Saint Mary's Beacon.

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JAMES S. DOWNS.

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Professional Cards.

THE undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have, this 3rd day of July, 1866, formed a Copartnership in the practice of their profession, under the name and style of Combs & Downs. They will practice in the County of Saint Mary's and the adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals.

Especial attention will be paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State, or the Government.

References given, when required. Address Combs & Downs, Leonardtown, P. O., St Mary's County, Maryland.

ROBERT C. COMBS,
JAS. S. DOWNS.

July 5, 1866—ly.

Law Co-Partnership.

THE undersigned have formed a law copartnership under the name of Maddox & Crane. They will practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and the adjoining counties and also in the Court of Appeals.

Especial attention paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State or the Government. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to their charge.

Address, Maddox & Crane, Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, Md.

G. FRED. MADDOX,
J. PARRAN CRANE,

Dec. 25, 1867—tf.

Law Co-Partnership

The undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have this 1st day of December, 1869, associated themselves to practice their profession under the name and style of

BLAKISTONE & MORGAN.

They will practice in St. Mary's and the adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special and prompt attention will be paid to the collection of claims. One or both can always be found at their office in Leonard Town. Address, Blakistone & Morgan, Leonard Town P. O., St. Mary's County, Md.

JAMES T. BLAKISTONE,
JOSEPH F. MORGAN,

Dec. 2, 1869—tf.

JAS. H. WILSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Leonardtown, Md

Has commenced the practice of his profession in Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, Md and will promptly attend to any business entrusted to his care. He may always be found at the Office of the Commissioners Court.

Dec 14, 1865—tf

D. S. BRISCOE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Leonardtown,
St. Mary's Co. Md.

may 9, 1867—tf.

J. F. MATTHEWS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEONARDTOWN,

Will practice in the Courts of St. Mary's, Charles and Prince Georges..

Sept. 12th, 1867—6m.

DANIEL C. HAMMETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Leonardtown, St. Mary's County, Maryland

Oct 3, 1867—tf.

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Dec 2, 1869—3m.

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may 27, 1869—tf.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS

The world is full of pretenders. We are all pretenders, more or less. But it is not of such pretenders as these that I write—nor of real pretenders to thrones, which they or their ancestors have rightfully or wrongfully forfeited, but of the sham pretenders to great historical names, that in all ages, and in all countries, start up, whenever a great heritage is mysteriously vacant, or an ancient family has no accredited representative. Do these pretenders in any case believe in their own claims? Or are they all swindlers and adventurers? For instance, did all or any of the half dozen people, French, German, American and English, who within the last sixty or seventy years have pretended to be Louis XVII., the poor child who perished in prison under the brutal treatment of the cobbler who had charge of him, really believe himself to be what he asserted? Were they all impostors—Augustus M ves in England, Rev. Eleazer Wright in America, and all the rest of them—impostors knowing themselves to be such? Or did one or two more act upon honest conviction that he really was the person he represented himself to be? Did all the handsome young fellows in Highland garb, assuming to be lineal and legitimate descendants of King James VII., of Scotland, believe in their royal pedigree; or did they play the part to get money out of it and gain consideration by it; or out of the love of hoaxing; or because in life they really knew no other part they could play so well? Without venturing to assert that not one of the many claimants to be the real Louis XVII., or of the legitimate representative of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, may have been a true man, it may without want of kindly charity be admitted, that those among them who were not rogues must have been more or less fools; in other words crazy. Perhaps this is the simple explanation of the fact that so many of such characters have appeared. Madness often takes this form.

¶ It happened that five or six years ago I made the acquaintance of a remarkable old gentleman, or rather the remarkable old gentleman made my acquaintance, and confided to me the secret of his birth, parentage, education and very modest pretensions. He was a very high personage, according to his story; but did not aim at high fortune, or anything, in fact, except to be let alone. I was at the time temporarily resident in a great and populous city of the New World, which its inhabitants called Gotham, and which I shall call Gotham here. What took me to Gotham I need not tell. Suffice it to say that I was very well known in the city, and had the annoyance—perhaps, if all the truth were known, it was the honor—of being often attacked in the columns of more than one of the Gothamite journals. In short, I was for the time being the best abused Englishman in Gotham; and my name and business were familiar to thousands of people of whom I knew nothing nor cared to know anything. It was a hot, a very hot, day in July, when there walked in my office, entirely unannounced, a venerable gentleman with long white hair, and a countenance, so full of dignity and nobility of expression that it would have excited attention anywhere. He was very careful to shut the door behind him, and seeing a young man in the room with me, he asked (looking very suspiciously around him) whether he could speak to me in private. It was a time when men's political passions were violently excited, and it especially behooved me to be on my guard, lest the Gothamite journals, in their attacks on me with pen and ink, should inspire some lunatic or some ruffian with the happy idea of attacking me with a revolver. But this man was so old and so pleasant looking that I had no other fear from him than that he had come to wheedle some dollars from my pocket. So I led him into my inner sanctum and asked him to sit down and tell me his name and business. He sat down, but not before making sure that the door was closed. I could not help gazing at him rather more earnestly than was quite consistent with good manners, by reason of his striking resemblance to the statue of Charles II., in Edinburgh, which had long been familiar to my memory, and of the very picturesque character of his noble head and forehead. He was clad in a suit of homespun blue; wore very thick-soled shoes, that did not appear to have been blackened for many a day; and had economically turned up the ends of his trousers to prevent their contact with the mud. He carried a serviceable blackthorn stick in his hard hand; a hand that bore the undoubted marks of manual drudgery; he had a gold chain of antique fashion, hanging from the antique fob, now so seldom seen; and had altogether the air of a well-to-do-farmer in a rough country, where people are accustomed to hard work, and are not particularly nice, either in dress or manners.

"My name," he said, "is of no consequence. My real name I do not care to call myself by—there's danger in it; but I am known to my neighbors as Mr. —" (let us say Mr. Blank.)

"Well, Mr. Blank, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Much," he replied; "but I must warn you, that to do me a service is to incur danger, very great danger; and you shall not incur it, until you know who I am. Shall I tell you, or are you afraid?"

"You may tell me, and I am not afraid," I replied, beginning to feel additional interest in my mysterious visitor.

"I will go right into the matter at once," he said. "Look at me. I am the son of Charles Edward Stuart, who was lawfully King of England, Scotland and Ireland, and was commonly and unjustly called the Pretender; a man who never pretended to be what he was not, or to the possession of anything but his own."

I certainly did start when Mr. Blank uttered these words; even if I did not rub my eyes to be quite certain that I was not asleep and dreaming. Being quite certain that I was awake, I looked incredulous, and replied:

"Surely, Mr. Blank, you cannot be the son of a man who died nearly eighty years ago?"

"Why not?" he inquired. "Beside, it is not nearly so long ago since my father died!"

"He died," I rejoined, "somewhere about the year 1788, being then, if my memory does not deceive me, about 68 years of age. He was born, I think, in 1720?"

"He was," replied Mr. Blank; "you are quite right as to his birth, quite wrong as to his death. The truth is, he was the subject of such persistent and cold-blooded persecution on the part of the British Government that a false story of his death was circulated in 1788, and he emigrated to the New World, in order to pass in peace the remainder (Mr. Blank, being an American, said 'the balance') of such days as it might please Heaven to allot to him. He settled in the rude and thinly-peopled region of Western New York, on the slope of the Adirondack mountains, and purchased a farm which I now occupy. Shall I go on with my story?"

"By all means!"

"He was a hale and hearty man at that time, and remained hale and hearty for many years afterward; so hale and hearty, that in the year 1798, being then turned seventy-eight, and having lived in America ten years, he married a young woman of Scottish extraction; not very young, (she was two-and-thirty at the time,) and very beautiful. The marriage was a happy one. Three children were born to my father before he died. He kept his secret. Even his wife did not know who he was, except that his real name was Stuart."

"And how did you come to know it, Mr. Stuart"—correcting myself, I said "Mr. Blank?"

"By my father's will, bequeathing to me certain documents, in which I found all the proofs of the story I have told you."

"A very extraordinary story," said I.

"But not so extraordinary as true," added he very sharply and peremptorily.

"Do the documents exist?"

"They do."

"Will you show them to me?"

"Upon conditions," said he very slowly; "if your courage does not fail you when you know what the conditions are."

"Before we go any further," said I, "will you tell me for what reason you have chosen me to be your confidant?"

"Because I am persecuted by the British Government as my father was before me. Because I have no joy in my life. Because I am beset by spies. Because I go in danger of poison or a shot from a revolver. Because I think that you have the means of causing all this persecution to cease."

"I? Really, Mr. Stuart, you overrate my importance. Supposing this persecution to be real, and not imaginary, I have no more power to help you than the man in the moon has. You say you have documents to prove the case. If so, I can only express my firm belief that if your documents be genuine, you have only to bring them to the notice of the British Government, and that Government, if persuaded that you are what you represent yourself to be, and as your documents, you say, will prove, will not only cease to persecute you—if ever they did persecute you—but, in consideration of your being the heir and representative of Charles Edward Stuart, will settle on you a very handsome pension."

The old gentleman shook his head. "I don't want a pension; I have a farm of my own, and am quite independent of any man's favor, or the favor of any Government. I want nothing but to be let alone. Let me drink and eat without fear of poison; let me turn a corner without risk of a pistol or a bludgeon; let me sink down into the common herd of common men, and be at peace. That is all I ask; I want no pension, no money, no recognition, no anything, from anybody. Peace, and peace alone; that is all. And to you, sir," he added, suddenly, "I owe an apology for having intruded upon you.—It will be known in a week to the Court and Government of Queen Victoria that you have received and spoken to me.—You will be a marked man, sir, depend upon it, unless you go forthwith and denounce me. You may denounce me if you like; I give you full and free permission."

"That would be gross treachery, Mr. Stuart," replied I, "and I shall not denounce you. But if you have in your possession the documents you speak of, I should be glad to see them."

"You shall see them this day week," he said, "and without fail. Mind, I want nothing but to prove to you that I am what I say I am; and that when convinced of the fact, you will exercise your influence with the British Government to have me left in peace. You are about to say that you have no influence? I have my own opinions on that [illegible] You can say for me what I [illegible] myself—I am no traitor, no [illegible] ing but a poor, forlorn, lost [illegible] of a once royal and powerful [illegible] nothing but a grave, and [illegible] toward it."

Mr. Blank, true to his [illegible] brought me the documents on [illegible] had fixed. The principal [illegible] tificate of marriage—it appe[illegible] duly signed and in all respects [illegible] —between Mr. Charles Edw[illegible] of the State of New York, and [illegible] lady of the same State, dated [illegible] 1798. Next to this was the [illegible] baptism of Charles Edward S[illegible], da[illegible] November, 1799; a third document purported to be a license from the State of New York to Mr. Stuart, granting him, on payment of certain fees, the permission to be thenceforward known as Mr. Blank. There was nothing further of any consequence.

I suppose I looked dissatisfied. At all events, I said to Mr. Stuart that I had no doubt his father was married at the time specified, and that his name was Charles Edward Stuart.

"Well?" he inquired, somewhat triumphantly.

"Well," I replied, not at all triumphantly, "but what of that? I, myself, have known two people named Charles Edward Stuart, and neither of them claimed descent from the royal family on that account."

"Of course not," said Mr. Blank, "they would have been impostors if they had, because they would have usurped a position that belonged to me only. There may be a thousand Charles Edward Stuarts in the world, for that matter; but there is only one of them the descendant of kings, and that is the man who stands before you."

"Mr. Stuart, or Mr. Blank," I replied, "there is one link wanting in your golden chain, and that is a very important one. The link which proves your father to be the son of James the Second, so called; the man who fought and lost the battle of Culloden."

"Incredulous as St. Thomas!" he exclaimed; and then folding up his papers suddenly, and putting them carefully into an old and well-worn pocket-book, he added, "I have lost my time, and you have lost yours! I beg your pardon for having intruded myself upon you. You are well quit of me. Had you believed my claim, and had you taken any steps in my behalf with the usurping Government of the 'wee, wee German lairdie' that came from Hanover to sit in the seat of a better man than himself, you might have been a ruined, and you certainly would have been a marked man. You have had a narrow escape. Good morning."

He was gone before I could say a word to detain him. When I went to the door to make an effort to bring him back and put him in a better humor, I heard his heavy steps on the stairs, and the clump of his thick cudgel as he descended. I never saw or heard of him more.

I have often wondered what put the notion into this old gentleman's head; whether he were crazed on that score and on no other; and whether his undoubted resemblance to the published portrait of Charles II., and the remarkable profile on the crown pieces of that reign, added to the strange coincidence afforded by his name, first gave him the idea, which was to color the whole course of his life, and infuse the little drop of poisonous gall into a cup of experience, that might otherwise have been sweet. I think he believed his own story. And it is just possible that as much may be said of a great many other pretenders of past and present times, who have gone through life burdened with a heavy delusion, and meaning no harm.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "GERRYMANDERING.—Most politicians, one would suppose, knew the origin of the term "gerrymandering." Yet we find Gov. Ashley, of Montana Territory, in a recent message, writing about "jerrymandering," with an initial j instead of a g, thus entirely misrepresenting the derivation of the word. Some sixty years or more ago Elbridge Gerry was the leader of the old Democratic party in Massachusetts. To perpetuate the power of the party in the State, Mr. Gerry and his associates in the Legislature rearranged and divided the State into districts, so as to insure as far as possible Democratic majorities in the election districts, and in so doing had little respect to the symmetry of the outline of the districts or natural geographical boundaries. A colored map, showing these new districts, was hung on the wall of Mr. Gerry's office, and at a distance a portion of the State accidentally presented the image of a sprawling lizard. One day a staunch Federalist friend came in, and espying this map exclaimed, "Why, what sort of an animal is that there?"—"Oh, that is a salamander," said Mr. Gerry, good humoredly. "A salamander!" replied his friend, who in the meanwhile had examined the map more closely, and from his knowledge of local politics had seen what the effect of the redistributing would be; "you had better say a *Gerry*-mander." The witticism was repeated by Mr. Gerry, and thus it came to pass that "gerrymandering" (with the g hard) became a slang expression for the political device practiced by Mr. Gerry and his friends.

☞ Give your son a trade and you do more for him than by giving him a fortune.—*Franklin.*

POSSIBILITIES.—It is not so much what is, as what may be, that gives grandeur to being.

I say this to myself, sitting here by my glowing grate. My present is very circumscribed. Four square walls shut it in. Its doing is naught. Its dreaming is only momentary pleasantness.—There in the quietude of my room I am but a point of individuality. But out yonder in some to-morrow I am a multiplied force co-operating, and what we may accomplish conjointly, who can tell? Into my to-morrows I shall carry all the accumulations of all the yesterdays, wherewith to increase my power. What-[illegible] their accumulations be for good or bad, they will be mine. They will broaden the possible. They will widen my field of thought and doing.

For good or bad. The actualities of to-day must be for the one or the other. And all actualities have more or less bearing upon possibilities. I fancy—and it is not all fancy—that possibilities are greatly influenced by actualities. My friend Captain Salover follows the sea continually—that is an actual fact. The possibility that he may be drowned is almost infinitely greater than it would be were he not a sea-faring man. Another actual fact is that my good friend Artaxerxes indulges often in his wine and champagne. In this case the possibility of an early and sad death by dissipation is immeasurably beyond that of a man who believes in and practices total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

There are possibilities in life that it seems to me ought to frighten some people. Possibilities of wreck and ruin irreparable. Possibilities that they are aiding in every way to become probabilities. Possibilities that are positively sickening. Yet these people never appear to see them.

But it may be well that in half our nature we are generally blind. Most especially well that we are blind to the possible. A little foreseeing though, would save us much. I take it if Artaxerxes, young, sober, honored, influential, sought and hopeful, could see himself Artaxerxes old, drunken, despised, starving, shunned, despairing, he would change his course of life.

There are certainties for all. But between the certainty of to-day and the certainty of to-morrow are possibilities of wondrous breadth. They embrace all greatness; reach up to the touching of all goodness. They have their lessons now dimly seen as they are, by some, not seen at all, as they are, by many. Of the possibilities for evil, the lesson [illegible] Of those for good, it is development. The better things of all humanity are shut in and hampered. They push themselves out only as by force of will. They are pale, sickly plants that want the pure air and the sunshine. In the unbounded fields of possibility they may blossom into beauty such as mortal seldom sees. Strengthened by the balmy airs there blowing, they may bear such fruit as mankind most needs, full of sweet healthfulness, and akin to the apples of Paradise.

The fire in my grate burns on. Its certainty is ashes. Its possibility meanwhile is all manner of gladly dancing flames, and outreaching warmth that shall touch many who are a-cold. Just so my own physical certainty is the dust of the ashes. But my possibility lying between is gladness and good cheer, and warmth and encouragement that may, through a few, touch the hearts of many and, finally, the world. Shall the fire refuse to burn because in the end only ashes will come of the burning? And shall I any the more refuse all glorious possibilities, and shut myself away from them forever, for the certainty of dust that awaits me?

Verily no, if the dust were the end.—Verily no, more emphatically still, when beyond the dust lies the most glorious possibility of all!

COURT CIRCLES OF THE REPUBLIC.—Mrs. Ellett, in her charming book, gives us the following reminiscences of Mrs. Madison and General Jackson.

At dinner, Mrs. Madison always took the head of the table, Mr. Madison the middle, and one of the secretaries the bottom. Her memory was so good that she never forgot a name, and would address each of her guests, though just introduced with twenty others, as if she had known them for years. She was a magnificent looking woman in the drawing-room. Her stately and Juno-like figure towered above the rest of the ladies.—When she found a timid young girl, she would attend to her most assiduously, conduct her to the piano, and remain with her till she became more at her ease.

At one of her receptions, a tall, dangling youth, fresh from the backwoods, made his appearance and took his stand against a partition wall. He stood in that position like a fixture for half an hour, and finally took a cup of coffee, which it was then the custom to hand around. Mrs. Madison's keen eye had noticed his embarrassment, and she wished to relieve it. She walked up and addressed him. The poor youth, astounded, dropped the saucer on the floor, and unconsciously thrust the cup into his breeches pocket. "The crowd is so great"—remarked the gentle lady—"that no one can avoid being jostled. The servant will bring you another cup of coffee. Pray how did you leave your excellent mother? I had once the honor of knowing her, but I have not seen her for some years." Thus she continued, till the poor youth felt as though he were in the company of an old acquaintance. He took care, secretly and soon, to dislodge the protuberance in his pocket.

According to Billie Peyton, when McLane was Secretary of State, a new Minister arrived from Lisbon, and a day was appointed for him to be presented to the President. The hour was set, and McLane expected the Minister to call at the State Department; but the Portuguese had misunderstood Mr. McLane's French, and he proceeded alone to the White House. He rang the bell, and the door was opened by the Irish porter, Jimmy O'Neil. "Je suis venu voir Monsieur le President," said the Minister. "What the duce does he mean?" muttered Jimmy.

"He says President, though, and I suppose he wants to see the General."—"Oui, oui," said the Portuguese, bowing. Jimmy ushered him into the green-room, where the General was smoking his cob-corn pipe with great composure. The Minister made his bow to the President, and addressed him in French, of which the General did not understand a word "What does the fellow say, Jimmy?" said he. "De'il knows, sir; I reckon he's a furriner." "Try him in Irish, Jimmy," said Old Hickory. Jimmy gave him a touch of the genuine Milesian, but the Minister only shrugged his shoulders with the usual "Plait il?" "Och!" exclaimed Jimmy he can't go the Irish, sir.—he is French, to be sure!" "Send for the French cook, and let him try if he can find out what the gentleman wants."—The cook was hurried from the kitchen, sleeves rolled up, apron on, and carving knife in hand.

The Minister seeing this formidable apparition, doubting he was in the presence of the head of the nation, feared some treachery, and made for the door, before which Jimmy planted himself to keep him in. When the cook, by the General's order, asked who he was, and what he wanted, and he gave a subdued answer, the President discovered his character.—At this juncture McLane came in, and the Minister was presented in due form. It is said General Jackson always resented allusion to this incident.

PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE.—Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte, whose name figured so prominently in connection with the quarrel arising out of an article in the *Marseillaise*, has had an adventurous career, and, unlike his elder brother, Lucien, has chiefly followed military pursuits. He is the third son of Lucien, brother of Napoleon I., and was born at Rome in 1815. In 1832 he came to this country to join his uncle Joseph, formerly king of Spain. He next proceeded to Columbia and joined the army of Santander, by whom he was placed in command of a squadron. Soon after he returned to Italy, where he was regarded with disfavor by the Papal Government, which in 1835 intimated to him that he should leave the Papal States. Surrounded by a troop of mounted police, he wounded two and killed their chief; he received, however, two wounds in the encounter, and had to surrender. After a rather long detention at Fort St. Angelo, in Rome, he returned to his country. He next went to England, and thence to the Island of Corfu. During an excursion in Albania, he had a quarrel with the Pallikares, and sustained almost unaided a deadly combat. The English Government having induced him to leave the Italian and Greek coasts he left for London, after vainly offering his services to France and to Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt. In 1848, on hearing the news of the revolution, he hastened to Paris, recalled to the public the life and opinions of his father, who had always entertained republican principles, and obtained a military appointment. He was elected in Corsica to the Constituent Assembly, and was placed on the Committee on War. He usually voted with the extreme Left, and against two Chambers; for the right to labor; progressive taxation; amnesty for the transported prisoners; and in favor of the entire republican constitution. On many occasions he testified to the sentiments of his cousin, Louis Napoleon. After the election of December 10, he continued to sit with the Mountain party, and disapproved of the expedition to Rome. The democrats received a consistent support from him, except in relation to personal matters of the president. Re-elected for Corsica, he acted as one of the most ardent adversaries of reaction. The anger of the Rights was often excited by his democratic ardor.

M. Pierre Bonaparte also energetically denied that any project were entertained respecting a coup d etat, in rather unparliamentary language. He showed the same intractable disposition in his military conduct. In 1849 he left for Algeria where he assisted at the first operations of the siege of Zaachta, and then before the assault and without permission, he returned to France. The Minister of war deprived him of his military rank and this measure, which was followed by a duel between M. Pierre Bonaparte and a journalist of the extreme Right received the express approbation of the Assembly.

The *coup d' etat* having placed in an awkward position the members of the Bonaparte family who had pronounced in favor of the maintenance of the Constitution, M Pierre Bonaparte retired to private life. At the re-establishment of the Empire he received with his brothers, the title of Prince but without being any longer one of the imperial family. He does not much frequent the Court of the Tuileries, lives sometimes in Corsica to gratify his taste for hunting, and at other times at a country house at Auteuil. He devotes part of his leisure to literary pursuits, and translated Niccolini's tragedy of "Nabuchodonosor" into French verse.

WOMEN AS GAMESTERS.—We copy the following interesting article on the Gaming Rooms at Wiesbaden, from "Follies Among Thieves" in Britannia:

"A terrible scene—often painted, and never painted too strongly—often cursed, and never cursed too deeply. Stupid to a degree in its stolid, skilless work—fatal to a degree in its ceaseless, hungry greed for gain. Who can refrain from condemning it? Who has not condemned it, with a heart and soul feeling a flaw made in the image of the Great Creator? And shall I add my faltering testimony to the overwhelming evidence, branding the fatal table as fit only for the fare of the devil—the banquets of hell; shall I wend my wavering steps in the path trodden by great thinkers and eloquent authors; shall I lift the sword wielded so often by mightier soldiers than I; shall I hold the lance so often guided by greater champions than it will be my fate even to squire? It seems presumptuous, yet it shall be done.

"The Englishman took his place at the table, and looked around him as if in search of some one he knew. His eyes rested first upon a poor old lady, who watched the roulette as it whirled round, with breathless anxiety. She sighed as she lost, and her hand trembled as she pushed another thaler from her poor litheap on to a number, and then waited once more for the sharp "whirr" of the ivory ball—so small and yet so fatal—to tell her if she had won a new dress, to replace the threadbare robe she wore, or had lost a dinner! As he watched her, a pale faced girl came up to her and seemed to implore her to come away, and then the old woman, with tearful eyes and trembling voice, recounted her loss and explained the reason of her bad luck.—And even while she spoke, the greedy ball had robbed her of her paltry coin, and she eagerly reached forward to stake another thaler on the *red!*

Next his eyes rested upon a beautiful woman dressed in white silk, and wearing jewelled rings on her fingers, and costly lockets on her cold passionless bosom, who swept the gold toward the figure that last had won; and waited calmly, almost scornfully, for the voice of the croupier to declare the next winning number. She lost, and another heap of gold was carried by the rake she held in her hand to the spot she fancied, and then she waited once more for the monotonous voice of the croupier. Calm as the waveless sea on the surface, a very tempest of wild emotions were holding their revels in her heart; and she played on as she had played for hours gone by—as she would for hours to come. Then she looked at the young girl scarcely eighteen, with flushed cheeks and eyes unnaturally bright, who trembled with fierce excitement as she won, who glared like a wild beast when she lost, who was no longer sane in the ecstasy of despair of the moment, who had heart, and thought, and soul only for the ever-moving ivory balls, brain, understanding only for the monotonous voice of the croupier. Then one of the countrymen attracted his notice. A young English man, drawn to the table by lack of employment or want of amusement, was playing with great zeal and zest. He was winning largely, and as he played, the woman in the white dress turned her cold, passionless eyes toward him, and backed his luck as she would have backed the chance of a race-horse, or staked her money in the city. And opposite the Englishman was a desperate German who had won largely (like the Englishman facing him) yesterday, and who was pale, cold and ruined to-day! And round about these figures were abandoned women and dishonored men, princes and sharpers, maidens and leaders of the *demi monde*, ladies and brutes, elbowing one another, pushing one another in the great equality of the search after gold—the unhallowed republic of Mammon."

A paper out in Illinois talks in this way: "If you owe any one a single dollar go and pay him; when there is so little money, we ought to keep it moving round lively. Jim owed us and we owed Bill and Bill owed Jim. Jim got mad because we made him pay one morning last week; but we paid Bill, and Bill paid Jim, and Jim went to bed that night happy as a clam, with just as much money as he had in the morning, and three men out of debt."

An Irish fair one wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money.—She added by way of postscript "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

Mother sent me to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening,' said a little girl to her neighbor. 'Did she say at what time?' "No ma'am, she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind."

What one of the planets is supposed to have the most specie? The moon; because she is continually changing quarters.

The lap of luxury—A cat enjoying her milk.