

VARIETIES.

There is in the following brief poem a charming picture of domestic life, heightened by an allusion to a well-known incident in the life of Washington.

"Dear father, look up, Restrain the blood, And tell me what ails my forehead? Is it blood and sin? Or what could do so To cause a confusion so horrid?"

"Your mother, Jane Ann, A newspaper, Admitted, till I warned her she'd catch it; 'Tis Washington, Cannot tell a lie."

"Lend it with my little blue eye."

"A had come to two men money. What is the key-note to good breeding? B-natural."

"To rob a man of his money is to wound him in the chest."

"Out of sight, out of mind," said the mad wag said when he saw a blind idiot.

"Several Chicagoans have lately died of throat disease superinduced by razors."

"Who was the wisest man? Knower. What did he know? He knew enough to go in out of the rain."

"Whatever Midas touched turned into gold. In these days, touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything."

"Paris, Ky., boasts of a horse which, having cast ashore, jumped out of his enclosure, went to a blacksmith shop and had himself shod."

"A Chicago sportsman's idea of heaven: 'I would have it a boundless prairie, with an eternal September, and I'd have with me an everlasting gun and a never-dying dog.'"

"A Belfast gentleman wears an old-fashioned silver fountain pen attached to his watch-chain, in affectionate remembrance of the time when it was the equivalent for a square, honest drink of old cognac."

"God made him, therefore, let him pass for a man." In the phrase which is the Atlantic (Ga.) Revolution heads an article in regard to a fellow who passed a one dollar counterfeit bill on a child in that city.

"Poems are divided into three classes—those that are worth reading, and, therefore, are worth writing; those that are worth writing, but that are not worth reading; and those that are worth neither reading nor writing."

"A gentleman who carried around the contribution box at an Episcopal church the other Sunday, carried conspicuously in his hand a large bank bill as a decoy duck. When he got to his seat he returned it to his wallet."

"Pastor Sweden, the most popular preacher in Sweden, draws immense crowds in Stockholm; and yet he is said to have but one sermon, which he preaches in a thousand different forms. He is known there as the kaleidoscope clergyman."

"Sidney Smith once gave a lady twenty receipts against melancholy: one was a bright line; another to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob."

"In the midst of a heavy shower during a protracted storm, a little Miss was observed at the window crying bitterly. 'What's the matter,' she was asked. 'I'm 'fraid.'"

"There's nothing here to hurt you; what are you afraid of?" "Fraid of Noah?"

"One day Trotter stopped a man on the road who drove a miserable team of sick and aged little mules, and with the calculation, 'Look a here, pilgrim, I know a man that would give eight hundred dollars if he could see them mules.' 'Why,' exclaimed the man, started by such an unexpected prospect of luck, 'you don't say so. Who is he?' 'The blind man,' said Trotter, 'laug.'"

"One of the importunate juveniles who solicit pennies was asked, 'Where is your mother?' She answered diffidently, 'She is dead.' 'Have you no father?' 'Yes, sir, but he is sick.' 'What ails him?' continued the questioner. 'He's got a sore finger, sir.' 'Indeed?' 'Yes, sir.' 'They why don't you let him die?' 'Please sir,' responded the little maid, 'he hasn't got any money to buy a knife.'"

"A gentleman from Philadelphia was recently commending a young friend to the notice of a Chicago merchant, and closed his appeal by saying: 'He comes of a very good family; both his father and grandfather were prominent men in the East.' 'Were they?' responded the merchant, 'that is good, but it is of no account to me here. There is less hadlyism in Chicago than any other place in the United States.'"

"The Dubuque Times says: 'There is a difference between a frog and a toad. There is a difference between a preacher and a pickered. A Hum-boldt county preacher on the look out for a frog for legs and a toad, loaded a look with it, and went pickered fishing. He caught no pickered, because, although he didn't know the difference between a frog and a toad, the pickered did, and that was the difference between a preacher and a pickered.'"

"The editor of a journal published in Antwerp sent a reporter to Brussels for the king's speech, and with him a couple of carrier pigeons to take back the documents speedily. At Brussels he gave the pigeons in charge of a waiter and called for breakfast. He was kept waiting some time, but a very delicate friend attended for the delay. After breakfast he paid his bill and called for the carrier pigeons. 'The pigeons,' exclaimed the waiter, 'why have you eaten them?'"

"The daily 'course of study' at Vassar college embraces two barrels of flour, five barrels of potatoes, one barrel of coffee, one barrel of soup, two hundred and sixty pounds of poultry, one hundred and eighty pounds of roast beef, two hundred quarts of milk, one hundred and sixty quarts of ice-cream, and eight hundred eggs. It takes three years of this sort of thing to perfect the girls in all the details of a first rate classical education."

"It is a very pretentious young man of slender proportions, who affects literature, especially in the presence of young ladies. On one occasion he brought down the house by asking a lady if he had read Dickens's last novel. 'The Diamond Edition?' A most astounding blunder is the following: Seeing a copy of Lalla Rookh lying on a counter-table, he called attention to it, when somebody inquired if he had ever read it. 'No,' he replied, 'I have never read any of Miss Rookh's poems.'"

"A New Haven paper says: 'As one of our most regular conductors was running his train through a severe rain storm, in passing from one car to his hands became quite wet, so that in making change for a lady the money stuck together and delayed the process; for which he apologized by saying, 'The bills stick to my fingers, they are so wet.' The lady was partly asleep, but her reply awoke the conductor. 'Yes,' said she, 'in drawing tone, I have heard that money does stick to conductors' fingers—when they are wet—but it always slips out of mine fast as I can get it, wet or dry.'"

PIZZI ISLANDS.

War and Cannibalism—The Troubles Among the Natives.

The Honolulu Gazette publishes the following account of recent difficulties in Ovaiahu:

"The great topic of conversation here, and one which, to my mind, is of paramount importance, is the present warlike aspect of the natives—not as yet toward the white population, but among themselves. At the back of this island, and only a few miles from the beach, is a powerful tribe known as the Levoni. On the north end of the island reside another tribe, but more numerous, the Thakombau. These two tribes appear to have had some differences, and had fought, the particulars of which were made known to the king by a chief named Cornelius. Upon obtaining this information, Thakombau sent over to the Levoni men, requesting them to desist from fighting. The reply was that they would kill the individual who had informed them of their doings, and who they soon found out to be Cornelius. I should state that up to this time the people of all tribes in Ovaiahu had professed Christianity, and Cornelius was said to be a most exemplary and pious man, well known to the missionaries as a native teacher. Nevertheless, upon Cornelius making his appearance among them, he was instantly clubbed; his body mutilated and then interred. Two days after his interment the body was exhumed, in accordance with an old native custom, and a 'man oven' was constructed and heated with red-hot stones. Into this the body of poor Cornelius was thrust and baked like a pig. And then a barbarian feast was held by these heathen cannibals who devoured every portion of the remains, picking the bones clean, and reserving them as trophies. But this only whetted their appetite for human flesh, and they made another onslaught on their neighbors at the north end of the island, and have killed, I understand, about thirty, all of whom it is believed have been eaten by their cannibal neighbors. And is a chief of great renown (the present owner of the yacht Nariva), having some antipathy to Thakombau, takes the part it is said, of the Levoni to tell them to put up their weapons with powder, ball and muskets. Meanwhile Thakombau, with the chivalry which is characteristic of these powerful Fiji chiefs, sent to the Levoni to tell them to put up their weapons, and to build their forts, as it was his intention, so soon as he got his army together, to come over to them and fight them. His majesty is now making the preparation for this assault. Almost every day, from remote parts of his domains, war canoes full of fighting men are arriving at Levuka, and taking up their residences at the native villages; and there must now be some thousands of them congregated here. Fighting, indeed, has actually commenced. The Levoni are said to be encamped in an impregnable fortification, upon a rock. Yet it is also said they believe they will be vanquished by Thakombau, who no doubt will overcome them and put to death all the principal leaders, making prisoners of the rest, who, it is anticipated, will be sold to the planters. It must be remarked that these Fiji belligerents are fully armed with the newest pattern and revolvers, besides their spears and clubs, and are most excellent shots. But they are not drilled, and their warfare is purely of the guerrilla kind."

SPRAGUE.

A Green New Yorker's Trip to Providence—What He Saw and What He Heard—How He Felt—His Opinions.

A New Yorker visited Providence on Saturday last, and during the first few days after his return he answered all questions by simply saying, "Sprague."

"During a brief interval he made the following explanation: 'I left this city on one of the New York and Providence line of steamboats. On going through Hell Gate, I remarked to a fellow-passenger that the company provided comfortable and substantial bunks for the Sound travelers. 'The company don't own these boats now, they have been sold to a rich Providence man,' replied my companion. 'Who is the lucky man?' 'Sprague.'"

"In the evening when within fifteen miles of Providence, I noticed a beautiful villa on the western shore of Narragansett Bay. A fine pier ran into the water, and the boat was a Providence man. 'Sprague.'"

"Just before reaching Providence a beautiful yacht passed by a conk skin over the water as graceful as a swan. 'There goes the fastest yacht in these waters,' said the Providence man. 'Sprague.'"

"On landing, I stepped into a horse car. It was very light, neat and clean. 'I am glad to see that there is one company in the United States that knows how to run a horse railroad,' said I to my Providence friend. 'This is not owned by a company. All the railroads in this city are run by one individual.' 'Who is that public benefactor?' 'Sprague.'"

"On the way up town a number of large trucks, each drawn by four black horses, passed us. On the sides of the trucks I read the words, 'Sprague Mowing Machine Company.'"

"In the main street of the town a number of trucks loaded with dry goods boxes passed us. The trucks were labeled, 'Sprague's Print Works.'"

"Let us take a walk up Hope street, said my Providence friend. Hope street was lined with aristocratic mansions. One particularly fine one, with a large porch, and a house and stables, threw them all in the shade. Of course I enquired: 'Who owns this place?' 'Sprague.'"

"While driving out to Narragansett Park we passed a large factory surrounded by several streets of cosy white houses, all built alike. 'These houses were built by one man for his workmen to live in.' 'Who is it that cares so much for the workmen?' 'Sprague.'"

"Arriving at the park, my friend called my attention to a long row of substantial, handsome stables. 'Here,' said he, 'all horses intended to participate in the races are kept free of expense.' 'Who does this hospitable thing?' 'Sprague.'"

"Now step into the grand stand, and look over the finest race track and grandly equipped grandstand. 'Who has done all this?' 'Sprague.'"

"Just then the bell rang to summon the horses for a trot. Out came Henry, Hotspur, Bluno and Rhode Island. They were all beauties. Rhode Island was the handsomest. His skin shone like black satin. He was full of electricity. 'Who owns Rhode Island?' 'Sprague.'"

"I now thought I had a sure thing. I bet all my money. Surely the horse that would win that race would be Sprague's. Rhode Island lost—the horse that came in last was—Sprague's."

POKER IN WASHINGTON.

How the Game Displays a Man's Character.

"One night at our club," says a writer in the Washington Chronicle, "two young fellows found out that there was to be a game, and they started together and fixed the cards so that every man who should see the deal would have a winning hand. This was done by working together different packs, so that when the cards were dealt every man would have the same hand exactly. Only the two winners were aware of the facts. When the cards were dealt, the first man picked up his hand and by one glance saw that the cards were invincible. Without a word, a look, anything, he simply turned down his hand upon the table and waited. The next man took up his hand, looked at it, and turned as pale as death. He saw that he had not been taken, and without a word he bet five hundred dollars. So the game slipped under the table, but as two players were not to be seen, only three were good to bet. Our attention was altogether enlisted with the chief players. The man whose cards lay upon the table was imperturbable, cool and silent. 'The man who held the invincible "flush" in his hand was noisy, lumpy, wild. We watched them both, and saw how the old gambler kept his hand down and never examined it, never chuckled, never expressed anything in his face, while the other was all afloat in his wits, noisy, boisterous and talkative. Finally the second man called the first one. One thousand dollars were down on the table. It was a bitting in poker. The first man flung out his hand all wild, and said in a bawling way to the other: 'Now show out! Where are you? What have you got?' 'When the first man saw this other invincible flush he turned as white as the other man. He thought he had mistaken his hand and had lost the count on a card. He turned it up and called it a 'pat, and there they were both the same. 'Immediately there was a great roar of laughter all around the table; it was wonderful to see how these two men behaved. The man who had turned his cards down fathomed the joke in a minute, and rushing around the table to the other fellow, put his hands around his neck, kissed him and called him 'Johnny.' 'The man Johnny rose up and denounced the Johnny cards, everybody wanted to fight, and was as angry as I have seen him ever get into a battle, and he did not impress us. 'Such is poker at the capital. In 1862 President Lincoln said to General George Stoneman, 'Stoneman, I think of giving the command of the Army of the Potomac to Joe Hooker. What do you think about it?' 'Hooker is a brave man,' said Stoneman, 'and has a fine presence, but I have seen him ever get into a battle, and he did not impress us. 'Where?' said Mr. Lincoln. 'At the poker-table,' said Stoneman, 'you see, if any where, a man's power to sustain his nerve in defeat and loss, his addressness, his ultimate strength or weakness. Now, Joe Hooker was fonder of cards than any man I ever saw, and he was never won anything. Why? Because he lacked the heart to let his winnings stand.'"

REVOLUTION IN THE RAILROAD

The finest engineering talent in the world has been for years busy in the endeavor to solve that difficult problem in railroading, "What can be done to reduce the 'dead weight' of rolling stock?"

The American Master Mechanic's Association, which met in Philadelphia last year, had a number of papers read before it on this important question, and the discussions which ensued upon the point were among the most interesting of the proceedings. Since that time (and I remarked to a fellow-passenger at the meetings), the press of the country have been busy in discussing the same question, and it has now become a settled fact that the remedy for it is in what is known as the "narrow gauge."

Mr. Spooner, engineer of the Festiniog Railway, in Wales, was the first man that introduced a narrow gauge, connecting the stations of Festiniog with Port Madoc, thirteen miles distant, and having carried it to a success, expresses the opinion that a 24 or 30 inch gauge is amply sufficient for the transportation of all ordinary railroad business.

The common railway gauge of 4 feet 8 1/2 inches is far beyond what is necessary for the ordinary requirements of either freight transportation or local travel.

In Europe a number of these "narrow gauges" have been constructed, and are in use by the system in Norway, where the gauge is 3 feet 6 inches; in Russia, where lines are in operation of 2 feet 8 1/2 inches; the Broelcarl Railroad in Prussia, 31 inches; the Breitenburg Railroad in France, 29 inches, and many others, all of them built after a thorough and impartial investigation on the subject, the point of the controversy being not only a saving in the original cost, but an increased dividend to stockholders in the operation of the road.

Very high authority in railroad matters has come to the conclusion that every inch added to the width of a gauge, beyond what is absolutely necessary for the traffic, adds to the cost of construction, increases the cost of working, and in consequence reduces the dividend of the railway.

It is estimated that the great express passenger trains of the country, with their cumbersome drawing room and palace cars, transport 13,000 pounds of dead weight for every passenger. An increased beyond anything ever before witnessed during those troublesome times, Mr. Yancey arose, and in a calm, dignified and self-possessed manner, he delivered a long and full reply. He described Mr. Hill as repeating stanzas that had been uttered against him for the past twenty years; and that all which Mr. Hill had uttered had been said innumerable times before by every third-rate politician in the country; and continued by saying, "nature had designed the Senator from Georgia as an imbecile; that he had been cured to a certain die, and that it was vain to attempt to enlarge his dimensions." Pallid with rage, Mr. Hill rushed to his feet, and seizing a heavy glass inkstand hurled it with all his might and power at the head of Mr. Yancey, which, grazing his forehead, plowed its way to the skull and passed on its fringed course, crushing a heavy window-sash beyond repair. With one turning his head, Mr. Yancey, who was at the time addressing the speaker, continued his speech, deliberately remarking, "it is always the propensity of imbeciles to strike from the rear." Flashed still more at this remark, Mr. Hill snatched a chair, dashed upon his antagonist, who, heedless of the attack, was continuing his remarks as calmly as if nothing had happened, when a number of Senators interposing, the difficulty was ended. Mr. Yancey's wound bled most profusely, and a scene of the most exciting nature ensued.

It has several times been stated since Mr. Yancey's death that it resulted from injuries received in this rencontre; but such is not the fact, as he died from a disease that could in no way have been superinduced by this cause.

1871.

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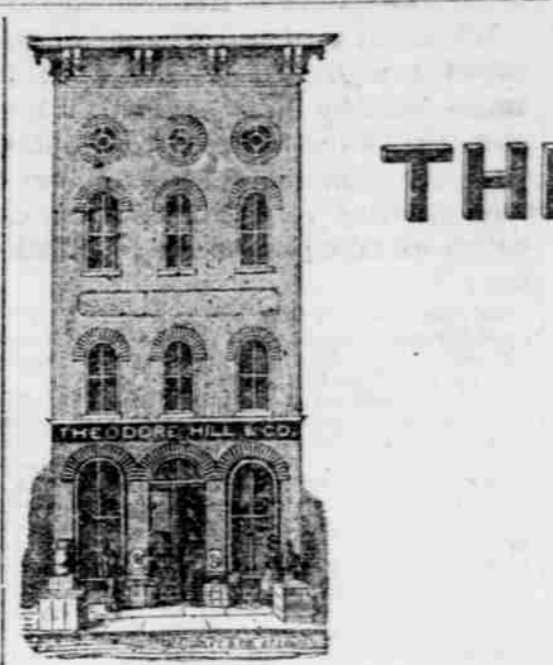
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