

FOR THE VOICE OF THE FAIR.  
TO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR.

'Twas once observed by Dr. Knox,  
Whose age betrayed his whitened locks,  
That, for a man to "fall in love,"  
Such object he must be above!  
For 'twould be very strange, I trow,  
To "fall in" what he is below.  
True love will seek a mind its equal,—  
'Twixt man and woman find the sequel,—  
And if his mind is far above her,  
He'll have but little cause to love her!

DRAWN BY

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DEVILS.

Mephistopheles explained to Faust that it was no longer the fashion for devils to distinguish themselves by the cloven foot. Fashions changed everywhere else, and there was no reason why devils should be behind the rest of the world. The horned and hoofed monster of our infancy has in truth almost become obsolete. In early times the Prince of Darkness was really a gentleman, with whom it was only not quite orthodox to have dealings. He gradually degenerated into the grotesque performer in popular legends. After he had retired into the background of cultivated imaginations, the quaint peculiarities ascribed to him in the fancy of the people still gave him a lease of vitality. The devil whose nose was pulled by St. Dunstan's tongs, and at whom Luther threw his ink-bottle, survived in obscure holes and corners. To the rising generation, he is represented in the exclusively comic point of view by the queer humgruffins of the "Ingoldsby Legends." A Mephistopheles who is introduced solely to rhyme with hot coffee-tees may be said to have touched the lowest point of degradation. His innocuous character is marked by Burns's amiable wishes for his repentance and welfare. Indeed, we hardly see that any other course is open to him. When your only trade is to point a moral in extravagant rhymes, and adorn a comic tale, you may just as well be virtuous: malice is thrown away when it simply becomes food for ridicule. We make, of course, no allusion to theological doctrines; but the devil of poetry and fiction is in danger of utter extinction. In one direction, he has been refined away to a mere shell, to a metaphysical abstraction without any concrete attributes; in another he has been degraded into an old woman's story, which ceases to frighten even grown-up children. It is not, therefore, with out a sense of something like satisfaction that we have witnessed some late attempts to galvanize him into temporary vitality. It would be a pity entirely to lose sight of a character who if not quite virtuous, was certainly amusing in his day. Mr. Robert Montgomery depicts Satan, as we all know on Lord Macaulay's authority, as an elderly gentleman who had seen better days, and whose worst fault was a tendency to pious twaddle. But since that time he has attempted to come out in his own character. The theory that he raps on tables, and tells a variety of contemptible lies from that degrading position, is indeed little creditable to him. If he had anything to do with tying and untying the Davenport brothers, it was a misplaced effort of ingenuity. It was altogether below the reputation which he had established even as the prompter of the petty malevolence of genuine witchcraft. We learn, however, from a very interesting article in the Cornhill Magazine, that he had lately been producing some far more remarkable phenomena. They are, indeed, of such a terrible character that, if the devil has had nothing to do with them, we could almost say, in the words of the often quoted old woman, we "don't see no use in having no devil."

The people of Morzine, in Savoy, a remote valley to the south of the Lake of Geneva, have for the last eight years been the victims of a series of trials like those which beset the Jansenist *convulsionnaires*. The first patient was a girl of ten years old, who was being prepared for her first communion, and who exhibited certain symptoms which were immediately attributed to diabolic agency. From her the infection seems to have spread until there were a hundred and twenty cases of possession in a village of 2,000 inhabitants. The antics performed under this strange influence were alarming to the highest degree. The afflicted persons went through extraordinary physical contortions. They turned over and over in one bound. They leapt like a steel spring suddenly released, bending backwards so that head and feet touched the ground together. A boy of twelve ran up a pine tree eighty feet high. There he bent down the top shoot (so it is said) and stood on it head downward, singing and gesticulating. Suddenly he came to his senses, and called for help. His elder brother cried out, "Devil, en-

ter again into this child, that he may be able to come down again." The devil obeyed, with singular good nature, and the boy immediately ran down headforemost, like a squirrel. The victims seized, who were of all ages and position, invariably spoke of themselves in the third person and personated evil spirits. The voice of one woman exclaimed, during a religious service by a bishop, "Ah, damned carrion of a bishop, thou makest me depart. How dreadful to have to return to hell. \* \* \* I must leave this fair body, where I am so well off. But when I go, I leave five more, and among them an old devil. It is not to-day that they will depart." As a rule, the devils professed to be the spirits of human beings, who were suffering for their sins on earth. The spirit which possessed one woman asserted that it had been damned for eating meat on a Friday. It impelled the woman to go every Friday to the Maire and ask for bacon, which she greedily devoured while raw. Every attempt was made to put a stop to the plague. Physicians were sent, and could do nothing. Exorcisms were tried, and, as might naturally be expected, the excitement only made matters worse. The prefect came, and spoke to some of the women. They fell upon him and his gendarmes. They lifted strong men in their arms and pinned them against the walls. Then, with a sudden bound, they sprang through the window, one after the other, and disappeared. The bishop came, and tried the effects of high mass. It produced a fearful scene of cries, oaths, blasphemies, and fearful convulsions, and the bishop was glad to escape without actual violence to himself. At last a doctor was sent to Morzine with despotic power, and backed by the important aid of sixty soldiers, a brigade of gendarmes, and a fresh cure. The cure was to preach against the possibility of demoniacal possession, and the gendarmes and soldiers to put down any overt acts. By dint of exiling all afflicted people to lunatic asylums and hospitals, he seems to have finally succeeded in beating the devil. For four months no new cases have occurred, and it is expected that French bayonets will be more successful in the spiritual encounter than holy water and high masses. Many curious symptoms, such as insensibility to pain, preternatural acuteness of the senses, and a power of predicting the phases of their disease, are mentioned as characterizing this display of diabolic energy. One cannot but feel the deepest sympathy for 2,000 people shut up in the recesses of an Alpine valley to be tortured by such an appalling complaint. To them it is, of course, witchcraft and demoniacal power made visible. To be shut up in a madhouse, with a constant prospect of going mad yourself, would be scarcely more horrible. If, however, it were possible to cut oneself off from all feeling for the victims, one would almost regret that the experiment could not be continued. It would be interesting to discover what are the causes that predispose a person to diabolical possession. The disease is now so rare that we regard its extirpation in this secluded spot with the feelings of a botanist witnessing the destruction of the last specimens of some uncommon plant in some favored habitation.

LANGUAGE.

Dr. Marsh in his great book on the English language, rebukes severely the affectation of saying "being built," instead of building, and even prefers the old English of "the ship is a building," where a is a substitute for in, and far more euphonious. He also attacks the English cockneyism, which we regret to see being forced into American usage by the poorer class of novels, "different to" instead of a store's being different from a shop. He exults in the fact that we speak English better than the English themselves, with fewer provincials and greater uniformity. No doubt the newspaper press has a great deal to do with this undoubted superiority, the daily journal being more universal in America than anywhere else, the editorial corps generally taking some pride in keeping the language pure. Any new word that knocks for admittance ought to be sharply questioned, and if endeavoring to take place of something better, dismissed with scorn. "Retracement," which R. W. Emerson assailed so vehemently, has been laughed into obscurity—while "telegram" was at once received with favor on both sides of the water. "Sun-pictures" seems to us far better than *Cartes de visites*: and railroad "stations" where the mass stand in waiting, than railroad "depot," which not one in ten can pronounce aright, and which belongs to a depository for carriages, &c.

—BOSTON COR.—Why does a fat dog not meditate? Because he is not a thin cur.

LETTER FROM ARTEMUS WARD.

HE "STRIKES ILE."

We have been permitted to publish the following characteristic letter from the great showman, who has abandoned the "wax figger" business for the world of "ile."

SALT RIVER BORINS, May 1, '65.—My Dearest Betsy Jane:—Here I am cum, as Slick as Greas, out of the reech of the "slings and arrers o outragis forchun," as the Polit sez. Ef enybody enquires to Baldinsville about Artemus Ward, that used to be sum in the Show Bizness, say to them with a Tear in thy I, Artieuous (thats the Greek spell of my name) the grate showman, is ded—that is, to ignoble persoots. Tell 'em Artemus is no more Artemus, but "a body corporate;" tell 'em Betsy Jane Ward is no more the wife of the captin of the Baldinsville milishy, but a lady. Betsy Jane, I've struck 'ile! I'm as rich as Creasus. My ile will spirt up in a stream 2 hundred feet Hi, an as thick as the mane mast of the irunsides.

O Betsy, wot a site of mene work I've dun in my parst career! To think that I used to handle the Bo Constrictors and other reptile snaiks in my show, an arterwards the copperheds of N. York & Richmon' in the way of diplomasy—an all for no use. I got poor and poorer, while the snaiks an tigers got fat; and at larst the pesky rebs confiscated my show, and "Othelley's occupation was gone."

This is a kold world, Betsy—peticularly whare ther's no ile. When I got poor (cauz how I was tu good naturd, like father Abram, and let the boys inty my show without payin), even my monkeys maid mouths at me, an I was a wax figger meself—that is, I was patients on a monooment. But nobody "saw it" but me. Now its different. Shakspeer, or sum other wise theolojun, sed sum is born grate, sum win grateenness by a pack of cards or a Hoss race, an the rest get big by axident. Now I didn't win it, or get it thurst onto me, but I bord it out the stuns of salt river, with a government orgur. Borin is of two kinds—borin for the corporation (that is for the money) an arterwards for the ile. Wall, you see I bord meself out of A. Ward into a grate company, calld the "Oleaginus Saline Carbuniferous Indication Manufacturin Company." I tell you privitly, that name took splendid. We, that's me, an Artemus, an Artieuous, & Mr. Ward—opind an offis, an from Mondy morn till Sundy dawn we bookt the shares. Our Company was organized to wit—it had 17 milluns of shares at 3 sents a share, & I sent "reserved for work-in capital." We garrantied everything. We tole the noose boys and uther contrebans that we had the "royilty" an "fee simple" of all the ile on salt river. We tole 'em we was aposed to aristockrisy an big shears. We tole 'em the shears was "limited"—so they was, to our treasury. Our shears went up to 17 dollers an 14½ sents in 4 days! We sold out an started an uther, an this wos the way we went on, till the vale of salt river wos bored like a pepper Box. The copperhed varmints, which air settled here, drinks nothin but ile! It agrees with 'em. They heroickally sez they ar contrebans of politicks, and like to grub an bore—it makes 'em forgit thare sorrers; an they hopes to strike a vain of tar and sulphur sum of these daze, an that'll soot 'em better still.

Betsy Jane, I've giv you the modis operandy of strikin ile. The man wot got rich on wot 9 talers giv him, an inscribed patriotickly on his Buggy, "Nine Talers Maid me a Man," was a fool long side the Wards. I'm coming to Baldinsville soon to cloze up thine undistingisht career, an opin in Bosting a establishment worthy of Bet-y Jane. Tell Zeke Biglow to make a Coach and 4, an put on the panel a Orger as big as a mane mast of a ship. I inten to make the Codfish riggins pale thare ineffectool fires, as the postle sez. The Artemus corporation sends thee a oleagenius farewell kiss. No more at present. From thy deerest luv,  
ARTEMUS WARD.

A kiss is a little thing, and evanescent, but of potent influence. A lingering, tender kiss will flood the heart with joyous emotions when a volumn of words might fail. It bindeth up the sore spirit, and oft given, covereth a multitude of shortcomings. None of us can forget that it was the panacea of childhood. To women it is as necessary as the sunshine and dew to the rose. We refer not to the "strong-minded" of the sex, who, in their boasted independence, find all that is needful to existence within themselves, but to those gentle, domestic beings who make glad homes. A frequent heart-given kiss will keep fresh the sweetness which otherwise would turn to coldness and indifference.

WIT ON TOMBSTONES.

A vast amount of wit is to be gathered from tomb-stones, and mortuary puns have long been famous. The epitaph of the witty divine, Dr. Thomas Fuller, is worthy of himself, simply—  
Fuller's earth.

There is a professional point in the epitaph of the eminent barrister, Sir John Strange:  
Here lies an honest lawyer—that is Strange.

And by what an outrageous quibble has the name of Wm. Burton, Esq., been handed down to immortality. The epitaph is to be seen in a churchyard near Salisbury:  
O sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!  
Are graves then dwindled into Burton holes?

There is something quaint and touching in the epitaph of Grimaldi, the distinguished clown:  
Here I am.

One of the best of this briefer kind was proposed by Jerrold, whose wit did not always wear so courteous a dress. Charles Knight, the Shakespearean critic, was the subject, and the words—  
Good Knight.

Professional rivalry produced this ill-natured inscription for the tombstone of a Western editor:  
Here lies an editor.

It is added that the injured man recommended the author to use the inscription as a motto for his own journal.

Of histrionic epitaphs the best is this one, on one of Shakespeare's actors:  
Exit Burbage.

In a similar vein, a wit gave a couplet to Mrs. Oldfield, the most celebrated actress of her day:  
This we must own, in justice to her shade,  
The first bad exit Oldfield ever made.

Something of compliment is here sacrificed to make the point. It is the reverse of Malcolm's Eulogy on Cowdor:  
Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving of it.

The comedian Foote, takes his turn thus:  
Foote from his earthly stage, alas! is hurled:  
Death took him off, who took off all the world.

Westminster Abbey has some notable epitaphs. This, by Samuel Wesley, is on the monument to Butler, the author of Hudibras:  
When Butler, needy wretch! was still alive,  
No generous patron would a dinner give,  
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust  
Presented with a monumental bust!  
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:  
He asked for bread and received a stone.

And what defiance there is in this, on the monument of "that gallant soldier, Sir Thomas Vere":  
When Vere sought death, armed with his sword and shield,  
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;  
But when his weapons he had laid aside,  
Death, like a coward, struck him, and he died.

This couplet, on a monument to John Gay, the poet, Thackeray's "Little French Abbe," is hardly suited to a Christian church:  
Life is a jest, and all things show it,  
I thought so once, and now I know it.

Sir Thomas Perkins, the great wrestler, caused a monument to be built for himself, on which was a sculpture in relief, depicting death in the act of throwing Sir Thomas. The epitaph, which is in Latin, reads as follows:  
Here lies the chief, who once threw all,  
Thrown by the conquering arm of death,  
Who ne'er had given the knight a fall,  
But that he found him out of breath.  
But boast not, Death! with empty pride,  
Thy strength: the day will come when he  
Arising, with fresh breath supply'd,  
Shall vanquish time, and conquer thee.

Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, was a covetous man, and this pasquinading epitaph was put on him:  
Here lies his Grace, in cold clay clad,  
Who died for want of what he had.

The reverse of this is one on Mr. James Worsdale, a very liberal man:  
Eager to get, but not to keep the pelf;  
A friend to all mankind, but not himself.

We close our list with a pathetic inscription placed by an honest Illinois farmer over the double grave of a span of favorite horses, struck down by lightning, and buried in his front yard:  
Peace to their manes.

WRITING IN ALBUMS.

In an academy located in a western village, at one time some years ago, albums became very popular among the fair ones. Among the gentlemen was a good-natured, careless, heedless fellow, by the name of Jim F—, who, whatever other qualifications he might have lacked, had a large share of self-esteem. Miss Lucy had one of the nicest albums in school, which was sent to Jim, "with Miss Lucy's compliments, hoping he would favor her with something from his pen." Anything original was beyond expectation; so he sat down to search the fields of poesy for something appropriate. At last he found it, as the following lines, copied from the good old "English Reader," attest:  
"How loved, how valued once, avails thee not;  
To whom related, or by whom begot.  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee:  
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

It is needless to add that Jim's contributions were at a discount thereafter.