

## My Friend Jasper.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

Jasper Monroe's home was just across the street, opposite mine.

Jasper and I were born on the same day. We grew up as like in size as we were in age, and no two boys were ever more closely united in heart than we. There was hardly any sacrifice we would not have made for each other. One of our favorite play-places was a pile of rocks about half a mile from home, known as "Sharp Nose Crag." The "Crag" was high, and overhung the bank of a river. One day Jasper and I had climbed to the top of these rocks. Stepping too near the edge, he fell with a cry, into the swift-running water below.

For a moment I stood terrified. I had learned to swim. He had not, having, somehow, a natural timidity in the water that he could not overcome. I realized his danger, but, doubting my own strength to save, I shouted for help as loudly as I could. But there was no one in sight. I was in agony. Just then Jasper rose to the surface, striking out wildly with his arms, the stream rapidly bearing him away. Obeying a resistless impulse, I leaped in after him.

It was a desperate struggle—in the strong current, and in the frightened clutch of a drowning boy. How I came out alive is a mystery to this day. But a good Providence aided me, and my frantic efforts kept us both above water till we drifted some distance below, where the river grew broader and shallower, and I could touch the bottom with my feet.

But here the water ran even swifter than before, for we were just at the entrance of "the rapids" under the cliff. Sunk to our necks as we were, it was impossible either to wade or swim. Jasper was nearly exhausted. I clung to him, and screamed again for assistance.

Fortunately, my first out cry had been heard, and now two men ran down the bank to our rescue. By the time I reached dry land again, I was as helpless as Jasper.

The men carried us home; and we had not fully recovered from our perilous adventure before the story had gone through the town that Jasper Monroe had fallen into the river, and Royal Hooper had saved him from drowning at the risk of his own life. Everybody praised me for what I had done, and I found myself excited into a hero.

Jasper's gratitude was deep and sincere. "I should not be alive now but for you. I shall never forget it as long as I live."

When we appeared at school again, he could not refrain from lionizing me among my mates, and pointing me out as his benefactor. "Boys," said he "here's the boy that never forsakes a friend! He staked his life for mine, and won by his pluck. Three cheers for Royal Hooper, the bravest and best fellow among us!" "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" responded every throat on the playground; and the weight of honor from the school-boy ovation that I received quite staggered me.

As might be supposed, after all this, Jasper and I were drawn even closer to each other than before, and it seemed that nothing could disturb the strong friendship that existed between us. For months we were inseparable,—

"Two souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one."

It was my own folly that provoked the first discord. One day we were returning from school. I had just taken the prize for declamation, and was feeling uncommonly merry,—perhaps a little self-important. As we stopped a moment under the shade of a big oak tree by the roadside, I said jokingly,—

"Jasp, take off your hat. You should uncover your head before your superiors. You forget that I'm the prize man."

He laughed, and, prompted by a spirit of perverse fun, I pulled his hat from his head, and tossed it over the fence.

He went after it, still laughing, though slightly irritated; but as soon as he had put it on, I pulled it off again, and threw it up into the tree, where it lodged in the high branches far out of reach. He climbed after it with difficulty, and as I stood watching him, I said, in a teasing tone, "You'll never make your mark as a gymnast, Jasp. You are as clumsy as an elephant." I continued to laugh at him till he came down, and by that time his face was flushed with anger. As soon as he reached the ground, he walked straight up to me, seized my hat, and, doubling it together, hurled it, with all his might over a clump of alder bushes. It fell into a little brook just beyond, and was soon soaked with water.

I had to wade into the stream for my cap, and returned furious with anger. The quarrel was now fairly kindled, and I did not stop to reflect that I was entirely to blame.

"You've spoiled my hat!" I cried. "It was contemptibly mean in you to throw it into the water."

"You began it. You tossed mine into the tree. It's fair play, and you've got as good as you gave."

"No, it isn't fair play. If a plunge bath is good for my hat, it's just as good for yours," and, with spiteful quickness, I snatched his cap again, and ran and threw it into the brook. Jasper saw it float down the stream, but made no attempt to regain it.

"I'm not going on a fool's errand," he said, as I came back.

"Then leave it there if you want to," I replied.

"Yes, I'll leave it there, and take that for your meanness!" cried Jasper, striking me a blow on the cheek.

This roused me to fury, and I dealt him a heavy blow in return. "I won't bear a blow from you, nor fifty like you!" I shouted.

He was not slow to retaliate, and in another minute we were fighting like two maniacs. We struck and pounded; a med at each other's eyes and noses, and in our

rage tried, of course, to make every blow hurt as much as possible. Sometimes it was I who got the worst of it, and sometimes Jasper. We were so evenly matched that the combat promised to be a long one.

"If you'll stop, I'll stop!" shouted Jasper at last.

"Never! I'll lick you till you beg!" I cried in return.

The words were hardly spoken when I stepped on a rolling stone and fell violently to the ground, with my right arm twisted under me. I felt a sharp pain, and lay faint and helpless. My fighting was over.

"I give up," was all I could say. Then I grew dizzy. Objects began to swim and swim before my eyes. I knew that I was growing unconscious, and thought I was going to die.

What happened during my unconscious moments, I do not know, but when I revived from the swoon into which the severe pain had thrown me, Jasper's frightened voice was calling my name.

Poor Jasper! His fierce anger was all gone, and distress and tenderness had taken its place.

"I thought you were dead," he gasped "I thought I had killed you. O dear, I am so sorry. What shall I do?"

"Take me home. Oh, my arm! It is broken!"

Jasper half-supported, half-carried me to my father's house, and I was laid on the bed in my own room. My parents were greatly alarmed to see me so white and faint, a messenger was at once sent for the doctor.

The operation of setting my broken bone was terribly painful, and I swooned again before it was over. Jasper remained in the house, but was unable to witness my suffering. After my arm had been splintered and bandaged, and I had recovered consciousness, I asked for him.

My father called him. He came to my bedside and burst into tears.

"O Roy, this is dreeful! You saved my life, and I have been fighting you—and broke your arm!" He covered his face with his hands.

"Never mind now, Jasper. I was to blame. I began the quarrel."

"And I got mad and struck you in the face. I shall never forgive myself!"

"What's done can't be undone." I replied, in as cheerful a tone as I could.

"But we won't fight again, will we?"

"Ah, boys," said my father, seriously, "you have had a sore lesson, both of you. Royal sees now, to his sorrow, what thoughtless teasing may lead to. Remember that 'anger rests in the bosom of fools,' and take care neither to indulge it nor provoke it."

Great was the astonishment of our school friends when the news went abroad that Jasper and I had been fighting, and that I was seriously hurt.

"It beats all creation!" exclaimed Joseph Harrington.

"Hot love is soon cooled. When I saw Jasp and Roy such thick friends, I knew 'twouldn't last," said Philip Montague.

In a few months my arm was strong as ever, and I was in my old place again in the same seat with my friend at school. In time we entered college together in the same class, and occupied the same room. After graduation, we traveled together through Europe; and on our return began business under the sign of Hooper & Monroe.

The lesson of our childhood has remained with us; and even could it be forgotten, we are too thoroughly united in interest to have any falling out now.

Boys, remember that "fast and loose" frolic may end in a fight, and fun that hurts will often divide the best of friends.

## Webster's Disappointment.

Mr. Webster is reported to have said to a friend that although he knew that he had a public reputation to leave to posterity, yet if he was to live his life over again, he would, upon no consideration whatever, permit himself to enter public life. The public, he said, are ungrateful, and the man who serves the most faithfully receives no adequate reward. Do your duty, he added, as a private citizen, but let politics alone. It is probable that he said this substantially as it is reported, for there was never a more disappointed public man. Toward the end of his life there was almost a gloomy melancholy in his aspect. At the completion of the Erie Railroad, in 1851, as Secretary of State he accompanied President Fillmore and a very distinguished party of public men on an excursion along the road from New York to Dunkirk, and upon reaching Dunkirk he spoke from a platform in the street. During the speech the Easy Chair, who was a spectator, observed that the sun was setting just behind Mr. Webster as he stood erect, his gray hair lifted by the breeze, his great head and sombre, mournful face drawn against the illuminated west. It was a significant and pathetic spectacle.

A little later the National Convention of his party passed him by and nominated another candidate for the Presidency. Still a little later he died, as was generally felt, a broken-hearted man, not only, it was believed, because he had failed to receive the "adequate reward," but because of some things he had been willing to do to obtain it. On the evening of the 6th of March, 1850 the orator at Plymouth Rock in 1821 said to a friend and member of Congress, who told the Easy Chair, "To-morrow I am going to annihilate you—abolitionists."

The remarks that we have quoted are familiar, and are but a modern form of Wolsey's piteous words to Cromwell in Shakepeare's *Henry VIII.* They are true as so in this sense, that the man who serves the public for the hope of official reward from the public will probably be disappointed. But this truth is as

old as history, and no man who is able to fill great public place adequately can be ignorant of it. The blindness of personal ambition is well illustrated by the reported words of Mr. Webster. He says, in effect, that he had served the public faithfully, and had been not only inadequately rewarded but had been most severely censured for his least selfish actions. But what is adequate reward of great public service?

For forty years Mr. Webster was almost continuously in public life, as Representative in Congress, Senator, and Secretary of State. His commanding abilities, at once recognized, placed him in general estimation at the head of the bar, and secured him an unequalled influence in politics. By common consent he was the chief of living American orators, and his mere presence as speaker gave greatness to the greatest occasions. Upon points of constitutional law he was the highest authority, so that his word alone could challenge a long-settled interpretation, not only without absurdity, but with a force that was so respected as to raise a doubt. As a diplomatist he was unrivaled among his fellow statesmen. And, above all, there was the greatness of his reputation—a historic fame that began while he was yet living—which made him the most conspicuous of American citizens, and which might well have satisfied the most inordinate ambition of applause and personal consideration. No possible official position could have added to his renown, nor to his opportunity of great service. If his fame and his unquestionable power, the immense admiration which was universally conceded to him, and his vast authority in public affairs were not an adequate reward, it is not easy to see what would have been.—*Harper's Magazine for May.*

## Jesse Pomeroy in Prison.

Probably there is more curiosity concerning the prison career of Jesse Pomeroy than any other convict in the institution. His atrocities are known the world over, and hundreds make the vain visit to the prison to get a sight at him. Indeed, scarcely a visitor appears here but who asks for the privilege, and, strange as it may seem, the most importunate and persistent of these are found among the lady visitors. It is no uncommon thing for the warden to be importuned for half an hour at a time by a delegation of these philanthropic females, and finding that their pleadings are useless, they go off in a rage probably declaring inwardly that Pomeroy is a saint and angel in comparison with Gen. Chamberlain. This singular phenomenon of a fiend and murderer is even more singular since his incarceration for life in a lonely cell than he was in the palmy days of his atrocities.

He has, in fact, become quite an exemplary young man, and is evidently bent on acquiring a thoroughly classical education. He is away by himself in a cell in that part of the prison known as the "Upper Arch," out of sight of everything and everybody, and the only sounds which greet his ears are the whistles of the passing locomotives and rumbling of the trains. Three times a day only is the solitude broken by the appearance of a keeper with his meals, and not a word passes between them. It should be added, in qualification, however, that the chaplain visits him occasionally, and also that his mother and brother are allowed interviews with him every three months. This is in accordance with the general rules of the prison, all of which are applicable to Pomeroy, with the terrible exception that his confinement is to be solitary during his natural life.

During the regular working hours he is employed in making shoe-brushes, but in this respect he is not the most profitable convict in prison. He seems to have taken to literature rather than to the mechanic arts, and spends much of his time in the acquisition of knowledge. So far as the English branches go he is already master, and has now attacked Latin, French and German, and is making astonishing progress in all three of them. If it were not for the conditions which forbid his mingling with the rest of the prisoners it would not be a bad idea to make him "Professor of Languages" of the institution. He writes a letter to his mother every week, and receives one from her regularly in return.—The poor woman brings over her communication every Saturday, and invariably finds one awaiting her.

The letters which the young murderer writes are marvels in the way of parental correspondence, and some of his descriptions of his lonely life are characterized by a sadness which is indeed harrowing. He never makes any reference to his crimes, and, when questioned by the officers about the multitude of murders and outrages which he has committed, he invariably answers that he knows nothing whatever about them. He has always shown a great affection for his mother, and her devotion to him has shown her to possess those natural instincts which are the charm of pure womanhood. She seems to be an exemplary woman in every respect, never complaining, but always anxious, and has the condolence and sympathy of every officer of the prison, as she should indeed of the whole community.

Parents are often puzzled to help their children when they get beans, buttons, etc., in their noses. The Medical Record says: "Blow the patient's nose for him, by closing the empty nostril with your finger and blowing suddenly and strongly into the mouth—an efficient method which has often succeeded when instruments have failed. The glottis closes spasmodically, and the whole force of your breath goes to expel the button or bean, which commonly flies out at the first effort."

## The Madman of the Woods.

In the fall of 186—just before our winter logging campaign vague rumors were afloat about a raving maniac, escaped from some asylum, who, it was said, had taken to the woods, and was committing depredations upon the farmers.

He was described as a very large and powerful man, armed with a huge bludgeon, said to be larger than a three-years sapling, with which he had killed several oxen, and desparately wounded one man who had had the hardihood to attack him.

The day before we started for the logging camp we were startled by the intelligence that a man answering the description of this supposed myth had been seen only ten miles distant, and the morning of our start, a messenger from our next neighbor, three miles away, summoned us to aid him in the capture of this creature, who, just at dusk, the evening before, had, in full sight of one of his men, stolen a sheep and rushed in the forest with it uttering wild yells.

A fierce mastiff had been set on him, which he instantly killed by a blow from his heavy club, and entered the thick underbrush, into which no one dared follow him. Here he uttered such terrible shrieks as startled the bravest among the men who had started in pursuit.

Although it caused a great disarrangement of our plans, we responded to the call, and twelve men, among them, started the next morning on snow shoes (for the snow was two or three feet deep) to the aid of our afflicted neighbor.

Arrived there, we found everything in confusion, for the madman had entered the stable during the absence of the men at breakfast, and ridden off a horse at full speed up the road, which had afterward returned, covered with foam, and so thoroughly scared that every slight noise caused him to cower and tremble.

We all adjourned to the stable to look at the horse, and then started in the direction the "destroyer of our peace" had taken. We each wore snow-shoes, and carried a gun, though we were strictly forbidden to use them unless it became absolutely necessary for our own safety. A supply of rope was also taken, to be used in case of his capture.

We had proceeded up the road for half a mile or more, when we came to an indentation in the soft snow by the side of the road, where the maniac had evidently been thrown from the horse.

A rail fence near had been dragged down and evidently hurled at the retreating figure of the animal.

From this place we could easily follow the trail of the man, who had sunk deep in the snow at every step, and entered the woods but a short distance from the road.

Hither we eagerly followed, and very shortly were painfully made aware of the presence of the object of our search, who had secreted himself behind a large pine stump. When the first man passed him, he sprang upon him and bore him into the snow. We all together dragged him off, but tried in vain to hold him down. He threw us all off, and, knocking two or three men down, disappeared into the thick forest.

The man whom he had so savagely attacked was not seriously hurt, but we all agreed that it would be useless to follow the wild man, as we could not effect his capture without some of us being severely injured.

We accordingly returned home and carried out the programme of the day, and by three o'clock had arrived at the lumber camp.

Here everything went well for awhile, and we were just getting well under way with our logging, when the wild man again made his presence known in an unexpected, and, as it proved, fatal way. We had thought it barely possible that he might visit our camp, but as two or three weeks had passed, and we were eight or nine miles from where he had last been seen, we had entirely given up the idea.

Our method of logging was to cut a road from our timber to the nearest creek, and haul the logs on to the ice, there to wait for the spring freshet. The snow on the sides of these roads often became six or eight feet high, and it was then impossible to turn out on either side, hence we had "switches" at regular intervals, where each empty team waited till the loaded sled passed.

It was about four o'clock, and already becoming dusk, on Thursday of our third week, that I was taking my last load down to the ice. A short distance behind came Jim Hayden with another load. I was but a few rods from the "switch" when I heard a terrible scream of boisterous laughter.

The thought that it was the madman instantly forced itself upon me, and upon looking around, I saw the six yoke of oxen tearing madly down the road towards me. (It was down grade.) They were heavily loaded, and atop the logs stood the madman, plying the whip and uttering such fearful yells as fairly made my blood run cold.

I immediately perceived that if I did not get my load into the switch before he passed, a terrible catastrophe would be the result, and I therefore hurried the oxen as much as possible; but despite my efforts, I had only succeeded in getting partly in when the twelve oxen struck the end of the logs with a heavy crash, killing the off oxen of the two middle teams instantly, and throwing my oxen down.

The madman was thrown from the sled, and struck my load on his back, where he lay groaning heavily. The oxen kept on in their mad career, carrying their dead comrades with them, and ran on to the ice where the impetuous of the heavy load forced them over some of the logs, when the "nigh fer'a'd" ox broke a leg. The remaining cattle tore away from the sled, and dragged their dead and wounded companions into the woods, where we afterwards found them.

When my oxen were thrown, I slipped

the bolt from the "evener," so that in case they should stampee the sled would be safe. They ran a few yards and stopped, just as our whole party came up, out of breath, carrying their weapons and inquiring for the madman. I pointed to the top of the load, one of the men climbed up and found him dead. His back had been broken.

I inquired for Jim, and was informed that the madman had crept upon him as he was walking by the side of his team, and had killed him with a heavy beetle, and thrown his body against a tree.

The parents of young Hayden were wild with grief, and blamed us all severely. He was their oldest son and chief support.

We advertised the death of the maniac in the nearest city papers, and a week or ten days afterward heard from his relatives.

He had been a wealthy physician in the State of New York, with a large practice, but had lost his reason through giving a patient poison by mistake.

On hearing of Jim's death, the brother of the maniac made the Haydens a present of five thousand dollars. He also paid for all the damage his brother had done elsewhere.

After everything had been settled we went back to our logging, and although we were very successful, that winter was the dark one of my life.

## Tit for Tat.

Dobbs was up and doing last April Fool Day. A singular phenomenon was to be seen in the vicinity of his place of business. Dobbs went home from his store the last evening in March, and while taking tea remarked to his wife that his colored porter had been blessed with an increase in his family.

"Why," said Mrs. D., "that makes nine!"

"Exactly," said he; "but the singularity about this new comer is, that one-half of its face is black."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. D., "that is singular indeed. How strange! What can be the cause of such disfigurement?"

"Can't say," replied Dobbs, "but it is a curiosity worth seeing, to say the least of it."

"So I should think," returned his better half. "I will go down in the morning, and take such delicacies as the woman needs, and see the child at the same time."

Dobbs knew she would, so he went out to smoke a cigar. Next morning, after he went to his store, the kind-hearted woman made up a basket of nice things, and, taking the servant girl, went down to cheer up the mother and see the singular child. When Dobbs went home to dinner his wife looked surprised. Before he had time to seat himself she said:

"Have you seen Cousin John? He was here this morning to pay you the money you lent him, and as he could not wait for you, and must leave town again to-day, I told him you would be at the store at half-past two."

"How fortunate," said he. I need just that amount to take up a note to-morrow. Just two now," said Dobbs, looking at his watch; "I will go down at once, for fear of missing him."

"Can't you have dinner first?" said his affectionate wife; "you will be in time."

"No," said he, "I want that money, and would not like to miss him, so I will go at once."

"By the by," said the lady, "how came you to tell me such a story about one side of that child's face being white?"

"No, no," said he, as he put on his hat, "you are mistaken. I said one side was black. You did not ask me about the other side; that was black, too. First of April, my dear, first of April, you know."

Dobbs departed in haste and did not return home again till tea-time, and then he looked disappointed.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Mrs. D.

"Why, I missed Cousin John, and I needed that thousand dollars to take up a note with to-morrow, and everyone is so short I cannot raise it."

"Oh, is that all?" returned she; "then it's all right. Cousin John paid me the money and said you could send him a receipt by mail."

"But," asked Dobbs, "why couldn't you tell me so at dinner-time, and not say he would be at the store to pay me at half-past two, and so send me off without my dinner, besides causing me so much anxiety for nothing?"

"I am sorry you have had so much anxiety and trouble," returned his wife, "but you are mistaken in supposing I told you he would be at the store at that time. I said I told him that you would be there at half-past two, and, knowing you were in want of that money, I knew you would not fail. First of April, my dear; first of April, you know!"

Dobbs caved in; he acknowledged the corn, and Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs enjoyed a pleasant supper.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

A great strike of cotton operatives has commenced in England. Although the movement is not so widespread as was at one time feared, the number of strikers will probably reach 50,000, and the greater portion of the employes and protesting employers are said to be determined to hold out to the bitter end. The history of British strikes show how much of misery, especially to the poor operatives, may result from these labor contests, and it is probable that in the present instance there will be no abatement of the suffering entailed by this voluntary act on the part of the operatives. A disposition to compromise by making the reduction of wages 5 instead of 10 percent is shown by some of the mill proprietors.