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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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BREATHED AND HIS GUN.

From the pages of a work, entitled "MONTGOMERY, or the Last Days of Lee and his Poltroons," the following sketch of Lieutenant Colonel BREATHED, of Washington county, Md., is copied:

In the din and smoke of that desperate grapple of the infantry, I have lost sight of the incessant cavalry combats which marked each day with blood.

And now there is no time to return to the pen. With one scene I shall dismiss these heroic fights—but that scene will be superb.

Does the reader remember the brave Breathed, commanding a battalion of the Stuart horse artillery? I spoke of him on the night preceding Chancellorsville, when he came to see Stuart. At that time he was already famous for his "do-or-die" fighting. A Marylander by birth, he had "come over to help us," had been the right-hand man of Pelham; the favorite of Stuart; the admiration of the whole army for a courage which the word "reckless" best describes—and now, in this May, 1864, his familiar name of "Old Jim Breathed," bestowed by Stuart, who held him in high favor, and became the synonym of stubborn nerve and valor, unsurpassed by that of Marse. To fight his guns in the trenches, or to go in with the sabres, but he was not a man to be trifled with in combat, he struck and indomitable. He was a man of few words, and full of honesty. I saw him only when he was fighting his guns or leading a charge, that they resembled red-hot coals and seemed to flame.

To me incidentally, I wish, reader, to show you Breathed; to let you see the whole individual in a single exponent. It is good to record things not recorded in "history." They are of which nothing real glory of the South. I chose my life, too, for Breathed was my friend. I loved and admired him—and only a month or two before, he had made the whole army admire—and laugh with him too.

See how memory leads me off! I am going to give ten lines, first, to that incident which made us laugh.

In the last days of winter, a force of Federal cavalry came to make an attack on Charlottesville—crossing the Rapidan high up toward the mountains, and attempting to surprise the position. General Custar, who commanded the expedition, was to find the Stuart horse artillery in winter quarters near. So sudden and unexpected was Custar's advance, that the artillery camps were surprised. At one moment, the men were lying down in their tents, dozing, smoking, laughing—the horses turned out to graze, the guns covered, a profound peace reigning—at the next, they were rushing about shouting, and in confusion, with the blue cavalry charging straight on their tents, sabres in hand.

Breathed had been lounging like the rest, laughing and talking with the men. Ferd made him suddenly king, and, sabre in hand, he rushed to the guns, calling to his men to follow.

With his own hands he wheeled a gun round, drove home a charge, and trained the piece to bear upon the tents within fifty yards of him.

"Man the guns!" he shouted, in his voice of thunder. "Stand to your guns, boys! You promised me you would never let these guns be taken!"

A roar of voices answered him. The building thrilled at the voice of the master. Suddenly the pieces spouted flame, shell and canister tore through the Federal ranks. Breathed was everywhere, cheering on the cannoniers. Discharge succeeded discharge; the ground shook; then the enemy gave back, wavering and falling heart.

Breathed seized the moment. Many of the horses had been caught and hastily saddled. Breathed leaped upon one of them and shouted:

"Mount!"

The men threw themselves into the saddle—some armed with sabres, others with clubs, others with pieces of fence-rail, caught up from the trees.

Charge! shouted Breathed.

And at the head of his men, he led a headlong charge upon the Federal cavalry, which broke and fled in the wildest disorder, pursued past Barboursville to Stuart's camp after them; their officers held a council of war to decide whether they should not buy their artillery near Staunardsville, to prevent its capture. On the day after this, they had escaped.

In passing Barboursville, on their return from Charlottesville, one of the Federal troopers stopped to get a drink of water at the house of a citizen.

"What's the matter?" asked the citizen.

"Well, we are retreating."

"Who is after you?"

"Nobody but old Jim Breathed and his men, armed with fence-rail!"

Such was one of a dozen incidents in Breathed's life. Let me denote to that which took place near Spottsylvania Court House.

Grant had moved, as we have seen, by his left flank toward that place. General Fitzhugh Lee opposed him on the way, and at every step harassed the head of the Federal column with his dismounted sharpshooters and horse artillery. Near Spottsylvania Court House, it was the stand made by Fitz Lee's cavalry that saved the position, changing the aspect of the whole campaign.

Sent by Stuart with a message to the brave "General Fitz," I reached him near Spottsylvania Court House at the moment when he had just ordered his cavalry to fall back slowly before the advancing enemy, and take a new position in the rear.

Two guns which had been firing on the enemy were still in battery on a hill; upon these a heavy Federal skirmish line was steadily moving; and beside the guns, Breathed and Fitzhugh Lee and their horses, looking coolly at the advancing line.

"Give them a round of canister, Breathed," exclaimed General Fitz Lee.

Breathed obeyed, but the skirmish line continued bravely to advance. All behind them, a regular line of battle advanced with flags fluttering.

To remain longer on the hill was to lose the guns. The bullets were whizzing around us, and there was but one course left—to fall back.

"Take the guns off, Breathed," exclaimed the general; "there is no time to lose! Join the command in the new position farther down the road!"

Breathed looked readily unwilling.

"A few more rounds, General!"

And then, turning to the men, he shouted:

"At the word, the guns opened flame, and the canister tore through the lines of skirmishers and the Federal line of battle behind; but it did not check them. They came on rapidly, and the air was full of bullets.

"Look out for the guns, Breathed! Take them off!" exclaimed the general.

Breathed turned toward one of the pieces, and ordered:

"Lambert to the rear!"

The order was quickly obeyed.

"Forward!"

The piece went off at a thundering gallop, pursued by bullets.

"Only a few more rounds, General!" pleaded Breathed; "I won't lose the guns!"

"All right!"

As he spoke, the enemy rushed upon the single gun.

Breathed replied by hurling canister in their faces. He hit his horse, smothering. Never had I seen a more superb soldier.

The enemy were nearly at the muzzle of the piece.

"Surrender!" they heard shouting—"surrender the gun!"

Breathed's response was a roar, which hurled back the front rank.

Then, his form towering amid the smoke, his eyes flashing, his drawn sabre whirled above his head, Breathed shouted:

"Lumber up!"

The cannoniers seized the trail; the horses wheeled at a gallop; the piece was limbered up; and the men rushed down the hill to mount their horses, left there.

Then around the gun seemed to open a volcano of flame. The Federal infantry were right on it. A storm of bullets cut the air. The drivers leaped from the horses drawing the piece, thinking its capture inevitable, and ran down the hill.

In an instant they had disappeared. The piece seemed in the hands of the enemy—indeed, they were almost touching it. A gun of the Stuart horse artillery for the first time was to be captured!

That thought seemed to turn Breathed into a giant. As the drivers disappeared, his own horse was shot under him, staggered, sunk, and rolled upon its rider. Breathed dragged himself from beneath the bleeding animal, rose to his feet, and rushing to the lead horses of the gun, leaped upon one of them, and struck them violently with his sabre to force them on.

As he did so, the horse upon which he was mounted fell, pierced by a bullet through the body.

Breathed fell upon his feet, and, with the edge of his sabre, cut the two leaders out of the traces. He then leaped upon one of the middle horses—the gun being drawn by six—and started off.

He had not gone three paces, when the animal which he now rode fell dead in his tracks.

But rising to his feet, covered the dead animal and his companion from the pieces, as he had done the leaders.

He then leaped upon one of the wheel-horses—these alone being now left—struck them furiously with his sabre—started at a thundering gallop down the hill—and pursued by a hail-storm of bullets, from which, as General Lee says in his report, "he miraculously escaped unhurt," carried off the gun in six days, and rejoined the cavalry, greeted by a rolling thunder of cheers.

Such was the manner in which Breathed fought his artillery, and the narrative is the briefest and most simple statement of fact.

Breathed came out of the war a lieutenant-colonel only. Napoleon would have made him a marshal.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Those who read this all know something of the vast Pacific Ocean, and of the great Pacific Railway across our continent, which is to be completed next July, and by which passengers can ride in the cars more than three thousand miles, from New York to the beautiful State of California, which has some of the grandest mountains, and the most enormous fertile cascades, and the most enormous trees, and the richest mines of gold and silver, and the largest fields of wheat, and the finest grapes and figs and oranges and peaches and pears in the whole world.

But a little more than three hundred and fifty years ago, neither California nor the great ocean was known to civilized man; and this is the story of their discovery.

When Columbus sailed first from Spain, on his voyage across the unknown Atlantic, he thought he was going straight to the East Indies. He expected to land in the domains of the Khan of Tartary, or in the realms of the wonderful Prester John, whose lands abounded in gold and silver, and in "emeralds, emethysts, beryl, chrysolites, sapphires, and all the other precious stones." He conjectured that he should find land in his course; but he did not expect to find a large continent—only scattered islands, or possibly a few small islands as large as Australia.

But a vast continent, stretching north and south, east and west, over an area of thousands of miles, was altogether beyond his wildest imaginings. So that the size of this continent was a great stumbling-block to mariners for a hundred years or more after Columbus was dead and buried.

It is the great deed and father of them all, died without at all realizing the vastness of his discovery, and in his very last voyage, sailed all around the Gulf of Mexico, sailed all around the world, east and west, over an area of thousands of miles, was altogether beyond his wildest imaginings. So that the size of this continent was a great stumbling-block to mariners for a hundred years or more after Columbus was dead and buried.

He landed at Balboa, and was received with open arms by the natives, who knew him to be the enemy of their Spanish oppressors. From some of the chiefs he learned that the Pacific Ocean could be seen from a high point not far distant from where he had landed, and some of them offered to conduct him to the spot.

So he set out with some of his men, in the track which Vasco Nunez de Balboa had traversed sixty years before. These are the words in which one of the party describes the expedition:

"On the 12th day we came to the desired but long east and west, like a ridge between the two seas" about ten of the clock, when the chief of the Indians took our captain by the hand, and beckoned him to follow him. Here was a goodly and high tree, in which they had set divers steps to ascend near the top, where they had made a convenient bow, which we used to ascend very easily.

And from these we might see the Atlantic Ocean that we came from, and the South Sea that we so much desired.

The Indians had filled trees that the view might be unobscured, and looking east and west, they saw, on either side, a better looking ocean, dotted with expansive islands, green as emeralds, stretching as far as the eye could reach.

Hardly less affected than Balboa, Sir Francis brought out of gold, with bare head, and lips tremulous with feeling, that in his great goodness he would give him leave but once to sail an English ship on those waters, and he would die content.

Going down from the little tower in the tower, he told his crew of his purpose to sail thither if "God would but grant him that great happiness."

Three or four years later he sailed through the Straits of Magellan, up the coast of South America, scattered terror among the Spanish colonies in Peru, and losing his ship with gold and silver and riches of all sorts, from conquered Spanish banks—up as far north as California, which he named New Albion.

Of this strange, unentered country he said, on his return, that it looked like a new world, and that the country seemed to promise rich veins of gold and silver, some of the ore being constantly found on digging.

Such are the incidents which accompanied the visits of two great sea-captains, from two remote nations, to the hundreds of thousands of Panama. But for many years the great ocean was shrouded in mystery, and Shakespeare's Rosalind could find no better synonym for remoteness than "South Sea-of-discovery."

The fate of those men whose names this article has mentioned is as sad as tragedy itself. Balboa was beheaded on charge of treason by an emissary from Spain, who was curious of his growing greatness. Magellan was killed in a skirmish on one of the islands in the Pacific, while he was on his way to the East.

India, with tattooed limbs, and faces painted with three or four colors, had huge bows and arrows as weapons.

Just before they reached the top of the wooded ridge from which the Indians said they would see two oceans, Balboa made his companions pause that he might climb the steep slope, and so be the first Spaniard who should look upon the mysterious sea.

Obediently remaining, they let him to climb the last few yards without them. In a few moments more he was on the summit, and looking east and west, he saw the broad expanse—the waters of the long dreamed-of "South Sea," which lay, smiling and blue, almost at his feet.

Standing there, he could see both oceans, only a few miles apart.

The grand sight overcame him, and the Spanish warrior, broad with conflict with seas and storms, hardened with exposure and contact with many dangers, fell prone on the earth and wetted it with his tears. Then calling to his soldiers, he commenced descending toward the new found ocean. When he reached the shore, he walked knee-deep into the waves, and waving above them his cross-limbed sword, he took possession of the ocean in the name of God, for the use of the sovereign majesty of Spain.

From the shores of the ocean the Indians pointed him southward to a country which bore gold as their land yielded corn in the harvest time giving to the white discoverers their first knowledge of Peru, where, a few years later, Pizarro revelled in the treasurers of the Incas.

Sixty years after the same we have just described, the desire for the South Sea was as great as ever. In this time, Magellan, in 1520, had discovered a south-west passage through the Straits which bear his name. He first gave the South Sea the name of the Pacific Ocean, from the peaceful waters which he reached after passing through the stormy entrance of the Straits, and losing one of his ships in a gale. And whether to propitiate the soothing fury of the waters, or to find favor with the female spirits in one grand mass, I cannot tell, but he called the stormy passage, between Terra del Fuogo and the main land, Straits of the Eleven Thousand Virgins.

In 1570, the Pacific Ocean was very little known than when Magellan sailed into its waters, and no English ship had ever sailed the southwest passage. In that year Sir Francis Drake, who was afterwards to be the first Englishman to circumnavigate the globe, was sailing in the Pacific, and was very anxious to find a passage to the South Sea, and to whom his ideas were becoming a terror.

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on, on board one of his own ships broken hearted at the failure of his expedition.

During adventures! the new world owes them a great debt; and for the old world they unlocked the gates of empire.

CHARLES JAMES FOX

Charles James Fox, the great English orator, enlightened a statesman, and restless man of pleasure, was a most reckless gambler, and spent half his vast fortune deep in cards at Brookes' Club. He used to say that the greatest pleasure in existence was the winning at hazard, and the next greatest pleasure losing at hazard.

Mr. Thackeray says he saw a portrait of Fox once, lying for two or three hours at sitting and losing \$250,000 an hour. Unlike tell, thin, ascetic Pitt, who liked his bottle of port, but despised "the devil's picture book," Fox had a broad chest, and was a disorderly lion of a man, capable of vast physical exertion. The foundations of chance, and the semi-intellectual character of whist and piquet, had won his heart and his fidelity to the green cloth was unwavering. At those games, into which he could throw his whole mind, Fox was so pre-occupied that he could not be bribed or intimidated. It is said he might if he had restricted himself to them, and avoided the dealers, have drawn a sum of \$20,000 a year from his card purse alone. But at hazard he lost hundreds of money. Of course he won occasionally; once, it is said, \$25,000 at a sitting; part of which he instantly paid away to his ravenous creditors.

With the money left from those harpies and jacks, Fox returned, sat down again at the fatal green cloth, and soon lost his spoils to those from which he had won a half hour before. How could such a desperado at cards rule a nation, or out-cold cautious Mr. Pitt, whose whole life was one long, restless fever of ambition? Yet so stalwart was the Titan of Brookes, how often he has been known to play, thoughtless, hour after hour, and then stride off to the House to pour forth one of the most fervid of his generous speeches.

Dr. Johnson's friend, Topham Blandford, left Fox one morning after a long night at the gaming table. Fox was almost dead at his house; he was in a most desperate state, and dangerously delirious. Blandford, the next day early, went to call on him, feeling alarmed and anxious at his broken spirit, to his surprise he found his body firm, comfortably stretched on a sofa reading a volume of Virgil.

"What would you have me to do, my dear Topham?" said he, "I've lost my last shilling."

Had it not been for his privilege as a member of the House, Fox would have been half his life playing at puppet in prison. So thoughtful and good humored was Fox, that when his brother's house was on fire he offered to let the noble owner which beam, which chimney or which partition would first fall to the ground—a magnanimity so great as that of Sheridan, who, when his theatre burned down, sat down and had his boots at an adjacent tavern, saying to wonderers: "Mayn't a man take a glass of wine by his own fire?"

It was to the misdirected affection of his father, Lord Holland, (a theorist on education) that Fox owed the best development of his mind for grooming. When only fourteen he went to Spa, where his father allowed the precocious, uncheckered boy to spend five guineas every night at hazard. On leaving Oxford to make the grand tour, he grew wild more reckless about money, and ran his debt through his father's death. The money he had at his disposal was \$20,000, though he was only entitled to \$2,000 a year at his father's death. The money he should have had was \$100,000, but he had squandered it all in his gaming.

There can be little doubt that Fox's incessant pecuniary difficulties led him into many of those political inconsistencies which his traitor friends lamented, and for which his enemies bitterly reproached him. He was compelled to thought only of present ease, and to have the result of gaming and that he might neglect which blunted his faculties, dulled his ambition, and made his life a wasted one.

We have so many authentic records of Fox's behavior and conversation that we can almost photograph him as he sits at the card table at Brookes'. "The champion of the people" was heavy as lead at the table, until the wine grew low in the bottle. He then woke up to silence the wretched laugh. Full of radiant good nature, he thoroughly appreciated the wit of Sheridan and Selwyn, and Sheridan never exerted himself so much as when Fox was present. Burke speaks highly of Fox's lovable ways; and Rogers, who never praised too much, expresses admiration for his fine tact and feeling, his open, gentlemanly manner, so full of candor and diffidence, and the air and interest which he always plucked into his conversation.

Walpole, walking up St. James' street in the June of 1781, saw a cart and porters removing furniture from Fox's lodgings. He had a run of luck, and these cart-crows, his creditors, had gathered thick around the cart. Half an hour after this, when should Walpole had sauntering past the same spot, but Fox, who was up and talked to him with regard to the marriage bill. At the sale of Fox's library, the first volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" was purchased for three guineas. It had been presented by the author to Fox, and the English Demosthenes had written on the fly-leaf the following note:

"The author at Brookes' said there was no satisfaction for the country till six heads of principal persons in the administration were laid on the table. Eleven days later the same gentleman accepted the place of Lord of Trade under three very ministers, and has acted with them ever since."

Lord Tankersville assured the poet Rogers that Fox once played cards with Gen. Fitzpatrick, at Brookes', from 10 o'clock at night till 6 o'clock the next morning, a water standing by to tell them whose deal it was, as the two combatants were too sleepy to know.

For once won \$50,000, and a bond creditor instantly presented himself and demanded payment.

"No," said Fox, "I first discharge my debts of honor."

The creditor remonstrated. Fox then threw the bond into the fire.

"Now," said he, "your debt is a debt of honor," and paid the astonished man.

Fox used very often, after many hours of play, to retire his seat, but lay his head on the table and instantly fall asleep, exhausted in mind and body.

One night at Brookes' Fox quarreled with Adams, whom he had teased about the business of the government powder. Fox refused to stand sideways, saying "he was as thick one way as the other." Adams fired, and hit his adversary in the groin, but Fox would not return the shot. As they advanced to shake hands, Fox said, "Adams, you'd have killed me if had not been government powder."

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON MARRIAGE.—"I like to attend weddings," said Mrs. Partington, as she came back from one in Church, hung her shawl up, and replaced the black bonnet in the long preserved bandbox. "I like to see young people come together with the promise of love—cherish and nourish each other. But what a solemn thing is matrimony—a very solemn thing, where a minister comes into chancery with surplus, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. I ought to be husband and wife, for it isn't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the apple in my finger, and said 'with worldly goods I'll endow.' He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole store was his. I was young and simple and did not know, till afterwards, that it meant one calico gown a year—it is a pretty sight to see young people 'glitching their trough' as the song says, and coming up to consume their yows."

HOW TO TELL DISEASED MEAT.—In view of the fact that there is danger that diseased meat may find its way into the market, it may be stated, as a guide to meat purchasers, that healthy meat is firm and elastic to the touch, and hardly softens the fingers. Diseased meat is soft and wet, and serum often runs from it. Good meat has little odor, and that by no means disagreeable. Diseased meat has a faint and clamorous smell. This is best observed by cutting it and smelling the knife, or pouring a little warm water over it when chopped. It loses, also, ten per cent, more weight in cooking than when healthy. The darker and more grayish had meat are chiefly diarrhoea and tapeworm. Care should be taken to have meat most thoroughly cooked, if consumers wish to avoid all possibility of animalities.

As the chambermaid of a steambath upon the Ohio was passing out of the father's dining room, an old lady, in a plaintively husky tone, requested her to close the door, as she had caught such a bad cold at Detroit that she was almost dead. At this moment a very perturbed old lady, occupying a berth near the door, forbade her to shut it on account of her shortness of breath.

"Shut it or I'll die," squeaked the Detroit lady.

"Leave it open or I'll smother to death," gasped the other.

As the war waxed warm, a wag in an adjoining cabin, thrusting his head from his berth, decided the chambermaid's quandary by ordering her to open that door, until the Detroit lady dies of her cold—and then close it until the other one smothered to death.

No Secret Mrs. Now.—"Darnel Webster," remarked old Col. Gumpsey, as he trumped a quid of old niggerhead and fastened it securely between two decayed teeth in the left side of his mouth. "Darnel Webster was a great man. There wasn't nothin' mean about him. I've heard him talk, but wasn't his talk so much as his generosity that took me. He had a kinder careless way like, that kept him from gettin' rich. He never seemed to think what things cost. I was a comin' up the Hudson river with him once, and in the mornin' Darnel Webster and me was washin' our faces and slickin' our hair in the cabin, and he took out his brush and brushed his teeth. I didn't see no other tooth brush around, so I borrowed his. And after I used his I handed it back to him, and what do you think? Why Darnel Webster just slung that tooth brush right into the river. And I's pose next day he went and bought a new one. That's all he cared about money. There ain't no such man as Darnel Webster livin' now," concluded the colonel meditatively, as he spirted a stream of tobacco juice into the Erie's cup at the other end of the room.

A Quaker and a Baptist were traveling together in a stage coach. The latter took every opportunity of ridiculing the former on account of his religious profession. At length they came to a heath, where the body of a malfactor, lately executed, was hanging in chains on a gibbet. "I wonder now," said the Baptist, "what religion this man was of." "He was a Quaker," replied the Quaker coldly, "he was a Baptist, and they have hung him out to dry."

The London Lancet cures a bone felon by the following very simple treatment: As soon as the pulsation which indicates the disease is felt, put directly over the spot, a fly blister about the size of your thumb nail, and let it remain six hours, at the expiration of which time directly under the surface of blister, may be seen the felon, which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet.

The hare lives ten years; the cat ten; the dog eight; the donkey twenty; the sheep ten; the dog fourteen to twenty; the ox twenty; the sow twenty-five; the pigeon eight; the turtle dove twenty-five; the partridge twenty-four; the raven one hundred; the eagle one hundred; the goose one hundred and fifty.

TO CURE HOARSENESS.—Take the white of two eggs and beat them; two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg, then add a pint of lukewarm water. Repeat the prescription, if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.

DAVING CONN.—Experiments recently made at Chenoa, Illinois, in drying corn by hot air, and thereby getting it to an early market, and obtaining the first prices of the season are, it is said, repeated by perfect success. Two dry-houses are already in operation, and another will be added.

"In England, no man thinks of blacking his own boots," said a haughty Briton once to Mr. Lincoln, whom he found polishing his calf skin galloppers.

"Whose boots does he black?" quietly responded Uncle Abe, as he spit on the brush.

Two sons of the late Emperor of Austria got into a quarrel. In the height of passion one of them said to the other: "You are the greatest ass in Vienna." "Highly offended at their quarreling before him, the Emperor said: 'You forget that I am present.'"

"I don't know any thing about your 'Yoccoo,'" said an old Illinoisian to a man who was discoursing on Japan; "but when you come to Yoccoo, you'll find me at home!"

Young lady, "Oh! I'm so glad you like birds, which kind do you admire most?" Old Squab: "Well, I think the goose, with plenty of stuffing, is about as good as any."

Irritable schoolmaster.—"Now, then, stop it, what's that next word? What comes after cheese?" Dull boy—"A mouse, sir."

"Katy, have you laid the table-cloth and plates yet?" "Au sure I have, mem, everything, but the eggs; and isn't that Biddy's work?"

Sweeping on the Bible was first introduced into judicial proceedings by the Saxons about A. D. 699.

Let every minister, while he is preaching, remember that God is out of his seat.

There is one good wife in the country. Let every man think that he hath her.

"When was Rome built?" inquired a competitive examiner.

"In the night, sir."

"In the night! how do you make that out?"

"Why, sir, Rome wasn't built in a day."

Lord Tankersville assured the poet Rogers that Fox once played cards with Gen. Fitzpatrick, at Brookes', from 10 o'clock at night till 6 o'clock the next morning, a water standing by to tell them whose deal it was, as the two combatants were too sleepy to know.

For once won \$50,000, and a bond creditor instantly presented himself and demanded payment.

"No," said Fox, "I first discharge my debts of honor."

The creditor remonstrated. Fox then threw the bond into the fire.

"Now," said he, "your debt is a debt of honor," and paid the astonished man.

Fox used very often, after many hours of play, to retire his seat, but lay his head on the table and instantly fall asleep, exhausted in mind and body.

One night at Brookes' Fox quarreled with Adams, whom he had teased about the business of the government powder. Fox refused to stand sideways, saying "he was as thick one way as the other." Adams fired, and hit his adversary in the groin, but Fox would not return the shot.

As they advanced to shake hands, Fox said, "Adams, you'd have killed me if had not been government powder."

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON MARRIAGE.—"I like to attend weddings," said Mrs. Partington, as she came back from one in Church, hung her shawl up, and replaced the black bonnet in the long preserved bandbox. "I like to see young people come together with the promise of love—cherish and nourish each other. But what a solemn thing is matrimony—a very solemn thing, where a minister comes into chancery with surplus, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. I ought to be husband and wife, for it isn't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the apple in my finger, and said 'with worldly goods I'll endow.' He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole store was his. I was young and simple and did not know, till afterwards, that it meant one calico gown a year—it is a pretty sight to see young people 'glitching their trough' as the song says, and coming up to consume their yows."

HOW TO TELL DISEASED MEAT.—In view of the fact that there is danger that diseased meat may find its way into the market, it may be stated, as a guide to meat purchasers, that healthy meat is firm and elastic to the touch, and hardly softens the fingers. Diseased meat is soft and wet, and serum often runs from it. Good meat has little odor, and that by no means disagreeable. Diseased meat has a faint and clamorous smell. This is best observed by cutting it and smelling the knife, or pouring a little warm water over it when chopped. It loses, also, ten per cent, more weight in cooking than when healthy. The darker and more grayish had meat are chiefly diarrhoea and tapeworm. Care should be taken to have meat most thoroughly cooked, if consumers wish to avoid all possibility of animalities.

As the chambermaid of a steambath upon the Ohio was passing out of the father's dining room, an old lady, in a plaintively husky tone, requested her to close the door, as she had caught such a bad cold at Detroit that she was almost dead. At this moment a very perturbed old lady, occupying a berth near the door, forbade her to shut it on account of her shortness of breath.

"Shut it or I'll die," squeaked the Detroit lady.

"Leave it open or I'll smother to death," gasped the other.

As the war waxed warm, a wag in an adjoining cabin, thrusting his head from his berth, decided the chambermaid's quandary by ordering her to open that door, until the Detroit lady dies of her cold—and then close it until the other one smothered to death.

No Secret Mrs. Now.—"Darnel Webster," remarked old Col. Gumpsey, as he trumped a quid of old niggerhead and fastened it securely between two decayed teeth in the left side of his mouth. "Darnel Webster was a great man. There wasn't nothin' mean about him. I've heard him talk, but wasn't his talk so much as his generosity that took me. He had a kinder careless way like, that kept him from gettin' rich. He never seemed to think what things cost. I was a comin' up the Hudson river with him once, and in the mornin' Darnel Webster and me was washin' our faces and slickin' our hair in the cabin, and he took out his brush and brushed his teeth. I didn't see no other tooth brush around, so I borrowed his. And after I used his I handed it back to him, and what do you think? Why Darnel Webster just slung that tooth brush right into the river. And I's pose next day he went and bought a new one. That's all he cared about money. There ain't no such man as Darnel Webster livin' now," concluded the colonel meditatively, as he spirted a stream of tobacco juice into the Erie's cup at the other end of the room.

A Quaker and a Baptist were traveling together in a stage coach. The latter took every opportunity of ridiculing the former on account of his religious profession. At length they came to a heath, where the body of a malfactor, lately executed, was hanging in chains on a gibbet. "I wonder now," said the Baptist, "what religion this man was of." "He was a Quaker," replied the Quaker coldly, "he was a Baptist, and they have hung him out to dry."

The London Lancet cures a bone felon by the following very simple treatment: As soon as the pulsation which indicates the disease is felt, put directly over