THE MAKERS OF "PUNCH."

Lemon, Leech, and Their Coadjutors—Personal Reminiscences of an Old Contributor to "The London Charivari."

Frank Bellew writes to the *Tribune*: When in London I met several of the *Punch* artists, among them the immortal John Leech, prince of them all, Kenny Meadows, and Charles Keene. Richard Doyle only gave me an interview vicariously through his representative, a slatternly old Irish domestic. I never elsewhere saw the characteristics, or at least one characteristic, of the English and Irish races so markedly illustrated as it was in the abodes of John Leech and Richard Doyle. The door of Leech's house, in Bedford Square, was opened wide by a natty little servant-girl, just like one of his own pictures. The hall or entry was as neat as a new paint-box, with numerous door-mats placed here and there where they would do most good. I was shown into a parlor which was a picture in itself—a poesy grateful to four of the five senses: sight, for it was beautiful; smell, for its sweet freshness and fragrant flowers; touch, for its velvet carpet and numerous fleecy mats; and hearing, for its negative virtues of silence and repose. Some water-colors, enlarged copies of his own sketches in *Punch*, stood on the mantelpiece, which was also adorned with statuettes and porcelain vases. Everything in the room betokened good taste and refinement.

Contrast this with the *menange* of Richard Doyle. He lived in a fine house in Oxford Terrace. When I called the door was half opened by a slatternly, bewildered old woman, who seemed to look on me with suspicion, and answered me with hesitation that her master was not in. She looked askance at the card I handed her, and inquired, "Wat will I be doin' wid this bit av a ticket?" I told her its purpose, and she closed the door abruptly. From the glimpse I caught of the entry and stairs, I saw that the house was unkempt, dirty, dusty, and stale.

Doyle was not at that time connected with *Punch*, having left it several years before, sacrificing a handsome income and a congenial pursuit rather than continue his connection with a paper which satirized his (the Roman Catholic) religion. So if he did not possess the second-class virtue of cleanliness, he could claim the first-class one (according to his convictions) of godliness. After he left *Punch* he devoted himself chiefly to painting church decorations and pictures on religious subjects.

JOHN LEECH IN HIS WORKSHOP.

But to return to John Leech. After I had waited a few minutes the artist himself entered and conducted me into his workshop, or studio. In this room nothing was visible save a desk, on which lay one block of boxwood, a pencil, and a piece of paper; and, covering two sides of the room, rows of large mahogany closets, or book-cases, whose dark-panelled doors gave no hint of their contents. There was not a print, nor sketch, nor cast, nor any artist's tools to be seen, save the solitary block, pencil, and scrap of paper.

He seemed much interested in hearing of the United States, and pleased to learn that his fame was so widespread in this country. He had seen several reproductions of his own works in American journals, and was puzzled to know how it was done. "They seem," he said, speaking of his pictures, "to be first very badly photographed, and then very badly engraved, and so to have lost all their character and vitality." This was many years ago, during the early period of the art of illustrating in this country, when the English wood engravings were looked upon as supreme models to be imitated afar off but never equalled, and when publishers and experts would have written one down an ass had he hinted that in twenty years we should, as we actually do now, excel all the world in the art of book and magazine illustration.

When I told Leech that I had been a disciple of his ever since I was a boy, he replied, rather sadly, that "he was afraid he had begun too early in life." When I made some inquiries as to the business arrangements on *Punch*, their usual rates of remuneration, etc., he became as reticent as a sarcophagus, refusing absolutely to give me any hint or information whatever. He said that Bradbury & Evans had always treated him with the greatest liberality, but he knew nothing further. He told me that he rarely or never sketched directly from nature, but observed forms and characters and carried them home in his eye. He added that this might not be the best way to secure accuracy of drawing and detail, but he found it best for himself in obtaining the general effect, the action, character, and expression in his subjects. He was somewhat languid, or rather exhausted, in his manner, with a touch of melancholy, and was evidently of a highly nervous organization. So I was not so much surprised to hear, a few days later, that the cause of his death was breast-pang, superinduced by the grinding of hand-organs and the filing of carpenters' saws. He told me of his meeting the Duke of Sutherland while out shooting in Scotland, when that nobleman, good-humoredly, asked him why he had so ferociously satirized him a few years previously in *Punch*, when he had turned a large part of his estate into a sheep-walk and ejected many of his tenants. A duke is a duke in Great Britain. Leech could not stand the pressure, and so recanted, saying: "A young man often does things in this life which his maturer judgment leads him deeply to regret." After that he dined with the Duke and had the run of the moors. I asked him whether his social caricatures were taken from real incidents or "evolved from the depths of his own spiritual consciousness." He replied that they were generally facts, or founded on fact. Sometimes the germ was very small, and sometimes very complex, and he found it a greater mental strain than most people would believe to build up the one or boil down the other so that the point would be immediately apparent in his picture.

THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

He spoke of Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*, who, he said, often put things in the paper which he himself would have excluded. "Too often," he said, "it is the custom to select unsuccessful men as editors to pass judgment on and revise the work of successful ones. That, however, is not exactly the case with Mark Lemon, for though he has never made a mark with any of his own productions, he is undoubtedly a most admirable editor, though I do not always agree with him. Perhaps, after all, this editing requires a special faculty, and I might make a very poor one if put to the test."

He gave me a personal letter of introduction to Mark Lemon, whom I had never yet met, though I had been one of his contributors for some months. Indeed, I believe this gentleman was more inaccessible than the Prince of Wales. I sent the letter, and received one in reply appointing a day and hour for an interview.

At the stated time I was shown into a small, rather handsome room, very nicely furnished. In bustled a corpulent gentleman of markedly Jewish countenance, who, after greeting me most cordially, overwhelmed me with profuse apologies for having been compelled to show me into so small a room, the reason for which, he explained, was that his sanctum proper was undergoing repairs. This struck me as a rather silly piece of affectation, as the room was a very nice one and certainly good enough to talk business in. Our conversation was chiefly on business, he, like most of his race, being more interested in making money than anything else. He had several big schemes on hand. He was director in one company, chairman of another, and so on. He had a new process of engraving, something like our photo-engraving, which he was anxious to introduce in this country. He had also some grand scheme about some great work, on the United States I fancy, which he wished I should undertake, but he was very mysterious concerning it, and would reveal nothing till he had consulted his publishers, when he promised to divulge the awful mystery to me. I did not wait, but returned to the United States. I had submitted to him several sketches on the then impending war of the rebellion, illustrating the northern view of the case, of which he said:

"Well, you see, in the United States they seem to attach so much more importance to what we publish than we do ourselves that we shall remain perfectly neutral, doing nothing whatever on the subject."

The subsequent neutrality of *Punch* was a touching illustration of fraternal consideration. Some other sketches I handed him, illustrating some points in the administration of justice here, which with us would be looked upon as too usual and commonplace to be either satirical or funny caused him to look askance at me out of the corner of his eyes, as though he thought I was not an "honest Injun." And he remarked:

"Well, you know—aw—we shall have—aw—you know, to trust entirely to your honor in these things, you know, as we have no means or knowledge of our own—aw—to—aw—you understand."

I assured him that I had not in those sketches even taken the license of the caricaturist; that they were not even exaggerations.

"Well,—aw," he said, "I do not think I could venture to use these. The fact, you know, is—aw—that our people are not prepared to believe in such a state of society."

As far as business was concerned I found him very frank and fair. He fixed my position on the paper, and I did not see him again save once or twice driving about the city in a Hansom cab—which, by the way, was a great weakness of his, so much so that Lemon and his Hansom cab was a by-word and a joke among his friends. They used to say that he was obliged to take a policeman about with him to compel the cabmen to drive him, which they generally refused to do except under compulsion, unless he agreed to pay special rates by the ton. One day, walking with Blanchard Jerrold, we came across a Hansom cab which had broken down in the street. "Hollo!" he exclaimed, "Mark Lemon's been here, I see." In reality I believe he was a perfect boon to the cabstands, and the men used to fight for him.

CHARLES KEENE AND KENNY MEADOWS.

I was introduced to Charles Keene, one of Leech's colleagues on *Punch*. I found his studio with one or two others in a kind of better-class shanty, which ran along one side of a yard paved with cobble-stones, which you entered by a small door in a large door, like the *porte cochères* in French houses. His studio was a workshop pure and simple. There was no attempt at style, elegance, or ornamentation. It was cluttered up with easels, drawing-boards, portfolios, sketches, casts, and all other kinds of artists' tools. The walls were kalsomined a streaky bluish gray, and there was a large skylight in the roof. It was very quiet and retired, and a capital place to work in, as he could bring in any kind of a model, from a tramp to a donkey, without trouble or notice. It was just the reverse of Leech's neatly-ordered place, as was also his method of working. He told me that he always had living models and posed them for his *Punch* sketches just as he would do for a painting. He said he would rather paint pictures than draw illustrations, even if he did not make one half the amount of money by it. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Leech, whom he considered the greatest caricaturist the world had ever seen.

"He is Charles Dickens with the pencil, and quite his peer in genius; and what is more, if he chose to write, and were to devote his time to it, I believe he would stand second to none as a writer. Why, just look at his few lines of writing under his sketches, the inscription, or caption, or whatever you choose to call them. With what skill they are written! They are not dashed off as many foolish people imagine, but require a great deal of time and thinking to get them right, as I know to my sorrow."

Keene was a tall, handsome, gentlemanlike young man, dressing handsomely and in admirable taste. He was what they call in England "quite a swell" in the best sense of the word.

Kenny Meadows, who illustrated Knight's Shakespeare, and who made the design for the first cover of *Punch*, and contributed many other designs of rare fancy to its pages, I often met in London when I was a youth and he a grizzled-gray man of mature years. When I told him that I had a fancy to follow his calling, he tried to dissuade me from it, as being a career where there was a great deal of hard work and very little profit. It had its pleasures, he admitted, "but after all," he said, "there is no pleasure that washes and keeps its color as a steady thing like plenty of bread and butter, and the butter pretty thick. I assure you that after a time there is not much fun in fighting wolves from the door with one of Windsor & Newton's four-H pencils. There is no other metal which does not make a better weapon to fight the battle of life. The steel of the surgeon, the butcher and the carpenter, the lead and iron of the soldier, the pewter of the publican—brass, tin, nickel, every one is better, but above all gold, gold; that is the stuff to drive away wolves—lions, tigers, snakes, and human duns."

Strange Lights on the Mohawk.

THE AMSTERDAM MYSTERY PARALLELED BY AN INCIDENT MANY YEARS AGO.

Apropos of the mysterious light which has recently appeared on the railroad track at Amsterdam, N. Y., and has aroused the superstitious fears of the engineers and brakemen who have seen it, an editorial writer in the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* says:

"Peculiar lights, not satisfactorily explained, have been seen in the vicinity of Amsterdam on former occasions, and by those who had no apprehension that an evil spirit appeared to lead the beholders astray. More than forty years ago a very singular light was seen some miles north of Amsterdam by two young men, and under circumstances that precluded the idea that they merely imagined that they saw something. The writer has heard the incident repeatedly related by both witnesses, one of whom a few days ago repeated his experience, on seeing the statement about the lights which are purported to have been seen near Amsterdam. In the early part of March, 1839, two young men, residing five or six miles northwest of Amsterdam, just on the borders of Fulton county, concluded to visit Troy. The sleighing was good at the time and they started from the farm-house where they boarded very early in the morning, as they wished to reach their destination as early in the day as practicable. They left their residence not later than 2 o'clock in the morning. When they had driven about a mile in the direction of Amsterdam a light was seen in the distance. As seen dimly through the tops of intervening trees, one of the parties remarked that it looked like the moon just rising, and then immediately said, 'It cannot be the moon, for it is too far south for the moon, and more than that, no moon rises now at this time of the night.' As they drove on, seeing the light occasionally, though not constantly, the conclusion was that some building was on fire, either in Amsterdam or Schenectady, as they were travelling in the direction of both towns.

"For more than two miles the light was seen at intervals—at times hidden by intervening timber or a rise in the ground. As they entered a piece of woods of perhaps forty rods in extent along the road the light was invisible. When they emerged from the timber they were astonished at what they beheld. Not more than twelve rods ahead of them they saw apparently a log-house on fire. Something like a large tub was directly in the middle of the road all ablaze, and burning furniture was strewn all the way from the centre of the road to the building wrapped in flames. On seeing the fire, one of the persons said: 'Drive fast—we may be of assistance to the family!' The driver struck the spirited horse a smart blow with his whip, and the horse sprang forward with a bound, throwing the snow sharply in the faces of the persons in the cutter. They leaned forward for a moment to protect their faces from the snow-balls, and, on looking up, no fire, no burning building were to be seen. The driver reined in his horse, and the young men gazed at each other and then at the locality where they had seen the building on fire. 'What does this mean?' said one. 'I don't know,' was the reply. There was no building of any kind in sight. There was a rail-fence alongside of the road where the building had appeared, and the ground by the side of the road was covered by snow, undisturbed by any track of man or beast.

"The young men drove past the spot of the imaginary fire, stopped and investigated, but made no discovery. They were not ghost-seers, nor believers in the theory that 'ghosts walk the earth both when we sleep and when we wake.' They were not frightened. They had not been at a 'wake' or any other gathering where inward excitement might be produced. They started from the residence of a staid Dutch farmer, and were staid young men. But from that March night in 1839 to the present time, says one of the witnesses, the mystery of the apparently burning house has not been solved."

The Revolving Mule.

JOHN PHŒNIX'S INVENTION STILL ON FILE IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

[Baltimore American.]

"The last time I was in Washington," said a veteran army officer to the *American* correspondent, "those fellows up at the Navy Department were in quite a huff over an effort looking to a change in their uniforms, and there was as great a commotion as the one that existed during President Pierce's administration when they talked of changing the styles of uniforms in the army. That event was attended by some very amusing incidents, but the most laughable was the part taken in it by the late Captain Derby, or John Phœnix, as he was known in journalistic and literary circles. He was a lieutenant at the time and stationed in California. Jeff. Davis, who was Secretary of War, issued a general invitation to officers of the army who were skilful draughtsmen to send in suggestions for the new uniform which it had been decided to adopt. One such invitation was sent to each officer. Lieutenant Derby was very ready with his pen—a really ingenious artist. In reply he sent to the War Department, not exactly a design for a new uniform, but a peculiar addition to the old uniform, the amendment consisting merely of a ring attached to the seat of the trousers of each private soldier. Each officer was to carry, instead of a sword, a long pole with a hook in the end, like a shepherd's crook. The pole and the ring enabled officers to keep privates from running away in battle. Fugitives could be easily caught by it and brought back; stragglers could be kept in line. Moreover, the ring would be very useful in the cavalry service to fasten soldiers to the saddle, to prevent them from falling off, and in the artillery service the rings were to be used for draught purposes, in the absence of mules. These specifications were accompanied by the most grotesque pictures, representing officers hauling back cowardly recruits by the serviceable ring, cavalry securely fastened to the tops of their steeds by the same device, and artillerymen harnessed to cannon, drawing them through narrow defiles or up an acclivity inaccessible to mules. On another sheet of Bristol-board was an illustration in gaudy colors of 'Derby's Rotary Mule Howitzer,' accompanied by a written inscription to this effect: 'Upon the back of a young and vigilant mule strap a mountain howitzer, the muzzle pointing towards the tail. A similar piece of ordinance is fastened with iron bands under the animal's abdomen, the muzzle aimed between his forelegs to the front. There are four gunners—two to each piece—and a "persuader," as he is called, whose business it is to persuade the mule to stand firm and not retreat by stuffing him with oats, after each discharge, with a tin sausage-stuffer. When Indians or other legitimate game appear in view the mule is, by a crank movement on the tail, brought to the front. It don't make any difference which way the mule faces—and here is where my patent comes in—one gun is always pointing towards the front. At the command "Fire!" the top howitzer is discharged. The recoil throws the mule on his back, bringing the second gun into position. This is discharged, which suddenly throws the mule on his feet again, when the gunners swab out the mule's throat with hay and reload.'

"The illustrations which accompanied these directions—in brown, red, blue, and gold, and still on file in the War Department—represented the rotary mule in seven different attitudes, looking contented and happy all the time. This was felt to be outrageous audacity on the part of a subaltern. The clerks in the War Department laughed at the funny letter immoderately, but their superiors looked serious. Jefferson Davis, the Secretary, was terribly indignant and he resolved to defend his wounded dignity. [This is an amendment. We have always understood that Mr. Davis enjoyed the joke as much as any one.] Charges and specifications were drawn up against Lieutenant Derby, and the officers were actually named for his court-martial, when William R. Marcy, Secretary of State—a man of considerable sense and self-poise—said to the Secretary of War: 'Now, see here, General Davis, don't you do it. This Derby has undoubtedly a superfluous development of humor, but he is shrewd and ingenious and really a fine draftsman. He has valuable qualities. You can organize a court that will convict him, but you will be the butt of ridicule on account of it all your life. Better file the suggestions of the crook-and-ring and the lively rotary mule and say nothing.' And he did it. Poor Derby subsequently became an inmate of an insane asylum, and later died by suicide."

They Lost their Queues.

FIVE CHINAMEN WITH THEIR HEADS SHAVED TO SUE FOR DAMAGES.

A Trenton telegram says: An interesting and rather novel suit, in which State Prison-Keeper Laverty or the Board of Inspectors will figure as defendants, is reported to be in prospect. The plaintiffs are the five Chinese laundrymen recently incarcerated for an assault on one of their fellow-countrymen at Paterson. When the sheriff of Passaic county lodged them under Keeper Laverty's care Sam Kee, as spokesman for the Mongolian delegation, asked that their queues be not removed. Keeper Laverty replied that he had no option in the matter. The rules of the institution provided that the heads of all convicts should be closely cropped, and he saw no reason to make an exception in favor of the new arrivals. Sam Kee then held a brief consultation with his countrymen, the outcome of which was that they submitted themselves to the barber quietly, but with an air that seemed to say their vengeance was yet to come.

The five long black ropes of braided hair were regretfully watched by the Orientals as Keeper Laverty carried them to a closet, where he promised they should remain till the prisoners' terms expired. Moy Wing, Moh Tom, and Sam Wah shook their heads dubiously, as if to say that a queue on the head is worth five in a closet. Moy Dock sobbed aloud. They were all ashamed of their nakedness.

The day after their arrival at the prison one of the keepers, chancing to pass their cell, saw the five huddled in one corner, comparing notes from their Chinese books and arguing earnestly on some point. They scattered as soon as the keeper's presence was made known. The same thing occurred on several subsequent occasions. No one could understand these mysterious movements of the Chinese prisoners. They said nothing, except among themselves, but they evidently were thinking a great deal. A reporter has been making investigations, which lead him to believe that the Chinese are on the eve of instituting a suit for heavy damages against the prison authorities for depriving them of their queues. They ground their action, it is understood, on the provisions of the national and State Constitutions declaring that no person shall be deprived of the privilege of worshipping God in a manner agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience. They will claim that the queue is an element of the Chinese religion. It is said that a well-known San Francisco lawyer has been engaged by prominent New York Chinese to prosecute the suit, and the damages claimed are variously reported at from one up to ten thousand dollars for each shorn queue. To add strength to the case the Chinese say that damages were awarded in a somewhat similar suit brought by their counsel in San Francisco some years ago.

Over a California Precipice.

A STAGE GOES OVER, BUT THE PASSENGERS, DRIVER, AND HORSES ESCAPE.

[Santa Barbara Press.]

The stage-coach which runs daily between Santa Barbara and Los Alamos was wrecked the other afternoon about ten or twelve miles from this city. The grade from the mountain-top to Goleta is steep and intricate, winding in and out and round about all sorts of ugly corners and projecting rocks till the road merges into the plain by the seaside. The stage southward-bound started from San Marcus Pass about 3 o'clock. It was driven by William Butterfield, who bears the reputation of being one of the most careful and reliable drivers in California. There were only two passengers on the stage and these were inside, having been directed by the driver to get inside to balance the coach going down the grade. They had ridden with the driver up the mountain and reluctantly climbed into the coach to make the descent of the mountains.

Soon after leaving a steep rocky slope on the mountain-side, rightly named "Slippery Rock," and where the descent is at an angle of forty-five degrees, with a sheer fall of precipitous rocks of fully two hundred feet on one side, one of the lead horses became unmanageable and started to run. Butterfield did his best to hold in his team. The brakes were put on tight, and, as the horses commenced to go at a reckless, break-neck speed down the crooked, rocky, narrow incline, the driver realized the impossibility of stopping them. There were several miles of a steep grade below, and it was narrow, rocky, and crooked. To stay on the stage was to go over a precipice and be dashed to pieces. Having decided that the stage could not be saved, Butterfield shouted to the two passengers inside to "jump out and save your lives!" At the same time the driver dropped lines and whip and sprang from his seat upon the rocky bank on the off side of the team. One of the passengers jumped and landed all right, but the other one in jumping sprained his right foot and ankle, and reopened an old wound upon his left leg.

The stage a minute after went over a precipice into a chasm on the left of the road about 200 feet deep. The jerk with which it went over broke the couplings from the two lead horses, which went galloping down the road unhurt. The wheel horses were dragged backward by the stage-coach, and went all together to the bottom of the precipice. The stage was badly wrecked and the baggage reduced to small pieces. Singular to relate, the two horses which were dragged after the stage were found among the wreck almost unhurt.

A Diver's Queer Adventure.

WHY AN EXPERIENCED MAN-FISH WAS SCARED SO THAT HIS KNEES SMOTE TOGETHER.

[From the Cleveland Leader.]

"No. I never was frightened but once in my life, and you will laugh when I tell you how it happened. I have been in some mighty ticklish places, as you know, but I never knew before what kind of a feeling it was to have the cold chills run up my backbone, making my teeth chatter a thousand times a minute, and my knees knock together like a pair of drum-sticks." The speaker was T. S. Wilson, the submarine diver. The occasion was when he descended to find out what had caused the wreck of a large lake steamer. "When I reached fifty feet," he said, "I began to feel the pressure considerably; but this was nothing, for I had been below that depth a number of times. Sixty feet, seventy, eighty! Great Cæsar! where was I? It was darker than pitch, and I couldn't see an inch before the glass in my helmet. I thrust out my arms and touched something cold and hard, which seemed to be all around me. At first I imagined that I had gotten into a big hole in some way, but just what kind of a hole I couldn't say. I climbed up a little, but my cylindrical tomb still surrounded me. I climbed ten or fifteen feet farther down, and it was the same. Stories of extinct species of immense and horrible sea-serpents that were still found in the ocean began to float through my mind, and I felt my hair begin to rise a little as I thought that possibly I had gotten into one of their dens.

"'By the shades of my fathers, I must get out here,' said I, and I yanked that signal-rope to come up for all I was worth. Up I went, and when I was pulled up on the scow and my helmet taken off I was met with a loud burst of laughter from every side. 'What's the matter?' asked I, trying to look unconcerned. 'Oh, nothin', Tom, except we guess you got down the smoke-stack by mistake, didn't you?' said the other divers. I looked down at myself, and, sure enough, I was caked over with soot from head to foot. 'Well, yes,' I replied, 'that darned ladder fell in the wrong place, and I didn't find it out till I had gotten down a step or two. But hand her up,' said I, bravely, 'and we will try it again.' They suspected that I was a little scared, I guess, but I tried mighty hard to make them think differently. So, assuming an off-hand manner, I began the descent again. This time I steered clear of the smokestack and accomplished the task that had been assigned to me."

Quick Wit Saves Two Trains.

[Boston Traveller, August 9.]

The all-absorbing topic of conversation in town to-day is the brave act of Isaac Williams in averting a collision between two passenger trains at the Eastern railroad station, in Beverly, on Wednesday morning. The train to Portland came into Beverly station a few minutes late, and signals were set warning the Gloucester express, then due, but the engineer of the express did not notice them quite as soon as he would had he not known that the road by right was his. When he did see them he at once applied his air-brakes and reversed his engine, but the suddenness of the act broke the connections of the air-brake, and they would not hold the train. The engine, with wheels reversed, was rushing onward, pushed by the train. Danger-signals were shown to man the brakes, but nothing could stop the train under such headway. Among those who saw the incoming train was Ike Smith, as he is familiarly called by his friends, and he sprang to the switch to turn the train off its course, but, to his horror, found the Portland train had run on to the switch. Calling to the engineer to back off, he stood by while men were calling to him to get away or he would be killed. Well knowing it was his life or a hundred others, and perhaps both, he stood firm, and the instant the Portland engine was off the switch he gave it a turn just as the in-coming engine struck it, the engines passing within a few inches of each other, and away went the express on to a side track. Smith is usually employed on a gravel train; has seen many narrow escapes, but never loses his head. This week he is employed to fill the place of Mason, who is on a vacation. The express had on board a large number of the wealthy shore residents, who were perfectly wild over Williams and his daring exploit. A large sum of money was made up for him on the train, and more is in store for him. He certainly deserves promotion. Williams is twenty-eight years old, and a son of Joseph Williams, a bricklayer.

The agent of the Rhode Island Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has addressed a letter to Mr. Zebrowski, master of the hounds at Newport, protesting against the fox-hunts in vogue there as "unnecessary, cruel games," and in violation of law.

[For the Dispatch.]

Whispering Well, or Lost River, Natural Bridge, Va.

In forest shades, remote and lone,
In charmed solitude I dwell;
Yet I will tell to thee alone
The secrets of the haunted well:
I come from—where thou knowest not;
I go to—where thou canst not tell.
Oh, mortal! like to mine thy lot,
So listen to my Whispering Well.

If childhood's fair, unclouded face,
All free from care, from trouble free,
Bends o'er me with unconscious grace,
Sweet sounds they hear, fair sights they see;
The graceful forms of Fairyland,
The lonely isles where wrecked ones dwell,
Arabian Nights and Crusoe's Strand,
They see and hear in Whispering Well.

On woodland path delaying long,
Through sunlight's burst and arching shade,
They come, the theme of poet's song!
The lover true, the fairest maid;
The lapsing water's murmuring sound
To them is as a magic spell:
Ah! Paradise to them is found
Beside th' enchanted Whispering Well.

And thou who with the sober brow
Shalt bend above my shadowed wave,
And muse on those thou'rt far from now,
Or those within the quiet grave;
"Lost River," "Its thy prover name,
Thou'lt say, to joy and hope a knell,
What comfort can thy murmurs frame
To me, O lonely Whispering Well?

Ungrateful dreamer! Dost thou grieve
Because all things obey His will?
Thou dilst his lavish gifts receive;
Beneath His chastening hand be still.
"Lost River," though unknown to thee,
Shall rise in light His praise to swell,
Take comfort for thy woes from me,
The spirit of the Whispering Well.

A. P.

Yancey at Syracuse.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN ORATOR'S VISIT TO NEW YORK TWO YEARS BEFORE THE WAR.

[From the Selma (Ala.) Times, July 29th.]

Before the war Colonel Y. L. Royston, of this city, was solicitor of the circuit which then embraced Perry, Autauga, Coosa, and other counties of Central Alabama. It is said by those who know that he was as good a prosecutor of law-breakers then as he was afterward a brave colonel in the army, and is a fine warehouseman now. In the old days when he used to travel his circuit and distribute law and facts among honest men by the dozen he knew William L. Yancey well. Yancey used to practice in several of the counties of his circuit, especially in Autauga and Coosa. The Colonel is by no means a rider of conversational hobbies, but it is with genuine pleasure that he discourses on the man he regards as unquestionably the greatest popular orator to whom he ever listened. The other evening a crowd was sitting around a store-door on Water street, and scattered all around were the remains of a 41-pound watermelon. Everybody was in that happy condition when listening to somebody else talk is almost as good as listening to one's self. Some one turned the conversation on Yancey, when the Colonel's face lighted up and he began something after this fashion:

"Yancey was the greatest orator I ever saw, and he was great on all occasions. When he rose to address a jury everything was hushed to listen. He never hesitated for a word, and every pass he made at the opposition was like the thrust of a javelin. No jury could ever doze when he had the floor. I don't believe he ever addressed a jury in his life a half hour before he had them nodding their heads to every proposition he laid down. It was impossible to listen to him without being convinced that he was right. I was always on the opposite side and I couldn't do it. I have held my hands in my ears many a time to keep from hearing what he had to say, afraid of being carried away and convinced that my case was wrong. I have known juries to find a defendant guilty because they conscientiously believed that Yancey, and not the evidence, had persuaded them he was innocent. When he got up to speak there was a magnetism about him that nobody could resist. It seemed like audacity to gainsay anything he had laid down. Almost anybody in the world would feel small talking to a jury after he had done with them. There was one thing," continued the Colonel, "very peculiar about Yancey for a great man. The loss of a little case troubled him as much as a big one. If he had a five-dollar justice's case, if you knew him you could tell at once whether he had lost it. If he had won, you could tell it as far as you could see him—swinging his arms, his head up, and his eyes bright—in a good humor, his whole appearance showing that he was proud of what he had done. When he lost a case he was dejected, and would often sit down, bury his face in his hands, for all the world like a man in deep trouble, and at such times he was utterly unapproachable."

"Tell us about his great speech in Syracuse, Colonel," somebody suggested.

"Just after he returned from the great northern tour in 1859 I met him at Kingston, then the county-site of Autauga county. He was flushed with victory, having achieved some of the greatest triumphs ever won by any American orator. I asked him where, in his own opinion, he had done the best and made the most complete success. He promptly answered at Syracuse, N. Y. Public sentiment at the North was then very much divided on the slavery question, Seward being at the head of the more moderate crowd that opposed the rank Abolitionists. The two hated one another worse than Yancey Democrats hated the anti-slavery party. Yancey said he felt that night very depressed. He was to speak in a large hall, and knew he would have an immense crowd. As the time drew near he found it impossible to shake off the gloomy feeling that had settled over him. When the hour to speak came, he said, he went to the hall satisfied that he was not going to do himself justice, and fearing that he would make a comparative failure. As he walked into the vast hall and down the aisle he saw that every seat was filled, but even that failed to rouse him. Some distance down the aisle, on one side, sat a negro dressed up like a gentleman, with a large cane in his hand, and looking like he was perfectly accustomed to such occasions. The negro was Fred. Douglass, and by his side sat another negro, and from his general appearance and bearing Yancey said he took him to be a recent runaway, not yet rid of his corn-field manners. Yancey passed on, and when he got up to speak his eye, wandering over the vast audience, caught sight of Douglass and his friend. All at once he felt the fire come back to him. He said he never felt more buoyant in his life or more like making a speech, and he never better succeeded in bringing out all that was in himself. He first took up Seward and crowd and handled them without gloves for half an hour. The Abolitionists howled themselves hoarse. Douglass was carried away, and the old negro at his side got up courage enough to cheer. Then he turned on the Abolitionists, and it was the other crowd's time to cheer. Douglass's stick was still, and he gradually got lower and lower down in his chair until only his head appeared above the back of the one in front of him. The other old negro had slunk down clear out of sight. Yancey said that it was the best effort he ever made, and he didn't know how to account for it except that seeing Douglass and the other negro roused all the mettle there was in him. He caught the crowd to start with and held them to the close. Yes," concluded the Colonel. "Yancey was the greatest man I ever saw."

The above is interesting as showing the great orator's opinion of the best speech he made on the most notable tour ever made by any orator in this country.

Nine and one-quarter miles of track were laid between breakfast and noon on Thursday, when the combined force of men met at Independence Gulch, on the Northern Pacific railroad. A large company of spectators present joined in the shout that went up on that hitherto desolate spot when the work was completed.

Simon Gaun died Friday in the Philadelphia hospital from the effects of a dose of oxalic acid administered in mistake. The deceased was an inmate of the epileptic ward of that institution, and on Thursday the 16th instant his condition was such it was found necessary to administer a dose of bromide of potassium, but the nurse, Henry Loftus, gave him oxalic acid instead. The coroner will hold an inquest to-morrow.

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L. B. TATUM, Superintendent.

jy 13

OLD DOMINION STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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The fare, accommodations, and attentions are unsurpassed.

After-cabin fare to New York (including meals and berth), $10; round-trip tickets, $18; steerage, with subsistence, $7; without subsistence, $6.

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Freight received until 6 o'clock P. M. daily.

For further information, apply to

GEORGE W. ALLEN & CO., Agents, office Company's wharves, Rockets.

jy 29

FOR NEW YORK.—The Old Dominion Steamship Company's proposed sailings for the week following are:

WYANOKE, Captain HULPHERS, FRIDAY, August 24th, at 3 o'clock P. M.

ROANOKE, Captain COGGIN, SUNDAY, August 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

OLD DOMINION, Captain WALKER, TUESDAY, August 28th, at 3 o'clock P. M.

Freight received until 2 o'clock P. M. Friday, 6 o'clock P. M. Saturday, and to 2 o'clock P. M. Tuesday.

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Passengers leaving Richmond Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays by the Richmond and Petersburg railroad at 11:31 A. M., or by Chesapeake and Ohio railway *via* Newport's News at 4:10 P. M. will make connection at Norfolk with steamer leaving those days. Tickets to be had at the Richmond and Petersburg depot, Chesapeake and Ohio depot, and A. W. Garber's, 1000 Main street.

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Fare, $8.

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no 30

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COURT ORDERS.

VIRGINIA—IN VACATION.—IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE COUNTY OF HANOVER, AUGUST 10, 1883.

John T. Goolrich, assignee of Edward McDowell, sometimes called Edward McDowell, endorsee, who sues on behalf of himself and all other lien creditors of William M. Mitchell and John W. Mitchell who will come in and make themselves parties and contribute to the costs of this suit