

MARK TWAIN'S NEW CO. K. ROBIN.

Who's to be Editor of the Tribune?

I, says Schuyler Calfax!
 Tho' my idle pen doth show lax
 It can slaughter like a pole-ax,
 I'm the man to deal in cold facts
 For ten thousand green or gold-backs,
 I'm to be said Editor.

Who's to be Editor of the Tribune?

I, says Georgius William Curtis!
 What I'm able to assert is
 That as far as rebel d r is
 Concerned, all char my shirt is,
 I'm the man. And, certes,
 For snare, cash or seven-thirties,
 My pen that now in-rt is
 I'll dip in aqua-furtis.
 Since I'm to be that Editor.

Who's to be Editor of the Tribune?

I, says Whitlaw Reid!
 O, great Pegasus, my steed,
 I charge the fel in Tweed!
 Of all his filthy breed,
 That with a whorl-like greed
 On our creel's corpse did feed,
 The metropolis I freed.
 Of reform I took the lead—
 To the West, with ardent speed.
 Bent my way. And in the hour of need,
 In Cincinatti sowed the seed
 Of a movement that d creed
 C rimon's death. Aha the reed—
 On, weaker still—the weed
 We leaned on, broke—mud
 The time was past, I ree.
 For "Liberal" virtue to succeed,
 Now, prompt ed ought, I'm key'd
 Up to honor's pitch. "I bleed
 Before I'll ever draw a bead
 In monopoly's defense. Give heed
 To my words. On which basis Whitlaw
 Reid
 Is content to be that Editor.

Who's to be Editor of the Tribune?

I, says Speaker Blaine!
 Born Republican, I claim—
 If that do seem to feign
 I'm in forum or in fane—
 Would fight a d fight again
 Where long, with might and main,
 I've helped to pile the slain
 On Democratic fields, mid rain
 Of speech and ink, when rebel reign
 Seem'd imminent, and men gave rein
 To coward impulse, and the stain
 Of slavish fear wrought bane
 In Northern hearts. This brain
 Did ne'er retract, refrain,
 This heart did ne'er complain,
 This hand did ne'er disclaim
 To think feel, work—unbending whether
 gain
 Might crown my toil and pain
 If I only could raise Cain
 With that low-fac'd gang. No grain
 Of self with urge this suit. This strain
 Of laudatory song doth drain
 The deep foundations of my modesty. O
 do go
 To scan my motive justly. Ah, wain—
 Ing suit, a t fair! And rise on Blaine!
 So I may be that Editor.

Who's to be Editor of the Tribune?

I, says Mark Twain—
 'Tis my Castle in Spain!
 I'm the man for the place, though I cannot
 explain
 Why, for the reason that Blaine
 The recalcitrant Radical Rep. from Chill
 Maine—
 O, bo hering, troublesome, itching chil-
 Blaine—
 I as used all the words except vain and in-
 ease
 That happily rhyme with Yours Truly, Mark
 Twain.
 So I offer no pleas—merely pray that the
 seine
 That is dragging for editors the whole inky
 main
 May inssall the whales and catch this sar-
 cayne—
 For I yearn to be that Editor.

MARK TWAIN.

P. S.—
 But falling Calfax, Curtis, Reid, Blaine
 Twain
 Thank God there's one Power left—George
 Francis Train!

HARTFORD, December 23.

*Di-mal orthography, but justified by the ne-
 cessities of poetical composition. M. T.
 Hartford Evening Post.

FOREIGN NOTES.

It is proposed to fortify the line from
 Utrecht to Amsterdam at a cost of 34,
 000,000 florins.

There is evidently a split among the
 English republicans, and it is possible
 that they may ere long be divided into
 two distinct camps—the Dilkeites and
 the Bradlaughites.

Bishop Strain, of Edinburgh, has laid
 the foundation stone of a Roman Cath-
 olic church at Dundee. The building
 will cost upwards of four thousand
 pounds.

At Leeds, England, a service of plate,
 value one thousand four hundred
 pounds, has been presented to Mr. Al-
 derman Barron in recognition of his
 services in securing Roundhay Park as
 a people's park.

Omnibus and other drivers must be
 careful with their long whip lashes.
 One of them in London had to pay
 \$8.25 to a gentleman whose eye he had
 injured with his lash in effecting a
 flourish.

While alarm is felt in England,
 France and Germany lest there should
 be a failure of fuel through the exhaus-
 tion of the coal beds of Europe, a simi-
 lar fear begins to prevail in Russia,
 which depends almost wholly upon
 wood.

The International Musical fete in
 Geneva was not a financial success.

History presents few, if any, more
 wonderful examples of commercial
 growth than that of the port of Liver-
 pool, England.

It cost an Italian editor about all he
 was worth to say that "King Victor
 Emanuel was the most repulsive-
 looking man he had ever seen."

English love of sport may be shown
 by the fact that during the past finan-
 cial year British sportsmen have paid
 into the exchequer more than half a
 million pounds, the items being: Dog
 licenses, £279,425; game licenses, £189,
 824; gun licenses, £62,437; race horse
 duty, £9,521.

Wild swine have recently committed
 such depredations in the Canton Thur-
 gan, Switzerland, that the Government
 has offered a premium for their exter-
 mination. For each animal under one
 hundred pounds slain the sum of forty
 francs will be paid, and for each animal
 over that weight fifty francs.

Dr. Lankester, a London Coroner,
 lately stated at the inquest of an infant
 smothered in bed by its mother, who
 fell asleep while nursing it, that three
 thousand innocents are thus killed
 yearly in England. As emigration has
 so thinned the population of the British
 Islands that humanity has value, the
 Coroner therefore suggested the pro-
 priety of having the rudiments of phy-
 siology taught in the public schools, as
 that the rising generation might avoid
 those errors and abuses which neces-
 sarily destroy so many lives.

EASTERN NOTES.

Deaf and dumb barbers are in de-
 mand.

Mrs. Whipple, of Portland, Wis.
 shaved her corns too closely and died.

The steamer *Leo* of the Cayuga Lake
 fleet has been sunk by the muskrats
 gnawing holes in her.

A New York street car conductor
 says "yes ma'am," to the ladies. A
 statue of him is already proposed.

Rev. J. D. Sender, editor of the
 French Almanac, and minister of the
 Congregational Church, died yesterday
 in Brooklyn.

The common council of Philadelphia
 is about to impeach one of its members,
 Wm. Liner, who is charged with keep-
 ing a gambling house.

Stokes says he was convicted because
 he was "respectable." He has queer
 ideas about the article.

Miss Sumner Douglas, a belle in high
 colored life, cowhided a young blood in
 Nashville.

The oldest "vaccinated man" is now
 claiming the "championship." He is
 Col. E. H. Taylor, of Kentucky, who
 was originally punctured in 1795.

Timber lands in the Eastern States
 are rapidly rising in value as the forests
 disappear before the encroaching wood-
 man, and within the past year the
 Maine forests have advanced thirty-three
 per cent. in price.

The fundamental laws of Indiana
 prohibiting the immigration or employ-
 ment of colored persons within its
 boundaries, it is necessary that either
 the constitution of the U. S. or that of
 Indiana should be altered; and rather
 than upset the entire country Indiana
 has disinterestedly resolved to adopt
 the latter alternative.

The better classes in New York city
 are making a gigantic struggle to
 throw off the terrible incubus of crime
 under which the great metropolis
 labors. The *Evening Post* reminds the
 New Yorkers that good laws are only
 good beginnings, but that these must
 be followed by the selection of good
 agents to administer them, who, in
 turn, must be kept good by a sense of
 responsibility to an ever-watchful con-
 stituency.

It is useless for me to walk the
 streets of this city day and night unless
 I am supported in my efforts to punish
 criminals and thereby remove crime.
 * * * * * There is not a gambling
 house, large or small, that does not have
 to pay protection money to an associa-
 tion the names of the members of
 which I could give; and this money is
 used whenever an arrest is made to
 head off the authorities. My desire is
 to head them off.—Mayor Stokley, of
 Philadelphia.

Lydia Thompson is at St. Louis, and
 has been interviewed by one of the

Democrat's reporters. She says she
 is thirty-five and has a daughter eight
 years old; that she did horsewhip
 Storey of the *Chicago Times* and is
 sorry; wishes she had simply scratched
 his eyes out and scalped him. She
 affirmed that her hair was natural and
 unbleached, but the reporter was in-
 credulous and wanted confirmation, he
 took hold of her flowing blonde tresses
 and placing his unsteady foot between
 her shoulders pulled with all his
 strength. This didn't satisfy him, and
 he threw her hair over the chandelier
 and pulled hand over hand till her
 head touched the burner. Taking a
 hitch around the sofa, he folded his
 arms and stood contemplating her.
 "Let me down," she demanded. "Do
 you own up to a wig?" "I do, I do!"

WOMEN RIDING MAN FASHION.

What a wonderful deal of talk they
 raise about women, don't they? and the
 most of it is done by the sex themselves.
 They know best how well it is deserved.
 The latest is an article in the *San Fran-
 cisco Examiner* about the way we ride,
 and the idea is that we should ride a
 stride.

Now, I have been used to horses and
 horse-back riding ever since I can re-
 member, and have ridden in almost
 every conceivable manner, even to stand-
 ing upon a gunny sack filled with straw
 in a vain endeavor to emulate a female
 circus rider I had once seen, and I in-
 finitely prefer the side-saddle as a mat-
 ter of ease and grace.

It is all very fine to talk about it be-
 ing more graceful and more comfortable,
 until you have been a woman and tried
 both ways, and until you have seen a
 woman sitting forlornly astride a horse,
 looking for all the world like a skewered
 bull-frog. Why, a woman can sit on a
 side saddle as easy as on a chair—that is,
 if she knows how to ride at all, and if
 she doesn't she has no business on a
 horse. While on one of the man's sad-
 dles she is wretched, utterly wretched
 and miserable, for fear that she is mak-
 ing a ridiculous object of herself in some
 way, and she is incessantly leaning to
 one side or the other to see if her ankles
 don't show, or her boots are not unlaced,
 or something else, and while deeply
 engaged in such observations her back
 is bent into unbecoming roundness, her
 hat bobbing up and down and herself
 with it, and her left hand holding tight
 to the pommel. No difference she
 could make in dress would rid a woman
 of the idea that she made a spectacle of
 herself, and consequently a ride would
 become a torture.

Then, too, few women have pretty
 feet, and do you suppose a woman is go-
 ing deliberately to work to exhibit those
 feet to an admiring multitude? In the
 language of Solomon, not much!

Now, for instance, said article in the
Examiner quotes Grace Greenwood to
 prove the beauties of his theory. If he
 had been, as I was, at Yosemite, and
 had seen Grace Greenwood mount and
 ride "Bloomer fashion" he would have
 refrained from the quotation. She
 came out to the verandah and the old
 horse was backed up till all she had to
 do was to sit down with one foot each
 side the horse. Then the train started,
 and she, letting the reins fall loosely
 over the horse's neck, employed both
 hands in holding on, while with every
 motion she rolled ridiculous to one
 side or the other. Ever and anon she
 would make a feeble dash for the bri-
 dle, only to give a weak squeal and
 clasp the pommel again, as a step of the
 horse from one rock to another seemed
 to render her position insecure. Indeed
 she rode much as children ride astride
 a long plank which they call a "teeter."
 holding on with both hands, her shoul-
 ders rounded and her feet hanging limp
 and useless by the horse's side. She
 rode so, and no other way, and recol-
 lecting what a figure she cut, wants us
 all to do so too, and insinuates that we
 were born for the express purpose of
 riding astride, otherwise we would
 have been born mermaids and done
 with it.

Now, I'll tell you a secret—one that I
 have guarded closely as the grave. I
 rode that way myself when I went into
 the valley. I'll never do it again. When
 I was a child I could hop on the back of
 the wildest mustang, and, with a rope
 twisted around his nose by way of bri-
 dle, dash away bare backed, the wind
 sweeping by my brow as we rode like
 the gale, blowing my hair back, and
 flushing my cheeks fiery red. I could
 not have ridden so astride, but when I
 heard so many fearful tales of the stran-
 gers of Yosemite trail, I gave up to the
 advice of an old lady and rode "Bloom-
 er fashion," as they politely term it up
 there. I immediately felt that I had

made a mistake. I felt as if I were o
 of my sphere, and I knew that my an-
 kles showed—my feet, too (and they
 were number sevens); and I knew, or
 thought I knew, that the gentlemen
 who were behind us were pass-
 ing unfavorable comparisons be-
 tween me and a galvanized polly-
 wog, while with every downward
 step of my horse I felt as if I would
 surely go over his head, for I scorned
 the pommel, besides it was an American
 saddle, and there wasn't any worth
 speaking of. To get at the exact way
 a woman feels on a man's saddle, take
 a piano stool, screw it up to the highest
 notch, put it in one of these sandhill
 stump-carts, and sit on the top of the
 stool with your feet dangling down each
 side, and let the cart be driven over
 newly plowed ground. You will then
 understand how it feels.

Grace Greenwood has a perverted
 taste if she likes to ride in that fashion;
 but, on the whole, she furnished fun for
 a hundred people, and so it was a bene-
 fit, and not one of us ever thought of
 comparing her to a mermaid, not even
 when she was flopping in a mud bath
 at Calistoga, for which she should be
 duly thankful. We all know that she
 is not furnished with a fishy tail, only
 fit for riding sideways, for we had pretty
 substantial occult proof to the contrary;
 but I don't say but what I think she
 might look better for the change.

I don't say all this out of feminine
 spite against the lady, for, personally, I
 admire her for a true woman, and think
 she is a good writer and all that, but
 when she wants us to make guys of our-
 selves, it is too much.—*Olive Harper*, in
St. Louis Globe.

THE AUGUSTAN AGE OF MURDER.

Not a hundred years ago there was
 founded "The Hell Fire Club," having
 for its object the promotion of vice. To
 England belongs the glory of its birth,
 as to England belongs the later glory of
 originating a society for the suppression
 of virtue. Club and society have secret-
 ly disappeared from the mother country
 to become the more firmly established
 in New York, where an elective
 judiciary and ignorant, unprin-
 ciple juries lend themselves to the no-
 ble task of making republican institu-
 tions a synonym for everything that is
 vile. We make this statement deliber-
 ately, with the intention of proving it
 by the logic of event, taking for our
 premises the murders of the last three
 years.

Forty murders in 1870; sixteen Irish,
 ten Germans, ten Americans, three
 English and one Norwegian. Forty-
 five murders in 1871; twenty-three
 Irish, nine Americans, four English,
 four Germans, one Italian and one
 Swiss. Fifty-six murders in 1872;
 twenty Irish, nineteen Americans,
 eight Germans, three English, two
 Swedes, one Italian and one French.
 Five more murders in 1871 than in 1870;
 eleven more in 1872 than 1871—an in-
 crease of sixteen murders in two years!
 If crime progress in this frightful ratio,
 who, within many months, will de-
 serve to escape hanging? Is it not
 about time for those still alive who
 neither aspire to murder nor be given
 to murder to inquire whether self-pres-
 ervation, which is supposed to be the
 first law of nature, does not exact that
 more heroic treatment should be ad-
 ministered to artists in human butchery
 that now seems fashionable? Is it
 enough to mildly rail against total de-
 ravity in reading details of the very
 latest homicide with one eye while the
 other gazes complacently upon a cup of
 the very best coffee? When life has
 grown to be such a ghastly joke that
 people wake up in the morning and
 congratulate themselves upon not hav-
 ing had their throats cut from ear to
 ear by friends, bosom or otherwise, is
 there not something rotten in the
 body politic? Does it not behoove us
 to seriously ask why this murderous
 orgy has been so long tolerated and
 what means shall be employed to bring
 it to an end? Would it not be well for
 those very estimable gentlemen, known
 as the Committee of Seventy, to whom
 we anxiously look for all good things,
 to set their ponderous intellects to
 work out our salvation, ere the child of
 the period becomes so demoralized as to
 cry for blood as it now cries for soothing
 syrup? If the carnage do not
 soon cease, "Give us this day
 our daily murder" will be the popular
 form of prayer; and that such a state of
 things should transpire under the reign
 of the "Seventy" ought to convince
 confiding citizens of the necessity of
 doubting even the divine right of this
 imbecile council. Words mean but
 little after blows, stabbing and shooting
 have set in, and perhaps it would be