THE KANZAS NEWS:

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BY P. B. PLUMB.
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THE KANZAS NEWS.

"THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER."

BY P. B. PLUMB. EMPORIA, KANZAS, OCTOBER 17, 1857. VOL. 1—NO. 16.

JOB PRINTING.

The office of THE KANZAS NEWS is furnished with a complete assortment of the newest styles of Type, Borders, Flourishes, Cuts, Cards, Fancy Papers, Colored Inks, Bronze, &c., enabling the proprietor to print CIRCULARS, CARDS, CERTIFICATES OF STOCK, DEEDS, POSTERS, and all other kinds of JOB PRINTING, in a manner unsurpassed in the country. Particular attention paid to printing all kinds of Blanks. Orders for work promptly attended to when accompanied with CASH. "EXCELSIOR" is our motto.

The Kanzas News.

SATURDAY,.....OCTOBER 17, 1857.

From Appleton's Guide.

A Railway Reminiscence.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

"I say, Mr. Conductor, when will the next express train go out to St. Louis?"

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes tonight, sir," was the gentlemanly reply to the rough inquiry.

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes. Go to Texas! Why, it's ten this very minute. I'll bet my boots against a jack-knife the morning express is off."

"Yes, sir, it has been gone half an hour."

"Why in nature didn't you get here sooner? Fourteen hours in Chicager is enough to break a fellow all to smash. Fourteen hours in Chicager, puffing and blowing! I've been told they keep a regular six hundred hoss steam power all the time a running, to blow themselves up with, and pick the pocket of every traveler to pay the firemen and engineers! Wall, I guess I can stand it; I've a twenty that's never been broke; I think that will put me through. Why didn't you fire up, old brag—give your old hoss another peck of oats. I tell ye, this fourteen hours will knock my calculations all into the middle of next week."

"Very sorry, sir—we've done our best; but as we are not clerks of the weather, I hope you will not lay your misfortunes to our account. Snowdrifts, and the thermometer sixteen degrees below zero, are enemies we can't readily overcome."

"That's so," said the first speaker, with broad emphasis, and a good-natured forgiving smile. "Fourteen hours in Chicager."

The stentorian voice, sounding like a trumpet, had aroused every sleeper from his elysian dreams into which he might have fallen, after his long, tedious, cold night's travel. Every head was turned, and every eye was fixed on the man who had broken the silence. He was standing by the stove warming his boots. To have warmed his feet through such a mass of cowhide and sole leather, would have been a fourteen hours' operation. Six feet four or five inches he stood in those boots, with shoulders (cased in a fur coat) that looked more like bearing up the world than you will meet ordinarily in half a life. His head Websterian, his shaggy hair black as jet, his whiskers to match, his dark, piercing eye, and his jaws eternally moving, with a rousing quid between them, while a good humor, notwithstanding his seeming impatience, attracted every one's attention.

"Fourteen hours in Chicager, eh! Wal, I guess I can stand it if the rest of you can; if twenty dollars won't carry me through, I'll borry of my friends. I've got the things that'll bring 'em. That's so."

And he thrust a hand a little less in size than a common spade, down into the cavernous depths of a broad striped, flashy pair of pants, and brought up that great red hand as full as it could hold of shining twenty dollar gold pieces.

"Don't you think I can stand these Chicagers for one fourteen hours?"

A nod of assent from three or four, and a smile of curiosity from the rest, answered his question in the affirmative.

"You must have been in luck, stranger," said an envious looking little man. "You've more than your share of gold."

"I have, eh? Well, I reckon not. I came honestly by it. That's so. And there's them living who can remember this child when he went round the p'rarries trapping p'rarry hens and the like, to get him a night's lodging, or a pair of shoes to keep the massaugers from biting my toes; I've hung myself more than one night in the timber, to keep out of the way of the wild varmints. Best sleeping in the world, in the crotch of a tree top! Now I reckon you won't believe it, but I've gone all winter without a shoe on my foot; and lived on wild game, when I could catch it. That's so!"

"Didn't stunt your growth," said a voice near.

"Not a bit of it. It brought me up right. These p'rarries are wonderfully roomy. I thought one spell I would let myself out entirely, but me and mother held a corcus, and decided that as she was getting too old, and blind like, it tuk too long and cost too much to sew up the legs of my trousers, and so I put a stop to it, and concluded that six foot five would do for a feller that couldn't afford the expensive luxury of a wife to make his britches. It was only my love of my mother that stopped my growth. If I'd had an idea of a sewing machine there's no telling what I might have done."

"You have so many gold pieces in your pocket you can afford to get your trousers made now. Why don't you and your mother hold another caucus and see what you can do. If she should let you expand yourself, you might sell out to Barnum, and make a fortune traveling with Tom Thumb, and take the old woman along."

"Stranger," said the rough, great man, and his whole face loomed up with a mingled expression of pain and pride. "Stranger, I spoke a word here I didn't mean to; a slighty word like, about my mother. I would give all the gold in my pocket to bring her back for one hour to look upon this country as it now is. She had her cabin here when Chicager was nowhere; here she raised her boys—she couldn't give her boys learning, but she taught us better things than books can give—to be honest, truthful and industrious. She taught us to be faithful and true, to stand by friends, and be generous to our enemy. It's thirty years, stranger, since we dug her grave by the lake side, with our hands; and with many a tear and sob, turned ourselves away from the cabin where we'd been raised. The Indians had killed our father long before, and we'd nothing to keep us, and so we went to seek our fortunes. My brother, he took down to St. Louis, and got married there, som'ers; and I just went where the wind blowed, and when I had scraped money enough together I cum back and bought a few acres of land around my mother's old cabin, for the place where I'd lain her bones was sacred, like. Well, in the course of time it turned up right in the middle of Chicager. I couldn't stand that; I loved my mother too well to let omnibusses rattle over her grave, so I cum back about fifteen years ago, and moved her to the burying ground; and then I went back to Texas, and wrote to an agent afterwards to sell my land. What cost a few dollars to begin on, I sold for over forty thousand; if I'd a kept it till now, would have been worth ten times that; that's so, but I got enough for't. I soon turned that forty thousand into eighty thousand, and that into twice as much, and so on, till I don't know nor care what I'm worth; that's so. I work hard, am the same rough customer, remember every day of my life what my mother taught me, never to drink or fight, wish I didn't swear and chaw, thom's got to be a sort of second natur' like, and the only thing that troubles me is money—haven't got no wife nor children, and I'm going to hunt up my brother's folks. If his boys is clever and industrious, ain't ashamed of my big boots and old-fashioned ways, and his gals is young women, not ladies; if they help their mother, and don't put on more'n two frocks a day, I'll make them rich every one of them.

"Now, gentlemen, 'taint often I'm led to tell on myself after this fashion; but these old places where I trapped when I was a boy made me feel like a child agin, and I just felt like telling these youngsters about the changes and chances a fellow may meet in life if he only tries to make the most of himself.

"But boys," said he, turning to a party of young men, "there's something better than money. Get education. Why, boys, if I had as much learning as money, I could be President in in 1860 just e-a-s-y. Why I could buy up half the North and not miss it out of my pile. But get learning; don't chaw tobacco; don't swear, and mind your mothers—that's the advice of a real live Sucker; and if you mind what I say, you may be men some day, (and it ain't every feller that wears a goatee and fine breeches that's a man, by a long ways. Follow out her counsels; never do anything that will make you ashamed to meet her in heaven. Why, boys, I never done a bad thing but I heard my mother's voice reprovin' me; I never done a good thing and made a good move but I seemed to hear her say, 'that's right, Jack,' and that has been the best of all. Nothing like a mother, boys; nothing like a mother—that's so."

All this had passed while waiting to wood, just out of Chicago. The great man was swelling with emotions called up from the dark shadows of the past; his big, round frame heaved like a billow upon the ocean. Tears sprang to his deep-set and earnest eyes; they welled to the brim, and swam round asking to be let fall as tributes to his mother's memory, tributes to the past. But he choked them down, and, humming a snatch of an old ballad, he thrust his hands down into his pockets, walked to the end of the car, pulled the gigantic collar of his shaggy coat up around his ears, buttoned it close, and leaned back against the window in silence.

The cars rattled on. What a mind was there; what a giant intellect, sleeping buried away from light and usefulness by a rubbish of prejudice, habit and custom—doing but half work for want of culture. "A mute, inglorious Milton," or rather Webster, going about the world struggling with his own soul, yet bound by the chains of ignorance which precluded doing but a moiety of the good it lay in his power to do.

All the way through our long, tedious journey, he had been ever on the watch to do good. He gave up his seat by the fire to an Irish woman and her child, and took one further back; soon a young girl seated herself by his side; as the night hours wore on, and she nodded wearily, he rose, spread his beautiful leopard-skin, with its soft, rich lining, on the seat, made a pillow of his carpet-bag, and insisted that she should lie down and sleep.

"What will you do?" said she, naively.

"Never mind me—I can stand up and sleep like a buffalo; I'm used to it—THAT'S so!"

A little boy, pulled up from a sound nap to give place to incomers, was pacified by a handful of chesnuts and a glowing bit of candy out of the big man's pocket. When he left the cars for refreshments, he brought his hands full of pies and distributed them among a weary group. A mother and seven little children, the oldest not over twelve, whose father and husband left the cars at every stopping place and returned more stupid and beastly each time, scolding the little, tired, restless ones with thick tongue, and glaring his furious red eyes upon the poor grieved victim of a wife, like a tiger upon his prey, "because she did not keep her young ones still; they would disturb everybody." No bite of refreshment, no rest from that fat, cross baby, came to her all the long night, save when the big man stretched out his great hands and took the baby for an hour, and let him play with his splendid watch to keep him quiet.

"I'll give a thousand for him," said he, as he handed him back to her arms.

"You may have the whole lot for that," answered the father, with a swine-like grunt.

"It's a bargain," said the big man, "providin' the mother's willin'."

"Indade, sir, it's not one of them that could be bought for money," was the quiet, determined response of the mother's heart.

How kindly he helped her off the cars when, at break of day, they came to their journey's end.

Thus all night he had been attracting the attention of the waking ones in the cars.—But his kindness and rough politeness would soon have been forgotten by the mass of the passengers, had he not stamped it on our memories with his gold.

"I wonder who he is? and where did he get in?" "What an interesting character!" "Education would spoil him." "What rich furs!" "Did you notice what a splendid watch he carries?" "He's some great man *incog.*"

Such were a few queries that passed from lip to lip. But there came no answer; for he, who alone could have answered, sat crouched in his fur coat seeming unconscious of all but his own deep thoughts.

"Chicago!" shouted the brakeman, and in an instant all was confusion, and our hero was lost in the crowd. The next we saw of him was at the baggage stand, looking up a band-box for a sweet looking country girl, who was going to learn the milliner's trade in the city. As we passed to our carriage, we discovered him again, holding an old man by the hand while he grasped the shoulder of the conductor of another train with the other, getting for the grey-haired sire the right information as to the route he should take to get to "his darter, who lived near Muscatine, Iowa."

"God bless him for his deeds!" was our earnest aspiration, as he whirled round the corner. May his shadow never grow less, or the gold in his pocket diminish; for in his unnumbered charities and mercies, dropped so unostentatiously here and there, he is perhaps doing more good in his day and generation than he who donates his thousands to building charitable institutes to give honor to his own name.

Oh how much the world needs great men that are able to comprehend little things—and yet how often it happens that the learned, the wise and the rich, outgrow the every-day wants of humanity, and feeling within themselves the power to move mightily, pass by the humble duties that would make a thousand hearts leap for joy, and push on looking for some wrong to right, some great sorrow to be soothed, some great work to be accomplished; and failing to find the great work, live and die incarcerated in their own selfishness and nothing at all.

This rough man's nature seemed the nature of the child. His quick eye saw at a glance; his great heart warmed and his hand executed his little works of charity—so small that one would expect to see them slip between his giant fingers unaccomplished—yet they were done. The "angel over the right shoulder" will have a longer column to set down to his account of deeds well done than all the rest of the passengers of that crowded car, on that long, tedious, stormy night in January, 1856.

A Great Fish Kettle.

Mr. Robert Postans, writing to the London Times, gives the following description of a natural fish kettle in the island of St. Paul:

Perhaps the chief reason why St. Paul does not need a hospice is, that it possesses a natural and unfailing supply of provisions, which seems to have been entirely forgotten by those who advocate the erection of a hospice there. It is, as you are doubtless aware, a volcanic island, on the side of which there is a large and deep lagoon, evidently the crater of an exhausted burning mountain. One side of this circular basin is broken away, and through a narrow throat or entrance, the sea ebbs and flows. The opening is about pistol shot wide. In this lake, which is about two miles in circumference, the water is as smooth as a millpond. In rowing round this exhausted crater I found smoke rising amid the stones on its beautiful beach in various places, and on landing I found the water close to the shore so hot that I could not bear my hand in it. The temperature of the air was seventy-three degrees by thermometer, which on being plunged into the water rose to two hundred, and on repeating the experiment in various places it rose to a similar elevation, and even to the boiling point. The lagoons are full of delicious fish, but I am ignorant of their names; they appeared to me to be a species of haddock and cod, only larger, and are easily caught by a bit of red bunting, or a piece of pork, fastened to a hook. After catching a boat full of fish our party boiled them in the springs, and found them excellent food. I should mention that there is a narrow belt of sea in the lake which may be styled "no fishes water" where it is too hot for them; but it extends only a few yards from the hot water, so that it is possible for a man to catch a fish in the bow of a moderately long whale boat and walk aft and drop it into hot water and cook it. Vlamming, the Dutch navigator, who visited St. Paul's in 1697, mentions this fact, and if any of your readers should feel disposed to doubt the truth of this statement, I beg to refer them to Horsburgh's Sailing Directory to the East, for a description of this remarkable lagoon. In addition to these authorities, I also append my name and address to vouch for the truth of this singular fact.

The Chicago correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, draws the following picture of the present Mayor of Chicago:

"Did you ever see John Wentworth? No. Well, come with me to the street corner. Mark that lumbering-looking man, with light complexion and good-humored face, taking short strides this way. He stands six feet five in his stockings. Old straw hat turned down all round, like a cotton umbrella—no neck-cloth—short, bad-fitting linen coat, loose unmentionables, which look as if he had jumped too far into them, and hadn't time to get back—unblacked, untied shoes, three sizes too large—and a slight stoop to the tall figure, and the picture is complete. You see him. Well, sir, that shabby, elephantine individual, who looks as if he had not a cent in the world, is Johannes Elongatus, Mayor of Chicago; and he is worth five hundred thousand dollars.

JOKE ON A NEGLIGENT OFFICIAL.—A story is told of a revenge taken by a Nantucket shipmaster against a United States Consul, who was very rarely to be found in the office, although upon his sign were the words, "In from 10 to 1."

The indignant captain, after trying to find the Consul several days without success, took a paint brush and altered the official's sign so that it read, "*ten to one* he is not in."

It was Cobbett who said—and he told the truth, too—that woman is never so amiable as when she is useful; as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand their love like seeing them at work, engaged in the useful offices of the home and family.

Mormonism in the West.

The *Mormon*, a weekly newspaper, established in this city some three years since as the organ of the followers of Brigham Young, is discontinued. The Mormons are now left destitute of a mouthpiece in the Eastern States. Two papers devoted to their faith still exist in the country—the *Standard*, published at San Francisco, and the *Deseret News*, issued at Great Salt Lake City, under the direct superintendence of Brigham Young. The organ established in this city was started when Mormonism was a feeble affair in this region. The leader of the sect deemed it important that the elements already existing should find a freer development throug'i the agency of an accredited sheet, under the orders of Brigham Young, President John Taylor undertook the task of conducting a weekly journal, which has fulfilled its purpose, and now dies. The editor, a man of no small ability, had previously been assigned to similar labors. In its last speech and dying declaration the *Mormon* bewails the iniquity of the Gentiles in the following language, the appropriateness of which will be at once apparent to the reader. Quoth the *Mormon*:

"The mantle of darkness is fast enshrouding the nation; wickedness is visibly on the increase—in short, peace is taken from the earth, and "the Prince, the power of the air" rules triumphant among the children of men. What a melancholy spectacle—the earth that rolled in purity from the hands of its Creator is now covered with corruption. Man, created in the image of God, is now emaciated, palsied, paralyzed and diseased, "from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet," through transgression of the laws of heaven; woman, the gift of the Lord to man as a "help meet," is degraded and debased—his victim or his partner in crime. Every generation is worse than its predecessor, and the end must be wreck and ruin."

The fact that there are at present in this city nearly a thousand professed Mormons, is not generally known. Regular religious and ceremonial services are performed by these people. They have their church organization, meetings on the Sabbath and Conference gatherings, and are obedient to the will of Brigham. The voice of that potential Prophet is not less effective in New York than on the borders of the Salt Lake. What he forbids is not done,—what he commands is faithfully obeyed. The degree of the influence he exerts is amazing. Nor is it in the city alone that the indications of rapid growth are apparent. In New England, there is a large force of the "Saints." There has rarely been a more goodly show of earnest men and women than that which wss exhibited a few weeks since in a Mormon gathering held in Connecticut; while the Presidency count with evident satisfaction upon the success of the missionary enterprises they are now conducting quietly but very perseveringly in that section.—*N. Y. Times.*

Death in Life.

The following is from an article by Oliver W. Holmes, in the last number of the North American Review:

"If the reader of this paper live another complete year, his self-conscious principle will have migrated from its present tenement to another, the raw materials even of which are not as yet put together. A portion of that body of his which is to be, will ripen in the corn of the next harvest. Another portion of his future person he will purchase, or others will purchase for him, headed up in the form of certain barrels of potatoes. A third fraction is yet to be gathered in a Southern rice-field. The limbs with which he is then to walk will be clad with flesh borrowed from the tenants of many stalls and pastures, now unconscious of their doom. The very organs of speech with which he is to talk so wisely, plead so eloquently, or preach so effectively, must first serve his humbler brethren to bleat, to bellow, and for all the varied utterances of bristled or feathered barn-yard life. His bones themselves are, to a great extent, *in posse*, and not *in esse*.

"A bag of phosphate of lime which he has ordered from Prof. Mapes for his grounds, contains a large part of what is to be his next year's skeleton. And more than all this, and by far the greater part of his body is nothing, after all, but water; the main substance of his scattered members is to be looked for in the reservoir, in the running streams, at the bottom of the well, in the clouds that float over his head, or diffused among them all.

A Beautiful Idea.

Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring, so small that a single ox, in a summer's day could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities and many cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve huudred miles more, till it falls into the great ocean of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill, a rivulet—a river—an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.—*South Illinoisan*

A ROBBER DRAWS A PILE FROM A PRINTER.—Monday morning, about half-past three o'clock, as a printer, employed in the Buffalo Courier office, was on his way to his work, he was stopped by two men, who emerged from the basement of St. James Hall, and presenting a pistol, demanded his money. Of course he handed over what he had; but being a printer, the whole sum of his cash on hand amounted to only 25 cents! Robbing a printer, and on a Monday morning at that!

"This is a *grate* prospect," as the prisoner said, in peeping out of his cell window.

Hoe's Grand Type-revolving Press.

Perhaps no invention of modern times has worked so great a revolution in art as the introduction of Hoe's Cylinder Presses. It at once opened new and vast fields for the spread of the influence of the press. It was a new revelation to the world of the mighty power of printing. From the time William Caxton set up the first printing press in England at Westminster, in 1471, and printed the first book, according to Dibden—"Glanville's *De Proprietatidus rerum*," to the present time, there has been no such accession to the art of printing as the Hoe Cylinder Press.

Amid wonderful but gradual improvements in the greatest of all arts—in the cutting of type and in other accessories—the printing press, which was originally of the rudest construction, appears to have been overlooked, and hardly any improvements were made upon it up the close of the eighteenth century, when the ingenuity of inventors was aroused in that direction. The Earl of Stanhope's press was in general use in 1806. The Columbian press, of Clymer, was introduced in 1814; and the Albion press, an improvement on it, came into use a few years later. Printing by steam power was first executed in England, at the London *Times* office, in 1814. Cowper's and Applegate's rollers for distributing the ink upon the type was brought into use in 1817. Vast improvements have been made in the United States within a few years, both in hand and steam presses. This is the brief historical record of the printing press.—How meagre a history for the great engine of civilization!

Men not yet arrived at middle age can remember the old lever press, at which journeymen labored and sweated in pulling a token an hour; they have had experience, too, with the inking balls by which the ink was distributed, and know how to appreciate the wondrous rapidity of Hoe's press, and the great relief afforded by the rollers, as well as to sympathise with all printers of former times in their laborious work.

But the press, as originally constructed, and as retained for nearly three centuries and a half, slow as its operation was, sufficed for the supply, and fully satisfied the demand of the reading world. It was not until the age of steam was ushered in, that the necessity of more efficient printing presses were felt and recognized. With steam came the era of railroads, and then followed the electric telegraph, changing the entire condition of things, and making the strongest demands upon the agencies for multiplying and spreading intelligence.

In all great junctures, the right man is providentially raised up to fill an appointed place. With the hour came the man. When the demands of the age required a printing machine of unexampled power, capable of throwing off thousands of sheets per hour, Mr. Hoe was found in his appointed place. He was prepared to provide for the existing wants. His creative genius had brought into existence that very power that was looked for. It sprang from his prolific brain, a perfect machine, complete in all its appointments. And though improvements have been made upon some of its details, the principal remains, and will remain, as near an approach to perfection as it is possible for merely human work to arrive at.

The superiority of Hoe's presses is known and recognized the world over. It would be in vain to attempt to supersede them.—Sheets are thrown from them almost as rapidly as the electric spark is flashed across the wires. They work as though they were endowed with intelligence and exulted in their office of supplying the world with intelligence in unlimited and hitherto unknown quantities. Every principal printing house in Europe and America is furnished with one or more of these marvelous machines, or is making preparations for them. No leading paper would be complete without them. Messrs. Hoe & Co., to supply the European demand, have been obliged to establish a branch of their business in England, and they are now constructing in Manchester two 10 cylinder presses for the London *Times*, one 6 cylinder for the London *Morning Star*, a penny sheet, and one 6 cylinder for the Manchester *Times*.

At their factory in New York they are constructing one 6 cylinder press for the London *Illustrated News*, one 4 cylinder for the Manchester *Guardian*, one 10 cylinder for the New York *Times*, one 10 cylinder for the New York *Tribune*, one 6 cylinder for the New York *Staats Zeitung*, by Mrs. Youle, which is to be put up in the Crystal Palace, and one 6 cylinder for the Boston *Herald*.

It is but ten years since the first type revolving presses were made by Messrs. Hoe & Co., for the Philadelphia *Ledger*. Behold what a revolution has been brought about in that brief space of time!—*Boston Herald.*

When the cholera was at its worst in 1849 in New Orleans, an old negro, who had weathered the yellow fever many times at length got frightened at the havoc the cholera was making among all classes. His master one night heard him praying to the "angel of de Lord," by the light of a tallow candle, "to spare his time—to lef him live a little longer, and den take him to glory." But he concluded his prayer by professing perfect submission to the will of de angel of de Lord, even should he be called upon to go on that long journey.

Sambo's master determined to test the sincerity of this last profession. He bnocked loudly and distinctly at the door.

"Who's dar?" says Sambo.

"The angel of the Lord," was answered.

"What you want?"

"I have called for Sambo."

The master heard the candle suddenly extinguished with a 'whoof,' and Sambo energetically answered:

"He's not here! Dat nigger is been dead t'ree weeks."

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live at another time.

How to make pantaloons last—make the coat and vest first.

Lady Electioneering.

Fox had a most able canvasser in the person of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. Her grace freely bestowed kisses for promises of votes, and had no less than three of her own carriages constantly engaged under her immediate directions in bringing electors to the polling-booth.

The lampoons upon her character seemed only further to excite her energies, and she speedily became so great an adept in electioneering tactics as to assume their principal direction on behalf of Fox.

Her grace attended the meetings, sometimes in male attire—spoke, cajoled, chaffed, drank, smoked, treated, promised, begged, ordered, bullied, threatened, sang, danced, prayed, and cried, to further the cause of "her man." As an instance of her enthusiasm it was told that, whilst she was canvassing a butcher, by some accident her shoe became so much torn that she could not keep it on.

In this embarrassment she kicked the shoe away, and said:

"See! I go barefoot to serve my friends!"

She won the vote, which had been promised to Wray.

Upon her asking a candle-maker for his vote—

"I will give your grace a plumper," said the man of grease, "and procure you five more on a certain condition."

"What is that?"

"That your grace will give me a kiss."

"Why, then," said the Duchess, "take one."

These familiarities were in turn brought into use by other ladies of high rank, both for and against Fox.

The committee over which the Duchess of Devonshire presided had among its members the most celebrated beauties of the day. The Duchesses of Rutland and Portland, the Countesses of Carlisle and Derby, Ladies Beaucamp and Duncannon, and, in fact, most of the ladies of rank in London, were engaged in the contest, and, in many instances, much to the dissatisfaction of their husbands.

The hustings were constantly beset with carriages, either employed in bringing up voters or encouraging adherents to their presence. The obstinate and opposite canvassing fairly bewildered the Westminster tradesmen, and many, to ease their lives, left town for the country. One lady had a troop of milliners in a carriage occupied in making up cockades for Lord Hood, and distributing them to the spectators.

Her Grace of Rutland superintended the distribution of the rum-grog to Lord Hood's sailors and soldiers, that Fox's partisans could the more easily defeat them; and she encouraged the fierce battles between the marrow bones and cleavers of the seamen. The Devonshire ladies had a balcony erected in Henrietta street, and there they greeted friends and foes as they passed to the hustings. The secret committee was held here. An example thus set by the higher classes was not long in reaching the Westminster dames of every grade; and Sir Cecil Wray very soon found that he had more to fear from the women than from all Fox's and Hood's roughs together.

A California Widow.

Captain Saltwater says his first essay to effect a matrimonial alliance, resulted in a manner so discouraging, that he don't believe he'll ever be induced to try it over again. The captain being out of service for some months, conceived a passion for a rather mysterious young lady boarding at the same hotel. Says the captain, "I conveyed her round to shops, shows, balls, theaters, churches, and every other place of amusement and information, and at last, when I thought things had gone 'bout far enough, I squares my yards and says I, just as cool as a powder monkey, "Ma'am, I've been thinking I'd like to get spliced." "Sliced!" says she, as artless as a turtle dove. "Spliced!" said I, "and if you've a notion, why—I'm ready to share my luck and dunnage with you, ma'am." She looked sort of taken back at first, but she goes about and says she "Captain, I've been thinking if my husband don't write soon, and send me some money, and a gold watch from Californy, I'd just as leave marry somebody else as not, and if you'll wait a few days I'll give you the preference" Her husband had been gone to the Pacific just four months, and here was a Californy widow! "I stood off after that," said the Captain.

Work.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his calling, there is always hope in a man who actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the desire to get work done will itself lead one more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of a real harmony the instant he sets himself at work. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.—*Carlyle.*

In 1745 hoops were worn as large as now. Sir Robert Strange, fleeing from pursuit after the battle of Culloden, was concealed, in the crisis of his trouble, by a young lady, who offered to shelter him under the ample folds of her petticoat. To this strange proposal, considering the circumstances, it is not strange that he assented, and he remained undiscovered. Either love or gratitude suggested the sequel, and they were subsequently married.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.