

ours is not quite equal to the Earl of P.'s town-house; but we can add a private theatre and a chapel, and make it do for a while, eh? Day-day, Tomkins, my good fellow, how-de-do? How are your poor feet? Ha, ha, ha, quite the joke in London society, Tomkins. What's new? Yanks had another Bull Run? Every nobleman I met in England is with the South, my dear boy, and so am I.

"O England! If I could but visit thee just once, — just a little tiny bit of a once; but no matter, I haven't the money; never mind. Honest poverty in this country will yet — but it's of no consequence.

"Persons with money may have noticed, that as you turn from Cheapside into Whitefriars, and go on past St. Paul's and the Horse Guards into Pell Mell, keeping straight to the right to avoid Waterloo Bridge and the Nelson Monument, you come to an English house.

"At the particular period of which I write, the night of the 24th of December was Christmas-eve in this house, and Mr. R. Fennarf had just devoured a devilled kidney, some whitebait, a plate of Newcastle pickled-salmon, and some warm wine and toast, as it is believed customary for all English gentlemen of the better class to do before going to bed. Having thus prepared commodious stabling for a thoroughbred nightmare, he looked at his hands, looked at his watch, looked at the fire-irons, looked at his slippers in perspective, and at once fell into an English reverie, — which differs materially from an American one, as everybody knows, being much superior.

"Can it be,' said Mr. R. Fennarf to himself, 'that my pride was really sinful, when I drove my daughter Alexandra from my house, because she would have wed a

potboy? It must be so; for I have not seen a happy hour since then. Here is Christmas-eve, and here am I a lone, lone man. Oh that by the endurance of some penalty, however great, I might bring back my girl, and ask her forgiveness, and be my old self again.'

"Thy wish shall be granted!!!'

"This last terrible remark came from a being in white, with a red silk handkerchief tied about the place where he was murdered.

"Ah!' exclaimed Mr. R. Fennarf, 'have I the pleasure of seeing a Ghost?'

"You have,' said the being.

"Wont you take a seat, Mr. G.?'

"No,' sighed the spectre, 'I haven't time. I just dropped in to let you know through what penance you might be enabled to atone for your unjustifiable arrogance with your daughter, and recall her to your side. Your sin was pride; your atonement must be humiliation. You must get yourself Kicked!'

"Kicked!' ejaculated R. Fennarf, in a great state of excitement; 'why, really, Mr. G., I would bear anything to gain my desire; but that's rather a severe thing; and, beside, I don't know that I have an enemy in the world to do the kicking for me — except it is the potboy, and his legs are too short.'

"Nothing but a kick will do,' said the Ghost, decidedly; 'and I will help you to the extent of handing you this rod, by aid of which you can transport yourself in any, or every, direction, until the kick is obtained.'

"As the Ghost spoke, he laid a small black rod upon the table, and — was gone.

"Mr. R. Fennarf fell into a revery: where could he go to make sure of a kick? He might go out into the street and tweak the nose of the first brother-Englishman he saw; but would that Englishman kick him for it? No! He would only sue him next day for damages. No Frenchman would kick a Britisher; because it is the policy of France just now to appear immensely fond of all that's British. Nor German. Nor Spaniard. 'Ah!' exclaimed Mr. R. Fennarf, joyously, 'I have it! The very place for me is "the formerly-united Republic of North America." They hate the very name of Englishman there. Read the articles in their papers; hear the speeches at their meetings: Oh, how they hate us! So here's a wave of the magic rod, and wishing I may be transported to the presence of some good England-hating Yankees. Hey, presto!"

"In an instant he found himself being announced, by a servant in livery, to the company in the drawing-room of Mr. Putnon Ayres, of Beacon Street, Boston, who is quite celebrated for having said some thousands of times that England is the natural enemy of this country, sir; the natural enemy, sir; and if war were declared against England to-morrow, I, for one, sir, would close my store and shoulder a gun myself, sir.

"'Now,' thought Mr. R. Fennarf, 'I shall be kicked, sure enough, and have it over.'

"He couldn't help shrinking when he saw Mr. Putnon Ayres approaching him; but the Bostonian foe of Britain whispered hurriedly to Mrs. Putnon Ayres: 'It's the English gentleman, my dear; a *real* one, and cousin to a Lord! Tell everybody to drop their aitches, and not to

say anything in favor of the war. Oh, ah! delighted to see you, my dear sir, in my 'umble 'ouse.'

"Mr. R. Fennarf was astonished. He must actually say something insulting, or that kick wouldn't come even here.

"'Thankee, my old muff,' said he, in a voice like a cabman's; 'but it's a dewcied bore, you know, to answer all the compliments paid one in this blawsted country. I'm fond of wimmin, though, by George!'—

"Before he could finish his sentence, twenty managerial mothers, each dragging a marriageable daughter by the hand, made a desperate rush for him; but Mrs. Putnon Ayres reached him first, and placed the right hand of a pretty young lady in his own.

"'Take my 'arriet, sir,' she exclaimed, enthusiastically, 'and be assured that she will make you a good wife. It 'as always been my 'ope to 'ave such a son-in-law.'

"Mr. R. Fennarf felt that his case was becoming desperate; his chance of regaining his daughter further off than ever. Fairly crazy to be kicked, he familiarly chucked Miss Harriet under the chin, and, assuming a perfectly diabolical expression of countenance, deliberately tickled her!

"'Haw! haw! haw!' roared Mr. Putnon Ayres, holding his sides with delight, 'that's the real English frankness, my dear son, — for such I must already call you, — and no American girl could be less than 'appy to perceive it.'

"In utter despair, Mr. R. Fennarf involuntarily placed a hand upon the magic rod in his bosom, and wished himself elsewhere. Quick as thought he was elsewhere, and entering the sumptuous private office of the gifted St. Al-

bans, editor of the New York 'Daily Fife,' whose 'leaders' on the propriety of an immediate slaughter of all Britons within reach, have excited much terror in the bosom of Victoria.

"'My dear sir,' screamed the sturdy St. Albans, springing to meet his visitor, 'I am delighted to welcome you to the United States!'

"Mr. R. Fennarf's heart sank down to his very boots.

"'You mean what there is left of your United States,' he yelled, like a very ruffian. 'You Yankees never did know how to speak the English language.' And he actually spat upon a file of the 'Daily Fife' hanging near him, and sneered pointedly at a lithograph of the editor over the fireplace.

"St. Albans grasped his hand convulsively.

"'Spoken like Carlyle, sir; spoken like Carlyle. Your English honesty is worthy your English heart of oak, my dear friend.'

"'Sir!' roared R. Fennarf, frantic to be kicked, and backing temptingly toward the gifted St. Albans all the time he talked; 'you and your paper be demn'd! What do *you* know about Carlyle, bless my soul! *Who* are you smiling at? WHAT d'ye mean?'

"Here he knocked St. Albans down.

"'You shall hear from me — step into that next room — will write to you instantly,' panted the editor.

Half-crazed with his continued failures, the unhappy R. Fennarf walked abstractedly into the next room, half hoping his antagonist wanted an opportunity to put on a pair of extra-heavy boots.

In two minutes a boy put a note into his hand.

"'MY DEAR SIR: Name your own terms for contributing a daily article to the Fife. Select your own subjects.  
ST. ALBANS.'

"The miserable Briton involuntarily groaned, shook his head hopelessly, and once more touched the Ghost's rod. He heard the roll of drums, the scattering cracks of muskets, and found himself seated in the tent of that same Major General Steward who has so nobly said, on innumerable appropriate occasions, that he was ready to fulfil his whole duty in defeating the Southern rebels; but could not help wishing, as a man, that the enemy were Englishmen rather than our own brothers. *Then* he would show you!

"'I want to take a look at your military shopkeepers,' observed Mr. R. Fennarf, with great brutality, 'and see how you Bull Runners make your sandbanks — fortifications, as you absurdly call them. You're "Brute Steward," I suppose.'

"'Ha! ha!' laughed the able General, cheerily, 'that's what you English gents call me, I believe. We're going to have a battle, to-day, and you must stop and see it.'

"'A battle!' growled R. Fennarf. 'What do you mean by that? I've got a permit from your vulgar blunderers at Washington to go through your so-called lines to Richmond, as that's the only place where one can find anything like gentlemen in this blawsted country. I intend to go to-day, too; so you must put off your so-called battle.'

"He'll certainly kick me after that, thought R. Fennarf, beginning to feel quite hopeful.

"'Put off the battle?' said the great commander, cordially. 'I'll do it with pleasure, sir.'

"The Englishman stared at him in utter despair, and, for the last time, clasped his mystical rod, murmuring: 'Back to England, back to my own street. I give up all hope!'

"No sooner said than done. In a second he was at the corner of his own street, and, with the rod in his hand, started upon a distracted run for his own lonely house. Not looking where he ran, he went helter-skelter against a fine, fleshy old English gentleman with a plum nose and a gouty great-toe, who had hobbled out for a mouthful of night-air. Bang against this fine, fleshy old English gentleman went he, and down came one of his heels on the gouty great-toe.

"There was a tremendous roar, as from the great Bull of Bashan; the countenance of the fine, fleshy old English gentleman became livid, and, in the deep anguish of his soul, he saluted the disturber of his peace with a tremendous — KICK!

"The black rod vanished in a moment from the hand of Mr. R. Fennarf, and his very soul jumped for joy.

"'Merry Christmas!' he shouted, violently shaking the hand of the now bewildered old gentleman with the plum nose.

"Then, on he darted toward his house. It was lighted up in every window. There was music in the house, too, and dancing. In he flew, with a delightful presentiment

of what was going on. Sure enough, his daughter Alexandra had come home, with her husband the potboy, and a score of friends, and all hands were hard at a cottillon.

"'Father, forgive us!' screamed Alexandra.

"'Your parental blessing,' suggested the potboy with much feeling.

"'Support them for life,' murmured the friends.

"'My children,' said Mr. R. Fennarf, rubbing his back, 'you must forgive me. Henceforth we live together, and celebrate every coming Christmas-eve by meeting all our friends again, as now. I am a new man from this time forth; for on this very night I have learned a great and useful lesson.'

"Then all was jollity again, and the potboy, notwithstanding the shortness of his legs, danced like a veritable Christy minstrel.

"Meantime, a certain retired hackney-coachman in the company, who had attentively noted the reconciliation of father and daughter, called the former into a corner of the room, and said very gravely to him:

"'You said you had learned a lesson to-night?'

"'Yes.'

"'What is it?' asked the hackney-coachman.

"'It is,' said Mr. R. Fennarf, with solemnity, 'that no man need go out of his own country to be kicked!'

As Captain Bob Shorty finished reading, he looked about him for the first time, and lo! all the Mackerel chieftains were slumbering, with their chins upon their breasts.

And now, my boy, as the New Year rolls in, let me tender you the compliments of the season, and sign myself,

Yours for festivity

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

#### LETTER CIV.

EXPLAINING, IN A LUCID AND PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY MANNER, THE POWERFUL INACTIVITY OF THAT PORTION OF THE VENERATED MACKEREL BRIGADE RESIDING BEFORE THE ANCIENT CITY OF PARIS, AND PRESENTING CERTAIN GENIAL DETAILS OF A RECENT FESTIVE CONGLOMERATION.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 6th, 1865.

METHINKS, my boy, that I see you sagely assuming a pair of massive ears, a pair of silver spectacles, and a blue cotton umbrella, for the purpose of accurately personating the celebrated Public Sentiment, and, in that gifted character, peremptorily requiring me to explain the present use of the venerable Mackerel Brigade!

Mastering for a moment the noble rage of the unimpaired patriot at a request so vulgarly practical, I sternly refer you to the latest able articles in all our exciting and learned morning journals; wherein you will be taught that such portion of the aged Mackerel organization as has of late years invested Paris is in reality the gorgeous Pivot around which revolve all the other brass buttons of ultimate national triumph. And is not each editor of these excellent and sanguine morning journals well qualified by his military genius to represent a General Ism, oh?

But perhaps, my boy, you fail to find ocular demonstration in that illumination. It is barely possible that you refuse to acknowledge optical conviction in a lucidity of