

Correspondence.

Senator Wallace's reply to Senator Blaine. The Veracity of Arithmetic. The Post to which a President Tied his Horse. The Apparition of an old Senator. Unjust Criticism of Senator Conkling. Why he did not listen to Senator Blaine's Great Speech.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Editor's Deseret News.* December 20, 1878.

Mr. Blaine's great speech continues to be the fruitful source of unnumbered speeches in reply, of endless comment and discussion in political circles, and in the press. Decidedly the most effective answer that has been made was that of Senator Wallace, of Pennsylvania, who replied to the senator from Maine in his own style, with figures, figures that are erroneously supposed to be incapable of disguise, the truth, Mr. Blaine's figures increase the congressional representation of the south, since the enfranchisement of the blacks, 35. Mr. Wallace makes the increase only 21. When figures like these are to disagree, let us assume the arithmetic and revise the multiplication table. The old methods of computation may have answered very well for our forefathers, for the golden days of stage coaches and tall candles, but these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind. Some time ago, when an infant delusion, senator was decimating against the public extravagance of modern times, he illustrated the prehistoric simplicity of manners in the republic, by the anecdote that Thomas Jefferson, when he was inaugurated, rode on horseback from the White House to the Capitol, and tied his bag to a post that stood southeast of the senate chamber. A senator from Nevada, who has since died, or softening of the brain, replied that he had no doubt that General Grant could do the same thing if he could find the post. But the post, like the day of chivalry, is gone, and the modern substitute consists of two liveried lackeys, one of them a shade more slender than the other, who sit on the box of a stylish landau until the queen of the lobby transacts her legislation in the committee room.

As apropos of a senator from Nevada; I saw the white-haired feeble father-in-law of one of the senator bonanza kings from that State, this morning, and the apparition set me thinking. The father-in-law himself had been a Senator of the United States, a governor of a State, and a member of the Confederate Congress. He is now a very old man, boarding at a cheap house for \$15 per month, wearing a dreadfully seedy black coat, and pantaloons all frayed at the bottom, but still retaining, in his air and manner, a reminiscence of the dignity of his lost estate, paying his landlady a dollar a week, with the air of an ambassador presenting his country's ultimatum at a foreign court. He was a plus quantity in his day, a man of unbounded vanity, of considerable ability, and great physical courage. He's fought two duels with pistols with the late George D. Prentiss. Just before the bombardment commenced, Mr. Prentiss saw some little boys who had climbed a tree at a circus. He called out to them, "Get down little boys, Foote might hit you." This contempt of the marksmanship of his antagonist was deemed sufficient cause for another challenge, and Mr. Prentiss had to meet Mr. Foote again, when, I believe, he wounded him in the foot. This reminds me of an anecdote of another duel that M. Gambetta's late encounter has revived. The renowned French critic and academician Saint Beuve, fought a duel in the Bois de Boulogne. The morning not was rainy, and he found his antagonist holding an umbrella over him. His seconds protested, and tried to persuade him to lay his protection aside for a moment, but Saint Beuve insisted upon retaining it. He said that he was not afraid to be shot, but that he had not come there to get wet.

I observe that there is much criticism during Mr. Blaine's now famous speech, but it seems to me that this criticism is unjust. Senator Conkling even listens to anybody but Senator Howe, of Wisconsin, and was he to insult and

wound the vanity of every Senator that has spoken for the last twelve years—showing, by the compliment of his audience, that he thought Mr. Blaine more worthy of his attention than they—than any other Senator except Senator Howe. Mr. Conkling treated Mr. Blaine precisely as he has always treated Morton, Edmunds, Thurman, Sumner—every Senator that has of late years lifted his voice in the Senate, except Senator Howe. All this criticism of Mr. Conkling comes from an ignorance of his impartial politeness, and the general error that he is an ordinary mortal. 35 new Senators are as consistently polite as Senator Conkling. Most of them selfishly listen to a fine speech. Senator Thurman, last week, confessed that he admitted rhetoric. But when the average pewter gimblet Senator bores, Mr. Thurman joins the majority in the cloak rooms, committee rooms, or somewhere else. Mr. Conkling treats the pewter gimblet, and the rhetorician with the greatest impartiality. Why he listens to Senator Howe, I don't know. I think it must be his education. He lays such thunderous and long drawn emphasis on his *ifs, buts and ands*, making an impressive rhetorical pause upon the facade and abutment of each, that there is a numbness about his speaking.

SHORT AND SHARP.

"Have you college?" asked she. "No, ma'am," replied the druggist. "I have no scent at all." She said he didn't look as though he had. "Pittsburg is too religious to allow the horse-cars to run on Sunday, and is also too religious to pay its debts, and has repudiated its bonds."

Josh Billings suggests that many a young poet might collect his scattered thoughts if he could only look into an editor's waste-basket early in the morning.

A little five-year-old, hearing of the Acts of the Apostles, said he thought the Apostles must have been pretty hard up to have had only one ox among so many of 'em.

"Do not marry a widow," said an old lady; "a ready-made family is like a plate of cold potatoes." "Oh, I'll soon warm them over," replied the dame, and she did.

The civilized Indians of the Cherokee Nation are organizing a brass band, so there will be no further use for the quotation: "Lo the poor Indian, whose untutored mind."

Harriet Hosmer has discovered a new motor which "promises to put millions of dollars into the pockets of the fair inventor." Young men now sing, "Let me kiss her for her motor."

"My dear," said Mrs. Snodgrass, shuddering, "how do these awful men succeed in entering dead people's vaults?" "With skeleton keys, I presume," unfeelingly replied Mrs. S.

On being asked why he went into bankruptcy, Jones replied, "Well, my liabilities were large, my inabilities numerous, and my probabilities unpromising, and so I thought I'd do as my neighbors do."

A Nebraska minister preached an hour and three-quarters last Sunday, and by that time, the pews were about emptied, and as the last worshipper collared his hat and slid out, the disgusted preacher asked the choir to sing, "Nothing but leaves."—*Omaha Baptist.*

When Johnny was questioned as to why his engagement with Miss H. had been broken off, he rolled his eyes, looked very much pained, and groaned, "Oh, she turned out a deceiver." But he forgot to mention that he was the deceiver whom she had turned out.—*Puck.*

A fellow by the name of Ephraim Hazeltine, wrote to a down town bookseller as follows: "Dere sur—if yew hev gut a book called Daniel Webster on a brige please send me a copy by Pysers' express c. o. d.—I want ter git it ter morrow if i kin, caus my spein teacher says I oughter hev it."

to pieces the other six, trying to crawl under the fence with a gilt-edge Bible in his hand, and a dog-eared deck of cards in his coat-tail pocket.—*Elmira Gazette.*

A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a surgeon's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

"What," the young man asked the young woman who was waiting for him to ask for his hat, "what do I put you in mind of?" "A French clock," she said, softly. And pretty soon he arose, and went on his way. The next morning he called upon an eminent horologist and asked him what was the distinguishing trait of a French clock. The horologist said: "Why, it never goes." And the young man was sorely cast down, and he told no man of his hurt.—*Burdette.*

In the town of Medford, Mass., famous for its vintage of the still, there is an individual who sometimes publicly exhibits its effects, and also, in close proximity to each other, three town clocks, of sonorous and emphatic sound when heard upon the midnight air. Not long ago the individual was strenuously meandering homeward, when the voice of time sounded in his tympanum and went on with regular strokes until the three clocks had followed each other in succession. Braiding himself up defiantly, he ejaculated, "Thirty six o'clock! Keep on. I've been out later than that."

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