

Correspondence of the Republican.

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A FRIEND IN NEED.

Rain is a weak word to use in describing the sort of thing we had last Saturday. At intervals it might be said to rain, but at other times it was a solid wet without a crack in it, all the way between the surface of Manhattan isle and the ground floor of heaven. I flattened my nose against the window and thought it all over. Was there an attraction sufficient to take me over the door that awful day? Not in New York, replied my well informed intelligence. But of a sudden there rose before me a vision of a day fully as awful as that particular Saturday, when I had been toted in a springless wagon over an abominable corduroy road, from a wretched country hotel to a little one-horse depot, and there met by the delightful intelligence that the "one o'clock train" didn't get there till four most generally." Some lingering gleam of reason in my distracted brain spared the informant's life. It was five miles back to the tavern. I concluded to remain in the depot, and to solace my weary afternoon I foraged for literature. A small boy offered to get me some books. He brought the second volume of the "National Reader," a pamphlet by Waterman on "Political Economy," a key to Daboll's arithmetic and a Book of Sketches, by "Grace Greenwood." This all happened so long ago that I forget the date. (They used A. D. after the figures, I think, though it might have been B. C.) The sketches of course were accepted, and I devoted an hour or so to the frontispiece that represented "Sara J. Clarke, Grace Greenwood"—a lovely young woman with magnificent eyes and a generally brilliant face. The little stories were very nice, and when I got tired of them I went back and renewed my admiration for the beautiful authoress. Down through succeeding ages the name of Grace Greenwood has always lived in my heart beneath the picture of that wet, leaky, ramshackle old depot, wherein I and a freckled youth, with yellow mud-covered stockings, kicked through five mortal hours. This year's "Grace Greenwood's" letters from California to the *New York Times*, have taken me captive in their graceful, witty way.