PAGE TO MEMBER.

STORY OF A VIRGINIA CONGRESSMAN

Interesting Reminiscences of a Young Man Who Was Once a Boy Employed in the House of Representatives, and Who Is Now a Member.

Nothing more aptly illustrates the simplicity of our republican institutions than the easy translation of the ambitious and studiously inclined from comparative obscurity to positions of the highest honor and distinction. Few persons who visit our present House of Representatives during its daily sessions are aware, as their curious gaze is riveted from the gallery on the many forms and faces of our national representatives, that among them are two men who years ago were House pages, and who now are honored and distinguished members from their respective States—the Hons. George D. Wise, of Virginia, and R. W. Townshend, of Illinois. These two Congressmen probably never listen to the monotonous drawl of the reading clerk or the sharp, clear, resonant clap for a page without recurring again to their former days of page life and vividly recalling to their mind the old Hall of Representatives, with its ladies' gallery, festooned in red drapery, just back of the Speaker's chair; the antique mahogany desks and the moving figures and forms that filled that grand old hall, of which they were the humblest and the most unnoticed of its objects. It gives a freshness and realistic coloring to the events of the past, and has thrown over their shoulders the mystic mantle of power which the Genius of Liberty has kindly transferred to them. We could almost fancy these two young pages, ambitious for future distinction, piercing the veil of futurity and beholding the mighty Republic increasing in magnitude, wealth, and influence, and crowding into the representative halls a larger and more liberal interpretation of American enterprise, freedom, and equality.

One of the ubiquitous quill-drivers of the REPUBLICAN called over yesterday morning to the rooms of the distinguished Conservative member, the Hon. George D. Wise, with the purpose of gleaning from him a few interesting passages in his page life.

Mr. Wise is a fine type of the old-school Southron, a race now nearly extinct. He is a lithe gracefully-formed gentleman of medium height, dark hair, and sparkling black eyes that mirror a frank and genial nature. He received our reporter with cordiality and courteously invited him to be seated.

"Mr. Wise," we said, after the usual formal introductory greeting, "we have called this morning to take, with your permission, a few notes of your former page life. We understand you were a page of the old House many years ago."

"I was a page," replied the Congressman, reflectively filling his meerschaum and puffing out a long, deliberative column of smoke, "in the winter of 1847 or 1848. I think during the final days of President Polk's administration, I was appointed through the influence of my uncle, Henry A. Wise, who, though not in Congress at the time, wrote a letter to a number of his personal friends in the House, recommending me to that position. It was a much more difficult thing in those days to obtain a pageship than now, but when you consider that I had a number of influential relatives like Joseph Poyton and Thomas H. Bayly to back me, of course I slipped in without much trouble."

Mr. Wise paused and vigorously addressed himself to his meerschaum.

"Your introduction in the House possibly produced some latent aspirations of one day becoming a member yourself?" ventured our REPUBLICAN scribe.

"My entrance into this new world," replied Mr. Wise, "constituted, no doubt, an important epoch in my life. I began to form a vague ambition of being myself a public man, though I could not see how it was all to be brought about; but that is a natural feeling, shared in alike, I believe, by all pages."

"Mr. Wise," suggested our scribe, as the distinguised Congressman paused again and puffed out another problematical column of smoke from his pipe, "can you recall the names of any of your cotemporary page associates who impressed you as being remarkable youths?"

"I remember one only," replied Mr. Wise, with a humorous twinkle of his eye, "a little fellow by the name of Cox; it was then a standing rule of the House, after the expiration of our day's duty, to detail six pages to work in the folding-room, and Cox and I used to plod industriously for hours together folding documents. He was remarkably expert at this business, while I, on the contrary, was uncommonly awkward and slow. I formed quite an opinion of Cox, but when we separated after our two years probationary experience as pages he went away and I never saw or heard of him again. Now, I remember," pursued Mr. Wise, smilingly turning over the leaves of the past, "there was another, but he was a Senate page; his name was Guigon; we were quite intimate, and I thought considerably of him; but as our rosy days of page life vanished we separated and lost sight of each other in the gathering mists of time. I studied law; the civil war broke out; I joined the confederate army, and when the fortunes of war decided against us I resumed the practice of my profession at Richmond. My friends in the meantime had brought me forward as a candidate for Commonwealth attorney, and by a singular coincidental event Guigon and I were thrown together again in intimate relation. A circuit judge was to be elected as well as a Commonwealth attorney, and it so happened that Guigon became a candidate for the office of judge. The Commonwealth attorney," pursued Mr. Wise, "is, you know, the right-bower of the judgeship, and it was not long before Guigon and I met. One day, after we had got right well acquainted, without any apparent mutual recognition, Guigon, looking fixedly at me, said: 'Wise, wasn't you formerly a page in the United States House of Representatives?' 'I was,' I answered. 'And I was then a Senate page,' added Guigon. 'God bless you, Guigon,' said I. 'Let us be boys again,' and we were close friends ever after.

"One day while I was in the old House, acting in my capacity as page," said Mr. Wise, knocking the ashes out of his meerschaum and gazing reflectively up at the ceiling, "I happened to pass by the desk of Stephen A. Douglas, afterward popularly known as the "Little Giant." I don't think I should have taken special notice of him then, but he abruptly accosted me: 'Halloo, boy; what's your name?' 'George Douglas Wise,' I replied, somewhat displeased by his rough salutation. 'George Douglas!' repeated the Little Giant, evidently taken aback; 'how in the h—l did you get possession of my name?' I retorted that he had my name, not I his, whereupon he asked how it came to be Douglas. I replied by the intermarriage of one of my ancestors with a lady named Ellen Douglas, which explanation the Little Giant professed himself satisfied, and immediately acknowledged we must be kin, and dubbed me his 'little namesake' thereafter. My youthful impressions of Mr. Douglas," said the Congressman, "grew to be of the pleasantest kind. He impressed me as one of the first minds in the country. I did not look upon him as a polished orator, but rather as a powerful and earnest debater. He never lost sight of me, but treated me with unvarying kindness. We met years afterward, when he (Mr. Douglas) was running for the Presidency. He recognized me at once, and, grasping my hand with unalloyed cordiality, expressed the pleasure of meeting me again."

"Can you recall, Mr. Wise, any other distinguished man of the House while you officiated as page?" inquired our scribe.

"Well, yes; there was the Hon. John Quincy Adams, at that time venerable in years and famed in history. He seldom, however, participated in the general debate, but was very positive and strong whenever he did address the House. On such occasions he was listened to with marked respect, and never failed to command the attention of all. My boyish impressions of this distinguished old man were very favorable," continued Mr. Wise. "I regarded him as a sound statesman and a genial, cultivated, though somewhat eccentric gentleman. I remember one day while sliding from desk to desk, procuring autographs for some relic-hunter, I approached Mr. Adams' seat and asked rather shyly for his signature."

"The old fellow," said Mr. Wise, taking up a pen and placing it between his index and third fingers by way of illustration, "had a very peculiar style of holding his pen—like this—and when he had recorded his name in his trembling way he gave me a searching look and inquired mine. 'Not a relative of Henry A. Wise, I hope?' 'Yes, sir,' I responded frankly, 'he is my uncle.' I was aware at the time that a year or two before, when my uncle was in Congress, he and Mr. Adams had a fierce war of words on the floor of the House, Mr. Adams having denounced him an alleged participant in the Cilley duel, a charge which my uncle characterized as false. I had, therefore, some prejudices to encounter and overcome at the outset. I was in some little doubt whether to regard him as an enemy or friend, but the 'old man eloquent' soon dissipated all apprehensions by mounting me on his knee, and from that day we were good friends in spite of our political differences. The sincere grief I felt at his death, which occurred not many months after, is one of the distinct recollections I shadow from the dimness of the past."

"Thomas H. Bayly, from my own district," continued Mr. Wise, after a short pause, "was one of the prominent Congressmen who attracted my notice, principally arising from the fact that he was a relative of mine, a cousin of my mother, and roomed at our house. He was a powerful, earnest, and convincing debater, and for a long time was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. He was a very eccentric gentleman, and on one occasion, being desirous of persuading his youthful daughter to sit for her likeness, promised her, among other things, a beautiful pink silk saddle. Nothing ruffled Judge Bayly more than to be contradicted in debate, and in consequence was drawn frequently into acrimonious disputes, which was quite foreign to his genial, good-humored temperament. He never spoke, however, on any subject without the most careful preparation and study, and during a long term of congressional experience he gained the reputation of a skillful party tactician and a polished and pleasing speaker. To his wife, a lady of rare mental culture, he undoubtedly owed much of his political success. 'I was very fond,' continued Mr. Wise, "of stealing over to the Senate Chamber and listening to the speeches there. I remember a sharp, fierce debate between Foote, of Mississippi, and Benton, of Missouri, in which personalities were freely indulged in. Senator Benton was a very characteristic man, and his political likes and dislikes were right violent, while his personal prejudices and antipathies were something remarkable. I remember one day a notorious adventurer and female gallant of the name of Schomberg tackled Mr. Benton just as he was entering the door of the Senate Chamber. 'Good morning, Senator,' said the count, extending his hand and smiling blandly. Mr. Benton gazed at the man a second; then he roared out, 'No, sir; I will not shake hands with you, sir. You are a rascal, a seducer of women, sir. I forbid you speaking to me, sir,' and, following up this attack with fierce gesticulations eminently Bentonian, the discomforted Schomberg was glad enough to beat a hasty retreat.

"A fierce war of words one day in the House," continued Mr. Wise, puffing irregular and fitful columns of smoke from his freshly-lighted meerschaum, "between the Hon. William L. Yancey, of South Carolina, and Thomas L. Clingman, of North Carolina, I particularly now recall. It occasioned a duel between these two gentlemen at Bladensburg, which fortunately did not terminate in bloodshed. Yancey was a finished orator and a most genial gentleman; though fiery in council he was gentle in his social relations, and a kinder or warmer heart never beat in a man's bosom; Clingman was a Whig then, and one of the prominent leaders of his party. I frequently meet the venerable ex-statesman in the streets of Washington nowadays, and when I glance at his familiar features it vividly brings back those pleasant days of page life."

"Were you anything of a politician then, Mr. Wise?" interrogated our scribe pleasantly.

"The slavery question was beginning to agitate the country," said Mr. Wise, thoughtfully, "and in common with many other Democratic youths I imbibed strong prejudices against the Abolitionists. I remember I never could listen to a speech from Joshua R. Giddings without great irritation, though I have no doubt he was perfectly honest and sincere. My present congressional district was then represented by James A. Seddon, afterward one of the confederate cabinet. He was a pleasing gentleman and kind to his fellow-man. I remember him chiefly for his kindly treatment of me."

"Did you avail yourself of the opportunity, as page, for collecting the autographs of these distinguished men?"

"I did it for others," replied Mr. Wise, gravely, "not being much interested in such matters myself. I am sorry now," he added naively, "that I did not. There was a great complaint," pursued Mr. Wise, "at the time of my appointment as page of the growing abuse of the franking privilege, and numberless instances, some of a very ludicrous nature, passed under my personal observation. Several of the country members were in the habit of sending home their soiled linen under the freedom of this franking privilege. Thank God," exclaimed Mr. Wise, energetically, "that there are no such privileges extended to members now, for there is no knowing how far the avarice and cupidity of some men might lead them. I am, for one, certainly opposed to the revival of the franking system."

"The luxurious surroundings of our present House of Representatives contrast vividly with the simplicity of the accommodations for members thirty-five years ago," continued Mr. Wise, reverting back to his page life with renewed interest; "the members, when their hats were not on their heads, had to stow them away in any inconvenient hiding-places, out of which grew many absurd and humorous incidents. They had," pursued Mr. Wise, humorously, "no servants to wait on them then; no convenient cloak-room; no barbers to shave them; no bath-room; no restaurants, where they could get *cold tea*, and a general air of republican simplicity, unexceptionally pleasant and severe, pervaded the hall and committee-rooms. As for the pages themselves, they were contented and happy; they were treated well, and I have a very pleasant impression of page life, and the eminent men with whom I had the honor to be thrown in immediate contact?" Here the distinguished Bourbon leader of Virginia paused, and our reporter, rising and thanking him for the entertaining reminiscences of the past, took his hat and leave at the same time.

TICKLING THE PALATES.

Trials and Tribulations of Legislative Restaurateurs.

Probably no two men in America are placed in a more delicate and trying position than the two gentlemen who run the House and Senate restaurants in the Capitol building. The temper of legislators varies very widely as their pet schemes approach fruition or wither into nothingness under the influences of an unlucky committee reference and a hostile majority of negative votes on the floor. Both contingencies occur daily, and it is then the rule for the irritated law-maker to dive downstairs and fling himself moodily into a seat and badger the trembling waiter who seeks to find a gastronomic panacea for the statesman's disappointment. Then it is that Brillat Savarin would fall himself to please the palate of the honorable member from Podunk, who at the other end of the city bolts indigestible compounds at a second-rate hotel, or meekly chews hash under the stony eye of a Wasnington boarding-house mistress.

THE MOST DELICATE VIANDS

are damned, the waiter consigned to eternal perdition, and the proprietor's presence demanded. He comes, and listens quietly to the grievances of the honorable gentleman, knowing that he is criticising a menu that is never spread before him except when he receives an invitation to dine at Welcker's or Wormley's with some member of the third house, who is anxious to secure his vote on a pending bill. Another specimen of this genus is the temperance member. He it is who glances with savage suspicion at the meat tea-pot at his neighbor's elbow, and sniffs the air as though he could trail the least smell of Bourbon with the unerring exactness of a

BIRD DOG TO THE TRACUP

which a jolly stranger removes from his lips with a self-satisfied smack. This is the member who harasses the Speaker about "another order against the sale of whisky," until Mr. Keifer no doubt heartily wishes him at the devil or back in his straight-laced district heading a school board meeting and buying a drug-store tipple for himself under the specious name of "a tonic." There is some little money made in feeding the wisdom of the Nation, but the *restaurateur* arrives at wealth even as the saints of old reached the realms of bliss. They come up through great tribulation.

A SHORT DIME NOVEL.

A Washerwoman's Daughter Becomes the Mistress of a Palace in Madrid.

When the French sought to establish a monarchy in Mexico, a Mazatlan youth raised a regiment of boys and waged against such of the invaders as appeared in Sinaloa a warfare that told. The young man's father was of Castilllian blood and his mother was a Mexican. His name, Corona, soon became famous, and at the age of twenty-three he was regarded as the Moshy of Mexico. At the end of the war he was a major-general, the hero of the soldiers and the idol of Mazatlan society. He was six feet tall, broad-shouldered, handsome, and daring. While attending a ball at the American hotel in Mazatlan, he stumbled over a domestic, knocking a tray from her hand. Stooping to pick up the crockery, General Corona noticed that the girl was very pretty and very saucy. She told him that her name was Betty Bowman, that her mother was a San Francisco washerwoman, and that he ought to know better than to rush head-long down a dark stairway. Corona made love to the American miss, and before leaving for the capital he had learned of her irreproachable though very humble life. Once away, Betty's face and pert ways haunted him so much that he wrote to her, arranging for marriage by proxy. He remained in Mazatlan; the bride went to a convent school. They were a thousand miles apart and wrote to each other daily, the husband constantly instructing the wife in polite ways. President Juarez, fearing that Corona's popularity would lead the people to give the vote to the popular young soldier at an election then approaching, concluded to send him as Minister to Madrid, the most enviable diplomatic position in the eyes of all Mexicans. General Corona took the washerwoman's daughter to his palace in Madrid, and she now is regarded as the most brilliant and accomplished lady at the court of Spain.

An Explanation.

Mr Whitelaw Reid makes haste to say that Mr. Jacob B. Shipherd wrote him several letters last spring relative to the Peruvian Company, but that he paid no attention to them, as he was so busy writing bulldozing letters to President Garfield that he had no time for any other correspondence.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

ROMANTIC SIGHTS

FROM THE GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS.

What Beautiful Scenes Can Be Observed Up and Down the Potomac—The Old Families of "West Washington"—Other Interesting Subjects.

GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS, Feb. 23.—Looking south from the porch of one of the old manor houses of this ancient town, you behold a land and water-scape unequaled in America. Nature and the historic milestones of man mingle in the scene, presenting to the eye and soul monuments of human grandeur and works of sylvan solitude, where love, poetry, and pleasure reign monarchs of the hour. Twenty miles away the slanting rays of the setting sun shine upon the casement windows of Fort Washington, reflecting the light upon Mount Vernon, immediately across the placid Potomac. The eye takes in the steeples and crumbling warehouses of Alexandria, lingering a moment upon the spire of Christ Church, where the immortal Washington sat in a straight-backed pew and responded to the ritual of those early days. To the left, on the rolling hills of Maryland, is seen the red stone walls of the National Lunatic Asylum, while at its base the turbid waters of the Anacostia mingle with the main branch of the Potomac. From where I sit the eye still takes in the white dome of the National Capitol and the tall roofs and towers of Washington city, while the marble monument to the Father of his Country reaches for the sky and the stars, reflecting its white face against the yellow columns of Arlington House, the former home of General Lee, and the present site of the National Cemetery, where 15,000 Union soldiers lie buried. A thousand confederate soldiers sleep outside the cemetery, in an obscure and mournful nook, yet the grass grows as green, the rain falls as free, and the sun shines as bright over the one as the other.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the roses the blue,
Under the lilies the gray.

Who has not heard of the historic Long Bridge spanning the Potomac under the shadow of the Capitol, and uniting Virginia with the North by bands of iron and ties of human interest? Looking back to that hot July day in 1861, when the Union forces fled before the conquering warriors of Beauregard and Johnson and made Flora Temple time across the Long Bridge, I can't but think of the close call that Uncle Sam got for perpetuity. Had Johnson moved on the men of the North with his seven thousand fresh soldiers the Capital and Treasury would have fallen into his hands, and the cast of States and empires might have been different to-day. But God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. To-day the men who fought each other in deadly conflict make national laws under yon white dome, and instead of the rebel yell and Union cheer can be heard the laughter of legislators, and the popping of champagne (alias tea) takes the place of the rumble and roar of fatal artillery.

Leaving the Long Bridge the eye rests upon the silver bosom of the Potomac, viewing the Observatory, and then casting to the right climbs the rugged hills of Virginia to the tall tower of Fort Myer, looming up against the evening sky like some lone crag amid Alpine ranges. The Potomac proper winds its crooked course at the foot of Georgetown, and through the rocky ribs of old mother earth it cleaves its fretted channel from the Blue Ridge, Blackwater, and Shenandoah by Harper's Ferry, leaping over ru'gged rocks at Great Falls, dashing under Chain Bridge, Aqueduct Bridge, through the Long Bridge, on to Point Lookout into the Chesapeake Bay, until its waters mingle with the briny surges of the broad Atlantic. The Catholic university for the education of young men is one of the great landmarks of Georgetown. For nearly a hundred years its classic halls have sent forth doctors, lawyers, and ministers to mingle with the world and become prominent in all the walks of life. The new building lately erected by Messrs. Smithmeyer & Pelz, under the artistic and financial managment of Father Healy, is one of the grandest in the District, and its tall towers loom up above the Capitol of the Nation, making a splendid background against the evening sky to Washington and the upland slopes of Georgetown. Those who have traveled in foreign lands may gaze upon the gables, turrets, and towers and be reminded of old baronial castles on the Rhine or some lordly mansion nestled among Italian crags overlooking the blue waters of the Adriatic. But to see the college building in all its glory, join some of the Potomac barge parties in the month of June when the perfume of wild flowers floats o'er the river, and when the round, full moon lights up the sleeping world with a glow of celestial enchantment. A score of happy spirits, boys and girls, floating down the river to the music of the guitar, the whisper of love, and the warm glow of imagination will set the mind in motion, and from the "Three Sisters" the eye will rest entranced upon the weird-like towers, angles, and battlements of the great university on the hill-top throwing its fantastic shadows on the placid waters of the rolling river.

Georgetown was a stalwart commercial port when Washington was in its swaddling clothes, but the picture has been somewhat reversed, leaving the business and homes of this town high and dry above the sordid seductions of yon gilded Capital. When the streets from Washington, abutting on Rock Creek, are arched and bridged over the Heights will be the most desirable home locations in the district, and those sickly aristocrats who now inhale the malaria of Pennsylvania avenue (including the aroma of terrapin stews) will fly to the hill-tops of Georgetown for good health and long life.

Massachusetts avenue should be at once extended across romantic Rock Creek, and winding around Oak Hill, pass the fine old homes on Road street, on to the new National Observatory grounds, where the future naval officer may dictate time to the tides and be as peaceful and still as "a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

The old families who flourished in Georgetown fifty years ago are now sleeping in the peaceful shades of Oak Hill, but many of their descendants yet linger in the old town, and fondly boast of the good old days when heart, love, beauty, and wealth mingled with the melody of love's young dream, filling the fleeting hours with flowers of pleasure and fruits of friendship. While not as able financially to dispense rare wines and rich terrapin as their aristocratic ancestors, the people of to-day make up all lapses in their kind actions and generous words. The families of Dodge, Dougal, Adler, Magruder, Cropley, Wheatley, Linthicum, Gordon, Hunter, Marbury, Williams, Tyler, Herr, Moore, Dowman, Blackford, Cook, Seymour, Lockerman, Pickerel, Cox, Hume, Walsh, McPherson, Ritchie, Peck, Lockwood, O'Neil, Davis, Miller, Dent, Sweeny, Fickling, Frye, Hyde, Mathews, Mackall, Snyder, Beggs, Libbey, Cassin, and Peter are now the most prominent of those who minister to the pleasure and business of this ancient burg. The town is fast feeling the impulse of progress, and ere another decade the great water power of the Potomac will be utilized in miscellaneous manufacturing establishments, where the hum of the spindle, the click of the loom, and the hammer of the artist will resound until even the echoes may awaken the inhabitants around Oak Hill Cemetery. This lovely spot, covered with rugged oaks, crumbling stones, and fine marble monuments, is a pleasure garden for the living and a resting-place for the dead. When springtime, with its birds and flowers, returns to deck the ruthless ravages of winter—when the oak, the pine, and the willow sing together in blissful harmony—then can be seen any bright Sunday afternoon thousands of people from the Capital, and many from foreign lands, sauntering among the tombs and tangled walks of Oak Hill. The first light of morning gilds the ground with golden colors, and the parting smiles of sunset linger in the tall oaks of the sacred spot. It is a lovely place to sleep when sweet life has sunk into the shadows of eternity:

Let me rest where sunlight lingers
'Neath the waving willow shade;
Where the morn with dewy fingers
Sprinkles diamonds o'er the glade.

At the head of Montgomery street, right inside of the tall iron fence that shuts out the waking from the sleeping world, rests, almost side by side, the last earthly remains of Chief-Justice Salmon P. Chase, General Reno, who fell at South Mountain, and that wonderful compound of human nature, Edwin M. Stanton, late Secretary of War, who did more to crush out the rebellion than any man living or dead. He seemed to have been fitted for the terrible contest of twenty years ago, and as rose water, kind words, and gloved hands could not subdue the enemy, he boldly put on an iron gauntlet and without looking to the right or left, Puritan and desperate in his convictions smashed everything that came between him and the salvation of the Union. And this small granite shaft marks the spot where sleeps the terrible Stanton.

Poor little life, that toddles half an hour
Crowned with a flower or two, and there ends.

The true history of Edwin M. Stanton cannot be written for a hundred years to come. The little spites and people of to-day must mingle with the dust before justice can be done to the Carnot of our civil war. In every conflict, great and small, some "scapegoat" must be found to carry off the cruel sins of the congregation. The great War Secretary has served this purpose, and when the political rants of to-day wish to abuse any one for any outrageous crime committed during the rebellion they regarded it perfectly safe to vent a volume of bile upon the head of the devoted Stanton. When living they fled before him like leaves in a winter blast, and the tinkle of his little bell in the midnight War Office brought more terrors to the soul of the enemy than ever fell to the fortunes of Richard or the false, perjured Clarence.

But what is life, fame, and glory—a bauble on the ocean of Time—a dew-drop pendant on a flower, a sunbeam glancing o'er a string of pearls, a vision of the future dimly seen, a little snow flake on a swollen stream, a maddening rush o'er a dread cataract, an atom borne on the breeze of time, pinioned with hope for immortality.

As I look on the grave of Stanton all bitterness dies out of my heart and I mourn the foolishness of human vanity. A few short years will entomb all living with the dusty dead, and even the memory of the greatest shall fade away like an evening shadow, leaving no trace behind to mark the millions who have passed to the dark realms of oblivion. When I look on the grand monuments erected by man to commemorate his little life I sigh for the egotism of the little worm who presumes to keep himself and memory from decay.

Vain, vain is the the thought,
No man ever bought,
Exemption from final decay,
To live and to rot,
And then be forgot,
The fate of the quick of to-day!

JOHN A. JOYCE.

WHAT BECOMES OF PRIZE-FIGHTERS.

Ben Hogan's Experiences in the Ring and Recollections of Pugilists.

"You want to know how much damage prize-fighting does to the human anatomy, do you?" said Ben Hogan, the evangelist and ex-prize-fighter. "Well, take a look at me. I am in much better condition than I was when I reformed, three and a half years ago, but I estimate that my vitality is only 50 per cent. of what it would have been if I had never been a fighter. The shocks and bruises that a man gets in the ring hurt more ten years afterward than they do when he gets them. I have been terribly beat on the head in my time, and those old wounds reopen regularly once a year. When I was twenty-five years old I was so strong and healthy that nothing could tire me. I used to think that a man was simply a fool who got tired; but at present, when I ought by rights be still stronger, it worries me even to stand on a platform and talk.

"Is the ill-health of fighters due to the pounding they get, or to dissipation?"

"It is due to both, and to one about as much as another. But the terrible bodily injuries they receive are beyond dispute. The worst injuries are not always those which knock a man out of his senses, like Sullivan's last lick at Ryan. It is evident that that blow landed on the jugular vein. This is a well understood and much-coveted blow among prize-fighters, not because it permanently disables a man, but because it makes him insensible so long that he can't come to time. Several bruises about the chest and ribs are much more apt to inflict permanent injury."

"How do prize-fighters die, as far as your observation goes?"

"They die prematurely of weakness and disease brought on by their injuries. In fact, they die at or about the time when, if they had not been prize-fighters, they would have been at the prime of life. Charley Gallagher died at the age of thirty, of consumption, caused by an injury received in his fight with Davis. Davis fell on him, planting his knee in his upper left breast. Brandy bears the blame of killing Tom Sayers, but, in my opinion, he died of the injuries inflicted by John C. Heenan. Heenan jumped off a train and hurt himself, and some lay the blame of premature death on that accident, but he died of consumption produced, in my opinion, by over-training and by the punishment he got in his fights with Sayers and King. John Morrissey's death is laid on Bright's disease, but he had stood beating enough to kill ten men, and I believe that is what killed him. Yankee Sullivan is said to have been killed by a vigilance committee, but the truth is that he went crazy from injuries to his head he had received, and committed suicide by opening his arteries. Patsy Riordon, one of the grandest men physically that ever lived, is a complete physical and mental wreck. Bob Riddle died the same way, the very flesh dropping off his fingers. Joe Wombie died in the Montreal Insane Asylum. And so they go, all of them dying at what ought to be the prime of life.

"What do you think of the effects of the training that prize-fighters undergo when they are going to fight?"

"It is possible to overdo it, and then it is an injury. But this seldom happens. Generally it is very beneficial; and it is a great pity that everybody isn't trained in the same way. If I had gone into training at twenty years of age, and never left it until I died, I would have lived one hundred years, without doubt. I am a great advocate of physical training, and think boxing a good exercise, though somewhat objectionable on account of being a sort of temptation to fighting?"

"What do you think of the immoral tendencies of prize-fighting?"

"As to the immoral and depraving effects of prize-fighting there is no difference of opinion, I suppose, though I may know its effects more particularly than most people. Just as quarreling leads to fighting, so fighting leads to the quarreling and to hatred. It is useless to say that people ever fight without hating each other. The very passions of the pit rage among sporting people, and especially among fighters. They begin with their fists, but they soon get past that and take to using knives and pistols. Now, if all this isn't the devil's own work, what is it? There is little enough love among men already, Heaven knows, without calling it sport to maim a man for life, and teaching the young that the greatest accomplishment is to draw each other's blood and gouge out each other's eyes."

"Are you speaking from experience?"

"Yes. When I was a prize-fighter I always had a fight on hand, whether it was in the ring or not. I was always hating and hated, and there was scarcely a day when my life was safe. The business made me unutterably wretched and debased me in every possible way. Would that there were an end of it."—*Chicago News.*

TONGUE TORTURE.

A School Teacher's Exercise in English Pronunciation.

One enervating morning, just after the rise of the sun, a youth bearing the cognomen of Galileo glided into his gondola over the legendary waters of the lethean Thames. He was accompanied by his allies and coadjutors, the polorous Pepys and the erudite Cholmondeley, the most combative aristocrat extant, and an epicurian, who for learned vagaries and revolting discrepancies of character would take the precedence of the most erudite of all Areopagite literati.

THE SACRILEGIOUS DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

were discussing in detail a suggestive and exhaustive address, delivered from the proscenium box of the Calisthenic Lyceum by a notable financier on obligatory hydropathy, as accessory to the irrevocable and irreparable doctrine of evolution, which had been vehemently panegyrized by a splenetic professor of acoustics, and simultaneously condemned by a complacent peasant opponent as an undemonstrated romance of the last decade, amenable to no reasoning, however allopathic, outside of its own lamentable environs. These peremptory tripartite brethren arrived at Greenwich, wishing to aggrandize themselves by indulging in exemplary relaxation, indicatory of implacable detestation of integral ingiversation and exoteric intrigue. They fraternized with a phrenological harlequin who was a connoisseur in necrotint and faleonry. This piquant person was heaping continuely and scathing raillery on an amateur in jugular recitative, who held that the Phormos of Asia were conversant with his theory that morphine and quinine were excrescis of bronchitis.

MEANWHILE, THE LEISURELY AUGUSTINE,

of Cockburn, drank from a tortoise-shell wassail cup to the health of an apotheosised recusant, who was his supererogatory patron, and an assistant recognizance in the immobile nomenclature of interstitial molecular phonics. The contents of the vasn pewter goblet, a stolid policeman took from its ceremonia a heraldic violoncello, and, assisted by a plethoric diocesan from Pall Mall, who performed on a sonorous piano-forte, proceeded to wake the clangorous echoes of the Empyrean. They bade the prolyx Caucasian gentleman not to miscontrue their incessable demands, while they dined on acclimated anchovies and apricot truffles, and had for dessert a wiseacre's pharmacopœia. Thus the truculent Pythagoreans had a novel repast fit for the gods. On the subsidence of the feast they alternated between soft languors and isolated scenes of squalor, which followed mechanist's reconnoissance of the imaginary of Uranus, the legend of whose incognito related to a sponland wound in the abdomen received while cutting a swath in the interests of telegraphy and posthumous photography. Meantime an unctuous orthoepist applied a homœopathic restorative to the reins of an obstinate spaniel (named Daniel) and tried to perfect the construction of a behemoth which had got mired in pygmean slough, while listening to the elegiac soughing of the prehistoric wind.—*Journal of Education.*

An Obstructive Judge.

And now these hypercritical Easterners are saying that San Francisco society is a good deal like a theatre. The worst behavior is generally seen in the highest circles.

This superb criticism is apropos of a remark made by Judge Ferrel, to a well known Nob Hill lady, who petitioned him for a divorce last week:

"Lemme see," said his honor, musingly, as he put on his nose pinchers and took a good look at the petitioner. "Didn't I divorce you last summer?"

"Yes, Judge," replied the plaintiff, faintly.

"And also the winter before?" he continued.

"Yes, sir," still more faintly.

"And the spring before that?"

"I—I—I think so."

"Very well; I'll fix this thing for you this time; but mind, it's got to last you until '83, at least. Don't come here again before that—understand now."

"I'll remember it, Your Honor," said the applicant, meekly, but she had hardly gotten out of the court-room before she told her next prospective husband of the regular winter series that the judge was a nasty thing, and that it would be a cold day when she sent any of her business his way again."—*Derrick Dodd.*

MEXICO.

OUR RELATIONS WITH THE COUNTRY.

A Complete Epitome of the Connections of the Various Administrations of the United States With Our Sister Republic—Interesting Facts.

To the Editor of the Dallas Herald:

Your recent editorials on the relations, commercial and otherwise, between the United States and Mexico have recalled to my mind that while a resident of the City of Mexico, by permission of the American Minister, the Hon. Thomas Henry Nelson, of Terre Haute, Ind., and with the assistance of his noble wife (*nee* Miss Key), I searched the records of the American legation to that country, and from them summarized the following facts, which, up to that time (October 2, 1869), covered every material fact antecedent to that date. The sequel will contain the subsequent facts. To comprehend the narration, which all Americans, and especially all Texans, should now understand, let it be remembered that the Mexican revolution was inaugurated by the native patriot priest, Hidalgo y Costilla, in the village of Dolores, on the night of the 15th-16th of September, 1810, the 16th being regarded as the nation's birthday, as the 4th of July is with us. Actual independence was achieved on the 27th of September, 1821, by the revolt of Iturbide, a Creole Spanish officer, the adoption of the "Plan" of Iguala and his selection as chief of the newly-formed government. His subsequent coronation as Emperor, his deposition and banishment by the Congress, his return, capture, and execution have nothing to do with this narrative.

UNDER MONROE'S ADMINISTRATION.

In 1818, when the Mexican and South American revolutions had progressed for eight years, the United States, the first nation to move in the matter, applied to Great Britain to join with them in recognizing the independence of Mexico and all the Spanish-American colonies, which proposition Great Britain declined. In 1822 a revolution, following the triumph of Iturbide and the "Plan" of Iguala, was passed by the United States Congress recognizing the independence of Mexico. This measure was ably advocated by the distinguished statesman, Joel R. Poinsett, then a member from South Carolina. No minister was immediately sent because of the rapidly succeeding events in Mexico—viz., the revolution crowning Iturbide as emperor, a counter revolution banishing Iturbide and creating a provisional government, the return of Iturbide to the little gulf port of Soto la Marina, his capture and execution, and, lastly, the adoption of the federal constitution in 1824, under which, on the 10th of October, 1824, Guadalupe Victoria became the first president and Nicholas Bravo the first vice-president of the republic of Mexico.

UNDER JOHN QUINCY ADAMS' ADMINISTRATION.

Immediately after this constitutional organization of the republic, early in 1825—being again the first nation to act—on account of his great ability and known sympathy with Mexico, Joel R. Poinsett, who had already been Minister to Chili, was appointed Minister to Mexico, and was presented to President Guadalupe Victoria May 1, 1825. Mexico had just before sent as her Minister to the United States Don Pablo Obregon, who died in Washington, leaving in charge his secretary of legation, Don Manuel Montoya, who remained till succeeded, in 1832, by General Don Jose Maria Tornel. Mr. Poinsett remained as Minister till about March 1, 1830. During that time there arose against him a great cry, fomented by maddened partisans, chiefly among the Scottish Mexican Masons, who were violently enraged against the ancient York Masons. In truth the Scottish Masons had become a powerful political party, and in 1827, under their influence, the Legislature of the State of Vera Cruz passed a series of resolutions, on suspicion, substantially charging that the United States were jealous of the prosperity of Mexico, and that a certain foreign Minister (meaning Mr. Poinsett), in order to engender discord among the worthy inhabitants of Mexico, who were living in perfect harmony under the dominion of the Scotch Masons before his arrival, had established the rite of York. On the 4th of July, 1827, Mr. Poinsett published in reply an able and triumphant denial of the charges against his government, and then, in regard to himself, said: "Having thus answered the suspicions of the Legislature of Vera Cruz by a simple statement of facts, the undersigned feels it due to himself to disprove the assertion made by that Legislature, that, in order to engender discord among the worthy inhabitants of Mexico, who were living in perfect harmony before his arrival under the dominion of the Scotch Masons, he had established the rite of York. The rite of York existed before his arrival in the country. He found five lodges established, and did nothing more than send for charters from the Grand Lodge of New York at their request, and install the Grand Lodge of Mexico. He never has assisted in any lodge where political principles were discussed or political combinations formed, and, since the public voice has accused the ancient York Masons of following the pernicious example of the Scotch Masons by using their institutions for political purposes, he has withdrawn himself entirely from their meetings." On the 12th of January, 1828, Mr. Poinsett made a treaty of boundaries between the United States and Mexico, which was ratified April 5, 1831. During the three days' revolution, sacking, and outrage, in November, 1828, commencing among the troops in the Accordada, in the City of Mexico, when many foreigners flocked to his house for protection, while bullets filled the air, Mr. Poinsett rushed to the balcony of his house and waved the Star-Spangled Banner in the face of what was considered certain death. But the infuriated assailants lowered their arms and stood uncovered before such heroism—even cheered "El Ministro Americano!"

UNDER JACKSON'S ADMINISTRATION.

In March, 1829, Anthony Butler succeeded Mr. Poinsett as Minister. He had a personal misunderstanding with General Don Jose Maria Tornel, of the Mexican Cabinet, and addressed him a letter altogether undiplomatic in tone, denunciatory, scathing, and defiant, and expressing a perfect willingness to meet General Tornel on the field of honor. Mr. Butler afterward settled in Texas and was a member of the first session of the Texan Congress, held at Austin in the winter of 1839-40, from Washington County, where, I think, he died not long afterward. On the 11th day of May, 1830, Mr. Butler was succeeded by Powhatan Ellis, a distinguished citizen of Mississippi. In the same year Mexico sent as Envoy Extraordinary to Washington Don Manuel E. Gorostiza, to protest against the United States allowing her people to aid Texas, &c. Later in that year he returned disappointed, and, after some unsatisfactory notes with the Mexican government, Mr. Ellis demanded his passports, and on the 28th of December, 1830, returned to the United States, leaving Branz Mayer, of Baltimore, in charge as secretary, who subsequently wrote an interesting volume on that country.

UNDER VAN BUREN'S ADMINISTRATION

the mission remained vacant until July 7, 1839, when Mr. Ellis resumed its duties.

UNDER TYLER'S ADMINIS