

## THE ARMY MULE.

Captain Cutler's Ride on that Kcentric Animal.

Editor Deseret News:

Did you ever ride an army mule? If not, I would say that it is elegant sport, and if it is not too much of an intrusion on your valuable space, I will give you an account of a ride taken by myself after the battle of Fort Donelson, Tennessee, in February, 1862. After the battle was over, the regiment of which I was a member (Sixty-sixth Illinois) was given the second post of honor, being marched through the Fort. Afterward we went into camp near the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Tennessee (Confederate). The regiment broke ranks, and the men were told to have a good time. I took a stroll through the Fort and found the boys riding horses and mules, and I thought I would take part in the fun. In front of the rebel headquarters stood a fine mule team, in charge of an old darkey. I asked him if he had a good riding mule. He answered, "Well, boss dat lead mule is de best in Tennessee." I told the darkey to

## UNHITCH THE MULE

and put on a saddle. He did as he was bidden.

By this time I had been getting pretty well loaded with all the small arms I could find, and among them was a nice shotgun, which had been given me by a rebel captain. This I slung over my shoulder, with a sword and pair of pistols in my belt, an overcoat big enough for a Sibley tent, and a canteen which was not filled with water. I had the old darkey lead the mule up to a stump, and soon I was on his back. I looked like a masked battery. I said, "let the mule go," and he did. We had not gone far before we came to a halt in front of a big mud hole. The mule first looked at the mud and then at his rider. I said: "My friend, move on!" He stood still. I hit him in the side with my sword, and still he did not move.

All at once I felt the mule's back rise up, and he gave a jump up in the air, and as his feet struck the ground he began to back and jump. This he did in elegant style. I said: "My dear mule please stop your foolishness!" But he did not stop worth a cent; he kept it up until your humble servant concluded to dismount. But before I could do so he gave one of his backward springs, and away I went over his head, alighting on my back in the mud hole.

As I fell I broke the stock of my gun, and on rolling over I bent my sword so that it looked like a hoop. Getting up I met with rebel yells and laughter, that started the mule, and away he went, head and tail in the air, snorting like a steam engine.

I went to the Cumberland River, went in and took a bath with clothes and equipment on. Afterwards I went into camp and took the following oath: "I will never be found again, on the back of a government mule, so help me hardtack."

L. B. CUTLER,  
Captain Co. F. 66th Ill.

## THE FACINATIONS OF HEMP.

DISCOMFORTS AND DELIGHTS OF THE EXPERIENCED HASHISH SMOKER.

Speaking from personal knowledge, the writer of this paper can assert that the first experiences of a hemp-eater are far from agreeable. For about an hour after taking a couple of spoonfuls of the hemp no effects whatever are evident. Then a feeling of chilliness comes over one, increasing to a sensation of severe cold. Then the pulse rises; and after a while or two at the narghile as it is passed around the full toxic effects of the powder are experienced. The room seems to turn around; the people near appear to rise to the ceiling; the pulse beats with extreme rapidity, and the throbbing of the heart becomes audible. The will remains unaffected, but thinking becomes impossible, for one cannot recollect anything—the ideas seem to slip away. In another ten minutes the characteristic indications of hemp eating appear. Every object around attains a monstrous size. Men and women seem of Broddingnagian proportions, the cushions upon which one sits seem fit for giants, and any trifling object in the way when you attempt to walk appears so big that you fear to step over it. The room in which you may be sitting seems to stretch beyond the range of sight, and one fancies the street outside is receding before one's eyes. All sense of time is lost now, and when he is spoken to the hemp-eater fancies there are long and apparently senseless intervals between the words. His own attempts at speech are similarly marked, the syllables come slowly, laboriously, and minutes seem to elapse between the beginning and end of a word.

In this stage it is usual to partake of more coffee, which changes the nature of the sensations. A whiff at the narghile that always accompanies the beverage, and the body seems to rise into the air and float about, though, inexplicable enough, the feet keep firmly pressed to the ground. Then one's legs and arms appear to drop off, and life and sensation concentrate themselves to one's thinking, in the back of the head, which feels full to bursting. Gradually strength leaves the smoker: the pipe slips from the nerveless fingers; will altogether falls; and the body seems to rise and float away in space.

A heavy dreamless sleep usually succeeds such an indulgence in the drug, and as a rule the novice awakens none the worse for the evening's experiment. A little lemon-juice removes any sensation of nausea or light headache that may ensue.

Old and experienced hemp-eaters go methodically to work. They say that to relish hemp one must first abstain from all stimulating food and drink for a brief period, for only after a short fast can one taste to the full the delights of hashish and render one's system fully susceptible to its influence. So for several days previous to the "orgie" the experienced hemp-eater eats no meat, drinks neither wine nor spirits, lives mainly upon vegetable foods, light pastry and ripe fruits, and smokes a little. On the day of the debauch he rises early and fasts till the afternoon, when the friends who are to join him arrive. They prepare for dinner by taking a strongly charged pipe and inhaling the thick, white smoke. A light meal is then served, in which plenty of sweet pastry figures, and each of the company retires to his chamber prepared for the evening's indulgence. Musicians are stationed at the end of the apartment, dancing girls are introduced, or if the host is a wealthy man, he orders his own slaves in. Hemp boluses are passed around and the pipes well charged with the drug. For this purpose tobacco is first laid in the bowl, upon this a small charge of pure hashish extract is placed and the whole is fired by a glowing ember of charcoal and saltpetre which has been mingled with honey and dried. Strong and well sweetened coffee is handed round, and while the dancing and music go on the smoker begins.

Lounging back they suck the smoke into the lungs and air-passages, sending it forth again through the widely distended nostrils; and, gazing upon the forms and faces posturing and revolving before them, the smokers swim off in a sea of blissful content that verges upon ecstasy. As soon as the pipe is exhausted, strong coffee without sugar is taken, and this rouses the dreamers from their visions of delight. But a "bolus" of hemp cake and another pipe well charged stimulates afresh the excited imaginations and sends them off again into their dreamlands. The singers chant their love song, and the aimens sway in their passionate dances. This goes on a few hours, fresh pipes and coffee being passed round at intervals, and smokers waking from one dream only to go off into another. Such an orgy, indeed, is sometimes protracted for two or three days. Then lassitude and exhaustion ensue, and the hashish experiences a sort of revulsion against the drug, which lasts for some weeks, when the longing for it returns. In many parts—among the Beketaches, for example—there are regular gatherings for hemp-smoking, just as the Nealric of Syria meet certain days to drink hemp-tea. The poorer classes find opportunity for indulging in the drug in the so-called "mesbash," or hemp-houses. These are forbidden in most Moslem countries. But though the law may prohibit, it cannot suppress these places.

## ON THE ART OF GETTING UP.

Not getting up in the world, but getting up into the world—that is, getting out of bed. One of the most difficult and delicate of arts! There are few masters of it, but what millions of amateurs and bunglers! And, worst of all, there are no rules, save one, for becoming proficient in the art. The way to get up is to get up.

Some people seem to be born for getting up gracefully, as poets are born to rhyme and poverty. It is in them to be up and doing when the time comes. Not so with the great mass of us. We lie and dread the ordeal until procrastination becomes a crime. Then we imagine that we are getting up, and endure infinite horrors before the event. Those brief dreams between the rising bell and breakfast are simply purgatorial preliminaries. The best that can be said of them is that they make the final effort less miserable. And so, through antechambers of torture, we come at the very last moment to the absolute necessity of getting up. Then we get up.

It is the easiest thing in the world, after it is done. The only difficulty lies in making up the mind to do it. This is the secret of the art of getting up. The success of the natural riser lies in the simple fact that his mind, like his bed, is made up beforehand. When he falls asleep, it is with determination to get up at a certain hour. He wakes at that hour with the absolute certainty of an alarm clock, and gets up. Very simple; very easy—for some people!

Everybody knows how hard it is to get the mind's attention immediately after waking in the morning. It will go wool-gathering in spite of us. We think we have it fast in our grasp; and indeed we have, but so fast that we find we are going with it on some airy pilgrimage. We say to it: "Stop! Determine to get up. Breakfast is getting cold." But the dream-intoxicated mind laughs at us with a far-away sound; and presently we find ourselves leering, and drifting away, away—

Crash!—nothing but the falling back upon consciousness of that suspended sense of duty. But it was a terrible shock to the nerves, and the heart beats wildly for a few minutes. The wandering mind comes back all of a tremble, and repentant. Now, then, it will decree, and the body will get up. Not so! We are not quite resistant

enough; we do not make the most of our opportunity. A little more folding of the hands—and a way goes the mind into dreamland again.

Oh, the delicate and difficult art of getting up! It is like beating one's way up to the top of the water with the seaweed clinging to one's feet. It is like putting away the red rose that buds, with all its fragrance and rich color and velvet softness, in one's very face.

And yet getting up is an every day necessity—strange that we do not become accustomed to do it well and gracefully! Three hundred and sixty-five times in the year is too often to make a failure of a simple matter like this. Why, we ought to learn to get up almost as readily and spontaneously as we breathe and eat. But we do not. Nine out of ten of us never will. Indeed, it is a wonder to me how I ever get up at all. How is it that I finally arrest that elusive mind of mine, stop it from leaping over into dreamland, and persuade it to say to my sluggish body, "Get up!" I do not know, I am sure. A man ought to have some credit for getting up, be it ever so late. It requires some will-power and some fitness to obtain even a cold breakfast.

Not that I would discourage any who aspire to become getters-up at will. We cannot say what latent powers some natures possess. I have known persons to overcome even a tendency to be cheerful. But I do admonish all who are ambitious to study and practice the noble art of getting up, to do it humbly and with an ample margin for failure. The chambers of life are strewn with those whose motto has been changed from *Excelsior* to *Dulcior*.—James Buckham in *N. Y. Christian Union*.

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD PUBLISHER.

The announcement by Messrs. Cassell & Company of the publication in book form of some of the most widely known and remembered stories of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., serves to recall some recollections of a very stirring period in the newspaper publishing business.

In 1855, Mr. Bonner had fairly started on his publishing career. He had made an engagement with Fanny Fern, then the center of more interest than any literary woman in America, to furnish a story for a thousand dollars, the story to occupy ten columns of the *Ledger*, or nearly, a little less, or a little more, as the exigencies of the story demanded, was to make no difference as to price. This could, with all fairness, be rated at one hundred dollars per column; and accordingly, in an advertisement, solicited by Mr. Samuel French, present head of the firm of Samuel French & Son, publishers, for Gleason's *Pictorial Companion*, the agent for which, in New York, Mr. French then was, the "hundred-dollars-per-column fact" was duly set forth. The advertisement was inserted, but the editor and publisher of the *Pictorial*, Mr. Ballou (who had bought the property of Mr. Gleason), in an editorial paragraph intimated a doubt as to the price paid Fanny Fern, saying it was a good story to tell to the marines. To Mr. Bonner, the attempt to nullify the effect of a solicited advertisement, appeared like a gross injustice, and he frankly told Mr. French so. Mr. French expostulated with his principal, but only received a verbal excuse, to the effect that the editor hadn't written the paragraph, and had not been aware of its insertion until too late. Mr. Bonner, in response to this, said that he was not satisfied with a private apology for a public wrong, but said no more. Not very long thereafter, however, he wrote to Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., who was then attracting considerable attention by his stories and sketches, and disposing of his manuscript mainly to Mr. Ballou, inquiring the price of a story from his pen. Mr. Cobb replied that he would furnish one for a hundred dollars. To this Mr. Bonner responded that he would give him two hundred. This was characteristic of the publisher of the *Ledger*. He was one of the few men in the business, at that time, who did not undervalue the article he dealt in—and in this case he only did what he often repeated in his subsequent career—paid more than he bargained for, we need not say, often to the surprise and delight of his contributors. This first story, "The Gun-maker of Moscow," Mr. Bonner read, or read enough of to know that it would suit his purpose, and quietly locked it up in his safe. Soon after, he wrote to the author requesting him to come to New York, for the expenses of which he inclosed his check. Mr. Cobb was not slow in coming. The publisher, after some casual conversation, asked Mr. Cobb to write a sketch of two or three columns, for which the former gave the plot. Without much ado Mr. Cobb sat down, and in a couple of hours, had his work done. It was very satisfactory, and proved that the writer was as swift and ready in the mechanical department of his craft as he was prompt in conception. This interview resulted in a contract for three more long stories for the *Ledger*. An intimation that Mr. Cobb had made an arrangement with Bonner, reached Mr. Ballou. He telegraphed Cobb not to make any agreement until he heard from him. It was too late. Mr. Cobb remained faithful to his engagement; a contract was made soon after with Mr. Bonner for five years, and this was repeated whenever it ran out, as long as the writer lived.

Mr. Cobb had extraordinary facility as a writer. He proposed in the interview which we have spoken of above to furnish the *Ledger*, weekly, eighteen columns of matter. Of course this was not regularly exacted; but his work, whatever it was, was always ready, and always found a ready market. He wrote abundantly every variety of matter, and over many different signatures. Several of his stories have been published for the third time in the *Ledger*—the interest in them, on their reappearance, being apparently as great as when first published. While Mr. Cobb was living none of these stories could be had anywhere but in the *Ledger*. Since their author's death, however, Mr. Bonner presented to the widow her choice of any twelve of her husband's stories, except "The Gun-maker of Moscow," which story the now retired publisher could not bear to dissociate from the *Ledger*, as it was so intimately connected with the beginning of his well-planned enterprise and great fortune. It is these twelve stories which Cassell & Co. are to publish in their "Sunshine" series. The first one, "Orion the Gold Beater," has just made its appearance, and was "out of print" on the day of publication.—*The American Bookseller, New York*.

## FREAKS OF INSANITY.

A DISEASE MORE PREVALENT AMONG MEN THAN WOMEN.

Insanity is a peculiar disease, more prevalent among men than women. As a rule, insane men either die or are cured in the course of a few years, and of the former probably 90 per cent. die of general paralysis. It is the result either of over-work of bodily excesses, and generally attacks a man between the ages of 30 and 40. An interesting fact in connection with the insane is the great age to which so many female lunatics live. A mad woman is really a first class insurance risk. In almost every lunatic asylum the women greatly outnumber the men, not only because they are so long lived, but also because they are so seldom cured.

It commonly surprises visitors to a lunatic asylum to find that insane people are not for a moment deceived by the delusions of their fellow patients. Each will think himself perfectly sane and healthy, while knowing that all the others are hopelessly mad. Although a lunatic's mental freedom may be destroyed, it does not follow that his consciousness is annihilated. A minister who was called upon once to preach to a congregation of lunatics treated them to a sermon he had written for children. Much to his surprise, he received an indignant letter from one of his listeners afterward, reminding him that while they might be insane, they were not idiots, and that many of them were fully his equals in education and intelligence.

It is a novel experience to attend a religious service at an insane asylum. Imagine a congregation of lunatics and imbeciles, men on one side, women on the other, in all stages of physical decay and all degrees of madness. Helpless, old, gray haired fellows, with staring sunken eyes, and hollow cheeks, mumbling and groaning to themselves, in utter unconsciousness of their surroundings. Gaunt looking, wild eyed women, with nothing human about them but their vanity. Wellington and Napoleon. Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, Catherine de Medicis and Diana of Poitiers, in full costume, facing each other; God and the devil, side by side; restless girls, who make their handkerchiefs into dolls and rabbits and talk baby talk to them, occasionally beating them and tossing them in the air.

Interspersed throughout this motley crowd are bright, keen, young faces, with no apparent trace of their terrible curse to any but an expert observer; refined and cultivated women, who in their lucid intervals are as pure and spiritual minded as angels, and yet are like the devil incarnate when the mania seizes them; fine, manly looking gentlemen, devout, dignified and scholarly to-day, to-morrow like the herd of swine into whom the evil spirit enters. On either side of the chapel sit the keepers, alert and watchful in case of an emergency. Facing them is the chaplain, a stupid, listless looking man relegated to this depressing field by his own lazy inefficiency.

All writers on disorders of the mind have found it difficult to define insanity. In medical jurisprudence, illusions, delusions, hallucinations, incoherence and delirium are all phases of insanity. The "Christian Science" people say that all sin and all sickness are insanity. Insane people frequently reason correctly, but from erroneous premises. A delusion is nothing but a false premise—the conclusions drawn from it may be entirely logical. There is no reason why a man who thinks he has legs of glass, and in other respects is in possession of all his faculties, should not be capable of making contracts, and responsible for legal acts which have no connection with the subject of his madness. Such a species of insanity seldom prevents a man from managing his own affairs or undertaking any legal relations for others.

Most people are prone to delusions or illusions of some form or other. Many people never see things exactly as they are. If delusions and hallucinations are a test of insanity, half the world would be in lunatic asylums.

It is an interesting fact, recorded by Pritchard and others, that among savage nations mental diseases are almost unknown. They come forward with the dawning of civilization, and keep

pace with the advancement of mental culture. The restraints imposed by social order, the diversity of interests, the pressure of universal competition, overwork, griefs, anxieties and disappointed hopes, the artificial life of cities, are among the causes most influential among civilized people in the development of insanity. Among weak minded and half educated people emotional religious revivals also operate to a great extent. In France, however, the opposite extreme is found, for while indifference to religion saves the people from religious insanity, great numbers lose their reason through the vices for which their low moral standard is responsible.

It is a curious fact that raving maniacs are never attacked by any contagious disease. Even consumptive disorders, dropsies and other chronic maladies have disappeared on the accession of violent insanity.

## THE STORY OF BOSTON COMMON.

Of all these parades, the most dramatic and terrible was that of the sixteenth of September, 1661. All the companies had been under arms both horse and foot. Humphrey Atherton was the major-general. As he was running home to Dorchester, a stray cow struck his horse, and the horse threw his rider. It was at six o'clock in the afternoon, but the unfortunate general was taken up speechless and senseless and at one o'clock in the morning died. Ten foot companies and a troop of cavalry attended his body to the grave. On his gravestone is cut a naked sword, and this inscription:

Here lies our captain and major of Suffolk was with all.

A goodly magistrat was he and major general.

Two troops of horse with him here came such worth his love did crave.

Ten companies of foot also mourning mourned to his grave.

Let all that read be sure to keep the faith as he hath done.

With Christ he lives now crowned his name was Humphrey Atherton.

He died the 16th of September, 1661.

You will hardly understand at first why I bring together the death of Mary Dyer and that of General Atherton. But there is, alas, a sad connection, as you will see.

Mary Dyer was a Quaker. She was exiled from Massachusetts because she was a Quaker. But she felt bound by the spirit to return. She was sent off again and returned again. And at last the magistrates hanged her. They said they did not hang her for her opinions, but for returning; but, as you will see, that line was a difficult one to draw.

It is a cruel story, indeed—and how one wishes it had never been written. But written it was—and we should do no good if we shut our eyes and said we should not read it. They brought her out from the prison which saw nearly where the court-house is now, and "with a band of soldiers she was led through the town, the drums being beaten before and behind her, and so continued that none might hear her speak all the way to the place of execution, which was about a mile. With this guard she came to the gallows—and being gone up the ladder, some said to her, that if she would not return she might come down and save her life." This means if she would leave the colony.

"To which she replied, 'Nay, I cannot, for in obedience to the will of the Lord I came, and in his will I abide faithful to the death. Capt John Webb said that she was guilty of her own blood.' 'No,' she said, 'I came to keep blood guiltiness from you—desiring you to repeal the unrighteous and unjust law of banishment upon pain of death, made against the innocent servants of the Lord,—therefore my blood will be required at your hands.' Wilson the old minister of the 1st church said, 'Mary Dyer, Mary Dyer—O repent, O Repent, and be not so deluded, and carried away by the deceit of the devil.'

To this Mary Dyer answered, 'Nay, man, I am not here to repent.' They asked if she would have the people pray for her and she said she desired the prayers of all the people of God. In answer to some question she said, 'Yea, I have been in paradise several days,' and spoke of the eternal happiness she was now to enter. 'So she died a martyr of Christ.'

This is the account given in William Saul's history—and the same book describes, in similar detail, the execution of Leddra, on the fourteenth of March, 1661. Other Quakers were held in custody. But news of Leddra's execution was carried to Charles II., and he issued an order which compelled the colonial government, which had enough other quarrels with Charles, to release them all.

It is clear enough that there was a good deal of popular indignation felt at these cruelties. The soldiers would hardly have been under arms had there been no fear of some interruption of the execution. John Hills, the treasurer—who was as bitter as any one against the Quakers—says once and again in his diary that the public opinion was not what he thought it should be.

Sewell preserves the opinion which the Quakers had regarding the death of Atherton.

"When Mary Dyer was hanged, he said scoldingly and in an insulting way, that she hung as a flag, for others to take example by—and when Christians, and other of the Quakers was condemned,