

TO NIGHT!

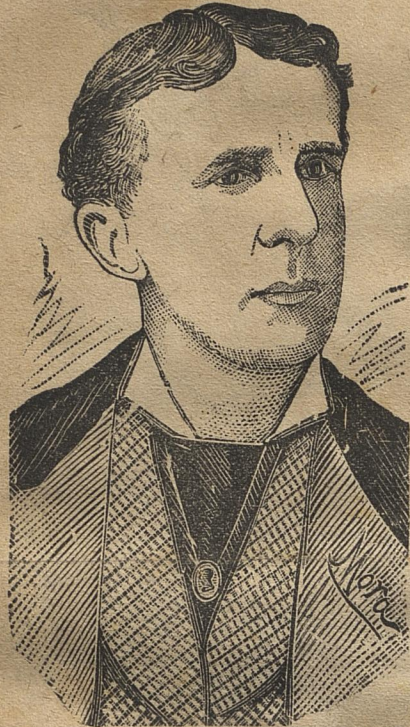
THE EMINENT COMEDIAN

Mr. John T. Raymond

WHO WILL APPEAR AS

COL. MULBERRY SELLERS.

"THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT."



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IN
MARK TWAIN'S "GILDED AGE."

CAST.

COL. SELLERS, His Original Character	JOHN T. RAYMOND
Col. Geo. Selby	John G. Saville
Si Hawkins	R. F. Runyon
District Attorney	W. H. Gillette
Clay Hawkins	Will A. Paul
Lafayette Hawkins	J. H. Anderson
Counsel for Defense	C. F. Leon
Uncle Daniel	C. Edwin Dudley
John Peterson	Wm. Deasell
Crier	Ed. Gavin
Laura Hawkins	Miss Kate Forsyth
Emily Hawkins	Miss Courtney Barnes
Mrs. Si Hawkins	Miss Marion Taylor
Mrs. Sellers	Miss Emma Anderson

SYNOPSIS.

Act 1.—Mississippi River.
Act 2.—The Hawkinses. Sellers expatiates on Eye Water.
Act 3.—Sellers at Home. The Turnip Feast.
Act 4.—Washington, D. C. The Homicide.
Act 5.—The Trial.

Manager Mr. SAM T. JACK
Stage Manager Mr. W. H. GILLETTE

Courier-Journal Job Print.

1878
October 18

A Dinner and a Kiss.

"I have brought your dinner, father."	While all about him were visions Full of prophetic bliss;
The blacksmith's daughter said, As she took from her arm the kettle And lifted its shining lid.	But he never thought of the magic In his little daughter's kiss.
"There is not any pie or pudding, So I will give you this!" And upon the toil-worn forehead She left the childish kiss.	And she, with her kettle swinging, Merrily trudged away, Stopping at sight of a squirrel, Catching some wild-bird's lay.
The blacksmith took off his apron And dined in happy mood, Wondering much at the savor Hid in his humble food;	And I thought how many a shadow Of life and fate we would miss, If, always, our frugal dinners Were seasoned with a kiss.

THE PENS INFLUENCE.

The pen is simple, yet sublime!
It writes its story on the page,
And sends it down the stream of time
In statesmen's love—in minstrel's rhyme—
As echoes of the passing age.

It too has power to crown a king,
And uncrown kings in realms of earth!
By lifted finger it can bring
A word to silence, or to stife
An anthem of immortal birth.

The lustre of the sword is dim
Beside the lustre of the pen;
The mountain's crown, the ocean's rim,
Echo the universal hymn
That lifts it highest among men.

[From the New York Tribune]
TRUTHFUL JAMES TO THE EDITOR.
(YREKA, 1873)

Which it is not my style
To produce needless pain
By statements that rile,
Or that go 'gin the grain,
But here's Captain Jack still a livin', and Nye
has no skelp on his brain.

On that Caucasian head
There is no crown of hair.
It is gone, it has fled,
And Echo sez, "where?"
And I asks, "Is this Nation a White Man's
and is generally things on the square?"

She was known in the camp
As "Nye's other squaw,"
And folks of that stamp
Hez no rights in the law,
But is treacherous, sinful and slimy, as Nye
might hev well known before.

But she said that she knew
Where the Injuns was hid,
And the statement was true,
For it seemed that she did;
Since she led William where he was covered
by seventeen Modocs, and—slid!

Then they reached for his hair,
But Nye sez, "By the law
Of nations, forbear!
I surrenders—no more;
And I looks to be treated, you hear me?—as
a pris'ner, as a pris'ner of war;"

But Captain Jack rose
And he sez, "It's too thin.
Such statements as those
It's too late to begin.
There's a Modoc indictment agin you, Oh,
Paleface and you're goin' in.

You stole Schonchin's squaw
In the year sixty-two;
It was 'sixty-four
That Long Jack you went through,
And you burned Nasty Jim's rancheria and
his wives and his papposes too.

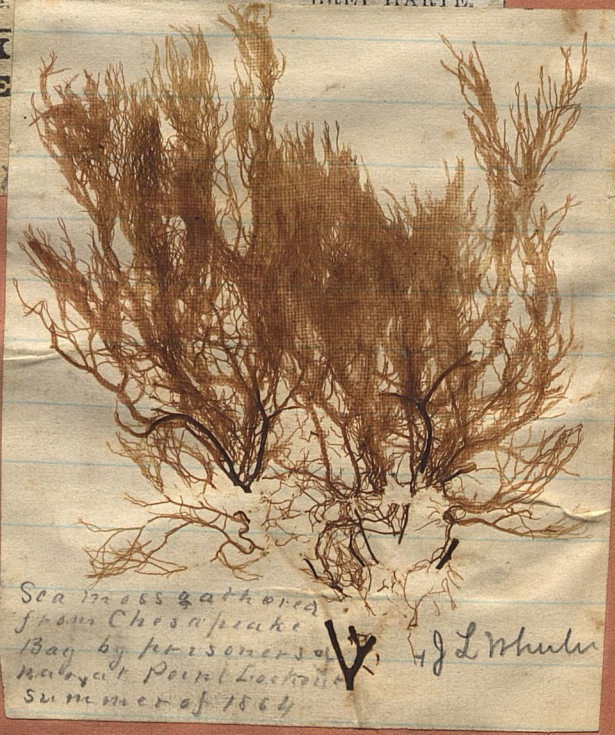
This gun in my hand
Was sold me by you
'Gainst the law of the land,
And I grieves it is true!"
And he buried his face in his blanket and
wept as he hid it from view.

"But you're tried and condemned,
And skelping's your doom,"
And he paused and he hemmed—
But why this resume?

He was skelped, 'gainst the custom of na-
tions, and cut off like a rose in its bloom.

So I asks without guile,
And I trusts not in vain,
If this is the style
That is going to obtain—
If here's Captain Jack still a livin', and Nye
with no skelp on his brain?

BRET HARTE.



Sea mass gathered
from Chesapeake
Bay by persons of
name at Point Lookout
Summer of 1864
W. J. L. Whelan