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GRAMMAR, ET CETERA.

English, and American English.

(By Prof. Richard A. Proctor.)

An American friend of mine, in response to the question by an Englishman (an exceedingly positive and dogmatic person, as it chanced), "Why do Englishmen never say 'I guess'?" replied (more wittily than justly), "Because they are so positive about everything." But it is noteworthy that whereas the American says frequently "I guess," meaning "I know," the Englishman frequently lards his discourse with the expression "You know," which is perhaps more modest. Yet, on the other side, it may be noted that the "down East" American often uses the expression "I want to know" in the same sense as our English expression of attentive interest—"Indeed."

Among the other familiar Americanisms may be mentioned the following:

An American who is interested in a narrative or statement will say "Is that so?" or simply "So?" The expression "Possible!" is sometimes but not often heard. Dickens misunderstood this exclamation as equivalent to "It is possible, but does not concern me," whereas in reality it is equivalent to the expression "Is it possible?" I have occasionally heard the expression "Do tell!" but it is less frequently heard now than of yore.

The word "right" is more frequently used than in England, and is used also in senses different from those understood in our English usage of the word. Thus, the American will say "right here" and "right there," where an Englishman would say "just here" or "just there," or simply "here" or "there." Americans say "right away" where we say "directly." On the other hand, I am inclined to think that the English expression "right well" for "very well" is not commonly used in America.

American say, "yes, sir," and "no, sir," with a sense different from that with which the words are used in England; but they mark the difference of sense by a difference of intonation. Thus, if a question is asked to which the reply in England would be simply "yes" or "no" (or, according to the rank or station of the querist, "yes, sir," or "no, sir"), the American reply would be "yes, sir," or "no, sir," intoned as with us in England. But, if the reply is intended to be emphatic, then the intonation is such as to throw the emphasis on the word "sir"—the reply is "yes, sir," or "no, sir." In passing, I may note that I have never heard an American waiter reply "yessir," as our English waiters do.

The American use of the word "quit" is peculiar. They do not limit the word, as we do, to the signification "take leave"—in fact, I have never heard an American use the word in that sense. They generally use it as an equivalent to "leave off" or "stop." (In passing one may notice as rather strange the circumstance that the word "quit," which properly means "to go away from," and the word "stop," which means "to stay," should both have come to be used as signifying to "leave off.") Thus Americans say "quit fooling" for "leave off playing the fool," "quit singing," "quit laughing," and so forth.

To English ears an American use of the word "some" sounds strange—viz., as an adverb. An American will say, "I think some of buying a new house," or the like, "for I have some idea of buying," etc. I have, indeed, heard the usage defended as perfectly correct, though assuredly there is not an instance in all the wide range of English literature which will justify it.

So, also, many Americans defend as good English the use of the word "good" in such phrases as the following: "I have written that note good," for "well"; "that will make you feel good," for "that will do you good," and in other ways all equally incorrect. Of course, there are instances in which adjectives are allowed by custom to be used as verbs, as, for instance, "right" for "rightly," etc., but there can be no reason for substituting the adjective "good" in place of the adverb "well," which is as short a word, and at least equally euphonious. The use of "real" for "really," as "real angry," "real nice," is, of course, grammatically indefensible.

The use of the word "elegant" for "fine" strikes English ears as strange. For instance, if you say to an American, "This is a fine morning," he is likely to reply, "It is an elegant morning," or, perhaps oftener, by using simply the word "elegant." It is not a pleasing use of the word.

There are some Americanisms which seem more than defensible—in fact, grammatically more correct than our English usage. Thus, we seldom hear in America the redundant "got" in such expressions as "I have got," etc., etc. Where the word would not be redundant, it is yet generally replaced by the more euphonious word "gotten," now scarcely ever heard in England. Yet again, we often hear in America such expressions as "I shall get me a new book," "I have gotten me a new dress," "I must buy me that," and the like. This use of "me" for "myself" is good old English, at any rate.

I have been struck by the circumstance that neither the conventional, but generally very absurd, American of our English novelists, nor the conventional Englishman of American novelists, is made to employ the more delicate but at least equally absurd, Americanisms or Anglicisms. We generally find the American "guessing" or "calculating" if not even more coarsely Yankee, like Reade's Joshua Fullalove, while the Englishmen of American novels is almost always very coarsely British, even if he is not represented as using what Americans persist in regarding as the true "English lingo." Where an American is less coarsely drawn, as Trollope's "American Senator," he uses expressions which no American ever uses, and none of those Americanisms which, while more delicate, are in reality more characteristic, because they are common, all Americans using them. And in like manner, when an American writer introduces an Englishman of the more natural sort he never makes him speak as an Englishman would speak; before half a dozen sentences have been uttered he uses some expression which is purely American. Thus no Englishman ever uses and an American may be recognized at once by using such expressions as "I know it," or "That's so," for "It is true," by saying "Why, certainly," for "certainly," and so forth. There are a great number of these slight but characteristic peculiarities of American and English English.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Researches into the subject of rabies have not thrown much light upon the obscure and dreadful disease. It has been demonstrated, however, that the brain substance as well as the saliva contains the virus and will produce the disease as effectively if used to inoculate healthy animals. Matter from the medulla oblongata and the frontal portion of one of the brain hemispheres and the liquid of the brain have thus been used with success. The uncertain development of the disease after inoculation, and the variable and often very long period of incubation, have been among the chief difficulties in the investigation of rabies. M. Pasteur, an eminent French scientist, is now able to communicate the disease surely, and to shorten considerably the time of incubation. His method is to inoculate directly the surface of the brain, using as inoculating matter the cerebral substance of a mad dog as pure as possible. In that case, it is said, the first symptoms of rabies appear infallibly in a week or two, and death ensues in less than three weeks.

A NEIGHBORLY FAMILY.

A family from down in Indiana moved into a house in Detroit and before night had borrowed tea, sugar, eggs, milk and kerosene from as many different neighbors. After three or four days the new family ceased to borrow promiscuously, and settled down on one particular neighbor. At an early hour in the morning a small boy appeared and said: "Say, we are out of tacks and want to put down our carpet. Ma wants to know if she can borrow a few?"

A hunt was made, and the request granted, but in ten minutes the boy returned, and said:

"Say, we've mislaid our tack hammer and ma wants to borrow yours."

He got it, and this time it was twenty minutes before he returned and said:

"Say, ma's pulled all her teeth out pulling on that carpet. She wants to know if you won't lend her one of your boys?"

One of the boys was sent over, but it was an obstinate carpet, and back came the messenger with:

"Say, ain't your husband home?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

"Well, ma's mislaid her husband somewhere, and she wants to borrow yours to pull one end of the infernal carpet through two doors and across a hall."

The line had to be fixed somewhere, and it was fixed here.—*Detroit News.*

A STORY OF "WILD BILL."

Wild Bill was one of the "genuine Indian scouts" of Gen. Custer. He was a fellow of most singular temperament, and was known on the plains as Wild Bill, albeit his actual name was James Hickok. Wild Bill, under circumstances of particular aggravation, shot and killed a desperado in Missouri. Years afterward, Bill became a member of Buffalo Bill's droll theatrical company, and, in compliance with the story of the play, had to repeat every night upon the stage the killing which, as a reality had made him famous. Bill watched the first rehearsal patiently, then he went to the stage manager. "I can't kill that chap, no how," quoth Bill. "Why not?" inquired the manager. "Well," said Bill, tranquilly, "Buffalo slimes him around in the first act, and Maeder clips him in the ear in the second act, and Mrs. Maeder drives him out of the ranch with a broom in the third act. Then I've got to kill him after all in the fourth act. Why, I never killed such a coyote as that in my life! It's all wrong, parhoo! It's all wrong making him out such a squawman as all that. By golly, sir, he was the biggest gentleman I ever shot!" Although he carried a dozen bullets, more or less, deeply imbedded in his flesh, Wild Bill never sustained an internal wound. He was killed, while playing cards, by a second who, for \$500 blood-money paid him by gamblers, sneaked up behind Bill and blew his brains out. Bill was, strangely enough, a very honest and courageous fellow, who, in his office of Marshal, was the terror of the "crooked" gamblers of the Territory. The post-mortem examination of his remains explained his immunity from penetrative bullet-wounds. It was discovered that his ribs were welded together, the intercostal cartilages and muscles having ossified. His lungs and heart, therefore, were naturally protected by a cuirass of bone. Such was the wonderful rapidity with which Bill could draw his pistol that, even in the sudden death which befell him, he had time enough and sense enough to put his hand upon the butt of his revolver.

GOLD AND SILVER.

In antiquity gold was abundant enough, and yet a pound of gold was worth rather less than it is now, say 13 or 14 times a pound of silver. In the middle ages there was hardly any production of gold at all, and still it loses much of its value, for it is hardly worth more than ten times its weight in silver. After the discovery of America, at first it is gold which flows in, and yet it increases in value so as to be worth 11 and 12 times silver, instead of 10 times, as in the middle ages. The production of silver rises from 53,000,000 to 75,000,000 of marks between 1561 and 1690, and for all that the value of silver does not go down. From 1690 to 1700 the production of silver falls from 75,000,000 to 50,000,000, while that of gold rises from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000. Gold ought to have gone up and silver to have gone down; exactly the contrary of this is what took place. During the eighteenth century the production of silver is tripled, and yet its value, which ought to have gone down, goes up, and it falls from 1785, it is because the ratio of 1 to 15, which Calonne established in France, increased the legal tariffification of gold. During the nineteenth century, a fact more conclusive still, gold is produced in ten-fold annual quantity between 1810 and 1860, without any effect on its value. According to the Indian Memorandum there must have been in the world in 1850, 15,557,530 pounds troy of gold, and 339,828,926 of silver, and in 1878 29,809,725 of gold and 489,506,080 silver. The mass of gold doubled; that of silver remains stationary, and nevertheless gold loses none of its value. These figures prove beyond refutation the error of those who make the relative value of precious metal depend upon production; it is solely the effect of the law, as I have proved elsewhere. The French Minister of 1803, M. Gardin, has summed all this up in a sentence: "The price of the precious metals in commerce always regulates itself according to the price of gold at the mint."—*Emile de Laraleyc, in Fortnightly Review.*

Idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the stepmother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, and one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause, not only of melancholy, but of other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, and, if it be not occupied about honest business, it rushes into mischief or sinks into melancholy.

HOW EASY IT IS TO DIE.

"If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die," were the last words of the celebrated surgeon, Wm. Hunter; and Louis XIV. is recorded as saying, with his last breath, "I thought dying had been more difficult."

That the painlessness of death is owing to some benumbing influence acting on the sensory nerves may be inferred from the fact that untoward external surroundings rarely trouble the dying.

On the day that Lord Collingwood breathed his last the Mediterranean was tumultuous; those elements which had been the scene of his past glories rose and fell in swelling undulations and seemed as if rocking him to sleep. Capt. Thomas ventured to ask if he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. "No, Thomas," he answered, "I am now in a state that nothing can disturb me more—I am dying, and I am sure it must be consolatory to you and all that love me to see how comfortably I am coming to my end." In the *Quarterly Review* there is related an instance of a criminal who escaped death from hanging by the breaking of the rope. Henry IV. of France sent his physician to examine him, who reported that after a moment's suffering the man saw an appearance like fire, across which appeared a most beautiful avenue of trees. When a pardon was mentioned the prisoner coolly replied that it was not worth asking for. Those who have been near death from drowning, and afterward restored to consciousness, assert that the dying suffer but little pain.

Capt. Maryatt states that his sensations at one time when nearly drowned were rather pleasant than otherwise. "The first struggle for life once over, the water closing around me assumed the appearance of waving green fields." * * * It is not a feeling of pain, but seems like sinking down, overpowered by sleep, in the long, soft grass of the cool meadow.

Now, this is precisely the condition presented in death from disease. Insensibility comes on, the mind loses consciousness of external objects, and death rapidly and placidly ensues from asphyxia.

A PLUCKY WOMAN EDITOR.

She lives in Durango, Col., and is a woman of energy, ability and versatility. She can manage business, write political leaders, climb mountains, explore mines, write a glowing account of a dancing or dramatic party and captivate a legion of prospectors. She came here with the *Reverend* outfit in the dead of winter, had over 100 miles of wagon ride through deep snows, one breakdown, necessitating a considerable walk at an altitude close upon 10,000 feet; through it all, the driver avers, she never uttered a complaint, but arrived in good trim, ready to assist in starting a daily newspaper in a tent on ground just cleared from snow. The first number was issued Dec. 29, 1880, and the daily has enlarged three times since that date and the weekly one. The *Reverend* has a large, well-stocked job office with steam presses.—*Colorado Mining Journal.*

MAUD S.'s performances during three years summed up as follows: A private trial of 2:17½ as a 4-year-old; 2:14½ over the Chicago track as a 6-year-old, against Trinket and So-so, then and now the best trotting performance in a race against other horses; 2:14½ the same year in a time trial with St. Julian at Rochester—in which St. Julian made precisely the same time, but which he lowered a quarter of a second at Hartford and has been unable to beat since; 2:10½ at Chicago the same season; 2:10½ at Pittsburgh, in June of this year; 2:10½ at Buffalo; 2:10½ at Rochester, the scene of her contest with St. Julian a year ago; 2:11½, at Chicago; 2:12, 2:13½, 2:12½ at Philadelphia. In short, she has put to her credit in three years the best heat as a 4-year-old; the best heat as a 6-year-old; five heats faster than any other horse has ever trotted or paced, one of them when 6 years old; the fastest heat in a race with other horses; the fastest first, second and third heats; the fastest two consecutive heats, and the fastest three consecutive heats. Nothing more is needed to demonstrate her superiority in point of speed and stay combined over any animal, living or dead.

The patent clay pigeon, which has proven so successful since its introduction as a substitute for live birds, is beginning to attract the attention of sportsmen in England as well as the continent.

ETIQUETTE.

Civilized society has laid down certain rules, to which all its members, consciously or unconsciously, conform; and the more these rules are observed, the better claim they give to refinement. As the social scale ascends, the more definite and imperative these unwritten laws become, until in the highest circles of all they rule with a despotic sway. We do not possess a "Ritual" or "Academy of Manners," as do the Chinese; but under the name of etiquette we have laws equally binding. Nor are these confined to civilized nations. Savages have their manners and customs, however uncivilized they may appear to us, but it would not be thought friendly, much less good breeding, to pull the fingers of those we salute till they crack, as do some negro tribes. A curious account is told of two dusky monarchs, who, when making a visit, greeted each other by snapping three times the middle finger. Although this is an example of two Kings, it is scarcely worthy of imitation. Some savages take the hand or foot of him they salute, and with it gently rub their face—this must be rather wearisome to a devoted monarch—while others vigorously apply the nose against that of the person they are greeting. Other salutations are equally inconspicuous and painful and would require some practice to enable a stranger to be polite in the society of such eccentric pagans. Herbert Spencer has shown that there is, nevertheless, always a reason for these strange customs.

Still, etiquette is necessary in royal palaces for keeping order at court; though in Spain it was carried to such lengths that it made martyrs of their Kings. One of them was once sent by the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the poor monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, yet his dignity would not suffer him to rise from his chair; nor could the domestics presume to enter the apartment, because it was against etiquette. At length a courier appeared, and the King ordered him to damp the fire; but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by etiquette to perform such a function, for which a brother noble ought to be called upon, as it was his business. This nobleman was unfortunately away from the palace, and the fire burnt fiercer; yet the King endured it rather than lessen his dignity. The result was that his majesty became heated to such a degree that fever set in the following day, and he died a martyr to the rules of etiquette.

GEN. HAZEN'S EXPERIENCE WITH A BOUND.

"It was during the Indian fight in 1859," said the General. "I was then a Lieutenant, and during a charge I was shot with a revolver in the hands of a redskin. The savage was about ten feet from me. The shot struck me in the middle of the left hand, and, passing through, entered my abdomen, passing clean through and lodging in the muscles of my back. The ball carried away part of the rib, and the same feature noticed in the President's wound followed—the high intermittent fever and increase of pulsations, the formation of pus pockets, and the irritation caused by the shattered bone. I had to undergo the same operation for the removal of the splintered bone, and the incisions to give an opening for the pus. The wounds healed, that in my hand, however, giving me the greatest trouble, it being eighteen months before I could use it at all. The ball never troubled me until fifteen years after. In 1872 I fell on the ice, and the cyst inclosing the ball broke, and it began to gravitate. I noticed a severe pain, but did not imagine it was the ball, until it became so unbearable that I was compelled to give it attention. It grew worse and worse, and I endured almost excruciating agony. It lodged again so close to the femoral nerves that my right leg was paralyzed, and I was in a terrible condition. I had to stop work, and it was only a year before that the ball ceased to trouble me, and it is in my body to-day."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"Pat," said a gentleman who is fond of using high-sounding phraseology to his man-of-all-work, "I am going to town at 10 o'clock, and shall weed out the cucumber beds in the interim." "Interim?" thought Pat. "That's a mighty queer name for a garden, anyhow." "Is Mr. Smith at home?" asked a visitor who called shortly afterward. "Yes, warr; ye'll find him at work in his interim there byant," announced Pat.

PLEASANTRIES.

A nonchalant cue—A burglar's confession.

Outsiders have to have pretty long arms when they lug the shore.

"Lar's strip the light fantastic toe," said the chiropodist to his patient.

When you find yourself with your wife and your mother-in-law, to whom should you give your arm?

An Irishman tells of a woman who was so cross-eyed that she put her spectacles on the back of her head.

A certain musical critic is so full of music that he finds it impossible to eat his meals save with a tuning fork.

The average woman is composed of 243 bones, 169 muscles, 1 pair garters, 22 old newspapers and 20 hair-pins.

A Michigan chiropodist offers to chirop with any man for \$100 a side. If beaten he will acknowledge the corn.

The higher you are lifted by the remarks of a flatterer, the flatterer you feel when you come down to the truth again.

Go to the root of the matter—When a dentist extracts an old fang. Wearing the crown—When he files the top of a tooth. A jawbreaker—The foretop.

You can't both eat your cake and have it.—*Ancient Proverb.* No; but you can take your drinks and have 'em—have 'em had.—*Washington Globe.*

A TELEPHONE OPERATOR, when asked to say grace at a dinner, horrified the party, in a fit of absent-mindedness, by bowing his head and shouting, "Hello! hello!"

An English girl writes that no man will stare long at a woman who does not stare back. That sounds very well, but if she does not stare back, how is she to know whether the man has stopped staring or not?

A COMET never wags its tail in token of welcome to the numerous telescopes pointed at it by astronomers. Prof. Middelheerd infers from this that comets are not inhabited, and that their tails are not utilized in fly time.

You can tell a new grapher in a minute. He always inquires if Dr. Mary Walker doesn't put for office. This joke seems to be the alphabet and primer of a paragon education.—*New Haven Register.*

"How FUNNELLY that smoke goes up," remarked Job Shuttle this morning. "Yes, it flues," replied the oldest boy, and they both retired to allow the puns to crystallize on the fragrant air.—*New Haven Register.*

You frequently hear of excitable people being transported to the seventh heaven by a little temporary happiness. A day after they would give anything in the world for a certainty of being able to make a landing in the first heaven.

CURIOUS SOCIAL ECCENTRICITY.

A London correspondent, dining at the house of a wealthy manufacturer, was astonished to see the hostess take an apple and the daughter an orange, and, having removed the skin of both, cut them into small pieces. The head butler handed them around on separate plates to the various guests, each taking his or her diminutive share. The idea suggested, that economy was being carried to meanness, was dispelled by the alacrity shown by the host in bringing, later on, from his cellar, bottle after bottle of wine, grown in vineyards during exceptionally favorable years.

The *Cleveland Leader* wishes to know what the revolver has done for mankind that its crimes should be condoned, denounces the weapon as the enemy of peace and good order, and calls for the enactment of a law for the suppression of the pistol habit. This proposed law should be so framed as to prohibit the purchase of revolvers or other deadly weapons, except by persons authorized by permit to buy the same; these weapons to be sold by some authority designated by law—say, in cities, the Mayor or Board of Police Commissioners, and for other portions of the State the Judges of the inferior courts. The sale of weapons, the *Leader* proposes, shall be further restrained by issuing permits only to well-known and law-abiding citizens, and those allowed to purchase them for house protection should guarantee not to carry their pistols on their persons. Any plan that looks to the abolishment of the practice of carrying weapons should be encouraged, and this seems to be a feasible one.