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WHAT IS SUCCESS?

Amongst the "free lancers," when a great native chief fell ill, there was great howling and lamentation that he would die, although he had never been known to do a generous action. The men who shook their heads in vain, and it was supposed that the chief could not be long kept from Paradise; but one of the priests said that he had been directed in a vision to a lonely rock, overhanging the sea, and there he had found a wooden image of the Ejeje god, and producing it to the eyes of the chief, when the sick man said: "If he is cured." From that moment the fame of the god was spread, and the rest of the world was puffed into a frenzy of medicine rather than in miracles, in doctors instead of gods.

Of course we, enlightened Americans, smile at the superstitions of the South Sea—we love to see a man, who never punishes a man with social obloquy because his opinions are different from ours, we Northerners full of patient sympathy for the South—we Southerners who do love the North—we Maine Law men who do not suppose our opponents have any interested motives in opposition—we denouncers of supposition, lawyers who do not consider our adversaries fanatical—we wise, thankful, and careful Americans, sail round the world, gaze with patient disgust upon the rites of superstition, and see with contempt Panchincho at Rome; and the superstition of a miraculous cure of the South. The Yankee Epicurus upon this Southern cruise wrote home to his sister that she should plant the palm trees and the olives, but O Medora, when I sometimes see the reality and not the picture, how glad I am that I come from a country where there is no superstition, where we do not tattoo ourselves, put feathers in our hair, and swallow snakes for breakfast; but where every man wears his boots and black hat, and every woman wears white linen and moral conduct, and where we go to a respectable church on Sundays, and are so sure of sound doctrine that we may fall asleep, quite sure that we never will slip in during the nap.

When the young Yankee Epicurus comes home again, perhaps, travel and long experience will have touched him with a higher vision, when he will see that minds may be tattooed as well as bodies, that superstition may exist in broadcloth, as well as in blankets. We laugh at these absurd Chinese who pinch women's feet, at the African savages who eat dirt, at those Indian women who throw themselves upon their husbands' funeral piles; but in the meantime, we should consider tight-lacing, and drunk-driving, and the horrid secrets of crime at home, and he believed that the generous middleman and he would agree when they came to settle the account of absurdity, that the balance was sometimes against us. (Applause.) Names do not alter things; and if we called that doll "a prosperous man," it would become with us a proper object of respect and admiration.

Since every man's aim for himself, and hope for his children is "success," and since with us there is no word so sweet and no praise so dear as "successful," let us see if there be any external standard by which we can measure success, so that we can say of Thomas that he is a successful man, and of poor Timothy that his life is a great failure. If he should ask the man in that audience who considered himself the most successful to stand forth, who would appear?—or if he should ask the audience to name the most successful man in this city whom they would like? Would they call the wisest man the most successful, or the richest, or the best?

Mr. Corlies then adverted to what he called the fat and easy morality taught by Hogarth's pictures of the Idle and Industrious Apprentices—the moral being that by being industrious and good you would become rich; by following the contrary course, you would come to be hanged. The proverb that "honesty is the best policy," was to say that in the long run you will lose if you cheat; honesty divides at least six per cent, in good years seven, and so is a safe investment. He (the lecturer) did not wish to ridicule the virtuous, honest apprentice; but only to say that if his conduct was induced by the motives presented to him, it was not virtuous in its essential sense. The maxim "honesty is the best policy," could never prevail except in a society where honesty was at a discount. Suppose honesty were not the best policy, would we think twice before we were honest? The morality of Hogarth made a good life like a bad pill, which we must be hindered to take; but from the oldest tradition down to the golden legend, the Devil could bid a bigger, terrible price than his adversary. It was hardy, where the Devil goes to market, (a laugh) and as he was always looking after bargains wherever there was a trade going on, we might be sure that he was there, with an eye to business. Besides, apart from the immorality, the maxim was not true.

The possession of wealth and reputation does not always, nor necessarily, reward virtues, nor always, nor necessarily, punish vices. They would say to him that the majority of men who had prospered in most professions were the honestest men. He would not deny it; but he should easily count twenty men who had prospered, eighteen of whom were knaves, and it was sufficient for his purpose to allow that a man can prosper without being honest.

Let us (said the lecturer) go a step farther. If you are a cotton dealer and have a large stock on hand, and I who wish to buy learn that cotton has risen ten per cent in the pound, and I know that you and the rest of the trade cannot know that fact till to-morrow, does not your average honesty justify me in buying your stock at the market price of to-day? And yet is that transaction honest, except by a conventional standard? You will say of course that my superior sagacity in laying trains of information, and selecting correspondence, and employing my capital, as to know in advance of the telegraph the state of the market, is only properly rewarded by the favorable bargains that I make. I grant my superior sagacity, and then I ask whether, being possessed of the information by the most honorable means, that cotton is worth 20 instead of 10 cents per pound, we should take it to be honest that I should buy it at 10 cents, because you have not the sagacity or means to get the information? You will reply that trade is not possible under any other condition, and that I am supposing a golden rule of things. I shall not go further. I merely say you confess the standard of honesty to be relative, and a people who repudiate deliberately the simplest Christian doctrine ought not to cry its Christianity too loudly. (Applause.) He was not there to preach, but merely observe a fact. He was willing to admit that the Chinese women pinch their feet dreadfully, and he was sorry we had to fight that we could not stoop over to see them.

We heard that Cousin John, who went to California, is successful, but not a thought occurs in connection with the word, except in relation to his pocket. When we go out on Sunday afternoons to moralize, and see the new dresses, we usually take our young ones by Aladdin's Palace. Aladdin was a Yankee.

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(Laughter.) He started life by swapping jack-knives, then in putting the halves of broken marbles together and passing them off as whole ones. When he had gathered some brass, he went to school all the summer to learn the golden rule of arithmetic. Addition for himself, and Subtraction for his neighbor. (Laughter.)

At an early age Aladdin was considered to be good at a bargain, which meant that he could always succeed in changing a worse for a better, (laughter) always keeping the blind eye of a horse to the wall when he had to sell it, and looking right at it when he bought it; and the village said that certainly Aladdin would succeed. When he left, "he will be rich," said the village, with more approval than it would say "he will be generous and true." To Aladdin the whole world was but a market in which to buy cheap and sell dear. "For him there was no beauty, no history, no piety, no heroism." Truly the stars shone over him—vainly the South wind blew. In the wake of the great ship Argo, in which Jason and his companions sailed for the Golden Fleece, over the gleaming Mediterranean, where the ships of Tyre, Rome, and of the Crusaders had been before him—through the Pillars of Hercules, through which sailed Columbus to find fame in a New World, now sails Aladdin to find fortune. To him all lands were alike. No Homer sung for him in the Egean, he only cursed the wind that will not blow him to Odessa. No syren sang for him, but he loves the huge oath of the lively boatwain. With a Bible in his hand, and a quid of tobacco in his mouth, he goes about the Holy Places in Jerusalem, and calculates their exact size. He sees the land of Rameles and the Ptolemies; and the reverend records of the Libyan desert, whose echoes have slumbered since they were tramped over by Alexander's army, were now awakened by the shrill whistle of Old Dan Tucker. He insulted the Grand Lama, hobbled with the Great Mogul, turns his back upon the Emperor, and takes a pinch out of the Pope's snuff-box. He eluded with the Arabs, smoked opium with the Turks, and rode for a bride with the Calmuck Tartars.

Aladdin comes home again, and the admiring village points him out to the younger generation as a successful man: "My son, look at him; he began with nothing, and now see." "My son" does see, and he beholds him owning a million of dollars—of all societies of which he is not president, a director. His name is good as gold—he has bought pictures and statues—he has also bought a Mrs. Aladdin and housed her in luxury; but he pricks his mouth with a silver fork. He has a home for a poet, but he makes it his boast that he reads nothing but the newspaper. He goes to church twice on Sundays, and only wakes up when the preacher denounces the sinners of Sodom and Gomorrah, and those "tough old Jews" of Jerusalem. His head is bald and shiny, with all the sermons which have hit it, and glanced off. He clasps his hands in prayer, but forgets to open them when the poor-box is passed round; and he goes home, like a successful man, thanking God that he is not as other men are, and after dinner he sits before the fire in his easy chair, lights a large cigar and looks languidly at Mrs. Aladdin through the thick smoke.

By-and-by old Aladdin dies. The conventional virtues are all told over, as the mourning carriages are called out. The papers regret they are called upon to deplore the loss of a revered parent, generous friend, public spirited citizen, and pious man; and then the precious swapper of jack knives, and the model set up to the young generation, is laid in the dust. Above his grave, the stars he never saw now burn with a soft luster which no lamps about a king's tomb can emulate; and the south wind, for whose breath upon his hot brow he was never grateful, strews his last bed with anemones and violets that his heel crushed in living; and we, who are to be formed upon that model, carelessly remark, as we stir our toddies, "So, old Aladdin is gone at last; and by-the-by, how much did he leave?"

The career of which we saw only the fine house and the amount in the tax book was cited as successful, but he said there was no standard in all that by which human success could be determined. If man meant merchant, if man meant lawyer, if man meant shoemaker, that standard of success would answer; but a man might prosper as a merchant, banker, or lawyer, and yet be an entirely unsuccessful man. He recognized and honored the genius which takes now and short cuts to prosperity, and serves itself with all the metals of the earth and all the forces of the air. Power was the most superb of slaves, but it was the most despotic of masters. They told him that men did not engage in money-making for the sake of the money, but for the sake of the power of money—he said rather it should be for the use of money. If we were sincerely working for wealth as a means, what a splendid world it would be! but the aspect of the world forbade us to believe it. He did not mean to allege that the operation of the faulty standard was confined to any particular pursuit. He should take his own (the publishing business). The book that sells was the successful book. Dickens and Washington Irving sold, but there were scores of sickly sentimental emaciated novels that sold better. He said the 50,000th copy of the book, cries the publisher; and yet it was not a book infatuated with any ray of genius or power, or which took any literary rank. One almost dreads to read a "successful" book in these days—for our standard made the publisher's account book the measure of the author's success. The immense sale of a book might be as much a matter of propriety as of mental appreciation. Should we take popularity for success? Popularity was an idle wind, usually blowing towards a vacuum. Are you a lion to-day because you have bared the heart of the world with your ardent soul? I am the lion to-morrow, because I shall cross the river in a wooden dipper; and you are quite forsaken. Of this intense work you tell me that 10,000 copies have been sold within the last ten minutes, and I agree that by such a standard the manuscript But there was a book of which the publisher said he sold for \$60, at which the publisher had made a poor bargain; yet the world holds it to its heart; and it was a power and a friend to every man here. The oldest and the most loved of our own authors confessed that if he had any excellence, it was awakened by the tender touch of that genius.

We all knew his story. No man whom history names was loved more fondly. In youth, in manhood, we hang over his sweet pages, and confess the charm, which time that destroys, will only enhance. How much dearer he was than Johnson, Garrick, Burke, Reynolds. Walpole. He lived in poor rooms, quarrelled with his landlady, was not always sure of a dinner. The wits did not ask him to drive in the Park. The King of England did not ask him the most illustrious subject to Court. His best friend, smiled at him—Johnson scolded when he loved him—Boswell, of course, was jealous of him—Reynolds at last, hated his portrait—and Horace Walpole, the pet of London society, the son of the great Prime Minister, the stripping who could select Grey, the poet, as his travelling companion, the literary coxcomb, looked at his master, and called him an "inspired idiot." Forty-six years of hard labor, carrying a heart like a palm branch to sea, a discordant world at peace, writing book after book, in which human thought lay in the expression, as pearls lie in clear waters of the sea. The gentlest satirist, ever touched with human folly—the most humane of essayists—the most graceful and genial of novelists—the most sensitive of poets—the man whose mind was so naturally just and so variously gifted that its force is forgotten in its exquisite proportion—like the strength of the Parthenon and the genius of Washington—after 46 years of a hard life, begging himself to relieve beggary, died a man whom their hearts would already have indicated, Oliver Goldsmith, who with his Vicar of Wakefield and his poems, remains a friend to us and to the world for ever. Probably there were not 50,000 copies of the work sold in fifty years after its publication.

If success was merely prosperity, then a bad man might be as successful as a good one, for they would not deny that a man might cheat and make money; and they would have to admit that a bad merchant, if he keeps out of goal, and is not known to be bad, may make money like a good merchant. Thriving knavery might build as fine a house and drive as smooth a carriage as honest thrift; but he could not see that they were equally successful—for he thought, that success should be what we were not ashamed of. If we make money, let us say that we make money—not that it is a success.

Of course it was very hard to be poor—very hard to endure even the appearance of poverty. We young men in cities did not like our boots patched, nor to wear clean gloves carrying a cotton umbrella, nor to ask a girl to marry us and live in a third story room. We liked to drive along smoothly, to have a neat turnout, to have the hinges of life oiled and the seats cushioned. All these were good things, but they were not necessary to success. When we made these our standard, we found that it left out too much. Every man knows that he would rather give ten dollars than suffer the toothache for a week—he would rather lose his fortune than both of his legs. If this were true of the body, how much more of the character! What was the price of an eye? how much cash would make you steal? how many corners lost Aladdin give you to make you swear that your innocent friend is a criminal?

We could not buy emotions, or award feelings. There was no possible valuation to put upon human character would make the slightest show in the stock list, as comfort of the body and peace of mind were more valuable than dividends. If success be a worthy motive of human pursuit, it must be sought in not what we have but what we are.

We could not take a bad bill without railing at fortune; but the other day a friend of his, a planter at the South, learned that he was 40,000 dollars poorer, by a fearful freshet, which had swept away his crops and barns. But there was no fresher could overwhelm his heart—none deep enough to drown his manliness. He smiled when he heard of his loss, and started cheerfully to help others who had lost less than he. His friend, seemed to him successful, by so much as manhood was superior to money. It seemed to him that this little private incident told us more about the secret of success than a man really desires, than some recent autobiographies, which had been published to reveal to us the secret.

The dangerous tendency of this favorite theory of success lies here, that it confounds shrewdness and tact, and good fortune with character; for while they were busily showing him that Aladdin was successful, that great truth was glaring upon him through all history that he was not the kind of man who had been most useful to mankind; and just as he was going to agree that prosperity was success, he paused and perceived that it was not the money-makers who had done great things; and that Lorenzo de Medici, who was a merchant prince was called the Magnificent, not because he was rich, but because he knew the use of riches. If, therefore, a man might be a bad man and yet a rich one—an ignorant man, yet a rich man—a roguish man, and yet a rich man—it certainly followed that riches or external prosperity could not be praised as success, unless we chose to make success merely synonymous with wealth.

He granted that a man was not successful as a merchant if he did not make money, but what he stood there to protest against, was, subjecting the man to the merchant. A successful banker, doctor, tanner, or author was one thing, but a successful man was quite another, and he took it that it was better to be the latter than the former. It was necessary for each young man to remember that he must make his election. He must first of all resolve what kind of success he desires, and pursue that chiefly, letting the other go or come as it may happen. He repeated that a man might be at once prosperous and successful, but there was no necessary relation between them. Cousin John who came from California with a single cent, but with self-respect, was a successful man; Cousin Joe who remits thousands each steamer, is a prosperous banker, but he is an entirely unsuccessful man, because he is so selfish, sceptical, gross in his habits, mean in his mind. He believes that life is a scrub race, and if you can blind the man on your right, and run in before the one on your left, you will succeed. Poor Cousin Joe! He was coming home next summer to buy Aladdin's Palace, marry Aladdin's daughter, and continue the line of successful men.

Of course if fortune was not an evidence of success, neither was fame. Goldsmith belonged to the class usually characterized as unsuccessful, yet how did he differ from Aladdin in all noble qualities of mind and heart, except by thirst? In his relation to this world, Aladdin and Goldsmith spent. Thrift was

the only point of comparison between them. But of all the standards of external success, fortune was the lowest, and fame surely the highest. According to the achievement of a permanent influence upon the human mind, the most successful men, as a class had lacked the thrifty qualities. The serious affairs of life was making six per cent. The publisher who laid up \$50,000 a year knew why the author was in debt; but the author was surprised. He who furnished the ideas could only dine upon chops, while he who furnished that print and paper sat down to a perpetual sirloin. But if they were to change places their fortune would change with them. The author turned publisher would lose thousands. It was only through prudence, economy, and a knowledge of the world that the publisher invests his money safely, and divides delightful dividends. Our friends the authors invested in Rhineland, in Havana, in choice suppers, and they divided a heavy per centage of headache, dyspepsia and debt. Did we think that Cousin Joe when he came home would ask that singular Dr. Goldsmith, who was so ungainly, and whose face was pitted with the small pox, to dine at Aladdin's? Yet if we were to take Joe's own rule of success it would go further than Joe, and stop with Goldsmith.

But finally, no outward result could possibly prove a real success in a man. The fame of Shakespeare was as eternal as the fortune of Astor. They both obeyed their vocation. One was a prosperous merchant, and died. The other was a tolerable actor, and is immortal. But Astor might have been, with all his prosperity, sweet, gentle, and humane; and Shakespeare with all his starchy fame, might have been a man ignorant and unbelieve. He should not accept the fortune of one or the fame of the other as evidence of man. The heart instinctively asserted that the head could not measure success; and there was a weakness much superior to wisdom. Hogarth's series of the Idle and Industrious Apprentices was the only way in which the English mind of the 18th century, from which the American mind of the 19th century, told the Parable of the Prodigal Son. That story was a grand rebuke to the assumption of any external standard of success; and Hogarth's interpretation of it, showed how far he had gone astray—for in the original, when the Idle apprentice returns, his father receives him with open arms and not with sharp words "proper." To the occasion, "you have made your own bed, and must lie upon it." He said no such thing, although any well regulated parent might have said it, for example to the younger members of his family. But he made a great feat, forgave and forgot, and the Mrs. Grundys of that day said that he was offering a premium to profligacy; whilst the son who had not gone after syrens, who had gone to bed early, who had views of his own upon the fated cat (laughter), remonstrated, and put the impropriety of his father's conduct in the strongest terms. He was precisely Hogarth's good boy.

But the story had another moral. It was none the worse for being old, and we were none the better for much preaching. We thought that we could stain our lives with purer aims if we could stain the church windows in a pretty pattern—we thought that we could give evidence of charity in our hearts by putting a roll of bills into the contribution box. We had looked so long to Hogarth that we believed that subscription to respectable charities was charity; but he believed that the dismal old divines were right when they insisted upon faith and sowed works. It was harder to feel right, than to do right. The sad old preachers knew that if the heart was right, the hand would be sure to follow.

Success then was a fact of character. We could not tell if another man was successful, for the area of human achievement was constantly extending, and power grew with the bounds. He told over the illustrious names of history, but if he considered the man's lives they did not seem successful. Sir Joshua Reynolds stood in his old age before one of his early pictures, and said sadly and weeping, "I shall never fulfill." Our own deeds seemed slight and poor. It was so easy for Burns to be Burns and Newton Newton. Gentlemen, said Gen. Wolfe, as he repeated Gray's Elegy to his officers as they floated down the river in the starlight to the great victory which made him famous, "I would rather have written that poem than take Quebec." The heroes did great things, but they saw greater, not only in their spheres, but their own. We praise the painter, and he politely bows, for why should he say that the picture had revealed that fairer picture in his mind he should never put upon canvas? We thought the poet he sang helped our love, but he did not smile as he heard those celestial melodies he should never put into numbers. The crowded theatre reeled and roared with delight before the actor, but when he called the doctor to his bedside, and it was advised to go and see Grimaldi, he sadly whispered, "I am Grimaldi."

The Way Monkeys Build Bridges.
The Forest Exiles; or, the Perils of a Peruvian Family amid the Wilds of the Amazon, is the title of a new work by Lieutenant Mayne Reid. The author is an Englishman, who served in the American army in Mexico, under General Scott, and his name is pretty familiar to our readers as the author of several interesting and exciting books of travel and adventure, though dealing largely in the marvellous. The book is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. Price 75 cents. From it we select the following rather tough story:

Our party were just cooking their scanty supper, when they heard a band of howling monkeys afar off in the woods. There was nothing unusual in this; for these creatures are heard at all times among the forests of the Amazon, especially at sunrise and before sunset, or whenever there is any appearance of the approach of a rain storm. Our travelers would not have noticed their voices on this occasion, but that they seemed to be approaching in that direction; and as they were coming along the bank of the main river, Guapo concluded that, on arriving at the igarape, (creek), they would turn up it and near where the boat was, and thus he might have them within reach of his blow-gun. It was certain, they were coming down the river side, of course upon the tree tops, and would, no doubt, turn up as Guapo expected for the trees on the opposite side of the igarape stood too far apart even for monkeys to spring across.

After waiting for half an hour or so, the hideous howling of the monkeys could be heard at no great distance, and they were taking the de-

sired route. In fact, in a few minutes after, the troop appeared upon some tall tree, that stood on the edge of the creek, not fifty yards from where the balza was moored. They were large animals, of a stout lanky and slender shape that characterized the grasping-tailed monkeys. They were true howlers, as they had already proved by the cries they had been uttering for the half hour past. There are several species of howling monkeys; those that had arrived on the igarape, Guapo pronounced to be *aragatotes*. Their bodies are of a reddish-brown color, or on the body and shoulders, lighter underneath, and their naked, wrinkled faces are of a bluish black, and with very much the expression of an old man. Their hair is full and bushy, and gives them some resemblance to a bear; hence their occasional name of bear ape. The aragato is full three feet without the tail, and that powerful member is much longer.

When the band made its appearance on the igarape, they were seen to come to a halt, all of them gathering into a great tree that stood by the water's edge. This tree rose higher than the rest; and the most of the monkeys, having climbed among the top branches, were visible from the balza. There were about fifty in the troop, and one, that seemed larger than any of the others, seemed to act as a leader. Many of them were females; and there were not a few that had young ones, which they carried upon their backs just as the Indian mothers and those of other savage nations carry their children. Most of the little monkeys lay along the backs of their mothers, clasping them around the neck with their fore arms, while their hind ones gripped the middle of the body. But it was in their tails the little fellows seemed to place most reliance. The top parts of these were firmly lapped around the thick base of the tails of the old ones, and thus not only secured their seat, but made it quite impossible for them to drop off. No force could have shaken them from this hold, without dragging out their tails or tearing their bodies to pieces. Indeed, it was necessary they should be thus firmly seated, as the exertions of the mothers—their quick motions, and long, springing leaps from tree to tree—would otherwise have been impossible.

On reaching the bank of the igarape, the aragatotes were evidently at fault. Their intention had been to proceed down along the main river; and the creek now interfered. Its water lay directly across their course; and how were they to get over it? Swim it, you may say. But little do you know the dread these creatures have of water. Yes, strange to say, although many species of them pass their lives upon trees that overhang water, or even grow out of it, they are as much afraid of the water beneath them as if it were fire. A cat is not half so dainty about wetting her feet as some monkeys are; and besides, a cat can swim, which the monkeys can not—at best so badly that in a few minutes they would drown. Is it strange, that among animals, those that are approach nearest to man, like him are not gifted by nature with the power of swimming? It is evident, then, that that is an art left to be discovered by the intellect of man. To fall into the water would be a sad mishap for a monkey, not only on account of the ducking, but of the danger. There is not much likelihood, of an aragato falling in. Even though one branch may have broken, and failed it, in the great concave sphere which it can so quickly trace around it by means of its five long members, it is sure of finding a second. No, the aragatotes might spend a lifetime in the flooded forest without even wetting a hair further than what is wetted by the rain.

From their movements it was evident, the igarape had puzzled them; and a consultation was called among the branches of the tall tree already mentioned. Upon one of the very highest sat the large old fellow who was evidently leader of the band. His harangue was loud and long, accompanied by many gestures of his hands, head and tail. It was no doubt, exceedingly eloquent. Similar speeches, delivered by other old aragato chiefs, have been compared to the croaking of an ungoverned bullock cart, mingled with the rumbling of the wheels.

Our party thought the comparison just one. The old chief finished at length. Up to this point not one of the others had said a word. They all sat silent, observing perfect decorum, indeed much greater than is observed in the great British Parliament, or the Congress of America. Occasionally one of the children might utter a slight squeak, or throw out his hind to catch a mosquito; but in such cases a slap from the paw of the mother, or a rough shaking, soon reduced it to quiet. When the chief had ended speaking, however, no debate in either Congress or Parliament could have equalled the noise that then arose. Every aragato seemed to have something to say, and all spoke at the same time. If the speech of the old one was like the croaking of a bullock cart, the voices of all combined might appropriately be compared to a whole string of these vehicles, with half the quantity of grease and a double allowance of wheels.

Once more the chief, by a sign, commanded silence, and the rest became mute and motionless as before.

This time the speech of the leader appeared to refer to the business in hand—in short, to the crossing of the igarape. He was seen repeatedly pointing in that direction as he spoke, and the rest followed his motions with their eyes.

The tree upon which the aragatotes were assembled stood near the edge of the water, but there was another still nearer. This was also a tall tree, free of branches for a great way up. On the opposite bank of the igarape was a very similar tree, and the long horizontal branches of the two were separated from each other by a space of about twenty feet. It was with these two trees that the attention of the aragatotes appeared to be occupied; and our travelers could tell by their looks and gestures that they were conversing about, and calculating the distance between their upper branches. For what purpose? Surely they do not expect to be able to make a crossing between them? No creature without wings could pass from one to the other. Such were the questions and doubts expressed by Leon and, indeed, by all except Guapo; but Guapo had seen aragatotes before, and knew some of their tricks. Guapo, therefore, boldly pronounced, that it was their intention to cross the igarape by these two trees. He was about to explain the manner in which they would accomplish it, when the movement commenced, and rendered his explanation quite unnecessary. He and most of the band, as we have seen, were seated upon the branches of the tree on the opposite side of the igarape. Here, after a moment's recon-

noissance, they were seen to get upon a horizontal limb, one that projected diagonally over the igarape. There were no limbs immediately underneath it on the same side of the tree—and for this very reason had they selected it. Having advanced until they were near the top, the top of the limb, the highest limb, he himself was upon the limb, and hung head downward. Another slipped down the body of the first, and clanked his tail, the first limb, and with his strong tail, with his head down also. A third succeeded the second, and fourth the third, and so on until a string of monkeys dangled from the limb. A motion was now made by the monkeys striking other branches with their feet, until the long string of monkeys, back and forth, like the pendulum of a clock. This oscillation was gradually increased, until the monkey at the lower end was swung up among the branches of the tree on the opposite side of the igarape. After reaching there once or twice, he dismounted, and he was, within reach, and the next time when he had reached the highest point of the oscillating curve, he threw out his long, thin fore arms, and, firmly clutching the branches, held fast. To the rest of the band, the oscillation now ceased. The living chain stretched across the igarape, from tree to tree, and, curving slightly, hung like a suspension bridge. A loud screaming, and gubbling, and chattering, and howling proceeded from this band of aragatotes; who, up to this time, had watched the maneuvers of their comrades in silence—all except the old chief, who occasionally, had given directions, both with voice and gestures. But the general gabble that succeeded was, no doubt, an expression of the satisfaction of all that the bridge was built.

The troop now proceeded to cross over, one or two old ones, going first, perhaps to try the strength of the bridge. Then went the mothers carrying their young on their backs, and after them the rest of the band. It was quite an amusing scene to witness, and the behavior of the monkeys would have caused any one to laugh. Even Guapo could not restrain his mirth, at seeing those who formed the bridge billing the others that passed over them; both on the legs and tails, until the latter screamed again. As the monkeys crossed, the old chief stood at the near end and directed the crossing. Like a brave officer he was the last to pass over. When all the others had preceded him, he crossed, carrying himself in a stately and dignified manner. None dared to bite at his legs. They knew better than play off their tricks on him, and he crossed, and quietly and without any molestation.

Now, the string still remained suspended between the trees. How were the monkeys that formed it to get themselves free again? Of course the one that had clutched the branch, with his arms might easily let go; but this would bring them back to the same side from which they had started, and would separate them from the rest of the band. Those constituting the bridge would therefore be as fast from crossing as ever.

There seemed to be a difficulty here—that is, to some of our travelers. To the monkeys themselves, there was none. They knew well enough what they were about, and they would have got over the apparent difficulty in the following manner: The one at the fall end of the bridge would simply have let go his hold, and the whole string would then have swung over, and hung from the tree on the opposite bank, into which they could have climbed at their leisure. I say they would have done so had nothing interfered to prevent them from completing the maneuver; but an obstacle intervened which brought the affair to a very different termination.

Guapo had been seated along with the rest, blow-gun in hand. He showed great forbearance in not having used it long before, for he was all the while quite within reach of the aragatotes; but this forbearance on his part was not of his own free will. Don Pablo had, in fact, hindered him, in order that he and the others should have an opportunity of witnessing the singular maneuvers of the monkeys.

Before the scene was quite over, however, the Indian begged Don Pablo to let him shoot, reminding him how much he stood in need of a little "monkey meat." This had the effect Guapo desired; the consent was given; and the aragatotes were pointed diagonally upwards. Once more, Guapo's cheeks were puffed, and once more came the strong, quick puff, and away went the arrow. The next moment it was seen sticking in the neck of one of the monkeys.

Now, the one which Guapo had aimed at and hit, was that which had grasped the tree on the opposite side with his arms. Why did he choose this rather than any other? Was it because it was nearer, or more exposed to view? Neither of these was the reason. It was, that had he shot any of the others in the string, they being supported by their tails, it would not have fallen, the tail, as we have already seen, still retaining its prehensile power even to death.

But that one which held on to the tree by its fore arms, would, in a second, or two, be compelled, from weakness, to let go, and the whole chain would drop back on the near side of the igarape. This was just what Guapo desired, and he waited for the result. It was necessary to wait only half a dozen seconds. The monkey was evidently growing weak under the influence of the cure, and was struggling to retain its hold. In a moment it must let go.

The aragato at the tail end of the bridge, not knowing what had happened, and thinking all was right for swinging, himself across, slipped his tail from the branch just at the very same instant that the wounded one let go, and the whole chain fell "souse" into the water. Then the screaming and howling from those on shore, the splashing and splashing of the monkeys in the stream, mingled with the shouts of Leon, Guapo and the others, created a scene of noise and confusion that lasted for several minutes. In the midst of it Guapo threw himself into the water, and with a single stroke of his paddle, shot right down among the drowning monkeys. One or two escaped to the bank and made off, several went to the bottom; but three, including the wounded one, fell into the clutches of the hunter.

Of course pistol monkey was added to the supper; but none of the travellers slept very well after it, as the aragatotes, lamenting their lost companions, kept up a most dismal wailing throughout the whole of the night.

The Late Senator Norris.—Frederick Douglass writes in his paper, that he thought of I was in Pittsfield, N. H. twelve years ago, a stranger, a destitute, almost blind and deaf man, with no one to befriend me, homeless and homeless; and in this condition the late Hon. Moses Norris found me, walking among the tombstones in the graveyard behind the Town House of Pittsfield. He spoke to me, and invited me to his house, and treated me like a man and a brother. Let no man say that the dead are always sunk in the politician.

The Ursuline Convent Question is coming up in a new form. The claimants for indemnity for the destruction of property naturally do not look with much hope to the present Legislature; but the other side has taken courage, and a petition has been presented for compensation for the same and improvements suffered on account of participation in burning the convent. We shall next hear of a man claiming a pension for having knocked down an Irishman. [Providence Journal.]

