

[Written for the DESERET NEWS.]
**SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE BOOK
 OF AN OLD REPORTER.**

MOTTO FOR SCRAPS.

The evil that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones.
 SHAKESPEARE.

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
 The man that makes a character, makes foes.
 YOUNG.

In writing from the scraps of an old note book, it forms in whole a kind of autobiography of one self: and to it life and coloring must of necessity include our companions, associates, and contemporaries.

As I have mentioned Tim Snissel, it will be requisite to let the readers of the scraps, into some traits of his appearance and character, as he was a man of some notoriety in the circle in which he moved, and was, to say the least of him, one among a thousand!

Tim was the son of a poor industrious Shoemaker, and had wrought at the trade with his father when a mere boy; but owing to his superior intellect, had been taken notice of by the priest of the Diocese, and introduced to the Bishop, who became his patron, and obtained a bursary for him, in the Catholic seminary of Dublin.

Mr. Snissel senior, had not neglected his son's education prior to this time, and Tim having a natural inclination for learning, had acquired a tolerable good knowledge of the English language; he was therefore qualified to enter as student in the junior Greek class at the commencement of his collegiate career. It was the design of his patrons to educate him for holy orders; having gone through the Latin, Greek and Hebrew classes, he was prepared to enter on his divinity, Tim all of a sudden became infidel, and renounced the Catholic profession. This was a sad reverse for him and his father's family, who were in great part supported by the influential votaries of that religion. His father tried every method to reclaim his son, but all his efforts were in vain, expostulations, entreaties and curses, mixed up with the tears of his mother, were all buffed off with the eloquence of Tim's logical deductions, on the hypocrisy and absurdity of their desires. The Bishop and Priest, after finding all their threats and promises in vain, delivered him over to the Devil in the due form of an excommunication, and left him without a friend to console him in the midst of poverty, and without a prospect but one, and that was to become pedagogue in the city where his delinquency had gained for him a notoriety, anything but enviable for such a profession.

To gain a respectable living, the press appeared a bank in Tim's eye, therefore to this occupation he turned his arduous attention; but although he labored day and night climbing up the slippery mount of fame, yet not paid, he anticipated, he flattered himself, that one day he would be remunerated, and pay back with interest the hard labor of his poor father, who toiled late and early to procure for him the necessities of life.

All their labors proving fruitless in Dublin, Mr. Snissel senior, who still, notwithstanding his sons apostasy from the church,—loved, respected and held on to him as a scion of his line who would one day be a bright star in the galaxy of Irish luminaries! "The Green Isle of Beauty," however, became a desert of thorns; determined therefore to try their fortune in Scotland, Tim senior and Tim junior, landed in Glasgow, in the year 1825, and found their way to K—, where the father wrought at his trade, and the son assumed the occupation of writer for the press! To it he purposed to become entirely devoted, the aim and object of his future glory and renown.

The commencement of our acquaintance, was at the office of Jinks, where I first saw him reading to this notable character a poem "on the wrongs of Ireland," which was accepted as a trial, without pay, published in the columns of the *Dwarf*. We often met at the office, and in time became intimate and ultimately chums to each other, in the dark and ominous track of this vain world of letters.

Tim had an antic physical development; he measured five feet one inch in his shoes, which did not deteriorate from his real height—being heelless. His head was precociously large and symmetrically developed, the which, when seen looking over a half door, or through the trap-opening in a pawnbroker's receiving room, he looked well enough. There his precocious expansive forehead, his finely arched brow, and large blue eyes, aquiline nose and fair broad chin, gave a favorable impression of the unseen author; but when seen in full portrait, he looked for all

the world like a Λ turned upside down with a primer period stuck on the upper point of the reversed letter;—as a termination to its malformation, resembling very much the Colossus at Rhodes in miniature.

Often has he stood for hours in this attitude, his legs astride and his feet, on a parallel line of twenty-four inches apart, with his right forefinger in the palm of his left hand, arguing on the absurdity of transubstantiation, purgatory, the invocation to angels, and the imposition of granting indulgence, etc., of all of which doctrines I had little knowledge, and less disposition to dispute.

His wife Mary (who emigrated and was married to him, about the time he landed in Scotland) was seven inches taller than himself, and taking the two arm in arm, as they often promenaded to Jinks office, they were unmatched, poetically speaking. He had a low quirkless voice, she a gruff toned bass grunt, a kind of ventriloquial sound that seemed to come from some other quarter, than her articulating organs.

I have had it considerably on my mind, that there ought to be some arrangement in the marriage settlement in regard to size. Short men and tall women seem to be unequally yoked, perhaps it is a wise arrangement in the order of providence, but I could not think otherwise than admire the choice of General Tom Thumb, of his wife Miss Lavinia Warren Stratton; again there might be selfishness in this, in the anticipation of the production of dwarfs. But in the former amalgamation, no inducement prospectively, could be of any interest except to keep the human family on a proper standard of measurement, although we are prone to laugh inwardly, as I have done a hundred times, at Mr. and Mrs. Snissel.

She was as much above the common size of women as he was below the ordinary height of men, and this gained for them a great amount of public notice. The people would look out of every door as they passed at their strange appearance. She was like the curve of a rainbow stooping to hold his arm, and catch the glance of his eye, when speaking; while he on the opposite extreme, was like a boy with a man's head on his shoulders, gazing up at a weather sign on a steeple. Comparisons are said to be ridiculous, but I am sensible that my readers could not have a due conception of Tim's outward man, without this delineation. He might have been properly styled "the victim of fame," inasmuch as he had a longing desire from his childhood to produce something in the shape of literature, that would perpetuate his memory to future ages. Moore, Byron, Burns, Cowper and Campbell were all read over and over again by him, until their works were so mixed up with his own mentality, that he could not speak nor write, without committing plagiarisms. All his productions savored so much of one, or the other of his favorite authors, that although his poetry and prose writings were essentially his own, yet in another sense they were not. In consequence of this, nothing fresh or original came from his pen. He had taken the counsel given to young aspirants of the muse, namely, to "read and copy the best authors." This was the great evil with Tim, and the cause of his pieces being rejected. He had composed some highly colored fugitive poems, which to those of his admirers who were not conversant with the works of the authors mentioned, thought them far above mediocrity, and through their ignorance, flattery and foolish admiration, proposed that he should publish his poems. Never was self-esteem more gratified, and never could there have been more ruinous advice given. He consulted me on the subject, when I frankly gave him my opinion in the broadest terms of reprobation. I was angry with him, as I formerly had given him my opinion of the absolute folly of such an attempt. What is fame I would say, who would know you personally a hundred years hence from any other dumpy-headed fellow of the same name. And what although you had a marble monument raised above your ashes, who could know Snissel the poet from Snissel the rag gatherer, or Snissel who was hanged for forgery? Both of these men lived in your own day, and who could say, or deny but that they were both poets. Give celebrity to a name, and it belongs to the name not to the man! Their very profession belonged to the muse. The one gathered the material body of literature, and the other blotted the white sheet with another man's name to procure a living,—a thing little worse than plagiarism. Indeed, the annals of crime will retain the forger's character longer than your poetry or your monument. The history of public crime out-

lives the obscurity of a virtuous life in this world. Tim, said I, rather sharply, quit the thought forever, 'tis folly, 'tis worse than penny-a-lining, 'tis madness! Go and take up a school Tim, that will gain you and your wife an honest, respectable living; go and never let me hear of such a proposal again. He left the room seemingly disgusted at my insolence and worse logic, which he once attempted to refute, if I had given him the chance.

I heard no more of him till several weeks thereafter, when I had put into my hand a letter containing a prospectus, of his intended volume, wherein I learned that he had obtained three hundred subscribers. But as their names were not so convertible as the ready cash, he had come to the conclusion of publishing in monthly parts, forty-eight pages octavo, price one shilling; to be finished in twelve months, forming a volume of five hundred and seventy-six pages.

Here is an undertaking I thought to myself, he has not calculated on the vast amount of matter required to fill forty-eight pages. Neither has he for once studied the question, whether his friends in Scotland care any thing about "the repeal of the union," or "the wrongs of Ireland," or "Stanzas to Mary," [already published] or any other namby pamby production of his heated imagination.

It was not long after receiving this letter, till Tim called upon me, in all the pomposity and flutter of a man of business, "fire in each eye" and his pockets full of papers. "King my boy," said he, "I hope you are calmed down now," taking me by both hands, and shaking them hysterically, I have come to let you see my progress in forming my forth-coming volume, which is now in the hands of the printer! He then unrolled his packages of papers and presented me with the title page, which was neatly done up with a border and three kinds of type, printed with black, red and yellow ink. "There," said he, triumphantly, "isn't that superb?" On the fly sheet I read "The poems, and prose works of Timothy Snissel; late graduate in Dublin College." On the other side, a preface in ten short sentences, more like an apology, than any thing else, then the contents, viz. for a leading poem, "The child of fate and misfortune," in six cantos. "Love and matrimony," "Remorse," "Lovely Scotland," etc.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Miscellaneous.

PAPER AND CLOTH FROM CORN HUSKS.

The *Washington Intelligencer* has the following interesting statements concerning the new material for paper:

Increasing consumption and advancing prices have been for years admonishing paper makers and the public of the necessity for new paper material. Many substitutes have been tried. Straw, a cheap material obtainable in unlimited quantities, was made available for coarse paper; but it has only met the demand in a very limited degree.

A year ago, or more, some specimens of paper, said to have been made from maize fibre, were exhibited at the rooms of the Department of Agriculture as the product of an experiment conducted in Austria under imperial patronage. It seems that the experiments have been persevered in and extended.

The Hon. Isaac Newton, the Commissioner of Agriculture, has just received from Austria a package containing the most remarkable results of the manufacture of Indian corn fibre. It embraces paper apparently equal to the finest linen paper, and evidently superior in point of superiority. Some of it is thought to be a good substitute for parchment. Specimens of colored paper are remarkable for their evenness and delicacy. Tissue paper, very light and transparent, is included; tracing and drawing papers, preferred by artists to those of English and French manufacture; cigarette papers, black and brown; flower paper in beautiful colors, for the making of artificial flowers; silk paper of several qualities—in all sixty samples of paper, thick and thin, white and colored, substantially useful and delicately ornamental. They constitute a wonder of ingenuity, and illustrate the power of invention to create new forms from common materials, and the utility of patient effort in developing the perfection of skill in industry.

Nor is this all. Bleached and unbleached crash, of several kinds, are exhibited, from the same material, the fibre of corn husks (the outer covering of

the ear, called in our Southern States *shucks*). But perhaps, the most successful results, in heavy fabrics, is oilcloth for floors, of which two different colors are shown, both apparently of superior durability.

The process of paper making has been for several years in development. The spinning and weaving of maize fibre was commenced late in 1862. Both processes have been patented in Austria and other European countries, and in this country.

These results have been attained under the direction of Dr. Chevalier Auer de Welsback, director of the Imperial printing establishment at Vienna, and superintendent of the imperial paper mills at Schloegmuell, Austria.

All portions of the husk are converted into paper stuff, spinning stuff, or husk meal, which is mixed with common flour. Nineteen per cent. of paper fibre, ten of spinning material, and eleven of feed stuff are obtained, together making forty per cent., leaving a refuse of sixty per cent., much of it fine fibre and gluten, which may yet be filtered and utilized.

Nor does the invention even in its infancy, lack the important element of profit. An expenditure of 273,740 florins, and a net profit of 105,260 florins, exclusive of rent and use of capital employed.

More particular information may be gathered at the Department of Agriculture.

A WHALE AT PEAS.—The dinner was a capital one: the Cunard directors are famous for good feeding; and Judge Tipps, father to my young companion, played an excellent knife and fork. A dish of peas came round, the last of the marrow-fats, the latest peas of summer; and, indeed, I cannot conceive from what remote market; the steamboat purveyors had been barred, in respect to this vegetable, for some weeks.—I am very fond of peas, and was rejoiced to see my favorite ones again; and I anxiously awaited their arrival. Miss Tipps, Miss Julia Tipps, and Tipps mere as the French would say, had each taken a decorous spoonful from the flying dish and now the black waiter was offering the delicacy to Tipps himself, enough being left for five persons at least. What was my horror to behold the Judge deliberately monopolize the whole—sweep, as I live, every pea into his own plate—and turning to me, with a greasy smile, remark—"I guess, stranger, I'm a whale at peas."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

ATLANTA AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS.—Some idea of the difficulties Sherman's troops have had to encounter in their approach to Atlanta, may be found in perusing the following brief sketch of an army correspondent writing from that region:

"Imagine all the country between the Atlanta mountains and the Chattahoochee river plowed into huge ridges, on an average, once in every five miles—continuous cribs built of rails and poles or oftener of huge logs, twelve miles long, filled with dirt wrenched out from the clenched roots of a Georgia forest, four feet high and six feet wide, running through the thickest woods and cleared fields alike, always two, oftener three, and sometimes even five lines deep, and all finished perfectly and polished. The trenches put down square and true and the parapets shaped as if with the square and plummet—and you have a faint conception of the mazes of rebel fortifications through which this army has fought and flanked its way thus far into the Confederacy.

ICE A LIFE PROLONGER.—The problem of suspending life by freezing, seems to be accumulating data. Perch and mullet have been carried from Lake Champlain to eastern cities, frozen perfectly solid, and on being put into a tub of water, have come too as lively as ever. A female convict in Sweden is in ice on experiment. A man was found lately in Switzerland, who gave signs of life after being frozen for nine months. The power of stopping while the world goes on may be the next wonder. Ice houses may soon be advertised with comfortable arrangements for skipping an epoch, or waiting for the next generation.

—A few days ago the Marshal of Nevada arrested a citizen for violating a town ordinance. The Marshal and another swore they saw him commit the offense; three others swore they did not see him commit it. The majority carried the day, and the man was acquitted.

To ridicule old age is like pouring in the morning cold water into the bed in which you may have to sleep at night.