

Editor's Drawer.



THE TRUE STORY OF THE SURRENDER OF THE MARQUIS CORNWALLIS.

I HAD the honor done me once to be appointed provisional secretary and treasurer of the State Chapter of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, or of the American Revolution; I never can remember which. (To this unhappy fault of memory I owed my early removal from the responsible and remunerative office, for the offspring of the two societies were like the first pair of brothers, not wholly in unity.) In the discharge of this office I became acquainted with a good deal of history which has satisfied me that the commonly received versions are far from accurate. Among the true accounts which I thus received is the following story of the surrender of the Marquis Cornwallis, related to me by an eyewitness, and which is of course true.

I was seated one day in my office, when there was a tap at my door. It differed essentially from either the deferential tap of a client, or the more imperious rap of the creature who carries around a packet of long, narrow invitations to settle, the acceptance of which keeps a man poor. This knock was light and tentative, and yet had in it a certain assertion.

"Come in," I called.

It was repeated. I knew then that it was not the gentleman of the narrow and inconvenient invitations. He never waits to be invited twice. Sometimes he comes even when a response is withheld. I called more boldly, "Come in."

The door opened slowly, and a person entered—a little, old, dried-up-looking individual with a little, old, dried-up black face, surmounted by a little, old, dried-up black beaver. The white corners of two little eyes, or of what from their geographical position I supposed were eyes, were visible. The visitor, with his back to me, closed the door without the slightest sound, as carefully as if a creak would have blown the house down. Then he turned and faced me.

"Well?" I said. "What is it?"

"Sarvent, sub. Is dis de place whar you gits you' money?"

"No, it is not," I said, feeling that I was safe within the bounds of truth this far.

"Tain't?" He reflected a little while. "Dis de place dee tole me is de place." He gazed all around curiously.

"Who told you?" I asked.

"Dee. Who is you? Is you de American

Rebelution?" His little eyes were on me scrutinizingly.

"Well, I believe I am; but I am not sure," I said.

"Well, you's de one." He looked relieved. "I is de son of de American Rebelution."

This cast some doubt on my identity.

"You are the son of which one?" I asked, having learned to be discreet.

"Of bofe," he said. "I wuz right dyah at de time—in little York. I seed it all."

"You saw it? What?"

"Generul Wash'n't'n's surrender. I seed it. I seed it when he come a-gallinupin' up on he big iron-gray haws, an' I see de Markiss Cornwallis too. I see 'em bofe."

I began to be interested. "You saw it all?" I asked. "Well, tell me about it."

"Den you gwine gi' me my money?"

"Yes, if it is not too much."

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "You see twuz dis a-way. I wuz born right dyah in little York. My mammy she wuz de nuss for ole missis chillern, an' I wuz—"

"Wait; how old are you?" I asked.

"I don' know how ole I is. I so ole I done forgot. I know I is over a hunderd. I know I is, 'cuz I wuz twelve year ole when my mammy die, an' she die when she had nuss ole missis lars gal, jes after de holidays, de littles' one o' all, an' I know she wuz ol'er'n ole missis. I know I is over a hunderd. I reckon maybe I is two hunderd—maybe I is."

This was convincing, so I said, "Go on. You know all about it."

"Oh! yes, suh, I knows all about it. Hi! how I gwine help it? Warn't I right dyah! seein' of it fun de top of de ole Father Aberham apple-tree in ole marster gyardin? Markiss Cornwallis he had done been dyah for I don' know how long, jes a-bossin' it 'roun', eatin' off o' ole marster bes' chany an' silver whar Nat rub up, an' chawin' tobacker, an' orderin' 'roun' jes big as ole marster. An' he use' to strut 'roun' dyah, an' war he beaver hat an' he swo'd, an' set on de front poach, an' drink he julep jes like he own all de niggers fun Pigeon Quarter spang to Williamsbu'g. An' he say ef Gen'l Wash'n'n jes dyah to set he foot dyah he'd teck de hide off him, he say. An' one day, jes after dinner, he wuz settin' on de poach a smokin' he cigar, an' come a nigger on a mule wid a note, an' he look at it, an' squint he eye up dis a-way, an' say, 'Heah he now.' An' de urrs say, 'Who?' An' he say, 'Dat feller, Gen'l Wash'n'n.' An' he say, 'He want me to s'render.' An' dee all laugh. An' he say, 'You go back, an' tell him I say to come on, an' ef he come I'll teck de hide off'n him,' he say, 'an' I'll whup him wid one han' 'hine my back,' he say. 'Talk 'bout surrender!' he say. An' he sont de nigger back, an' holler for he haws an' he swo'd. An' fus' thing you know, heah come Gen'l Wash'n'n a-ridin' on a big iron-gray, a gol' pum'l to be saddle, an' a silver bit to be bridle long as you' arm, an' a

gol' cyurb to it big as log-chain, an' a swo'd by he side long as a fence-rail. An' as he come ridin' up he say, 'Did'n' I tole you to s'render?' he say. 'You don' s'render, don't you?' he say. An' Markiss Cornwallis he wuz so skeert he ain' know what to do. He jes turn white as you' shut, an' he ain' wait ner nuttin'; he jes took out hard as he could stave it. An' Gen'l Wash'n'n he teck out after him, an' he hollers, 'Stop! s'render!' says he. An' he say, 'I ain' gwine s'render,' says he. An' he wuz a-ketchin' up wid him; an' Markiss Cornwallis he teck out 'roun' a apple-tree—a gre't big apple-tree—a Father Aberham apple-tree. An' Gen'l Wash'n'n he teck out right after him, an' dyah dee hed it! Well, suh, you nuver see san' fly so in you' life. Fus' Markiss Cornwallis, an' den Gen'l Wash'n'n. Markiss Cornwallis he wuz ridin' of a little sorrel pacin' myah, an' she wuz jes a-movin'; her legs look like guinea-hens. Gen'l Wash'n'n he wuz ridin' of a big iron-gray haws, an' he wuz gwine like elephant. De myah war'n' nowhar. An' ev'y now an' den Gen'l Wash'n'n he hollers out an' say, 'S'render!' an' Markiss Cornwallis he say, 'I ain' gwine s'render,' says he, an' he wuz jes a-flyin'. An' pres'n'y Gen'l Wash'n'n he come up wid him—even—so, an' he draws he swo'd, an' Markiss Cornwallis he holler out an' say, 'I s'renders,' says he. But 'tain' no use to say 's'render' den. Gen'l Wash'n'n he done git he blood up, an' he say, 'Oh yes,' he say. 'Who dat you gwine teck de hide off'n him?' he say, an' he jes drawed he weepin', an' he giv' a swipe, an' he cut he head right clean off, he did. Yes, suh; he done dat thing, 'cuz I seed him. Whar wuz I? I wuz right up in de apple-tree. What did I do? I jes slip' down out'n de tree an' hol' Gen'l Wash'n'n haws for him while he wuz cuttin' he head off; an' when he git thoo, he say, 'Felix, bow's de Cun'l an' de ladies, an' de fambly?' an' he wipes he swo'd, an' put 't back in de scabbard, an' when he git ready to mount, he gi' me two an' threepence, an' says he, 'Felix, a gent'man nuver gies less 'n dat to a servant,' says he. Suh?

"Well, suh, anything you choose. You is a gent'man, I see; an' Gen'l Wash'n'n he say a gent'man nuver gies a servant less 'n—Thankee, suh; I knowed you wuz a gent'man."

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

BROAD VIEWS.

THEY were talking over the interesting point of how far a million dollars could be made to go, when one of them said:

"A million silver dollars piled on top of each other would make a column two miles high."

"Really?" said the other. "Jove! What a broad view of the world one could get from the top of that column!"

"Yes," was the response. "And what a broad view of everything you could take at the foot of it, if you owned the column!"

THANKSGIVING DAY.

It's been a year to-day sence last I kneeled 'nd thanked the Lord
 For all the wondrous blessin's 'nd the joys these days afford,
 'Nd here I am agin this year, prepared to do my part
 At renderin' of thanks devout, most humbly, from the heart,
 For all the good things I have got from this here sinful life,
 Although I vow I've seed of late a mighty lot of strife.

My craps went back on me this year; my Jersey cow, she's dead;
 'Nd I for sixteen mortal weeks lay groanin' on my bed
 With rheumatiz; 'nd cracky! Gee! It wasn't any fun,
 I tell ye. Then my little mare—the speedy sorrel one
 I sot so much store on—one day she shied 'nd run away,
 'Nd lamed herself for life, 'nd smashed to smithereens the shay.

'Nd then my darter Susan, she eloped the fourth o' June
 With that young Silas Tompkins. He's a worthless sort o' 'coon.
 He never earned an honest cent, 'nd, far as I can see,
 Ain't never likely to begin. The couple lives with me.
 'Nd wife's gone kind o' flighty, too. It was indeed a sin
 For me to sell for rags the sock she kep' her savin's in.

'Nd yet, you know, I'm thankful, spite of all my beastly luck,
 Because I don't get flabbergasted ev'ry time I'm struck.
 I know there's lean 'nd fat for all, 'nd I've just had my lean,
 'Nd now a juicy slice of fat 'll come my way, I ween;
 'Nd even if it doesn't come, you'll hear my thankful roar
 Because this dog-goned year just past 's belind me—not before.

SCAGGS'S MARE POLLY.

THEY were talking about horses, and more particularly about Nancy Hanks's wonderful record of 2.05½. Every one seemed to be more or less impressed with the marvellousness of this record except old Mr. Scaggs, a retired farmer.

"She's fast, yes," he said. "But I oncet owned a mare up on the farm as could beat her. That mare was lightnin' on legs. Polly was her name—named her after Mrs. Scaggs's mother, and a finer woman you never met. She could bake all around any other woman in the county, an' when it came to me bein' sick, she'd nurse me tenderlier than as if I wasn't a son-in-law at all, but her own boy. My, how she could trot!"

"Your mother-in-law?" asked one of the circle.

"No; the hoss," snapped Scaggs, with fire in his eye. "I'm talkin' about the hoss. I bought her when she was eight years old from old Mrs. Tompkins. She wasn't much on looks, Mrs. Tompkins wasn't, but she was business all through. When her husband died she took charge of the grocery, an' added a millinery department to it, 'nd by Joe! inside of a year she was able to close up the grocery 'nd do nothin' but make hats. Tompkins used to hitch her up to the delivery wagon, you know, but of course—"

"You don't mean to say that any man was ever mean enough to hitch his wife up to a grocery wagon, and make her haul the packages about town?" queried the inquisitive member of the party.

"Ain't said nothin' o' the kind," retorted Scaggs. "Don't you get too funny. I'm talkin' about the hoss. I was goin' on to tell ye how when old Mrs. Tompkins got makin' two-dollar hats for the women folks 'nd sellin' 'em to 'em for ten, she give up the grocery business, 'nd so didn't have any use for the hoss old Tompkins had used for drivin' his delivery wagon. It happened I wanted a hoss 'bout that time, 'nd so I called on old Mrs. Tompkins to talk it over. She was only eight years old at the time, and hadn't much style about her, though she was calculated to be faster'n anything else in town. I ast old Mrs. Tompkins what she'd take, 'nd she says \$24.

"That's pretty high for an eight-year-old," says I. "I'll give ye a dollar 'nd a half a year for the hoss. That's \$12."

"Make it two, and she's yours," says old Mrs. Tompkins.

"Throw in a hat for my wife," says I, 'nd it goes."

"Done," says she.

"So I bridled her, paid the money, 'nd led her home. Few days later some o' the boys, knowin' as I had sportin' blood, came an' ast me to let Polly trot on a mile track for the record. My wife didn't want me to at first, because she was a little off her feed, 'nd didn't approve of racin' anyhow, but when the boys offered a purse of \$10 if she could beat 2.10, she let up. So I said all right, 'nd we set a date."

"Well, what was the result?" asked the inquisitive youth.

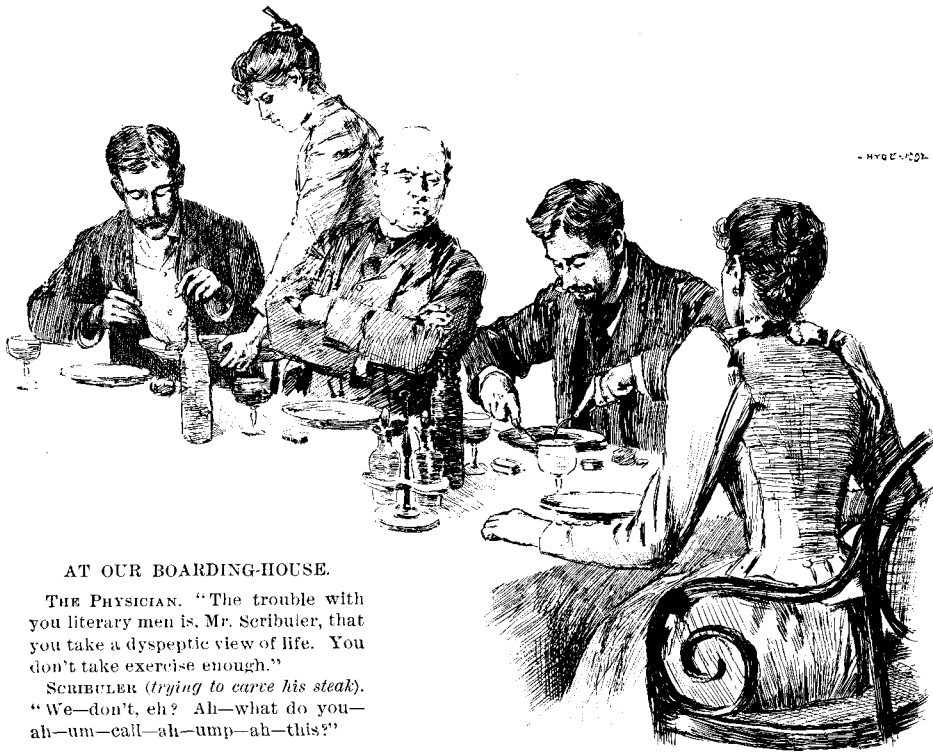
"Two four for the mile," said Scaggs.

"Two four?" cried the whole circle at once.

"Yep," said Scaggs. "But it was the track as helped her. There was somethin' in the track as had ought to be give some o' the credit, for the old mare couldn't beat more'n four minutes at the County Fair grounds."

"What was the special quality of the track, Scaggs?" asked one of the party.

"Waal," said Scaggs, slowly, "as far as I could make out, a mile on our track warn't more'n half a mile on any other."



AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

THE PHYSICIAN. "The trouble with you literary men is, Mr. Scribuler, that you take a dyspeptic view of life. You don't take exercise enough."

SCRIBULER (*trying to carve his steak*). "We—don't, eh? Ah—what do you—ah—um—call—ah—ump—ah—this?"

EVERY MAN HIS OWN NEWSPAPER.

THERE lives in a prominent Hudson River town a young man of considerable energy and some wit whose chief ambition it is to be original, and to attain to this, as he tersely puts it, the only true way is in the line of minding his own business. One of the results of his system has been that he writes his own newspaper, since the newspapers as published contain only information as to the business of other people. Probably the most interesting column in this personal journal—which he calls the *Yellowplush Gazette*—is that which is devoted to society notes, among which, in the August issue, are found these:

The dashing Mrs. Porco-Sayre, of Chicago, who lately married Peter H. Sayre of the same city, is summering at Harrowgansett. She is reported engaged to Harry Beemington, of Providence, the wedding to take place as soon as her present husband will consent to a divorce.

Owing to the unexpected illness of Mrs. Pottleton Potts at Newport, her bathing suits that have aroused so much curiosity will be exhibited at the Casino for one week—admission, twenty-five cents—the proceeds to be devoted to a Fresh-Air Fund in which Mrs. Pottleton Potts is interested, the object of which is, I am told, to send the little Pottleton Potts off to a farm during the heated term.

Henderson Hicks Harlow, the famous young poet who had a quatrain in the *Bumbleton Gazette* two years ago, is summering at the Pike House, in New-

burytown, Connecticut. He is interesting himself in a projected Author's Reading for the benefit of the Newburytown library, at which, it is expected, Mr. Harlow will read his quatrain.

The eccentric banker Theodore B. Spindelton, has hit upon a novel way of spending the summer, having engaged for himself and family a suite of ten state-rooms on the Albany night boat for the whole month of August. The experiment will be watched with considerable interest, particularly by the transient passengers.

Thomas Peterby Parkins, the well-known poet, spent Sunday at the Mawkish House, Spattsville, New York. Mr. Parkins will be remembered as the author of that extraordinary volume of verse, *Huckleberries from Hldicon*, which ran through three-eighths of an edition last winter.

The town band of Hicks Centre, the popular Pennsylvania watering-place, gave a concert at the Hawkins House last Saturday. Yankee Doodle was rendered with great effect as a trombone solo, and Jerry Stimpson, the favorite base-drummer of the village, superbly played a solo arrangement of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," made for him by his fiancée, Miss Maude Perkins, of St. Smithers P. E. Church choir.

A HARD POSITION.

"It's awful to be foot of the class," said Master Tommy, after school was over. "I knew my lesson splendid this mornin', but by the time the teacher got down to me I'd forgotten it all."

TOO QUICK.

SAM WHEELER was an uncouth rustic who, had his chances of education and observation been more complete, might have been launched upon the world as a second Munchausen. His favorite had to do with a sea-serpent, and ran something like this:

"When I wuz comin' over the ocean," he said, "we wuz all woke up one mornin' by the ship a-rollin' 'round considerable. Goin' on deck, we saw a sea-serpent crawlin' over it, an', gentlemen, it wuz such a big serpent that it took two days to git across that deck!"

"Why didn't you kill it, Sam?"

"It went over so quick we couldn't," said Sam.

CLIFFORD TREMBLY.

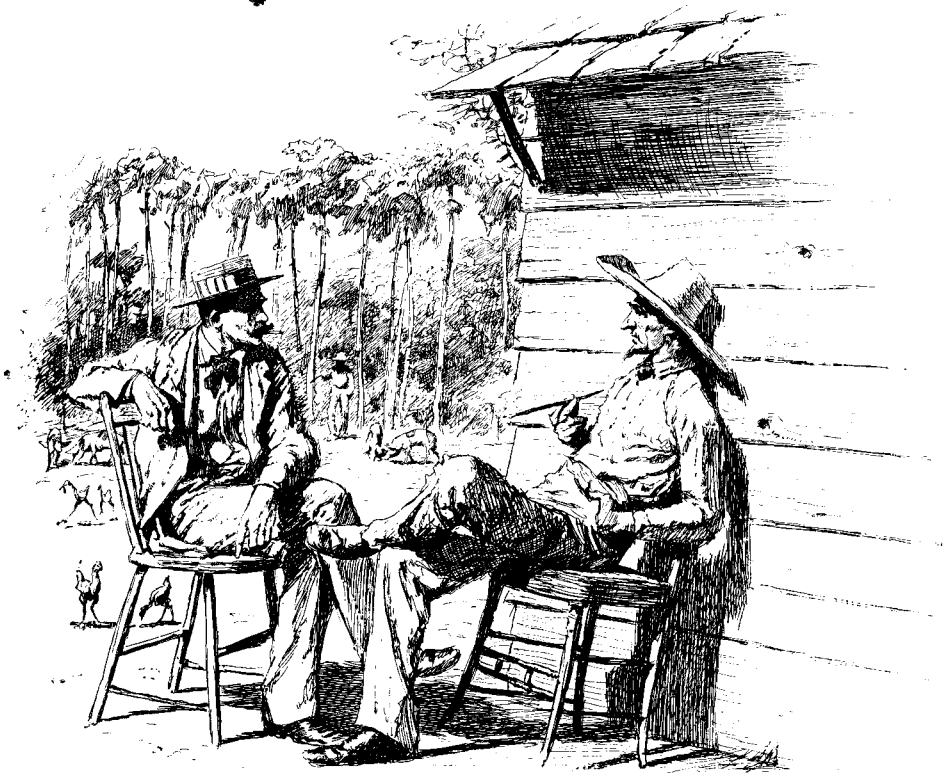
NOT AVAILABLE AS AN INTERPRETER.

THE late General Donaldson, a veteran of the Seminole war, the Mexican war, and the rebellion, used to relate the following anecdote of General Zachary Taylor. During hostilities with Mexico, General Taylor was, upon

a certain occasion, present at an advanced outpost. While there a Texan scout in the employ of our government, speaking Spanish only, evidently the bearer of very important tidings, rode headlong into the outpost, and leaping to the ground, rushed up to the General, whose uniform showed him to be an officer of high rank, and began in the most excited manner to pour forth a torrent of Spanish. The General, whose linguistic attainments ended with a knowledge of his mother-tongue, was completely taken aback, and so plainly did his face express his feelings that a sentry on duty near by burst into laughter. Noticing this, with a frown the General called to the sentry:

"Fellow, come here!" Trembling for the consequences probably attendant upon his want of respect the soldier obeyed. "Fellow," asked the General, "do you know any one around here who speaks Spanish?"

"Yes," replied the abashed soldier, designating the Texan; "*that man does.*" C. B. MOORE.



BRANCHED OUT.

"Do you make much money out of your orange grove?"

"Yes; that is, I have since I planted palm-trees. I find that fans and dates are less perishable than oranges."