

FOR THE WEST SHORE.

ONWARD EVER.

BY MRS. T. ROZZETT.

Forever run, O rapid river,
Ceaseless is thy tide;
Onward ever, backward never,
Dost thou swiftly glide.
Oh! thou type of human greatness,
If great, one thin wouldst be,
Must like thee ever progress,
Never backward flee.

Though the strife prove fierce and lasting,
Though the heart should fail,
Take no false step downward, backward,
But stoutly stem the gale.
Place thy hope, thy faith above thee,
Strive with might and main,
For the honor thou desirest,
And vict'ry thou wilt gain.

Like you grandly flowing river,
That laps Columbia's shore,
That onward ever, backward never,
Steadily doth pour—
Till it reaches its destination,
The open sounding sea;
And rolls its mighty waters in—
In grand sublimity.

THE FOOL CATCHER AGAIN.

BY A FOOL.

That it should have occurred a second time! I protest I am mortified! I am more than mortified! I must explain.

It began with Dolly Dalrymple, but all the aunts, nieces and cousins are in it. In fact there is a breeze in the family tree, and every twig is in a flutter; and Aunt Sennoth went to explain to Dolly, who shut the door on Aunt Sennoth, thereby knocking in the crown of her hat, and nearly pushing her from the steps; and the children, even to our three-years-old Dot, play Dolly and Aunt Sennoth, and say to each other, "You old hate—"

But never mind what they say. It is simply shocking, and, putting on my mantle of charity, I was starting the other morning to act as mediator, when coming up our steps again, with his book under his arm, I saw the Fool Catcher.

"I see," remarked that gentleman, with his quiet smile, "that though you bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. Fall in line, Madam!"

And so we marched on as before—the Fool Catcher and I—and at the first turning met Mrs. La Place, looking fagged and fretted.

"I am worn out," said Mrs. La Place, plaintively. "I am searching for a roc's egg to hang from my drawing-room ceiling, and I believe I have explored every street of the city on foot lest my man should pass a single door. I have telegraphed every where! I have sent to Barnum's, and all the museums! and Dr. Thibet, the great traveler, you know, has promised to bring me one from Syria, or Timbuctoo, or some of those places. But that is so long, you know! Besides, he may be eaten by a lion, or some of those horrid natives; and every time I see Mrs. Conda, 'my dear,' she cries, 'isn't it perfect!' pointing to the egg dangling from her ceiling. I could box the woman's ears."

"Why?" asked the Fool Catcher. "Do you suppose I intend to be outdone by Mrs. Conda?" cried Mrs. La Place, with spirit. "Is it not enough that she has the first roc's egg? and they are the rage in Paris, where they are bringing fabulous sums! Why, Mr. Fool Catcher, no house is perfect without one."

"Mrs. La Place," said the Fool Catcher, "if Mrs. Conda—whom you know is an ill-bred, illiterate woman, for whose mind and heart you have a thorough contempt—if Mrs. Conda, I say, in this hemisphere, or some woman in another hemisphere, so much more worthless that the details of her existence could not be mentioned before a lady like you, should choose to make a drawing-room pet of a donkey, and keep him on the rug, do you think your house would be perfect without him? Or suppose Mrs. Conda or Mdlle. Anonyme grew thistles in their green-houses, would you not pull up your roses at once?"

"One must do as the world does," commenced Mrs. La Place, when—"Fall in line, Madam!" interrupted the Fool Catcher, sharply.

"But the roc's egg?" bleated Mrs. La Place.

"Will be for sale in every shop in the city, once it is known by American women that one dangles in Mdlle. Anonyme's boudoir," retorted the Fool Catcher, grimly.

And so we marched on—Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—till we were brought to a stand by young Tandem, who had nearly run us down.

"Good-morning, Mr. Tandem," said the Fool Catcher, putting up his glass. "Pray, Sir, will you allow me to examine your pocket-book? Unless my excellent glass deceives me that is remarkable currency you are carrying."

One of the Fool Catcher's peculiar conditions was that no one was ever surprised by his requests or dreamed of disputing them. Accordingly young Tandem drew out his *porte-monnaie*, and looked quietly on while the Fool Catcher, like an amateur brigand, counted out bank-notes and gold pieces in his broad hand. By what magic we read there, in place of the usual legends, such inscriptions as, "Business Credit," "Mother's Peace," "Broken Heart," "Father's Disappointment," "Good Health," "Common Sense," "A Year of Life," "Good Name," and "Energy," I do not pretend to say; but there were the letters, and there were we looking at them, young Tandem with us.

"Good Health—Energy—Honor—Business Credit—Mother's Peace—A Year of Life!" repeated the Fool Catcher, in his deep voice. "Large prices to pay, Mr. Tandem, for wines and cigars, drinking bouts, smiles that can be bought, games at cards, and horse-flesh. You buy dear and sell cheap, Mr. Tandem, and have as good a chance as any man I know of being shortly bankrupt of all these commodities, tapping the inscriptions with his finger. "Fall in line, Mr. Tandem!"

And so we marched on—young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—till we found Mrs. Sharpe cutting up the talented Mrs. Ramilla Curso.

"Nothing in her at all!" cries Miss Sharpe, shrilly. "Call her talented if they like. I say her playing is ordinary. She is not at all graceful; her eyes are dull, her nose is too long, she has no—"

"Fall in line, my dear Madam, and don't perjure yourself!" cried the Fool Catcher, briskly.

"So"—snapped Mrs. Sharpe, viciously, and eying Mrs. La Place and myself—"all the fools are women! We should have a female Fool Catcher!"

"Ah, Madam! what need," said the Fool Catcher, serenely, "when fool-catching is the business of ladies' lives, and you do it so well?"

"The brute!" muttered Miss Sharpe. But by this time we were at Mrs. Merrywell's door, and found that pretty little woman in violent perturbation—crying, in fact, and sniffing unromantically, because her honey-moon had gone down; in one breath abusing her Harry, in the next bemoaning herself.

"Dear Mrs. Merrywell," said the Fool Catcher, sympathetically, "is your husband unkind to you?"

"Not—not exactly," sobbed Mrs. Merrywell. "I think he is fond of me in his way, but he is so changed. He used to lean over the piano, and now he lounges on the sofa with his horrid cigars while I sing, and says, 'That's jolly!' and 'You're a larkly little woman!'—think of my being a larkly little woman now, when he used to call me an angel! and then he brought me bouquets every evening, and I now asked him for one and he forgot it; said he had been so busy; and I cried, and he called me a goose—me!"

"Dear Mrs. Merrywell," asked the Fool Catcher, seriously, though not without a twinkle of the eyes, "have you your husband's picture?"

"To be sure," returned Mrs. Merrywell, briskly. "I had it before our marriage, and I used to kiss it every day."

"Precisely; and did you kiss it this morning, Mrs. Merrywell?"

"Why, no," returned the little woman, doubtfully. "I—"

"Did you kiss it yesterday, or the day before, or even the week before?" continued the Fool Catcher, with increasing severity; "or did you this very morning pinch your husband's ears and pull his hair instead?"

Mrs. Merrywell, you may be fond of your husband in your way, but think of pulling his hair instead of kissing his picture!"

"At any rate, I don't forget what he

asked me, and then call him a goose," argued Mrs. Merrywell, plucky and pouting.

"Mrs. Merrywell," said the Fool Catcher, "when you have baked your cake on one side you must turn it and bake it on the other. Your case is by no means singular. Wholly to win a man, a woman must win him twice over. Once by her beauty, her girlish freshness and sparkle, whatever it was that attracted him; the second time, by her goodness, tact, and cleverness; and as the last qualities are superior, so is the last love sweeter and dearer. But if instead you only show him tears, pouting, and *deshabille*, he will be apt to remember that he was won by fair looks, and feel as you would, Mrs. Merrywell, if you paid for a silk gown and they sent you home a print."

"Why are not women then to be won twice over, and all the rest of it?" commenced Mrs. Merrywell, mutinously. "Why must men—?"

"My dear Madam," interrupted the Fool Catcher; "I do not make facts, I only state them. Fall in line, if you please. A walk with us will do you no harm."

And so we marched on—Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—till we were unlucky enough to meet Nullus with an armful of books, all bearing, "THE WORLD AS IT IS; NULLUS," in gilt lettering on the back. I am positive that the Fool Catcher tried to dodge him, but Nullus seized him by the coat, and began to dilate on his book, assuring him that he would find satisfactorily treated there every subject of note that had been started since the deluge.

"Do you find market for your works?" asked the Fool Catcher, uneasily.

"Market!" repeated Nullus, with huge disdain. "Does any thing find a market nowadays but clap-trap? Give people sound reasoning, and profound thought on original subjects, and they won't read it. Fine fancies and delicate shades of thought are thrown away on the brutal taste of the day. I tell you, Sir, men are required to write as scene-makers paint—in great, staring colors, that require no thought, and no close inspection. No, Sir," pursued Nullus, with increasing heat, "I don't expect to find a market, Sir. A hundred years hence, somebody may dig out a stray copy of 'The World as it is,' and make the publisher's fortune; but I pay for publishing, and starve in a dirty lodging-house."

"Alter your style."

"To suit a vitiated taste? Never," declaimed Nullus.

"Choose another profession."

"What, and give up my muse! Impossible; why—"

"Fall in line, Sir!" roared the Fool Catcher. "What the deuce would you have, if you will play dead-marches when the people want jigs?"

And so we marched on—Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—and met the Hon. Mr. Boreas, coming fast, and with a bright face, around the corner.

"Congratulate me," he cried to the Fool Catcher. "I have just been investing money in the *Asho!* Splendid investment! The circulation is—"

"Fall in line!" exclaimed the Fool Catcher, sharply. "Why, you are a curiosity, Sir!"

And so we marched on—the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—to the Tornado Place, where old Tornado sat at dinner, in a fury, over the beef.

"Underdone again! Is there a house-keeper in this house or not, Mrs. Tornado?" roared her husband. "If not, inform me, and I will supply the deficiency. Upon my word, Madam, it is a wonderful thing—a wonderful thing, that nothing can be done properly in my house. Every thing, from the children to the dinner, neglected and spoiled. D—n it, Madam, do you hear me? I say every thing is ruined in this house!" glaring fiercely at Mrs. Tornado, who sat stonily through it all, looking steadily at her plate.

"The brute! the ass!" murmured the Fool Catcher, "to trample under his hoof not only the woman but all his own chance of happiness, when you can lead any woman, with kisses and coaxing, from Dan to Bersheba. Fall in line, Mr. Tornado!"

And so we marched on—Tornado,

the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—to the next block, where Mrs. Scragge sat reading a letter, crossed and recrossed, after the horrible manner of women.

"Such a sad case!" she said, looking at the Fool Catcher; "but, of course, you have heard. I always felt there was something about that woman that was to be distrusted. How can people do such things, Mr. Fool Catcher?"

"Circumstances alter cases," returned the Fool Catcher, sententially.

"I do not think they do," cried Mrs. Scragge, virtuously. "I do not consider any circumstances an excuse for such things. I have never pretended to be better than other women; but, Mr. Fool Catcher, you might bring me what circumstances you like, and it would make no difference with me; not an atom."

The Fool Catcher waved his hand toward our ranks.

"Fall in line, Madam! You are as wise as a baby that is sure the candle will not burn its fingers;" securing, in the same breath, an editor, whom he had caught among the prophets.

And so we marched on—the Editor, Mrs. Scragge, Tornado, the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—to—well—really, there are times, and persons, and things about which one should have discretion—let us say that it was Dash, who was observing, in an unctious, comfortable way, to three bony women in print gowns:

"I don't deny that it is hard, my good ladies, but it is undoubtedly the will of God, because, whatever is, is right; so that, in my opinion, the powerful effort that is now being made to alter your status, is a direct flying in the face of Providence. It is painful individually, but, no doubt, that is a wise provision that makes the condition of working women as uncomfortable as possible, since, were it otherwise, women might be tempted to revolt against their natural protectors, and make themselves independent of men."

"My good Dash!" cried the Fool Catcher, twirling that worthy about on his own steps like a top, "if there was a custom of horsewhipping, daily, all fat, pompous men like you, would you consider it an ordinance of God or a device of man? and when you have a fever, do you not think that a doctor and medicines is so much flying in the face of Providence? since, though the fever may bear individually hard on you, doubtless a wise provision made fevers possible for mankind, especially in the spring. "Fall in line, Dash!" at the same time pouncing on what he called Similar Cases—a young man, who insisted that a fine head of blonde hair and a pair of pink cheeks were a sweet temper and a good heart, and a young lady, who believed a well-starched shirt-bosom and a heavy mustache to be refinement and bravery.

And so we marched on—the Similar Cases, Dash, the Editor, Mrs. Scragge, Tornado, the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—till we found old Cruet, dropping gall as usual.

"Hear the fellow!" said the Fool Catcher, as Cruet ran up to Dr. Hooiwell.

"Good-morning, Doctor! I congratulate you, Sir. I see your son has graduated at last; and, for my part, let people talk as they like about young Cresces, I never fancied such precocious development. Ah! Mr. Besom! why, I was thinking of you. I have just seen your new house, Sir. Pity there wasn't a varnish of time, and ready-grown moss, to be had with other building materials. A spiteful neighborhood like yours will have its fling, you know, at new people. Miss Cresces, how ill you look! what has become of that fine bloom that I used to praise a year ago? My dear Hodein, why I am meeting all my friends this morning! So you have an article in the *Saga*; and, by-the-by, what a wretched number that was! I pity, too; its editor never pays, if he can help it. Now—"

"Fall in line," said the Fool Catcher, laying a heavy hand on Cruet's shoulders. "I remember, Sir, that Heaven reckons up each drop of gall that you distill for your fellow-creatures, and will, one day, give it all to you to drink!"

And so we marched on—Cruet, the