

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT SUPPER TABLE SERIES

BEING

A Diet for Mental Dyspepsies and a Salad for Small Salaries.

The whole carefully compounded and put up expressly for Family Use.

BY OUR SERIES EDITOR.

NUMBER CCL.

Items from Amsterdam.

Not having found it convenient to attend the Amsterdam Exhibition himself, the Series Editor requested sundry of his friends who purposed visiting it to bring him over some specimens of Dutch industry, and present them to him as small tokens of respect and esteem. Up to this writing he is sorry to say that he has been favored with two rarities only; but these are so remarkable that, with his customary generosity, he instantly bestows them on the universe.

The first is an advertisement of an article to be used by those who are troubled with corns—

CHEMICAL FILES.

Those files, of the greatest utility, have the property to relieve immediately the disease occasioned by the corns on the feet, and also to cure it.

To obtain that result, it is sufficient, without any preparation, to file all the hard part. It has not any danger to the skin, and the corns, when once removed, do not return.

Do not put the feet in the water: The more the corn is dry, the better it is to file.

The second is a playbill, the original being of vast size, and splendidly yellow:—

THAT NEW AND ELEGANT ESTABLISHMENT

is that so comfortable for the strange people, and for strangers who are coming to the International Exhibition. His theater is lying between two beautiful waters, one of the most beautiful open platforms who is beautiful fitted up—one of the most grand gardens with Fountain, music every day as much you like. The theater that is grand and beautiful, lighted with gas, get one of the most beautiful platforms, lying between the water.

The much most grand pieces from OPERA, COMEDY, TRAGEDY, etc. shall be there every day from the best artists.

The operetta are recouped with the greatest trouble every day and from the greatest artists play up.

The ENTERTAINERS are cheap 75 cents, and the newness commence at 5 o'clock exactly.

Theater Snelpersdrucker van T. A. Viscsher Nos. A. 234 Amsterdam.

Happy Thoughts.

When I go in, Milburn's guests are waiting for their host. Cazell is there, and three other men in evening dress. Cazell knows one of them, but doesn't introduce me to him. We evidently, more or less, consider one another as intruders.

Happy Thought.—To say it's been a nice day. Some one (elderly gentleman with yellow grey whiskers) says he doesn't think so, "but, perhaps," he adds, sarcastically, "you like rain." Forgot it had been raining. Should like (only he's my senior) to inform him that my observation was only thrown out to give the conversation a start. Pause. Cazell who might talk to two of us, doesn't. The third is a gentleman with tight waist, long legs, and a glass in his eye. He manages to pass the time, apparently, by stretching out his legs as far as he can away from him, smoothing him down with both hands, and regarding them critically through his eye-glass. We are all drawn towards him. His smoothing his legs has evidently a mesmeric effect upon us, and we all, at least so it seems to me, begin to take a silent but intense interest in his legs. If we were left there two hours, he would probably become mesmerically mechanical in his movement, and we should all be fixed staring at him in our chairs. (Note. Not to forget Mesmerism, under M, in Typ. Decel., vol. vi.) Another old gentleman is shown in by the waiter. He is portly, and enters genially, with his hand out ready to grasp Milburn's. I can't help playing him when he doesn't say Milburn.

Happy Thought.—Respect age—rise. Old fashion and good.

The old gentleman seizes me by the hand. So glad to see me again. "Capital," he says, "not met for an age." I answer that I am delighted to meet him. Wonder to myself where I've seen him before; puzzle, give it up.

"Well," he says, "all well at home?" I answer, "Only pretty well." He is sorry to hear it.

Happy Thought.—To ask him if he's all well at home.

"Yes," he says he is, "though Milly isn't," he adds, "quite so well as she might be." I reply "Indeed," thoughtfully, for as I don't know how well Milly might be if he tried, nor who Milly is, I fancy that there must be a mistake. Still if I ought to know him, to tell him that I haven't an idea who he is, would be rude—especially from a young man to his senior. Man with eye-glass, in meantime, has lowered himself in easy chair and is stretching out, complacently, farther than ever. (Note. Silent Gymnastics.) He is still criticizing his legs favorably, and varying his movements by pulling up his wristbands, which are very wide, long, and come up to his knuckles.

Old gentleman suddenly puts his hand in his pocket and says to me, "Oh, that reminds me, you didn't hear from Martin, did you?" A dilemma for me. Of course I don't know his Martin. Shall I say, simply to make a conversation, "Yes or No?"

Happy Thought.—Say the truth. "No."

"Ha!" he exclaims. "Then I must settle with you. How much am I in your debt?" This is awkward. It's difficult at this moment to tell him that I never saw him before in all my life, but I am certain of it. If I had any doubt of it, his recollecting a debt to me would put it beyond question, as I shouldn't have lent him anything.

"Well?" he asks, pausing, with his purse in his hand.

Happy Thought.—Tell the truth again. I commence, "The fact is—"

Milburn enters. He oughtn't to leave his guests. "Ha! Commodore!" he says to the old gentleman. "I'm glad to see you're acquainted."

I explain at once that we're not; and he, putting on his spectacles for the first time (without which the aged mariner is, it appears, as blind as a bat), discovers that he has taken me for Milburn.

Happy Thought.—Aged mariner. Wish I could recollect a quotation. Ought to have something about an albatross at my fingers' ends.

After this, introductions: myself to Commodore Brumby, Chilvern to me, we are to be travelling companions, Milburn says; whereupon Chilvern and myself both smile vaguely at each other, as if such a notion was too preposterous or absurd. After all, if smiling means nothing (when done in this way), it's better than frowning. (N. B.—Make a note in pocket-

book to effect that under A might come important articles on amenities.) After this, myself to Captain Dyrngwell, who has risen, and, on being introduced, screws up his glass into one eye, his forehead down to his glass, and his mouth up on one side, as if undecided whether to scowl or receive me pleasantly. He murmurs something to himself (for me to take up if I like) about something's being "doocid funny," and tries to pull himself out of his coat by tugging at his wristbands. Standing on the rug and stretching the right hand out with a jerk, he catches the elderly gentleman with sandy grey whiskers just behind the ear. Milburn, with admirable presence of mind, introduces them at once.

Happy Thought.—To ask Milburn in a whisper, as we go in to dinner, "What is a Commodore?" Milburn returns, also in a whisper, "Don't know."

We all sit down Captain Dyrngwell stretching out both his wristbands over the table as if he was imparting a fashionable sort of blessing to the knives, forks, glasses, and napkins. Will I face Milburn? With pleasure if he wishes it; but won't? "No, no," says Commodore Brumby, "young 'uns do the work." Chilvern says, gravely, "Yes, sir, you can experimentalize." We are arranged, Milburn at the head; myself, his *vis-a-vis*; on my right the Commodore, on my left the chemist, Captain and Chilvern *vis-a-vis* one another, and there we are. Excellent number, eight. Cazell is on Milburn's right, and there's an empty place for a man who ought to have been there but isn't. None of us care one damn whether he comes or not. No one knows him; he's a "very rising man," says Milburn, whereat one of two of us observe, "Indeed? is he?" and go on with our soup.

Historical Facts.

(From Extracts from the *Harvard Course of Civil-Engineer Lectures, for the Use of Students, and all those whom Providence has blessed with Affluence.*)

After writing several books to prove the contrary, I think I may now fairly assert that Gunpowder was unknown to the Romans.

Art was not known to the Greeks. Apelles made a portrait so like somebody that he was obliged to quit the city.

The celebrated poet Tasso obtained his reputation entirely by poems. I mention this as an example of application.

What milk is to the moderns, it was, though perhaps in a less degree, to the ancients. Cows were found in Italy as early as 6 A. M. Also in Carthage, introduced by Ha-Milcar.

The Greeks were a Martial nation. Martial himself, however, was a Roman.

Modern surnames are in most instances derived from Greek originals. Jones is evidently Ion. I can't think of any more instances.

The Uncle of the present Emperor of the French was not the first Napoleon. There were a lot of them before him. Think over this if it has never occurred to you before; and don't let it occur again.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Ducal Privilege.

Mr. Commissioner Winslow has decided, in the case of the Duke of Newcastle, that a Peer of the Realm, not being a trader, is not within the pale of bankruptcy law. It is well everybody should know that a Duke cannot be a bankrupt in law; he can only be bankrupt in fortune, in credit, and in character. He cannot file his schedule; he can only defile his 'scutechon.

A Case in the Court of Archers.

The Parson of Frome notwithstanding remains; But Parson of Frome one letter too many in Frome.

For a person who teaches the nonsense of Rome? **A Pons Anatorum.**

One rather important consideration appears to have been overlooked by the commercial speculators who seriously entertain the idea of throwing a bridge over the Atlantic. Would not such a structure stand a little in the way of the Ocean Fleet?

"Salt is Good."

Mr. Titus Salt is providing eleven acres of park for the people of Saltaire. This is literally being the Salt of the Earth. Honor to a Titus who really increases the Delight of Mankind.

True Thomas Again.

In his story of the "Diamond Necklace"—language brilliant as poor Boehmer's stones—Thomas Carlyle, citing Pope, and adding unto him, saith:—

"'Worth makes the Man—and Woman.'"

Doth he not do the latter, at all events, he Parisian husbands?

Denomination by Analogy.

Objection has been made, by certain ritualists with the sect of persons named Ritualists, to that word as applied to distinguish that sect. It is possible to conceive one which would be more distinctively definite. This sect appears to be no other than that originally founded by Dr. Pusey. There is a very decided method in their doctrines and practices. Instead, therefore, of Ritualists, suppose we call persons and persons of this denomination Puseyan Methodist?

Familiar Astronomy.

Are we not growing rather too playful with the heavenly bodies? Here is a book advertised with the title *Half Hours with the Stars*, to be followed, we may certainly expect, by *Twenty Minutes with Comets*, *Spare Moments with the Aurora Borealis*, etc.

Mark Twain on the Platform.

The brilliant and agreeable essayist who does the lecture reporting for the Boston *Advertiser* thus describes "Mark Twain":

Boston had a very novel, if not a very startling sensation last evening, in the shape of a lecture from Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, who is known to fame as the humorist Mark Twain. Known to fame, we say, for who that breathes the vital air in America has not heard of the jumping frog of Calaveras county, California? and who has not read of the "new specimen" which Mark Twain made by combining a hawk and a crow in "one neat job?" A company, even greater than that which usually attends the Bureau lectures, assembled in the Music Hall last night with faces primed for merriment, and punctually to the hour Mr. Clemens and Mr. Redpath appeared upon the platform. This was of course, and it was also of course that for fifteen minutes afterwards the speaker's voice should be made inaudible by the rustling and creaking and tramping of the regular crowd of the tardy.

Mark Twain is a very good looking man. He is of medium height and moderately slender build, has light brown hair, a reddish brown mustache, regular features, and a fresh complexion; and he has a queer way of wrinkling up his nose and half closing his eyes when he speaks. The expression of his face is as calm and imperturbable as that of the sphinx. Looking at him you feel it to be an impossibility that he should ever hurry or ever be out of temper, and you might suppose him to be incapable of a joke, if it were not for the peculiar twinkle in his merry eyes. His voice is remarkably light and remarkably dry—like some German wines—and it seems to be modulated to only two keys. His style of speaking is unique to

the last degree. It is all of a piece with the quality of his humor, and fits him like a glove. He delivers his sentences without haste, and in a tone of utter indifference, marking the highest waves of his thought only by a strong flavor of nasality, and knowing for the most part only the rising inflection at the beginning, middle and end of his sentences. The rising inflection is not native here, nor is it born in the manner of any of our own speakers. Mr. Dickens first taught us how it might be used to advantage, and Mark Twain, doubtless without borrowing a leaf from Mr. Dickens' note-book, has found out for himself how effective an adjunct it is to humorous speech. In short, the platform manner of Mr. Clemens is the exact reflection in speech of his peculiar style of composition. The fun of both is genuine enough; but the perception of the fun is immeasurably heightened by the apparently serious intention of the general discourse, and at times by an air of half-seriousness in the joke itself. The audience gets into a queer state after a while. It knows not what to stare for; for while much is meant to be serious, the fun is felt to be the real life of the thing; and yet they never know where the fun will come in. Even when Mr. Clemens has made a really fine period, or introduced a brilliant descriptive passage, he takes pains to turn the affair into a joke at the end. As, for instance, after a very graphic and well-written description of the great volcanic eruption in the Sandwich Islands, delivered with perfect indifference, and almost as if without an effort—he paused for just an instant, and then said, in the same passionless tone, "There! I'm glad I've got that volcano off my mind." The manner is a direct resultant of the matter; and the manner of his speech does a great deal for the substance of it. The story "Of our Fellow-Savages in the Sandwich Islands" would not be nearly so funny to read as it is to hear from Mark Twain's lips; though we do not mean to deny that there is a great deal of genuine and irresistible humor in the texture of the discourse. Indeed, we mean to say, distinctly, that the contrary was the fact, and that Mr. Clemens showed himself last night in the character of a very quiet, peculiar, and eminently original humorist. America has produced at least a quarter of a century of genuine humorists, whose productions have many of the *indicia* of genius, if they are not wholly inspired by it.

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