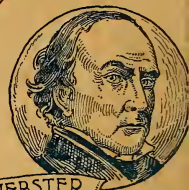


AMERICANS

OF

EMINENCE



DAN'L WEBSTER

THEIR HUMOROUS SIDE



HORACE GREELEY



G. R. HALM



ABE
LINCOLN



See - the p. 17
the same

SelffORs
OR
THE
FUNNY

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY
HENRY FREDERIC REDDALL
*Associate editor of "The People's Cyclopædia," and
author of "Room at the Top," etc.*

ILLUSTRATED

~~~~~  
SIDE OF  
POLITICS

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# THE SAD FATE OF TEN LITTLE CANDIDATES.

TEN little candidates sitting  
in a line, —  
One was licked and went  
abroad, and then there were  
but nine.

Nine little candidates tampering  
with Fate, —  
One talked himself to death,  
and then there were but  
eight.

Eight little candidates, each  
beloved of Heaven, —  
One waved the bloody shirt,  
and then there were but  
seven.

Seven little candidates up to  
silly tricks, —  
One made blackguard  
speeches, leaving then but  
six.

Six little candidates managed to survive,  
Till one became a cake of ice, and then there were but five.



THE TEN LITTLE CANDIDATES.


Five little candidates bragging 'bout the war, —  
One had a bit of common-sense, and so there were  
but four.

Four little candidates up a  
Tariff tree, —  
One sprained his intellect,  
leaving then but three.

Three little candidates, — one  
of them, Depew, —  
Owned a paying railroad, so  
there were but two.

Two little candidates, anxious  
both to ruu, —  
One knifed the other, and  
then there was but one.

One little candidate by his party picked,  
Came before the country, but was very badly licked.



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<http://www.archive.org/details/scissorsorfunnys00redd>

## Seissors; or, The Funny Side of Politics.



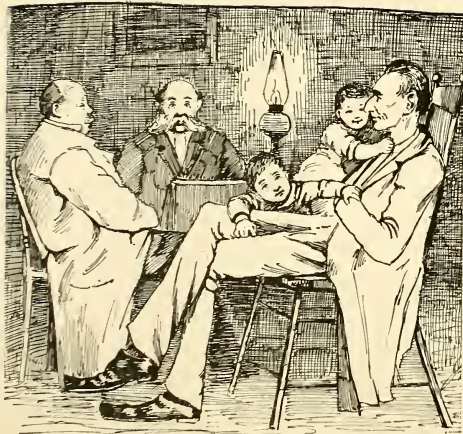
THE SUPPER WAS AN OLD FASHIONED MESS OF INDIGESTION.

### A DANGEROUS NEIGHBORHOOD.

A DISTINGUISHED member of the North Carolina Legislature told me that he happened to enter a Tennessee village in the evening of the last day of the Presidential election of 1828. He found the whole male population out hunting, the objects of the chase being two of their fellow-citizens. He inquired by what crime these men had rendered themselves so obnoxious to their neighbors, and was informed that they had voted against Gen. Jackson. The village, it appeared, had set its heart upon sending up a unanimous vote for the General, and these two voters had frustrated its desire. As the day wore on, the whiskey flowed more and more freely; and the result was a universal chase after the two voters, with a view to tarring and feathering them. They fled to the woods, however, and were not taken. — *Parton.*

### AN EARLY VIEW OF LINCOLN.

GEN. ROBERT E. SCHENCK and Donn Piatt had been selected to canvass Southern Illinois in behalf of free soil and Abraham Lincoln. "That part of Illinois," says the latter, "was then known as Egypt; and in our missionary labors we learned there that the American eagle sometimes lays rotten eggs. Our labors on the stump were closed in the wigwam at Springfield a few nights previous to the election. Mr. Lincoln was present, and listened with intense interest to Mr. Schenck's



AND ALL THE WHILE TWO LITTLE BOYS, HIS SONS, CLAMBERED OVER THOSE LEGS.

able argument. I followed in a cheerful review of the situation, that seemed to amuse the crowd, and none more so than our candidate for the Presidency. We were both invited to return to Springfield for the jubilee, should success make such rejoicing proper. We did return, for this homely son of toil was elected, and we found Springfield drunk with delight. On the day of our arrival we were invited to a supper at the house of the President-elect. It was a plain, comfortable frame structure; and the supper was an old-fashioned mess of indigestion, composed mainly of cake, pies, and chickens, — the last evidently killed in the morning, to be eaten, as best they might, that evening.

“After the supper, we sat far into the night talking over the situation. Mr. Lincoln was the homeliest man I ever saw. His body seemed to me a huge skeleton in clothes. Tall as he was, his hands and feet looked out of proportion, so long and clumsy were they. Every movement was awkward in the extreme. He sat with one leg thrown over the other, and the pendent foot swung almost to the floor. And all the while two little boys, his sons, clambered over those legs, patted his cheeks, pulled his nose, and poked their fingers in his eyes, without causing reprimand or even notice. He had a face that defied artistic skill to soften or idealize. The multiplicity of photographs and engravings makes it familiar to the public. It was capable of few expressions, but those were extremely striking. When in repose, his face was dull, heavy, and repellent. It brightened like a lit lantern when animated. His dull eyes would fairly sparkle with fun, or express as kindly a look as I ever saw when moved by some matter of human interest.

“I soon discovered that this strange and strangely gifted man, while not at all cynical, was a sceptic. His view of human nature was low, but good-natured. I could not call it suspicious, but he believed only what he saw. This low estimate of humanity blinded him to the South. He could not understand that men would get up in their wrath and fight for an idea. He considered the movement South as a sort of political game of bluff, gotten up by politicians, and meant solely to frighten the North. He believed that, when the leaders saw their efforts in that direction were unavailing, the tumult would subside. ‘They won’t give

up the offices,' I remember he said, and added, 'Were it believed that vacant places could be had at the North Pole, the road there would be lined with dead Virginians.' " — *Donn Platt.*

## A PESTILENTIAL ADMINISTRATION.

MAJOR HASKINS was postmaster of a retired village in Ohio. He was a staunch Democrat, and withal a bit of a wag. But the Free Soil and Fremont sentiment had swept over the community, so that he was almost the only man left in the region who remained true to the administration. As he found it quite impossible to breast the current, he thought it best, as the man said of his note, and the boy said of the molasses, to "let it run," while he lay low and waited for better times. One day a knot of village politicians were discussing the questions of the day in his office. Capt. Johnson was a noisy fellow, and not noted for a knowledge of his mother-tongue, though he made use of the longest words he could get hold of, often without much regard to their meaning. He was blazing out against the measures of government, and wound up by declaring that the existing administration was most *pestilential*.

"What's that?" demanded the postmaster. "What did you call it?"

"I said the administration was *pestilential*."

"Don't say that again, sir; don't use that word *pestilential*. Take some other word, or I'll" — Here he doubled his fist, and made a feint to assail the Captain.

"I meant to say," stammered the frightened man, "that this is a *rascally* administration."

"Oh, very well, you may say *that* as much as you please," replied the mollified postmaster; "but you sha'n't call it by *that other name* when I am present."



"WERE IT BELIEVED THAT VACANT PLACES COULD BE HAD AT THE NORTH POLE, THE ROAD THERE WOULD BE LINED WITH DEAD VIRGINIANS."

## STEPHENS'S WIT.

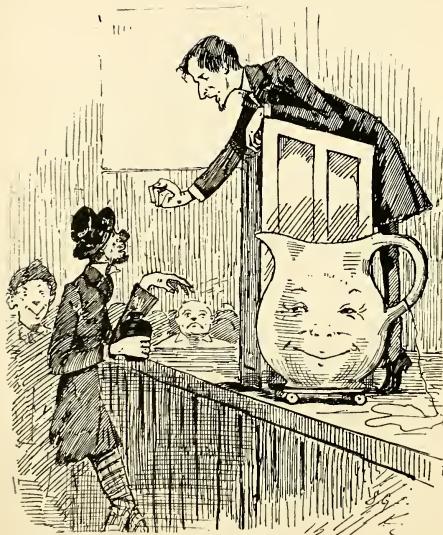
ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS was rather fond of detailing, in a friendly way, the many peculiarities of his colleagues in public life. In a long and very entertaining letter written to his brother during those early days, he has much to say of the members and Senators who were prominent during the olden time. The following extract from that letter graphically portrays a scene in the old Senate:—

"Millard Fillmore occupies the conspicuous seat erected for the second officer of the government. . . . His countenance is open and bland, his chest full; his eye is bright, blue, and intelligent; his hair thick and slightly gray. His personal appearance is striking, and no one can look at him without feeling conscious that he is a man far above the average. On his right, near the aisle leading to the front door, sits Cass, with his arms folded in his lap, as if to hold up his protruding and superincumbent abdomen; his sleepy-looking eyes occasionally glancing at the galleries, and then at the crowd pressing in below. Benton sits in his well-known place, leaning back in his chair, and giving all who desire it a full view of his person. One vacant seat is seen not far off on the same side of the House. A vacant seat in such a crowd excites the attention of all. 'Whose seat is that?' goes in whispers around. 'It is Calhoun's; not well enough to be out yet.'—'Who is that sitting by Cass?' says one. 'That is Buchanan; come all the way from home to hear Clay.'—'What thin-visaged man is that standing over yonder, and constantly moving?'—'What, that old skeleton of a man yonder?'—'Yes.'—'That is Ritchie of "The Union."'—'Who is that walking down the aisle with that uncouth coat, and all that hair about his chin? Did you ever see such a swaggerer! He can't be a Senator.'—'That is Sam Houston.'—'But where is Webster? I don't see him.'—'He is in the Supreme Court, where he has a case to argue to-day.' See Corwin and Badger and Berrien and Dawson, all near Clay; all of them quiet, while Clay pursues his writing. On the opposite side, Butler and Foote and Clemens and Douglas. . . . After the passing



STEPHENS'S WIT.





THE DEMIJOHN.

of the motion of Mr. Mangum to proceed to the consideration of the order of the day, Mr. Clay folds his papers, and puts them in his desk, and, after the business is announced, rises gracefully and majestically. Instantaneously there is a general applause, which Mr. Clay seems not to notice. The noise within is heard without, and the great crowd raised such a shout that Mr. Clay had to pause until the officers went out and cleared all the entrances; and then he began. He spoke on that day two hours and fifteen minutes. The speech was reported in 'The Globe' word for word as he uttered it. I never saw such a report before. His voice was good, his enunciation clear and distinct, his action firm, his strength far surpassing my expectation. He had the riveted gaze of the multitude the whole time. When he concluded, an immense throng of friends, both men and women, came up to congratulate and to *kiss* him."

"We never have such scenes in the Senate now," I one day said to Mr. Stephens, in commenting upon this description of Clay's triumph.

"No," he replied, laughing good-humoredly, "it is no longer the fashion to kiss Senators after their great speeches — at least, not in public." — *Howard Carroll.*

## THE DEMIJOHN.

Who has not heard of Tom Marshall's wit? I remember being present once when he was making a political speech in the open air from a platform. A fellow, quite tipsy, elbowed his way to the front of the platform below, looked up, and with thickened utterance said to the speaker, —

"I knowsh oo, Tom Marshall; you're nothin' but a demagogue."

"That may be," said Marshall. "Put a wisp of straw around *your* neck, and you'd be a *demijohn*."

## A SPOON STORY.

SOME years ago, when Gov. Morehead graced the executive chair of the old North State, a ferocious onslaught was made against his administration by the party in opposition, which had a majority in the Legislature. A committee was appointed by that body to examine the expenditures of his Excellency in the executive mansion, which was called "the palace." Mr. Brogden, then State Controller, was chairman of that committee, since celebrated as the "Spoon Committee." The majority of this committee and its chairman were politically opposed to the governor, and went into the scrutiny *con amore*, hoping to find something rich out of which capital might be made for the coming canvass. After visiting the palace, and peeping about among its furniture and fixings generally, this grave body met to make their report upon the awful waste and extravagance which his Excellency had shown in building an ice-house, and repairing his stables, and in divers naughty east-room embellishments, when it occurred to the chairman — a simple-hearted but not very polished citizen — that the committee had neglected a very important part of their duty, inasmuch as they had not *counted the spoons*, and verified the number as charged in the governor's bills. Ben Pope, a member of the committee, and a gentleman of infinite humor, exclaimed with much mock indignation against an investigation that implied that a governor of North Carolina *might steal spoons*. "But, Brogden," said he, "if you wish to count the spoons, go and do it. I shall not go, and I am sure the other members of the committee will be ashamed to accompany you in such a pitiful service. You will go alone — and — and, Brogden, *who is to count them after you?*"

Several gentlemen were dining that day with the witty and very accomplished Mrs. T——, and the spoon story was told and enjoyed with great glee by all at the table, — all but G—— M——, whose only failing is similar to that which afflicts Judge Billings. He is slow at taking a joke, and understands one only when he has had time to turn it over and examine it in all its bearings. But, unlike the Judge, when



"YOU WILL GO ALONE — AND — AND, BROGDEN, WHO IS TO COUNT THEM AFTER YOU?"



he once gets hold of it, he never lets it slip. It works him all over; and his enjoyment is intense and intensely explosive. On this occasion, long after the uproarious mirth had subsided, and other and more quiet themes were under discussion with the dinner, the sober-sided George incontinently burst out into a terrific fit of laughter, such as none but he can perpetrate, for he has a voice like young thunder, and old Stentor was a baby to George in a vocal way.

“Good!” exclaimed he. “Good! Glorious! I see it!”

“See what?” asked Mrs. T——.

“Oh, that joke upon Brogden and the spoons. Glorious! Capital! Capital!”

“There was no danger of losing the spoons,” said the lady, laughing. “if Brogden was as slow at taking them as Mr. M—— is at taking a joke.”

The feast went on, but G—— M—— could not get over the spoon joke; and semi-occasionally, if not oftener, during that dinner, he thundered out his appreciation of Ben Pope's fun. He could not help it. Brogden and the spoons, the spoons and Brogden, were ringing in his ears, and he must let out. And even now, though years have passed, the demure and quiet woods of old Guilford are sometimes waked up by some very mirthful and un-Quakerly sounds whenever the memory of that scene comes over his mind.

## A BRIGHT CONDUCTOR.

PREACHING politics has become so common in these days, that the following brief conversation has a pretty sharp point to it:—

PASSENGER: “Well, Mr. Conductor, what news in the political world?”

CONDUCTOR: “Don't know, sir: *I haven't been to church for the last two Sundays.*”



PREACHING POLITICS.



### “THE LORD REIGNS.”

If I were to be asked what made Gen. King a Democrat, I should be at a loss to answer. He was fond of authority: his whole presence and manner bespoke it. His carriage was erect, his head set back, his chest protruded. His hair was stiff and bristling, and, being long on the top, was combed back in the manner of Gen. Jackson's. Like him he had a decidedly military air and character. He was, no doubt, a very good man on the whole; but I imagine he was not imbued with any

special sympathy for the masses, or the rights of man. I have pretty good reason to believe that his natural disposition was dictatorial, — despotic. It is related that one day he came into the field where his men were haying. A thunder-storm was approaching, and he commanded the laborers in a tone of authority to do this and that; thus requiring, in fact, what was impossible. Jaklin, an old negro noted for his dry wit, being present, said in an undertone, —

“I'm thankful the Lord reigns.”

“Why so?” said a bystander.

“Because,” was the reply, “if the Lord didn't reign, the General would!” — *W. H. Milburn.*

### MIKE'S JOKES.

THE eccentric, able, honest, and cynical Mike Walsh was at one time a member of the House of Representatives from New York. Mike was the perpetrator of many practical jokes, which furnished subjects for Washington gossip. A fellow-member of the House, whose private vocation was that of a hotel-keeper, rose to make his elaborately prepared maiden speech. As he proceeded, Mike, whose seat was distant from his, would at every pause call out in his deep bass voice, loud enough to be heard by those in his immediate neighborhood, but not so loud as to reach the orator's ear, “John, a pitcher of ice-water to No. 122;” “William, answer the bell of No. 139,” etc. Upon the same fellow-member he played the rather rough joke of sending him an invitation, in the name of the President, to dine at the Executive Mansion. That there might be no occasion for an answer, the invitation was only delivered an hour before the appointed time for dinner. The victim, suspecting nothing, arrayed himself in evening dress, and started for the White House. He was closely followed by Mike, and half a dozen of his cronies whom he had let into the secret, for the purpose of

witnessing the discomfiture of the unexpected guest. As the President had happened to go to Baltimore that very afternoon, this discomfiture was complete. Whether the then somewhat unsophisticated sufferer ever discovered, or not, who had played this "heathen Chinees" trick upon him, I am not aware. — *Mtunsell B. Field.*

## A NORTH CAROLINA EPISODE.

"WHEN I was on my fishing-trip down in South-east Missouri a short time ago," says a well-known correspondent, "I met old Simon Madole, the man who had the historic duel with Gov. Clingman of North Carolina, that there was so much lying about in the 'fifties.' It is hopeless to try to give Madole's fine old Tennessee dialect; but, as near as I can put it, he tells the story thus:—

"You see, I went down there into that French Broad kentry; and this man Clingman, Guv'ner Clingman he was then, kem along and made a perlitical speech which was all full of foolery and dodgasted nonsense: and along about the middle of it I up and pintedly guv him the lie. Well, he sent his challenge to me, and I passed the word back that I'd fight him with swords, mounted. Now, I had a ole ox brute that I had trained to the saddle, and he was visonser than a trousers-leg full of rattlesnakes when I put the cinch to him; and he specially objected to anybody tootin' a horn when ridin' him. I had besides a kiverlet—a bed kiverlet, you know—in which was all colors of the rainbow, although red and blue predominated.

"I put the kiverlet on the ox brute, cinched on the saddle so that his eyes bulged out. I got me an old rusty sabre that my grandfather fit into Revolution with, tied on a cow-horn, and started for the field of combat. Guv'ner Clingman was there on a fine thoroughbred mare, with a three-cornered rapier in his hand, evidently thirstin' for my blood.

"As me and the ox brute hove in sight, there was what these here

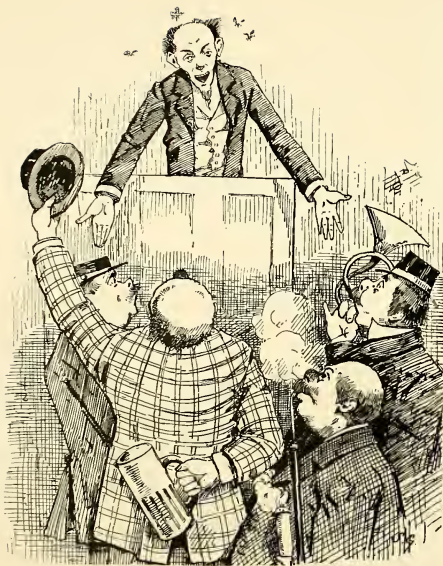
newspaper fellers call a sensation. Guv'ner Clingman declared he wouldn't fight no sich a outfit; but I took one loud toot on the cow-horn, and charged.

"Wall, sir, his thoroughbred kind of jerked and shivered, and stared as though she didn't know whether she was asleep or only dreamin'; while the kiverlet was a-flutterin' in the wind, and the ox brute was a-snortin', and a-pawiu', and a-makin' for her, end on.

"The guv'ner was yellin' for me to stop; but I jes' tooted away on the horn, and let the ox brute go. The mare waited 'twell we got about ten yards off, and then she put out due east as hard as she could lick; and you can believe me or not, but she never even switched her tail 'twell she crossed the Calina line. There's been lots of lying about the Clingman duel; but that's the truth of it, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'"



A NORTH CAROLINA EPISODE.



NO MORE LIES WANTED.

## NO MORE LIES WANTED.

“THERE is,” says a recent writer, “an amusing anecdote concerning Abram Mason and his brother John. I know all the parties except Mr. Brent, who is said to have been the competitor of Joseph Lewis for Congress in 1812. This is not so. I was in the court-house in London in April, 1812, while the election was progressing: his opponent was Mr. John Love of Prince William. It was not long after Mr. Jefferson became President that Mr. Brent appeared in the field against Lewis. Mr. Brent’s political life was ended in 1811, because, as a Senator from Virginia, he voted for the renewal of the charter of the old Bank of the United States, in defiance of the instructions of the Legislature of his State.

“Lewis told me, many years after the event, that an immense crowd convened on the sabbath before the election in the German settlement to witness the contest between Brent and himself. After the services were ended, Brent arose, and with all the powers of a rich and gorgeous eloquence depicted in glowing terms the enchanting beauties of Republicanism, the rising glories of our country under the prosperous administration of Mr. Jefferson; that our commerce whitened every sea, and our yeomen, mechanics, merchants, and professional men were all enjoying the smiles of fortune, and growing wealthy, under the benign influence of equal and constitutional laws.

“Some of the friends of Lewis (who had come there expressly to prevent his being crushed by the superior power of Brent) were alarmed for his safety. Not so with Lewis, who was a plain and poorly educated man, read no books, scarcely ever spoke in Congress, but who was gifted with a strong, clear, powerful intellect, and, above all, an intimate, profound knowledge of human nature; his temper perfectly unruffled in every position; calm and self-possessed in difficulty and danger.

“He arose and said, —

“‘Old friends and neighbors, you all know me. I cannot compete with my opponent in speaking, but can tell the truth. He depends on

Mr. Jefferson's good fortunes. Now, suppose one of you farmers cut down and clear a piece of woods, grub up the stumps, plough and sow the soil, and another man at harvest comes in and reaps the grain. Which of these persons deserves most credit?

“ ‘Why, to be sure, he who sowed the grain,’ said the whole Dutch congregation in one universal chorus.

“ ‘Well, just so with Mr. Jefferson. Washington cleared the field; Jefferson slips in, and gets all the credit.’

“ ‘The work was done. Mr. Brent's fine speech was torn into atoms. He tried to answer; but the entire assembly rose in a body, and refused to listen. ‘We want to hear no more lies,’ ran through the church. Lewis was elected, and continued in the House of Representatives until 1817, when Mercer was elected in opposition to Gen. Mason.’

## STANTON AND LINCOLN.

“ ‘SECRETARY STANTON,’ says DOND PIATT, “ was wont to pass some time, almost daily, at our room in the hotel, where, in the society of my dear wife, he seemed to relax from the sombre reserve of busy life. It was a relaxation quite removed from the kindly impulsive nature of early youth. There was the same sense of humor; but it was cynical, and stung as well as amused. Some days before he entered upon his new duties, I asked him, in the privacy of our room, if the strange report was true.

“ ‘Yes,’ he responded: ‘I am going to be Secretary of War to Old Abe.’

“ ‘What will you do?’ I asked, meaning as to how he could reconcile his contempt for the President, and their widely dissimilar views, with his service under him. His reply ignored my meaning.

“ ‘Do?’ he said. ‘I intend to accomplish three things,—I will make Abe Lincoln President of the United States; I will force this man McClellan to fight or throw up; and, last but not least, I will pick Lorenzo Thomas up with a pair of tongs, and drop him from the nearest window.’

“ ‘Strange as it is, this last and apparently easiest task was the one he did not accomplish. Lorenzo defied him, and, as Sumner wrote Stanton, ‘stuck’ to the last.’

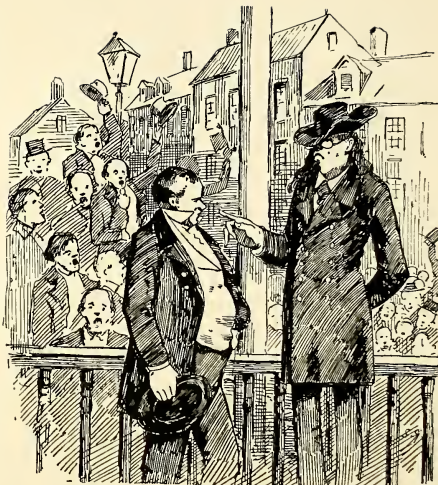


“I WILL PICK LORENZO THOMAS UP WITH A PAIR OF TONGS, AND DROP HIM FROM THE NEAREST WINDOW.”

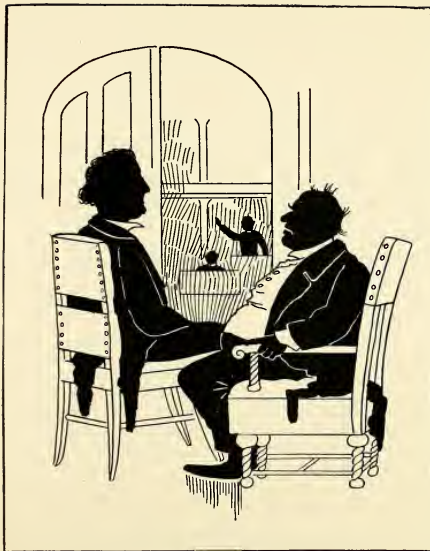


## NEUTRAL ANIMALS.

ONE Saturday afternoon in July, 1861, George H. Boker, some time American Minister to Constantinople, visited Washington, and called with me upon President Lincoln. It was a most interesting period of the war, just previous to the battle of Bull Run. When I presented Boker to the President, he asked, "Are you the son of Charles S. Boker of Philadelphia?" My friend answered, "That is what I am believed to be."—"Well," said the President, "I was your father's lawyer in Springfield, and I only wish I had all the money I collected and paid to him, for I would have a very handsome fortune." Mr. Lincoln said, "The Kentucky commissioners are waiting for me on the balcony below. They are here to protest against my sending troops through their State to the relief of the Unionists of Tennessee, and I would like you and Forney to come down and see them. They say they want Kentucky to decide her relations to the General Government for herself, and that any forces sent through their State to the Unionists of Tennessee would certainly arouse the elements of revolt." Then Boker told the President an anecdote of the British Minister at the court of Frederick the Great, who was anxious to persuade the king to take part in the British conflicts with other European powers. Old Fritz steadily refused to be involved. His policy was against all part in the quarrel. At a formal state dinner, when the British Minister was present, Frederick said, "Will my Lord Bristol [the name of the British plenipotentiary] allow me to send him a piece of eapon?" to which the latter indignantly replied, "No, sir: I decline having any thing to do with *neutral* animals." The President enjoyed the joke hugely; and we walked downstairs, where, on the balcony overlooking the joyous throng, stood the two Kentucky commissioners, one of them the eminent Judge Robertson, lately deceased. They renewed their appeals against sending troops across their State with much earnestness and ability. Mr. Lincoln quietly but resolutely combated their views, assuring them that neutrality did not become any of the friends of the government; that, while the



ON THE BALCONY STOOD THE TWO KENTUCKY COMMISSIONERS.



THE SCRIPTURES vs. SHAKSPEARE.

citizen enjoyed his rights and the protection of the laws, he must also recognize his obligations and his duties. Then, turning to Boker, he asked him to repeat the incident between Frederick the Great and the British Minister, which, though it made the Kentuckians laugh, was evidently not agreeable to them. Mr. Lincoln added, "Gentlemen, my position in regard to your State is like that of the woodman who, returning to his home one night, found coiled around his beautiful children, who were quietly sleeping in their bed, several poisonous snakes. His first impulse was to save his little ones; but he feared that, if he struck at the snakes, he might strike the children; and yet he dared not let them die without an effort. So it is with me. I know Kentucky and Tennessee are infested with the enemies of the Union; but I know also that there are thousands of patriots in both who will be persecuted even unto death unless the strong hand of government is interposed for their protection and rescue. We must go in. The old flag must be carried into Tennessee at whatever hazard." Upon which the commissioners retired with unconcealed dissatisfaction. — *John W. Forney.*

## THE SCRIPTURES vs. SHAKSPEARE.

A FEW days before the adjournment of one of the sessions of the Legislature of North Carolina, a wealthy conservative from a distant portion of the State, happening to be in Raleigh, paid a visit to the Capitol. Taking a seat in the lobby of the Senate chamber, he meditated on the degeneracy of the times which permits colored men to hold seats in that body. He was roused from his reverie by a colored Senator, who arose, and in the course of his remarks used the familiar quotation from the 137th Psalm, "Let my right hand forget her cunning;" etc. He could contain himself no longer, and, turning to a friend, said, "Isn't it disgusting to hear such an ignoramus attempting to quote Shakspeare?"



NON-COMMITTAL.

## NON-COMMITTAL.

At one time John C. Spencer, then Secretary of the Treasury, was nominated as Justice of the Supreme Court in place of Smith Thompson, deceased; and David Henshaw, a noted Democrat of Boston, was nominated for Secretary of the Navy. These nominations were held in abeyance for some time; and after a while Spencer and Henshaw became impatient, and sought to ascertain what their fate was to be. George Evans of Maine was then one of the most influential members of the Senate; and Albert Smith, who had been in the House of Representatives from the same State, and was then a sort of lobbyist and general agent in Washington, called upon Evans in the hope of gaining some information. He told the Senator that Spencer and Henshaw were concerned about the action of the Senate upon their nominations.

"Naturally so," said Mr. Evans; "and one of them must have sent you to me to inquire?"

"I came at their joint request. And now, what shall I tell them?"

"Well, Albert," said the Senator, "you may tell them this story. When the rich Mr. Clapp of Portland was at the height of his commercial career, about a dozen vessels loaded with molasses arrived from the West Indies and New Orleans in the course of two or three days. A majority of them were owned by, or consigned to, Clapp; and the smaller merchants did not dare to sell a gallon of treacle until he had fixed upon a price. After some days it was bruited about that he had sold one of his cargoes. Up comes one of the traders to gather information.

"So, Mr. Clapp, you've sold the "Juno's" molasses, hain't you?"

"You heard so down on the wharf, eh?"

"And they are all anxious to know what price you got."

"Umph! sent you up here to find out, didn't they?"



“ Yes, they did. What shall I tell 'em? ”

“ Tell 'em you don't know. ”

Smith left the presence rather crestfallen, and the next week Spencer and Henshaw were both rejected.

## MATE ON FRIDAY.

At a Democratic meeting held in a neighboring city, it was deemed that a good thing to do would be to have a barbecue. The subject was referred to a committee, who reported favorably, and recommended that it be held on Friday week. Upon the announcement of the date, an excited Irishman jumped to his feet, and exclaimed, “ Mr. Prisdint, I'd have ye to understand, sur, that the *great heft* of the Dimmicratic party don't ate mate on Friday! ” Patrick put that undeniable fact in a very concise and pointed way. He couldn't have done it better. The barbecue was not held on Friday.

## MORE REPUBLICAN INSOLENCIE.

ALONG the course of the River Seine, through Paris, are many life-saving stations with the word “ Noyes, ” indicating their character, painted in plain letters upon them. Last summer, when Congressman O'Neill of St. Louis was in the gayest of cities for a season, he saw these signs every day for a week, and finally could contain himself no longer.

“ By thunder! ” he said to his companion, “ did you ever see any thing like the gall of the Republican party? ”

“ What do you mean? ” exclaimed his friend in surprise.

“ Why, look at that name there and everywhere up and down the river. It's all right, maybe, for Gov. Noyes to be the Republican Min-

ister here when the party was in power; but what the deuce did he want to advertise himself for on every bill-board, from the head waters to the mouth of this river? It's ten years ago, too; and if McLane had any snap, he'd paint out Noyes's, and put his own up. It makes me sick, and I don't know whether to cuss the apathy of my own party or the cheek of the opposition. ” And the Missouri statesman said several bad words, and started off toward American headquarters.



“ THE GREAT HEFT OF THE DIMMICRATIC PARTY DON'T ATE MATE ON FRIDAY! ”

## THE FAITHFUL MARINE.

SOME time ago the Hon. Timothy J. Campbell, member of Congress, visited the Brooklyn Navy Yard. A large stone wall surrounds the grounds, which you have to skirt in order to reach the quarters of the officer in command. Favored ones, however, can make a short cut through a little side-gate; but they must have a pass. A sentry always guards this gate. "Tim" walked up to this sentry one day, after giving his white necktie an extra twist, and attempted to enter the enclosure.



"NO THOROUGHFARE."

Timothy J. Campbell from the Eighth Congressional District of New York, — and don't you forget it," he added, with a significant wink at the sentry.

But the latter didn't budge. He only laughed at "Tim," and finally, when the honorable gentleman got a trifle excited, ordered him peremptorily off. Vowing vengeance, "Tim" departed. He made directly to the Commandant's quarters. Here he stated his grievance.

"No thoroughfare," cried the sentry.

"No what?"

"No thoroughfare."

"Well, I guess I can pass," said "Tim," drawing himself up, and giving his tie another turn.

"Not except you have a pass."

"Well, I don't need a pass," remarked "Tim" assuringly: "I am a member of Congress."

"Come, now, move on; I haven't time to fool with you any longer. Move on, I say, or" —

"Tim" was now thoroughly roused. "I say, I am the Hon.

He was listened to attentively, and presently the sentry was sent for.

"Did you refuse to let this gentleman pass?" asked Col. Hayward.

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't he tell you who he was?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why didn't you let him pass, then?"

"Because he said he was a member of Congress, and I knew then that he was a liar."

"Tim" hadn't a word to say after that; but since then he has sworn to abolish the Marine Corps. And, of course, he will do it.

## A BRAINY MAN BY PROXY.

A WIDELY known Congressman was called upon by a reporter whose paper wanted to know what, in the Congressman's opinion, would and should be the effect of an incident that had just occurred at Washington, and had greatly excited the Congressman's constituency.

"Sorry, but I am too busy to give you a moment to-day," said Mr. —, as he opened slightly the door of his private office. "But look here: you are a good man, and you know me pretty well. Suppose you go to the office and write up a spicy interview, and show me the proof. I guess it will be all right."

The reporter did so. The Congressman changed not more than half a dozen lines in the proof; and the "interview," when published, was quoted far and wide as the valuable opinion of a man especially qualified to speak upon the subject. Not only did Mr. — pay a high compliment to the reporter for his implied familiarity with current political events, and good judgment, but he showed that whatever the reporter wrote — which, of course, was subject to correction — it would be put in such a form that it would be interesting to its readers.

## RADDIKLE vs. DEMOCRAT.

"RECONSTRUCTION" seems to have had a different meaning in different localities. A New Orleans correspondent gives the following as its definition from the colored point of view in that city:—

A "man and brother" went into a clothing-store, and arrayed himself in fine apparel, but, before consummating the purchase, said to the clothier, "Before I buys dis coat, I wants to know if you's de right stripe. Is you a Raddikle?" The party addressed indignantly replied, "Take the coat off, and leave the store. I'll teach you not to be impertinent in future."—"Well, boss, it's all right: I didn't mean no harm. I only wanted to know if you was a Raddikle, kase I'm a Democrat, and don't trade wid dem sort."

## "HUNKER" AND "BARN-BURNER."

HERE is one about Van Buren. During the autumn of the year 1851 there was a terrible contest waging between the "Hunker" and "Barn-burner" factions of the dominant party in the city of New York. An excellent but very young gentleman, afterward a member of Congress, and now holding a high office under the municipal government of that city, happened to be the "Hunker" candidate as delegate from the fifteenth ward to the State convention to be held at Syracuse, in opposition to Van Buren, who was the "Barn-burner" nominee. There was a great deal of excitement at the polls, possibly some "ballot-stuffing." The result was, that the gentleman anonymously referred to was returned, and received the certificate of election, while Van Buren announced that he would go to Syracuse to contest the seat.

Accordingly, the day before the convention was to assemble, I with several others started for Syracuse in company with our candidate. We arrived at Albany in the evening, and went to Congress Hall for supper.

When we entered the dining-room, whom should we find there but Mr. Van Buren, seated at the head of the table, and flanked on either side by several of his prominent adherents. Our man and ourselves took seats at the same table, somewhat lower down; and Mr. Van Buren, who knew me, saluted me. This was like waving a red flag at an enraged bull. Our candidate, who sat next to me, at once began to abuse Van Buren to me in very savage terms. Presently the latter, who knew him as well as he knew me, turned to me, and in his usual drawing tone, but in quite a loud voice, said, "Field, who is that young man who sits next you?"—"That, Mr. Van Buren," I answered, "is Mr. ———."—"Oh! that is Mr. ———, is it?" he rejoined. "Well, please give him my compliments, and tell him that he is a confounded young politician."—*Field.*

## TOO SANDY.

COL. AARON FINCH was a distinguished Democratic politician in Indiana. He had some thoughts of emigrating to Arkansas, and, meeting a gentleman from that part of the country, asked him what were the inducements to remove to that State. Particularly he inquired about the soil. The gentleman informed him that the land was good, but in some parts very sandy. Col. Finch then asked about the politics of Arkansas, and the prospects of a stranger getting ahead.

"Very good," was the reply: "the Democratic party is strongly in the majority. But, to succeed, a man must load himself down with revolvers and bowie-knives, and fight his way through."

"Oh, well," said the colonel, "on the whole, from what you say, I think Arkansas wouldn't suit me. I rather think the soil is a *little too sandy!*"



A LITTLE TOO SANDY.



VIRGIL HOSKINS BEFORE HIS JUDGE.

## THE YANKEE PEDDLER.

THE political caricatures and burlesques of Jackson's day are full of party rancor and personal antipathy. In one of them the author conducts his readers into the judgment-hall of Rhadamanthus, and reports the examination of the spirit of a departed Yankee:—

“Soon we heard one of the constables call out, ‘Virgil Hoskins! Virgil Hoskins!’—‘Here,’ answered our companion the Yankee peddler, quaking up to the bar. Rhadamanthus was seated with a great number of huge account-books before him. ‘Virgil Hoskins is your name, is it?’ said he. ‘Here it is among the H’s, page 49,358. Ah, Virgil, there’s a terribly long account against you. Let’s see a few of the charges. (*Reads.*)

“‘VIRGIL HOSKINS.

Dr.

“‘June 27, 18—. To selling, in the course of one peddling expedition, 497,368 wooden nutmegs, 281,532 Spanish cigars made of oak-leaves, and 647 wooden clocks.

“‘What do you say to that charge, Hoskins?’

“‘HOSKINS. Why, that was counted in our place about the greatest peddling trip that ever was made over the Potomac.

“‘RHADAMANTHUS (*reads*). June 29, 18—. To stealing an old grindstone, smearing it over with butter, and then selling it as a cheese.

“‘HOSKINS (*in great surprise*). Jimminy! Surely, you wouldn’t punish a man for that, would you?

“‘RHADAMANTHUS (*reads*). Dec. 13, 1780. To making a counterfeit dollar of pewter, when you were six years old, and cheating your own father with it.

“‘HOSKINS. Daddy was mighty glad when he found it out. He said it showed I had a genius.

“‘RHADAMANTHUS (*reads*). July 2, 18—. To taking a worn-out pair of shoes which you found in the road, and selling them to a pious old lady as being actually the shoes of St. Paul.

“‘HOSKINS (*with exultation*). I made four dollars and twelve and a half cents by that.

“‘RHADAMANTHUS (*reads*). July 2, 18—. To taking an empty old watch-case, putting a live cricket into it, and then selling it as a patent lever in full motion.

“‘HOSKINS. He, he, he. That was one of the cutest tricks I ever played in all my life.

"RHADAMANTHUS. It would occupy me a week, Hoskins, to go through all the charges against you. These few are sufficient. I really am getting entirely out of patience with New England, for it gives me more trouble than all the rest of the world put together. You are sentenced to be thrown into a lake of boiling molasses, where nearly all your countrymen already are, with that same old grindstone tied to your neck, and to remain there forever."

## COLLAR vs. CHOLER.

WHEN Foote was canvassing the State of Mississippi previous to the Congressional election for which he was a candidate, he arrived one day at the town of L—, where he was engaged to make a speech. While waiting for dinner he chanced to pick up a late number of "The Banner," a little one-horse paper published in that place, and found contained therein a very severe article against himself. He clipped the article from the paper, and, after eating his dinner, proceeded to the court-house, where a very respectable crowd had already assembled; among others, in company of his sweetheart, Billy Cox, the editor of the aforementioned paper. Foote, in the course of his speech, took occasion to speak of the many severe and unjust things which were said of him by the newspapers. "And foremost in bitterness, but last in importance," he said, "I may mention a scurrilous little sheet published in this town, the editor of which, judging by the reading contained therein, has but a thimbleful of brains to balance a worldful of spite." This was too much for Billy to stand: he sprang up, and commenced a vindication of himself.

"Sit down!" commanded the orator. "The people came here to hear me speak, not you."

"Well, you needn't get your cholera up about it," replied Billy.

"But I have my 'collar' up, and I always keep my collar up," answered Foote, at the same time giving a pull to that much-needed

article of dress, which already reached the neighborhood of his ears; "and I would *advise* the gentleman to keep the other end of the same garment down."



COLLAR vs. CHOLER.



"YOU'VE GOT ONE OF YOUR HAIRS CROSSED OVER THE OTHER."

## LOST BY A HAIR.

WHEN Hannibal Hamlin was Speaker of the Maine Assembly, there was in that body a certain gentleman of faultless attire, pleasing manners, good address, and some reputation. This gentleman, whose name need not be mentioned, had one foible, — that is to say, one pronounced

and particular foible, — his hair was very thin, and he was very sensitive in regard to it. To hide his approaching baldness, he had a habit of carefully stroking into its place, with handoline and other preparations, each particular hair which was left to him.

One day, while in the chair as Speaker, Mr. Hamlin, in the innocence of a good and joke-loving nature, sent for this gentleman, and, looking fixedly at his smooth and polished pate, said, with a chuckle, —

"Blank, old fellow, I just wanted to tell you that you've got one of your hairs crossed over the other."

"You insult me, sir; you insult me!" replied the member, with unexpected and altogether unnecessary indignation; and then, refusing to listen either to reason or explanation, he left the Speaker's desk, and returned to his seat.

When Mr. Hamlin became a candidate for the United States Senate this gentleman was a member of the upper house of the Maine Legislature, and positively refused, though a member of the same party, to vote for the man by whom he believed he had been insulted.

So it was that Hannibal Hamlin was defeated for a seat in the Senate — by a hair! — *Howard Carroll.*

## THEY DROWNED THE HATCHET.

An incident which illustrates the late Gov. Parker's readiness in extricating himself from an unexpected dilemma was related by him some years ago. While he was a member of the New Jersey House of Assembly, in 1848, a question of some local and political importance came up, and the then young and rising statesman decided to oppose it vigorously. To this end he prepared an elaborate speech, in which he let his patriotic fire burst into flame. He was so well pleased with his effort, that he told a friend what he was going to say. To emphasize one portion of his speech, he referred to an oil portrait of Washington which hung on the wall at the right of the Speaker's desk. When he



got to that portion of his speech, he exclaimed, "And even the Father of his Country" — He raised his hand and lifted his eyes toward where he supposed the picture was. It had been removed by his waggish friend. He instantly added, "has been taken away, in fear that he would blush for shame at the passage of this iniquitous measure."

At the end of the session the friend who had removed the portrait was effuse in his congratulations to Mr. Parker on the excellence of his speech.

"That is all right," said Mr. Parker; "you did me a good turn: and, as one good turn deserves another, let's go and drown the hatchet."

## DIDN'T HAVE THE NEEDFUL.

A GROUP of Republican Senators were discussing, the other day, the new fisheries treaty, when some one remarked that the failure to apply the policy of retaliation authorized by Congress last year placed Mr. Bayard in the position, when the commissioners met to negotiate, of having nothing to concede; while the other side were able to put an agreement to cease the unlawful harassing of our fishermen by Canadian authorities in the light of a "concession." In other words, as Henry Cabot Lodge expressed it, "A fair treaty was impossible, because the two parties did not start fair."

This reminded Senator Cullom of the position in which an old Texas pioneer found himself once. He was fond, in his latter days, of boasting of the "good old times," referring to the days of the old colonists.

"Why, sir," exclaimed the pioneer to some friends, "I was once offered a league of land for a pair of old boots."

"Didn't you take it?" he was asked.

"No, sir; I didn't."

"Poor land, I reckon."

"Why, bless your heart, sir, it was the best piece of land outdoors,

—grass five feet high, a clear stream of water running through it, and an undeveloped silver-mine in one corner."

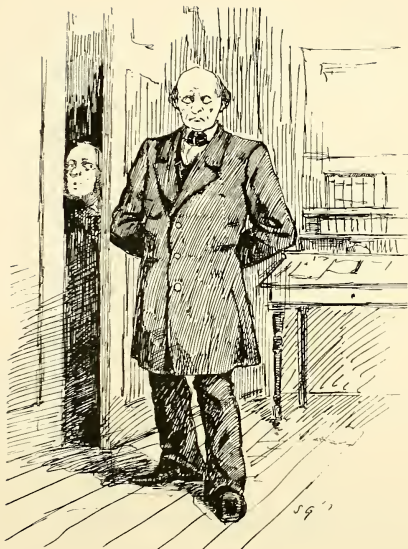
"And why in thunder didn't you make the trade?"

"Because," said the old man in a regretful tone of voice, "because I — I didn't have the boots."

That was the position, exactly, of Mr. Bayard. He had no boots to offer in trade.



"I WAS ONCE OFFERED A LEAGUE OF LAND FOR A PAIR OF OLD BOOTS."



WEBSTER AND THE JUDGE.

## A N O T H E R O F W E B S T E R .

A CERTAIN ex-judge and Mr. Webster were at one time on very intimate terms. At a particular time, during the changes of political relations contingent upon the breaking-up of the Whig Party, the judge found it convenient, perhaps profitable, to court some other rising stars in preference to the great constitutional luminary that had hitherto been the idol of his worship, and neglected to pay his devotions at the accustomed shrine.

This was noticed by Mr. Webster, and, besides, some interested friends had advised him of the judge's delinquency; while at the same time the judge was warned by some of *his* friends, that, if he did not look out, he would lose Mr. Webster's friendship altogether. This alarmed the judge, and determined him, after a coolness of several months, to renew, if he could, his old relations. So one morning he went up to Mr. Webster's office in Boston, which was then on the corner of Court and Tremont Streets. The latter happened to be alone, pacing the room backward and forward, with his hands behind him, in one of his gloomy moods.

The judge opened the door part way, and, looking in, addressed the great man in his soft and musical tones, which had, moreover, something of pleading in them:—

“Good-morning, Mr. Webster.”

“Good-morning, Judge —” (with acidity, and considerable emphasis not of the pleasant kind, — still pacing backward and forward, without looking at the judge).

“A fine morning, Mr. Webster,” continued the judge, still holding the door by the knob.

“*A ver-r-y fine mor-r-ning*, Judge —.”

“Good-morning,” replied the judge shortly, giving up the attempt, and retiring slowly.

“GOOD-MOR-R-NING, Judge —” (with increased emphasis), when the judge closed the door.



## TOO MANY BRIGADIERS.

A LADY once called to see Mr. Lincoln on business of importance. No one was waiting, and, at the invitation of the messenger, she passed directly into the President's room. She found a gentleman engaged in conversation with the President, but neither noticed her entrance. Taking a seat at a distance from the two gentlemen, she waited her opportunity. The visitor handed a paper to Mr. Lincoln. He looked it over carelessly, and said, —

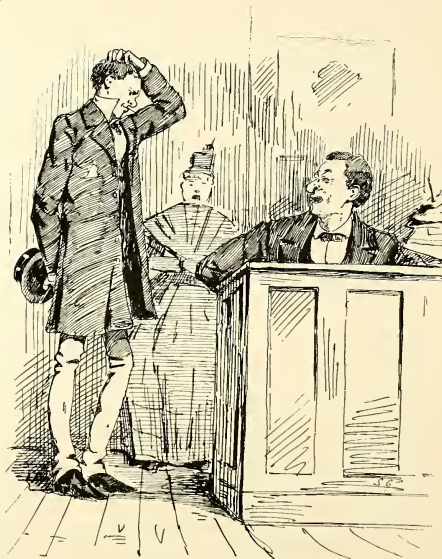
“Yes, that is a sufficient indorsement for anybody. What do you want?”

The reply was not heard, but the promotion of some person in the army was strongly urged. She heard the sarcastic words from the applicant: —

“I see there are no vacancies among the brigadiers, from the fact that so many colonels are commanding brigades.”

At this the President threw himself forward in his chair in such a way as to expose to the lady the most curious, comical expression of features imaginable. He was looking the man squarely in the face; and with one hand softly patting the other, and the funny look pervading every line of his countenance, he said, “My friend, let me tell you something about that. You are a farmer, I believe; if not, you will understand me. Suppose you had a large cattle-yard full of all sorts of cattle. — cows, oxen, and bulls, — and you kept killing, and selling, and disposing of your cows and oxen in one way and another, taking good care of your bulls. By and by you would find out that you had nothing but a yard full of old bulls, good for nothing under heaven. Now, it will be just so with the army if I don't stop making brigadier-generals.”

The man was answered, and he tried to laugh; but the effort was a feeble one. Mr. Lincoln laughed, however, enough for both parties. He laughed all over, and laughed his visitor out of the room. —  
*J. G. Holland.*



TOO MANY BRIGADIERS.

## TARIFF PLEASANTRIES.

NOT a few things quotable in a chronicle of political wit and humor occur in the proceedings of Congress. Recently, when the bill for a commission to revise the tariff and internal revenue was under discussion in the House of Representatives, several good speeches, *pro* and *con*, were delivered. Among them, that of Congressman Cox was both able

and witty, and frequently brought down the House. His illustrations, drawn from home-life, showing how every thing is taxed that enters a man's dwelling, was very cleverly brought in. Said he, —

“The little girl cannot play with her doll, nor the boy whiz his top, nor the mother wash her offspring with soap, except at an expense of from one-third to one-half of their cost for the domestic privilege. [Laughter.] If the mother gives her child castor-oil, she pours down a hundred and forty-eight per cent *ad valorem*.

[Laughter.] If the child does not



“THE SOAP IS TAXED FORTY PER CENTUM.  
GOD HELP THE CHILD!”

enjoy the dose, there is a twenty-five per cent. bowl as the recipient of the contents of its tender stomach. And though she ‘wash it with nitre, and take to it much soap, yet the iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord;’ for the soap is taxed forty per centum. God help the child!”

Mr. TOWNSHEND of Illinois. “How about candy?”

Mr. COX. “I am coming to that in a moment, my honey. [Great laughter.] If she wraps the little dear in a plain bleached cotton night-shirt, it has a nightmare of five and a half cents per square yard specific.

[Laughter.] When the child awakes in the morning fretful, she combs its little head at thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem*. [Laughter.] If she would amuse it, she rolls it over a Brussels carpet at ninety cents per square yard, or gives it confectionery made of refined sugar at four cents a pound specific, and twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem*. If it tears its little panties, the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Kelley] sews them up with spool thread taxed at three-quarters of its value. [Laughter.] Why, if she used a shingle to bring the little ‘toddling wee thing’ to its senses, as the honorable gentlemen can recall, the cost would be enhanced at the rate of seventeen per cent. taxation. [Laughter.] If the youngster has a patriotic inclination on our Fourth of July, his fire-crackers are taxed as a patriotic luxury at one dollar extra a box; and the bunting which furnishes the flag, though but twenty-three cents a pound, costs a hundred and twenty-one per cent extra; while the band plays on instruments taxed at thirty per cent. She takes him to the menagerie to study natural history. There is the zebra, symbolic of a mixed *ad valorem* and specific [laughter]; and the stately giraffe, high protection [laughter]; the royal tiger, and unicorn of Holy Writ, at twenty per cent. True, Jumbo, for purposes not to be mentioned, is excluded by the affidavit of a consistent protectionist: but the log-chain that holds his huge legs binds the monster in protective chains.” [Laughter.]

## A CHANCE SHOT.

A DISTINGUISHED Free-Soiler, after the nomination of Taylor for the Presidency, accosted Mr. Choate in the street, and told him that the Free-Soil section of the Whig party was determined to oppose the nomination at the polls. “What can you do?” said Mr. Choate. “Perhaps little,” was the reply; “but at least Massachusetts can fire her gun in the air.” — “Yes,” at once retorted Mr. Choate, “and hit her guardian angel in the eye.”

## POSTMASTER-GENERAL GRANGER.

FRANCIS GRANGER, the postmaster-general, was the second son of Gideon Granger, the head of the postal establishment of the country under President Madison. The elder Granger, on being inquired of respecting his family, said he had three sons: "John, my youngest, is the gentleman; Frank is a politician; but Ralph, sir, is a statesman." And his description was correct throughout.

Mr. Granger, although generally pleasant and obliging in his office, sometimes asserted himself rather ostentatiously, wishing it to be thought that he was no unimportant member of the government. A circumstance illustrating this weakness may be not inappropriately narrated. A gentleman who had been for some time on pleasant personal terms with Mr. Granger, and sympathized with him politically, waited on him at his office to prefer a request.

"Mr. Granger," said he, "I have called to ask a small favor of you."

Mr. Crittenden, the attorney-general, was present, and Mr. Granger was evidently disposed to show off before him.

"Well, state your case," said he.

"The postmaster in my native town is a Democrat; the emoluments are trifling, not exceeding a hundred and thirty dollars a year. The man is town-clerk, and also keeps a store. There the office is kept. The citizens generally would be glad to have him retained. He is accommodating, and no party advantage would be gained by his removal. He is a personal friend of my father, a worthy man, and I should be greatly obliged if you would allow him to remain."

In a tone rather supercilious than otherwise, Mr. Granger replied, "I believe I am postmaster-general."

The gentleman left the office without another word, incensed and provoked, determined upon having satisfaction. Going directly to the White House, he procured from the President a note to the postmaster-general, of which the following is a copy: —

SIR, — You will abstain from making any changes in your department in the State of — without written orders from me.

J. TYLER.

Armed with this missive, the gentleman returned to the Post-office Department. Mr. Crittenden was still there. Handing the note to Mr. Granger, the gentleman thus addressed him, —

"You said to me a short time since, sir, with rather more *empressement* and authority than seemed to be called for, that you were postmaster-general. I did not gainsay the declaration; but you will perceive, on reading what the President has written, that I have withdrawn the State of — from your jurisdiction."

As he left the presence Mr. Crittenden followed him out.

"You served Granger just right. But what a rebuke! If he had the spirit of a man, he would resign without one moment's delay."

## COULDN'T MOVE IT.

ONE of the most amusing scenes in the Legislature of Pennsylvania occurred on a motion to remove the Capitol of the State from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. A matter-of-fact member from the rural districts, who had heard of the great facility with which brick houses are moved from one part of a city to another, and who had not the least idea that any thing but moving the State House was in contemplation, rose and said, —

"Mr. Speaker, I have no objection to the motion, but I don't see how on airth you are going to git it over the river."



COULDN'T MOVE IT.

## INTRODUCING A SPEAKER.

It is a good thing for a political speaker to be favorably introduced to his audience. Squire G——, at a Fourth of July celebration in a town near Boston, thus brought forward a young orator: "Fellow-citizens, I have now the honor to introduce Mr. B——, from the granite hills of New Hampshire, the birthplace of the godlike Daniel Webster, and where John P. Hale — has walked with so much pleasure."

## NO IDEAS.

URI OSGOOD and Jonathan Aiken were on opposite sides of politics in Grundy County, Tenn., and the fight between them — they were running for Congress — grew warm and desperate. One day when they met on the stump. Uri, whose head was bald, and should therefore have been cooler, in the midst of his indignation turned upon Jonathan, and said, —

"I think, sir, you have but one idea in your head, and that is a very small one; if it should swell, it would burst it."

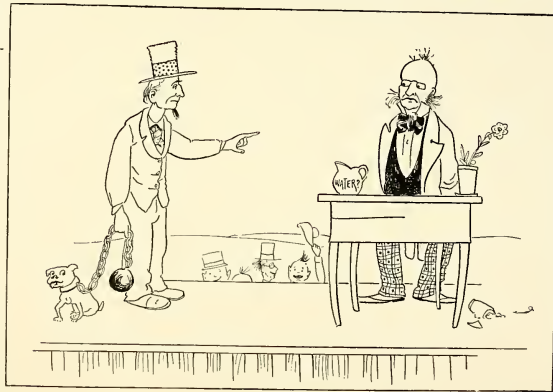
Whereat Jonathan grew red in the face, and, looking for a moment

at the bare and venerable head of his opponent, asked if he should say what he thought of him.

"Say on," saith Uri.

"Well, I think you haven't one in your head, and never had. There's been one scratching around on the outside, trying to get in, till it has scratched all the hair off; but it's never got in, and never will."

Uri was silent.



NO IDEAS.

pen, had occasion to remark upon the extravagance of the rising generation.

"Why is it," said he, "that every young man now has his gold pen, while those of my day were content to use their goose-quills?"

"I suppose," replied Robert in the most innocent manner possible, "it is because there were more geese when you were a young man."

## "GEESE."

AFTER the Hon. Cave Johnson had served his long and brilliant career in Congress, after he had distinguished himself as President Polk's postmaster-general, after he had resigned with honor the presidency of the Bank of Tennessee, and had retired to the quiet of private life, he once stepped into the office of his nephew, Robert Johnson, then a young lawyer of much promise, and, finding the young man engaged in writing with a gold

## “THAT REMINDS ME.”

MR. JOHN H. LITTLEFIELD, who studied law under Mr. Lincoln, is responsible for the following: —

Several men urged Mr. Lincoln to remove Secretary of the Treasury Chase. They said he was in the way of the administration, and hampered the President. A smile played around the corners of the President's mouth, and he said, —

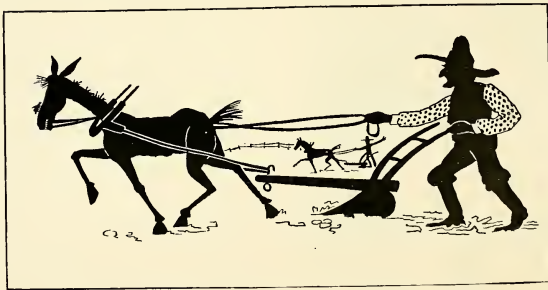
“That reminds me of a farmer out West. He was ploughing with his old mare Nance one hot summer day, and his son was following another plough in an adjoining furrow. A horse-fly got on Nance's nose, and the son kept yelling to his daddy to stop and get the fly off the mare's nose. The father paid no attention to his vociferous son for a while. Finally the son kept yelling about the fly on Nance's nose until the old man answered, —

“Now, look-a-here, jist keep quiet; that ere fly on Nance's nose makes her go faster.”

There was a sudden collapse on the part of those who wanted Secretary Chase removed.

## CRITTENDEN AND BIBB.

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN was made attorney-general by Mr. Fillmore when he made up his Cabinet on his accession to the Presidency. He was an able man, a powerful debater in the Senate, quick in retort, and in a controversial discussion was rarely overmatched. A genial, amiable gentleman, he was beloved by everybody. As a jury lawyer he excelled; but he was not a profound publicist or statesman, nor was he distinguished as a jurist. His deputy was Chancellor Bibb, who had been in the Senate, and afterward Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Tyler. Happening into the office of the attorney-general, I heard an amusing conversation between Mr. Crittenden and his deputy. He had prepared an opinion on a question growing out of a disputed claim of the State of Florida for inter-



“NOW, LOOK-A-HERE, THAT ERE FLY ON NANCE'S NOSE MAKES HER GO FASTER.”

est on a debt owing her by the United States, which he had submitted to Judge Bibb for examination. “Chancellor,” said he, “have you read my opinion?” — “I have,” was the reply; “and, John, if you had written such — nonsense and called it law when you were studying with me in Frankfort, I would have turned you out of my office.” — *Recollections of an Old Stager.*



CLAY'S INDEPENDENCE.

## CLAY'S INDEPENDENCE.

On a certain occasion Mr. Clay felt called upon to define his position on the subject of slavery; and, having carefully prepared his argument, he read it to Col. Preston, at the same time asking his opinion of it. "I quite agree with you in your views, Mr. Clay," said the latter; "but

I think the expression of such opinions will injure your prospects for the Presidency in my part of the country."

"Am I right, sir?" said Mr. Clay.

"I think you are, sir," replied the other.

"Then, sir," — with the kindling pride and generous ardor which made him so grand a nature to all who ever knew him, — "I shall say every word of it, and compromise not one jot or tittle. I would rather be right than be President!"

## "BOB" AND "FRANK" LINCOLN.

It would seem scarcely possible that such an ordinary thing as a mistake in identity might imperil the success of a Presidential candidate, and yet we are in possession of facts that show how it might very easily happen. Mr. Frank Lincoln, the reader, mimic, and humorist, recently visited Kearney, Neb., and gave one of his public entertainments. In the audience was a lady, the wife of an official of a national bank in Illinois, who was visiting her son in Kearney. At the hotel breakfast-table the next morning the following conversation occurred: —

"I went to hear Bob Lincoln last night," remarked the lady to her neighbor.

"Ah, indeed," responded he. "How were you pleased?"

"Well," said she with absolute innocence, "he is the funniest man I ever heard. While listening to him I could realize all the comical stories credited to his father. And yet, although his nomination for President is seriously considered in our State, he does not strike me as just the man for that high office."

It certainly behooves Robert T. Lincoln, who is the only simon-pure son of his father, to take immediate steps to counteract the effects of this lady's mistake, which he is not free to suppose is singular to her. Doubtless there are hundreds of wives, and husbands too, in the West



who have been deceived, by the similarity of names, into mistaking "Frank" for "Bob" Lincoln. Both are popular in their ways, the one *per se*, and the other for his *père*.

It is not altogether improbable that the roguish Frank takes a humorist's delight in not undeceiving those simple folk who flock to see him because they "hearn tell" that old Abe was an "all-fired" funny chap, and "mebbe" the boy takes "arter" his father. There would be both reputation and profit for him in fostering such a mistake.

But what may be funny and money to Frank may be confusion and death to Bob's Presidential boom. Now, Bob is as serious and grave a man as ever thumbed a Blackstone, or drew an interminable brief. Regarding the son's matter-of-fact wit, it is almost impossible to credit the stories of his father's humor. If Bob has inherited a vein of appreciation for the ridiculous, it has not been struck yet.

Bob Lincoln cannot afford to let the impression get abroad that he is identical with the volatile Frank, and it would be ruination to his success as a comical delineator for the humorous Frank to be mistaken for Bob.

It is a very distressing case of involved identity.

## SUMNER'S SENSE OF DUTY.

ABOUT the time of the firing on Sumter, a naval officer, a South Carolinian by birth and education, but who had a warm aesthetic friendship for Sumner, came to him one day in great embarrassment.

"What shall I do," he asked, "if my ship is ordered to the South to coerce my own people?"

"Read your commission, sir," was the answer.

"But suppose my ship is ordered to Charleston?"

"Read your commission, sir."

"But suppose she ranges her broadsides against the city of my birth?"

"Read your commission, sir," was again the answer.

"But, Senator, what if I am ordered to fire on my father's plantation?"

"Read your commission, sir," again thundered the Senator.

This officer, who is still living, did not leave his flag, but was never placed in the terrible embarrassment he pictured for himself.



"READ YOUR COMMISSION, SIR."



"OLD CURMUDGEON."

## POLK AND MARCY.

PRESIDENT POLK, naturally of a reticent and saturnine temperament, had nevertheless a grim sense of humor, and rather enjoyed the confusion and embarrassment of his friends, especially if there was a ludicrous side to the affair. The uninterrupted and brilliant success of Gen. Taylor in the valley of the Rio Grande, while it gave great satisfaction to the administration regarded in a national point of view, was not without some alloy when politically considered. Men accustomed to forecast future political events discerned the possibility of Gen. Taylor's becoming so great a favorite with the people as to put in jeopardy the Democratic Presidential succession. But Mr. Polk had no elements of popularity; and Mr. Marcy, his War Minister, was the only really attractive feature of his administration; and of Marcy, Polk was jealous, and always glad of an opportunity to wound his *amour propre*.

When Taylor was at the height of his fame as a military commander, Gen. Hamer of Ohio, who had served under him, came to Washington on sick leave or official business. He had been in Congress with Mr. Polk, and they were intimate friends. Hamer dined at the White House; and the President eagerly questioned him in regard to the feeling entertained by Gen. Taylor toward the administration, and the manner in which he had been supported in Mexico by the Department of War. Hamer replied that he had not heard him say much respecting any members of the government except Gov. Marcy, whom he had bitterly denounced, and repeated the exact language in which the General had characterized the Secretary. At a Cabinet meeting, soon after, the President introduced the subject of Gen. Taylor's feelings toward the administration, and remarked that, while he had no precise information as to what he thought of most of the gentlemen who composed the Cabinet council, he was glad to be able to say, that, so far as the Secretary of War was concerned, he had been reliably informed that Gen. Taylor had described Gov. Marcy as "a — old curmudgeon."

— *Recollections of an Old Stager.*



## THE BROTH OF A BOY.

PRETISS, the famous orator of the South-west, was very fond of using anecdotes to illustrate his subjects. On one occasion, when he was advocating the claims of Mr. Clay to the Presidency, he had a great many Irishmen among his auditors, who continually interrupted him by loud remarks. Prentiss finally addressed himself to the "dissenters," and in a playful manner went on to say that he could account for their dislike to his political idol in no other way than that it was natural to the Irish to be always in the "opposition," and then related the following incident:—

He said that some years ago, when it was the custom in New York City to keep the polls at elections open for three days, as might have been expected the voters got rather excited at the winding-up. A ship direct from Liverpool, and filled with emigrants, was hauled into one of the docks, directly in front of a "poll," where was breeding an election riot; and the first man ashore was a "broth of a boy," shillalah in hand, who, scarcely able to stand upon solid earth after his long confinement on shipboard, was trying to get his legs in subordination, and comprehend the confusion before him. At the instant, one of the runners about the polls, with a handful of tickets in his hand, rushed up to Pat, and, thrusting a vote into his face, asked with vehemence, "Which side are you on?" The threatening row had now broken into a storm,—brickbats, clubs, and imprecations prevailed,—when Pat seemed to suddenly recover his presence of mind, and replied, "Ye'd know the side I'm on, would ye?" and shaking his stick over his head, and giving a whoop, he concluded, "I'm on the rebellion side, ov course!" And he then pitched into the brawl "like one at home."

**EMPHATIC.**—"Is there not such a thing as pre-e-dence?" asked Senator Riddleberger of Senator Ingalls one day.  
"There is such a thing as pre-ee-dence," was the emphasized reply of the presiding officer of the Senate.



"I'M ON THE REBELLION SIDE, OV COURSE!"

## THE MINISTER AND THE FRANCHISE.

A DOWN-EASTER tells a pretty good political yarn:—

At the time of "Log Cabin" and "Hard Cider" campaign, the eloquent and scholarly Dr. T—, then a young man, had just been placed in charge of his first church in a city way down in Maine. Party politics ran high, and were not entirely confined outside the walls of the "church:" at least, so thought some good Democratic brethren, who



BROTHER R— AND THE PARSON.

consulted together in relation to what position the new minister would take, as he had come so recently among them that they had been unable to learn whether he was a Whig or a Democrat. At any rate, after consultation, our Democratic brethren, fearing that it was hardly safe to rely upon him as with them, and fearing his influence in case he should go on the other side, decided that, as he had just come into the parish, 'twould perhaps be better, in order to keep in good fellowship all around, for him to stand aloof from any part in the approaching election. Consequently they appointed Brother R—, one of the oldest members, and considered as having the greatest influence with the minister, as a committee to call and talk with him, and advise him to keep out of politics. So one morning Brother R— called in to see the young minister, who as usual was very happy to see him, and inquired anxiously in regard to the state of the church. This gave our worthy brother an opportunity to approach the subject in hand, and he commenced:—

"Brother T—, you are aware that there is a great deal of political feeling through the country at the present time; party lines are pretty closely drawn; and, I am sorry to say, appearances indicate that

it may not be kept entirely outside the church, but that brother will range himself against brother in this contest. We have therefore been consulting in regard to what is your duty in the matter, and I have been sent to give you the result of our deliberations. It is this: You have just come among us, a young man, and are loved and esteemed by the whole church. Hardly a member, if even one, knows your political views. Should you take part with either side in the approaching contest, the other side will necessarily feel opposed to you, and a bitterness will spring up which, we fear, would end in sad disaster to our church. We have therefore felt it our duty to advise you to abstain from any part in the coming campaign, and hope that our views, if not in sympathy with your own, may be received in the same spirit of Christian love that prompted them."

Mr. T— sat quietly and heard him through, as he had often before done upon subjects connected with the welfare of their church, as he was one whom, in particular, he felt glad to lean upon for support in his youth and inexperience. But, notwithstanding the apparent frankness and sincerity of the advice, he thought he could detect a little sign somewhere that it was *outside* of the church that was fearful of being offended, and being a man naturally full of fun, — a very dry, quiet fun, by the way, — and a *good Harrison man* *withal*, he thought he would let Brother R— decide for him whether, after all, there would be any thing wrong in his exercising the right of franchise. So he replied, —

"There is a good deal, I know, in what you have said; but, though I am a minister of the gospel, still I am a man, and entitled to all a man's rights and privileges in the community: and if, on the day of election, I should quietly, and interfering with no man, go down to the polls and deposit my ballot for Martin Van Buren, and then quietly go home again, *whose business is it?*"

The bait took in a moment; and Brother R—, rising from his chair, came across the floor, and taking Mr. T— by the hand, said energetically, —

"Brother T—, *it's nobody's business, and I should do as I chose about it!*"

## TAXING HIMSELF.

In the course of the tariff debate in the House of Representatives the following attempt was made to enliven its dulness by a bit of waggery:—

Mr. Ross moved to increase the duty on apples, garden fruit, and vegetables, from ten to fifty per cent.

Mr. Thayer of Pennsylvania suggested, that, if the gentleman's amendment included "small potatoes," he might go for it. (Laughter.)

The Philadelphia "Age" remarks upon this, that it is the first instance on record of a member of Congress proposing a tax upon himself.

The joke is old, but good. A good many years ago, when Gen. Cass was a leader among Democrats, and consequently an object of dislike to the Whigs, it was moved in the Legislature of a Western State to bestow the name of Cass on a new county. A Whig, meaning to be sarcastic, rose, and moved, as an amendment, that the first letter of the proposed name be struck out. The laugh was on his side hugely, until the Democrat retorted that he might not have any objection, but that it was very unusual for a member to rise and propose that a county in the State should be named after himself; and then the other side had the laugh.

**PAT'S WIT.**—HERE is a good story of President Tyler, referring to the time that he succeeded as Vice-President to the chief magistracy upon the death of President Harrison. It was said that he commissioned his Irish coachman to purchase a carriage for him. After searching Washington a day or two, Pat came to his master and reported that he had found a very handsome one for sale, but that it had been used a few times. "That will never do," answered Mr. Tyler. "It would not be proper for the President of the United States to drive a second-hand carriage."—"And sure, what are you but a second-hand President?" was the prompt and unanswerable reply.

## CRAFTY.

In the Pennsylvania Legislature at Harrisburg, in the session of 1829-30, J. F. Craft, Esq., was chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and advocated the charter of the Bank of Pennsylvania.



CRAFT AND MARTIN.

He was earnestly opposed by Benjamin Martin, Esq., of Philadelphia, who reproached him with excessive zeal, and undertaking tasks beyond his powers; taunting him with the couplet,—

"Larger boats may venture more,  
But smaller *Craft* should keep near shore."

In reply, Mr. Craft pounced upon Mr. Martin by answering his argument, and then reminded the House that the gentleman had quoted but two lines out of four, and he would beg leave to supply the remainder:—

"The noble swallow soars to upper sky:  
The humble *Martin* can but — try."



SHOW YOUR PAPERS.

## CHALLENGED.

IN one of the towns of the "Far West" at "an election held then and there," a man approached the polls to vote. He didn't look much like an honest elector, and accordingly his vote was at once challenged.

"I am entitled to vote," said he. "I am naturalized, and I've got my papers."

"Where are they?" said one of the inspectors.

"Have you got them *with* you?" asked another.

"They are at home; I haven't got them along," replied the would-be voter.

"Very well, sir; your vote is challenged. You must produce your papers."

He went away "in a huff," and by and by returned, and handed a couple of papers to the chairman of the inspectors.

"*There*," said he, "*see* if I haven't got the papers."

He had "got the papers," but not the kind *he* wanted, or the inspectors either. They simply announced his commitment to and liberation from the State prison.

Finding his mistake, the indignant jail-bird left the polling-place instantler.

This calls to mind the honest old English Quaker who is said to have voted under somewhat amusing circumstances some years since in a New York ward. He presented himself at the polls, and his vote was challenged by a surly inspector.

"Why, friend, thee knows me: I live in thy ward."

"Yes, I know you by sight, but I never saw your papers. You must bring your papers."

"I will go and get them, and bring them to thee; but does thee believe that I would tell thee a falsehood?"

"I don't say any thing about *that*: all I say is, we must have the papers. The law is, that we must have 'em."

Off went our Friend; and in about half an hour he returned, bringing with him the necessary documents, when his suffrage was at once admitted.

The next year, at a hotly contested election, in which some important moral, social, or religious question was involved, the Quaker again appeared at the polls; and there was the same inspector, who again challenged his vote.

"Now," said the Friend, "thee *doesn't* want me to go again a mile to get my papers, does thee? Thee surely must know I have a vote."

"Yes, we want the papers before us."

"Well," said the Friend, with a smile on his face that fairly lighted up the shadow of his broad-brim, "I *thought* that perhaps thee might be so vicious, and so I brought them *with me this time*."

There was not much to be said in reply.

## A GROWING YOUNG MAN.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN WISE of Virginia tells a good story on John E. Lamb of Indiana, for whom he spoke during the late contest of the latter in his State. Wise did not know how popular Lamb was at home. He was on the cars going to Terre Haute, when a short Roman-nosed German turned about and said bluntly, —

"Be you a drummer?"

"No," replied Wise.

"Be you a traveller?"

"No."

"So?" rejoined the German. "Then what be you?"

"I am here," answered Mr. Wise, "in a Democratic district, to make speeches in favor of the Republican candidate."

"You don't tell me you're going down to Terre Haute to make a speech against Schon Lamb?"

"Yes," said Wise, "I am."

"Mine friend, you make one mistake. Schon Lamb is one of the greatest men in this country."

"What!" replied Wise with a smile, "is he greater than General Grant?"

"Yes, mine friend, he is greater as 'four Sheneral Grants.'"

"Not greater than Garfield?"

"Garfield was not a circumstance to Schou Lamb. Why, mine friend, Schon Lamb is the greatest man that ever lived."

"No!" said Wise; "you dou't mean to say that he is a greater man than Solomon?"

"Ah, mine friend," rejoined the German with enthusiasm, "I don't say that Schon Lamb is now a bigger man than Solomon," — and here he leaned over toward Wise, and shook his finger solemnly in his face, — "but, mine friend, Schon Lamb vas young yet."



"BUT, MINE FRIEND, SCHON LAMB VAS YOUNG YET."



AT WEBSTER'S HOUSE.

## AT WEBSTER'S HOUSE.

AT midnight of the day on which Gen. Scott was nominated for the Presidency by the Whig convention which was held in Baltimore in June, 1852, a great crowd assembled in front of Mr. Webster's house in Washington, and "called him out." He arose from his bed, and appeared at an open window, wrapped in his dressing-gown. He spoke as follows:—

"I thank you, fellow-citizens, for this friendly and respectful call. I am very glad to see you. Some of you have been engaged in an arduous public duty at Baltimore, the object of your meeting being the selection of a fit person to be supported for the office of President of the United States. Others of you take an interest in the result of the deliberations of that assembly of Whigs. It so happened that my name was presented on the occasion; another candidate, however, was preferred. I have only to say, gentlemen, that the convention did, I doubt not, what it thought best, and exercised its discretion in the important matter committed to it. The result has caused in me no personal feeling whatever, nor any change of conduct or purpose. What I have been, I am in principle and in character; and what I am, I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.

"Gentlemen, this is a serene and beautiful night. Ten thousand thousand of the lights of heaven illuminate the firmament. They rule the night. A few hours hence, their glory will be extinguished.

"Ye stars that glitter in the skies,  
And gayly dance before my eyes,  
What are ye when the sun shall rise?"

Gentlemen, there is not one among you who will sleep better to-night than I shall. If I wake, I shall learn the hour from the constellations: and I shall rise in the morning, God willing, with the lark; and though



the lark is a better songster than I am, yet he will not leave the dew and the daisies, and spring up to greet the purpling east, with a more blithe and jocund spirit than I possess.

"Gentlemen, I again repeat my thanks for this mark of your respect, and commend you to the enjoyment of a quiet and satisfactory repose. May God bless you all!"

One of the accounts of this address given by the telegraph was, that Mr. Webster appeared at the window, and said something about the stars and the beautiful night, but made no allusion to the convention. Another represented him as speaking bitterly of the doings at Baltimore. I know not whether the version which I now send to you is to be found in any of the newspapers of the time, excepting, perhaps, "The Boston Daily Advertiser," which, as I am informed, submitted it to Mr. Webster. It is undoubtedly what he said, and the whole of it. He never gave his support to the candidacy of Gen. Scott, or would allow it to be said that he approved of his nomination. — *George Ticknor Curtis.*

## THE BOOTS CAME DOWN.

WHEN Judge Woods was Speaker of the Ohio Legislature, a generation ago, his ready wit and strong sense made him very popular. On one occasion a rural statesman entered the hall with his No. 12 brogans covered with the soil of his native hills, and, taking his seat, placed his feet on his desk, one boot on the toe of the other. The Speaker's eye was at once attracted to the statesman; and he called out, "The gentleman from —," which partially awakened our friend, who peered out from behind his boots, and informed the Speaker that he had not addressed the Chair; to which Mr. Speaker replied, "I thought you did. I saw you were standing up." The house came down, as did the boots.

## GILES SUBSIDED.

PATRICK HENRY once called Gov. Giles of Virginia a "bob-tailed politician." Giles demanded an explanation. Henry responded, "I do not recollect having called you a 'bob-tailed' politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or occasion, I cannot say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not."



GILES DEMANDED AN EXPLANATION.



"THE WRONG BILL."

## "THE WRONG BILL."

AN amusing little incident occurred in a Democratic State convention over which Gov. Belle was presiding, not long ago, in Trenton. He was warming to the subject of State expenditures during his speech accepting the office of permanent chairman, when he ran his right hand in his waistcoat pocket for some convenient statistics, keeping his tongue

wagging, and his eyes upon the audience, in the mean time. He brought something from his pocket and unfolded it; but before he could get to the point where it came in, the audience had noticed that it was a greenback, and they choked the Governor off momentarily with a vigorous round of applause. The Governor caused another outburst by staring at the bill, and saying, at the first opportunity, that he didn't know where in the world he got it.

## THE DEAD DEMOCRAT.

ONE day, while Col. Plummer was travelling from Grand Forks to Fargo, Dak., a gentleman somewhat active in Indiana politics approached him with an invitation to contribute something toward building a monument to Thomas A. Hendricks. The Colonel thought it an odd request to make of him, but he replied very politely, —

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to contribute to a monument to a dead Democrat, but I really haven't got the money."

"Don't you think it a worthy object?" inquired the gentleman.

"Certainly," responded Plummer. "When a Democratic politician has the decency to die, everybody ought to chip in cheerfully. The whole party would have died long ago if it had any shame."

"I think you are pretty hard," said the solicitor. "The Democratic party has outlived every other party, and it will live when you are dead, and when the Republican party is dead."

"I don't doubt it," returned Plummer. "Many good things have passed away. The glory of Jerusalem has departed; the law of Moses is no longer in force; Washington and Lincoln are dead; but hell is still alive, and the Devil is kicking; and until they have been destroyed, we may expect to find the Democratic party galloping around the country begging for alms."

The disgusted solicitor cast one withering glance at Plummer, and vanished in another car.

## CONKLING'S HEAVEN.

ROSCOE CONKLING recently said to a friend who asked him if he believed in a heaven, "If there is any place where politics never was, and never could be heard of, it would deserve that name."

## KEEP SOBER.

THE late Joel Parker of New Jersey was an indefatigable worker in a political campaign; and when he was nominated, he worked every day, rain or shine, from the time the convention adjourned until the election polls closed. When he was running for governor the first time, one rainy day found him at Middletown, in Monmouth County. The streets and roads were nasty; but Joel, as every Democrat in New Jersey claimed the privilege of calling him, provided himself with a pair of rubber boots, and went about the village shaking hands with every one he met. While he was zigzagging across the muddy streets, another man, making much more eccentric angles, was approaching him, and trying to get an opportunity to have a hand-shake. Joel saw the man, understood his condition, knew his object, and for a time successfully eluded him. But, emerging from a store where he had been detained beyond the usual limit, he ran plump into the intoxicated individual, who extended his hand. Joel made an effort to grasp it; but it was describing so many parallels and horizontals, owing to its owner's unsteady legs, that the statesman was not at first successful. He succeeded, after a few trials, in claspng the yeoman's hand, and was greeted with the remark, —

"Joel, I've known ye a good many year, but I never seed ye drunk afore. I'd ask ye to come and hev suthin', but it might expose ye, and interfere with your election. Good-by, Joel; but when ye come here again, come sober."

The Governor liked to tell this story to his friends, and he ended with the remark that he always kept sober when he went to Middletown after that.



"GOOD-BY, JOEL; BUT WHEN YE COME HERE AGAIN, COME SOBER."



"YOU, EMPEROR, SEND THEM SHIPS HOME RIGHT AWAY!"

## JACKSON AND THE EMPEROR.

THE following may seem, and is, a very nonsensical anecdote. Those who can remember the excitement of 1832 will not consider it altogether misplaced here. It is, moreover, an illustration of "universal suffrage." During Gen. Jackson's second Presidential campaign, there flourished at the Quarantine Ground, Staten Island, an honest old fellow, a baker by trade, and a staunch Democrat withal. One evening a political meeting was held at a small tavern which then stood on the shore road, a short distance east of the present Pavilion at New Brighton. Our good friend and several other residents at the Quarantine attended

the meeting. Among them was old Dr. H——, who was a noted wag; and it occurred to him, that, if a speech could be got out of the old baker, it would be exceedingly amusing. Accordingly he called on him for an address.

"No, no!" said the baker. "I can make bread, but I can't make speeches."

The suggestion, however, had excited the audience, and the old man was at length compelled to make the effort. So, rising in his seat, he said, —

"Feller-citizens, it is well known to you all, that, when John Quincy Adams was President, the Emperor of Brazil seized several of our ships, and wouldn't let 'em come home. So President Adams wrote him a letter, — and a very *party* letter it was too; for, to give him his due, he knew how to write, if he didn't know any thing else. So the Emperor he got the letter, and, after he had read it, he asked who this Adams was; and his head men told him he was President of the United States. 'Well, well,' says the Emperor, 'he wants me to send them ships home; but I won't do it, for it is quite plain to me that a man who can write so beautiful, don't know any thing about fighting. So the ships must stay where they are.' Well," continued the baker, "by and by Ginral Jackson got to be President; and he wrote a letter to the Emperor, and it was something like this: —

"You, Emperor, send them ships home right away!"

ANDREW JACKSON.

"Well, the Emperor got that letter too; and after he had read it, he laughed, and said, 'This is a mighty queer letter! Who is this Jackson? 'Pears to me I've heard of him before.' — 'We'll tell you,' said his head men, 'who he is. He is the New Orleans Jackson.' — 'What!' said the Emperor, 'the New Orleans Jackson? That's quite another matter. If this man don't write so beautiful, he knows how to fight; so send them ships home right away.' And it was done."

This was regarded as a very effective political speech, and was received with thunders of applause.

## PRENTISS'S CLEVER RETORT.

WHEN S. S. Prentiss was in his glory in the State of Mississippi, during a season of high political excitement, there was a convention at Hernando. Mr. Prentiss was there, and set every thing ablaze with his burning eloquence and inimitable wit. As was usual, hundreds of ladies crowded the ground to hear him; and when he had concluded, the welkin rang with shouts of applause. Now, there was present one Didimus Brief, Esq., an opponent, who, like the gnat in the fable, never suffered to pass unimproved an opportunity to inflict his bite on the ox's legs. He rose to reply to some of Mr. Prentiss's arguments. When Didimus had gone through his "piece," and had given it the last finishing touch of gesticulation peculiarly his own, he sat down apparently exhausted. Mr. Prentiss meanwhile sat looking on with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, enjoying the thing hugely. At the conclusion he slowly arose, advanced to the front of the stand, intending, no doubt, to drop an admonitory hint to such thickheaded zealots, when at that moment a neighboring jackass, quartered hard by, "opened his mouth and spoke" long and loud. Mr. Prentiss turned his eyes in the direction of the new assailant, fairly gaped with astonishment, without uttering a word for a moment, and then, ere the reverberating tones of the ass had died away, he turned to the audience, and, throwing up his hand deprecatingly to his first opponent, exclaimed, "Ah, ladies and gentlemen, *another* competitor! I can't stand it!" and sat down amid the deafening shouts of the multitude. Didimus Brief, Esq., became thoroughly disgusted with the "vulgar Whig meeting," and withdrew.

**DOG-LAWS.**—THE Wisconsin Legislature was at one time noted for its "dog-laws," and a habit its members had of voting themselves large quantities of postage-stamps. J— S—, a not over-intelligent but honest German, represented the Creek district in the Assembly a few years before the Rebellion, and voted for and took his

quota of postage-stamps with a dignity and promptness worthy of a more experienced legislator. At the close of the session he retired to private life, taking with him over forty dollars' worth of surplus stamps. A few years after, J— S— took his first letter to the post-office, and was told by the postmaster that the stamp he had put on it was worthless, as it was one of the old kind of stamps, and the time for redeeming them had expired. "Hein!" said John, "I t'ought dey would haf last me so long vat I lives,—and I t'ink dey vill."



"HEIN! I T'UGHT DEY WOULD HAF LAST ME SO LONG VAT I LIVES."

## BIG WORDS.

SECRETARY BAYARD is given to the use of big words. His state papers contain words unknown to any dictionary. He is even suspected by many people of having written that celebrated message of the Pres-

ident's in which the expression "innocuous desuetude" occurred. Be that as it may, his failing in this regard has frequently furnished his former associates in the Senate with a peg to hang a story on. Among the best stories I remember hearing is that told by "Zeb" Vance of North Carolina, to a party of friends who were discussing Bayard's peculiarities.

"Do you know," said the North Carolina Senator, "what I am reminded of whenever I read one of brother Bayard's official communications to the Senate?"

"No."

"You don't? Well, I will tell you. It reminds me of the conversa-

tion I once heard between two darkeys:—

"'Julius, is you better dis morning?'" said one.

"'No; I was better yesterday, but I'se got ober dat,'" replied the other.

"'Am dere no hopes ob your discobery?'"

"'Discobery ob what?'"

"'Your discobery from de convalescence what am fetchin you on your back.'"

"'Dat depens, sah, altogeddah on the prognostification which implies de disease; should dey continuate fatually, he hopes dis cullud

individual won't die dis time. But, as I said afore, dat all depens on the prognostics; and till dese come to a head, dere am no telling wedder dis pusson will come to a discontinuation or odderwise.'"

## HE DIDN'T DIE THEN.

MR. CLAY, who was a lifelong victim to sore disease, was at the same time subject to great depression of spirits, at which times he was in hourly expectation of death. Imperious in his friendship as in his disdain, he would require the attendance of his friends at his bedside, that they might see him breathe his last. On one of these occasions his servants went flying through the town bearing messages to various persons for whom he felt esteem, desiring them to hasten to him immediately if they would see him die. Most of them were dressed or dressing for parties, but, obedient to the mandate, came in hot haste to his lodgings. The emaciated invalid, apparently at the last pulse, surveyed his guests, and saw officers of both arms of the service in full uniform, and a group of gentlemen, old and young, in full evening dress. Scanning them narrowly, he asked in a faint, husky whisper, "Are there any but Virginians here?" Some one answering, "No," he said, "Turn the key in the door; I wish none but my compatriots to see me die. Gentlemen," he continued, "I want you to promise me, that, as soon as the breath leaves my body, you will carry me across the Potomac into the old Dominion. Bury me like a gentleman, at my own expense, and not like pauper Dawson," a member of Congress who had died a few days before, and had been buried, after Congressional usage, at the public cost. The excitement attendant upon the delivery of these remarks seemed to give him strength, and he proceeded, "I find that I have a few minutes more to live, and I should like to spend them in asking you some questions." Addressing an officer of the army who stood near him, "Col. T——, where were you educated?"—"At Yale College, sir."—"At Yale College!" he repeated in contemptuous tones,



“among the Yankees? Was your father such a fool, sir, as to suppose that the Yankees could teach a gentleman any thing?” Turning to another, he said, “And where were you educated, Mr. P——?” — “At South Carolina College, sir.” — “In South Carolina!” and then, with increasing warmth and deepening scorn, “and your father sent you to the State which produced John C. Calhoun, and that for an education?” As he continued his questioning, he found that every man present had been educated out of Virginia, and at last became so furious, that, springing from his bed, he determined not to die at that time, and so dismissed those who had come to be mourners at a funeral. — *S. G. Goodrich.*

## BOB TOOMBS'S FAITH IN STEPHENS.

HERE is a Bob Toombs story: There was a Democratic caucus one night when he was on top of the heap here; but, having been intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity or something else, he was unable to stay till the end. After he had left, the debate ran along without result till the two sides agreed that Campbell of Ohio should draw up a proposition such as his side could support, and that Alexander Stephens should draw up a proposition such as his side could support, and that then they should leave it to Toombs to say which should be adopted as the caucus resolution. So Campbell wrote out his statement, and Stephens wrote out his, and the next morning the secretary of the caucus carried both to Toombs. Toombs was not quite ready for business yet: so when the secretary told him that the caucus had determined to leave the decision of the matter to him, and was about to read the conflicting statements to him, he said, —

“Who did you say wrote these statements?”

“Mr. Campbell, sir, wrote one,” said the secretary, “and Mr. Stephens the other.”

“Well,” said Toombs, “never mind reading them. I'll sign Stephens's. He never commits anybody to any thing.”

## CHATHAM AND HOLLAND.

MR. PITT, the first Lord Chatham, when in the House of Commons, speaking one day very much in favor of a particular bill, concluded with saying that he thought so highly of it in all its points, that he should not desire any other epitaph on his tombstone than to be remembered as the author of this bill.

Lord Holland, then Mr. Fox, speaking in reply, began by observing, that, though he had screwed up his mind to the utmost pitch of attention, in order to catch what fell from so exalted a character, in aid of his understanding, yet he was free to confess he could bring no single ray of conviction to his mind in favor of it. “As to what the honorable gentleman says about requiring no other epitaph but that of being the author of this bill, I should be much amazed at it, did I not know from long experience that great men are sometimes the least fitted to decide upon their own characters; and, indeed, I have now a case which occurs to my recollection, and which is in point to what I have asserted: it is the case of that celebrated musician Corelli. Although this great composer had previously established his fame in a number of beautiful compositions, yet when he was dying, so prejudiced was he to one particular trifle, the eccentric offspring of a fanciful moment, that he said he desired no other mention of his musical talents to be engraven on his tomb than



“CORELLI'S JIG.”

“Here lies the author of Corelli's Jig.”

— *Percy's Anecdotes.*



UNLOCKING EXECUTIVE-SESSION SECRETS.

## UNLOCKING EXECUTIVE-SESSION SECRETS.

SENATOR FRYE, in relating how newspaper correspondents sometimes get the secrets from executive sessions of the Senate, said, "One of the smartest tricks I ever heard of by which an executive-session secret was pulled out of a Senator was perpetrated by Major Clark, the well-known correspondent. I had only been in the Senate a short time, having come over from the House, when the nomination of Stanley Matthews for a place on the bench of the Supreme Court came up. It will be remembered that the consideration was prolonged, and there was a good deal of conjecturing as to how certain Senators stood on the subject. I was recorded on both sides. Finally,

after a long session one day, we disposed of the case, and Matthews was confirmed. As I emerged from the door of the Senate Chamber, I met Major Clark, who came up to me in a careless sort of way, and said, 'Well, Frye, I see you voted for Matthews, after all.' Without thinking what I was saying, I shouted back the reply in a passion, 'I didn't do any such thing.' — 'Oh, that's all right,' replied Clark, and he went away, having procured all the information he wanted."

## HOW WEBSTER SCARED CAPT. BASSETT.

SENATOR GORMAN used to be a page, and Capt. Bassett (the venerable doorkeeper of the Senate) said, "Many a time I have pulled his ears when he needed stirring up. He speaks of it once in a while, and recalls those old times very pleasantly."

"Did Webster ever pull your ears?" was asked.

"No, but he frightened me once, and made me angry. It was a bad, rainy night, and he called me to him just before time for the Senate to adjourn, and told me to go and get a carriage for him; but when I went out, I could not find one on the stand. I ran back, and told him they were all gone. I never shall forget the look he gave me. He took me by both shoulders, scowled at me, and said in his severest voice, 'Go, — and — get — a — carriage!' I was chagrined and angry. They were the first harsh words he had ever addressed to me. I started off, and walked about the town, finding no carriage; and finally I went home. I told my father what had happened, and I refused to go to the Senate next day. My father saw Mr. Webster, who explained, in his rough way, that he only did it for my good: he wanted to teach me to do whatever I tried to do. I slyed back to my duties, but I sat no more on Mr. Webster's knee. The days of candy and coaxing were over. There was no familiarity between us after that; but I treated him with rather distant deference, and tried to do as I was told."

## "PRICES HAD RIZ."

DURING the "purchasing season" in the famous contest of 1877 for governor and the control of Louisiana, many funny incidents happened. One night the Nichols people secured four colored gentlemen from the Packard Legislature, and had them at a private house, where they were trying to induce them to go to the Nichols Senate, and thus destroy the Packard government. One of the brethren demanded several thousand dollars for the change. The gentleman engaged in the purchase, a man of great wealth, and former owner of the gigantic black man (now a man of affairs), who was lounging on a bed in the room, smoking a cigar, said, "Merely, what a price! Don't you know that before the war I could have bought six men like you for this sum?"

"Ah, yes, that's so," replied the newly made citizen and legislator, blowing the smoke in a cloud from his mouth, "that's so; but then, the kind you mention were field hands. Times have changed. We are Senators, and charged with grave responsibilities. And, besides, it looks like the last chance for a 'divy' in this State for the colored man. Ah, Colonel, we comes high, but you must have us." And he got his price.

## BEING ASTONISHED.

IMMEDIATELY after a division of the House of Commons, on a motion of Mr. FOX, Sir George Young, who had been absent the whole day, came down to the House very full of grape. Whether it was to make amends for having played the truant, or whatever other motive, is doubtful; but nothing could prevent him from attempting to speak on the honorable member's second motion: but beginning with "I am astonished," he could proceed no farther. The House, however, did not discover the baronet until he had repeated the word "astonished" seven times at least; to which, adding three or four more repetitions,

the House was in a roar of laughter. The baronet appealed to the Speaker, who pleasantly asked what he would have him do? The honorable member grew warm at this, and declared that he would not give up the word, "for," said he, "I am really astonished, Mr. Speaker;" and was proceeding, until, finding the laughter of the House too strong for his obstinacy, he was induced by the advice of his friends, after having mentioned the word "astonished" a dozen times, to change it for "surprised;" by which time, having entirely forgotten what he intended to say, he sat down.



"I AM REALLY ASTONISHED, MR. SPEAKER."



BORROWING CAMPAIGN THUNDER.

## BORROWING CAMPAIGN THUNDER.

SOME good stories came out of a discussion of this point; i. e., that public speaking in campaigns must of necessity employ the same line of argument, if not the same language, at times. One story was of Senator Hoar. He was speaking in one of the Butler campaigns. In beginning his address one night, he had made an allusion to the American flag, the pleasure of seeing it in foreign countries, and what a disgrace it would be to have its promises of truth belied by the greenback. The period was happily received, and, after being carefully developed, was used once or more in public speeches, being reported, naturally, verbatim

in some of the newspapers. One night the Senator went down into Norfolk County, intending to use the flag paragraph as a peroration once more. He was introduced by a lively young man, one who made several complimentary allusions to what he had done in public life and for the party. Finally he came to the close. "Senator Hoar, who only the other night said so eloquently, as you will remember," — and then the lively young man recited verbatim and entire Mr. Hoar's peroration, making the point on the American flag.

Gov. Long had a little bit of just such experience in the Garfield campaign. The Governor had one pet section of his speech, which he had wrought out with care and patience, and which had been very happily greeted, on the whole. He had employed it on two or three occasions, notably at Augusta, when Frye, Hawley, Burrows of Michigan, and others were present. Later he had an invitation to go to Michigan to speak at Kalamazoo, Mr. Burrows's home. The invitation was accepted, and the speech was made, being very cordially and enthusiastically received. Mr. Burrows was absent, speaking in some other town. When the meeting was over, one of the audience stepped up to Gov. Long, and, after congratulating him on his effort, said, —

"If it isn't too impertinent, may I ask if you ever used that peroration before?"

"Yes, once or twice: perhaps more."

"Did you ever use it where Mr. Burrows was present?"

"Yes: why?"

"Well, he does not give it nearly so well as you do."

Judge Devens and Judge Aldrich went stumping together in the early Free Soil days, and of one of their adventures a good story is told. They spoke at Clinton one night. Neither of them was a judge then, solemn and dignified, portly. They were active, energetic, alive with interest in the struggle of the day. The day after the Clinton meeting, Judge Devens was found enthusiastic.

"Good meeting; fine meeting," said he; "plenty of enthusiasm. I was pretty well received, if I do say it. I had one description which seemed to please them."

Then he went on to tell how he had compared the rise of the new party to Venus coming from the sea. The turbulent storm of the old parties was clearing up, and from the toil and turmoil was arising this beautiful new creature.

The next day Judge Devens came out of the meeting disappointed, perturbed. "What is the trouble?" asked some one.

"Trouble? I should say so. We went in there and sat down, and that rascal Aldrich went coolly to the front, and raised my Venus from the sea!"

**WHEN FORT DONELSON FELL.**—The Tennessee Legislature was in session when Fort Donelson fell, leaving the Federals free to occupy Nashville. Hearing a great stir in the governor's office below, a committee was sent to see what was going on. They found his Excellency packing up preparatory to leaving. He handed the committee a despatch announcing the fall. When the committee returned, Mr. W. was in the chair, and just on the point of adjourning. Addressing the House, he said, "And now, gentlemen, God will take care of us; and if we do not meet again here, we shall meet in heaven."

A member from East Tennessee, who had been dozing off the effects of the fluid to which he was addicted, hearing the last words of the Speaker's remarks, roused up, and delivered himself thus: "Stop, Mr. Chairman! don't adjourn us to that place. *If you do, we shall never get a quorum.*"

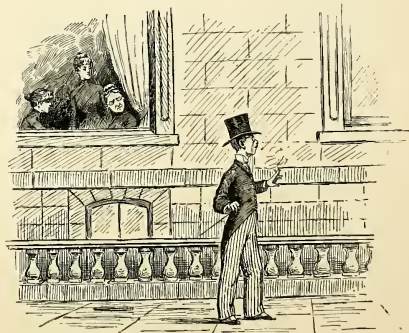
Next day the same member, while in the cars waiting for departure, called out to the governor as he was passing through, "Look here, governor, *are we running, or are we falling back for a firmer stand?*"

The same individual, seeing John Bell, the candidate of "the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the Laws," the day after he succumbed to rebelism, began to stare at him. Bell asked why he was thus gazed at. "Well," replied our friend, "I was looking at the last of 'the Union, Constitution, and enforcement of the Laws!'"

## NOTHING BUT MINNOWS.

A CINCINNATIAN tells of a prominent and promising young member of the Kentucky Legislature from the Green River country, who, though small in stature, was considered a great beau, and quite an acquisition to Frankfort society. One afternoon, while out for a walk, he was passing one of the old residences, when two of the young ladies stepped to the window to get a look at him. On being asked by their mother the cause of their excitement, they answered, "Why, Mr. — is considered the great catch from Green River."

The mother innocently asked, "Does Green River produce *nothing but minnows?*"



"DOES GREEN RIVER PRODUCE NOTHING BUT MINNOWS?"



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?"

## RECAST FOR THIS CAMPAIGN.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW, while out for a walk, Met Nomination, and stopped for a talk.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I haven't decided, sir," she said.

"May I assist you, my pretty maid?"

"You may if you like, kind sir," she said.

"What is your chance of election, my maid?"

"Not very good, I fear," she said.

"Then I won't have you, my pretty maid."

"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

## NATURALIZATION SCENES.

THE scenes witnessed in the New York courts just prior to the annual elections, when the rush to obtain the rights of citizenship is at its height, are often ludicrous. In the Common Pleas, for instance, an Irishman, accompanied by a witness as to character, approached Judge Brady, when the following colloquy occurred:—

JUDGE. "You know this individual?"

WITNESS. "Av coorse I do."

JUDGE. "Is he a man of good moral character?"

WITNESS. "Well, your Honor, he rades the Boible, he plays on the feddle, he doesn't whip the ould woman, and now and then he takes a dhrup of whusky. Will that suit?"

The Judge arrived at the conclusion that it would not suit, declined to place his initials in the corner of the blank, and the twain quitted the presence.

Later a pair on the same errand entered Judge Daly's court.

JUDGE. "You know this person?"

WITNESS. "Y-a-a-s."

JUDGE. "Is his eharacter good?"

WITNESS. "Mein Gott, Chudge! of course it is: *he's a paker.*"

Further examination tending to corroborate this high standard of respectability, the Teuton stalked out, a citizen of the republic as well as a baker.



## JONES PAYS THE FREIGHT.

ONE of the most memorable phrases ever imported into politics was that current in the campaign of 1884, — "Jones pays the freight." It arose in this way: Mr. Jones, a wealthy Democrat and a generous contributor of the "sinews of war," was a scale-maker, and all his hillheads contained the notice to his customers that he defrayed the expenses of carriage in these words: "*Jones pays the freight.*"

## THE ODD MAN.

WHEN Gen. Sewell was elected to the United States Senate, a few years ago, it was by the bare majority of one vote in the joint caucus. There is a little bit of history attached which is not much known. Among the members of the Assembly was a gentleman from a rural district in South Jersey. The contest was sharp between Sewell, Secor Robeson, and George A. Halsey. Twenty-five votes were required, and the best count that Sewell could make for himself was twenty-four. Even in making this estimate, he was compelled to take chances on two members who were non-committal, one of whom was the rural South Jersey man. On the Monday before the Tuesday evening on which the caucus was held, the South Jersey man was so persistently besieged, as were other members not fully committed, that it was deemed advisable by the Sewell interest to run him out of town. A guide was chosen, and the rural member was quietly taken to Philadelphia, where he was kept busy seeing the sights, and away from the suggestive influences at Trenton, until late on Tuesday afternoon. Upon his return, however, he was immediately besieged by the Sewell, Robeson, and Halsey men, until his arm ached and his head rang.

At last one shrewder politician than the others wanted to see the rural member in the privacy of a third-story room in a well-known hotel.

Two minutes later five gentlemen wanted to see him in the same place. He conferred with his guide to Philadelphia, and at his instance granted the solicitors five minutes each, and one at a time. The interviews were had, and the rural member emerged from the room. A moment later his arm was taken by the guide, and they went in company at once to the State House, with a delegation of friends of the candidates at their heels. The caucus was about assembling when the South Jersey man went inside the Assembly chamber, and the only man who had his promise to vote for Sewell was the one who released him at the door. He went to Trenton with a clean record, and came away with his good name unsullied; but he still remarks now and then, "I'll never get over how one man offered me fifteen hundred dollars to vote for a candidate, when he ought to have known that his price for my vote was three thousand dollars."



THE ODD MAN.

## GOT IN BY ONE.

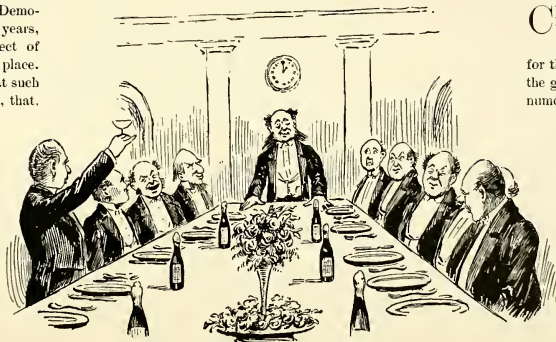
In the Massachusetts election of 1839, Edward Everett, who had been governor of the State since 1835, and had administered the government with great success, was defeated by a single vote: Marcus Morton, a judge of the Supreme Court, and who had been the standing Democratic candidate for many years, without any seeming prospect of success, being chosen in his place.

It is an interesting fact, that such is the respect for the ballot, that, among a hundred thousand votes, a majority of one was submitted to without question or opposition. A good anecdote is connected with this incident. Gov. Morton with his party had opposed the encouragement of railroads by the use of the State credit. Nevertheless, while he was governor, the branch railroad running through his own town, Taunton, to the thriving and enterprising town of New Bedford, was completed.

This event was to be celebrated by a jubilee at the latter place, and the Governor was invited to be present. The ceremonies were to commence at twelve o'clock, but at that hour his Excellency had not arrived. The whole proceedings were delayed and embarrassed, until, just as the clock was striking one, the Governor appeared. J. H. Clifford, the witty and eloquent State's

attorney, so universally known for his admirable management of the trial of Dr. Webster, the murderer of Parkman, and afterward himself governor of the State, immediately rose and offered the following sentiment: "*Governor Morton, who always gets in by one!*"

It is needless to say that the sentiment, as well as the Governor, was hailed with acclamation.



"GOVERNOR MORTON, WHO ALWAYS GETS IN BY ONE."

## CHEAP LODGINGS.

DURING a contest at Albany for the United States Senatorship, the gathering at that capital of so numerous an assemblage of politi-

cians made bed and board matters of solicitude, and prices "ruled high." But Albany figures are cast in the shade by those demanded by keepers of public and private citizens during a senatorial contest at Carson City, Nev., where the rates charged for lodgings were, according to "The Virginia Enterprise," "For a bed in a house, barn, blacksmith's shop, hay-yard (none to

be had, all having been engaged shortly before election), or horse-blanket in old sugar hogshead, per night, \$10; crockery crate with straw, \$7.50, without straw, \$5.75; for cellar door, \$4; for roosting on a smooth pole, \$3.50; pole, common rough, \$3; plaza fence, \$2.50; walking up and down the Warm Spring Road, if cloudy, \$1.50, if clear, \$1.25; roosting-places in pine-trees back of Camp Nye, 6 bits."

## CORWIN'S COLOR.

CORWIN's humor and sarcasm were of too delicate and subtle a nature to permit of their transfer to paper with much effect. His wit

was spontaneous and unpremeditated, but wonderfully telling. When the abolition excitement was at its height, he was invited to address a public meeting at Covington, opposite Cincinnati. It was apprehended that the ultra-slavery men might interrupt him, so he determined to propitiate them by an anecdote. "Fellow-citizens," said he, "it is quite possible that some of you may suppose that my sympathies are with the negroes to such an extent that I would be glad to see them prosper at the expense of the superior race. I don't propose to refute this notion by argument or assertion, but I will give my bit of experience in relation to the blacks, from which you will be able to infer what my feelings toward them are likely to be. When I was quite a young man, I went down the river to New Orleans on a flat-boat. I remained in that rather lively city for a couple of weeks, seeing what was worth looking at, until, my money being about spent, I bethought myself of

returning. But one thing I had not seen, which I was told was one of the inimitable sights of the place. I must go to a quadroon ball. So, dressed in my best clothes, I called for a ticket to the ball, and was repulsed with the declaration, 'Colored folk not admitted.'"

Corwin was quite as dark as a quadroon. — *Recollections of an Old Stager.*



"COLORED FOLK NOT ADMITTED."

## HE GOT CLEAR.

YES, sah. We quite agree with you, sah, that there is a sort of delicious frankness, sah, about the following that will be appreciated beyond the bounds of West Virginia:—

Some five or six years ago, when the Greenback party held at least some strength in the West and South, one of their Columbian orators delivered an address for his party at Winfield, Putnam County, W. Va. When in the zenith of his oration, he was stopped by a powerful voice among the listeners.

"Look here, sah. May I ask you a question, sah?"

"Yes, sah, you may, sah."

"Well, sah, I want to know, sah, if you are not the man, sah, that I had down here in jail, sah, for hog-stealing, sah?"

"Yes, sah, I am, sah," came the response; "but I got clar, sah."



"KISS HIM, EATON"

## A S ANDREW JACKSON DID.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is averse to the kissing of babies, and he avoids it whenever he possibly can at his noonday receptions. Now and then he has to succumb, however; and he would perhaps add to his popularity with his Cabinet if he would do as Andrew Jackson did, — delegate the kissing to them. Jackson, on one of his tours, was handed a dirty-faced baby by a very proud mother. Secretary-of-War Eaton was standing beside him at the time. Jackson held the baby up, and said, "Here is a beautiful specimen of young American childhood. Note the brightness of that eye, the strength of these limbs, and the sweetness of these lips." Here he pushed the baby into the face of Gen. Eaton, and said, without a word of warning, "Kiss him, Eaton." And, of course, Eaton had to do so.

## I KISS FOR THE NATION."

GEN. SHERMAN's kisses have been almost national in their reputation; and he might answer as did Buchanan at one time, when some youth offered to relieve him of this feature of his Presidential popularity. Buchanan waved the young man aside, and said, "I kiss for the nation." It is the same with the jolly General, though it is said that his short wiry mustache sometimes scratches the lips of the tender maidens. He says pretty girls are God's most perfect handiwork, and that he is never ashamed to express his admiration for them. One day in Washington, a friend of his said, on meeting him, "O General! I have a beautiful girl here whom I want to present to you, and I know you will like her, for she is very nice. She will be glad to see you, and I want you to kiss her." To this the General replied that he was always glad to meet pretty girls, and always glad to oblige a friend. The lady then asked him to wait, and she would bring the young lady to him. A moment later she returned with her little one-year-old baby girl in the arms of its nurse, and the two were formally introduced. Gen. Sherman was surprised at the size of the young lady; but he leaned over, and put a rousing smack on its rosebud of a month. The girls are quite as friendly to Gen. Sherman as he is to them, and she would be foolish indeed who would refuse a kiss from the General.

## WHILE THE GIRLS TITTERED.

"ONCE upon a time," said Senator Clingman, "Mr. Rives, editor of 'The Globe,' entertained Mr. Clay at his country seat. At Mr. Rives's house there was a bevy of pretty girls, and Clay, as usual, got all the kisses, while we young men stood back with hearts that yearned and mouths that watered. At last I said, 'Senator Clay, I have long thought that you were overburdened with your public duties, and, as your friend, I don't want to see you overtax yourself. There are a few things in

which I can help you. I would not attempt to make your speeches, but I really think that I could do the kissing for you, as far as the younger generation is concerned; and I assure you, if you will turn this over to me, I will put my soul into my lips, and will take pleasure in the work.'

"Mr. Clay drew himself up to his full height, while the girls tittered, and said with a grandiloquent air, 'I thank you, Mr. Clingman; but I am perfectly able to attend to my duties, private as well as public.'"

## EMBARRASSING FOR THE YOUNG GIRL.

JAMES G. BLAINE, as a rule, confines his kisses to babies; but he is the most affectionate hand-shaker in seventeen States, and numerous curious instances occur during his trips throughout the United States which evidence the admiration of women for him. At Bellaire, during the campaign of 1880, he made a stirring speech which called twenty-five thousand people from the surrounding country. The West Virginia girls came over in squads, and each one of them was bound to shake hands with Blaine. They besieged him at the little country hotel where he stopped, and pushed their way into his room, where he was decidedly *en déshabillé*. After the meeting was over, they hung around the train; and he reached his arm out of the window, and shook hands with them as they stood upon the platform. Now, Blaine has a way of squeezing and holding on to your hand while he talks to you. He had just grasped the soft, plump fingers of a sweet sixteen-year-old girl when some friend engaged him in conversation inside the ear. He evidently forgot all about the girl, and supposed he was holding the hand of the man he was talking to. It may be, the touch was soft and soothing. At least, he held on, pressing it in emphasis of each kind word he gave to his friend, until the young girl's lover, whose face had grown blacker and blacker as he saw Blaine evidently flirting with his girl, came up and pulled Blaine's sleeve, and made him let go. In the mean time the crowd had begun to laugh, and it was very embarrassing for the young girl.



SURE OF A WELCOME.

## SURE OF A WELCOME.

JUDGE LAMAR is reported as telling the following story of his experience at a political meeting in his own State, soon after the war. He was one of the speakers, and, alluding to the civil war, suggested as a parallel case the parable of the prodigal son, and the joyful reception at his home when the naughty boy returned. He was succeeded by a negro, a Republican, who, after some general remarks, paid his respects to Lamar's parallel. "Forgiben!" said he. "Dey forgiben—dem brigadiers? Why, dey'se come walkin' into de house, an' bang de do', an' go up to de ol' man an' say, 'Whar dat veal?'"





"I MAKES A MISDAKE IN DE DICKET."

## "I MAKES A MISDAKE IN DE DICKET."

APPROPOS of the coming elections, the following is capital, and will be especially relished by gentlemen who have been unsuccessful in their aspirations for office:—

In one of the towns of Pennsylvania the freemen had for many years deposited their votes solidly for the Democratic candidates. Such a thing as a Whig or Republican was unknown; and, prior to the Grant and Seymour campaign, no local Republican ticket had ever been run. At that time, however, the politicians of an adjacent township thought it an opportune occasion to attempt the establishment in that town of a Republican organization. To this end, they persuaded a certain Mr. Green, who had recently settled there, to become their

candidate for some minor office, hoping to procure for him a few votes under the popularity of the great name of Grant, and thus to get an entering wedge in the local affairs of the township.

The day of election arrived, but Mr. Green was unable to get to the polls by reason of sickness. In due time the returns were published, and Mr. Green had just *one vote*. Chagrined at this, and annoyed by the accusation that he had voted for himself, he announced, that if the person who had voted for him would come forward, and make affidavit to the fact, he would reward him with a good suit of clothes. A few mornings afterward, a burly, stupid-looking Pennsylvania Dutchman called upon Mr. Green, and abruptly remarked, "I vants dat suit of clocs."

"Ah!" said Mr. Green, "then you are the man who voted for me?"

"Yah, I'm dat man."

"Are you willing to make an affidavit of it?"

"Yah, I swear to 'em."

Mr. Green, accompanied by the intelligent voter, went to the office of the justice of the peace; and the required affidavit was made, after which the clothes were purchased, and given to the deponent.

So delighted was Mr. Green to be relieved from the unpleasantness of his situation, and so glad to learn that there was another righteous man in the township, that he had taken the Dutchman's Republicanism as a matter of course. However, at parting he said, "Now, my friend, you have your suit of clothes. Just answer me one question: How came you to vote for me?"

"You vants to know dat?"

"Yes."

"And you von't go baek on de clocs?"

"No."

"Vell," said he slowly, and with a sly twinkle of the eye, "den I tole you: *I makes a misdake in de dicket.*"

Wasn't that consolatory! Mr. Green avowed his unalterable determination never again to appeal to popular suffrage for public position.



## A SINE QUÂ NON.

If any of my readers were ever fortunate enough to hear Mr. Clay tell the following story, they can never forget the inimitable grace and humor with which it was done. "While I was abroad, laboring to arrange the terms of the Treaty of Ghent, there appeared a report of the negotiations, or letters relative thereto; and several quotations from my remarks or letters, touching certain stipulations in the treaty, reached Kentucky, and were read by my constituents. Among them was an old fellow who went by the nickname of 'Old Sandusky.' He was reading one of these letters one evening at a near resort, to a small collection of the neighbors. As he read on, he came across the sentence, 'This must be deemed a *sine quâ non*.'—'What's a *sine quâ non*?' said a half-dozen bystanders. 'Old Sandusky' was a little bothered at first, but his good sense and natural shrewdness were fully equal to a mastery of the Latin. 'Sine—qua—non?' said 'Old Sandusky,' repeating the question very slowly, 'why, sine qua non is three islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, and Harry Clay is the last man to give them up. No sine qua non, no treaty, he says; and he'll stick to it!'" You should have seen the laughing eye, the change in the speaker's voice and manner, to understand the electric effect the story had upon his hearers.—*S. G. Goodrich.*

## DIDN'T POLISH THE HEELS.

ONE Sunday morning, when the late Cornelius Walsh was the Republican candidate for governor, he went into the reading-room of the Union Hotel at Freehold, and polished his boots. Going out on the portico, he met the Hon. George W. Patterson, who has done more to turn Monmouth County politics topsy-turvy than any other citizen of that historic freehold. George looked at Mr. Walsh, and then at his boots. After running the candidate over two or three times, from head to foot, he stepped up to him, and said,—

"Mr. Walsh, I'm afraid you will never be governor of New Jersey."

"Why so?" inquired Walsh.

"Because you shine the toes, but don't polish the heels of your boots."

Mr. Walsh was indignant at this impertinence, and exclaimed, "Go to —!" But he suddenly bethought himself, and George was out of Sunday-morning hearing before he could recall the new translation. Mr. Walsh repolished his boots; but it was too late, and he was defeated at the election by Joel Parker.



DIDN'T POLISH THE HEELS.



A GREAT TALKER.

## A GREAT TALKER.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, Vice-President of the United States, was a nephew of the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, D.D., of Kentucky. The reverend uncle of the Vice-President was a great controversialist, a splendid debater, and, if he had followed the law instead of the gospel, would have led Senates as he led the Church. So much was the said uncle given to discussion, that he would have been a fighting parson if he had not been a praying one.

It so happened a few years ago that the uncle and the nephew were candidates for office — not the same office — in the same district, at the

same time. The doctor was up for the convention to amend the Constitution, and John C. was running for the Legislature. They were candidates of opposite parties, and were therefore in danger of coming into collision. One day they were on the stump together, and the reverend doctor took occasion to deprecate all feelings of hostility between himself and his nephew, who, he said, was always successful, whatever office he sought; and, mentioning several instances in illustration, he added: "And during the war with Mexico, a regiment was raised in Kentucky; and as soon as it was known that Mr. Breckinridge was appointed to its command, the Mexicans made peace."

Young Breckinridge did not wait for his turn, but exclaimed at once: "If uncle Robert had been appointed, they would have been fighting till this time."

## SEVEN YEARS FOR REBEKAH.

"In the palmy days of Democracy in California," says a member of the Convention which met at Sacramento, and which nominated M. S. Latham for its candidate as governor, "the greater lights at the altar of Democracy desiring to shine on that occasion were John B. Weller and M. S. Latham; among the lesser lights was William L. Dudley. The latter was from Calaveras County. Feeling that his individual chances for the nomination were very slim, he intimated a desire to withdraw his name from the consideration of the convention. So, when his name was mentioned, calls for 'Bill Dudley' arose in the old Benton Church; and Bill went upon the pulpit stand, and withdrew from the contest with thanks, etc., appropriately expressed, and closed as follows: 'I have served the Democracy of old Calaveras faithfully for seven years, and received my Leah. I am willing to serve the Democracy of California seven years longer for my *Rebekah!*' Such a reference to Scripture knowledge had never before come from the pulpit of Benton Church, and never will again. The convention roared for a while."



MADISON AND THE BARBER.

## MADISON AND THE BARBER.

A VERY keen observer then, and long afterward a Senator of the United States, once told me that at one period all the barbers of Washington were Federalists; and he imputed it to the fact that the leaders of that party in Congress wore powder and long queues, and of course had them dressed every day by the barber. The Democrats, on the contrary, wore short hair, or at least small queues tied up carelessly with a ribbon, and therefore gave little encouragement to the tonsorial art. One day, as the narrator told me, while he was being shaved by the leading barber of the city, — who was, of course, a Federalist, — the latter suddenly and vehemently burst out against the nomina-

tion of Madison for the Presidency by the Democratic party, which had that morning been announced.

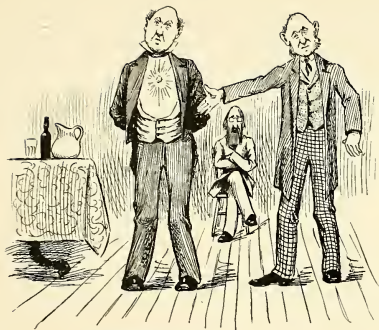
“Dear me!” said the barber, “surely this country is doomed to disgrace and shame. What Presidents we might have, sir! Just look at Daggett of Connecticut, and Stockton of New Jersey! What queues they have got, sir! — as big as your wrist, and powdered every day, sir, like real gentlemen, as they are. Such men, sir, would confer dignity upon the chief magistracy. But this little Jim Madison, with a queue no bigger than a pipe-stem! Sir, it is enough to make a man forswear his country!” — *W. H. Milburn.*

## WEBSTER AND THE ROMAN CONSULS.

MR. WEBSTER was in President Harrison’s Cabinet. Harrison never forgot his Plutarch. This his inaugural showed. It was full of classic allusions. Mr. Webster was to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Seaton; but as he was to see President Harrison by appointment, and talk over his inaugural, he begged Mrs. Seaton not to delay dinner on his account, though he would come as near the hour as possible. He was nearly an hour late, and appeared quite fatigued when he entered. In his slow and dry way he told of his interview with the President-elect, and spoke of the number of allusions which the inaugural contained to the heroes commemorated by Plutarch. “I found the President very tenacious, madam,” said Mr. Webster, addressing Mrs. Seaton.

“You labored very hard, no doubt,” replied the lady, “to have the inaugural all that is expected, I know; for you appear very much fatigued.”

“Fatigued, madam!” rejoined Mr. Webster, looking from beneath his massive front, and assuming a serious tone. “Well I may be, for I have killed a dozen Roman consuls during the afternoon.” — *S. S. Cox.*



"THE ETERNAL GENERAL OF THE STATE OF OHIO."

## THE ETERNAL GENERAL.

IN a certain political campaign Judge A— was candidate for attorney-general of Ohio. He was to address a public meeting. To the chair a very respectable old gentleman had been called, who was unfortunately quite hard of hearing. When the Judge came on the ground, he was conducted to the platform by a friend, and introduced to the president of the meeting as the candidate for attorney-general of the State. The chairman shook hands with the Judge, and, turning to the audience, shouted at the top of his cracked voice, —

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce Judge H— of Cincinnati, the *eternal* general of the State of Ohio."

The audience was highly amused at the natural mistake of the deaf old gentleman; but the best of the joke was, that the judge lost his election, and so came far short of fulfilling the extensive term of office predicted by the venerable chairman.

## POLITICAL REPARTÉE.

THE old debates in "The Weekly Globe" show much careful talk about defaulters, surplus revenues, specie circulars, public lands, deposits, territories, pre-emptions, banks, embargoes, Indians, tariffs, treasury-notes, and other matters of a material nature; but they did not draw the regular flash of wit or the humorous rattle of the parliamentary minute-men, like the era of fun which really begins with 1840. It was the year of "Tip and Ty," and the broad nonsense of that time. It opened with Corwin's reply to Craey; and this refrain, quoted in the House by Tuplett of Kentucky, echoed the popular noise: —

"No Prices, or Swartwouts, or such deceivers,  
Shall be appointed cash receivers;  
And no man who is given to grabbin'  
Shall ever enter this log cabin."

Every thing seemed to run to doggerel during that wild and wonderful exercise of lung and fun. Words were strained for rhyming and roll-licking. "Full of pizen" rhymed with Frelinghuysen; as "bust his biler," four years before, had rhymed with "Tip and Tyler."

An Indiana member held that Tyler was right in putting only such honest men in office as gave support to his administration, if such could be found. This same member, remarking that Webster was in Tyler's Cabinet, and Tyler had become a Democrat, said, "It was like grafting a crab-apple on an orange-tree." All allusions to the recruits and the auction, which made the Tyler administration a subject of undeserved ridicule in 1842, were received with unexampled peals. The House then laughed at every thing. Gov. Pickens, in appealing for the

Constitution and the rights of South Carolina even, was received with roars. The "constitutional fact," thrown out in debate by the Tyler champion, Caleb Cushing, provoked roars. The word "accident," or "Captain Tyler," was a further provocation to renew the roars. Even ex-President Johnson called a Tyler Democrat an amphibious politician, and there were roars. Another champion, Proffit of Indiana, whose name itself in this connection provoked roars, cried out, "Butt your brains against the substantial fact that Tyler is President—your brains, if you have any." More roars! "What! keep me still? Keep Daniel Webster still? Bray away at him, like wolves at the moon!" — S. S. Cox.

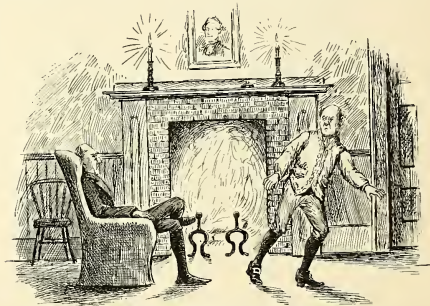
## BRAGG'S RETORT.

GEN. BRAGG entered a street-car in Washington the day after his appointment as Minister of Mexico, looking much the worse for wear, with his eye in a sling, and an air of dejection on his countenance. A fellow-passenger began to whisper to the occupants of the car that Bragg, the new minister to the land of the Aztecs, was among them. Finally the General turned to the gossipy individual, glared at him with his one available eye, and snarled, "Look a devilish sight like a minister, don't I?" A roar of laughter followed the question, and conversation became general at once. Bragg has great social adaptability.

## A BLUE-LIGHT DEMOCRAT.

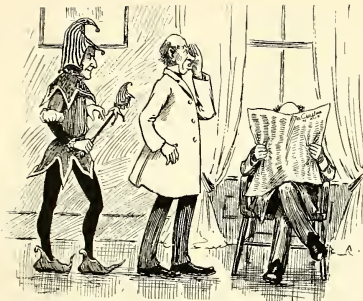
ROGER MINOT SHERMAN, nephew of the celebrated Roger Sherman, was a native of Woburn, Mass., and born in 1773. He established himself as a lawyer at Fairfield, Conn., and rose to the first rank of his profession. He was distinguished for acute logical powers and great elegance of diction, words and sentences seeming to flow from his lips as if he were reading from "The Spectator." He was a man of refined

personal appearance and manners; tall, and stooping a little in his walk; deliberate in his movements and speech, indicating circumspection, which was one of his characteristics. His countenance was pale and thoughtful, his eye remarkable for a keen, penetrating expression. Though a man of grave general aspect, he was not destitute of humor. He was



"I AM FROM THE BLUE-LIGHT STATE OF CONNECTICUT."

once travelling in Western Virginia, and, stopping at a small tavern, was beset with questions by the landlord, as to where he came from, whither he was going, etc. At last said Mr. Sherman, "Sit down, sir, and I will tell you all about it." The landlord sat down. "Sir," said he, "I am from the Blue-Light State of Connecticut." The landlord stared. "I am deacon in a Calvinistic church." The landlord was evidently shocked. "I was a member of the Hartford Convention." This was too much for the Democratic nerves of the landlord: he speedily departed, and left his lodger to himself.



THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

## THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

SENATOR COLLINS is a wag. Once, when Senator Erwin was doing the grand honors in the Senate Chamber, presenting the different Senators to Chauncey M. Depew, he espied Senator Collins intently reading "The Christian at Work." "Come here, Senator Collins," said Senator Erwin in a stage whisper, "and let me introduce you to the next President."

"The next what!" exclaimed Collins.

"The next President," answered Erwin.

"The next President—of the New York Central, you mean," blantly spoke up the Democratic Senator from Troy.

Chauncey smiled, Collins smiled, and both shook hands warmly. After that Erwin was particular to add "of the United States."

## WEBSTERIANA.

THE following characteristic and amusing anecdotes of Daniel Webster are undeniably authentic:—

Some years ago Mr. Webster paid a professional visit to Northampton, Mass., one of the pleasant inland towns in the State. His presence there was expected; and, being the political idol of a large portion of the community, preparations had been made to give him a cordial reception by eminent private citizens. The landlord, too, of the principal inn had prepared a very handsome suite of apartments for his express accommodation, and had made arrangements to have the great man occupy them.

At length Mr. Webster arrived, and stopped at the hotel in question. He was shown to his quarters, with which he expressed himself well pleased, until it was incidentally remarked, by some friend present, that "Northampton was a temperance town, and that that was a temperance house."

"Won't you ring the bell for the landlord?" asked Mr. Webster of a gentleman who stood near the bell-pull.

He rang the bell, and the landlord soon came up.

"Mr. Brewster," said Mr. Webster, "can you direct me to General L——'s house? I think I will take up my quarters with him."

The landlord, with great disappointment expressed in his face and manner, said,—

"Why, Mr. Webster! I was in hopes my rooms would meet your entire approbation. We have taken great pains to have their arrangements such as should please you."

"Your rooms, Mr. Brewster, are excellent every way. — nothing need be more so, — and I understand your table is abundantly supplied with well-cooked viands. But, Mr. Brewster, I understand that your house is conducted upon rigid temperance principles. Now, sir, I am an old man: my blood is thin, and now and then I require a little stimulus. Have you any pure old brandy, Mr. Brewster?"



"I have some of the oldest and purest in Massachusetts, I think," answered the landlord.

"Well, Mr. Brewster, have the kindness to bring me up a bottle, and place it on the little stand behind that door."

Mr. Brewster departed, and soon came back with the desiderated fluid, which he deposited as directed.

"Mr. Brewster," continued Mr. Webster, "have you any fine old Madeira?"

"Yes, Mr. Webster, of the oldest and best vintage."

"Do you know how to ice it properly, so that it shall be only just gratefully cool?"

The landlord answered in the affirmative, and went down to the cellar for the bottle. When he came back, he placed it beside the other bottle in a graduated cooler, and was about to retire when Mr. Webster said, —

"You need be under no apprehension, Mr. Brewster, that this infraction of the temperance law of your town will be discovered. I must needs honor law, being one of its humble ministers, and would not exhibit even a justifiable evasion of its commands. No, Mr. Brewster, you leave those bottles there, where they will be unobserved, and in a short time *I will put them where no human eye can see them.*"

The second anecdote to which we have alluded is vouched for by a correspondent of "The Boston Daily Transcript."

In the summer of 1823 I was at Swift's in Sandwich. My then schoolmaster was there also, and he told this story: —

John Trout was the well-known *sobriquet* of the fisherman who attended the amateur anglers on their excursions. John was not remarkable for his veracity; quite otherwise when the success of his hook and line was the subject of his story.

One day he was "out" with Mr. Webster. Both were standing in the brook waiting patiently for a bite, when Mr. Webster told John in what manner he had caught a very large trout on a former occasion.

"Your Honor," said John, "that was very well for a gentleman;

but once, when I was standing by that bush yonder, I took a fish that weighed" —

(I forget how much, but of course many ounces larger than the great statesman's big fish.)

"Ah, John, John!" interrupted Mr. Webster, "you are an amphibious animal: *you lie in the water, and you lie out of it.*"



"AH, JOHN, JOHN! YOU ARE AN AMPHIBIOUS ANIMAL: YOU LIE IN THE WATER, AND YOU LIE OUT OF IT."

## WEBSTER'S COURT SUIT.

THE amusing controversy and correspondence growing out of Secretary Marcy's court-dress circular when James Buchanan was Minister to the court of St. James, described in an article on Buchanan



WEBSTER'S COURT SUIT

in a well-known magazine, reminds a correspondent of an occurrence that took place at Marshfield in Mr. Webster's time:—

Mr. Webster and Judge Duane Doty, then of Green Bay, Wis., were warm friends, and the Judge at one time was a visitor at Marshfield. Mr. Webster was very fond of fishing, the only outdoor sport in which

he indulged. While the Judge was his guest, it chanced that a fine day for this sport presented itself, of which Mr. W. was anxious to avail himself. He accordingly invited the Judge to accompany him in this piscatory sport. The Judge didn't want to go, and tried his best to get off; saying he would much prefer, with his consent, to pass that rainy day in Mr. W.'s library among his books and papers. Mr. W. wouldn't listen to him; said he could pass any and as many days in the library as he chose, but such a day as that for fishing might not occur again while they were at Marshfield. The Judge, as a last resort, said that he really could not go, as it would spoil his clothes; that the handsome black suit he had on was his best, and all he had, and that to go fishing in it would spoil it. To meet this objection, Mr. W. directed his servant George to go up-stairs, and bring down the dress in which he was presented at court in England, which George did. As soon as he appeared with it. Mr. W. said, "There, Doty, is a dress for you: put it on, and come as soon as you can, for we are losing valuable time."

The Judge replied, "Surely, Mr. Webster, you are not in earnest in what you say,—that you want me to go fishing in that elegant suit, and spoil it?"

"Yes, I am," he replied; "that is what it has been brought down for."

The Judge still lingered, when Mr. W., to settle the matter, said to him, "Have no anxiety about injuring the dress, for to fish or hunt in it is the only way it can now be made useful. Could I wear it in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, or even here? If I did, wouldn't everybody laugh at me?"

The Judge was compelled to answer affirmatively to the question.

"Well, then," he said, "pray what is it good for but to go fishing in?"

This settled the matter. The Judge put on the dress, and went fishing in Mr. W.'s court suit, and saved his own. Thus, you see, Mr. Webster, with his well-known willingness to oblige, had no objection to appear before England's queen in the dress prescribed; and what a good use he made of it after his return home!

## IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.

IN the spring of 1827 a large party was dining one day at the Hermitage, when Gen. Jackson used language with regard to Mr. Clay similar to that which he employed on his way home from Washington in 1825. Among the company present were several gentlemen from Virginia, one of whom was the afterward famous Carter Beverly, a member of one of the "first families." Another gentleman present on the occasion was a young New-Yorker, Silas M. Stilwell, afterward a leading New York politician. Mr. Stilwell was so alarmed at the General's "imprudence," that he ventured, after dinner, to remonstrate with him, saying that among so large a company there was sure to be some one who would imprudently repeat what had been so imprudently uttered.

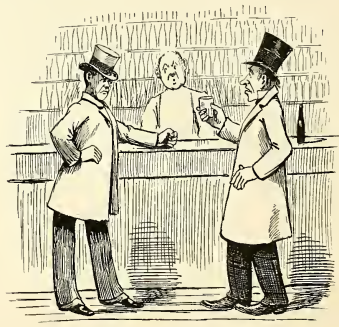
"O you Yankees!" exclaimed the General, laughing, "how suspicious you all are! Why, these are Virginia gentlemen. Not one of them would repeat any thing he has heard at my table."

Mr. Stilwell was right, however, as the sequel proved. — *Parton.*

## McCONNELL AND THE BIBLE.

THE short career of Felix Grundy McConnell of Alabama, who died by his own hand in Washington, D.C., in September, 1846, in his thirty-seventh year, was in some respects a memorable one. He was a singularly handsome man, and possessed abundant animal spirits, and a native wit that made him popular with all parties. His speeches were not numerous, but were original and forcible. He was elected to two Congresses, but had not served out his full term when he died. When James K. Polk was inaugurated President, on the 4th of March, 1845, one of his first visitors was McConnell, and I shall never forget the way

he introduced himself: "I have called to pay you my respects, Mr. President, and to say, that, if you believe in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions, love the Union, and follow in the footsteps of Capt. Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, now at the Hermitage preparing to go to heaven, then, sir, I hang my hammer on your anvil." Though too careless of himself, he had many sterling traits. Once, in a bar-room of the



McCONNELL AND THE BIBLE.

National Hotel, he heard an infidel blaspheming the Bible. "Stop, sir!" said the angry Felix, "stop! I am not a good man, but my mother used to read the Bible to me, and prayed that I might always believe in it; and d—n me if I will ever allow anybody to attack it in my presence! It must be all right, for it was her guide and comfort."

*J. W. Forney.*



ALIVE AND KICKING.

## A LIVE AND KICKING.

WHEN Gen. Charles Haight was running for Congress some years ago, his opponent was Gov. William A. Newell. Among other counties in the district at that time was the large but sparsely settled county of Ocean. It was the custom of the ex-Governor in his campaigning tours to see, as nearly as he could, every voter of prominence in the district, and he worked day and night like a beaver. Gen. Haight, naturally averse to personal solicitation, preferred to see a few people at a given point in each county, and have them do the rest of the seeing. One day the General dropped into the tavern at Forked River. He found an unusually large number of voters for so small a town awaiting him.

In accordance with the prevailing custom, he approached the bar, and invited everybody in the room to join him in an apple toddy. Straight drinks were, however, the rule of the settlement, and the General at once resolved to forego the apple sour, which was his favorite tippie. As the voter next to him poured out a generous portion of uncle Jo Parker's best, the General set his glass upon the bar, and at once commanded the attention of the house by saying, "Was Gov. Newell here yesterday?" Receiving an affirmative response, he continued, "Did he drink any of this apple whiskey?" Another affirmative reply followed; and the General, taking up his glass, observed, as he continued to elevate it, while all present followed suit, —

"Well, he was alive this morning forty miles from here, and I think we may venture to drink." They condensed the beverage, and the General was subsequently elected.

## OPEN TO CONVICTION.

THE Democracy had a clear working majority in —, Ill., for a number of years. But when the Fifteenth Amendment went into effect, it enfranchised so many of our "cullud bredren" as to make it apparent to the party leaders, that, unless a good many black votes could be bought up, the Republicans would carry the city election. Accordingly advances were made to the Rev. Brother —, whose influence it was thought desirable to secure, inasmuch as he was certain to control the votes of his entire church.

He was found "open to conviction," and arrangements progressed satisfactorily until it was asked how much money would be necessary to secure his vote and influence.

With an air of offended dignity Brother — replied, —

"Now, gemmen, as a regular awdained minister ob de Baptist Church, dis ting has gone jes as far as my conscience will 'low; but, gemmen, *my son will call round to see you in de mornin'.*"



TOO MANY HOGS AND TOO LITTLE FODDER.

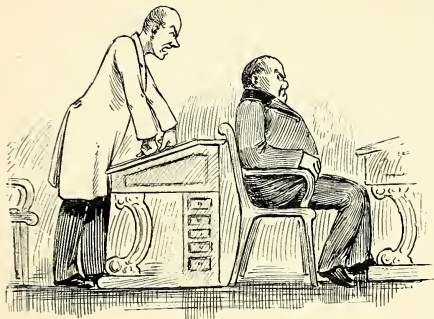
## TOO MANY HOGS.

THERE used to be a clerk in the Register's Office in Washington who belonged to one of those Washington families which, ever since the foundation of the government, have considered themselves, by prescriptive right, entitled to be provided for by it. At the same time, his father was chief of one of the bureaus in the War Department, and he had a brother who was employed in the Interior Department. He had also another brother who had been in the army, but, becoming disabled by illness, had been honorably discharged. For *this* brother, too, he was determined to secure a place in the civil service. With this object he went from department to department, but always without success. Finally he determined to go directly to the President himself, to appeal to him to intervene in behalf of the discharged soldier.

Mr. Lincoln, it would seem, had heard of the case before the Treasury clerk secured the audience with him which he sought. When the interview had terminated, the disappointed clerk commenced, in the most indiscreet and intemperate manner, to express his disgust with the President. "It is a disgrace to the country," he said, "that such a boor should be President of the United States!" The story of what had occurred between the President and himself was something like this: Mr. Lincoln received him kindly, and listened to his request. "Why don't you go directly to the Secretaries?" he asked. "I have been to them all, and failed with all," was the answer. "Hasn't your brother sufficiently recovered his health to enable him to return to the army?" inquired the President. "No, sir, he has not," was the reply. "Let me see," continued Mr. Lincoln, "I believe that you yourself are a clerk in one of the departments, — which one is it?" — "The Treasury Department, sir." — "I thought so. Has your brother as good clerical capacity as you possess?" — "Yes, sir." — "I think that I have somewhere met your father. Doesn't *he* hold an office in Washington?" — "Yes, sir; he is chief of the — bureau in the War Department." — "Oh, yes! I now recollect him perfectly well. Has your brother good references as to character?" — "Yes, sir; the very best." — "Is there *any other* of your family holding office under the government?" — "Yes, sir; I have a younger brother in the Interior Department." — "Well, then, all I have to say to you, Mr. —, is *that there are too many hogs and too little fodder!*"

## CHOATE'S WIT.

THERE are so many traditions of Choate's wit and humor, that the task of selection is difficult. Thus, on his first election to the national House of Representatives, he was once asked by a lady why Mrs. Choate did not accompany him to Washington. "I assure you, madam," he replied, "that I have spared no pains to induce her to come. I have even offered to pay half her expenses."



FROM LITTLE RHODY.

## FROM LITTLE RHODY.

HERE is a capital thing that was said by Tristram Burgess of Rhode Island in Congress:—

During the debate on the tariff in 1828, an amendment was offered to increase the duty on molasses ten cents per gallon, being an increase of a hundred per cent *ad valorem*. Its object was to choke off the Northern members, and indirectly to kill the bill. The moment the amendment was announced by the chairman, in committee of the whole, Mr. Burgess of Rhode Island arose, and implored the mover to

withdraw it. He showed its effects upon the trade between the Eastern States and the adjacent islands in timber, and the return cargoes of molasses, which was the daily food of the poor. His speech was short and to the point. As he took his seat, Henry Daniel of Kentucky sprang to his feet, and roared out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Speaker, let the constituents of the gentleman from Rhode Island sop their bread only on one side in molasses, and they will pay the same duties they do now." Mr. Bartlett of New Hampshire here remarked, "Now look out for Tristram; Harry will catch it." Mr. Burgess arose with fire beaming from his countenance, and addressed the Chair. "The relief proposed by the gentleman from Kentucky is but adding insult to injury. Does not that gentleman know that established habit becomes second nature, and that all laws are cruel and oppressive that strike at the innocent habits of the people? To illustrate: What would the gentleman think of me if I should offer an amendment that neither himself nor his constituents shall hereafter have more than a pint of whiskey for breakfast, instead of a quart? Does he not know that the disposition of all animals partakes, in a greater or less degree, of the food on which they are fed? The horse is noble, kind, and grateful: he is fed on grain and grass. The bear (looking at Daniel, who was a heavy, short man, dressed in a blue coat with a velvet collar) will eat hog and raw hominy. You may domesticate him, dress him in a blue coat with a velvet collar, and learn him to stand erect, and to imitate the human voice, as some showmen have done; but examine him closely, sir (looking at Daniel some seconds), you will discover he is the bear still. The gentleman told us, in a speech some days ago, that his district produced large numbers of jackasses, hogs, and mules. No stronger proof of the truth of his statements can be given than a look at its Representative. I ask the gentleman to keep this extra duty off molasses, and commence its use among his constituents, and as feeble as our hold upon life is, Mr. Chairman, a man may yet, before we die, be permitted to go to his grave with two eyes in his head in the gentleman's district." Daniel wilted under the sarcasm, and few members afterward felt disposed to arouse the eminent son of Rhode Island.



## HE TOOK IT NEXT TIME.

IN 1840, when he was thirty-three years of age, a delegation of his fellow-townsmen waited on Charles Francis Adams, and tendered him a nomination to the State Legislature. His courteous but direct and unequivocal reply was, —

“I thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot consent to be a candidate for any office.”

“You can be elected without trouble,” urged the members of the delegation.

“But still I cannot consent,” replied Mr. Adams.

“Your services are needed in the Legislature,” again urged the committeemen.

“You can find men much more competent to fill the place,” was the reply. And the delegation retired in despair.

When the ex-President heard of what his son had done, he was very much annoyed, and assuring his wife, as he had often done before, that Charles was cut out for a hermit, and if left to himself would spend his life in a wilderness, went to see him.

“I hear you have refused a nomination for the Legislature,” he said, at once making known the business upon which he had come.

“Yes,” replied his son, who attached no importance to the matter.

“I am very, very sorry that you have done so,” continued his father.

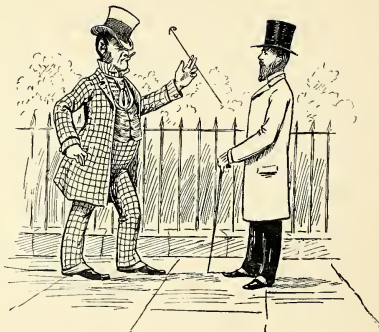
“Why, sir?” asked the young man.

“Because the Legislature is the stepping-stone to political preferment; because it is your duty as an American citizen always to serve your State or country when called upon to do so.”

“Oh, well, if you regard the matter in that light,” replied Mr. Adams in his own cool, quiet way, and just a little amused at the earnestness of his father, “I will promise to consent the next time I am asked.”

“You may not be asked again,” rejoined his father. But he was mistaken. The next year Mr. Adams was again invited to be a candidate for the Legislature, accepted the nomination, and was elected.

*Howard Carroll.*



EXCUSED FOR ALL DAY.

## EXCUSED FOR ALL DAY.

THE Hon. Tim Campbell of Boston is a shrewd Yankee-Irishman, and the recent deadlock in the House did not worry him at all. A gentleman met him on the street one Saturday afternoon.

“Hello!” he said. “Why ain’t you up at the House?”

“I don’t have to,” was the reply.

“Well, you had better, or you will be arrested and carried up.”

“Not much, I won’t. I was excused last Wednesday for the day; and, as it is still Wednesday in the House, I am perfectly safe. See?”

## WANTED—A NEW MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

The feelings of the members of the Wyoming Legislature have been racked by the woman-suffrage question. Not long since, the governor's veto of the suffrage repeal was before the council. We are indebted to "The Laramie Sentinel" for an abridged report of the debate, in which Mr. Nuckolls, the leader of the Democracy, took occasion to remark,—

"I think women were made to *obey* men. They generally promise to obey, at any rate; and I think you had better either abolish this Female Suffrage Act, or *get up a new marriage ceremony to fit it.*"

This infamous proposition was combated by a narrow-gauge member from the "outsquirts" of the Territory, who said,—

"The Governor hadn't got no right to veto this bill. He hasn't got no right to veto this bill nor nothin' that we pass unless it is somethin' witch after it has passed it shall appear that is wrong or that there is somethin' wrong by witch reason it had ought to not become a law, accordin' to my reasonin'. I am willin' every old woman shall hev a guarden if she wants one and kin git it.

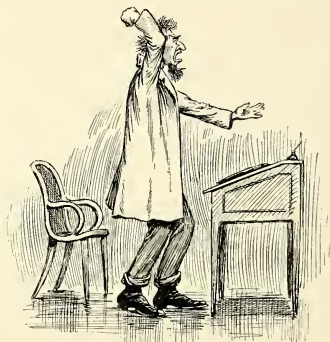
"It ain't no party question, this bill ain't. I wouldn't let it come up in that shape. I would know better than that. This woman-suffrage business will sap the foundation of society. Woman can't engage in politics without losin' her virtue. It won't do her no good anyhow. She can't earn a dollar no easier than half a dollar if she does vote.

"No woman ain't got no right to set on a jury unless she is a man, and every lawyer knows it; and I don't bleeve it anyhow. I don't think women juries has been a success here in Wyomin'. They watch the face of the judge too much when the lawyer is addressin' 'em. That shows they ain't fit for juries in my way of thinkin'. I don't bleeve she's fit for't nohow. Wot right has she got on a jury anyhow?"

"We here in this Territory ain't got no rights nohow. Magna Charta don't b'long to us, because we can't 'lect our Governor. I don't think this is right, and the men of the West don't bleeve in it. We

can't do nothin' only 'lect our county officers. This is the effect of the veto power.

"There was a Russian here the other day, and he said he did not bleeve in women's votin', and I don't bleeve in it neither, *and I don't bleeve half the men do neither.*"



WANTED—A NEW MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

## PAT'S PRESCRIPTION.

I REMEMBER one little incident which I will relate as an anecdote characteristic of Mr. Lincoln. It occurred a day after I reached Washington, and about the time Gen. Meade reached Burkesville with the

army. Gov. Smith of Virginia had left Richmond with the Confederate States Government, and had gone to Danville. Supposing I was necessarily with the army at Burkesville, he addressed a letter to me there, informing me that, as governor of the Commonwealth of the State of Virginia, he had temporarily removed the State capital from Richmond



“DOCTOR, COULDN'T YOU DROP A BIT OF BRANDY IN THAT UNBEKNOWNST TO MYSELF?”

to Danville, and asking if he would be permitted to perform the functions of his office there without molestation by the Federal authorities. Meeting Mr. Lincoln shortly after receiving this despatch, I repeated its contents to him. Mr. Lincoln, supposing I was asking for instructions, said, in reply to that part of Gov. Smith's letter which inquired whether he with a few friends would be permitted the leave the country unmolested, that his position was like that of a certain Irishman he knew in

Springfield, who was very popular with the people, — a man of considerable promise, and very much liked. Unfortunately he had acquired the habit of drinking, and his friends could see that the habit was growing on him. These friends determined to make an effort to save him, and to do this they drew up a pledge to abstain from all alcoholic drinks. They asked Pat to join them in signing the pledge, and he consented. He had been so long out of the habit of using plain water as a beverage, that he resorted to soda-water as a substitute. After a few days this began to grow distasteful to him. So, holding the glass behind him, he said, “Doctor, couldn't you drop a bit of brandy in that unbeknownst to myself?” — *U. S. Grant.*

## ELIZA JANE.

It may be some consolation to the women who do not get elected to know how near one woman came to getting a *bona fide* nomination for mayor in the little town of B—, in California. The place had been enjoying a “boom,” and most of the people were new-comers when they met in the town-hall to nominate city officers. Among the favorites for mayor was a gentleman who, having failed in the East, was doing business there in his wife's name; and over his store was a large sign bearing the legend, “E. J. Blank.” As few people in town knew the conditions under which the candidate was doing business, it caused no surprise when the name of E. J. Blank was proposed among others, and the committee retired to consider. No sooner had they left the room than some one who knew the facts called for “three cheers for Eliza Jane Blank, our candidate for mayor.” A messenger was at once sent to the committee with the real initials of Mr. Blank; but in the amusement created, neither Mr. Blank nor Eliza Jane got the nomination.



A MODEST HOOSIER.

## A MODEST HOOSIER.

SENATOR TURPIE of Indiana is the most modest man in the Senate. He is singularly quiet in manner, and, unlike some new Senators, does not attempt to push himself forward. An incident that occurred a day or two ago goes to show how very unassuming Mr. Turpie is. He went over to the House of Representatives with a constituent to see Judge Holman on a matter of business. The two men struggled through the crowd in the corridor, and sent their cards in from the lobby door adjoining the elevator. It was several minutes before the doorkeeper could go in on the floor, and in the mean time the Senator and his friend were jostled about by the crowd going up and down in the elevator and

the stairway near it. Finally the Senator's friend asked him if he was not entitled to the privileges of the floor. Mr. Turpie said he did not know whether he was or not. The doorkeeper was appealed to, and he was just apologizing, and saying, "Certainly, the Senator can go in," when Judge Holman appeared. He expressed great surprise to find a Senator awaiting his pleasure, and said, —

"Why, Senator! why didn't you come in?"

"Oh, it made no difference," said the modest Hoosier Senator.

"I was in no hurry."

The doorkeepers and several spectators were greatly amused by the unusual incident.

## LINCOLN AND STANTON.

MR. LINCOLN loved Edwin M. Stanton, and believed in him from first to last. When inquired of concerning the reasons for his appointment, Mr. Lincoln said he rather wished at first to appoint a man from one of the border States, but he knew the New-England people would object; and then, again, it would have given him great satisfaction to appoint a man from New England, but that would displease the border States. On the whole, he thought he had better take a man from some intervening territory. "And, to tell you the truth, gentlemen," said he, "I don't believe Stanton knows where he belongs himself." The gentlemen proceeding to discuss Mr. Stanton's impulsiveness, Mr. Lincoln said, "Well, we may have to treat him as they are sometimes obliged to treat a Methodist minister I know of out West. He gets wrought up to so high a pitch of excitement in his prayers and exhortations, that they are obliged to put bricks into his pockets to keep him down. We may be obliged to serve Stanton the same way, but I guess we'll let him jump a while first."

The country sometimes thought the time for bricks had come; but, on the whole, the leaders of the Rebellion had greatest cause of complaint. Mr. Stanton's place in history will be a proud one.

Malecontents, who felt that every thing went wrong because there was something wrong in the Cabinet, were much encouraged by the change that had been made, and personally and by letter urged Mr. Lincoln to make further changes. A number of them called upon him to insist on changes that they considered absolutely necessary. Mr. Lincoln heard them through, and then, with his peculiar smile, said, "Gentlemen, the case reminds me of a story of an old friend of mine out in Illinois. His homestead was very much infested with those little black-and-white animals that we needn't call by name; and, after losing his patience with them, he determined to sally out and inflict upon them a general slaughter. He took gun, clubs, and dogs, and at it he went, but stopped after killing one, and returned home. When his neighbors asked him why he had not fulfilled his threat of killing all there were on his-place, he replied that his experience with the one he had killed was such that he thought he had better stop where he was."

This story was told with no disrespect to Mr. Cameron nor to the other members of his Cabinet, for he honored them all; but it was told to get rid of his troublesome advisers. They went away forgetting that they had failed to make any impression on the President,—forgetting that they had failed in their errand utterly,—and laughing over the story by which the President had dismissed them.—*J. G. Holland.*

## THEY BOTH LAUGHED.

Mr. Dawson of Baltimore expended a very large amount of money in building the navy of the republic of Texas; and after the passage of the compromise measures of 1850, giving to Texas ten millions of dollars, he was a regular attendant at the sessions of the Legislature, endeavoring to get his claim allowed. He was a most genial gentleman, and laughed louder and longer at his own or anybody's else jokes than any other man in Austin. There was then living near there an old

land locator and surveyor named Bart Sims, whose loud and hearty laugh was a byword. Some wags on one occasion got the two together, and made bets on the result of their laughing powers, all of which was kept secret from the parties. Of course there was plenty of wine (or something stronger) and good stories, and Dawson and old Bart roared. Finally, when the nightcap was drunk, the two were



THEY BOTH LAUGHED.

informed of the bet, and the crowd decided that Dawson had won, as he had laughed the loudest, the longest, and the heartiest. Old Bart was at first a little crestfallen, but recovered his good humor by remarking, "It is all right, gentlemen; but there is this difference between us: Dawson is laughing for a million, and I am only laughing for fun." That brought down the house.

## RECEPTION GREETINGS.

THE range of conversation between the President and those who shake hands with him at crowded receptions is limited. The narrator stood near the other day, and listened, as they shook hands, and slid on.

FIRST CALLER (looking up). How do you do, sir?

PRESIDENT (cordially). How do you do, sir?

SECOND CALLER (looking down). Good-morning, sir.

PRESIDENT (smiling). Good-morning.

And so on to the

FIFTH CALLER (shaking hands and laughing). Helped to elect you, and going to do it again.

PRESIDENT. Thank you.

SIXTH CALLER (looking straight out the door). Glad to see you, sir.

PRESIDENT. How do you do?

And so on to the

FIFTEENTH CALLER (a little boy in frock, waddling on, seeing only the Chief Executive feet, and not noticing whose they are).

PRESIDENT (reaching for him). Here, you little fellow. Here: this way. Give us a shake.

Little fellow is shaken, and waddles on solemnly, wondering what it is all about.

SIXTEENTH CALLER (whispers in Executive ear).

PRESIDENT (with surprised and congratulatory look). Ah, indeed! Hope they are all well. Response smothered by

SEVENTEENTH CALLER. How do you do, sir?

PRESIDENT. How d'ye do, sir?

Tide sweeps on till it reaches

TWENTY-SEVENTH CALLER (in loud voice). Mr. President, I was born within two miles of your birthplace, and only three years later, upon Caldwell Hill. (Subdued giggle of crowd.)

PRESIDENT. Ah, indeed! I'd like first-rate to go up there for a day or two this summer.

TWENTY-SEVENTH CALLER (resumes). Come on: fishing —

He is engulfed in the tide, and the sentence dies unfinished; while the President cordially shakes hands with a party of three with umbrellas, evidently from the rural districts.

THIRTY-SIXTH CALLER (lady shakes hands blithely).

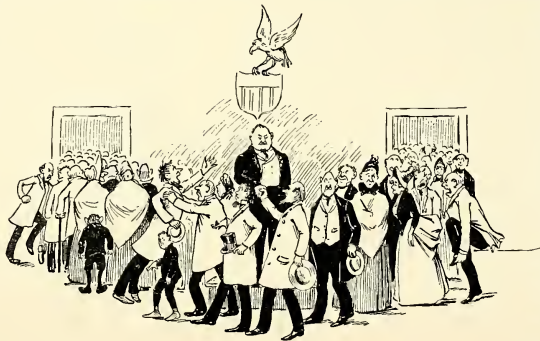
That shake is for Mrs. Cleveland. Gin her my love.

PRESIDENT. Thank you.

THIRTY-SEVENTH CALLER. Good-evening, sir.

PRESIDENT (automatically). Good-morning.

About one in a thousand is known to the President; but, on the whole, it is a dreary ceremony to him, and entered into with a real sensible earnestness and a sort of contagious geniality.



RECEPTION GREETINGS.



## “A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.”

A FEW years ago, in a little town in Illinois, a band of hopeful politicians secured a brass cannon with which to celebrate the election of Hancock, and, dragging it out to a spot in front of the village tavern,



“A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.”

loaded it clear to the muzzle with a heavy charge of powder, ramm'd down with old rags, leaves, and sod. They counted on firing it but once, but proposed that the town should know when it went off. The hour fixed for action was eight o'clock: but at eight o'clock the news was unpleasantly suggestive of Garfield, and they postponed firing till

nine. At nine things looked still more dubious. They waited till ten, and then they drew the cannon back under the shed till the morning's sure tidings should give opportunity to proclaim the Democratic victory. The morning decided Garfield's election; and sadly they sought the gun, to unload it. The shed door opening revealed the defiant muzzle bearing this placard: “*A charge to keep I have.*”

## “SHE'S HOLLOW!”

MR. MEREDITH, Secretary of the Treasury, was an able lawyer, a gentleman of varied accomplishments, great decision of character, and of perfect integrity; but he lacked flexibility, and did not readily adapt himself to the situation. Mr. Preston of Western Virginia was made Secretary of the Navy. He was a fluent debater, a lawyer of fair capacity, and an upright, honorable gentleman; but he had no aptitude for the duties of his office. Ludicrous stories were rife in Washington, illustrating his dense ignorance of nautical affairs. One of them was to this effect: His first official visit was made to the Gosport Navy Yard, Norfolk. Commodore Skinner was in command. He was a diminutive, insignificant-looking man, who had no great regard for forms or etiquette, and was never particular about his dress, even on the most important occasions. He received the Secretary on board the “*Pennsylvania*,” the largest ship in the service. The boatswain of the “*Pennsylvania*” was a large, fine-looking man, handsomely dressed in the uniform of his grade; and Mr. Preston, supposing him to be the officer in command, rushed up to him, and embraced him with great effusion. This blunder produced much merriment; and when the Secretary, looking down the main hatch, and seeing the peculiarity of the ship's construction, exclaimed, “*My——! she's hollow!*” there was an explosion of laughter from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck. — *Recollections of an Old Stager.*



ELEVATED.

## ELEVATED.

WHEN Berial Magoffin was governor of Kentucky, J. H. Johnson was editing "The Frankfort Commonwealth." Although violently opposed in politics, the Governor was personally a great favorite with the editor, and *vice versa*. While the Legislature was in session, a New York man stopped at the Capitol Hotel, and in due time became intoxicated. He was anxious to become acquainted with the Governor. The Governor happened to be in No. 20 with various Senators and Representatives, and New York, finding it out, besought divers persons to introduce him; but, seeing his condition, all declined. He finally asked Mr. Johnson to do him that favor. "Certainly. Come with me. — Governor, allow," etc., "Mr. —, who will represent the State of New York in the coming tobacco fair." The usual civilities having been passed, New York,

steadying himself upon his heels, took a long inebriated stare at the Governor, and abruptly waddled out of the room.

"Jake," said the Governor, turning to Johnson, "don't you think your friend was a *leetle* too tipsy to be introduced to me to-night?"

"Not at all, Governor. If he hadn't been so tipsy, he never would have sought an introduction."

## HOW THE HON. THOMAS P. OCHILTREE MANAGED TO CARRY HIS DISTRICT.

COL. THOMAS PORTERHOUSE OCHILTREE had a political canvass in Texas once. The fight was warm, and the amazing ubiquity of Mr. Ochiltree gave to the campaign a flavor which otherwise would have been lost in the long-haired steer-stickers of the South-west. Col. Ochiltree's political arguments are still looked upon in that section of the country as marvels of imaginative deductions. Capt. O. B. Davis of the revenue cutter "Grant" was, at the time referred to, on duty at Galveston, and tells the following story on Tom:—

"There was a section of Texas," said Capt. Davis, "which was populated almost entirely by sheep-raisers; consequently wool and the tariff thereon was of much importance to them, and always entered into political arguments. Now, Ochiltree knew as much about wool and the tariff as he does now about the inside of Trinity Church; but he had to make a speech, for all that. After talking for some time without saying any thing that seemed to have the slightest effect upon the sheep men, Ochiltree was suddenly inspired. His eye beamed; his smile died away, leaving an expression of extreme horror and fearfulness; and his right hand was raised warningly. 'I'll tell you something, gentlemen, that I had hoped to be able to spare you,' said Ochiltree in impressive tones. 'You are not yet aware that the opposing party is about to visit upon your devoted heads a most terrible infliction.'

“Here the crowd showed signs of awakening, and betrayed some interest.

“‘Yes,’ continued the orator, ‘they have invented, and are about to import into this fair State, a most horrible thing, — a polariscope they call it, — and to such intelligent men that is enough to say. Yes, gentlemen, a polariscope. Think, then, of your misery and woe, should these robbers get into power. It is against such men that I ask you to elect me.’

“A deep silence followed for a moment. The crowd grew fearful. What danger threatened them they did not know, and the awful uncertainty increased their terror. Finally the suspense was too great, and a dozen rose to their feet at once, and asked, ‘What is a polariscope?’

“Ochiltree paused, and viewed the crowd with pitying glances, as though sincerely regretting their illiteracy. The question was repeated louder and stronger than before. Ochiltree shifted uneasily from one foot to another, took a glass of water, coughed, and then looked at the crowd, now clamoring wildly for knowledge of the terrible danger.

“Ochiltree was cornered. The cries grew louder. The speaker waved his hand, and there was silence. Then the candidate leaned over his deal-table and said, confidentially and quietly, ‘Boys, I’m blest if I know what it is; but it’ll kill all your sheep, sure as thunder!’

“That was enough, and they voted for him.”

## AN EMBARGO ON FREE THOUGHT.

GARRETT DAVIS of Kentucky was one of the most pronounced Whig members of Congress, and, being a hot-headed, impulsive man, had frequent discussions with Hannibal Hamlin of Maine. These debates resulted in a dislike for the member from Maine on the part of the Kentuckian which he never attempted to conceal. Indeed, in conversations about him, Davis always referred contemptuously to Hamlin as “that black Penobscot Indian;” an allusion, of course, to Mr. Hamlin’s extreme swarthinness of complexion. One day, in the

committee-room, Davis, being more than usually excited, was engaged in a particularly heated controversy with Hamlin, and finally said to him, —

“You must not talk in that way, sir; you must not talk in that way.”

“Well, no matter how I may talk,” replied Hamlin, “I will at least think as I please.”

“No, sir! no, sir! ——— if you will!” blurted out Davis, entirely beside himself. “I’ll be ——— if you will think as you please! You have no right to think at all, sir!”

The ludicrousness of the scene can be better imagined than described. Even those who were engaged in it suddenly saw how ridiculous it was, and its finale was a hearty laugh all around. —  
*Howard Carroll.*



AN EMBARGO ON FREE THOUGHT.

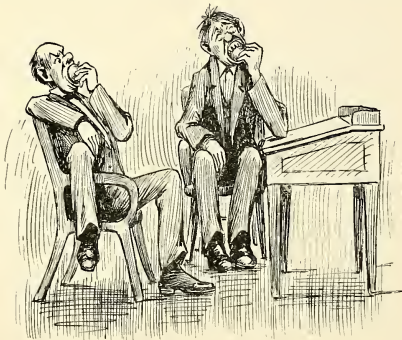
## PALMERSTON'S LAST WORD.

LORD PALMERSTON once made use of some very effective pauses which he could not have prepared beforehand, and these are well worth quoting. While electioneering at Taunton, he was greatly troubled by a butcher who wanted him to support a certain Radical policy. At the end of one of his lordship's speeches, the butcher called out. "Lord Palmerston, will you give me a plain answer to a plain question?" After a slight pause, Lord Palmerston replied, "I will." The butcher then asked, "Will you, or will you not, support this measure?" — a Radical bill. Lord Palmerston hesitated, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, replied, "I will" — then he stopped. Immediately the Radicals cheered tremendously — "not," continued his lordship. Loud Conservative cheers. When these ceased, Lord Palmerston finished his sentence, "tell you." He then immediately retired.

## SENATORIAL DIGNITY.

THE dignity of the Senate was rudely shaken one day during the session of the Fiftieth Congress, and the gentlemen who committed the breach of decorum were citizens of the State of New York. One was a Senator of the United States, the other a Representative. It was about two o'clock, and the Senate was engaged in the discussion of the Direct Tax Bill, when Mr. James J. Belden of Syracuse walked into the Senate Chamber. As he came over from the House he bought an apple, and when he entered the Senate Chamber he was eating it. He continued eating as he walked around the Republican side of the Chamber, and sat in a chair beside his handsome predecessor in the House, Senator Frank Hiscock. Then from his coat-tail pocket Mr. Belden produced

another apple, and gave it to Mr. Hiscock, who began to dispose of it with the energy of a starving man. The two statesmen put their heads together, and engaged in an animated and confidential conversation. They kept on eating the apples; and as they sat bobbing their heads, and working their jaws, the Senators and the gallery visitors laughed at the



SENATORIAL DIGNITY.

queer spectacle they made. The performance was entirely in violation of the well-known etiquette and dignity of the Senate, and the oldest member of the body remembers but one previous occasion when senatorial propriety received such a shock. This was the day when Senator Lapham, forgetting himself and his surroundings, loudly whistled for a

## WHAT THE TELEPHONE SAID.

An incident of the Grand Army Department camp-fire in Portland, in 1885, illustrates the fondness of the old soldiers for joking, and the equality between members that characterizes their annual gatherings.



"HANNIBAL, DON'T FLIRT WITH THE GIRLS."

The venerable ex-Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin, as honored guest and most distinguished person present, was one of the speakers of the evening. His address was an easy, offhand talk, mainly upon the progress and great developments in science and the arts that characterize the present century. In the course of it, he said, speaking of the telephone, —

"And yet, perhaps more marvellous than all is that little instrument which puts us in communication with those we love a hundred miles away. My wife and your wives have tongues, as it were, a hundred miles long; and if by that little thing of a telephone I were in communication with my good wife at the present moment, I should hear her saying, 'Hannibal, be careful and not catch cold.'"

An hour or so after this, when the memory of Mr. Hamlin's address had been partly obliterated by speakers who had followed him, Past Commander Sawyer rapped to order, and announced a telephone message from Bangor. All eyes turned in the direction of the venerable Bangor statesman, where he sat surrounded by a bevy of young ladies, who were importuning him for autographs. Mr. Sawyer, continuing, said, —

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have received a telephone message from Bangor. It says, 'Hannibal, don't flirt with the girls.'"

The applause that followed drowned reply.

## HE WOULD BE THERE!

At a caucus held in one of the lower wards of Troy, one John O'Brien was nominated for some minor position on the ward ticket to be voted for at the charter election. A gentleman present asked another O'Brien who John O'Brien was: he had lived some time in the neighborhood, but could call no such name to mind.

"He's me brother," said Pat. "He's not arrived in the country yet; but he tak ship Winsday, an' 'll be here in time for 'laction."

At a similar meeting held in another ward, a "gentleman" arose and said, "Mr. Prisdint, I nominates Jerry Maloney for one o' thim."

"One of what?" asked the "Prisdint."

"One o' thim ye're makin'."

Jerry was 'lacted, and Johnny too. Such is the vivacity of the American character!

## “THE SMALL TAIL MOVEMENT.”

A SPEECHMAKER in the western part of the State of Virginia during the memorable “Hard Cider and Log Cabin” campaign has given us the following anecdote. He was holding forth upon the merits of Gen. Harrison, and especially upon his courage, tact, and success as a military commander. While in the midst of his discourse, a tall, gaunt man — who was probably a schoolmaster in those parts — arose from the crowd, and said, in a voice which penetrated the whole assembly, —

“Mister! Mister! I want to ax you a question.” To this the orator assented, and the man went on as follows: —

“We are told, fellow-citizens, that General Harrison is a mighty great general; but I say he’s one of the very meanest sort of generals.

We are told here to-night that he defended himself bravely at Fort Meigs; but I tell you that on that occasion he was guilty of the *Small Tail Movement*, and I challenge the orator here present to deny it!”

The speaker declared his utter ignorance of what the intruder meant by “Small Tail Movement.”

“I’ll tell you,” said the man: “I’ve got it here in black and white. Here is Grimshaw’s ‘History of the United States,’” — holding up the

book, — “and I’ll read what it says: ‘At this critical moment Gen. Harrison executed a *novel* movement!’ Does the gentleman deny that?”

“No; go on.”

“Well, he executed a *novel* movement. Now, here’s Johnson’s ‘Dictionary,’” — taking the book out of his pocket, and holding it up, — “and here it says: ‘NOVEL. *A small tale!*’ And this was the kind of movement General Harrison was guilty of. Now, I’m no soger, and don’t know much of military tictacks; but this I do say: a man who, in the face of an enemy, is guilty of a *Small Tail Movement* is not fit to be President of the United States, and he sha’n’t have my vote!”

The relator of the anecdote says that it was quite impossible for him to overcome the effect of this speech, and we are left to conclude that the vote of that vicinity was given to Van Buren.



“THE SMALL TAIL MOVEMENT.”



## NO GOD IN ALBANY.

THE annual session of the Legislature at Albany takes to that city many gentlemen from New York, as well as from rural parts, whose only ambition is to do good to the State. It may therefore be deemed not inappropriate to the time and season to mention what was said of Albany by little Tommy B——, who, accompanied by his mother, went to visit an uncle in Madison, a minister. At the minister's house twice a day all bowed in family devotion. Tommy liked this, and prayed as devoutly as the rest. One day his mother found him alone upon his knees.

"Why, what are you doing, Tommy?"

"O mamma! we must pray all we can in Madison, 'tans, you know, dere ain't no Daud [God] in Albany."

## HER STRANGE DELUSION.

DURING his term as Secretary of State, William L. Marcy once received a letter which afforded him immense amusement, and which he showed to everybody whom he met. It was from a person in West Troy, N.Y., who begged to remind him that he had been a private in a company commanded by the Governor when he marched to the Canadian frontier in the year 1813. He supposed that he might have long since forgotten his very existence; and he therefore took the liberty to inform him, that, after the war was ended, he had settled in West Troy as a mechanic of some sort, had married, and had reared a family of children. He had been reasonably prosperous all his life, and had until recently been in the enjoyment of uninterrupted domestic happiness. But since the election

a strange and insane passion had taken possession of his wife. She was unalterably determined to be the wife of the postmaster at West Troy, even if, in order to do so, she were compelled to commit bigamy! Under these circumstances, he appealed to his old commander to save him from



NO GOD IN ALBANY.

a life of future wretchedness, and his wife from destruction, by getting him appointed to the office.

The Secretary enjoyed the joke so hugely, that, after some inquiries about his correspondent's fitness, he went to Postmaster-General Campbell, and had the commission made out for him. — *Mauvell B. Field.*



THE OTHER WAY.

## THE OTHER WAY.

No man had greater faith in the progress and future of the American republic than Horatio Seymour. It is related of him, that some years since, while seated at a public dinner with Lord Houghton of England, that gentleman said to him, —

“Governor Seymour, are you not sometimes sorry that Mother England let your States escape from under her wing?”

“Well, no, my lord, not exactly,” said the Governor, with a sly twinkle in his eye, “but I do sometimes think we should not have allowed you to leave us.”

“What in the world do you mean?” asked his lordship, laughing good-humoredly, but evidently a little astonished.

“Oh, simply that it would be rather pleasant to have you in the family of States,” replied the Governor. “Having fifty millions of people on our side, of course we could do most of the governing.’ Still, for the sake of old relationship, I have no doubt we could have afforded to allow you a few extra Congressmen, and a Senator or two.” Lord Houghton caught the spirit of the joke, and seemed to enjoy it immensely. — *Howard Carroll.*

## HOW HE DID IT.

ALTHOUGH over sixty years of age, “Sunset” Cox is still nearly as jolly as he used to be. He has been a quarter of a century in the lower House of Congress, and in his time has been a little wild, and needed more fun and excitement than his own witticisms and the debates of the House afforded him. But he has changed his habits in this respect, and is taking much better care of his health than he used to do. Cox married a comely woman with a handsome fortune, and never likes to do any thing to displease her. He has no children, and is wrapped up in those domestic relations which his wife alone affords him. But he used to want to have a good time, away from the restraining influences of domestic matters, about once a week.

“Cox used to get out of his house at night by a very novel and characteristic excuse,” said one of his old chums one day. “When he intended to make a night of it, he would invariably go home at an early hour, dress himself in his slippers and smoking-coat, crawl well down into a comfortable chair, draw himself up in front of the grate, read to his wife, and congratulate himself, in audible tones, on his ability to get away from the cares of public life. He generally expressed himself as not feeling first-rate, and crawled into bed before eleven o’clock.

“About midnight, the crowd down at the club, who were to enjoy the society of the funny statesman, as per arrangement, would send a delegate to Cox’s residence. He would rap gently on the door, and the

statesman would complain bitterly at being disturbed, although he had been resting with one eye open, and his mind bent on the good time in waiting. He generally felt too badly to go to the door, and Mrs. Cox would kindly consent to go herself.

“The delegate from the crowd always wore a very serious look, and spoke in a tone of great importance and apprehension. He would tell Mrs. Cox that there was a caucus on hand at which her husband was to preside. He always deprecated the fact that the business of the caucus could not proceed unless her husband was there, as no one could conduct the proceedings without the information he carried in his head.

“Cox would first hear this statement, and would groan like a boy who has gorged himself with June apples. When Mrs. Cox returned to the bed, and informed him of what was wanted, he appeared to be in the greatest agony, and would threaten to resign his place in Congress if this thing kept up. Then he would go to the door with Mrs. Cox, and beg like a good fellow to be let off. But the messenger would be immovable, and would declare that his absence from the caucus would entail untold inconvenience. Then Cox would dress himself, and, in going out of the house, would express considerable discomfiture in suppressing his laughter over the accomplished manner in which the scheme was worked. When he returned to the house in time for breakfast next day, his prolonged absence would always be on account of the lateness of the hour at which the caucus adjourned, and his dislike to awaken the good housewife.”

## WATER.

THE Texas Representative, Martin, known popularly as “the man who blew out the gas,” made his maiden speech in the House one day early in 1888. Farmer Hatch of Missouri wanted to increase the number of the new batch of cattle reports ordered by the Senate. Col. Martin, who is one of the biggest ranchers in the Lone Star State, made

a break to help Hatch; but he did not address the Chair at all. He simply stood up in his seat, leaned way over forward, and talked spasmodically for three minutes. The House was in such a hubbub, that all that could be heard in the galleries was an occasional mention of cow. The great thing about the speech was Martin's gestures. He stuck his hand frantically forward into the air, with each finger clawing itself wide apart from the others, all in spite of the Speaker's gavel. When he sat down he got a round of cheers from his colleagues. He retired to the settees exhausted. His lassitude fled, however, when Sunset Cox approached to congratulate him; and the following conversation ensued:—

“I say, Cox, your district ain't interested in stock, ain't it?”

“Why, of course it is, Martin. We raise stock, we water stock, and we know all about salting stock.”

“That's right. Then you are with us in wanting a lot of these cow-books printed.”



WATER.

## “CROW IS DEAD.”

A capital story is told in New York of a practical joke played by one of the newly elected members of Congress from New York City. It seems that the proprietor of an establishment somewhere in the neighborhood of the City Hall had a pet crow, which, to the great grief of its owner, breathed its last one winter evening, of a chronic plethoric condition, induced by long surfeiting. Our new candidate for legislative honors happened to be present at the decease, and, after condoling with the family in a tone of mock gravity, proposed that a coroner's inquest should be held over the corpse. This suggestion provoked a good deal of merriment, and resulted in the proposal of a bet by our waggish M.C. that he would bring the coroner to the spot that very night, with twelve chosen men, to sit upon the departed bird. The bet was accepted, and off started the proposer in search of the required functionary. It was one of the bitterest nights of the winter. Both snow and sleet were driving furiously: the pavement was coated with ice, and the air was as raw as in Siberia. Nothing daunted by the unpropitious weather, our friend, enveloped in his cloak, proceeded directly to the residence of the assistant coroner, somewhere not very far up town. This inferior officer he found at home, but the superior had already gone to his residence in the upper part of the city. “That is particularly unfortunate,” remarked the wag: “his presence is immediately required for an inquest upon the body of a gentleman of the highest distinction, who an hour since fell dead in front of ——’s house.”

“God bless me! Who is it?”

“The famous Col. Crow, who served with so much distinction in the Mexican War, and who, you will recollect, was aid-de-camp to Scott from Vera Cruz to the capital.”

“Crow — Crow — I don't remember.”

“How, sir! are you so ignorant of your country's history, that you do not recollect the gallant charge of Col. Crow at the head of the forlorn hope at Chapultepec?”

“Let me see — let me see — oh, yes! — well, I do begin to recollect indistinctly — yes, yes — I remember the circumstance now perfectly. You don't say that he has fallen dead? What is to be done?”

“Why, there is but one thing to be done: you must take a carriage, and go for the coroner. It would never do to wait till the morning. I will remain here until you return.”



“CROW IS DEAD.”

This piece of advice was immediately followed. In due course of time back came the vehicle, with the coroner in it. He had been found by his assistant “tucked in” for the night, and was at first unwilling to “turn out.” But when his recollection of the feats of Col. Crow had become as distinct as that of his deputy, he immediately understood that so eminent a personage must not be neglected. The member from the —— district jumped into the carriage with the official, and the coachman was directed to drive toward the scene of the accident.

“Don't you think,” said —, after a pause, “that we would do well to pick up the jury on our way down?”

The coroner assented to the propriety of the course proposed, and, seeing a light in a window hard by (it was now past midnight), the coachman was directed to stop in front of the door. On entering the house, a jolly, paunchy Englishman was found consoling himself after the labors of the day with a pipe and mug of ale. The occasion of the visit was stated, and the Britisher requested to step into the carriage. He protested—refused—and was only induced at last grumblingly to comply by a threat of force. Once more the carriage started, and other jurors were picked up from among the pedestrians still in the streets, until in a short time the vehicle became full. Then there was nothing to be done but to walk the rest of the way, as more jurors must be had. The weather, far from moderating, had become worse than ever; and it was as dismal a party as could well be seen, that, somewhere in the small hours of the morning, entered the house of grief. The corpse was in a back room, and before entering the apartment of death, — proposed that the coroner should swear his jury, that no time might be unnecessarily lost. This was accordingly done with all becoming solemnity; and then the doors were thrown open, and they were ushered into the funeral chamber. A bed stood in the room, and under a sheet was seen the accurately defined form of a human body. Many sententious remarks were made by the “sworn men and true” upon the uncertain tenure of human life, after which — slowly walked to the bed, pulled down the sheets, and exposed the sable bird of night extended upon a pillow! The scene that followed can be imagined, — the indignation, the swearing, the threatening. The big Englishman pitched into the coroner, stopping between every blow to ask him how he dare personate so respectable a functionary, and in his name call honest men from their firesides, to be the victims of so outrageous a hoax. The poor coroner could not make it be believed that he was a victim himself. A miscellaneous scrimmage ensued, in the midst of which the author of the whole misunderstanding took occasion quietly to withdraw.

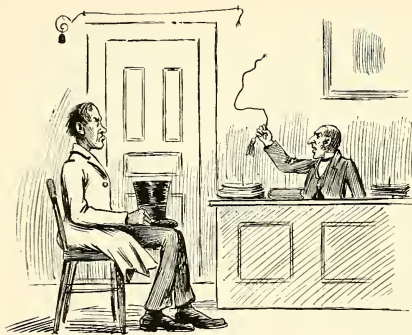


PUNNING.

## PUNNING.

WHEN Zeb Vance and Tom Settle were canvassing North Carolina for governor, they spoke on one occasion at Clinton, to quite a large audience; and after the speaking closed, the crowd pressed forward to congratulate the aspirants upon their able efforts. In the immense throng sat George Boyken, an acquaintance of Gov. Vance; but George did not press forward and take the Governor's hand; and when every thing quieted, the Governor sauntered up to him, and said, “George, you did not come forward as the others, and offer me your good wishes.”

“No,” responded George, “I was too well Settled to add Vance” (advance).



SEWARD'S LITTLE BELL.

## SEWARD'S LITTLE BELL.

"A MESSAGE from the State Department! Mr. Seward wishes to see the editor in charge immediately! He has sent his carriage for you. Please don't delay."

"These were the words" says a Washington journalist, "that came hurriedly through the speaking-tube leading from the publication office to the editorial room in which we sat, engaged in writing. It was an imperative summons from the Secretary of State, not to be disregarded. In a few moments we were on our way to the State Department to see with our own eyes Seward's little bell, about which we had read and heard so much, but which we had never beheld, though connected with

one of the leading papers in Washington, and on the day referred to the editor in charge.

"Arrived at our destination, we were soon ushered into the presence of the distinguished Secretary, who politely requested us to take a seat. We had often met Mr. Seward himself, but had never been in his private office before, and we gazed around us with a somewhat curious eye.

"Just above the desk of Mr. Seward, and within reach of his hand, we observed a faded green cord, with an equally faded green tassel attached, which extended to a little bell. We did not for a moment imagine that this was the bell with which the country was ringing: that, according to report, was daily banishing good people to Fort Lafayette and other so-called Bastilles; that, in fact, was the very bell which, when rung by the Secretary of State, struck terror to the heart of every traitor in the land. But all doubt on the subject was speedily dispelled. As soon as Mr. Seward appended his name to a document he had been reading, he jerked the green cord we have described, and lo! it broke, and the greater part of it fell on the desk before him. We shall never forget the expression which came over the Secretary's countenance at this *contre-temps*. It indicated a struggle whether to smile or look grave over it. Finally, as a sort of compromise of the matter, he turned to us, and said sedately, 'If the enemies of the government knew of this mishap, they would never tire of asserting that Seward had used up his little bell in ringing loyal citizens into prison.' He then rose from his chair, and repaired to an adjoining apartment, the door of which was open, and entered into conversation with a young man sitting there.

"In the interim we were left to conjecture for what particular object we had been summoned. All the way from the editorial room the subject had been uppermost in our mind. Had any thing of a treasonable nature appeared in the paper to which we were attached? In the absence of the responsible editor, were we to be taken to task? We remembered how every paragraph relating to the war was scrutinized; how every movement was watched; how sensitive the government had become to public opinion. The editor-in-chief had admonished his subordinates to exercise the utmost circumspection. Loyal as he was himself, he had occasionally



offended some of the officials in Washington by his sharp criticisms of certain affairs; and if he had not escaped censure, was it not reasonable to suppose that some one acting for him had incurred the displeasure of those in authority?

"These and other thoughts presented themselves to us, until we had worked ourselves up to quite a pitch of excitement. But, fortunately, our suspense was not of long duration. In a few minutes Mr. Seward returned to his desk, accompanied by the young man with whom he had been conversing. The latter handed us a sealed document; and Mr. Seward, pointing to it, said, 'Publish that to-morrow, to the exclusion, if necessary, of every other matter. It will prove of more value to the country than a dozen editorials. Good-day.'

"And this was all. We had been on the 'anxious seat' for nothing. Of course, we breathed more freely; but we left the State Department wondering if it was always necessary to go through so much formality to accomplish so simple an object."

## ONE FROM CLEVELAND.

THE American people are extremely fond of humor. One of the chief causes of President Lincoln's popularity lay in his enjoyment of jokes and in his ability to make them. President Cleveland has been looked upon hitherto as a man who never unbent so far as to perpetrate a witticism. It appears, however, that he has a ready and playful wit. At Jacksonville, Fla., it is related, that, while in an orange-grove, his wife tossed him an orange which he failed to catch, receiving a blow on the nose for his lack of baseball expertness. Thereupon his wife tendered him another orange, which the President declined, remarking that a man long ago got into trouble "by accepting fruit plucked and offered by a woman." Who says now that the President is a serious-minded man?

## AN INCREASE OF ONE.

SENATOR KENNA returned from a trip to his West-Virginia home one day, and his face was wreathed in smiles as he received the congratulations of his brother Senators. "Kenna number six! Why, Kenna, I thought you had a little boy a few months ago," said a brother Senator.

"So we did; so we did," replied the young Napoleon of the West-Virginia Democracy, "but I want you to understand that the vote in our State is getting mighty close."



AN INCREASE OF ONE.

## CONGRESSMEN'S PAIRS.

NEXT to getting his pet measure through, the most important thing to the mind of a member of Congress is to get a "pair" when he wants it.

When "Jimmie" O'Brien of New York was elected to one term in the House, he came there on the first Monday in December of the first session, took his oath of office, told the sergeant-at-arms where to send his monthly checks, and got a "pair." It is not known that he ever again appeared in the House.

Joseph Pulitzer is the only man who emulated this example, and he did appear in the legislative halls and in the committee-rooms three or four times during his term.

Mr. Aiken of South Carolina was "paired" during all of his last term of Congress; but he was ill, and never appeared to take his oath. He died at about the close of his Congressional term.

Some members who are always at their post of duty don't like to "pair" to accommodate a colleague who wants to wander in pursuit of pleasure. Sometimes these "stayers" are gruff, and send word to their transitory brothers that they had better stay and attend to their business.

Mr. Bland, of silver associations, is one of those who always may be found at his desk during the session; and he is not apt to be too accommodating to his associates who are inattentive.

"Tell Mishter Post t' tak-care-that," he said, as he balanced himself before the Deputy. He laid the book on the table, and went away. In the book were the names of twenty Democrats who wanted to be "paired." None of them had been cared for, and the vote was coming on. When the book was given to Mr. Post, and the circumstance explained, he refused to have any thing to do with it. He said he did not propose to play private secretary to any member, and from that moment he refused to serve on the "committee." No other member could be got to take hold of it after that, and many lost their votes on that occasion.

The deputy had to hold the book, and has had to attend to "pairs" since. He is now called by members "the pair man." He is an odd and original genius.

"Don't you know," he said the other day, "it is the hardest work I ever did. Looking up votes at a ward election is not a



CONGRESSMEN'S PAIRS.

circumstance to it. In a single day I have been called upon to find 'pairs' for two-thirds of the members. Why, this session already, just three days before the holiday recess, I 'paired' eighty members in one day. It keeps me busy just before a political vote. Some members don't like to lose their votes, and some get mad when I ask them. You might not think it, but our own men, the Democrats, are the most

unaccommodating. When a Democrat wants to go away, all I have to do is to ask most any Republican I see to 'pair' with him, and it's done. The Republicans are always kind and accommodating. It is not so easy the other way: most of the Democrats are reluctant about returning these favors.

"Some of the Southern men," he continued, "are mighty particular with whom they 'pair.' "A Virginia member went home for a week last session, leaving word to be cared for; and he was 'paired' with a colored member. When he got the record, and saw the announcement of the 'pair,' he fairly foamed at the mouth. For a year and a half he never spoke to me. Before that we had been very friendly; but afterwards he would pass me face to face, and not speak. He would look me right in the eye with scorn and indignation. Finally one of the members explained that I had nothing to do with the matter, — that I was away when the 'pair' was made. Then he would speak to me, but we were never as friendly again."

### "ANY THING FURTHER FROM CAPT. TOBIN?"

THERE was an odd fish belonging to the army named Tobin. He was commanding a volunteer company in the Mexican War, and he fell into trouble with the second Auditor of the Treasury, Gen. M'Calla. That respectable old functionary wrote a letter of reproof to Tobin, who replied in a jaunty, jocular strain, overflowing with wit and humor. The letter found its way into the papers, much to the vexation of the Auditor. The fun of the thing just hit the fancy of the Secretary of War, who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and relished a joke exceedingly, particularly when perpetrated at the expense of another. In passing from the War Department to the White House he frequently met the Auditor, and his uniform salutation was, "Any thing further from Captain Tobin, General M'Calla?" The Auditor bore this good-

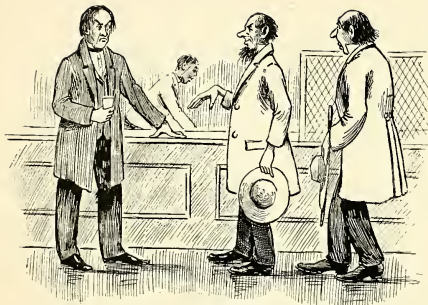
naturally for a while, but the repetition of the question became irksome to him at length, and " — Capt. Tobin, sir" was his reply.



"ANY THING FURTHER FROM CAPTAIN TOBIN, GENERAL M'CALLA?"

### KNAVES AND COURT-CARDS.

MR. NILES, in his preface to his "Register," in 1816, is pleased to recall this trenchant anecdote of that early day: The Earl of Dartmouth asked an American in London of how many members the first Congress consisted. The reply was, "Fifty-two." — "Why, that is the number of cards in a pack," said his lordship. "How many *knaves* are there?" — "Not one," returned the republican. "Please to recollect that *knaves* are *court-cards*."



"HE MAY WELL CALL IT THE HAR-R-R-VEST MOON!"

## THE HARVEST MOON.

It is the fashion in these days to pay the expenses, and something more, of political speakers. It was not so in the days of the old Whig party. At the beginning of the Taylor campaign it was found desirable to propitiate Mr. Webster, who, naturally enough, received the nomination of Gen. Taylor as coldly as he did that of Mr. Clay in 1844, when Massachusetts led off; and after he had said in his Marshfield speech that the nomination was one "not fit to be made," it became especially necessary that he should be looked after. The result was, that, after a good deal of negotiation, and the urgency of many of his best

friends, he consented to explain, at Abington in Massachusetts, his Marshfield speech, and to make one or two speeches more during the campaign. Two well-known gentlemen of the city of Worcester, then prominent in the Whig ranks, — one of whom is now holding a high official station in that State, — came down to Boston at the instance of the late ex-Gov. Lincoln to secure Mr. Webster for a great speech in the former city. They called upon the then Secretary of the Whig State Committee to enlist his co-operation, and were informed by him that five hundred dollars was the least sum which they could reasonably offer Mr. Webster for such an effort. The gentlemen said they guessed they could raise that sum. Mr. Webster happened to be then at the Tremont House, and the Secretary volunteered to call upon him with them, and do what he might be able to advance their suit. It was in the month of October, a month that he loved. The party found Mr W. *solus* in the office, drinking a glass of soda-water. The Secretary, with imprudent haste, led them into the office, and introduced them. The situation was embarrassing, for he was in the act of drinking his soda, and was obliged by the interruption to set down his tumbler before he had finished it.

To relieve this embarrassment, one of these gentlemen, the eminent official whose silver speech it is always a pleasure to listen to, said, "I think this must be the Indian summer, Mr. Webster."

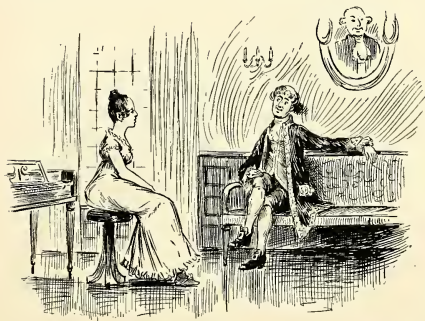
Mr. W. turned square round, and, confronting him, replied with emphatic gravity, "No, sir-r-r; this is the har-r-r-vest moon."

The Worcester gentlemen laughed a good deal afterward at the felicity of Mr. Webster's reply, taken in connection with the fact that the speech was one of the dullest that the great man ever delivered, and the additional fact that the greater part of the five hundred dollars came out of their own pockets; for, neglecting to ask the contributions of their friends until after the event, they found these said friends ludicrously disinclined to invest, and with some little disposition to chaff: and it is said that one of the Worcester gentlemen — not the official — was heard to exclaim, in a fit of extreme disgust, —

"He may well call it the har-r-r-vest moon!"

## THE GREAT UNWASHED.

We have heard in our own day of the Great Unwashed. From an anecdote related of Mrs. Washington, it may be inferred that Democrats have had a reputation of that kind from a very early period of their existence as a power in the world. One day in the second term of her



THE GREAT UNWASHED.

husband's Presidency Mrs. Washington's watchful ear observed that the harpsichord of her niece, Nelly Custis, ceased playing. It was the young lady's time for practice, and her aunt was too strict a disciplinarian to allow her to waste those hours. The music was not resumed for some time, and in the midst of the untimely pause the mistress of the Presidential mansion heard some one leave the room in which the

young maiden was. She went in to learn his name. The young lady not volunteering the information, the attention of Mrs. Washington was suddenly attracted to a disfiguring mark on the wall, which had been painted a delicate cream color.

"Ah," cried she, "it was no Federalist. None but a *filthy Democrat* would mark a place on the wall with his good-for-nothing head in that manner." — *Parson*.

## WHY ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS DIDN'T JOIN THE MEXICAN COLONY OF CONFEDERATES.

THE late ex-Congressman Bernard Caulfield, whose death at Deadwood suggested so many interesting incidents in his career in Chicago, was the only Illinoisian who joined the colony of ex-Confederates in Mexico. The band was made up of disheartened Southerners, who felt, after the success of the Northern armies, just as confident that life in the States would be full of humiliation, as they had been at the beginning of the war that their new Confederacy would be glorious success. Caulfield was a man full of sentiment, and the sort of character to fraternize with a group of well-bred, high-spirited, but discouraged and saddened Southerners. The Illinoisian was of the party who called on Alexander Stephens, the famous Vice-President of the Confederacy, to urge him to join the colonists. The great Georgian refused to leave the country.

"But these Yankees will hang you if you stay behind," urged the men, who were ready to take up their journey for their new country, and who hated to leave behind them an associate whose devotion, intelligence, and courage had been so wonderfully well proved.

"I would rather hang here in the United States," said Stephens, "than live anywhere outside of it."

The reply made Alexander Stephens nearly as much admired in the North as he was loved in the South.

## A NEST OF GOOD THINGS.

Gov. GORDON writes, —

“I’ll give you one from Underwood. When he lived in Elbert, a man was abusing him roundly, and ended by saying, ‘Yes, sir; and I understand you were a Federalist.’ To this Judge Underwood replied, —

“‘In those times there were but two parties in this country, — Federalists and fools. I was a Federalist. I never heard you, sir, accused of being one.’”

GEN. HENRY R. JACKSON writes, —

“The best piece of repartee I remember to have ever read or heard, fell from the lips of John Van Buren, at one time generally known as Prince John, under the following circumstances: He had undertaken the representation of a certain cause before the courts, very much to the disgust of one of his friends, who, having vainly expostulated with him, and losing temper, exclaimed, ‘Van Buren, is there a case so low, so vile, so filthy, that you would decline to represent it?’ — ‘I do not know,’ replied the lawyer hesitatingly, and, quickly approaching his ear close to the lips of the inquirer, he whispered, ‘What have you been doing?’”

JUDGE S. B. HOYT writes, —

“The Hon. Nathaniel Macon of North Carolina was one of the very few intimate friends of John Randolph of Roanoke. They served together in both Houses. Mr. Macon retired from the House in 1815. His successor made every effort to succeed him in the good graces of Mr. Randolph. Mr. Randolph snubbed him. Angry at this, he took the first opportunity to assault Randolph in debate. Randolph made no sort of reply, but a few days after, in discussing some subject, said,

‘Mr. Speaker, I am reminded of a remark of my friend the Hon. Nathaniel Macon of North Carolina, the wisest man I ever knew,’ and then, pointing his long, lean finger at the seat formerly occupied by Mr. Macon, but at that time by his successor, continued, ‘but whose seat in this House, I am sorry to say, is now vacant! vacant! vacant!’”



“VACANT! VACANT! VACANT!”

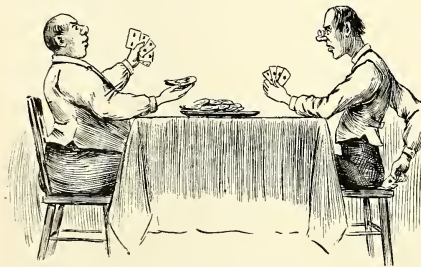
HERE is one of the keenest and most polished specimens of satire: —

“Disraeli, the great English Premier, as is well known, was defeated several times before he was elected to Parliament. In one of his speeches on the hustings he denounced Daniel O’Connell, the great Irish agitator, as a ‘bloody traitor;’ to which Mr. O’Connell made the



retort, 'For aught I know, the present Disraeli is the true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died on the cross.'

"Disraeli challenged O'Connell's son, Morgan, who took up his father's quarrel; but the challenge was not accepted."



PUBLIC BUSINESS NEVER DISTURBED HIM.

## PUBLIC BUSINESS NEVER DISTURBED HIM.

JOHN Y. MASON, who was first Attorney-General, and then Secretary of the Navy, was an amiable gentleman of moderate capacity, whose long official career was a marvel to every one who knew him well, and a piece of good luck at which he himself was much astonished. He held important offices under three administrations, and finally died in the public service, representing our government at Paris, — a post for which he was specially and in every respect unfitted. He had pleasant social qualities, and that probably had much to do with his continuance in

office. Col. Benton, who described his contemporaries with general accuracy, although his prepossessions were apt to tinge his portraits, and he ran frequently into coarseness, said of Mr. Mason, that "if he had his hands filled with cards, and his belly with oysters, the public business never disturbed him."

## A SAFE PLACE FOR A BIBLE.

THERE was great fear of, but less faith in, Jefferson among the Northern Federalists, who firmly believed that he was little better than Anti-Christ. A story illustrative of the state of feeling with regard to the French party is related of a pious old Federalist lady who lived in a town in Connecticut. It was believed in her neighborhood that if the Federalists were overthrown, and the Jefferson Democrats came into power, the Christian religion would be put down, and Atheism proclaimed, and among the first persecutions would be the destruction of all the Bibles. The lady referred to was terribly wrought up at this prospect, and cast about in her mind how she should preserve the Scriptures in the general destruction. At length it occurred to her to go to Squire S—, the only Democrat of her acquaintance, and throw herself upon his mercy. She accordingly took her family Bible to him, and, telling him that she had heard of the intention of the Jeffersonians, asked him to keep it for her. The Squire attempted to persuade her that her fears were groundless, but she was too panic-stricken to be convinced. At last he said, —

"My good woman, if all the Bibles are to be destroyed, what is the use of your bringing yours to me? That will not save it when it is found."

"Oh, yes," she pleaded, with a charming burst of trust, "you take it: it will be perfectly safe. They'll never think of looking in the house of a Democrat for a Bible."



"SIX IS QUITE ENOUGH, JOHN."

## THE ELEVATED SCOT.

Mr. JOHN GREIG, who, for the session commencing in 1841, represented the Canandaigua District in Congress (in place of Francis Granger, who resigned to accept the office of postmaster-general), was a well-preserved Scotchman, as well in purse as in person, and very fond of entertaining in a princely manner. He had invited a small dinner-party in order to entertain a Scotch friend who had but recently arrived in America. The hour named had fully come and passed, but the honored guest had not arrived. Mr. Greig became uneasy and nervous, for the servants had long since reported the courses ready for serving. He went out on the porch and looked down the avenue, to see if he could get a

sight of his friend, when, lo! there comes "Sandy," much as if he had a hundred pounds or so upon his shoulders; in fact, he was a sheet or two in the wind, as it were. Greig took in the situation at once, and, hastening down the avenue, met the happy guest, and readily got him beneath his roof. Although "Sandy" was glorious, his mental powers were yet steady. He said, "John, I'll tell ye hoo it a' came about. While waiting at the hotel for the oor to come, I saw some Yonkees at the bar a-drinkin' som'at I coodna tell by sight what its name may be. It was a mixture of sugar and lemon and lumps of ice, and maybe some else. But the bar-keeper shook the mixture between twa tumblers until it foamed and sparkled like an aurora borealis; then he put in some sprigs resembling meadow mint, and then the Yonkees quaffed the liquid through a sprig of rye straw, and they drank wi' a lcer, as if it was unco guid. I stepped to the bar-keeper and speered to ken the name o' the liquid, when he said it was a 'jollop,' or 'jewlip,' or something like to it in the soond. I telled him I'd tok yun; *but, O, mon! it was no bod to tok!* The fak is, John, afoor I kened what I was about, I had made 'way wi' *seven*, a' through a bit o' rye straw. Noo, John, if I had but kened the power o' the thing, and had quot at six, my heed would no feel as if the pipers and the fiddlers were playing lively reels in it, and a score o' lads and lassies were dancing in glee a' about it. Noo, John, if ye be minded ever to try yon Yankee 'jollops,' tok my advice and be content wi' six at a sittin'. Mind ye, if ye try *seven*, ye maun be waur nor Tam o' Shanter or mysel': six is quite enough, John."

## AN EXCITING CAMPAIGN INCIDENT.

COL. ISAAC H. SHIELDS recalled an exciting scene in his speech-making career. It was in Northern Virginia, when he and Senator Wilson made the memorable canvass in the first Grant campaign. Wilson had tried to speak in the afternoon in the court-house, and had been hissed and cried down by the Democratic roughs. Col.

Shields announced that there would be a meeting in the evening, and was greeted with "rebel yells." He left the hall, sought the Republican county chairman, and through him engaged a half-dozen fighters with instructions to them to get as many more as they could to come to the evening meeting ready to fight. When Col. Shields and the doubtful and timid candidate for the Vice-Presidency entered the hall, a curious sight greeted them. The gallery was packed to the ceiling with colored men. All looked determined, and there was in every man's hand a weapon of some sort. One had a hay-fork, another an axe, or a knife, or a hatchet. Here and there a pistol gleamed. Below the stairs there was packed a dense mob of white men. In every hand was a tin horn.

"When I saw those horns, I weakened," said Col. Shields. "I have faced yells, but tin horns I dreaded. Senator Wilson wanted to go, but I wouldn't let him.

"I started by saying to the crowd, 'Gentlemen, I propose to hold this meeting, and I propose to have order.'

"'How will you get it?' said one tough, bolder than the rest.

"'Do you see that crowd above you?' I yelled, 'Up, boys!' At that every man in the gallery rose to his feet.

"'Do you see those men?' I said again. 'Well, at the first horn's blow I'll give the signal, and that crowd of men will jump right down on your heads, and settle the whole business.' How the colored men yelled when I said that, and how quiet the people got!"

He held that meeting. There wasn't a horn blown, and Senator Wilson said it was the greatest triumph he had ever seen.

## "BARN-SHINGLING."

ABOUT 1835, in a certain town not far from Boston, there was a large family, of several generations, by the name of C—. At one of the elections for members to represent the place in the General Court, it appeared that among the votes distributed at the polls were a large

number for William C—; and the whole family were present, like swarming bees, actively engaged in promoting his election. One of them came up to the person who told this story, and asked him to vote for William. He naturally desired to know the reason for such a measure, and the more particularly as he had never heard of any peculiar claims or qualifications for the office in question which the said William possessed.

"Well," said C—, "I'll tell you how 'tis. William's got a little behindhand, and wants to shingle his barn. This will cost about a hundred dollars. Now, if he can go to the General Court one session, he'll save a hundred dollars; and so, you see, he can shingle his barn."



"BARN-SHINGLING."

## COL. MORRISON'S TARIFF STORY.

LEANING against the news-stand in Willard's one evening, Col. Morrison told one of his tariff stories to a group of Congressmen.

"It happened," said he, "when I went to the head of the Ways and Means Committee, and when Burchard, who was afterward Director of the Mint, was one of the members of the committee. Burchard really believed pretty much as I did; but, being a Republican, of course he had to go with his party. One day I got a letter from Dement, a fine old gentleman, and a good Democrat too. I knew him well. He lived up in Northern Illinois, in Lee County. His son is Secretary of State out there, and a strong Republican. The old gentleman wrote me quite a letter. He said he was glad to see I was going to take hold of the tariff. He had felt for a long time that some action was necessary. The people had been robbed long enough by the system the Republican party had built up. But the reductions ought to be made intelligently. He wrote to me, he said, because he thought I ought to know that the farmers in Northern Illinois were building up a little industry in flax manufacture. They had established a mill, and were raising flax in Lee County to supply it. He was interested, he wrote, and so were other good Democrats. The industry was just getting started, and must have protection to succeed. He hoped that I would see to it that nothing was done to reduce the duty on the goods they were making.

"The next time I saw Burchard," continued the Colonel with a quaint smile, "I said to him, 'See here; read this letter.' Burchard took it and read it through carefully; then he commenced feeling in his pocket. 'I've got one too,' he said; and pretty soon he pulled out a letter from Dement, the son and the Republican. It was written on the same kind of paper, with the same heading and all, only in a different hand. It went on to put the case as a Republican might to a Republican. There was the same story about the infant industry of flax-raising and flax-manufacture in Lee County. The writer admitted that the tariff needed reform, but the hope was expressed that Mr. Burchard, as a

Republican, would do all he could to protect the Lee County industry, and see that the duty was not reduced in that particular direction.

"You fellows," said the Colonel eagerly, "will know how this tariff reduction goes before the winter is over."

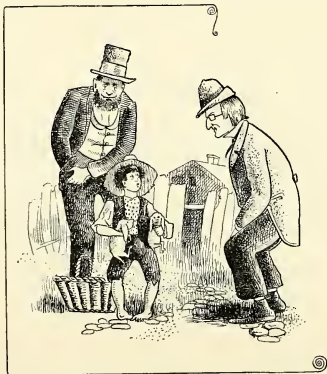


COL. MORRISON'S TARIFF STORY.

**A** TIRELESS TALKER. — Senator Morgan of Alabama is one of the most tireless talkers in this country. The other day, just as he had rolled off another hour of debate in the Senate, somebody said to Senator Ingalls, who was presiding, "I should think the Senator would fall from sheer exhaustion." Ingalls dryly responded, "Oh, no; Morgan talks to rest himself."

## THE CLEVER PUPS.

A LARGE Republican meeting was held in Clermont, O., which was attended by a small boy who had four young puppy-dogs, which he offered for sale. One of the crowd, approaching the boy, asked, —



“Y-E-S, SIR; BUT THESE AIN'T: THEY'VE GOT THEIR EYES OPEN.”

“Are these Fremont pups, my son?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, then,” said he, “I’ll take these two.”

About a week afterward the Democrats held a meeting at the same place, and among the crowd was to be seen the same chap and his two

remaining pups. He tried for hours to obtain a purchaser, and finally was approached by a Democrat, and asked, —

“My little lad, what kind of pups are these you have?”

“They’re Buchanan pups, sir.”

The Republican, who had purchased the first two, happened to be in hearing, and broke out at the boy, —

“See here, you young rascal, didn’t you tell me that those pups that I bought of you last week were *Fremont* pups?”

“Y-e-s, sir,” said the young dog-merchant; “but these ain’t: *they’ve got their eyes open.*”

## DISSEMBLING.

WHEN Mr. Dempster was in danger of being ousted from Perth, one of the boroughs he had long represented, owing to a party made against him by the magistrates, his friend, Mr. P., was very active in his interest; and knowing that the Provost, Mr. Stewart, was violently against him, he hit upon an expedient to win him over to his interest. Dr. Carmichael Smythe was known to be Mr. Dempster’s physician, and a relation of the Provost. Mr. P. accordingly applied to Dr. Smythe to know confidentially whether Mr. Dempster’s health would be endangered by a residence in Bengal, stating that he knew it was the determination of government to appoint him governor-general provided Dr. Smythe thought his health good enough to stand the climate.

The bait took. Dr. Smythe with great gravity assured Mr. P. that India would agree very well with Mr. Dempster’s constitution. The Doctor immediately wrote to his relative, the Provost, assuring him most positively but most confidentially of Mr. Dempster’s appointment, and stating that he must support his interest at the approaching election by all the means in his power, if he expected the promotion of his son in India. The Provost eagerly caught at so good an opportunity, and, in the expectation of making the fortunes of his house, devoted all his interest to Mr. Dempster, and secured his election.

## BURKE PUT TO FLIGHT.

MR. BURKE on one occasion had just risen in the House of Commons with some papers in his hand, on the subject of which he intended to make a motion, when a rough-hewn member, who had no ear for the charms of eloquence, rudely started up, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I hope the honorable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Mr. B. was so swollen—or, rather, so nearly suffocated—with rage as to be incapable of utterance, and absolutely ran out of the House. On this occasion George Selwyn remarked that it was the only time he ever saw the fable realized, "*A LION put to flight by the braying of an ASS.*"

## POLITICAL AMENS.

DURING one of the great political conventions of a certain campaign a Methodist church was engaged for a meeting. The boys, who were on the alert for excitement, took early possession of the gallery, well supplied with sticks to beat the floor in response to the speeches. One of the excellent Methodist brethren had been very justly grieved that the house was lent for such a purpose, and, hoping to save it as much as possible from desecration, he went up into the gallery before the meeting began, and told the boys that they ought to remember they were in the church, and to behave in a manner becoming so holy a place; especially, he hoped they would not disgrace themselves and the place by making a noise, by rapping, shouting, or whistling, or anything of that sort. "But if there should any thing be said which pleases you very much, then, boys, you may say, 'Bless my soul!' 'Amen!' and so forth, as the case may be."

The meeting began. The chairman stated the object of the assembly. The great honor he had in being called to preside, the proudest day

of his life; and, becoming warm, he launched out into such eloquence as to arouse the spirits of the boys, who would have given him a round of applause with their sticks but for the old man's advice, when, recollecting his permission, they at once began to cry out, "Bless my soul!" and at the end of the next sentence, "Amen!" and soon a chorus of



POLITICAL AMENS.

youngsters cried out, "And so forth!" to the astonishment of the chairman, who addressed himself to the galleries, and said he should have them cleared if that interruption was repeated, whereupon the whole race of them shouted, "As the case may be!" The excitement became so great between the galleries and the pit, that the boys had to promise to withdraw any further expression of their enthusiasm, and they were then allowed to remain.



## THE LAST FIGHT.

Among the many interesting anecdotes in Col. Forney's "Reminiscences of Public Men," the following, of the late John C. Rives, will be appreciated by those who knew that somewhat rough but quick-witted gentleman:—



THE LAST FIGHT.

The anecdotes of John C. Rives had a special flavor, and never a sting. One day, when Douglas and a few of us were standing in "the Hole in the Wall," a celebrated resort for Senators and members, Rives came in and joined us. It was in 1854, just after Douglas had introduced his bill to repeal the Missouri Compromise line. Rives, like his partner, Francis P. Blair, was opposed to it, and made no hesitation in saying so. Douglas twitted him about getting out of the party lines, and tried to convince him that his measure was right.

"I don't like it, Douglas, and never can like it. It is uncalled for. It reminds me of a fellow who, having gone pretty nearly through all the follies of life, took it into his head to hire a bully to do his fighting. He made a contract with the stoutest bruiser he could find, and they started on their journey down the Mississippi. At every landing the quarrel was picked by the one, and the battle fought by the other. It was tough work sometimes, but rather enjoyable. At last they reached New Orleans. On the levee they found a stout, brawny stevedore; and, after some chaffing, a row was started, and the two began to pummel each other. They were well matched, but, aided by his experience, the bully beat the stevedore. 'I say, boss,' said his fighting man, 'I give up this job; you is too much for me! I don't see any reason in that ere last fight.'"

Of course, the laugh was against Judge Douglas, and none relished the hit more than himself.

## SENATOR EVARTS AND HIS YAWN.

The most amusing man to watch is Everts. He is a most uneasy creature. During a campaign speech—or any other, for that matter—he tries every vacant seat in the Senate. In each he settles himself comfortably, shrinks into the seclusion of his loose-fitting garments and superabundant collar, chats a moment with some Senator, takes three immense yawns, and then moves on to try another chair. Everts's yawn, by the way, is one of the features of the Senate. It happens regularly once in three minutes, and lasts, by actual measurement, twelve seconds. It begins with a sudden collapse about the lips which resembles ancient pictures of earthquakes, and ends with a sudden contortion of features that suggests a volcanic eruption. You wonder how the skin assumes its normal position again, but in some way it does. About every third time, Mr. Everts covers his face with both hands, and Heaven only knows what distortions go on then.



DRESS AND ADDRESS.

## DRESS AND ADDRESS.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S grandfather was the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, born at Haddam, Conn., Feb. 3, 1744. Mr. Cleveland was a Federalist of the school of Jay and Hamilton, whom he supported with more than ordinary zeal, and perhaps not without something of the prejudice which ranked all Jeffersonians with French fatalists and infidels.

Many stories are told illustrating his power of repartee. Among them is the following: On horseback one day Mr. Cleveland was riding from Middletown to Durham. A little stream bounded the limits of the townships. He halted to water his horse; meanwhile a young man, having come from the opposite direction, drew rein so suddenly as to render the water by the disturbance unfit to serve for drink.

"Good-morning, Mr. Minister," said the youth.

"Good-morning, Mr. Democrat," replied the reverend gentleman.

"And, pray, why did you take me for a Democrat?" queried the young man.

"Pray, why did you take me for a minister?" rejoined Mr. Cleveland.

"Oh," said the fellow, "that is plain enough: by your *dress*."

"And that you are a Democrat is plain enough by your *address*," was the retort of the preacher.

## STORIES ABOUT TALLEYRAND.

THERE has just been published in Paris a book entitled "Private Recollections of Prince de Talleyrand," which contains several anecdotes of that clever and witty diplomatist hitherto unpublished.

Cambacérès said to Prince de Talleyrand, "A great many epigrams have been written against Count Siéyès, but they are groundless. I have heard him speak very often in our assemblies, and he has always shown himself to be a very profound man." Prince de Talleyrand replied, "Profound is not the proper word to apply to him. You should say hollow — very hollow."

When Prince de Talleyrand returned from a mission to Berlin, other German courts, and St. Petersburg, Napoleon asked, "Well, what do they say about me in the Northern courts?" Prince de Talleyrand replied, "Sire, some think you are a god, others a demon; but I met nobody who thought you a man."

One morning, after the campaign of Dresden, Napoleon observed Prince de Talleyrand at his *levée*, and bade him remain, as he wished to talk privately with him. After the company had gone, he went up to Talleyrand and bawled, "What have you come here for? To show me your ingratitude? You give the public to believe that you belong to a party in opposition. You think, I dare say, that, were I to die, you would be President of the Council of Regency. Now, mark my words. Were I so much as dangerously ill, the first thing I should do would be

to have you shot." Prince de Talleyrand, with the grace and quiet of a courtier who had just received new favors, bowed low and respectfully as he replied, "I did not require, sire, such a warning to address most fervent prayers to Heaven to vouchsafe health and long life to your Majesty."

One of Napoleon's favorite ironical expressions was, "And what will the Faubourg Saint Germain say?" He was always secretly irritated by the disdain and opposition of the old nobles, and was especially annoyed by the disdain and opposition shown to him by Countess de Narbonne, the mother of Count Louis de Narbonne, one of his aids-de-camp. After the battle of Austerlitz (when, moreover, he had literally showered favors on Count Louis de Narbonne), he hoped that he had fairly won the mother's heart, although she was one of the oldest and most obstinate adherents of the house of Bourbon, to which she was attached by personal affection. Soon after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon abruptly turned on Count de Narbonne, and asked, "Does your mother love me now?" He was too embarrassed to reply. Prince de Talleyrand exclaimed, "Sire, Madame de Narbonne has not yet got farther than admiration."

## "NO GENTLEMAN."

A FUNNY little break was made in the Senate by Senator Berry of Arkansas. He was speaking on the Land Grant Forfeiture Bill. Mr. Hoar asked him a question. "I'll answer the gentleman — oh, I beg pardon; I mean the Senator," said Mr. Berry. Several Senators who heard him smiled, and Mr. Berry grew confused. "I didn't mean that," he stammered, trying to correct his former blunder, and making a worse one. Then everybody, including Mr. Hoar, laughed again; and poor Mr. Berry blushed more than before. By the etiquette of Congress, Representatives are "gentlemen," but United States Senators are "Senators."

## DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Two jovial young politicians ate pie in one of the committee rooms at the Capitol, because they hadn't money to buy any thing better. "Never mind," said one; "we'll both be on the Appropriations Committee some day." — "We'll be on the Appropriations Committee, no doubt," replied the other, "but we sha'n't be any richer if we are. A member of the Appropriations Committee has been trying to borrow five dollars of me for a week." Any one who has lived in Washington a few minutes does not need to be told that this is a most terribly realistic story.



"WE'LL BOTH BE ON THE APPROPRIATIONS COMMITTEE SOME DAY."

## WHAT BECAME OF MR. GRAY'S TIME.

SENATOR MITCHELL of Oregon gave Senator Gray of Delaware a surprise during the session of 1887-88. Senator Gray was entitled to the place to deliver a speech on the Educational Bill; in fact, he was about to proceed with his remarks when Senator Mitchell requested him to yield a few minutes, to enable him to submit some observations on the Chinese Restriction Bill. The Delaware Senator reluctantly gave way, little dreaming what was to follow. Mr. Mitchell drew from his desk a carefully prepared speech on the Chinese question, filled with quotations from former speeches by him on the same subject. After he had consumed about two and a half hours, he begged for further indulgence from the Senator from Delaware, to allow Senator Stewart to supplement his (Mitchell's) speech with a few suggestions. Senator Gray replied with marked emphasis that he thought the Senator from Oregon had succeeded in getting the supplement and every thing else on the Chinese question. He looked at the clock, and found that it was then too late to commence his educational speech, a majority of the Senators having gone home: so he gathered up his papers and sent them down to his committee-room, leaving Mr. Stewart of Nevada on the floor.

"What a career has been that of Andrew Jackson! A career of success by brutal self-will. No impediment stood in his way. If he saw and fancied a pretty woman, even though she was another man's wife, he took possession of her. If he entered a horse at a



"A CAREER OF SUCCESS BY BRUTAL SELF-WILL."

## CHEATED THE DEVIL.

THOMAS F. MARSHALL'S celebrated speech at Nashville in 1844, against Polk, contained an allusion to "Old Hickory," then closing his days at The Hermitage, which ought not to be lost. It is a little irreverent, but there is a spice in it that shows how freely we treated our idols a generation ago:—

race, he frightened or jockeyed his competitor. If he was opposed by an independent man, he crushed him. He saw the country prosperous under the Bank of the United States, and shattered it from turret to foundation-stone. His rule has been ruin to this people, his counsel full of calamity. And now, when he is approaching

his last hours, when good men are praying that he may be punished for his many misdeeds, *he turns Presbyterian, and cheats the Devil himself.*"

latter took it, looked at it with the most profound astonishment a minute or two, and then a broad grin overspread his countenance. He evidently enjoyed the sublime brass and coolness of his new acquaintance; and

## THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

OUT at Columbus, in Ohio, there lived a little, weazen, dried-up, shabby-looking politician, named Joe G—. He was the most insignificant-looking specimen of humanity one would meet in a month, but smart as a steel trap, and any one who took him for a fool would find himself sadly deceived. He was notorious for furnishing the finest specimens of cool impudence of any man in Ohio. The following anecdote, illustrative of this trait of his character, is told of him:—

Some years ago, being in Philadelphia, he received an introduction to a prominent divine of that city. The reverend gentleman invited Joe to attend his church on a certain Sunday, which invitation was accepted. They entered the sacred edifice together. It was one of the first churches in the city, and its members were fashionable and aristocratic in the extreme. The minister put Joe into an elaborately furnished pew well to the front. Joe nestled comfortably down into one corner of the same, and looked about as interesting and contented as a toad under a cabbage-leaf.

After a while the owner of the pew arrived, and at once gave signs of intense disgust and indignation at the presence of the interloper. He looked at Joe, looked at the pew, scowled magnificently, and finally, after fumbling through his pockets some time, drew forth a card, and wrote on it with a pencil, "*This is my seat, sir!*" and, with an air of the loftiest contempt, tossed it over to Joe. The latter took it up, read it with lamb-like meekness peculiar to himself, and then, with the most delightful coolness, wrote in reply, "*It's a devilish good seat! What rent do you pay?*" and tossed the card back to its owner. The



"HE TURNS PRESBYTERIAN, AND CHEATS THE DEVIL HIMSELF."

when service was over he approached Joe, apologized for his rudeness, invited him to his house, gave him the best he had, and treated him with the utmost respect and consideration during his sojourn in the city.



BURNED AT SMITHFIELD.

## BURNED AT SMITHFIELD.

IN ante-railroad times, when most of the travel between the Ohio River and the seaboard was in stage-coaches, Western members of Congress, in going to or returning from Washington, would make up parties of six, and charter a nine-passenger coach, so as to have more ample accommodations. Every such party would be made up of personal and political friends, who would be pretty sure to have a good time.

In 1845 a company of this kind was travelling eastward, consisting of Senators Johnson (of Louisiana), Crittenden, and Corwin, and Representatives Vance, Vinton, and Schenck; all except Vinton backwoodsman by birth and rearing. Johnson was the oldest, having been

born in 1783 in the wilds of Tennessee, from which State he went to Louisiana early in the present century. Schenck was the youngest, and is responsible for the substance of the following story, which he tells with as much animation and gusto as he would probably have shown the day the thing occurred.

When the stage was in Fayette County, Penn., it stopped, just at the dawn of day, to change horses. All the passengers seemed to be asleep except Schenck, who put the curtain aside to take a look at the surroundings, and, seeing a man near by, asked him what place it was.

"Smithfield," answered the man.

"Smithfield?" said Schenck. "Why, that's the place where John Rogers was burned at the stake."

Johnson had got just enough waked up to take in this dialogue, and with a start he exclaimed, "What's that, Schenck? Did you say a man was burned at the stake?"

"Yes," replied Schenck.

"A live man?"

"Yes, a live man — burned — at the stake — at Smithfield," said Schenck, with pausing emphasis.

"Is it possible? Why, I never heard of it before."

"But, Senator," gravely rejoined Schenck, "it's as true as that this is Smithfield. And what's more, his wife and children stood by and saw him burned; and it's a curious thing that it is to this day disputed how many children there were. The story goes that she had with her nine small children, and one at her breast; and it is to this time a mooted point whether the one at the breast was one of the nine, or was number ten."

"Why, Schenck, how on earth is it that I never before heard of such an outrageous affair as that? A live man burned at the stake here! I swear I never saw a word about it in the papers."

By this time the other passengers were awake, and comprehended the situation, but kept still, leaving Schenck to manage his own case.

"Nevertheless, Senator," he proceeded, "that thing occurred at Smithfield, just as I have stated."



"By thunder!" exclaimed Johnson, "it's devilish strange that I never heard of it. *When* did it happen?"

"Well, Senator," — Schenck paused a little, as if trying to recollect, — "upon my word, I can't, on the instant, recall the exact date; but, as well as my memory serves me, it must have been — let me see — about two hundred and ninety years ago; at any rate, it was some time in the reign of Bloody Mary of England."

Then the others could hold in no longer, and Smithfield heard such a guffaw as it had never before heard from a lot of stage-passengers. Schenck says that Johnson didn't join in it, but was grum for three hours afterward; that is, until after he got his breakfast. Whether he subsequently became acquainted with the New-England Primer is not known.

## THEY GOT THE COMBINATION.

"TIM" CAMPBELL convulsed a party at Chamberlain's recently by telling a story on Congressman Martin of Texas, who distinguished himself, just before Congress convened, by blowing out the gas in his room at Willard's on retiring. Said "Tim," —

"You know they have a dial or dummy clock hanging in front of the clerk's desk in the hall of the House, which is set in accordance with the announcement of the Speaker that the 'morning hour' or the 'second call of committees' commences at a stated time. Well, it seems that Martin had been setting his watch two or three mornings by that dial, and marvelled greatly that his timepiece 'gat out o' gear' so often. Happening to mention the circumstance to his colleague Crain, that gentleman remarked, —

"'If I was in your place, Martin, I would give it up, and go by sun-time. Tarsney and I had the same difficulty in the last Congress; and if it hadn't been for Tim Campbell, whose seat was close to the clerk's desk, and who got on to the combination early, we would have had a heap of trouble.'"

## A PUMPKIN, BY JINGO!"

DURING a political campaign in Michigan, a well-known lawyer of that State was addressing an audience composed principally of farmers in Gratiot County. In order to win the confidence of his hearers, he said, "My friends, my sympathies have always been with the tillers of the soil. My father was a practical farmer, and so was my grandfather before him. I was myself reared on a farm, and was, so to speak, born between two stalks of corn."

Here the speaker was rudely interrupted by some one in the audience, who exclaimed, "*A pumpkin, by Jingo!*"



"A PUMPKIN, BY JINGO!"

## HOLMAN AND THE MULES.

THE House had a lively hour just before adjournment one day during the session of 1887-88, with Mr. Holman and some mules. The subjects were in no way related; but it was the gentleman from Indiana, assuming after a long rest his old position as objector, who paraded the animals before the House. Mr. Stone of Kentucky, chairman of the Committee on War Claims, reported a bill in favor of the claim of a loyal citizen of Kentucky for certain property taken for use of the Union army during the war. Mr. Holman fished out some documents of a previous Congress from the secret recess where he keeps such little fly-blisters, and undertook to show that the claim as made in 1866, when the man's recollection of his losses should have been vivid and accurate, called for only three mules — two white mules and one black one — valued at two hundred dollars apiece, whereas it had now grown so as to include another mule and a bay mare, besides a flock of sheep and a quantity of lumber. While the mule is not famously prolific, he was not disposed to quibble over the extra mule, and the bay mare even might be allowed to go; but all the experience of the gentleman from Indiana has been against sheep and sawed lumber as a product of any number of mules, and he made a determined effort to draw the line right there.

He persisted in his objection, even after Mr. Stone had given what he considered ample explanation of the apparent inconsistency, and finally stirred Mr. Stone up to a very vigorous speech. "This is the claim of a loyal citizen of the United States," Stone declared, "for property taken for the service of his country during the war. I was not a loyal citizen at that time; but I am now, and I am here in this Congress, upon this committee, working eighteen hours a day, in an endeavor to secure justice, shamefully delayed, to loyal men who suffered during the war; and it is a man from a Northern State, a State whose people were loyal during the war, who continually raises his voice here to defeat and delay every bill of this kind, although he did not hesitate

to ask my assistance and my vote when he had in charge a bill for the benefit of one of his own constituents."



HOLMAN AND THE MULES.

Mr. Warner of Missouri also took a hand in the debate, and declared that he would rather have the note of any pauper forty years old than an honest claim against this rich government of the United States, unless it was in the shape of a bond. Mr. Laird of Nebraska cited the continued talk about the surplus in the Treasury, and said, that, if the government would pay its honest debts to honest claimants, there wouldn't be any surplus. "If any private debtor," he continued, "should treat his creditors as this government treats its creditors, he would be in jail half the time, and he ought to be." Judge Holman's objections were swept away in the storm they provoked, and the bill passed.

## A CAMPAIGN RETORT.

FROM Tennessee, the State of Davy Crockett and many others who go ahead, comes this:—

The Hon. William F——d, who was for many years a distinguished politician in West Tennessee, and who at the present time, in his old age, is shedding a lustre upon the judicial ermine, which he graces with the talent and learning of a profound and upright judge, combined with the kindness and urbanity of an amiable and courteous gentleman, once beat the celebrated Davy Crockett for Congress in this district.

The rival candidates were, on one occasion during that excited campaign, addressing their constituents from the hustings, and Judge F——d was "pinning it to Crockett pretty tight," as the phrase goes, when the illustrious and lamented hero of the Alamo, becoming angry and excited, arose to his feet in a menacing attitude, and with characteristic fearlessness interrupted his opponent by telling him "he could pin back his ears, grease his head, and swallow him whole!" Whereupon Judge F——d turned to him, and, bowing and smiling blandly, retorted, "If you do, sir, you will have more brains lodged in your stomach than you ever had in your head." The effect can rather be imagined than described. The anger of his generous and chivalrous rival was in a

moment appeased; and, joining in the laugh against himself, he permitted him thereafter to continue his remarks without interruption.



"IF YOU DO, SIR, YOU WILL HAVE MORE BRAINS LODGED IN YOUR STOMACH THAN YOU EVER HAD IN YOUR HEAD."

## AN ANECDOTE OF PARSON BROWNLOW.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from East Tennessee, gives us an item from the olden time. Before the war Parson Brownlow edited "The Knoxville Whig." His political hot shot was thrown, in a very careless manner, into the Democratic camp. One of their editors undertook to lecture the parson as to the impropriety of a minister of the gospel taking part in politics. In the next issue of "The Whig" the parson replied, "I fight the Democratic party six days in the week, and on Sunday the devil."



POLITICS GETTING WARM.

## POLITICS GETTING WARM.

I KINDER thought. A lot of us fellers  
 He'd got t'gether in Hen Boone's barn.  
 Ther' we gabbed 'n' talked politics, with Welcome Sellers  
 As spokesman of the whole consarn.  
 Sellers — consarn him — got an idea  
 Inter his head that there was no 'ternal good  
 In any of the old parties, 'n' he  
 'Low'd he'd got a new-fangled notion,  
 An' ef we'd just listen to him, an' he  
 Patient, he'd make a commotion.  
 I kinder thought. And I ups an' says, says I :  
 "Well, Sellers, ef ye've got any scheme for lowerin' taxes,

Darned ef I ain't with ye, fer bime-bye  
 Th' 'sessor'll get jest what he axes."  
 Sellers says nothing, but loaned some terbaccer  
 From me, 'n' then commenced. He hitched  
 Up his trousers, 'n' started in like a fire-cracker.  
 "We farmers is gettin' poorer, the rich richer ;"  
 And he glared like a tragedy man. "My lord,"  
 He went on, more savage-like 'n' hot,  
 "Jes' get up and vote fer the great Henry George."

I kinder thought. Settin' there 'n' seein' poor Sell  
 Bein' mopped roun' the floor was kinder mean.  
 But I couldn't help it : and soon pell-mell  
 Went the poor cuss, all broke up ; and the last I seen  
 Of our reformer he was a-cuttin' fast  
 Across the medder ter old Deacon Green's.

## "THE GENTLEMAN FROM THE CANE."

DAVID CROCKETT, who was a member of the Tennessee Legislature, — a green and gawky gentleman from one of the remote counties. — tells us how he behaved to a brother member who had alluded to the new-comer as the "gentleman from the cane." His story shows that private combat was then regarded as a thing entirely *of course* when men differed.

"Well," says Crockett, "I had never made a speech in my life. I didn't know whether I could speak or not ; and they kept crying out to me, 'Crockett, answer him ;' 'Crockett, answer him ;' 'Why the deuce don't you answer him?' So up I popped. I was as mad as fury ; and there I stood, and not a word could I get out. Well, I bothered, and stammered, and looked foolish, and still there I stood ; but after a while I began to talk. I don't know what I said about my *bill*, but I jerked it into *him*. I told him that he had got hold of the wrong man ; that he

didn't know who he was fooling with ; that he reminded me of the meanest thing on God's earth, — an old coon-dog barking up the wrong tree.

“After the House had adjourned, seeing Mr. M——l walking off alone, I followed him, and proposed a walk. He consented, and we went something like a mile, when I called a halt. Said I, ‘M——l, do you know what I brought you here for?’ — ‘No.’ — ‘Well, I brought you here for the express purpose of whipping you, and I mean to do it.’ But the fellow said he didn't mean any thing, and kept ‘pologizing, till I got into a good humor. We then went back together, and I don't believe anybody ever knew any thing about it.

“I'll tell you another story of this same man : 'Twa'n't long after my difficulty with M——l, before he got into a fight with a member of the Senate, in which he was worsted — for he had his ruffle torn off, and by accident it remained on the battle-ground. I happened to go there next morning, and, having heard of the circumstance, knew how the ruffle came there. I didn't like M——l much, and I determined to have some fun. So I took up his fine eambric ruffle, and pinned it to my coarse cotton shirt, — made it as conspicuous as possible, — and, when the House met, strutted in. I seated myself near M——l ; when the members, understanding how it was, soon filled the House with a roar of laughter. M——l couldn't stand it, and walked out. I, *thinking he might want a fight*, though I had tried him, followed after ; but it didn't take place : and after a while he came up and asked me if that wasn't his ruffle. I told him yes, and, presenting it, observed that I looked upon it as the flag of the lower House which in battle had been borne off by the Senate, and that, being a member of the lower House, I felt it my duty to retake it.”

The same facetious narrator tells us of another legislator who, on being accused of corrupt practices, mounted the stump for the purpose of refuting the calumny. But his rage was such that he could not utter a coherent sentence. So he jumped down, saying, “I won't explain ; but I'm d——d if I can't whip the man that started the report,” and ran off in search of him. He could find no author ; “but,” added David, “his willingness to fight was taken as fair proof of his innocence.” — *Parton*.

## WILD OATS.

HENRY LORD FALKLAND having been brought into the House of Commons at a very early age, a grave Senator objected to his youth, remarking that “he did not look as if he had sown his wild oats.” His lordship replied with great quickness, “Then I am come to the properest place, where there are so many old geese to pick them up.”



“THEN I AM COME TO THE PROPEREST PLACE, WHERE THERE ARE SO MANY OLD GEESSE TO PICK THEM UP.”

## HIFALUTIN'.

SAMUEL G. HATHAWAY, one of the ablest and most successful politicians of his time, in the sixth judicial district, — the James T. Brady of that region, — like all sensible men, had an aversion to all far-fetched phraseology. While engaged in trying a case of malpractice, a very pretentious M.D. was introduced as a witness against his client. In giving his testimony, the doctor removed his glasses, and, assuming a very pompous manner, said, —

“Mr. Hathaway, I see, sir, that you do not understand the agglutination in cases of chronic peritonitis.”

The counsel made no reply at the time; but, in the course of his remarks to the jury, he said, —

“Gentlemen, Dr. S — has very frankly informed me that I am entirely ignorant of what he calls ‘agglutination in a case of chronic peritonitis.’ I really think the doctor is in the same condition himself. He reminds me of another learned member of his profession, who, more frank than our doctor here, said to a lawyer one day, ‘Squire, I cannot comprehend what you meant yesterday when you talked about *docking an entail*.’ — ‘My dear doctor,’ replied the lawyer, ‘I don’t wonder at that. I will explain the meaning: it is, doctor, doing what you never can do, — *it is effecting a recovery*.’”

## IN THE LOWER HOUSE.

ONE of the best as well as one of the neatest hits made by Gen. Butler occurred during the famous “dead-lock” fight on the Civil Rights Bill. The question of adjournment was under consideration, and Gen. Butler had stepped over to Mr. Randall’s desk for a private consultation. Butler favored a Sunday session. Randall opposed.

“Bad as I am, I have some respect for God’s day,” said the

Democrat, “and I don’t think it proper to hold a session of Congress on that day.”

“Oh, pshaw!” responded Butler. “Don’t the Bible say that it is lawful to pull your ox or ass out of a pit on the sabbath-day? You have seventy-three asses on your side of this House that I want to get out of this ditch to-morrow, and I think I am engaged in a holy work.”



“YOU’LL BE THERE, AS YOU ARE HERE, A MEMBER OF THE LOWER HOUSE.”

“Don’t do it, Butler,” pleaded Sam. “I have some respect for you that I don’t want to lose. I expect some day to meet you in a better world.”

“You’ll be there, as you are here,” retorted Butler, quick as thought, “*a member of the lower House*.”



## A CHANGE OF POLITICS.

REPRESENTATIVE DORSEY of Nebraska is one of the most popular men in the House. Here is a story told about him. He is a native of West Virginia, and served through the war in a Union regiment from



A CHANGE OF POLITICS.

that State. After the fighting was over, he, and a comrade who had been his neighbor from youth, concluded to start West, and grow up with the country. They had both studied law, and had been admitted to the bar at the same time. Both of them had been Democrats, and, knowing that the country in which they were about to settle was overwhelmingly Republican, they held, it is said, a discussion on the cars,

while on their way to Nebraska, which resulted in a firm conviction in the minds of both men that it would be better for the new firm if one of the members should be a Republican and the other a Democrat. But which of the two should be the Republican member? It was a hard question to determine offhand. Finally, however, they decided to throw up a copper, to see which should change his politics. The right to choose fell to Dorsey, and from that moment he has been an ardent and active Republican. He not only succeeded at the law, but made money in different business enterprises as well, was elected to the Legislature of his State, and then to Congress for three terms, and may yet land in the United States Senate. His partner, the Democrat, has had no such luck. He has done reasonably well at the practice of the law, but has received no honors at the hands of his fellow-citizens; and he has plodded along these many years without so much as a handle to his name.

## KEEPING HIS EYE ON IT.

WHEN speaking of Mr. Chase's Presidential aspirations, I am reminded, as Mr. Lincoln used to say, of a little story. When I first went to Washington, the Secretary occupied for his office a room on the south side of the Treasury building. Soon afterward it was proposed that he should remove to certain elaborately ornamented and elegantly furnished rooms on the west side of the building, which had been arranged for his occupation by Mr. Mullett, the architect of the department. Mr. Chase had consented to make the change; but after the new rooms were ready, he delayed removing. Several times he appointed a day to do so; but when the time came, he had changed his mind. One afternoon I was standing with him at one of the windows of the largest of the new rooms, which faced the executive mansion. Turning to me, he asked me to assign one sufficient reason why he should change his quarters. I told him that there was at least one obvious advantage in the exchange, and that was, if he should come to these offices, he would *always be able to keep his eye upon the White House.* — *Maunsell B. Field.*



WEBSTER AND CALHOUN.

## WEBSTER AND CALHOUN.

DURING the famous Sub-treasury debate Mr. Webster had the advantage of Mr. Calhoun in every thing except condensed logic. Mr. Calhoun rarely indulged in the luxury of a laugh. While Webster's wit was bitterless, he used it unsparingly. It was tart and pungent. But who could complain of his friendly, refined ridicule? Once, when describing the abrupt transfer of Calhoun into another party, he referred to a sentimental German play. "Two strangers met at an inn. One cries out, 'A sudden thought strikes me: let us swear eternal friend-

ship.' " Well versed in the English classics, as he looked at his opponent he must have understood the full philosophy of Drayton's poetry, —

"Let your jests fly at large, yet therewithal  
See they be salt, but yet not mixed with gall,  
That they with tickling pleasure may provoke  
Laughter in him on whom the jest is broke."

It is said that Calhoun himself joined in the general laughter which tumbled on his head from gallery and Senate as Webster recited this mockery of sentimentality. — *S. S. Cox.*

## CALHOUN AND YANCY.

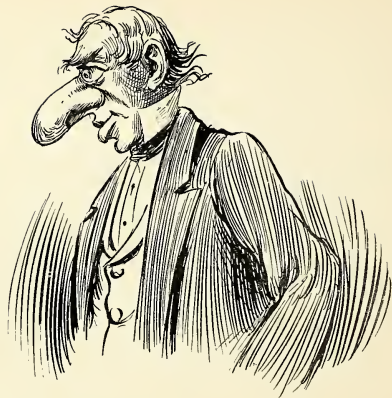
FEW anecdotes of the late Hon. John C. Calhoun are floating in the public mind. He was not a man of *the people*; but his genius and his habits placed him above the masses, whom he nevertheless held with a fascination as hard to explain as to resist. The following is remarkably characteristic of Mr. Calhoun, and well deserves to be repeated: —

In the early days of his political career, Mr. Calhoun had a powerful rival and opponent in the Abbeville district. South Carolina was at this time in a state of high excitement, and party feeling raged fiercely in a struggle to overthrow an aristocratic feature of the Constitution. The issue was upon topics that enlisted the interests and prejudices of parties, and they waged the contest with the energy of a civil war. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Yancy were on opposite sides, the leaders of hostile bands, and the idols of their respective hosts. There was — and is, for he still lives — a man named Marvin, one of the most violent of Mr. Yancy's party, warmly attached to him as a personal and political friend, and following him blindly as an infallible guide. He was a very eccentric man, and his peculiarities had perhaps led the people to call him "Uncle Jacob," by which name he was better known than that of

Marvin. Bitter in his prejudices, and strong in his attachments, he could see no right in an enemy, no wrong in a friend. On the other hand, Mr. Yaney was one of the most amiable and candid of men. The strength of his mind, combined with the tolerance of his feelings, raised him above the meanness of clinging to error when reason opposed it. In the discussion that ensued, Mr. Calhoun's arguments overpowered him, and he candidly confessed himself a convert to his great rival's opinions. Great was the rage of "Uncle Jacob" when he heard that Yaney had struck his colors to Calhoun. He swore a big oath that he would *thrash* Calhoun if the story was true. He soon found that it was so, and started at once to put his threat into execution.

He found Mr. Calhoun walking slowly and calmly back and forth, for exercise, on the piazza of the hotel where he was boarding. Mr. Calhoun had been informed of Marvin's intention, and, as soon as he saw him coming, prepared himself for a triumph, not of force, but of manner and address. Marvin took his stand where Mr. Calhoun was to pass, and awaited the trying moment. Mr. Calhoun approached, spoke kindly, and passed on with his blandest smile. Again he passed, and again, each time repeating his soothing salutation, and expecting the man to commence his attack. But a strange fascination had seized upon "Uncle Jacob." The spell which genius throws over those who approach it had unmanned him. At last he could stand it no longer; but, bursting into tears, he grasped the proffered hand of Mr. Calhoun, told him frankly the errand on which he had come, and begged his pardon. Mr. Calhoun then began to press his arguments cautiously, but forcibly; and in a few minutes Marvin was one of his converts, and a decided friend. From that day onward Mr. Calhoun had no more ardent follower than Marvin, and of all "rabid Nullifiers," Uncle Jacob was the rabidest; and to this day he believes there never was such a man in this world as that same John C. Calhoun whom he tried to whip, and who conquered him without raising a finger or saying a word.

The writer of this admirable incident adds, that, if the ambition of Mr. Calhoun had not been chastened by exalted virtue, he would have possessed an influence over men dangerous to his country.



## THE I'S AND NO'S.

DURING the last hour of the session of a certain Mississippi Legislature, there was considerable merriment in the House. Upon some measure the "House went into committee of the whole," D— in the chair. Now, D— was evidently not a handsome man, having, among other defects, a remarkably large nose and very prominent eyes. Some member playfully moved that the daguerrotype of the chairman should be taken, with which to ornament the Hall. Mr. S— objected; because, he said, that the I's and No's (nose) could not be taken in "committee of the whole."

## SWEET SENATORIAL SINGERS.

PEOPLE visiting the Senate galleries, and watching that body in session, must bear in mind that the Senators are not always the grave and dignified statesmen they appear in session. Off duty, in the cloak-



SWEET SENATORIAL SINGERS.

rooms or in social gatherings, they are very different persons. It would be hard to get a jollier party together than can be made up from among the Senators, and in such a gathering there is a feast of fun and good-fellowship. There are such inimitable story-tellers as Vance, Voorhees, Beck, Blackburn, Kenna, and Enstis; such keen wits as Ingalls, Chandler, Vest, and Evarts; such practical jokers as Edmunds; such dancers

as Hiscock, Coke, and Spooner; and such singers as Palmer and Mander-son, assisted by the choir they have formed in the Senate. Once a week Senator Palmer holds a symposium for Senators alone, at his fine home on McPherson Square. Between the symposium and the world the doors are closed, and the session is executive; but it is known that the Senators have lots of fun, and not one invited would miss a symposium. The gentlemen play chess and whist, but the main treat is the wit and humor and music. The music is unique. Mr. Palmer is the tenor, and Mr. Mander-son the soprano. Formerly Mr. Sherman sang bass; but Mr. Edmunds was so superior to him, that he was promoted to be leader of the choir, and Mr. Edmunds took his place. Mr. Mitchell is the accompanist on the piano, and Mr. Plumb and Mr. Ingalls sing the tune. The songs sung are, "Blow, ye winds of the morning," "Fare you well, my sweet Mary Ann," "Good-by, my lover, good-by," "There was a little dog lay on the barn floor," etc.; most of them reminiscences of the old college-days of the Senators. But the great favorite is the "Lays of Ancient Rome," revised, and set to the rollicking music of "Rambling rake of poverty, the son of a gambolier." Here is a specimen of the revised version:—

"Then out spake brave Horatius, the captain of the gate:  
'To every man upon this earth, death cometh soon or late;  
But how can man die better than taking his whiskey clear?  
The son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a  
gambolier.'"

Every stanza is treated in this way, and the effect is extremely ludicrous. The following is the stanza relating to the statue of Horatius:—

"It stands in the Comitium Plain for all men there to see,  
Horatius in his harness halting upon one knee."

But underneath is written, —

“ He took his whiskey clear,  
The son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a gambolier.”

This was a college song of Michigan University, from which Senator Palmer was graduated. Said one Senator who leaked on the executive symposium, “These little affairs brush the mould from one, and make him full ten years younger and fresher.”

### “MY NAME IS HAINES.”

THE wit or catchword born of conditions sometimes survives the memory of its origin. Probably our readers have at some time heard the phrase, “My name is Haines.” It indicates the intention of him who speaks it suddenly to depart. But why should the name of Haines be borrowed, rather than that of Smith or Jones? Thereby hangs a tale which explains, though the tale itself can claim high antiquity. Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, 1801-9, chanced to overtake a traveller on the road near his Virginia home, and the two horsemen rode along together. One perennial topic of conversation — politics — came up. The strange gentleman happened to be a Federalist; and the President’s course, conduct, and character suffered no little, for the Federalist “pitched in” strong. Presently they reached the Jefferson estate, and the President invited his companion to come into dinner. “But this is where Jefferson lives,” said the stranger. “Yes,” answered the President with a smile, “my name is Jefferson.” — “My name is Haines — and I’m off,” said the other, as he stuck his spurs into his horse’s flanks, and dashed away.

CREDIT FOR RETICENCE. — Mr. Reed of Maine stopped in the corridor one day, just in front of the door of the House. A friend stopped to ask him why he did not do something to stir the place up. The Maine member’s face brightened.



“MY NAME IS HAINES.”

“I wish a man could get credit,” he answered, “for reticence, — for the things I might say, but don’t. If I could be credited for not doing the things that I ought not to do, but might do, I should have lots of it.”

## NASBY'S FIRST LETTER.

WINGERT'S CORNERS, March the 21st, 1861.

SOUTH CARLYNY & sevral uv the trooly Dimercratic States hev secesht—gone orf. I may say, onto a journey after ther rites.

Wingert's Corners, ez truly Dimocraic ez any uv em, hez follered soot.

A meetin wuz held last nite, uv wich I wuz chairman, to take the matter uv our grievances in2 consideration, and it wuz finally resolved that nothin short uv seceshn wood remedy our woes. Therefore the follerin address, which I rit, wuz adoptid and ordered to be publisht :

### TO THE WORLD.

In takin a step wich may, possibly, involve the State uv wich we hev bin heretofore a part into blood and convulshuns, a decent respeek for the good opinion uv the world requires us to give our reasons for takin that step.

Wingert's Corners hez too long submitted to the imperious dictates uv a tyranikle government. Our whole histry hez bin wun uv aggresshn on the part uv the State, and uv meek and pashent endoorence ou ours.

It refoosed to locate the State Capitol at the Corners, to the great detriment uv our patriotic owners uv reel estate.

It refoosed to gravel the streets uv the Corners, or even re-lay the plank-road.

It refoosed to locate the Penitentiary at the Corners, notwithstanding we do more towards fillin it than any town in the State.

It refoosed to locate the State Fair at the Corners, blastin the hopes uv our patriotic groserys.

It located the canal 100 miles from the Corners.

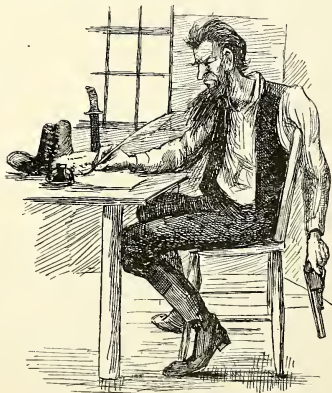
We hev never hed a Guvner, notwithstanding the President uv this meetin hez lived here for yeers, a waitin to be urged to accept it.

It hez compelled us, yeer after yeer, to pay our share uv the taxes.

It hez never appinted any citizen uv the place to any ofis wher theft wuz possible, thus wilfully keepin capital away from us.

It refoosed to either pay our rale-rode subscripshun or slackwater our river.

Therefore, not bein in humor to longer endoor sich outrages, we declare ourselves Free and Independent uv the State, and will maintain our position with arms, if need be.



NASBY'S FIRST LETTER.

There wuz a lively time next day. A company uv minit men wuz raised, and wun uv 2 minit men. The seceshu flag, muskrat rampant, weasel conchant, on a field d'egg-shell, waves from both groserys. Our merchant feels hopeful. Cut orf from the State, direct trade with the



Black Swamp follers; releest from his indebtedness to Cinsinati, he will agin lift his head. Our representative hez agreed to resine — when his term expires.

We are in earnest. Armed with justice and shot-guns, we bid the tyrants defiance.

P.S. — The feelin is intense — the children hev imbibed it. A lad jest past, displayin the seceshin flag. It waved from behind. Disdainin concealment, the lion-hearted boy wore a roundabout. We are firm.

N.B. — We are still firm.

N.B., 2d. — We are firm, unyeeldin, calm and resooloot.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.



“SIR, I AM FOR THE BEST AND BRAVEST MAN” —

## A QUESTION.

A DAY or two before the assembling of a certain Republican national convention at Cincinnati, Senator Jones of Nevada gave a little dinner to several of his brother Senators and a few members of the House who happened to be at Cincinnati on convention business. Senator Jones was desirous of ascertaining “how the land lay,” but his guests were very wary in replying to his queries. Finally he addressed

the Senator from Illinois: “Well, General Logan, who is your candidate?”

“Sir,” replied the swarthy Senator, “I am for the *best and bravest man*” —

Before he could finish the sentence, up sprang Senator Anthony of Rhode Island, who, with a twinkle of the eye, turned to Gen. Logan and said, “Really, General, I *positively decline*; under *no* circumstances could I accept the nomination.”

Gen. Logan did not finish the sentence.

## LINCOLN'S ADVICE TO THE COMMODORE.

IN Mr. P. T. Barnum's “Struggles and Triumphs: or, Forty Years' Recollections,” he mentions having been in Washington in the year 1862, with Commodore Nutt. President Lincoln sent Mr. Barnum an invitation to visit the White House, and bring his short friend. The Cabinet happened to be there, and the President introduced the little mariner to them. When Mr. Chase was introduced as Secretary of the Treasury, the Commodore remarked. —

“I suppose you are the gentleman who is spending so much of Uncle Sam's money?”

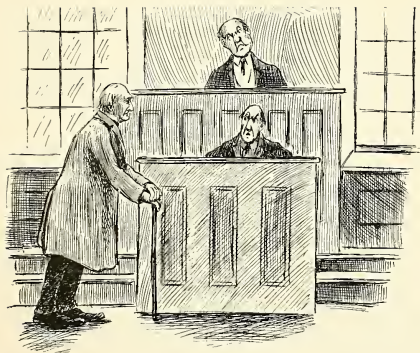
“No, indeed,” said Secretary Stanton: “I am spending it.”

“Well,” said the Commodore, “it is in a good cause, and I guess it will come out all right.”

Mr. Lincoln then bent down his long, lank body, and, taking Nutt by the hand, said, —

“Commodore, permit me to give you a parting word of advice. When you are in command of your fleet, if you find yourself in danger of being taken prisoner. *I advise you to wade ashore.*”

The Commodore, placing himself at the side of the President, and gradually raising his eyes up the whole length of Mr. Lincoln's very long legs, replied, “*I guess, Mr. President, you could do that better than I could.*”



TWENTY YEARS LOST.

## TWENTY YEARS LOST.

SOME years ago Mr. Jenifer represented Maryland in the United States Senate, and very frequently, among his friends, indulged in warm laudations of his native State, descanting particularly upon the beautiful scenery and social charms of the Eastern Shore. The constant recurrence to this topic became somewhat annoying to his senatorial friends, and among others Tom Corwin, who determined to seize the first opportunity to insinuate that some other theme would be equally agreeable. Opportunity was not long wanting. Several Senators and members of Congress met at the table of a friend, and, while engaged

in discussing the good things of this life, Jenifer took occasion to revert to his old subject. Politeness induced all to listen; and none present seemingly gave so much attention as Corwin, who blandly remarked, during a pause in the conversation, that what had fallen from his friend Jenifer was doubtless correct, as, during his younger days, an incident that occurred in Ohio, and which he would relate, must satisfy all present. Jenifer was all attention while Corwin, in a manner impossible to convey an idea of on paper, related the following:—

“Formerly, in Ohio, it was customary for persons having claims upon the General Government for pensions to come into open court, and, as opportunity offered, have their pension papers regularly drawn and attested. One day, while I was seated in court, an aged man made his application; and the judge assigned me the duty of taking his deposition and preparing the papers. I accordingly proceeded to make the usual examination; and, after some preliminary questions, inquired his age. His reply was, ‘Just fifty-six years old.’ Supposing he misunderstood me, I repeated the question, but received the same answer. I then informed him I did not want to know how old he was at the time he left the service, nor when he came to live in Ohio, but how many years old he was. I was again answered, in a voice tremulous from age, ‘Just fifty-six years old.’ Finding it impossible to get a correct reply, as the man was evidently much older, and could not have seen the service for which he claimed a pension if his age was only fifty-six, I stated to the judge my inability to obtain a correct answer to my interrogatory. The judge, after listening to my statement, called the claimant before him, severely reprimanded him, and informed him, if he did not answer correctly, he would order him confined for contempt of court. Again the old man was questioned. What was his name? His age when he entered the army? How long he served? What corps he served in? What rank he held? To all these queries he answered promptly; but when the query, ‘How old are you now?’ was put, the same answer was returned: ‘Just fifty-six years old.’ The judge ordered him into custody; and, as the sheriff was leading him away, the old man turned to the judge, and asked if he might be per-

mitted to say a few words. Yes, but he must be careful. 'Well, your Honor,' said the old man, in a voice broken by emotion, 'I was forced to stay about twenty years on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, but I have never reckoned that as any part of my life.'"

It is sufficient to say that no more was heard from Jenifer in praise of the Eastern Shore.

### "IN THE AFFIRMATIVE."

WHOEVER has been present in the New York House of Assembly when the question is taken upon the final passage of a bill, can scarcely fail to remember, that, after the roll has been called, perhaps the second or third time, one member after another rushes in from the lobby, screaming out, "Mr. Speaker, I desire to have my name recorded in the affirmative."

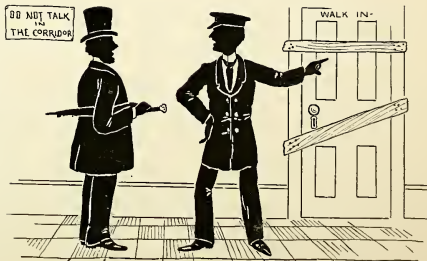
The writer of this recently borrowed of an Assemblyman from one of the rural counties a book of travels, entitled "Travels and Adventures of Alexander Henry," published at Montreal in 1809. Mr. Henry had been an Indian trader, and miraculously escaped with his life from the massacre by the Indians at Fort Michilimackinac, in 1763.

"The morning after the massacre," Mr. H. says, "I was alarmed by a noise in the prison lodge, and, looking through the openings of the lodge in which I was, I saw seven dead bodies of white men dragged forth. Upon my inquiring into the occasion, I was informed that a certain Indian chief, called by the Canadians Le Grand Sable, had not long before arrived from his winter's hunt, and that he, having been absent when the war began, and being now desirous of manifesting to the Indians at large his hearty concurrence in what they had done, had gone into the prison lodge, and there, with his knife, put to death the seven men whose bodies I had seen."

Written, by way of note, at the bottom of the page from which the above extract is taken is the following, in the handwriting of the member: "In parliamentary language, 'he desired to have his name recorded in the affirmative.'"

### "FROM 9 TO 4."

AN applicant for admission to the government service some time since was appointed a watchman in the Pension Office until something better could be done for him. A friend who wished to see him found him at his post of duty guarding the east door. "I've done police-duty in my day," he remarked, as he cast a disgusted glance at the door, "but I never was set to watch a door like that before. Just look at that door. It's locked tight, and I don't know where in the mischief the key is; and, as if that wasn't enough, they've nailed a piece of plank clear across it, so that it couldn't be bulged with a battering ram. It's my business to stay here from 9 till 4 o'clock every day to see that nobody gets through that door without a pass, and with the help of Providence I hope to do my duty."



"WITH THE HELP OF PROVIDENCE I HOPE TO DO MY DUTY."

## LAMAR AND THE COMMITTEE.

"THE REPUBLICAN" tells a new story of Lamar's absent-mindedness. While chairman of an important committee in the Senate, some years ago, he started from his house one morning in great haste to attend a meeting of his committee. Nearing the Capitol, a gust of wind blew his hat into the street, in the opposite direction from which he was going. After his hat had travelled a considerable distance up the avenue, it was finally captured by a small boy, and presented to the Senator, who in kindness gave him a quarter for his services. After brushing the dust from his hat, he placed it on his head, and continued to walk in the same direction the wind had taken his hat, up the avenue, toward the Treasury Department. Mr. Lamar, not thinking which way he was going, continued to walk rapidly until he reached the Treasury building, passed up the steps, jumped into the elevator, and told the man to put him out on the second floor, which he did. Mr. Lamar turned round the broad hall, opened the door of a room, when, much to his astonishment, whom should he find but the Secretary of the Treasury. Instead of being in the Senate committee-room he was in the Secretary's office.

"I have made a mistake!" exclaimed Mr. Lamar. "I thought I was in the Capitol."

Then, turning toward the door, he retraced his steps, intending to take a car to the Capitol. Through some mistake he took the wrong car; and when he looked about, he found himself in Georgetown, three miles from the Capitol. He asked the conductor how long it would be before he could get a car for the Capitol.

"Five minutes," was the answer.

On the return trip, while the car was passing the War Department, an old naval friend of Mr. Lamar's got aboard. They entered into conversation; and, before Mr. Lamar knew it, he had passed the Capitol, and the car had come to a standstill at the Navy Yard. He remarked to his friend that he had been trying to get to the Capitol to attend a committee meeting all the morning. It was then 1.30 p.m.

Lamar saw a stray hackman passing slowly, and hailed him: he asked the driver if he could take him to the Capitol, and how long it would be to take him.

"Fifteen minutes."

Mr. Lamar got into the hack, and was driven off. In twenty minutes he had joined his friends in the committee-room.



LAMAR AND THE COMMITTEE.

"Lamar, where in the world have you been?"

"Well, gentlemen," said the amiable Mississippian, "I have been ever since 10 o'clock trying to get here by way of the Treasury, Georgetown, and the Navy Yard; and at last I hired a hackman to deliver me at the Senate. I am now here," he concluded, "ready for any business which the Democratic party may need me for."

## A TALL MAN.

In 1860 a committee waited on Lincoln at Springfield to apprise him of his nomination to the Presidency by the Republican national



A TALL MAN.

convention. Judge Kelly of Pennsylvania, one of the committee, and a very tall man, looked at Mr. Lincoln, up and down, before it came his

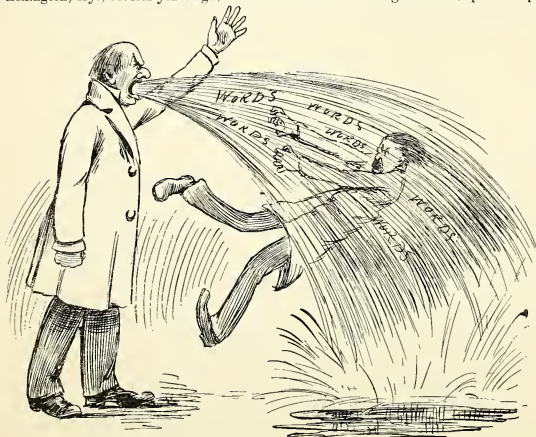
turn to take his hand, — a scrutiny that had not escaped Mr. Lincoln's quick eye. So, when he took the hand of the Judge, he inquired, "What is your height?" — "Six feet three," replied the Judge. "What is yours, Mr. Lincoln?" — "Six feet four," responded Mr. Lincoln. "Then, sir," said the Judge, "Peunsylvania bows to Illinois. My dear man," he continued, "for years my heart has been aching for a President that I could look up to; and I've found him at last, in the land where we thought there were none but little giants." — *J. G. Holland.*

## BISHOP NEILE.

BISHOP NEILE, when prelate of Lincoln, and before he was translated to the See of Durham, was attacked by the House of Commons for having, as they supposed, dissuaded the Lords from agreeing to a conference with the Commons on the subject of impositions, and for having used this expression: "that the matter of imposition is a *noli me tangere*, and that it did not strike at a branch, but at the root and prerogative, of the imperial crown." A considerable discussion took place between the Houses on the subject, when it appeared that the bishop had used the words attributed to him; and there is a story told of him which shows that they corresponded truly with his principles upon the subject of impositions by the crown. Waller, going to court to see King James the First, at dinner overheard his Majesty talking to Dr. Andrews, bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Neile, bishop of Durham. "My lords," said the king, "cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it, without all this formality in Parliament?" The Bishop of Durham readily answered, "God forbid, sir, but you should: you are the breath of our nostrils." Whereupon the king turned, and said to the Bishop of Winchester, "Well, my lord, what say you?" — "Sir," replied the bishop, "I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases." The king answered, "No put-offs, my lord; answer me presently." "Then, sir," said Dr. Andrews, "I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neile's money, for he offers it." — *Percy's Anecdotes.*

## MARSHALL AND ADAMS.

A CORRESPONDENT heard the celebrated Tom Marshall at a hotel in Lexington, Ky., several years ago, relate an encounter in Congress with



MARSHALL AND ADAMS.

John Quincy Adams. It is hardly an incident, much less an anecdote; but it is worth printing as Marshall's impression of the eloquence of Adams:—

“In my early days as member of Congress, I had the temerity to make some kind of an attack upon the ‘old man,’ and, after making what I then considered rather a good speech, took my seat in good-humor with myself; yet, from some indescribable sensation, my eye was riveted upon that part of the House where he always sat. In good time I saw him press both hands upon the arms of his chair, and slowly rise to an erect position. His voice was low at first; but, soon attaining its natural volume, he poured forth such a torrent of eloquence, aimed directly at me and my heedless attack, that, long before resuming his seat, the only feeling I recollect possessing was that the floor of the House might open to give me a chance of dropping out of sight. Why, the old man had forgotten more than I ever knew.”

### “GOUGING.”

NOLTE, the New Orleans broker and banker, author of “Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres,” not the most voracious work that could be named, tells us, among other things, that “a frightfully cruel practice prevailed at one time among the greater part of the rude inhabitants of the Western States. It consisted in allowing the finger-nails to grow so long, that, by cutting them, you could give them the form of a small sickle; and this strange weapon was used, in the broils that constantly occurred, to cut out the eyes of the hostile party. This barbarous action was called *gouging*.”

“Upon this excursion through Kentucky, I saw several persons who lacked an eye; and others, both of whose eyes were disfigured.

“The exasperation then reigning throughout the United States in relation to the difficulties with England was much greater in the Western provinces than along the sea-coast, and the feeling was very intense.



“As I passed through Frankfort, on my way from Lexington to Louisville, I was told that the Legislature of Kentucky was just then in session. I had scarcely entered the legislative hall when I heard a very enthusiastic orator dealing forth a violent diatribe against England, with the following words: ‘We must have war with Great Britain—war will ruin her commerce—commerce is the apple in Britain’s eye—there we must gouge her!’”

“This flower of oratory was received with great applause.” — *Parson*.

## SENATOR DAVIS ACTS FOR SENATOR QUAY.

SENATOR QUAY and Senator Davis of Minnesota are often mistaken one for the other.

The other day Mr. Davis went to Mr. Quay’s desk and said, —

“See here, Senator, one of us will have to wear a door-plate around his neck. Three men have come to me within the last two hours and called me Quay, and talked Pennsylvania politics with me. I didn’t want your people to think you had become stiff and unfriendly since you’ve got to be a Senator, and so I promised to take one of them up to pass the evening in an informal way at the White House, and chat with the President about a claim he is interested in. He will call for you this evening. I hope I gave him the right number, 1518 K Street. The next one had a letter of introduction, signed Cooper, and wanted a job in the government printing-office. I told him, for you, that he should have it; that the public printer had just sent me a blank to fill up with the names of the people I wanted appointed, and his

should stand first on the list. The third fellow rather got me over my head, but I think I came out all right. He asked me what I thought the new Wallace and Randall deal would amount to in Pennsylvania; and I told him, that, while I didn’t want him to say any thing as from



SENATOR DAVIS ACTS FOR SENATOR QUAY.

me, except to some of our own people, like Wolf, or Singerly, or Childs, it was my private opinion that Wallace and Randall were not in Mr. Blaine’s confidence at all. Was that all right? It seemed to take him by surprise.” — *New York Tribune*.



"SO I DID, SO I DID."

## MR. LAMAR'S ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

A good joke is told about Lamar when he was in the Senate. He has the reputation of being given to writing and thinking up poetry, and his appearance very often as he walks along the avenue is very pensive and absent-minded. At one time when he was living at Willard's he met a friend as he was coming from the Senate down by the National Hotel.

"Come up and have dinner with me," said Lamar, after they had shaken hands.

The friend accepted the invitation, and started to walk up the street with Mr. Lamar. He began the conversation, and soon was interested in telling about some occurrence at home; but Lamar had fallen into

one of his reflective moods, and was not listening to any thing the friend said. The space between the National Hotel and Willard's was passed over; and, finally arriving on the pavement in front of the latter hotel, Lamar suddenly pulled himself together, and looking around, he recollected that he had a friend with him. He had not heard a word the gentleman had said, but turning to him stretched out his hand and said, —

"Well, this is my hotel. I am very much obliged to you for walking up the street with me. Good-by," and turned to go in.

But the man was not so easily shaken. He laughed and said, —

"Beg pardon, Senator, you invited me to dinner, and I am now going to lose it."

"So I did, so I did," cried Lamar quickly; and, taking his friend by the arm, he went in.

## A GAME OF CHESS WITH LINCOLN.

"I AM, perhaps, the only man in Cincinnati," said Mr. E. P. Bradstreet, "who ever played chess with Abraham Lincoln. I was coming homeward from St. Joseph, Mo., on a morning train. Soon from the rear of the car began uproarious peals of jolly laughter, connected with story-telling, which continued at intervals all day, and kept everybody wide awake, and in good humor with all about them.

"A group of sunburned, swarthy, and plain-looking men were the cause of all the uproar, which continued until we reached Hannibal, on the Mississippi River, and everybody wondered who those jolly fellows could be. My wife and I went to a hotel to wait for a downward steamer; and, going to the parlor, produced our little set of chessmen, adapted for travellers' use, both being fond of the game, and sat down to while away the time. After playing a while, I heard somebody quietly enter, and, looking up, saw a tall, queer-looking gentleman approaching, whom I at once recognized as the leader of the tremendous fun that we had heard all day. Begging our pardon, he said he would watch the game if we were willing; and of course we made him welcome. Directly he said

the lady needed his help, and had I any objections to his advising her? None being offered, he joined forces against me, but I managed to win.

"Then my wife, rising, insisted that the stranger should play with me. After some reluctance he gathered his ganglion limbs under the table, and we went at it in earnest. He played well; and, having a fair chance to study him as he sat opposite, I noted the wonderful combination of peculiar characteristics in his head and face, which afterward became so familiar to the American people, either by seeing the man himself or his never-wearying portraits, and I concluded he must be a person of some importance, whoever he was. We talked more than the rules allow as the game went on, and his face would illuminate in a wonderful way whenever he made a good point against me. Suddenly the shrill whistle of a steamer sounded, and my opponent sprang to his feet. 'That is the Alton boat, and I must go.' We both urged him to stay and finish the game; but he was immovable, and declared he could not remain longer.

"Standing and looking over the game a moment, he said, 'You would soon beat me anyhow, I believe; but remember how it stands, and we will some day meet and finish it.'

"'Agreed,' was the answer. 'I shall remember.'

"Then he inquired our name, and I in turn asked for his.

"'Lincoln,' was his answer.

"'Lincoln of Illinois?'

"'Yes, that's what they call me.'

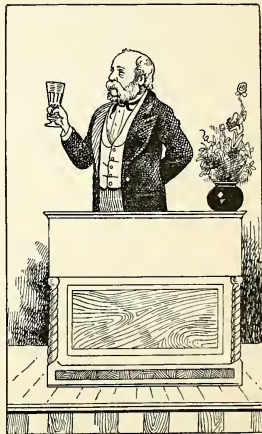
"'What! are you the man who, in debate with Douglas all over the State, has turned the people nearly crazy all summer?'

"He laughed a loud, hearty, joyous laugh, and said, 'Well, they call me Abe Lincoln. I was worn out, and went off into the North-west to hunt buffalo a while, and met with those friends of mine on the car.'

"He kindly grasped our hands in good-by, charged me to be sure and finish that game with him some time, and with a cheerful smile strode away, we watching him to his boat. But I never spoke to him again, nor saw him but once, when he rode by our house here in an enormous procession in an open barouche en route to his inauguration."

## "WHAT A COW!"

JUDGE POLAND of Vermont was for many years a conspicuous member of Congress from that State, and in great demand in the New-England States as a campaign speaker. He was not a strict temperance man, though by no means intemperate. He was once invited to make a speech in Maine, where the temperance laws are stringent. The chief committee-man knew that the Judge sometimes required a little inspiration: so he placed two mugs, supposed to be filled with milk, on the table behind which the Judge stood to harangue the crowd. Slyly the committee-man intimated to the Judge which mug he should drink from. The hint was understood, and the Judge had not gotten far in his discourse before he became thirsty: he raised the goblet, quaffed it to the bottom, and set it down with the unctuous exclamation, "Ye gods, what a cow!"



"YE GODS, WHAT A COW!"

## WORKING ON AN AUDIENCE.

THE champion of the anti-prohibitionist cause in Upper Canada, Mr. D—, was an orator of much ability, and dressed with some exuberance in the matter of jewelry. Upon one memorable occasion, when he was engaged in a joint debate in a rural constituency, it occurred to his antagonist, Mr. McK—, that it would be an excellent idea to hold the young man up to the scorn of an economical public by ridiculing his display of finger-rings and watch-chains; and this he did with much vigor and success, concluding with an eloquent adjuration to his young friend to forswear such vanities, and no longer offend with such parades of senseless extravagance the sentiment of an honest, frugal, and horny-handed community,—the bone and sinew of the country. (Cheers.)

He thought he had crushed his young opponent; but that gentleman arose, and in a voice choked with tears—the constituency, it may be said, was solidly Scotch, and Highland Scotch at that—began his reply. Had he, he said, worn jewelry simply from a love of display and extravagance, he would indeed have been unworthy of the support of those horny-handed agriculturists who had transplanted to the New World the frugality and simplicity of Auld Scotia. (Applause.) He admitted that he wore jewelry; ay, and he gloried in it (murmurs), because each trifling gawd had been consecrated in his eyes by a deed of Scottish devotion. (Applause.) “The honorable gentleman has derided this watch-chain. It is old-fashioned, I know, and its intrinsic worth is small; but I wear it proudly, because it was the dying legacy of my uncle who fell at Lucknow, when his comrades of the gallant Seventy-eighth Highlanders swept on to victory amid the maddening music of the slogan heard by Jessie Brown. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) Am I to blame for holding dearer than life itself this trifle, telling of a Highlander’s heroism and a relative’s love?” (Cries of “No, no!”)

Then the young orator showed that his breastpin had belonged to

another relative, who fell when the Ninety-third Highlanders followed Sir Colin Campbell up the slippery heights of the Alma to the music of the bagpipes; and so on down the list, the only exception being his ring, which he had purchased himself, because it was a cairngorm from a hill where Wallace had fought gloriously for Scotland: and when at last he turned with a fiery peroration upon the man who could find it in his heart to ridicule these glorious relics, it would only have required a word to lead the justly indignant audience to mob his antagonist.



HE STOLE A HAT.

## HE STOLE A HAT.

A LAWYER from the country was in Kingston, N.Y. He said he had been attending a school meeting the night before, and that the people got excited over trifles in a manner that would be laughable if it

wasn't so serious. "Gracions!" said he, "they accuse each other of every thing that has happened a quarter of a century back; and where the men are old, they even go back half a century. It was the first meeting of the kind I ever attended, and I learned more about the misdeeds of my neighbors than in all my acquaintance with them. A respectable farmer was accused of stealing a hat that had been placed in a cornfield to scare crows."



"HOW CAN YOU TELL THEY WON'T ALL THREE OF 'EM BE TWINS?"

## TWINS.

WHEN Mr. John Stuart Mill was returned to Parliament for Westminster, an immense crowd gathered in Covent Garden to hear the

announcement of the state of the poll in the afternoon. Close by were handsome equipages crowded with ladies, some of whom were well-known to fame. Later in the day, after the mob was tired of waiting, a short, stout man, with a bushy head of (say) tawny hair, suddenly showed his head above the rostrum, and shunted out an arm, semaphore fashion, as if to bespeak the ears of the friends, Romans, and countrymen present. Loud cheering and clapping, and cries of "That's Mills! That's him! Don't you see?" But a very stout man, who wore a blue apron and smelled of fish, hissed fiercely. "What are yer hiss'n' for?" inquired a pugnacious friend of Mr. "Mills." "Hiss'n'!" said the fisherman; "why he says a man as has only eighteen bob a week, like me, ought to be lugged up if he has more than three children!" This concrete version, or rather perversion, of Mr. Mill's doctrine, would startle both him and the shade of Sismondi, whose teaching he invokes. But, whatever the limit (Sismondi says *two*), it might well have puzzled all the Mills, Malthuses, Ricardos, and Sismondis that ever lived to hear the impromptu comment of a free-spoken, elderly dame, who supported the fisherman. "How," said she, with infinite contempt, "can you tell they *won't* all three of 'em be twins?"

## A HIGH OFFICE.

ONE of our State senators is said to have remarked that "politicians are just like alligators: they open their mouths for a horse, but are perfectly willing to take up with a fly." There is as much truth as wit in this remark. Last spring a friend of ours applied for "a thousand-dollar consulship." The President informed him that the consulships were all disposed of. He then said that he would take a clerkship in the "Treasury office." He was equally unsuccessful in obtaining this. He did not give up, however. He kept on trying, and at last succeeded. He is now "*deputy doorkeeper to the Senate coal-cellar!*"



## A DEMOCRAT BUYS A NEGRO.

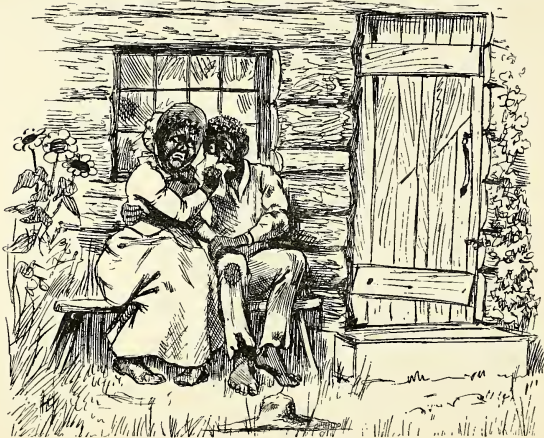
“SHORTLY after I was elected Clerk of the House of Representatives in 1860,” says Col. John W. Forney in his “Anecdotes of Public Men,” “a lady friend, since deceased, called my attention to the fact that the wife of one of her best servants, Sam, was about to be sent away from him to Georgia, and that unless over eight hundred dollars could be raised for her in forty-eight hours, her master, a man living in Georgetown, would be sure to sell her to strangers. Sam was a fine fellow, and his distress was grievous. I sat down and wrote out the facts, headed the subscription, and in a few hours raised the money, paying over three hundred dollars myself. The papers were made out to me, and I set the woman free. Thaddeus Stevens was a contributor to the extent of fifty dollars, and said, as he paid his money, ‘This is the first time I ever heard of a Democrat buying a negro, and then giving her her liberty.’”

## “MISTER DEVIL!”

In the early days of the State of Indiana, the capital was Corydon; and the annual sessions of the General Assembly usually brought together as wild a set of mad wags as could be found in the State, who had to rely upon their own resources for amusement, for there were then few theatres, concerts, or shows.

These lovers of mischief had established a mock Masonic lodge, into which they would entice such as were a little green, and take them through a variety of ridiculous ceremonies, to the infinite amusement of the crowd.

On one of these occasions, it being understood that a good-natured, athletic young man, about half a simpleton, was to be initiated, the room was crowded. Judge Grass (it being a character in which he was



A DEMOCRAT BUYS A NEGRO.

peculiarly happy) had consented to act the rôle of the Devil, and, to make the services more impressive, had put on a false face and a large paper cap, surmounted with horns, and, with some chains in his hands, placed himself behind a screen.



After taking the candidate through a variety of ceremonies, he was brought to a stand before the screen, and told that he had then to confess all the crimes he had committed during his whole life. The candidate confessed some trivial offences, and declared that he could

furious, the chains rattled, and he shook his horns in the face of the terrified candidate, who, starting back in alarm, cried out, —

“*H-h-old on, M-m-m-ister D-d-evil, if I m-m-must t-t-t-ell you, I d-d-did k-k-kiss J-j-judge G-g-grass’s w-w-wife a c-c-couple of t-t-times!*”

The groaning ceased.



“HE PUT A MIGHTY POOR HEAD IN THAT WHISKEY-BARREL!”

recollect no more. At this the Judge came out from his hiding-place, groaned, and shook his chains. The frightened candidate related some other small matters, and declared that he had disclosed all the crimes he had ever committed. At this the groans of the pretended Devil became

could be heard through all the house. One of the members, who was speaking, becoming very much annoyed, stopped, and then said: “Mr. President, I move that the honorable gentleman from B— County be compelled to defer his Fourth of July celebration till next Christmas!”

## PERKINS AND MARSHALL.

GEN. PERKINS and Tom Marshall were canvassing their State in a hotly contested election. The General was a roaring Democrat, and, by way of catching the flats, was fond of boasting that his father was a cooper by trade, in an obscure part of the State. The great failing of the General was his fondness for old whiskey; but the more he drank the more of a Democrat he became, and the prouder of being the son of a cooper. Of this fact he had been making the most, when Marshall, in replying to his speech, looked at him with great contempt, and said, —

“Fellow-citizens, his father may have been a very good cooper, — I don’t deny that; but I do say, gentlemen, he put a mighty poor head into *that* whiskey-barrel!”

A MEMBER of the North Carolina Convention, which once sat at Raleigh, is authority for the following:

Among the members was one from an eastern county, who was continually going around behind the president’s chair and striking off a peculiar kind of match, which could be heard through all the house. One of the members, who was speaking, becoming very much annoyed, stopped, and then said: “Mr. President, I move that the honorable gentleman from B— County be compelled to defer his Fourth of July celebration till next Christmas!”



"HE ISN'T FAT, AND HE ISN'T OLD. HIS NAME IS 'SKINNY' ECCLES."

## BEGGING FROM A SENATOR.

SENATOR EDMUNDS was out of sorts one day when a card was handed to him. He glared at it in a don't-bother-me kind of way, that made the little page who brought it glad to escape from his presence. The square piece of paper which lay before the Senator, for it could scarcely be called a card, bore the name, "Willis Howe." The letters were angular and awkwardly scrawled. It was apparently the work of a boy or half-grown lad.

The Senator arose from his seat, and crossing the corridor entered the Marble Room, where his visitor awaited him. He found the latter in conversation with his committee clerk. "What does he want?" queried the Senator gruffly, and addressing the clerk.

"He wants some money to take him home. He says he lives in Vermont."

"What did you say your name was?" asked the Senator, studying the characters on the card.

"Willis Howe," was the boy's reply.

"But how do I know that you live in Vermont? You might come from Texas, for all that I know."

"I can only assure you that I speak the truth, Senator. I have no way of proving it. My home is in the village of —."

"Oh, it is, is it?" said the Senator grimly. "Well, I've visited in that place a number of times. I suppose you know everybody there, don't you?"

The boy replied that the people he didn't know were not worth knowing.

"Well, then," said the Senator, "tell me the name of the fat old man who peddles milk about town."

"He isn't fat, and he isn't old," answered the youngster doggedly. "His name is 'Skinny' Eccles."

The faintest sort of a smile lit up the Vermont Senator's stern features. Turning to the clerk he said, "Give him the money. There's no doubting the boy's honesty;" and then he added with a chuckle as he turned to re-enter the chamber, "Skinny Eccles! Well, well, I haven't thought of him before in a dozen years."

## RAISING A POINT OF ORDER.

SENATOR BERRY was once prevented, under a point of order made against him, — an almost unheard-of occurrence in the United States Senate, — from explaining his vote on the passage of the Blair Educational Bill. Talking good-humoredly about the unfair treatment he had received on that occasion to a couple of friends, he remarked laughingly: —

“Of course, I couldn't have done as the gentleman from Clay County did when the Speaker of the Arkansas Legislature declared him to be out of order.”

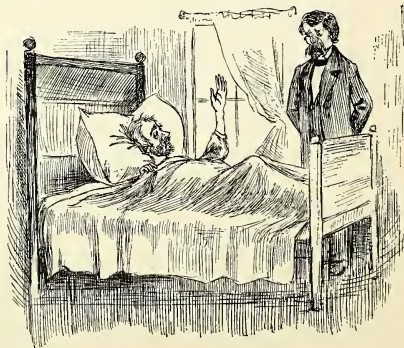
“What's that he did?”

“Why, Clay County picked up an inkstand, and offered to bet ten dollars he wasn't out of order. And the Speaker promptly dodged.”

## THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

PROBABLY next to Mr. Lincoln, the best story-teller in Washington was Senator Nye of Nevada, commonly known as “Jim Nye.” Unfortunately, however, like some of Mr. Lincoln's, many of his stories will not bear repetition. I remember a dinner that was given at Washington in the club-room at Willard's, by the representatives of the leading express companies, upon the occasion of the conclusion of a contract with the Treasury Department for the transportation of national bank-notes, and which was attended by a very distinguished company. If my memory does not fail me upon that point, among others present was Gen. Grant. At all events, Nye was there, in happiest possible mood. After the cloth was removed, he kept the table in a continuous roar of laughter, as he has done before and since, “many a time and oft.” Among the best of his stories was the following, which he related with a gravity and an unction that it would be impossible to imitate upon paper. In brief, and divested of Nye's solemn details and rich verbiage, it ran somewhat as follows. While Nye was governor of Nevada, there came to Carson City an old man who had been, with varying luck, wandering among the mines of California since the first discovery of gold there in 1849. At last he had succeeded in accumulating a snug fortune; and he had come to Carson to visit an old companion in those early days, who was then residing there. The visitor very soon after his arrival fell ill. His host, who was a pious man, begged to be permitted to call a clergyman; but the guest obstinately

refused to allow it. He rapidly grew worse, and his condition soon became critical. But all his friend's importunities that he should see a clergyman proved unavailing. Finally the physician in attendance declared that the sick man had but a few hours to live; and the host's conscience impelled him to renew the attack, and to tell his friend, that if he adhered to his determination, and continued to refuse to indicate a preference for a clergyman of any particular denomination, *he himself* was determined to send for his own pastor. The moribund, who was rapidly sinking, turned his head upon his pillow, and, articulating with difficulty, replied, “I can't see — what occasion — I have — for the services — of a clergyman. I never — voted — the Democratic — ticket — in my life.”



“I CAN'T SEE — WHAT OCCASION — I HAVE — FOR THE SERVICES — OF A CLERGYMAN. I NEVER — VOTED — THE DEMOCRATIC — TICKET — IN MY LIFE.”

## CHILDISH POLITICS.

ALL over the Union they talk politics, more or less, just before election. In New Hampshire the whole year is taken up in discussing party merits. At one of the district schools the children were disputing about the principles of their fathers. One said his paternal parent was a Whig; another's was a Democrat; still another's, a Know Nothing. A little witch of a girl, whose father had died recently, heard them so far, and then in sweet prattle stammered forth, "'Tis no matter about that. My father has gone to heaven, and I guess he is as good as any of them."

## CANADIAN CUTENESS.

THE acutest of American politicians would find some difficulty in competing in ability—or, which is practically the same thing, impudence—with his Canadian cousin. Probably the Hon. T— D—, a veteran member of Parliament from Ontario, should be awarded the championship in this respect. He was noted for his irregularity, or rather his regularity, in financial affairs, borrowing, but paying not again, and had probably the largest *clientèle* of creditors of any resident of his county, which, it may be added, gave a considerable Opposition majority. When, therefore, our hero undertook to canvass it, his case was regarded as particularly hopeless. His method had the boldness and simplicity of true genius. The candidate on arriving at a village would promptly call upon his most furious creditor, and thus address him:—

"Now, my friend, you hold my note for four hundred dollars, borrowed money, don't you? It was protested two years ago, wasn't it? You never expect to get a cent, do you, now? Very good. And you are an uncompromising Tory, while I am a Grit to the backbone. Exactly. Now, let us understand each other. I am running for Parliament, and this is a critical stage in my affairs. If I am elected, I may

be able to pay my creditors. I don't say I will, mind you, but there is a chance that I may. If I am defeated, that's the end of it. I shall have to move out to Manitoba, and begin life over again; and deuce a



CANADIAN CUTENESS.

penny of your money will you ever see. Come, now, what are you going to do?"

And to the horror of the other candidate, the minority, re-enforced by Mr. D—'s creditors, swept the constituency like a whirlwind.

## THE MEMBER FROM WABASH.

A good instance of the execution which Lincoln sometimes effected with a story occurred in the Illinois Legislature. There was a trouble-



"I SEE YOUR SQUIRREL! YOU'VE BEEN FIRING AT A LOUSE ON YOUR EYEBROW."

some member from Wabash County, who gloried particularly in being a "strict constructionist." He found something "unconstitutional" in every measure that was brought forward for discussion. He was a

member of the Judiciary Committee, and was quite apt, after giving every measure a heavy pounding, to advocate its reference to this committee. No amount of sober argument could floor the member from Wabash. At last he came to be considered a man to be silenced, and Mr. Lincoln was resorted to for an expedient by which this object might be accomplished. He soon afterwards honored the draft thus made upon him. A measure was brought forward in which Mr. Lincoln's constituents were interested, when the member from Wabash rose and discharged all his batteries upon its unconstitutional points. Mr. Lincoln then took the floor, and with the quizzical expression of features which he could assume at will, and a mirthful twinkle in his gray eyes, said, "Mr. Speaker, the attack of the member from Wabash on the constitutionality of this measure reminds me of an old friend of mine. He's a peculiar looking old fellow, with saggy, overhanging eyebrows, and a pair of spectacles under them. (Everybody turned to the member from Wabash, and recognized a personal description.) One morning just after the old man got up, he imagined, on looking out of his door, that he saw rather a lively squirrel on a tree near his house. So he took down his rifle, and fired at the squirrel; but the squirrel paid no attention to the shot. He loaded and fired again, and again, until at the thirteenth shot he set down his gun impatiently, and said to his boy who was looking on, 'Boy, there's something wrong about this rifle.' — 'Rifle's all right, I know 'tis,' responded the boy; 'but where's your squirrel?' — 'Don't you see him, humped up about half way up the tree?' inquired the old man, peering over his spectacles, and getting mystified. 'No, I don't,' responded the boy; and then turning and looking into his father's face, he exclaimed, 'I see your squirrel! You've been firing at a louse on your eyebrow!'"

The story needed neither application nor explanation. The House was in convulsions of laughter; for Mr. Lincoln's skill in telling a story was not inferior to his appreciation of its points, and his power of adapting them to the case in hand. It killed off the member from Wabash, who was very careful afterwards not to provoke any allusion to his "eyebrows."

## “MRS. STORY FROM HECTOR.”

LATE in the winter of 1864-65, when our national prospects appeared dark and doubtful, there disappeared from the town of Hector, Schuyler County, N.Y., an old lady named Story. Having lost her husband and two sons in battle, her mind became impaired,



“I’M MRS. STORY FROM HECTOR.”

and she was known in the neighborhood as a harmless crazy woman. She was about forty-five years old, short, stout, and a loud and constant talker. Her patriotism and admiration of “Old Abe” were boundless. She returned to her home after an absence of two weeks, and astonished every one by relating an interview she had had at the White House with Mr. Lincoln. Her narrative ran thus:—

“I called at the White House early one morning, and was refused admittance by the attendant, who said I must wait. Says I, ‘I’m Mrs. Story from Hector, and I am going to see Abe Lincoln.’ A gentleman approached, and commenced talking to the front-door keeper. I slipped by, but had not gone far before I met another chap who asked my business. Says I, ‘I’m Mrs. Story from Hector, and I want to see Mr. Lincoln.’ He told me I couldn’t see him, and I just opened on him a little. While I was talking, a door opened, and out came a long, lean, lank fellow, who said, ‘What’s up out here now, John?’ I told him I wanted to see Mr. Lincoln. Said he, ‘Walk in, my good lady: I’m Mr. Lincoln.’ Then said I, slapping him on the back, ‘Honest old Abe, Father Abraham, George Washington the Second, how—are you? I’m Mrs. Story from Hector.’ Then he pulled a chair up to the grate, made me set down, and he sot down right beside me. I told him I’d lost my man and boys in this cruel war, and was willing to shoulder a musket myself ef he’d let me, and help save our country. He asked me a great many questions, and we sot and sot, and talked and talked, for two hours; and when I come to go, he took both my hands, bid me ‘Good-by, and God bless you!’ which I will never forget.”

People hearing this story, and knowing her condition, of course gave it no credit; but, not long afterward, Secretary Seward, passing through that county to Auburn, was detained some hours at Watkins. During this time, while conversing with a citizen, he asked if there lived in the county an old lady named Story who was out of her mind. Receiving an affirmative reply, he said, “Mr. Lincoln came to me immediately after his interview with this woman, and told me all about it. As he did so, big tears rolled down his cheeks; and he assured me that there was ‘patriotism enough in Mrs. Story to replenish one of the Southern States in that article,’ and that she had whiled away two of the most pleasant hours it had been his lot to enjoy since he entered office.”

How like “Old Abe,” and how it attests that love for humanity which has made his name beloved at every hearthside in the land!



ANOTHER of the good old man!

After he had sent the name of the Rev. Mr. Shrigley to the Senate for confirmation as hospital chaplain in the army, a self-constituted committee of the Young Men's Christian Association called on him to protest against the appointment. After Mr. Shrigley's name had been mentioned, the President said, "Oh, yes; I have sent it to the Senate! His testimonials are highly satisfactory, and the appointment will, no doubt, be confirmed at an early day." The young men replied, "But, sir, we have come not to ask for the appointment, but to solicit you to withdraw the nomination on the ground that Mr. Shrigley is not *evangelical* in his sentiments."

"Ah," said the President, "that alters the case! On what point of doctrine is the gentleman unsound?"

"He does not believe in endless punishment," was the reply.

"Yes," added another of the committee, "he believes that even the Rebels themselves will finally be saved; and it will never do to have a man with *such* views hospital chaplain."

The President hesitated to reply for a moment, and then responded with an emphasis they will long remember, "*If that be so, gentlemen, and there be any way under heaven whereby the rebels can be saved, then, for God's sake, let the man be appointed!*"

He was appointed.

## CAUGHT A TARTAR.

OCCASIONALLY even members of Congress manage to get a bit of humor by way of illustrating the topic under debate. A few years since, when the Salary Bill was under consideration in the Senate, Senator Logan of Illinois remarked that there were some men in the Senate who probably expected to be President. He desired to say to them that the vote on the Salary Bill would neither make nor unmake them. That was not the character of statesmanship which made great men. Their action reminded him of the story of two boys who were out hunting, and came

upon a wild boar. One ran off and climbed a tree; but the other, not being able to reach the tree, was overtaken by the boar, which ran between his legs. The boy caught him by both ears, and, after holding on for some time, cried out to the one in the tree, —

"John, come here."

"What do you want?" cried John.



"WHY, I WANT YOU TO HELP ME LET THIS HOG GO!"

"Why, I want you to help me let this hog go!"

There are not a few Senators and members of the House of Representatives who experience the discomfort of their position very much as did that gentleman in Maine in reference to the Prohibitory Liquor Law. Said he, "I am in favor of that law, but against its enforcement."



A POOR COOK.

## A POOR COOK.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN A. McSHANE of Nebraska probably shares the opinion of most Western men, that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. He seems to have some reasons for this. He was telling a group of his friends the other day of his experience among the Indians. Several years ago, while looking after his cattle on the plains of Wyoming, some hostile Indians captured the future Congressman, and ran off a goodly portion of his cattle. Being their prisoner, they compelled him to cook for them; and to add, as it were, insult to injury, they made him slaughter his own cattle for their benefit.

"Well," said Mr. McShane to his friends, "you will scarcely believe me, but it is a fact, that instead of putting me to the torture,

and killing me by inches, as is their custom, they moved off one fine morning, and left me and my cattle behind, contemplating a Western sunrise on an empty stomach. It didn't take me long, I assure you, to make tracks for civilization. But what puzzles me to the present day, is why they didn't kill me."

"Probably they were afraid of your red hair," mildly ventured to suggest Cannon of Illinois.

"Maybe they considered you a sacred character, on that account," remarked some one else.

"Oh, neither is the true reason!" here broke in Laird, McShane's colleague. "In my opinion, the Indians moved off because they were disgusted with McShane's cooking."

In the general laughter which followed, Mr. McShane joined as heartily as the rest.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised," said he, "if that was the reason why they left me behind. Three days of my cooking was probably all they could stand."

## TOM CORWIN'S BISCUITS.

TOM CORWIN, working on a farm till he was twenty, and self-educated, was one of the most remarkable orators of the country. For many years he represented Ohio in Congress, and was in 1853 the Secretary of the Treasury. His wit helped to make him famous.

It was seldom Corwin made any enemies, especially in his own party. On one occasion, however, he changed one of his warmest admirers into a rampant Democrat with a bit of sarcasm. It was in the campaign of '42. He spoke in Lancaster, and stopped at the principal hotel, kept by a Whig.

When Corwin was about to leave for the next town, the landlord was all smiles and good wishes, and said,—

"Mr. Corwin, if there is any thing I can do to aid you in defeating Wilson Shannon, you have only to mention it."

"That's very generous," said Corwin.

"But I mean it," said Boniface. "Only tell me what I can do, and I will do it."

"There is one thing you can do," replied Corwin, "but I dislike to refer to so delicate a matter."

"Out with it, Mr. Corwin; out with it. I'll do any thing for the cause. Only mention it, that's all."

"Well, Mr. Landlord, I'll tell you what you can do to defeat Mr. Shannon. He speaks here next Thursday, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Manage some way to get him to stop at your hotel" —

"Oh, the arrangement has already been made! He will stay with me all night."

"And then feed him on the same kind of biscuits we had this morning. Get a half-dozen of them into Shannon, and he will weigh so much that he can't run at all."

Corwin whipped up his horses and was off, but the landlord had undergone a political transformation. From a Whig he changed to a Democrat, and was "ferninst" Tom Corwin for the rest of his life.

## TYLER AND HOLMES.

This comes from the United-States Senate chamber: —

"I was a boy when John Tyler was a Senator from Virginia, and John Holmes a Senator from Maine. None who ever saw the Maine Senator can forget his remarkable head and features, and none who ever listened to him in debate can forget the flashes of his wit and his promptness in repartee. There was a phrase which had for a long time been in familiar use, 'John Holmes, Felix Grundy, and the Devil.' At the time I speak of, Mr. Tyler, with many distinguished Southern statesmen, had been bitten with the rabies of 'nullification.' A debate

had arisen in the Senate, in which Mr. Tyler referred with considerable unction to what he called the political partnership of 'John Holmes, Felix Grundy, and the Devil,' and appealed to Mr. Holmes, who was present, to tell him, if he could, what had become of the junior member of the firm; saying that the senior member was present, and the second (Mr. Grundy) was then at home in Tennessee in the enjoyment of political honors of his State, but that he had never been able to account for the junior member of the concern. As quick as thought, Mr. Holmes sprang to his feet, and offering to account for him, said, 'I can tell the gentleman. That distinguished partner is among the nullifiers. He went over to them just about the time the gentleman from Virginia joined them himself.'



"JOHN HOLMES, FELIX GRUNDY, AND THE DEVIL."

## THE INFLUENCE OF CHAMPAGNE.

ANY man who attempts to gain an influence over the wise old Vermonter by plying him with wine will find to his grief that he has made a mistake.

Not many years ago, there was a certain gentleman who had a bill in the Senate for his "relief" which he thought Edmunds was intending to oppose. As a fact, however, that gentleman cared but little about it one way or the other. To remove this imagined barrier from the track of his bill, the beneficiary bethought him to get Edmunds in a good humor, and win him over. He invited the Vermonter to a champagne supper, and was careful to make champagne the principal feature of it. The Senator was so friendly to him when he sat down that he began to think that the trouble and expense had been unnecessary; but the champagne was there, and, to make a sure thing of it, he waited until the glasses had clinked many times, and a fusilade of corks had pounded the ceiling. Then he broached the subject nearest his heart, his bill. It must be imagined what was his disappointment and chagrin to find his guest ready to antagonize him at every point, an uncompromising, bitter, and relentless opponent, — a man of adamant. This story is no fiction drawn for purpose of illustration. It relates an actual occurrence known to a number of people.

## EX-GOV. BLACK'S DOUBLE IN CONGRESS.

THERE is such a striking resemblance between Representative Mansur of Missouri and ex-Gov. Chauncey Black of Pennsylvania, that no less than twenty-five or thirty people have within the past few weeks spoken to Col. Mansur by mistake for Mr. Black. When this thing first commenced, the Representative from Missouri did not think much of it; but finally it was repeated so frequently that Col. Mansur began to

inquire of a gentleman supposed to know the Pennsylvanian, if he really resembled that gentleman.

The other day Mr. Ermentrout, who represents the Reading district, happened to be with Mr. Black at the Capitol at a time when it was convenient to introduce these gentlemen who so much resemble each other. It is useless to say, that, when they became acquainted, their broad smiles were depicted on the countenances of both gentlemen. They then



EX-GOV. BLACK'S DOUBLE IN CONGRESS.

related how many times each had been taken for the other on the streets of Washington. On New Year's day Col. Mansur called upon Mr. Bayard, the Secretary of State. Now, Col. Mansur has for some time thought that if there was anybody who should know him Mr. Bayard was that man, for many times in the past they have met. When the Representative entered the house of the Secretary of State, Mr. Bayard approached and said, —

"Why, Governor, how do you do? I am delighted to see you."

Then Col. Mansur began to appreciate more than ever the striking resemblance referred to. The Secretary turned to one of his daughters, saying to her, —

"You know the Governor, of course: it is useless to introduce you."

The young lady was not certain whether she knew him or not.

Finally Col. Mansur said to Mr. Bayard, —

"Mr. Secretary, who do you think I am?"

Mr. Bayard replied that he thought he was speaking to ex-Gov. Black. Then the Missouri Representative told him of his mistake, and there was a hearty laugh, after which the two distinguished gentlemen went over to the sideboard and indulged in a cup of chocolate or any thing else that might strike their fancy. Col. Mansur is a little taller than Mr. Black, but in face and figure there is striking resemblance.

## THE WRONG ANSWER.

DURING the exciting race between Wise and Flournoy for the governorship of Virginia, and when the contest between the Democratic and Know-Nothing parties waxed warm, and brought the people together in great crowds to listen to the "stump orators" who were haranguing in every county, an incident occurred in old Harrison which a correspondent draws admirably.

A Democratic speaker was addressing a large audience, and descanting with great vehemence upon the proscriptive tenets of Know Nothingism with regard to foreigners, when his eye fell upon a little German Jew, a peddler of ready-made clothing, who seemed to be very much impressed with the argument of the orator, and greedily swallowing every thing he uttered. This was too good an opportunity not to be made the most of. Looking the little peddler in the eye, he exclaimed, —

"Furriner, didn't you come to this country to eescape from tyrannical, down-trodden, and oppressed Europe? Didn't you flee to these happy shores to live in a land of freedom, where the great right of suffrage is guaranteed to all? Didn't you, furriner?"



"No, SUR; I COMES TO DIS COUNTRIE TO SELL SHEAP READY-MADE CLOTHES."

He paused for a reply, when the little peddler squeaked out, —  
"No, sur; I comes to dis countrie to sell sheap ready-made clothes."

The astonishment of the orator, the shouts and roars of the multitude, cannot be described. The speech was finished, and the orator quit the rostrum, anathematizing all foreigners generally, and clothes-peddlers in particular.

## "THE EAGLE ORATOR."

"I WAS once present on the hustings," says a well-known politician, "at a discussion between two rival candidates for Congress in an excited election contest in Tennessee. Both gentlemen are now in high station; one of them for twelve years was in Congress, and has been Postmaster-General; and the other has gained a reputation for brilliant and classical oratory, almost as wide as that of his illustrious kinsman of the same patronymic in Virginia. But to the discussion. Mr. J— had been rather equivocally complimenting his opponent—who was called the 'Eagle Orator'—on the remarkable suavity of his manners, and his affability with the people, and went on to say that he had an irresistible way of seizing the hands of his constituents between both his own, and bowing so affectionately as to win their whole hearts.

"I must confess," continued Mr. J—, "that I have practised for hours before a looking-glass to acquire that fascinating manner,

but without success. I must yield to my friend *the palm* in shaking hands."

"In reply, Major H— said,—

"If my honorable opponent wishes

to make himself agreeable to honest people, he must leave off practising before the glass, and cultivate more assiduously the kindly feelings of the heart. He is the last man who should accuse me of practising behavior to win votes. I will tell you a little anecdote illustrative of the peculiar electioneering abilities of my honorable friend in his intercourse with our intelligent constituents. We were canvassing in a remote part of the district, and, having an appointment to speak near the house of a very influential squire, we spent the previous night at his house together. It was well known that the squire controlled all the votes in that precinct, and that his better half controlled him, so that it was all important to get on the right side of her. We had agreed not to electioneer with the



"I MUST YIELD TO MY FRIEND THE PALM IN SHAKING HANDS."

Squire while we staid with him, but I did not think this forbade me to do my best with his family. So I rose about daybreak the next morning; and, thinking that I should make friends with the mistress



of the house by bringing water to cook the breakfast, I took a bucket and started off for the spring. I was tripping off on "a light fantastic toe," singing merrily as I went along, when what on earth should I see, as I looked into the barn-yard, but the old woman milking the cow, while my honorable friend, with his face ruddy with morning exercise, and his long locks streaming in the breeze, was holding the cow by the tail! I saw in an instant that he had the start of me. I returned to the house discomfited, and abandoned all hope of a vote in that region."

## "DRIVE ON!"

WHEN the erratic John Randolph of Roanoke was a member of Congress, there were no railroads nor telegraphs; and it was his fashion to ride in a gorgeous coach-and-four, with liveried postilions and footman, between his Virginia home and Washington. His horses were all blooded, and his domestics coal-black negroes. While travelling toward Washington, to be present at the opening of one of the sessions, he drew up his coach in front of a country tavern in Spotsylvania County, and hailed the tavern-keeper for the latest papers received from the capital. The papers were brought

out, when Randolph seized and immediately began to skim their contents hurriedly. The tavern-keeper, who was a great news gossip, but had not looked at his papers, made so bold as to ask him, —

"What's the news from Washington, sir?"



"MY HONORABLE FRIEND WAS HOLDING THE COW BY THE TAIL!"

With his squeaking voice Randolph replied, "I don't propose to be catechized by you, sir," and then turning his back, still seated, deliberately read the papers during a solid hour, without uttering a word, when he returned them to the tavern-keeper, and shouted to his postilions, "Drive on!"

When the coach was out of sight, the tavern-keeper, who was well acquainted with the genius's fiery ways, remarked, "If I had known he was going to keep 'em that long, he should never have seen 'em."

THE CHINAMAN. — A prominent Democrat tackled a Chinaman at Fresno, Cal., and asked him if he took part in the celebration "Yeppee," answered the Celestial, "me havee funnee. But Clevelan' hip good. Chinaman likee Clevelan' muchee. Hallison no good." The Democrat, and the crowd surrounding him, could not help laughing.



"IT'S THE FRINCH THAT HE IS SPAKIN' IN; AND, BY YOUR LAVE, I'LL SIND FOR THE COOK TO FIND OUT WHAT THE GINTLEMAN WANTS."

## HE COULDN'T SPEAK FRENCH.

ALTHOUGH "Old Hickory" was a blunt man in all matters of business, and reached his purposes by the straightest road, still he was courteous in an eminent degree, and had a high respect for the forms of social intercourse. While President of the United States, his receptions of foreign ministers and eminent citizens were distinguished by a courtly etiquette and noble bearing. On one occasion, a foreign minister, "just arrived," had a day and hour appointed by Mr. McLane, then Secretary of State, to be presented to the President; and misunderstanding the premier's French, and perfectly at fault by the apparent simplicity of

republican manners, the minister, at the stated time, proceeded to the "White House" alone, and rang the bell.

"Je suis venu voir Monsieur le President?" said the plenipotentiary to the Irish servant.

"What the devil does that mean?" muttered Pat; and continued, "He says President, though, and I s'pose he wishes to see the old General."

"Oui, oui," said the minister, bowing.

Without further ceremony the gentleman was ushered into the green-room, where the General sat composedly smoking his corn-cob pipe; and on the instant he commenced a ceremonious harangue in French, of which "Old Hickory" did not understand one word.

"What does the man want, Jemmy?" asked the General, without concealing his surprise at what he witnessed.

"It's the Frinch that he's spakin' in; and, by your lave, I'll sind for the cook to find out what the gintleman wants."

In due time the presiding officer of the kitchen arrived; the mystery was explained; and, to the astonishment of the cook, the servant, and the old General, an accredited minister from a foreign government was developed. Fortunately at the instant the Secretary came in, and a ceremonious introduction took place, and all parties were soon at ease; but the matter never could be afterward alluded to without throwing the old General into a towering passion.

## A JOKE ON EVARTS.

AT the great meeting held in Cooper Institute, to sustain the administration of President Hayes, at which it had been announced that Mr. Evarts would be present, a gentleman from Vermont, who had never seen the Secretary of State, but had a desire to do so, said to the person seated next to him, "Is Mr. E-varts on the platform?"

"No: he has not yet arrived."

"He's expected?"

"Oh, yes; he'll be along presently."

"I've never seen Mr. E-varts, though I've heard a good deal of him. He's got a farm up to Windsor, in our State."

"Well, when he comes in, I'll tell you. The boys generally give him a cheer when he comes on the stage. Ah, there he comes!"

"Is *that* him?"

"Yes."

"William M. E-varts?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the Vermonter. "Why, he *looks* as though he boarded!"

## A SWELL DINNER.

IRA M. WESTON, chairman of the Michigan Democratic State Central Committee, and the probable successor of Don M. Dickinson on the National Committee, is an epicure who delights in varieties. When strawberries are out of season, and cost fifteen cents each at the green-houses, Mr. Weston always has strawberries for supper when in Washington. He was there the other day, when his eyes fell on the sign in an uptown restaurant, —

### FRESH SNAILS.

This dish was new to Mr. Weston, and combined with its novelty the requisite rareness. The next day a number of Michigan men were surprised to receive from Mr. Weston neat invitations to attend a "snail supper."

As a luxury, snails happened to be a novelty to all the guests who responded; and in order to relieve the apprehension of those invited, Mr. Weston merrily told of the many diets he had had that were worse than snails.

"It was just after the war," said he, "that I happened to be in Cheyenne, and was invited to a dog feast given by Chief 'Kicking Pony.'

As a number of officers accepted similar invitations, I joined the party; and we seated ourselves around the festive board, sandwiched between painted braves. The squaws did the serving. They were crowded about a huge kettle, which steamed with its aromatic contents. At a given signal, the chief cook drew the meat from the pot. It looked much like a small pig, but it was not. It was dog. Dexterously the knives went through the carcass, and a grinning squaw placed before me a choice tenderloin of dog. The meat looked white until the dog gravy was poured over it. Eat it? Why, of course, I did. Certainly, we all ate it. It ain't so bad, either. Have a snail?"

The snails were served in the shell, black and oily. That the affair was a success, was indicated by Mr. Weston's order to send six dozen snails to his home in Michigan, where he intends to astonish the natives with a "snail supper."



A SWELL DINNER.

## THE SLOON IN POLITIX.

WE wuz a settin in the bak room uv the korner groseery the uther nite, wen sum wun cazuly remarkt that a good menny countiz wuz a takin holt uv the lokle opshun law wich wuz past by the last legislachter uv Mishegan.

"Yes," I sed, ordrin another round uv drinks & moshunin the barkeeper ter put it on the slate, "the peple's God-given rites is trod under foot in over thirty countiz alreddy, & the end is not yit. The Republikin party is responsible fur it; & I am glad ter say that the Dimmikrats in the legislachter uposed that law, likewise sum uv our frens, the perliticle prohibishnists."

"Wut rite hez my nabur ter say wut I shell eat & drink?" The barkeeper giv a aproovin nod.

"He hez no rite," sed a vois. Lookin up I seen the Republikin postmaster a standin in the doreway between the store and bak room. "No wun clames he hez enny sich rite. But we do clame that we hev a rite ter hev sumtliin ter say bout wat you shell set before our boys ter eat and drink, and that wen a majority uv the peple uv enny county sez that a publik plase kep fur enny purpus watever — sloon er enny thing else — is fur enny reezen danjrus ter familiz and espeshly ter groin boys, tha hev a right ter pertekt the boys and close it up."

"Do you meenter say," I replide, "that I haint no rite ter take my famly uv a gloris Sundy afternoon and go out under the bloo sky and set under God's green trees and drink beer wile we commoon with nacher?"

"I don't meen no sich thing," he ansered. "The bloo sky and God's green trees haint ben convertid inter a sloon, not yit. Besides," he addid with a brutle sarkasm, "I haint seen enny uv you fellers who spend most uv yoor time in sloons takin your familiz enny wares ter enny alarmin extent."

Ez he turned & walkt away, I wonderd ef sich remarks coodnt be considerd offensiv partizanship, wareby the raskle cood be turnd out & I git the post-offis.

The cry uv the venal Republikin press that the sloon in politix must go is barin frute. Ther mernoperlists who control the Republikin party dont seam ter hev no noshun uv wat the peple nead & must hev. The iniketus skeme ter drive the sloon outer politix wuz inogerated ter defeet the will uv the peple.



THE SLOON IN POLITIX.

How air we goin ter run our corkuses ef we dont hev no sloons? How air we goin ter inspire enthoosiasm and beer inter the campane without sloons? Ef we dont hev no sloons, and biznis men and onist workinmen and sich air a gointer run the corkuses, wat is goin ter becum uv the thrivin biznis uv selin proxiz?

Menny a pore man who dont do nothin all the rest of the yeer, on akount ov his helth not bein good, hez turned a onist penny in the proxy biznis. But wut duz the Republikin party keer fur the pore man?

How air we goin ter teech the young & groiu mind the grate prinsepuls uv Dimmekratik reform & personal liberty ef thare aint no plases ware those things air discust? Ef these grate ejukaters of booman liberty air destroid, Dimmokrisy ez a goner.

The war on the sloons is ez danjrus ter the peple's rites, and the Dimmekratik party in partikelar, ez wuz the late civil war.

ROLAND R. ROUNDHEAD.

KLEVLAND CORNERS, IRON KO., MICH., March 4, 1888.

## GEN. BUTLER AND THE YOUNG CARICATURIST.

ONE of the pages in the Honse of Representatives had a faculty of drawing. His sketches of the members were fairly good caricatures. The easiest mark for his pencil was the statesman from Massachusetts, and the caricatures of Ben began to float around the Honse pretty promisenously. The matter coming to the attention of Mr. Butler, complaint was made to the doorkeeper, who had charge of the pages. The offending boy was kept after adjournment to be reprimanded. He was taken before the statesman, who had waited to hold court on the little criminal.

"So you are the boy that has been making these pictures?"

"Yes, sir."

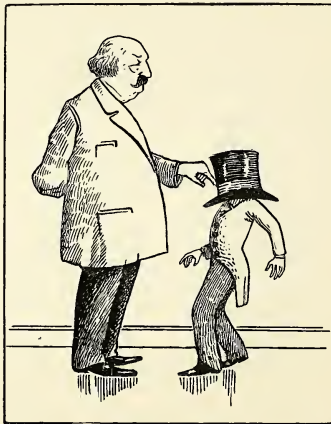
"Hum! How old are you?"

"Twelve, sir."

"Well, go to the cloak-room and get my hat."

The boy scampered off on the errand, glad even for the momentary respite, but revolving in his mind the possible character of the impending punishment, which was such that the judge needed his hat before going to the place of execution. When the youngster had returned, and

tremblingly yielded up the tile, the General, who has an enormous head, threw the hat, like a candle-snuffer, down over the tow head and flaming face of the boy. It covered him like a second mortgage.



"MY SON, WHEN YOU CAN FILL THAT HAT, YOU CARICATURE BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.  
NOW GO

"My son," said the hero of New Orleans, "when you can fill that hat, you caricature Benjamin F. Butler. Now go."

## EVARTS'S RETORT.

At a dinner of the Washington alumni of Bowdoin College, Senator Frye told a new story about Mr. Evarts, which is worth repeating. Mr.



"CERTAINLY, I SHOULD BE DELIGHTED TO INFORM YOUR EXECUTORS."

Evarts, so his colleague says, is very dilatory. When a subject is committed to him in the Senate, it is likely to remain committed for a long time. He is chairman of the Library Committee, which has not held a meeting this session, and is not likely to. Senator Hoar said to him one day, —

"Evarts, when you have a meeting of the Library Committee, I wish you would inform my executors."

"Certainly," was the prompt response, "I should be delighted to inform your executors."

I may add that Senator Frye probably charged his colleague from New York with being dilatory only for the purpose of his story, for Mr. Evarts is well known to attend diligently to the business before the important committees of which he is a member, — that of the Judiciary and Foreign Relations. It is true that the Library Committee has not met yet this session, but this is not Mr. Evarts's fault: it is due to the action of the Speaker of the House, who by mistake, and contrary to law, appointed a greater number of members to represent the House than that body was entitled to. The Library Committee, you must know, is a joint committee of both Houses of Congress.

## STRANGE HARD CIDER.

DURING the never-to-be-forgotten "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign of 1840, the Whigs held a grand political convention in the little village of Salem, in the Western part of Jefferson County, O. A large procession of "true blues" came from the town of Steubenville, who were very hungry and *dry* by the time they arrived at the place of meeting. Among the crowd was the late Judge Wilson, or "Old Jimmy" as he was generally called, then editor of the "Steubenville Herald." Leading the crowd, he proceeded to the village tavern, kept by a "bully" Democrat by the name of Andrews.

"Here, Andrews," said Old Jimmy, "is a lot of the dryest Whigs you ever saw. I want hard cider for the crowd, with a gourd to drink it from."

"Bless your soul, Judge!" responded Andrews, "I haven't a drop of hard cider in the house. Sorry I can't accommodate you."



"But," said the Judge, "you *must* get us some hard cider, or the convention can't go on."

"Well," said Andrews, "I'll do the best I can;" and he accordingly retired to another room, and set his "wits to work" to manufac-



STRANGE HARD CIDER.

ture the much-desired beverage. Finding some venerable rain-water in a barrel in the back yard, he took a few gallons of it, and mixed therewith some vinegar and "forty-rod" whiskey. In a short time he returned with a gourd full of this preparation, and handed it to the

Judge, whose eyes sparkled with delight in anticipation of having a *spirited* meeting of the real log-cabin boys. So taking the gourd in hand, the Judge raised it in full view of the delighted crowd, and gave as a toast:—

"Cold water may do for the Locos,  
Or a little vinegar stew;  
But give us hard cider and whiskey,  
And hurrah for Old Tippecanoe!"

Then, putting the gourd to his lips, he was about taking a good drink, when the smell was a little too strong for his stomach. He smelled and tasted, and tasted and smelled, and shook his head. Turning to Boniface, he said,—

"Well, Andrews, this may be good hard cider, but it will take a more patriotic Whig than I am to drink it."

## INTO THE DEPTHS.

THE "Duluth Paragapher" says: "Zar D. Scott of this city was nominated for Congress on the Prohibition ticket recently. Mr. Scott had just presented the name of C. E. Shannon to the convention, when Capt. J. W. Miller arose, and pointed out the qualifications and availability of Mr. Scott himself. A hearty second was received, and in about one more second Mr. Scott was treading the downward road to Congress. The candidate is a sash, blind, and door manufacturer; and, though he wears the Prohibition sash, he is not blind to the interests of the people, and soon his party will open wide the door, and place the country on the threshold of a new national life. He has never sought nor held any public office except that of member of the school board. He has heretofore been a Republican of the low tariff Minnesota variety. In accepting the nomination, he leaves his wife and considerable property in Duluth."



THE ALIMENTARY CANAL.

## THE ALIMENTARY CANAL.

MR. BIDDLE was a wit as well as a financier. During the session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania in the year 184-, a bill was up appropriating a large sum for continuing the State improvements. Mr. H— of Berks, an honest German member, was very hostile to the bill, and, in fact, opposed to all State improvements, as they involved such an expenditure of money. He knew the wishes of his constituents, but his general knowledge was rather limited. While the bill was under consideration, Mr. Biddle, of the city, moved an amendment, appropri-

ating \$10,000 for the improvement of the *Alimentary Canal*. The member from Berks was instantly upon his feet, declaring his purpose to oppose any appropriation for the Alimentary or any other canal—declaring the appropriation to be unnecessary and against the wishes of the people. The amendment was instantly withdrawn, amid the general mirth of the members at the expense of the honest member from Berks.

## AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

It all happened in this wise: Two citizens of Providence, R.I., fell into a most unseemly discussion on account of the lawless trespassings of a pig owned by one of them. The aggrieved party possessed a very fine garden, in which it was his custom to spend his hours of leisure weeding, grafting, and transplanting the flowers and vegetables in which he delighted. But often, as he entered his garden in the evening, his ears would be saluted with a grunt and a rustle; and the fat form of his neighbor's pig might be seen making a hasty flight from the garden, in which it had been placidly rooting all day.

Repeated misdeeds on the part of the pig fanned the smouldering fires of dissension into flames of open hostility. At last the crisis came. The owner of the garden, rising unusually early one morning, discovered the pig contentedly munching the last of a fine bed of tulip-bulbs. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer. Seizing a pitchfork, which lay near at hand, the outraged gardener plunged its sharp tines into the hapless pig, and bore the body, thus fatally impaled, to the sty, where it met the gaze of its owner an hour or two later. Thereafter it was war to the knife between the two neighbors.

Now, what had all this to do with the war of 1812? asks "The St. Nicholas." The answer is simple. The two neighbors belonged to the political party known as the Federalists.

Through all the outrages that Great Britain inflicted upon the United States, while seamen were being impressed, American vessels stopped

on the high seas, and while every possible indignity was being committed against the flag of the United States, the Federalists remained friendly to Great Britain, and contested every proposition for the declaration of war.

But the Democratic party was eager for war; and as British oppression became more unbearable, the strength of the Democrats increased.

It so happened that the election district in which the two neighbors lived had been about equally divided between Democrats and Federalists, but the latter party had always succeeded in carrying the election. But in 1811 the owner of the garden was a candidate for the legislature on the Federalist ticket; his neighbor, with his mind filled with bitter recollections of his pig, cast his ballot for the Democratic candidate. When the ballots were counted, the Democrat was found to be elected by a majority of one.

When the newly elected legislator took his seat, his first duty was to vote for a United States Senator. He cast his vote for the candidate of the Democrats, who was also elected by a majority of one. When this Senator took his place in the United States Senate, he found the question of war with Great Britain pending; and, after a long and bitter discussion it came to a vote. The Democrats voted for war, and the Federalists against it. As a result of the voting, war was declared—again by a majority of one vote.

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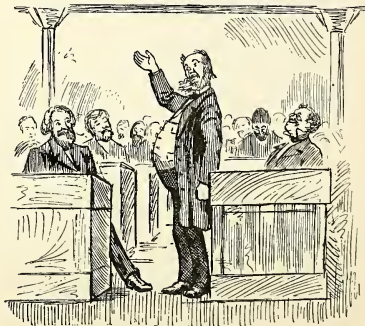
## AN INQUIRY IN RHYME.

SEVERAL years since the writer was a member of the State Senate of Virginia. Hon. A. L. Pridmore, late a member of Congress from the Ninth Virginia District, was also a member of the State Senate at that time, and introduced a bill for the relief of the sureties of H. G. Wax, who was a collector of taxes in Scott County. He made a brief explanation of the bill; and when he sat down Hon. Edgar Allen, familiarly

known as "Yankee" Allen, a very bright Englishman, who represented the Farmville District, rose and said,—

" I wish to ax  
If Mr. Wax  
Has been too lax  
In collecting the tax,  
If such are the facts,  
I am willing to relax,  
And remit the tax  
Which the law enacts  
We should exact  
Of his securities."

The bill passed by a unanimous vote. — *A. W. C. N.*



AN INQUIRY IN RHYME.

## SQUIRE SLOKUM, THE PRESIDENT, AND THE OFFICE-SEEKERS.

CONGRESS is coming together agin. The Sennitors and the members uv the Lower House keep a-droppin' in here to pay their respects to Gruvver and me, and to git help in makin' their plans for the sessshun, which commences early next month.

And with the Congressmen and the Sennitors uv course comes the usual crop uv offis-seekers. Really there seems to be ruther more'n the usual crop this year. I guess it's because there's to be a President elected next year, and every man that wants an office thinks this would be a good time to apply for it.

They interfere dretfully with our work; but ez they generally come backed up with a lot uv letters from their Congressmen, or their Sennitors, or some other infloocenshal people, we've got to treat em with some respect.

But they do try a body's pashuns sometimes orfully, espeshally when a body's bizzy, ez Gruvver and me are now.

We're hard at work on our annual messidge to Congress, and nobody who niver prepared sich a messidge knows enny thing about the amount uv hard work it takes to git it into shape.

The way we are a-workin' it jest now is this: Gruvver blocks out a porshunn uv it, and then hands it over to me to correct the spellin' and the grammar, and to see that it don't contain any mistakes that could injure his boom. Sometimes I hev to re-write nearly the whole uv it, to git it into sich shape ez will do to present to Congress.

Then, agin, when an important idee occurs to me that I think ort to

be put into a messidge, I jest sit down and write it out and hand it over to Gruvver.

He generally approves every thing uv this sort, and jest hands it



WE'RE HARD AT WORK ON OUR ANNUAL MESSIDGE TO CONGRESS.

back to me about ez I give it to him. So, between us, we are gittin' along right well with it; and ef it wasn't for the interrupshuns uv the offis-seekers and the Congressmen and the Senuitors that come in here,

we could finish it up, I think, in a very few days. But these interruptions are really tryin' to a righteous man's soul. The office-seekers don't seem to hev the least bit uv an idee uv the value uv time to a President or an Assistant President, and some uv 'em do bore us orfully.

I wuz a-complainin' to Gruvver a little about this the other day, and suggested that we ort to recommend in our annual message to Congress sum sort uv a measure that would afford us relief.

"Well, what shall it be?" Gruvver inquired.

"I really don't know, Gruvver," I answered, "unless we'd hev an addition built to the White House in which to confine all the office-seekers ez they come up, until we got ready to attend to 'em; and then let 'em out, one at a time, and tell each of 'em when he got out that he could hev jest so menny minnits to present his case."

"I'm afraid, Squire, that wouldn't work very well with free American citizens, every one uv whom thinks he's just ez good ez the President of the United States, and some uv 'em think they're lots better. They wouldn't stand it, bein' penned up that way like so menny wild cattle, and espeshally it wouldn't do jest now, ez we hev a presidential election next year."

"Why, what hez that to do with it, Gruvver?" I inquired.

"Why, jest this, Squire: every one uv them fellows that were locked up in that pen would git madder'n all fury, and they'd go back home a-cussin' the President and the Assistant President, and everybody that had enny thing to do with lockin' 'em up so; and they'd make lots uv votes agin us. It might work jest after a President hed bin elected, because the unpopularity uv it would wear away a good deal before annother election would come round; but it wouldn't do now at all. You'll hev to invent something better than that, Squire."

"Well, how would it do to hev a private secretary jest to attend to the office-seekers?"

"That wouldn't work nuther, Squire."

"Why not?"

"Well, because when these freeborn American citizens come up here to Washington, they're not a-goin' to be put off with enny one-

horse private secretary. They want to see the President or the Assistant President, and hev their talk with him. But, Squire, I don't think you understand managin' them fellows very well: you're too good-natured, and seem to be afraid uv 'em."



"EVERY ONE UV THEM FELLOWS WOULD GIT MADDEN'N ALL FURY."

I looked up with surprise at this, for it isn't often ennybody ever charges me with bein' afraid of enny thing. I've studied the life and times uv Old Hickory too long and faithfully for that. So I jest suggested to Gruvver that I'd like to see him manage one uv 'em.

"All right, Squire, all right. There's about twenty-five or fifty uv 'em awaitin' down there now to git in to see us. Jest hev Toby, the waiter, pick out one, and send him up to my offis. You kin sit in that side-room and watch how I handle him."



"THERE'S ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE OR FIFTY UV 'EM AWAITIN' DOWN THERE NOW TO GIT IN TO SEE US."

I wuz very much pleased at that suggestion, and fell in with it at once. I called Toby, and quietly slipped down-stairs to assist him in makin' a proper seleckshun. I looked over the gang uv offis-seekers a-standin' and a-sittin' and a-loafin' round down there, and finally

seleeked one with long hair and a broad-brimmed hat, that looked ez ef he might be some kin to a Texas cowboy. I told Toby to send him up; and then I quietly slipped into the side-room, and sat down to await the result. I didn't hev long to wait, and I immediately found that I

wuzn't mistaken in my man. He come a-stridin' into Gruvver's offis with his broad-brimmed slouch hat in his hand, in the same free-and-easy style that you would expect to see sich a man put on ef he was a-walkin' into a camp somewhere down on the Texas frontier.

"Hello, Grove!" he exclaimed, "hello! Durn your Dimmyeratic old heart, how are you, ennyhow? I'm glad to see you. I worked for you, and voted for you, and made a big lot uv other fellows vote for you down in Texas, and I'm most durned glad to see you. How are you, ennyhow?"

Gruvver rose up with a great deal uv dignitty, looked the man all over, and then with a slow, deliberate, dignified manner inquired,—

"Excuse me, sir, whom hev I the honner of addressin'? I believe I didn't receive your card; I don't think the usher give me your name."

"My name? Oh, yes, Grove! I ort to hev told you who I wuz ez soon ez I come in, I guess; but you see I'm not much in the habit uv callin' on Presidents, and it goes a little awkward at first. My name's William James Mollykoff; but we're not much on names down in Texas where I come from, and so the boys down there jest call me Tarrantuly Bill for short: and seein' it's you, Grove, you may jest call me Bill. Let's shake." And with that he reached out his big, brawny hand, which Gruvver took, and gave him a good cordial shake.

I saw that Gruvver was a-tryin' hard to keep up his dignitty, but it wuz a terrible strain onto him.



"Sit down, Mr. — Mr. Molly — Mr. — What did you say your name wuz?"

"Tarrantuly Bill, I said; but seein' it's you, and you're the President uv all these United States, I said you might jest call me Bill."

"Well, Bill, what kin I do for you?" Gruvver inquired.



"MY NAME'S WILLIAM JAMES MOLLYKOFF."

"Well, now, Grove, you're a-comin' right to bizness. That suits me. You see there's a Sessership about to be vacant down in Texas, and some uv the boys hev been a-sayin' that I ort to hev the place; and seein' ez how I worked for you, and voted for you, when you wuz a candidate for President, I've jest come up here to see about it. They do tell me it's a mighty good fat place, — that there's lots uv money in it ef a fellow knows how to work his keards; and when it comes to that,

I kin jest tell you, Grove, that there ain't none uv them that kin get away from Tarrantuly Bill."

"Well, Mr. Molly — or I should say, Mr. — Mr." —

"Bill, I said; jest call me Bill. That suits me better'n enny thing else."

"Well, then, Bill, I suppose you hev some recommendashuns for the offis?"

"Some what?"

"Some recommendashuns; some letters from your friends, or something uv that sort."

"No, I didn't bring none uv them things along; didn't think they wuz necessary, because everybody down in Texas that's uv enny account knows jest what I did for you at the last eleekshun; and so I didn't think it wuz necessary to bring along with me enny uv them papers you wuz a-speakin' about."

"Well, I suppose your Sennitors and Congressmen from Texas would indorse you."

"Indorse for me! Indorse for me! Grove, what do you mean? I never asked enny man to indorse for me in my life. I pay my way ez I go; and I don't want no indorsement, nor nothing uv that sort from nobody."

"No, Mr. — Mr. — no, Bill, I should say. I didn't mean that kind of indorsing, but to recommend you; tell me something about who you are, and how well you are quallerfied for the offis."

"Oh, yes, uv course they'll do that! They've got to. I'll hev 'em every one come, one after anuther, ef you want to see 'em; and there isn't one uv 'em that will dare say a word agin me."

"No, that won't be necessary, Mr. — Mr. — Mr. — Bill; that won't be necessary at all. You jest git one uv 'em to draw up a paper tellin' me who you are, and that you're a good Dimmycrat, and so on, and hev 'em all sign it; and then you bring it in, or let one uv them bring it."

"All right, Grove; bless your old soul, all right! I'll have it all done up immediately, or quicker."

And with that he gathered up his broad-brimmed slouch hat, and walked out in the same free and easy manner that he had come in.

Gruvver broke out in a tremendjus laff ez soon ez he wuz outside the offis, and called me to come in.

“That’s the way to manage ’em, Squire; didn’t you see how well I preserved the dignitty uv my high offis, and how at the same time I sent that man away pleased to death with hevin’ met the President uv the United States and the prospeck uv gittin’ a good offis. I tell you, Squire, there’s nothing like knowin’ how to handle men.”

“Yes, you got along with that Texan a good deal better than I thought you would, Gruvver; but do you know you wuz more’n half an hour in gittin’ him off your hands? Now, there’s more’n fifty uv them fellows down-stairs, all awaitin’ to be seen and talked to; and ef we give ’em half an hour apiece, when are we goin’ to git time to do enny off-shall work? When will we git that messidge writ?”

“Well, there’s a good deal in that, Squire. It won’t do nokow to give every one nv ’em ez much time ez I hed to give to that Texas fellow. And you will hev to invent some way to handle offis-seekers that won’t take so much time. Write out some plan, Squire, that you think will work, and we’ll put it into the messidge; and Congress hez got to afford us relief.”

With that I left him. I believe I’ll advertise for some plan, and offer a big reward for it; and if somebody kiu invent one that will work, we’ll give him a patent on it, and it’ll make his everlastin’ fortune.

JOSEPHUS SLOKUM, J.P.,  
*Assistant President.*

## THE KISS WITHHELD.

WHEN John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay were at Gheut in 1814, in association with Albert Gallatin, James A. Bayard, and Jonathan Russell, appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, they were on very intimate terms of friendship, and occupied the

same apartments. Mr. Clay was always a very gallant man, and in many respects the very opposite of Mr. Adams, who, though studiously polite to every lady, avoidel even the appearance of familiarity. The young girl who had charge of the rooms of the Peace Commissioners was very pretty and modest, and was treated with great respect by all of them. But Mr. Clay would now and then indulge in compliments to her beauty, and on one occasion playfully solicited from her a kiss. Of course he was refused the favor; but in relating the incident to his associates he could not forego a joke on Mr. Adams, who had what are known as watery or tear-suffused eyes. As Mr. Clay repeated it, the conversation following the refusal of the kiss ran as follows:—

“I presume you would not deny Mr. Adams such a favor?”

“Indeed I would,” she replied. “I have just done so, and left him with tears in his eyes.”



“INDEED I WOULD. I HAVE JUST DONE SO, AND LEFT HIM WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES.”



"THEN, PRAY, WHICH IS MORE LIKE THE HOG, YOU OR I?"

## THE TOBACCO HABIT.

Two Congressmen—the one from Texas, the other from Massachusetts—fell to discussing at the club, the other day, the well-worn subject of the tobacco habit. The Texas man, like many of his Southern colleagues, is an inveterate chewer. His friend from Massachusetts is, on the other hand, outspoken, and fond of using very strong language, whenever the subject of chewing tobacco is broached.

"Brother —," said he, "is it possible that you chew tobacco?"

"I must confess I do," the other quietly replied.

"Then I would quit it, sir," sententiously continued the Massachusetts man. "It is an ungentlemanly practice—an uncleanly one. Tobacco? Why, even a hog wouldn't chew it."

"Now, brother from the land of baked beans, cod, and culture," resumed the Texan, in his drawling manner, "do you chew tobacco?"

"No, sir!" emphatically declared the other, almost with indignation; "no, sir, I do not!"

"Then, pray," asked the Texan, as he lazily changed the quid from his right jaw to the left, "which is more like the hog, you or I?"

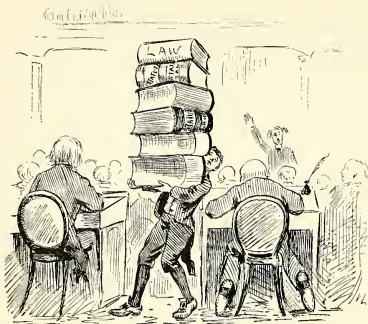
It is needless to add that the Massachusetts man, after that sally, stood treat for the crowd.

## THE WRONG MEETING.

In the western part of the State of New York, a mass meeting was to be held, and some of the marshals rode out of town to direct the incoming cavalcades where to fall into line. One of them waited long at the fork of the roads without having his eyes gladdened with the sight of the moving phalanx that he expected, until at last he was elated with the appearance of a lengthened train of carriages coming over a hill toward the village. When the forward carriage of the train reached the spot where the marshal was waiting, the driver turned his horses' heads to the wrong road, and was evidently leading off in another direction. The marshal rode up to him, and exclaimed, "*Why don't you come the other way?* The meeting is to be on the village green."

"*The meeting?*" returned the honest driver. "*We are going to the cemetery: this is the funeral of Mrs. Jones.*"

"The dogs it is!" cried the disappointed marshal, and, putting spurs to his horse, returned to the town, and left the funeral to go unattended to the grave.



RANDOLPH AND CALHOUN.

## RANDOLPH AND CALHOUN.

JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke is the hero of many a racy story. After the war of 1812, the House of Representatives was engaged in the discussion of the currency question. Mr. Calhoun, one of the youngest but foremost members, toward whom Mr. Randolph entertained the strongest feelings of antipathy, was making an elaborate speech, in which he declared that no statute of the country required the tender of gold or silver for revenue. Mr. Randolph, who sat near Mr. Webster, leaned toward him, and inquired if this were so. The latter replied that he thought not, and calling a page, desired him to bring a certain volume of the Statutes at Large, in which he found a law requiring the payment of postage in gold and silver. He handed the

volume to Randolph, who glanced at the statute and returned it to the page, that it might be replaced on the shelves behind the Speaker's chair. Slowly rising, he interrupted Mr. Calhoun, and desired to know, through the Speaker, whether the gentleman from South Carolina felt positive as to the accuracy of his assertion. Mr. Calhoun replied that he did. Mr. Randolph responded, in that irritating tone which none better than he knew how and when to use, that he had doubts as to the honorable member's correctness. Mr. Calhoun, much chafed, retorted with asperity, that he considered the interruption undignified and contemptible, that he had examined all the statutes, and knew his position to be impregnable. Mr. Randolph then summoned the page to bring him the desired volume, and opening it, as if by accident, at the very leaf, sent it to Mr. Calhoun, with the request that he should read it to the House. The latter was so much disconcerted that he took his seat covered with confusion. — *S. G. Goodrich.*

## OUR LEGISLATORS.

It is characteristic of a government like ours that its representative assemblies should include some men whose vocabulary must be severely strained to equal that of their better-educated fellow-members. From "The Princeton Review," we glean a few rich specimens of legislative mistakes.

On one occasion, a pugnacious member of the majority in a certain legislature listened as long as he could to the attack of a minority member upon his party, and then broke out with, "I warn the member on the minority side of the House, that he shall not dare to come in here, and shake his shibboleth over our heads." The leader of the majority was pained that such a mistake had been made; and, knowing well the difference between shibboleths and shillalabs, he strode up to the member, and exclaimed, "Confound the likes of ye! Don't you know enough to hold your tongue? Why do you put on foreign airs? You

don't know the Alpha and Omega of your own language." Another member spoke thus of a bill: "Mr. Speaker, this is a party bill, and I ask my party friends to stand by me, and help me to pass it." On another occasion, when the assembly showed signs of weariness, he announced, "Mr. Speaker, I will now withdraw all my further remarks on this bill." A third member commenced to speak against a bill affecting some of his property, "Mr. Speaker, I arose in a *quasi* capacity." Here a colleague pulled his coat-tail. The member shook him off, and began again, "I arose in a *quasi* capacity." Again came a jerk at his coat-tail, and in a hoarse whisper the colleague was heard to say, "Whist! come off wid yer Greek!" Still another member delivered himself thus on the question of contract labor in the State prisons: "This is the vital cobra of destruction that is stamping out the lives of the workingman in this State!"

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## JACKSON'S LITTLE BOOM.

MAJOR LEWIS tells us the curious story of Gen. Jackson's starting for the presidential race.

The story is, that, at some town-meeting in western Pennsylvania, a mechanic, seized with a sudden and uncontrollable enthusiasm, tossed his old hat skyward, and roared out the magic cry, "Hurrah for Jackson!" The meeting responded with shouts unanimous. The Alleghanias took it up, and sent it echoing through the valley of the Mississippi, and all along the Atlantic coast. And so forth. Mr. Colton, the biographer of Henry Clay, gives an account infinitely more absurd: "On the 8th of January, 1824, the Hon. J. Q. Adams made a party in honor of Gen. Jackson. The party was a brilliant one, attended by the President of the United States, the foreign ambassadors, members of Congress, public functionaries, and a host of distinguished strangers. Gen.

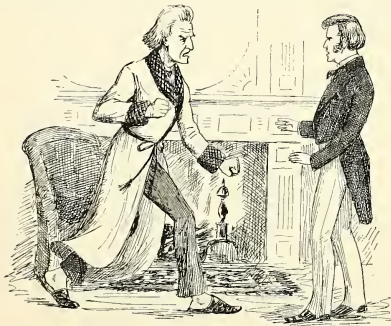
Jackson was, of course, the STAR of the evening, 'the observed of all observers,' with Mrs. Adams on his arm, who, with grace and dignity, did the honors of hostess, in presenting the General to her various and numerous guests. Gen. Jackson, certainly, was not unknown before; but this occasion lifted him, from the comparatively vulgar place of a meteor in the atmosphere of earth, to the position of a fixed orb in the firmament above. *From that moment he began to be thought of as a candidate for the Presidency.*"



"HURRAH FOR JACKSON."

## ALEX. STEPHENS AND ANDREW JACKSON.

WHEN Stephens was a young man, having been lately admitted to the bar, he found time to visit Washington, and called to pay his respects to the President.



“ THEN ITS MEN SHOULD TURN OUT IN FORCE, AND DRIVE BACK THE INDIANS.”

Mr. Stephens found the President sitting quietly by an open fire, in dressing-gown and slippers, his pipe lying on the floor by his side. There was but little formality about the White House in those days.

When young Stephens had paid his respects to the President, one of Jackson's first inquiries was, —

“ What's the news from Georgia? ”

The young lawyer replied that there was nothing new, except the

outbreak of the Indians, and the murder of the mail-coach passengers on the route between Columbus, Ga., and Montgomery, Ala.

“ Yes, yes,” replied the President, “ I have just heard of it, and can't understand it. In the name of God, where is Major Howard? I thought he had been placed at the head of a battalion to resist any outbreak which might occur among the Indians.”

“ He was down near Florence at the last advices,” replied Stephens.

“ Why didn't he immediately move his forces across the river? ”

“ I can't say, sir,” replied the visitor. “ But there may be some question of jurisdiction. His company, you know, is made up of citizens of Georgia, and it is probable that he would have no authority to operate in Alabama.”

“ Jurisdiction! Authority! By the Eternal! When the United-States mail is attacked and robbed, and United-States citizens murdered, why should people quibble about jurisdiction? ”

Then springing to his feet, and continuing, the President asked, —

“ In the name of God, how big a place is this Columbus? ”

“ It has about three thousand inhabitants, sir.”

“ Then its men should turn out in force, and drive back the Indians,” said Jackson; and without more ado he rang for his secretary, and set about arranging a plan by which any further depredations by the Creeks might be resisted. — *Howard Carroll.*

## A N ELEVATOR EXPERIENCE.

THE Hon. “ Tim ” Campbell of New York told some of his fellow-members the other day how one of his constituents came to see him, and related to him his experience in one of the Capitol elevators. To use the man's own words: —

“ Is Mr. Campbell in, sorr? ” says I.

“ Says the man with the soger cap, —

“ Will yez step in? ”



“So I stips intil the closet; and all of a suddint he pulls at a rope, and it’s the trooth I’s tellin’ yez, the walls of the building begin runnin’ down to the cellar.

“‘Howly Murther,’ says I, ‘phat’ll become of Bridget and the childer which was left below there?’

“Says the soger-cap man, —

“‘Be aisy, sorr; they’ll be all right when yez come down.’

“‘Come down, is it?’ says I, ‘and is it no closet at all, but a haythenish halloon that yez got me in?’ And with that the wall stopped stock still; and he opened the door, and there I was with the roof jist over my head! And that’s phat saved me from going up till the hivius entirely.”

## LAFAYETTE'S CAUTION.

DURING the administration of President Adams (the second of the name), there was a reception at the White House, at which the Marquis de Lafayette, then on a visit to the United States, was present. The distinguished Frenchman was exceedingly well pleased with the reception and entertainment given him, and expressed particular pleasure at the great progress which the young Republic had made since his early visit to it. Charles Francis Adams and his brother, he seemed to regard with particular favor; and in the evening, when he could do so without attracting marked attention, he found an opportunity of privately saying as much to their mother, a lady of great good sense, and affability of manner. “But, madame,” said he, hesitating for a moment, “bnt, madame” —

“Well, sir, well?” she said re-assuringly; and he, still somewhat embarrassed, continued, —

“Well, madame, the truth is, I admire your sons very much; but you remember that their grandfather was the President, and that their father is now President of the United States?”

“Yes, sir. Yes, of course,” replied Mrs. Adams, greatly at a loss to know what the Marquis was coming to; and he, talking rapidly, as if to relieve his mind, went on, —

“Well, then, remembering all this, — remembering all the temptations of ambition to which they are not only liable, but indeed, subjected,



LAFAYETTE'S CAUTION.

— I beg you to impress upon their minds, that they must not expect to succeed their father and grandfather, unless they do so at the call of the people.”

Mrs. Adams laughingly assured him that she would do as he desired. — *Howard Carroll.*

## CONGRESSMAN HOUK TELLS A STORY.

LEONIDAS CÆSAR HOUK, who represents the Republican district lying "in the Tennessee Mountains," holds his grip on its hardy mountaineers by his story-telling stump speeches. He is a great rabble rouser, but beyond that his strong point is his clever way of telling clever stories. One night, he told one of his best at the ratification meeting held by the Republican National League of Washington, to point his declaration, that, if they wanted to win, they must work promptly and efficiently. "There was an old darky," he said, "whose master had some fine fat turkeys. Old Uncle Jake made up his mind that he must have one of those turkeys; and, as he told the story, he set to work to get it by prayer. 'I prayed to the Lord,' he said, 'that he would send me one of those turkeys. I prayed that way morning and evening for a week; but still that turkey didn't come, and I tell you my mouth was just a-watering for it. So I says to myself, I must change that prayer. And so I prayed one evening that the Lord would send me after that turkey, and, brethren, that job was done before daylight.'"

## THE CLEVER ACTOR.

"In 1850," says John W. Forney, "after the triumph of the Compromise measures, Henry Clay visited Philadelphia. Ex-Mayor John Swift dropped in at my editorial rooms the morning after Mr. Clay's arrival, in company with Edwin Forrest the tragedian. Mr. Swift, who had been one of Mr. Clay's

active and unselfish champions, gladly acceded to my request to be presented to Mr. Clay, whom I had never met. Forrest expressed the wish to accompany us: so we three walked over to the hotel, and sent



"THEY DROPPED IN AT MY EDITORIAL ROOMS."

up our cards, and were quickly admitted to the great man's parlor. He looked feeble and worn, — he was then over seventy-three years old, — but he soon brightened. Anxious to rouse him, I quietly ventured to

suggest that I had heard the speech of Pierre Soulé, Senator in Congress from Louisiana, — an extremist especially distasteful to Mr. Clay, — and that I thought it a very thorough and able presentation of the side adverse to the Compromise measures. I saw the old man's eye flash as I spoke, and was not surprised when, with much vehemence, he proceeded to denounce Soulé. After denying that he was a statesman, and insisting that there were others far more effective in the opposition, he wound up by saying, 'He is nothing but an actor, sir, — a mere actor.' Then suddenly recollecting the presence of our favorite tragedian, he dropped his tone, and waved his hand, as he turned to Mr. Forrest, '*I mean, my dear sir, a mere French actor!*' We soon after took our leave; and, as we descended the stairs, Forrest turned to Mr. Swift and myself, and said, 'Mr. Clay has proved, by the skill with which he can change his manner, and the grace with which he can make an apology, that he is a better actor than Soulé!''

## A N EXCELLENT LISTENER.

EX-GOV. BENIAH MAGOFFIN of Kentucky got in the train one day at Frankfort to go to Lexington. He sat down by the side of a very handsome, intelligent-looking young man. The Governor, who was a great talker, at once began to chat. The young man listened well, apparently nodding his head from time to time, as if he agreed with the Governor's views; but it seemed that he couldn't find room to put in a word. This continued until they reached Lexington, when a cordial handshake and an exchange of cards took place. Subsequently, in the corridor of the Phoenix

Hotel, the Governor was telling a party of friends about the meeting, saying the young man was one of the most agreeable fellows he ever encountered.



"I MEAN, MY DEAR SIR, A MERE FRENCH ACTOR!"

"Perhaps some of you know him," said he: "he has one brown and one gray eye. But stop, I have his card!"

"Why, Governor," said one of the party, "that was Bob King: he's deaf and dumb. Everybody knows him!"



"LORD LONSDALE'S NINE-PINS."

## NINE-PINS.

THE late Earl of Lonsdale was so extensive a proprietor and patron of boroughs, that he returned nine members to every Parliament, who were facetiously called "Lord Lonsdale's nine-pins." One of the members thus designated, having made a very extravagant speech in the House of Commons, was answered by Mr. Burke in a vein of the happiest sarcasm, which elicited from the House loud and continued cheers. Mr. Fox, entering the House just as Mr. Burke was sitting down, inquired of Sheridan what the House was cheering. "Oh, nothing of consequence," replied Sheridan; "only Burke has knocked down one of Lord Lonsdale's nine-pins!"

## THEY VOTE FOR HIM.

A VISITOR at Little Rock, Ark., asked an old colored preacher why the Republican negroes continued to assist in electing as sheriff R. W. Worthen, a pronounced Democrat.

The preacher, slowly rubbing his time-whitened wool, replied, —

"De niggers kain't he'p demselves, sah."

"Why, are they coerced!"

"Come ergin, sah, wid dat 'sklamation.'"

"I say, are they forced to vote for him?"

"Dat ain't whut you said. Tole erbout er word dar dat would be o' great 'fluence wid me. Tole erbout er word dat I's been haukerin' airtir, 'pears ter me, fur some time."

"Coerce," the visitor replied.

"Dat's it, sah; dat's it. Sho's you bo'n, dat's it. Ef I'd er had dat word down yander at de Cypress Bayou revival, I'd er snatched dem mourners frum long taw. Jis' gin it ter me one mo' time, an' den I'll talk ter you."

The visitor, now much amused, repeated the word, and had begun to tell something of the word's meaning, when the old negro exclaimed, —

"Nebber mine erbout de meanin'. Whut I wants is de word. Sakes erlive, how I gwine paralyze dem niggers! Go down dar wid dat word, an' da'll think Moses dun flung his maul on me, sho. Er haw, haw! gwine stan' up in de conference ez de leadin' man o' de ercasion. Fling dat word at er buck nigger, an' he'll drap de kyards, eben ef he's got er han'ful o' aces, au' jine de ban' wid er whoop. He kain't stand it, sah, he jest nachully kain't. Now, sah, I'll tell you all erbout dis yare votin' bizniss. Er good many o' de niggers doan like dat man, an' it is er mighty pain fur 'em ter vote fur him."

"Why, then, do they do it?"

"Kain't he'p it, sah; dat's why."

"I should think that they could exercise their own will in the matter."

"Yas, sah, but you doan know nothin' 'bout de mericks o' de case. W'en dat man fust come out, all de niggers wuz ergin him. Da went erroun' talkin' how da gwine go ergin him w'en de vote come up; but, bless you, w'en de vote did come, he grabbed 'em right an' lef'."

"How did he do it?"

"Wid de rabbit's foot."

"What!" the visitor exclaimed, in surprise.

"Dat's whut he done, sah. Dat white man got him er rabbit's foot an' showed it erroun', an' de po' niggers jest couldn' vote ergin him."

"Why?"

"Look yare, boss, is it possible dat you doan un'erstan' de mericles o' de rabbit's foot? Is you libed ez laung ez you has in er cibilized 'munty, an' doan un'erstan' dat fack? W'y, sah, dat man neber axed er nigger ter vote fur him. Bless you, he 'tended like he didn' want 'em ter do it; but he jes got him er rabbit's foot, an' went roun' de neighborhood, an' wheneber er nigger seed it, w'y dat settled it. At de polls I seed er po' nigger dat wanted ter vote ergin him. He tried his best, but de ticket trembled in his han'. Atterw'ile he says, 'I kain't do it. Wash I could down dat man, but sich er thing ain' possorable on dis yare ecasion. I knowed dar wuz suthin' de matter wid me; but I didn' know whut it wuz, till mer wife she tole me dat Mr. Worthen he dun tuck er rabbit's foot an' made er cross-mark wid it on mer gate-post. W'y, sah, ef you wuz ter gin me er thousan' dollars, I couldn' vote ergin him; fur, if I did, I neber would hab no mo' luck ez laung ez I lib. I thought straung erbout votin' ergin him wunst; an' I gunter lose at kyards, an' er sow dat I gin er dollar an' ten cents fur tuck sick an' died. I jes tell you it woan do ter fool wid dat rabbit's foot.' Deze is all facks," the preacher continued, "an' w'ile I blebes in de Lawd, I knows dat dar's suthin' 'bout er rabbit's foot dat it woan do ter monkey wid. W'y, de niggers hired er man ter steal dat foot wunst. Worthen kep' it on the bureau at night. De man got inter de house all right. He seed de foot, an' his soul overflowed wid joy; but w'en he retched out ter git it, w'y his arm wuz paralyzed, an' he ain' bad ernuff stren'th in it

sense dat time ter lif' er piece o' pertater up ter his mouf wid it. Now, boss, I ain' 'stitious, but I tells you what's er fack, an' dat's dis, ef you doan take de rabbit's foot outen dis country, de nigger's chances is gone."

## A COOKED-UP STORY.

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM L. SCOTT receives five thousand dollars a year for legislating for his native land, and pays his cook ten thousand dollars. That cook's motto is: "Let me make the nation's soup, and I care not who makes its laws."



"LET ME MAKE THE NATION'S SOUP, AND I CARE NOT WHO MAKES ITS LAWS."

## TWO PARTIES.

Soon after the first inauguration of Gov. Seward as chief magistrate of New York State, Virus W. Smith — then, and for many years afterward, a potential man in the Whig party of Onondaga County — wrote to



TWO PARTIES.

Thurlow Weed, requesting him to call upon the Governor and ask him to appoint a certain man as Indian agent for the Onondaga tribe of Indians. The person recommended by Mr. Smith was well known to Mr. Weed as one of those fussy, meddling, maladroit, pestilent

fellows, nuisances to any party, whose only power is a power for mischief. He was therefore surprised at Mr. Smith's urging him for the position, and thought it could only have been done through ignorance of his character, or misrepresentation on the part of others. Mr. Weed accordingly replied, expressing regret at Mr. Smith's request, in view of the objectionable character of the candidate, and begging him to suggest a more acceptable name. Next day Mr. Weed mentioned the matter to the Governor (who was equally cognizant of the man's character), and remarked that he had answered the letter, and that action for the present would be delayed. It was thought that this would bring Mr. Smith to Albany to look after the matter, as it did. On arriving, he promptly called upon Mr. Weed, who expostulated with him as to the character of his candidate. "Nevertheless," said he, "if you make it a point that he must have the place, why, have it he must."

"Well, Mr. Weed, I am very anxious about it."

"But you know what a bad fellow he is?"

"Can't help it: he's my man."

"But can't you give some reason for your urgency?"

"No," replied Mr. Smith: "I do not care to do that."

"But the Governor thinks badly of this fellow, and certainly some explanation is due to him."

"Well, it's something I don't wish to talk about."

"Why?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Certainly."

"Then, if you insist upon it, I'll tell you. You know there are among the Onondagas two parties, the Christians and the pagans?"

"I am aware of it."

"Well, *my* man is a *leetle* in favor of the Christians. The pagans have found that out; and, what is more, they have agreed among themselves that the moment he comes among them *they'll kill him!*"

"Virus," as he was popularly called in Onondaga, finally concluded, in the interest of humanity, to withdraw his candidate; and there was no assassination by the pagans of Onondaga.



## BOUND FOR STATE PRISON.

ANY man who has been at Albany during a session of the Legislature will believe, without any great amount of extra evidence, that the story we are about to tell is true. One of the new members of assembly from one of the northern counties was on his way to the old Dutch city a few days before the opening of the session. In his verdancy and self-conceit, as he sat in the rail-car, he was sure that every man must recognize his claim to special consideration as a legislator on his way to the capital for the purpose of making laws for the Empire State; and, as the other passengers were quite as good-looking as himself, he came to the conclusion that he had fallen into the company of a number of members bound to the same exalted halls. It chanced that Mr. William Russell, the newly elected State Prison Inspector, was seated near our pompous friend, on his way to Sing Sing. As the train paused at one of the stations, the rural legislator looked at Mr. Russell, and said, —

“I believe you’re a member of the Legislature that meets next week?”

The inspector had been observing the member’s motions, and read him readily: so, fixing upon him a piercing look, and slowly removing his hat from his head, he demanded, in a stern and indignant tone, —

“Do you mean to insult me, sir? Do I look like a villain? Have you seen me pick any man’s pocket in this car?”

The attention of every one was turned to the two men; and their curiosity rose as each successive question was propounded with a rising tone of voice, till Mr. Russell demanded, —

“I say, sir, do you see any thing like a vagabond in my looks?”

“No — I — no — no, I don’t know as I do,” stammered out the confounded rural member.

“No,” rejoined the inspector, “I am bound for the State Prison; but, thank fortune, I am not going to the Legislature!”

Our windy representative collapsed of a sudden, and wondered in silence why any man should prefer going to State Prison rather than to the Legislature. Perhaps he has found out before this time.



“GLAMIS THOU ART, AND CAWDOR!”

## CHOATE AND SUMNER.

WHEN Mr. Sumner's first election to the Senate of the United States was in doubt, Sumner met Choate as he was entering the court-house. “Ah, Mr. Choate,” said, Sumner pleasantly, “marching, I suppose, to another forensic triumph!” Choate had on his old emmett cloak, known to all members of the bar; and drawing it melodramatically up over his weird face, and looking like one of the witches in “Macbeth,” he mockingly answered, in his deepest tones, “Glamis thou art, and Cawdor!” and then disappeared through the door. Sumner was accused of lacking the perception of humor, but he always told this incident as if he had it in a high degree.

## SHERIDAN AND GRANT.

Gov. LIONEL A. SHELDON of New Mexico, who is now in Los Angeles, has enjoyed a long and honorable career in public life. He served with distinction in the war of the Rebellion; he was a member of Congress for years; and he has been governor of New Mexico, besides holding other important offices. He was an intimate personal friend of Gen. Grant; the acquaintance having its beginning in the campaign that led to Vicksburg, and continuing until the great commander's death. Gov. Sheldon never met Gen. Sheridan during the war, but since then he has known Little Phil well.

In connection with Grant and Sheridan, Gov. Sheldon relates an anecdote. It illustrates Grant's modesty, and inclination to honor others rather than himself.

"I had been a member of Congress for nearly six years," says the Governor, "when, in June, 1874, Congress Hall at Cape May was opened. Gen. Grant, who was then President, several members of his Cabinet, and many Senators and Representatives, myself among the number, went down to the opening festivities. We returned on Sunday, and arrived in Philadelphia to find that we must wait three hours for the train that was to carry us to Washington. The prospect was naturally not an agreeable one, but it turned out quite the contrary. A number of us were assembled in a private room, when the conversation, which was animated and general, turned upon the war and military affairs. Then Grant began to talk; and, gradually warming to his subject, he held the breathless attention of the others. His talk was not brilliant, for he never possessed that quality; but it was sensible and solid. He reviewed his campaigns minutely, pointing out what he considered the salient points in each, and gave his opinion of the various officers of prominence that were engaged. He spoke much more freely than he has since spoken in his 'Memoirs,' and he was as frank as possible.

"When he came to Sheridan, he said, —

"Gen. Sheridan was always where I expected him to be at any designated time. He accomplished as much or more than I expected him to accomplish. I tell you, gentlemen, Philip Henry Sheridan is the ablest military man now living; and if this country should become engaged in a war with any or several of the great powers of Europe, during my term as President, I should give him command of the armies of the United States."



SHERIDAN AND GRANT.

"While I was governor of New Mexico," continued Gov. Sheldon, "Gen. Sheridan came out and paid our country there a little visit. I told him then what Grant had said. He laughed, and replied, —

"Well, when a fellow is expected to be around anywhere, he ought to be there." — *Los Angeles Tribune.*

## HOW A FEMALE MAYOR WAS ELECTED.

"FEMALE mayors are no good," said the ex-city-marshal of Argonia, Kan. "Why, Mrs. Salter has just killed Argonia. I used to have a hotel there, and was the city marshal; but I couldn't stand it, so I just scooted. And I expect I'm to blame for her election too."



HOW A FEMALE MAYOR WAS ELECTED.

"You know she wasn't nominated in any of the conventions. About nine o'clock on 'lection day all us boys were feeling gay, and agreed to meet at a hall and nominate a candidate to knock out Wilson. Jack Ducker—he's the toughest man in the place—and the undertaker got up in the meetin' and nominated Mrs. Susanna Medora Salter for mayor; and the nomination was made unanimous. We rushed into the streets,

and commenced to work for our candidate. At noon her husband came to us and begged us to quit the racket, sayin' it was an insult to his wife. We wouldn't do it, and then the voters commenced to come our way in clusters. We got full of whiskey and enthusiasm, and at four o'clock every one was votin' for our candidate. Well, you know as how she was elected. We had a jollification, and when she took her seat like a man all our fun was busted.

"I sent up to Kansas City for some crab-apple cider, just to please the boys. She heard of it, and asked me to stop it. You can't fight a woman, and she the mayor. Then I started a little poker room, more for sociability than any thing else. Chips was only ten cents. She heard of it and came to me, and I had to stop. Then the druggist, before she was elected, used to keep blue grass bitters, lemon rye, extract of malt, and a few other things like that. He don't do it now. The mayor heard of it. Then the two billiard-rooms were running. They're closed up now. The mayor don't think it is fashionable to push the ivories. That's the way it is with every thing. I just couldn't stand the town, and so I came up here."

"She's the only woman mayor on earth, is she not?"

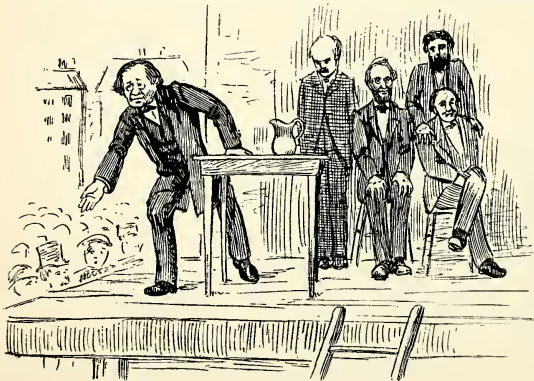
"That's just what she is. You ought to see the letters she gets, foreign letters and the like, askin' for her autograph, and askin' her if it is true that she is the mayor, and all questions like that. When I was marshal I used to act under her, and many's the letter she has shown me from abroad."

## THE CANDIDATE'S UNCERTAINTY.

GEN. HARRISON, among the other cares that the Presidential nomination brings, found difficulty in arranging the long list of pending law cases wherein he had been retained. In court, one day, he suggested the continuance of one case till Nov. 21, saying facetiously to the judge, "I shall know by that time, your Honor, whether I am to be permitted to continue my practice before you."

## LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS.

I CANNOT refrain from telling a story, which, though somewhat at the expense of Judge Douglas, tells at least half the truth in regard to



"BUT, JUDGE, THAT WAS WHEN YOU WERE ON THE BENCH!"

his competency for a seat on the Supreme Bench, and, moreover, illustrates the power of repartee produced by "stumping it," as the political canvasser is styled. In his last exciting contest for the Senate, the Judge began the campaign by a speech in Chicago. Among those seated on the platform behind him was his competitor, familiarly called Abe

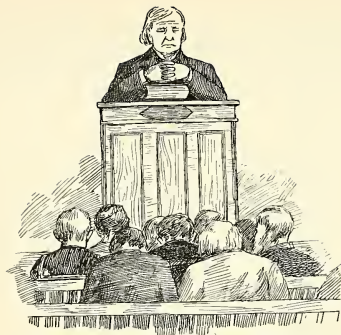
(instead of Abraham) Lincoln. In the course of his argument, Mr. Douglas said that the attempt of the Republican party to appeal from the decision of the Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case, to the people, reminded him of a remark made once by Mr. Butterfield, a late member of the Chicago bar, in relation to the Supreme Court of Illinois, for whose ability and learning, or rather want of them, he had a profound contempt. Mr. Butterfield said that he presumed the judicial system of Illinois stood without a rival in the civilized world, that it was as near perfection as a human institution could be, and that there was only one amendment of it which he could suggest, namely, that an appeal from its decisions might be taken to any two justices of the peace. Of course the hit was evident, and the crowd burst into a loud laugh, at the expense of the Judge's opponents. But high over the sound of the boisterous merriment, rose the sharp, peculiar laugh of Mr. Lincoln; and when the noise had sufficiently abated for his voice to be heard throughout the assembly, he retorted, "But, Judge, that was when you were on the bench!" The Judge had nothing for it but to "acknowledge the corn." — *S. G. Goodrich.*

## COULD GO NO FARTHER.

SENATOR VANCE of North Carolina is one of the pleasantest raconteurs in Congress, and Congress is full of good story-tellers. Somebody having recently suggested to him that he should emulate in North Carolina the part undertaken by Gen. Mahone in Virginia, Senator Vance replied, that, in such a position, he would be like a Texas chap who killed a man, and was advised by his lawyer to fly.

"Fly where?" responded the desperado; "ain't I in Texas already?"





"GIVE US GEORGE N. BRIGGS FOR GOVERNOR. AMEN."

## AN ELECTION PRAYER.

THE pulpit took a free hand in a certain Massachusetts election, the clergy manifesting their preferences and dislikes as distinctly as they could without calling names. Father Taylor, the well-remembered seaman's preacher of Boston, was very outspoken on the occasion of an exciting contest, in which temperance was the absorbing question. Thus he wrestled with the Lord in prayer: "O Lord, give us good men to rule over us, pure men who fear Thee, religious men, temperate men, men whom we can trust, men who — Pshaw! O Lord! what's the use of veering, and hauling, and boxing round the compass? — Give us George N. Briggs for governor. Amen." And the prayer was answered.

## A CLAY MAN.

If any one believes that all the stories of the glorious old times of Jackson and Clay campaigns have been used up, he will find how easy it is to be mistaken. Witness the following, which comes from old Kentucky by the way of Louisiana: —

"You must know that around and about the beautiful city of Lexington, in the State of Kentucky, for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, there live — or did live, twenty years ago — a great number of small farmers, who find in that fair city a ready market for the surplus produce of their farms; and there they carry it to sell, and buy finery and knick-knacks for their families. One of these farmers, a poor but industrious and fearless man, had a porker, a few bushels of meal, potatoes, beans, etc., which he wished to dispose of; and, borrowing a horse and wagon, he packed up his things, and just at dusk set off for town. Arrived at one or two o'clock in the morning, he entered the market-house; and, selecting a stall, he split the dressed pig into halves and hung them on the stout hooks, and with a bag of meal for a pillow lay down to sleep till morning. He slept soundly and late, and when he awoke the market people were crowding in; and, lo! one half of his pig had been unhooked and hooked. It was clean gone! He made known his loss, and, raving and swearing, he drew the whole crowd about him. As he grew warm with his wrath, he said, —

"I know the sort of man that stole that pork, I do!"

"Well, why not let it out, if you know, and we will help find him for you," they cried out in reply.

"Yes, I know what sort of a man he was: he was a CLAY man!"

"As old Harry Clay lived within a mile of the market, and every man here was ready to go to the death for him, this was a bold speech, to accuse a Clay man of stealing half a pig in Lexington; and they closed on him to give him a sound thrashing, when one demanded of him what made him think so.



"Why, nobody but a Clay man would have done it; if he had been a Jackson man, he would have gone the whole hog!"

"This turned the tables. The humor of the robbed farmer was irresistible. The Lexingtonians carried him off to a coffee-house to have breakfast and a morning spree; and after drinking to the health of Henry Clay, they made up his loss, and sent him home rejoicing."

## EVASIVE.

POLITICIANS have a hard time of it. They are forced to be civil to people who make requests of them, and at least profess to be interested; but it is both more honest, and, in the end, better for the person whose wishes cannot be gratified, to avoid any thing that savors of deception, or that raises false hopes.

A literary lady one day asked a Senator concerning a place for a bright and competent young woman.

"I'll see if I can get you a place in the Congressional Library," was the smiling reply.

Some weeks afterward, the Senator and the Blue-Stocking met at a party, when the worthy legislator said, "Well, madam, I saw the librarian; and when there is a vacancy, he will let me know."

The lady, visiting the library soon after, asked the librarian, "Did Senator D— speak to you about a place for a lady?"

"He did."

"Did you tell him if there was a vacancy, you would let him know?"

"Yes, madam."

"Is there any probability of a vacancy?"

"Not the slightest; all our employees are experts, who have been in the work from two to five years."

"Do you employ ladies in this department at all?"

"Never, madam; but we expect to when we go into the new library."

"And that will be —?" inquired the lady, with inward amusement, but outward calm.

"In from three to ten years," was the grave reply.

The lady, meeting the Senator again, laughingly taxed him with his insincerity. "If a vacancy should occur," she said, "in a department where only experts are available, and ladies never employed!"

"Ah," mumbled the Senator with ludicrous gravity, "if I had been disposed to mislead, how easy it would have been!"



"Ah, if I had been disposed to mislead, how easy it would have been!"

## A READY REPLY.

ANECDOTES of Tom Corwin are as numerous as those of Abraham Lincoln. The following instance of his quickness in repartee is given in the "Louisville Courier-Journal":—

Gov. Brough was once matched against Corwin, and, in the midst of his speech, said,—

"Gentlemen, my honored opponent himself, while he preaches advocacy of home industry, has a carriage at home which he got in England—had it shipped across the ocean to him. How is that for supporting home industry and labor?"

When Corwin came on the stand, he made a great show of embarrassment, stammered, and began slowly,—

"Well, gentlemen, you have heard what my friend Mr. Brough has to say of my carriage. I plead guilty to the charges, and have only two things to say in my defence. The first is that the carriage came to me from an English ancestor as an heirloom, and I had to take it. Again, I have not used it for seven years; and it has been standing in my back yard all that time, and the chickens have converted it into a roost. Now, gentlemen," with a steady look at Brough, "I have nothing further to say in my defence; but I would like to know how Brough knows any thing about my carriage if he has not been visiting my chicken-roost?"

## HE TOOK THE CONGRESSMAN'S ADVICE.

CONGRESSMAN BROWNE of Indiana has a constituent in Washington who occasionally indulges too freely in the flowing bowl. He has been a good fellow in his day, but, like men of his calibre, has rapidly descended the ladder, until now he is compelled quite frequently to ask assistance to carry him through the day. A few days ago he called on Mr. Browne, and said that he wanted a dollar with which to get

supper, lodging, and breakfast. Mr. Browne handed fifty cents to him, with the remark,—

"You can get' all that you want, as well as a few drinks, for this half dollar."



HE TOOK THE CONGRESSMAN'S ADVICE.

He protested that he could do nothing of the kind, and asked Mr. Browne how it could be accomplished. "Take this half dollar," said the Congressman, "and spend it in the ordinary manner. Get full, and the police will pull you in, and take care of you for the night, and give you a breakfast in the morning."

The constituent pocketed the money and departed, and Mr. Browne forgot all about him until the next day. In the morning a policeman came to his house with a message from the constituent. He sent word that he had taken Mr. Browne's advice, had been arrested, and he wanted him to come and get him out of the police-court!

## HE VOTED LAST.

COL. JOHN ZENOR was a very popular man in Harrison County, Ind. He had been frequently elected to the Legislature by annually increasing majorities, and the conviction had become general, that he



HE VOTED LAST.

was altogether invincible. At length Harmon H. Moore, Esq., a distinguished lawyer of the county, became the opposing candidate; and in his address to the people he showed, from the journals, that Col. Zenor always voted last.

“ Now, fellow-citizens,” said he, “ are you willing to be represented by a man who is never allowed to vote until every other member has voted? Will you submit to have your county thus insulted in the person of its representative? ”

The appeal was irresistible. The man whose name began with Z, and was, of course, called last, lost his election by a tremendous vote.

## GREELEY vs. GREELEY.

BARNES GREELEY, the brother of Horace, tells this story of the great journalist's honesty in political affairs : —

“ When Lincoln was elected, I took a notion that I would like to have the appointment of mail agent on one of our local roads. The salary was \$1,000 a year, which was a big thing for me. I knew Horace could get me the appointment. I spent some money travelling around and getting recommendations, and I succeeded in getting what I thought was sufficient. I had letters from a number of leading business men along the route, as well as from the party men; and these I forwarded to Horace with a letter asking him to help me. What do you suppose he did? He wrote back, returning my recommendations, with the information penned in his own hand that he could get the appointment for me without the slightest trouble, but that he didn't want to do it. He wanted me to stick to the farm. He said I was the only boy at home, and he thought it best that I should stay there. I wrote back, and explained to him that I could be at home quite frequently; that, at that time, the salary of \$1,000 a year would help me out very considerably; that another party had offered to take the position for \$500 a year. I wound up by urging him to help me to the appointment. His reply was this : —

“ ‘ If another man offers to do this service for \$500, and you expect \$1,000, that is an excellent reason why you should not have it. If you had it, the Government would be losing \$500 a year. ’ ”



MR. CAREY'S REMARKS ARE NOT RECORDED.

## A CLOSE CALL FOR CAREY.

ONE of the most popular men in the House, on the Republican side, is Delegate Joseph M. Carey of Wyoming. He is big, bright, and bald-headed. He appreciates a joke, even when told at his expense; and his fellow-members worry him with one that has almost become a stock subject.

When Mr. Carey was nominated for Congress the last time, he expected no opposition. That was natural enough, for up to that time no one had thought of such a thing as opposing Joseph M. Carey. Some discontented people, however, got together and set up a convention, which put into the field an Independent Republican nominee. The Republicans of Cheyenne were rather alarmed at this, and informed Mr.

Carey that he must start out at once on a tour. Mr. Carey did so; and for six weary weeks he canvassed the big Territory, travelling by stage-coach and on horseback, making speeches, and fairly "mopping up the country" with the body of his opponent. He made a great campaign, and came back to Cheyenne worn out and exhausted.

Mr. Carey's disgust may better be imagined than described, when he was informed, upon reaching his home, that the Independent candidate had withdrawn from the contest the day after Mr. Carey started on his canvass. The six weeks' hard labor had been almost in vain. There was no opponent in the field. It was a case of carrying coals to Newcastle.

Mr. Carey's remarks, upon finding out this state of things, are not recorded; but it has been noticed that he is a warm supporter of all propositions to build telegraph-lines since that time.

## THE LAME BIRD AND THE HILL: A FABLE.

ONCE upon a Time a poor little Mugwump Bird, whose Wings had been clipped, was hobbling along upon its poor little Legs, which were a weak and unstable Support for its poor little Body. Its poor little Eyes were filmy, and its poor little Voice quavered and trembled with Weakness and Weariness. Owing to a congenital Peculiarity, one of its Legs went backward and one went forward. On this account, Locomotion was difficult. But by throwing itself forward with its Eyes shut, it was able to show that it was trying to go somewhere.

This, by the way, teaches us the Duty of Perseverance. Many little Birds would have curled up their Heads under their Wings and died, had they been but half as much hooted at, stoned, gunned for, and generally broken up as was this poor little Mugwump Bird.

The Mugwump Bird had once been kindly treated by a Benevolent Bird Fancier in Washington. But the Mugwump Bird repaid the Kindness of its Benefactor by trying to peck out the Eyes of all the other Birds who had been in the Aviary long before the M. B. had been

taken in out of the Cold and fed with Bird Seed and Chinese Dragon Wort. In fact, the M. B. showed itself to be a depraved Little Cuss, and late in the Fall of 1887 it was turned out of its Cage.

This teaches us, incidentally, that a Bird who doesn't know when he is well off is a Jackass.

The poor little Mugwump Bird soon found, however, that there was nobody else in the World who would be likely to take care of it save the Benevolent Bird Fancier in Washington. It therefore threw itself forward as best it could, hobbling and hopping, and scrambling and squeaking; for it had been very seriously peppered in the fall of 1887.

Now, when this poor little Bird was tumbling along, and rasping its poor little throat to make itself heard by the Benevolent Bird Fancier, it found itself at the base of a massive and lofty Hill.

"Booboo," twittered the poor little Bird. "You horrid big Hill, you; you get out of my way. You are shutting me off from my View of Washington; and all the Democratic Birds that want to fly to Washington have to fly over you or around you, any way."

"My dear little cripplet," responded the Hill imperturbably, "I can't help being big, but I'm very sorry to be in your way. It's too bad you can't climb up here, for one of the finest near Views of Washington is to be had from my Summit. But it's really lucky for you that you can't, for there are a few odd hundred thousands of Democratic Birds roosting up here, and they would tear your poor little Carcass into Bits. You must excuse me, but I shall have to remain in your way. You're smaller than you think."

"You Wicked Thing," screeched the poor little Mugwump Bird, "you're intriguing. I'm going to stay here, and kick and squawk till you go away."

"Kick away, little chap," answered the Hill calmly. "You won't disturb the Jeffersonian Birds: we're all right. Sorry you're not. By, by, Birdie."

This Fable teaches us that a Mugwump doesn't necessarily get what he wants because he asks for it, and it likewise shows us that this is a free Country. — *New York Tribune.*

## RANDOLPH'S WIT.

ONCE, after the celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke had been speaking in Congress, several members rose in succession and attacked him. His reply was as witty as it was prompt. "Sir," said he to the Speaker, "I am in the the condition of old King Lear —

"The little dogs and all,  
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me."



"SIR, I AM IN THE CONDITION OF OLD KING LEAR."

## SENATOR VANCE AND THE CIRCUS.

A GOOD story is related in connection with Senator Vance. It happened that one of the small road circuses of the South struck Wilkesboro', N.C., one day, and the manager, to his horror, found that the town had been billed for a grand Democratic mass-meeting, with Vance as the great attraction. After thinking the matter over, the proprietor concluded to see the Senator, and ascertain whether a combination of the two shows could not be made. He accordingly called upon him, and found him, as everybody else has done, good-natured, jolly, and agreeable. The manager stated his case, and said that he feared the opposition.

"Yes," replied Senator Vance candidly, "I am something of a circus myself, especially as I give a free show, and I am afraid I will hurt your business."

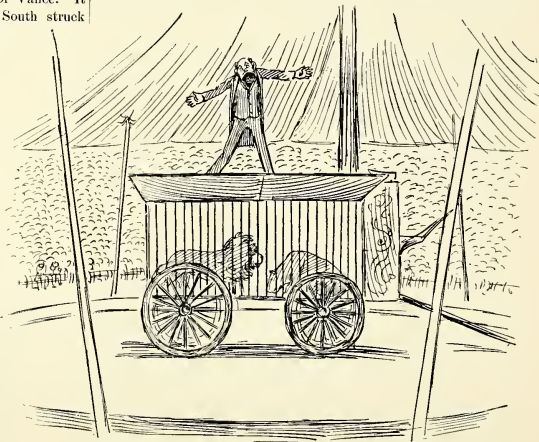
"Then, don't you think it would be of great benefit to us both if you would address the crowd from the circus ring, under my tent, and on top of the lion's cage?"

Senator Vance thought for a while, and then concluded that it would be a good joke, and so he consented. The proprietor of the circus determined to cut the price of admission down to twenty-five cents, so every one could come.

Just before the show began, and a great crowd had collected about the door, Senator Vance made his way toward the entrance; but before he got there he was somewhat startled to see the clown mounted on a chair outside the door, and hear him exclaim, —

"Step this way, ladies and gentlemen! Here is the greatest show

on the face of the globe! Not only is the show in itself a whole continent of wonders, and an aggregation of talent never before collected together under one name, one roof, or on one stage; but it presents to-night an



"A REAL LIVE UNITED STATES SENATOR WILL ADDRESS THE CROWD FROM THE TOP OF THE LION'S CAGE."

additional feature. Step right up, ladies and gentlemen; do not be afraid. The lions are caged, and the monkeys harmless. As I remarked, we have an attraction to-night, which eclipses all the wonders of heaven, and sinks into utter oblivion all the freaks of earth. This



great feature, ladies and gentlemen, is a real live United States Senator, who will address the crowd from the top of the lion's cage! Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! Tickets, only twenty-five cents! We have reduced the price one-half, so all can see and hear the great anti-civil-

filling the tent. After the regular show, the lion's cage was drawn out into the ring. A step-ladder was placed beside it, and three chairs were placed on top. Then Senator Vance mounted this rostrum, and delivered his speech. It was a great success. The people were delighted. When the Senator became prosy, the lions in the cage below grew somewhat restive, and claimed the attention of the audience, — at least of the spot where the Senator spoke. It is but just to add, that the Eighth District, in which Wilkesboro' is situated, went Democratic; and it is said to be all owing to Senator Vance and the circus.



"GIVE MY COMPLIMENTS TO BIDDY, JOHN, AND TELL HER I'LL THINK SERIOUSLY OF WOMEN-SUFFRAGE."

service-reform Senator, Zebulon B. Vance! Step up! Step up! Step up, and don't be bashful!"

The Senator thought he had better go in before he heard any more, and he did. The clown continued his harangue, and was the means of

she'd ha' driv me from the shanty, as shure's the worrld!"

"Give my compliments to Biddy, John, and tell her I'll think seriously of women-suffrage," said Mr. Lincoln with a smile, as he passed on to his office.

## BIDDY'S SILENT VOTE.

THERE lived in Springfield in 1860 an Irish day-laborer named John McCarty, an intense Democrat. Some time after the presidential election, Mr. Lincoln was walking along the public square, and John was shovelling out the gutter. As the President-elect approached, McCarty rested on his shovel, and, holding out his hand, said bluntly, —

"An' so yer elected Presidint, are ye? Faith, an' it wasn't by my vote, at all at all!"

"Well, yes, John," replied Mr. Lincoln, shaking hands with John very cordially, "the papers say I'm elected; but it seems odd I should be, when *you* opposed me."

"Well, Misther Lincoln," said John, dropping his voice lest some brother-Democrat should hear the confession, "I'm glad ye got it, after all. It's moighty little pace I've had wid Biddy for votin' forminst ye; an' if ye'd been bate, —"



A DOUBLE-ENDER MISTAKE.

## A DOUBLE-ENDER MISTAKE.

JOHN GUY, some thirty years ago, was a famous Boniface at the nation's capital.

Guy bore a striking resemblance to Gen. Lewis Cass; and while he was proprietor of the National Hotel in Washington, the Michigan Senator was among his favored guests. Guy dressed like Cass; and, although not as portly, his face, including the wart, was strangely similar. One day a Western friend of the house came in after a long ride, dusty and tired, and, walking up to the office, encountered Gen. Cass, who was quietly standing there. Mistaking him for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed, "Well, old fellow, here I am. The last time I lung my hat up in your shanty, one of your clerks sent me to the

fourth story; but now that I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lower room."

The General, a most dignified personage, taken aback by this startling salute, coldly replied: "You have committed a mistake, sir. I am not Mr. Guy: I am Gen. Cass of Michigan," and angrily turned away. The Western man was shocked at the unconscious outrage he had committed; but, before he had recovered from his mortification, Gen. Cass, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, a second time mistaking him for Guy, he faced him and said, "Here you are at last. I have just made a devil of a mistake: I met old Cass and took him for you, and I am afraid the Michigander has gone off mad." What Gen. Cass would have said may well be imagined, if the real Guy had not approached and rescued the innocent offender from the twice-assailed and twice-angered statesman.

*John W. Forney.*

## NOT APPRECIATED.

MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE tells a story in "The Boston Budget," which points to a notable characteristic of human nature. We like to have other people mind their own business without interfering with ours.

Tom Corwin asserted one day in his committee-room that it was never safe to interfere between husband and wife, and, in support of his declaration, narrated an instance which occurred when he was animated by the ardor and chivalry of youth. Travelling in a little frequented rural district, he came upon a cabin, from behind which he heard the angry voice of a man, mingled with the screams of a woman, and, at regular intervals, a hickory singing through the air as if well laid on. He rode round to get sight of the cause of all this clamor, when he saw a burly-looking fellow thrashing his wife like fury with a stick too formidable to be within the meaning of the statute. On seeing our friend, the belligerent suspended, the "shower of timber" ceased to

fall, and there was a great calm of a few moments' duration. The young man, whose wrath had suddenly waxed hot against the cruel husband, cried out, —

“You brute! you rascal! Throw down that whip, and don't touch that woman again, or I'll wear it out over your own ugly back! You savage, you!”

Who should respond to this valiant defiance but the injured lady herself! Turning her blowzed hair out of her face, and giving her fist a portentous shake, she squalled out, —

“He's as good as you are, you gawky, good-for-nothing creeter, you!”

## DON M. DICKINSON AND THE DOORKEEPER.

THE story of the little boy who picked up a pin in front of the wealthy merchant, and was rewarded for his industry by a twelve hundred dollar clerkship, is now rather eclipsed by a recent incident in Postmaster-General Dickinson's career. It happened after he had been appointed by the President, and before he had been confirmed by the Senate, during which period his status at the Post-Office Department was rather doubtful. One afternoon late, he was about to step into the side entrance, when the zealous doorkeeper interposed, —

“Too late.”

“But, my man, I have important business inside.”

“Are you a member of Congress?”

“No.”

“Have you an order from a member?”

“No.”

“Can't get in, then; too late.”

“Well, when can I get in?”

“Dunno.”

“Who can tell?” —

“Dunno. Move on, now.”

It was then that Mr. Dickinson retired and entered the building by another door. The doorkeeper, in the mean time, pursued the even tenor of his ways, satisfied that he had done the right thing, and vindicated the authority of the Postmaster-General. Not long afterward he was astonished, however, to receive an order to call on the new Postmaster-General, who had in the mean time been confirmed by the Senate. His astonishment may be better imagined than described when he confronted in Mr. Dickinson the stranger whom he had treated so ungraciously. His new chief, though, proved magnanimous.



DON M. DICKINSON AND THE DOORKEEPER.

“I didn't care any thing for your discourtesy to me,” he said, “but it might have hurt the feelings of a third-class postmaster. Answer questions after this. That's what you're paid for.”



"BUT THE LORD IS NOT PRESSING ME LIKE MY OTHER CREDITORS."

## THE EASY CREDITOR.

IN the year 1859, Gen. B—, Marcellus D—, and M. J. C— were candidates for Congress in the Second District of Georgia, and by mutual agreement "stumped" the district together. At the first appointment, a large crowd assembled, and Gen. B—, the oldest candidate, addressed them first, followed by D—, the youngest, a vigorous and captivating speaker. When the time came for Mr. C— to speak, he explained his reason for giving most of his time to answering Mr. D— by relating an anecdote.

"The Rev. Mr. G—," said he, "called on one of his parishioners for a contribution toward building a new church.

"I am in debt, heavily in debt," replied his friend: 'I must first pay my debts, and then I will help you.'

"In debt?' answered the preacher, 'why, you are in debt to the Lord: you owe him for every thing you have. Pay the Lord first.'

"That is true,' was the response: 'I do owe the Lord for all I have; but the Lord is not pressing me like my other creditors. I must pay them first.'"

## A STUMP SPEECH.

THERE was no more famous name than that of Mark Hardin in the old times. He was soldier, lawyer, politician, and improved Hardin County by making it his home. A proposition arose, while he was a candidate for the Legislature, to cut off a new county from Hardin, to be called Larue. The county seat was not determined upon, but Hodgenville was the favorite in the race. Mark opposed the division bitterly, but, he soon found, uselessly. Both sections wanted it to go. The candidate, seeing further resistance was useless, made an appointment to speak at Hodgenville, the very hot-bed of county secession, and duly appeared on the stump. He began his speech somehow in this way:—

"Fellow-citizens, I hear everywhere that there is a decided wish to divide our county; and some, I regret to say, oppose it. Why, I ask, why, fellow-citizens? Look at this end of Hardin. It comes out of the way. It is detached naturally from Hardin. It projects like the toe of a boot; and, fellow-citizens, the toe of that boot ought to be applied to the blunt end of any candidate who opposes this just, proper, and natural division. (Cheers.) Having shown you that this end [Larue] is thus by nature, and should be divided by law from the other, my next consideration is the county seat. To gentlemen as intelligent

as you, and as familiar with the section to be divided off, I need not point out that Hodgenville will be the centre of the proposed county; and where, but at the centre, should the county seat be? (Cheers.) Gentlemen, you have doubtless heard the removal of our State capital spoken of. As it is, it is tucked up in a north corner of the State, where it is about as convenient a situation for the capital of the whole State as Elizabethtown [the county seat of Hardin] is to be the county seat of Larue. The same reasons that induce us to separate this part of the county from the other should make us move the capital. We must move it, and to the centre of the State. Now, take a map. Kentucky is 420 miles long, by about 140, in the centre, wide. Now, Larue County is, on a perpendicular line, just 70 miles from the Ohio River, and 210 from each end of the State, and Hodgenville is the centre of Larue County. I have thus mathematically demonstrated to you that the State capital should be removed to Hodgenville. (Enthusiastic cheering.) Fellow-citizens, I have been inadvertently led into these questions, but I will proceed further. In the late war [the war of 1812], Washington City was burned by the British; and why? Because it was on our exposed border. The national capital should be removed from the Atlantic coast, and to the centre of the Union. Kentucky is the great seal set in the centre of our mighty Republic, as you will see by enumerating the surrounding States; and as I have already shown you that this is the centre of Kentucky, the national capital should be removed to Hodgenville." As some had begun to smell a large Norway by this time, the cheering wasn't quite so loud. "Nay," said the orator, in a burst of enthusiasm, "Hodgenville is the centre of God's glorious and beautiful world!"

"How in thunder do you make that out?" said an irritated voice in the crowd.

The speaker, drawing himself up, and sweeping his forefinger in a grand circle about the horizon, said, "*Look how nice the sky fits down all around!*"

Hardin didn't go to the Legislature that time, though he had mathematically demonstrated every point he made.



PEGGY O'NEAL.

## PEGGY O'NEAL.

THERE once lived in Washington a lively girl, who, if report can be credited, wound Gen. Jackson round her finger, created a public scandal, broke up a Cabinet, discovered Frank P. Blair, ruined Calhoun, elected Van Buren President, and changed the political history of the United States. W. A. Croffut tells of this episode as follows: "I have learned

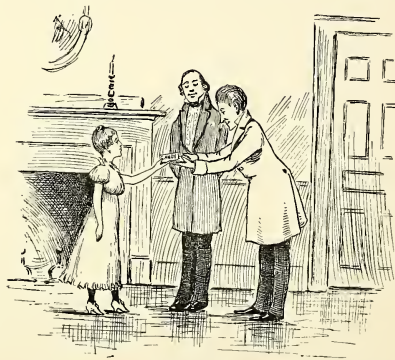
something new about that most remarkable episode of its kind in the history of this country, the trials and triumphs of Peggy O'Neal, the *protégée* of President Andrew Jackson. The full history of the extraordinary event has never been printed; in fact, most of its details are still unknown. But I have this week talked with two gentlemen who were prominent figures of Gen. Jackson's time, and who revealed to me some interesting particulars 'confidentially.'

"I called yesterday on Woodbury Blair, a bright lawyer in the Corcoran Building, who has in his possession a whole cartload of papers which his grandfather, Francis P. Blair, received from the hand of Jackson in his old age. They have never been used or even assorted, and only a portion of their contents are known. Some day, Mr. Blair says, he and his brother will make a judicious selection for publication.

"When the popular idol of the West, Andrew Jackson, was a member of the United States Senate in 1823, he boarded at a tavern at I and Twentieth Streets, near where Secretary Whitney's residence now is, kept by an Irishman named William O'Neal. He had taken a special liking to Mrs. O'Neal, the efficient landlady, when he was a member of Congress years before. Major John H. Eaton, the other Senator from Tennessee, boarded at the same place; and together they petted and surfeited with candy the daughter of the O'Neals, Peggy, a girl of twelve or fifteen, who grew, during the years of their presence at the tavern, into an uncommonly handsome, dashing, intelligent, and lively young lady. It was about the worst possible place to bring up a virtuous girl in, for it was the special rendezvous of the gay and dissipated. Henry Clay, during his fast days, was a continuous guest. Growing up among such men and the strangers who frequent the average inn, with all the familiarity which such a position implies, she lacked refinement and delicacy; but she had, besides the inevitable

chic and cheek, that vivacity of speech and voluptuous beauty which characterize so many maidens of the North of Ireland.

"She was thoroughly unconventional, and defiant of proprieties, and became audacious, wilful, and reckless. She flirted a good deal, had a



THEY PETTED AND SURFEITED WITH CANDY THE DAUGHTER OF THE O'NEALS.

nodding acquaintance with most of the good-looking travellers, arranged twice to elope (once with the wild and licentious Philip Barton Key, who was afterward slain by Sickles), and finally, about 1822, she somewhat accidentally married Purser Timberlake of the United States Navy.



She disliked the sea, and remained most of the time in Washington among her old associates. Three children were born to her during the next five years, — one, it is alleged, after a too prolonged absence of her husband. In 1828, the very year of ‘Old Hickory’s’ election, Timberlake, then on duty in the Mediterranean, cut his throat in a fit of melancholy, and left a most attractive and handsome widow to mourn his loss more or less.

“She was not wholly inconsolable; for she had wonderful grace, and matchless beauty, and a thousand admirers. Dolly Madison, the President’s wife, had publicly crowned her, at a ball, as ‘the prettiest girl in Washington.’ She was brilliant and superficial, courageous and capricious, vain and vacillating, affectionate, generous, and quick-tempered.

“To her Edward Coates Pinckney had written the poem, still famous, beginning, —

‘I fill this cup to one made up  
Of loveliness alone;  
A woman, of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon;  
To whom the better elements  
And kindly stars have given  
A form so fair, that, like the air,  
’Tis less of earth than heaven.’

“As soon as the sad news of Timberlake’s death could make its way home, Senator Eaton said to Jackson, ‘General, I’ve a good mind to marry Peggy myself.’

“‘Do, by all means, if you love her and she will have you,’ was the reply. ‘It will restore Peggy’s good name.’

“So merrily rang the bells, and they were wed. And there was a

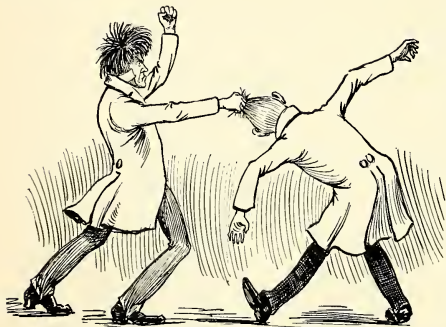
great time in Washington. Peggy was ambitious, and she made the most of the occasion. Jackson, Calhoun, and half the Senate and the army and navy, were present at the wedding. But the ladies tabooed the arrangements, on the ground that Peggy’s character was altogether too notorious.



SHE WAS THOROUGHLY UNCONVENTIONAL AND DEFIANT OF PROPRIETIES.

“In the tavern she had lost the first bloom of her reputation. She was voted ‘fast,’ and given up to the inevitable associations of her kind. Men talked about ‘Peggy,’ and women ignored her. Mrs. Jackson fervently disliked her, and declined to speak to her; and when she and Senator Jackson went home to Tennessee, she rejoiced, opposed his

election to the Presidency by every means in her power, and always said, 'Andrew, I don't want to go back to Washington again on any account.'



FOR ALLUDING TO THIS, JACKSON HAD ALREADY FOUGHT WITH GOV. SEVIER.

“In spite of her prayers and tears and gentle opposition, the hero of New Orleans was elected, at sixty, to be President of the United States; and when he went to Rachel with the news, she said, ‘It is not as I wished it! it is not as I wished it! I cannot go to Washington.’ Two weeks after the news of the victory was known at the Hermitage, she died suddenly of heart disease.

“Jackson mourned her sincerely, and considered her, as she no

doubt was, chiefly a martyr to the partisan aspersions of her character, on account of her having lived with him as his wife for years before marriage, erroneously supposing herself divorced from her former husband. For alluding to this, Jackson had already fought with Gov. Sevier, and killed Charles Dickinson in a duel.

“When Jackson came back to Washington as President, he called his friend Senator Eaton into the cabinet as Secretary of War. Then there was a breeze. The other ladies of the cabinet refused to associate with his wife officially, or recognize her privately.

“The virtue of the whole United States was stirred up; and a committee of clergymen was sent to represent the scandal to President Jackson, supposed to be ignorant of it. They assured him that Peggy had always borne a bad reputation from her girlhood; that no respectable ladies would speak to her; that several gentlemen were ready to testify to personal knowledge of her dissoluteness; that she had told her servants to call her two children Eaton, not Timberlake, for that was their name; and that she and Eaton had travelled together on several occasions to various cities, and registered as man and wife.

“Jackson replied indignantly in defence of Peggy Eaton. A correspondence of months resulted, on his part, long, vehement, and bitter. The whole mass of these confidential writings, mostly in the handwriting of Gen. Jackson and still extant, would fill thirty columns of a newspaper, — not less than two hundred letters in all. He brought to the defence of Peggy all of the energy that had made him such an Indian fighter.

“But he was fighting women now, instead of mere Indians; and they defied him, and cut Peggy dead.

“Then he called a cabinet meeting on the subject, and assured his advisers that Peggy Eaton was ‘as chaste as snow,’ and formally demanded that their wives should recognize and visit her. ‘You seem,

Mr. President, to labor under a misapprehension as to who is general in my family,' said Attorney-General Berrien.

“Still the ladies revolted. The wives of John C. Calhoun, Vice-President, John M. Berrien, Attorney-General, S. D. Ingham, Secre-



HE WAS FIGHTING WOMEN NOW, INSTEAD OF MERE INDIANS.

tary of the Treasury, and John Branch, Secretary of the Navy, refused either to receive Peggy or call upon her; and the wives of the foreign ministers declined to bow to her, or to recognize her in any way. Even Jackson's niece, Mrs. Donelson, the mistress of the White House, joined the revolt, and said, 'Any thing else, uncle, ask me to do; but I cannot call upon Mrs. Eaton.'

“The warrior's blood was up. 'You take the next stage, and go home to Tennessee!' he replied; and she and her husband packed their things and went.

“He then started to discipline his intractable cabinet. Van Buren, Secretary of State, was a widower, and Barry, Postmaster-General, was a bachelor: so they good-naturedly lent themselves to the President's wishes. They called on Mrs. Peggy Eaton, as also did Amos Kendall, Col. Benton, and Isaac Hill, prominent partisans; and Lord Vaughan, the British minister, and Baron Krudener, the Russian minister, both bachelors, joined the whitewashing brigade.

“Vaughan gave a brilliant and expensive ball in the direct interest of 'Bellona,' which was Mrs. Eaton's nickname; but, though the British minister himself led her to the head of the banquet-table, other ladies were persistently unconscious of her presence, and every cotillion she joined was immediately broken up by their withdrawal.

“Then Baron Krudener gave a splendid ball; and when the wife of the Holland minister refused to sit by Peggy's side at supper, Jackson wrathfully threatened to send her husband home.

“Jackson's whole fiery soul was in Peggy's vindication; and often, while he was President, he used to stroll across the lots to the little cottage where Peggy's mother lived, and plan the campaign.

“The women were inexorable. The three married men in the cabinet refused to speak to Eaton, Secretary of War, except as official business absolutely required, and in the presence of the President. Mrs. Calhoun snubbed Peggy publicly and repeatedly; and for every snub, immediately reported to him by Peggy, who was a constant visitor at the White House, Old Hickory laid away a poisoned arrow for the Great Nullifier, his associate in office.

“It was at this time, and during the progress of this affair, that Van Buren became a pet of Jackson, and his pre-ordained successor.

The President slapped him familiarly on the shoulder at receptions, and addressed him as 'Matty' in public.

"Duff Green's administration 'organ,' 'The Telegraph,' spoke slightly of Peggy; and Jackson at once threw it overboard, and called Francis P. Blair from Kentucky to start a new organ, 'The Globe,' which sprang, by the aid of Peggy's partisans, into instant success.

"Daniel Webster watched with delight the breach in the Democratic party, and wrote at this time: 'Mr. Van Buren has, at this moment, quite the lead in influence and importance. He controls all the pages at the back-stairs, and flatters, what seems to be at present the Aaron's rod among the President's desires, a settled purpose of making out the lady of whom so much has been said a person of reputation. This dispute may very probably determine who shall be the successor to the present Chief Magistrate. Such great events,' etc.

"And Bennett wrote from Washington to the 'Herald,' 'I think John C. Calhoun has doomed himself to oblivion by his refusal to rehabilitate Peggy Eaton.'

"So, indeed, it proved, and very shortly.

"With the promptness which characterized him in all warfare, Gen. Jackson, when his first term was half ended, demanded the resignations of Secretaries Ingham, Branch, and Berrien, the three married members of his Cabinet whose punctilious wives had brought mortification to 'good little Peggy,' as he fondly called the lady in question.

"They resigned. He sent them home without any hypocritical letters of regret, and filled their places by men whose wives were understood to be willing to declare a truce with Peggy. The new cabinet (for both Van Buren and Eaton had resigned for foreign missions) were Edward Livingston, Louis McLane, Levi Woodbury, Lewis Cass, and Roger B. Taney.

"Calhoun resigned the Vice-Presidency, and espoused nullification, drawing from Jackson his famous indignant message.

"Jackson was not satisfied with rebuking Calhoun and overthrowing his ambition: he wanted to make sure of securing the promotion of

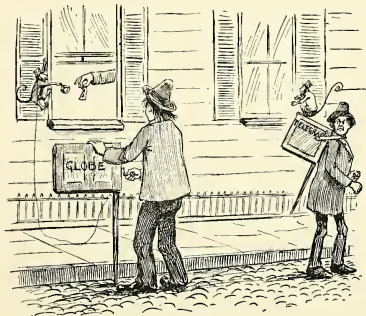


THE WARRIOR'S BLOOD WAS UP.

Peggy's diplomatic defender. So during his first term he wrote a letter, 'to be published only in case of my death,' in which he definitely nominated Van Buren as his successor; and then he called him to his side as Vice-President, *vice* Calhoun, retired.

"Peggy O'Neal comes into history once more, — or, at most, twice.

“ Lieut. Randolph succeeded Timberlake as purser after the latter's suicide ; and his accounts being found irregular, he was arbitrarily dismissed from the service without a hearing. He alleged that it was Timberlake who had defaulted, and demanded a hearing, which Jackson persistently refused him.



THE RIVAL "ORGANS."

“ In May, 1833, while the President was going to Fredericksburg to lay the cornerstone of the monument of Mary, the mother of Washington, Randolph crowded on board the boat, and deliberately pulled Gen. Jackson's nose. He was immediately seized and put ashore, out of reach of the irate President.

“ Eaton was sent as minister to Spain, and his Peggy really had a brilliant and irreproachable career at Madrid for fifteen of the happiest years of her life. Then they returned to Washington, and here he died. At the age of sixty the remarkable woman married a man of less than twenty-one, an Italian music-teacher. It proved to be the crown of her follies.

“ She survived even this youth, after divorcing him, and died here in 1879, at the ripe old age of eighty-three. I remember her well as a famous personage of this capital, amiable and vivacious to the last, and attracting attention wherever she went. Her last words were, ‘ I am not afraid, but this is such a beautiful world ! ’

“ I do not now remember any woman who has so impressed herself on the destinies of this country as did Peggy O'Neal. See : —

“ 1. She drove three members of the cabinet into an obscurity from which they never emerged.

“ 2. She made Martin Van Buren Jackson's favorite, and ultimately his successor.

“ 3. She brought Lewis Cass into Federal politics, and made him a candidate for President, securing perhaps the election of Gen. Taylor.

“ 4. She introduced Roger B. Taney to public life, virtually making him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, with the Dred Scott decision at the end.

“ 5. She called Francis P. Blair and Rives into Washington journalism, where they established the ‘Globe,’ and proved a potent influence for a generation.

“ Nothing succeeds like success. One of Peggy Timberlake's daughters married Dr. Randolph of Virginia, and the other became the Duchess de Sampayo in Paris ; and a granddaughter, inheriting

the family fascinations, has become the Baroness de Rothschild of Austria.

“There is only one Timberlake in this city now; and he, undistinguished, appears in the directory as ‘servant.’”



RANDOLPH PULLING JACKSON'S NOSE.

## SUING THE CROWD.

WHEN a man travels abroad and mixes with strangers, and would be treated with civility, he should not do any thing or say any thing that runs against their opinions, their interests, or their prejudices. Zeb

Vance said that one time away back, when he was running for Congress against Holden, he had to go over a mountain range, and down into a valley, where he had never been before. ‘The humble people in that valley were almost cut off and hid out from the rest of the world, and especially from that side of the world in which Mr. Vance lived. He knew nothing about their politics or their religion. “North Carolina is a curious State,” said he. “Her religion is speckled and spotted like it had the measles. In one valley, you will find the people all Episcopalians, however poor or primitive. The ancestors or first settlers came from Old England, and brought that religion with them; and, as nobody moved in or moved out, their descendants kept the faith of their fathers. In another valley, you will find them all Presbyterians, because the ancestors came from Scotland. In another, they will be all Methodists or all Baptists; and every one of these separate communities will have an old patriarch working in the lead, and he is looked upon as the bell-wether of the flock. Now, it is necessary that a politician should know the religious faith of those with whom he is ‘lectioneering’ for votes. If he can’t chime in with it exactly, he mustn’t say any thing ‘agin’ it. Now,” said Vance, “when I got over into the valley to meet my appointment, I found about seventy-five of the humble sovereigns gathered at the cross-roads, where there was a little store and a wagon-shop and a meeting-house. They had on their home-made clothes, and were standing around, chewing tobacco, and talking about ‘craps,’ and waiting for me to come. I soon got familiar with them, and got them in first-rate humor; but as Holden was to come over in a day or two, I wanted to fix things in some way so that he couldn’t unfix them. Holden was a Methodist, and I was afraid that these people were. I noticed an old man sitting off on a chunk, and marking in the sand with his long walking-stick. He had on big brass spectacles, and his heavy, shaggy eyebrows and big, long nose indicated character, and so I set him down as the bell-wether of the flock. After a while, I got up close to him, and was about to address him, when he gave a prayerful grunt, and got up and braced himself on his stick, and, looking at me, said in a solemn voice, ‘This is Mr. Vance, I believe.’ — ‘Yes, sir,’ said



I, giving him my hand. 'And I am Emanuel Stenor,' said he; 'and I suppose you have come over the mounting to talk to my boys about their votes?' — 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'that is my principal business, and I' — 'Well, Mr. Vance,' said he, interrupting me, 'before you proceed any further with that business, I would like to ax you a question or two.' — 'Certainly, sir,' said I, 'certainly.' — 'Well, Mr. Vance, allow me to ax you what Church do you belong to?'

"Well, that was a sockdologer, and it come right straight at me, and for a moment I was demoralized; but I rallied, and as the boys had all gathered around to hear the old man put me through, I cleared my throat, and said, 'That is a fair question, my friend, — a fair question; and I will tell you about that. My grandfather came from England; and as over there the Established Church was Episcopalian, of course he was an Episcopalian.'

"I paused a moment to see the effect of this, but there was none that was favorable. The old man marked a little more in the sand, and spit his tobacco away off on one side. So I continued, 'But my grandmother came from Scotland, and you know that John Knox left his mark upon that whole nation; and so, of course, she grew up a Presbyterian.' I paused again; but there was no sigh, no awakening, no chord struck, and the old man marked some more in the sand. 'But, my friend, my father was born and grew up in a Methodist community, who were in this country, and converted by John Wesley; and, of course, he became a Methodist.' I thought that now I had him sure, but I didn't. There was no sign of sympathy from him or the boys, and so I took my last shot. 'But my good old mother, sir, was born and raised a Baptist, and it's always been my opinion that a man has got to go under the water before he can get to heaven.' A gleam of satisfaction spread all over the old man's face as he said, 'Give me your hand, brother Vance. Boys, I told you so; I told you that he were a Baptist afore he come. He is the man. You can all vote for him: but Holden won't do nary time, for they do say that he is one of these shonten, cavortin' Methodists.'" — *Bill Arp.*



"IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF HEAVEN, LET NO REPORTER BE EXCLUDED."

## THE CHAPLAIN'S PRAYER.

IN opening a branch of the Minnesota legislature the other day, the chaplain prayed thus: "And now, dear Lord, bless the reporters, whose nimble pens catch our every word almost before it is uttered. Like thyself, they are omnipresent and almost omnipotent. If we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost part of the earth, they are there. They meet us in the jungles of Africa. They waylay us in the solitary canyons of Colorado; and when at length we find the latitude of the magnetic pole, behold, they are there! May their light and goodness be equal to their power, and in the general assembly of heaven let no reporter be excluded." That chaplain has more religion than most of them have; and when he wants a journalistic favor, he can have it.

## WATCH HIM!

SEVERAL years ago, while the Hon. T. L. J.— represented a certain



"L-O-A-F-E-R ON THIRD FLOOR! W-A-T-C-H H-I-M!"

district in Congress, the Democracy nominated Joe Hennen as their candidate against him. The rivals were not more unlike politically than in appearance and manners. The one was tall, sedate, dressy; while Joe was short, indifferent to dress, unstudied in manner, and full of fun.

During the canvass, Joe, happening to be in Cincinnati, discovered from the morning papers that his rival had also paid the city a visit, and was at the old Broadway House. Desiring to do the polite, Hennen called to see him, without paying much attention to his toilet,—looking rather seedy for a Congressional candidate. Stepping up to the bar, he looked over the register, and remarked to Capt. Cromwell, the proprietor, who happened to be behind it, "I see, sir, that my friend Hon. T. L. J.— is stopping with you. Is he in, sir?"

"Y-a-a-s, sir, I believe so," answered the landlord slowly, eying Joe from head to foot.

"I should like to see him, sir. Will you be good enough to direct me to his room?"

"Yes, sir," said the Captain, still looking hard at him. "I will send one of the servants to show you up;" and he took hold of a bell-pull.

"No, no, sir! don't put yourself to the trouble. Give me the number of his room and direction, and I can find it myself."

"Number 71, sir, third floor; turn to the left at the landing." And so furnished with direction, he leisurely strolled off to find his friend in number 71.

At the landing on third floor, not used to speaking tubes, he was startled by a mysterious voice, unintelligible to him, which seemed to well up from the floor of the hall. A strapping big Irishman, who was sweeping near by, sprang to a tin tube protruding from the wall, and placing his mouth to it, bawled out,—

"Ay, ay, sir, what is it?"

Joe listened in wonder, and this time picked out the words from the thickened and deadened answer which rolled up from the bar-room,—

"L-o-a-f-e-r on third floor. W-a-t-c-h h-i-m!"

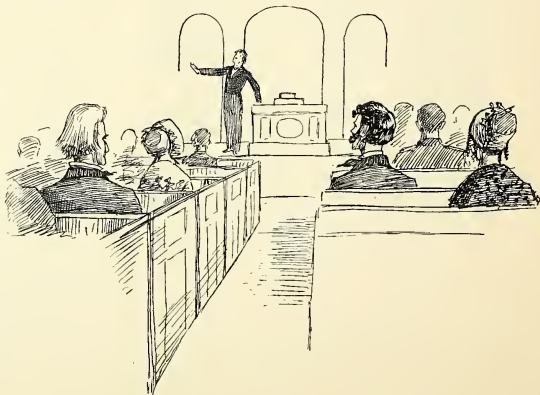
Joe immediately prosecuted his search for number 71, the big

Irishman's broom touching his heels at every step, and the big Irishman's eyes fastened on him like a cat's upon a devoted mouse. Number 71 was found, but the gentleman was not in; and Joe and the Irishman, maintaining their relative positions, returned down-stairs, through the sitting-room, bar-room, and into the street, — our friend being literally swept out into Broadway.

## A HUMBUG.

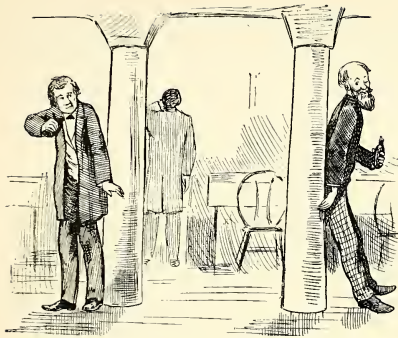
A MEMBER of Congress, appointed to a foreign mission, consulted President Jackson as to the choice of a secretary of legation. The President declined all interference, and remarked to the minister that the United States Government would hold him responsible for the manner in which he discharged his duties, and that he would consequently be at liberty to choose his own secretary. The minister returned his acknowledgment, but, before taking leave, sought his advice in regard to a young gentleman then in the State Department, and who was highly recommended by the secretary. Gen. Jackson promptly said, "I advise you, sir, not to take the man. He is not a good judge of preaching." The minister observed that the objection needed explanation. "I am able to give it," said the General, and he thus continued, "On last sabbath morning I attended divine service in the Methodist-Episcopal church in this city. There I listened to a soul-inspiring sermon by Professor Durbin of Carlisle, one of the ablest pulpit orators in America. Seated in a pew near me I observed this identical young man, apparently an attentive listener. On the day following he came into this chamber on business, when I had the curiosity to ask his opinion of the sermon and the preacher. And what think you, sir? The young upstart, with consum-

mate assurance, pronounced that sermon all froth, and Professor Durbin a humbug! I took the liberty of saying to him, 'My young man, you are a humbug yourself, and don't know it!' And now," continued the old man, "rest assured, my dear sir, that a man who is not a better judge



A HUMBUG.

of preaching than that, is unfit to be your companion. And besides," he added, "if he were the prodigy the Secretary of State represents him to be, he would be less anxious to confer his services upon you: he would rather be anxious to retain them himself." — *Parson.*



"ACCORDING TO THE WAY THEY DO BUSINESS OVER HERE, I THINK IT MUST BE A PRIVATE BOTTLE."

## A CONUNDRUM.

AFTER listening to the apology made by Senator Voorhees to the Senate for language used during the session of 1888 in reply to Senator Ingalls. Mr. Case, the Quaker from Rhode Island, remarked to a colleague, "The longer I am in public life, the more I am convinced that temper is the one thing which every man should have, should always keep, and never let his neighbor know that he has it."

The remark was repeated as worthy of the dignity of the quiet Senator, and it promptly took the form of a conundrum. Judge Tim Campbell happened to be on the floor, looking after New York's interest in the River and Harbor bill, when he was asked, —

"What is it, Judge, every man should have, should always keep, and never let his neighbor know that he has it?"

"According to the way they do business over here," said Mr. Campbell, "I think it must be a private bottle; but over in the House I guess a 'contingent' would be a reasonable answer." — *Toledo Blade*.

## WENTWORTH AND SCHENCK.

EVERYBODY has heard of "Long John Wentworth" of Chicago. Well, when in the House of Representatives, one day, a vote was being taken by tellers on some question on which the lines of party were a little broken, John found himself separated from his Democratic friends, and arranged on the other side. It was on a Lake Harbor Improvement Bill. You know how they vote by tellers, passing in pairs, like yoke-fellows, between two members who are appointed to stand in the area in front of the Speaker's chair, and make report of the numbers in the affirmative and negative. Our tall Illinoisian, towering in person above all the crowd who were pressing forward thus in couples to be counted, looked down and around him, inquiring, "See here, boys! am I alone among these rascally Whigs? Isn't there any good *loco foco* here to pass through with me?"

"Double yourself up," said Abner Lewis of New York, who, with Robert C. Schenck of Ohio, was coming just behind; "double yourself up, Wentworth, and so you will go through with the hardest *loco foco* in this crowd."

"Ah, yes," added Schenck; "you think 'None but himself can be his parallel.'"

But the quotation and application were both unnecessary. The shaft needed no feathering.

This same Mr. Schenck, who, in the eight or ten years of his service in the House of Representatives, held always the first position,

as the readiest and most effective debater in the hall, was famous for letting off good and brilliant things, and sometimes very pungent ones, in conversation, as well as on the floor. It required all of his very gentlemanly and polished manner often to reconcile the object of his sarcasm to take and endure good-humoredly the trenchant blows he could give. In the long-protracted debate on the "Oregon Question," in the time of President Polk's administration, Mr. Andrew Kennedy of Indiana was one of the most violent of the "Fifty-four, forty, or fight" party. Andy was known as a man of much more native shrewdness than of cultivation. He had finished a loud and fiery war-speech one day, and passed out into the post-office room of the House, which was commonly used by the members as a lounging and chatting place. He was still glowing with unsubsidized excitement and patriotism, when some one remarked to him, —

"Kennedy, you did belabor the British lion terribly. Queen Victoria would hardly sleep soundly to-night if she could know how you had been defying and threatening her."

"Very well," said the flushed orator, "them's just my sentiments! Yes, sir," said he, looking almost fiercely at Mr. Schenck, who happened to be the only Whig present, "them's my sentiments. I hate every thing *English!*"

"I do not doubt it at all, sir," quietly rejoined the latter: "I have observed that you extend your hostility sometimes *even to the language!*"

But Mr. Schenck once was himself pleasantly and wittily hit by a most excellent fellow. Some one had sent across the hall, to his desk, a card on which was written a crabbed Latin sentence, requesting a translation. He looked it over, and gave the opinion that it had better be passed on to George P. Marsh of Vermont, who was the admitted scholar of the House; but said, that, if he did venture a construction, he should say "that there was either a mistake in the punctuation, or it was bad Latin."

"Maybe it's *good Latin*, Schenck," dryly responded Julius Rockwell of Massachusetts, who overheard the conversation; "that may be the difficulty!"

How much better and more becoming such encounters of wit than the brutal pugilism with which our nation's Solons sometimes diversify the scenes of legislation!



FEET vs. HAT.

## FEET vs. HAT.

A NEWSPAPER man in search of important information entered the office of one of our leading politicians the other morning, and found that gentleman with both feet upon his desk, and chair tilted back, taking it very easy. "How are you?" said the scribe. "When a gentleman comes into my office, he generally takes off his hat," responded the politician. "And when a gentleman comes into my office, I take my feet from my desk," retorted the scribe. Down came the feet, and off came the hat, the information was given, and the politician and scribe went out to see a man.

## REDEEM MARY'S LAMB.

MARY should have her little lamb,  
Whose fleece is white as snow,  
To go wherever Mary goes, —  
Wool should be free, you know!

Blaek wool was freed by Uncle Sam,  
And white wool should be free;  
O Brother Mills, your Mary's lamb  
Redeem from slavery!

## “THAT REMINDS ME.”

PRESIDENT LINCOLN related many a story, but never a one nearer the point, or more applicable, than the following:—

It was in the summer of 1861, a short time after the Bull Run defeat, that complaint was made to Gov. R— concerning the conduct of Col. —, of the — Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers.

The Colonel was a prominent man, a Democrat, and the Governor was disposed, in military affairs, to act impartially; but how to have the Colonel transferred, or “let down easy,” so that no disturbance, political or otherwise, should arise at home to vex him, was the question. Finally, it was resolved that the matter should be left with President Lincoln. So Judge O— was requested by the Governor to go to Washington and have “matters fixed.” Accordingly the Judge and Senator D— called at the White House and stated the case to Mr. Lincoln, and recommended that the Colonel be put upon some General's staff, where he could be more useful than in the position he then occupied, and so “let him down easy.” Mr. Lincoln inquired if the Colonel knew any thing of the plan, and upon being answered in the negative, said, —

“That reminds me of a little story. It was in the Mexican war, — at the battle of Monterey, I believe, — that a little Irish captain from Sangamon County was ordered by his Colonel to a position, so and so, with his company. After hearing the order, the little captain straightened up full height, and said, ‘Colonel, will yez be so kind as to tell that to my min yoursel’? for, by jabers, Colonel, I’m not on spakin’ terms wid my company!’”

It is perhaps needless to add that the gallant Colonel was, shortly after this interview with the good-natured President, placed in a more exalted sphere of usefulness.



“BY JABERS, COLONEL, I'M NOT ON SPAKIN' TERMS WID MY COMPANY!”



## MACHINE POLITICS.

TELL us not that the depraved "machine man" exists only in perfection in New York, or that the enterprising repeater is only to be found at the North. Nor does the "color line" mark the astuteness of the aforesaid. In Galveston, Tex., if we are to rely upon the accuracy of "The News" of that city, the "man and brother" knows full well how to vote early, if not often, as the following instance sets forth:—

Old Uncle Mose was not noticed near the polls on election day: consequently a colored striker was sent to hunt him up. He was found sitting by the fire, groaning dismally, in his cabin, on the east end of Galveston Island.

"Uncle Mose, has yer voted yit?" asked the colored rounder.

"No, chile, I woul'dn't risk ketchin' cold in my lunges foah all de money in de world."

"Here's a dollar to pay for your time."

The old man scented the subsidy, remarking, "Ef you is comin' de bulldose on dis old niggah, he weakens. Hev yer fetehed a kerridge foah me?"

"Hit's waiting at de doah, Uncle Mose."

"Is yer gwine to bring me back after I's voted?"

"Bring you right back, Uncle Mose; hurry up, now."

"Gimme a dram foah I starts?"

"Here it is," said the emissary, producing a flask. "Take a pull."

He pulled, and asked, "Gwine ter gimme anudder pull when I's done voted?" and then he pulled again.

"Yes, take anudder pull right now. Don't be afearod ob it. Dar's plenty moah whar it come from."

So the old man pulled again, and wanted to know, "Hev yer got anudder dollar bill wid yer?"

"Look heah, ole mau, you must 'low de campaign committee's

made ob money! Here's yer udder dollar. Now jump in. De polls is gwine ter close."

"Lor, chile, you makin' out you is a statesman — heah! heah! I's



"HERE'S YER UDDER DOLLAR."

been foolin' yer. I done voted de udder ticket only dis mornin' — heah! heah! heah!" and the old man settled down in front of the fire, and nearly chuckled his head off.

## CALKINS AND SHERMAN.

IN some respects Mr. Sherman is a better leader than Mr. Edmunds.



HE PRESENTED MR. CALKINS AS MR. CANADAY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

but one of the greatest drawbacks Senator Sherman has had to contend against in public life is his inability to remember the names and faces of people. He can recall every figure in a table of statistics, a year after he has read it, and in reading has a very retentive memory; but

for names and faces he has none. The lack of this faculty has made him some bitter enemies during his long experience, for it is one fault a politician will not forgive. I know the only reason on earth that causes ex-Congressman Calkins of Indiana to hate Sherman is the latter's failure to recall his name on an occasion that was quite embarrassing to both of them. Calkins was in Congress then, before the Republican Convention of 1880, and was a warm Sherman man the early part of the campaign. He was not only a hearty supporter of the then Secretary of the Treasury as a candidate for the Presidency, but was active in urging his friends to support him. Sherman might have had some delegates from Indiana, if what I am about to tell had not happened.

One evening there being a lot of Indiana politicians in Washington, Calkins invited them to go with him to call on Sherman. They demurred, on the ground that they did not know him; but Calkins said that need not make the slightest difference, that Sherman and he were intimate friends, and were together almost constantly,—in fact, scarcely a day or an evening passed that either Sherman did not come to see him, or he go to see Sherman. They were almost inseparable, and both he and Sherman would feel very badly if they did not call for just a moment. So they consented, and Calkins led them up to Sherman's house on K Street. The Secretary received them cordially, and shook hands all around. Then Mrs. Sherman came in, and instead of saying, "Gentlemen, my wife," as most politicians would have done under the circumstances, he undertook

to introduce them to her severally, and presented Mr. Calkins as Mr. Canaday of North Carolina.

Calkins nearly fell to pieces when it became necessary to tell his "intimate friend," and "inseparable companion," that he was not Mr.

Canaday from North Carolina, but a Congressman from Indiana. The Indiana delegation were, of course, amused; and neither Mr. Sherman's apology nor Calkins's protest had the slightest effect upon them. They nearly worried the life out of Calkins before they left town, and when they went home, of course, told the story all over the district. There was no excuse for the blunder, except a defective memory. Both Calkins and Canaday are tall, slender men, with sandy mustaches; but there the likeness ends. Canaday was engaged in Mr. Sherman's interest, and few days passed that he did not take people up to introduce them to his candidate. In speaking of the incident afterward, Mr. Sherman expressed the deepest regret; but that couldn't heal Calkins's wound.

### "SAY AMEN!"

SENATOR VEST of Missouri grew very indignant in the company of a few choice spirits the other day, at what he called the imposition practised by Senator Blair upon the Senate in insisting upon a further discussion of "that blankety blank bill to promote mendicancy," when the Senate had other and more important things to look after. "I wish," he said with his nasal twang, "he would say what the little girl asked the missionary to say."

"And what was that?" came in chorus.

"Why, don't you know all about the missionary beggar that was permitted by the superintendent to address his Sunday-school class? No? Well, he recounted the usual stories about heathen children, told of the missionary efforts in foreign lands, and kept talking at the restless little ones before him for more than two hours. At last he said, —

"And now, my dear children, I have told you all about those poor dear children, and their needs, in that far-off heathen land. And now what more can I say?"

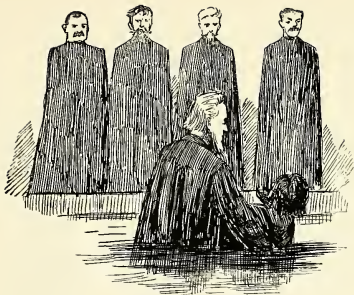
"Then up rose a bright-eyed little girl, who was wearied to distraction by all his talk, and quickly said, —

" 'Please, mister, say Amen.' "



"PLEASE, MISTER, SAY AMEN."

"I am afraid, though," added Vest, after a pause, "Blair doesn't know that word."



AMERCE DE IMMENSE.

## PROPAGANDISM.

A JOCLAR citizen of Ohio, now serving his country in the capital of that State, has ferreted out the following, and has a notion that it will look well in print.

In our Legislature are several clergymen of different denominations. Prominent among them is the Rev. Mr. W——, a Cumberland Presbyterian. A few days since, the Rev. Mr. S——, a Campbellite Baptist, introduced a bill to *amerce* sheriffs in certain cases of malfeasance in office. The Rev. Mr. W——, who to his solid piety adds a rich vein of humor, objected to the bill as a covert attempt on the part of the honorable gentleman to make Campbellites out of all the sheriffs of the State by compelling them to be *immersed*!

## THE SENATORIAL CHINA-SHOP.

WHEN exhilarated by what it is euphemism to call high spirits, Hon. Harrison Holt Riddleberger of Virginia is a terror to his Republican colleagues in the Senate, especially to those among them who, being considered, or considering themselves, possible Presidents, are under the necessity of being exceedingly proper, decorous, and dignified.

When he is in this condition, the pages of the "Congressional Record" are no longer dull. They become full of human interest. They are phosphorescent with the imminent probability that the truth is about to be told in them in all its shocking nudity. The eternal sameness which does not allow even a senator to underscore for italics gives place to picturesqueness, and the "Record" becomes an illustrated magazine with pictures superior to the best work of the graver on wood or metal. Let us consider one of them.

In the foreground is Senator Frye on his feet, punctuating his remarks with his middle finger pointed towards Senator Ingalls in the chair. Presidential Possibilities Sherman, Evarts, Edmunds, and other members of the Committee on Foreign Relations are seated around in a state of drowsy security; for Frye is intoning through a dreary routine of platitudes on the Columbus celebration. In the foreground, too, is the Redoubtable Riddleberger, seemingly oblivious of his surroundings, but only seemingly so, for all at once Frye intones something about the international importance of the celebration, and comes to a full stop. Riddleberger catches the word "international," and is on his feet at once.

"Mr. President," he says, "I believe the joint resolution involves some matter that is a little bit foreign to this country; and in view of the fact that it seems to be impossible to get a resolution considered by the Senate looking to the ratification or rejection of the British treaty, I may be allowed to discuss it just now, because, as I understood the Senator from Maine to say, this is a matter which ought to be consid-

ered by a committee which is looking forward to a great international something. I think that puts me in order, sir."

Riddleberger is not as incoherent as he looks. He has a definite purpose, knows what he wants to do, and how to do it. Within a few feet of him are two very fragile presidential booms, being incubated by Messrs. Sherman and Evarts, respectively chairman and chief legal luminary of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Riddleberger proposes to smash these booms.

The next picture shows the Virginia Senator steadying himself by his desk, and addressing the Chair with great gravity, while the Presidential Possibilities are in such a state of fluttering alarm as when some hen in Homer sees above her in the clouds of the cerulean sky a hawk, deadly, sharp-clawed, threatening death to her callow brood. All this the "Reeord" shows and tells in the heroic hexameter between its lines, and further shows the scene when, with a scream, the hawk swoops down.

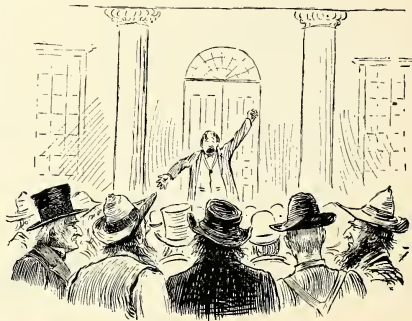
Here we may descend into the plain prose statement, that Riddleberger makes a personal appeal to Sherman to tell the public all about the amendment which he and other presidential possibilities of the Foreign Relations Committee have prepared for the British treaty with a view to sending the Fenians of the United States to England for trial and execution. He does not express himself exactly in this language; but it means this to Senator Sherman, interpreted by the buzzing of the bee in his bonnet.

"Being personally appealed to," he rises; he feels it his duty to make a point of order against the Senator from Virginia. The Senator from Virginia asks him to reveal the secrets of executive session, which is as much as if the Senator should ask him to steal or rob.

The point of order against the Senator is, that he is revealing executive-session secrets. The Chair comes to Sherman's relief, and saves the boom temporarily; but Riddleberger makes another swoop at it. He is foiled again, and swoops again and again for the next hour, until finally Senator Platt gets the floor, and drenches him with an opiate in the shape of a three-hours' speech on the tariff.

## A HONEST POLITICIAN.

An honest politician has been discovered in Alabama. Just after having announced himself as a candidate for Congress, and while standing on the court-house steps making a speech, some one in the crowd yelled, —



"MY FRIENDS, I DON'T KNOW A BLAME THING ABOUT THE TARIFF."

"Say, what do you think of the tariff? Give us your views."

"My friends," said the orator, "I don't know a blame thing about the tariff."

He was elected by a large majority.

## "THE FIRE WAR THAR."

DURING the celebrated campaign of 1855, Gov. Henry A. Wise visited, while making his canvass, the town of Liberty, situated about thirty miles west of Lynchburg, for the purpose of addressing the people of that neighborhood on the political situation. He was received with great *éclat* by the citizens of the town aforesaid, and was of course introduced to all the local notables, without regard to party. Among these was a Mr. Fogy, residing at the foot of the Peaks of Otter, a gentleman who was not awed the least when in the presence of greatness.

The following colloquy ensued between them:—

Mr. F. "Mr. Wise, I am glad to see you."

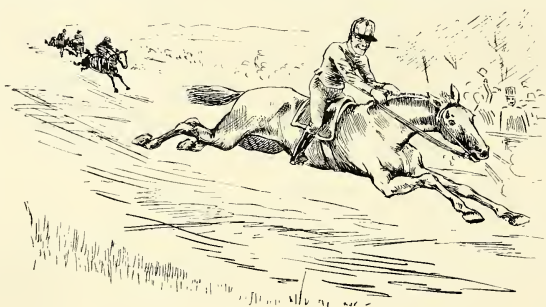
Mr. W. "Mr. Fogy, I am happy to make your acquaintance."

Mr. F. "But I am sorry to say that I can't vote for you, Governor."

Mr. W. "I am sorry for that also, Mr. Fogy; but, as this is a free country, every man has a right to vote as he pleases."

Mr. F. "I'll tell you how I feel about it, Mr. Wise. When I war a young man, I war what is called a thimble-rigger; and I went to all the hoss-races in the neighborhood with my thimbles and ball, cryin' out 'Tis here and 'tain't there, 'tain't here and 'tis there,' a-foolin' many

a gawkin' chap outen his money. Waal, for years at all these races, a little hoss named Waxy had been winnin' all the stakes every time. Bets war ten to one on him agin the whole track, an' he allers come out ahead. Waal, when I war a-workin' one day as usual with my thimbles, I noticed the ugliest, scrawniest, long-legged, sharp-hipped lookin' critter led on the track I ever saw; and he war called Wee Hawk. I soon found he war entered agin Waxy; and, as the people thought it war



"THE FIRE WAR THAR."

for a joke, big odds were offered agin him. I looked him all over; an' though he war a hard-lookin' cuss of the hoss kind, I noticed thar war fire in his eye, an' he war winkin' like as if he'd been thar before. • I looked at my pile, and thinks I to myself, • Now, if I bet on Waxy, an' win, it won't amount to much; but if I bet on Wee Hawk, an' win, I'll hev a pile worth talkin' of.' I looked agin at old Wee Hawk, an', seein' the fire in his eye a-flashin' more an' more, I concluded I'd risk it. Waal, when old Wee

Hawk war brought out alongside Waxy, you oughter heard the guyin' the crowd give his rider. 'Take 'im off.' 'Look out for crows.' 'Fasten some hay on a stick ahead of his nose,' and the like, war heard on every side. All this time Waxy war prancin' around, everybody feelin' sure he'd win. Waal, as I war a-sayin', when they war led out to start, Wee Hawk began to ruffle his feathers, and, as the sayin' is, 'snuff the battle from afar;' an' it took three men to hold



him. An' when the jedge said, 'Go!' you oughter seen old Wee Hawk a-straightenin' out his long legs an' neck, an' lightin' out as if he war another Pegasus or Hippogriff, which, as I've heard, war great racin' hosses in old times. Waxy war nowhar, an' come out more than six lengths behind Wee Hawk. The fellers who had been yellin' to give him to the crows war 'not crowin' so much when they found they had to hand over to me, and it war the worst heat crowd you ever saw. Waal, now, Mr. Wise, I never did see a man look so much like a hoss as you do like Wee Hawk; an', though I can't vote for you, I'll bet my pile on you."

Mr. Wise laughed heartily at the comparison, and the result soon proved that the "fire war thar." — *W. F. Wise.*

## BEING IN THE SECRET.

WHEN Lord North announced his resignation, and that of his colleagues, in the House of Commons, the members expecting a very long debate, had ordered their carriages to return for them at two, three, or four o'clock in the morning; but his lordship's declaration rendering any discussion unnecessary, the House immediately broke up, in an evening unusually wet and tempestuous. Lord North's coach was waiting at the door; and as that good-humored nobleman passed through the lobby, he found those who had turned him out of office, huddled in crowds,

both in the lobby and passages, looking in vain for servants to call vehicles to take them home; they immediately made a lane for the retiring premier, who bowed pleasantly to the right and left, and mounting the steps of his carriage, said, "Adieu, gentlemen; you see it is an excellent thing to be in the secret."

**I**NGALLS AND PLUMB. — As a rule, Mr. Ingalls is a very careful presiding officer; but only a few days ago, in a fit of absent-mindedness, he recognized Senator Hale of Maine as "the Senator from Hale." At another time, while he was occupied with some papers, his colleague Mr. Plumb rose. Mr. Ingalls looked up, and said,



"ADIEU, GENTLEMEN, YOU SEE IT IS AN EXCELLENT THING TO BE IN THE SECRET."

"Plumb!" He immediately corrected his recognition, and gravely announced, "The Senator from Kansas." Afterward Mr. Plumb, in the Senate restaurant, made Mr. Ingalls buy a bottle of imported ginger ale for the party; and the president *pro tem.* expressed himself as happy to get off so easily.



"IT WAS NOT SO STRANGE THAT GEORGE WASHINGTON THREW A DOLLAR ACROSS A RIVER, SINCE HE THREW A SOVEREIGN ACROSS A SEA."

## HOW FAR CAN A DOLLAR GO?

SPEAKING of George Washington always reminds me of that good story of how Evarts told Lord Coleridge, when they were at Mount Vernon, the legend of Washington throwing a dollar across the Rappahannock. "But," objected Coleridge, "the Rappahannock's a broad stream." — "Yes," retorted Evarts, "but you must remember that a dollar went further in those days." At a dinner party not long ago Evarts was chaffed a little about the many stories attributed to him by the newspapers, and incidentally this one was praised as his best. "Oh," said Evarts modestly, "I don't say all the good things that are credited to me! Every now and then some anonymous newspaper

paraphraser says a wittier thing than any of us. Now, what I might have said to Lord Coleridge was, that it was not so strange that George Washington threw a dollar across a river, since he threw a sovereign across a sea."

## A JOINT NOTE.

THE following story of Webster and Choate is somewhat characteristic of both of them, and therein lies its interest. The intimacy of Webster and Choate is well known. There can scarcely be a doubt that they loved each other. While the former was Secretary of State, the latter was in the Senate from Massachusetts. At some point during this period Choate is reported to have found himself short of money, and, being away from home, in a strait to know how to relieve himself. He sat in his seat in the old Senate chamber, with a contracted brow, ploughing with both of his hands those long black locks of his, as his habit was, in a vain effort to conjure up some way of meeting his engagements, when an idea struck him. "I will go to Webster," he said to himself; and, seizing his hat, he made his way rapidly to Fourteenth Street. The great man was at home, and received him with unusual cordiality.

"But what is the matter with you, Choate?" he asked (the latter had on that woe-begone expression which everybody remembers); "are you sick?"

Choate took a chair, and began to run his fingers through his hair, in a state of doubt as to how he should approach the subject of his visit. "Not exactly sick, Mr. Webster; but I am short of money, and have come up to see if you could lend me five hundred dollars."

Webster leaned back in his chair, and with eyes dilated, and the faintest possible gleam of humor in his face, looked at Choate: "Choate, I am just five hundred short myself," he said. (Choate's chin dropped.) "But look here, brother Choate," continued Mr. Webster; "I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll make a note, sir, say at sixty days, for one thousand dollars, payable in Boston. You shall sign it, and I'll indorse it; and by the time it comes round we will be at home to provide for it."

Choate looked up with astonishment. He could see how easily the note might be made; but how the money was coming out of the note was not so clear, and he said so to Mr. Webster.

"Leave that to me," the latter replied.

Suffice it to say, the note was made. Choate went back to the Senate to await the results of his friend's financial experiment; and his great friend, placing the note in his vest-pocket, donned that well-remembered broad-brimmed black felt hat which he wore on those times, and directed his steps towards Corcoran's.

Entering the banking-house, with head erect and shoulders well set back, "Is Mr. Corcoran in?" in the measured and magisterial tones that inspired so much awe, he asked of the clerk at the counter.

"Yes, sir," he replied deferentially.

"Please say to him that Mr. Webster would like to see him."

Corcoran appeared with alacrity from his private room, and the usual salutations were exchanged.

"Mr. Corcoran, my brother Choate is a little short of money, and has made a note for a thousand dollars (which I have very cheerfully indorsed for him), payable in Boston in sixty days. Would you discount it for him?"

"Certainly," replied Corcoran, "with the greatest pleasure;" and turning to the clerk he said, "Give Mr. Webster the proceeds of the note after deducting the interest."

The clerk made his figures, and bringing out a small bag of gold emptied it upon the counter. He counted out a sufficient sum to satisfy the proceeds of the note; and Mr. Webster, putting it into his pantaloons pocket, called a hack, and went immediately to the Capitol. Walking into the Senate chamber, he found Choate, with his head in his hands, in the most distraught frame of mind. Going directly up to him, he gave him a smart slap upon the shoulder, —

"I've got it, Choate."

"The d——I you have!" he replied.

The great man sat down beside him, and they divided the money as nearly equally as they could; and thus Choate's mind obtained relief.

## AT THE RACES.

ONE day, at the races, Senators Ingalls and Blackburn were in the club-house having a pleasant time with the edibles, when Col. Jim Williams, the Kentucky horseman, hove in sight. "Well," he said, with more vigor than appears in this print, "are you fellows friends? I thought you were thirsting for each other's blood." — "Oh, no; we are friends," laughed Senator Blackburn; "ain't we?" turning to Mr. Ingalls. "Yes," replied the Senator from Kansas with that peculiar edge which shows through every tone; "oh, yes; we are friends — here."



"OH, YES; WE ARE FRIENDS — HERE!"

## HE WAS AHEAD.

GEN. GEORGE A. SHERIDAN, who has made a hit as a lecturer in defence of Christianity against the assaults of "the modern pagan," is an effective, witty, and eloquent political speaker. On one occasion, he was sent by a committee to deliver an address in a small town in Indiana on the banks of the Wabash. Sheridan was rather surprised at the elaborate reception he met when he alighted from the train. A great procession, composed of the town military company, various civil societies, the Mayor, Aldermen, etc., took him in charge, and conveyed him to the public square, where an audience of seven thousand or eight thousand were waiting. Sheridan's bewilderment changed to feelings of another nature when the Mayor arose and addressed the assemblage, saying, "Fellow-citizens, I introduce to you Gen. George A. Sheridan, and he will speak. He is not the Sheridan we expected to hear. We looked for little Phil, the hero of Winchester. The committee has played a trick on us. This Sheridan is said to be a good speaker; and we will try and forget our surprise and disappointment, and listen to him."

The Mayor sat down, and Sheridan rose to reply.

"Mr. Mayor," he said, in his rich but stentorian voice, "when I was informed that an appointment had been made for me to address the people of this city, I accepted it with pleasure. I pictured to myself a teeming city, its buildings a triumph of architectural art, its streets busy bazaars thronged with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen. I saw in fancy its libraries, seats of learning, its galleries of sculpture and paintings. I thought of its many industries and its commercial greatness, and withal of the refined courtesy of its mayor and representative citizens, and my thoughts were pleasurable ones. What, then, is my surprise and disappointment to find your city a collection of wooden shanties on the swampy bank of a dirty river; your bazaars of trade to consist of a few drug-stores selling quinine to your scrawny, leathern-cheeked citizens, a few rum groggeries, and two filthy country stores; your industries a blacksmith's and an undertaker's shop; your art-

galleries pictures cut from the last year's 'Police Gazette;' and your mayor and representative citizens quite fit to wallow in the mire of their surroundings. I will try and overcome my disappointment regarding your city, and the disgust with the committee who sent me to speak to a population who seem happy and contented with their lot, and I will now proceed to address you."



HIS DEMOCRACY SEEMED HIS RELIGION.

## STANTON AND LINCOLN.

IT HAPPENED to be at Washington when Stanton was called to the Cabinet of President Lincoln. It was a strange event. Stanton was not only a Democrat of so fierce a sort that his Democracy seemed his religion, but he felt, and had openly expressed, his contempt for Abra-

ham Lincoln. I remember an instance of this last that is a painful memory, looking back, as I do, with loving admiration for both these great men. Stanton had won his way to the front as an able advocate, and found himself leading counsel in an important case involving millions. He learned, a few moments before going to trial, that Lincoln had been retained, and expected to make an argument. He told me of



"IT DON'T HURT ME, AND IT DOES HER A POWER OF GOOD."

this, and described, in wrath, the long, lank creature from Illinois, wearing a dirty linen duster for a coat, on the back of which the perspiration had splashed two wide stains, that, emanating from each arm-pit, met at the centre, and resembled a dirty map of a continent.

"I said," snorted Stanton, "that if that giraffe appeared in the case, I would throw up my brief and leave."

Lincoln was ruled out, and the worst part of the transaction was that he knew of the insult. Nothing has so impressed the belief I hold in the greatest of all Presidents as this utter ignoring of a brutal affront. It was no assumption of a Christian forgiveness. Lincoln could hate with an intensity known only to strong natures; and, when just retribution demanded it, he could punish with an iron will no appeals for pity could move. But he possessed that strange sense of power that lifted him above personal insult. In a word, he could not be insulted. In his quiet dignity, he put shame on the aggressor. He illustrated this in his own humorous way, when told by a friend that Horace Greeley was abusing him in a most outrageous manner.

"That reminds me," he said, "of the big fellow whose little wife was wont to beat him over the head without resistance. When remonstrated with, the man said, 'Let her alone. It don't hurt me, and it does her a power of good.'"

I do not wonder at President Lincoln selecting Stanton to control, at the time, the most important arm of the Government; but I was amazed at Stanton's acceptance. — *Donn Piatt.*

### THREE BREAKFASTS.

Gov. GEORGE C. GORHAM met Col. Henry Watterson one morning recently in New York.

"Had your breakfast?" asked Col. W.

"A California breakfast, yes," replied Gov. G.

"What's that?"

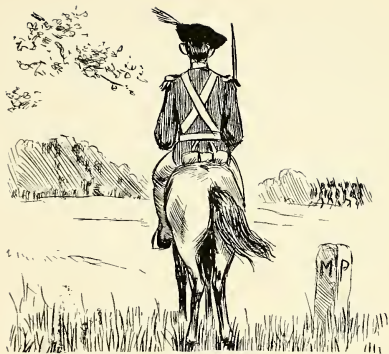
"A cocktail and a shoe-shine."

"Well, I've had a Kentucky breakfast," responded Col. W.

"And what's that?" inquired Gov. G.

"A cocktail and a chew of tobacco."

Then they organized a trust, and went in and had a New York breakfast.



"THEY RETIRED BEFORE THE PRESTIGE OF HIS COURAGE."

## CLAY AND BUCHANAN.

ABOUT 1835 Clay and Buchanan were both in the United States Senate together, and the latter was one of the leaders of the Democracy. Clay did not conceal his dislike of the Pennsylvanian, and sought every occasion to show it. One memorable day he rose and made a studied attack upon the Democrats, and especially upon Gen. Jackson. Mr. Buchanan was put forward to answer him, which he did with his best ability. When he took his seat, Mr. Clay rose with well-feigned surprise, and sarcastically remarked that "he had made no allusion to the

Senator from Pennsylvania. He was referring to the *leaders*, not to the subordinates of the Democracy." Upon which Buchanan took the floor, and said that the Senator from Kentucky was certainly in error, because he had pointedly and repeatedly looked at him while he was speaking. Clay quickly and sneeringly retorted by alluding to Buchanan's slight obliquity of vision. "I beg to say, Mr. President," he remarked, "that the mistake was the Senator's, not mine. Unlike him, sir, I do not look one way, and row another." It was a cruel thrust; and when a gentleman reproached Clay for his harshness, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Oh, d—n him! he deserved it. *He writes letters!*" On another occasion Buchanan defended himself against the charge of hostility to the second war with England by showing that he had formed a troop of Lancaster horse, and rode to Baltimore to resist the invader. "Yes, Mr. President," was Clay's prompt rejoinder, "I remember that event; and I remember also that by the time the Senator got into Maryland the enemy had fled. Doubtless they heard of the approach of the distinguished gentleman, and retired before the prestige of his courage." — *John W. Forney.*

## GOV. KENT'S CIGAR.

"THE only time," says ex-Vice-President Hamlin, "that Gov. Edward Kent of Maine was known to make a joke was one winter day just as he left Seavey's Hotel at Unity in Waldo County. On getting into the sleigh, he found that he had forgotten to take a cigar, and he called the bar-boy and said, 'Please get me a cigar.' (It was before the day of lucifer matches.) The bar-boy hurried away, and pretty soon came back puffing a brand-new cigar, and, pulling it out of his mouth, handed it to Gov. Kent. 'Well,' said his Excellency, 'I suppose I could stand that easy enough before election, but it's a little too much after election.' The boy went back, and finally the Governor drove off with a cigar of his own dedication."



## HOW "BISHOP" OBERLY SURRENDERED TO DR. MARY WALKER.

JOHN H. OBERLY is the latest victim to the prowess of Dr. Mary Walker. Lately her ambition has been to secure an appointment as special examiner in the pension service. Several attempts were made by her to obtain interviews with Gen. Black. These failing, she determined to apply for examination by the civil service board, and then confront the pension commissioners with a certificate properly authenticated. Having come to this determination, she announced to some one that she proposed to call on Mr. Oberly and talk with him. He heard Dr. Mary Walker was to call upon him, and determined to dodge an interview. Long ago he selected a small den in the subterranean parts of City Hall, where the Civil Service Commission has its offices, to avoid some of the calls that are made upon him. It took Dr. Mary three days to track him to his den, but she finally did so. One day the "Bishop" was in his hiding-place, when a rap was made on his door. He opened it, and there stood Dr. Mary Walker.

"Is Mr. Oberly here?" she inquired.

"No," said Mr. Oberly, while his face continued to bear those marks of Christian innocence which have gained for him the cognomen of "Bishop." "No, Mr. Oberly is not in; but I'm his messenger, and will tell him any message you may wish to leave."

"I'll call again," replied the Doctor.

Ten days afterward the scene was repeated. Dr. Mary called, and was again told by the obliging "messenger" that Mr. Oberly was not in, but that any word left would be told to him. The next day Mr. Oberly was again disturbed by a gentle rap. He went smiling to the door, but was more than disgusted to find Dr. Mary Walker there.

"Good-morning, Mr. Oberly," she said, as she pushed her way into the room.

"But I'm not Mr. Oberly," declared the good "Bishop;" while the blushes that insisted in reddening his face on account of the pervarication, even in self-defence, gave the lie to his denial.

"Oh, but I know you are Mr. Oberly!" rejoined the imperturbable man-woman. "I thought you were fooling me; and I called on Mrs. Oberly before coming this morning, and got her to show me your picture. I'm sure of you this time." The "Bishop" was floored by the Doctor. He surrendered then and there, and gave her all the information she wanted about civil service examinations.



"I AM SURE OF YOU THIS TIME."

## SEWARD AND WEED.

DOX PIATT tells a good story of Secretary Seward when governor

amused and slightly irritated, cried out to an old friend and prominent politician standing upon the porch of a tavern, before which the coach had drawn up, —

“I say, Tom, tell this aged man of the reins that I am governor of New York, or he will tumble me off.”

“I won't tell any such lie, William.”

“Sir,” replied Seward, “do you mean to say that I am not?”

“Certainly, I do.”

“Who is, then?”

“Thurlow Weed, of course.” A roar of laughter from the inside testified to the wit of the sally, which was good because so ludicrously true.



“THURLOW WEED, OF COURSE.”

of New York, trying to convince the driver of a stage-coach of the fact. The cunning old whip looked incredulously, from the corners of his fishy eyes, at the little hook-nosed man at his side, and gave expression to his belief that he had an escaped lunatic on the box. Seward, much

French phrase, for the other, when he comes in the Senate chamber, so as to be the first to bow. Meanwhile, both are subjects of much good-natured chaff from their brother Senators on both sides. Some time ago, Senator Voorhees presented Senator Sherman, in the chamber, with

## WASHINGTON DURING A POLITICAL CONVENTION.

A CLEVER correspondent thus portrays the air of expectancy and suspense which hovers over the capital in a time of great political excitement: —

“The town is under an eclipse. The one really amusing thing is the extreme and guarded politeness of the presidential possibilities in the Senate to each other. Senator Sherman and Senator Allison, who are very good friends, and are habitually pleasant and polite to each other, are now elaborately gracious. Each one is wondering which will have to swallow the hemlock, and march up to his opponent with congratulations. Each keeps his eye peeled, to use a classic

a cartoon from a funny paper representing Brother Blaine in the guise of a fox pretending to be stretched out in death, but one eye is open. A number of geese with a strong resemblance to well-known presidential candidates are cautiously approaching to see if the fox from Maine is really dead or only shamming. Senator Sherman heads the procession of inquiring fowls. When Senator Sherman saw it, he laughed his peculiar silent laugh for half an hour. It tickled his somewhat grim sense of humor hugely. Such jokes as these are common enough between rational Senators. A few lunatics on one side or the other have not the relations with their opponents that will permit this; but luckily they are scarce, and getting scarcer."

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### "WE'RE WATCHIN' YER!"

WHEN the great Union mass-meeting was held in Union Square, New York, in 1861, Fernando Wood was one of the speakers. This wily politician had been drawn into the war movement much against his will. During his speech a number of New York "toughs," constituents of his, were perched in the trees surrounding the stand. From time to time these would call out, —

"Take care what yer say, Fernandy Wud! We're watchin' yer close!"



"TAKE CARE WHAT YER SAY, FERNANDY WUD! WE'RE WATCHIN' YER CLOSE!"

CONGRESSIONAL SLIPS. — Mr. Herbert of Alabama recently began a speech, "If all the gentlemen who have spoke upon the other side." A member from Central Pennsylvania, speaking about the employment of boys in the mines, used this expression, "It will do

must be stopped undecidedly." Mr. Bland of Missouri said in debate, "I returned back;" and, on the same day, the Hon. Timothy Campbell of New York declared that Mr. Lynch of Pennsylvania "was the baldest headedest man in Congress."



HE HAS KEPT HIS WORD.

## CONSISTENT.

It is said that Senator George of Mississippi remarked, when re-elected, that he would never wear a dress-suit or ride in a carriage, and that he has kept his word.

## THE MINISTER TO YANK-E-PANK.

THE following correspondence, which is printed with regret, may need some explanation. Names, of course, are suppressed. The first note is from an official supposed to be very near the White House:—

[Confidential.]

WASHINGTON, —, 1855.

DEAR SIR, — The mission to Yank-e-Pank is vacant. I have some reason to believe that it might be obtained for you if it were known that you would accept the appointment.

Yours respectfully, — — —

[Not confidential.]

BOSTON, —, 1855.

DEAR SIR, — I am glad to hear that the mission to Yank-e-Pank is vacant. As it seems to be etiquette for the Government not to offer an appointment unless it knows it will be accepted, I am obliged to inform you that it is a principle with me never to accept or decline any thing before it is offered to me.

I have the honor to be  
Yours, etc., — — —

WASHINGTON, —, 1855.

DEAR SIR, — I am directed, in behalf of the President of the United States, to offer you the position of Minister to Yank-e-Pank. You will please report to Washington for instructions on or before the 26th inst.

Yours respectfully, — — —

P.S. — The salary of the mission will probably be raised at the next session of Congress.

BOSTON, —, 1855.

DEAR SIR, — Your note informing me that the President offers me the position of Minister to Yank-e-Pank is received, and I desire you to express my profound gratitude to the President for the honor he does me. I should like to accept the mission to Yank-e-Pank (after the salary has been raised), were it not that I determined early in life never to subject myself to official whims and insolence by taking a government appointment, and never to let myself be set up as a target for abuse by running for an elective office; and I have thus far been poor enough to keep my resolution. This will not seem to you unpatriotic when you reflect that I am the only man in the United States of this mind, so that there is no danger that any office will long be vacant.

I am willing to believe that you are actuated by kindly motives, but see what

you propose to do to me. I have a family; and I have a business which gives me a moderate income, that with economy enables me to make both ends meet at the end of the year. You propose to tear me out of my pleasant relations, break up my business, and send me out of the country, on a salary that you know is not large enough to enable me to live like my missionary associates at Yank-e-Pank, and is small enough to subject me to social mortification. You say that it may be raised. How do you know that it will not be discontinued entirely about the time I get established at Yank-e-Pank, and that the only notice I will have from the department that my services are no longer required is that my pay stopped a month before I received the notice?

You propose to break up my life, and you do not offer any permanent position or any career. How can you? You are not a permanency yourself. You represent nothing that is stable. You are not part of a system or an organization that is, by its nature, certain in its action, or responsible. You are only an accident of a political chance, that may disappear, and leave me high and dry. And yet you call yourselves a government! I should hold this place only at the whim of you or some other equally transient official; and, if I were turned out of it, I should probably have to sell my furniture, and borrow money of my father-in-law, to pay my passage home.

I confess that I am amazed at your cheek, although I gratefully acknowledge your kind intention. You know, besides, that I am not qualified for Yank-e-Pank, that I never had a day's diplomatic experience, that I have not had the least training in your State Department, nor in the consular or ministerial business. You know that you do not offer me a career, but only a risky excursion; that you do not propose to make me part of a permanent, well-organized service, with a certainty of continuance in it if I am worthy and able, with the chance of promotion, and an inducement to devote all my energies to the service of my country.

You cruelly ask me to take all these risks, and a still more serious one, that of the loss of my reputation. You know perfectly well that if my official master, who is not, remember, the head of a system, in a fit of indigestion, or by reason of misinformation (which may be conveyed by an anonymous letter), chooses to turn me out and disgrace me, though I may be as right as right, there is not one chance in a thousand that I would get redress; there is no tribunal to which I could appeal, since my official position is purely arbitrary.

If I were rich, and had nothing else to do, I might like to go to Yank-e-Pank, and swell round for a year or two in an official position. But until you organize a regular diplomatic and consular service, I beg to be excused from encouraging, by my acceptance, the delusive so-called "best-men" policy.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

— *Harper's Monthly*.

## A N ANECDOTE OF LOGAN.

AN anecdote of Gen. Logan is called to mind by the dedication of the memorial tablet to him in the Washington Methodist Church.



"I NEVER MIX POLITICS AND RELIGION."

Gen. Logan visited Maine in the campaign of 1884, and the writer saw him in a jolly political company one evening. "Logan," said Senator Hale, "they tell me that you joined the Methodist Church by telegraph. How is it?"

"We won't talk about that, Hale," said the General. "I never mix politics and religion."

## POLITICAL CHESTNUTS.

THERE'S going to be a heap of fun  
From now until election,  
To listen to the chestnuts spun  
On Free Trade and Protection.

The Cobden Club, we will be told,  
Will rule the country for us,  
And with their loads of British gold  
Spread pauperism o'er us.

We'll hear that Democrats who own  
Half of this land, and love it,  
Are going to make the English Throne  
A little present of it.

We'll hear the side that now contains  
Four-fifths of toilers hearty  
Want to reduce their own hard gains  
To help the other party.

We will be told by those who fill  
Their pockets with our money  
The seven per cent reduction bill  
Is free trade, — which *is* funny.

We'll hear that all the mills will stop  
(They didn't, we remember) ;  
And hearts will bleed, and tears will drop,  
For workmen, — till November.

But one prediction may be made,  
And demagogues won't doubt it,  
Which is, the fools who yell "free trade"  
Don't know a thing about it.

H. C. Dodge.



NOT ENOUGH INFLUENCE.

## NOT ENOUGH INFLUENCE.

A good story is told of Superintendent Nash of the railway mail service, who has just tendered his resignation. Fault has been found with him because his desire for an efficient service led him to be very slow in making removals. In the early part of his senatorial career,



Bate of Tennessee called upon Nash with a friend to ask the removal of a Republican postal clerk.

“What charge have you to make against him?” asked Nash. “None, except that he is a Republican,” said the Senator. “I want his place for a Democrat.” — “There is a rule in force here,” said Mr. Nash, “that no clerks are to be removed except for cause; and I cannot comply with your wish, Senator.” Bate turned in a dazed way and walked out; and the friend from Tennessee, who had come in to be impressed with a sample of senatorial power, whistled, and then said, “Well, I’ll be d—d, Bate, if I was a United States Senator and couldn’t get a Republican postal clerk fired out, I’d resign, and go home and get elected Justice of the Peace.” — *Pioneer Press*.

## POLITICAL REPORTEES.

The stump and the personal canvass are productive of some of the funniest things in politics, as these pages abundantly testify. To make a neat repartee in the heat of debate is commonly accounted a very clever thing, — and justly. A short time ago “The Atlanta Constitution” addressed the following inquiry to a number of prominent gentlemen throughout the State: —

“What is the best piece of wit you remember to have heard or read of in legal or political circles? To suggest what we want, we offer the following: —

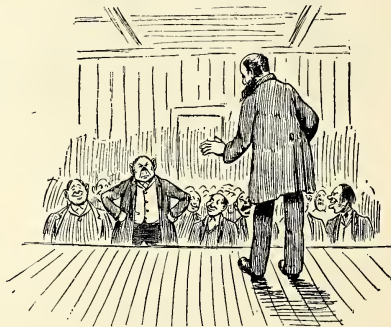
“A friend of Mr. Blaine’s once asked Conkling if he would not take the stump for Mr. Blaine in the campaign of 1884.” “I cannot,” he said: “I have retired from the criminal practice.”

“Please let us have your answer as early as possible.”

The paper received a great many replies, one of which we print herewith. Whether this implies a decadence of wit in public men of the present day, we cannot say; but assuredly nothing quoted below is better than the following from Dr. H. V. M. Miller, who, when

the conflict was raging between Whigs and Democrats, arraigned the Democratic party with terrible force to a big meeting. He then said, —

“Is there any man in all this assembly that will now dare to confess himself a Democrat?”



“YES, SIR, I AM A DEMOCRAT.”

Contrary to expectation, a chubby Irishman with a red nose arose, and placing his hands on his hips, with his arms akimbo, said, —

“Yes, sir, I am a Democrat.”

The doctor drew attention to the queer-looking figure, and said, —

“My friend, if you would wrap a few wisps of straw around you, you would be a demijohn.”



"ENOUGH, YOU HAVE VINDICATED YOUR CLAIM TO BE MY COMPATRIOT."

### THREE MARKED TRAITS.

THE following conversation occurred at the dinner-table where Mr. Webster for the first time met Col. Preston, then a new senator from South Carolina. "Col. Preston," said the great Massachusetts lawyer in his stately manner, "I am happy to greet you as a member of the body to which it is my pride and honor to belong; but I regret to see that Southern gentlemen so often stand aloof from me." Mr. Preston answered in polite and deferential terms, when the other continued: "The truth is, I am far more a Southern than a Northern man, and I think that I should be treated as 'hail-fellow' by all my Southern colleagues." — "May I beg to know," said the other, "the grounds upon which you make this claim?" — "Certainly," replied Mr. Webster. "In

the first place, I am very fond of a horse-race; and I believe the turf is a Southern institution. Secondly, I have in my cellar a hundred dozen of the best wine, unpaid for; and that I understand to be a trait of Southern life. Thirdly, before daylight I shall be under the table; and I suppose you are willing to admit this to be characteristic of Southerners." — "Enough," shouted the other, laughing, "you have vindicated your claim to be my compatriot." — *Peter Parley.*

### SQUIRE STEBBINS ON THE MILLS BILL.

THE Mills bill has passed the House by a majority of 13. Mr. Mills was so tickled that he left himself out of his boots. what do you think of that Squire? sez he. well sez i Mr. Mills, i think if ide ben at work over er bill as long as you have over that one, and it had been awl torn ter pieces in the committee of the whole as your bill was, and then by the free use of the party whip and awl the power of the president and the administrashun i cood only get 13 majority, i wood try and keep my boots on, before folks auyhow. sez he, dont you consider it er triumph? sez i, it woodnt take er grate many such triumphs to ruin the party. when with awl the machinery youve had, you can get only a limpin majority you better not do very much braggin.

and after awl what have you accomplished? youve spent all the sesshun over this bill, neglectin all uther bizness and have finally succeeded in gettin a meshur thru the house that you kno will be killed in the senate. the fakt is sez i, Mills, youve been barkin up the rong tree. the game want on that tree at all.

your bizness was to reduce the surplus. even if the bill should pass the senate it would not reduce the surplus more than half. dont you konsider it er good bill Squire? sez he. i do, said i. but what is the use of fussin about er good thing if you cant get it, especially when the country is sufferin for you to do samthin practical? sez i, wipe out your internal taxes, keep the muuny in the pokets and hands of the people.

take time to examine this tariff question and find out what the interests of the nashun demand. if it is free wool give em free wool. if it is free iron give em free iron. if er tariff is what is needed let us have a tariff. but it is no time ter try experiments. you wanter go strate to the root of the disease that is etin out the vitals ov the body polertik.

Well, he sez, squire, we wont say enny more erbout it, but what do you think erbout the elekshun? sez i Mr. Mills, it looks ter me as tho munny is goin ter run this elekshun. The party that uses the most munny and nses it the most judishusly is going ter win. sez i er man goes in fer the tariff or against the tariff akordin to his own interest. so the men holdin the balance of power, that is the flotin vote, will cast the ballots on the side of the most munny. sez he do you believe there are men in the State of New York who will sell their votes? sez i, Mills, your innercence is refreshin. You never shood have left Texas. you are altogether too pure for northern latitude.

Trooly yours.

Z. STEBBINS, Esq.

## PLUCK.

BELIEVING that West Virginia was not altogether irretrievably Democratic, Gen. Goff determined to do what none of his predecessors had done, — to carry the war into the enemy's camp. Accordingly he announced that on a certain date he would make a speech at Braxton Court-House. There were not more than fifteen or twenty Republican votes in Braxton County. The sheriff, who was a Democratic leader, made up his mind that the people of the county did not care to hear Gen. Goff. He therefore advertised a half-dozen sales to take place on the day the speech was to be delivered. When Gen. Goff arrived, he found the court-house steps and all the tree-stumps about occupied by deputy-sheriffs crying the sales of various pieces of property. Nothing daunted, he mounted the first convenient barrel he could find, and began to speak. Seeing that the crying of the deputies did not have the desired effect, the sheriff and the united Democracy gathered about

Gen. Goff's improvised stump, and began to yell. The General is a little man, but his eyes began to blaze in a way that meant business. Holding up his right hand, he cried out above the noise of the crowd, —

“I have heard that yell before. I heard it behiud loaded muskets. I was not afraid of it then, and I am not afraid of it now. I am going to make this speech.”

The crowd stopped yelling, and then spontaneously broke out in a cheer for the plucky General. The speech was delivered, and to a very attentive audience; and while Gen. Goff may not have converted Braxton County to his political belief, he left a great many Democratic friends behind him when he returned to his home.



“I HAVE HEARD THAT YELL BEFORE.”

## WEBSTER *vs.* WEBSTER.

WHEN Mr. Webster visited England, after he had attained fame enough to precede him, an English gentleman took him one day to see Lord Brougham. That eminent Briton received our Daniel with such coolness that he was glad to get away and back to his rooms. The friend who had taken him at once returned to Lord Brougham in haste and anger.

"My lord, how could you behave with such unseemly rudeness and discourtesy to so great a lawyer and statesman? It was insulting to him, and has filled me with mortification."

"Why, what on earth have I done, and whom have I been rude to?"

"To Daniel Webster of the Senate of the United States."

"Great Jupiter, what a blunder! I thought it was that fellow Webster who made a dictionary, and nearly ruined the English language."

Then the great Chancellor quickly hunted up the American Senator; and, having other tastes in common besides law and politics, they made a royal night of it.

## SLIPS OF THE TONGUE IN CONGRESS.

THE *faux pas* of speeches made in Congress are sometimes very amusing, and afford striking instances of absent-mindedness. The Representatives are much more liable to make breaks in the use of the English language than Senators; the House being the larger body, and necessarily more difficult place in which to collect one's thoughts. During the White-Lowry contest in the early part of the session, Mr. O'Neill of Indiana in a spread-eagle speech extolled the merits of the "broad ægis of the law," and spoke of a certain law as having come

down to us through the crucible of time." Mr. Cox of New York inquired how a law could come down through a crucible, but the learned Hoosier ignored the question. Senator Harris of Tennessee said in debate recently: "I make this statement in *bona fide* good faith."



SLIPS OF THE TONGUE IN CONGRESS.

This reminded Senator Palmer of the speech made by a colored man in a Michigan State Convention when he moved to "adjourn *sine die*" till twelve o'clock to-morrow morning." It also recalls the motion made by Belford of Colorado in the House, "that Congress adjourn *sine die*." Of course the motion was followed by general laughter. Belford rubbed

his eyes and said, "I move this House do now adjourn *bona fide*." At this there was a perfect uproar on the floor of the House and in the galleries. Mr. Belford rose as soon as the laughter ceased and said, "Mr. Speaker, I move that we just purely and simply adjourn." On another occasion Belford pointed to a fellow-member, and with withering scorn exclaimed, "There he sits mute, silent, and dumb." "Yes," remarked a neighbor of Belford's, amid the silence which followed this crushing arraignment, "and he ain't saying a word." That brought down the House.

## A JOKE ON CLAY.

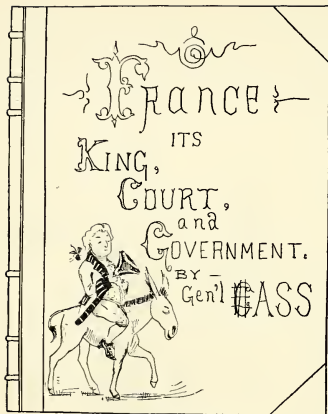
THE publication of Congressman Cox's pleasant reminiscences of Congressional wit and humor brought out a good many anecdotes of the public men of the past that might otherwise have been lost. Among them is the following of Henry Clay and Gov. Metcalfe of Kentucky. Some time before the introduction of railroads Gov. Metcalfe represented in Congress a district of which Nicholas County was a part. Mr. Clay was Secretary of State under President Quincy Adams. It was the custom to make the trip to the national capital in private conveyance. It was in the days of Mr. Clay's greatest popularity that the two distinguished politicians agreed to travel to Washington in Gov. Metcalfe's carriage; and, all the arrangements perfected, they started together from the latter's "Forest Retreat" home, in said county. While passing through the State of Pennsylvania, Mr. Clay told Gov. Metcalfe that he had received intimations that in a certain town they were approaching he would be honored with an ovation by the citizens. They, like thousands of his fellow-countrymen, loved him, but had never seen him. Just before coming to town, Gov. Metcalfe, who had all along been driving, suggested to Mr. Clay that he take the lines and drive, as he himself was tired. Mr. Clay readily consented, whereupon the Governor took the back seat in the carriage. The honored statesman drove the

team successfully into the town, and they were met by a large concourse of people. Gov. Metcalfe alighted from the carriage, and being asked whether he was Mr. Clay, answered yes, that he was glad to meet them, etc.; and at this the crowd fairly hoisted him upon their shoulders, and triumphantly started with him to the place of reception. Looking back at Mr. Clay, who still sat in the carriage, somewhat nonplussed, the



"DRIVER, TAKE THOSE HORSES TO THE STABLE, AND FEED THEM."

Governor cried, "Driver, take those horses to the stable, and feed them." The merriment of the crowd, when the joke was discovered, can better be imagined than described, Mr. Clay himself as heartily entering into it as the rest. Frequently afterward he would refer to it, and said it was one of the best practical jokes he ever heard played off on a fellow.



GEN. CASS'S BOOK.

## A JOKE ON CASS.

It will be recollected that Gen. Cass was United States Minister to France while Louis Philippe was king. When he returned home from his mission, he wrote and published a rather weak book, under the title of "France: its King, Court, and Government." Somebody was ridiculing the book in the presence of a wag, who thereupon remarked that it was impossible for *Cass* to cross the sea (*c*) without making an *ass* of himself. — *Maunsell B. Field.*



SENATOR CAMERON AND SENATOR BUTLER ARE A PAIR THAT ALWAYS COUNT.

## WHERE PAIRING COUNTED.

A RIGHT good one comes in from the Senate, showing the unanimity of "pairing" on votes. Senator Cameron and Senator Butler are a pair that always count. Some time ago a vote was taken, and Senator Butler being absent, Senator Cameron responded: "Mr. President," he said, "on this measure I am paired with the Senator from South Carolina. If he were present, he would vote 'no,' and so would I."



## THE EXAMINING BOARD GOT LEFT.

The following scene is reported to have occurred before the Board of Examiners some time since, sitting at Washington, for the purpose of passing upon the merits of official candidates. An eccentric and venerable gentleman, Col. D— of Virginia, is now before the Board:—

EXAMINER. "Well, sir, will you be kind enough to tell us where you were born, and from what State you were appointed to office?"

COL. D—. "I was *born* in Old Virginia, and I was *appointed* from Old Virginia, sir."

EXAMINER. "What is your age, sir?"

COL. D—. "My *age*, sir?"

EXAMINER. "Yes, Col. D—, *your* age."

COL. D—. "My age? my age? Why, sir, my head is *silvered* with age, sir, — sixty-seven last August, God be praised!"

EXAMINER. "What was your occupation before you came here, sir?"

COL. D—. "I was a planter, and a gentleman, sir, before I came *here*."

EXAMINER. "I presume you are familiar with the elementary rules of geography, arithmetic, and grammar—especially the latter?"

COL. D—. "Evidently, sir, evidently."

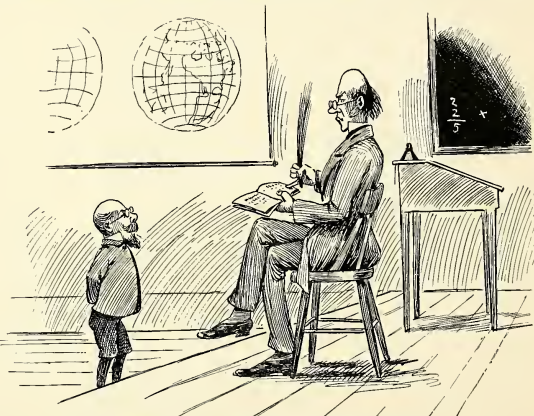
EXAMINER (*facetiously*). "Can you decline your office?"

COL. D—. "My office, like yours, sir, is a very common noun, of doubtful gender, in the *possessive* case, agreeing with *us*, understood, and both governed by salary."

EXAMINER. "Rule, sir?"

COL. D—. "One noun governs another in the possessive."

"LISTENING" EXAMINER. "We are satisfied, Col. D—, with your knowledge of general principles; and you will, no doubt, be permitted to discharge the duties of your desk."



"WE ARE SATISFIED, COL. D—, WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF GENERAL PRINCIPLES."

RATHER MIXED.—In "distributing time" one day, Mr. Galinger of New Hampshire said, "Mr. Speaker, I give three gentlemen to the minutes from Kansas." He meant to say that he gave three minutes to the gentleman (Mr. Perkins) from Kansas.

## HE STAID.

I WAS talking the other day with an old Ohio Whig, when he related an anecdote of Old Hickory which I think worth preserving. After Jackson's first election in 1828, a strong effort was made to remove Gen. ———, an old Revolutionary soldier, at that time postmaster in one of the principal New York towns. He had been so fierce an Adams man that the Jackson men determined to displace him. He was no stranger to Jackson, who knew him well, and was conscious of his private worth and public services; but as the effort to get his place was a determined one, Gen. ——— resolved to undertake a journey to Washington for the purpose of looking after his case. Silas Wright had just left his seat as a Representative in Congress from New York. Never was the Empire State more ably represented. Cool, honest, profound, and subtle, Mr. Wright was precisely the man to head a movement against the old postmaster. His influence with Jackson was boundless; his force in debate made him a match for the giants themselves; and, as Mr. Van Buren was then Jackson's Secretary of State, the combination was powerful. The old postmaster, knowing that these two political masters were against him, called upon the President immediately upon his arrival, and was most courteously received, and requested to call again, which he did several times; but nothing was said about the post-office. Finally, the politicians finished their protest, and sent it forward to Mr. Wright, with the request that it should be delivered at the first opportunity. The old postmaster heard from his friends at home that the important document was on its way: so he resolved on a *coup de main*. The next day, there was a presidential reception, and among the early visitors was Gen. ———. After a cordial greeting by Jackson, he quietly took his seat, and waited until the long train of visitors had duly saluted the nation's chief, and passed through the grand east room on their way home. The President turned to his venerable guest with some surprise, as he noticed him still seated on one of the sofas, and entered into familiar conversation with

him, when, to his amazement, the old soldier said, "Gen. Jackson, I have come here to talk to you about my office. The politicians want to take it from me, and they know I have nothing else to live upon." The



THE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER POSTMASTER.

President made no reply till the aged postmaster began to take off his coat in the most excited manner, when Old Hickory broke out with the inquiry, "What in Heaven's name are you going to do? Why do you take off your coat in this public place?" — "Well, sir, I am going to

show you my wounds, which I received in fighting for my country against the English!" — "Put it on at once, sir!" was the reply; "I am surprised that a man of your age should make such an exhibition of himself;" and the eyes of the iron President were suffused with tears, as, without another word, he bade his ancient foe "Good-evening." The very next night, the crafty and able New York politician called at

new administration would be seriously injured. He had hardly finished the last sentence when Jackson sprang to his feet, flung his pipe into the fire, and exclaimed with great vehemence, "I take the consequences, sir; I take the consequences. By the Eternal! I will not remove the old man — I can not remove him. Why, Mr. Wright, do you not know that he carries more than a pound of British lead in his body?" That was the last of it. — *John W. Forney.*



"WELL, SIR, I AM GOING TO SHOW YOU MY WOUNDS."

the White House, and sent in his card. He was immediately ushered into the presence, and found Jackson, in loose gown and slippers, seated before a blazing wood-fire, quietly smoking his long pipe. He represented the district from which the venerable postmaster hailed; said the latter had been known as a very active advocate of John Quincy Adams; that he had literally forfeited his place by his earnest opposition to the Jackson men, and that if he were not removed, the

## A CANDID EDITOR.

"WE have received visits from several of our leading politicians," says the Arkansas "Kicker," "to inquire why we do not take a decided political stand in favor of one party or the other. It is a question easily answered. We are not publishing a newspaper for fun. Our convictions all run to publishing a dictionary or an almanac, thus leaving us neutral in politics.

"If the 'Kicker' flies the Democratic flag, and hustles for Cleveland and Thurman, it must have some solid assurance, that, after election, the editor will receive a call. A call with a salary of about three thousand dollars hitched to it would just about fit our shape.

"If the 'Kicker' puts up the Republican ticket, and blows for its success, it must have some thing in writing to fall back on after election. We think we could fall back on a post-office of the second class, and not fracture our anatomy.

"We sat up all night last night waiting for a committee of Prohibitionists to come along, and get down to facts; but the bridges were down, and they didn't come. We don't say that it all depends on the 'Kicker' which party rules for the next four years; but we do solemnly affirm that the editor will keep clear of the whole mob, and publish nothing but poetry and local news, unless some pretty solid promises are held out to arouse his slumbering convictions. We are not for sale, but we do hanker for office."



"I KICKED HIM OUT OF DOORS FOR HIS PAINS."

## "A YANKEE AMONG THE NULLIFIERS."

AMONG the political squibs and burlesques of Jackson's day was one bearing the above title. The following amusing passage is full of the feeling of the hour:—

"As I was one evening in company with sundry Nullifiers, one of them related the following:—

"I am very particular," said he, "never to use an article of American manufacture on any consideration whatever. It costs me a great deal more, to be sure, to obtain those of foreign production. But I am determined not to encourage the advocates of protection, and

would sooner go fifty miles, and pay a hundred per cent more than a thing is worth, if it be only imported, than have a similar article of American manufacture brought to my very door and sold at a fair price.

"But, in spite of all my care, I sometimes get confoundly taken in. Why, it was only last week that I discovered a monstrous cheat that had been put upon me. Falling into conversation with a Yankee, I launched out as usual against the tariff, and swore that I would go bareheaded and barebacked till the end of time, sooner than I would wear a coat made of American cloth, or a hat manufactured in an American shop.

"With that the fellow poked out his hand, and desired, if it was no offence, to examine the quality of my coat. "You may examine it as much as you please," said I; "but you'll find it's none of your Yankee manufacture."

"There's where your mistaken, Mister," said he. "I helped make that cloth myself at the Pontoosuc Factory, in old Barkshire, Massachusetts."

"The devil you did!" said I. "Why, I purchased this cloth of a merchant who assured me positively that it was of British manufacture. But what makes you think it is American cloth, and especially that it was made at the Pon— what do you call it Factory?"

"Why, I know by the feel of it. Any fool might know that."

"He then made a like request— provided always it was no offence— to examine my hat. "You are devilish afraid of giving offence," said I, at the same time handing him my hat; "but at all events you'll not find that of American manufacture. It's real London made. I paid ten dollars for it to the importer."

"The more fool you, then," said he; "why, I made that hat with my own hands, in the town of Danbury, Conn.; and I can buy as many jest like it as you can shake a stick at, for four dollars apiece."

"Confound you, for a lying Yankee!" said I, beginning to get angry at the fellow's impertinence. "Do you pretend to be a hatter and cloth manufacturer too? But here's sufficient evidence, inside of the hat, to convict you of an untruth; here's the name of the manufacturer, Bond Street, London."

““Ha, ha, ha!” said he, laughing in my face. “I printed that label in Hartford, Conn.”

““You Yankee scoundrel!” said I, “what haven’t you done?”

““I never did so foolish a thing,” replied he, “as to pay twice as much for British manufactures as I have to give for American ones, and, after all, find the goods had been made in the workshops of our own country.”

““This capped the climax of the fellow’s impertinence, and I kicked him out doors for his pains.””

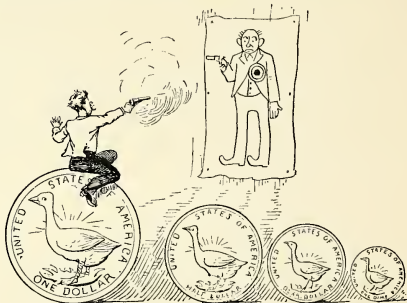
## EAGLE vs. GOOSE.

IN the year 1833, James D. Hopkins, Esq., in addressing the members of the Cumberland bar, told the following capital stories of a noted member of Congress. Some of the sayings have been often repeated in fragments; but the whole is rare, and very entertaining.

While Judge Thacher was a member of the House of Representatives of the United States, a bill was reported on the subject of American coins, which made provision that one side of them should bear the impression of an *eagle*. Mr. Thacher moved an amendment, that the word *eagle* should be stricken out wherever it occurred in the bill, and the word *goose* be substituted. He rose to support the amendment, and with great gravity stated that the eagle was an emblem of royalty, and had always been so considered.

“It is a royal bird, Mr. Speaker, and the idea that it should be impressed upon our coinage is inexpressibly shocking to my republican feelings. Sir, it would be grossly inconsistent with our national character. But the goose, sir, is a republican bird—the fit emblem of republicanism. Ever since I became acquainted with classic lore, sir, I have remembered, with ever new satisfaction, that it was the cackling of a flock of these republicans which saved the greatest city in the world; and always since I have felt disposed to greet every goose I have seen as a brother republican. These reasons, sir, upon which I could

enlarge very much, are, in my view, conclusive in favor of the amendment proposed; and I hope our dollars will bear the impression of a goose, and the goslings may be put on the ten-cent pieces.”



“TELL HIM TO MARK OUT A FIGURE OF MY SIZE ON SOME WALL, AND FIRE AT IT.”

When the amendment was proposed, every countenance was relaxed into a smile. As Mr. Thacher proceeded to state his reasons, there was a universal peal of laughter loud and long. Unhappily, the member who reported the bill—and who must certainly have been a goose himself—thought that all the laugh was *at* him. The next day he sent a friend to Mr. Thacher with a challenge. When the message was delivered, and the reason of it told, Mr. Thacher replied,—

“Tell him I won’t fight.”

“But, Mr. Thacher, what will the world say? They may call you a coward.”

"A coward!" said Mr. Thacher. "Why, so I am, as the world goes; and he knows that very well, or he would never have challenged me. Tell him that I have a wife and children who have a deep interest in my life, and I cannot put it to such danger without their consent. I will write to them; and, if they give their permission, I will accept his challenge. But no," he added, "you need not say that. Tell him to mark out a figure of my size on some wall, and then go off to the honorable distance and fire at it; if he hits within the mark, I will acknowledge that he would have hit me had I been there."

The gentleman laughed, returned to the challenger, and advised him to let Mr. Thacher alone; for he believed that if they should fight, and Thacher were killed, he would in some way or other contrive to get a laugh upon his opponent that he would never get over. The point of honor was abandoned.

## "THE GENESEE FLAT."

AWAY back in the forties, there was elected to the New York State Senate, from the old Eighth Senatorial District, a local magnate named Henry Hawkins. This man was a bachelor, a "buck" of the "old school," one who always dressed in the height of fashion, and affected a very pompous manner. He owed his election mainly to his wealth, and his reputation for intellectual ability; for he was no orator. Strutting down the streets of Alexandria, attired in the finest of raiment, with snowy ruffled shirt front and immaculate boots, and bowing right and left to his neighbors and townsmen, Squire Hawkins presented the appearance of a gentleman of the "old school." He was a Whig in politics.

There was bitter rivalry, in those times, between the Whigs and the Democrats at the State capital. For the first few weeks after taking his seat, Mr. Hawkins acted the part of a listener, though his old-fashioned ceremonious manners caused him to be often pointed out by the younger and more irreverent members of the Legislature. At length, a trifling

question came up for debate, in which the hitherto silent member thought he could safely try his oratorical pinions. It was some question concerning the rich farming district which he represented, known then



A GENTLEMAN OF THE "OLD SCHOOL."

and now as "the Genesee flats." Rising in his seat at the proper moment, he caught the Speaker's eye, and, in a high-pitched voice, made his point. Something in his appearance reminded his listeners irresistibly of an old rooster strutting around, with comb distended, and



crowing his shrillest defiance. Scarcely had Hawkins resumed his seat, when a young Democrat from New York secured the floor, and, with an inimitable imitation of the preceding speaker's voice and gestures, said, "Mr. Speaker, I have long heard of the Genesee flats, but I never saw one till this moment!"



"THERE GOES THE GENESSEE FLAT."

The Senate was convulsed with merriment. The incident spread abroad, and soon the urchins of the Albany streets would shout after Mr. Hawkins, "There goes the Genesee flat!" He took an early train for home, but the story travelled ahead of him; and, when he alighted from the stage in Alexandria, he was saluted with the cry, "Here's the Genesee flat!" The nickname stuck to him through life, and he never returned to Albany.

## SUNSET COX AT HIS BEST.

SOME years ago, when the House of Representatives had under consideration the Army Appropriation Bill, the following amendment was offered by Mr. Wheeler of New York:—

"For preservation of clothing and equipage from moth and mildew, heretofore adopted and now in use, \$50,000.

Mr. Cox took the floor, and for half an hour kept it, to the great edification and delight of the House. He went for the moth, and showed up that objectionable party in a manner quite irresistible.

Mr. Cox (*to Mr. Wheeler*). "You can get the floor at any time. — I would prefer, rather than be fighting moths at such an immense expense, to give these uniforms away. Observe those eminent colored patriots in the gallery! They sit with us so regularly! [Great laughter.] They toil not [laughter], neither do they spin. They are the lilies of the valley. Yet Solomon in all his glory would not be arrayed like them if they were clothed with these 'sky-blue' uniforms! [Renewed laughter.] They sit yonder, uniformly, day after day; and why not in uniform? Let them appear in the gallery properly arrayed in the colors of the republic, — heavenly blue! [Laughter.]

"Now, sir, what, or rather who, are these moths? It is a matter of much concern to our families. Our women ought to know. Science ought to tell us. Scripture — Ah! I see my friend from Massachusetts is impatient. He is about to arise. I am afraid he will make a Scriptural illustration. He is thinking of that place where 'moth and rust do not corrupt'" — [Laughter.]

SEVERAL VOICES. "Where thieves break through and steal."

Mr. Cox. "I did not know the House was so accomplished in the Scriptures. [Laughter.] I think the gentleman [Mr. Dawes] was about to apply it to the Democratic side of the House. I have anticipated him by a more appropriate application. The whole House, including the lilies of the gallery, know just where this quotation fits.

What is the moth, Mr. Chairman? I have looked him up [laughter], and [holding up an illustration in 'Chambers's Encyclopædia,' vol. vi.] there he is. [Great laughter.] There are several kinds. The moth is a burglar, a nocturnal rascal. There are many families of them.



“WHAT, OR RATHER WHO, ARE THESE MOTHS?”

It is worth while, since it costs us nearly half a million to watch this enemy, to know his power. Do not think it insignificant because it is of the butterfly species. It bristles with *antennæ*. From base to apex these *antennæ* are pectinated, especially in the males [laughter]; and

they are formidable either in the larva or chrysalis state. I speak not of their beauty of color; I prefer to refer to the number of their eggs. If there is one moth I prefer to another, it is the hawk-moth; but the lackey is the one I have here pictorially illustrated [holding up the volume]. The lackey-moth is represented in politics, first, by this belt of eggs; second, as the caterpillar; third, as the pupa in the cocoon; and then the full-fledged insect for which we pay so much in this Army Bill. [Laughter.] Now, after this analysis of this insect, I would like to know from the distinguished gentleman from New York, my colleague [Mr. Wheeler], whether the moth, to protect our army clothing from which he would give this \$50,000, is the *Phalæna* moth of Linnæus, or the *Lepidoptera* of other scientists. [Laughter.] Let there be no slirking that question. [Renewed laughter.]

“The real moth that we have to deal with in a political way is a combination of the lackey-moth, which generally haunts the White House, and hovers about the purlieus of power; and the hawk-moth, which is sometimes in the army, or educated there. All these moths, you will find, have a political and destructive significance. If you note how they are batched, how they hide in cocoons, how they creep into dark places through crannies, how they go into closets where goods are stored, how they lie all summer quietly” — [Laughter, the members gathering about the speaker.]

MR. FIELD. “I rise to a question of order. Let the House be brought to order.” [Laughter.]

MR. COX. “I hope my friend of the elegant toilet will come down this way.” [Laughter.]

Here the hammer fell.

SEVERAL MEMBERS. “Go on, Go on.”

MR. WHEELER. I hope my colleague will have unanimous consent to proceed.”

THE CHAIRMAN. “Does the gentleman from New York yield to his colleague?”

MR. WHEELER. “Certainly. I yield all my time to him.”

Mr. Cox. I thank the gentleman and the House very kindly. It is not often that we have a scientific question which requires such analytic research as this before us. It is not often the Committee of the Whole is engaged in the mysterious analogies of nature and politics. It is not often, as a friend near me remarks, that I take the floor on questions of this kind. [Laughter.] But it seems to me that something ought to be said to justify these moth appropriations, and said a little more seriously. May I quote from Harris's 'Treatise on Insects' to illustrate the physical and political relations of the moth? ["Go on!"] 'The clothes-moth in its natural state,' like the politician, 'never leaves its cocoon until it emerges therefrom as a winged moth. Wherever it is seen as a naked worm, it is because it has been disturbed and knocked out of its case;' for example, by an election or otherwise. I am told those scientists, the Grangers, are going after the naked worm; 'and in these instances the moth,' and just so also the politician, 'does not feed, but in a few days dies.' How sad the thought, but how true the analogy!" [Laughter.]

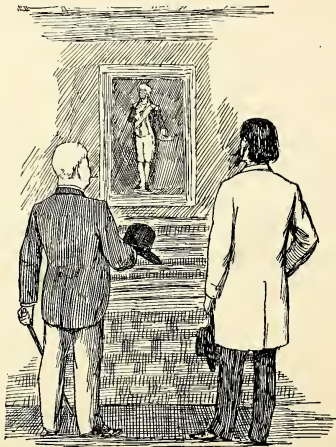
## THE BLUSH WAS THERE.

THE HON. R. R. HINMAN, the historian of Connecticut during the Revolutionary period, and several years Secretary of State, once told a good anecdote in relation to the meeting-place of the Hartford Convention. One day a man from the South, I believe a South Carolinian, — some one doubtless who had been reading Ingersoll's history, — came into the office of the Secretary, and desired to be shown the place where the Hartford Convention sat. Mr. Hinman accordingly took him into the room. The stranger looked around with much curiosity, and presently he saw Stuart's likeness of Washington; for in this chamber is one of the most celebrated of the full-length portraits of the Father of his Country.

The stranger started. "And was this picture here when the Convention held its sittings?" said he.

"Yes, certainly," said the Secretary.

"Well," replied the man, observing the high color which Stuart had given to the countenance of Washington in the picture, "well, I'll be d——d if he's got the blush off yet!"



"WELL, I'LL BE D——D IF HE'S GOT THE BLUSH OFF YET!"

A BIT of Democratic humor in a memorable debate on the Naval Appropriation Bill in the House proved efficient to defeat a Democratic scheme for retrenchment, and saved the Marine Band. Mr. Lewis, a Democrat from Alabama, offered an amendment to reduce the strength of the Marine Corps, and to abolish the Marine Band. This brought another Democrat upon his feet, — Mr. Harrison of Illinois. Mr. Harrison drew a picture of President Grant enjoying the music of the Marine Band in the grounds of the White House, while his friends sat around with their feet on the balustrade, smoking his Partagas; and he spoke of himself moving through a crowd of Republicans in the grounds, — one hand on his purse, the other on his watch-fob. Next year, with a Democratic occupant of the White House, the scene would be different.

A REPUBLICAN MEMBER. "Then we will have our hands on our purses and watches." (Laughter.)

MR. HARRISON. "Very good; *but we will be enjoying the music.* I want to see a Democratic President there listening to the music; and I hope to be one of his friends, with my feet on the balustrade, and one of his Partagas between my lips. I am opposed to the abolition of the Marine Band. Think of the Democrats who want to get into the White House. There is a son of the great Empire State [Tilden], greater than Alexander. Alexander cut the Gordian knot with his sword, but the knot was only a ring of hemp; but this man has cut a ring of steel, — a canal ring. And he may be in the White House. I want the Marine Band there to give him music. And if he should lead a bride to the White House, we will play the 'Wedding March,' and furnish sweet music beneath her chamber-window. We have other men for that position, any one of whom would grace the presidential chair as it has not been graced for long years. Are we to deny him the music of the Marine Band? Never, never, never. We may have one from Ohio [MR. KELLEY. 'Bill Allen.'], who never speaks in the Senate without uttering words of wisdom [meaning Senator Thurman]. Are we to have no music for him? No, sir; never, never, never. [Loud laughter, as



"THIS IS MY 'DIG FOR THE WOODCHUCK — AN OUT OF MEAT.'"

## OUT OF MEAT.

A CANDIDATE for the office of County Clerk in Oregon issues a handbill to the public, in which he says, —

"I present myself as a candidate for the office of County Clerk for the following reasons: —

"1. I can conscientiously claim to possess the requisite qualifications, — honesty and capacity.

"2. Having been a consistent server of my fellow-men, not through a term of office, but through a lifetime, I am entitled to expect a helping hand in my time of need. That time has arrived.

"Lastly. This is my '*dig for the woodchuck — am out of meat.*'"

much at the style and manner of the speaker, as at the evident blunder of his last remark.] We have, a little west of the Hoosier State, a great Democratic war-horse [alluding to Mr. Hendricks of Indiana]; a man who, they say, is a little of a trimmer. He is a trimmer because his mind is so round that he sees both sides of a question, and does not grow wild on any side. He may be in that position, and I may be his friend in the White House; and shall he have no music from the Marine Band? Never, sir; by my vote, never, never, never. We may have in that seat, Mr. Chairman, a man who will fill the chair as it was never filled before [alluding to Judge Davis of the Supreme Court]; not a single inch of it that will not be filled. A man great in law as in politics; one against whom not a word can be said. Am I to come here from Illinois to attend his inauguration, and am I to go with him to the White House, and have no music to aid him in tripping the light fantastic toe? Never, sir; never with my consent, never. There is still another one, from your own State, Mr. Chairman, great in arms, great as a civilian [alluding to Gen. Hancock of Pennsylvania], a man who, if he had not been great as a general, would have been great in civil life. He may be there. He will wish to have some memories of the past brought to his mind by martial music. Is it to be denied to him? Shall a Marine Band be refused to him? By my vote, sir, never, never, never. Then, sir, there is still another, 'the Great Unknown.' He is coming ten thousand strong from every part of the Union."

MR. HARDENBERGH (Democrat, New Jersey). "Parker."

MR. HARRISON. "I will call no names. He is ALL AROUND. The Democratic party is full of 'the Great Unknown.' When that 'Great Unknown' comes there, shall he have no music? Shall no tones come out from those silvery instruments, blown by those gentlemen in scarlet coats, to welcome and introduce that 'Great Unknown' to his fellow-citizens? Not by my vote, sir; never, never, never."

As Mr. Harrison sat down, he was greeted with roars of laughter and rounds of applause from both sides of the House. The speech and the ridicule proved too much for the amendment offered by Mr. Lewis, which was voted down by a very large majority.

## A MBIGUOUS.

THEY have a superior article of Legislature in Nebraska, judging from the following incident, which occurred not so very many years ago:—



NOT TO INCLUDE WIDOWS AFTER THEY WERE MARRIED.

One day an honorable member proposed an amendment to the tax law, exempting the property of widows and minor children of soldiers, to a certain amount, from taxation; which brought Mr. Kinsela, a Celt, to his feet, with a request that it be so amended as *not* to include widows *after* they were married, or minors *after* they became of age.

## BETWEEN WIND AND WATER.

ONE of the members of the Lower House of the Legislature of the State of New York, rejoiced in the name of Bloss. He had the honor of representing the county of Monroe; and if his sagacity as a legislator did not win for him the respect of his associates, his eccentricities often ministered to their entertainment. Many a good story is told of the

shrewd replies with which Mr. Bloss electrified the House, but we recall nothing better than his thrust into the member from one of our own up-town wards, an inflated fellow, whose windy speeches at the primary meetings and the oyster cellars had won for him a reputation as an orator, and procured his election to the Assembly, where he was bound to be distinguished as the most eloquent man in Albany. So he was in his own

opportunity to submit his oratorical powers to public observation. Literally he sought to ventilate every subject that came before the House. One day in the midst of a windy harangue, that had become intolerable for its length and emptiness, he stopped to take a drink of water. Bloss sprang to his feet, and cried, —

“Mr. Speaker, I call the gentleman from New York to order!”

The whole Assembly were startled and stilled; the “member from New York” stood aghast, while the Speaker said, —

“The gentleman from Monroe will please to state his point of order.”

To which Mr. Bloss, with great gravity, replied, —

“I submit, sir, that it is not in order for a *windmill* to go by *water!*”

It was a shot between wind and water; the ventose orator was perfectly confounded, and put himself and his glass of water down together.



“I SUBMIT, SIR, THAT IT IS NOT IN ORDER FOR A WINDMILL TO GO BY WATER!”

## HE WOULD HAVE HIS WAY.

A CONVERSATION said to have occurred in a New York omnibus, between an anti-Jackson broker and a Democratic merchant, reveals much of the verdict of the people upon the character of Andrew Jackson.

MERCHANT (with a sigh). “Well, the old General is dead.”

BROKER (with a shrug). “Yes, he’s gone at last.”

MERCHANT (not appreciating the shrug). “Well, sir, he was a good man.”

BROKER (with shrug more pronounced). “I don’t know about that.”

MERCHANT (energetically). “He was a good man, sir. If any man has gone to heaven, Gen. Jackson has gone to heaven.”

BROKER (doggedly). “I don’t know about that.”

MERCHANT. “Well, sir, I tell you that if Andrew Jackson had made up his mind to go to heaven, you may depend upon it he’s there.”





"WHY, THAT'S TURKEY FOR PRO TEM., OF COURSE!"

## DOG LATIN.

HERE is a "Washington Critic" yarn: The Hon. S. S. Cox began his response to the thanks of the House for his services as speaker *pro tem.* by saying, "Mr. Speaker, it pleased the gentlemen to make me your 'locum tenens.'" After it was over, O'Neill of Missouri interviewed Tim Campbell on it.

"And what the devil does 'locum tenens' mean, Tim?" he asked, all in a puzzle.

"Don't you know that, John?" replied the New York statesman with a touch of pity in his voice. "Why, that's Turkey for 'pro tem.' of course!"



"I GUESS A DROP MORE O' THAT BRANDY WOULD DO ME GOOD."

## HOW "LONG JOHN" FORTIFIED.

LONG JOHN WENTWORTH used to come down through the alley from the Saloon building, an' come up to the bar an' say, —

"Uncle Jimmy, I'm goin' to make a speech to-night; gness I'll have to have a little o' that 'ere brandy."

And after taking his drink he'd start to the door, but stop there an' come back an' say, —

"I don't feel very well to-night; an' if I'm goin' to make a good speech, I gness I'll have to have a leetle more o' that brandy."

Then he'd start for the Saloon building, but turn on t'other side of the road, come back and say, —

"O Uncle Jimmy, can't you come up an' hear my speech to-night? An' I gness a drop more o' that brandy would do me good."

Then he'd straighten up a little straighter than ever, an' go an' make 'em one of the best speeches you ever heard.

## TALKING FOR EFFECT.

A MEMBER of the Legislature of Indiana furnishes the following extracts from a speech delivered in that body by the Hon. Mr. Cunningham, member from Fountain County, on Feb. 3, 1871, on the report of the Committee on Roads to repeal the "monstrous gravel-road law." Mr. Cunningham asks, —

"What is public—open, common, free, and not controlled by the few? Why, after the hard-fisted farmers have paid for the building and gravelling the road out of their hard earnings, and have paid from one to five hundred dollars on said road, they meet with the liberal information that they have no rights to its use or franchise. And even worse than that, if their wives or daughters start to town the next day after the completion of the road, with a poke of feathers and a basket of eggs, in order to buy some coffee and sugar for the family, the greedy toll-gate keeper will take one or the other for toll, that they may have the great right of getting to town with what is left. In some cases they take both the eggs and feathers, that they may have the glorious opportunity of travelling over a road which the old man and his neighbors built. Is this right? Is it just? Is it not public improvement with a vengeance?"

After further argument on the same high plane of thought, Mr. Cunningham perorates thus: —

"The American people—and we are proud to call ourselves that—are rocked in the bosom of two mighty oceans, whose granite-bound shores are whitened by the floating canvas of the commercial world. Reaching from the ice-fettered lakes of the north to the febrile waves of Australian seas, comprising the vast interim of five billions of acres, whose alluvial plains, romantic mountains, and mystic rivers rival the wildest Utopian dreams that ever gathered around the inspired bard as he walked the amaranthine promenades of Hesperian gardens, is proud Columbia,—the land of the free and the home of the brave—too free and independent to indorse such a nuisance as this! Freedom from such

oppression as this is the munificent heritage bequeathed the valorous sons of the immortal Washington. I represent a free and intelligent people, proud to know that they live in a country indented by innumerable bays



"I AM FOR THE REPEAL OF THAT LAW WHICH ROBS AND TAXES THE MANY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FEW."

and gulfs, whose restless tide is ever kissed back by the pebbly beach; interspersed by limpid rivers and lakes, the means by which commerce and civilization have been promoted to their present exalted status.

America has been, and ever will be, the most alluring and delightful retreat known to the migratory world, if we are not overrun with these unjust and oppressive corporations, which are ever robbing the honest yeomanry of our country.

“Will *this* do the gentleman? Is he *now* satisfied? I am for the repeal of that law which robs and taxes the many for the benefit of the few.”

## THE BARBER KNUCKLED UNDER TO HURD.

WHEN ex-Congressman Frank Hurd was in Chicago one day, he had the novel experience of being shaved without hearing a word from the barber. As he was about to rise from the chair, he turned to him, and asked if he was dumb. The barber proved that he was not. Mr. Hurd remarked that he had never before been shaved by a silent barber. “I know you,” said the barber. “You are Frank Hurd, the Congressman. I don’t own my hand as a talker to you. You can talk faster and better, when you get started, than any man I ever saw in my life. I used to live in Ohio.” Mr. Hurd is said to have shaken the barber’s hand, and departed in profound silence.

## BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

DURING a session of the New Brunswick Legislature, a committee of the Lower House was investigating alleged irregularities in the Crown Lands Department; and Hon. Robert Young, a member of the Upper House, also President of the Executive Council, appeared before it to give evidence. The Upper House, or “Lords” as that body is sometimes called, seemed to feel that its dignity and privileges were interfered with by Mr. Young’s appearing before a Lower House

committee without its permission: so the question was brought up by Hon. Mr. Harrington, and discussed for several hours; Mr. Young at first being almost treated as if in danger of impeachment. Finally, the debate took a rather wide range, and members had really lost sight of the question, when Mr. Young rose, and, after introducing some “wise



“I THEREFORE MOVE THE ADJOURNMENT OF THE DEBATE.”

saws and modern instances” in a rather dry manner, proceeded to say, “I have listened, Mr. President, with much interest to all that has been said, and have arrived at the conclusion to allow the subject to drop. I therefore move the adjournment of the debate.”

The motion was carried in a mechanical sort of way, and it was some minutes before the House realized that Mr. Young was really the member charged with the alleged breach of privilege.



"IF YOU WANT SOMETHING VERY THIN, GET ONE OF BILL SPRINGER'S TARIFF SPEECHES."

## HARD ON MR. SPRINGER.

MR. JOHN R. THOMAS has been a very sick man for several years, and on more than one occasion his friends have thought he had made his last appearance on the floor of the House. But he has no idea of giving up; and if strong will and energy can carry him through, he will be on hand again to take part in the debates. A certain Sunday was a critical period in his illness. Mr. Thomas lay in what was believed to be a semi-conscious state, and the gravest fears were expressed by his physicians. One of them asked Mrs. Thomas to get a damp cloth and bring

it to him. He said he wanted it just as thin as possible. Mrs. Thomas brought the cloth, and the doctor; in a low tone of voice, thinking the patient could not hear, said, —

"Is this the thinnest you have, madam?"

Mrs. Thomas replied that it was, when the sick man beckoned to his wife to come to his side.

"My dear," he whispered, almost inaudibly, "if you want something very thin, get one of Bill Springer's tariff speeches." — *From a Washington Letter.*

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## BENTON'S WIT.

THOMAS H. BENTON had a way of telling a story that the wits of the day might be proud of, if they could beg or borrow it. Reading some of his recent stump speeches, interspersed with frequent piquant passages of humor, we were reminded of a sudden explosion of his magazine of ridicule, when, in the year 1841, the famous John Tyler Bank Bill was introduced into the United States Senate, with the protracted title of "An Act to provide for the better collection, safe-keeping, and disbursement of the public revenue, by means of a corporation to be styled the Fiscal Corporation of the United States."

Instantly on the title being read, Mr. Benton exclaimed, —

"Heavens, what a name! long as the moral law. The people will never stand it. They cannot go through all that. Corporosity! that would be a great abridgment; but still it is too long. It is five syllables; and people will not go above two syllables, or three at most, and they often hang at one. I go for short names. The people will have them, though they spoil a long good one to make a short one. There was a most beautiful young lady in New Orleans some years ago, as there always has been, and still are many such. She was a *Creole*; that is to say, born in this country of parents from Europe. A gentleman, who was building a splendid steamboat, took it into his

head to honor this beautiful young lady by connecting her name with his vessel; and he bestowed upon it, in golden letters, the captivating designation of 'La Belle Creole.' The vessel was beautiful, and the name was beautiful, and the lady was beautiful; but all the beauty on earth could not save the name from the catastrophe to which all long titles are subjected. At first they called her the 'bell,' — not the French '*belle*,' which signifies 'fine' or 'beautiful'; but the plain English 'bell,' defined in Scripture to be a tinkling cymbal. This was bad enough, but worse was coming. It so happens that the vernacular pronunciation of 'Creole' in the Kentucky waters is '*cre-owl*;' so they began up there to call this beautiful boat the 'Creowl.' But things did not stop here. It was too extravagant to employ two syllables when one would answer as well, and be so much more economical: so the first half of the name was dropped, and the last retained; and thus 'La Belle Creole' — the beautiful Creole — sailed up and down the Mississippi all her life by the name, style, title, and description of 'THE OWL.'"

Roars of laughter in the Senate followed this story, and on went Benton with two or three more; but we will repeat but one of them, — the last, and with which he concluded his remarks.

"I do not pretend to impose a name upon this bantling; that is a privilege of paternity or of sponsorship, and I stand in neither relationship to this babe. But a name of brevity — of brevity and significance — it must have; and if the fathers and sponsors do not bestow it, the people will, for a long name is abhorred and eschewed in all countries. Remember the fate of John Barebone, the canting hypocrite in Cromwell's time. He had a very good name, John Barebone; but the knave composed a long verse, like Scripture, to sanctify himself with it, and entitled himself thus: 'Praise God Barebone; for if Christ had not died for you, you would be damned Barebone.' Now this was very sanctimonious, but it was too long, — too much of a good thing; and so the people cut it all off but the last two words, and called the fellow '*damned Barebone*,' and nothing else, all his life after. So let this corporosity beware: it may get itself damned before it is done with us, and Tyler too."



"JUDGE DOUGLAS WAS VERY ATTENTIVE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COUNTER."

## QUICK REPARTEE.

DURING the famous Lincoln and Douglas campaign the two men met in joint debate. The latter twitted the former on having once sold liquor.

Lincoln quickly replied: "It is perfectly true, fellow-citizens, that I once sold liquor in a country store, as was customary in those days, in connection with the grocery business. I merely wish to remark that Judge Douglas was very attentive on the other side of the counter!"



A REMARKABLE PERSONAGE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

## A REMARKABLE PERSONAGE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

ONE day a man of remarkable appearance presented himself at the White House, and requested an audience with Mr. Lincoln. He was a large, fleshy man, of a stern but homely countenance, and of a solemn and dignified carriage. He was dressed in a neatly fitting swallow-tail coat, ruffled shirt of faultless fabric, white cravat, and orange-colored

gloves. An immense fob chain, to which was attached a huge topaz seal, swung from his watch-pocket; and he carried a large gold-headed cane. His whole appearance was that of a man of great intellect, of stern qualities, of strong piety, and of dignified uncomeliness.

"I am in for it now," thought the President. "This pious man means business. He is no common preacher. Evidently his gloomy mind is big with a scheme of no ordinary kind." The ceremony of introduction was unusually formal, and the few words of conversation that followed were constrained. The good man spoke with great deliberation, as if feeling his way cautiously; but the evident restraint which his manner imposed upon Mr. Lincoln seemed not to please him. The sequel was amazing.

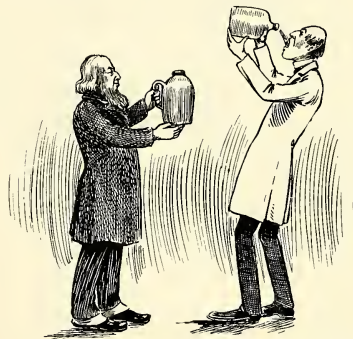
Quitting his chair, the portly visitor extended his hand to Mr. Lincoln, saying, as the latter rose and confronted him: "Well, Mr. President, I have no business with you; none whatever. I was at the Chicago convention as a friend of Mr. Seward. I have watched you narrowly ever since your inauguration, and I called merely to pay my respects. What I want to say is this: I think you are doing every thing for the good of the country that is in the power of man to do. You are on the right track. As one of your constituents, I now say to you, do in the future as you do—n please, and I will support you!" This was spoken with tremendous effect.

"Why," said Mr. Lincoln, in great astonishment, "I took you to be a preacher. I thought you had come here to tell me how to take Richmond." And he again grasped the hand of his strange visitor. Accurate and penetrating as Mr. Lincoln's judgment was concerning men, for once he had been wholly mistaken. The scene was comical in the extreme. The two men stood gazing at each other. A smile broke from the lips of the solemn wag, and rippled over the wide expanse of his homely face like sunlight overspreading a continent, and Mr. Lincoln was convulsed with laughter.

"Sit down, my friend," said the President, "sit down. I am delighted to see you. Lunch with us to-day. Yes, you must stay and lunch with us, my friend, for I have not seen enough of you yet." The



stranger did lunch with Mr. Lincoln that day. He was a man of rare and racy humor: and the good cheer, the wit, the anecdotes and sparkling conversation that enlivened the scene were the work of two of the most original characters ever seen in the White House.



WHAT THE GREAT LAW-MAKERS DID WHEN INSIDE COULD ONLY BE SURMISED.

## “NO” AND “YES.”

The warm friendship which long existed between Allan G. Thurman of Ohio and Senator Edmunds of Vermont is matter of public notoriety, and many are the stories current thereof.

For instance, the two Senators almost invariably took in company that refreshment and “little stimulant” which they might find necessary

during a long and tedious session of the Senate. On such occasions, their movements were quite as eccentric as they were amusing, and, by the initiated, well understood. When the opportunity presented itself, or the spirit moved, one or the other of them — it was sometimes one, and sometimes the other — would slowly and solemnly rise in his place, and look slyly and significantly toward his “brother Senator.” Then the latter would be seen to rise slowly and solemnly in his place; and then they would go out of the chamber, always from different doors, always slowly and solemnly. In the same manner, they would go, by different stairways, down to their committee-room. What the great law-makers did when inside could only be surmised; but it was always noticeable, that, when they had been closeted for a few moments, they returned to the Senate chamber looking much refreshed and invigorated.

Sometimes one returned before the other. At such times, if it happened that a vote was in progress, and, Edmunds being absent, Thurman's name was called, that gentleman, with the utmost gravity, — though a close observer might have noticed a sly twinkle in his keen gray eye, — always replied, —

“Upon this question, Mr. President, I am paired with my honored friend the Senator from Vermont. If he were present, he would vote ‘No;’ I should vote ‘Yes.’”

Exactly in the same way, if the great Republican Senator was the first to enter the chamber, and Mr. Thurman absent during roll-call, the tall, straight form of his friend would be seen to rise slowly, and then came, in deep tones from clear-cut, half-closed, and scarcely moving lips, the words, —

“Upon this question, Mr. President, I am paired with my honored friend the Senator from Ohio. If he were present, he would vote ‘Yes;’ I should vote ‘No.’”

Then slowly, and always solemnly, the Senator from Vermont would take his seat. Shortly after, when his “honored friend” the Senator from Ohio was again in his place, and had used his historic handanna handkerchief, — “the standard of the Democracy,” — they would exchange glances, and go back to work. — *Howard Carroll.*

## A DIALECT POEM.

WHILE the Revenue Bill was under consideration in the House. Mr. Dreyfus of Orleans moved that "the treasurer of the city of New Orleans shall be *ex officio* tax-collector, and for the purpose of this act shall be called the State tax-collector for the parish of Orleans." He said he made the motion in the interest of reform. Mr. Allen made a speech that killed the amendment, and ridiculed the idea of such reform. He wound up his speech with a dialect poem, as follows:—

"You may notch it on de palins as a mighty resky plan,  
To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kiver up a man;  
For I hardly need to tell you how you often come across  
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.  
An' wuking in the low groun's you diskiver as you go  
Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin' in a row.  
I never judge o' people that I meets along de way  
By de place war dey come fum, and de houses whar dey stay;  
For the bantam chicken's awful fond o' roosting pretty high,  
And de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;  
Dey ketches little minners in de middle of de sea,  
An' you finds de smalles' possum up de bigges' kind o' tree."

This brought Mr. Dreyfus to his feet with a statement that his purpose was to wipe out the remaining evils of radical legislation, while he could not say that Mr. Allen had been connected with the legislatures in which they had originated.

The episode ended in laughter and cheers from the House.



THE PRESIDENT LISTENED PATIENTLY.

## CHASE AND THE GREENBACKS.

THE country was aroused to a frenzy by the firing on Sumter; and men, God bless them, volunteered to fight in such numbers that the Government found difficulty in enrolling and arming them. Capital was also vociferous. It took the iron-bound oath of allegiance at all hours. It made speeches of much sound, if not eloquence, urging men to volunteer; but no man brought out his hoarded gold to aid the struggling Government in its hour of peril.

The able Secretary lost no time in appeals to the Shylocks. He turned to the noble patriotic people, who were wheeling into line to the roll of the drums, for the credit he needed, and issued the greenback. A history of this transaction is curiously illustrative of the two men,



THE POOR ENTHUSIAST FELT REBUKED AND HUMILIATED.

Lincoln and Chase, concerned therein. Of course, the idea of issuing money directly by the Government to meet an emergency was as old as governments themselves. But Amasa Walker, a distinguished financier of New England, had a thought that was new. He suggested that the notes thus issued directly from the Government to the people as currency

should bear interest. This for the purpose not only of making the notes popular, but for the purpose of preventing inflation by inducing people to hoard the notes as an investment when the demands of trade failed to call them into circulation as a currency. This idea struck Mr. David Taylor of Ohio with such force that he sought Mr. Lincoln, and urged him to put the project into immediate execution. The President listened patiently, and at the end said, "That is a good idea, Taylor, but you must go to Chase. He is running that end of the machine, and has time to consider your proposition."

Taylor sought the Secretary of the Treasury, and laid before him Amasa Walker's plan. Chase heard him through in a cold, unpleasant manner, and then said, "That is all very well, Mr. Taylor; but there is one little obstacle in the way, that makes the plan impracticable, and that is the Constitution."

Saying this, he turned to his desk, as if dismissing both Mr. Taylor and his proposition at the same moment. The poor enthusiast felt rebuked and humiliated. He returned to the President, however, and reported his defeat. Mr. Lincoln looked at the would-be financier with the expression at times so peculiar to his homely face, and that left one in doubt as to whether he was jesting or in earnest.

"Taylor," he exclaimed, "go back to Chase, and tell him not to bother himself about the Constitution. Say that I have that sacred instrument here at the White House, and I am guarding it with great care."

Mr. David Taylor demurred to this, on the ground that Mr. Chase showed by his manner that he knew all about it, and didn't wish to be bored by any suggestions.

"We'll see about that," exclaimed the President; and, taking a card from the table, he wrote upon it:—

The Secretary of the Treasury will please consider Mr. Taylor's proposition. We must have money, and I think this a good way to get it. A. LINCOLN.

Armed with this, the real father of the greenbacks again sought the Secretary. He was received more politely than before, but was cut



"HE WENT TO PRAYERS BEFORE A FIGURE OF THE VIRGIN."

short in his advocacy of the measure by a proposition for both of them to see the President. They did so, and Mr. Chase made a long

and elaborate constitutional argument against the proposed measure. "Chase," said Mr. Lincoln, after the Secretary had concluded, "down in Illinois. I was held to be a pretty good lawyer; and I believe I could answer every point you have made, but I don't feel called upon to do it. This thing reminds me of a story I read in a newspaper the other day. It was of an Italian captain who run his vessel on a rock, and knocked a hole in her bottom. He set his men to pumping, and he went to prayers before a figure of the Virgin in the bow of the ship. The leak gained on them. It looked at last as if the vessel would go down with all on board. The captain at length, in a fit of rage at not having his prayers answered, seized the figure of the Virgin, and threw it overboard. Suddenly the leak stopped, the water was pumped out, and the vessel got safely into port. When docked for repairs, the statue of the Virgin Mary was found stuck head-foremost in the hole."

"I don't see, Mr. President, the precise application of your story," said Mr. Chase.

"Why, Chase, I don't intend precisely to throw the Virgin Mary overboard, — and by that I mean the Constitution, — but I will stick it in the hole if I can. These Rebels are violating the Constitution, to destroy the Union; I will violate the Constitution, if necessary, to save the Union; and I suspect, Chase, that our Constitution is going to have a rough time of it before we get done with this row. Now, what I want to know is, whether, Constitution aside, this project of issuing interest-bearing notes is a good one."

"I must say," responded Mr. Chase, "that, with the exception you make, it is not only a good one, but the only way open to us to raise money. If you say so, I will do my best to put it into immediate and practical operation, and you will never hear from me any opposition on this subject."

The people eagerly accepted the loan which the capitalists were prompt to depreciate and dishonor. — *Donn Piatt.*



"THE CAPTAIN SEIZED THE FIGURE OF THE VIRGIN, AND THREW IT OVERBOARD."

## HUMORS OF CONGRESSIONAL DEBATE.

It is a well-known fact that "The Congressional Record" is more remarkable for what it does not, than for what it does, contain. Every Senator and Representative has an opportunity to revise and correct his remarks in proof-slips, and some of the best things said frequently do not see the "light of print." At times, the debates are full of humor; but "The Record," as a usual thing, is distressingly dull. Speeches made by statesmen under the influence of hearty dining are either cut out entirely, or so modified as to fit them for general consumption. In the heat of debate in the two houses, there are oftentimes very queer things said; slips of the tongue occur; there is plenty of mispronunciation, bad grammar, and many mixed metaphors and regular Irish bulls, solecisms, etc. But "The Record" refuses to receive or "record" them.

Since the famous mixed metaphor of the Irish orator, "I smell a rat; I see him floating in the air; I will nip him in the bud," it is probable that there has been no more famous oratorical mixture than the remark of the Hon. S. S. Cox concerning a certain pension claimant, that the soldier had been "thoroughly wounded in every respect." Recently Mr. Cox, while presiding in the absence of Mr. Carlisle, and while the House was in a perfect uproar, made this announcement for the benefit of Mr. Breckinridge of Arkansas, who was speaking, "If the gentleman wishes to be heard, he must suspend."

Mr. Carlisle himself, when tellers are appointed, directs the members to pass "through" the two tellers, instead of "between" them.

While Senator Vest was once describing the limited post-office accommodations of Kansas City, he said, "Why, Mr. President, I have seen waiting at the delivery windows a line of ladies half a mile long." Senator Vance immediately asked of the Senator from Missouri if that was the usual length of ladies in that State.

Such expressions as "has came," "has saw," "bonny fied," "they sees," "he don't," etc., are very common in debate.

## DR. MARY WALKER.

SPEAKING of Dr. Mary Walker reminds a story-teller of a side-splitting scene of ten years ago or so on the floor of Congress. The House had just adjourned, and many members lingered in their seats writing letters. He had gone upon the floor to speak to a member, when up the aisle in front of him went the familiar form of Dr. Mary Walker. It was summer, and over her short-clipped hair she balanced a faded silk hat set jauntily on one side; and she wore a white linen suit, a cutaway coat, and a pair of pantaloons fitted tight to the leg, or whatever you call a woman's chief organ of locomotion. She had a lively look, and in her hand she carried a trifling rattan cane. She tripped straight up to the seat of Judge Bacon, the venerable member from Utica.

"How do you do, Judge?" she said, briskly putting out her number three hand. He let it rest in his own pair, and vibrated it gently, looking at the dapper fellow, and saying, —

"Good-evening, sir! Good-evening, sir! Take a seat."

"Judge, I am Dr. Walker," said the weazen-faced visitant, "one of your constituents."

"Ah, you live in my district, Doctor!" responded the Judge with new interest.

"Yes; that is, before coming to Washington, I lived in Utica. My father and brothers live there now, and vote for you every time;" and the speaker strutted back over the neighboring desk, and put her hands in her breeches pockets.

"Glad to meet you, sir; glad to meet you. What can I do for you?" exclaimed the generous-hearted Judge.

"Well, yes, I thought I'd see you about it," said Mary, immediately catching on. "I have a claim for \$15,000 against the United States. The Government refused to do the square thing;" and the frisky doctor turned up the sole of a No. 6 boot, struck a match on it in a husky falsetto voice, and lighted a cigar.

"A claim?" he said in astonishment; "what for?"

"For serving as a nurse in the hospitals during the war."

"A nurse?" he inquired with complete surprise. "A nurse? You, yourself? Was it as wet nurse?" he added with a good-natured laugh, poking the young fellow in the ribs.



THE FRISKY DOCTOR STRUCK A MATCH, AND LIGHTED A CIGAR.

"No, of course not, Judge," she said, smiling; "taking care of the soldiers, as only a sister can;" and her voice seemed squeakier and more sopranoesque than ever. He jumped up in his seat with a flash of suspicion, carefully surveyed her from head to foot and back again, and then shouted at her, "You ain't! you ain't! You ain't a man! you ain't a man! You're a woman! G'way from me! G'way! g'way! g'way!" and with his outstretched hands he made a violently repellent motion.

She interrupted him with, "Judge, I am a woman, certainly; but that has nothing to do with my case before the" —



He would not hear her. "G'way! g'way! g'way!" he shouted with exciting gestures, as if he were driving a lot of geese to market. "G'way from me! G'way, I won't hear a word! Get out! G'way!"

Mary stood her ground. "I am ashamed of my representative," she said. "You have been on the Supreme Bench of the State that gave us birth, and you know that my case"—

"G'way!" he persisted. "G'way, g'way, g'way, g'way! Go and inease yourself decently before you talk about me! G'way, g'way, g'way, g'way, g'way, g'way, g'way!" And he advanced upon her, and fairly shoved her out of the House, amid the roars of the crowd. Mary herself saw the humorous side of it; and she actually laughed as she retreated before the red-faced old man, and turned on her heel with the single remark, "The blamed old fool!" Since that the narrator never met the little Doctor in her tight-fitting pants and brown cutaway coat, with her well-worn beaver, and her rattan cane, and face of wrinkled parchment, without seeing again the vision of the exasperated Judge, swinging his gold glasses in one hand, and wildly gesticulating toward his unprotected "constituent" with the other, keeping time to the inhospitable greeting, "G'way! g'way! g'way!"

## HE TOOK CONDIMENTS.

NEITHER the great intellectual power nor the thorough culture of Thomas Corwin was generally appreciated by his contemporaries. A man of wit, or of a humoristic turn, or given to satire, either caustic or good-natured, is rarely credited with the amount of good sense and mental power that he actually possesses. Men of wit and humor are not usually noted for the vigor of their reasoning faculties. The combination of fine logical power with a brilliant imagination is exceedingly rare; and probably the union of qualities supposed to be equally incompatible which was seen in Mr. Corwin was quite as uncommon. He sometimes lost in the estimation of his friends by his constant indulgence in witticisms and sarcastic remarks. He could never forego an

opportunity of saying a smart thing, and did not stop to compute the consequences of his satirical comments when any thing struck him as ludicrous or ill-timed. The anecdote of his reply to the lady who inquired whether he would take condiments in his tea, when he was on an electioneering tour with Mr. Ewing, may not be known to everybody, but is a case in point, notwithstanding. The gentlemen were seated at the tea-table in a farm-house; the hostess, a brisk lady of some pretensions to culture and refinement, presiding. "Mr. Ewing, do you take condiments in your tea?" the good woman asked. "Yes, madam," said Mr. Ewing, as grave as a judge. "And you, Gov. Corwin?"—"Pepper and salt, madam, but not mustard," was the answer. The querist was incensed, as a matter of course; and it is safe to presume that Corwin lost a vote by his rudeness. — *Recollections of an Old Stager.*



HE TOOK CONDIMENTS.



THE SECRETARY PROCEEDED TO GIVE HIM A SHORT LECTURE.

## LAMAR'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

A DEMOCRATIC politician tells of asking Secretary Lamar to appoint a certain clever young man a law-clerk in the Interior Department. The appointment was promised, but hung fire; and the politician went one evening to the residence of the Secretary to again impress upon the latter the importance of his request. "The house was dark and

gloomy," he said, "and I felt the chills running over me as though I were going into some unnatural presence. The Secretary entered, and, after learning my errand, again promised the appointment should be speedily made. I left the house, and had started down street, when I heard a call through the darkness. I turned back to hear him say, 'Don't telegraph the young man that he will be appointed, for I might change my mind before morning.'"

The young law-clerk was finally appointed, and then for the first time met the Secretary, who proceeded to give him a short lecture.

"You have desired this appointment," he said, "and I have given it to you; but I think you will regret it. I do not feel that I have done you a kindness. You will succeed, doubtless. I am told you are capable, studious, without vicious habits. You will doubtless learn rapidly. After some time you will be writing elaborate opinions. You will analyze intricate cases with enthusiasm, and make a deliverance that would do credit to a Judge of the Supreme Court. You will fetch your opinion to me; I will glance over it and sign it; it will go forth to the world as my opinion, and you will be known no more than if you had not existed. Try it for a while, and then resign and engage in work where your worth will be recognized."

## MR. MEDILL'S STORY OF HORACE GREELEY.

At the Chicago dinner, given in July, 1888, at the Union League Club to Charles A. Dana, a good little story was told by Mr. Medill. On some particular occasion, years ago, Mr. Medill's paper took the other side on a political question in which "The New-York Tribune" was vitally interested. Horace Greeley was greatly offended at this; and Mr. Medill was told about it, and thought he would drop in on the veteran journalist, and try and explain his position. So he made a call on Mr. Greeley in his sanctum. He found Mr. Greeley at work, seated at a huge desk, which was littered all over with papers and scraps of

writing. At one little corner of this desk, bent nearly double, Horace Greeley was scribbling away.

"How do you do, Mr. Greeley?" said Mr. Medill in a mellifluous tone of voice. There was no response. "How do you do, sir?" repeated the visitor soothingly. Still no answer. A third time the courteous inquiry after Mr. Greeley's health was made, and this time there came a characteristic reply from the offended Jupiter of the press. "How de-do, confound you!" said the shrill, piping voice of Mr. Greeley. "I came to have a talk with you, and ask you to take lunch with me afterward," exclaimed the visitor. "Confound you! I wouldn't take lunch with you," was the retort. But Mr. Medill, knowing his man, staid for all that, made things plain to Mr. Greeley, whose bristling, poreupiny ways gradually disappeared; and he finally said, "Well, come on! I'll take lunch with you; but you'll have to pay for it, confound you!"

## A BRIBE.

THE following authentic anecdote of the late Thaddeus Stevens contains a grain of pure Attic salt.

*Time:* the close of the "long session" of the Fortieth Congress, July 27, 1868. *Place:* office of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, Washington. *Dramatis Personæ:* a group of impetuous M.C.'s, waiting to draw their arrears of pay.

Seated on a lounge in the background were John F. Driggs, then representing the Lake Superior mining district of Michigan, and Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania. The "Old Commoner" was then on the very verge of the grave, "nigh to death's door," as he himself expressed it (he died two weeks afterward); but although his shrunken frame gave painful evidence of "natural force abated," his eye — that lustrous orb that glittered from out the cavernous depths beneath the beetling brow of a massive forehead, like the "black diamond" in the mine — "was not dim."

Driggs was particularly jubilant over the passage of a bill imposing

a higher rate of duty on copper, in which his constituents were deeply interested; and Mr. Stevens, in his habitual vein of sarcastic humor, was "chaffing" him about it, alleging, among other things, that he had got his bill through by bribery. (This was in allusion to some nuggets of virgin copper, rudely moulded into the form of paper-weights, which Driggs had distributed among members with whom he was personally intimate, as souvenirs of the mineral wealth of his district.)

Upon that hint of "bribery" spake Mr. Stevens's colleague from the Berks County district: "By the way, Mr. Stevens, Driggs gave me one of those paper-weights, and I voted for his bill. Tell me, — your experience is so much greater than mine, — can I take it home with me and keep it without being accused of accepting a bribe?"

"Well, yes," was the reply, uttered with all the gravity of a judge pronouncing an "opinion," "you can keep it *as it is*; but, as you value your good name, *don't have it coined into pennies!*"



"MR. STEVENS, DRIGGS GAVE ME ONE OF THOSE PAPER-WEIGHTS."



"IT WAS ON THE STRENGTH OF THOSE NAMES THAT I MADE THESE APPOINTMENTS."

## THE STORY OF TWO APPOINTMENTS.

A MASSACHUSETTS man who has some acquaintance with President Cleveland was complaining to him one day of two particular appointments which he made in this State. The President replied by bringing out a pile of letters, and showed the signatures, asking the man if they did not represent men who stood as high as any in business circles in Massachusetts. The visitor replied that they did. "It was on the strength of those names, five for one man and four for another," said the President, "that I made these two appointments." Then he drew from another pigeon-hole some letters complaining that he had appointed

such fellows to office, and among their writers were these very men on whose recommendations the appointments had been made. At first, said the President, he was inclined to publish the whole correspondence; but afterward he thought it would not be a dignified proceeding for the President to be engaged in, and so he determined to bear the whole brunt of the affair himself.



"THAT LOOKS WELL. I WILL ACCEPT THAT."

## HOW GRANT GOT JEWELL'S RESIGNATION.

A STORY which has probably never been in print is told on the authority of Henry Wilson as to how Grant succeeded in getting the resignation of Postmaster-General Jewell of his cabinet. The story runs

that Grant and Jewell were alone together, talking over matters, when, without any previous suggestion of the subject, the President said to his Cabinet adviser, —

“Jewell, how do you suppose your resignation would look written out?”

Jewell, thinking the question a pleasantry of Grant's, said he would write it and see.

“All right,” said Grant, “you just take some paper and write it down, and see how it looks.”

Jewell wrote, and handed the paper to Grant.

The latter looked at it a moment, and then replied, —

“That looks well. I will accept that.”

He was in earnest, and Jewell was out of the cabinet. — *Springfield Republican.*

## CLAY'S SEVEN TROUBLES.

THE following *morceau* will be gratifying to some of our readers, and we should suppose can be displeasing to none.

A few years since, shortly after the agitation of the famous Compensation Bill in Congress, Mr. Clay, who voted in favor of the bill, found a formidable opposition arrayed against his re-election. After addressing the people from the hustings, previous to the opening of the poll, he stepped down into the crowd, when he met an old and influential friend of his named Scott, one of the first settlers of Kentucky, and of course, in his younger days, a great huntsman. The gentleman, stepping up, addressed Mr. Clay as follows: “Well, well, Harry, I've been with you in six troubles: I'm sorry I must desert you in the seventh. You have voted for that miserable Compensation Bill — I must now turn my back upon you.” — “Is it so, friend Scott? Is this the only objection?” — “It is.” — “We must get over it the best way we can. You are an old huntsman?” — “Yes.” — “You have killed many a fat bear and buck?”

— “Yes.” — “I believe you have a good rifle?” — “Yes, as good a one as ever cracked.” — “Well, did you ever have a fine buck before you when your gun snapped?” — “The like of that has happened.” — “Well, now, friend Scott, did you take that faithful rifle and break it to pieces on the very next log you came to, or did you pick the flint and try it again?”



“I'LL TRY YOU AGAIN. GIVE US YOUR HAND.”

The tear stood in the old man's eye; the chord was touched. “No, Harry, I picked the flint and tried her again; and I'll try you again. Give us your hand!” We need scarcely say that the welkin rung with the huzzaging plaudits of the bystanders. Clay was borne off to the hustings, and re-elected. — *Burton.*

## REQUESTS FROM CONSTITUENTS.

THE expression "What fools these mortals be!" is more truly recognized by Congressmen as a fact than probably any other class of men. The number of peculiar and unique, not to say foolish, letters



"I WANT TO MAKE A CRAZY QUILT."

received by the average Congressman is something remarkable. These letters are received almost daily; and could a selection of them be secured, and put in book form, some enterprising writer would make a fortune. It is said that Major Barnes has a most excellent collection of these novelties, but he cannot be persuaded to allow any one connected

with a newspaper to get a peep at them. It has, however, been my misfortune to see some rare specimens, a few of which are here given.

One of the Georgia members some time ago received the following from an old lady residing not many miles from Atlanta:—

—, GA., March 2.

MY DEAR MR. —: I want to make a crazy quilt, which I want to leave to my children when I die. I don't want to make a quilt like everybody else's, but I want to make one that will be of historical value. I wish you would see President Cleveland, each member of his Cabinet, each Senator, each Representative in Congress, and each one of the Supreme Court Judges, and get me a cravat from each of them. I want to make my quilt out of these cravats, and use a piece from each one of them. I am anxious to commence work on this quilt at once; and I wish you would get them, and send them to me next week. Also send me some flower-seed, some watermelon, cantelope, and garden-corn seed, and any other kind of seed you can get. About three pounds will be enough. Send them with the cravats next week. You had better send them all by mail, as the express company asks too much to bring them all the way here.

Yours truly,

P.S.—If you can't get both cravats and seed, I would rather have the cravats. But then, I know you can send me one pound of seed anyhow to plant in the garden.

It is needless to say the little man sent a package of seed, and promised to try and secure the cravats.

Another Georgia member, who is any thing but small in stature, last week received a letter from a trusting constituent, in which the writer stated that he saw from the papers tin had been put on the free list, and asked that his Congressman would please send him enough to tin the roof of a new house he was building. "The roof is 40 × 60 feet," wrote the learned constituent; "but then you may just as well send enough more to cover the stable, as the shingles are rotten, and the roof leaks. Please send it right off, as my house is nearly finished."

A third has just been received by a very popular member of the delegation representing a southern district in Georgia, in which his



constituent writes that he has just learned Congress has passed a bill "to pay back we Confederate soldiers who didn't go into the war, but who sent substitutes, the money we paid to our substitutes. My substitute is still living, and says he will swear that I paid him three bales of cotton, and one bay horse mule named Jim, to take my place. The mule was worth \$125, and the cotton \$250. Please get the money, and send it here right off, as I need it badly."

Still another was shown me last night, which was received from a small town near Atlanta. It was as follows:—

DEAR —: I have worked in the post-office here off and on at odd times, and I want you to get me a good job in Post-Office Department right away. Write me when to come on, and please send me enough money to pay my way. I will give it back when I draw my first money. Also send me some seed.

Your friend,

The seed was sent.

## A PLAIN MAN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN did not spend much time in writing his messages. His later efforts in this line did not bear always so many marks of painstaking as the first. He had a great aversion to what he called "machine writing," and always used the fewest words possible to express his meaning. Mr. Defrees, the public printer, an intimate personal friend of Mr. Lincoln, testifies that he made the fewest corrections in his proof of any man he ever knew. He knew nothing of the rules of punctuation, yet the manuscripts of very few of our public men are as well punctuated as his uniformly were, though his use of commas was excessive.

Mr. Defrees, being on easy terms with Mr. Lincoln, took it upon him to suggest, with relation to his first message, that he was not preparing a campaign document, or delivering a stump speech in

Illinois, but constructing an important State paper that would go down historically to all coming time; and that, therefore, he did not consider the phrase 'sugar-coated,' which he had introduced, as entirely a becoming and dignified one. "Well, Defrees," said Mr. Lincoln



ABRAHAM LINCOLN DID NOT SPEND MUCH TIME IN WRITING HIS MESSAGES.

good-naturedly, "if you think the time will ever come when the people will not understand what 'sugar-coated' means, I'll alter it; otherwise, I think I'll let it go." To make people understand exactly what he meant, was his grand aim. Beyond that, he had not the slightest ambition to go. — *J. G. Holland.*



WHO ARE THESE THAT WATCH AND WAIT?

## THE WATCHERS.

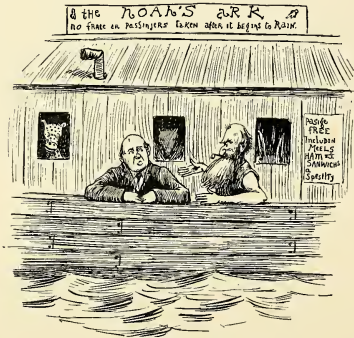
WITH bowed head and ears distended, who are these that watch and wait,

While the light of expectation shimmers in their bulging eyes?

For what image sweet or splendid do they scan the glass of Fate?

With what hot hope are they fevered, with what fire of vain surmise?

Low they lie and listen, longing for the coming of the Boom,  
 For the first bar of the thunder, ere the lightning start its jag;  
 Sound, oh lusty-lunged ding-donging of the horologe of doom;  
 Some note to cheer these watchers, whose spirits sink and sag!



HOAR, THE CHUM OF NOAH.

For a chill of terror ices Pinkston's widower, Honest John,  
 As on Foraker he muses, and the breeches of coffee sack;  
 And he fears there'll be a crisis, and his Buckeye votes be gone,  
 And the Sherman boom be shunted upon the Foraker track.

Wrapped up in the Sanguine Banner, Foraker to the South howls "Boo!"  
Yet the dark suspicion haunts him that his boom is in his eye;  
Harrison of Indiana, grandson of old Tippecanoe,  
Trembles every moment lest the lightning pass him by.

Flat upon a prairie in Iowa lies the slyboots Allison,  
Almost fagged out now with waiting to hear the people call;  
In the Bay State, Hoar, the chum of Noah, stretches out to catch the  
bun;  
Waits among the Wolverines, Alger, great of barrel and of gall.

Not too hopeful, very coyly, in the Wooden Nutmeg State,  
Stout Joe Hawley keeps his vigil, scans a dim and dismal sky.  
Shelby Cullom, bland and oily, cries, "I'm not a candidate;"  
Ready, all the same, if asked for, to speak up, "Lo, here be I."

See the *arbiter bibendi*, Gotham's glory, C. M. D.,  
How the weight of looked for laurels bends and bows his head;  
Ah, it's no use to pretend; he hears a boom nor weak nor wee;  
But the child's not always healthiest that is on taffy fed.

Hush! What long-drawn, thiu-piped, wailing sobs and whimpers in the  
air,  
Like some ghostly whisper soughing through the catacombs of old?  
'Tis the feeble pipe and ailing of a good man in despair;  
'Tis Our Own Evarts sighing, "Busted, Left, Dished, Done for,  
Sold!"

O ye weary vigil-keepers, ye distrustful ones that trust,  
What shall guerdon your long waiting, what, oh, what the harvest  
be?  
Shall not tears o'erflow your peepers if the watchword "Blaine or bust"  
Should be howled by the Convention when the Plumed Knight's on  
the sea?



'TIS OUR OWN EVARTS.



"YOU CAN SAY ON MY AUTHORITY THAT THERE IS NOTHING AT ALL IN IT."

## WHO IS TO PLAY GOV. HILL'S PIANO.

THERE are many rumors afloat that Gov. Hill of New York is contemplating matrimony. Gov. Hill is a fine-appearing, rosy-cheeked, and broad-shouldered statesman, and has smiled blandly upon many a fair daughter of the Empire State. But the Governor has never been known of late to smile upon women when he could in any possible way avoid doing so. He rarely invites the ladies to his elegant mansion.

Down in Chemung County the natives say David Bennett Hill cares nothing particularly about women, and never will marry. "In and about the Governor's old home in Elmira," said a prominent Senator one day, "the men who were young with Gov. Hill say he is not what you might call a woman-hater, but that since a disappointment he had once he has no faith in the fair sex."

Another Senator who has known the Governor intimately for years says, "Gov. Hill will never marry. I think he is wedded to celebrity."

Some time since the Albany gossips started a story about a pretty brunette of Birdinhand, Lancaster County, Penn., to whom they had mated the bachelor Governor. This rumor has been exploded by the Governor himself; and now the querulous old Albany dames are casting around for an Albany lady who may become mistress of the Executive Mansion, and also the White House, should Gov. Hill inherit some of Cleveland's luck. When the Governor was asked if it was true that he intends to marry soon, he brushed his sparse locks over his bald pate and smiled. Then he said, "I might as well stop this matter right here. You can say on my authority that there is nothing at all in it." Of course, one thing that has given a push to the matrimonial rumors about the Governor is the bills for fitting up the Executive Mansion.

"Why should the Governor want such elegant bric-à-brac if he doesn't intend getting married?" is what the bachelors around town want to know. "And that piano!" said a well-known society girl. "What can he want of a new piano, unless he means that his wife shall play on it for him?"

Gov. Hill's emphatic denial will be a sad blow to many a would-be Mrs. Gov. Hill.

## STORIES ABOUT STEVENS.

THE public man with a reputation for wit is apt to become responsible for many of the best jokes, old and new. Many a Joe Miller was, and is still, credited to Thaddeus Stevens and Abraham Lincoln. Things they never said, now that both are gone, are boldly laid upon their memories. But no two men, perhaps, so entirely different in character, ever threw off more spontaneous jokes. Mr. Stevens rarely told a story. He was strong in repartee, in retort, in quiet interrogatory. He must have been terrible at the cross-examination of a witness. There

is nothing finer, as I think, in the annals of humor, than his quaint questions to David Reese and John Chauncey, the two officers of the House who in his last days used to carry him in a large arm-chair from his lodgings across the public grounds up the broad stairs of the noble Capitol: "Who will be so good to me, and take me up in their strong arms, when you two mighty men are gone?" Here was not only uncommon wit,



THE GRIP OF THE GRIM MESSENGER.

but a sense of intellectual immortality. A consciousness of superiority of another sort was his answer to John Hickman, who called as Stevens lay on his bed, when he felt the grip of the grim messenger fastening on him. Hickman told the old man he was looking well. "Ah, John," was his quick reply, "it is not my appearance, but my disappearance, that troubles me!" A member of the House who was known for his

uncertain course on all questions, and who often confessed that he never fully investigated a mooted point without finding himself a neutral, asked for leave of absence. "Mr. Speaker," said Stevens, "I do not rise to object, but to suggest that the honorable member need not ask this favor, for he can easily pair off with himself." He was charitable, but never ostentatiously so. "Oh, sir!" said a beggar woman to him



"HOW WONDERFUL IT IS THAT I SHOULD HAVE JUST FOUND WHAT YOU HAD LOST."

one cold morning as he was limping to the House, "oh, sir, I have just lost all the money I had in the world!" — "And how much was that?" — "Oh, sir, it was seventy-five cents!" — "You don't say so," was the old man's answer, as he put a five-dollar bill into her hands; "and how wonderful it is that I should have just found what you had lost!" — *John W. Forney.*

## HARDIN'S WIT.

"Gov. CORWIN once told me," says Sunset Cox, "that Hardin was the most entertaining man he ever knew. He had an exhaustless fund of anecdote, and with it great natural parts and acquired culture. His celebrity for a quarter of a century as a Southern Whig member of Congress was not altogether owing to his gift of remembering or telling good stories, nor to his *bonhomie*. Now, while Hardin is not to be classed with other brilliant wits of his time, a greater disadvantage attends a sketch of his career as a humorist. He is not reported according to his reputation. His quarter of a century of service fails to show the voluminous fun with which he enlivened and enforced his positions. Here and there we have a few shots from small-arms, as when he said meekly, that 'if like a sheep I am shorn, unlike a sheep I will make a noise about it.' When denouncing extravagant naval salaries, and referring to the naval lobby, he exclaimed, 'Their march may be on the mountain wave, but their home is — in the gallery!' I have the 'substance' of one of his speeches delivered in the hall of the House. It was in self-vindication about a local and now obsolete matter. It is only eighty pages. He began by saying that he had pleaded more causes, and defended more men, than any lawyer in Kentucky; yet never was he under the painful necessity of defending himself before. This speech shows a remarkable array of facts, a keen appreciation of political ethics, a fervid patriotism, a touching pathos, but hardly one gleam of his reputed rare humor. Referring to the Kentucky families whose sons, with his own, were warring in Mexico, and speaking of the governor, who was his antagonist, he said, 'The next news from the theatre of war may put our families in mourning. But in the midst of this general distress, it is consoling to see with what philosophy the governor bears it. He slowly walks from the palace to the secretary's office, and then back to the palace, with stoical firmness that does honor to his resolution. Cato, when in Utica, never showed more. He knows that none of his family is in danger. They would

have been soldiers "if it had not been for those vile guns." The only danger to his family is that they may be mashed up in the palace gate in



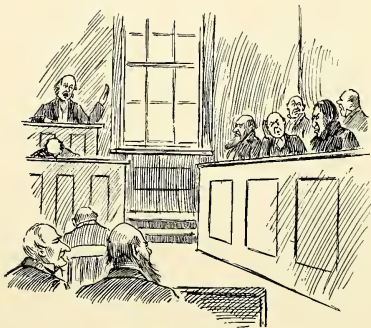
"HE SLOWLY WALKS FROM THE PALACE TO THE SECRETARY'S OFFICE."

a rush for offices; and when they get them, they can truly say that they are competent to the emoluments thereof.' This was the only smile in this lengthened speech."



## A CLOSE CALL.

"Did you ever attempt to follow brother Call of Florida when he attempts to make a point clear?" asked one of his Democratic colleagues, after the cigars had been lighted, and a small company of congenial



THE JUDGE CHARGED THE JURY.

spirits were drawing their chairs closer to the open fireplaces in one of Welker's private rooms. "No? Well, he reminds me," continued the speaker, "of that judge down in Arkansas, who, though a good lawyer and an excellent man in many respects, had this one failing, that he

always got the facts badly mixed up when making his charges to the jury."

"And brother Call, you said, Senator, reminded you of that judge?"

"I said he reminds me of the judge. He may not be quite so bad, — I don't say he is, — but" —

"But?"

"Well, he comes mighty close to it. At any rate, let me tell you about the judge. Suit was brought before him by Smith against Jones upon a promissory note given for a horse. Jones's defence was a failure of consideration; he asserting that at the time of the purchase the horse had the glanders, of which it died, and that Smith knew it. Smith replied that the horse did not have the glanders, but had the distemper, and that Jones knew it when he bought it. The judge charged the jury: —

"Gentlemen of the jury, pay attention to the charge of the Court. You have already made one mis-trial of this case because you did not pay attention to the charge of the Court, and I don't want you to do it again. I intend to make it so clear to you this time that you cannot possibly make any mistake. This suit is upon a note given for a promissory horse. I hope you understand that. Now, if you find that at the time of the sale Smith had the glanders, and Jones knew it, Jones cannot recover. That is clear, gentlemen. I will state it again. If you find that at the time of the sale Jones had the distemper, and Smith knew it, then Smith cannot possibly recover. But, gentlemen, I will state it a third time, so that you cannot possibly make a mistake. If, at the time of the sale, Smith had the glanders, and Jones had the distemper, and the horse knew it, then neither Smith, Jones, nor the horse can recover. Let the record be given to the jury."

The jury that sat on this story, told by Mr. Call's colleague, found no difficulty whatever in reaching a verdict. Five minutes afterward, the corks of as many bottles were heard popping, fresh cigars were lighted, and the company of political story-tellers fell to dissecting the next victim.



“MR. SPEAKER, THERE ARE NO INK IN THE INKSTANDS.”

## “BISHOP” OBERLY’S CONFIDENCE RESTORED.

“BISHOP” OBERLY, the civil-service commissioner, is one of the most entertaining talkers here, and tells some very funny stories. Here is one of them. He says that many years ago, when a young man, he was elected to the Assembly in Illinois. He was frightened when the

time came for him to go to the Capitol at Springfield, for he was conscious that he was not the possessor of a polished education. He feared that he would be paled by the flashing of bright intellects all around him. He took his seat on the first day in fear and trembling; but in five minutes he was put perfectly at ease, and was even made to think that perhaps he might be one of those who would “shine.” This was what wrought the great change in his mind:—

“Mr. Speaker,” said one assemblyman, “there are no ink in the inkstands.”

Young Oberly was amazed. “Well,” he thought, “is this the kind of timber they send here?”

Up rose another assemblyman, since famous the country over.

“Mr. Speaker,” said he, “there are ink, but it are froze in the bottles.”

That was all young Oberly needed to put him perfectly at ease in the Legislature.

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## THE CLEVER BRIDGE-BUILDER.

MR. LINCOLN had his joke and his “little story” over the disruption of the Democracy. He once knew, he said, a sound churchman of the name of Brown, who was the member of a very sober and pious committee having in charge the erection of a bridge over a dangerous and rapid river. Several architects failed; and at last Brown said he had a friend named Jones who had built several bridges, and could undoubtedly build that one. So Mr. Jones was called in. “Can you build this bridge?” inquired the committee. “Yes,” replied Jones, “or any other. I could build a bridge to h—l if necessary.” The committee were shocked, and Brown felt called upon to defend his friend. “I know Jones so well,” said he, “and he is so honest a man, and so good an architect, that if he states soberly and positively that he can build a bridge to — to — the infernal regions, why, I believe it; but I feel bound to say that I have my doubts about the abutment on

the other side." "So," said Mr. Lincoln, "when politicians told me that the Northern and Southern wings of the Democracy could be harmonized, why, I believed them, of course; but I always had my doubts about the abutment on the other side." — *J. G. Holland.*



"I COULD BUILD A BRIDGE TO H—L IF NECESSARY."

## PLAYFUL MR. EDMUNDS.

HANGERS-ON around the Capitol one day were amused at a dizzy trick that Boss Edmunds played on Blair of New Hampshire, who had the floor to address the Senate on his pet hobby, the Educational Bill. The Senate had previously agreed, that, "when it adjourns to-day, it be until Monday."

Blair had just got fairly started on his speech, when Mr. Edmunds asked him to yield for a motion to go into executive session to confirm some important appointments. Blair gracefully yielded; and the galleries were cleared, and all the people left that end of the Capitol.

The Senate only remained in secret session about fifteen minutes, and when the doors were re-opened, there was no one in the galleries; and the Senators knowing there would be no other business after Blair concluded, they generally left, and the New Hampshire Senator was compelled to deliver the remainder of his lengthy speech to empty benches in the galleries, and with only a few Senators on the floor.

It is said that Blair realized what a shabby trick Edmunds had played on him, and was accordingly not in the best of humor.



SENATOR BLAIR DELIVERING HIS SPEECH TO EMPTY BENCHES.

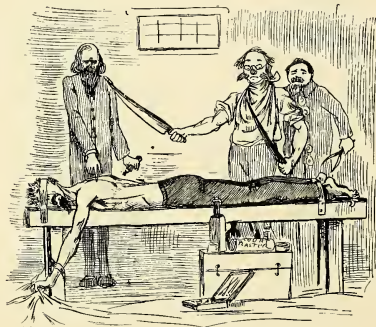


SEWARD'S WHIP.

## SEWARD'S WHIP.

IN June of 1856, after Preston S. Brooks committed his brutal assault on Charles Sumner, Mrs. Seward was exceedingly anxious for the safety of her husband, and advised him to protect himself. "Well, my dear," was the answer, "what shall I do? I am a man of peace; I never reply to personal attacks; how am I to defend myself? Shall I go to the Senate with a musket or rifle on my shoulder? If I use pistols, I am sure you will not ask me to shoot anybody without notice. You say no. Well, then, it will be my duty, if I carry revolvers, to lay

them on my Senatorial desk, so that all men may see that I am ready to kill anybody at a moment's notice. I think this is my best weapon," he said, as he closed the interview, and picked up the whip he carried as a sort of metaphorical help to the old horse that carried him to the Capitol.



"PLINY THE ELDER DIED, BUT THOMAS H. BENTON SURVIVED."

## PLINY THE ELDER.

SENATOR VEST was entertaining the Commerce Committee of the Senate with some anecdotes illustrative of the character of Thomas H. Benton, his eminent predecessor. Among other stories that the Senator told was the following concerning Mr. Benton's vanity.

It was necessary at one time that an operation should be performed on Senator Benton. The physician in attendance told Mr. Benton that the operation was necessary.

"But is not this a dangerous operation, doctor?" asked the Senator. "Did not Pliny the elder die as a result of a similar operation performed upon him?"

"The operation is not dangerous as now performed," answered the physician. "Modern science has rendered it comparatively simple."

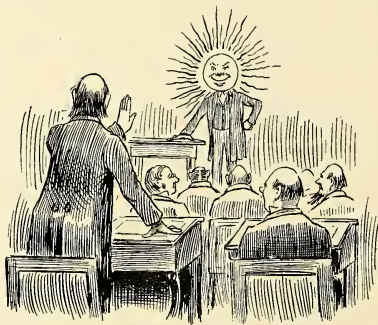
The operation was performed, and Mr. Benton survived it. A few years later, as he lay sick almost unto death, he sent for this same physician and made him the following request:—

"Doctor, I wish you would write after my death a full history of the operation you performed on me. And I wish you to say that this operation was performed on Pliny the elder, and he died; that it was performed on Thomas H. Benton, and he survived it."—*Springfield Republican*.

## ARKANSASS vs. ARKANSAW.

SUNSET COX once changed his pronunciation of a much discussed word, and confessed his conversion in the presence of the whole House of Representatives. Ever since Speaker Carlisle was taken ill, and during his absence from the House, Mr. Cox, from the altitude of the Speaker's chair, has been endeavoring to force upon the House an alteration in the unwritten rules, by which the word Arkansas would be pronounced with "sass" instead of the "saw." But Mr. Cox, who started in to convert the House, has been himself converted. Clifton R. Breckenridge, from that State with the double pronunciation, has sought every opportunity to catch Mr. Cox off duty, and has argued with him, and appealed to him, to desist from his persistent endeavors to impose the "sass" upon the House and the country. At length Mr. Cox relented, and promised to reform. This afternoon, when the business of the day

had been concluded, and Mr. Breckenridge, with a number of other gentlemen, stepped to the front, as usual before adjournment, to introduce bills by unanimous consent, Mr. Cox, who was in the chair, recognized "the gentleman from Arkansas," with a "sass;" but Mr. Breckenridge halted in protest, and shook his head at the Chair in a



MR. BRECKENRIDGE HALTED IN PROTEST, AND SHOOK HIS HEAD AT THE CHAIR.

gently upbraiding manner. Mr. Cox recollected, and recollecting, immediately recognized "the gentleman from Arkansaw," and broke out into bushes and smiles. The House broke out into a laugh. Mr. Breckenridge then recognized the Speaker's recognition, and nodded his approval, and proceeded to haul up his bill. Mr. Cox's conversion was complete. The pronunciation of Arkansas was settled.

## WHO WAS HIT?

[The first lightning of 1888 struck the Capitol one day in March.]

THE lightning-bolt descended.

And the thunder came to pass;

There was a wild disorder,

And the Senate rose *en masse*.

“What was it?” asked the Solons;

“What was that awful roar?”

“’Twas lightning,” screamed the pages,

And scudded for the door.

“Great Caesar!” shouted Sherman,

“Am I beneath the ban?

It must have struck somebody,

But I am not the man.”

“Nor I,” responded Hawley,

Still trembling in his fright;

“But now since I remember,

I half way thought it might.”

“It missed me, too,” cried Evarts;

“Ah, how can such things be?”

Then Ingalls, “Rats, it misses

A lightning-rod like me!”

And Cullom he was weeping;

“Alas, I am not struck!”

And Cameron was kicking

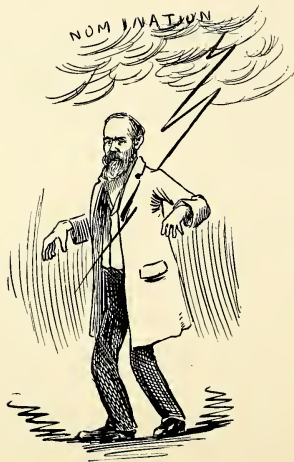
Because he had no luck.

“It must have hit somebody!”

The Solons all declare.

“Let’s send up to the White House,

Perhaps it struck up there!”



THE LIGHTNING-BOLT DESCENDED.



Forthwith they sent a hustler,  
 Right through the wind and wet;  
 And here our story's ended,  
 He hasn't got back yet.



“PRAY DON'T, MASSA; DEY'S GOOD FOR SOMETHING: DEY CAN JUST BEAT ONE ANODDER.”

## SELL THE RACERS.

At the time when the rivalry and jealousy of the great Whig leaders, Messrs. Clay and Webster, disturbed the harmony and menaced the integrity of the party, Mr. Seaton of “The National Intelligencer,” then mayor of Washington, entertained, at his hospitable mansion, a large company of the most conspicuous gentlemen in the city belonging to that organization. One object was to furnish an eligible opportunity

for those of the same political creed to confer freely at the social board, with a view to securing unity of action in Congress. Mr. Seaton had great faith in the softening influence of discreet conviviality; and being a genial host, of elegant address and winning manners, no man in Washington was better fitted to manage an affair of the kind. He was universally popular, never said or did an ungracious thing, and his entertainments were always a success. There was a general attendance of the Whigs, including Congressmen and members of the Cabinet, and some prominent officers of the army and navy, — Gen. Scott, whose presidential aspirations had given much uneasiness to several gentlemen whose eyes were turned in the same direction, besides Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay.

It was a jolly time, high living being a prevalent weakness of politicians in Washington, both Whig and Democratic. The situation had been discussed, several prominent gentlemen having frankly expressed their views. Obviously, there was a lack of harmony among the leaders. At this stage of the consultation, Cost Johnson, speaking in a tone so loud as to arrest the attention of the company, begged permission to relate an anecdote which he thought applicable to the matter under consideration. “Go on! go on!” resounded from all parts of the room.

“A neighbor of mine in Washington County, a wealthy planter, was much addicted to horse-racing. The turf was a passion with him. He had a stable of fine horses of the purest blood, and he attended every meeting far and near if the race-course was accessible. His horses ran well, but he never won a purse. After repeated disappointments, he told his tramer that he had made up his mind to sell his racing stud, and retire from the field. ‘Don’t do dat, massa,’ said the darcy; ‘dem’s first-rate hosses, and run like de wind.’ — ‘But they never win a race, and I am determined to sell them.’ — ‘Pray don’t, massa; dey’s good for something: dey can just beat one anodder.’”

There was a loud laugh at the story; but it was observed that Messrs. Clay, Webster, and Scott did not seem to enjoy it as much as the rest of the company.



"OUR LITTLE GOV. FRITSIVE LEE."

## POLITICAL NAMESAKES.

AMONG the funniest things in American politics is the custom of naming children after some well-known character. Gov. Fitzhugh Lee once received the following letter from a woman residing in Scott County, Va. The name of the writer is omitted by request of the Governor:—

"I write to tell you of your namesake, our little Gov. Fritsive Lee, with his bright, laughing eye, who made his appearance here in this troublesome world the 23d of January, 1887. My neighbors laugh at me when I tell them you are going to send me \$25 or \$50, or probably a \$100, to help raise the young Governor on; but I know that you have too much of the blood of Robert E. Lee coursing your veins to refuse such a small request, when you now rule the grand Old Dominion State, and next year, by the help of my prayers, I expect you to help rule the United States. Please remember my petition. It will be but a small sum to our grand and good Governor, and a fortune to me; and I hope, by the acts, God will bless you tenfold. I know you will send me something. You will not turn a deaf ear to my call. You can enclose a check for the amount. May the blessings of God ever be thrown around you; and yours now and forever. Amen."

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## IGNORANCE.

A REFERENCE to ex-Gov. Wise reminds me of a little incident. I was travelling in the Southern States during the winter of 1859; and I happened to meet at Montgomery, Ala., a Virginian gentleman who had formerly been in the navy, and was afterward a member of the National Congress from his native State. He told me that during the Taylor campaign he stumped that State in favor of the hero of Buena Vista, while Gov. Wise did the same thing on the other side. After the fashion that then prevailed in the South and the South-West, the two speakers travelled together, and alternated in addressing their audiences. They arrived, in the course of their journey, at Lynchburg, where it was the Governor's turn to speak first. In his address he dwelt largely upon the incapacity and unfitness of Gen. Taylor for the Presidency, said that he had been unable to write his own despatches, and that they were all written by his son-in-law, Col. Bliss. He harped a long time upon his *ignorance*, even calling him "Old Ignorance." When my informant rose to reply, he made a short address upon the political issues involved

in the election, and then closed with the remark, that, in answer to what his friend had said about Gen. Taylor's ignorance, his only reply was that, "Where *ignorance* is *Bliss*, 'tis folly to be *Wise*!" at the same time pointing his finger at the Governor. — *Mauvell B. Field.*



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, 'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE!"

## A MAJORITY OF ONE.

GEN. — of Nebraska, a large, jolly sort of general, was once a successful candidate for the Legislature of that State. After the election, he took a little trip to Omaha, to have a good time, and receive the congratulations of his friends, one of whom said to him, —

"Well, General, how did you run down there?"  
"Oh," replied the warrior, "I did just eternally scoop 'em; routed 'em, horse, foot, and dragoons!"  
"How did the vote stand?"  
"Well," replied the General, "it was none of your darned *unanimous* things; I only got *one* majority!"  
And he was known as "the unanimous brigadier."



"THE UNANIMOUS BRIGADIER."

## THE QUIET COLONEL.

SOME years ago Col. Roberts was a member of Congress from Mississippi. On his return some of his constituents rallied him for having taken so little part in the debates, while the rest of the delegation—Jeff. Davis, Brown, and Thompson—had made a great noise, and attracted the attention of the country.



“WHENEVER I CAME TO THE BANK OF A STREAM, I PUT MY EAR TO THE GROUND.”

“Well, my friends,” replied the Colonel, “I will tell you. When I was a young man, I used to ride a good deal at night, and frequently got lost. Whenever I came to the bank of a stream, I put my ear to the ground, and ascertained where the water made the noise; at that place I always marched in—it was sure to be the shallowest place.”



THE TARIFF BROKE LOOSE.

## THE TARIFF BROKE LOOSE.

DURING the early discussions of the tariff question in Congress, the late Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, who was then a Whig, in speaking on the subject to a large meeting in the old “Club House” in Richmond, Va., illustrated the general ignorance prevailing in his part of the country by the following example: One of his illiterate neighbors, who had never been over three miles from home, had that same year been out on a turkey-hunt. He winged one of the flock, and in trying to escape, the bird crossed a railway then just completed, and of course an entire novelty. The pursuing countryman stopped to examine the road, and just then an engine, puffing and blowing, hove in sight. Scared out of his wits, the countryman left turkey and all, and running

home as fast as his feet could carry him, threw himself on the floor in a fainting fit. His wife, after bathing his temples and bringing him "to," asked,—

"Well, husband, what could it have been?"

"I don't know," was his reply, "unless it was that derved tariff that has broke loose."

## NEEDLESS ADVICE.

SHORTLY after Mr. Buchanan's return from Russia in 1834, to which he had been sent by President Jackson in 1832, and immediately following his election to the Senate of the United States by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to fill the unexpired term of William Wilkins, resigned, who, in his turn, was sent to succeed Buchanan in the same foreign mission, Buchanan called upon Old Hickory with a fair English lady, whom he desired to present to the head of the American nation. Leaving her in the reception-room down-stairs, he ascended to the President's private quarters, and found Gen. Jackson unshaved, unkempt, in his dressing-gown, with his slippers on the fender before a blazing wood-fire, smoking a corn-cob pipe of the old Southern school. He stated his object, when the General said he would be very glad to meet the handsome acquaintance of the new bachelor Senator. Mr. Buchanan was always careful of his personal appearance, and in some respects was a sort of masculine Miss Fribble, addicted to spotless cravats and huge collars, rather proud of a small foot for a man of his large stature, and to the last of his life what the ladies would call "a very good figure." Having just returned from a visit to the fashionable Continental circles, after two years of thorough intercourse with the etiquette of one of the stateliest courts in Europe, he was somewhat shocked at the idea of the President meeting the eminent English lady in such a guise, and ventured to ask if he did not intend to change his attire; whereupon the old warrior rose, with his pipe in his hand, and, deliberately knocking the ashes out of the bowl, said to his friend,

"Buchanan, I want to give you a little piece of advice, which I hope you will remember. I knew a man once who made his fortune by attending to his own business. Tell the lady I will see her presently."

The man who became President in 1856 was fond of saying that this remark of Andrew Jackson humiliated him more than any rebuke he had ever received. He walked down-stairs to meet his fair charge;



"BUCHANAN, I WANT TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE PIECE OF ADVICE."

and in a very short time President Jackson entered the room, dressed in a full suit of black, cleanly shaved, with his stubborn white hair forced back from his remarkable face, and advancing to the beautiful Britisher, saluted her with almost kingly grace. As she left the White House, she exclaimed to her escort, "Your republican President is the royal model of a gentleman." — *John W. Forney.*



"AH, HAPPY TO MEET YOU."

## **L**EGISLATIVE COURTESIES.

WHEN a new member of the House wants to impress an old one, to whom he has just been introduced, with the idea that he's no chicken, he artistically deposits his left arm under the skirts of his Prince Albert, reaches gracefully forward to shake hands with his right, and inquires in the most *blasé* tone of voice imaginable, —

"Ah, happy to meet you; knew you long ago, of course by reputation. How long do you suppose we'll have to stay here this year? I'll bet you we don't get home to celebrate the Fourth, ha! ha!"

Aside from this being an awful chestnut, this utterance is a convenient thing to fall back upon when one finds himself in the awkward position of having to say something with nothing to say. As a careful scrutiny will show, it begins with a clever compliment, develops into an expression of familiarity with law-making which only the most experienced may affect, and concludes with a delightful piece of pleasantry which the nervous little attempt at hilarity on the end denominates a joke. Oh, yes, these legislators of the 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  vintage are very funny fellows, and no mistake, albeit some of them aren't yet ripe enough to pick.

## **A** CAMPAIGN RETORT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

My Virginia friend — I was going to say my old Virginia friend; but he is only forty-five, and doesn't live in old Virginia, but in West Virginia — was telling me of the *code duello* in the South. He raised his hat, and with his forefinger traced a deep scar on his forehead just at the roots of his hair. It looked as if made by a red-hot brand.

"That," said he, "was received in a duel. The duel is going out of fashion in Virginia, but there are still some hot-headed men who think that their wounded honor can only be satisfied with blood."

Said I, "How did you get that scar?"

Said he, "I'll tell you. I was making a stump speech one night in the heat of a political campaign. Excitement ran high; but I was keeping my temper right along, and never got angry at the frequent interruptions. In the crowd was a man who was a power in the community, and he was just drunk enough to be offensive. He had interrupted me several times, and I passed it off good naturedly, until at last he said something that stung me. Well, I am a Virginian born and bred, and I answered back that when he was made his mouth was put in the wrong place, that it should have been fastened on top of his head, and filled with hog's lard and sawdust. There was no wit in the reply, it was



brutal; but it turned the laugh on the fellow, and I knew I was in for it. The next day he sent me a challenge, and I accepted, naming pistols at ten paces. He was a good shot, and I know that I am. We were both excited; and, when we got the word to fire, both pistols cracked at the same instant. I shot him through the lungs; and the ball from his



"HE WAS A GOOD SHOT, AND I KNOW THAT I AM."

pistol struck me on the forehead, ploughed this ear, and glanced upward. I had aimed to shoot him through the leg; but the pistol jerked up with the pressure on the trigger, and my ball went through his body. He had aimed to shoot me through the breast; but his pistol went up from the same cause, and struck me on the forehead. I'm glad to say he did not die, and I haven't a better friend in the world."

## POLICY.

THE all-pervading sense of dependence upon some one else which characterizes the office-seeking class is illustrated in a brief conversation at the national capital.



"BECAUSE THEIR PA IS YOUR PA'S INFLOEGENCE."

"Johnny," called out an anxious Washington mother, "jes' you stop flingin' stuns at them boys!"

"W'y, ma?" demanded the young Philistine.

"Becos their pa is your pa's infloegence; 'n' 't you go to throwin' stuns, yer dad'll be out'n a job!"



"THERE WAS ONLY ONE COPY LEFT, AND THE PRESIDENT HAS JUST SENT THAT TO THE POPE."

## A RARE OLD DOCUMENT.

SENATOR STOCKBRIDGE of Michigan is something of a wag. He was sitting in his committee-room the other day when one of those fellows who are always demanding documents came in. The caller had secured almost every book, pamphlet, and bill which the Government magnanimously prints and gives away. But he still longed for more.

"I am very anxious," said he, "to secure a copy of the Constitution of the United States. Could I enlist your help, Senator?"

"Why, certainly; but it would be useless. The effort will be futile."

"Indeed. And why?"

"Well, you see, there were so many demands from people like yourself for copies of this good work, that the supply nearly ran out. There was only one copy left, and the President has just sent that to the Pope."



YE MONSTERS OF THE BRINY DEEP.

## AN IMPORTANT LITERARY QUESTION.

CONGRESSMAN COX has been given the credit recently of saving a fish commissioner's salary bill by the timely quoting of a verse from an old hymn. As he recited it, it ran thus:—

"Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,  
Your Maker's name upraise;  
Up from the sands, ye coddlings, peep,  
And wag your tails always."

If memory serves us rightly, Mr. Cox nods a little in his quotation. There is certainly a verse in an old revival hymn which was sung in New England in Whitefield's time which reads this way:—

“Ye monsters of the briny deep,  
Your Maker's praises shout;  
Up from the deep, ye coddlings, peep,  
And wag your tails about.”

The rhyme is certainly smother; and, besides, it is much more natural to picture coddlings, or little cods, as peeping up from the “deep” than from the sands.”

## A NOBLE ANCESTRY.

THE late Gen. William F. Gordon of Virginia, long prominent in the political history of that State, was a gentleman of exceptional good taste in literature, and of very extensive acquaintance with the poets. After his retirement from active participation in politics, he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, which his friend and neighbor, the late Gov. James Barbour, said “were a great resource for broken-down politicians.” The acquisition of contiguous territory was in former days a leading desire of the Virginia gentleman; and, in obedience to this characteristic of the class to which he belonged, the General became the purchaser of a tract of land adjoining his homestead, a part of which only he desired to retain. The other portion he contracted to sell to a man named Bruce, who had been a manager on the farm of one of his neighbors. When Mr. Bruce came to his residence to perfect the contract, the General inquired of him, “What is your given name, Mr. Bruce?”

“Loudoun, sir,” was the reply.

“What, sir!” said the General, “Loudoun, sir—Loudoun!”

‘Such news o’er Scotland’s hills triumphant rode,  
When ‘gainst the invaders turned the battle’s scale,  
When Bruce’s banner had victorious flowed  
O’er Loudoun’s mountain and in Ury’s vale.’

Why, sir,” said he, “if your name is Loudoun Bruce, you must be a relation of King Robert.”

“Yes, sir,” said Bruce, “I believe he was my grandfather.”



A NOBLE ANCESTRY.

## SEWARD AND THE SENTRY.

I REMEMBER one morning trying to gain admittance to the Department of State in advance of the hour at which the place was open to the world. A sentry arrested my entrance at the door. In vain I pleaded an engagement with the Secretary, and asked for a corporal or sergeant



A SENTRY ARRESTED MY ENTRANCE AT THE DOOR.

to carry in my card. The stupid fellow gave me no comfort. While parleying with him, Mr. Seward came up, and the guard dropped his musket brusquely across the way of the Secretary of State. Before our great diplomat could make himself known, I said, —

“This is the Secretary of State, my man, and you had better be polite.”

The guard dropped his musket instantly to a present, and Mr. Seward passed in.

“I say, Mr. Secretary,” I cried to him; “as I got you admitted, common politeness dictates that you return the favor.”

“Young man,” responded the Secretary, looking over his shoulder, “the politeness of this department is not common,” and passed on. — *Donn Piatt.*

## DIDN'T SHOW IT.

KANSAS TRAMP. “What town's this, just ahead?”

KANSAS FARMER. “Oskaloosa.”

TRAMP. “Where they've elected a lot o' women to the offices?”

FARMER. “The same.”

TRAMP (shouldering his bundle, and preparing to take the back track). “That's all I want to know. I won't have nothin' to do with no such durned town. I was raised in a country where men was capable of runnin' things themselves.”

FARMER (relative of member of city council). “Go! you don't show it a bit!”

## HE WHITTLED.

GEN. HOUSTON was as great a whittler as any Yankee, as every one knows who ever saw him in the Senate chamber, where a quantity of soft pine and a waste-basket were always furnished him by the attendants. I was once present when a countryman from Gnadalupe County called upon him while he was governor. Country wanted to know if he could bring his wife into the office to see the Governor. “Certainly, certainly!” exclaimed old Sam with that pleasing grace of which he was master, “by all means invite the good lady in.” The

pair soon returned, and had a very pleasant chat with the old hero. Just as they started, old Sam presented her with a lot of silk-winders, and other little mementos of his whittling. The old lady laughed very heartily, and said, "Well, Governor, Mrs. Henry M'Culloch told me that you would be certain to give me some silk-winders, and she told me to ask you to make her a butter-paddle!" At this the General and all of us roared. The next day I called upon him, and found him "spreading himself" on the butter-paddle. — *Curtis.*



I CALLED UPON HIM, AND FOUND HIM "SPREADING HIMSELF" ON THE BUTTER-PADDLE.

## A DEMOCRATIC BOANERGES.

I MAY not find a better place than this for an anecdote, which shows the tendency of political storms, like those of nature, — by sea and by

land, — to revolve in a circle. Abraham Bishop, the son of Collector Bishop, grew up a Democrat, and became an able and skilful stump orator. He is said to have originated the electioneering apothegm, "One doubt loses ten votes!" For several years he was the Boanerges of the party in Connecticut, and always went on a circuit to stir up the Democracy just previous to the elections. At length he was appointed collector of the port of New Haven, with some five thousand dollars a



"NO, NO, I THINK WE HAVE QUITE DEMOCRACY ENOUGH, NOW."

year. Well, again, when an election was approaching, he was desired by the leaders of the party to go forth and wake up the Democracy, by a round of speeches. "No, no," said the Collector with five thousand dollars a year, "I think we have quite Democracy enough, now!" A few years later, Mr. Bishop was in the ranks of the Whigs, or Federalists, and died much respected as a man of conservative politics, morals, and manners! — *W. H. Milburn.*



YOU OUGHT TO HAVE SEEN THAT MOON BEFORE THE WAR."

## THE SOUTHERN MOON.

COL. KEOGH, sometime chairman of the Republican State Committee of North Carolina, once happened to be in Charleston, S.C., and was politely shown over the town by an ardent Democrat. It was on a beautiful evening. The conversation naturally drifted into politics; and Col. Keogh was frequently assured by his Democratic friend that "since the wah, sah," the people of the South had nothing to live for. At last they reached the Battery; and the Colonel, looking out on the beautiful moon-lit bay, grew tired of hearing his guide's complaints, and exclaimed, "Well, you gentlemen of the South have much to be thankful for, — a most productive soil, a magnificent climate, and — that moon; just look at that moon!"

For a moment the South Carolinian was silent; but he rose to the occasion, and replied, "Oh, of course there's some truth in what you say, sah; but you ought to have seen that moon *before the wah!*"



"WELL, YOU ARE A WHOPPER, IN FACT!"

## ONE ON GROVER."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND cannot complain that one at least of his characteristics is not promptly and fully recognized, and that is his fatness. That he is a big man avoirdupoisly considered, is at once conceded by all beholders. The following story, illustrative of this, is told by the Raleigh (N.C.) "Observer." The incident occurred while the President was on his recent trip southward to Florida.



When the President was at Weldon, quite a large crowd shook hands with him. Among them was a countryman, who, tall and lank, took his stand in front of the President, and as he shook his hand said, —

“ Well, and are you the President? ”

“ Yes, ” answered Mr. Cleveland, “ I am the President. ”

“ Well, I have voted for many a President, but I never seed one before. ” And as he stood looking at him all over, up and down, and from one side to the other, he exclaimed: “ Well, you are a whopper, in fact! ” Whereupon the President smiled uncomfortably, and Mrs. Cleveland, who was near by, laughed until she cried.

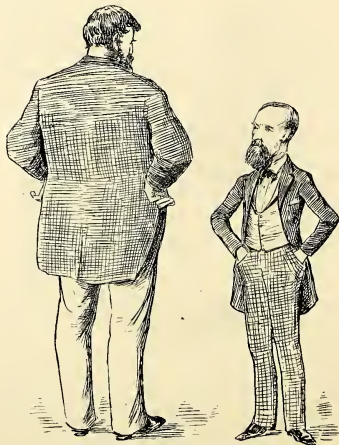
## BULLS FROM THE STUMP.

MR. TAULBEE of Kentucky one day used the expression, “ Now let each man work together. ” “ Be he man, or be he woman, ” fiercely exclaimed a member from that part of Illinois commonly known as “ Egypt, ” not long ago; and, a minute or so later, Mr. McMillan of Tennessee screamed, with fists clinched, “ I will learn the gentleman from Illinois. ” etc. Mr. Brumm of Pennsylvania said of a certain feature of the labor troubles, “ It is a matter to be decided between he and his employees. ” Mr. Lawler of Illinois once declared that a certain proposition was the “ final ultimatum ” of the Labor party. Senator Coke of Texas wants to know frequently “ what is the facts in the case, ” and Senator Beck frequently asks, “ What is the Senator’s views on the matter? ”

## TIME AND SPACE.

WHILE the Hon. J. D. Baldwin, M.C. from Massachusetts, was in Congress with the Hon. S. S. Cox, then of Ohio, and when there happened to be a “ call of the House, ” Mr. Cox moved, to save time in waiting for absentees, that Mr. Baldwin be allowed unanimous consent

to speak an hour on any subject agreeable to himself. Mr. Baldwin is a learned man, author of “ Prehistoric Nations, ” published by Harper & Brothers. He is, moreover, very tall, and huge in bulk. Mr. Cox, *per contra*, is small. Thad Stevens was present. The House was happy. Leave was given. Mr. Baldwin got up, and proposed to yield his time to Mr. Cox. Thaddeus asked, “ And space too? ” Congress “ took, ” and there was laughter.



MR. BALDWIN AND MR. COX.

## SINEWS OF WAR.

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM L. SCOTT of Pennsylvania is kindly remembered by the Democrats who shivered around the St. James Hotel, in New York, during the cheerless Robinson-Kelly-Cornell campaign of 1879. Col. Lamont was sitting at his desk in the State Committee



COL. LAMONT'S VISITOR.

room one day, when a stranger, wearing a bad hat, and a cloak that was queer to New York eyes, entered, and looked around. "Who's your granger friend, Dan?" inquired one of the loungers. "Don't know. Never saw him before. Looks as if he was in search of the Kelly headquarters;" and Dan turned to the letter of a correspondent which

portrayed the gloomy outlook in one of the Kelly counties in the southern tier.

"I hear you are in need of money here," blurted out the visitor.

"We're taking all we can get," replied Lamont, eying the man cautiously.

"Got a pen?"

"Yes, we've got pens enough."

"Well, let me sit down there."

Lamont relinquished his seat, first removing the despondent letter from prying eyes.

"There, take that!" And the battered hat and shabby cloak disappeared, without another word from their owner.

It was a check for a thousand dollars, bearing the signature of "William L. Scott."

WHEN Congressman Bingham of Pennsylvania speaks, he does so with lightning-like rapidity, keeping both hands busy replacing his eye-glasses, which fall from his nose with every jerk of his bald head. Once in the heat of debate, he said, "Now, as to the question of this matter being affected by this question." Congressman Hiestand of Pennsylvania afterward told Mr. Bingham that the remark reminded him of a story about Davy Crockett in the old Texas Legislature. A member of that Legislature began his speech thus, "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general is disposed to take advantage of the generality of mankind in general."—"Sit down, you old fool," said Crockett, "you're coming out of the same hole you went in."

## PRISON AND LEGISLATURE.

SOME years ago, the late John A. Logan and Hon. Isaac N. Arnold were members of the Illinois Legislature. One of the measures under

discussion by that body was a proposition to build a new penitentiary at Joliet, near Chicago. The members from "Egypt," or Southern Illinois, opposed it, and urged the enlargement of the prison at Alton. Mr. Logan, in advocating a bill favoring the latter proposition, said it was easy to understand why members from the northern part of the State favored Joliet, for the prison statistics showed that two-thirds of the convicts came from Northern Illinois.



"IN THE SOUTH THEY SEND THEM TO THE LEGISLATURE."

Mr. Arnold said in reply, "What the honorable gentleman says about the proportion of convicts is true; but there is this difference between the two parts of the State: in the North we send our criminals to prison; in the South they send them to the Legislature."

Joliet got its appropriation.



PURIFYING THE HOUSE.

## PURIFYING THE HOUSE.

It is a matter of gratification to contemplate the following picture, and to think how the times are altered! "A *godly member* made a motion [says Aubrey], to have all prophane and unsanctioned persons expelled the *House of Commons*. Henry Martin stood up and moved, that all *fools* might be put out likewise, and then there would be a *thin House*. He was wont to sleep much in the House (at least dog sleep). Alderman Atkins made a motion, that *such scandalous members as slept*, and minded not the business of the House, should be put out. Henry Martin starts up. *Mr. Speaker*, a motion has been made to turn out the *widders*. I desire the *widders* may also be turned out."



A PERSONAL PRAYER.

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In these days, when Congressmen and members of State Legislatures are sometimes charged with the most flagrant and baldest corruption, it may be well for chaplains at Washington, and at *all* the State capitals, to remember an incident that occurred a few years since in Vermont, when a Roman Catholic priest was invited to open the session of the Legislature with an extemporaneous prayer. After some stumbling, he succeeded in uttering the following petition: "May *corruption* and *sin*

of every form be as far from every member of this Legislature as *Thou* art, O Lord!" The members of that honorable body looked inquiringly at each other, and seemed rather puzzled as to exactly what was meant.



"I AM A MEMBER, MADAM."

## THE NEW MEMBER.

MEN who have been in Washington a few years can tell a member of Congress in his first term as readily as one tells a pig by the earmarks. There is an air of importance, a look of "Oh, you know all about me, of course!" that is never seen elsewhere. The other day a young woman, calling to see a well-known member, sent her card in by

a doorkeeper, and waited outside rather than brave the crowd that usually throng the ladies' reception-room. Presently a man came out whom she took to be the same that had carried in her card. She stepped up to him and eagerly asked, —

“Is Mr. — in?”

“I presume he is,” replied the man, in a top-lofty manner.

“Well, did you give him my card, then?” she persisted.

“I did not; no, madam, I did not; what do you mean?” drawing himself to his full height and punching his chest with his thumb. “I did not — I am a member, madam.”

“Oh, beg pardon,” promptly retorted the young woman with a roguish twinkle in her eyes, “I thought you were a gentleman, you know, — one of those who stand at the door there.”

THE accent of Southern men in Congress is very noticeable, as compared with that of their Northern colleagues. When Mr. Poindexter Dunn of Arkansas addresses the Chair, he says, “Mr. Speak—aw,” and Mr. Jones of Alabama does the same thing. Barnes Compton of Maryland always speaks of “Baltimo’,” and the Southerners generally say “mo’” for “more.” Mr. Turner of Georgia once got off the old negro expression “dataway” for “that way,” when, in his earnestness, he got back to the dialect of his old negro “mammy.” Senator Daniel of Virginia has the negro *patois* very strong, and was once heard to ask of a doorkeeper, “Is this the same do’ I went in at?” Mr. Culberson of Texas said recently, “I will yield the flo’, sah, to the gentleman from South Cyarleenah.” Senator Faulkner of West Virginia used the word “following” the other day, and pronounced it “follerin’.”

## A FISH STORY.

WHEN Col. J—— ran for Congress in this district, some twenty years since, the vote was exceedingly close. On the night of the election the Colonel's friends were assembled anxiously awaiting a telegraphic

despatch from a few distant towns, that would determine the result. It so chanced that a dealer in fish had sent a cargo of his commodity to Boston, with instructions to the captain to telegraph when his freight was discharged. There was a confusion of despatches at the telegraph-office; so that when the message was opened and read at headquarters, the astonished listeners heard these words: “Dear sir, your fish are landed”!



THE HONEST FISHMONGER'S SURPRISE.

And, sure enough, the returns, when they came in less questionable shape, showed the Colonel's fish to be high and dry. But the country lost the services of one of the clearest heads and best-informed commercial minds in the State. It may be added that the honest fishmonger was a good deal surprised, and not a little alarmed, to read in his despatch that there was an attempt to send him to Congress.













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