

## Editor's Drawer.

IN years gone by there dwelt in Washington John Guy, a character in his way, in connection with whom Colonel Forney tells the following anecdote, or rather quotes it from Daniel Dougherty, one of Philadelphia's ablest lawyers and most brilliant raconteurs:

Guy kept the National Hotel in Washington, and among his guests was General Cass, then Senator from Michigan. 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 General 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 hung 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, coolly replied, "You have committed a mistake, Sir. I am not Mr. Guy; I am General 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 General 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 General 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.

Not far from Toledo, Ohio, lives a gentleman who keeps a hotel, and is known for his occasional use of fine words. Not long since, as one of the guests was leaving, he said to the noble host, raising his hat, "*Au revoir*."

The noble host promptly and courteously responded, "Alpaca, alpaca!"

And they parted with serenest smiles.

In these latter times, in courts of justice, it has been difficult to obtain men of intelligence and impartiality to act as jurors, especially in capital cases. At a recent term of the Oyer and Terminer, held in this city, Mr. Justice Davis presiding, this difficulty presented itself. The trial impending was for murder, and the large panel summoned for the purpose was nearly exhausted. The name of an intelligent Hebrew gentleman was called, who took the stand, and was asked the usual questions as to whether he had read the papers and formed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. He replied that he had not. He was next interrogated as to whether he had conscientious scruples as to hanging in case of conviction for murder. He answered that he had. The District Attorney promptly objected to his being accepted, and the gentleman was about to retire, doubtless gratified at not being compelled to endure the fatigue and anxiety of a prolonged trial, when the counsel

for the prisoner said, "Wait a moment, if you please. You say you have scruples in reference to hanging for the crime of murder?"

"I have," was the reply.

"What is the nature of your scruples?"

"Well, Sir, I am strongly and conscientiously in favor of hanging people who murder!"

The prompt, blunt, altogether unexpected as well as unprecedented answer raised an audible smile throughout the court-room, and took judge, counsel, and audience quite by surprise. It was, on the whole, however, thought best to let the gentleman depart—especially by the defense—and he emanated from the presence.

WHEN the late Lyman Beecher was settled over the Bowdoin Street Church, in Boston, his son, Henry Ward, used to be one of the boys who on Saturday afternoons would fight the Charlestown boys on Long Bridge. The sexton of the church told young Henry that he had better let the Charlestown boys alone; they were much better than the Boston boys. "Now," said he, "when a Charlestown boy comes over here to dinner he gets a *single slice* of pork for his dinner; but when you go to Charlestown to dinner you will find a *hog at every plate*." The future man of Plymouth Church replied not, but pondered.

THE following communication, which we reproduce verbatim, was received not long since at the Pension Bureau, Washington. It sets forth what a perfect lady would do with land and opportunity:

— Wis. Jan 23.18 1872.

SIR,—Your papers wer received the 15. My husband was not at home. had left to be absent five Monts. very sory as i miss the little Pention very much as the winter are Cold and Wood is Deer. *I wish Congress would give me money Enough to by me a farm in the woods* I would show them what a Woman could do. they seam to have plenty of Land to give to Rail Roads Compy. they mite Better sell the Land give the money to Cripple Soldiers. *I do want to get out of the village.* Expect Nothing more than We shall be Burnt out The Rebel means to let us. How good it is to have our Citys and villages Burnt and i know very well it is through their influences we are having so maney fiers. I do not think it will be long before we will have a war at hoam people are geting so Dishonis and so Wicked. it would not be Strange if God should Cut them off, for good honest man are as Scerce as angles visets. I Dont know of but one honest man in Tonn and that is my Husband and he is so honest it makes him a pear Redicklass and sometimes by that means they often take the Advantages of him. *I think I see you Smile.* But it is the Truth.

Very respectfully

MRS. SILAS —

At a late term of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, Washington, Chief Justice Carter presiding, the dignity of the proceedings was quite upset by the following incident: A suit was pending in which the plaintiff claimed full contract price for work partially performed, but not finished on account of fraud on the part of the defendant. The defense was that the plaintiff was not entitled to more than *quantum meruit*, "because the defendant enjoyed no benefit from the work."

The Chief Justice, who is troubled with a slight impediment of speech, speedily settled the point by stating, "If a ma-a-an hires an-other ma-a-an to r-r-rub him with a br-r-ick, he's g-got

to p-pay for it wh-whether he *enj-j-joys* it or not."

That's s-so!

A CORRESPONDENT in Wheeling, West Virginia, sends us the following, as a specimen of the wisdom of the West Virginia Legislature. It is copied precisely as it appears in the approved copy of the Acts of the Legislature, for the session of 1868:

CHAPTER 161.—An Act to prevent the destruction of Deer in Webster County. Passed March 4, 1868.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of West Virginia:

#### SEC. 1.

##### SYLLABUS.

*Unlawful to hunt Deer with dogs unless Deer be wounded.*

It shall not be lawful for any person or persons in the county of Webster to hunt, chase, catch, or kill, or in any way destroy Deer by dogs. Except that a Deer may be first shot and wounded, and then may be caught by a dog.

#### SEC. 2.

*Penalty for violation of act.*

Any person violating this act by allowing his dog or dogs to run, chase, or destroy Deer in said county shall be fined ten dollars for each offense, and the cost incurred, before any Justice of said county; one half to go to the informer, and the other half to the general school fund.

#### SEC. 3.

*Bad habit of dog or dogs.*

*Notice to owner of dog or dogs.*

*Violation of act by dog or dogs.*

*Affidavit against dog or dogs.*

*Warrant for dog or dogs.*

*Arrest of dog or dogs.*

*Trial of dog or dogs.*

*Sentence of dog or dogs.*

*Execution of dog or dogs.*

*Fee for killing dog or dogs.*

Any dog or dogs found or known to run or catch Deer, the owner of such dog or dogs shall be notified of the fact, and if the dog or dogs be found transgressing this act a second time, or more, upon the affidavit of any person who is a lawful witness to testify in other cases before any Justice of the Peace, such Justice shall issue his warrant directed to any constable, to arrest and bring such dog or dogs before him, and, on proof of guilt, may condemn such dog or dogs to be killed; and the constable, upon a copy of such judgment, signed by the Justice, shall forthwith kill the said dog or dogs, and shall be entitled to fifty cents for each dog he may so kill, which shall be recovered of the owner of such dog or dogs.

#### SEC. 4.

*Fees to officers.*

The same fees shall be allowed to the Justice, constable, and witnesses as are now allowed by law for similar services.

#### SEC. 5.

*Acts repealed.*

Any act or parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

We are in great doubt which most to admire, the humanity which prompted the passage of this act, or the ingenuity and humor of the clerk who prepared the syllabus.

It is a good thing to be a doctor. When rheums and little anguishes afflict, he is your friend—for a consideration, which, out West, he takes in cash, or something else when coin is not obtainable. Now they have in Pueblo, Colorado, a practitioner who is ever ready to rush in in case of ache or accident. Recently a slight smash happened to Mr. Jeff Steele, some fifteen miles from Pueblo, up the Fontaine. He was thrown from his carriage, near the residence of Mr. Royce, to whose house he was taken in a state of apparent insensibility. An aged physician residing a little way up the creek was immediately sent for, who came post-haste to the aid of the sufferer. After feeling of the young man's pulse, and heaving three or four long-

drawn sighs, the doctor turned to Miss Alice, daughter of Mr. Royce, and inquired,

"Have you any fresh eggs?"

"Oh yes, plenty of them, doctor," said Alice.

"Well," said the doctor, "get two, and separate the whites from the yolks, and beat them up thoroughly in different vessels."

Alice, aided by her little brother, set about the task with alacrity, which she soon accomplished, full of faith that the sufferer was soon to be relieved from his pains and brought to his senses.

"Now, doctor," said Alice, "your eggs are ready; what next?"

"Thanks," said the doctor; "have you any good whisky?—or wine will do."

The wine was accordingly forth-coming in a twinkling.

"Now get me a tumbler, please," said the doctor.

The young people eyed the doctor closely, wondering what miracle he was about to perform with the eggs and wine. Presently the doctor took the tumbler, rinsed it out carefully, turned into it first the yolks and then the whites of the eggs, took a tea-spoon and stirred them well together, then filled the glass to the brim with the wine, shook it up well, and, thoughtfully surveying the mixture a moment with an air of supreme satisfaction, put the tumbler to his lips and drained it to the bottom. Setting the tumbler on the table, the doctor smacked his lips a couple of times, and then coolly remarked:

"Well, my friends, *Jeff is pretty badly hurt, but, let me assure you, he is by no means dangerous!*"

ONCE upon a time a citizen of Butler County, Pennsylvania, demanded to have the result of a free fight made historical by being recorded among the other deeds. Thus:

Know all men by these Presents that I, Joseph Pisor, on the 29th of July, A.D. 1835, at the township of Muddy Creek, in the County of Butler, did in combat with one William Ralston bite off the said Ralston's left ear, and that it is my desire that the same be recorded.

Witness my hand and seal this 29th September, 1835.

[L. S.]

Recorded in Deed-Book J, page 201.

Of course that has passed into the domain of fact. A somewhat similar incident occurred in Kentucky, where a perfect gentleman, after playfully using his bowie-knife, said, "Why, gentlemen, I'm mild and soft and gentle, and, as Champ Ferguson said when he bit Billy Estill's ears off, '*I wouldn't hurt a fly!*'"

AN affecting incident occurred recently in Paris. Several French cooks, tempted by high pay, left Paris for New York. Indeed, when the *chef de cuisine* of the Tuileries departed, society deemed it an irreparable loss. "He was a man of great and unclouded intellect, with acute views as to the clearness of soup; a fine judge of general effect; and, as a composer, has rarely had his equal!"

We suppose this is to be taken as true, coming to us as it does in a letter bearing the Boston post-mark:

In one of our public schools the following in-

cident recently occurred: One of the teachers, Miss —, beyond the teens in years, was exercising a class of small boys in spelling and defining. The word Bedlamite was correctly spelled, but one after another failed to give its meaning. Miss —, getting impatient, and wishing to help them by a suggestion, asked, in a very vexed tone, "What am I now?"

A youngster instantly replied, "Please, ma'am, an old maid!"

Perhaps it is needless to add that Miss — gave a still more dramatic illustration of the definition of the word.

AN enterprising gentleman from Portland, Maine, while traveling recently in the interior of Missouri, being uncertain as to whether he was on the right road, stopped at a farm-house to inquire. The lady of the house, a stout, buxom white woman, unable to inform him, referred him to her husband, who was at work in a field near by. On going to that place he found the husband was a negro, black as the ace of spades. Stopping a moment at the house on his return, he said to the wife, "How is it that a good-looking woman like yourself should have married a colored man?"

"Oh, that's nothing," said she; "my sister did a good deal worse than that."

"How could that be?"

"Why, she married a man from Maine!"

AMONG the many pleasant things in Colonel Forney's *Anecdotes of Public Men* is the following extract from a speech delivered in Alexandria, Virginia, in February, 1856, exhorting the people of that State to greater energy if they would preserve her power and prestige:

Commerce has long ago spread her sails and sailed away from you. You have not as yet dug more than coal enough to warm yourselves at your own hearths. You have set no tilt-hammer of Vulcan to strike blows worthy of gods in the iron foundries. You have not yet spun more than coarse cotton enough, in the way of manufacture, to clothe your own slaves. You have had no commerce, no mining, no manufactures. You have relied alone on the single power of agriculture—and such agriculture! (Great laughter.) Your ledge-patches outshine the sun. Your inattention to your only source of wealth has seared the very bosom of Mother Earth. (Laughter.) Instead of having to feed cattle on a thousand hills, you have had to chase the stump-tailed steer through the ledge-patches to procure a tough beef-steak. (Laughter.)

The present condition of things has existed too long in Virginia. The landlord has skinned the tenant, and the tenant has skinned the land, until all have grown poor together. (Laughter.) I have heard a story—I will not locate it here or there—about the condition of our agriculture. I was told by a gentleman in Washington, not long ago, that he was traveling in a county not a hundred miles from this place, and overtook one of our citizens on horseback, with perhaps a bag of hay for a saddle, without stirrups, and the leading-line for a bridle, and he said, "Stranger, whose house is that?" "It is mine," was the reply. They came to another; "Whose house is that?" "Mine too, stranger." To a third; "And whose house is that?" "That's mine too, stranger; but don't suppose that I am so darned poor as to own all the land about here."

For the first time in American types appears the following anecdote of M. Dupin, the eloquent French orator, who died a few years since. For over fifty years he had been before the public as a lawyer, politician, and man of the world, enjoying life, and even retaining all the powers

of doing so till the last. Just before his decease he declined in a witty note an invitation to be present at a ceremony. "The room," he wrote, "will be too cold, the ceremony too long, the dinner too good."

THERE'S "body" in this, fresh from Paris:

A small linen-draper went to the Morgue to ask for the body of a missing relative—in fact, an uncle, with a suspicion of Rentes. "Has my uncle come here?" asks the nephew, as if he were speaking of a morning call.

"Many uncles," replies the official.

"But mine is a large uncle; fat, well-dressed, and must have arrived within three days."

"Impossible to say," replies functionary. "What would you? So many drop in upon us! Had your uncle any peculiarity by which his body could be recognized after death?"

"Perfectly," cries the relieved nephew; "you would know him at once—he was stone-deaf!"

THE policeman of Paris is proverbial for his politeness. Certain individuals, weary with a long walk, had sat down on some rocks which are to be found on the shores of the lake. Up comes a *chef de police*, in full uniform, wearing a sword and spurs, and speaks: "Pardon; but messieurs can sit no longer on these rocks."

"Oh," cries hearty American, "it won't hurt us; they are not damp."

"Monsieur is in error," replies the official; "it is not of him, but of the rocks, that I am thinking."

THERE is a suggestion in the following, from a Chicago correspondent, that might be made practically available by photographers hereabouts:

Not many months ago a fair lady of Irish descent, living not a thousand miles from here, applied to a photographer to have her two boys taken. She was told to come next day at ten o'clock. At that hour the photographer found the lady punctually waiting in his front-room, with one boy by her side. When he asked after the other child, she replied:

"Sure, didn't I tell ye yesterday that he was dead three years ago; but I'm going to give ye such a description that ye can make a *swate* picture of him!"

To the present generation of theatre-goers no dramatic artist has given pleasure to a greater number of people than Mr. Sothorn. His performances in this city during the past season were nightly attended by cultivated and crowded audiences, who never wearied of the cleverness of his personations. A similar success attended a series of his performances in Paris in 1867, in connection with which we find in Whitehurst's new book, entitled *Court and Social Life in France under Napoleon III.*, the following anecdote:

"On Friday evening the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by the Duc de Montebello and Vicomte Olivier de Walsh, were present at the penultimate performance of Mr. Sothorn. There was an exceedingly good house, though nobody knew that their Majesties were to be present. It was worthy of note, too, that a great compliment was paid to Lord Dundreary. The Emperor and Empress left off their first deep

mourning for the Emperor Maximilian only three days before, and this was their first appearance in public. They were charmed, and followed the delightful imbecility of the 'peer and pillar of the state' from the opening to the close of his career. Moreover, they staid to see that Mr. Sothern had the real honors of a recall, and applauded him loudly themselves when he reappeared on the stage. I regret to say that I do not believe the suit enjoyed Dundreary so much as their Majesties.

"'Mon cher,' said a chamberlain to me, 'Your Sothern can't speak English; and then see how he stutters!'"

How sizable a chunk of wisdom is contained in the following observation of an old darky in reference to the efforts of the carpet-bagger to give him political enlightenment:

"De white folks may court de nigger, and hug de nigger; but I tell you, my friends, bofe parties are gwine to go for deyselves *every time!*"

HERE, now, is a little French story as good as any of the Western ones of Bret Harte. It happened seven years ago, in Paris, and is told in the first person by Mr. Felix Whitehurst, in that bright book of his above alluded to:

"A truce for a moment to serious questions, and let us say, with the refreshed mute, 'Now let us be jolly.' Ah! Mutes remind me of a story. A story! no, a fact. Not many months ago a young lady of the 'hemisphere' found that she owed more money than she could pay. She was painfully affected by the idea of bankruptcy on the day of liquidation. She 'shuddered,' as they say here, then took the fatal plunge, and died. All was ended. Over that misspent life—and I do not deny that there was a good deal else spent besides—let us draw the veil of insolvency and swiftly consequent death. It is too terrible. Cast your thoughts back but a few days. Who more glorious or more golden in that wood of Boulogne? No one so happy, so glittering, so glorious—her very chignon a matter of charity and beauty: charity which, if puffed up, was well paid, or, rather, well owed, for it certainly did not begin or end at home; beauty, because you do not really look your best if you have not on the hair of at least one family. And she died, deeply regretted, especially by those to whom she was indebted for certain things which even the most regal require—diamonds, let us say, and coffee and bouquets and onions (for the soup, of course). So she died, and in debt. Then came a *procès-verbal*, a serious discussion—in a word, a coroner's inquest without the coroner, which, perhaps you will say, is rather like Blondin and the rope without Blondin. The verdict was 'Accidental death,' with, I believe, 'extenuating circumstances;' and she was consigned to the tomb. You may read the epitaph at Père la Chaise, and, if you like, may weep over the everlasting which are there constantly republishing their satire, 'Never forget!' And so, I say, she died, and was buried. And then she took fresh apartments, more glorious than the last. It was, indeed, a sort of upholstery 'resurgam,' with all the decorations. She who was restored to us soon appeared in a carriage, open, with two unequaled ponies. 'So she is alive again?' said the creditors, and applied at her

door. 'What wants monsieur?' was the question. 'Simply, and without deranging her, the small note of madame.' 'But madame is dead!' says lady's-maid in waiting. 'Impossible!' says dun. 'I saw her at the window.' 'To the deuce with your "impossible!"' cries the servant; 'for there is the evidence of her death signed by the authorities; and now I really must leave you and order her carriage!' That carriage is not a hearse; and the lady in question looked 'nicely' yesterday."

THE active political canvass now going on in Massachusetts recalls an anecdote told by a resident of Gloucester, a town in General Butler's district, the chief commerce of which is fishing vessels and mackerel. One of the large fleet engaged in that calling being out in one of the fine New England storms so frequent on the coast, proved either unseaworthy or was so unskillfully handled as to go down. The calamity cast a gloom over Gloucester, and for many a day the story was "improved" by the marine yarn-spinners of that port. One of these old salts, who had removed from Boston, which he very improperly said he hated, thus described the event: "I expect," said he, "that that was about the *worst* storm that ever happened round Gloucester. It took the kinks clean out o' things. Good many of the schuners managed to git in, but the *Tilda Ann* she went down, and every body aboard was lost—*eleven souls* and *one Boston man!*"

THEY have trouble with the women in the "far Oregon," just as we have in the politer region of New York. In the Portland *Daily Bulletin* of June 7, 1873, we find this indication of infelicity:

NOTICE is hereby given that my wife, Belle Williams, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, and not being responsible for debts of my own contracting, I hope no person will be foolish enough to trust her on my account.

JNO. S. WILLIAMS.

PORTLAND, June 6, 1873.

THERE is nothing like perspicuity when one wishes to thank people. An instance of this we find in the *Dallas (Texas) Herald* of June 21, 1873, in the form of "A Card," which reads as follows:

I WISH to return my thanks to the many citizens of Dallas for the noble and effective efforts to save my house and all I had left to me from the late fire, from the burning flames on Friday night; for nothing but their timely appearance and manly energy saved my home from ashes; and I do ask and hope that all good citizens will assist me to ferret out the heartless scoundrels.

JOHN OWENS.

IN one of the villages of Pennsylvania a professor of theology took tea with a pastor. While at table the pastor expressed his regret that the barking of a neighbor's dog was so annoying, adding that he had been troubled by it for several days, etc. Whereupon this dialogue took place:

PROFESSOR. "I should think your theology would be *dogmatic*."

PASTOR. "I would put your remark into its proper category, but I have no *cat*."

PROFESSOR. "You ought not by any means to have a *gory* cat."

The pastor made an unconditional surrender.



## OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.



"ALL 'OT, ALL 'OT!"

## STREET LUXURIES.

THE love of luxury is a universal passion, shared equally by the rich and by the poor. Indeed, it is a question whether the poor man who looks twice at his coin before investing it has not a keener enjoyment of things that tickle his palate than the opulent one. What enhances a luxury is the difficulty of obtaining it. The rich are without that enhancement. The caterers for the indigent epicure are numerous, and call their wares through every street, changing their stock with the change of the seasons. When London is covered with snow, and skaters skim over the ice-bound Serpentine, and the noise of traffic is subdued to a muffled roll; when the church spires stand thin and white against the sky; when the ruddy sun appears "no bigger than the moon;" when the town sparrows twitter and flutter fearfully, and boys appear marvelously swathed in woollen

mufflers; when the north wind makes havoc among the rheumatic—at this season the luxury-monger is peculiarly active, knowing as he does that the cold will beget thoughts of comfort. Heat has become a salable luxury. The most popular vendor during the inclement months is undoubtedly the baked-potato man. His wonderful "engine," so called by reason of its resemblance to a locomotive, is rolled betimes over the yielding snow and deposited in a likely corner. He appears with the first shadows of evening, and does not depart until long after the theatres have closed and the ultimate cab has driven home.

At the northern extremity of Drury Lane one of these engines is nightly superintended by an old Irishman, who has lost his national vivacity, but who still retains a certain amount of solemn humor. He has become slightly cynical in his views of life, which is perhaps not to be wondered at, considering the class of belated humanity whose wants he essays to supply. See how the reflection from the fire under his engine makes a ruddy patch on the white snow, and hear the hiss of the cinder as it falls and expires! Observe the faces of the little shivering crowd surrounding this Hibernian retailer of his native vegetable—haggard women and besotted men; hear how their teeth chatter, and see how they press their thin blue fingers toward the hot iron-work of the engine. With what a practiced finger the Hibernian selects the potatoes that are best done, and how dextrously he breaks them open, displaying the white and mealy interior, piping hot! With what a neat but sufficient shake he supplies the necessary salt, together with an unnecessary impression of dirty thumb, his customers raising no objection! Not that Pat would pay the slightest attention to their protests if they made any. He understands not the toadying obeisances of



THE POTATO ENGINE.