HOW WM. MCGINLEY SUFFERED.

BY JOHN QUILL.

I do not vouch for the truth or originality of this sad tale of woe. It was related to me by the victim, Mr. Wm. McGinley, one evening upon the front platform of a horse car!

"I suppose," said Mr. McGinley, "that I am the most unfortunate man that ever lived. My rights I ought to be dead. I've got no business on this here earth. If any other man had suffered a tenth part of what I have, he would be mouldering in the silent grave as dead as Andrew Jackson.

Sometimes I think that there must have been some mistake made about me when I was born. The baby who had the name of William McGinley must have been mixed up somehow and swapped off for the Wandering Jew. Nothing, you know, could kill him, and neither it can me. I don't believe I'm ever going to die. As far as I'm concerned the undertakers might as well put up their shutters and retire into private life. I'd justfinks to know what in the name of common sense is going to choke me off? There isn't anything in this created world can happen to me that hasn't happened.

I'll give you an instance. Just a little accident of the accidents that occurred upon one short journey, and as that's the way it has been ever since I began to breathe, you can judge whether anything is likely to reduce me to inanimate remains.

About fifteen years ago I started across the plains for California. I was to leave Philadelphia by an afternoon train, but the man who brought my trunk to the depot got there too late, and I missed the train. When I paid him he went right down to a policeman, and had me arrested for giving him a counterfeit half dollar.

I was in jail three weeks, and caught the black small-pox. When I recovered, after the lapse of three months, I was acquitted. In the meantime my trunk had disappeared with my money. I borrowed some more cash, you observe, and got in the cars.

We hadn't gone more than twenty miles before I got tired of the conductor and he would have to put me off. He stopped the cars, and in stepping down I fell and broke my nose upon a crossbar.

I pulled my handkerchief out to staunch the blood, and the tobacco fell to the ground. It had been in my pocket all the time. The train had just started! I ran for it a distance of twenty yards, when I came across one of those cattle-guards in the track, and naturally, of course, I fell and broke my leg.

I lay there for awhile, and at last determined to make an effort to get out. Just as I had placed one foot on the 77th rail along came another train, and cuts my thumb off at the second joint. But somebody saw me, and picking me up, put me on the train.

We got along well enough until when within forty miles of Pittsburgh, a wheel happened to be misplaced, and the cars rolled down a high embankment into the river, where the 'most the people were drowned, and I was fished out by a man who ran a boat-hook through my pants, and not being in her frightened, let me go. I had, too, I got so wet that I caught cold, and was laid up in bed for six weeks in a hotel at Pittsburgh.

The night before my intended departure a thief broke into my room, and stole my only pair of pants, with my pocket-book. Of course I could not proceed without pants, and landlord kicked me into the street with nothing on but my shirt. It was a dark night, and an old lady coming from a church meeting took me for a ghost, and got frightened into spasms, which continued until she died; and I was a policeman came along and arrested me for indecent exposure."

I was put into jail, where the rats bit my bare legs so badly that they swelled up as big as a tree box, and I was sent to the hospital, where they put me, by mistake, in the amputating ward, and a surgeon came along and sawed my leg off, despite my protestations. He afterwards apologized for the error, but it was too late to do me much good.

After a while I got on my money from home, and proceeded with a wooden leg to St. Louis. On our way down the river from Cincinnati on the steamboat, I choked with a bone while at dinner, and a doctor on board had to slit my windpipe to get out the bone. He made a mistake, and took out the wrong bone, so that I lost nearly all of my voice; and the very next day while I was in my berth over the engine room, the boiler exploded, and not only scalded my countenance all out of shape, but blew me onto the Kentucky shore, where I was mistaken for an abolitionist, and after being coated with tar and feathers, was treated to an uncomfortable ride on a rail by a mob, who gave me twenty hours to leave the State.

When I got to St. Louis the first man I saw came up to me and says:

"Is your name McGinley?"

"It is," said I.

"William McGinley?"

"Yes."

"Well, I arrest you for the murder of John Smith," said his representative man.

I afterwards ascertained that a man with my name had committed a horrible murder about six weeks before, and the St. Louis police had been informed that he would arrive in that city on the train I came in. I was arrested, on personal description exactly, too.

Here was a pretty fix. I never was no use of protesting, so I stood my trial, was found guilty, convicted, and on the fatal day taken out to be hung.

I won't detail the painful circumstances. The rope was placed over my neck, the trap sprung, and I was launched into eternity. That is, I ought to have been, but the rope broke, and before they could get another one it was ascertained that I was the wrong man.

I was released and taken to a hotel, where restoratives were applied. One of the doctors, intending to give me brandy, poured a pint of big poison down my throat, and would have killed me absolutely dead if he hadn't been being a stomach pump on hand, with which my interiors were nearly turned wrong side out.

After a while I got well enough to lounge on the front porch of the hotel. One morning, while sitting there, a runaway team drove up in charge of a man with a yellow dog. The man had five bee-hives in his wagon. I was walking around trying to be sociable, when I accidentally trod on the dog's tail. The brute gave a yelp and jumped sideways and bit me in the leg, and in trying to get away from him, I fell against the off mule, who was an irritable jackass, and who immediately kicked me in the jaw. The man aimed a blow at the mule with his whip for this, but the whip was not long enough, and it struck me in the eye, causing me to set up such a howl that the whole five hives of bees swarmed out and stung me until, dancing about in exquisite pain, I stepped on the grating in the pavement and fell through to the coal-hole, right on top of an Irishman who was getting coal, and who, thinking I did it on purpose, tried his best to brain me with the scoop shovel.

It was rough three days, you can just bet.

Well, after numerous similar mishaps, I got safely started once more. My luck was well enough until one night when my cars, going out and everything was as still as death. About midnight I got the nightmare and thinking I was a volver off, killing a teamster dead on the spot, and a lot of Indians rushed in and captured me. They ran arrows into me until I was full, and then scalped me, and made me hopelessly bald for life.

Look at my head now, will you?

I had there all night, with the wolves, attracted by the scent of blood, chawing on me, but I would have made out to crawl away had not a buffalo bull the next morning, excited by my red flannel shirt, tackled me with his horns and pitched me into the air, where I had insensible until the next day, when a fire swept over the prairie and scorched me as black as a crisper.

Rough on me, wasn't it?

That day, however, a train came along and I was picked up. They mistook me for a colored man at first, and as they were all prejudiced against the black race, they did think of leaving me there, but one fellow actually asked me if I wanted to vote!

Want to vote! I wanted to die just then, you can believe.

When we got out to Salt Lake City I had nearly recovered, and would very likely soon have been well, if an earthquake hadn't shaken a house over on me and nearly mashed me into a jelly.

It was the first earthquake that had ever happened in that section. It evidently had been just waiting for me to come along.

But I won't bother you with all of the misery I endured. I got into San Francisco at last in a pretty plight, but I found circumstances awaiting me there, and on the whole, I felt first-rate. I went into business, and made out very well for some months. One night my store burned to the ground.

"All right, says I "she's insured anyhow."

So when I went around to collect my insurance I found the policy had expired just the day before, and the bank in which I had deposited my money, although considered one of the safest in the United States, had broken up while I was at the insurance office.

"Now I'll leave it to you," said Mr. William McGinley, "if I haven't had a hard time of it? I don't care a cent what happens now, I don't actually. If I'm struck by lightning and dropped into sausage-meat, it's all the same to me. I'm ready for any little excitement of that kind.

"And now could you lend me a quarter to begin on again, John?" asked William McGinley.

POOR MADEMOISELLE TINNE, AGAIN.

A recent number of the *Gartenlaube* contains an interesting and romantic sketch, by Wilhelm Gerstäcker, of Mdlle. Tinne, the female explorer, whose tragical death last year was a real loss to science. The unmarriable heiress was the daughter of an English merchant and of a Dutch lady of good family, attached to the Court of the present Queen of Holland. Her father dying when she was only five years old, she was left heiress to a considerable property; and, as, moreover, her personal attractions were great, she had no lack of suitors when she grew up, and those of the best birth and quality. But to all the same she answered, What could be the reason? Remembrances of that the heiress had been made to be insensible to the universal passion, whispered that she nourished a hopeless love for some unattainable prince, and that it was this which subsequently drove her, despairing, into the wilderness. However that may be, two barons saw and in the eagerness of their suit in a fashion of duelling, and totally unlike developed tastes were those of Baron Amazon, she delighted in taming horses, and sought nothing in the world more pleasant than a journey of any length was to the North Pole. The Queen of Holland gave her permission to many Courts of Europe, but she was bent on visiting the East, and made her first expedition, and, as she afterwards said, found it so pleasant that she resolved to make it her chief occupation. Her first journey was to Algeria, and the simple human sympathies which bound her to the East, like Lady Duff Gordon, her passion was to relieve the sufferings of the discovery. For this she resolved to turn African to the best advantage, and, clothed in the dress, surrounded herself with African servants, and engaged a cunuch for her protection. The native tribes of the interior regarded her to be a "lovely white shining daughter of the Sultan of Sultans, who, regarding freely with both hands, and winning all hearts, came the whole way from Stamboul to visit the inhospitable tribes of the interior." And such is the legend which probably will be handed down among them for as many generations as are to pass until the memory of her fame and her adventures shall have faded from the minds of European women as well as men. But it was not the love of the wilds she sought to gratify, like Lady Hester Stanhope; nor was it the gaiety of the Indian and the simple human sympathies which bound her to the East, like Lady Duff Gordon;