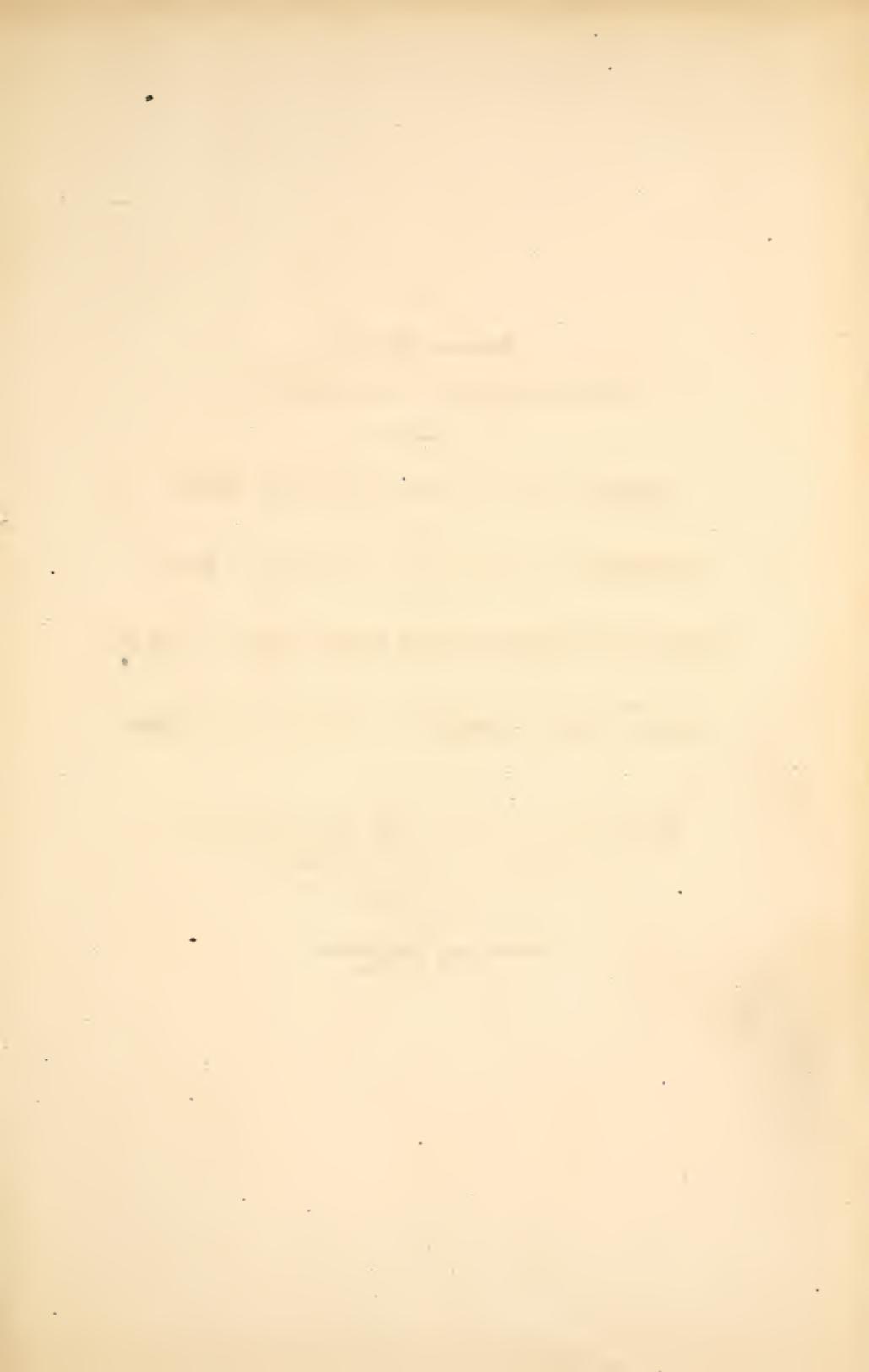


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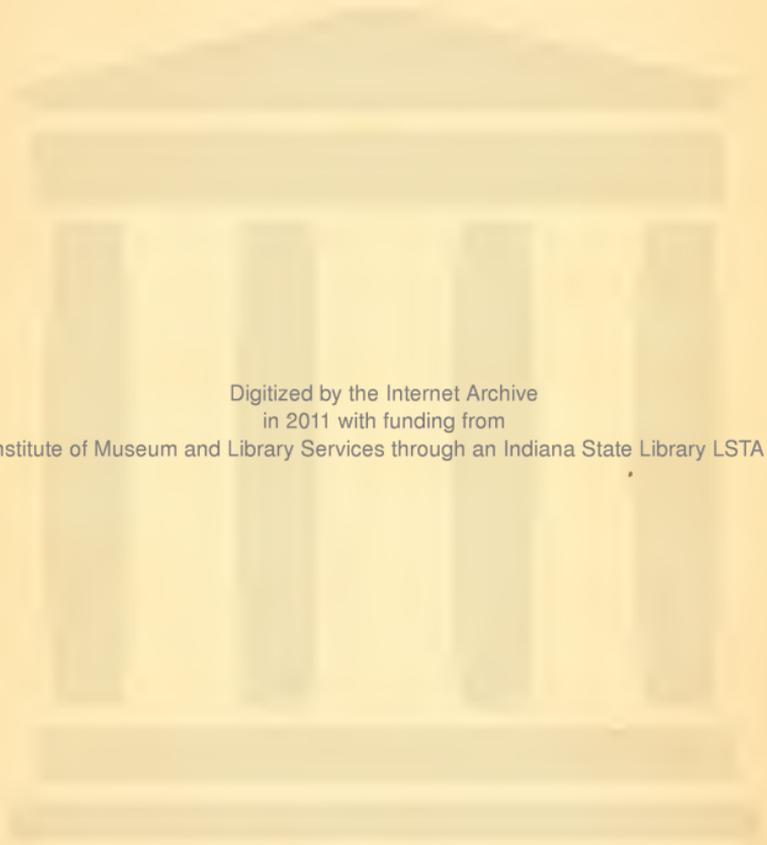
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Thine for the Right
M. M. Pomeroy

"

L I F E
OF
M A R K M. P O M E R O Y

["BRICK" POMEROY, EDITOR OF THE LACROSSE, WIS., DEMOCRAT,
AND OF THE DEMOCRAT, DAILY, NEW YORK CITY],

A REPRESENTATIVE YOUNG MAN OF AMERICA:

HIS EARLY HISTORY, CHARACTER, AND PUBLIC SERVICES IN DEFENCE
OF THE RIGHTS OF STATES, RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE,
AND INTERESTS OF WORKING MEN.

PREPARED FROM MATERIALS FURNISHED BY MR. POMEROY AND OTHERS,
By Mrs. MARY E. TUCKER.

With a Steel Portrait.



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THE NEW YORK PRINTING COMPANY,
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NEW YORK.

LETTER.

RECEIVED FROM HON. MARK M. POMEROY,

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST BY MRS. TUCKER FOR ASSISTANCE IN
PREPARING A LIFE OF ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL
LIVING JOURNALISTS AND AUTHORS.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,
New York, Sept. 2d, 1868.

MRS. MARY E. TUCKER:

DEAR MADAM—Your note is a peculiar one, with a strange wish contained therein. That I have been successful as a journalist is true, but I do not know that the public, with its ever-varying mood, would care to know of the one whose life you wish to take. There is nothing in it different from the history of other self-made men; nothing of a startling nature that would please the public, that I know of. It is simply a plain history of a poor boy—a laborer—a hard-working man who has won success by battling for it, *determined to win*—the history of one who has been all his life a consistent laborer in behalf of the poor, the working-men, the honest men of his country.

There are years of struggling, of toil, of trials, and disappointments, but never of despair. Had I time I could give you hundreds of instances of fun, folly, and interest—of jokes, adventures, and struggles, but the labors of the present Presiden-

tial campaign, in which I am so entirely engaged, prevent my furnishing you with the items desired. There are, however, with me in the office gentlemen who have known me from boyhood, who have been with me for years in dark hours and dangerous ones, who will furnish you items which may be of interest and of service to you.

I have been too busy for the past few years writing the history of others to think of my own. There are no objections to your engaging in the work you propose, and such aid as I can render, by telling you the history of my life, will be given cheerfully, in hopes that others who are now as I once was, poor and almost friendless, before whom the clouds of life loom up, dark and forbidding—who are often tempted to throw themselves away by drink, dissipation, and recklessness—may gather courage and fight their destiny to an honorable success in which no man is wronged, as I have done.

With best wishes for your success in this and all other laudable works, I remain, with respect,

Thine for the right,

M. M. POMEROY.

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LIFE OF
MARK M. POMEROY.

CHAPTER I.

Bending the twig.—Why people borrow papers.—Planting pumpkins.
Youthful oratory.

IN the month of March, 1837, on the door-stoop of an humble farm-house on Seely Creek, in the town of Southport, Chemung County, New York, was seated a small boy, in pinafore, reading the Life of Washington.

The precocious child had previously read, with wonder and admiration, the Life of Franklin; and had just read the characteristic story about Washington and the cherry-tree. The little four-year old soul was charmed and delighted with the heroic perseverance and glorious success of Franklin; and his heaven-born love of truth and justice was easily aroused to active sympathy with the free and truthful character of Washington, so strikingly illustrated in his refusing to *tell a lie*, to save himself from punishment for cutting the cherry-tree.

Yielding to the holy influence of the lives of Franklin and Washington upon his infant mind, the little philosopher, in a praiseworthy spirit of emulation, resolved

to walk in their footsteps, and be guided by their principles.

Like Franklin, he would some day be an honest printer; and like Washington, he would be a truthful, faithful defender of the liberties of the people against injustice, tyranny, and oppression.

Just at this moment his aunt, or adopted mother, came in from the garden, where she had been transplanting flowers.

“What have you been doing, Aunt?” asked the baby student.

“Planting flowers; and mark, you little lump of mischief, if you touch them I will whip you soundly: remember, I am in earnest!”

A simple request, kindly made, would have been sacredly regarded, but the proud spirit of the child was aroused to rebellion by the ignominious threat. The aunt passed on to the house, and the “little lump of mischief” threw down his book, deliberately walked to the garden, touched with his tiny fingers each of the forbidden flowers, and quickly returned to his book.

As his eye fell upon the work, he was reminded of the virtuous resolution he had formed, and with it came repentance for what he had done. So going boldly to his aunt, he told her he had touched every one of her flowers. The kind-meaning aunt was not blessed with the wisdom and forbearance of Washington’s father, and so the little champion of truth was rewarded with

a whipping, and sent supperless to bed. As the little victim of circumstances sighed himself to sleep, his last waking thought was, "I don't care if I did get a whipping, I told the truth, and I'll tell it again. I will never tell a lie!" Ever since that memorable night, MARK M. POMEROY has had for his motto—

"Truth is omnipotent and must prevail."

TIME AND PLACE OF "BRICK" POMEROY'S BIRTH.

Mark M. Pomeroy was born in the little village of Lawrenceville, Tioga County, Pennsylvania, on Christmas day, A. D. 1833, shortly after the removal of his parents from Elmira, New York. Of his parents our sources of information are limited. His father was formerly a merchant in New York, and now resides in California. His mother died when he was only one year old. At her request, in case of, and soon after her death, the *little brick* was adopted by his uncle, S. M. White, his mother's brother, and son of General Gates White, of Revolutionary memory, who resided on Seely Creek, in the town of Southport, Chemung County, New York. For seventeen years Mark lived with his uncle on his small farm, and assisted him in all the multifarious duties of a New England farmer, including "the thousand and one" *indispensables* in the feminine department, embraced in the comprehensive New England provincialism "CHORES."

During the winter months Mark was allowed to go to school, where he learned very fast, although he was more given to mischief than study.

Serious objections are sometimes made to the construction of Mr. Pomeroy's sentences. Should he fail to write grammatically, it is attributable to the fact that he never studied Grammar an hour in his life. He once went "clear through Olney's Geography," and succeeded in reaching the Rule of Three in arithmetic. He was a good reader from his infancy—a good speller, a fine mental arithmetician, and with all, possessed a wonderful memory. His lessons at school were acquired by mere reading—the rest of his time he devoted to reading, writing, etc. His thirst for knowledge was insatiable, and to gratify it, he would borrow papers, novels, and books of general information; when he could get nothing else, he would study the Bible, which he has read many times through.

When very young, Mark became deeply interested in a story in the *Elmira Gazette*, a newspaper, to which his uncle was a subscriber. To his annoyance the story was not completed in the number before him, but said "concluded in our next." Mark scratched his head. "Our next," thought he; "well, that must be Mr. Knapp. He is the *next* who takes the paper," a gentleman who lived some distance from his uncle's. In his childish mind, he thought that it was a funny plan not to put the whole story in a paper, but to have a part

of it in one, and a part in another; but he decided that that was why people *borrowed papers*, and so off he started after dark, when his work was finished, and borrowed the paper from his obliging neighbor, who wondered what the urchin could want with it,—the more, as he knew the boy's uncle was, like himself, a subscriber. To his intense disgust, he found it contained the same portion of the story he had already read, and then the truth flashed upon him—it must mean the next number of the paper, and not the paper in the next house.

The teachers liked his free, independent spirit, and feared to offend him; for, although he rarely resented punishment when inflicted upon himself, he always defended the weak, or any child he saw was to be unjustly punished. One day a little girl laughed aloud during study-hours. The teacher called her to his side, and asked why she laughed. The child declined answering the question. The teacher placed his hand upon the birch, but before he could raise it, Mark stepped forward, and said—

“Do not punish her, sir; I made her laugh.”

“How did you make her laugh?” asked the teacher.

There was a titter among the boys, as Mark told that he chanced to be sitting by a darkey (for whom Mark never had any particular love, even in his youthful days, but would always defend if he saw any cruelty threatened), and thought he would see how a negro would look whitewashed, so he chalked his hand with the

blackboard chalk, and then placed the five fingers on the negro's cheek. The effect can be easily imagined.

As the teacher was preparing to punish Mark, the larger boys came forward to defend him; and the teacher concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor," and forgave him.

While at school he was a general favorite, for he was always willing to assist any dull boy in his lesson. In truth, half the compositions in the school were written by the embryo editor of the *La Crosse Democrat*.

Possessing no fortune, with none in expectancy but the fruits of his own labors, his pursuits on his uncle's humble farm tended, as we believe they were providentially designed, to mould the pure material of the boy to the stature of the man—a genuine *brick*, worthy of a place in the Temple of Liberty; which, we trust, will forever withstand all the open assaults and secret sallies of the Radical enemies of constitutional freedom.

In the fruit season, Mark would rise before daylight, do the farm chores, and go to the woods and gather berries, with which he would walk, or catch a ride with some teamsters, to Elmira, a distance of eight miles, and sell or exchange them for provisions to aid in the support of his uncle's family. Many old citizens of Elmira remember the now successful journalist of the age as the thin "little white-haired berry boy."

He became very tired of this routine farm-life, and decided to take steps toward freeing himself from

drudgery; so next day, after disposing of his stock of berries, he quietly walked into a printing-office by which he had to pass on his way through the town. With a brave heart he ascended the stairs which led to the printing-office, and, upon reaching the top, he found himself in the midst of a number of men sitting upon high stools setting type away for dear life. One of the men saw the white head, and demanded, in a surly tone, "What do you want?"

"Narthin', sir," timidly articulated Mark, and down he went, thinking he would postpone being a printer until some more propitious moment.

He was brought up, under strong religious restraints, in a Presbyterian family, and was a close student at Bible-class and Sunday-school, and was, from his youth until the present writing, a hater of long sermons.

Once, while listening to one of these long, wearing-out sermons, he fell asleep, and awoke, as he thought, just as the preacher pronounced Amen. Like a shot he stood up to receive the blessing. To his astonishment no one arose, for the sermon was not ended. To cover his confusion he looked intently out of a window which was before him, as if he saw something wonderful. Of course, every one else in the house looked the same way, and Mark sat down, fully awakened by the shock.

When Mark was about ten years old, he was blessed with a boy cousin. Before this time he had been the only baby in the house, and a mischievous one at that.

If there was a chance for mischief, he seized it. If the cat came about to bother him at meal-time, he would fix a little mustard in a piece of meat, and give it to her, who, on finding her lunch *red hot*, so to speak, would sneeze and scamper off, much to the delight of the *un-feline* torment. The idea of making things *red hot* for those he did not like, seems to have come to him early. He had the cat and dog, and playthings of childhood to amuse with, until his little cousin was born, when there was joy in the house for all. It became Mark's duty to look out for the baby, to rock it to sleep, and to amuse the little one while awake, so that its mother could attend to her household duties. If the child slept, he would tickle its nose with a feather, to awaken it, when of course it would cry, and its mother would relieve him of his charge, and off he would scamper to play.

When the child grew older, the warmest feeling of love existed between Mark and himself, and they would, if possible, shield each other from punishment. "Did Mark do this? "No!" little Gates would answer, and Mark would always take the blame for the pranks of Gates.

When Gates was quite a large boy, his mother, as punishment for some of his pranks, put him to bed, locked him up in his room, and then went out to spend the afternoon with some of her neighbors. As soon as she was well out of sight, Mark opened the window and

pulled out the little prisoner, who assisted him in cutting and piling wood, and played with him until almost sundown, when Mark seeing his aunt approach, put the boy in the window, told him to jump into bed and be asleep when his mother came in. "Has Gates been up?" asked Mrs. White when she entered the house.

"I have not heard him cry," answered Mark.

The anxious mother found her young hopeful sleeping the innocent sleep of childhood—that is, to all appearances.

Until he was nearly grown, Mark was a regular somnambulist, and many and many a time have his relatives watched him in the middle of the night get up, go in the pantry and help himself to the eatables, and then retire to his room. In the morning he was entirely unconscious of the events of the night. Once when he had been very ill for some time, he awoke in the middle of the night, and to his astonishment, found himself sitting on the steps of a neighbor with only his night-shirt on. He ran home through the snow, created a perspiration, and in the morning awoke in better condition than he had been in for days.

One day Mr. White set Mark to planting pumpkin-seed in the corn-hills in the field. Mark had borrowed a novel of one of the neighbors, and, instead of doing his work, he sat down under a tree, read his book through, and then went to sleep. When he awoke it was past noon, and not one particle of his task done.

There set the half-bushel of pumpkin-seed, a memento of his misspent time. Taking the bucket which contained the seed, he carried it to the creek which ran by the field, and emptied half the contents into the stream, then taking the remainder back, he planted a while, but finding the quantity did not decrease fast enough, he took a pint or two, and nicely deposited them under a large stone, and then went home, contented with the exploits of the day.

As Mr. White returned that afternoon, he chanced to stop on a bridge which crossed the creek nearly a mile below his field, and in looking down he saw a number of pumpkin seeds floating down stream.

Knowing Mark's proclivities, he felt that he had been up to mischief during his absence, and, following the stream, he found he was correct in his surmises, for he found the seed in large quantities just where Mark had deposited them. He then tracked the boy, by his bare feet, everywhere over the field except where he ought to have been. Mark was at supper when Mr. White came in, and looked innocent enough.

"Have you stuck in all the seed?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Mark.

"Did you have enough?"

"Yes, sir, plenty."

* "Too many?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Then go and get me some good apple-switches."

The switches were cut, and Mark put in *apple-pie* order. In vain he declared that "he did stick 'em in. He stuck him in the creek." He needed the whipping, and he got it. Nor was that the last of the pumpkin crop for him; for, when Mr. White went to plough his corn, he discovered a stone which was beautifully wreathed with the delicate tendrils of innumerable pumpkin vines. Upon moving the stone, he found at least two pints of his choice seed; and Mark, in punishment, had to make three bows, which he declares was harder than three whippings, for it was always difficult for him to bow to any man.

While still very young, he would spend hours lecturing to an audience of nails or splinters stuck in the earth, and would become intensely excited at some fancied retort from his hard-headed hearers, to which he would reply with all the dignity of an accomplished orator. Little thought the friends who laughed at his boyish vagaries, that he was only giving expression to the heaven-bestowed spirit within him, and training himself for the conflict in which he is now wielding his battle-axe with the immutable will and resistless power of a conqueror, against the hireling supporters of *radical* fanaticism, "treason, stratagems, and spoils."

CHAPTER II.

He hauls lumber.—Goes into the candy trade.—Returns home.—Goes to
Corning to apprentice himself.

WHEN Mark was about fourteen years old, Mr. White proposed that he should visit Mill Creek settlement, some miles distant from home, and should spend the summer in hauling lumber on the railroad for shipment. Mark gladly assented, and Mr. White furnished the team. For the first day the enterprising boy succeeded nobly, but in the second, the harness, which was poor and old, gave way, and he had to spend hours in repairing the damage. Again he had a successful day, and then the wagon broke down; but Mark was not to be discouraged, he worked well and steadily, but sometimes lost a whole day from his hauling labor, on account of broken harness and wagon. He however kept on, and would, when any part of the wagon broke, replace it with a new, strong article. The result was, that, at the end of the summer, Mark went home with twenty-one dollars in money, a new harness and wagon, and a clear conscience.

“Well done, my boy,” said the well-pleased uncle. “You have done much better than I expected, and you are a faithful, honest lad.”

The next year Mark obtained a situation with a rela-

tive, who was a druggist in Wellsboro', Tioga county, Pennsylvania, who allowed him the privilege, in pay for services to be rendered in the drugstore, of having a stock of merchandise on his own account.

The boy had nine dollars, the earnings of his lifetime, which he invested in candy, which he placed in a corner of the store, in a few little jars and boxes. Mark was especially fond of candy, and could not refrain from tasting every time he passed his part of the store; and, being a generous youth, he frequently invited his friends to partake with him.

He always had an eye for beauty; and if a pretty girl wanted to buy a small quantity of his stock of sweets, he would gallantly present her with the candy, and beg her to keep the money. The consequence was, that the candy investment grew smaller and smaller, and beautifully less; but during the whole time he continued in the candy business, he never again invested to the extent of his original, and in a few months literally ate and treated himself out of business.

During the time Mark was with Mr. Roy, the druggist, he employed all his leisure moments in reading, at least all he did not spend in mischief. He delighted in studying human nature, and would frequently enter into conversation with any odd specimen of the *genus homo*, only to become familiar with character.

His early ambition to become a printer and politician still lingered in his heart, and he longed for the time

when manhood would give him the right and power to follow the inclination of his own mind, and assume the responsibility of his own acts.

While on the farm, and during his life at the candy business, Mark was strictly honest, and attended to his business; his creed was, "Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with all thy might."

Growing weary of this life of comparative inaction, Mark returned to his uncle's farm, where he remained only a few months.

For sixteen years the boy had endured a life of comparative drudgery—endured only, for he was ever restless, and his ambition urged him to move onward and upward. Then came the intense yearnings and desire for a change in his mode of life. In the Spring of 1850, young Mark determined to launch his boat upon the sea of life, and to man it himself, for, by that time, he had learned the lesson of the god whose assistance the countryman implored when his wagon-wheel became imbedded in the mud.

"Child of earth," said the god, "place your own shoulder to the wheel, and then stronger powers will come to your assistance."

Mr. and Mrs. White feeling that they, in their humble circumstances, could do but little for the future welfare of the boy they loved so dearly, gave a tearful consent and their blessing, which was all they could give, telling Mark, should he fail in his search for work,

to return to them at once, that he should always be welcome to their board.

Gathering his valuables together, he found it consisted of one suit of clothes, two shirts, his mother's Bible, and a few little keepsakes from boyish friends. He bade adieu to the scenes of his childhood—not regretfully, for he had been a faithful boy, and had always cheerfully performed the tasks allotted to him, but joyfully, for his spirit told him he had powers capable of higher pursuits, in a broader and more elevated plan than any he had been permitted to enter.

He walked on until the sun told him it was twelve o'clock, and then sitting down by the roadside he took from his pocket the lunch which his ever-thoughtful aunt had provided him.

When he had finished eating he then bethought himself that he had not marked out any definite course of life, except that he would become a printer, and in time, if he could, own and edit a paper. After walking some distance further he saw a sign-post, upon which was marked "Corning;" and it was a welcome sign to him, for there he was going to apprentice himself as a typesetter and devil to some printer who would instruct him in the trade and pay his expenses. And if not in Corning, still farther west would he go to begin the battle of life.

Just at five o'clock the weary and foot-sore wanderer reached his place of destination.

Friendless and homeless, we can well imagine his sensations as he walked through the village-streets, and looked into each face, hoping to see the "something" which would endow him with courage to make known his wants. Still young Mark did not regret the step he had taken. With his mind's eye he saw young Franklin, as he entered Philadelphia, tired and hungry, and with only a single dollar in money, and he thought if Franklin, who was only a poor, half-educated boy, could carve for himself, unassisted, such a glorious future, he certainly could accomplish something.

Upon inquiry, Mark was directed to the office of the *Journal*, which was then owned and edited by Mr. Thomas Messenger. The *Journal* is now conducted by George W. Pratt, whose opinion of Mr. Pomeroy we give below, taken from an August, 1868, issue of his prosperous paper.

"M. M. Pomeroy has established a daily newspaper in New York, called 'THE DEMOCRAT.' The terms are six dollars per year in advance. Single copies can be had at Corbin's News Office, Corning. Over thirty-two thousand copies of the first number were sold, which is unparalleled in the history of journalism, and establishes the fact that the new organ of the Democracy is to live and flourish in spite of the *Herald* and *World*. It is the size of the New York *Sun*, folio in form, and contains seven columns to the page. It would be a hazardous enterprise for most men to undertake to estab-

lish a Democratic daily paper in the city, but 'Brick' is equal to the emergency. He claims to have a sufficient 'income to indulge in such a luxury,' and that is doubtless correct. His peculiar style is adapted to the rough Democracy of New York, and he enters upon his work with an eye to business. His managing editor is Joseph Howard, Jr., a man of decided talent, and probably proud of being the author of the forged proclamation, professing to be from President Lincoln, which sent gold "kiting," and created a panic, and which also was the cause, we believe, of the *World* office being shut up for one day by the military, for publishing the same. His chief assistant editor is Judge Flanders, who, we believe, was sent to Fort Lafayette for disloyalty, and who is a more venomous copperhead than 'Brick' himself. With such leaders the paper is admirably adapted to make room for itself in New York. It will undoubtedly be a pecuniary success, and take much of the city circulation of the *News* and *World*. It is too much to hope that it will be more decent than the *La Crosse Democrat*. The same coarseness, falsehood, vituperation, obscenity, and disloyalty which has made that sheet notorious and given it the enormous circulation of about three hundred thousand copies weekly, will doubtless characterize this daily paper. Pomeroy announces to his readers that he is no 'carpet-bagger,' but has come to stay. He has the advantage of any one else in establishing such a paper. Since his branch office was

opened in New York, he has had several pages of the *La Crosse Democrat* set in type and stereotyped by the *papier-mache* process, and sent to La Crosse by express, where, with the forms there set up, the Weekly is printed. He receives from La Crosse stereotypes of the forms there set up in type, and thus prints an edition in New York, which is a *fac-simile* of the La Crosse edition. The latter supplies regular subscribers. Eastern campaign subscribers and news offices are supplied from New York, thus saving express charges. Therefore the expense of his setting up a daily is much reduced, as several pages will be used for the siamese-twin Weekly; and as it is an afternoon paper, the burden is not heavy enough to swamp 'Brick' even if the New York Democracy is tardy in rallying to his support. The paper is printed at the *Sun* office, so that the presses which make the *Sun* rise in the morning send forth the fiery DEMOCRAT at evening. It reveals the extraordinary business capacity of POMEROY, that he can "grow" within five years from being the publisher of a weekly with a few hundred subscribers, to that of owning two dailies, fifteen hundred miles apart, and a weekly which has the largest circulation of any political newspaper in the world. The necessity of enlarging constantly the business, getting fast presses and then faster ones as needed, and grasping the details of an enterprise of such magnitude, must be a tremendous tax upon the mind; but when to all this is added the burden of writing so much

or so varied vile political and scurrillous matter, it is surprising "that one small head" can stand the pressure. The *La Crosse Democrat* is a disgrace to journalism. It is an infamous newspaper, unfit for the family, and a foe to the peace and prosperity of the country, and also to political honesty or virtue. The New York Daily DEMOCRAT will probably bear the same impress. But however odious in sentiment or villainous in language, there is a field for it in New York, and it will take due care to cultivate it. We admire the remarkable pluck and tenacity of 'Brick' POMEROY, though we thus write. No newspaper proprietor ever showed more ability to plan or capacity to execute.

"Seventeen years ago he was employed in this office, earning five dollars per month and his board. Now he is probably worth one-third of a million of dollars. He was offered \$100,000 to advocate Chase's nomination at the Democratic Convention, with a like sum if nominated. He refused, knowing that the readers of the *La Crosse Democrat* hated the "nigger" too intensely, but the offer showed his power as the Great Mogul of the copperhead wing. He threatened to bolt if Chase was nominated, and thus, though he lost Pendleton, he kept off Judge Chase, and gave Seymour the chance to run.

CHAPTER III.

Becomes a printer's boy.

Mr. MESSENGER and his assistant were in the act of closing the office for the night, when they were startled by a most singular apparition which, unannounced, presented itself before them.

A rough, white-haired, bashful, awkward-looking boy, clad in homespun, whose hands seemed always in the way, judging by his nervous movement of them, and whose feet seemed much too large for the remainder of his body. In his hand he held a small bundle, and as he, with native politeness lifted his hat, disclosed a large, finely formed head, but covered with hair of the most peculiar indescribable hue. His light gray eyes had an honest, fearless look, while his mouth gave every indication of his intense love of fun.

"Well, my lad, what can I do for you?" kindly asked Mr. Messenger.

"Give me work if you please, sir," answered Mark.

"Work!" laughed Mr. M. "What can you do?"

"Anything, sir!"

"Anything! very good. Can you cut wood, draw water, and do other chores?"

"Yes, sir, I can; but — I don't like to."

“Frank! certainly,” said Mr. Messenger. “Well, what would you like to do?”

“I would like, if you please, to learn the art of printing, and I am willing to do anything connected with the trade.”

“Hem! What pay would you expect, young man?”

“That question you must decide, sir; for, I suppose, you were once in the same position yourself that I am now, and you know what wages you had, and what you would have liked.”

Mark knew, even then, how to speak to the heart, and as he spoke the book of memory unclosed its pages; and Mr. Messenger thought when he too searched for work, and he determined to befriend the lad, and so he said:

“Truly spoken, my boy! but suppose we do not need your services, will you return to Seely Creek, where you say you have walked from to-day?”

“No, sir; certainly not; I will go to Bath, the next village, will make a trial there, and if I do not succeed, I will go on west until I do.”

“Well spoken, my lad!” said the kind-hearted editor. “It is too late for you to go any further to-night, so go home with me, and I will give you supper and a night’s lodging, for you certainly look as if you were tired out.”

Mrs. Messenger received the homeless lad kindly, but often, during the evening, Mark saw that she could

scarcely refrain from laughing at the odd-looking boy her husband had brought home, and he thought to himself, that he did not wonder at her mirth, for he certainly was an ungainly looking creature.

That night, after they retired, Mark heard the worthy couple talking until a late hour, and many a merry peal of laughter floated up to the room they had given him; and even the words,

“What shall we do with such a fright?” came to him.

The answer.—“Well, he is rather odd-looking, but he seems to be a well-informed, good-conditioned, industrious lad, and if I find out he left home with the consent of his friends, I don’t know but what I can find use for him in the office; and he certainly will be of assistance to you, my dear”—served as a narcotic, and soon Mark slept the sweet, contented sleep of youth.

Early in the morning he found his way to the kitchen, helped fix the fire, brought water for the kitchen-maid, and made himself so useful in various ways, that the good wife heard, with feelings of pleasure, that her husband had decided to keep the boy, and at least give him a trial.

During his stay in Corning, Mrs. Messenger was one of his best friends, and still speaks of Mark in terms of affection. She was a friend indeed to him, and took the place of a mother, and we know the then awkward boy—the now popular man of wealth and position—

regards her as one of his best and dearest friends, and often speaks in kindest terms of the good man and wife who helped him thus early on the road he had determined to travel.

CHAPTER IV.

First lesson in printing.

AFTER breakfast Mark accompanied Mr. Messenger to the *Journal* office, and on their way, Mr. Messenger, desirous of becoming better acquainted with the boy, questioned Mark of his parents, education, bringing up, and asked if he was afraid to work. He also wished to know if he had any business-men friends in Corning; to which question Mark replied :

“I have not any now, but I expect to have, if I remain here any length of time,” which answer Mr. Messenger thought very good. He then asked if Mark wished to become a printer, or a loafer, and upon receiving a satisfactory reply, he stated, if he would promise to learn well the printing business, and become a good printer and would agree to do honor to the fraternity, to his teacher, and to himself, he would give him the situation.

On reaching the office, finding no work there suitable for a new hand, Mr. Messenger set Mark to sawing wood, a cord of which lay piled at the office-door. He went about the task cheerfully, but he could not refrain from thinking that he had a plenty of that style of “printing” to do on his uncle’s farm, and he cer-

tainly expected a different kind when he walked so many miles in search of it.

While engaged in his work, a large dog came upon the premises and commenced a series of persecutions upon a small pet dog belonging to Mr. Messenger. "Always protect the weak," is still one of Mark's mottoes, so he quietly laid down his saw and took from a pile of rubbish near him an old tin pail which he, by dint of persuasion and force, fastened to the tail of the persecutor.

Of course the dog vacated the premises with all possible speed, and did not soon annoy the small dog with his unpleasant attentions. The old adage, that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," was not exactly applicable to our young friend at this period of his existence, for he, though always at work, found or took time to be into all manner of mischief.

Before he had finished his task, he noticed in the lot back of the printing-office a new milch-cow; by her a calf lay with its feet tied. There was no law in Corning at that time for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Soon an Irishwoman came from a little shanty close by, untied the calf, and allowed it to take a small portion of the milk. She stood and watched it awhile, then, thinking the calf had had enough for ordinary purposes of a veal in perspective, she determined to take a portion of the milk for family use; so she choked the calf off, tied its legs together, and left it lying on the ground,

while she went into the house for a pail. No sooner had she disappeared than Mark ran into the office, and borrowed a knife of one of the apprentices, slipped over the fence, cut the strings which held the little prisoner, and ran back to the wood-pile in time to see the calf enjoy its interrupted breakfast. In a few moments the woman came out with the pail, and a more exasperated daughter of Erin's Green Isle never was seen than was that woman, who shook her fists in every direction, and swore vengeance on the "spalpeen" who cut the strings off the calf's legs, if she ever caught hold of his hair. It is needless to say that Mark kept his head and hair out of her way.

Mr. Messenger was a witness to this exploit and the dog scrape as well, and remarked to Mr. Lombard, the foreman of the office, that the boy was full of fun, and would make a good printer. And from that time he was a favorite with Mr. Messenger, his family, and the employes of the office.

As a compositor, Mark learned very rapidly, and soon became as expert in type-setting as the best printer in the State; and as a pressman, working at the hand-press, in less than a year he had the reputation of being the fastest and best pressman in that vicinity.

Mr. Messenger lived in a small house situated upon a hillside; and soon after Mark engaged to work for him, his wife asked if "Mark" could not stay at home for one day, to work in the garden and weed the onion-beds.

Mr. Messenger willingly consented, and asked Mark if he could do that kind of work. He replied, "I can, sir, but I never get mad with a man if he don't set me at it; and besides, I am afraid I cannot tell onions from grass, nor weeds from vegetables."

Mr. Messenger and his wife laughed, and said that he was a poor farmer's boy if he could not.

Mr. Messenger went to the office, leaving Mark to work in the garden. During the forenoon he hoed potatoes, and in the afternoon devoted himself to weeding onion-beds; and, in Mark's own words, "A meaner work was never imposed upon a boy."

A tea-party at the house kept Mrs. Messenger in the front parlor, and he had no one to overlook him while at work. When night came, Mr. Messenger returned, and, as he passed through the garden to see what progress Mark had made, the humorist was peeping out of a crack in the wood-shed, to see the effect of his day's work.

The hoeing had been done well, very well; but, when Mr. Messenger examined the onion-beds, he found that from the seven beds of onions every onion had been pulled. Once and awhile he found a tuft of clover, which was left to prove that Mark could not tell weeds from onions. Taking warning from experience, Mr. Messenger concluded that Mark did not make "weeding *out* onions" a profitable business to him, and so next day Mark was respectfully invited to take his place in

the printing-office, and another boy was sent to do this unpleasant work.

After Pomeroy had been in the office some time, he was one day sent down to the depot on business. A warm-looking, freshly-imported Irish boy jumped off the cars, and asked Mark where he could get some water.

"I'll show you," said Mark, leading him some distance from the cars, for he saw that Patrick was a real original jewel from the Emerald Isle, and he wanted to study him for a few days.

Sure enough the cars left, much to the distress of the stranger, who was going out West with a party of friends to work on a railroad. But it could not be helped; and Mark, anxious to make all the amends in his power for his practical joke, took the boy home, and turned him over to the tender mercies of Mrs. Messenger, who was glad to accept his services, as Mark at that time was so busy in the office that he could be of but little service to her in the domestic line.

CHAPTER V.

Fence-making for fun.

MRS. MESSENGER'S house was so situated, that the back yard and garden were exposed to prying eyes of curious neighbors, to her great annoyance. Mark seeing her trouble, and appreciating it, offered to build her a fence, with the help of Patrick, to which proposition Mr. Messenger gladly assented. And having occasion to go from home to be absent a week, and the business of the printing-office being somewhat dull, he told Mark he might do the work on the fence while he was away.

"How high shall I build it?" asked Mark.

"As high as you think proper," was the reply. "Here is an order on the proprietor of a saw-mill, and you can get lumber to build it as high as the house; only be certain and build a tight board fence."

As soon as Mr. Messenger was well out of sight our humorist went to work. Digging good deep holes, he and his assistant placed the posts therein—good high posts Mark selected. They made a high, close fence of boards, nailed to the cross-roads, endwise. The boards were twelve feet long, which, nailed to the wide base boards, made a fence fifteen feet high, causing the little garden to resemble more an amphitheatre or a square,

than it did a place to grow onions, squashes, melons, and other vegetables.

Mrs. Messenger enjoyed the joke; but how Mr. Messenger would look upon it they did not know. So, with fear and trembling, Mark watched for him on the morning he was expected. From a window Mark saw him approach his dwelling. He walked soberly along, until, happening to lift his eyes, he saw the new fence. He stopped—looked again, as if he could not realize where he was—then, suddenly remembering that Mark was to build a fence during his absence, he put his hands to his sides, and laughed long and heartily.

“Come down, Mark,” called Mrs. Messenger, who was also watching the effect upon her husband. “No fear of danger when Mr. Messenger laughs.”

“Messenger’s fence” was, for a long time, an eyesore to the neighbors, and a matter of curiosity to all passers-by, who thought the fence was the sides of some new temple, or some political wigwam—no one knew what. None enjoyed the joke more than did Mr. Messenger; it seemed as if he would never tire laughing at it; and he remarked, “If that boy ever attains as high a position in life as he has built the fence, it will be by the aid of a rope.”

Was Mr. Messenger’s prophecy correct? or has not Mr. Pomeroy attained as high a position as an editor as it is possible for a man to reach?

In those days it was the fashion in country printing-

offices to send boys off on foolish errands, and "Brick" determined that he would endure nothing of the kind. On one occasion he was sent to a hardware store for a quart of "editorial oil." The foreman of the office, while making his forms ready for the press, despatched Mark on this errand, with instructions to return immediately, and to bring a "quart of editorial oil, in the original package," and also "a couple of italic hand-saws."

"Brick" went down stairs, borrowed a fish-pole and line, started to the river, where he spent the day in fishing, returning only at night, after the town had been ransacked to learn his whereabouts (as he was very much needed in the office to roll), but bringing, as his apology, a nice string of fish for Mr. Messenger's table, which proved, indeed, "editorial oil," and so smoothed the feelings of Mr. Messenger at the turn the joke had taken against the foreman, that he forgave Mark's absence from the office, and counselled the foreman to quit attempting to play pranks upon a "green country-boy," for he certainly got the worst of it.

CHAPTER VI.

Developments of journalistic ability.

MARK remained with Mr. Messenger nearly two years, acting as type-setter and "devil," by which suggestive name he was commonly called, and which name he well deserved, for he was in all kinds of mischief.

The Corning people looked upon him as a sort of mirth-creating pest, whose mischief was so tempered with justice, mercy, and fun, that they could not punish the perpetrator, however sensibly they might feel his jokes.

He organized the boys of Corning in foraging parties for cornfield raids, and in the morning would bestow the result of his expedition upon some poor family.

He would visit the gardens of the rich, where he would "confiscate" fruit, vegetables, etc., which he would give to the poor and sick.

Many a time large packages of grapes, and other fruit, have been found at the door of some invalid, left there by the "*devil*," who would go on his way rejoicing in his quiet manner at the thoughts of the cooling effect he imagined the fruit would have upon the feverish palate of the sick one.

Mr. Pomeroy's career as a journalist, we may say

commenced with his infancy. When but a child at school he would keep a record on his slate of the incidents of the school, and of the tricks and performances of the scholars. Would write for an imaginary paper in his copy-book—using his copy-book for that purpose rather than the improvement of his chirography. The writing of compositions for children on almost any and every topic, describing incidents real and unreal, natural and unnatural, sketches of fact and fancy, was a habit which seemed to have grown with his growth till it became a part of his existence.

When an apprentice in a printing-office, he furnished very many of the items of local interest about town, and wrote a great many little squibs and sketches for that paper. Under assumed names and various *noms-de-plume*, he wrote sketches and poetry for other papers, and wrote page after page, and quire after quire of manuscript, till he had at the time he entered the printing-office as journeyman, accumulated a full ream of this stuff, which he burned as of not sufficient account to preserve. Some of the pieces which he thus wrote are said, by his friends who saw them at the time, to have given evidence of more than ordinary powers of sarcasm, illustration, and forcibility. His father for a long time had serious objections to his being a printer, and wished him to be a merchant, citing the great merchants of the country and the wonderful field there opened for a man of energy and ambition. The prin-

cipal objection his father had to his embarking upon the printing business was that the business was so proverbially poor that all connected with it seemed to be habitually beggars. It is almost an impossibility to pick up a newspaper without finding in it a plea for subscribers to bring to the office some article of food to keep the editor from starving, or some urgent dun or request for the subscribers to come forth and rescue them from poverty and the hands of the sheriff. His father insisted upon it that printers were poor, and they had not the respect shown them that other people had. If the business was good, printers would not be such beggars. If the business was not good, no man of sense would engage in it.

The boy insisted upon it that the fault was with those who begged, not with the public. That if a man made a good newspaper and adopted the same business rules in conducting it that merchants or others did, that he would succeed, and as he had a natural inclination for that, and a longing desire to connect himself with the press, that he might criticise men, that he might understand that which was good, condemn that which was wrong, and write and print matters of fact, and of interest in hopes of helping to educate the boys of the country, that he would become a printer. On his entering the office at Corning, it was his boast that the time would come when he would own a printing-office in the city of New York, which city he had never seen at that time,

and which office would be the most extensive of any in the United States. The boy said that he had been taught that where there was a will there was a way, and that he believed in the truth of the adage. That he had heard of Mr. Greeley's success, and Mr. Bennett's success, and of the success of a few other journalists of the country, and told Mr. Messenger, the proprietor, and Mr. Lombard, the foreman of the office at that time, that they would live to see him editing a newspaper of larger circulation than any newspaper, and that he would before his death be able to extend to them hospitalities in the city where he would be conducting business, surrounded by friends and possessing influence.

The idea seemed so absurd that he was laughed at, and the employes of the office oftentimes in derision spoke of him as the city editor, and sneeringly looked forward in argument to the time when he would be editing a daily newspaper in New York, and they would be working at the case, of course in some country newspaper office. But he worked on, *determined to win* or die in the attempt. He said that what others had done he could do: that what others had done he *would* do, and more. That though he was then poor, the time would come when he would be rich, and when he would have influence. That the habits he had been taught in his childhood would last him through life, and make of him a laboring man; that the religious instruction and temperance lessons he had received by precept and ex-

ample, with the determination to be a man, he believed would effectually protect him from the snares and temptations which so often ruin the young men of the country, and carry down to bitter graves the old men of the land.

His office companions asked him how he would reach this end—how he would ever own a printing-office: asked him if he had rich relatives, or if he expected to find a gold-mine, or that some magician's wand would lift out of the streets of New York an office ready built to his hands? His reply to them was, that he intended to *make* his office by working for it: that he intended to save his money, to work hard, to start with a little printing-office, to add to it, and work earnestly and continually for some one object till that object be accomplished. That he should make his paper, when he grew up, the friend of the working-man, and the friend of the boys of the country, in hopes of being of some benefit to them; to encourage them to exertions in their own behalf, and their homes, and that he knew that, this determination firmly planted in his heart, there would be no such word as *fail*. Sitting by the stove in the printing-office, by the light of a candle, with arms bared, printer's ink-marks on clothes, hands, and face, he has for hours, when the labors of the day were done, interested the apprentices and journeymen of the office, and at times his employers, as we learn from them, by making out in argument the course he was to pursue as he

worked on to reach the goal of his ambition. So earnest was he, that Mr. *Messenger* informs us, before he had been in the office a year, he converted many of the hands working in the office to believe that the time would come when the white-haired apprentice-boy would become the editor, if not of the largest paper in the world, of one of the largest and most influential.

His habits in the office were those of economy. His labor was always well and promptly done. No matter how severe the task, he went at it with the determination to accomplish it; and he always did accomplish it with satisfaction to his employers and credit to himself. He received for his first year's salary in the office the sum of \$30.00, which sum was expected to clothe him and furnish him with what spending money he might deem it necessary to use. It was not a large sum for a boy to clothe himself with, especially when his wardrobe to start with was but meager, but was more than sufficient for his needs, as, at the expiration of the first year, he had saved from his earnings of \$30.00, to him, very large sum of \$28.00. It is true that his expenses were more than two dollars per year; but he had a New Year's Address, from which he realized \$21.00, the largest sum ever realized by a carrier-boy, at that time, in that place; and had made a few dollars by trading in watches, knives, second-hand pistols, old shot-guns, and such property which he would buy, put in order, and sell for what they were worth, or trade—

every time bettering himself—and at last dispose of them for something of use.

A good story is told of him in Corning, which is vouched for as true by many of the residents there, and acknowledged to be true by Pomeroy himself. A Jew dealer in clothing sold him, when an apprentice, a pair of pants, which proved to be of very rotten material, and worth not over one-half of their cost. He was advised by Mr. Messenger to take the goods back and exchange them for a better pair. The dealer took advantage of the boy's ignorance as to the worth of clothing, and charged him double price. He refused to take them back to the clothier's, but said he would wait and get even with him, which he did. On the side-hill on the mountain side of Corning were rattlesnakes, sometimes of large size. They were looked upon as objects of curiosity; and where the people were afraid of them, they were willing to look at them properly caged.

On one occasion he had traded for a watch, which, from some cause or other, refused to keep time. On a Sunday afternoon he bet three apples with one of the boys in the office that he could take the watch to pieces and put it together again, a job he never had attempted before. His reason for thinking he could was, that his father was a watchmaker, and that what the father could do the son should do likewise. So, armed with some impromptu screw-drivers made from darning-needles and knife-blades, he took the watch to pieces,

cleaned it with an old tooth-brush, spread the several parts of the machinery about on the composing-stone in the office, and all one Sunday afternoon spent his time putting it together again. He succeeded in finding a place for every thing, and getting every thing in its place, as he thought, with the exception of one wheel, which he could not possibly find a place for. He took it out of the watch, but it was an impossibility to get it in again. He could make the watch run without that wheel, but, as he could not find the proper place for it, he lost his wager. He could wind the watch up, but it would not stay wound; and the moment he withdrew the key from the standard it would run down with a whirring noise not unlike that of a rattlesnake when in danger or when it gave warning. He carried this watch in his pocket for two or three days, wondering what to do with it. At last an idea struck him; he saw, back of a drugstore over which the printing-office was located, a piece of a tarred rope, which reminded him in size and length of a rattlesnake. He put this rope in a small box taken from the rubbish behind the store, nailed some slats over it, to see if he could not sell it that same night to the Jew who had sold him the pants, to be kept by him as a curiosity. The better to carry out his design, he wound up his watch, took the box under his arm, and, with one hand to keep the key on the standard of the watch, that it should not run down till the proper time, when he would withdraw the key; and the whir-

ring noise of the machinery in the watch, with his box held against the vest pocket where the watch was contained, resembled the whirring of a rattlesnake. So complete was the deception that he even fooled Mr. Messenger and the employés of the office.

When he wanted the imaginary snake to rattle, he would wind up the watch till they poked it with a stick, when he would withdraw the key, and the whirring noise would commence and continue for half a minute or so.

With this stock-in-trade he visited the Jew clothing dealer, who asked what he had. He said it was a big rattlesnake, a new style never before seen in that country, and one that would bring a great deal of money if Barnum had it. Barnum was then in the height of his career. The merchant wished to see it. The boy refused. He did not like to put it down on the floor, for it might get out; "and," said he, "if it should happen to get out of this box, all of you would be scared to death."

The merchant wanted to know if it would rattle. He said, "Yes, at times, if sufficiently irritated." Taking a piece of a long sliver, he thrust it in between the slats of the box, in which he could see a long, dark-looking object coiled up in some straw, whereupon Pomeroy withdrew the watch-key, and the whirring noise commenced. The Jew jumped back affrighted, and said,

“Mine Gott! he’s got him zure. Vat vill you takes for him?”

After some little bargaining Pomeroy sold the new style of rattlesnake for a pair of doeskin pants, the best there were in the store. He did not effect a sale until he had gone out two or three times to wind his watch, and let the Jew irritate the snake, when it would commence its whirring noise. The bargain was made, the pants delivered, and the box was, by Pomeroy, taken down stairs and deposited in the cellar with instructions not to disturb it till next morning, which was Sabbath, when he could invite his friends in and show it. The result of the trade was a pair of pants worth at that time six dollars and a half, much better than the pair he had bought and been cheated on. In the afternoon, on passing the store with a friend, he discovered the box, the dirty coil of rope, and the straw lying in front of the store, and that night came very near being whipped by the indignant Jew, who said he had been humbugged. Pomeroy said no, he had not been humbugged but simply rattlesnaked out of a pair of pants. He said: “I think you and I are just about even. You sold me a pair of pants which were not as they were represented, and I have got even by selling you a rattlesnake of a new kind, something never before seen in this country.” As Pomeroy was with one or two of his companions, the merchant thought the job was a

little more than he wanted to wallop the aforesaid, contented himself by swearing roundly, and telling him never to enter his store again; to which he replied that he would not unless he wanted to buy a pair of pants or sell a snake, in which case he would most likely call upon him.

CHAPTER VII.

Boyish follies.—Beer story.—Codfishery.—Three celebrities.

As a raider Pomeroy was an eminent success. If there was a grape-vine, or an apple-tree that bore good apples, or melon-patch that had nice melons at the proper season, anywhere near there, that he did not find it out and, in company with a set of companions, of whom he was the chosen leader, visit the aforesaid place, it was news to the inhabitants of Corning. No matter how carefully the products of the garden would be guarded, how many watch-dogs employed, or how many men hired to defend the premises or guard against depredators, by some trick or bribery, coaxing or inducement, he would always succeed in lulling the suspicions of the guard, and either bear off himself the coveted plunder or would entertain them while his companions would secure the same.

Soon after the great fire in Corning, while he was an apprentice boy in the office, the room underneath the printing-office was occupied by a grocery firm. The building was rather a primitive one, built for immediate use upon the ruins of a better building, and was nothing more than a wooden structure hastily put up.

Standing one day in the second story of the building thinking of something, knocking with his heel at a knot in the floor, he knocked the knot through, and it fell into the store below. Looking through the hole, which was perhaps two inches across, he saw directly underneath it on the counter several beer-bottles, or bottles containing small-beer, and glasses, it being a part of the business of the occupants below to sell small-beer, confectionery, fruit, pies, cakes, etc. Seeing a bottle of beer underneath was to covet it; but how to get it was a mystery. He had money to buy it; but the trick was to get it without buying. In the ruins of a hardware store he had, a few days previous, found a very large fish-hook, which he had saved and brought to the office for some purpose, at that time he did not know what, but said: "It might be handy to have around the house should it ever be needed." A novel idea of obtaining the beer took possession of him. He tied this hook to a piece of twine, and had two or three boys go down in front and engage the attention of the man, while he let the hook through the knot-hole down till it reached a bottle, where, after considerable skirmishing, he succeeded in fastening it to the string which held the cork in place. No sooner was it caught fast, than he drew the bottle up to the floor, the hole just admitting the neck of the same. In order to strengthen the floor of the printing-office, the joists had been placed very close together, so that the bottle

when drawn up between them was out of the reach of observation, except to a very close observer, from the store beneath. Tying the bottle to the leg of a case, he removed the cork; but how to get the beer out was another question. He solved this by going to the tin-shop and having a chum make for him a long tube two feet long, a sort of metallic straw, through which the employés of the office took turns in sucking the afore-said small-beer. When the bottle was emptied, two or three of the boys would go down stairs again and entertain the merchant, who was not able to hire a clerk, when the bottle would be lowered to its place on the counter, and after another skirmishing and wriggling of the hook another bottle would be fastened upon and drawn up to the floor above. This mode of procuring beverage was carried on for some weeks, the merchant below wondering how so many bottles should be emptied and he not know anything about it. Sometimes half a dozen or more bottles a day would be emptied in this manner. On one occasion, while standing in the door engaged in conversation with a confederate of the beer-raiser, he by accident turned around and saw the bottle following a string up toward the ceiling. He says: "My God! I've found the leak at last." Coming up stairs indignant, he insisted that he should have Pomeroy arrested; but the hands of the office laughed at him so much for not appreciating a good joke, that he sent up half a dozen bottles

of small-beer rather than have the matter published. Nailing a piece of sheet-iron over the knot-hole, he departed a wiser if not richer man. But Pomeroy kept the hook and string for other spoils.

On one occasion a hogshead of codfish was brought back of the store, directly under the window at the rear of the printing-office, and the parties in the store were engaged in carrying the codfish in baskets down to the cellar, where it might be kept moist. Looking out of the window, he discovered this new fishing-ground, and with his fish-hook and cord succeeded, between trips of the merchant, in raising from the hogshead up to the window five or six large codfish, which were kept there until the merchant had emptied the hogshead and rolled it away, when all but one of them were dropped out of the window on to the back steps, and the merchant wondered for an hour where in thunder those lost codfish came from. Looking out of the front window, he saw a deacon of one of the churches, who was noted for his parsimonious habits, and of whom it was said that he had not the rights of property defined in his own mind as he should have had.

As the man jumped into his wagon to start off, Pomeroy threw the codfish out of the window at him, and it struck on the seat beside him, when the very honest deacon put spurs to his horses, and went on without

stopping to see where it came from or who sent it to him.

While at work in the office of the *Journal* at Corning as apprentice, D. R. Locke, who has won a national notoriety as "Petroleum V. Nasby," was a journeyman printer in the same office. For a long time there was an irrepressible conflict between Locke and Pomeroy as to which should play the best practical joke upon the other. Numerous were the jokes, and some of them rather severe, played both ways, till at last Locke gave up and proposed an armistice.

On one occasion, of a Sunday afternoon, instead of attending church, the boys from the printing-office went upon the hillside to gather chestnuts, at that time just falling from the trees, by aid of a little shaking of the branches, or threshing of the same with a pole. Pomeroy, being rather good at climbing, and somewhat at home in the branches of a chestnut-tree, if not in the different branches of education, was selected as the one to thresh out the chestnuts for his companions to pick up. He commenced his work, and threshed away at the different tree-tops till nearly nightfall, when the others had secured about half a bushel of the nuts. They had filled all their pockets full. When he came down from the last tree and proposed to have them divide, they could not see it, and Locke insisted upon it that they had done exactly as they agreed—that Pomeroy had

threshed out and they had picked up, and that if he wanted any more chestnuts he could get them; when, with their pockets full and his nearly empty, the party returned to the house of Mr. Messenger in time for supper.

After supper, while he was away from the house, they hid their chestnuts in the rubbish-room, and proposed to keep them there till such a time as they might be wanted. In the evening Pomeroy returned while the others were out. On learning that they had hidden their chestnuts somewhere about the house, he searched for an hour till he found them in three or four different hiding-places, aided in a measure by the servant girl—who was always his friend—and then hid the nuts in another and safer place, where Eliza and himself—Eliza being the girl's name—found and enjoyed them during the winter. Locke and the other printers insisted upon it that it was an almighty mean trick, to which Pomeroy assented, but never restored to the disconsolate printers their nuts.

The office of *The Corning Journal*, by the way, is noted for having drawn out three very successful men, who either began life at the case or press in that office, or who worked there; and all of whom worked together at the same time, sat at the same table in Mr. Messenger's house, and occupied the same room for a number of months. No other one printing-office in this country

or in any other country has turned out three as successful men, as has this office,—all of them springing from the humblest walks of life, and all of them, by attention to business, winning great success.

One of them is M. M. Pomeroy, who began in that office without a shilling, and who now, despite differences of political opinion between the editor of the Journal, who was at one time his employer, and himself, looks upon the office and its editor, G. W. Pratt, with more than kindly feelings and interest.

The second notability, if we may use the word, is D. R. Locke, whose reputation as the author of the Nasby Papers is well-known throughout the country. The other is W. L. Halsey, at present a very wealthy citizen of New York, and a partner in the Overland Stage Company's line to California, and also a holder of large interests in other extensive companies' banking and steamboat institutions of the country. Side by side, month by month, poor, but always looking confidently to the future, and determined to bring out of that future success, these three young men worked. They all left the office about the same time, each going in different directions—each winning wealth, popularity, and the confidence of their respective friends. While at work in the office as an apprentice, many is the night, after all others had left the office, Pomeroy would work there, oftentimes till nearly morning, at extra or piece-work,

earning from a quarter to half a dollar a night, which was accredited to him by his employer, and in time paid to him.

One of the then employés of the office, at that time a journeyman, as he is now a journeyman compositor in a country village in this State, informs us that many a night when returning home from a party or concert or some place of amusement, he has seen a light in the office, and on going there found Pomeroy at work at the case, with flickering tallow-candle beside him, setting dirty type for a shilling per thousand ems, or setting up some fancy job, obtaining a proof of the same, then distributing the type to its proper place, and in the morning showing his job of work to Mr. Messenger, and asking his opinion of the same; and asking him also for advice or suggestions how to improve upon the beauty of the work. So earnest and determined was he to become a printer, that in less than one year he had charge of the job department of the office and set nearly every job, great and small, that came into the concern, and earned considerable money by working the same on the press at night, or by setting type. Often has he worked for the other journeymen after his labors were done, sometimes using his time till nearly morning, that they might have recreation, attend parties, or have play-spells out of the office.

One secret of his success lies in the fact that he very seldom squandered money foolishly. He was always

willing to work; if he could not receive large wages he was willing to take up with small, rather than be idle. In this way he perfected himself, and set an example that other printers and working-men of the land would do well to follow. His employer finding him faithful and determined, soon found it to his interest to give him good wages, and put him upon good work as he was able to do it, and advance him, step by step, for the interest of both boy and man, as all good employers will do in protection of their own interests, on learning that a man in their employ is willing to make himself useful. Mr. Messenger had the reputation of being the best job printer in that section of the country, and as his successors in office did not pay that attention to job printing and were not so well qualified to teach that branch of the trade, so soon as Mr. Messenger had bought him a new office at Waverly, a few miles distant on the line of the Erie Railway, which office was well stocked with new material, at the solicitation of Mr. Messenger, and with the consent of the proprietors of the Journal-office, to whom Mr. Messenger sold, the better to finish his education, and learn the mysteries of printing to perfection, as well as to be with those who had been kind to him when he came to Corning poor and unknown, he bid good-bye to his friends in Corning, and joined his former employer in Waverly, with as much attention to deviltry as to printing, for upwards of a year, till Mr. Messenger left for Canada, where he is now engaged in

the printing business. The residents of Waverly remember him well as a printer's boy, and a sort of wild one at that; as one full of life, of fun, and mischievous pranks, but one whose character for truth, integrity, kindness of heart, and attention to business never had been questioned by any who knew him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mark falls in love.—How a joke terminated.—Goes to Canada.—Returns to Waverly and finds his lady-love married.—He marries one he loves better.

For a time he resided in Waverly, and worked hard at his business, forming in the mean time many pleasant acquaintances, and falling desperately in love with a handsome young lady, whose relatives refused their consent to a marriage, for the reason that he was “a poor, dirty-fingered type-sticker,” and “that it was beneath the dignity of an aristocratic family to permit the marriage of the daughter with a common mechanic.”

After some little skirmishing, trouble, and so forth, and the usual number of disappointments in love matters, the young lady was sent to school; and in the autumn of 1853, to better his condition by working at case, Mark went to Canada.

Mr. Messenger had been obliged to close business at Waverly, and had moved to Canada West, where he accepted the foremanship of an office at Brantford. He kindly offered his old “devil” a situation at good wages, six dollars a week, out of which immense sum Mark had to board himself.

He worked in Brantford, in the *Courier* office, four weeks, receiving for four weeks' work twenty-four dollars, sixteen of which he had to pay for board. The week days were spent in labor; Sundays in writing love-letters, which never reached their destination, and the nights in study, or in making raids upon the grape-ries and melon-patches of the city. On one occasion, with two companions, he walked three miles, each of the three carrying a large coffee-sack filled with fine watermelons (so they thought) from the garden of a wealthy farmer. They lugged the stolen melons to the office, and, on arriving there, about midnight, struck a light, and found to their chagrin, upon emptying their bags and examining the contents, that every watermelon they had stolen was a *citron*.

Those who have been engaged in like scrapes, can well imagine the surprise and disgust of the young rogues; but they sold out the citrons to a grocery-keeper, who disposed of them for preserving purposes, and realized a handsome sum from the mistake.

During his stay in Brantford, Mark was only remarkable for being the leader in all adventures for fun peculiar to young men.

In the early winter of the same year, Mark went to Simcoe, Canada West, as a compositor in a weekly newspaper-office, from which he was discharged for his joking propensity.

On one occasion, when employed to clean a press, he

bought a bundle of paper-rags from a hardware store. In this bundle he found an old petticoat, which he hung up in a little closet, or private rubbish-room under the stairs of the main printing-office, using the rest of the rags to clean the press with.

A few days after the work was finished, the wife of the proprietor came into the office, and, woman-like, looked curiously around in every possible place to see what important discovery she could make. At length she opened this closet-door and found the mentioned garment, hanging there in full sight, when she indignantly demanded the meaning of her husband, who expressed ignorance of its being there, and said that it meant nothing, and that he did not know what it all amounted to any way; and as he said this, Mark, who was standing working at the case a little distance from him, remarked in a low tone,

“Why, Mr. Clancy!”

His wife, of course, insisted upon having an explanation, and asked Mark if he knew anything of the garment. His reply was:

“That is too old a petticoat for me to know anything about!”

A scene ensued; the result was that Mark was discharged for running a joke of this kind upon the proprietor, a corpulent Irishman.

He then went to the office of the *Advocate*, and at once procured a situation as foreman of that establish-

ment, at larger wages ; which position he retained until the middle of winter, when he started on a tramp, in hopes of finding more profitable business in which he could make money enough to pay his passage to California, in the event of his not being able to marry the young lady to whom he was at that time still engaged.

Leaving Simcoe one day in the stage, Mark reached the village of Galt, a little while after dark. Applied at once for a situation in a country office, and was so fortunate as to secure one immediately on piece-work. The paper, owing to a scarcity of hands, was one or two days behind, and Mark was employed to work with two or three other printers, until all the type for the paper should have been set up. The job, it was thought, would be finished by six o'clock in the morning. He worked earnestly and faithfully at the case, by the light of two tallow-candles, until he had put in type one column of matter, when the proprietor of the concern found fault with the change of a word Mark made in the copy in order to correct a grammatical error. He discovered the change in reading the proof, and commenced cursing the young man for making it, who made no reply but went to work to fill his case, to put another column in type; but instead of distributing dead matter, he distributed the live matter he had just set up! He passed a wet sponge over the form, threw the type back in the case, leaving it, as he found it, in good order, then washing his hands, he put on his coat and

hat, and went down stairs, without waiting for his pay for either the work or the mischief.

This incident was only a faint indication of the natural independence which now characterized the every action of M. M. Pomeroy, and an index to the character of the man who believes in getting even with those who wrong him.

At four o'clock that same morning he took passage in the stage for Guelph, a pleasant village, some miles distant. The morning was intensely cold, and the sleighing being very fine, he, seated by the side of the driver, whose stage carried the mail, enjoyed his ride very much indeed.

After they had gone a few miles, the driver complained of being cold, and Mark told him that he might get out and run behind the stage, and that he would hold on to the reins, and when he got in again then it would be his (Mark's) turn, and he would get out and run, so they could both be warm.

The driver got out and ran behind the sleigh some little distance, telling Mark to drive faster, that he might have more exercise. He put the whip to the horses, and started off on a run of about three-quarters of a mile, leaving the stage-driver far behind, who ran and yelled with all his might, crying "Stop thief! stop thief!" fearing that Mark intended running away with the team and the queen's mail.

After giving him a nice run, the horses were steadied

down to a more moderate gait, and he overtook the stage, threatening to "mash his bloody head" if ever he played that trick on him again. Mark told him that "he would not do it again, and, if it would be all the same to him, he would just as soon as not have his head mashed, but let alone."

The driver laughed at this as a good joke, and on they went until they reached the stage-office and hotel at Guelph. When the horses were put up, Mark stood treat to some Scotch whisky, and the little exploit of the early morning was entirely forgiven.

For several weeks Pomeroy worked in Guelph, taking the place in the office of the *Guelph Advertiser* of one of the employés who was ill at that time. The paper was edited by a worthy gentleman by the name of Smith, who treated the stranger with great kindness and courtesy during all of his stay there. On the day he left, which was not until the gentleman whose place he had taken had fully recovered his health, Mr. Smith gave him a check on the bank for fifty-six dollars, more money than he had before possessed in all his life.

With this money in his pocket, together with a few dollars he had previously saved, in the early spring of 1854 he left Guelph and went to Waverly, where he arrived in time to find the young lady to whom he was engaged married, and all his hopes of happiness in that direction dashed to the earth. He then returned to the

home of his uncle, Mr. White, in Southport, near Elmira, where he remained most of the summer.

In the autumn of the same year, George W. Pratt, of the *Journal* at Corning, wrote Pomeroy to come to his office, and begged that he would accept the situation of foreman. He responded promptly to the call; but the wages offered, although sufficient to cover his expenses, he deemed scarcely worth the services he knew he could render Mr. Pratt. So Mark told him, if he did not consent to pay him a fair salary, which was the moderate sum of seven dollars a week, he would go to New York, buy a job-office, and start it in opposition to him. Mr. Pratt, knowing that the young man had no money, laughed at his, as he thought, idle threat.

Mark had at that time twenty dollars, with which amount he started for New York. Upon arriving in this great cosmopolitan emporium, he called at the type-foundry of White & Webb, stated to them that he was a young printer—a poor young man just coming of age, without friends whose means would allow them to assist him—that he wanted to buy six hundred dollars worth of printing material, for which he would give a mortgage on the property, and pay them in monthly instalments, until the whole debt was cancelled; which proposition was rejected.

He then, no ways discouraged—for even in those days Mr. Pomeroy did not exactly understand the meaning

of the word "fail"—called at the foundry of James Connor & Sons, and introduced himself to James Connor, the senior member of the firm, who invited the young man into his private office, where they conversed some time. The result was, Mr. Connor instructed Mark to select such materials as he needed, saying that he would trust him upon his *honor*—that he thought he would pay, and he was willing to encourage every young man who he thought was honest and ambitious. Mr. Pomeroy thus feelingly speaks of his early friend :

“Mr. Connor struck me as being one of the best-hearted men I ever saw; and no one can tell the feeling of gratitude, almost of veneration, I had for him when he gave me the Specimen-book of his foundry, with liberty to select therefrom such articles as I needed for my little office. His kindness gave me confidence; his advice strength; the aid he then gave me made me his friend forever; and I would have suffered every cent I had in the world to be taken from me before I would have cheated him out of one penny.”

The office was duly paid for as agreed upon, and when Mr. Connor died a few years since, no printer in all the land, or no friend outside his own family, felt sadder than did the once poor boy he helped through his first venture.

Upon the hand-press and type purchased from Mr. Connor, the enterprising journalist established a small job-office in Corning, and in the Spring of 1854 began

the publication of a little paper the size of a sheet of commercial note-paper, which he called *The Sun*. First he published one thousand copies for gratuitous circulation. It was filled with local items, and a few advertisements of the leading merchants of the place, who jointly paid enough to secure fair wages, and no more, for the week, and also the expenses he had incurred in getting out the little paper, which had probably cost six dollars a thousand.

The Sun attracted considerable attention, for it contained some good local hits; and the people seemed anxious to see the next issue of it.

The advertisements came pouring in, the demand for it increased, and in a short time Mr. Pomeroy commenced its regular publication; made it a good-sized sheet, and a prosperous local country paper, when in the Spring of 1855, he sold the office for thirteen hundred dollars, being twice as much as it cost.

In order to make Mr. Connor secure in his payments, Mr. Pomeroy had taken into the office with him a printer by the name of P. C. Van Gelder, who retained his interest in the paper until they sold it to the Rev. Ira Brown, who changed the name of the paper from *The Sun* to the *Democrat* or *Corning Democrat*, which is now edited by his son Frank Brown.

Mark then went to New York, and purchased a small card-press and some type, with which he returned to

Corning, and for a stated sum per week, put it in the office of the *Journal*, and took the foremanship of that office, which never was in a more prosperous condition or did a larger business than while he was working there with his little press and new type.

While engaged in the publication of the *Sun*, just before its sale, he married Miss Anna A. Wheeler, of Corning, a young lady who was connected with one of the oldest families of Broome County, New York.

CHAPTER IX.

Goes West to seek his fortune.

IN the Fall of 1855, Mr. Pomeroy was solicited by the citizens and business men of Athens, Pennsylvania, to remove his press, type, and other little articles he had accumulated, to that village, and engage in the publication of a newspaper called the *Athens Gazette*, which he did, and continued publishing it until the Spring of 1857, giving the paper a good local name, but failing to draw from it anything more than enough to pay expenses. "In fact," says Mr. Pomeroy, "many and many a day, while engaged as editor of that paper, working at the press and case myself, with but one journeyman printer, who is now, by the way, in my employ in New York, and has been a long time with me in La Crosse—my family and myself were entirely destitute of sufficient food wherewith to make a meal. I remember even now, with gratitude, the kindness of some of the citizens there, who brought in from their gardens early vegetables and choice bits of meat, little thinking that they were the only delicacies that we had had for many days; not but they could be had in the place, but money was required with which to purchase

them, and money I could not get only in quantities sufficient to pay my help, and for the paper and ink used in the office."

In 1856, he was employed by Col. Piolett, a wealthy, prominent Democratic politician of that county, to publish a campaign paper for him, edited by a lawyer, Frank Smith, of Troy. His work on this paper amounted to two hundred dollars, which was the largest sum of money ever received by Mr. Pomeroy while in Pennsylvania, and was looked upon by him as an immense job.

In the Spring of 1857, with less than twenty-one dollars in his pocket, but having free passes over the railroad from Waverly, a village four miles from Athens, to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in company with his wife, he left Pennsylvania to seek his fortune in the West, among the young men from the East, and the pioneers of that country. In Mr. Pomeroy's words, "The future was all before me, I had everything to make, and nothing to lose. I had pluck, and ambition; had paid my debts, though it impoverished my purse; and with a stiff upper lip, and a stout heart, struck out for the land of the prairies, determined to build myself up with that country, and to make a home for my family, and a reputation for myself, if it were possible so to do there among strangers."

In April, 1857, Mr. Pomeroy and his family arrived

at Horicon, Wisconsin, with only seventy-four cents in his pocket. Here he found an old printing-office, from which a paper had been issued until its editor had become too poor to continue the publication, when it was discontinued.

An old hand-press and some dirty type were stowed away in a small room, and amounted in value to about seven hundred dollars. This material he purchased from Mr. Croft, the owner thereof, for the price above-named, payable, three hundred dollars at the end of the first year, two hundred more at the end of the second, and the remainder at the end of the third year, with the usual rate of interest.

Giving his note for this old material, he at once took possession of the office, and with sleeves rolled up, went to work cleaning the materials and putting the press in working order. After a few days' hard work, he succeeded in getting the material in very good shape, and, within a week or two, issued the first number of the country newspaper called *The Horicon Argus*.

When he took hold of the office, he had not as much as half a dollar; not a cent of money to buy wood, ink, paper, or to pay the employés. The wood needed, Mark lugged on his back from the sawmill, taking from the refuse piles, boards, slats, knots, and so forth. He was too poor to buy potash to make lye to clean the type, so he improvised a "leech" by filling an old nail-

keg with ashes and manufacturing therefrom lye sufficient to boil the type, which he did, and then boiled it in water, until it was thoroughly cleaned.

He then sent to Milwaukee for a bundle of paper, and asked credit for it, to the amount of six dollars, for one week. The paper came, to collect on delivery. He had no money to take it out of the office, and debated for a long time whether he should borrow the money or return the paper, having, at that time, work enough then in the office to more than pay for the paper, the overplus being enough to pay for two or three editions of the weekly issue.

Upon examination, he found the paper to be of very inferior quality, and at once returned it to the dealers in Milwaukee, objecting to the quality, and also to their disregard of his instructions as to sending it, he wanting credit and they wanting it paid for on delivery. By the next mail an answer came, stating that they would send better paper, and also give credit for it. Whereupon Mr. Pomeroy ordered one hundred dollars worth of paper, to be paid for in thirty days. It came in due time, and made a cart-load, which was more paper than had ever been seen in that town at one time, which of course attracted considerable attention, and led people to suppose that the new editor must be a man of great wealth to be able to buy one hundred dollars worth of paper at once.

While this paper was on the road, it having become

known that Mr. Pomeroy intended to resurrect the local newspaper, a few subscriptions came into the office, amounting in the aggregate to nearly twenty dollars, which enabled him to pay the freight on the paper, and to have a little money in his pocket.

In due time the paper came out, well-filled with local and interesting matter—original and entertaining—and it became a success from the first number, under Mark's management. It attracted a great deal of attention, and in a short time was looked upon as one of the best local papers in Wisconsin, if not in the entire West. It was often quoted, sometimes strongly censured, very often laughed at, sometimes praised, and thus won its way into notoriety, and became a source of profit to its publishers. Mr. Pomeroy was always ready to defend his friends, or to make war upon anybody who attacked the newspaper, the Democracy it advocated, or the friends of the paper, and had a great many newspaper controversies, spats, and repartees, which added very much to its interest and its reputation.

CHAPTER X.

He earns the name of "Brick."—Goes to Washington.

A FEW weeks after the paper became fully started, in reply to an attack upon the village of Horicon by a rural paper published in a Western village called Beaver Dam, Mr. Pomeroy published a humorous burlesque—a nonsensical bit of criticism, characteristically illustrating the people, their habits, and also the architecture of the rural village. It was a new style of literature never before attempted, and ran the rounds of the press West and East.

The article was copied by George D. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, prefaced with the remark that the writer of that article, and especially the inventor of that style of sarcasm, was a perfect BRICK.

A number of newspapers copied the article, with the prefatory remarks of the *Journal*, endorsing the idea that the man who could write or invent that style of burlesque was indeed a perfect "Brick."

Soon after the appearance of this article, Mr. Pomeroy took an active part in the Congressional campaign, aiding to secure the nomination and election of the Hon. Charles H. Larrabee to Congress from that district, in

the face of two thousand three hundred Republican majority. To that election Mr. Pomeroy devoted all his time and energies, and also all the money he could get hold of.

The result of the campaign was, the election by nearly one thousand majority, greatly to the surprise of the Republicans and the delight of the Democrats of that district, very many of whom gave the credit of the election to Mr. Pomeroy, and insisted that for this work, on behalf of the Democracy, he deserved to be called not only a "*perfect brick*;" but that his name ought to be changed by the Legislature from "M. M." to "Brick" Pomeroy.

Several of the editors of that district and State, and quite a number of Democrats, at once took up the *sobriquet*, mentioned him in the press as "Brick" Pomeroy, and addressed letters to him by that name. He used the signature in writing a few humorous articles, and in a short time it became so completely attached to his name that, until a very few years, not one man in a hundred in the United States knew of him other than as "Brick" Pomeroy.

Within a few months after starting in business at Horicon, he was appointed one of the Deputy United States Marshals of that State. He held his office through M. J. Thomas, United States Marshal of Wisconsin under James Buchanan, for several months, and was so prompt, energetic, and reliable in the transaction of

whatever business came into his hands, that he was looked upon as one of the most efficient officers in the State, and was given a great many very difficult tasks to attend to, all of which were promptly and very satisfactorily performed, with profit to himself from the legitimate fees and nothing more, as well as to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

The earnings from this office amounted during the year to several hundred dollars, which placed Mr. Pomeroy on a firm financial footing—the more so as he was careful not to move beyond his means.

At the commencement of the quarrel between Douglas and Buchanan, notwithstanding that he held office under the President and was liable to be removed by his order at any moment, Pomeroy took sides personally and editorially with Mr. Douglas, endorsed his position, denounced that of the President in advance of any other newspaper in the West, and from that time until the day of Mr. Douglas' death was ranked among his most intimate personal friends and most earnest political supporters.

In 1858, Mr. Pomeroy left his office at Horicon in charge of a foreman, still retaining the editorship and proprietorship of the paper, but accepting the situation of city editor of the *Milwaukee Daily News*, at a salary of eight hundred dollars per year, a sum insufficient to pay his board and family expenses.

During his connection with the *Milwaukee News*, he

still retained his position as Deputy United States Marshal, but realized little profit from the office, as his duties as city editor prevented him from making trips into the country for the serving of writs and other purposes, except in extreme cases, where a prompt, decisive man was required.

The *Milwaukee News*, while Mr. Pomeroy was editor, was noted as one of the sharpest and most personal local papers in the West. Its circulation more than doubled. It was quoted all over the country, and some of the articles, humorous and otherwise, published in many of the papers, which gave both the paper and the writer considerable prominence in editorial and other circles.

A few months after he went to Milwaukee he sold the paper in Horicon to the man he had left in charge thereof as foreman, realizing only a moderate profit in the sale, after paying all his debts and liabilities; leaving the paper on a firm paying basis, with a circulation equal to that of the largest and best-conducted country newspapers in the State, if not in advance of most of them. His reason for disposing of the Horicon paper was, that he was promised a partnership in the Milwaukee paper, on which he was still engaged; but, for some unaccountable reason, at the expiration of the first year as city editor on the paper, there was perfect willingness to allow him to continue as city editor, but not to give him the partnership interest which he had been led to expect. He thereupon went, at the expira-

tion of his year, to Washington to gain a knowledge of the manners, habits, and customs of politicians, and to see for himself of legislative doings, as well as to add a little to his slender income by writing letters of correspondence from the Capital to some of the leading newspapers of the country.

He remained some months in Washington, mixing with political men, and all the while earnestly supporting Douglas against Buchanan. It being known that Pomeroy had some friends in the West and *entrée* to Western newspapers, overtures were made by Mr. Buchanan, through his confidential friends—first, for him to desert Mr. Douglas and come out against him through all the papers he could reach by letter and otherwise, and to indorse Mr. Buchanan. Refusing to thus desert a friend and turn against him, he was offered the choice of several consulships or second-class missions abroad to leave the country and not further espouse the cause of the “Little Giant,” as he was then familiarly known. Refusing to desert Mr. Douglas and his friends in the West, Mr. Pomeroy was soon after notified that his services were no longer required as Deputy U. S. Marshal, and the place which he had held was given to another.

CHAPTER XI.

In which he establishes the renowned La Crosse Democrat.

IN the spring of 1860, after an eventful and interesting season at Washington, during which Mr. Pomeroy wrote for several newspapers and furnished quite a number of squibs to "Vanity Fair," then edited by "Artemas Ward," he returned West, arriving at Milwaukee with a very few dollars in his pocket—richer only in knowledge and experience gained in Washington.

Upon the solicitation of a few of the business men of La Crosse, he made an exploring expedition to that city, the result of which was, that he in time purchased an interest in a paper then published and known as the *Union and Democrat*, paying for the interest (supposed to be about half) \$1,600, giving his notes therefor. He purchased the interest of Mr. C. P. Sykes, a present resident of Boston, and for a number of years a prominent Western man, who, soon after selling his interest to Mr. Pomeroy, removed to Denver City, where he amassed a considerable fortune in the gold-mining business.

When Mr. Pomeroy took hold of the La Crosse paper, it was with the distinct understanding that he was to be financial and editorial manager thereof.

There were two partners in the concern besides himself, each with a similar interest. A difference of opinion arising between one of the partners and Mr. Pomeroy as to the duty of Democrats in supporting Douglas or Buchanan, led to the dissolution of the firm.

One of the partners insisted that the paper should not be made a "Douglas" organ; Mr. Pomeroy insisted that it should; the third party refused to decide whether it should or should not espouse the Douglas cause, and left the "irrepressible conflict" for the two senior editors to settle between themselves. Believing he had a right to decide as to its political character according to the terms of the contract made when he entered the office, Mr. Pomeroy took the position he wished, and made the paper a regular "Douglas" organ, greatly to the disgust of the opposing faction and to the annoyance of the men there who held office under Buchanan.

One day, while this dispute was pending, he wrote an editorial, "a leading article," and instructed its insertion in the small daily which was then being published, leaving the office while it was being put in type. On returning to the office, he found that the article had been prepared, but that one of the partners had refused to allow it to go in the paper, and had written an article directly in opposition to his position, which he insisted must go in as the leading editorial of that day. The result was a quarrel in the office, the preparing for a fight, and a war of words, in which Mr. Pomeroy came

off victorious, and took the offensive article out of the form, placed his own in its stead, prepared the type, made the press ready for work, and, with hat, coat, vest, necktie, and suspenders off, with sleeves rolled up, he stood in the office until the foreman had worked the entire edition, which then numbered about two hundred copies, from the press, when he retired, as the employes of the office said, "the victor."

There were several mortgages on this office to secure its payment and for the settlement of claims; and the partner with whom Mr. Pomeroy had the political difficulty, soon after the appearance of the paper containing his editorial, gave the keys of the concern to one of the mortgage holders, who foreclosed it at once, with the intention of depriving Mr. Pomeroy of the interest in the paper and the right to speak his sentiments.

The office remained closed for a day or two, when Pomeroy kicked the door open, took possession, and settled the claim in a manner satisfactory to the parties holding it. He then purchased the interest of the gentleman with whom he had had the difficulty, leaving but one partner in the concern, who took charge of the local department.

During seven months' time, the office was closed nine times by officers of the law under civil process; and before the end of the year, so great were the debts upon it when Pomeroy took hold of it, and so deeply was it involved, that he lost all the materials of the office, and

found himself one morning devoid of printing material, with a debt of over four thousand dollars on his shoulders, and not a dime in the world.

He then went to Chicago, stated his case to S. P. Rounds, a prominent printer and dealer in printing materials, who was once a poor boy like himself, who gave him credit for a hand-press and four hundred dollars' worth of type, with which he returned to La Crosse, and at once opened business again.

From this second beginning was built up a property known as the "LA CROSSE DEMOCRAT," and at present he is holding real estate in La Crosse to the value of nearly two hundred thousand dollars, and has made the office one of the most valuable enterprises in the known world.

When the office was taken from him the last time, under the laws of Wisconsin he had an exemption of two hundred dollars' worth of printing material, and, through the kindness of the sheriff, who was responsible to the parties for the safe keeping and delivery of the type and press of the old office when it should be called for, he was enabled to put the paper in type, and, though he did not actually own a dollar's worth of printing materials, by having it printed every day on the press of a neighbor in a competing office, he issued the *Democrat*, contrary to the expectations and against the wishes of very many of his enemies, who wondered how it was that a man whose office was closed by the sheriff, and

who had not a dollar's worth of type in the world, could throw his paper on the street at the usual hour every afternoon, with no one knowing where it was printed and from whence it came.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Pomeroy's ideas of justice.—His life is attempted.—He scorns to play the hypocrite.

IN the spring of 1860 Mr. Pomeroy attended the session of the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore as a "Douglas" man, returned home after his nomination, organized a company of young men, known as the "Douglas Rangers," in opposition to the "Wide Awakes" who were then flourishing in this republican city.

The paper was published at this time at no profit, the Republican majority in the congressional district, State, county, and city being overwhelmingly against the Democrats: with not a man to aid him with money other than the payment for work honestly done and for the newspaper honestly furnished—with the Democrats of that section, poor, in all save pluck—publishing a Democratic newspaper in that part of Wisconsin, in a district where every other democratic newspaper had been starved out—was rather an up-hill business, but it was continued without interruption.

When the war commenced, the paper—which Mr. Pomeroy called the "Democrat," having dropped the

word "Union" upon purchasing the third partner's interest, which he did as soon as he was *able*—took grounds against the coercion of the States, the depriving them of any of their rights under the Constitution, no matter what the States themselves saw fit to do—holding that the rights they held were but held in trust for posterity. He was opposed to secession, for the reason that in his opinion the Confederation of the States framed by our fathers was intended to be perpetual, and that the West alone could not stem the tide of Radicalism, which he clearly foresaw was intended to divide the South and West, and array them against each other's forces,—the one to help subjugate the other, and giving as a result the enslavement of both sections to the grasping radical power of New England, which waged war against the producing sections of the country and against the young men, particularly the laboring men, of all sections.

Mr. Pomeroy advocated and demanded for posterity the putting down of the Rebellion, which opposed the continuance of the Confederation of the States, which fired upon our national flag, and which sought to divide the Union, for two reasons: one was his love for the Union, the Constitution, the laws, and the Government of the founders of the Republic; the second, that we in time might have the South and West united for mutual protection against the policy and schemes of New England, and the money-power which was growing up at

the expense of patriotism, to strangle the industry of the future and involve not only the resident white working men of the North, but all new-comers who should seek to escape the taxation and the aristocracy of the old country by seeking a home in America under a promise of an even voice in the Government as soon as they became citizens; equal taxation for all, and a governmental protection to rich and poor alike. While insisting on the restoration of the Union and of the country and people to their allegiance to a common Constitution, which was binding on a part only as it was binding upon the whole, he criticised the acts of the administration and the unholy conduct of the war.

He denounced as tyrannical, brutal, and unjust the imbecilities of Mr. Lincoln, and the usurpation of power appropriated by him, and those under him. He denounced as cowardly, wicked, infamous, and tyrannical the arrest of private citizens and their incarceration in dungeons for months, without a speedy trial by jury promised them by the Constitution of our country. He objected to the sacrifice of brave men, who were the fighting soldiers of the land, under a lot of incompetent officers taken from the "pot-houses" and "gutters" of the country because they were willing to become the tools of a wicked, unjust, unprincipled, tyrannical, and despotic administration.

He was strongly opposed to the continuation of the war for the purpose of plunder only, and for the idea

of keeping in power an administration that was clearly known to be against the interests of the very people who were sustaining it.

Mr. Pomeroy strongly opposed the issuing of United States bonds as antagonistic to American interests, arguing that the debts which were then being created were at the expense of those who were doing the fighting, and for the benefit of those who remained at home, and who were by the legislation of the administration of Lincoln protected and exempted from taxation. He opposed firmly, earnestly, and conscientiously the sacrilegious disregard of the Constitution under the plea of "military necessity," holding that the Constitution was sufficient to protect the people in time of war as well as in time of peace. He criticised the administration always honestly, but often with great severity, and was on several occasions offered by Mr. Lincoln, through prominent Republican politicians of the West and East, commissions in the army and places of high authority if he would consent to indorse the war as a whole, and to indorse its manner of prosecution, and to refrain from criticising the President on the plea or excuse that the President was the Government and could never do any wrong. These offers were refused on every occasion, and Mr. Pomeroy continued his war against the course pursued as against the rights of the States and the people, and against the interests of this and future generations of working men and producers.

On several occasions Mr. Pomeroy's life was threatened and attempted. A number of times was his office in danger of being destroyed by mobs, and was protected by the citizens of La Crosse, who gave the infuriated masses to understand that the destruction of his property or the spilling of one drop of his blood, or the destruction of the property of any Democrat, or the spilling of one drop of Democratic blood there, would be followed by the entire destruction of the city, regardless of all and any consequences that might follow.

He took the ground that as long as there was a law, to that law he was amenable, and to it he owed allegiance; that he owed allegiance to the law, for the reason that it had a right to punish and had power to protect the citizen; that when it failed to hold or exercise the power to protect citizens, it was no longer a law, and incapable of protecting or inflicting a punishment; and that when it failed to protect the citizen in his rights it ceased to become a law, and he owed it from that time no allegiance, was justified in defending himself, and that from the moment he was in danger of losing life or property from the weakness of the law or its inability to protect him, no act of the person threatened could add to his danger. On being sent out of the army in Arkansas, in 1862, he said to the general who sent him:

“Sir, to-day is yours—to-morrow will be mine; for, with your record and my record I will go to the people, and they shall decide.”

He wrote to a friend :

“The army is rotten: not in its body, but its *heads*. The war is dishonest. It was begun by the people on one side to save *themselves*, on the other to save the Union; but it has become, through the corruption of Lincoln’s court and official minions, but a murderous crusade for plunder and party power. Its aim is to create a moneyed aristocracy—compel the people to support it—and the time *shall come*, if God will spare my life, when the people who are being murdered shall know the crime committed against them. I will gain an audience first, *and then*—woe betide the party now in power. I will be no party to this robbery. They may denounce me, but their children will not, for they shall know the truth.”

The criticism on the Administration was kept up from its first usurpation of power, and its first disregard of the rights of the people both North and South, until the death of Mr. Lincoln, and then upon his followers from that time on.

At the time of President Lincoln’s assassination, Pomeroy was at his home sick, having just arisen from the bed and able to sit in an easy-chair, anxiously waiting the time when in the physician’s opinion he could go to the office and to the labors of the sanctum. During the forenoon of the day following the tragedy, while sitting in an easy-chair, an employé of the office came running up with a dispatch stating that Lincoln had been

killed and that Seward was not expected to live, his life having been attempted. In a short time another courier from the office came with the announcement that the greatest excitement prevailed on the business streets of the city, and that there was evidence of approaching trouble from the hands of a mob of Republicans, who claimed the assassination as the work of the Democratic party. He stated also that it was threatened to at once destroy the office of the La Crosse Democrat, for the reason that during the campaign of 1864, while the political excitement was at fever-heat, Mr. Pomeroy had in his paper declared that if Lincoln was elected to misgovern the country for the next four years, as he had for the past four, by the power of the bayonet over the ballot, he trusted that some bold hand with a dagger-point would pierce Lincoln's heart for the public good. These were bolder words than were ever before spoken under the administration of the one Pomeroy called a tyrant. The second courier was followed by the third, who stated that it was getting "red-hot" down town, and without a doubt the office would be torn down and its material thrown into the Mississippi river.

The employés of the office wished to know what should be done, whether to fight or to leave. This courier was followed by a letter from a Republican business man of the city, stating that, as Mr. Lincoln had been killed, the people were in a fearful state of excitement, and were arranging for the immediate destruc-

tion of the *Democrat* office, and the killing of the editor thereof at once. He urged Mr. Pomeroy to take the fastest team he could get, leave the city for some place of security till night came, when he could escape the country, unless he wished to die at the hands of the mob, the excitement being so great it would be impossible to restrain the mob, as the Republicans were already fired with indignation at the course of the *Democrat* (the paper even the Government dare not suppress for fear of consequences), and at its continued and bitter denunciations of Mr. Lincoln, his cabinet, and the entire conduct and management of the war, which Pomeroy termed but a murderous crusade for plunder and illegal power.

Knowing that Mr. Pomeroy's means were limited, he offered to furnish money, if necessary—anxious, he said, “to save his life, although he should be unable to do anything towards saving the printing-office property.”

In reply to this kindly written letter from a political opponent, but a personal friend, Mr. Pomeroy despatched the cashier of his office, who by this time had come to his house, with a note to the mayor of the city, telling him that he, Pomeroy, had certain rights as a citizen, *which rights he intended to defend till his death*. That he should look to the mayor of the city, the city marshal, the sheriff, and other officers of the city and county, to do their duty and protect the property of citizens; and if they failed to perform that duty, he himself should

hold all of the officers personally responsible for any damage done to his property, or for any demand upon his life; and that if his office was destroyed by a mob, the city of La Crosse would either pay for it within twenty-four hours to the fullest extent of its value, including material and good-will, or he would with his own hands set fire to every Republican house, store, or place of business that he could reach in the city, and should take revenge to the fullest extent of those who had brought upon him this destruction, by every means in his power; by rifle and by pistol; by knife, by fire, by poison, in season and out of season; careful always to save his own life for the accomplishment of as much injury as he could do to those who would not regard the law. That, so far as his property was concerned, he did not care for the loss of it, but he had *certain rights* as a citizen, which rights he intended to have given him. That his life might be taken, might be sacrificed at any moment, but he should not leave the city, nor would he defend his office, nor would he take any steps for the preservation of property and life other than to completely arm himself, and to notify the members of a little club which then existed in La Crosse that one of its members was in danger; and that, if any one of the members should fall in the defence of his rights, it would be the duty and the pleasure of all other members to settle with those who had gone outside of the law to commit a wrong.

Unable to leave his house, anxious to avoid a riot, wishing that there might be no destruction of his property, which would lead to the destruction of thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of property of innocent men, he sent to a few prominent Republicans of the city, who called upon him about the hour of noon, when he told them very plainly and earnestly that he should defend himself, and that *they* must defend his property unless they wished to see their own destroyed. He told them that he might not be able to effect the destruction of that property at that time, but he would in time, till he had settled with his enemies in full. He threw the entire responsibility of the affair from his shoulders to theirs, so far as his property was concerned or the property of other citizens, taking upon himself only the task of defending himself against all attacks from whatever source. He then sent down town for more firearms. The lady members of the household with baskets removed all the loose stones, pieces of brick, and other articles of such nature, which would be handy when used by a mob, and calmly awaited events. Night came, the office was still untouched. The employés had sworn to defend it to the last extremity, although he sent word to them that he did not wish them to peril their lives. If the office was destroyed he would take care of the matter himself, and not ask them to place themselves in jeopardy. This request they refused to honor, but remained near the building watching it

with anxious hearts. Soon after dark the excitement in town was at its greatest height. A number of persons caring for nothing, with no regard for law, order, or the rights of any person, anxious to still add to the flame of excitement, went about the city from store to store, from saloon to saloon, compelling people to give into their hands various sums of money varying from ten cents to a dollar, as the possessor might have about his pockets, which money was to be used for buying a rope and procuring the painting of a large banner, with which banner it was the intention of the mob, which had grown to be very large, to march to the printing-office, demolish the same, break up the machinery, and throw all the office-material into the river. This done, the procession was then to march to Mr. Pomeroy's house, take him from thence, drag him by the rope to the public square, where he was to be executed, cut down, cut into four quarters, and a quarter of his body burnt in each of the four wards of the city, as a warning to all traitors. This party of rioters, drunken with whisky and excitement, reckless as to what they attempted, threatened mischief; and, but for the earnest, continued, and laborious exertions of very many of the leading Republicans of the city, the pastor of the Catholic church, and the mayor in person, no one knows what the result of that night's carnival would have been. Better counsels prevailed. Morning came—the office stood as it did previously.

The paper had come out the night before at its appointed hour, announcing the death of Mr. Lincoln, stating that he had been called to his home, wherever that home might be; that he was a good man—so called—but not a great one; with some other remarks we do not now remember. The excitement of the night before by morning sun had cooled some; and some of the participants in the “forced collection business,” had become somewhat ashamed of their proceedings the night before, and the better counsel of their cooler and more honorable neighbors prevailed. But the trouble was not over with yet. The afternoon following the reception of the news of Lincoln’s death, Mr. Pomeroy, who did not leave the house, and who was ready at all times of the day or night to receive visitors, come they with evil or good intent, was so far recovered as to be able to visit the office, and there learned that the mob, which had been commenced the night before, was that night to continue its work, when the office was certainly to be demolished, and the editor of the paper disposed of as contemplated the night previous. A young friend told him that in a certain paint-shop a large sign was in process of making—the same being in form of a banner made of black cloth, on which were painted certain threatening words in large, white letters, and which banner was to head the procession that night. Thanking his friend for the information, with a couple of revolvers in his pockets, he went to the paint-shop and

asked to see the banner that was being made there for the mourners of Mr. Lincoln. The painter denied the existence of any such banner: said he knew nothing of it: that none had been ordered, and was very much surprised that such a report should have reached Mr. Pomeroy. The editor of the Democrat, not believing the statement of the painter, asked to step into another room in the building, to which the owner of the premises objected. But by a peculiarly persuasive argument sometimes adopted by men in danger, he prevailed upon the painter to open the door, and there, upon stretchers, was a large, black flag, nearly the size of an ordinary door, on which was painted in large, white letters, the words, "*No quarter to traitors! Commence at home!*" Following up his peculiarly persuasive reasoning, thrice armed as he was—once with the justice of his cause, and twice with the revolvers—he learned that the banner had been ordered by the sheriff of the county, a Republican in politics, and two of the sheriff's friends. Securing the promise that the banner should never go from his place till it was taken from thence by the ones who had ordered it, in company with Mr. Symes, a young man—superintendent of the office—who was also armed, as night was approaching, he went to the sheriff's office, whose residence was in the large stone building occupied for prison purposes, and made known his errand, which was to know why that banner was ordered, and who, besides the sheriff, had ordered it.

A scene ensued, the result of which was, Pomeroy was informed that two other parties whom he had always looked upon as his friends in town, had, with the sheriff, ordered the banner. He waited upon one of the parties, found him at tea, as the sheriff was at his supper when called upon, and with the second party to the transaction returned to the jail, entered the same, and had a talk, and a very plain one it was too, we understand, with the two principal men who had ordered the banner with which they proposed to head their procession. The effect of this conversation was, that as officers of law he called for them to *at once* go forth and put a stop, so far as lay in their power, to all riotous or demonstrative proceedings threatening the peace of the city. He demanded, also, that that flag, on which several dollars had been paid, should be taken from its place in the paint-shop by the one who had ordered it, and at early morning, as soon as he should have reached his office, that the flag should be given him, and, in case of refusal, in case the mob was allowed to proceed, he would telegraph to the governor of the State the particulars, and demand the arrest of the parties, call for official help to preserve the peace and property of the city; and in case this help should not come to him, he would then take the law in his own hands and settle at once, or soon as in his judgment he could safely do so, with those who were warring upon him, his rights, the peace and good name of the city.

The result of the move was, that the office was saved, the mob was scattered, the threatened riot was averted, the editor of the paper slept soundly, while a few faithful friends watched about the city, and the next morning by half-past seven, the flag, safely wrapped in a newspaper, was handed to him at his office-door by the man who had ordered it, and who expressed sorrow that anything of the kind should have come up, and said that nothing of the kind would have occurred had not the boys felt sorrowful over the death of Mr. Lincoln, become a little excited, and, aided by lager-beer and whisky, had proposed a little demonstration to prove their loyalty, and to punish by their own means and plans the man who, for years, had warred upon Mr. Lincoln, who had advocated his assassination, and had, without doubt in their minds, been instrumental indirectly, if not directly, in the taking off of the Executive.

While this performance was going on, the Republican newspaper of the city, edited by a man entirely devoid of principle, with no honest or patriotic feeling in his heart, anxious only to create a disturbance, from and by which he might reap some advantage or notoriety to himself, had filled his newspaper forms with several columns of the most bitter articles Mr. Pomeroy had ever written, copied from his paper—articles bitter in denunciation of the President and the conduct of the war—articles reflecting severely upon the Administration, and especially the editor we have spoken of before, in which

he called for some bold hand to pierce with a dagger-point the heart of the Chief Magistrate of the nation. The object of filling his columns with this matter was to work the populace up to the greatest excitement, and to secure the destruction of the printing-office, and the death of a competitor in business. He also proposed to show, if not his devotion to law, his excessive loyalty and devotion to wickedness. Through some means or other the better class of Republicans of the city hearing of this effort to still farther inflame the minds of the populace, visited his office and compelled the Republican editor to take out the extracts he had made from Mr. Pomeroy's paper, and to put his paper to press, with them, in a great manner or measure, omitted.

Among the curiosities of Mr. Pomeroy's sanctum—and they are very numerous, and many of them valuable, to each of which there is a history replete with interest—there is none more dark in its evidence of intended guilt than the large black flag, of which we have spoken just now, nailed up in the club-room of the office as a relic of times not long since passed by.

At the time of the death of Mr. Lincoln, the circulation of the *La Crosse Democrat* was less than one hundred and fifty copies per week, including exchanges. The postmaster refused to deliver it to the mails—men carried or read it at the peril of their lives. Persons in different parts of the country have often been mobbed for having it in their possession or expressing belief in

the sentiments of its editor, but it kept steadily on, earnestly, consistently, and persistent in the discharge of what seemed an editorial and patriotic duty, regardless of threats or loss of patronage, or promise of support—regardless of menaces or dangers of mobs, or of the advice of weak-minded or weak-kneed friends—without the employment of agents, until it has grown—simply from its adhesion to its great principles of American liberty, equal taxation and equal protection for all, rich and poor—from an obscure newspaper published in a new and, until the existence of the paper, an unknown Western city—to be the leading Democratic paper of the United States, with a circulation of over three hundred thousand copies weekly, and the establishment of two extensive printing-houses, one on the Mississippi River and the other on the Hudson, the better to carry on its business.

CHAPTER XIII.

Office of the *La Crosse Democrat*.—Why he left *La Crosse*.

THE office of the celebrated *La Crosse Democrat*, in *La Crosse*, Wisconsin, is situated upon the corner of Main and Fourth streets, and is one hundred and twenty feet deep and eighty-five feet wide. The building is constructed entirely of iron, stone, and brick, and is four stories high, exclusive of the basement story of fifteen feet.

The front portion of the basement is used for a mailing room, and from that room over three hundred thousand of the *La Crosse Democrat* each week have been sent into the world. Connecting with this room is a fire-proof vault, fourteen feet square, in which is kept the immense number of the subscription and commercial books which necessarily Mr. Pomeroy must have. It also contains the filed letters received from subscribers, and letters containing the political history of his enemies.

The press-room is in the rear of the mailing department, in which can be found three of Hoe's fastest power-presses, which are constantly employed; also three lighting folders, each having the capacity of folding

three thousand papers per hour. Back of the press-room is the engine-room, where can be seen the most complete and beautiful model engine ever made. The room also contains two force-pumps, with five hundred feet of rubber hose, which can, in case of fire, be laid and in operation in one minute. Adjoining this is the boiler-room, containing two boilers, both of which are always in order, so that, in case of accident, one is always ready to supply the place of the broken one.

The immense quantity of paper for the use of the office is stored in another room, and also in the large arched vaults under the sidewalk adjoining the engine-room.

The counting-room, which is divided into four smaller apartments, is in the front portion of the first floor. The workmanship of this room is perfect, the heaviest and finest French glass being used in the windows both outside and inside the room.

Around the lobby of the counting-room, reaching up to the ceiling, are over one hundred cases of stuffed wild animals, fowls, reptiles, etc., comprising in a whole a beautiful and instructive museum.

The counting-room contains four offices: 1st. The Superintendent's; 2d. Assistant Superintendent's; 3d. Cashier's; 4th. Subscription Clerk's. A staircase leads to the mailing-room from these offices.

A door in the rear of the counting-room leads into a fine hall, which is the public entrance to the stairs

leading to the sanctum. This hall is beautifully frescoed and handsomely carpeted: upon its right is the private entrance door from Fourth-street. Another door opposite the counting-room leads to the stock-room, which is well filled with the finest job stock. In this room can be found the engraving department, where two artists are kept busy all the time getting out designs and cuts for the paper.

In the job-room, which adjoins this, the finest job-printing in the Western States is done.

On the second floor we find the Associate Editor's room, which is well lighted, and contains beautiful furniture and desks. The next room is occupied by the Assistant Editor. We pass through a hall on the second floor and find ourselves in the sanctum, which is acknowledged by all who have seen it to be the handsomest furnished room in the United States, and is far superior to the sanctum of any printing-office in the world.

The floor is carpeted with the finest Brussels, the curtains are of rich lace and velvet rep, the walls are completely covered with paintings from the great masters, while all around upon the different what-nots can be seen countless numbers of photographs of friends, relics, keepsakes, and all kinds of trinkets, every one of which Mr. Pomeroy treasures very highly.

Upon one side of the room is a magnificent side-board well filled with decanters and glasses, through

which visitors can, if they wish, see darkly; but it must be fully understood that Mr. Pomeroy never takes the oath himself.

Near the centre of the room is a splendid piano, which is of a superior tone and elaborately carved. Adjoining the sanctum is a luxuriant bed-chamber, which is tastefully and beautifully furnished with a large black walnut bedstead and necessary chamber furniture. Opening into the bed-chamber is a bath-room with all the modern improvements, hot and cold water, etc.

The first room in the rear of the third floor is the composing-room, which is constructed differently from any other in the country. Instead of having the cases stand upon the floor in the old fashioned way they are suspended from the ceiling.

A steam elevator carries the forms from this room to the press-room in the basement below.

We then find a closet or wash-room for the use of the employés on this floor, for Mr. Pomeroy, in his consideration for working men, arranges, as far as lies in his power, so that his men may have all possible comforts.

The next room is occupied by the stereotypers, where the plates are cast from the impressions taken upon *papier maché* from the forms made up in the composing-room.

After leaving this room we pass into the club-room,

which has been fitted up in the finest style for the employés, who pass their evenings and leisure hours here in reading, writing, and playing harmless games. This room is carpeted with fine Brussels, has a very large bookcase filled with the works of standard authors.

The corners and niches are filled with curiosities and relics from all parts of the globe. There you may exercise your muscle with dumb-bells weighing from five to fifty-three and three-quarter pounds, the latter bells being Mr. Pomeroy's especial pets.

In the hall we find a wardrobe, which is divided into compartments, in which each man upon that floor can keep his clothing.

Another stairway leads into a vacant hall, which will soon be fitted up as a book-bindery. The whole building is heated with steam, and lit with gas which is manufactured in a small gas-house a short distance from the office. The whole building is as completely fire-proof as any in the country.

On the corner of Main and Fourth streets is a cornerstone of the finest white Italian marble with the following inscriptions. On the east side is a hand grasping a dagger, with the inscription "*Principia non homines*" above it, and below is engraven "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*" On the north side you will see "DEMOCRAT—M. M. POMEROY."

This stone was laid with appropriate Masonic honors,

the full force of city officials, and the largest concourse of citizens ever seen together in that city was present upon that occasion.

The building adjoining the office, erected this summer by Mr. Pomeroy, is sixty-five feet wide and the same height and depth as the office. The ground floors are used as store-rooms, the second floors as offices, etc., while the third and fourth stories are used as an opera house, the only one in La Crosse.

This is also heated with steam, and lit with gas made in the same building as that for the office.

Mr. Pomeroy intends fitting up the opera house in the handsomest style.

We wish to impress our readers with the richness of these buildings simply because eight years ago their owner did not have sufficient food, or money to buy it with, for himself and family.

Mr. Pomeroy has devoted both time and money to the improvement of La Crosse, which city has become identified with him as the field of his wonderful success, and the people should use every effort to retain him as a citizen.

CHAPTER XIV.

Success of the La Crosse Democrat.—Milk and water evaporated by caustic.

THE marvellous success of the "*La Crosse Democrat*" is undoubtedly to be attributed to its bold and, at times, almost savage spirit against the men and the measures of the party in power, coupled with what have been called its extreme Democratic views.

At the close of the war there were here and there Democrats all over the country of a bolder spirit, higher courage, and more positive principles than the mass of those calling themselves Democrats, who had opposed all the measures of the Republican party during the war and had suffered for it. They had been socially and politically proscribed, many of them mobbed and personally maltreated, their property destroyed, and not a few of them had been seized and held as political prisoners in Federal forts and other places of confinement solely on account of the expression of opinions unpalatable to the men in power.

Such men as these, and all brave, true, earnest men who were Democrats in principle, were sick of the *milk-and-water*, cowardly, half Republican newspapers which had passed for Democratic during the war, and wanted

an outspoken and fearless champion of truth and right to speak for Democracy and the paper.

They found it in the *La Crosse Democrat*. In addition to the qualities already attributed, Mr. Pomeroy infused into it his own personal enthusiasm and indomitable individuality, by which the paper became not only a faithful exponent of Democratic principles, a fierce, audacious, savage assailant of power, but a part of the man himself, a mirror of his thoughts and feelings, as rapidly thrown off from his wonderfully active and untiring brain, and a perfect expression of his driving and aspiring spirit.

It is no wonder that the paper grew rapidly in circulation. It touched as with live coals the hearts of the Democratic masses, and kindled them into enthusiasm and infused into them hope and courage. The people were always right, but their leaders were false and betrayed them. The people rallied to the support of the Democrats as this became known to them. They were all athirst for truth. They hungered for old-fashioned Democratic principles. They found in the *Democrat* something that met their great want. They recognized it as their friend, their defender, the undaunted advocate of their opinions and interests.

Whenever a copy found its way into a neighborhood, it was read and re-read by the whole democratic brotherhood.

Having read one number, they felt an unconquerable longing for more. Of course they subscribed for it. Clubs were formed, and it was taken in large numbers. So it spread and is still spreading. It is to-day found in every part of the land, far away in its remotest settlements. It is the great exponent of democratic opinion for the whole country; and its work is not done. Its mission is not ended. It has before it years of labor and struggle, before the country will be fully redeemed from the consequences of political misrule. It has still work to do, and it will do it. As it represents the people, it will be sustained by them. Common interests, common dangers, and a common glory in the triumph of the right, bind them together in indissoluble bonds. It is proper to say, in this connection, that probably no one thing has added more to the universal popularity of the *Democrat* than its bold advocacy of repudiation of the national debt. It was the first press in the country to take this position, and is now its only prominent advocate; but this will be the next great political issue between parties, however the coming election may turn, but more surely if GRANT shall be elected, than if he shall be defeated.

MARK M. POMEROY will be the acknowledged head of this grand and patriotic movement. His paper, as heretofore, will stand at the head of the GREAT ARMY OF INDUSTRY, and lead it to victory.

On this issue he will carry the country by storm in 1872, when the people will rejoice in a deliverance, for which, to him, more than any other man, they will be indebted. Then will come his great and just reward.

CHAPTER XV.

Treating of Mr. Pomeroy's manner of conducting a printing-office.—His kindness to his employés.

MR. POMEROY'S history and career in La Crosse are striking evidences of what can be accomplished by pluck, devotion to principle, habits of economy, business skill, and a determination to succeed. He went there in the spring of 1860, with less than \$5.00 in his pocket, to establish, by work, a Democratic paper in a Republican district.

Many of his friends advised him not to go into a district politically against him, and urged the necessity of his going to New York and trying in a large city to develop the resources of his genius that friends gave him the credit of possessing. He was advised to let the political field alone, and to devote his time and attention to writing humorous articles and sketches for papers, and to become, if possible, a magazine editor, and to devote his time to book-making. He would not consent to this, but preferred, as he said to some friend in Milwaukee, "to go where the political fight was the thickest, and work earnestly in hope to help his party, and if he could not help those who held the same prin-

ciples as himself, he wanted, at least, to find some place where there was an enemy on whom he could wring his blows."

La Crosse was, therefore, the field for him. The Republican majority was counted by thousands in that section. The country was new; the city was new; the man was poor. The harvest was sadly in need of reapers there, and he at once entered upon the work.

His *La Crosse Democrat* should be an encouragement to every poor printer in the land. We do not mean *poor printers*, but printers who are poor.

It shows what a man can do by work. It shows what results may be brought about by a mechanic, by a laboring man, by a young man, if he is only persistent in well-doing. The office, when he purchased an interest therein, was but a small affair, worth less than the jewelry he now carries upon his person. It was in bad order. The circulation of the paper amounted to nothing. The business of the office was insufficient to pay its expenses. The material was dirty, and needed to be put in shape. The office had been run on credit, and had been run into bankruptcy. Scarcely a dealer in any kind of goods in La Crosse but what had a bill against the establishment, editors, or employés. The credit of the concern was worthless. The office owed the employés nearly \$1,000 for labor and services rendered, while the debts to tradesmen, boarding-house keepers, and other business men of the place were

legion. On taking hold of the office, the first business of Mr. Pomeroy was to put it in repair, clean it up, put things in shape, sweep out, mop out, clean the windows, clean the ink, oil, and dirt from the machinery, put the type in order, and give the place an air of business. This was looked upon as a waste of time and money by his other partners.

It had always been a rule with Mr. Pomeroy, that success could only follow order; that prosperity followed neatness, punctuality, and devotion to business. He put the new office in order, making a place for everything, and gave orders that everything must be kept in place, machinery kept clean, type kept in order; that the men employed about the establishment, instead of spending their time in billiard-saloons and in the office playing various games during working hours, as had been the custom before he took possession of the establishment, must confine their attention to their work, and remain in the office during business hours.

This little change effected a saving of twenty-five per cent., it being found that too many men were employed in the establishment, and that the time somebody was paying for was being frittered away in places where it ought not to be. Conversing with one of the employés of the establishment, who has been with Mr. Pomeroy for years, we use his exact words as nearly as possible:

“Pomeroy had not been in the office, as proprietor or part proprietor, more than thirty minutes before us em-

ployés found that there was a new man at the wheel. The greasy pack of cards was thrown out of the window. The old checkerboard was slashed into the street, and half-a-dozen old pipes went through the window. People were set to clearing up, putting things in order, and it seemed as if it was the intention of somebody that that office was to do business in the future, instead of being a sort of loafing-place for those who did not work, for the bothering of those who did. He argued that those who labored should be promptly on time. That they must stay there till the hour of departure. He put a stop to the employing of drunken printers, and compelled a neatness and attention to business that the office had never before known. All who were working in the establishment seemed at once to catch the infection of business, and felt that success would follow. The second day of Mr. Pomeroy's ownership of the office, in talking with the men as they were standing about the composing-stone, he said to them, that the office could be made to pay. That it did not pay, through the mismanagement of those connected with it. That too many men had been employed. That there was too much waste, and it must be stopped. He said he wanted only good printers about him, and good men; and he used, as near as we can remember, this language: 'Now, boys, there is a prospect of a hard time for all of us.

You have worked here in this office a long time, and it owes you a good deal of money. You have not collected your wages as you should have done. It was the duty of the managers to pay you every Saturday night. You have suffered your wages to be kept away from you. This is an injustice to your families. You have squandered your time, many of you, playing games here in the office during business hours, or at places of amusement or dissipation, when you ought to be at rest. If during business hours, it was an injustice to your employers; if after business hours, it was an injustice to yourself.

“Now I want to make a success of this newspaper. I want to make a printing-office that will be a credit to all of us. We are all interested. If I succeed, you succeed; if I fail, you fail. The office owes you a good deal of money now. It cannot pay you till it earns it. If *you* will take hold and work I will go on the streets and solicit business. I will procure job-work. I want you folks to do it in the office; if you don't know how to do it well, I will teach you. If you can do it well and don't, I don't want you. This is a fair bargain, you work for me and I will pay you for it. In working for me, you work for yourselves. The money this office owes you you shall have. I will agree to pay every Saturday night your earnings, if you want your money then. I would prefer to pay you then, rather than have you give me credit. Your old accounts I will pay you

as fast as we can get the money. It is expected that I am to manage the concern, look out for the finances, and make a newspaper here.

“‘If you will take care of the details, I will take care of the rest. I will try and make a paper interesting to the reader, and you make it neat in appearance, you keep the office neat, and we will all get along together. I want to be your friend, and I want you to be mine. So long as you are gentlemanly and attentive to business, I shall do everything I can to farther your interests, and when you are no longer gentlemen, you can no longer have employment in the office. You stand by me and I will stand by you. The office is unable to pay large wages, but I am going to make it a paying concern, if it takes years to do it, which will not be only able to pay good salaries; and to those who are the most faithful to the office and are the best deserving, will I in future give better positions than they are now having, and better salaries, that they may be perfectly contented with their situations, and that the partnership between employer and employé may be mutually beneficial.’”

CHAPTER XVI.

Why Mr. Pomeroy is popular as a writer.

THE great object of a writer is to be read. How much he is read frequently depends upon his style, and this country has produced no journalist whose style is as proverbially popular as that of "Brick Pomeroy." It is characterized by a union of grace and ease, point and power, fancy and force, vigor and vim, perspicuity and perspicacity.

The imagery with which he illustrates an argument delights us while we are made to feel the ratiocination is conclusive.

The witticisms that his diamond-pointed pen dashes off as it gallops over sheet after sheet of foolscap, while plunging through the discussion of subjects often bare of interest, remind one of the fire we often see fly from the sterile rock under the steel-shod hoof of an impetuous charger.

It is his wonderful brilliancy of style to which he is doubtless indebted for the unparalleled popularity of his flourishing journals. The wing of his fancy knows no weariness—the freshness of his flowers seems to be fadeless; he takes prudent care, however, not to smother facts with metaphors. His object is always to either

furnish information or to throw the light of practical sense upon facts already well enough known, but not well enough understood.

One of his fortes is ridicule; he seems to have found a lesson in Don Quixote, and studied it well. Seeing Cervantes drive knight-errantry into an eternal hermitage before the red-hot shots of his waggery, "Brick," being fortunately endowed with the lively keen sense of the ludicrous, opens the batteries of his humor upon whatever he opposes, until he forces the world to join him in laughing it down. His caricatures are, however, free from malice, and personal piques never show themselves in his editorials.

Another one of his controlling traits of character is, his independence—an independence that is, in the largest sense of the term, manly. Journalists generally seek to ascertain how the people feel toward them, and trim their sails accordingly.

Some papers have stooped to boast that they followed public opinion. Mr. Pomeroy pursues whatever policy is dictated to him by the convictions of his conscience. He is, in his fidelity to truth, incorruptible. Endowed as he is with a remarkably sanguine temperament, he may, in a glow of enthusiasm, color rather richly some facts he may have to paint, but that the canvas on which he employs his brush is solid material, never fails to be literally true.

Courage is the best companion independence can

have, and "Brick" is distinguished for nothing more than he is for his utter fearlessness. His independence, in fact, is the natural offspring of a profound contempt for danger—great decision, and immutable firmness. These high qualities conspire to eminently prepare him to become, what he already is, one of the people's truest *tribunes*. Among other characteristics which belong to him in a rare degree is his exalted sense of justice. That which is right becomes, in his judgment and regard, sacred, *because it is right*. Haughty he never is to the humble, nor is he humble to the haughty. He has more respect for virtuous rags than he has for vicious ribbons, and he scorns to conceal either his contempt or sympathy.

That large, blue eye of his does not know how to look a lie. There is no terror in other men's money for his unquailing spirit. His bearing is the same in the presence of millionaires that it is in the presence of beggars. He has a far deeper reverence for the white hairs of an honest pauper than he has for the white liver of a tricky nabob, no matter what his party professions.

It is when we look into the elements of which his remarkable character is composed that we cease to wonder at the growth of his fame. It is only once in a century Providence sends us a man endowed with so many exalted virtues and wonderful attributes—all, too, under the care, as it were, of superhuman energy and indomitable will.

As a politician, Mr. Pomeroy takes broad and comprehensive views of public policy, and seems to thoroughly understand the fundamental principles of political economy upon which constitutional liberty is established.

He is an earnest Democrat, but his democracy is the result of principle, not partisanship. Were the Democracy in power to-morrow, and its leaders in office were to prostitute their official positions to private purposes of pelf, no Radical in the land would denounce them any quicker or more fiercely than he would.

He is in his private character without a stain, and holds, as a cardinal principle of political ethics, honor to be the life-blood of statesmen and all manner of men in office.

CHAPTER XVII.

A chapter of anecdotes.

MANY amusing anecdotes are related of Mr. Pomeroy during his residence in La Crosse. Upon one occasion, the 4th of July, six or seven years ago, he was invited to read the Declaration of Independence, and also to make a short speech. He accepted the invitation—the crowd assembled—and the amazement of all can be easily imagined upon seeing Mr. Pomeroy ascend the rostrum with a number of smooth shingles under his arm. In explanation, he stated that, as he had to deliver a primitive speech, he thought it might prove acceptable to his hearers to have things done up in a primitive style; and as in olden times the people used boards instead of writing-paper, he merely followed their example! Whereupon he proceeded to read the Declaration of Independence from his boards, much to the amusement of all present. Some of his hearers were “board” by his reading; others were not!

During the war it was currently reported that Mr. Pomeroy made large amounts of money; that is, while he held the position of army correspondent. He did not attempt to deny the statement, but said in his paper that he made from twelve to twenty million dollars,

when, in truth, he did not make a dollar, because he refused to support the Administration.

Mr. Pomeroy, while possessing the gentleness of a woman, inherits from his father, of whom the following characteristic anecdote is related, the coolness and self-possession he exhibits in times of danger. Mr. Pomeroy, Sen., was in possession of a handsome property, which he had invested in lumber, then in rafts ready to be transported by river to Baltimore. During a fearful storm which destroyed many houses on shore, some one sent word to Mr. Pomeroy that his rafts, and "arks" filled with produce, were all going off, or falling to pieces. He hastened to the scene of destruction, surveyed it calmly—for he could do nothing to save it—lighted his pipe, and as the last ark was falling to pieces, he coolly remarked to a man who stood by him :

"If that ark had been stronger, it would not break up so easy, would it?"

At one time Mark intended lecturing in Indiana, but was told that a riot was anticipated, and that he might be attacked if he attempted to speak. He shrugged his shoulders, and at the appointed time ascended the rostrum; as he did so, he allowed his cane to fall—a solid steel one—and the ring of the metal resounded through the building. Picking it up, and still holding it in his hand, he commenced his lecture. Once he was interrupted. "My friend," he said, addressing the man who created the disturbance, "I came here to speak, and I'm

going to say my say if I die for it; and if you don't hush your noise, I shall be compelled to break your head." He was allowed to continue his talk unmolested.

The Republicans of La Crosse soon became afraid to offend Mr. Pomeroy, for his mode of punishment was so unique that it was far more disagreeable than corporeal infliction. A stranger one day went into a bank in La Crosse to draw a certain amount on a check. As reference he used the name of Pomeroy. With an oath the banker exclaimed:

"He is poor reference."

Nothing was said; but in the next issue of the *La Crosse Democrat* was published an article advising all the friends of the paper to transact their business with the other city bank, stating that it was the best and only reliable bank in La Crosse.

The banker at once came to Mr. Pomeroy and made all necessary apologies, which were accepted, and the enemies became good friends.

Once, while in a place of public amusement, one of the employés of Mr. Pomeroy resented an offensive remark which was made by a bully in the crowd. As the man was well known for his fighting propensities, no one dared to espouse the cause of Mr. Pomeroy's friend. The words became louder, until a powerful Western man, some distance from the disputants, rose from his seat, and asked the cause of the disturbance. Upon re-

ceiving an explanation, he came forward, his huge form towering above all there, and said to the man :

“I am not personally acquainted with ‘Brick’ Pomeroy, but I know of him as a brave and honest man, while you are a coward and a liar! Now, if you don’t like that, come and I’ll fight you to your heart’s content.” The man must have been pleased with the statement, for he disappeared in the crowd.

In the early days of the La Crosse Democrat, money was so very scarce with Mr. Pomeroy, that he was often compelled to give his men his promise to pay instead of their money, which, singular to say, so great was their confidence in him, was always accepted, and never once were those notes left in the hands of the men beyond their maturity.

When travelling, Mr. Pomeroy was constantly playing some practical joke, which usually resulted in benefit to himself; for instance, he would often mark his baggage M. M. Pomeroy, U. S. Navy, which secured him every attention. During the Tom Hyer excitement, Mr. Pomeroy tried in vain to find a vacant seat in the cars upon the New York and Erie railroad. In passing through one of the cars, he remarked in rather a loud tone to one of his friends—

“Did you see Tom Hyer when he went into the next car?”

In a moment nearly every seat was vacated, and Mark selected one of the most comfortable, and watched

at leisure the disappointed faces of those who rushed to see Tom Hyer.

The original name of "Brick" was Marcus. He was named after an uncle who was terribly opposed to Democracy. The old gentleman tried to convert his nephew, but in vain; and therefore he considered him not only a hardened sinner, but a lost sheep to the Republican fold. When "Brick" became editor of a Democratic paper, the old uncle was still more exasperated, and after some words between Mark and himself in regard to political matters, he remarked to one of the boy's relatives, that if Marcus was his son, he would disinherit him, and that he was sorry he was named for him.

"Easy enough to change it," replied the independent young man, and from that day he has written his name Mark.

The old gentleman has at last come to declare, that Marcus was about right anyhow, in his opinion.

Although very muscular and firmly built, Mr. Pomeroiy is as agile as a race-horse. He once, for mere amusement, became a competitor in a foot-race, which he won, running three hundred yards in the incredible short time of twenty-nine and a-half seconds.

Sometimes the most simple of "Brick's" practical jokes cause him some "compunctious visitings," but he always makes all the restitution in his power to the party practised upon. He, one day, while journeying in the cars with a party of friends, became very much

interested in an old lady whose early training had so inculcated habits of industry that she, to save time, had brought her knitting with her, and was pegging away with all her might.

The old lady having occasion to leave her seat for a few moments, laid her knitting down: when she returned, it had disappeared. Presently a well-dressed, sober-looking chap took the seat before her, quietly pulled a sock from his pocket, and commenced knitting.

“That ar knitten is mine,” said the old lady, eagerly.

“Excuse me, madam,” said the humorist; “perhaps you are mistaken, but please examine it.”

The old lady took the work, peered at it through her spectacles. The yarn certainly looked like hers—she ought to know it, cause her Sal spun it—but the sock puzzled her, it was not near so far progressed, and then her knitting had only two needles in it, while this young man was knitting with three. With a sigh of intense disappointment, the old lady returned the knitting with the remark, “Wall, stranger, you knit powerful well for a man, but you are the first critter I ever saw what knit a sock with three needles.” Having ravelled out her work and wound the yarn on the ball again, the ball was so much larger, and the stocking so much shorter, the old lady knew at once it was not her work, and gave it up as lost. Mark took the knitting home with him, and put it in his museum, for a curiosity, and wrote to

the old lady, whose address he had taken, to draw on him for any amount of money.

At the commencement of the war, Mr. Pomeroy's means were so limited that he could not be very liberal, but he always divided his mite with the poor around him. When, however, he became prosperous, he was noted for his generosity. Soldiers and their families often had cause to bless him.

As one instance, I cite this: The son of a poor widow lady was offered a good position if he could procure for himself a suitable outfit, which required forty dollars in addition to what he had. His mother went to some of her friends, but failed to get the desired amount. Mr. Pomeroy, hearing the difficulty, gave the full sum, with the message that if the boy needed more to come to him, that he was always willing to assist those who were industrious in their efforts to procure work. The boy is now in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., and we presume a friend to the man who aided him when hardly able to help himself.

In 1862, Mr. Pomeroy endeavored to elect, by a piece of political manœuvring, the independent candidate of that district, the Hon. S. B. Stoddard. The office of the principal Republican paper of the city was in the same building as the *La Crosse Democrat*. One evening, after the forms had been prepared for the weekly issue and left for the night, Mr. Pomeroy went into the

press-room, took the leading article from the form, which was in favor of the other candidate, and inserted in its place an editorial of his own in favor of Stoddard. The paper came out in due time the next morning, nor was the change discovered until a man came into the city from a country place twenty miles distant, to thrash the editor for going back upon the Republican candidate.

The mistake, a joke, was never explained; but the proprietors concluded that it would scarcely do to remain in the same building with M. M. Pomeroy, and so they moved their office. By this act the Republican vote was greatly reduced, as many Republicans voted for Stoddard on reading in their organ that it was their duty to do so.

The good citizens of La Crosse certainly remember when this call appeared in the city papers: "All those who love their country more than party, who revere the Constitution, and who love the Union, are requested to meet at Singer's Hall on Monday evening at eight o'clock. Per order loyal citizens."

"Brick" read the order; said it meant Democrats. Monday evening the Democrats, headed by M. M. Pomeroy, assembled at an early hour in the hall, called the meeting to order, and elected a president. The Republicans came, found three Democrats to one Republican; therefore the largest force held the ground, and the Republicans were obliged to assemble and hold

their meeting in an old building to transact their business—in words, the formation of a “loyal league.”

Only yesterday a gentleman remarked that it was perfectly marvellous to see the effect of the *La Crosse Democrat* upon the minds of the lower classes, particularly the backwoodsmen, whose senses can best be reached by something plain, and, in some acceptations of the word, “broad.” As an illustration, he gave the following fact, which was related to him by a friend who formerly held some position in Mr. Pomeroy’s office in La Crosse. “In 1867, a party of gentlemen were on their way from Nebraska City to St. Joseph and were overtaken by a violent storm of rain and snow. It was intensely cold, and they feared to go further, as night had almost overtaken them, so they decided to take refuge in the next hut they came to. They were then on the north bank of the Big Tarkio, where houses are few and far between, but at last they reached a log cabin, uninviting it is true, but from the chimney issued a smoke which gave every indication of a good fire within. The inside of the cabin was still more repulsive than the exterior, and the surly man who opened the door, bade them continue their journey, as he had no accommodations for strangers. They however entered, and saw from the number of loop-holes in the walls, that they were in the presence of a bushwhacker.

“In looking around the room, one of the gentlemen discovered a *La Crosse Democrat*, and he knew that they

were saved. So taking the paper in his hand he approached the host with these words: 'I see, my friend, that you subscribe for the *La Crosse Democrat*, and any man who takes that paper, and heeds the teachings of 'Brick' Pomeroy, can't have a bad heart enough to turn a man out in the storm such a night as this.'

"'Do you take it?' he eagerly questioned.

"'Of course I do,' was the reply, 'and last year I helped to print it. Mr. Pomeroy is a friend of mine.'

"It is needless to say that the party remained over night, and were as hospitably entertained as if they had been in a palace."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Organization of "The New York Democrat."—Interview with Mr. J. Howard.

ON the 24th of July, 1868, as the result of some correspondence, Mr. Jos. Howard, Jr., an accomplished journalist, called upon Mr. Pomeroy, and during the conversation, the latter said:

"Howard, I want to start a New York Daily; which would you advise, a morning or an evening paper?"

"That depends," answered Mr. Howard, "if you have \$200,000 you care to risk, start a morning paper—it has more influence; but if you care to venture not more than \$50,000 your better opening is an evening."—

"Suppose," said Mr. Pomeroy, "you figure on an evening paper and let me know exactly what it will require to put it through in good shape."

"All right," rejoined Mr. Howard. "Dine with me to-morrow, at six o'clock, and we will talk it over."

The next evening Mr. Howard produced the figures and estimates and said:

"Well, what do you think, Pomeroy?"

Pomeroy. "I'll do it."

Howard. "You need an editor."

Pomeroy. "That's M. M. Pomeroy."

Howard. "And a managing editor."

Pomeroy. "That's Joe Howard."

Howard. "I guess not."

Pomeroy. "I guess yes. It's a matter of money, isn't it?"

Howard. "Yes."

Pomeroy. "That part consider settled. How soon can you have the force engaged, the rooms ready, and the paper on the street?"

Howard. "This is the 25th of July. I'll agree to have the paper ready on the 15th August.

Pomeroy. "All right. Go ahead. Be thorough. Draw on me for funds."

The difficulties in the way of a newspaper enterprise but few appreciate. They are of many species—mechanical, physical, mental, and moral.

They were all overcome. The corps—a peculiarly apt and experienced set of men—were engaged and at work on the 14th of August. The editorial and business offices were furnished and occupied. The composing-room, with new cases, type, and appliances, was in readiness, and at two o'clock on the day appointed the presses delivered the first edition of the NEW YORK DEMOCRAT to the score of thousands ready for it.

It started with more than 20,000 and ran rapidly up, ranging from 25,000 to 30,000, and from 30,000 to 35,000, until the middle of September, by which time the pressure from all sections of the country was so

great, that Mr. Pomeroy determined to add to his enterprise, a daily morning paper, which should be not only democratic in name, but in essence, and so at all times and under all circumstances. He accordingly gave directions to that effect, and the proper steps are taken at this writing, September 18, 1868, which will ensure the early forthcoming of that greatly needed sheet.

Perhaps it is proper here to call attention to a marked peculiarity of Mr. Pomeroy's nature. *He directs, and others perform* as he directs. Although the responsible editor of his several papers, he throws the immediate responsibility upon his assistants. He marks out the course, and indicates the goal, but assumes none of the petty cares that attend the actual conduct of these enterprises.

This not only leaves him time for thought and opportunity for occupation of new fields, but insures that perfection of result, which can only attend the use of power in the hands of responsibility.

The wonderful success attending Mr. Pomeroy and his journals, is rightfully attributed to his sincerity, his honesty, his pluck, his endurance, and his rare knowledge of human nature.

Two favorite sayings of his tell the story :

“I am democratic at all times, and under all circumstances.”—“Principles; not men.”

The eternal fitness of things would seem to be his

omnipresent guide, and with that end in view, what may he not attempt, with brain and opportunity on his right and on his left.

We see by the fact related in this chapter, the organization of *THE DEMOCRAT*, a peculiar trait of character with Mr. Pomeroy, his quickness, be it at repartee, to seize an opportunity, or in making decisions. It is *yes* or *no*. He seems to know what a person wants the moment he enters the room, or his presence, often deciding before a story is half told, but not before he has comprehended it fully. We have seen him refuse charity to impostors—the next moment to open his purse unasked to relieve real necessity.

In the manner of writing he is peculiar. Seated at the desk, he will write a column of bitter invective—then a column of pathetic appeal—then one of the humorous, descriptive, or political articles which have given him such a wide-spread name and reputation—then dash off a column of jokes and personals; doing in two hours what other men could never do, or writing in an hour more of, or upon a subject than most professional men could do in a day.

He never re-writes; pages after pages of his manuscript go into the hands of his printers without addition, erasure, or change of a comma or word.

If a writer in his paper furnishes an article that in his idea is not quite up to the mark, he finds no fault, but says:

“Yes, that is good, but see if this will not fit the case a little closer.”

Then he will snatch a pen or pencil, and, in half the time used to prepare the original article, write one, *red-hot*, as the saying is, and say :

“Read this—Follow the idea—write to the point—hit ’em right on top of the head—never do you look for consequences—I’ll take care of the rest !”

He is the most rapid writer living, and will, while writing one article, be dictating another to a man on his right, and still another to a person on his left. The amount of mental labor he performs astonishes all who know him.

A prominent New York journalist asked him one day, in our hearing :

“Mr. Pomeroy, how under heaven do you accomplish so much? How do you live under the enormous labor you perform?”

Says he, in reply :

“Oh, easy enough—it’s no work for me! I believe what I write—never write unless I have something to say—know what I wish to say, and *say it*, without thinking about the consequences. And then I never dissipate in *any way*. God gave me a work to do, and He is helping me. He will help me so long as I take care of myself and strive to do my duty. I never drink liquor as a beverage—never injure my brain by the use of tobacco or stimulants—try to keep my health—have

a clear conscience, and a *disposition to work*. And I know, if I work earnestly I shall succeed some day, for those for whom I labor will help me when I prove myself worthy of help."

"Well, Mr. Pomeroy, your enemies say hard things about you."

"Yes, but they don't know me; and when they learn what kind of a man I am, they feel foolish. But I don't care what my enemies say. Thank God! my friends are satisfied with me—I am satisfied with myself and the cause I am engaged in—and He who rules us all seems satisfied with me, or I should not succeed in the face of the opposition before me."

"Well," said a personal friend, "I don't endorse your ideas, but I like you as a man, and wish you well."

"If you wish me well you must endorse my ideas, for to wish me well is to wish me success."

"That *is so*, isn't it?—well, so be it!"

M. M. Pomeroy came to New York backed by the *people* of the United States as never was man endorsed before. He asks no man for a dollar, has abundant means to lose half-a-dozen ordinary fortunes, if need be, to insure his success. He intends to fight the bondholders, all corrupt politicians and robbers of the people, to defend the *rights of States and the interests of the working class*. He cares not for losses to property or life—he means conscientiously to *fight for a principle*, and intends to see that principle win, if at the end of a

bitter war in the North. He is the most implacable enemy the Republican party ever had; and he will, if in the power of mortal, give that party the death-blow.

CHAPTER XIX.

An author cannot be judged by his writings.—Mr. Pomeroy's ideas of
Masonry.

MARK M. POMEROY is a practical demonstration of the fact that you cannot always judge an author by his writings. As a man, he is a singular compound of wisdom and simplicity. Many judging him from some of his articles in the *La Crosse Democrat*, believe him to be a rough, unpolished man, given to the use of profane language, intoxicating beverages, tobacco, and all other vices incidental to the fast men of the age. In his private character Mr. Pomeroy is unimpeachable; he is never the companion of dissolute or bad characters; does not use tobacco in any form; entirely ignores the use of stimulants, and will discharge a man from his employ quicker for indulging in liquor than for any other failing.

He is very tender-hearted, and is generous to a fault. The following characteristic anecdote is related of him, which shows his simplicity of manners, and his sympathy for toilers for bread, especially women:

Mr. Pomeroy, during a conversation with an almost unknown lady writer, asked for one of her books, that

he might notice it in his paper. The lady, appreciating the compliment, gladly presented him with the book.

"Can you make it convenient to call at my office to-morrow?" he asked, "and I will pay you for it."

"I believe, sir," replied she, "that it is customary to present editors with the book for the notice, is it not? And besides, you have given me copies of your 'Sense' and 'Nonsense.'"

He stood a moment as if embarrassed, and then said: "I will feel badly if you don't let me pay you; and as for giving you my book, that's a different matter. I am able to do it, for I'm a great big man, and you are only a little delicate woman, who should not be obliged to battle with the world."

Mr. Pomeroy appreciates fun, and never neglects an opportunity of creating mirth. Only a short time ago, as "Brick," with his coat off, was working in his office, there entered a handsomely dressed, pompous-looking man, who scarcely noticed the hard-working man. The great "Brick" was the one he wanted to see, but he condescended to ask the following questions:

"This is Mr. Pomeroy's office, is it not, young man?"

"It is, sir," answered Brick, politely.

"Office of the *La Crosse Democrat*?"

"Yes, sir, a branch office."

"Will Mr. Pomeroy be in to-day?"

"He will, sir."

"He has rooms at the Astor-House, has he not?"

“He has, sir.”

“Will you give me the number of his room?”

“Certainly, sir,” said the obliging “Brick;” and writing the number of his room he handed the card politely to the man, who walked across the City-Hall Park in search of the “Brick” he had just been talking to.

Brick looked into the office where we were sitting laughing at the scene, and asked, with a sober face, but mirthful eyes, what pleased us so; and then added:

“I answered his questions politely, did I not—every one he asked me?”

Mr. Pomeroy has a hearty, genial way about him that fascinates even his political foes, who cannot help respecting his character as a man, although they do not admire his political course. One fact is indisputable, that those who have known him longest like him best.

“Tell me some of Mr. Pomeroy’s faults,” I asked in my search for facts in regard to his life, of a young man who had been with him many years.

“Indeed,” was the reply, “you must go to some one who has never known Mr. Pomeroy, to find out his failings. I have been with him too many years to see them.” Although far from being cruel, it is not best to make an enemy of him, for his memory is powerful, and his manner of resenting an injury original.

He has many peculiar traits of character, one of which is, secrecy in regard to his anticipated movements—po-

litical and financial. Another is, his rapidity of thought, which enables him to decide in a moment; he then moves with sudden and overpowering energy, bending every power to the accomplishment of the matter in hand. Quick to decide—prompt to act—he deems argument on an abandoned project a loss of time and waste of energy, unfitting a man for what is in immediate view. Perseverance in any course he has adopted, is another striking trait. If he cannot master a man *to-day*, he at once plans, and waits to capture him *to-morrow*, or when the proper time comes. He abandons a fight *to-day*, to renew it in a month or year, with tenfold vigor—going down like a duck, to come up again when least expected.

He delights in an open fight in argument with an enemy, and never holds off from pursuit of a flying foe, until he grounds arms and surrenders, when all the past is forgiven, and the only desire is to work in unison for the future good of mankind.

Mr. Pomeroy is a worker himself, and he hates a man who will not bear his share of toil fairly. He himself devotes to his duties from sixteen to twenty hours per day.

He is also fond of out-door sports, is a thorough horseman, a capital pistol and rifle shot, and expert with the bowie-knife, is of powerful build, can easily hold fifty or sixty pounds on the back of his hand at arm's length.

He is a great lover of art and literature, and regrets that his early opportunities were such as would not admit of the gratification of his tastes, nor the cultivation of his remarkable talents.

Mr. Pomeroy is a Mason, Brother, Companion, and Sir Knight: a true Mason in every sense of the word; created by God and confirmed by man.

As a Mason, he is peculiarly consistent, believing that there is more of religion in the teachings of Masonry, than in many so-called Christian societies. He never speaks ill of a brother or relative of one, unless he does it in defence of truth; and to worthy Masons, he has always an open hand. But he insists that it is no part of a Mason's duty to pay money or go out of the way to aid Masons who are addicted to intoxication—who squander money foolishly—who will not try to help themselves, and who would use the sacred ties of Masonic Brotherhood to support them in idleness and dissipation.

The "Jewels" of a brother Mason he would defend at peril of his life, as is the duty of every valiant Sir Knight. While he never asks aid himself on this score, he is only too glad to recognize the calls of others, if they be *worthy*. One idea of his is this. In response to the question to him one day propounded:

"What does that lot of letters H. T. W. S. S. T. K. S. on your Masonic charm stand for?"

He at once replied:

“He That Whispers Scandal Seeks To Kill Society.”

Whether this is the correct interpretation or not we cannot tell, but it seems to us to be a very good one, and worthy of remembrance, and of general adoption.

CHAPTER XX.

Difference of opinion in regard to the personal appearance of "Brick."—Pomeroy a twin.—Praise from Mr. Greeley.

A MASSACHUSETTS paper says:

"We saw 'Brick' Pomeroy in New York—a little old drunkard, with narrow face, low forehead, and piggy looking eye."

The *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, the spiciest daily in the world, says:

"BRICK" POMEROY.—Mr. M. M. Pomeroy, editor and proprietor of the *La Crosse Democrat*, is now in New York. One who knows of him only by his writings, knows but little of him as a man. He has one of the best built heads we ever saw; a tremendous brow, with a forehead as fine and white as that of a girl; his great blue eyes are as innocent, as full of fun, as those of a baby, but as sharp as those of a lynx; he is graceful in demeanor, quiet voiced, full of vim, and nervous in temperament. He writes like a steam-engine; his pen flying over the paper like a flash of greased lightning. The *Weekly Democrat* has a circulation of over 270,000 copies; and goes into every city, town, and hamlet of the nation.

[From the N. Y. Citizen.]

QUESTION OF IDENTITY.—It is not generally known that Mr. Pomeroy, the editor of the *La Crosse Democrat*, and more lately of the *Democrat* in this city, is a young man of refined and elegant appearance, with a small, white hand, a broad forehead, and slim shape. He neither drinks nor smokes, and has none of the characteristics of a seasoned Hard-shell of the olden school, while a steady glance from a woman will make him blush to his ears. His disposition naturally throws him with those of a religious tendency. Clergymen are common visitors at his office, and find him always ready to assist the objects they have in view. One of these who had a bald head, and on whom nature had most unjustly set the seal of the wine-bibber, was seated in his outer office writing, when a specimen Fourth Ward Democrat, more than three sheets in the wind, called to pay his respects to the King of the Copperheads. This fellow was shown into the same room with the clergyman; and, stalking up behind the latter, who was leaning over the desk deeply occupied, brought a huge, dirty hand down upon his bald head, so that the marks of his fingers were visible for hours, shouting: "How are you, Brick, old fellow? I knowed you at once, I did. How are you, old cuss? I knowed you by your bald head and your red nose. You are one of our sort, you are. Give 'em Old Nick, them Republican cusses;

you are the chap that can do that same, you are. I see it in your eye."

Explanations were useless, and the clergyman rushed into Mr. Pomeroy's private apartments for protection, with the marks of the strong admiration of his friend still upon him.

[From the *Crawford County (Ohio) Forum*].

BRICK POMEROY.—While riding leisurely along in one of those elegant street-coaches for which New York is famous, from the seething Convention at Tammany Hall, down Bowery, past the Tombs, and to City Hall Park, our attention was arrested by a modest and unpretentious sign, hung out from the corner of the old *Sun* building, which read: "THE LA CROSSE DEMOCRAT." Curiosity, as well as a commendable desire to see and form the acquaintance of its distinguished editor, induced us to call a "halt;" and in a few moments we were ushered into the sanctum. After a formal introduction, we were greeted with the words, "Welcome, a thousand times welcome!" from the lips of the man whom the bondholders and gold-brokers of Wall-street fear more than any other who treads this continent.

And now, while our conversation is momentarily interrupted by one of his business agents, who is directed to the news-room, where enormous piles of weekly *Democrats* are lying upon the counter, allow us to daguerreotype his *physique* and general appearance to our

readers. Imagine a man very neatly and genteelly dressed, five feet ten or eleven inches in height, about forty years of age, symmetrically built, neither heavy nor slender, straight as an Indian chief, a fine, shapely head, somewhat bald, sitting firmly on a finely proportioned neck and shoulders, blonde complexion, as fair as a woman's, darkish auburn hair, large, liquid, lustrous, speaking eyes, and a countenance expressive of mental overwork, yet lighted up with calm, but terrible earnestness—and BRICK POMEROY stands before you.

Whoever looks upon that face is at once prepared for the curious anomaly of seeing side by side, in alternate columns of the *La Crosse*, some prose idyl, like "Saturday Night," in which the tenderest cords of the harp of humanity are played upon with exquisite fingers, and a venomous philippic, scarcely inferior in quality and concentrated energy to its great Demosthenian original, against "Ben. Butler, the cock-eyed beast of New Orleans."

"Brick's" conversation is like his editorials—nervous, sententious; in short, a *melange* of sense, tenderness, Attic wit, flashes of thought like flashes of lightning, and above all and beyond all, an earnest, intense enthusiasm, which invincibly fascinates and enchains the listener.

Republicanism laughed scornfully at his fiery editorials four years ago, as they appeared in the little, slender columns of his paper, which enjoyed a still slenderer

circulation. To-day, his mammoth steam-presses in La Crosse and New York, send to the world nearly three hundred thousand copies, laden with every species of argument and illustration to catch the eye or appeal to the sense of working men; and if "Brick" Pomeroy stamps his foot, the bondholders, from Wall-street to Hamburg, clutch tremblingly their golden couponed bonds, to make them sure.

On exchanging farewells, "Brick" kindly presented us with a beautifully bound copy of his late work, entitled "Sense." We have read it carefully through with one whose opinion is more valuable than our own, and found it *gold; pure, beaten gold*. It is exactly adapted to make men out of boys—men of worth, stamina, character, probity, and vigorous manhood.

A health to you, "Brick," wherever you are! Be firm, be true! Our heart is with you in the conflict of Labor against Capital, Taxpayers against Bondholders, Union against Disunion, and Right against Wrong.

We clip from the *Reading Eagle* the following extracts from the report of Mr. Pomeroy's reception and speech at Reading a few weeks since:

"Mr. Pomeroy stepped upon the top of the railing, not over nine inches wide, and from that rather insecure position addressed the people for more than two hours. He is a fluent, eloquent, and graceful speaker; and though on his first appearance, and at intervals through-

out his address, he was greeted with tremendous applause, the motionless attitude and close attention of the people, closely packed together under the cold starlight, listening in the utmost silence, was still more complimentary to the speaker.

“ We regret that our space prevents us from publishing his address entire. It was eloquent and unanswerable, and was addressed principally to Republicans. There was no coarse language, no profanity, no bitter personal denunciation, but the plain truth, spoken by a plain man, and intended for plain, common-sense people. Those persons who expected to hear Mr. Pomeroy disgrace himself and his party were disappointed.

“ A large number of ladies were present, and remained to a late hour. Mr. Pomeroy spoke rapidly, and without apparent fatigue, though somewhat wearied by travel. He has a clear and sonorous voice, which could be heard distinctly by the vast crowd in attendance, which is estimated at five thousand persons at least, most of whom were working-men.

“ Only one slight disturbance took place, caused by an intoxicated ‘loil’ man on the outskirts of the crowd, but he was speedily silenced, and made a retreat to the Mansion House, where he concealed himself. Mr. Pomeroy expressed his thanks to the people of Reading for his kind reception and their close attention, and closed his speech by proposing three cheers for Seymour and

Blair, which were given with a will, immediately followed by three tremendous cheers and a tiger for 'Brick' Pomeroy.

"In person Mr. Pomeroy is of medium height, and well built, somewhat bald, with light hair and light complexion. He has a fine forehead, and an open, prepossessing countenance, with an expression of quickness, tireless energy, and dauntless bravery. As a speaker we have never heard him excel. His humorous remarks drew forth bursts of irrepressible laughter, and his eloquent, and frequently pathetic remarks, were listened to with the closest attention and highest apparent appreciation by all. His voice, clear and penetrating as the notes of a bugle, penetrated to an incredible distance, and every sentence was distinctly audible.

"In manner Mr. Pomeroy is a plain, unassuming, and courteous gentleman. He dresses plainly, but elegantly, in black, and wears on his breast a beautiful and costly emblem of the Masonic fraternity, of which he is a prominent and respected member. He is strictly temperate, using neither liquor nor tobacco in any form, though he is not a fanatical prohibitionist, preferring to let every man make his own choice in his mode of living.

"Mr. Pomeroy greatly admired our beautiful city, and was delighted with the people, the scenery, and the blooming fertility of Old Berks, which he promises to

visit again. He has left behind him hosts of friends, of all parties, some of whom were agreeably disappointed to find that the terrible 'Brick' Pomeroy is not a ruffian nor a fiend, but a modest, unassuming, courteous, and affable gentleman in every sense of the word. The immense turnout of the people is an evidence that the best wishes of the masses are with the Democracy and their champion, and that Berks county will respond heartily to the request of Mr. Pomeroy, for an unprecedented Democratic majority at the coming elections."

None of the newspaper descriptions of Mr. Pomeroy are perfectly correct, and, in truth, it is as difficult to describe the personal appearance of this most singular man as it is to enumerate the phases of his character.

He is five feet eight inches in height, firmly built, with powerful chest and lungs, measuring around his chest forty-three inches. Although accustomed to labor in his early life, his feet and hands are small. His face is peculiar. He has a very high forehead, and the thin light hair of susceptible, nervous temperament, and also light, or sandy whiskers. His mouth is not small, and his lips are full, but refined and pure. They are impulsive, and indicate both affection and hospitality. Even before he speaks, those who know him well can tell by the curve of his lips if he will utter words of kindness or fierce denunciation. His lips denote ambition, firmness, self-esteem, and self-control—also approbateness. He is pleased with himself and all he does.

His nose is far from being handsome, but it is decidedly characteristic. It is apprehensive and inquisitive. His is not a combative nose, but on it you may read *noli me tangere* (touch me not). On his own ground he will fight to the death, and in argument is pretty sure to have the last word.

His ears are large, and indicate the Democratic element of character.

It will perhaps be observed that we have spoken of the eyes of Mr. Pomeroy in one place as gray, in another we have called them blue. In reading the numbers of the first portion of this book, Mr. Pomeroy inserted gray for blue. As we glanced into his eyes to satisfy ourselves as to their real color, we found they were *black*, for the sight of the eye covered nearly all the pupil, so large and intense it was. One singular fact has never been mentioned. In the pupil of his left eye is a *red brick*, which grows darker and more fiery when Mr. Pomeroy is politically excited. Some poet calls the eye "the window of the soul;" and we believe it is, for Mr. Pomeroy's eyes are irrepressible—so is he. Sometimes they glow with intense emotion, gleam with hate, sparkle with mirth, flash with anger, melt with pity, light up with joy, and darken in sorrow.

His is not an educated eye; it is the impulsive eye of a child; and we can scarcely realize how any one who has ever looked in Mr. Pomeroy's eye can consider him

anything but pure, honest, and noble, in his efforts for the grand cause he has espoused.

(From the La Crosse Democrat.)

“TIME IS THE VINDICATOR.—There have been few people in the world more maligned, slandered, misrepresented, and abused, than the editor of this paper—
M. M. POMEROY.

“So long as we can remember, Radicals have suffered and writhed under his sharp lashings, and, as a defence, have invented the most absurd and improbable stories relative to Mr. POMEROY’S character—or want of character—one could possibly conceive.

“There is hardly a big or little print in the whole country that has not had its snarl; but all were to little purpose in crushing out the renowned traitor they sought to annihilate. While all of them were the vilest and grossest misrepresentations, they were also devoid of the strength that attaches to decency and earnestness.

“Finally, however, about a year ago, the editor of a small, obscure paper, printed at Corry, Pa., got his ‘mad’ up, and sent out a scorching shell, that was pushed along by the whining Radical press, until it had gone the length and breadth of the country. At the time we paid no attention to the effervescing vile-ness of this scab of Jacobinism, trusting to time to set all things even. And time has done it.

“ We have before us a slip cut from the Oregon (Ill.) *National Guard*, from which we take the following extracts :

“ ‘ Not many months since, the people of this county were regaled with an article on ‘ Brick’ POMEROY, by a portion of our county press, copied from the Corry (Pa.) *Republican*. Every paper caught it up, and many of them testified that it was true to their own knowledge. While in Rockford the other day, we met the gentleman who edited the *Republican*, and while in conversation with him referred to the article in question. He acknowledged that he wrote it, and also that it was manufactured entirely from fancy, not a word of truth being in it. He said, as a publisher of a Radical paper he thought if he couldn’t tell anything against a copperhead by telling the truth on him, he would lie. He said the other Radical papers did it, and he wanted to keep up.’

“ Here is a first-rate Radical confession, showing that the stock in trade of the Jacobin mob is lying and slandering. This Pennsylvania editor confesses to having never seen us, yet he published what he called a personal description, and gives reputed happenings in our career, which he now confesses to have been entirely imaginary, and without the slightest foundation in truth ; and such were all the vile stories that have been published in that connection. We took not the trouble to denounce them, because our friends, and

those who knew us, knew them to be lies, and for our enemies we had no care.

“TWINS — BEECHER AND POMEROY.—The coming monthly of that eccentric genius, Packard, the advance sheets of which the editor has kindly furnished us, contains a peculiar article on ‘Twins.’ In it the author makes the absurd point, that men in general are ashamed of twins, that they go back on them, and rather avoid the honor of their paternity. But read him :

“‘Another singular twinitarian fact is, that, whereas the mother is always inexpressibly proud of twins, the father not unfrequently has to contend with a shamefacedness on the subject, of which he is, in turn, still more ashamed. You see a couple blessed with twins get aboard of a street-car with their double chubby treasures. The mother makes the most of them, shows them off in a variety of cunning maternal ways, and challenges the admiration of the whole company ; but the father sneaks off to the platform outside, under pretence of requiring the fresh air. We saw that very thing done no longer ago than the day before yesterday, in a street-car in Brooklyn.

“‘In fact, the only man that we have any idea would *always* be proud of twins, everywhere, on every occasion, and under *whatever* circumstance, is Brick Pomeroy. Although we never saw Brick Pomeroy, we

feel an assured conviction that *he* would never think of going back on a pair of twin Bricks in a street-car, or anywhere else.

“Does the reader ask us why, in this particular matter, we have such an exalted opinion of the young Democratic David? We answer, our faith in Brick Pomeroy’s loyalty to twins is founded on the fact that

“*Brick is himself a twin!* and that Henry Ward Beecher is the other one!

“It cannot have been forgotten that, on a memorable occasion, when Mr. Beecher was expostulated with for saying original and live things in the pulpit, he plaintively responded:

“But if you only knew the things I *don’t* say!”

“Too true! alas, too true! And here is where the twinship comes in:

“Mr. Beecher does *not* say ’em, but his fellow twin *does* say ’em. Brick thus supplements or twins Beecher, whereby we get an entire man, which is a purely providential matter.

“And Brick has made a vast deal more by *saying* the things which Beecher does *not* say, than Mr. Beecher has ever made by *not* saying the things which Brick *does* say.

“But if Mr. Beecher only *would* say ’em in his own heaven-gifted way, what a commotion he could raise, *what a newspaper he could make!* He could be the

monarch of the world—the adored leader of the choice and master spirits of this age.

“‘The twin that speaks its uttermost convictions without fear, favor, or affection, is the favorite of these times, and we feel obliged to providence for proving this truth so strikingly by means of Brick Pomeroy. Not that we sympathize or agree in principles or convictions with that conspicuous twin, far from it; but we *do* go in for the out-and-out expression to one’s personality, under any and all circumstances.

“‘The application of this short secular sermon is, therefore, this, oh reader: If you are going to be a twin at all, be the twin that *says* it, rather than the twin that *doesn’t* say it—the twin that *does* it, rather than the twin that *doesn’t* do it.’”

“TRUTH FROM THE TRIBUNE.—The *Tribune* of this morning is disposed to be complimentary. We begin to tremble lest we have done something wrong. Praise from happy HORACE—goodness gracious; praise from godless GREELEY—really, this *will* not do. Pitch into us, old buffers, but for pity’s sake don’t slather us with flattery. We always knew that we were good; but great—oh, go ’long. This is what HORACE says:

“‘The Hon. Mark M. Pomeroy, the great Democratic editor and statesman of the West, has honored us with a copy of his ‘new national daily paper,’ *The Democrat*. We are glad to have an opportunity of congratulating

Mr. Tilden and his friends that they are about to have an organ that will 'force the fighting.' We have been convinced that the disgust which the pure Democracy of New York felt for the *Herald* and the *World* would take expression in this form. It was impossible for a great party, a party of lusty, zealous, and bold men, to forever follow the uncertain leadership of the *Herald*, or to find comfort in the endless columns of twaddle which the hangers-on of the Manhattan Club daily distill into the New York *World*. They have yearned for a leader like Pomeroy; and now Pomeroy comes among them, a Saul among Democratic prophets, and raises the banner of true Democracy in New York.

"Mr. Pomeroy informs us that his paper will be 'red-hot;' that it will be 'a true, reliable, out-and-out Democratic daily paper;' that it will be 'the sharpest, plainest, most readable, best edited and most interesting daily paper ever issued in America;' and that '*it will persistently and unflinchingly advocate the equality of States or another war.*' He also assures us, that in arranging this platform, it is 'with a full knowledge of the wants of the people, their sentiments and demands.' The difference between Mr. Pomeroy and the other Democratic editors is, that he is sincere. He claims to be a Democrat, and nothing else. It is all very well for these curled darlings of the Manhattan Club, sodden with the fumes of Mr. Barlow's champagne, to write their rhetorical fribbles about the Constitution

and the laws, but the true-hearted Democrat, the Democrat who goes to the polls and assists in swelling the great Democratic majority of New York, wants just such teaching as Mr. Pomeroy proposes to give him.

“The advent of Mr. Pomeroy is a matter that more immediately concerns the *World*, the *Herald*, and the *Express* than it does the *Tribune*. At the same time, it is an event in New York journalism. It is also something to know that we have Mr. Brick Pomeroy in journalism, and that he leads a mighty and well-disciplined party. As for the *World*, it serves no purpose, either useful or ornamental, except to print the inexhaustible letters of George T. Curtis, and the interminable speeches of Mr. Tilden.”

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Wells' description of a true Orator.—Pomeroy as a Poet, Artist, Philosopher, and Actor.

Mr. S. R. WELLS, in his "New Physiognomy, or Signs of Character," thus speaks of the true orator :

"The orator requires the mental and vital temperaments. He must be feelingful, emotional, frank, and open, and be largely endowed with Language, as an outlet for his thoughts and feelings. He must have a vivid imagination to give its charm to his ideas, and Ideality to adorn his style. He should have strong affections, to warm up and animate his nature. The more highly educated, the better he can use his faculties. Still, the Indian of the forest may possess all the natural oratorical qualities and become celebrated, although untaught. And we have had very fine specimens of native orators even among backwoodsmen, who were unlettered.

"One may excel as a debater without rising into the sphere of the orator. He may preach a most eloquent sermon without any oratorical display. He may be purely of the intellectual sort, and, as a speaker, he may claim some degree of reputation; but if he combine something of the poet and actor, with real devotion,

his power will be proportionately increased. Truth should be a crowning principle, and he who speaks, should speak *from* the heart *to* the heart, if he would *move* the heart.

“He is the best orator who knows most of the human mind. Would he awaken the affections, he knows what chord to touch. Would he excite the passions, he knows where to strike. Would he stimulate the sympathies, or develop the reverential emotions, he must appeal to them through Benevolence and Veneration. Would he touch our sense of honor, our manliness, he must appeal to those faculties on which these sentiments depend, and he must feel and express these sentiments if he would work on the feelings of those who hear. This is the secret of oratory.

“A man with a bad cause, and knowing himself to be in the wrong, can make but a weak appeal compared with him who is actuated by the consciousness of being in the right, and of serving God as well as man. Take the case of Patrick Henry on that memorable occasion when he exclaimed: ‘*I know not what course others may take, but as for my single self, GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH. !*’”

We thank Mr. Wells for so clearly defining the secret of Mr. Pomeroy’s success as an orator. Like the Indian of the forest, his sole preceptor in elocution was the grand master of the Indian, Nature. He speaks *from* the heart *to* the heart, and he not only *feels the truth*

of every word he utters, but he convinces his hearers that *he believes in his expressed sentiments*.

Like our good, kind-hearted Horace Greeley, Mr. Pomeroy is *honest*, and in this age when honest men are so hard to find, be they Republican or Democrat, they should be appreciated.

Mr. Pomeroy is a poet—his mental temperament is exquisitely susceptible—he has not the poetry of the passions, nor of the intellect; his is the inspired poetry of the spiritual sentiments. Read his “Magic Article” in his book of “Sense.” It is a prose poem. In the delicate finger-tracery of the frost on his windows he sees all that is beautiful in nature. He says: “It seemed as though a convention of angel-artists had been summoned by the dying Winter-king, and by the light of the *aurora borealis*, had made him a picture of such magic beauty, that no one could look upon it without feeling to do him homage. There were the bold, heavy strokes of some rough old forest-spirit who delighted in making mountains, rocks, cascades, and deep ravines. There stood the work of less dashing artists, delighting in the production of plains, rivers, oceans, and deserts. Then there were plains filled with forests deep and dark—with woods resembling the famed Bois de Boulogne—with prairies and deserts stretching off into the distance, *till lost in touches so delicate that the breath of a spirit even, must drive the work away*. There were sketches by gentler artists—

of birds, of plants, of flowers, and a thousand beautiful fancies. There were the choicest, most delicate embroideries, rivalling the finest Honiton, so neatly woven, of so fine a texture, and of such handsome patterns, that it seemed as if the wedding lace and bridal veils of angels had been stolen from their heavenly wardrobe, and placed on the windows before me to teach man his utter insignificance."

We see in this beautiful poem the ideality and sublimity which he sometimes shows in his speeches.

He is sympathetic, and can at once read the style of his audience, and adapt his oration to their intellects. He is a splendid imitator, and his sense of the ludicrous is intense. I have seen his audience one moment shedding tears over some pitiful tale of woe, and the next laughing at his truthful imitation of some drunken sot. He is, as a speaker, fiery, honest, and earnest; he speaks, urged on by his love of liberty and sense of manly independence, and his words fall like *hot shot* and strike home to the hearts of his hearers. He is not a cautious speaker, and does not feel his way, but dashes at once into the heart of the argument regardless of consequences.

His language is large; his sympathies and affections strong, and his executiveness almost boundless. If trained for the stage he would have been a consummate impassioned actor.

He is no philosopher; he does not spend time in ana-

lyzing *causes* or in indulging in *comparisons*; he grasps *results*, and uses his powerful perspective gift in carving out his way politically.

He is very original and comprehensive, and is capable of putting parts together and drawing conclusions. He is reverential, and his religion consists in "doing unto others as he would have them do unto him." His Hope and Faith are strong; he trusts God always, and man until deceived by him.

His social affections are strong. He, when not engaged in national affairs, is, strictly speaking, a family-man, fond of home enjoyments, and devoted to wife and child—his little Mary, a fairy of seven years—of whom he speaks with all the tenderness of a fond father. He is mirthful as a child, and enjoys the sports and pastimes of a boyish nature.

Mr. Pomeroy is an artist. His creative ability is large. His pen-and-ink sketches are so ably drawn that we can shut our eyes and still see the pictures portrayed in them. As a man he is familiar and democratic; there is nothing exclusive about him; he uses as studies the highest and the lowest specimens of humanity, and his wonderful descriptive powers enable him to give to the world the result of his investigations.

We have faithfully endeavored to give a fair estimate of Mr. Pomeroy, politically and intellectually, judging as well by what we know of him as by the facts given us by those who have been long and intimately con-

nected with him, and we sum up all by giving the secrets of his wonderful success. In the first place he thoroughly understands himself, and therefore is conversant with every phase of human nature, and when he undertakes to reach a goal, he does so, fully *determined to win.*

CHAPTER XXII.

As a popular orator.

As we said before, Mr. Pomeroy is, as an orator, bold, dashing, original, forcible and eloquent, be it in appeal, illustration, or sarcasm. Fowler and Wells, the well-known phrenologists, say that he should have been a public speaker, rather than a writer, and class him as a statesman of high order, combining sense with ability. When speaking he is extempore entirely—never at a loss for words.

He handles an audience as he would four-in-hand, and becomes at once on familiar terms with it.

He uses wit, satire, sarcasm, appeal, argument, and illustration, alike with force, and holds his audience till the work be done. As a specimen of his powers in this respect, we give an extempore speech made by him at Waverly, N. Y., on the evening of Sept. 26, 1868, without other preparation than the school of events. It is a verbatim report as taken down by his short-hand reporters, without addition, erasure, or alteration; and will bear perusal—the more, as it indicates his reasons for his political earnestness.

SPEECH OF MR. POMEROY.

Ladies and Gentlemen of Waverly—After thanking you from a full heart for your generous welcome here, I ask from you to-night your attention more than your cheers. Let me say to you, my friends—for every working man in America, every young man in this country, I care not whether he is Democrat or Republican, so long as he is honest, is my friend, and his prosperity is my happiness—let me say to you here to-night, I would rather have your attention than your cheers, and you will please me, as your friend, as one working for your interests, if you will remain perfectly quiet and not cheer me at all, and not give any demonstration of applause to anything I may say. I will state, furthermore, that if I am interrupted, if any gentleman sees fit to interrupt me by talking to his companions in the crowd, although he may do it kindly, that moment I shall leave the platform and talk to the people outside this densely packed temple. I wish to be heard. I ask your attention that you, my former fellow-citizens, my friends, all may understand what I say—to indorse the right and denounce the wrong, if any wrong positions are taken or words said here before the thousands assembled. First I will read to you from a very loyal, dark-complexioned, black and tan-colored handbill, which has been, by Republicans, distributed broadcast over the streets of Waverly. I wish your attention,

ladies and men, as I intend to convert every Republican in this wigwam. I presume *they* call them *wigwams* out of compliment to Grant's early Indian experience. (Applause.) I see there are about one hundred and seventy-five Republicans here to-night; I can tell them by their looks. They are not as wide between the eyes as Democrats, and act as if their palms itched for wool. (Applause.)

“The bill reads as follows:

“INCANTATION OF THE DEMONS.

KU-KLUX KLAN! TURN OUT!

Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble;
 Adder's fork, Copperhead's sting,
 Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
 With the charm and powerful trouble,
 Like devil-broth, boil and bubble.’

“Brick Pomeroy, the champion of modern Democracy, the man who was driven out of Rosecrans' army, will boil the charmed pot in fort hell to-night in Waverly.

“Brick Pomeroy, who happily calls the citizens of Waverly God-and-morality sneaks, who curses green-backs, and glorifies gray-backs, will give the Democracy the latest news from the place where it is ‘Red-Hot.’ ”

I presume you are the demons, and have come out to hear the head demon of all! (Applause.) I have

been represented as the very worst pill in the box. (Cheers.) But I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, and especially ladies of Waverly sewing-societies, that I am no worse than your own husbands, sons, brothers, and lovers, who run me down as the worst man in the world. Nor am I bad enough to become a Republican. (Applause.)

For the kindness of some of my left-handed friends, in issuing this bill, and thus advertising me, they will please accept my heartfelt thanks—the more, as it is all at their expense. They tell us of a Ku-klux Klan: that it will be manifest at the election in November. Well, it will be a klan of working-men—of the young men who are now mortgaged to support an aristocracy of bondholders; it will be a klan of men working for their own interests; it will be a klan that will vote for the right—vote to bring this country back to the peace and prosperity it does not now enjoy, and which it *never* will under Republican rule. (Applause.) This bill says that “Brick” Pomeroy, champion of the modern Democracy, was driven out of Rosecrans’ army. It has been said I was driven out of Rosecrans’ army. I never was in Rosecrans’ army. I never was in any army except as newspaper writer. In 1862, I was driven out from the army of eastern Arkansas, from the army of the trans-Mississippi valley, then commanded by one Prentiss, of Illinois, one of the illustrious liars, robbers, and cotton-thieves of the army. Not because I was in

the army, not for corruption, not for stealing, but, as the order stated, for stating, in the LA CROSSE DEMOCRAT, which, till that time, was an almost unknown paper, that in my opinion, after thirteen weeks of earnest observation and attentive study of the way in which the war was conducted, it was my conviction, with a full understanding of what I said, that the war, which was being carried on by the *people* of the North, for the restoration of the Union and the preservation of their liberties, had become, through the mismanagement of cotton-stealing Generals, through the corruption of political officers, under the sanction of an incompetent President, a *murderous crusade* for cotton, niggers, and plunder generally. For these writings I was given a mock trial, and ordered to leave the lines, go North, and not return to the army under a penalty of being hung as a spy. It was not Rosecrans' army, but it was the army of the Northern people, commanded by a thief. It is a trifling thing, but there is nothing like having a thing *right*. One word more: I have been often accused of being a traitor to my country; accused of being in sympathy with the rebellion, and opposed to the Union. I have been accused thousands of times by the leaders of the Republican party now in power, but so rapidly going out of power, of being in sympathy with those who, they say, sought to destroy the principles of liberty, and the institutions of America. Allow me here to state to you, my friends, and many are here

in this large temple who knew me years ago, before events crowded so thick and fast upon us, that never in my life was I an enemy to my country! (Applause.) I have never sought to war upon the principles of liberty or the right. I have never joined issue with any party or people in a war upon the Constitution, the liberties of the people, the rights of the States, or the laws of my country. (Applause.) I loved my country in her peril. When a boy—a poor, dirty-fingered mechanic, a young working-man—the world lay all unopened before me. I had the same promise of life, the same hopes for the future, that you young men, you working-men, you Republicans who intend to vote for Grant and Colfax, and you who intend to vote for Seymour and Blair, have. I had the same hopes, same ambition, same desire to work and make myself a home, that you have. I was poor. Many of you knew me as a poor boy. I was young. I was inexperienced. I had been taught from earliest infancy that the lessons given us by the statesmen of America, were lessons for us youths to learn from, and for the citizens of America to emulate. (Cheers.) I was taught that it was the duty of every citizen to love his country, to love his God, to love the home-ones of his heart, to love the principles of liberty, and to defend those principles, and the Constitution of his country, which protected him and his alike in the enjoyment of personal and national blessings. (Cheers.) I looked forward, as the young work-

ing-men of my country all looked forward, to the day when I might have a happy home, earned by myself, when I might be surrounded by beloved ones, whom I could care for as we journeyed on toward the "golden home," to which we are all hastening, in the land of the leal, just over the Great River. I was willing to labor, as you are willing; I wished wages, that when Saturday night came—the most blessed of all nights which God has given to us men of toil—I might take home to the loved ones the fruits of my industry. I have never wished to war upon the people, the principles of liberty, the rights of States, or the Constitution that protected me as a citizen, penniless though I often was; and from that time to this I never have had any wish to injure my country, or to insult the patriotic sires now with Him above. I wanted protection for my earnings. I wanted to live as others who are good and true lived. I wished to grow up a man among men, a lover of the principles of liberty, and defender of the faith of my fathers. (Applause, long continued).

When I was an apprentice boy here in Waverly, almost before Waverly was founded or formed into a village, I was tempted by the Republican party to forsake Democracy, to forsake the principles and teachings of my fathers, forsake the interests of the people, and join the Republican party, which was then coming into power. Why was I tempted? I will tell you why. The Republican party came into power before my initial

vote was cast. When it commenced its career, it asked the people of America to forsake Democracy. It asked the young men, and especially the workingmen, to leave the Democracy and join issue with this new Republican party. Why? Because it said it was a party in favor of retrenchment and reform—a party in favor of the protection of the people in their rights and interests. The Republican party said to us that there existed at the South an institution known as Slavery; that that institution was at war with us; that it was antagonistic to the industrial interests of the North; that it was the duty of every man in the North who loved his country, to defend the interests of his country by putting down the aristocracy at the South, by putting down those twin relics of barbarism—Slavery and Polygamy. We were told that there was an irrepressible conflict between free and slave labor, and it was our duty here to put down the aristocracy in the South, no matter if that aristocracy was protected by the constitution of our country.

Let us digress. Let us look at the constitution of our country. What was it? Who made it? What its purposes? What its object? Who gave it strength and power? How was it observed? It was a sacred compact made between States, between Commonwealths at the time when our confederation of States was formed. That constitution guaranteed to the people North and to the people South certain rights and certain privileges,

and it promised to defend them in their interests, earnings, and industry. At the time the constitution was formed, there existed in America an institution known as slavery. Those who formed the constitution held different ideas. Some men of the North wished slavery abolished, and some of the South did not wish it abolished. The people of the South refused to join the confederation; they refused to cast in their lot with the people; they refused to surrender their rights as States or Commonwealths, unless this common constitution which was to be adopted would protect the people of the South the same as it protected the people of the North, in their principles, earnings, and rights. The constitution was adopted, and it pledged the people of the South and North—Virginia and Massachusetts alike—protection for their common interests. The Abolitionists came into power following a forced necessity. They claimed “that the will of the people was the supreme law of the land.” It was the right of the people of the North to abolish slavery—no matter how many promises were made in times of common danger to protect it.

The war came upon us. It broke in upon the interest of the people of the North, the people of New England, the people who are so excessively pious that they “hang a cat on Monday for killing a rat on Sunday.” (Cheers.) This agitation culminated, or brought on the war, which it has conducted; and of its results I will speak in a few

moments. That war was a very serious one. It was a gigantic one. When I was a boy here in Waverly, we had no idea of war. The dark cloud of battle hung not upon us as it has since. The Republican Party brought on the war—brought it on by seeking to interfere with the rights of the States, and seeking to deprive States in the South of the rights they had, under a common Constitution, helped create. It educated the South to believe, through Greeley, Banks, Helper book and Helper doctrine, that they had the right to secede; and that it was for the interests of the Confederation that they would secede and depart from the Union. Horace Greeley, the illustrious father of the Republican Party, almost, or rather its wet-nurse, and the one who has adopted it, said that if the South wants to go out of the Union, let it go. It was the general opinion of the Republican Party through the North, that the people of the South had the right to go out from the Union if they saw fit. The people of the South, misguided, misinformed, under the influence of certain men who believed they were right, at last attempted secession. At last the South sought to withdraw from the Confederation, because, as they said, they could not live at peace with their neighbors at the North, for the reason that their neighbors of the North did not wish to live at peace with them. They said if they had an aristocracy it only affected them and their interests, and did not interfere with the North. They said that if they had an aris-

toocracy, it paid taxes and helped the North. They cited, in proof of their claims, the fact, that although they made large sums of money at the South by carrying on the husbandry of that section, they spent millions of dollars at the North; that they gave employment to the mechanics of the North; that they bought pianos, clocks, and carriages; they bought articles of furniture, bought articles of luxury, because there was a superiority and ingenuity of mechanism in the North that had not been developed at the South, and which beautified and cheapened these articles, for the reason that it was the interest of the people there to give their attention to agricultural affairs, and they had not developed the mechanical resources of the South. They claimed that their so-called aristocracy benefited the people of the North. That it gave employment to thousands of workingmen; and that the money made on the rice, sugar, and cotton plantations of the South, was largely expended in the machine-shops of New England. That it was expended all over New York; that it gave employment to thousands of women and children in the factories of New England. They sought to go out of the Union, and not interfere with our affairs as we had interfered with theirs. They went out to establish for themselves a separate and independent government and confederation, under their Constitution, looking for their interests, their rights, and their toil, as we looked out for ours—where they could have a right to regulate

their affairs in their own way. Then it was the war came upon us. When the people South had been led to believe that they had a right to secede, then it was that the loyal people of the North declared that secession was a heresy, and could not for one moment be tolerated. I was at that time a Douglas Democrat. I said, as a young man, that the principle of State rights, and allowing every State to govern its own affairs, was the only safeguard of liberty here in America. (Great applause.) I was in favor of the continuation of the Union in accordance with the good old plan. I said that the people of the North, through legislation in Congress, had no right to interfere with the local questions affecting the interests of any one of the counties in any one of the States. If we allow the people of one State, in her Legislature, or by her Congressional representatives, to interfere with another State to disturb her domestic relations, what safeguard for the future have we? The State gives us protection. The State takes care of our children for us; and it is to the State laws that we, the people, look for protection, as the States look to Congress for mutual protection in time of peace or war. The State alone protects us; for the Confederation was formed for the better protection of the States by each other, and not to deprive each other of any right they had under the Constitution. (Many voices: 'That's so,' 'Good,' 'Good.') It is so! The American people said so in days ago, when the Constitu-

tion was formed, and they are stating so to-day, all over the land, as you will see by the masses of enthusiastic people who are speaking for State rights, white supremacy, equal taxation, and an honest administration of the laws. (Cheers, and loud cries of 'Good! good!') At that time I was opposed to secession. I did not join with the rebels South. I said it was the duty of the people to put down rebellion; said that the States *in* the Union could not go *out* of the Union. I said the Confederation was formed to last till eternity. That it was the duty of every man, Democratic or Republican, young man or old, who loved his country, to stand by and defend the beautiful flag in front of me; to stand by the defence of American liberty; to stand by America as our forefathers stood by it and for us; and that he who would not stand by it, that he who would not give his voice, strength, or means to put down an armed rebellion that the Union might be saved until dissolved by common consent—that that man was not a patriot, and I did not like him; I cared not whether he was Democrat or Republican, foreign or native-born, it made no difference. If he was for his country, and for the Constitution, liberty, and the laws, he was my friend. (Cheers.)

If he was for the Constitution I would support him, as he would support the Constitution. If he was in favor of warring upon the interests and constitutional

rights of any State or people he was my enemy, and I should so consider him.

At last; when the war was well upon us, after the Republican party had educated the workingmen to hate the aristocracy South—which brought us blessings instead of curses—after the fanatics of America had educated the people that it was their duty to war upon the Constitution—after the war came upon us then came a chance for the people to show their patriotism. Then, also, came a right for them to criticise the administration, then came a duty for them to perform, which was to hold the Republican party responsible—to force it to live up to its promises, and that duty as a citizen I proposed to do. (Great applause.)

The Republican party came into power promising retrenchment and reform. (Cries of 'That's so.') It said to me, as a young man, at a mass-meeting held in Waverly, in 1856, that it was the duty of the workingmen to protect their interests, that it was the duty of the young men of America to look out for their interests. (Great applatse.) They said it was their duty to protect themselves, their States, and their children according to law, and according to the soul of the legacy left us by the patriot sires of the Revolution, who have gone to their homes just over the river. They said to us young men, that it was our duty to put down an administration that was corrupt. They said it was

our duty to put down an aristocracy that compelled the laboring men of America to support it. (Cheers, and cries of 'Hear, hear.')

The Republican party promised us retrenchment and reform. It said to me, if you will join with us, if you will forsake Democracy, we will give you a *better* government, a *cheaper* government. ('That's so,' and 'Good, good.')

We will give you more protection for life and liberty. We will give you greater freedom of speech. (Voices, 'But they didn't.')

More protection for your homes, persons, and earnings. I will tell you why I warred upon it (the Republican party), why I did not and do not like it; why I am *in earnest*, and *positive* in defence of the interests of my countrymen by birth or adoption, and why I intend to be while God spares me to work.

I was branded as a traitor. For what? Because I criticised the acts of the administration. (Cries of 'You did right.')

I urged the putting down of the rebellion—urged the keeping of the States in the Union. I urged the defence of the flag and the Constitution, and the preservation, unimpaired, of the laws of the land; but I did criticise the administration. I criticised the acts of Mr. Lincoln, for there was great cause. I criticised the acts of the Republican party. And I will tell you why. I had the *right* to under the Constitution of my country, as a citizen of America, as one endeavoring to guard the interests of the people: as the editor

of a newspaper, and especially a Democratic newspaper, it was my sworn duty to stand by the principles of liberty, to stand by the Constitution of my country; and, thank God, that duty I never have shirked in the hour of most extreme peril of life and property. (Cries of 'Good, good,' and tremendous cheering.)

The Republican party said it was wrong to continue a party in power that warred upon our principles. After the country had been brought into war; after the people had been educated to hate the right; after the people of the North had been educated to hate the South—who were of us and with us, as they shall be again (cheers); after the minds of the young men and workingmen of the land had been poisoned against the sacred, blood-bought institutions of our country, and against the Constitution, and against the States, which it was alike our duty to stand by, support, and protect; after the Republican party had come in power, and had demanded the management of *its* own affairs in *its* own way, then came a season of most extravagant corruption, and wanton robbery of dead, living, and unborn people. Then came a season of tyranny and usurpation of power, the like of which was never before. Then came a season of profligacy and total disregard of right, and disregard of all promises to the people, to the workingmen, such as never had been witnessed by any other people on the face of the habitable globe. (Great cheering, and cries of 'Give it to them.')

(A gentleman here arose and said: Mr. Speaker—I would state that there is some danger that the roof will fall in because there are so many upon it.)—Well, I will appoint those on the roof a special guard to see that no more get up there. We have stood it out in times of danger (cheers), and so long as it holds, we are safe. (Cheers.) There are a great many Democrats now-a-days; they are coming up from out of the ground, coming from the roof, coming from the woods; and they are marching on toward the White House. (Cheers.) You see many of them here to-night, but you will *see more* before November. (Loud Cheers.) This Republican party promised us retrenchment and reform. What kind of retrenchment was it that took from the earnings of the workingmen of the East and the farmers of the West dollar after dollar to enrich New England speculators? Do you call this regarding the promise made the people when the Republicans sanctioned the destruction of two hundred and ninety-eight printing-offices in the land? Years ago, when there was *one* printing-office mobbed over there in Kansas, there went up a cry, a shriek and a howl from all the Republicans in the land. (Loud cries of ‘That’s so.’) They shouted “A free press, free speech, free men, Fremont! Down with Democracy!—down with the party that will not throw the protecting arm of the administration around the people and protect them and their outspoken newspapers in their long-established rights.”

(Cheers.) And yet that party which came in power crying for free speech, which came in power charging corruption, profligacy, and usurpation of power, tyranny, and wrong upon the democratic party, sanctioned the destruction of nearly three hundred printing-offices. (Cries of, 'That's too true—that's so.') It ordered the incarceration of hundreds and hundreds of the earnest defenders of liberty in the North. (Cries of 'Shame on the tyrants.') It put manacles on the wrists of hundreds of brave Democrats, and without trial or charge—merely answering the tinkling of a tyrant's bell at Washington—sent honest citizens to the dungeons and bastiles, the Forts Warrens and Fort Lafayette of the land, and kept them there till, in many cases, reason deserted its throne, and till some satrap—till the vengeance of some infamous, cowardly, rotten, devilish, tyrant-protected despot had been satiated, and then men would be turned loose without a trial or a charge from which to clear themselves. This is the way the Republican party kept faith with us. This is the way, when that party promised to protect the freedom of speech it commenced from the first to war upon it, and as one of the editors of the country, as a young man standing by the principles of liberty, honest and unused to court ways, it was my duty to denounce it. (Cries of 'You did, good boy,' etc.) And it was my duty to charge it with infamous tyranny, usurpation of power, and disregard of *every pledge* made to the people, and I

thank my God, standing here before assembled thousands, that through all the lessons and troubles of the past, I can raise my face to Heaven, place my hand upon my heart, and say that I never indorsed the Republican war upon liberty; nor have I ever feared or ceased to denounce it as inhuman and at war with the interests of America and the laboring men of my land, and I intend to fight that party as long as I live, because it is my duty and pleasure, my right and my sworn purpose, to defend liberty here in America. (Great cheering.) No matter how many others may fail because of lack of pluck or moral courage, I shall stand by it to defend, till our country is saved or till we have all gone down together, buried under the bayonets of a centralized despotism—that despotism which wars upon ten States of the Union, and which to-day is hurrahing for Grant and Colfax, the nigger, and the bondholder of America.

Look at your pet, Benjamin Butler, better known as the spoon-thief and woman-insulter of America! (Groans for Butler). Look at that man and tell us of him. He helped educate the people of the South to believe that the Democratic element of the North would never war upon them under any circumstances. He told them that if they wished to go out of the Union the Democracy would let them go. But the Democracy of the Union was for the Union and its Constitution, and defended that great heritage because that heritage and

that instrument defended us, and it shall defend our children as it has defended us, if to re-establish it must come another war. (Cheers). Butler, years ago, told the South that the Democratic party was in sympathy with them, and in Baltimore and Charleston he voted fifty-two times for Jeff. Davis, and voted for secession. He voted to bring war upon the country. He was rewarded by Lincoln with a Brigadier-General's commission; and from the time he donned the uniform he has with other thieves disgraced, his course has been one of corruption and wrong-doing, of fraud, deceit, infamy, treachery, venality, and wickedness; and for his aiding in the misleading of the people of America, for his sacrifice of life, and for his incompetency, he was rewarded by the Republican party that is in power to-day, with the position of leader. He stands to-day before the world the leader of the Republican party. The man who forced his way from a back-seat to a front one in the intended impeachment of the chief Executive. He is the man who is looked upon as the great leader of the Republican party; the man who furnishes it with more brains than all the other Republicans in the party. (Cries of 'spoons, spoons.') He don't furnish spoons, he takes them. (Applause.) He is playing the game where the more you put down the less you take up. (Cheers.) The Republican party has made its leaders of the Butlers—the spoon-thieves—of the Logans, of the men who attempted to raise regiments to go into the

Southern army, and even General Grant, who offered his services to the Southern Confederacy, and whose services were rejected, because the South had no faith in his competency, sobriety, or honesty. (Cheers and great laughter.) The Republican party promised us retrenchment and reform; it has not given us that. It promised us an honest administration; and I will ask any fair-minded Republican here to-night—ask any honest Republican in the country—if that party was honest—if it has kept faith with the people? If it has defended free speech? If it has stood by the interests of the people? If it has protected the workingman? If it has done well for the young man? I will leave it for any of you Republicans; and if there are any here who are honest, who can say that the Republican party has kept faith with the people; if I cannot contradict him successfully, I will step from this stand never more to raise my voice in defence of the liberties of my country. It did not care for the interests of the people when it gave contracts whereby millions of dollars were stolen from the United States during its hours of agony. It did not keep faith with the workingmen while they were seeking to put down the rebellion at the South. While the workingmen were seeking to defend their rights and themselves under the Constitution, (cries of 'That's so,') it, by Republican legislation, gave *your notes*, as workingmen. It made *your notes* the *bonds*. It sold those bonds for forty cents on the dollar. It de-

clared that the holders of these bonds or notes, which *you* must pay, should be exempt from taxation, in the pockets of the bondholders of the country; and yet there are in the land, men who ask us still to work with the Republican party. There are men who have the brazen effrontery to ask us to vote for their candidates, who ask us to support bondholders in idleness, after they have robbed the people to put gold in the pockets of the rich, and furrows on the face of the poor; and who voted for the paying of the people—the workingmen, the soldier who fought, and the widows of those who fell—in a depreciated currency; while the bondholders who gave no blood, and the speculator who stole himself rich, is to have gold. (Cries of ‘Good boy.’) Is this the way you keep faith with the laboring-man of America? Is this the way to encourage industry, by legislating labor into slavery, and setting up protected aristocrats for us to worship? Is this the way you propose to win votes from the people of America, by telling them in advance that you will *make them the slaves of the moneyed power of the country?*

I don’t like the Republican party, because it trifled with our interests and set its filthy body on the beautiful robe of Liberty, and tore the canvas of our national painting with its bayonets. (Applause.) It trampled the workingmen and the young men of America under an aristocracy that never existed in this country till the Republican party came in power; and which aristocracy

I believe, as I believe in Almighty God, I shall live to see put down under the feet of the honest, home-loving, patriotic, laboring men of the country, the Constitution of which declares that 'taxation must and shall be equal.' (Continued cheering, and loud cries of 'Good, good! Go on!') As the editor of a Democratic newspaper, striving for the defence of liberty, I thought I had a right to criticise the acts of the Administration. (Cries of 'You had, you had!') When I saw bad men placed in office—when I saw your sons, your brothers, your friends, and my friends, soldiers of the country—the private soldiers of America, who were carrying on the war—when I saw them sacrificed at the South, as I did, merely for the gathering in of cotton, horses, mules, plunder, and confiscated property—when I saw them fall under the fire of the farmers of the South, who were called guerrillas—when I saw them go down hundreds by hundreds into the hospitals, to suffer and to die—then I said the war, which was begun by the people of America, had become, through the profligacy, corruption, and incompetency of the Administration, but a murderous crusade for cotton and plunder; and, gentlemen, I believe I was right. (Cries of 'You were—good boy!') And the people of America, and the people of other nations, believed that I was right then; and as the day dawns upon us anew, they are believing still more that I was right. And the people will strengthen that belief by their increased Democratic votes this fall,

and the denunciation of the rotten party now in power, but soon to go out. When I saw the Republican party warring upon the principles of liberty, I spoke against it; when I saw it warring upon the interests of the workingmen, I spoke against it. I never in my life said one word against the honest soldiers of my country. I defy any man, alive or dead, standing here in fleshly presence, or by ghostly power, coming from any place, known or unknown, to point to one spot where, by word or letter, by pen, ink, or with types, I ever said one word against the honest soldiers of my country. (Great applause.) I defy any man to show it. If any man can show it, I will give that man every dollar I am worth in the world, and agree to black my face, curl my hair, and become his most abject slave the rest of my life, although black slaves are more fashionable now. (Cheers.) I will tell you, workingmen, and you soldiers who have been to the front, what I did say, openly and boldly: I said that the Administration which would see private soldiers sacrificed, to put money in the pockets of incompetent generals, was cruel, wrong, corrupt; that it was trifling with the liberties of the people, and I hated that Administration. (Applause.) I never said one word against the honest private soldiers or the honest officers of the armies of my country. I spoke against those who wore the straps, and who sacrificed private soldiers for the purpose of plunder. I said these men were wrong. They did not care how much of your blood they spilled

so they could put money in their pockets. The man, North, South, East, or West, Democrat or Republican, old man or young man, who will defend that flag—the man who will stand by the interests of his country, to defend the principles of liberty—the man who will bare his heart to the rattling storm of hail as it comes from the enemy's guns—that man is a patriot, he is a soldier, he is a brave man, and I love him. And I care not what be his creed or politics, nor where he fights; and as I love him, so do I hate, despise—and God knows I am honest in the matter—the coward who would take advantage of his official position, and, because given shoulder-straps to wear, would sacrifice, for the purpose of plunder, private soldiers; who, unmoved, saw them suffering in hospitals—who put them on board rotten steamboats, and saw them go down, never to rise again. I have warred against incompetent American generals. I have warred upon a rotten Administration, and warred upon incompetent officers who entered the army solely for purpose of plunder; and, thank God, I have never had occasion to ask pardon of any power on earth for this offence against 'Republican loyalty,' and I never intend to. There is no power that can pardon a man simply for doing his duty. (Applause.) They called me traitor. They say I am the worst man in the world. If I am that, why have I not been punished? I stood by my rights. I stood by my principles. I stood by the interests of those who were fighting, better than they

stand by themselves, when they hurrah for the party that has divided this country; that keeps ten States out of the Union; that has mortgaged every son of America, *every laborer, every child* of the poor man to the bondholders of the country, who are exempt from taxation, and who live on the hard-earned money of the working-men of my country. (Cheers, and cries of 'Good boy.')

Some of them say I am *red-hot*. I *have been* opposed by Democrats and Republicans. They tell me I am too extreme, too violent; that it was not according to Democratic principles to stand to Democratic professions. Gentlemen, I tell you this, I take my Democracy just as many of you take your whisky—straight, without milk or water. (Laughter.) Democracy with me means *Democracy*; liberty means *liberty*; right means *right*; wrong means *wrong*; and the wrong I war against. The Constitution means the *Constitution*; the rights of the States means the *rights of the States*; the rights of the people means the *rights of the people*. (Cheers.) If I see a man stealing, I call him a *thief*. (Cries of 'That is right.')

My dictionary was brief. My education was, perhaps, neglected in my youth; but I was educated to be honest, and that education I have never departed from. (Applause, and cries of 'That is right.')

If a man lied, I said he was a *liar*. If a man tinkled a little bell and sent people to the bastiles of the land, I said he was a *despot*. (Applause, and loud cries of 'Good boy.')

the President of the United States sanctioned this war upon liberty, while sworn to *defend* that liberty, while asking the people of America to fight for that liberty, and when he had the full power of America in his hands, when he consented to this great wrong, I said he was a *tyrant*—and before God I believe I was *right*. (Great applause.) If I am not right, then, gentlemen, history will correct me, and the American people will correct me; but they are not correcting me this year quite as much as they were. (Cheers.)

Then the Democrats said to me: “Go slow; don’t be so extreme; don’t talk out so; don’t—*don’t—don’t* be so ugly, ‘Brick.’” (Laughter.) Some of my ‘friends’ said, if you will just come in with this party you will make money! You can’t fight against the current! This is now a military necessity. If you will only go just a little slow, and help Jones, or Smith, or Brown to get the straps on the shoulders, we will make money, we will divide, and we will get along nicely! We will float with the current, and we can all get rich. The trouble was, too many men wanted to get rich, no matter at whose expense. (Applause.)

“Gentlemen,” said I, “you can’t do it in that way. Go into the Republican party, steal, rob, plunder, commit all sorts of outrages; but don’t claim to be Democrats. (Cries of ‘Good boy.’) If it is Democracy to endorse *Republicanism*, if it is Democracy to endorse

corruption, endorse tyranny, endorse despotism, endorse this trifling with the rights of the people, then, thank God, I am no Democrat. (Loud cries of 'Right! right!') But if it is Democratic to stand by liberty, by the Constitution, by the rights of the States, to stand by the laws of my country, to stand by the interests of the workingmen and young men of the land, then I am Democratic, and always intend to remain such.' (Enthusiastic applause.)

Some said, "Go slow; you can't catch flies with vinegar." They said we must use honey for catching flies. I was not in the fly-catching business; I was fighting the men who were mortgaging the people of America as slaves to the bondholders, and those who were trampling the interests of our country under their feet. The result was this. After I was sent home from the army I was a very 'bad' man. The administration thought I was a 'bad' man; but it said: "Pomeroy, don't criticise us, we don't like it; you are a little too red-hot." The administration offered me a situation in the army; offered me the colonelcy of a cavalry regiment if I would agree not to criticise the acts of the administration. I said: "There are thousands of weak-kneed Democrats who will do this; but I can't do it. I cannot agree to become any man's slave and not criticise his acts."

Let me relate a little incident that occurred in New

York. It is funny—rather funny; but still it is true. I relate it at the request of the gentleman on the stage, who just now, in a whisper, asked me to.

Coming out from dinner on Monday, I saw standing on the streets a one-legged soldier. He had attached to his back by a strap a hand-organ. By means of this organ he procured the means of subsisting himself, wife, and three children. I walked along beside him, and asked him his name; he told me. I asked him where he lost his arm; he said at Gettysburg.

“You were in the army?”

“I was.”

“Go in a Republican?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Come out a Republican?”

“No, by——” (and he swore, but I will not.)

“Grind that organ for a living?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Come up in front of my office and you can start up a little tune for me.”

He went to the office, No. 166 Nassau-street, dropped his hand-organ for business, and I noticed on the top of his organ a paper announcing that the man who carried that organ had paid ten dollars a year license to the Government for the privilege of grinding that organ one year.

“Did you say you were a soldier?”

"I was."

"Fought to restore the country?"

"I did."

"Paid ten dollars license to the Government you lost a leg to save!"

"Yes, sir."

"What is that license for?"

"That goes to make up a revenue for the bondholder, as I understand it, and that's what makes me a Democrat. I don't like any such business as that."

"Play a tune, and I will pay you for it."

He played "Away Down South in Dixie." I said:

"That is nice; I like that. That was a loyal tune. I like it for two reasons: Abraham Lincoln said it was the nicest tune he ever heard in his life. (Laughter.) He fell in love with it. Abraham was *loyal*—no man can doubt that—and wishing to emulate his example, I loved Dixie. Dixie was loyal—I loved Dixie, and therefore I was loyal. (Great laughter.)

"Play it again."

He played it.

"What will you ask to sit in front of my office for a week, from one o'clock till four, and play that one tune continually?"

"Two dollars per day."

"Very well, I am going into the country to talk to the Democrats, and with all who labor, who come to

hear me, and I want you to play this tune here till I come back. Go into the office on Saturday night, and my cashier will pay you."

Down went his organ and out came "Away down South in Dixie." He played it right straight along. A crowd gathered around, and one old gentleman says,

"When are you going to change that tune?"

"I don't know; that man hired me to play *this* one."

"Oh, my God!" says he, and moved on. (Great laughter.)

By-and-by, down came a gentleman from up-stairs, of whom I lease the premises, and said:

"Move on, or you will attract a crowd. You are getting up a nuisance."

He said, "I cannot move on. I am hired to stay here."

"Who hired you?"

"This fellow that runs this newspaper here."

"I don't want you to play here. You are a nuisance. Move on."

"I cannot; I will lose my wages."

"Play some other tune, then."

"No, it is in the contract that I play this one tune," and he kept playing away.

The gentleman went up stairs, and in a few moments came down again. He spoke to one of my clerks and said:

"I wish you would get an order for this man to leave."

The clerk replied :

"I can't do it. If I order him away I lose my place."

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Pomeroy has hired this fellow to play that tune all day?"

"Yes, and every day for a week." (Laughter.)

"Do you think Pomeroy would maintain a nuisance?"

"I don't know anything about that, but if Mr. Pomeroy has told the soldier he will maintain him playing Dixie for a week, you may bet your bottom dollar he will do it. (Laughter.)

The third time he came down and said :

"I want you to move away from the front of this building."

I heard the remark and said to him :

"Hold on ; I rent half this building?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pay ten thousand dollars a year for what I occupy?"

"Yes, sir."

"This half is mine?"

"Yes, sir."

"This man has a right to play this tune in front of my half."

"I don't like the tune. Let him play some other tune."

“No; I want that one tune played. It suits me. Mr. Lincoln said it was the best tune that ever was invented.” (Great laughter.)

“That soldier,” said he, “cannot stay here.”

Said I, “He can stay there. That soldier was a Republican soldier. He went into the army and fought. He went there to save the country. He lost a leg fighting the rebellion. He has returned to his home. He finds his wife and children in want. He pays ten dollars a year license for the privilege of grinding this rickety old hand-organ. That license goes to make up a revenue, which goes into the pockets of your bondholders. (Applause.) That soldier fought for his liberty; he is having it now. I want him to stand right here, and play every day, and this same tune.”

“Will not some other tune do?”

“No, I want this tune, to remind the workingmen of New York who pass by here every day, that ‘Away down South in Dixie’ are carpet-baggers, lazy niggers, and Freedmen’s Bureaus, a great big standing army, that the workingmen of the North are laboring day after day to support, at war upon the receipts and interests of the North, as they are at war upon the husbandry of the South. I want him to play that same tune, in order that the people of the North may know where their money has gone to. He is going to play here; and if you molest him I will mash your head for you.” (Great laughter.)

I left the office at five minutes before four yesterday, and he stood there grinding, "Away down South in Dixie." I am going to hire him to grind all next week. Still, it is not pleasant music for the bondholder. I know it is not nice; but they have given us a little trouble, and this is one of the ways in which I propose to have my share of revenge out of them.

Makes a Republican speech.

Now, a little Republican speech, if it is possible for a Democrat to make one. I may fail. If I do, you must take the will for the deed. A few years ago (I am talking as a Republican), I came as a Republican, and preached to you here the necessity of a change of the Government. I said that the power of the Government depended on the consent of the governed. I said there was a need of change—that we must have retrenchment and reform; and I told you, Mr. President, that the Administration—that the party which would submit to the mobbing of *one* printing-office in America—deserves to be forever annihilated. I said, as a Republican, that the Democrats were wrong; that they were dishonest. I made speeches here, and charged you to take care of your interests. I made war speeches; I urged the necessity of putting down the aristocracy at the South. I asked you to look out for your interests, that America might be greater. I charged you that it was your duty to protect your earnings. Then came a war.

Then I was in my glory. I did not fight worth a cent. As a military genius I never was a success. But I could make war speeches. I was blessed with more gift of gab than any six auctioneers. I urged you working-men, you young men, to leave your homes. I said: "Follow the destinies of your flag—take the flag and go forth against the rebellion. We at home will take care of your interests." Oh yes! I made lots of war speeches. I promised the workingman a great deal. I told him: "If you will fight, I will take care of your wife; I will protect your children; I will hoe your farm; I will milk your cows; I will churn the milk into butter; I will sell the butter, and put the money in my pocket, if I get a chance." I figured up how much you could make, you men who really loved your country, by going to the war. I did not put this question to you on a patriotic basis. I said: "If you will leave your homes, your farms, your workshops, and go forth to put down the rebellion, we will pay you thirteen dollars a month. Besides that, we will pay bounties—money in advance—so you may leave it with your families; us good loyal Republican fellows will do it;" and lots of you believed we were honest. Some of you fought, some of you returned, others sleep on the battle-fields of the South. What have I been doing meanwhile? I didn't fight. Fighting was not my best hold! I was willing to carry on this war, no matter at what expense of life. I was willing to shed the last drop of blood, and yet, some-

how, I could not get the first drop of my own started. I was willing to sacrifice my uncles, my cousins, my nephews—everybody fit to carry a musket. I was willing to sacrifice every one of the relatives I had—provided they would leave me their property. That was what I was after—spoons. I made war speeches to you. You did not want to go to the front. I said it was necessary to go. I cited the Constitution—your interests. I said it was a duty you owed to your country to fight; and that we would pay you for it. How did I pay you? I didn't put my hand into my pocket and haul out the money. I gave you bounties. I had a certain New England knack which allowed me to figure this thing out very nicely.

But then came calls for more troops. The war was lagging. We must have more men. The poor people must be more interested in their country, because this Government was established in their interest. Therefore let us, gentlemen, who can't fight—Republicans who must remain at home to take care of the Democrats, and protect our soldiers from the fire in the rear—let us devise means to start the people off to the front. We will pay every poor man, every Irishman, every German, every young man, \$250. How will we raise the money? We will sign the notes of the country: we will give the bonds of Waverly, and sell them in market. For a hundred dollars' worth of bonds we will receive a hundred dollars cash. Then we will pay the

money to the poor man, and he can do the fighting. The poor man takes the money, leaves it with his wife, goes to the front and becomes a patriot. This is a very nice arrangement. Therefore, we vote that we will thus raise \$10,000 in this city. We sign the bonds which are but your notes—you men who own property, who own machine-shops, stores, farms—these notes you must pay at some time. We signed \$10,000 worth of your notes. We then take these notes over to the rich man across the way, and say: "Here are notes which the people will pay in five years. We will give you seven per cent. interest on your money. We want to borrow \$10,000 on the notes." The rich man says, "No: I can't see it. It is a great question with me whether the rebellion will be put down. I worked hard for my money, and don't propose to squander it." "But we must have the money. Those poor people won't fight unless they have some recompense." The rich man says he will let us have, for a thousand-dollar note, four hundred dollars in currency, or give us, perhaps, five hundred dollars on the note, the best bargain we can make. If you don't go forward at one call and for one bounty, you are drafted; therefore you are compelled to take the money we offer you. The rich man pays five hundred dollars on the note, and we hand the money to you. We realize, as agents, a few dollars for our trouble. You go forth to fight. What is the result? The workingman who went to the front and perilled his life to put down

the rebellion returns to his home and works year after year to take up the note which was sold for him—sold at fifty cents—he pays one hundred cents on the dollar back. He pays interest to the rich man. He pays the entire debt of the nation, and the rich money-lender pays nothing. I, as a Republican, made lots of money in the bonnty business. I took the contract to fill the quota for Tioga County. I sold the bonds—your bonds—bonds on every foot of land in this country—notes which you, workingmen, must pay—and with the money put five hundred men into the army, and ten per cent. of \$10,000 of it went into my pocket. That was not much money for a loyal man to make.

I had been talking of retrenchment and reform—talking nicely of conducting the Government with economy. I had said it was an insult to the American people to rob labor of its reward. I went to Washington one day and secured a contract. They wanted ships in which to send soldiers down to New Orleans and bring confiscated goods back. I bought a rotten old hulk of a steamer in New York. Wishing to benefit the country in its hour of peril, I sold this old hulk, which I gave \$5,000 for, for \$100,000. I only made \$95,000 profit. I was loyal. I was an honest man, the noblest work of God. I was a man in sympathy with the people; therefore \$95,000 was all I wanted. I could not have made money if I had not been loyal; if I had not had friends in Washington—a cousin in Congress—a

loyal man—a man who shouted: “Down with aristocracy; take care of the people.”

I had also another cousin in the Senate. He was also loyal. I had to divide profits with them both, for it is expensive to be loyal. But I made \$50,000 or \$75,000 clear, and put it in my pocket. I had friends in Washington; and I tell you, my friends, there is nothing like having friends in power. You may talk of having friends in the West, friends in Ireland, friends in Heaven even; but they don't hold a candle to the friends you have in the Treasury—those who are willing to haul out and divide with you—those friends who put their hands into the Treasury, and who all the while pray: ‘O Lord, deliver us from these Democrats, who keep up a fire in the rear.’ The hulk I sold was rotten. It was laden with a thousand troops—your brothers, sons—and started for Hatteras Inlet. Up came a storm; down went your troops, your muskets, article after article, which had cost the people money. Up comes a call for more troops, for more muskets. I have contracts with my rich New England friends, who don't like the Democratic majorities because they say they war with New England interests. I have a chance to sign more bonds. I am growing richer. You are growing poorer. The war is carried on successfully. But we Republican leaders, the great head-lights of this ‘God and morality’ engine, we are all right.

At last the war is over. The rebellion is put down.

You are told you can return to your homes. The President told you you were not warring upon the rights of States or of any people. You were simply defending your own interests. You return, and find things greatly changed. I was poor when the war commenced. I could not have got trusted for a No. 2 mackerel. I was immensely poor—but loyal—but now am all safe and sound.

The taxes are very high now. Let us see how you raise your money for improvements, for education, for taking care of your paupers. By taxation: How do you do it? I, as an assessor, take my book in my hand, start out and call on the poor people.

“I go over to my friend Michael Flanagan, who came here from Ireland.

“How are you getting along?”

“Divilish hard luck I have of it.”

“Do you like America?”

“Bad cess to America.”

“How much money are you worth?”

“Nothin’ at all.”

“You have a horse and cart—you are a drayman down here in the village—that is worth \$300, and taxes are very high. You came from Ireland, Michael, to America to escape the oppression and unequal taxation of the old country. which kept you always in debt. You cast in your lot with us, and therefore you must pay your share of the tax. Don’t we take care of you,

don't we give you work on the public works, and don't we cheat you out of the money if we get a good chance?"

"Faith, that's so."

"How long have you been working to earn that horse and cart?"

"I commenced working on the railroad. I had a dollar a day in Democratic times, and saved a dollar a week. I laid up three hundred dollars, and bought a horse and an Irishman's buggy. I earned a living for myself and family."

"I want you to pay seventeen dollars on your horse and cart."

Michael says he hasn't that much money to his name. I tell him it is his duty to have that much. I tell him to sell his horse, and he will have enough to pay his tax and something over, and next year, Michael, you will only have to pay taxes on your cart, d'ye see? Your taxes will be just half as high, and you will have a lot of money left, so you can buy a dress for your wife. You can educate your children, go on a spree, sit on your cart and whistle 'Dixie' or 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.' Next year you sell your cart, and you will have enough money to pay your taxes and have something over. And the year after that, Michael, you will not have anything at all to pay taxes on. The property is all in the country: you should not grumble. What's the difference whether the rich man or the poor

man has it? We will fix it for you, Michael, you go and pay your taxes. Michael says he don't exactly see it; but he is obliged to see it.

Then I go over to my friend Von Schneider, and I say: "Good-morning, Mr. Von Schneider, how do you get along?"

"Very good, Mr. Bumeroy, I hope you ish vell."

"Well, Mr. Van Schneider, how are you fixed?"

"Vell, Mr. Bumeroy, I ish fixed so bad as never vas!"

"How long have you been to this country?"

"I dink it ish apout ten years—I guess not!"

"How much money did you have when you came here?"

"About six tousand dollar."

"Any children, Mr. Von Schneider?"

"Vell now, Mr. Bumeroy, I told you how it vas: You see, 'pout ten year ago I come mit dis country, und I pring mine frau and mine two sons, and I makes mine-self a little home, and I live mit mine boys, who ish such goot poys as never vas. Und den py and py dey comes mit de fitens, und dey say to mine boy Yacup (Jacob) dat if he pese loyal he vill go mit de flag und fight de pattles mit de country. Und so dey come along mit de pig prass pand speilin 'Who's pin here since I's pin gone' (laughter), or some other of dem patriotic tunes, and dey takes mine boy down to Pig Pethel, where dem troops mit General Butler shoots at

each other for exercise (loud laughter, and cries of 'The Beast! Spoons!' &c.); und den my poy gets killed down dere. Und den py and py dey comes along again speilin mit der pand, and dey takes mine boy Yohannas (Johannas) down where General Panks is preakin de pack pone of de rebellion mit cotton (laughter), und den my other boy he git killed. Den I vas loyal, and I takes my monish what is all gold, und I lends him to de Government to help put down de rebellion. Vell, den, py and py I tinks I go pack to de old country and pring mine mudder and some of my brudders over to dis country, und I go to de man what has de sheeps, und I say I want some little dickets, but de man he say, 'Oh, no; we don't take that kind of monish here.' Und I say, 'All right; I goes pack and gits my monish from de Government.' When I comes to de Government I say, 'Mr. Government, now I wants to go to de old country, and you vill please give me my monish;' but he say, 'No, no!' Und de Mr. Government he look very wise, and he say, 'Ve vill give you dis other kind of monish;' and so I gits fifty cent in de greenbacks for every one of my dollar in gold. Wat you dink of dat, Mr. Bumeroy?"

"Well, how much have you got now?"

"Vell, I got 'pout three thousand tollar in greenbacks, und it is all in my little farm, und I makes a little monish to support mine frau and mineself."

And then I tell Mr. Von Schneider that I must tax

him for his property, and he must pay it to my partner, Mr. Collector.

[The speaker was here interrupted by the delegation from Owego, Towanda, Elmira, and other cities and towns, being compelled to leave the Wigwam to take their respective trains for home. Before leaving, at the request of the speaker, enthusiastic cheers were given for Seymour and Blair and the white ladies of America, followed by continued cheers for Mr. Pomeroy.]

I next go to my friend Billy Williams.

"How are you?"

"Very well, considering. I was in the army. Lost a leg. Am now hobbling around my farm, trying to support my mother."

"How much money are you worth?"

"About a thousand dollars."

"Fought to save the country?"

"I did, sir, like a little man."

"Are you a Republican?"

"I am, sir, every time."

"All right; I honor your spunk. The Government exempts you from taxation?"

"No, sir; I don't want exemption."

"You pay taxes?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what?"

"Don't know and don't care. A soldier asks no questions but obeys orders." (Applause.)

The next morning the Collector comes along to me. Ah! Good-morning! Come and take a glass of wine with me. It don't cost me anything you know, the Government pays for all this. How much are you worth? I reply: Half a million.

"Why, Pomeroy, I knew you when you was not worth a dollar."

"Oh, yes, but I was loyal. I went into the spoon business; I sold clocks; I filled contracts; I fixed myself very nice."

"I knew you when you first started out as a Republican; when you could have carried all your clothes in a cigar-box, and had room for a Grecian bend besides."

"Can't help that. Was loyal. I was a Republican. I took care of the people's money."

"How much are you worth?"

"Half a million."

"That's very nice. We have to raise taxes, and they are very heavy this year. We have to take care of several crippled soldiers. We must have free schools. We must pay for sheriffs; we have judges and juries to pay. We have town and city expenses, road expenses, State expenses, all sorts of expenses. Taxes are very high. As you are worth \$500,000 your taxes will be \$17,000, and you will not feel it. How much is your income?"

"About \$73,000."

"We will tax you about \$11,000 on it."

“Oh, no! I can't see it. I don't intend to pay taxes.”

“Where is your money invested? In machine-shops?”

“No.”

“In railroad enterprises?”

“No.”

“Where?”

“In Government bonds. A Radical Legislature, a Radical Congress, caring for the interests of the people—while the people were straining every nerve to put down the rebellion—has kindly freed the aristocracy from paying its share of the tax, and created an aristocracy at the North. We hold the bonds which the people must pay; and it is declared that these bonds are exempt from taxation; and I hold these bonds. I have not a dollar tax to pay. I am one of the pets of New England. Excuse me, I do not pay taxes. You can ask Flanagan, Schneider, and Williams. You may ask the workingmen for their taxes. Go to the widows. Go to the wives. Go to the orphan children. Go all over the country, but don't ask me. I am protected by Republican legislation; I am protected by Congress, that has legislated the people into slavery. The people must pay me interest in gold. I bought those notes at forty cents on the dollar.”

Now hurrah for Grant and Colfax—the bondholder—for anything that compels the poor man to support the rich. Why don't you cheer? (Unbroken silence.)

[*The speaker here resumed his Democratic speech.*]

Yesterday morning, while a guest of George Magee, at Watkins, while reading in the Bible my morning chapter, I found a passage, to which I wish to call the special attention of the Republicans here to-night who believe in St. Paul. I believe in the Bible; I believe in morality; I believe in Democracy; I believe in the right; I believe in protecting the interests of the workmen; and I believe St. Paul was a workingman when he wrote the inspired words of which I hold here a copy. I would state to you, my friends in Waverley, that many of you believe, or have been told, that I was a drunken loafer; that I was a very bad man; but I say to you here to-night, friends, that here stands before you a man who never was intoxicated in his life; who is employing, to-day, over two hundred men in his respective printing-offices, and employs not one man who uses intoxicating liquor as a beverage. (Continued applause.) That is sufficient for that charge.

The passage is 2d Thessalonians, third chapter, 6-15 verses.

“6. Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which he received of us.

“7. For yourselves know how ye ought to follow us: for we behaved not ourselves disorderly among you;

“8. Neither did we eat any man’s bread for naught: but wrought with labor and travail, night and day, that we might not be chargeable to any of you.

“9. Not because we have not power, but to make ourselves an ensample unto you to follow us.

“10. For even when we were with you this we commanded you, that if any would not work neither should he eat.

“11. For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busy-bodies.

“12. Now, them that are such, we command and exhort, by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread.

“13. But ye, brethren, be not weary in well doing.

“14. And if any man obey not our word by this epistle, note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed.

“15. Yet count *him* not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother.”

Now these *brethren* who walk disorderly are *carpet-baggers* down South, and the men who attempted to disturb this Democratic meeting.

Now, I believe that there is a duty you owe to yourselves and to your children, and that duty you will find in the inspired writings, when it tells you not to walk with those that are *disorderly*. When it tells you that those who do not *work* shall not *eat*. And the

non-laboring ones are the bondholders of America—the ones protected by Republican legislation, those who demand gold from your earnings, gold from your pockets, gold from your children, and demand that your children be made slaves of those who don't work. Are you willing to make your children slaves? (Cries of 'No, no, no!') Have you no love for your homes? (Cries of 'Yes, yes!') If you are willing to benefit the political tricksters who have lied to you, toyed with your liberties, trampled your interests under their feet; if you care not for yourself, in God's name, my fellow-countrymen, young men, and workingmen, have some mercy upon the children of America! And don't, in behalf of these children, do not, I beg of you, make them slaves to an aristocracy, slaves to the bondholders, that are growing richer and richer, year after year, at your expense, and who are educating their children to look with contempt upon the children of laborers of America. For your attention to-night, for your generous welcome that you have given me, citizens, I in days of boyish poverty knew, please accept my sincere, earnest, heartfelt thanks. *Good-night.* (Immense cheering.)"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Specimens of Mr. Pomeroy's miscellaneous writings.

THE PRAYER OF THE WIDOW.—Beside a grave knelt a young widow, not long since, in a quiet town in the State of Pennsylvania. By the foot of the little 'home' where slept her husband, a child lay, innocent and ignorant of its mother's sorrow. Curiosity excited us, and we approached, to hear her, in broken words, with hands clasped and upheld, face upturned and dishevelled hair, pray as follows. The first of the prayer we did not hear; the close was this:

"And, Father in Heaven, I loved him. He was all the world to me. He loved me—he held my head so close to his heart—he cared for me so tenderly. But I let him go when his country called, for it was to save his country they told me. And oh! my Father in Heaven, how I watched and waited for him—how I prayed for his safe return! But Thy will was done, and he was taken from me. And with him went to save his country my brother. And he came home wounded, and then he died, and left a mourner like me. And she died broken-hearted, and left me this little child to love as my own—as my own was denied me. And oh!

Father in Heaven, help me to keep this charge—tell me how to care for it—show me how to rear it and make it good. And give me—oh! give me, Father in Heaven, strength to labor for it; for we are all poor, and alone, and no one to care for us now. Oh! give me health—give me strength to work for this dear one, for if I, too, fail, who will care for the little one now?”

And in the air we saw, over her, the spectre of her loved and lost; and this is what he told her, or tried to:

“Ah, my poor wife, pray on. Pray to God, for none other in power will hear your prayer. I was taken from you—I lost an arm in battle—a leg in the same—I suffered in hospital—I died and left you at the mercy of those who fooled me. Yes, pray to God! He will hear you; but those who murdered me—who are robbing you—who hold a mortgage on that little one—they will hear nothing unless it has the chink and clink of gold. The country to them is nothing. The sufferings of soldiers who fought while they stole is nothing to these. The agony of those who mourn is nothing. All they want is the gold. And for this, for them, I died! And for them I left you in poverty! For them I gave my life and your heart! ’Twas to enrich them and make a slave of that little one I died! Yes, pray to God, for none other in power will help you!”

EDITING A NEWSPAPER.—It is fun! All you have to do in New York, as elsewhere, is to nail up a sign

and go it. Editors are as plenty as whiskey bottles in Grant's wigwam! So many eminent roosters come forward with advice. Advice is good. That is, when we have enough of it. We lack advisers—a few more wanted. Apply to the devil, or next oldest apprentice. Come early and stay late, and bring your advice. We have had a few of those already. There are so many men who know so much—just struck 'em! If in luck, they may know more.

They all wish us to succeed, and know just how we can do it. Kind roosters—our pot of thanks for them is red hot. Experience having proved that we cannot edit a paper, or give it circulation, it is proposed to teach us. CHRIST never had more lepers to heal than we have eminent roosters to give us advice, and who know just what is needed to make *The Democrat* paper a success. One red hot delegate says, "Give 'em more hell!" Another long-headed rooster says, "Rip it into old *Greeley*!" Please excuse us—he don't wish us to! Another old cove, with moss on his back, calls to say we are an injury to the party, and advises us to go slow, and put in more about the *Monroe* doctrine! Here comes a loose king, bald with the head knocked off, who brings twenty pages of foolscap for us to publish, defending him in a private quarrel originating between two hired girls.

Another moral dispenser wishes us to insert his article every day proving that the Constitution was intended by the consolidated commonwealths to protect the natu-

ral contested elongations of the organic laws of the patriarchs of our present form of government, originating with *Juvius Xevius Domesticulus*, as exemplified by *Ovid* in the reign of *Charlemagne*, and based upon the normal elements of a great fundamental principle according to *Dryden*, as set forth by *Josephus* in book ninety-five, to which, and the preceding volumes, the reader is referred. We send him out upon the *World* rejoicing!

Another man of genius comes in with an article cheap at eighty-seven dollars, in which he proves that if the steamer *Merrimac* had been erected on the plan adopted by *Noah*, the unholy conflict lately in fashion, would not have terminated the day it did. Referred to one of the assistant editors who has gone to the country.

One man wants to furnish a column a day for two years on the legal rate of interest in Utah. Another statesman wishes us to give a three-column puff for a personal friend of his who sent in a bottle of peppermint essence when his Aunt Jerulia had the hooping distemper. Another man, who don't know enough to catch a decent cold, stops to tell us that an article in the paper five weeks ago will injure us if rejected. Another man comes in to say he is exceeding glad we are succeeding, and then wants to borrow a dollar till he goes home. One wants more poetry—another more fun—another more statistics—another wants more about Mrs. Lincoln. Another man comes in with a five-column dilu-

tion of one of our last month's editorials, and says it would be good policy, now that the people demand it, to say something about United States bonds.

Another man with kid gloves comes in to say, "It won't do, sir—it won't do, by —; it won't do to attack the moneyed men of the country—the country, sir! We'll not take your paper—your paper, sir! We won't advertise with you, sir! You'll fail and burst up, sir, if you intend to advocate the cause of the fools who know nothing about finances—about finances, sir!" Just so, Judge.

And so they come, day after day—old men and young men, smart men and fools. Men who can write, and men who cannot. Nine-tenths of them with an axe to grind—all with advice. In two weeks we have had over a hundred distinct lines of policy marked out for us, and no two alike. And we'll follow them all—when success has become irksome, and we wish to make a fool of ourself, and fail. Some of our advisers know so much, we wonder they don't run for President, or start a cat-skin tannery out in the woods!

Meanwhile, send in the advice. Deliver all large packages at the back-door, and mark the heaviest, "C. O. D.," which, being interpreted, means: Cshtay Out Doors.

Young men, if you are in need of advice, hire out for an editor!

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Young men and workingmen of the great cities—Fathers, husbands, and lovers—will you sit with us to-night—this Saturday night, and talk with us, your friend? The labors of the week are ended. The little tin-pail which so oft has accompanied you to the places of toil, sits in its place—the home ones so dear to you are indeed glad Saturday night, the most blessed of all God's earthly nights, has come again.

We are weary. Hours of toil and tension of brain—hours of severe mental labor have for years made us long for this, best night of all the week to us. As we have worked through the week, we can rest, muse, and think now; we can all leave the work-room behind and rest, and tell the dear one of our heart, and the loved ones of the household, that we love them, and with them to-night shall rest.

Throw care to the winds. Gather the loved ones about you. Tell the wife who for days, weeks, months or years, has shared more of your troubles than of your joys, that you love her as in the days ago. And you will see her face light up with the same smile which so crazed your heart once—will see the love-light in her eye, and out to each will swell the heart as in days long since.

Gather the little one, or the little ones, about you. Unbend from business. Romp with the home ones.

Men should not be statues, never bending, always cold and forbidding. Down from your assumed dignity, and be a true, noble-hearted man. Draw her you love to your heart. Look into her eyes—go down into their wondrous depths—remember it is intolerable selfishness which strangles so many hearts; be good, kind, loving, happy.

All the week she has toiled and waited for to-night. Do not disappoint her now, and your home will be happier each coming week. Her task is harder yet than yours, for the walls of a house, no matter how large, are not like the walls of a city. Perhaps the bloom of youth, the silent eloquence of the eye, the loved presence are not there as once. Then, workingman and brother, see if you cannot call them back; for you are the man—she is but the patient, toiling, trusting, loving woman, who would die for you and your love.

Are you going out?

Do not go alone. Take your home ones with you. Give them a treat to-night. If you have saved only enough for your own gratification, save it and stay at home. If you cannot take her and them to a place of amusement, walk the streets and see the beautiful, or throw off your coat and romp in the parlor or sitting-room of mansion or shanty, as the case may be. Give this night to your family and you will be a better, happier man.

We love the laborers of America. We love the work-

ingmen enough to speak truth to them, for we would make their homes happier, their labor less, their enjoyments more—their eternity brighter. And this we tell them :

Save your earnings. Do not squander it in haunts of vice and dens of degradation. Ten dimes saved will make a dollar. The dollar will buy shoes for the little one—a keepsake for the wife—a book for her to read when tired and weary with watching for your coming—a picture for you both to look at, as it adds beauty to your room. Save the dollar you are tempted to spend foolishly. Beautify your home rather than some gilded saloon. Try and be better, more noble, manly, and more of a good husband and father. No man is so happy as he who does his duty. You owe a duty to yourself—a duty to your family. All the world is not to them what you are, or should be. Your home can be happier if you seek to make it so. Hours and dollars squandered are worse than lost.

If your wife is not dressed as are those you visit, save your earnings and dress her so. If your home is not attractive, see if you cannot help make it so. Life is but a book full of littles woven together. It takes but little to make home happy. Little by little, day by day, week after week, see if you cannot add to it more attractions. Read this chapter, a workingman's sermon, to her you love, and see if she does not agree with us,

and will not agree to aid you to make you more happy. Seal the bargain with a kiss, and begin to-night.

Do not squander your money in drink, for it weakens your brain and heart; it makes a kiss nauseating to a woman who loves; it robs you of the result of toil; it makes you less a man. We would not dictate, but in kindness would say, drink is of no benefit. We wish to see workingmen protected, but they should first protect themselves! We are made heart-sick to see them over-taxed and over-worked to support an aristocracy that is exempt from taxation and at war upon their prosperity; we are pained to see them so careless of their earnings. We wish their homes, even if small, to be more beautiful, and to see them enjoying their homes and the society of their loved ones—if not every night, every night they can. The days are fading out—the furrows are stealing over our faces—the muscle which now is wedded to toil is growing weaker; and if we who would be happy will not try to be happy and to make our loved ones really so, then He who loves us all has given us in vain Saturday night.

“BRICK” POMEROY.

BRICK POMEROY KEEPETH A HORSE!—Nothing like it!

If you don't have, keep, hold, possess, and operate a horse you are nobody. Worse than a girl without-ribbons—a boy minus a moustache—a prayer without an amen.

You can't be in style except you keep a horse—darn the expense. That is the stamp on fashion—a horse, rearibus cum go-em! Smith goes without life insurance to keep a horse and be in style. Jones keeps a trotting-horse and sulky, and wears linen pants all winter. Blefe keeps a saddle-horse, rather than send his children to school. White keeps a roadster rather than hear his wife thumping on a piano. Everybody keeps one, so I wanted one. Black told me there was nothing like it. Said he, one day as I rode to dinner with him:

“You see, Brick, there is nothing like a horse. It don't cost anything to keep one, and they are so convenient. All you have to do is to rent a little stable, buy a harness, carriage, robes, and a horse, hire a cheap boy to care for him, and then you can ride to your place of business, or, if you wish exercise, take care of him yourself. It don't cost much—a horse don't eat much! And then you can ride out in the morning or evening—take a friend, go and come to dinner quick, and if you have an errand to do, there is your horse all ready.

And I went to a sale stable and gave a man five dollars to find me one. He did. I bought him, a beautiful creature, seven hands high, fifteen years old, gentle as a lamb, fleet as the steeds of Arabia, and easy to keep as a poodle dog. He was a white chap, well broke, could trot, pace, gallop, rack, canter, amble, and walk—could stand on his two fore legs, or his hind two legs, or his

four fore and hind legs, either or neither end up, and then roll over, and get up or not as he wished to.

Just the horse for me. Was good under a saddle, in harness or stable. I bought him. Price three hundred dollars—got him at a bargain; owner had just died, and the widow did not care to go in company except in mourning, and white is no mourning, you know.

I sold my watch and Jerulia's old jewelry for a hundred dollars, borrowed at the bank a hundred more, and gave a mortgage on my house as security, and then gave my note for another hundred, secured by mortgage on the horse, and at last owned a beauty of an equine. Then I sold the piano under promise of getting a new one, and bought a buggy, sold the cow for a harness—for cows are not neat, you know—and run in debt at a harness store for a whip, blanket, robes, brushes, etc., till at last I owned a complete rig.

I never had fun before. Not being able to hire a boy, I took care of the horse. Got up at four o'clock, curried him, rubbed him with wads of hay, old cloths and brushes, fed him oats, hay, salt and saltpetre, anointed his tail and mane to keep the hair on, led him to the blacksmith shop once a week, blistered my hands every day cleaning him, carried him water, and called him pet names till he loved me like a mule!

Had lots of fun, and such exercise! Never worked so hard before in all my born or unborn days. Never did so much for fun! Once I was sick a month, and

Jerulia had to take care of him. She loved me or would not have done it. One day he playfully protruded his left hind foot into Jerulia's face, cutting an ugly hole in her cheek and cracking five teeth out of place. I had the laugh on Jerulia then! Once he playfully bit three inches of scalp from the top of my head! I amused him about twenty minutes with an old fork handle! Better than dumb-bells for enlarging muscle!

And it was so nice to have a horse! I could take Jones, Smith, and Brown to their meals, and have something to pay taxes on. And it was so nice to keep a horse to lend your neighbors. One time our minister borrowed the horse and buggy to visit his aunt over in Pinville, ninety miles away. He went with his wife and four children in the buggy, with a trunk strapped on behind for the children to sit on. Was gone a week. It didn't cost but sixty dollars to repair horse, harness, and buggy.

Then one of the boys wanted the rig to go out girling. He drove twenty miles in eighty minutes, to let his Matilda see how fast he could go. The horse was a little stiff for a month after that, but fifty dollars' worth of liniment cured him, or nearly.

I like exercise, and this horse gave it to me. Once I left him unhitched before the office for a minute. He saw something and started. Ran over an old woman and a calf. Broke the calf of the old woman, and I had

to carry her to a drug-store and pay damages. Ran over a calf, upset the buggy and irritated the dash board and one wheel quite much. He broke loose and ran playfully six miles on the prairie. I caught him in five hours, and now wear a truss. Playful animal!

Another time I went out to ride with a niece of my first uncle's fourth wife. She wanted to see the graveyard. We rode five miles out in the woods. I had every confidence in that horse, dropped the lines in order to do something, read a newspaper I think, and just as the niece of my first uncle's fourth wife squealed out sort of tickledly, the horse ran gently against a tree and we both got out. The horse went on, and so did I, but I ran a mile before I caught him. Lost my way in the woods and never saw the niece of my first uncle's fourth wife, nor the buggy again!

I like a horse. It costs nothing to keep one! If you have a five minutes' walk it is easier to clean off, hitch up, water, and drive your horse, unless the buggy be broken, or harness out of order. And it don't cost much! We had white sugar in the house once, and dessert after dinner twice this year! And I have stopped all these foolish ladies' magazines and picture-books, and Jerulia now stays at home like a sensible woman. Can't afford to gratify all these little whims!

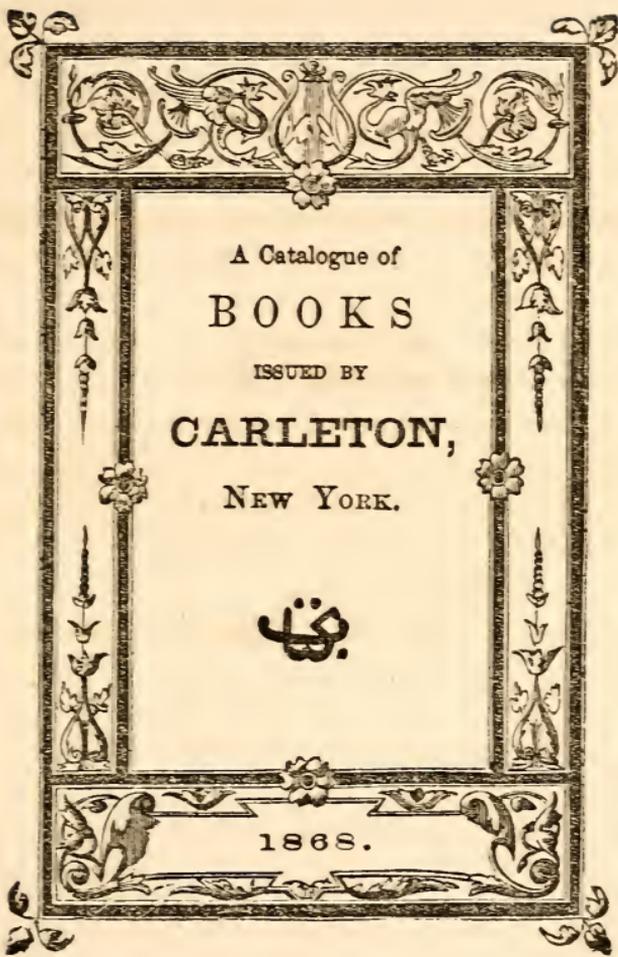
And it is such fun to see him play! Once he kicked the frontispiece of the buggy in, and I let him run in the yard after admonishing him half an hour with a

broken thill. He likes out-door play. He ran over a hencoop and killed the old hen, leaving nine orphan children for the cat to eat! Then he left his private stamp on the bosom of two shirts, male and female, and masked his feet through a pair of sheets bleaching on the grass. And he knocked a ladder down, with the end through the parlor-window, kicked the dust out of the flower-beds and scared thunder out of the twins who were sleeping on the grass under a plum-tree. Playful animal! so full of life!

I have had him five months, and he has not cost over nine hundred dollars nor given me over two hundred miles extra travel. I have been offered nineteen dollars for him, and if any poor man wants to take style and have something to care for which will cost him nothing, he can have him. Address, for two hours,

Horsetally thine,

“BRICK” POMEROY.



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