

Native talent on the look-out for a Job.

SCENE IN AN EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

BY TUGGS.

Some time since, we happened to occupy temporarily the editorial chair of a rural newspaper, and were seated in the sanctum, busily engaged in looking over a pile of exchanges, when the office door was suddenly thrown open, and in stepped a rough looking figure, of portentous height, clad in a coarse shirt of homespun. He carried in his hand a bundle enveloped in a red bandana.

"Is this the office of the Spunkville Galaxy?" inquired our visitor.

"Yes," we replied, with some curiosity as to the motive which prompted his visit.

"You are the editor, I reckon?" was next ventured in an inquiring tone.

"You are right."

"Well, you see, my name is Enoch Starbuck; and I live over to Plainville. I've been workin' for Deacon Higgins this summer, hay'n', but I found it was too hard work, and I reckoned I'd come to see you and see if you couldn't give me a chance to edit a little."

"Why," said we, taken somewhat aback at such an application from such a source, "you know it is quite a difficult thing to learn to edit a paper.—In short it requires education, judgment, and a variety of other qualifications."

"Oh, as to that," replied Mr. Starbuck, "I guess I kin satisfy you. I have attended school in our district for four winters, and kin read, write and cypher like a book."

"That is very well, but you know one must be able to compose as well as write."

"Oh, compositions, you mean.—Well I have written them some."

"Could you show me a specimen?"

"Yes, I brought one on purpose—the one that I wrote on leavin' Betsy—she's my girl, you know—this mornin'."

"Should like to hear it."

Mr. Starbuck pulled from his trousers pocket a crumpled piece of paper, and began to read at the top of his voice the following lines:

When you read this ere,
My Betsy dear,
Your Enoch will be gone away;
He couldn't no more in Plainville stay,
My Betsy dear,
I want you to be mine this year.
And don't you take up with that rascal, Seth Jones,
For he's a rascal and no mistake,
And I'll certainly break his bones.
My pen is poor, my ink is pale,
My love for you shall never fail.—ENOCH STARBUCK.

"You see," said Mr. Starbuck, "I didn't rite the last lines—Shakspur, or some sich feller did it—but all the rest is my own ritin' and composin'." What do you think of it?"

"I think, said I, ambiguous," that it is equal to anything in that line that I ever heard!"

"I thought you'd say so, and that's the advantage I have over Seth Jones—he can't write poetry, now how. Well, old feller, what do you say now! Do you think I can edit some?"

"I am not particularly in need of an assistant just now," said I, "but perhaps you might as well sit down and try your hand at writing an editorial. It would give me a better idea of your powers than—the very pathetic verse which you have just recited. Let me see. You might write an article on Turkey—I suppose you are posted up on that subject?"

"I reckon I am," was the reply.

"Well, you can sit down at this table and write while I am gone out. I have to make a call on business."

"That's it, old boss. I'll do it tall. You kin depend on that."

Placing his hat on the floor, he leaned over the table, and clutching the pen in a vice-like grasp, went to work. We left for a while our chief business, being anxious to get to some place where we could enjoy a hearty and unrestrained laugh at the oddity of our would be assistant.

On returning half an hour afterwards, Mr. Starbuck handed us the following article, with the remark that he guessed it would do. We had informed him, previously, that it was the custom for editors to use the word we, instead of I.

The article ran as follows:

"TURKEY.—Turkey is uncommon good eating. It is better than salt pork, and such kind of meat by a long chalk. We like turkey best when it is roasted, though some folks like it biled best. Turkey is very expensive, and that's the reason why people in general don't have them oftener than Thanksgiving. Turkeys is a very interesting animal when they are alive. Betsy and we have often driven them to the water. Not having any more to say on this subject we will stop."

"That's very good," remarked I, gravely, "but you have made a little mistake in the subject. I meant to have you write about the country of Turkey. You know they expect there'll be a war there by-and-by, so that it is of interest."

"Oh! that's the idea, is it?" said Enoch scratching his head. "I kinder forgot how it's bounded, as it is some time since I went to school, but if you'll tell me that, I'll write all I kin remember; I say, haven't you got a stray joggify round here?"

"On the whole," said I, "Mr. Starbuck, I don't think there is any need of an assistant just yet. So I won't trouble you to write the article. But if there should be a time when I stand in need of one, I will certainly think of you."

I was quite safe in promising this. How could I forget him?

"Then you hain't got anything for me to do?" said he with an air of disappointment.

"Not just now."

Mr. Starbuck backed out of the office, first leaving us a copy of his lines recorded above, for publication.

We have since heard that he has nearly completed a volume of poems which it is his intention to offer to some publisher.

We do not feel any hesitation in saying that if published, they will make a decided impression.—While we have among us such men as Enoch Starbuck, we have no reason to complain of the dearth of native talent.—[N. Y. Dutchman.]

Dickens on Prohibitory Legislation.

In "Household Words," a short time ago, appeared an article, unmistakably from the pen of Dickens, in which the position is taken that the Maine Law and its congeners refer and defer exclusively to the worst members of society, passing over, as matters of no moment, the comfort and convenience of the best. The question, according to Dickens, is not "what does the decent mechanic and his family want and deserve?" but "what will the vagabond idler, drunkard, or jail-bird turn to bad account? As if there were anything in the wide world which the dregs of humanity will turn to good account. The art of writing is converted by the hand of the forger into a positive evil, and there is scarcely any gift of God, or product of man's industry and ingenuity, which may not be prostituted to criminal purposes." The following illustration from the article referred to is forcible and amusing:

"Job Smith suffers heavily, at every turn of his life, and at every inch of its straight course, too, from the determined ruffianism in which he has no more part than he has blood royal. Six days of Job's week are days of hard, monotonous, exhausting work. Upon the seventh, Job thinks that he, his old woman and the children could find it in their hearts to walk in a garden, if they might, or to look at a picture, or a plant, or a beast of the forest, or even a colossal toy made in imitation of some of the wonders of the world. Most people would be apt to think Job reasonable in this. But up starts Britannia, tearing her hair, and crying, "Never, never! Here is Sloggin, with the broken nose, the black eye, and the bull dog. What Job Smith uses, Sloggin will abuse. Therefore, Job Smith must not use." So Job sits down again in a killing atmosphere, a little weary and out of humor, or leans against a post all Sunday long.

"It is not generally known that this accursed Sloggin is the evil genius of Job's life. Job never had in his possession, at any one time, a little cask of beer or a bottle of spirits. What he and his family drink in that way is fetched in very small portions indeed from the public house.—However difficult the Westminster Club can tell him, at what hour he wants his "drop of beer," and how it best suits his means and convenience to get it. Against which practical conviction of Job's, Britannia, tearing her hair again, shrieks tenderly, "Sloggin! Sloggin, with the broken nose, the black eye, and the bull dog, will go to ruin,"—as if he were ever going anywhere else! "if Job Smith has his beer when he wants it." So Job gets it when Britannia thinks it good for Sloggin to let him have it, and he marvels greatly.

"But perhaps he marvels most when, being invited, in immense type, to go and hear the Evangelist of Eloquence, or the Apostle of Purity. (I have noticed in such invitations rather lofty, not to say audacious titles.) He strays in at an open door, and finds a personage on a stage, crying aloud to him, "Behold me! I too am Sloggin! I likewise had a broken nose, a black eye, and a bull dog. Survey me well. Straight is my nose, white is my eye, deceased is my bull dog. I, formerly Sloggin, cry aloud in the wilderness unto you, Job Smith, that in respect that I was formerly Sloggin and am now saintly, therefore you Job Smith, (who were never Sloggin or in the least like him,) shall by force of law, accept what I accept, deny what I deny, take upon yourself My shape, and follow Me." Now it is not generally known that poor Job though blest with an average understanding, and thinking any putting out of the way of that ubiquitous Sloggin a meritorious action highly to be commended, never can understand the application of all this to himself, who never had anything in common with Sloggin, but always abominated and abjured him.

OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES.—Strange as it may sound, certain it is, that the regard we universally pay to other people's eyes, puts us to more trouble and expense than almost anything else. What sums of money are squandered away, whether they can be afforded or not; what trouble, what toil, what fuss, what vexation, are submitted to, for no better reason than because our neighbors possess the eye power of looking at us! As if other people's did not already tax us sufficiently in the way of what is called 'keeping up appearances.'

Many even double or treble that tax in order to exaggerate appearance, and show themselves to the world in an expensive masquerade, till, perhaps, they end by becoming really poor, merely through the pains they take to avoid the imputation of being thought so; or, rather through the misplaced ambition of being considered far wealthier than they really are. The keeping up appearance is laudable enough, but the art of doing so is not understood by every one; for, instead of regulating appearances according to a scale which they can consistently and uniformly adhere to, a great many persons set out in life by making appearances far beyond what they can afford, and beyond what they can keep up, at all—at least, not without constant effort, pain, and apprehension.

Society abounds with such tip toe people, as they may well enough be described, since they assume the uneasy attitude of walking upon tip-toes, which though it may do for traveling across a Turkey carpet or hearth-rug, is ill suited for journeying through life, on a road which, though rugged, is nevertheless apt to be found rugged, and requires to be trodden firmly, if we would keep our footing. Had people but resolution enough to be not absolutely indifferent to, nor cynically regardless of but less solicitous about what others may think of their concerns, of what

a load of trouble might they at once relieve themselves; for one-half of the toil, the anxieties, and the fatigues of life is occasioned by the struggling to cut a figure in that great cold beef, the eye of the world.—[Ex.]

DECLINE OF AUTHORITY.—The parent of to-day is an extremely mitigated form of the parent of fifty years ago. He has no doubt, the same fondness for his child, but he is no longer capable of enforcing the discipline which the child's social destiny exacts. The parent of to-day coaxes where the other was content to command; and the child, consequently, instead of growing up with a back-bone—instead of preserving some vestige of the wholesome rudeness and simplicity of Nature—too often finds himself in the very crisis of life dyspeptic, enervated, and inclined to dissipation. The conjugal relation attests the same fact.

The husband of to-day is not the husband his grandfather was before him. His grandmother had a certain awful reverence for that sublime and stately functionary. But what wife of to-day has any awe for her husband? "Catch her," indeed! Woman's rights are extremely well understood, even where they have not consented as yet to the foolish symbolisms of dress. In the public sphere the same signs are visible. No one any longer reverences the Governor, and no one goes to see the President except with the patriotic intention of getting office. Time was when the little boys would cease from mumble-the-peg, and reverently step off the sidewalk, when old Dr. Rogers or the great Dr. Mason passed, feeling that there was an inconceivable amount of sanctity locked away in those sable hrines; but Dr. Spring or Bishop Hunter might travel the town to-day, his countenance perfectly, radiant with 'Shakspeare, Milton and Hooker,' and find no urchin so humble as to do him reverence.

CAMPHOR.—This substance is the produce of the Lauri-camphora or camphor laurel, of Japan and China. The roots and wood of the tree are chopped up, and boiled with water in an iron vessel, to which an earthen head containing straw is adapted; and the camphor sublimes and condenses upon the straw. In China, the chopped branches are boiled in water till the camphor begins to adhere to the stirrer; the liquor is then strained, and the camphor concretes on standing; it is afterwards mixed with a finely powdered earth, and sublimed from one metallic vessel into another. Two kinds of unrefined or crude camphor are known in commerce, Dutch or Japan camphor, and China camphor. It is chiefly produced in the island of Formosa, and conveyed in junks to Canton, whence the foreign markets are supplied.

Crude camphor very much resembles moist sugar before it is cleaned. It is refined, and converted into the beautiful well known article sold in the shops, by sublimation. The process is carried on in spheroidal vessels called bomboloes. They are made of thin flim-glass, and weigh about 1 lb. each, and measure about 12 inches across. Each vessel has a short neck. When filled with crude camphor, they are imbedded in a sand bath, and heated to a temperature of from 250 deg. to 280 deg. which is afterwards raised to between 300 deg. and 400 deg. About 2 per cent of quicklime and 2 parts boneblack, in fine powder, are added to the melted camphor, and the heat raised so as to boil the liquid. The vapor condenses in the upper part of the vessel. As the sublimation proceeds, the height of the sand around the vessel is diminished. The process is completed in about 40 hours. This operation requires considerable attention and experience.—[Ex.]

CORN IN THE EAR.—An Irishman tells the following incident of his first experience in America.

"I came to this country several years ago, and as soon as I arrived, hired out to a gentleman who farmed a few acres.

He showed me over the premises, the stable, cow, and where the corn, oats, &c., were kept, and then sent me to get my supper. After supper he said to me, 'James, you may feed the cow, and give her corn in the ear.'

I went out and walked about thinking, what could he mean—had I understood him! I scratched my head, then resolved I would enquire again; so I went into the library where he was writing very busily, 'I thought I told you to give the cow some corn in the ear.'

I went out, more puzzled than ever. What sort of an animal must this Yankee cow be! I examined her mouth and ears. The teeth were good, and the ears like those of kine in the old country.

Dripping with sweat, I entered my master's presence once more. 'Please sir, you bid me give the cow some corn in the ear, but didn't you mean in the mouth?'

He looked at me for a moment, and then burst into such a convulsion of laughter, I made for the stables as fast as my feet would take me, thinking I was in the service of a crazy man.

A MAMMOTH CAVE IN MACKINAW.—A correspondent of the Detroit Tribune, writing from Mackinaw, mentions the discovery at that place of a remarkable cave, the entrance to which was revealed a few days since by a rush of water during a storm, which washed away the surrounding earth and rubbish. The opening was about four feet high and ten feet in width. A party of ladies and gentlemen well provided with lights and cords entered it, and after ascending gradually through a long and narrow alley, surrounded upon every side with stalactites and crystals of calcareous spar, which glittered like diamonds in the torch light, suddenly found themselves in an immense dome or amphitheatre, two hundred and fifty feet in length by two hundred and forty in width. Leaving this beautiful place, they then passed through a long series of alleys, and magnificent chambers, and finally discovered a dim light through a crevice of the wall in front.

Excavating a place of sufficient size for passage, they passed through and found themselves in a small cave near "Dousman's farm house." They had travelled a distance of nearly three miles beneath the surface of the ground.

[Translated for the San Francisco Chronicle from the German Journal.]

Notes of the Voyage of the Vincennes.

From Petropaulowski, on the south-eastern coast of Kamschatka, where wood and water were taken in, the Vincennes sailed along the eastern side of the volcanic peninsula, and came in sight of Cape Olutorsky on the 21st of July, the high promontory of which, with its conical, snow-crowned summits, we examined at a distance of two English miles.

On the next day, reaching Packhachansky, we determined its position by observation, and sailed thence along the coast, accompanied by countless whales, sea calves and walrus, till, in the evening of the 1st of August, we anchored, in the midst of a thick fog, near Cape Tchaphir.

On the 4th of August we raised anchor, and sailed through the southern entrance of the Straits of Senavina, between the island of Cayene and Siberia, and anchored in the harbor Glassenappe, in view of the Indian village Garrang-gar.

By their long residences in this place, our people learned much about the manners and customs of the Tschutski Indians, which deserves mention.

These Indians call themselves Yerijunim; they say that they belong to the Tschutskiki, but speak another language. They are mostly able-bodied, strong men, of a yellowish complexion, and have black hair, which they shave off from the top of their heads and leave only a sort of crown of hairs hanging round. The women do not shave their heads, and are tattooed on their chins, cheeks, and foreheads. They gain their subsistence by means of bows, arrows, fishing-rods, spears, harpoons and hunting-knives. They eat meat either raw or fried in fish-oil. Their huts are made of whalebones stuck in the ground and covered with skins. Skins serve likewise for their beds; while the man provides the family with food, the woman sews clothes, the materials of which are supplied from the chase. They make thread out of the entrails of sea calves, and needles they buy from the vessels that visit them. Most all their furniture, instruments and arms are made of whalebones and walrus' teeth; but for knives, pipe and tobacco, they are dependent upon ships. They have no ideas of a Deity or Supreme Being. They do not know that there are any people in the world besides the Americans, Russians, English, French and themselves. They will not believe that the earth is round, or that it revolves about the sun, instead of the sun's going round the earth. They do not count by years, have no names for the days, and the months they distinguish in a very curious way. They begin with the first month of winter (December), which they designate by pointing to the right side of their heads; then follows the ear, the shoulder, the elbow, the hand and the knee on the right side for January, February, March, April and May; the left knee means June, and so on up to the left side of the head, which separates November. Winter is counted on the right, and Summer on the left side.

The men are allowed as many wives as they wish. They have no marriage ceremony, but the man shows his inclination for the future spouse, and the marriage is considered complete. Young girls are required to remain virgins till they become wives, and this law is nowhere more religiously observed than among these barbarous Indians. Whoever violates this law is despised by every one; the girl is disowned by her father, and can never become the wife of an Indian. Among the married women there reigns an unbridled liberty, and it is not regarded as a disgrace if a wife gives herself up to another man than her husband. More than this, it is even customary for a husband to lend his wife for months, and to take in her place the wife of his friend.

The ideas of this people in regard to right and wrong are very limited. Their business among themselves is generally peaceful; they think that everything they do is right, except theft and murder. In the former case the thief must return the stolen property if he is found out; and in the latter, the son, brother, or nearest relative of the killed man, is under obligations to kill the murderer. They are not able to swim, and are much afraid of the water; yet they are very expert in the use of their boats, which are made of skins. If an Indian has the misfortune to fall overboard while on a whaling expedition, and his comrades are not able to rescue him, he stabs himself with his hunting knife. To be drowned is a disgrace.

The dead they carry into the fields and cover them over with stones; the graves and the bones they hold in great reverence; but they do not mourn for the dead. In their language they have numerals from 1 to 21; but they cannot count any farther. Their songs are wild, and probably intended to imitate the cry of beasts of prey; their dances remind us of bear dances more than any thing else. Sickness is very rare among them, and their medicines, intended chiefly for wounds, they extract from roots and the fat of bears and walrus.

The Tschutskiki Indians are excellent weather prophets, and really seem to have a supernatural power in this kind of knowledge, notwithstanding their ignorance of their own nature and of the existence of a Creator. For example, one day when our people at the bivouac were very much concerned about the return of the Vincennes, the old Russian, who had been left with Lieut. Brooke as an interpreter, went to the old chief Artilla and expressed his fears about the vessel's safety; the chief endeavored to console the Russian, but did not succeed very well. Thereupon Artilla took the breast-bone of a reindeer, burned it black in the fire, and examining it very closely, assured the Russian that the ship within four days and four nights would be in the harbor. The old