THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

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Selections.

From the Scalpel.

Bonner and the New York Ledger.

When a man publishes a periodical which attains a circulation of four hundred thousand copies weekly, and has, probably, five times that number of readers: when he can afford to advertise so enormously as to create a new era in the art; when, also, by way of advertisement, he presses into his service an ex-Secretary of State, ex-Minister to England, Ex-Governor of Massachusetts, in the person of one highly respectable gentleman, whose name has achieved national celebrity in connection with the patriotic object of purchasing the home and tomb of Washington; when this and more is effected by a single individual, that individual assumes a position of undeniable social importance, which it were well to have defined, and whose pretensions may fairly admit of the strictest examination.—Very much has been written of Mr. Bonner and the *Ledger*, but to our thinking, not precisely the right thing. We are going to try to say it. Perhaps the *Scalpel*, of all publications, occupies the best, if not the only position, in which this is possible; for, as we shall show presently, nearly the whole of the press is more or less *Bonnerized*—we coin the word in no invidious sense, but as expressive of a remarkable fact in connection with the periodical and publisher we are about to criticise.

And, first, let us acknowledge Mr. Bonner's enterprise. He has perceived that if one dollar thrown to the press as ground-bait, in the way of advertisement, produces so much, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand must invitably produce so much more. He has acted upon this simple arithmetical truth on a magnificient scale, and the prosperous condition of his Ledger—in a double sense—is his reward. Still more let us commend his large-handed liberality to his contributors, a liberality, at once generous and politic, which is to the best of our knowledge, as uniquely his own as his "Napoleonic" system of advertising. Folks tell stories of his munificence and courtesy which cannot but incite the good will and admiration of literary men, for the most part not too much accustomed to be dealt with after that fashion, and whom Mr. Bonner is indirectly helping to their true position of thinkers and gentlemen, from that necessitating the pedling of their wares as though they were pies or peanuts. All of Mr. Bonner's *employees* like him, a fact which speakes volumes in his favor and is as surely indicative of fair generous treatment as its reverse implies meanness and injustice. We bestow no small praise when we say of one man that he pays like a prince, and introduces his writers to such an immense audience, as from the simple fact of their number any man might be proud of addressing. So much by the way of deserved eulogium, which, here must end.

We propose examining the intellectual *pabulum* placed before this audience, the wares our "Napoleon of the press" deals in—for by a man's works he must be judged, if at all, and "colossal institution" as the Ledger is, we do not receive it into our articles of belief on that account. Could an air-buble be blown up to the bigness of this universe, there would be "nothing in it," for all its size, and it may be so with the New York Ledger.

What have been and are the contents of this largely-purchased and immensely popular periodical? What apart from the admirable enterprise exhibited in the purveying, is the quality of the fare for which there exists so vast an appetite?

In the first place, as the prominent feature, stories, novelettes, by fourth-rate writers who were comparatively obscure, commanding only limited and local reputations, as manufacturers of harmless literary ingenity, until Mr. Bonner advertised them into a celebriety, of which, probably, not one of them had dreamed before the Ledger's appearance. To have talked of Cobb's pretensions as an author then, would have stamped the talker, if above the age of twelve, as a very simple person, and the like, with scarcely an exception, applied to entire Ledger corps. This, as generally asserted, as allowed, until quite recently, has been most perseveringly and wrathfully contested by Mr. Bonner. He has trumpted his writers' merits editorially, paraded them before the public in entire pages of "magnificently monotonous" advertisement, and, in a word, championed them thro' thick and thin—all of which he had a perfect right to do, though we shall say something as to his way of doing it presently. Our business now lies with the Ledger literature. We shall examine some of its principal characteristic, and, as its proprietor assumes high ground with respect to it, shall try him by the strong, simple standard of honest common sense.

The writer heretofore alluded to—Cobb—is the great gun of the Ledger. The announcement of a new story from his pen, we are informed, invariably sends up the circulation of the periodical some thousands, and our inquiries and observation of Ledger readers and purchasers have convinced us that, in their estimation, the Hon. Edward Everett is a very secondary person compared with the author of "the Gunmaker of Moscow." Therefore we address ourself to him in the first place; and as that particular story is now being reprinted in order to supply a demand which may justify Mr. Bonner in his assertion that "the sea hath bounds, but it seems as if the popularity of this story has none," we select it for critical examination. Acknowledged as Cobb's crack production, nothing can be fairer than to judge of his literary pretentions by it.

We have perused carefully every word of "The Gunmaker of Moscow," which, fortunately, is not long. We find it to be, simply, trash, with but a feeble echo of Walter Scotticism to commend it to notice. Plot, conception of character, incident, style, and execution are all of the meagerest, the cheapest, and most conventional order. Attempt at preserving the unities of time, place, and nationality, there is scarcely any. Vulgarities of diction, and the clumsiest repetion of the same awkward forms of sentence are prevalent. In short, the only praise that can be honestly awarded is, that the rubbish is harmless; at least, no more harmful than involving the sheer waste of time devoted to its perusal.

Let us prove what we assert by a brief dissection of the story. The he hero of it is a species of mild version of Scott's Henry Smith, the *Gow Chrom* of the *Fair Maid of Perth*, living at Moscow in the time of Peter the Great; not the picturesque Moscow to which Bayard Taylor has introduced us, but a verbally colorless capital, which, but for a few forlorn names, as "Kremlin," "Sloboda," &c., might be located in any part of the globe, at any age and date; not Czar Peter, that "strangest mixture of heroic virtue and brutish Samoiedic savagery," who appears in Carlyle's pages, but a kind of feeble Haroun Alraschid, "a sort of mysterious being," as Mr. Cobb's heroine *Slavonically* calls him, (we wonder he did not spell it "sorter,") who, in accordance with tradition, goes masquerading about his capital as a fat monk, protecting the good and punishing evil-doers. Well, our gunmaker, a born artisan, who has traveled in Spain, (Mr. Cobb knows the facilities which existed for this in Peter's time; *now* even nobles obtain permission to absent themselves from the "holy soil" of Russia with difficulty,) our *gunmaker is in* love, as a hero ought to be. And the lady, "a beautiful girl with nothing of the aristocrat in her look," with "*gentleness and* love" constituting the "true elements of her soul," who "spurned that respect which only aims at outward show, while the heart may be reeking with vilest sensualism," reciprocates his passion, of course. And, equally of course, they have an enemy, an atrocious and mercenary plotter against their happiness, in the person of a nobleman of high position in the Russian empire. And, still more inevitably, by the aid of the prowess of the gunmaker, (who is challenged by and fights a duel with another nobleman!) the constancy of the lady and the omnipresence of the czar-monk, the wicked nobleman and his agents are miserably defeated, the lovers happily united, vice punished, virtue triumphant, and, as Mr. Sampson Brass remarks, "all is happiness and joy." Thus the story closes.

In every line and paragraph, this production exhibits all the simplicity of ignorance. Theatric rant, such as "What ho! there! what ho! without, I say!" alternates with palpable American vulgarisms, as "*fix* this medicine," "I'll fix the matter with the emperor," (!) "he struggled *some*," &c. The persons introduced possess but the shadowiest similitude to many-sided humanity. Every way it is the product not of thought, or sympathy, or observation, but of weak and conventional, though perhaps unconscious imitation. What, then, constitutes its attractions to probably two million of readers. We shall try to answer.

Firstly, there is a thin vein of gentle sentimentality running throughout the plot, which always commends itself to the multitude, who like to have their sympathies excited. Then it is, to them, easy—deplorably easy reading. They are called upon to do no nothing *but* read; no necessity for coherent thinking existing. Again, in Cobb they see themselves; "The Gunmaker of Moscow" is just the book which *they* would write, did they possess the limited amount of grammer and English necessary to the performance. Hence a sensation of self flattery attends the perusal; unconsciously the reader finds his opinion of his own judgment strengthened and his taste complimented. Naturally, therefore, he will like the author who offers him all this, tho' perhaps he never troubles himself to think why. Add to which the additional incitements of puffery and advertisement, and the whole thing is accounted for.

A similar analysis of the rest of Mr. Bonner's stock story tellers, with perhaps the exception of Mrs. Southworth, would produce no more satisfactory results, though the majority of them show indication of talents, of which Cobb is wholly deficient. They seem to possess popularity in inverse proportion to their merits. But none are strong enough to deserve further notice. We turn to the essays and editorials, the poetry, the Answers to Correspondents—an important feature, we should judge, and certainly an amusing one—intending subsequently to speak of Everett and the recent *really* literary acquisitions to the Ledger's muster roll.

Here we can afford a certain amount of commendation. Many of the essays and editorials have been marked by such good sense, thought, and scholarship, as, were the Ledger readers at all in the habit of thinking, might excite surprise which we shared until we recognized them as appropriated, of course without acknowledgement, from Addison and the writers in the *Spectator!* (Whenever the title of that brilliant production of the wits and thinkers of Queen Anne's days occurs, that of Ledger is substituted!) By which almost laudable proceeding, Mr. Bonner has been feeding his enormous nursery of adult babes and sucklings with much stronger and more healthful food than they suspected or desired. How it harmonizes with the diluted asses' milk purveyed by the gentle Cobb, our readers may judge. But to intimate that all the good contained in the Ledger columns is plagarized, were unjust. On the contrary, very excellent matter has appeared there, especially during the last three months; as also have editorials of the cheapest construction, the most commonplace morality, the stalest significance. We notice, too, as pervading these, a Mrs. Trimmer-like wisdom, which is exceedingly ludicrous. Be a good boy and read your Ledger, and you'll be sure to go to heaven, runs, like a latent chorous, throughout these performances.

The poetry, with an occasional brilliant exception, seldom rises above such as is ordinarily written by young persons who mistake ambition for capacity. In this we do not, of course, include the productions of Mrs. Sigourney, the Carys, Saxe, or Morris, though none of these have favored the Ledger with anything worthy of criticism. Everybody knows that Mrs. Sigourney writes so religiously, that she has been called (after our stupid system of adaptation of English nomenclature) "the American Hemans." Well, her Ledger performances are American-Hemanisms and water, the water predominating. The Misses Cary's generally "gushing" effusions incite on our part an earnest hope that they may be incontinently cut short by matrimony, for surely so much good affection ought not to be allowed to run to waste, finding no other development than in printer's ink. For Saxe, his dreary revamping of old stories, slipshod Ingoldsbyisms, and stereotyped fun (as cheerful as the knocking about of pots and pans) confirm us in an opinion which we have long been growing to, that he is just a punster, and no more—such a bogus Tom Hood as might be compounded of disused tea-leaves and cinders. And Morris—well, "the General" wrote "Woodman, Spare that Tree!" and a great deal more, which has, we understand, been published in an exceedingly handsome volume, which is all that need be said of *him*.

The Answers to Correspondents deserve notice, as aforesaid, from their peculiarity. Sometimes sensible, sometimes commonplace, sometimes so asinine as to be highly ludicrous; they present occasionally what we consider very objectionable characteristics. If scantily-educated girls choose to write letters to Mr. Bonner's editors upon "kissing," "hugging," "beaux," and the like, is that any reason why their idiotic effusions should receive baptism in printer's ink? That awkwardly-constructed confessional in Syracuse, which echoed its penitents' peccadilloes in the market place, might have been a more mischievous but hardly less offensive contrivance than this feature of the Ledger.

We now come to Mr. Everett's engagement, a stroke of dashing and perfectly legitimate advertising policy; for who can suppose that Mr. Bonner would have paid the sum added to that national begging box infliction, the Mount Vernon Fund, for such papers as our ex-U. S. Senator has contributed, without the prestige of his name? That honorable gentleman certainly deserves credit for undertaking the task, and has evidently gone to work with a conscientious attempt to please and instruct his unaccustomed audience. Unhappily he appears to have endeavored to "write down" to its intellectual level, and the effect is melan- in the extreme. Nor, to the best of our belief are the lovers of Cobb at all delighted with Everett. They would rather not have him, in fact. If they read him, it is from a sense of duty, which we can hardly wonder at, when we find them addressed from the Mrs. Trimmer standpoint before alluded to. Cobb, inherently one of themselves, never troubles them with indefinable impressions that they are being put to school. And however agreeable it may be to be talked to by a great man, one doesen't like his thrusting a horn-book under one's nose. We can fancy a disgusted Ledger reader mutinying almost in the words of the badgered brickmaker in "Bleak House" to Mrs. Pardiggle: "Have I read the little book wot you left. No. I an't read the little book wot you left. It's a book fit for a babby, and I'm not a babby. If you was to leave me a doll, I shouldn't nuss it!" Mr. Bonner may yet find it necessary to civilly bow Mr. Everett out of his columns; with all his desire to arrogate real literary merit to them, he is yet too shrewd a man of business not to retrace what may prove a false step. The addition of the name of the ex-ambassador to his list of contributors, expanded his circulation by two hundred thousand; with the celebrity gained, the affair has proved a pretty good business investment.

Two other recent acquisitions remain to be spoken of—the contributor who writes under the title of "One who keeps his Eyes and Ears open," universally recognized as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and I. B., author of the "True History of New Plymouth," less generally presumed to be Dr. Holmes. Everybody knows that the brother of Mrs. Stowe is a clever man, a man of genius, with perhaps too many irons in the fire. If he wrote less and thought more, he might avoid talking occasional nonsense. His Ledger articles are excellent—sometimes. The Plymouth history bothered us at the outset, with its not particularly interesting New England genealogies, but it reads well now. Still we regret that the brilliant pen which we delighted to honor in our last *Scalpel*—if indeed it be his—should undertake what cannot fail to be regarded as an imitation of Irving's *Knickerbocker*.

Having thus briefly reviewed the component features of the Ledger we come to consider the position which may be justly awarded to it, as that assumed by the proprietor.

When one of the editors of a powerful daily paper characterized Mr. Bonner's periodical as "trashy," and himself as a "trickster," he having provoked both epithets by an attempt at indirectly asserting the indorsement of the daily as to the literary merits of his publication, Mr. Bonner assailed that editor in terms of coarse vituperation. Furthermore he abstained from advertising in that journal for a season; resuming it only because he could not afford to dispense with such a means of publicity. He has, too, denounced both individuals and newspapers who have taken the liberty of differing with him in his estimation of his writers. He has described the former as actuated by envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, "drinking confusion" to the resplendent Cobb, a rather amusing picture. He has advertised that individual as the "inheritor of the mantle of Walter Scott," as a man of "richly-stored mind and varied experience," with a good deal of nonsense of a similar sort. In a word, Mr. Bonner will have it that trash is not trash, that Ledger literature is the one thing needful. Great is Bonner, and Cobb is his Profit! issues from his autocratic lips upon every possible occasion.

We refuse to join in the cry. We totally object to it. We tell the proprietor of the Ledger, what he probably knows and rages at, that there is a large and intelligent minority who smile at his pretensions, and only allude to his paper to cut jokes on it—knowing, too, that he has a circulation of four hundred thousand; nay, who would do so were the number inflated tenfold; for they believe there is a much higher sort of success than Mr. Bonner's, and are by no means dazzled by it.

Of course, success implies ability—of a sort. But how mean an ability it may be. Throughout American life there runs a dangerous materialism, which preaches that money is the great end and evidence of the possession of intellect; that a man must be a failure unless he culminates in the possession of a check-book, a belief only worthy of a people prepared to accept "Poor Richard's maxims," as a New Testament. Was the divinest life ever led on this earth, a success, humanly speaking? Whatever you will pay the price for, you can have in this world—that is the rule. Be rich, if you choose, perhaps by bringing all your array of faculties to bear en one point, as did William the Conqueror and Cæsar their forces, perhaps letting your intellectual and moral nature lie fallow the whilst. But do not arrogate too much on the strength of it, or expect applause or admiration, or even tacit assent, to your claims from those who are accustomed to look below the surface.—The confounding of excellence with pecuniary success is both absurd and immoral; and when some great gross instance of it occurs, whether in the case of Railroad Hudson in England, or Barnum or Bonner in America, a deterioration of honest public sentiment takes place. Mr. Bonner simply publishes a popular periodical of third or fourth rate merit, and has made a good deal of money by it, that is all. He, cleverly enough, by judicious advertising, as by securing and liberally paying for the occasional contributions of our prominent editors, (many of whom have written a Ledger article or so anonymously,) has, so to speak, subsidized the whole press. Invisible threads stretch from the Ann street office to all sorts of sanctums, binding their occupants over to keep the peace. They do not even venture to joke at his expense now, at least not in print. Wherefore it behooves the *Scalpel*, which occupies the extraordinary position of being able to tell the truth on all things to speak out. We have done so, and in perfect good will commend our very much needed remarks to Mr. Bonner's consideration. They will find an echo in the bosoms of more than will confess it at his questioning.

Jack Joyce and the Giant.

Jack Joyce was mighty proud of his size and of bein', as he used to say, the greatest man in all Ireland. An' sure enough, he was tremendous big, nigh seven fut in height, and wid a carkiss on him like an eighteen gallon keg. Well, wan day Jack comes trampin' down into Leenane to get himself measured for a pair of brogues, for he was mighty severe upon shoe-leather by raison of his weight, and in he goes into the shop of the brogue maker, one Farrell by name, a little ottomy of a man, with a sharp tongue of his own, an' who used to take great divarshun out of big Jack, by gibin' him an' makin' all sorts of dhroll collusions to his bulk and dimensions.

"Morrow, Jack," says Mr. Farrell.

"I think ye might say misther Joyce to yer betthers," says Jack.

"My betthers!" says the little man, "For why now? Is it because you're big an' bulky, an' ate more bacon to your breakquest than would keep a dacent family for a week? Errra what good are ye at all, man, except for fillin' house-room? And, for the matter of that, I seen a bigger man than ye yestherday, and he had'nt half yer consate."

"That's a lie," says Jack' "I'm the biggest man in all Ireland."

"Divil a lie," says the other. "There's a bigger man than ever you were in Ballinrobe this minnit. And what do you think they're doin' wid him? why they're showin' him to the people for tuppence in a raree show, all as one as he was a wild baste.—Arrah man, go show yourself for tuppence. It's all yo're good for."

Wid that Jack made a wipe at him wid a bit of a stick he used to carry; it was like the mast of a Galway hooker, that same switch. But the little brogue maker was as nimble as a grasshopper, and schkipped away, an' Jack a'most knocked out the wall of the cabin wid the whack he hit it. Well he knew of old there was no ketchin' Farrell to bate him, so he made it up wid him; for, to give him his jew, there was always a power of nathur about Jack, barrin' such times as he was riz. Sometimes he'd murther a whole village, and be the first man to forget all about it afterwards. So he got measured for the brogues and went home in peace, but mighty unaisy in his mind in regard to the news he had heard about the joint, in Ballinrobe. "Will you ate yer supper?" says the wife. "Don't bother me wid yer suppers," says Jack. "Well, then, take a shnugh of the pipe, and come to bed." No, div'll a pipe or supper would Jack have, he that was heavy in his heart. "Waken me airly," says he, "for I've got a transaction at Ballinrobe," and with that he goes to sleep, determined to make a complete discovery of the whole matter before he was a day older. In the mornin' he sot off for Ballinrobe, but, lo and behold, when he got there the carrywan with the joint was gone, an' all they could tell him was that it tuck the Castlebar road. Off goes Jack post haste, without waiting to take bite or sup, and at last, about five or six miles out of the town, he sees the carrywan standin' by the roadside. It was a big yalla chay made in the shape of a house, wid an elegant hall door and glass windies to it, and "Corcoran's Pavilion," wrote in big letthers over them; an' the people belongin' to it were sitting on the grass by the side of the road nitin' their dinner off the top of a big drum. There was the showman himself, who used to do thricks wid knives and forks, and crumble up a little guinea pig he had, quite small, and put it in his weskit pocket. And there was a northcountryman with one leg, an' mighty handy at a Highland fling, which was a great curiosity in a cripple, you know. And there was a young woman that used to dance in trousers, and take the money in a tamborine when the people went to see the show. And then, there was the joint; but the moment they seen Jack comin' puffin' down the road, they made him quit nitin' and crawl into the carrywan, not likin' him to be seen too chape.

"God save all here," says Jack.

"God save ye kindly," says the showman.

"I could hear of a joint that you have for show," says Jack, "might one have a look at him?"

"Faix you're a'most a joint yourself," says the woman, laughing quite pleasant.

"Them's my very raisons, my darl—that's to say, Miss," says Jack, very respectful, for he was struck entirely wid her, never seein' the like before. She was a weeshy little cratur, dressed out fine in ribbons, wid a sollow face and a spot of raddle on each cheek like a poppy in a barley field. But then she had a party nate fut and ankle, an' them was faymale accomplishments Jack was evermore mighty partial to. Well, to make a long story short, when they heard that Jack had come all that way to see the joint, they agreed to let him have a look for a shilling, tuppence bein' the regular price, but, as the showman said, it was out of business hours. So the long man was brought out, an' he an' Jack stood up beside each other; an' sure enough, Jack wasn't within a head of him. But then he was'nt within three feet as big round the body as Jack, and when they came to talk of strength, and fell to wrostlin, Jack threw him on his back as aisy as kiss my hand; for with all his heigth he was a poor craythur, especially about the legs. This made Jack as plazed as Punch, and put him in great humor entirely. He got quite friendly with the whole lot, more especially wid the young woman, and when the wan-legged man pulled out a deck o' cards and proposed a game of spoil-five, he went in as in good manners bound, and in course got rooked most awful. The truth is, he was evermore soft wid the girls, and instead of minding his play, he was carrying on wid the young woman, an' she encouragin' him, all to spite the long fellow, who was by way of courting her. While this was going on the showman was eyein' Jack, and remarkin how thunderin' big he was.

"He'd make a gallows fine property," says he to the wan-legged man.

"Bedad he would," says the other; "I wish we had him."

"The other fellow won't last long," says the showman. "He's gettin' wake in the legs."

"He never was sthrong in them," says the cripple; "but he says it comes of lyin' doubled up in the carrywan."

"That's all blather," says the showman; "'tis goin' he is. I wish we had this chap in his place so as not to be left without a joint at all."

'I wonther could we coax him to come with us?" says wan-leg.

"I misdoubt it," says the showman.

"See," says the other, "how Biddy is putting the comeither on him. Suppose we give her the hard word. She's the divil for deludthering, any how."

"Thry it, avick, and God speed you," says the showman,

The first opportunity they got they made Biddy sensible, and explained their maynin' to herand then the cards were put up and whisky brought out, and they all fell to dhrinkin'.

I don't know as your honor has ever remarked, but big men never stand the dhrink. May-be its because the sperrets have plenty of room to make a ruction.—But anyhow, partly bein' a big man and partly by rayson of bein' fasting—not forgetting that the young woman never let the glass stand empty—Jack was very soon magalore—you know what I mane. Then they all got into the carrywan, Jack hurrooin' and swearing he'd make her queen of Maraky, and I dunna what beside; and then they had more drink, until at last poor Jack tumbled over on the flure speechless,

"You ger him too much," says the showman.

"Divil a bit," says Biddy; "he won't come to till to-morrow, and then I'll begin on him again. Lave him to me, I'll manage him."

So they doubled up Jack, and crammed him into a part of the carrywan that was made for the great say sarpant, and put a stuffed marmaid under his head for a pillow.

"He'll be mortal heavy on the ould mare I'm thinkin'," says the showman; "but sure it's dark and Magra—that was the long-fellow—can walk."

When they got into Castlebar, Jack was sleeping beautiful, so they left him quiet and peaceable where he was; and in the morning', when the people began to cluster round the concarn to see the curiosities, he was sleepin' still. Well there was no call to rouse him up, for the say sarpint he was lying with could'nt be exhibited in regard of being bruk to pieces by the joulting of the machine over the bad roads. So the showman began calling the people to stir up and see the great Portugee joint, an' the Injin joggler (maynin' himself, the ould imposthir,) and the grate rolling piethor of the goold-diggins in Ostherailye, and the rest of his wonderful things—every wan o' them lies, more or less, an' the wan-legged man took to futtin' it in a Highland fling, pounding away like a pavior on his wooden leg; an' Biddy all the time turnin' the handle of a thing like a young winnowing machine, and gettin' elegant music out of it. It was'nt long before the people began to stir up in airnest. First one and two, and then in bunches, till the interior of the carrywan was nigh thronged. But the wan-legged man every now and then would quit dancin' and come inside and pack them like pickled herrins, to make room for more; puttin' all the tall ones in the back, and all the short ones in front. Well, while they wor waitin', an' the showman outside screechin' always that he was going to begin, whether it was the trampin' and the talkin' that woke him I dunna, but anyhow, Jack began to mutter to himself, and snore that strong that the whole convaniency thrimbled. "My oh," says the people, "what's that?" An' some said it was the Injin juggler; an' more said it was some other wild baste roarin'. "I'm fearful," says one. "I'll not stay," says another.—"Here, misther, let me out," says another. "What's the matter?" says the showman.—When they told him, he was fairly amplushed, not knowin' how to git out of it, for he was afeard of ruinin' the character of the show, eyther by lettin' them go in a fright, or lettin' on that it was only a drunken man. "Lave it to me," says the wan-legged man, in a whisper. "Leedies an' jintlemin," says he, "reshume yer pleeces. There's no call for alarum at all at all," says he.

"What is it?" says they.

"The Royal Bingal tigyer," says he.

That was enough for some of them.—"Here, give us back our money," says they, "and let us get shut of the roarin' baste."

"There's no money returned," says he.

"Well, we wont stay to be ate for the lucre of tuppence," says they.

"He won't ate ye," says he.

"For why not?" says they.

"Becaise he's a studdy responsible baste," says he. "I'll tell you," says he, "he's the Royal Bingal tigyer, presinted to the Queen by the Imperor of Chany, an our proprietthur is now takin' him home to her majesty an' he's confined wid six big goolden chains and a padlock."

Well, whin they heard that an' about the chains, they were tuck wid a curiosity to see him. But no sorrow a sight would wan-leg give them.

"It id be high thrayson," says he, "to make a show of a baste that's the royal poperty, and av it kem to the Lord Leftenant's ears, he might cut off the head of the proprietthur;" and in coorse this made them all the more rampagious to get a look at the baste. How and however, he purtinded at last to come round. "I dursent show him to yez," says he, "but there's a chink here convanient to the door, and if any lady or gintleman gives me tuppence more ov coorse I can't purwint them from peepin' through;" the cunnin' blaguard knowing well in his heart that all they could see by reason of the darkness was the tip of Jack's nose and the knees of his small clothes as he lay doubled up forninst them.

As ye may guess, the tuppences came in middlin' lively, and people was five deep at the chink in a brace of shakes.

"Oh dear, oh!" says one, "do ye mind his eyes? It's as red as a coal of fire."

"Hut, man, that's his nose," says another.

"An' the big legs he has of his own!" says another.

"Are they sthriped?" says one in the back. "I'm told a tiger is sthriped all over."

"Bedad, they are," says the other, "for all the world like cordtheroy."

An' so they went on, the craythurs, though sorrow a much could they see barring a big lump of somethin' gruntin' in a corner. But they did'nt like lettin' on to one another that they had'nt got the worth of their money. Maintime the news flew like wild fire through the town, and man woman and child, gentle an' simple, kem crowdin' up to look at the Royal Bingal tigyer, and wid them kem one Mullins, a grate old miser of a chap. To be sure he began castin' about for some way of seein' the tigyer chape; so what does he do when no one is lookin', he creeps under the wheels of the carrywan, and begins thrying for a chink of his own; and as good luck would have it, he finds a hole where the bolt had fell out of the boords, just convanient to Jack's ear. As he was lookin' through this he hears Jack talkin' and grumblin' to himself in his sleep. So he cocks his ears and listens. "Faix," says he, "you're a dthroll Bingal tigyer. May I never if it is'nt Irish he's spakin." And with that he takes a bit of sthraw and prods Jack in the jaw. "Ow!" says Jack.

"That's was a grent roar," says the people inside.

"What are ye, at all, at all?" says Mullins, in a whisper.

"I'm the greatest man in all Ireland," says Jack, drowsy like.

"Troth, then ye don't take up much room av ye are," says Mullins.

"Thrue for ye," says Jack; "I'm bint double, like a cod in a pot, wid my heels in my mouth a'most."

"An' what brought you there?" says Mullins,

"Arra, how do I know?" says Jack, going off to sleep again.

"Do ye know where ye are, avick?" says Mullins.

"Sorra a know I know," says Jack; "maybe it's in purgathory I am, for my head is splittin' in two halves, an' I'm a'most destroyed wid a pain in the small o' my back. Moreover, my tongue is as dry as the flure of a lime-kiln. Av it's in Abraham's bosom ye are there, give us a dthrink of water an' I'll be obleeged to ye."

"Tut, man," says Mullins, "sure yo're not in glory at all. Are'nt ye in Corcoran's Pavilion, an' the people looking at ye for tuppence a head."

Well, sir, when the mintion of that an' the tuppence struck Jack's ear, he remimbered all of a suddint all about it, an' how little Farrell was gibin him with being only fit for a peep-show. And wid that he let's one roar out him ye'd have heard at the other ind of the barony, an' straightened himself powerful. The timbers of the carrywan was'nt over strong, an' they split and cracked with a noise like tundher an' the dacent people begins screechin' "the tigyer! the tigyer!" and goes rowlin' and tumblin' down the steps, for all the world like potatoes out of a creel. Sich murdther was never seen since Castlebar was a town, wid the hurry they were in. An' maybe the showman wasn't in as big a fright as any of them. An' so did wan-leg, but in his hurry he drav his wooden leg into the drum, which delayed him. When Jack got himself loose, the first thing he did was to go and bate the joint, for, as he said afterwards, it was along of him that he got into the scrape at all. An' he bate him that wicked that it is my belief he'd be bateing this minit av it wasn't for the young woman that wint down on her two binded knees to