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THE PORTFOLIO

BY THE LATE IRVING BUNNELL.

Professor Jones was very wise, and was green galled on his eye-or 'twould be right, I suppose, to say he was 'em on his nose. And he was so very tall and slim the street-boys made a jest of him. And to his garments would attach the table: "Here's a walking match."

Yes, this mainly friend of ours. Made daily gain a mental power. To him, each coming moment brought some thing of moment—fact or thought. And he could bid the boys defiance. When rambling in the paths of Science.

For many weeks, Professor Jones made study of the laws of tones. Of phonographs, and telephones. And he was so very tall and slim the street-boys made a jest of him. The numbers of his tools, indeed, would make a work too long to record. With any sort of satisfaction. But magnets were the chief attraction. With them he labored, much intent on making a new instrument. Which should, by means of sound-vibrations, send the spirit of a departed soul to the living.

Said he: "For speech we must have tone, and every language has its own tone. (Our high-toned English such-and-such, and so on, to the lowest Dutch.) He given rules for giving inflection in some particular direction. There's philographic evidence that all our languages commence in some last parent tongue—each root each action identifies to suit. And languages, 'tis clearly found, do no way differ but in sound. Now diagrams, may well be trusted. If once they are properly arranged. For language A and language B, according to the phonetic key. (And then connected in a circuit by persons competent to work it.) To transpose these root-derivations. Which differ with the tones of nations—So if one sends an English sermon 'twould sound a sound discourse in German. And our Italian learned at home. Can be well understood at home."

So saying, the Professor smiled. And immersed, pointed, filed and oiled, filed, adjusted and connected. Behind the polyphone's perfected! One stood upon the study table. And one was downstairs in the stable. Where curious neighbors might not spy it. And might remain to do but try it. A boy placed at the sounding station. To speak (for a consideration) The noble language of our nation. Professor Jones tied up the string. To listen to the sounds, up there. Which would at once, no doubt deter-

mine. If English could be changed to German. The below, and to relate. Was not in a regenerative state. His language did not speak of schools. Or go by the proper laws and rules. His speech was not exceedingly low. So then, as the stable rang. With a ring, and nothing else but clang. Which, having no equivalent in German. In German, stopped the instrument. And while the disappointed Jones stood quaking at the boy's tones. "Put that came from the receiving plate. Disconnected, inarticulate. The boy began the last new song. There was a clang as from a gong. And shattered were the polyphones. And eke the intellect of Jones!"

—Scribner's "Dris-a-Drac."

Our Broadbrim Letters.

A Pious Wife Beater—Fratricide—The Champion Mean Man—Help for Suffering Ireland—Storm at Coney Island—Band of Forgers Broken Up—Weather and Streets in New York—Tabulations of the Rev. Mr. Cowley.

NEW YORK, February 14, 1880.

Editor:

"Kin a man be considered truly pious who hits his wife over de head kitchunk w' a brick!" is a question which is likely to disturb the harmony of the Throop A. F. African Methodist Church, of which Mr. Dennis Irving is a member. Dennis Irving, from his name, might have been a native of Tipperary, Kilkenny or Sligo, instead of which his ancestors undoubtedly hailed from the Senegal or the Niger, and as far as complexion is concerned, he might have been a Hottentot or a Zulu. Dennis was not only a class-leader, a deacon, and a bright and shining light generally, but he was also a leader of the choir, and in those stirring spiritual melodies, "Is we gain over Jordan now," and "De poety little angels is a waitin' for me," Dennis' noble bass rose above the deep diapason of the thirty-five dollar Mason & Hamlin, and, when supplemented by the sweet aid of the local contralto and soprano, it certainly was music of which any Christian temple might be proud. The A. Throop African Methodist Church was particularly appreciative of its leader, and it was whispered that the contralto and soprano were no less appreciative than the church. This was the weak point of the choral organization, and led to the assault which is likely to cause a Police Court and a church investigation. Mrs. Irving, who varies the monotony of her domestic existence by washing and cooking for outside parties, though an excellent judge of soap and starch, has no appreciation of music, and she is particularly down on the sable divinites who assist her husband in the Sabbath worship. On last Sunday night, as Mr. and Mrs. Irving were returning from church, Mrs. Irving remarked to Mr. Irving: "Did you hear dat squakin' luzzny up in de quire dahl?" Mr. Irving inquired, "Who you call a squakin' luzzny?" "Dat nigger dat was screedin' up dar, while you was a tootin' your bassoon." Now it is a settled thing that you may call a spade a spade, but you must not call a nigger a nigger, or if you do, there is sure to be a row. "How dar' you call dat lady a nigger," roared Mr. Irving, springing from the sidewalk. "She is a nigger," screamed Mrs. Irving, "and so is you, too." Flesh

and blood could stand no more, and Mr. Irving was only dead and blood. At this instant they happened to be passing a place where a new house was being erected, and a huge pile of bricks lay ready for the work. Mr. Irving seized a brick, and brought it down on the cabes of his irate spouse, and the matter oscillates between a Coroner's inquest and a Church investigation.

A dreadful case of fratricide occurred in Brooklyn a week ago, which culminated in the death of the victim on Tuesday last. A couple of Irish laborers, named John and William Morrissey, brothers, aged between thirty and forty, got on a drunken bout with a couple of friends, till the younger one, William, seeing his brother John was very much intoxicated, tried to dissuade him from going out for more liquor. John was determined to go, light words ensued, then blows, and at last, John seized an axe and clove his brother's skull in twain. The result of this bloody brawl is, one man killed, a woman worse than orphaned, four children worse than widowed, and a man, even if he escapes the gallows, haunted like the first murderer, with a brother's blood crying from the ground forever. Score one more for blue ribbons and Francis Murphy.

Every once in a while some obscure and wretched town in New England or the West, puts forth its puny claim for the champion mean man. The standard used to be taking the pennies from a dead man's eyes, but we double discount that in Brooklyn, give them fifty points beside, and then beat them; so I am happy to state that, beyond all question, Brooklyn still holds the belt. This time it's a Dutchman, but he has been naturalized, so we take the credit of it just the same as if he were a native born American. A young seamstress of Brooklyn, by years of industry and thrift, had succeeded in saving a fortune amounting to two hundred dollars, which was tucked away safely in the savings bank, and was drawing the snug revenue of ten dollars a year. Mark you, when a young lady is known to be wealthy, all the fellows go for her, and I regret to add, this Brooklyn milliner was no exception to the rule. Two weeks ago, in company with some friends, she attended a ball at Teutonic Hall, at a half a dollar a head and refreshments thrown in, now a half a dollar a head for a first-class ball and provisions, could not be considered dear in any country, and it was there that Miss Kause met her destiny—he had a nice white goatee, two large melting blue eyes, a green vest, and a pink neck tie, and then how he waltzed, and he waltzed with no other girl but Miss Kause, he told her that he was looking for a wife, and as soon as he found her, he would get married; he treated her to sweetest cake unt lager, and wound up with Limburger and pretzels; what girl could withstand it and there are very few, and Miss Kause was not one of the girls. As soon as he was married, he intended to set up a cigar store, that is, after he had saved two hundred dollars to do it, and then as money rolled in upon him, he would buy houses and lands, perhaps he might have a lager beer saloon of his own, and then—then "his little wife should wear gamsels hair shavels, unt dimint rings, unt zilk tresses mit all sorts of poody dings." Miss Kause was delighted, love and lager beer, romance and Limburger, what could the heart of woman wish for more, and she imparted to the faithless gentleman, the fact of her store of guilders in the bank, and as he was quite ready to marry her, she drew it out and gave it to her lover to buy the little cigar store which was to be their future home. The rest of the story is soon told; that night the miserable wretch skedaddled off West, with a pocket full of money and a new suit of clothes, to deceive some other unsuspecting frauline, or perhaps to enjoy his cigar store in the arms of another, but the Gods are just, and let us hope that vagabond will get his deserts. Let us hope that he will set fire to his shop to get the insurance, and that he will be detected in the act, and sent to the States prison for a hundred and ninety-nine years; meanwhile Miss Kause mourns like Rachel, for her lost guilders, and refuses to be comforted "because they are not."

The Parcell craze appears to be dying out, while the sympathy for starving Ireland is on the increase. The organized relief is assuming a proportion never before attempted in this land, except in the case of that noblest of human charities—the Sanitary Commission during the war. The experienced gained then, is turned to

valuable account for our starving fellow citizens in the Old Sod, and all classes are vying with each other to see who shall do the most and the best in this holy and commendable work. One thing is certain, and that is that Mr. Parcell has lost caste during the past week, and that, however commendable and pure his political motives may be, he is no longer regarded in the United States as the almoner of the Irish famine fund. There are thousands, and I think I would be safe in saying hundreds of thousands in this country to-day, fully as well qualified to judge of Irish necessities and Irish aspirations as Mr. Parcell or Mr. Dillon; men whose princely gifts will outweigh their contributions, and his sacrifices for her advancement have been greater and more acknowledged than their own. The United States will give freely and quickly. There will be no need for a second call. But no shallow politician can control the generous outburst of a mighty nation for his own selfish purposes—when the cry of starving millions is raised for bread, and the answering cry goes back across the sea; America will not forget you.

The week just past has been eventful if not startling. The storm of Sunday night has strewn the shore with wrecks, and almost left our favorite summer resort, Coney Island, in ruins.

An organized gang of forgers, of the most dangerous class, has been broken up, and a general overhauling is taking place of all our elementary institutions. There is no mistake in supposing that many of them will be better for a little daylight. On Randall's Island one lunatic pounds another to death, and the slaying alive of a couple of idiot boys is not considered of enough moment to call for medical comment. I don't know that a paper is of much use anyway, but somehow I feel a sort of prejudice against having them boiled or baked. They were them up both ways at this delectable institution, but as yet I have seen no report of a committee as to which way is the best. I think I should prefer them baked.

The weather is trying, the streets are terrible, good language is seldom heard, and profanity is largely on the increase; business is fair, stocks firm, and the ladies are now inquiring about the spring fashions.

A reaction is taking place for the Rev. Mr. Cowley, of the Shepherd's Fold, whose case has occupied so much of the public attention for the past two weeks. Cowley is not a saint, far from it, he is nearer, perhaps, that other fellow who keeps the tavern where saints don't put up, but although his case looks bad, very bad, yet according to our laws, he is entitled to a fair and impartial trial, and his sentence is not supposed to commence till after his trial is finished, but Cowley has been made to suffer already, all and more than he will be called to suffer in State's prison. On Tuesday last, when conducting him to Court, there was no fear that he would escape, but the petty tyrant in charge of the prisoners, handcuffed him to a common thief. If he is guilty, I hope he will be punished, and punished severely, but the official blackguard that undertook to constitute himself judge and jury, should be promptly relieved of his baton, as a warning to others of like ilk, that Americans love fair play.

Yours truly, BROADBRIM.

Effects of Beer Drinking.

Medical Record.

The constant use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organism, profound and deep-seated. Fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion, and perversion of functional activities; local inflammation of both the liver and kidneys, are constantly present. Intellectually, a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, precipitating all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal.

In appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, severe cold, or shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally. Compared with inebriates who use different forms of alcohol, he is more incurable, and more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no time for recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces.

It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest forms of imbecility, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of tramps and ruffians in our cities are beer drinkers. It is asserted by competent authority that the evils of hereditability are more positive in this class than from alcohol.

If these facts are well founded, the recourse to beer as a substitute for alcohol merely increases the danger and fatality following.

Our Washington Letter.

The Lenton Season—Political complications in the Old World—The Census Committee and the Indian Affairs—A High Public School Building—What Congress Should Do.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 14, 1880.

Editor:

The sombre days of Lent have come again, and laying off the usual festivities of fashionable circles, long faces are worn and brakes set against levees, balls, and dances. Thousands are really in earnest to make this a time of heart searching and spiritual elevation. These set days or periods are way marks in life's journey, because of their influence upon the lives of humanity, but after all how much better to let each day in our individual lives witness some conquest over the selfish sinfulness of our nature, by drawing nearer to the Divine One, who knows all the depths of our infirmity and was tempted in all points like as we are.

The political horizon of the Old World is greatly disturbed and the foreign legations here at the capital are alarmed at the complications that now seem to preface a general war. It is a fact that has come to the attention of the Government that an immense amount of money is now coming to this country for investment to avoid losses incident to a conflict, and these investments are being made in many instances by men in public affairs and who are in a condition to estimate fully the dangers that seem so threatening. It is a fact no less significant that the foreign legations are now turning their attention to the ability of our manufacturers of arms to turn out gun and ordnance stores. This condition of things in Europe is likely to check any anticipated difficulties growing out of the construction in American waters, of the canal across the Isthmus, as in case of war in Europe friendly relations must be maintained with our country, which in such an event must become the store house of supplies for all foreign powers. It is now evident that the coming harvest will find a ready market in the great war of the hungry East.

The Census Committee have locked horns with the President and rejected his nominations for supervisors in Ohio, on the ground that they are all Republicans. It is not yet settled what they propose to do about it, but Mr. Hayes has thus far in such conflicts been found to have a mind of his own, and is not apt to be driven, single, tandem, or four in hand.

The administration of Indian affairs is to have a thorough overhauling at the hands of Gen. Fiske and his committee. It is unfortunate for the peace policy so successfully inaugurated by President Grant that a man like Hayt, dismissed from his position on the Board of Indian Commissioners, should have been put into the office of Commissioner by the present Administration. It is to be hoped that rare, good judgment will be exercised in the selection of his successor, and it would be a compliment to the mass of Christians who believe in the gospel as a civilization, if Gen. E. Whittlesey, who has practically as a clerk performed the work required of a secretary while another drew the pay, should be honored with the appointment of Commissioner. No more fitting selection could be made, and all Christians, churches and missionary associations should make themselves heard with the President at once.

The General Land Office under date of June 1st, 1855, issued land warrant No. 52,076 for 40 acres to Abraham Lincoln, captain of the 4th Illinois volunteers, in the Black Hawk war. This patent, old and ancient, is now held as a notable document among the files of the Department. It bears the signature of Franklin Pierce, President, and J. W. Granger, recorder, and covered lands subject to sale in the extreme west, Dubuque, Iowa.

There is a growing feeling that with the probability of foreign complications our Navy demands the most careful attention, and that steps should be taken at once by Congress to build at least ten first-class naval vessels to take the place of some of the rotten and worthless hulks that are now a disgrace to the service. There is no time to be lost. To maintain our National character it is important that our Navy should be second to none in the world.

The people of the United States are paying annually \$35,000 for the rent of rooms in this city for the use of public schools. They pay not less than \$150,000 more annually for the rent of indifferent quarters in build-

ings that are nothing but tinder boxes for various bureaus of the Government. Public records of great value are exposed to fire in various parts of the city in these rented buildings. With money at four per cent, a free economy demands that ample provision should be made at once for the erection of suitable school buildings, and the purchase of the square opposite the Patent Office and the erection of a permanent building thereon for the use of the City Post Office and other bureaus of the Government.

Intelligent people in all sections who care more for the prompt and proper transaction of public business than for partisan politics, ought to insist, every year of a Presidential nomination, on an early adjournment of Congress or a late day for the political conventions. Men of eminence in the present Congress, of both parties, are beyond doubt intentionally causing delay upon the appropriation bills solely for the purpose of prolonging the session, hoping that some opportunity will occur when their own distasteful can be taken care of by which personal ends can be attained.

SENTINEL.