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In Europe, as yet, the most noticeable results have been a rise of two hundred per cent. in the price of lead, and nearly twenty-five per cent. in that of silver.

As it is well known that the 'wise men' came 'from the East,' and as Mr. Touch-and-go Bullet-head came from the East, it follows that Mr. Bullet-head was a wise man; and if collateral proof of the matter be needed, here we have it—Mr. B. was an editor. Irascibility was his sole foible; for in fact the obstinacy of which men accused him was anything but his foible, since he justly considered it his forte. It was his strong point—his virtue; and it would have required all the logic of a Brownson to convince him that it was 'anything else.'

I have shown that Touch-and-go Bullet-head was a wise man; and the only occasion on which he did not prove infallible, was when, abandoning that legitimate home for all wise men, the East, he migrated to the city of Alexander-the-Great-o-nopolis, or some place of a similar title, out West.

I must do him the justice to say, however, that when he made up his mind finally to settle in that town, it was under the impression that no newspaper, and consequently no editor, existed in that particular section of the country. In establishing 'The Tea-Pot,' he expected to have the field all to himself. I feel confident he never would have dreamed of taking up his residence in Alexander-the-Great-o-nopolis, had he been aware that, in Alexander-the-Great-o-nopolis, there lived a gentleman named John Smith (if I rightly remember), who, for many years, had there quietly grown fat in editing and publishing the 'Alexander-the-Great-o-nopolis Gazette.' It was solely, therefore, on account of having been misinformed, that Mr. Bullet-head found himself in Alex—suppose we call it Nopolis, 'for short'—but, as he did find himself there, he determined to keep up his character for obst— for firmness, and remain. So remain he did; and he did more; he unpacked his press, type, etc., etc., rented an office exactly opposite that of the 'Gazette,' and, on the third morning after his arrival, issued the first number of 'The Alexan'—that is to say, of 'The Nopolis Tea-Pot:'—as nearly as I can recollect, this was the name of the new paper.

The leading article, I must admit, was brilliant—not to say
severe. I was especially bitter about things in general—and as for the editor of ‘The Gazette,’ he was torn all to pieces in particular. Some of Bullet-head’s remarks were really so fiery that I have always, since that time, been forced to look upon John Smith, who is still alive, in the light of a salamander. I cannot pretend to give all the Tea-pot’s paragraphs verbatim, but one of them run thus:

‘Oh, yes!—Oh, we perceive! Oh, no doubt! The editor over the way is a genius—Oh, my! Oh, goodness, gracious!—what is this world coming to? Oh, temporally! Oh, Moses!’

A philippic at once so caustic and so classical, alighted like a bombshell among the hitherto peaceful citizens of Nopolis. Groups of excited individuals gathered at the corners of the streets. Every one awaited, with heartfelt anxiety, the reply of the dignified Smith. Next morning it appeared, as follows:

‘We quote from “The Tea-Pot” of yesterday the subjoined paragraph:—“Oh, yes! Oh, we perceive! Oh, no doubt! Oh, my! Oh, goodness! Oh, temporally! Oh, Moses!” Why, the fellow is all O! That accounts for his reasoning in a circle, and explains why there is neither beginning nor end to him, nor to anything that he says. We really do not believe the vagabond can write a word that hasn’t an O in it. Wonder if this O-ing is a habit of his? By-the-by, he came away from Down-East in a great hurry. Wonder if he O’s as much there as he does here? “O! it is pitiful!”

The indignation of Mr. Bullet-head at these scandalous insinuations, I shall not attempt to describe. On the eel-skinning principle, however, he did not seem to be so much incensed at the attack upon his integrity as one might have imagined. It was the sneer at his style that drove him to desperation. What!—he, Touch-and-go Bullet-head!—not able to write a word without an O in it! He would soon let the jackanapes see that he was mistaken. Yes! he would let him see how much he was mistaken, the puppy! He, Touch-and-go Bullet-head, of Frogpondium, would let Mr. John Smith perceive that he, Bullet-head, could indite, if it so pleased him, a whole paragraph—a whole article—in which that contemptible vowel should not once—not even once—make its appearance. But no;—that would be yielding a point to the
You're only a fowl, an owl; a cow, a sow; a doll, a poll; a poor, old, good-for-nothing-to-nobody, log, dog, hog, or frog, come out of a Concord bog. Cool, now—cool! Do be cool, you fool! None of your crowing, old cock! Don't frown so—don't! Don't hollo, nor howl, nor growl, nor bow-wow-wow! Good Lord, John, how you do look! Told you so, you know—but stop rolling your goose of an old poll about so, and go and drown your sorrows in a bowl!

Exhausted, very naturally, by so stupendous an effort, the great Touch-and-go could attend to nothing farther that night. Firmly, composedly, yet with an air of conscious power, he handed his MS. to the devil in waiting, and then, walking leisurely home, retired, with ineffable dignity, to bed.

Meantime the devil to whom the copy was entrusted, ran up stairs to his 'case,' in an unutterable hurry, and forthwith made a commencement at 'setting' the MS. 'up.'

In the first place, of course,—as the opening word was 'So'—he made a plunge into the capital S hole and came out in triumph with a capital S. Elated by this success, he immediately threw himself upon the little-o box with a blind-fold impetuosity—but who shall describe his horror when his fingers came up without the anticipated letter in their clutch? who shall paint his astonishment and rage at perceiving, as he rubbed his knuckles, that he had been only thumping them, to no purpose, against the bottom of an empty box. Not a single little-o was in the little-o hole; and, glancing fearfully at the capital-O partition, he found that, to his extreme terror, in a precisely similar predicament. Awe-stricken, his first impulse was to rush to the foreman.

'Sir!' said he, gasping for breath, 'I can't never set up nothing without no o's.'

'What do you mean by that?' growled the foreman, who was in a very ill humor at being kept up so late.

'Why, sir, there beant an o in the office, neither a big un nor a little un!'

'What—what the d—I has become of all that were in the case?'

'I don't know, sir,' said the boy, 'but one of them ere Gazette devils is bin prowling bout here all night, and I spect he's gone and cabbaged em every one.'
aback by reading, in 'The Tea-pot,' the following extraordinary leader:

'Sx hx, Jxhn! hxw nxw?' Txld yxu sx, yxu knxw. Dx'n crxw, anxther time, bxfre yxu're xrt xf the wxxds! Dxes yxu'mother knwx yxu're xrt? Xh, nx, nx! sx gx hxme at nxce, nxw, Jxhn, tx yxur xdxius xld wxxds xf Cxnx eradicate! Gx hxme tx yxur wxxds, xld xwl,—gx! Yxu wxxx? Xh, pxh, pxh, Jxhn, dxn't dx sx! Yxu've get tx gx, yxu knxw! sx gx at nxce and dxn't gx sxw; fxe nxbdy xwns yxu here, yxu knxw. Xh, Jxhn, Jxhn, if yxu dxn't gx yxu're nx hxme—nx! Yxu're xny a fxlw, an xwl; a crxw, a sxw; a dxl, a Pxll, a pxxr xld gxnx-fxr-nrthing-tx-nrnxbdy bg, dxg, bxg, xr frxg, cxme xut xf a Cxnx eradicate bxg. Cxod, nxw—cxod! Dx be cxod, yxu fxl! Nxne xf yxur crxwing, xld cxck! Dx'n frxwn sx—dxn't! Dx'n hxllx, nxr hxwl, nxr grxwl, nxr bxw-nxr-wxw-wxw! Gxnx Lxrd, Jxhn, hxw yxu & cxck! Txld yxu sx, yxu knxw, but stx pxxll yxur gxnxse xf an xld pxll abxut sx, and gx and dxrnw yxur sxrxwxs in a bxwl!'

The uproar occasioned by this mystical and cabalistical article, is not to be conceived. The first definite idea entertained by the populace was, that some diabolical treason lay concealed in the hieroglyphics; and there was a general rush to Bullet-head's residence, for the purpose of riding him on a rail; but that gentleman was nowhere to be found. He had vanished, no one could tell how; and not even the ghost of him has ever been seen since.

Unable to discover its legitimate object, the popular fury at length subsided; leaving behind it, by way of sediment, quite a medley of opinion about this unhappy affair.

One gentleman thought the whole an X-ellent joke.

One gentleman thought the whole an X-ellent joke.

Another said that, indeed, Bullet-head had shown much X-ubiance of fancy.

A third admitted him X-entric, but no more.

A fourth could only suppose it the Yankee's design to X-press, in a general way, his X-aspiration.

'Say, rather, to set an X-ample to posterity,' suggested a fifth.

That Bullet-head had been driven to an X-tremity, was clear to all; and in fact, since that editor could not be found, there was some talk about lynching the other one.

The more common conclusion, however, was, that the af