

THE DAY AFTER THE FOURTH.

The sun looks down
With a comical frown
On a host of sleepy eyes.

NEW ENGLAND PEDDLER TALES.

Peddlers, like horse jockeys, have a reputation for being tricky and for not remembering the golden rule.

Not only do I deny it for myself, but for the majority of the men who are engaged in the business—not including, of course, the many self-styled "agents," those hawkers of patented articles who are found in every State of the Union.

During the whole of my long career, I can truly say that I was never guilty of but one trick of which I am really ashamed; and in that I was outwitted by a young lady.

To begin with, I was not, in my younger days, a temperance man. I was born in the old Bay State before the temperance movement began.

When I began peddling, I carried a bottle of "West India" tucked away in my cart. I did not drink, as I have said, to excess, but used perhaps a quart in a month.

From 1850 to 1858 my "round"—and by round I mean the route over which I sold my goods—lay through a portion of Southern New Hampshire and two of the western counties of Maine.

Then came dry times in Maine! Not a drop of liquor could be had legally for love or money; and diligent search and chase was made for all illicit sellers, and for drinkers, too.

I had a great many of both topers and moderate drinkers among the people on my route. Often, with a wistful look, a man would beckon me aside. I knew what to expect.

temperance police.

As I have said, I did not sympathize at all with their anti-rum crusade, and after a year or two I hit on the following ruse for outwitting the "Ramrods" as the reformers were called by the toppers—and of supplying some of my thirsty Maine friends with an occasional dram.

I bought a lot of hard-shelled "cushaws," or crook-necked gourds, as some call them. These I carefully prepared by removing the inside of the gourds through a small hole in the stem end—not neglecting to preserve the stem to be used as a stopper, or rather to be placed over the stopper.

When these were full, sealed up and ornamented with the stems, held in the proper places by glue, they so closely resembled the green gourds that it would have taken a vigilant eye to detect the difference.

These gourds I placed in the bottom of my cart among paper-rags and tag-locks. If any one saw and spoke of them, I replied that it was a lot that I had bought to gratify a whim.

So it came to pass that a select circle of my customers in the Pine-Tree State received from time to time a gourdful of something, which I always noticed they were very anxious about. On returning the gourds to me, they filled them with water or grain of some kind, and carefully restored the stem to its place.

This kind of smuggling went on for a long time, without interruption. My customers were not informers, as you may suppose. I felt in no danger of being betrayed by them. They would have lost a hand sooner than given the slightest hint to the "prohibitionists."

Nevertheless, I did not make much money out of the business. It was not done by me for money, nor had I any idea of turning my cart into a traveling rumshop. I never carried more than the dozen gourds at once, and these were to gratify a little circle of genial old fellows whom I know, than for any motive of gain.

One day I stopped to trade at a house near the "Corners," in the town of F—, where there had of late been several "rum-cases" tried. There were three or four women at this house, and as usual, they came out to look over my tin-ware, prints, and notions, in the cart.

Women always will do that, whether they want to buy or not; we expect it. It is one of the things a peddler must accept good-naturedly.

When I first began peddling, this habit of the women made me angry; for I thought they did it to make me work, in folding things up and putting them away again. But that is not the reason. They cannot help it; it is natural to them. And they like to see a peddler fold and replace his goods carefully, even if it takes him half an hour.

You would think, perhaps, that they did not care, or realize, how much work they make the trader; but they do, and that is the funniest part of it; and think very much more of you if you have unbounded patience with them.

A bright woman always knows that she has several weaknesses, and she is apt to confide in a man who she sees knows it, and has a heartful of patience for her whims. It took me thirty or forty years to learn even so much of woman-nature. I don't pretend to know much about women yet; and, in fact, I never saw the man who did.

Finding that she could not get me to take pay for it, she ran into the house, got her hat, and started off with the gourd as fast as she could walk. I also started from that locality at once, and drove as fast as I dared. Still, I hoped that perhaps the girl only wanted the liquor for her folks, or to gratify some whim, though I might have known better.

I had not gone more than three miles from the "Corners," when a wagon, in which were three men, came driving up behind my cart at a great pace. A constable jumped from the wagon and arrested me for violating the "law."

Well, they soon had me under lock and key; and a search of my cart revealed anything save a good condition of things for me. They captured every gourd—five full ones.

At my trial, they failed to prove—though my charming young-lady acquaintance tried very hard to do so, she being a member of a "Band of Temperance"—that I had actually sold liquor.

There was a great deal of fun and laughter about the gourds; and I barely escaped sentence to jail, but had a fine to pay, and lost about a week's time besides.

That broke up the gourd business. I used sometimes to meet the young lady afterwards, and always lifted my hat to her. I really never felt angry with her.

And as the years passed, I changed my views not a little upon the temperance question. Intoxicating liquors are working the world vast evil. Almost any effort for the suppression of their use—where the promoters of it are earnest and sincere—is to be commended and encouraged.

A dog carved in the mantelpiece over the fire-place of the dining-room of the Chateau de Montargis is the only thing which remains to remind the present generation of the famous duel which took place between the Chevalier de Maccare and the faithful hound of Aubrey de Montdidier.

The examination of the applicants for admission at West Point has been finished, and out of the 152 who applied 37 have been sent away, having been found deficient. Among the latter is William Waite of the Oberlin district, Ohio.

Alexander has been examined as Waite's alternate, and he has passed a most creditable examination. Waite failed in grammar. Alexander was way up in grammar and stands 98 in arithmetic.

CONFIDING IN THE WRONG SON.

A special to the Times says: Elmer Snyder is a wealthy farmer of Glenn City, Columbia county. He is a widower, and lives alone with his servants in a fine house close by the highway. He is a prominent figure in political and social circles, and is deacon in the Methodist Church here.

On last Wednesday a handsome, elegantly dressed woman, unaccompanied, drove up to the village inn and secured accommodations for a few days, saying she was from Philadelphia and desired a quiet room.

When he had sufficiently recovered the old man said: "That young man was not my son. I have been cruelly deceived and robbed," pointing to a safe which stood in the corner of the room.

"Last night," continued the farmer, "the young man and I remained up till about 11 o'clock, talking about the Western States. At last he started to talk about my real estate, money, bonds, &c., but I never suspected anything. Shortly after I went to bed. I soon thought I heard a noise, as though a door had been opened and shut, and I got up and looked out of the window, but as I couldn't see anything I went back to bed again. I soon fell asleep. How long I slept I don't know, but I was roughly awakened by a gag being forced into my mouth, and before I could help myself I was bound and gagged. In the partial darkness I saw two figures. After they had securely fastened me one of them went to the bureau and coolly lit the lamp.

"As soon as the light was turned up I recognized the face of the young man whom I thought was my son and the stylish woman who had stopped at the tavern. The young man laughed quietly, and taking up my trousers took the key of the safe out of the pocket and deliberately proceeded to open it. The pair then examined the contents. The money they put in the valise which the woman carried, while the papers were tossed about as you see them. After they had taken everything the young man came up to me and laughed in my face. 'Good-by, papa,' he said; 'I'll pay your respects to your son when I get back to Chicago. He wants to hear from you.' They then went out, locking the door after them."

This morning a detective from Chicago arrived in the village looking for two persons whose description tallies exactly with that of the farmer's bogus son and the fleshy woman who put up at the tavern. The man is thought to be a confidence man of Chicago, "Fly Bill."

"I would swear that we saw, not a hundred, but hundreds—hundreds of whales—genuine sperm whales. It was the most extraordinary sight I ever beheld. Now, see here! I am not telling this for the sake of telling a big story, but because I believe its publication may put some whalers on the track of making something handsome. The facts are big enough in themselves, and need no enlargement from me."

The speaker was Capt. Brandenburg of the brig William Phipps, which arrived from Aux Cayes with a cargo of logwood—a weather-beaten old tar, who is known everywhere in New York nautical circles. The rest of the crew corroborated his story, which is as follows: A few days ago, when about eighty miles east by south of Cape Henry, the brig sighted a school of whales. As they forged slowly northward the number kept increasing until the water seemed fairly alive with the enormous creatures.

For three days the brig had them in sight, many of them coming within gunshot of the vessel, and furnishing a target for the captain's rifle, a species of sport which furnished him much amusement and did no damage to the whales. There were literally several hundred of the whales, which were of the sperm varieties. They were tranquilly swimming around in a circle, and were apparently looking for a good feeding-ground. Two days after the sperm had passed out of sight the brig encountered quite a good-sized school of hump-back whales. (New York Herald.)

FRATERNAL SPARRING.

I have just returned from a little two-handed tournament with my gloves. I have filled my nose with cotton waste so that I shall not soak this sketch in gore as I write.

I needed a little healthful exercise, and was looking for something that would be full of vigorous enthusiasm, and at the same time promote the healthful flow of blood to the muscles. This was rather difficult. I tried most everything, but failed. Being a sciable being (joke) I wanted other people to help me exercise, or go along with me when I exercised. Some men can go away to desert isle, and have fun with dumb-bells and a horizontal bar, but to me it would seem dull and commonplace after a while, and I would yearn for more humanity.

Then a younger brother said he had a set of boxing gloves in his room, and although I was the taller, and had longer arms, he would hold up as long as he could and I might hammer him until I gained strength and finally got well.

I accepted this offer because I had often regretted that I had not made myself familiar with this art, and also because I knew it would create a thrill of interest, and fire me with ambition, and that's what a hollow-eyed invalid needs to put him on the road to recovery.

The boxing-glove is a large fat mitten, with an abnormal thumb and a string at the wrist by which you tie it on, so that when you feed it to your adversary he cannot swallow it and choke himself. I had never seen any boxing-gloves before, but my brother said they were soft and wouldn't hurt anybody. So we took off some of our raiment and put them on. Then we shook hands. I can remember distinctly yet that we shook hands. That was to show that we were friendly and would not slay each other.

My brother is a great deal younger than I am and I so warned him not to get excited and come for me with anything that would look like wild and ungovernable fury because I might, in the heat of debate, pile his jaw up on his forehead and fill his ear full of sore thumb. He said that was all right, and he would try to be cool and collected.

Then we put our right toes close together, and I told him to be on his guard. At that moment I dealt him a terrible blow aimed at his nose, but through a clerical error of mine it went over his shoulder and spent itself on the wall of the room, shattering a small holly-wood bracket, for which I paid him \$3.75 afterward. I did not wish to try the bracket because I had two at home, but he was arbitrary about it and I bought it.

We then took another athletic posture and in two seconds the air was full of pounced thumb and buckskin mitten. I soon detected a chance to put one in where my brother could smell it, but I never knew just where it struck, for at that moment I ran up against something with the pit of my stomach that made me throw up the sponge along with some other groceries, the names of which I cannot now recall.

My brother then proposed that we take off the gloves, but I thought I had not sufficiently punished him, and that another round would complete the conquest, which was then almost within my grasp. I took a bismuth powder and squared myself, but in warding off a left hander, I forgot about my adversary's right, and ran my nose into the middle of his boxing-glove. Fearing that I had injured him, I retreated rapidly on my elbows and shoulder-blades to the corner of the room, thus giving him ample time to recover. By this means my younger brother's features were saved and are to-day as symmetrical as my own.

I can still cough up pieces of boxing gloves, and when I close my eyes I can see calcium lights and blue phosphor-essent gleams across the horizon, but I am thoroughly convinced that there is no physical exercise which yields the same amount of health and elastic vigor to the puncher than the manly art does. To the punchee, also, it affords a large wad of glad surprises and nose bleed, which cannot be too hurtful to those who hanker for the pleasing nervous shock, the spinal jar, and the pyrotechnic concussion.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Sunday, the 17th inst., will be the fiftieth anniversary of the visit of President Jackson and Vice-President Van Buren to Hartford. At that time there was a grand parade. Jackson was honored by his friends as a hero and a statesman. He rode, somewhat against his wish (for he had already ridden for days), a splendid horse, in deference to the wish of Gen. Hayden chiefly. There was a grand parade, military and civic, and even those here who had most abused the old hero were fain to join the general acclaim. Jackson rode through dense throngs all the way through Main street, and the writer remembers how he looked—lifting his hat, his gray, stiff hair brushing back and up, as he bowed right and left to the throngs in the windows and on the housetops, in answer to the cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs.

He was escorted by the finest military line of cavalry and infantry that had ever been seen here. Achees, with flags, flowers and mottoes, spanned the street. There was a military brigade of nearly 2,000 drawn up in line at the South Green, to greet the President as he came into town, escorted by the Governor's Horse Guards. Major Denlow, who had gone out to meet him and his companions, officials from many States including Gov. Edwards, of Connecticut, Gov. Marcy, of New York, Vice-President Van Buren, Secretary of War, Cass, and many more. Cannon pealed, bells rang and cheers went up from 10,000 throats.

The Governor's Foot Guard was under command of Major Calvin Day. It was his first appearance in command of the company. He "still lives," and in honor of that event of 1833, the old company have extended to him a complimentary parade and banquet. If accepted, it will take place next Saturday afternoon, the 16th inst. At the time of the parade, fifty years ago, President Jackson said he had never seen a finer military company than the Foot Guard. What would he say if he saw them now?—(Hartford Times, June 17th)

GOING A-FISHING.

Did we not go fishing it would not be summer. Conversely, if it were not summer we would not go a-fishing.

"We are going fishing next week," said Mr. Oldboy, "and I want to be sure we've got all our things together." "Got a tent?" asked his partner. "Yes, I've got a tent." "And a boat?" "Yes; that's engaged." "Whisky?" "Lots of it." "Some pilot biscuit?" "Yes, a whole box." "Five or six dozen of beer?" "Yes." "Cigars?" "Hundreds of 'em." "Plenty of whisky?" "Yes." "Ham and canned meats?" "Yes." "A good lot of beer?" "Yes." "You'll want some ice." "I have that, and I have lots of canned goods, plenty of beer and cigars, no end of whisky and bread, and everything I can possibly think of, and yet it seems to me I've left something out."

"Got your tackle, haven't you?" "By George," shouted Mr. Oldboy, "you've hit it. That's just it—fish-hooks and lines, we'll need some of them, won't we? I knew I had forgotten something."

I do not know why it is, but for some reason nearly every fishing party carries with it a lot of hooks and lines which are only good to tangle up and catch in the drooping branches of the whispering trees.

More truthful words were never spoken, says an exchange: "The most unfortunate day in the career of any young man is the day on which he fancies there is some better way to make money than to earn it; for from that feeling spring the many extravagant and visionary schemes which are indulged in for the purpose of gaining a livelihood without labor. When a young man becomes thoroughly infected with this feeling, he is ready to adopt any means for the accomplishment of his objects, and if he is foiled in his efforts, upon the crest of the wave which he has already mounted, and in full view, is the temptations to crimes, to shield him from the disgrace which he thinks must inevitably follow in the wake of defeat. To those he yields, and the first he realizes he finds himself the violator of the law, and a criminal in the eye of the community, and the inmate of a prison, waiting trial, all brought about for the want of a little manly firmness in the outset of life to prompt him to choose an avocation where the penny earned would bring with it its sure reward. Then let young men spurn the idea of obtaining money without rendering as equivalent; let them be ready and willing to occupy positions in life which will give them the best possible opportunity to develop their natural talent, and do good to others while helping themselves."

WOULD EAT FOR TWO.—A youngster of a dozen years went to pass the Whitsuntide holidays with his grandmother, in the country. In the evening, when they sat down to dinner, the grandmother cried: "Oh, my! There are thirteen of us!" "Don't be worried, grandmother," cried the youngster. "I will eat enough for two."