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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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STORY OF A BIG DIAMOND.

"You think there are no exciting adventures to be had in this world, do you?" said my friend, "My friend," he said, "the other night, when wound up into a story-telling humor, and the hour was that of the human mind than when they are by daylight. Well, you're wrong. There's a fellow at this moment in London who uncovers one of the biggest diamonds in the world, and that after a series of risks, the remembrance of which is quite enough to last a lifetime."

"You're joking, Jim," I said, "for you are fustling about with your father's old tales. I remember that wonderful tale about the diamond in the East."

"No, you're right again; what I'm talking about only happened last year, and is a positive fact."

Without waiting for my assent, he at once settled down into his regular story-telling tone of voice, and after drawing a good light into his pipe, said—

"You know young Bogie?"

"Do you mean Bogie of Bogie and Swallow's, the Jewellers?"

"Yes; young Bogie, not the old man. Well, he knew an old Jew who dealt in diamonds, and who, albeit a shabby-looking old fellow, had correspondence in all quarters where precious stones were to be had. He lived in a miserable way somewhere in one of the back streets in Shore-ditch, and as far as the neighborhood could see, had neither kith nor kin. His only attendant being a little orphan Jew boy called Ephraim. One day the old man came into Bogie and Swallow's and asked for young Bogie."

"He wanted very bad to go and see old Jacob Ezra," he said to one of the young men in the shop; "please tell him my message."

"In a minute or two young Bogie came down into the shop, and asked what was the matter with old Ezra."

"He told me to run to him and ask you to come and see him, as he has something very important to tell you. It's diamonds, sir," he whispered, "but that's all I know; and the old man's very bad, and says he'll die, perhaps, before you reach him."

Young Bogie was a fine, dashing, handsome fellow, and now, and then heard of curious adventures connected with gems of great value; he was therefore quite ready to anticipate something out of the common way in this message from old Ezra, and, jumping into a cab with young Ephraim, was driven as fast as possible into the city. Young Ephraim led the way into a dirty old street, and up to the old Jew's room. He was lying on an oriental-looking bed, such as is used in India, called a charpoy, and was wrapped up in two or three old fur cloaks.

"Ha! you've come to see the old man; that's good. I thought you were unable and kind ever since you helped me to keep that poor girl Miriam from the street. She's dead now. She was of my tribe, and we Jews stick to one another; but we don't trust each other much in money matters. I'll tell you one thing, and I wouldn't have told you if I could do it any other way. I'll tell you the story of the boy who was squatted on an old Persian rug—Ephraim, my son; hand me the shawl, and leave the room!"

"The moment the boy left, Jacob took young Bogie's hand, and his voice changed from the usual wheedling tone of his mission to one very different; his eyes flashed, his hand trembled, and he talked quickly and excitedly.

"I may not live through this illness. I have a letter from Constantinople from one of my people, who says that there is a diamond to be had, the like of which is only to be seen in one or two of the great courts of Europe. Diamonds are subject to a heavy tax in Turkey, and although it is not known to you unsuspecting Franks, there is a secret understanding that without having been sent to the Sultan and one of two of his head courtiers for inspection. The owner of this stone knows that if it were seen by the Sultan it would be at once appropriated, under the pretence of purchase, but really he would never be fully paid, and probably, if he were to be fully paid, a wink to one of the courtiers about the barem would get him poisoned or put out of the way secretly. He is a Paicha of a very old family, but he wants money badly, and will take £5,000 for the stone. If any one, a perfect stranger, will come and take it away, as he may appoint. You are English, and brave, and a stranger, will you buy this stone? I swear by Father Ibrahim, that I will not do other but you; and I will give you a letter to Benjamin

Bagdabee, a Jew tobacco dealer in Constantinople, who will tell you more when you meet."

"Bogie's heart beat faster as he saw his way to a regular out-and-out adventure; and, thanking the old man warmly, said he would be off next day if he liked."

"But what will you get out of it, Ezra?" he said.

"O, my friend has settled all that with the Paicha; and should I not recover from this illness, what would be the use of money to me? If you come back safe, you can remember me. No; we Jews love or hate, quickly, strongly. I like you,—go; it will make your fortune. But be secret, or your life will be forfeited; there are men in Constantinople about the court who would poison or stab you as soon as they would a cat. Here is the letter to Benjamin. And one thing more; beware of the dragomans,—they are all rascals and spies."

Young Bogie thanked the old man; offered to send in a doctor of his own persuasion, which he permitted; and then hastened back to tell his seniors something of what he had heard. Determined not to tell all, for fear they might think the risk too great, he braced his nerves up to carry through the transaction.

In due time he found himself in Constantinople, went to the best hotel, gave himself out as an agent for the purchase of wheat en route to Odessa, and began to make inquiries for any freight that might be available in the port. After a day or two he asked his dragoman if he knew the Jew's quarter.

"O, yes," the man replied, "but there is not much to interest you there."

"O, I daresay not; but I'm English, you know, and must see everything. Take me there this evening."

"Very good, your excellency. Tonight, 8 o'clock, we can go."

Bogie only wished to gain, on his first visit, a general knowledge of the place; and at the time appointed strolled through the quarter taking mental notes as he went along, and then, as unconcernedly as he could, asked a few questions as to where the Jew tobacco merchants lived; was shown the place, and so back to the hotel.

The dragoman was that incarnation of everything evil, a Levantine; but whether Greek or Malabonite, the devil himself could not have told. He passed as a Greek with a Greek name a foot long, and had recommendations by the score; still, for all that, he did not gain Bogie's confidence; and so far he had fished out nothing from his master.

Turkish dress he fitted to wear in a bazaar; but he had also brought out a perfectly natural red beard and wig from England, disguised in which his own mother or got up in those, and with a cloak on, he slipped out of his room next evening, and glided quickly away to the Jew's quarter.

"Seeing a respectable-looking old man in his shop, he saluted him, and asked if he understood French or English."

"Not very much," he answered, "enough to sell you some very good tobacco."

"Thank you; I'll have some. Give me a skin of Latakia. By the by," he said, "this is all a Jew's quarter, is it not?"

"Yes."

"You know most of the merchants, I daresay?"

"Yes, most of them."

"Do you know Benjamin Bagdabee?"

"Right well; we are related by marriage. That is his house, inside that court, pointing across the street."

Bogie thanked him, and walked over to the place indicated. The first person he saw was an old woman, who was sweeping the steps and doorway. He asked in French, "Is Benjamin Bagdabee at home?"

"It was evident she only understood part of what he said; but she replied in Hebrew, and pointed to a door in the left, just inside the main entrance."

"Bogie knocked. A voice said something which he interpreted into 'Come in.' He entered; and bowing to an old man seated on some cushions, said in English, 'Do I salute Benjamin Bagdabee?'"

"Yes," he said, gravely; "but why?"

"Bogie quickly took his letter from his breast pocket, and showed it."

"Ah, you are from Jacob Ezra. Sit down, sit down. But no, not here. Come," he said, "come with me."

He left the room, went up some stairs, along a passage, opened a heavy narrow door, up some more steps, and then entered a small room in a turret of the house. He sat down with Bogie on the carpet, and carefully read the letter.

"Has Ezra explained the risk of your mission?" said he, after a while.

"Yes, some of it."

"You English are brave, but not cunning."

"Here Bogie quietly took off his fez, wig and beard."

"Ha, that is well! Beelzebub would not know you. Good," he said again, and laughed gently behind his bushy beard and mustache. "Who is your dragoman?" he asked.

"Nicholas Palaeologus."

"I know him; he is a spy. Take care of him."

"I thought he was no good," said Bogie; "but I suppose they are all pretty nearly birds of a feather?"

"Yes, they are; but forewarned is forearmed. Now about this letter," holding up Ezra's.

"My friend Ezra says you can afford to pay the money for this wonderful stone; and I daresay you can easily give a check for the sum. But the fact is, the amount must be paid in gold, and in no other way."

"I can arrange this for you through my people; and as I have Ezra's guaranty, I will take your check on Paris, or Vienna, or London, as it may suit you best. The Paicha has agreed to pay me a commission on the sale; so that is settled, and you have nothing to thank me for. The great thing is the risk in your getting the stone out of the country; for if you were known to have it about you, you would run a good chance of being murdered, leaving alone the probability of the government either confiscating it, or forcing you to some other course. However, you must trust to your good fortune; and now I will tell you about this gem. The Paicha is of a very old Turcoman family, who are intermarried in olden times with one of the Mogul princes of India; and it is through them this stone came into his possession. Tradition says that it is the spell-er half of the Koh-i-noor, which was broken in two when it was first found at Goleconda. There is a short inscription in Persian on it; but what the words are I know not. It is as long and thick as the first joint of your thumb, is quite uncut, and is jagged at one end, where there seems to be a flaw. This you must look to. If it is only a reflection of light from a rough point, it does not matter; but you are doubtless an expert, and must judge for yourself. If you will come back two days, I will arrange for you to see the stone, and will also quietly see how much gold I can collect among my brethren."

Bogie thanked the old man, took his leave, and at the end of the two days was punctual to his appointment.

"Benjamin received him kindly, and said, see the stone thus: You will be taken by a kuwass of the Paicha's, whom you will meet in the suburbs, on horseback into the country. At night you will return to the Paicha's palace in the outskirts of the town; and if you approve of the stone, you will have to remain there till the bargain is concluded, as the Paicha swears he will have no going backwards or forwards to your hotel, for fear of your visits being found out. If you approve, I will bring the money to you."

This was settled, and on the evening following Bogie met the Paicha's servant, who had a led horse with him, rode out half a dozen miles, and then back again. He was then ushered into a court-yard, thence in a long stone veranda, up a flight of stairs, through a doorway closed by heavy curtains, into a room handsomely carpeted and cushioned, and told to sit down.

In about half an hour, during which the silence and mysteriousness of the affair began to tell on Bogie's pulsation, one of the eunuchs—a negro of course—came in and beckoned him to follow. Another curtain room or two brought them into a small one meanly furnished, in which sat, on a few cushions in one corner, an old woman. The eunuch saluted and left.

"You speak French?" the woman said.

"Yes," said Bogie; "not very well."

"I am the Paicha's wife's attendant," she said; "and as I speak French I am deputed to show you something."

"Out of a muslin rag she took out the diamond. It was a monster! There were two or three good lamps in the room, and Bogie, after a long and careful examination, and trial in his scales, found it was perhaps the fifth largest known diamond in the world, and of undoubted good water, although it was in quite a rough state. There were some chances, of course, of its not proving eventually—that is, after being cut—of the first water; but Bogie knew, from what Benjamin had said, that he would get it cheap, and that the great risk was not so much as to its quality, but in getting it out of the country without its being confiscated."

"What will you give?" the slave-girl asked.

"How much do you want?" said Bogie.

"This stone is one of the wonders of the world," said the girl. "It came from India, and has been in my master's family for a dozen generations. Although of fabulous worth, we will take £20,000 for it."

Bogie had been prepared for haggling, but this was a staggerer, and after a great deal of talk he offered £5,000, which the girl said she would report in a proper quarter.

"In the meantime," she said, "you will sleep here, and in the morning matters can be concluded."

Bogie was taken by the eunuch who had shown him into the palace to a room fitted up in the Frank fashion, and there he passed a troubled night.

In the morning his terms were accepted, and a message being sent to his Jew friend, he duly came with the money, and it was counted over. Now came the difficulty of dealing with the diamond. It was not safe to carry it about one's person, nor safe in the hotel; in fact, safe nowhere. At last Benjamin advised Bogie to make up two packets, exactly alike; one containing the diamond, another containing nothing; the former to be sent by post to Bogie's friends in Paris, the latter to be boldly carried by him to the hotel, and deposited there for safety with the landlord.

Bogie accordingly made up the two parcels, and under the pretence of not knowing the way, requested that one of the Paicha's armed servants might show him to the British Consulate, where he might intrust some one to post the precious packet as a common commercial letter. This he managed all safely, and with the false packet in his breast, walked back to the hotel. His absence for the whole night had of course been duly noted, and his dragoman made most affectionate inquiries as to his health, hoping he had not got into any mischief.

"O, no, Nicholas," said Bogie; "I met a friend who took me home to supper, and would not let me go through the streets at

night, so I remained with him. I shall start for Odessa by sea, and shall be obliged by inquiring when she starts."

"Of course Bogie intended to forfeit the passage-money to Odessa, and to take another passage by the first steamer to Trieste, which he knew left on a day or so. He went that morning, and secured his berth, and resolved to stay in his hotel during the remainder of the day, and to himself in any way. He never saw the Paicha's servant, but he heard a rustling of a coat, and just time to fire one barrel of his revolver at some one who had been passing along with evil intent. He had left the false packet in the pocket of his coat, and in the confusion it was known and he trembled for the letter which had been sent by post. He had just taken his breakfast, when the landlord of the hotel came to him in the most excited manner, and informed him that a Turkish official was waiting at the door. Bogie went down to him, and was at once arrested on the charge of dealing in gems without paying the government tax. Of course no diamonds were found on him, or in his boxes, and after bribing every one all round, so that no further inquiries might be made, he was allowed to depart."

"Well," said Maxwell, "what diamond reached Paris safely, and Bogie, going home through the city, had the satisfaction of taking it with him to London, and placed it one fine morning before his astonished partner's eyes. It is now for sale for £40,000, in one of the Presidency towns in India, and will probably be bought by some native rajah, to be hidden away in a secret place, perhaps to see the light and run another course of adventure a century hence."

PERSONAL HABITS OF WASHINGTON.
Every American is eager to learn all he can about Washington, and he is not weary of hearing anecdotes about him, or incidents of his private life. A few, just published, give some facts about him, in which our readers may be interested.

While the Federal City was building, the Legislature of Pennsylvania voted the President a house, hoping, perhaps, to keep the seat of government in Philadelphia. The house formerly occupied as the University of Pennsylvania was according to the plan for that purpose. But as soon as he saw its dimensions, and a good while before it was finished, he let it be known that he certainly should not go to the expense of purchasing suitable furniture for such a dwelling and hired instead, a modest but comfortable residence.

The President ate Indian cakes for breakfast, after the Virginian fashion, though Buckwheat cakes were generally on the table. Washington's dinner parties were entertained in a very handsome style.

His weekly dining party, for company was Thursday, and his dining hour was always four o'clock in the afternoon. His rule was to allow five minutes for the variation of clocks and watches, and then go to the table, be present or absent whoever might.

He kept his own clock in the hall, just within the door, and always exactly regulated. When lagging members of Congress came in, as they often did, after the guests had sat down to dinner, the President's only apology was—

"Gentlemen, (or sir,) we are too punctual for you. I have a clock who never asks whether company has come, but if the hour has come."

He was always dressed in a suit of black, his hair powdered, and tied in a black queue behind, with a very elegant dress sword, which he bore with inimitable grace.

Mrs. Washington, often, but not always, dined with the company, sat at the head of the table, and if, as was occasionally the case, there were other ladies present, they sat each side of her. The President sat half way from the head to the foot of the table, and on that side he would place Mrs. Washington, though distant from him, on his right hand.

BY YE ALWAYS READY.—A lady once asked Mr. Wesley, "How do you spend the twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how do you spend the intervening time?"

"How, madam?" he replied; "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach in the evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father and lie down to rest."

A writer says that he once heard a speech delivered before a company of newsboys and bootblacks as follows: "My dear children, you should be good, because it is so good to be good; you should not be bad. If you are good, you will feel as good as I do; if you are bad, you will feel as bad as you do."

A traveler, relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servant made fifty wild Arab runs, which, starting from the desert, he observed that there was no great merit in that "for," said he, "we ran, and they ran after us."

Passion is a druggament of the mind and therefore, in its present workings, and always controllable by reason.

THE SPRING LANCET.
I never saw a handsomer girl or woman than Rose Mason, or one with a prettier general way, though she had lived on a farm always and had no opportunity for culture of either mind or manners beyond that afforded at the village school, three miles away, and the rustic society of the vicinity.

In form she was slender and round, full of willowy curves as she moved. She had a dark brilliant face, and bright dark eyes, and a mouth as sweet and red as a half-blown rose.

I had loved Rose Mason at least two-thirds of my life; and though with the society that is inborn with creatures of her vivacious and changeable temperament, she had been extremely weary of showing me her heart, she had in the end confessed she loved me, and consented that we should be married in December.

In November, while I was away in New York, clerking for my uncle, who belonged to an insurance company, she became the wife of Carl Berthold, a handsome, black-eyed foreigner, who had invaded our rural precincts about the time of my last visit home, bewitching the girls, and driving the boys frantic with jealousy.

I was jealous with the rest, but I had Rose's promise, and though I disliked Berthold intensely, and turned chilly when I was near him, I had faith in my darling and went back to the city tolerably content. The first news I heard from home was that they were married.

I don't know how I bore it now. It was terrible, of course, but as many another has done, I suppose, it was my teeth and endured and went on just as before, outwardly. Berthold had taken her away, I did not hear where, and didn't much care.

One morning, coming into the office from an errand down town, my uncle remarked to me—

"If you had been here ten minutes sooner, you would have seen as pretty a couple as I ever beheld; they took out a policy for ten thousand dollars for each. Sensible pair, eh?"

I smiled as I turned to my desk, and opened the ledger in which was recorded the names of the parties insuring, and the amounts insured for. The last entries on the page were yet damp. "Carl Berthold—Rose Berthold."

I don't know what came over me, but I shut the book as though I had seen a ghost. Fortunately no one observed my emotion.

I took my pen presently and went to work, but all that afternoon those names danced before my eyes in letters of fire.

I happened to be in the back office, three months after, when Carl Berthold came into make a payment. I knew his silky, smooth voice before I saw his face, with its shining eyes and gleaming white teeth. Involuntarily I stayed where I was, and watched him through the glass partition that separated the room in which I was from the front office.

As he passed the money to my uncle, his sharp white teeth shone in a smile that seemed more like a sneer, and he received his two policies back, with an almost audible chuckle.

I had been pretty sure all the time that Rose and he were in the city, but I had never met them, though I never saw a woman that in the least resembled my lost darling without thinking of her, and I never attended any public assembly without scanning the throng for the dark bright beauty of the girl who jilted me.

After I had seen Berthold in the insurance office, I watched more diligently than before, and frequented more than formerly such places of resort as I imagined Rose and her husband might attend.

One morning, hurrying up Broadway, I had a glimpse of what looked to me like Rose's sylph-like shape entering a picture gallery. Instantly I darted after her up the stairs.

It was indeed she, looking a little scared at first at the sight of me, but blooming into something more than even the old vivacity under the reassuring warmth of my voice, and I was truly glad to see her, and glowing with such fresh carnation tints, and to behold the clear, sunny gleam of her liquid eyes.

Till I met her so, I had scarcely realized that I had entertained any forbidding thoughts in her connection. Unconsciously I had pictured her to myself as pale and fading. But this creature, with her tropical bloom and laughing eyes, mocked such visions sorely. She was evidently happy. I must have wronged Berthold in those thoughts in which, though I had not acknowledged it to myself, I had attributed to him the possibility of unkindness or injustice in any way to the woman he had begotten from me.

As we parted, and Rose gave me her little hand, she named her address and invited me cordially to call. I took the address, but I felt that I should not be likely to do so. She colored slightly at my words, but did not urge me. Probably she felt that it might not be pleasant for her husband and myself to meet.

Less than a week after this meeting, having business in that part of the city, I deviated a little from my direct route for the sake of passing by where Rose lived. I met her husband half a dozen doors away, and not seeing him soon enough to avoid passing him, kept tranquilly on my way. His eyes did not light on me till we were close upon each other, as he strode along with his look upon the pavement, his lips set in the sneering smile I had noticed in the insurance office.

At the sight of me the smile froze, his face turned to a chalky white, and he stood a single instant helpless, the incarnation of the blackest terror I ever beheld. It was but a second. He rallied so swiftly,

ly, and shot past me with a courtly lift of his hat, that I half doubted that I had seen any unusual expression on his countenance.

Glancing back involuntarily, Berthold had vanished, but I imagined I could see the glitter of his white teeth beyond some thick foliage which draped a yard near by.

"He is watching to see if I will go in," thought I, and I hurried past without once glancing at the house. How I hated the false pride which made me do so afterwards.

Early the following week, upon entering the office in the morning, I was startled by the announcement from my uncle's lips that Rose Berthold was dead. I reeled as though he had struck me, and leaned heavily upon my desk.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"My uncle knit his brow."

"Her husband has been here. He wants the amount of her policy. He is in a hurry, I take it."

"When was it?"

"A week ago, to-day. Heart disease. It's all right, of course. He has the proper certificate; two physicians that I know, and one that I never heard of. But somehow I can't make it seem so."

Instantly it flashed over me the remembrance of Berthold's singular change of countenance when I had met him just a week before. Well might the man's face blanch and his eyes start with terror, thinking I was going to his house, perhaps. It all seemed very plain to me that moment.

"Uncle," I said, "Rose Berthold was murdered. I saw her two weeks ago, and she was as well as I am this moment."

"Rose Berthold? You don't know her," exclaimed my uncle.

"Yes, I do," and then I told him all, even to my meeting Carl Berthold that morning, when, if I had glanced toward his house, I should have doubtless beheld some sign of death's awful presence within there, and might, perhaps, have been aware of circumventing this villain.

My uncle was enough of my opinion to decide to have the matter investigated. Nothing came of that investigation, however. If my Rose had died unfairly, there was not the slightest discoverable proof of the fact. There was nothing more to be done then; but I was not satisfied.

At the bottom of my heart lurked yet the belief that Carl Berthold was a murderer. He received his ten thousand dollars and left for parts unknown.

Five years after, the company with whom I remained and had risen in favor, sent me to England on business of importance.

I on the same steamer with myself as Carl Berthold; I knew him at once, though he did not recognize me. I had changed more than he had. My hair had grown darker, and I had a very heavy beard. My pulse took a quicker beat at the sight of the beautiful creature who leaned confidently on his arm, evidently a bride of short standing. She was dressed richly, and wore on her white fingers several rings which must have been of great value. I noticed, too, that the tiny watch at her belt, and which she wore from time to time, glanced at, was set with brilliants of the first water, if one could judge by their glitter.

"He has secured an heiress this time," I thought. "He will scarcely need resort to insurance." I was in London several months, and occasionally I saw Carl Berthold with his beautiful wife. One night my hotel clerk, and was so much that I had to go to another, when I discovered that I was not only in the same building, but occupied the next room to Carl Berthold. I thought it a singular turn of circumstances to say the least, the more that that very night I have a sudden death in the hotel—my old rival's lovely wife. I could not help wondering if her life had been insured.

The physicians summoned to consult concerning the cause of death, did not, however, pronounce it heart disease, but avowed themselves puzzled. One of these, who had appeared interested in the case, I sought under the influence of an irresistible impulse, and in confidence told him of that other sudden death of a wife of Carl Berthold's.

He was greatly interested, and to cut the matter short, a repetition of the medical examination resulted in the discovery that Mrs. Carl Berthold came to her death by the insertion of some exceedingly delicate steel instrument, at the point where the spinal cord joins the brain. The crucial fatal weapon was found, upon search in her husband's possession—it was a spring lancet of needle-like fineness and sharpness.

It was not difficult to imagine how this fiend in human form might, in the very act of examining his beautiful victim, have sprung his deadly toy upon that vital part. The wound was so minute, and concealed by the drooping hair that it would easily escape observation.

He confessed to emitting three other similar tragedies before he was hung. My lost Rose was a victim of one of these. I felt that she was in a manner avenged, and the wretch knew that I had borne some, though so small a part, in his destruction.

An editor informs correspondents that "if we should desire stupid articles, we can write them ourselves."

It is by our profession and practice that we are estimated.

A REMINISCENCE OF VICTORIA.
On the 21st of June, three-and-thirty years ago, says the London Times, the reign of the present sovereign of England began. Shortly after two o'clock in the morning of the 23rd of June, 1837, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Chamberlain left Windsor for Kensington Palace, where the Princess Victoria was residing with her mother, to inform the Royal Highness of the King's death. They reached Kensington Palace about five, and with difficulty raised the porter at the gate. This functionary, apparently ignorant of the rank of the distinguished visitors, and knowing nothing of the business upon which they had come, kept them waiting for some time in the courtyard, and then turned them into one of the lower rooms, where they remained until, ringing the bell, the Lord Chamberlain desired of the attendant of the Princess to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay and another ringing of the bell, the attendant was summoned who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. The Archbishop of Canterbury gravely replied—

"We are come to the Queen on business of state, and even her sleep must give way to that." It did; and in a few minutes her Majesty came into the room in a loose white dress and shawl, her hair falling over her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified. Lord Melbourne was immediately sent for, and a private Council was summoned to assemble at Kensington at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. At that hour the Queen, with the Duchess of Kent, entered the Council chamber, and the Lord Chamberlain administered to her Majesty the usual oath, binding her to govern the Kingdom according to its laws and customs. She first received the homage of the nobles, the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, the Queen with respectful grace rising from her seat and presenting them from kneeling. The cabinet ministers and privy councillors then took the oaths of allegiance, and, supra, the former surrendered their seals of office, which her Majesty returned, and ministers kissed her hand on reappointment. A declaration was drawn up and signed by all present, acknowledging faith, and constant obedience to "our only lawful and rightful lady Victoria, by the grace of God Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith." The Queen then spoke to the following effect:

"The severe and afflictive loss which the nation has sustained by the death of my beloved uncle has devolved upon me the duty of administering the government of this empire. This awful responsibility is imposed upon me so suddenly and so early a period of my life, that I should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burden were I not supported by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for its performance, and that I shall find in the purity of my intentions, and in my zeal for the public welfare, those resources which usually belong to a more mature age and a longer experience. I place my reliance upon the wisdom of Parliament and upon the loyalty and affection of my people. I esteem it also a peculiar advantage that I succeeded to a sovereign whose constant regard for the rights and liberties of his subjects, and whose desire to promote the amelioration of the laws and institutions of the country, have rendered his name the object of respectful attachment and veneration. Educated in England, under the tender and enlightening care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the constitution of my native country. It will be my unceasing study to maintain the reformed religious liberty; and I shall steadily protect the rights, and promote to the utmost of my power the happiness and welfare of all classes of my people."

A generation has passed away since these words were uttered, eight Parliaments have been called to the councils of the Sovereign, and twelve Ministers have ruled in Downing street. Abroad, all continental thrones, from the vast empire of Russia to the smallest of the German Grand duchies, have changed their occupants. Amid the stormy times of earlier and revolution in Europe, the throne of the Queen of England has remained unshaken, for the loyalty and affection of her subjects have been its basis. Amid the strife of contending parties at home, and throughout the thirty-three years which separate the Premiership of Lord Melbourne from that of Mr. Gladstone, Queen Victoria has ever fulfilled the duties of a constitutional monarch, placing her official reliance upon the wisdom of Parliament, and never failing to give effect to the expressed wishes of her people.

An editor, speaking of a large and fat contemporary, remarked, "that if fish was grass he must be a load of beef."

"I expect I am," said the fat man, "the way the donkeys are nibbling at me."

A Home without children. It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a vineyard no grapes; a brook and no water gurgling through its channel.

"The rights of woman—if she can't be commander of a ship, may she always command a search?"

The most steadfast Followers of our Fortunes—Our correspondents.