

Mr. G. G. G. G.

There are many crows about Ashland and Woodland at present. On last Saturday evening they were unusually thick and clamorous. I ask birds - portentious citizens of air - what could be the meaning of those gatherings? - who could tell. Last Saturday night was an extraordinary night. The rain descended and the clouds blackened until pitchy darkness enveloped the world. The storm-king was abroad in all his fury and our little shanty shook "from roof-til to foundation stone". We retired early. I had a vision in my sleep. I thought I was in the woods at Ashland and a mighty multitude was around - a multitude of strange faces, but all were not strange. My heart was gladdened by the genial faces of my friends - Messrs. Jabney, Trumbo, and Clemmons. They had come to witness the ^{coronation} defecation of the bard of Ashland. (Mr Childress) And lo! while we were still gazing we beheld him seated in the midst of a black cloud - a cloud of crows and upheld by their wings. As Elijah was lifted aloft on the burning cloud so the bard was being wafted by the sacred birds to that establishment of Gothic licium and harrowing which lies above and beyond the clouds - the Cerulean Opera House of Rhymers and fiddlers. To make the resemblance to Elijah more complete he dropped his cloak when about half way up. Here, I thought to myself, is a chance for glory! Flut as an arrow from the bow I sprang forward to seize the precious garment, but swift as were my movements I was anticipated by those of Messrs. Jabney & Co. A terrific race ensued. Mr Jabney led the advance he plumped forward like a butler, the earth flashed fire at every bound, him followed Mr Clemmons with lightning rapidity and blowing like a locomotive or his own darling tuber. Mr Trumbo's long understandings were used with a fearful to behold. For a moment the prize seemed to hang in the balance but with one tremendous spring I eclipsed the ~~rest~~ and bore off the prize in triumph. I found the great ~~instinct~~ ^{instinct} fugacious in the stable. He was lame but I was bent on having him as I led him out and prepared to mount, but this I found to be no easy matter for the animal was restive and stitich. However, after 30 or 40 ineffectual attempts I seated myself and holding on by man and bridle I managed to gallop through the following. To a pair of heavy Texas spurs must be attributed the unusual gingle.