to-day is the crimination, and recrimination over what has become of Uncle Sam's gold, stolen during and since the war, as well as who were the thieves, and the question of restitution.

shwambs op dat enlarchmënd, witch might pe gultifadet to raise gat dail vlack and shkunk gappach vor die Pung-down market.

I prack dat I de fader of dat enlarchmend pe. I fodet for him twice so coshtly us he pe; ant I musht some grums of sourkrout mine taple clot, dat ish mine messitch out shake vor him. Ash vor die Erie rail roat, you may to vor it ash you like; we haf not helb him mootch; ant we neet not to mooch more als dalk apoud him, so lonk as der suddern peebles kif us deir fodes, watefer we to oder ton't to. In mein ledder op mein brifade zegredary wat wash vor to pe, I haf shay dat I in vafor of Mishiter Vaulgner's pill wash. Dish pe mooch vor ein varmer vor to zay; ant vor dish der peebles musht loutly op der goons vor me park nexst vall.

I haf lonk aco mein Sheoharie vrients bromish, dat iv elactet, I woult to sometings vor deir rail roat, so var at leasht as de Vly Zummit; ant py way of vulvilling dat bromish, I woult here zay dat, next to vurnishing blendy of offishes vor mein own vamily, nothing lie so near mein pelly to, ash der Vly Zummit.

Der wicket vetheral wicks has so mooch mischief to, dat we *must* der peebles a leetle more dax vor bay vor deir mongey shiues; oderwise our own boggeds pe fery light next yahr, wen we all out of offish co. Ash vor de imbrofements we shtarted virsht, and den shtopt ant cursht, I pe vor shtopping dem noch, hencevort, ant vorder, excebt wat may pe neetet to vool der peebles a leetle lonker. Maar dat mooch musht pe tone, al cosht it ten dimes so mooch ash it used to tit; vor dey pe always easy voolt; it pe sure someting cosht; maar wat is dat to de bolidician zo lonk ash de peebles willing pe to bay out deir own boggeds?

I vint dat some untankvul peebles crumples mooch at de apuntance of offish in mine own vamily. Now I puts dis to your own gase, chendlemen. Vor wen offish tripple tro' mine vinckers, it ov coorse op dem wat ish nearesht py virsht trobs; ant wat coult *you* to selbst? Maar, more als dish, I pe not *alone* to plame, any how; vor Hansjie Dyer² kif mein poys mooch offish — mooch shweed botatoes ant topack, vrom hees firchinary varm; ant *we* gan't helb it. Maar dey pe like der Intian's cun: dey gosht more ash dey gome to. Dey pe very coot, iv we coult dem in beance eal. Maar ash it pe, we pe in a guantary, vor I all

John Tyler at that time President.

mein roeletjies und all mein worsht expects vrom Mr. Van Pooren.¹ Zo here pe I, pedwix 2 vires. Ant zo it ish you zee. Fery many of der peebles exbextsh me out to gome in mein messitch vor Mr. Van Pooren; ant dere he sit, selbst, mit de water running town from pote corners of hees mout, waiting vor some shuibbers of sourkrout vrom mein duple clot, dat ish mein messitch. Ant wat gan I, a boor varmer, to? Dere pèsure shtant I, vumplin mit pote hants in mein mout, vull of shmoking hot firchinny taters, in cread acony to see de one of mein poys bainfully mumpling a whole beg of hot kinterhook worsht, de water a shtreaming pote hees eyes out; and an oder poy so shtuft mit firchinny topack, dat de schmoke roll hees mout, hees nose, and oder blaces out! Ant dere, petwigsht me ant mein poys, sit Hansjie Dyer too, mit pote hants op hees pelly, pegause he ish mit de Botts drupplet;² waiting to see if I no sourkrout for him trob; hees wan goaxin eye shmile mit hobe; wile die oder, fery toudval, ant treatening, ish trawed town unter hees gin, mit a sheowl targer as sefen donder glouts.

I wish die worsht, die taters, und die topack wash all in der tuyfel's bodash gettle, vrying mit de worsht and roeletjies! Maar — as if dis all wash not enough, dere shtant Mr. Galhoun too, ant *he* shay no more ash de poy wat up stairs shleeb; maar he sheowl fery lout, and cowl fery tark. Now chendlemen, I pe in vafor of *all* dese tistinguished shtatesmen; and I hobe dis outshpoken egsbression of my many breferences will secoor a gondination of de worsht, roeletjies, shweed bodadoes, ant topack, mit beace in munching die one, ant shmoking die oder to pood.

Op dis agground, ant bardigularly vrom gonzarn vor Mr. Van Pooren's brosbegds, I tare not recend suddern inzulds, nor pe shtout to Firchinney offer her inshpektion laws. I regomment dat we supmit like cread men, die shiticens of a cread shtate; ant dat *we* infide Firchinney to bass more sich, and dat we a merid make of pearing it, ash in tudy pount.³ It ish clory enough to haf sarfet unter sich a mashter.³

¹ Van Buren, Tyler, Calhoun, and others at that time living, were supposed to desire a nomination for the next presidency; and each to hope for a favorable mention in Gov. Bouck's annual message.

² John M. Botts of Virginia, then, and since a rather erratic and troublesome politician.

³ As a sample of the partisan slang of the times, this is very significant to any enquirer, anxious to place where it belongs the blame of first initiation of that state of unfriendly feeling, which finally led to disunion, and the bloodiest civil war on record. May the writer charitably hope that none of

It yammers me much, die crockailing¹ among de broders of die cread timmycradig vamily. It criefs² me op meine bauch,³ ant often make de water came mine eye out. Dey at one anoder cowl, ant shnap, and shnarl, like mat tocks; and den dey one anoder like bison pite. Ant I pe mooch shamed ofer Col. Young's⁴ vite mit der Loodenand cofernor. I sukchest virstly dat he pe durn out of offish vor de guarrel; and segontly, I woult regomment him to mercy, op de crount dat he pe die cread abostle of re-pootiation in dis shtate. Dis ish ein *pair-o-ducks* maar it ish ash glear ash all logy fogy bolicy.

It ish mit crieve ant shurprise, chendlemen, dat I die recheption py your honorable poty of mein olt and driet vint Tavit Hamildon wituish. Mine tear veller shificens, bray regonsiter! Rememper dat he zuffer creadly in making de shtate bay vor pilting a crant vance along py hees resitence. Why chendlemen! To you not know dat it gosht him two, oder tree huntret tollars of de peeple's money? Iv you will him not ganawl gommissioner make, I will him abboint emberor of Pungdown. Chendlemen, it *musht* not sait pe, dat you your pags op Mr. Hamildon durn, afder sich lout estences of temograzy, indecrity, ant usefulness to hese! It woult almost as pat pe, as vor me der olt crey out to durn to prowse Schoharie limeshtone in Tesemper, after he me so mooch sarfice to py palking unter me, op mien electioneering drambis op der ganawl!

I pe as Moses meek; maar I wish A. B. Tickierson⁵ py der tuyfel, I gan't helb it. Maar he pe now die zenade out; ant dat ish noch worsh! Tanks pe to braise! "*Sich dransports, glorious montay!*"

I pe mit der apolitionists mooch bleaset. It ish drue, dey one anoder hart names pefore volks gall; maar pe hint de toor it is all honey ant oleycooks! Mit deir tird digged, dey hash us helb to garry de shtate lasht vall; ant dey pe vor toing it acain vixin. Deir leaters, mit many dears, gry mercy vor die suddern shlafe, choosht so as to wool de foders; choosht so as we to mit de tousant million tet, ant oder vunny shtories; maar "*de broof of de putting is in chawing de pag,*" ash de old Yankee vilosofer say. Dey

those who, like him, in this and other cases, were *particeps criminis*, are less painfully penitent than he.

¹ *Crockailing*, vernacular Dutch for quarreling.

² Grievances.

³ Bauch, Dutch for belly.

⁴ Col. Samuel Young of Saratoga Co., N. Y., a prominent statesman 35 years ago.

⁵ The late A. B. Dickenson, later, consul to Nicaragua.

knew we woult rebel all de wick laws in vafor of de rides of man — der drial py chury, ant all dem dere; ant zo dey us helb vor it up nice to to, ant we shall bay up deir leaters in de way dat I all meine bromishes bay. Deir leaters deir bardy pedray, ant die foders suck it all. Och donder and worsht! Pe dat vunny not!

In gonglusion, your axecutif woult airnestly remonstrade acainst de liperdy daken mit his messitches. Mein virsht sourkrout messitch, die gream of all mien writings ant lapors, ant de baracon of all shtate babers, excebt dish, wash, I pe dot irreferently buplish in der Microscobe;¹ ant a lonk, winty, timmycock ledder vrom Mr. Mumvort, ant mit my name signet, was insteat of him in de lechislator reat. Shining die ledder mit my name, howefer, wash more as I tit op mein ledder op die meganigs a yahr or more aco, I wish der signer py der tuyfel "*mit reference pe il shpogen,*" ash we reat in die wridings of de glassie Zip Goon.

Maar I rechoice in mien avvligtion derofer, dar de lechislatur vount witch was mein messitch, and witch was vrom Mr. Mumvort; and dey mein messitch agd ubon; ant Mr. Mumvort's ledder dey only shet wint and shpill ink ofer. Ant, hoping you will to ash well dish winder, I now mein pow make, veller shificens, and bray vor your gesondheist and your fodes vrom de poddom of meine BAUCH.

N. B. Our boss seems to have perpetrated this atrocity before he reached what a stuttering old lady friend of his used to term "*years of de-d-d-destruction.*" (P. Dev.)

THE GRUMBLER.—Young man, if you are silly enough to contemplate "*the holy estate of marriage,*" pause, and weigh well this fact: a husband has now "*no rights which the courts are bound to respect.*" And do you see in the outlook any prospect of a change for the better? The duties, burdens, and responsibilities, and those *only*, imposed by matrimony belong to the husband — the comforts and privileges thus conferred, and those *only*, to the wife. But the sum of both is, as yet, too small. Hence the *necessity* for progressive reform.

— A hospitable host, at a western dinner table, pointing alternately at a smoking round of beef, and another of pork, asked a guest, "Which will you have?" was politely answered, "I'll take a piece of a fellow critter, if you please." A generous slice of pork followed as a matter of course.

¹ An Albany paper of that day.

THE RETORT STINGATIVE.

Never to give pain to those from whom God had seen fit to withhold any blessing has been a standing rule of the writer's life. Pity he ever relaxed it. Those who read and ponder over the story of his *first* infraction will need no affidavit to his assertion that it was his *last*.

Your respected narrator, though *now* "The old Dr.," was once, some 50 years ago, the young one. The prejudice against "young doctors," (not wholly groundless), was much stronger then than now, particularly among patients of "the female persuasion." Of course, as that class includes far the largest portion of every *medico's* patrons, including all his supporters in certain branches, their shyness was a great damper on his prospects, and contributed the least possible quota to his daily pork and beans.

As the old adage that it is not easy "to place an old head on young shoulders" is as often quoted to-day as "long time ago," your now sobered narrator could not then see the expediency of adroitly hiding his mortification and impatience, so as to expedite the termination of that condition of things, "expiring by its own limitation;" all knew, and few pitied his chagrin. There was no more mercy for the sin of youth, than there was for that of crime, and I knew, and knowing, felt it to an extent, that all but I enjoyed hugely.

There was at the time, within my country "ride," a harmless *unfortunate*, of a *physique* which vastly emphasised his sometimes rather caustic retorts. As he was about 40, poor, a faithful drudge for every body who would cajole, he was popularly known as "Old Bill." Poor Bill! peace to his innocent ashes! He is dead now.

Whenever Old Bill fell among a crowd, he felt himself the butt of every other fool's unsympathetic jokes; some of which, despite his misfortune, he sometimes "settled up" satisfactorily on the spot. But not *all* spectators heeded such *noli me tangere* admonitions.

Among those who failed to be thus warned betimes was, *once*, your respected narrator Dr. Paradox. And it occurred "thusly:"

A gang of countrymen were together working out their respective assessments on the highway, our friend Bill assisting some dealer in soft soap, to eke out his share.

The company were as usual amusing themselves after the praiseworthy manner of the boys in the fable of the boys and the frogs. They professed to have recently heard a rumor that our patriarch was about to "halter his condition." This report poor Bill rather waspishly contradicted, reiterating, "I don't want no wife! What would I do with a wife?" At last poor Dr. Paradox too felt "the spirit move" nor could he resist the itchy temptation to follow suit, shying just one small pebble, in manner following, to wit: "Oh, I think Bill, it might not be a bad notion, particularly at your age, to take a wife, and raise a family of children to take care of you when you get too old to work on the road anymore."

Bill paused, leaned his head upon his hoe handle, and with his own inimitable expression of benignity of feeling, replied: "Yes, it would be a good idea on one score," said he, "Might make a little more business for *you*,—that is if you could *get* it."

I will not attempt to depict the explosion of grief which Bill's conclusion occasioned. Suffice it to say that it was ten years before I could bring my nerves so up to the general level as to be able to "weep with those who wept" on that solemn occasion.

I *may*, on some future occasion, take an opportunity to again notice poor Bill, in a way of admonition to those who still cannot refrain from amusing themselves at the expense of fellow creatures, perhaps little less gifted than themselves.

—The late lamented Professor Horace Sprague, of Kingsborough, N. Y., & Peter Paradox, Esq. (of Whereabouts?) had each the honor of a mutually intimate acquaintance in Mayfield, N. Y., in the vicinity in which, and the date when the *Charivari*, (p. 5) was written. It may be here noted, that the Professor, according to a mutual understanding between us, was born several years before the writer; and "*teaching young Indians how to shoot*" some years earlier than the author of this instructive narrative.

Some months after the parturition which produced said Orphean ode, just on Paradox's arrival in the office of the — the first paper ever printed in Amsterdam, N. Y., on a visit to a very dear brother, then d—l in said office, and still living at Lockport, N. Y., the aforementioned professor "came also among them," to hand in, as became his

mournful duty, a notice of the recent marriage in Mayfield, aforesaid, of a couple known to both of us. The professor insisted that the said Peter was a poet, which guilt Peter stoutly denied; and secondly, that said Peter *must* write a suitable tribute, commemorative of the said catastrophe. No plea of incapacity was heeded, no request for time, "no pity, no relenting ruth." Whether "further round," or not, the tall professor stood "higher up in the world," than the lath of 17, whom the professor seized by both shoulders, and placed in the "slang whanger's" chair, with inked goosequill in hand, and in his ear the fatherly admonition, that he could never leave that chair barren.

Thoroughly subdued, Peter found himself tied to barely 2 or 3 sober facts in the history of the immolated pair. The name and condition of the *bruytigham* — ask a Dutchman what that is in Yankee — whether a widower or bachelor, the writer's memory faileth to transmit through the receding mists of 53 years. So also with the unfortunate patronymic; although he might actually have been the true and veritable John Smith of world-wide fame, and good and evil renown.

Of the bride, a widow, only the unheard of prefix, *Mary* remains on the writer's mnemonic record. Peter's impromptu was in type before the last letter left his pen. In that impromptu the bridegroom thus coo-eth at the side of the nuptial couch.

Can "gentle Hymen's silken string"
A chain of iron prove,
While time flits by with downy wing,
To bless the couch of love?

Ah, no! if Mary but be mine,
No sorrows I'll deplore,
My prayer has granted been *this* time —
Ye gods! I ask no more!

DEVOUT DIFFIDENCE. — The pious and obliging ostler elsewhere alluded to, "constitutionally tired," was resting his weary bones in the parlor of the same retreat, when the anxious landlady entered, and thus besought his good offices. — "Come, Bill! There is not a stick of wood cut to cook dinner. Run quick, and cut up an armfull, and bring it into the kitchen," Bill, clasping his hands, and rolling up his eyes, replied, in the meekest manner imaginable — "I—I—I would rather join with one of the brethren."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

— Moral, never harness a man that rides in an odd buggy. We ride in one sometimes. We don't know why it is so; but we are sometimes mistaken for a member of the seven nations of pedlers.

On one such occasion we were returning, in drizzly weather, from Pleasant Valley, where we had secured divers potted grape roots. Desirous to give the young plants the benefit of the mild, warm rain, which had, as usual, collected a tribe of idlers in the piazza of the only inn in Van Ettenville, N. Y., through which we were peregrinating at the time, we had just rolled up the curtains of our *wild chariot*. Our plants attracted the notice of one of the solons of said piazza, and the "spirit moved him" to enquire, very meekly, "Hallo, mister! how d'ye sell yer cabbage plants?" "Hain't got any," said we very respectfully, "how do you hold the heads?" He made us no offer; which circumstance, taken in connection with the general grief audibly expressed by his sympathetic neighbors, over the whole length and breadth of that mourning plat, led us to conclude that he held his stock quite *cheap*!

— Visitors to our fragrant Sharon Springs will, in the following incident, readily recognize the jolly *physique* of a resident of that juicy vicinity, known far and near by the three initials Peter G. S. There have been worse men hung than either P. G. S. or your humble servant. Both love fun. It tickles both to laugh. The former, in his outlandish vehicle aforesaid, was one sunny summer morning, a few years ago, riding up one side of the wide, principal avenue of that beautiful watering place, so rapidly rising in popular favor throughout our western hemisphere, while the other, on the sidewalk of the opposite margin, conversing with some visitors of the male persuasion, was, as in duty bound, calling their attention to our peculiar local phenomena; among which it would of course have been unpardonable to have omitted to notice the droll chariot, or its gawky driver. "Hallo, doctor!" said P., "what have you got to sell?" "Hog yokes," replied the obliging charioteer, "can I fit you with one this morning?" Peter's grateful acceptance was not audible across the

street, owing to the interruption of a very sudden and noisy explosion in the vicinity, just about that hour of the morning. "It will never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown." "Better luck next time."

NEW DEFINITIONS.—Exterminative philanthropy. Abolitionism.

Great and startling new discoveries. The exploded and forgotten humbugs of a past century, regvanized in the present.

Progress. The peculiarly graceful gait of the crab.

Perfect liberty. Negro and foreign domination—to be vastly enhanced, in "the good time coming," by female suffrage.

Human legislation. A great improvement upon the divine, especially in its superior wisdom and beneficence.

THE GRUMBLER.—"He that increaseth knowledge," says Solomon, "increaseth sorrow." And it has been hinted that "ignorance is bliss." That is *my* way of thinking too. For example, all *wise* human laws ignore the *unity* of husband and wife. Now, according to "scripture," if marriage does *not* make them absolutely one, then Jesus of Nazareth is *not* "the son of David"—is *not* the Messiah—the Jews are right in rejecting Him, and in holding the Christian religion a swindle. There is no solid consolation in the gospel of Christ; no bridge over the dark Jordan of death; and no hope for the penitent sinner beyond the lurid grave.

Thus legislative reform can strike no deadlier blow at that humbug religion, than in laws recognizing the severalty of husband and wife.

And further, what is to become of the Christian's hope, if his only security is being "married to Christ," if that marriage makes him no more "one with Christ" than a wife is part of her husband by modern human laws?

SAVORY RETORT.—One day some years back, by way of unbending our severe editorial dignity, we were quizzing a little girl, 6 or 8 years old, daughter of an Albany friend. Recovering from a late severe and dangerous illness she was taking on flesh enormously. Chucking her under the chin, we remarked playfully, you are getting too fat, sissy, I fear they are feeding you too much pork and sour kroust." "Think so?" said she very seriously. "I do indeed" we replied. "Well," said she, with an up toss of her little pug nose, "Perhaps they don't feed me as much squash as they do some folks!" "N. C."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Sundown, Sept. 15, 1873.

Dear D—I, I suppose it will be necessary to keep *you* at least posted as to my whereabouts during my ill starred absence from a post just now rather hot for my constitution; so that you may know how to conduct these papers without detriment to the good cause, till our climate cools off a little, and I get back to my post. In the mean time I cannot but pity a bereaved public, which is of course sorrowing tearfully over my sudden and "mysterious disappearance."

But to proceed, you no doubt recollect that trivial little incident last Saturday, when Mrs. Pintweezle, Chairwoman of the last Termagant's Convention" went for me, on account of my report of her speech at the opening of said convention, I think she was armed with a brace of revolvers and one horsewhip. Well though you know the boss is savage as seven meat axes, and braver than ten lions, yet you recollect that in view of the fact that "discretion is the better part of valor," I prudently shrugged up my shoulders, and plading both hands on my coat tails, to prevent their exposing my rear to possible harm, proceeded to save my precious time by *digging out of that*.

Well, I lost no time in reporting to "our wife," and telling her my opinion that in the present and prospective state of my health, I had come to the deliberate conclusion to take a little relaxation, with change of air, and of associations too. [This I told her in the dark corner of the coal shed, whither I had beckoned her to follow me from the back door.]

"Why Peter!" says she, "What ails you? are you crazy?"

"Not a bit of it!" says I. "But I've been a thinkin' on't this long time."

"Why did'nt you say nothin' about it at breakfast time then?"

"Golly woman! What do *you* know about business? Don't talk so loud! Somebody'll hear you! Dry up, and run get the shears, and cut off my whiskers, quick! I want to start for Chicago this minute!"

"What do you want that rat's nest off for?"

"Cause whiskers is getting out of fashion," says I.

"Peter Paradox!" says she, "I know what's up! You've been a getting yourself in trouble, as I allers told you you would, with them ere pesky papers o' yourn. Or else it's some trouble with the women. Yes, I'll be bound that's it! I've been expectin' on't this good while! Oh yes! That's the "proof readin" that's kept ye at the office so late nights, I'll bet a cooky! And now you've got to run away! Good! I'm just the chap to help ye, that is, if you'll only *stay*! Yes, I'll cut off your whiskers; yes, and shave your head too, if you'll only hold still; better your *whole* head, than *half* on't, as I expect every day to see it! Still, if you want to disguise yourself, you Peter Paradox! You can't do it better'n to wash yer face and put a clean shirt on, *that's so*! "Dew that," the mother that bore ye won't know ye from a white man."

"Woman!" says I, "Yeon jest dry up! I'd a been in Chicago afore this time if it had'nt a been for you. I'm a goin by telegraph, to avoid the crowd. Get the clean shirt then, if you *must*, and the soap-tub and scrub broom to wash my face. If any body calls, tell 'em I'm gone to Cape Cod for my wholesome."

"Going by telegraph, are you? A pretty *man* you'll be at your journey's end! How'll your breeches look, d'ye s'pose, arter bobbin up and down over the top of so many thousand telegraph poles? I would'nt want you, I'm sure? No, no! If ye're ever a coming back, ye must hide where you be an hour or two, till I can get you rigged for yer journey. Yer breeches *must* be saved, if I have to wear 'em myself, as I ginerally have to, I swan! The truth is, I ha'nt got no husband; and never had. And that a'n't all. I'm jest like Madame Pintweezle. I would'nt touch a man with a ten foot pole any how!"

"You and Madame Pintweezle!" says I. "Dear woman! Run, fetch me out a dish of wild crabapples, stewed in vinegar, to take the edge off of my teeth! That's a darling woman, do!"

"Now keep quiet awhile, my lamb," says our wife, "and I'll send ye out a plate of cole victuals bye and bye, to keep ye out of mischief while I rig ye out for your telegraph ride."

Dear dev, that was a long afternoon for your boss. More than once, as I stood listening at the key hole of the coal chest, I fancied I heard ominous noises. Sometimes I imagined I heard the thump of a broom stick, sometimes

the crack of a "pustiol"¹ and once or twice, just at dusk, a screech, and then all was still again. My wife explained all the noises, when she brought out my finished rig; telling me that the last named, and most fearful was only the customary salutation to the rising moon, from the owl's roost in the hemlock tree, leaning over the coal hole; a good omen, as promising a bright night for my ride; and a quiet ride, as most "strong minded women" would be indemnifying themselves for their daily toils in "the good cause" of "reforming," by subverting "*the existing pernicious artificial organization of society*," resuscitating their wasted energies in moonlight interviews with the more insignificant, but hardly quite dispensable sex.

Arrived at the station, while the operator was charging his battery, I donned the "rig" provided by our more prudent better half. This was but a short job; merely slipping on, over my breechaloons, a thick, short pair of buckskin half breeches; coming only down half the length of the thigh; but tough as blazes! In fact, as all "*genuine bear's grease*" pomatum is made of hog's lard, I think that buckskin must have been made of what tanners call "horse butt" nay that the *buckskin* must have been the hide of the veritable Trojan horse!

Well, I mounted the wires, Click! went the instrument, and lo! I dismounted at Chicago, precisely thirty-five minutes and fourteen seconds before I started.

Now I had not seen Chicago before in 900 years. It had grown wonderfully in that time. I did not know the place, nor even know myself; but felt sure on looking at it that I was some other man.

But alas! my tribulations were only begun. On rising next morning, and passing through the hall of the hotel, keeping step to the roll of the breakfast gong, half intoxicated with the aroma of the hot coffee and smoking sirloin steak, the first odors, except brimstone, which had met my oil factories, since the cold bite in the coal hole at home, I ran foul of the collecting agent of Faustus and Guttenburgh of New York, the firm who have been so long trying to "tree" me with their big bill for presses and type; but never could catch me at home. Now here was a "pretty how dye do," I declare!

But my hungry maw would allow no dodging now. "Faint heart never won fair lady." At the same time an

¹ Pustiol, Scotch pronunciation of the word pistol.

inward monitor cried "*Now try your cheek!*" I tried to pass him as cool as a frog's hind leg, as though I had never seen him before, nor behind neither, and I hadn't since I took his measure through a knot-hole in the staircase, the last time he brought his bill to our office. But he caught me by the coat, as I passed him, and bowing half way to the floor, said, "very happy to see you Mr. Peter Paradox. I've a little private business with you at your room or mine either, at your earliest leisure after breakfast, Mr. Paradox." "But too happy to meet you sir," said I, "but you are mistaken in the person. This is my brother, the insurance man." "Ah, I humbly beg your pardon sir; I do indeed, sir; I hope you are very well, sir. Where could I see yourself, sir, if you know?"

I told him I wished I knew myself; because he had left home in my overcoat, in consequence of which I had caught such a cold, that I feared I should never be able to speak the truth again in my life: I certainly couldn't *now*. And then I began to bark as hoarse and hollow as seven consumptive ghosts; a thing I found easier to do than I had expected, my stomach being as hollow as ten barn floors just before haying time.

Well, I took my seat at table, in the first seat I found as empty as I was myself. The collector followed suit directly opposite, I found it hot, and moved down; collector ditto. I stepped into the closet at the end of the dining room, remarking that that seat was too cool. Here I slipped the stage-driver's old knit blouse over me; and returned to the table lower down, but on the same side with the agent. "Now," thought I, "if you can see any clearer sideways, through half a dozen fat old women, mount your eye glass and proceed. Luck to you."

Thus I relieved my inward man in peace. May you never drown cooler flapjacks in better syrup and butter. And as for the steaks, didn't they roll up like hay cocks before the wind? As for the coffee, oh, Jewhilleky! I can add no more! In the mean time, it was no small consolation in my rapidly fading afflictions, to notice the agent, who was less hungry than your boss, rise, look around a moment for the boss, I suppose; and then, apparently failing to see anything more of him, go out, so I fondly trusted, about better business.

Relieved from the irksome duty of confining the observations I was able to make between mouthfuls to my indulgent friend from New York, I was now able to take

a leisurely survey of the rest of the very polite company at the table. The first thing I noticed was that every lady and gentleman was holding her or his nose. Several were leaving the room, and each muttering between teeth something uncomplimentary; while all were eying poor Peter Paradox, with any thing but an amatory expression of countenance. "Faugh!" said one; "that's rich, by Jove!" said another. "Abominable!" said a fat dowager; "pass the cologne, please!" sighed a fainting belle. "He, or the stage driver, or both must have been out skunk hunting!" said a lawyer. "And had first rate luck," said another. "It would take ten men to smell him!" said one waiter. "Who is he, anyway?" said another. "I don't know, and wouldn't for ten dollars," said another. "Bring a couple of chips to carry him out!" said the proprietor. Just then the ostler rushed in, crying out "bring the long handled shovel, and I'll attend to his case!" Then coming to your innocent boss, he jerked the blouse off over my head, and flung it out of the window, remarking in a voice so musical that I could hear it with the whole length of my ears; "my honest friend, the next time you steal a stable coat, I'd advise you to display it in some other building than a dining room full of ladies and gentlemen, I would! Boys! hurry up that shovel, will you?"

It will not surprise you to learn that I was by this time beginning to get thoroughly disgusted with Chicago society. Such total disregard for the feelings of a quiet stranger cannot be reconciled with any rule of loyalty, decorum or any other kind of rum but rot-gut! I rose from the table with as much celerity as could be reconciled with outraged editorial dignity, and sauntered blandly toward the hall, where I began to hear somebody—he couldn't have been a gentleman evidently, and without the slightest apology, publicly casting up accounts in the hall, on his way from the dining room to the street.

I am as tender hearted a philanthropist as ever wrote, spoke or voted for that noblest of all triumph, progress, philanthropy, emancipation; and never enjoyed the sorrow of any one—not even the sighs of a neg-colored gentleman obliged to work for his living like a white man—even when obliged to work so hard all day, as to be driven to the sad necessity of afterwards taking a ten mile tramp to dance till day-break for relief. But "*too much is too much!*" And I benevolently flattered myself that the present "*cy-*

nosure of all eyes," was my New York admirer; because I could in that case easily avail myself of an opportunity to secure an indefinite postponement of his little bill. As I drew nearer however to that happy observed of all observers, I found myself slightly less fortunate. It was not he, but the more favored occupant of the seat he had so affectionately coveted, opposite mine at the table.

I felt sympathetic, I advanced, two waiters were holding a large tub before him, more than half full of his bowels. He had been fluent enough at table, ten minutes before, his theme being "that divine Miss Seraphina Shoddyphant" near us (of cogné water desires); but just now he seemed to be afflicted with an impediment in his speech, besides a failure of high faluting worship of the female persuasion. Suddenly leaning forward he ejaculated in French I suppose, "Goo wa wah!" at the same time making another deposit in the favored bank before him. "*His toe-nails by golly!*" said one of the waiters inspecting the tub "*Much sick?*" said I, in a condescending tone of brotherly blandness. His gratitude was too full for vocal reply; but he acknowledged his *pheelinks*," by a look loaded with more than forty meat cleavers, a translation of which may be found in those touching lines, "*When shall we two meet again?*"—and instantly brought up his boots! "*Stand from under!!*" roared waiter the 2d; and I seized the opportunity to change the interesting scene.

But even yet my trials were not over, nor the cup of fate's malignity exhausted. Oh, thou goddess of reform! What must not thy martyr disciples endure? As I planted my feet upon the stone floor of the portico, intending to seek some more quiet and civilized retreat in the "outsquirts" of the city, my notice was attracted by a mellifluous voice, not altogether new, being that of my interesting New York brother. "Paradox," said he, with rhetorical vehemence, "I believe you *lied* to me this morning, bless you!" or something slightly different. "Who told you I didn't?" Said I with a meekness which I had hoped would be wholesome to him, as I turned to listen to the whistle of an approaching westwardly bound train of cars.

Just at that moment I became conscious of a rapid succession of most disgusting concussive or explosive noises in my rear; noises I can compare to nothing more similar than that number of *calf skin slaps!* I also saw numerous stars—my nose bled—and there was an indescribable sort of pungent, contusive numbness like, creeping up my

("pisteréroes," vide Tabitha Bramble in Humphrey Clinker), and radiating in sundry directions from my crupper bone, in a manner most marvellous and unpleasant to meditate upon; so much so, that I touched my hat and made a bow reversed to my genial New York friend, as I strove to resume a respectable bipedal attitude and air. This was that "*last feather*," which we read in the primers, "broke the camel's back." My forbearance was exhausted. Perhaps I was too hasty,—I have doubted since whether I might not as well have preserved my characteristic coolness a little longer, at least till society showed *distinct* marks of distaste. Time will show.

As it was, as soon as the stars aforesaid disappeared, I proceeded with as much deliberation as the circumstances permitted, to survey the track to the rail road station, wiping my bloody nose with my coat sleeve by the way; and lost no time in getting on board said western bound train. If asked whether I had shaken Chicago's dust off my feet in leaving, I can only reply that the emergency was so urgent that I had no time for that ceremony.

As I stood on the rear platform of the receding train, watching the waning of the now fading city, many instructive reflections passed through my busy brain. One of these regarded the accuracy of the chronology of history. All I have above related of that very interesting period of my history, from the time I so gracefully rose from my first and last breakfast in Chicago, till I bade so reluctant an adieu to its lovely shades, did not occupy more than three minutes, I *know*, for I timed it by the watch.

Now, leaving out of the calculation the infirmity in regard to veracity, contracted on my telegraph ride of the previous night, I am conscious of the impossibility of recalling each of those incidents in their due order. And I *may* possibly have exaggerated in one or two trifling statements; but I hope not. I *may* not have seen *quite* a thousand stars, perhaps not, I *guessed* at them; I did not, just then, stop to count them; and it is not convenient to go back, and do it now; yet I may some time or other, if disputed.

Another delicious thought struck me. It was this: recurring to the effect of the sweet odor of my improvised disguise upon my unhappy *vis a vis* at table, and the circumstances under which his inamorata sighed for the cologne bottle, I could easily guess what an elysian scene her boudoir must have offered for the adorer privileged

to share its mellow shades with her for the first half hour after she reached it! Perhaps after all, the wholesome experiences of that foggy morning may have beneficially "purged the visual ray" for both.

For reasons too delicate to print, I found myself not only unable to take the wires, but, even to occupy a seat in the cars on entering, and the conductor of the sleeping coach insisted on ten cents more than I had about me just then, for my berth to Sundown. We had some words about it; and he threatened to assist me off the cars, and leave me as his parting blessing on Chicago. But the big 6½ foot, and bigger hearted ostler of "mine inn," he of the "long handled shovel" was aboard, and strenuously insisted that this should not be done; as I had left more than 1000 scents in the place, of all sorts but sweet. "Pass him on!" roared he, "and I will pay the balance." The doctor says I will have to dine from a 2 story table for a month to come and write from a stair case desk to boot.

But now, dear *sub*, to business. I want you now to remember that you are *actually sub-editor* that is, actually editor, till I return to that honored post. I therefore want you to feel the importance of your elevated station. Shorten your suspenders about 6 inches, raise your pants that much, and stiffen your upper lip. A good way to do that will be to hang it in starch over night and dry before a brass kettle full of burning coals in the morning. And then in all your leading editorials have much to say about the stern integrity, and the absolutely pure incorruptibility of our paper. Let your motto be "*No black mail at this office!*" Purchasers understand, and will not be frightened away by it. But if the public knew that I would print a lie to-day for a dollar, contradict it to-morrow for another, and reprint it the next day for a third dollar, not a man, male or female, would give "three twitches of a louse's tail" to own the papers and both their editors, body and soul; simply because they would exert no influence upon public opinion. So much for your *outside* management of these delicate affairs. Now for the *inside*.

I wish we had a better paying patron than the honest merchantable public; for I tell you this integrity is thin broth to live on. Falstaff asked if honor "could set a leg?" Will strict integrity make an empty pot boil? Just about as quick. Some party will want to buy before you and I

¹Hon. Thos. H. Benton.

are hung. Abuse both heartily, till one or the other "*sees the point*." This will double the public confidence in our strictly reliable honesty, an honesty like that of the pioneer's wife, who in watching the fight between her husband and the bear, cheered each in turn; anxious only to see "fair play." Never fear but rich politicians will take the cue, and come down with the spondoolicks *when things is ripe*."

I cannot close this without more particularly posting you as touching our relations with the agreeable and interesting Mrs Pintweezle; although I am constantly painfully reminded that had it not been for the fearful wrath aroused by her unfortunate misconstruction of my harmless and kindly intended report of her brilliant oratory, my situation to day would be far more comfortable. For, though I suppose my unfortunate reply to the N. Y. man's salutation, together with the fragrant odors of the stage driver's blouse, innocently and hastily donned "for a purpose," had much to do with my misfortune; yet I cannot forget that I never should have seen that illstar'd city — a city so unfortunately incapable of duly prizing integrity and talent, had I failed to notice her very masterly and musical address, so full of deep sense, sound moral truth and of peculiarly female logic.

No doubt she and her masculine sisters, of both sexes, will finally accomplish their ends, as surely as the first woman accomplished her wisely judged and beneficent aim. Did you ever know a woman, wiser and more loving than God or man, to fail in demolishing any bulwark set up by either, *ostensibly* for protecting and cherishing, but *really* for the malign purpose of *enslaving* her? Right well did the first woman begin her holy mission in spite of God and man. We in reverence aim to finish her half accomplished, and therefore — and *only* therefore, unfortunate task.

Well, that result being sure to follow, let us, like the mass of our brethren of the press, not only be preparing to "follow suit," but to secure the lion's share of the lucre and other delicacies lying on that side of the fence; a fence erected by a Creator who manifestly did not very well know what He was about, *i. e.*, if He really *meant* it kindly towards our grievously oppressed sisters.

Yes, dear d—l, let us follow the sacred example of the old time minister on "England's rock bound coast," who, in inveighing one stormy Sunday against the horrible cruelties of his neighboring plunderers, was interrupted by the cry

"a wreck! a wreck!" After remonstrating in vain as long as any hope remained, with his eagerly dispersing audience, he promised that if they would pause while he uttered *five words* more, he would make no further opposition. They assented, he seized his hat, and crying "Let us all start fair!" fell into line. So also did sundry of our brethren, when on the breaking out of our late civil war, the bloodiest on record, after for a few weeks feebly insisting on the one section offering the other the olive branch of future more faithful fulfilment of sworn constitutional obligations, before unsheathing the sword, which offer refused would unite all in coercion; and, after pleading in vain with the aggressive section for honorable peace, all would have "pitched in" with the bloodthirstiest in the gory crusade.

Let us seasonably "go and do likewise." "Between you and me and the whipping post," I would sell myself cheap; if I can do no better. But don't tell that to Mrs. Pintweezle. Call on her, with hat under your arm, tell her, as in confidence, and "onbeknownst to me," mind you. Tell her you know that I am pined away to such a fence stake, in this far off wilderness, sighing for her lovely charms, that it would take five or six of me to cast a shadow. Tell her "the good cause is so manifestly sound, that *you* are sure my influence *might* be obtained on a fair hearing."

Then enlarge on the gigantic influence of *our* press. Tell her it has the greatest circulation on earth. Tell her I walked all the way here on one continuous carpet made of it; and that every squaw, of every tribe on the way has her bustle stuffed with three or four copies of it; and also that when their men found out that I was the editor of so miraculous a "talking blanket," every brave begged on his knees for a lock of my hair.

Tell her my ideas are ruling in every western constitution; that I make and unmake half Uncle Sam's congressmen *now*; and soon shall own the whole lot. Then tell her that in this view of the matter it is manifest that I would be cheap at the price of a whole state delegation of such moral ten pins. In due time hint *your* hopes that Madam Paradox is in a decline; that you don't fancy her coffee, and *you* don't believe the boss would be *inconsolable* at her loss. Tell her one spoonful of *lasses* — mind, don't say syrup, nor honey — will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar. Praise her queenly figure, her *silvery* voice,

her gushingly tender, persuasive words, keep your eye on her all the while; and when she begins to *kindle* and grow sociable, remind her, that though in your opinion purchasable, you are sure the boss will hold himself high. Tell her gallantry always has its price — its considerations, both pecuniary and *peculiar*. Remind her that she has, to *my* knowledge, a large and luscious following, all of which, if hearty and efficient advocacy is really desired, must make common cause with her, and be equally self denying and sociable upon occasion. Tell her *such* priceless influence cannot, *ought* not to be bought at a cheaper rate than every other political auxiliary — a rate which the meanest mere congressman counts upon with confidence for his influence. Then when she begins to show signs of caving, such as sighing, whispering, looking cautiously and suspiciously around for listeners, winking or presenting you a greenback or two, or the like, telegraph instantly to your anxious boss. With tender paternal concern.

PETER PARADOX.

The desired dispatch reached us at Sundown by the time I could comfortably ride the wires again, with the aid of the buckskin breeches. But in my homesick hurry, I forgot to note how long it was before starting that I got home. I arrived as dry as seven codfish, and hungry enough to swallow a jackass and chase the driver. I am a great toper, and my favorite liquor was always buttermilk. I at once begged Mrs. Paradox for a bowl thereof. She replied that she had, an hour before thrown the churn full "*to the four legged hogs*." So I had a relapse of my infirmity about speaking the truth. If I recover from that, I will in our next issue tell you the particulars of my reconciliation with that angel Mad. Pintweezle, and the *terms* on which I agreed that the Paradox Papers should hereafter support female suffrage and all other reforms. Suffice it for the present to say that those terms were such, that Peter Paradox has ever since been happier than seven clams. — P.P.

— That "The pot should not call the kettle black" was once, at the west, a favorite retort upon a reprover not altogether faultless. A female who was supposed to have "a dooryard of her own to sweep" was "blowing up" a delinquent boy, till, irritated beyond deliberation, he rejoined "The pot can't kettle any how."

— Two idiots in Boston; the one the son of a rich, the other of a poor man, met in the street. The rich man's son, benevolently anxious to remind the other of his place in society, took off his hat, and while scratching his own head, accosted the other "thusly," "Ebenezer, ye're a fool!" "I *know* it very well, 'Zekil," was the reply, wiping the spittle away with his coat-sleeve, "But you're a fool yourself, and *don't* know it."

RELIGIOUS MEDITATIONS.

How can I express sufficient gratitude for the rapid spread of enlightened modern liberal religion, such a vast improvement upon the antique and morose, stringent code of our check aproned grandmothers. *They* used to sing to us through their noses long canticles about love, forbearance, peace, pardon, forgiveness, and all that sort of sing-song twaddle; and would have gone into hysterics at the sound of a political sermon from a velvet cushioned pulpit on Sunday, or the sight of a neighbor cut in two by the logic of a wholesome cannon-ball, in a strife arising from a salutary effort to enforce "for doctrines the commandments of men."

Then that musical word "*the church*," was monopolized by a small, select, exclusive body of old foggy bigots, whose creed was only "*the word of the Lord*," as they whiningly termed that stiff, unyielding old book, "*the Bible*."

Now the original body is shrunk away to a few laughing stocks "of no account," almost every rogue or whore-monger is a saint; few are so silly as not to be counted in 'the church'; nine-tenths of the *gospel* sermons are political harangues, in the interest of some office seeking demagogue; the Bible is construed with a convenient liberality that sanctions all that once disturbed uneasy consciences; this church sways the ballot box with omnipotent force; and all the world applauds that effective, if not nominal "union of church and state," whose bright aurora is the real dawn of the millennium!

The old *Book* just alluded to *advises* us to "*love our enemies*." But how can we till we have *made* enemies to love? It rather seems to favor "*forgiving that we may be forgiven*;" but what have they to do with that, who *knowing* themselves to be always right, have no sins to need pardon? And surely there is such a thing as "the unpardonable sin," and that sin is *political dissent*. No one dares to dispute this.

There are duties for *others* to do. There are sins for *others* to carefully avoid — particularly imitating the examples of the patriarchs — nor is it lawful to even *think* "wine." It is *our* first duty to repent of *others'* sins. We are counseled to "*pray for those who despitefully use us*" i. e. to say "*May God have mercy on his soul*," before we pull the

trigger, while "drawing bead" on a white brother, over the barrel of a "Sharpe's rifle."

We are forbidden to "kill" — i. e. at *retail* — that is *murder*. Not so with *wholesale killing*, which is only *war*; and *war is always right*. If not, it can always be *made* right by a preliminary "prayer meeting" or two, perhaps eked out with one or two *solemn public fasts*. These effectually dissolve *all* moral obligations towards others.

A fiddlestick for the harps and symbols of the old temple — the rolling anthem symphonies of the deeply swelling organ, or the dulcet tones of the first Christmas angel choir, singing, "*Peace on earth! Good will to men!*" above the starlit plains of Bethlehem! Away with them! the mere chirrup of the midnight cricket on the hearth, all these.

No! Give me "the pomp and circumstance of *glorious war*," the "genial music of the spirit stirring drum," the screaming fife, and the brazen throated trumpet, sounding to the "charge!" How lusciously falls in the unearthly yell of the wounded war-horse, as he rears and plunges in his expiring agony! How delicious the hoarse cries and sinking groans of [other people's] dying fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, as they beg in vain the cooling drop of water! Hear that lonely widow's blue draped boy, as from the side of the half a horse on which his bloody head is resting, he moans. "Oh mother! dear mother! Will you *never* come? come? come? See the lightning of the swiftly descending cutlass, as crashing through his parting skull, it cuts in twain the last word of his last earthly wail! *He* at least will thirst no more on earth!"

How grandly mingles in the drunken curse of the dying soldier, with the many tongued thunder-peal of the pandemonium cannon battery while its broadside heaves the groaning earth, and bursts the astonished clouds!

What colors can vie with the crimson, clouded with black, which clothes the field of *more* than heavenly glory! What odors of Araby, but sink to foetor before the fragrance exhaled from the sulphur fumes, as they mingle with the mists that float upward from broad lakes of still warm blood! Such is the cheerful duty, such are the high privileges of the church of "OUR FATHER *which is in heaven*," of the children of that God whose Name is "LOVE."

Oh, Glory to that Christianity, now "covering the earth as the waters cover the sea!" to that lovely "Christian Union," which now overwhelms all opposition, in carrying all polls with all powerful sway! Hosannah to that Chris-

tianity which utterly and totally, as well as speedily annihilated the greatest philosopher and statesman, and the most amiable philanthropist of his time, for only *proposing*, almost eight years after the happy close of the most bloody civil war in history, to now at last "*Clasp hands across the bloody chasm!*" Amen!

SUFFRAGE.

Oh, the ballot! the ballot! List, ah, list, while I sing the praises of the ballot, that sovereign remedy for all earthly woes! It will shield the oppressed, enlighten the simple, strengthen the weak, and give wings to pollywogs. It will raise the poor, restrain oppressors and rogues, heal sicknesses, straiten crooked limbs, cure colts of balking, cows and congressmen of hooking, crows of pulling corn, and dogs of sucking eggs. It will cover the back, fill the belly, and improve the awkward gait, while mellifluously harmonizing feline serenades by night. It will break rams of butting, horses of running away, and women of backbiting and scolding. [N. B. No *maid* was ever given that way. P. D.—l.] It will give quite tolerable common sense to mothers-in-law, and prevent husbands wishing their wives in heaven before they are properly dressed to go. It will, as will now shortly be seen, bleach a darkey, and take the kinks out of his wool in about 30 years, and take the kink out of a pig's tail in the same number of months minus the cypher. Let none who wish to go early to paradise, or who long to greet the millennium hour first, relax for one moment a single effort to secure so glorious a boon!

A good man, *i. e.*, a "henpecked husband," blessed with a *he wife*, will in fact have no vote, nor she either; as *their* votes will neutralize, or kill each other. "Glorious consummation!"

A bad man, with an old fashioned, or *piously* speaking, a "dutiful wife"—as she will vote *with* him of course—will have *two votes*. Thrice happy community, thus doubly blessed! If *such* a community finds its liberties and its pristine privileges departing, and intolerable, inextricable despotism, or anarchy and chaos taking their places, no one can blame "PROGRESS" for the sad result!!! The present evils are so great, that even *all these* would be a change from God's laws to BETTER AND KINDER!

RANDOM THOUGHTS UPON RANDOM REFORMS.

In reforming and "reconstructing" society—on the blessings of which we have a bright illustration in the south, now some years in glorious progress—we *must* begin at the foundation of society, the family; we *must* radically overturn *that*, or fail. The wife must rule the husband, while the children rule both.

As matrimony is already modified by reform, it stands thus: The husband is not only bound to support his wife, and all the children she may bring him by any paternity she may choose, irrespective of her own economy or frugality, and without any right to her patrimony. He must also pay all her previous debts, as well as those she may be able to inflict upon him from time to time. He is liable for all the damages she may inflict upon others, voluntarily, or involuntarily, by the "unruly," as well as any other "member." He must love, honor, and cherish her, in sickness and in health, and bury her when dead.

She may be wealthy, without his deriving any aid from that fact, or any mitigation of the mayhap intolerable burden of the support of an unmanageable partner. As the laws ignore the *unity* of the compact, while all his wealth, if he have any, is in fact under her control, she may do what she may please with hers; even if she choose so to use it, as to drive him to desperation, to prison, the madhouse, or the halter. Not only is his property hers; but his very bones may be held in jail for her support—he having no lien on her wealth for his bread and water there.

But not only has the unhappy husband of the coming "he woman" no right to her property. Her very society, nay her *person* are *not* rightfully his. As to the first, she may compel him to shelter her in separate lodgings of his own; while she holds the second for any one but him, and unless he can so circumvent the artifices of a female friend, as to obtain a divorce by undeniable proof of her infidelity, he has absolutely no earthly remedy.

At the same time, she may, by withholding those "marital rights," which no human nor divine law¹ can secure him, drive him through the weakness of human nature, to seek *elsewhere* the solace she *owes* him; and then obtain a divorce, and strip him of his property as also of

¹ 1 Cor. viii, 2-5.

the right *she* retains, to marry a human woman — at least while *she* lives.

"Serves him right." If he is such a fool as to prefer that old and effete institution, called *marriage*, once so lauded by sedate "ladies of both sexes," before an unbridled life of crime, now in smoother parlance called "free love," — that quiet essence of all joy and happiness, here and hereafter — let him grunt. To fill up *his* just deserts it only remains to confer the *ballot* upon her. Then she can, by its exercise, complete his humiliation by neutralizing his vote, however wholesome for the community. If the dry old institution of marriage can stand all *this* strain, *why* let it live.

Indeed, I rejoice in the very sequence which must inevitably follow female suffrage everywhere, viz. Any conservative old foggy, blessed with a "*coming*" i.e. a voting woman, loses his vote of course. "He has no business to be a voter." Any fool or knave however, thus blessed, may easily have *two* votes; thus very beneficently balancing the two cases. One effect of female suffrage will clearly be to set men and women to studying out answers to two very weighty queries; firstly, will marriage pay? Secondly, Is there no *cheaper* mode of securing to the two sexes the enjoyment of all each may wish of the society of the other?

Some timid enquirer may possibly ask. Has not woman herself some prospective interest at stake in the present existing guaranties of marriage? What is to become of *her* in the *possible* event of her outliving her youth, health, and fascinating powers, when female suffrage, and its concomitants shall have practically neutralized and abolished those guaranties? Oh, never fear. *Natural* laws will accommodate themselves to any situation or contingency likely to arise from this, or any other *improvement* upon any *merely* divine institution.

Moreover, though under the new state of things, the present shows a large discount from the former rate of births, a certain *reform* now already in full blast, will, thanks to Malthus, still farther reduce that rate. Birth has already for a long time ceased to be a regular or necessary sequence of conception. Still, there will always be a call for the services of broken down belles and broken hearted wives, as nurses in those necessarily resulting havens of the new dispensation, — foundling hospitals.

Hence, pending the invention of some more effectual and less murderous "female pill," than any at present known, — or until an event nearer at hand — the progress

of reform shall sanction each "coming woman's" claim to the *super divine* right to "choose such father as *she* may please for each such child as she may please to bear," no laudably ambitious woman will marry — or if married, each will kick off her inconvenient bonds by actual or *quasi* divorce. "Oh happy hour!" "There's a good time coming!"

To the objection, admitting the unquestioned corruption of political maneuverers and conclaves, and the evident debasement of the caucus and the hustings, we all claim that women will *purify* the one, and elevate and purge the other. Yes, it is our boast, that our *manly sisters can touch pitch without defilement*. [Very likely: but how about the pitch? P. Dev.]

We have seen some of the blessings that sweeten the government of a *servant when he reigneth*; and are eager to taste those in store when "*women [shall] rule over us*." Many a man has married an angel, — *all* women are such before marriage, and lovingly wished her every new dress done speedily afterwards — as she could not go to heaven till then.

Every breeched professed advocate of "female suffrage," by such action proclaims his own moral emasculation. In other words they, like *he-women* and their *spooney* champion, Ben Butler, belong to no sex at all." Now, as immediately on the establishment of female suffrage, there will be more demand for eunuchs than for men, I propose that the concentrated general government, at its own expense, confer upon (and thus distinguish), each such advocate, by a rite analogous to circumcision — but more significant.¹

The following happy results will inevitably ensue. *Men* will thenceforth marry *only female women*; and such only does the old fashioned, or Christian woman want; and both will leave the polls clear for the newer and better "friends of progress." Belonging to neither sex, and loathed and rejected by both, our masculine, or suffrage women, and their uninviting allies will monopolize the polls and politics, and carry everything before them. "*zo's een sleighjie die bergh of,*" and then "*Voila la Millennium*."

¹ Goodness, gracious! Where's the man's brains? Is the boss drunk? Or is he crazy? Can't he see with half an eye, that if he tacks on such an "amendment to the amendment to the constitution, extending the right of suffrage to women," the whole thing will go to everlasting smash, by the unanimous vote of *both sexes*? If the boss can't see this he ought to "be ridiculous," and deserves to be laughed to death in Low Dutch! Fie, Peter!

Nor is even this an exhaustive answer. A poor Frenchman plied the charity of a rich one, by the pathetic plea, *Il faut que je vivra !*" [*It is necessary that I should live.*] *Je n'aperçois le besoin,*" was the reply of a true statesman. [*I see no need of that.*] Society has no need of such broken down bags. Moreover *progressive* society is not an eleemosynary institution; but one where *joie* (French), and eternal comfort will be the patrimony of all.

The "COMING WOMAN" will not breed. To be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it is far, very far beneath *her* dignity. She is born to far higher and holier functions, than to furnish a "tyrant" with a "quiver full" of "brats!" No, no, no! That eligibility is an adjunct inseparable from suffrage, no one will deny. Whoever votes for, may hold office. [Except that every Dutchman knows she cannot easily play constable, P. Dev.] Now it is clear that official and maternal duties, if not absolutely incompatible, would often be very inconvenient, if simultaneously required of one person.

Only think of a general, after ordering a charge, being called upon in tones audible above the bugle's martial note, to suckle a starving baby! Imagine a juror in the box, or a criminal judge on the bench, engaged, in the midst of a murder trial, and just at the moment when every male spectator is weeping in harmony with the counsel's plea for mercy—that judge or jury woman called to spank a kicking and squalling urchin! Nay, think of a secretary of state—closeted in the diplomatic chamber or the august Presidentess herself, in the midst of her inaugural, to be obliged to pause to change a soiled diaper! We say nothing of certain other grave and "interesting" occurrences incident to both "women who" do, and, those who do not "love their lords," happening just at very inconvenient junctures; as in the case of the presiding officer of a legislative or deliberative body, at the hour of organization, &c., &c., &c.

—A lady "in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" asked the editor for his name. "It was Paradox before I was married, Madame," said we. "Well sir," said she, "and how old might you be?" We replied, "Well madam, if I live till the 30th day of February next, I shall be 200 years old." If she had been a man, she would have whistled; but she couldnt, and we spoke the truth that time; as you will see when our birth-day comes.

POETICAL.

If any reader of these gifted pages has thus far failed of the conviction that Peter Paradox is a genuine poet, we are too generous to look upon his infirmity with any stronger sentiment than pity for his misfortune. He is doubtless little aware how much enjoyment he loses by his stupidity.

In an attempt to imitate the great British bard, we humbly regret our inability to vie with his grand perceptions, or conceptions, his smooth diction, or his mellifluous numbers. But, more fortunate, we hope, than some theatrical writers, we fondly hope to draw more tears from our sympathetic readers, with less pain than that great master cost them.

For the benefit of those who may have forgotten part, or all, of that very sorrowful ballad, we here reproduce the model with which we propose to vie.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain to the highlands bound
Cries, Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter."

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen
My blood would stain the heather."

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word, the bonny bride
In danger shall not tarry,
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as higher blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men —
Their tramping sounded nearer.

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" The lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father!"

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, oh, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her

And still they rowed, amidst the roar,
Of waters fast prevailing,
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd through storm and shade,
His child he did discover,
One lovely hand was stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover!

"Come back! come back!" Lord Ullin cried
Across this stormy water!
And I'll forgive your highland chief!
My daughter! oh, my daughter!

'Twas vain! the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing,
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting!

— Of what disease is a Baptist most apt to die? Dip-
Theory (Diphtheria).

— What kind of people make the most obliging corpses?
Those who lay themselves out to please.

— What is the favorite puppy with the ladies? *A West
Pointer.*

IMITATION.

PETER PARADOX, LOQUITUR.

Anxious to have full justice done, not to us, but to
genius, we desire the reader to give double wings to his
imagination, so that we may not fail to carry off the palm,
as we are confident we deserve to do.

PEG MOFFATT'S DAUGHTER.

Two romps, on predatory round,
Cried, "Rouse ye up, old Blunder!
And tip us o'er this miery ground;—
We go for old Blinkie's plunder!"

"Now who be ye? and of what stuff,
That ye make such saucy clatter?"

"Oh, I am Jim, of the roaring roughs,
And this Peg Moffatt's daughter."

"We're gwine in strong for old Blinkie's fruit,
This gal and me together,—
So sling us o'er this slimy moat,
Or we your hide will lather!"

"My dad's on track o' this bully youth,
And Peg pursues her daughter,
If caught, I sha' n't sit down this month,
And this gal's maam will swat her."

"Come, whisk us over quick, good Tom,
Into Blinkie's garden yonder;
We'll hook his fruit, and quick return,
And we'll all go snacks together!"

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the damsel sobs,
Dry up this deuced bother!
I'll face "a storm of cat's and dog's,"
But *can't* a spanking mother!"

Outspoke the double and twisted Tom,
"I'll sling ye both, I'm ready,
Not for your cap full,—that won't pay;
But that bedraggled lady—

Her apron holds three pecks, I'm bound
Of peaches ripe and luscious,
So mount my palm, you vagrant hound!
Now you, my dusky precious!"

"A feline serenade" rings clear,
With whippoorwills in chorus;
The hedgehog shoots his *silk-tipt* spear
Through bowers that hover o'er us.

The bullfrog croaks from slimy square,
And thieves ply their advantage;
Rich scents perfume the dubious air,
For skunk's are "on the rampage."

Now rattle Blinkie's peaches down
In cornucopian numbers,
Until the multithumpian sound
Breaks up his dulcet slumbers.

Just then appeared Jim's angry dad
And dainty Peggy with him,
"I'll find them if I die," said she,
And he blasphemed St. Swithin.

"We fear they scent thy luscious fruit,
My good and gentle Blinkie,
Suppose we search thy garden through.
My honest friend, what think ye?"

Out sprung the three, and scan'd the ground,
Each path and alley roaming,
While Jim and Peggie's darling found
A fresh pet in the gloaming.

For there a white-striped pussy stood,—
A strange *cat* in a corner;
Her head was bowed in meekest mood,
And a striped tail adorned her.

This striped tail waved o'er her head,
No moonbeam e'er blinked milder:
"Come pussy! come!" the damsel said;
Still puss was waxing wilder.

Peg spied the land lay' at a glance;
The switch dropt from her grapple!
She saw the "pussy's shy advance
But she did not like her *dapple*.

Yet there, alas! beguiled, entranced,
Her child she did discover:
One hand to coax the pet advanced,
And one leaned on the lubber.

"Come back! come back!" Peg Moffatt cried,
"Oh, dodge that scented water!
(Aside), "Oh, won't you catch it, pesky Jim!
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain! That striped tail whisked free,
Return or aid preventing,
The waters wild went o'er each child,
And all "dug out" lamenting.