

Mr. Sommerbeck's Dog.

"I do love a dog," said Mr. Sommerbeck, the owner of the big yellow house on Spring street, out on North Hill. "Man's faithful friend; always devoted to his master; always vigilant in his protection; untiring in his efforts to please; docile under discipline, forgiving in his disposition, kind and faithful, man does not half appreciate him nor understand him. I have bought a dog, one that will in his infantile days be a source of unceasing mirth to us all by his innocent gambols, and as age develops his sterner qualities, will be a faithful, vigilant guardian of our sleeping hours. Let us love him and deal with him gently and tenderly, for his very life will be devoted to our service. Come, Herzegovina, come in and get acquainted with your friends."

Herzegovina was not a very promising looking dog. He had a pair of black, headlike eyes, that were set in such a steady stare they never winked, but glared through the tangled mass of grizzly hair that hung over them in a heavy fringe. One of his ears had been run over by a freight train or something, and was broken about amidships, the end hanging down like a half-masted signal of distress. The other ear stood up bold upright, like the sample on a lightning-rod wagon. His coat was an indescribable pepper and salt color, and the dog appeared to have grown gray from premature trouble. Every time one of the family spoke to him he started and sniffed, as if he had a sore limb or something to the side of right. We are in danger of forgetting that "Herzegovina" was not his only charm; he was the wisest man of his time, but he was also one of the best men of any time. In an age when drinking deep was considered one of the evidences of a gentleman, he was always temperate." An old Oxford professor told Mr. Fields that he was a "debauched clergyman." "Debauched by what?" said Mr. Fields. "By wit and humor, sir," returned the professor.

"Never mind," said Mr. Sommerbeck, "never mind; he will learn to know us in a few days. He will learn to know us. Learn to know us. Know us."

When the family retired that night the dog was shut up in the carriage shed, as it was feared he might feel lonesome, and stray away from his new home. The last lamp had been hardly put out, however, when Mr. Sommerbeck heard strange noises in the yard. Somebody was prowling around the barn. Mr. Sommerbeck groaned as he left his snug bed and leaned out of a window to listen and catch a celestial cold in his head. Evidently there was somebody or something about in the barn, and the Master groaned and drew his head down with his heart in his mouth and a lantern in his hand to re-examine. He put his ear against the crack of the door; he heard a rasping noise, as of some one cramming things into a bag. He opened the door, and the first thing he saw was a strip of a boggycushion. Then he saw some fragments of stuff that looked like the lining of his buggy, and then his attention was attracted to a kind of geyser of curled hair, and he saw the faithful dog throwing his whole soul into the work of digging for rats, where no rat ever was in the boggycushions. The faithful dog had already gnawed the whip in his pouches, chewed the clock edge, and one of the tresses up into hard, moist-looking knots, and tore Mr. Sommerbeck's stable coat and horse-blanket into carpet rags.

"One consolation," said Mr. Sommerbeck, "is its evidence he's a powerful ratter."

Mr. Sommerbeck sat out in the cold until he was chilled through, and held the dog by the neck, wondering what to do with him.

"Confinement is irksome to him, and makes him restless, maybe," said Mr. Sommerbeck, wondering if he couldn't get the buggy fixed before Mrs. S. saw it. "I guess I'll tie him out."

He tied him to the back fence with a piece of the clothes line, and again sought his down couch. He had been in bed for many minutes when the howl of most unearthly misery broke the air, dying away in a prolonged, shuddering gurgle that lifted every hair off Mr. Sommerbeck's head, and emptied all the shrieking, fainting women in the house into his room in one wailing, hysterical torrent. Again and again the howl came swelling up through the closed windows, as though it wafted out of the very walls of the house, and then would come a series of choking, gurgling gasps and asthmatic groans that were too full of horror to listen to, without shrieking. Mr. Sommerbeck could feel his hair trying to lift itself out by the roots, and he tried to shout for the police, but the sound of his terror-stricken voice awoke him into silence.

"I will go down and see what it is," he said, in a tone of forced calmness.

He dressed, and took the lantern and revolver, and went out. Guided by the terrible sound he came to where he had found the dog. No dog was visible, but the rope that was stretched tight across the top of the fence showed where he was. The docile animal had jumped over the fence, and the rope was just long enough to let his hind legs touch the ground. As long as he could stand the dog could howl till he hushed the railroad whistles, and when his weakening legs buckled and let him down the rope tightened and shut off his wind in a series of chokes and gasps and gurgles that were too awful to think about. Mr. Sommerbeck clung helplessly over the fence and tried to lift the dog to safety, and when he pushed the howling animal over the fence, it pawed the top of his bald head until it looked like a map of the Servian war. Mr. Sommerbeck wished the faithful dog at the Centennial. Then it crawled his hind legs down the neck of his nightshirt, and braced its fore paws against the fence, and pushed back, and walked all over Mr. Sommerbeck's face, howling all the time. Finally Mr. Sommerbeck pushed him over and heard him drop with a heavy thump on the ground. Then he tried to climb over himself. It was a slow painful task, for Mr. Sommerbeck is not a light-weight nor is young as he once was, and the top of his bald head was the top of the fence after many groans, and with a great groan of satisfaction balanced himself on top. His sudden appearance seemed to fill the dog with terror, and in a flash, just as Mr. Sommerbeck dropped on the inside of the fence, the faithful dog went up like a rocket and shot out of sight on the other, and recommenced his hideous howls and gasps.

Mr. Sommerbeck felt as though he could not get sleep enough as he prepared to seal the dreary loneliness. It is disconcerting work, but he got to sleep, and lost his balance, and went down on the other side like a land slide, falling plump on the faithful dog and killing it so quick that the doomed animal never whimpered. Mr. Sommerbeck limped slowly down the alley, and up the street to the front gate. He got into the house and went to bed, and in response to the anxious inquiries of the women as to what was the matter, he merely told them to pull on the clothes line in the morning, and they would find out.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Sydney Smith's Humor.

Mr. James T. Fields delivered the sixth and last lecture of his course at Chickering Hall last evening upon "Sydney Smith." Upon his first visit to London, said the lecturer, his friends told him he was unfortunate, and he none the less himself believed he was unfortunate, in not arriving in England while Sydney Smith was still alive. It might naturally enough be considered that Sydney Smith was better fitted by the nature of the conditions which affected him to mourn than to make merry. The remark of the acid old blue-stocking to the blind man whom he caught laughing was put in his own words: "What right have you to laugh, sir? Who sends you your tribulation, why don't you translate?" But Smith chose to be merry, and he was merry at the expense of many in high place and in defiance of "those two old mummies, Custom and Prejudice," whom he refused to honor, though they were clothed in linen and embalmed in spices. And the people listened to him, too, in spite of his contumacious justifications, as he had listened to Knox, who, as Carlyle "with a sort of defiance" said, "was the father of Cromwell, and the people heard him with the marrow of their bones."

Sydney Smith was the enemy of cant.

One can imagine the smile with which he took up an evangelical magazine of his day and read upon its cover, "Wanted, a young man of serious character," who knows how to shave and comb his hair, and a countenance that is not too bold. He is in danger of forgetting that "Hilarity was not his only charm; he was the wisest man of his time, but he was also one of the best men of any time. In an age when drinking deep was considered one of the evidences of a gentleman, he was always temperate."

An old Oxford professor told Mr. Fields that he was a "debauched clergyman." "Debauched by what?" said Mr. Fields. "By wit and humor, sir," returned the professor.

Forty pounds was the precise sum that Sydney Smith lost in his Pennsylvania speculations, and he never harbored any malice against anybody because of that loss, although it did provoke a bitter satire. The same man, who wrote the famous question, "Who ever reads a newspaper book?" was the author of "The Weary," sung by the choir. These were two of the Commodore's favorite hymns, and Dr. Deems said he often sang them, "till down the cheeks of your friend," while listening to the latter. Dr. Deems played long and fervently. After the prayer he made a brief and touching address.

At the conclusion of the services, the casket was placed in the hearse and the funeral procession started for Staten Island Ferry. An immense crowd was collected around the church when the cortège set out. There were over one hundred carriages hired for the friends and the employees of the deceased, in addition to which numerous private carriages and sleighs joined the procession as it moved slowly down Broadway. These latter took about sixty carriages on board, and the rest were left behind.

At 2 o'clock the carriages were landed at Vanderbilt Landing, the procession was re-formed and set out for the old Moravian Church at New Dorp. The church was unable to contain a tithe of those who came in carriages and the crowds of Staten Islanders who had assembled. There were no emblems of mourning in the church, on the contrary, it still wore its Christmas decorations. The coffin having been borne up the aisle, a prayer was delivered by the pastor, Dr. W. H. Pintard, after which Dr. Deems said the members of the Episcopal Church burial services. The coffin was then removed, and all were permitted to take a last look at the face of the dead Commodore. The remains were then carried to the Vanderbilt vault, adjoining the clergymen and physicians heading the procession. Next came the coffin, then Wm. H. Vanderbilt and lady Jacob Vanderbilt, brother of the deceased, and the widow and other members of the family, and lastly the friends and employees. The coffin was enclosed in a strong oak chest and lowered to the place prepared for it. The monument is about thirty feet high, of granite, with a marble statue of Grief. In front is the simple inscription: "Vanderbilt, 1794-1851."

By a post-mortem examination of the body of Commodore Vanderbilt, it was found that the immediate cause of his death had been necrosis, resulting in perforation of the colon or large intestine. The perforation, the doctor considered, could not have existed more than a day or two before death, but the ulceration which caused it might have been going on for three weeks. Besides this, there was a chronic inflammation of the bladder, which gave rise to the intense pains that the Commodore endured at intervals, and to prolapsus ani. Both the lungs, the heart, the kidneys and liver were found to be more or less affected by disease or unhealthy action, but not sufficiently so to cause death. The perforation of the intestines which caused the death of the Commodore seems to have been a somewhat unexpected development of his disease.—*Telope Blad*.

KEEPING UP DISCIPLINE.—The old-time teachers had great faith in authority. They exacted implicit obedience from scholars, and marks of outward respect which are now unknown. They thought it impossible to secure diligence in study, unless the pupils fear to offend their teachers as almost to fear them. A good story is told of the famous Dr. Busby, which illustrates this feeling.

The King of England, Charles II, paid him to his school. The teacher received the monarch with grave dignity, and was evidently impressed by the high honor conferred on the school. But he did not uncover his head, and one of the royal attendants suggested that he should raise his cap.

The teacher replied, with a stately courtesy, "Will you please my Majesty, if these boys should believe that there is a greater man than he in all England, they would cease to obey me."

The good-natured King accepted the apology, feeling that the teacher was right in magnifying his office.

COLMAN.—The English historian, Chalmers, stated that Washington ordered the gallows, on which Major Andre was hung in 1780, to be built in sight of the prisoner. This accusation aroused the ire of the Americans who flourished in the early part of the century. No one was angrier than John Pintard, and he did everything that could be done to correct the mistake. One day, sitting in his office, a venerable personage called upon him, and as usual the conversation turned on Andre.

"What will you do?" said Pintard.

"We took him from the house where he was kept, and marched along the road until we turned into a lane, when said, 'This is the place where the gallows could be seen, and was seen by Andre for the first time from the turnpike lane.'

"Of course Chalmers lied," said Pintard. "Everybody knows that Washington did not answer Andre's letter asking that he might be shot, and now every body knows that Andre was not in sight of the building of his gallows."—*Record of the Year for January*.

DEFENDING ONE'S COTTON.—Among the volunteers who joined Jackson's army to defend New Orleans was a merchant of that city named Nolte. His patriotism had its limitations; he was willing to risk his life, but not his property, for the defense of the city. It was decided to use cotton bales as entrenchments, and a fortification belonging to Nolte was first taken for a vessel in the stream. Mr. Nolte soon recaptured, from the marks on the bales, his property. He complained to one of Jackson's aids-de-camps, declaring it to be an outrage to take his cotton, which was of the best quality and already shipped, when there was plenty of a much cheaper sort to be had on the plantations.

"Faith, Colman, you seem more attached to the cork than to the bark," said Jekyl, who was present.

"Well, what did you do? Tell me," exclaimed Pintard.

"We took him from the house where he was kept, and marched along the road until we turned into a lane, when said, 'This is the place where the gallows could be seen, and was seen by Andre for the first time from the turnpike lane.'

"Of course Chalmers lied," said Pintard. "Everybody knows that Washington did not answer Andre's letter asking that he might be shot, and now every body knows that Andre was not in sight of the building of his gallows."—*Record of the Year for January*.

DEFENDING ONE'S COTTON.—Among the volunteers who joined Jackson's army to defend New Orleans was a merchant of that city named Nolte. His patriotism had its limitations; he was willing to risk his life, but not his property, for the defense of the city. It was decided to use cotton bales as entrenchments, and a fortification belonging to Nolte was first taken for a vessel in the stream. Mr. Nolte soon recaptured, from the marks on the bales, his property. He complained to one of Jackson's aids-de-camps, declaring it to be an outrage to take his cotton, which was of the best quality and already shipped, when there was plenty of a much cheaper sort to be had on the plantations.

"Faith, Colman, you seem more attached to the cork than to the bark," said Jekyl, who was present.

"Well, what did you do? Tell me," exclaimed Pintard.

"We took him from the house where he was kept, and marched along the road until we turned into a lane, when said, 'This is the place where the gallows could be seen, and was seen by Andre for the first time from the turnpike lane.'

"Of course Chalmers lied," said Pintard. "Everybody knows that Washington did not answer Andre's letter asking that he might be shot, and now every body knows that Andre was not in sight of the building of his gallows."—*Record of the Year for January*.

DEFENDING ONE'S COTTON.—Among the volunteers who joined Jackson's army to defend New Orleans was a merchant of that city named Nolte. His patriotism had its limitations; he was willing to risk his life, but not his property, for the defense of the city. It was decided to use cotton bales as entrenchments, and a fortification belonging to Nolte was first taken for a vessel in the stream. Mr. Nolte soon recaptured, from the marks on the bales, his property. He complained to one of Jackson's aids-de-camps, declaring it to be an outrage to take his cotton, which was of the best quality and already shipped, when there was plenty of a much cheaper sort to be had on the plantations.

"Faith, Colman, you seem more attached to the cork than to the bark," said Jekyl, who was present.

"Well, what did you do? Tell me," exclaimed Pintard.

"We took him from the house where he was kept, and marched along the road until we turned into a lane, when said, 'This is the place where the gallows could be seen, and was seen by Andre for the first time from the turnpike lane.'

"Of course Chalmers lied," said Pintard. "Everybody knows that Washington did not answer Andre's letter asking that he might be shot, and now every body knows that Andre was not in sight of the building of his gallows."—*Record of the Year for January*.

DEFENDING ONE'S COTTON.—Among the volunteers who joined Jackson's army to defend New Orleans was a merchant of that city named Nolte. His patriotism had its limitations; he was willing to risk his life, but not his property, for the defense of the city. It was decided to use cotton bales as entrenchments, and a fortification belonging to Nolte was first taken for a vessel in the stream. Mr. Nolte soon recaptured, from the marks on the bales, his property. He complained to one of Jackson's aids-de-camps, declaring it to be an outrage to take his cotton, which was of the best quality and already shipped, when there was plenty of a much cheaper sort to be had on the plantations.

"Faith, Colman, you seem more attached to the cork than to the bark," said Jekyl, who was present.

"Well, what did you do? Tell me," exclaimed Pintard.

"We took him from the house where he was kept, and marched along the road until we turned into a lane, when said, 'This is the place where the gallows could be seen, and was seen by Andre for the first time from the turnpike lane.'

"Of course Chalmers lied," said Pintard. "Everybody knows that Washington did not answer Andre's letter asking that he might be shot, and now every body knows that Andre was not in sight of the building of his gallows."—*Record of the Year for January*.

DEFENDING ONE'S COTTON.—Among the volunteers who joined Jackson's army to defend New Orleans was a merchant of that city named Nolte. His patriotism had its limitations; he was willing to risk his life, but not his property, for the defense of the city. It was decided to use cotton bales as entrenchments, and a fortification belonging to Nolte was first taken for a vessel in the stream. Mr. Nolte soon recaptured, from the marks on the bales, his property. He complained to one of Jackson's aids-de-camps, declaring it to be an outrage to take his cotton, which was of the best quality and already shipped, when there was plenty of a much cheaper sort to be had on the plantations.

"Faith, Colman, you seem more attached to the cork than to the bark," said Jekyl, who was present.

"Well, what did you do? Tell me," exclaimed Pintard.

"We took him from the house where he was kept, and marched along the road until we turned into a lane, when said, 'This is the place where the gallows could be seen, and was seen by Andre for the first time from the turnpike lane.'

"Of course Chalmers lied," said Pintard. "Everybody knows that Washington did not answer Andre's letter asking that he might be shot, and now every body knows that Andre was not in sight of the building of his gallows."—*Record of the Year for January*.

DEFENDING ONE'S COTTON.—Among the volunteers who joined Jackson's army to defend New Orleans was a merchant of that city named Nolte. His patriotism had its limitations; he was willing to risk his life, but not his property, for the defense of the city. It was decided to use cotton bales as entrenchments, and a fortification belonging to Nolte was first taken for a vessel in the stream. Mr. Nolte soon recaptured, from the marks on the bales, his property. He complained to one of Jackson's aids-de-camps, declaring it to be an outrage to take his cotton, which was of the best quality and already shipped, when there was plenty of a much cheaper sort to be had on the plantations.

"Faith, Colman, you seem more attached to the cork than to the bark," said Jekyl, who was present.

"Well, what did you do? Tell me," exclaimed Pintard.

"We took him from the house where he was kept, and marched along the road until we turned into a lane, when said, 'This is the place where the gallows could be seen, and was seen by Andre for the first time from the turnpike lane.'

"Of course Chalmers lied," said Pintard. "Everybody knows that Washington did not answer Andre's letter asking that he might be shot, and now every body knows that Andre was not in sight of the building of his gallows."—*Record of the Year for January*.

DEFENDING ONE'S COTTON.—Among the volunteers who joined Jackson's army to defend New Orleans was a merchant of that city named Nolte. His patriotism had its limitations; he was willing to risk his life, but not his property, for the defense of the city. It was decided to use cotton bales as entrenchments, and a fortification belonging to Nolte was first taken for a vessel in the stream. Mr. Nolte soon recaptured, from the marks on the bales, his property. He complained to one of Jackson's aids-de-camps, declaring it to be an outrage to take his cotton, which was of the best quality and already shipped, when there was plenty of a much cheaper sort to be had on the plantations.

"Faith, Colman, you seem more attached to the cork than to the bark," said Jekyl, who was present.

"Well, what did you do? Tell me," exclaimed Pintard.

"We took him from the house where he was kept, and marched along the road until we turned into a lane, when said, 'This is the place where the gallows could be seen, and was seen by Andre for the first time from the turnpike lane.'

"Of course Chalmers lied," said Pintard. "Everybody knows that Washington did not answer Andre's letter asking that he might be shot, and now every body knows that Andre was not in sight of the building of his gallows."—*Record of the Year for January*.

DEFENDING ONE'S COTTON.—Among the volunteers who joined Jackson's army to defend New Orleans was a merchant of that city named Nolte. His patriotism had its limitations; he was willing to risk his life, but not his property, for the defense of the city. It was decided to use cotton bales as entrenchments, and a fortification belonging to Nolte was first taken for a vessel in the stream. Mr. Nolte soon recaptured, from the marks on the bales, his property. He complained to one of Jackson's aids-de-camps, declaring it to be an outrage to take his cotton, which was of the best quality and already shipped, when there was plenty of a much cheaper sort to be had on the plantations.

"Faith, Colman, you seem more attached to the cork than to the bark," said Jekyl, who was present.