Saint Mary's Beacon.

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ANIMALS AND THE FACULTY OF REASON.—So many facts have been recorded in various works showing that animals possess some degree of reason, that I will here give only two or three instances, authenticated by Rengger, and relating to American monkeys, which stand low in their order. He states that when he first gave eggs to his monkeys they smashed them and thus lost much of their contents; afterward they gently hit one end against some hard body, and picked off the bits of shell with their fingers. After cutting themselves only once with any sharp tool, they would not touch it again, or would handle it with the greatest care. Lumps of sugar were often given them wrapped up in paper, and Rengger sometimes put a live wasp in the paper, so that in hastily unfolding it they got stung; after this had once happened they always first held the packet to their ears to detect any movement within. Any one who is not convinced by such facts as these, and by what he may observe with his own dogs, that animals can reason, would not be convinced by anything that I could add.—Nevertheless I will give one case with respect to dogs, as it rests on two distinct observers, and can hardly depend on the modification of any instinct. Mr. Colquhoun winged two ducks which fell on the opposite side of a stream, his retriever tried to bring over both at once, but could not succeed; she then, though never before known to ruffle a feather, deliberately killed one, brought over the other, and returned for the dead bird. Col. Hutchinson relates that two partridges were shot at once, one being killed, the other wounded; the latter ran away and was caught by the retriever, who, on her return, came across the dead bird; "she stopped, evidently greatly puzzled, and, after one or two trials, finding she could not take it up without permitting the escape of the winged bird, she considered a moment, then deliberately murdered it by giving it a severe crunch, and afterward brought away both together. This was the only known instance of her ever having wilfully injured any game. Here we have reason, though not quite perfect, for the retriever might have brought the wounded bird first, and then returned for the dead one, as in the case of the two wild ducks. The muleteers in South America say, "I will not give you the mule whose step is easiest, but *la mas racional*—the one that reasons best;" and Humboldt adds, "this popular expression, dictated by long experience, combats the system of animated machines better, perhaps, than all the arguments of speculative philosophy."—*Darwin's Descent of Man.*

DON'T BE CERTAIN.—Boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken. And if you permit yourselves to be mistaken a great many times every body will lose confidence in what you say. If you have any doubts, remove them by examination before speaking confidently. Don't be too certain!

"John, where's the hammer?"

"It is in the corn house."

"No, it is not there; I have just been looking there."

"Well, I know it is; I saw it there not half an hour ago."

"If you saw it there, it must be there of course. But suppose you go and fetch it."

John goes to the corn-house, and presently returns with a small ax in his hand.

"O, it was the ax I saw. The handle was sticking out from a half bushel measure. I thought it was the hammer."

"But you said positively that you did see it, not that you thought you saw it.—There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement, even about small matters, unless you are quite sure; for if you do, you will find the habit growing upon you, and by and by you begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. Don't be too certain."—*Young Pilgrim.*

☞ "What kind of pens do you sell here, mister?" asked a boy of a stationer.

"We keep all kinds, you young vagabond," was the rude reply.

"Oh, you do, do you? "Well, then, I'll take ten cents worth of pig pens."

☞ An attorney observed to a brother in court that he thought whiskers very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

A goat is good as a milker, but succeeds better as a butter.

RENUNCIATION.

Hungry! Alas, I am so cruel hungry!
A wicked hunger, Lord, I sadly fear;
A hunger of which thousands faint and perish;
Yet men forever count its object dear.

Passing it o'er my lips will not confess it,
The heart's sincere confession I must give;
Repentance in the world heals not wrong-doing,
It must be woven in the life we live.

Thou didst not make me great, or good, or noble;
A little, very little place have I,
A work so petty that I grow to hate it,
A place so small that I have longed to die.

Can I be satisfied to live my noiseless living
Forever in this quiet, workful way?
Will Thy sweet grace uphold me in the trial
Of filling but this corner all my day?

Shall I forever be denied the speaking
A single word in our grand, battling life?
Must my lips dumbly wait, while other voices
Ring out triumphant in the world-wide strife?

I thought I loved Thee, Blessed, Blessed Saviour,
Until I gathered courage to behold
My heart's recesses, and saw there the passions
By which my springs of action were controlled.

And, Lord, I love Thee not with half the longing
I feel for this poor thing denied to me,
Forgive, forgive! I see Thy wondrous beauty,
Yet I am bound,—my soul is hard to free.

I will arise and go unto my Father.
Lord, give me grace to speak it in Thy name!
This is my heart's short, yet disgraceful record:
The thing that I have longed for so is Fame.

DISTINGUISHED LAWYERS.

The following "talk" to his class by Professor Parsons of the Harvard Law School was taken down by one of his students:

I will begin with the greatest man I ever knew and one to whom the country owes a deeper debt of gratitude than to any, except Washington.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.—I knew him but one Winter. When I called on him, I was received with perfect kindness, and I was cordially invited to call again. The tone of his voice plainly indicated that the invitation extended was meant as no mere act of politeness. I did call again and again, and each visit made me more and more anxious to call more frequently.

Chief Justice Marshall began with poetry. At the age of twelve he had copied all of Pope's Essay on Man. He would repeat much of Shakspeare, Dryden, Pope, Campbell, and other standard poets.

He wrote a great deal of poetry himself; but even at this young age he displayed that great sagacity which so distinguished him. He never published any of his poetry.

At the age of twenty he entered the army, where he remained until 1781. He figured in most of the principal engagements in the South.

While stationed at Philadelphia he attended one course of law lectures. During all this time he was very poor.

When he was returning home an innkeeper refused him admission to his house, because he did not look respectable. Soon after returning home, in 1782, he was elected to the Virginia Legislature, where he was returned as a member until 1792.

In 1800 he was appointed and confirmed Secretary of War. He, however, never entered upon the duties of his office, for before he could do so there was a vacancy in the office of Secretary of State, and he had this position tendered him.—He did not hold this office long, for in 1801 he was appointed first Chief Justice of the United States. When this was tendered to him by President Adams, he positively refused it, and urged the claims of other gentlemen, who he thought more qualified. Finally, however, his name was sent to the Senate, and he was unanimously confirmed. He knew very little "book law" when he was appointed. He had attended but one course of law lectures and had practiced but three years. This was the great reason why he urged so strongly the appointments of others. It is said of Marshall that he never held an office that was not forced upon him.

Soon after he was admitted to practice he married. He was still very poor. He said he did pay the preacher for marrying him, and that he had one guinea left. Of course he had to work very hard in his profession. It is probably more to his early poverty than to anything else that he owed those habits of indomitable energy which were so characteristic of him.—He was forty-six years of age when he was appointed. He immediately commenced to pursue a systematic course of the study of the law.

He never became familiar with the books. In all the ranks of legal literature there are no books where there is so little authority cited as those containing his decisions. When a case was argued, and it was for the Judges to decide it, after thinking for some time, he would write down his decision, and handing it to Judge Story, say: "There, Story, that is the law of this case; now go and find the authorities;" and probably there was no one more able to do this than Story.

Story once said: "When I wish to read a point in the law, I have to grope timidly from headland to headland, and feel satisfied if I at last remotely reach it.—But Marshall, in adventuresome and bold manner, puts right out to sea, and without difficulty approaches it."

He was remarkable and peculiar in his old age, when I knew him. He cared nothing for fashions. He had never changed the cut of his dress. His outside coat was peculiarly long, and in the skirts had two large pockets; frequently he could be seen walking up Pennsylvania avenue with a law book in each pocket, or his pockets filled with legal documents to overflowing.

His peculiar characteristic was the carrying of a long green umbrella, which was his constant companion, not only when it was raining, but stuck under his arm when not.

A kinder man never lived. He was a model for the judiciary of the country.—He was perfectly courteous in his manner, never speaking unkindly to any one. But still he was a man with whom no liberties could be taken. He was peculiar, even in his dignity. He had one peculiarity which one could not fail to observe—he would look long and intently without winking. Before the age of the two hour rule it often happened that some boring lawyer would come before the Court and speak for hours. When Marshall saw such a one, that cold, grey eye would be fixed upon him, and he would wilt beneath that gaze. He never loved to look very largely into authorities. On one occasion S—— dined with the Judges of the Supreme Court at Marshall's house. A servant entered when they were seated at the table. He brought a basket of books, and handed a note to Marshall. The note was from Benton, who had argued a case before him. Marshall read to the company, somewhat as follows: "Marshall—I send you such of the authorities as I now have, and will send you others soon." Marshall looked up and saw the basket, and exclaimed: "Good Lord, deliver us."

In Washington, in those days, it was a very fashionable amusement to pitch quoits. Frequently would Marshall and other members of the Court, after their labors were over, be seen out on the green, with their coats off, pitching quoits.

My first and last impressions were that he was a great and good man, and it was the happiest moment in his life when he could make others happy. His smile, his tone, his eye, all conspired to bring about this result.

RANDOLPH.—Randolph was very tall and slim, and of a sallow complexion.—He stooped somewhat. When he walked he made very long strides, keeping his feet parallel as if some one was in his way, and such person had better get out of his way. His favorite gesture was to reach out a very long arm, with a very long finger on the end of it, and point it directly at a person. His voice had a peculiar shrillness. Really, there is nothing to describe it. It was high, and when he chose to make it so, soft and sweet. He did not always speak in sweet tones, for when he had occasion he spoke as "with a trumpet with a silvery voice." He prided himself upon his excellent English, for this he made the object of his study. He had a splendid English library, and it was his pleasure to study phrases and phraseology. He used to say he studied the Bible more than any other book for its exquisite Saxon English. A phonographer might have published his words as they fell from his lips, so finely turned were his periods, and well chosen were his words. He had not much imagination, or much eloquence resting upon imagination. He had a very great power of reasoning, and he had a power of sarcasm which was blighting. Some one said to Benton, "He must have been among you like a comet frightening the nations, shaking pestilence and war."—"No," said Benton, "he was a planetary plague, shooting down agony and fear upon the numbers."

During the Winter, when I was with him in Washington, an old man, and a member of the House of Representatives, died. He was a special friend of Randolph.

Quite a young man was chosen in his place. He came on to Washington determined to win his spurs. So, not long after he had taken his seat, he, in his debate, made a fierce attack upon Randolph. Every one was filled with astonishment.—When he got through, Randolph did not get up to reply, just kept his seat during the whole of the debate. Several days passed and another topic came up. Randolph made a very earnest effort in behalf of the side he favored. As he closed his speech he said: "I would not, Mr. Speaker, have returned to press this matter with so much earnestness had not my views possessed the sanction and concurrence of my late departed friend, whose seat, I lament, is now unhappily vacant." At these words he pointed his long arm and the long finger at the young member who attacked him several days before.

On another occasion a regular Down-Easter had been elected, and came down to Washington several days before the meeting of Congress, and had gone into the adjoining States. When Congress met he made himself familiar with his brother Congressmen, and did not hesitate to approach and speak to any of them. He came up to Randolph and said: "I've just been to Virginia, and passed by your house." "I'd be glad," said Randolph, "if when you are in Virginia, or wherever I have a house, that you would always pass by it."

Some one asked: "Is he an aristocrat or a Jacobin?" "No," replied another, "he is neither—he is an Ishmaelite."—Every man's hand was against him, or would be, were it not for fear of him, and his hand was against every one. There is no doubt but that he was descended from Pocahontas. He was most proud of this. No stranger could be in his company one hour and remain ignorant of it. He was sure to bring it in conversation some way. He felt that old Powhattan was the lord of all Virginia, and when he died he left his legal rights to his daughter, and when she died they descended to him, and that he was lord of the whole land. There was a "screw loose" somewhere in his mental composition. So long ago as when the first steamboat was put upon the Hudson, there was not business enough to keep it employed every day, so frequently it would take excursion parties up the river. On one occasion quite a large party were on board, among them Randolph and a Mr. Schuyler, who was a very modest, shy man, respected by all.

While the boat was going on its way, Randolph started up, went a few paces from a party of ladies, and shouted out: "Mr. Schuyler! Mr. Schuyler! will you do me the favor to come here?" Mr. S. left the party and approached him. "Mr. Schuyler, look here," placing his hand on his ear, "what do you see?" "Nothing," replied Mr. S. "Look at that ear; what do you see?" "Simply an ear." "Don't you see Pocahontas there?" In order for Schuyler to get away, he finally said: "I think I do see a little of it." Mr. Schuyler related this to Parsons. It is believed that the aboriginal descendants of the country left a peculiar mark upon the lobe of the ear, which always marked such persons.

He made a visit to England, and behaved quite strangely while there. The English were at a loss to account for his eccentricities. They ascribed them to three things—first, that he drank upon the sly, and was all the time tipsy; or that he was insane; and, thirdly, that it was due to American peculiarities. Our narrator was told this by an Englishman, when he remarked he preferred not to have him think it the latter of the three. Pocahontas married Rolfe, which is the same word as Randolph. Randolph's grandfather had a perfect right to Rolfe's if he chose it.

While in London he saw fit to dress in the Randolph clan. He carried sword, pistols and dirk; had his leg bare to the knee, just like an old Scot. Once, at a theatre two young men, from his strange dress and other causes, smiled at him.—He turned to them and said: "Let him who smiles at tartan beware of dirk," at the same time brandishing his dirk.

The Washington officials became very tired of him, and in order to get rid of him, he was appointed Minister plenipotentiary to Russia. He refused to accept unless permission was given him to spend some time in Italy for his health. This was granted, as they would have done anything to have got rid of him. He went to Italy, stayed some time there, went to Russia, and remained only one month; then went to England and made quite a long stay before returning home.

The reason why he left Russia was this: While he was there, and before he had been presented to the Emperor, some one undertook to teach the presentation etiquette of that court. It was very simple. The minister was to enter the door and bow, at the middle of the room bow again, approach the Emperor and bow, and then the Emperor would meet him and enter into conversation. He was indignant at the idea of any one attempting to teach him, and said: "Don't you think I know how without you showing me?" The day for his presentation approached. He entered the room and bowed very low, came to the middle of the room, stopped, and again bowed; he then came nearer, took off one gauntlet and threw it one side of the Emperor, and the other on the other side of the Emperor; then he pitched his hat off, in front, threw off his mantlet, threw off his sword and fell on his knees. The Emperor was perfectly astonished; but being a well educated man, he knew how to act under such circumstances. So he approached, lifted him up and conversed with him. His reception did not come up to his ideas; so disgusted with Russia, he left in a month. He had an unbounded admiration of Marshall, who was the only man who could at all control him. When Marshall was seventy-four, he was in the convention, and an attack was made upon the judiciary. He made his greatest efforts in its defence, and triumphantly saved it. It was Gibraltar, and every answer was a pistol-shot against the solid rock. Randolph died of consumption. It is said that when he was lingering, after he could not speak a word, that he wrote upon a card, "remorse;" this idea has generally gotten abroad. The truth, however, is that he was attended during his illness by a man by the name of R. Morse, and he, for some purpose, wrote his name.

WILLIAM PINKNEY, not Col. Pinckney, of Virginia, began life a poor boy at Harve de Grace. He went into a lawyer's office to sweep his floors. He would spend his spare time in looking into the books. He cultivated quite a fondness for legal subjects. Friends let him have the money, and he studied law. He was at once very successful. He had an immense command of language and of authorities. He had great sagacity in referring to just what he wanted. He never used a superfluous citation; but if there was in all the range of legal literature anything he wished to use in his argument, he had it. It was a disputed point who was the stronger in logic he or Webster. In rhetoric he was far ahead. He had all of Choate's elegance of language; but a great deal more elegance of delivery. As a legal orator, he had a mysterious power, now frequently called magnetism. He had an attractive manner of delivery; securing and holding the attention of his hearers until he brought to bear the power of subduing their minds. Webster opposed him in his last case—a patent question, involving something about a part of a cotton loom. There could be no drier subject in all of the range of the law.—His argument covered two whole days.—There was no time during the whole of it when the Court-house and all the ways around it was not crowded with the elite of Washington. He had a peculiar charm of gesture which attracted the attention of every one. He would not confine himself to one spot; in the course of his argument he would move about before the Court. Let him talk upon what subject he would you could not help listening, and, listening, being convinced. As a man, he was perfectly kind and courteous toward all, but he had one weakness which swallowed up all the rest. He was the vainest person alive. He was vain of his vanity. While I was in Russia, our minister says, I and another attache were sitting in his parlor, waiting for him to come to dinner. He came in, after a long while, black and dirty as any man.—Without saying a word, he walked up to the sofa, jerked off his hat, threw it and his sword down. At last Mrs. Pinckney returned, and asked, "What is the matter?" "Matter! I have been insulted madam! That's what's matter." At this, my narrator says, my sword and that of my friend, as if by magic, leaped from their scabbards to avenge the insult. I ventured to ask, "How?" Turning to me, he said: "Sir! Is not a man of my name, my position insulted when he is to get up at eight o'clock to pay homage to a little girl (a Russian princess?") I ventured to suggest that we were invited at eleven. "Can a gentlemen dress in less than three hours?"

He used to bathe every day, and after bathing he would throw a thin gauze over himself, and had two body servants throw fine salt at him. "He had heard," he said, "salt would preserve the skin." It was true that there was a rumor spread that he painted. This was not true, for our narrator has time and again seen him plunge his head into a basin and give his face such a rubbing that no paint in the world could remain on it. He paraded his efforts in making this show. He liked to hear such rumors of himself.—He was fifty-four when in St. Petersburg, and sixty when in Washington, though he looked like thirty when he went into company. He was not very fond of society, and would not remain longer than ten o'clock at a party oftentimes. When he came out he would say. "Let us go home and have a chat," which our narrator was most willing to do.

When he got there, he would begin to unmake himself. He was laced in every direction. He would wear the fashionable cravat of that day, which was an immense piece of silk, about a yard and a half square. It was folded diagonally, corners turned in, and that filled with a long piece of padding, or, as it was commonly called, pudding, which was made for that purpose. It was then folded and drawn tightly around the neck—his more than ordinarily so. His whole dress was faultless and beautiful, as well as most fashionable. The only thing that troubled him was his thin hair, though he was not bald. After he had all his tight clothes off, he would fall back into his chair and tell his servant to bring him a glass of "peach drink," which was no other than most excellent punch, made with old peach brandy.

After a night's hard study he would come into court, and, in discussing a question would, in the course of his argument, say: "I 'think' your honors will find an authority for—that—in—the first of East, about 604—yes—I should say about 604—and on the right hand side:" while he knew it, having just examined it. All this was done for effect, in order to make the populace think he knew not only the law, but knew the location on the page.

DANIEL WEBSTER.—My acquaintance with Webster was begun in the court-room, where we often met. He was forty years old when he came to Boston from New Hampshire. I was at that time twenty-three. Just about this time the Spanish claims came up. Our narrator was employed by the Boston merchants to look after their claims, which were immense—in fact the larger part of the whole sum. They desired Webster to be with them, and they approached him on the subject. He expressed a willingness to go to Washington. They arranged the fee and put the agreement in writing. If the sum recovered was so much, he was to have five per cent; if so much more, two and a half per cent. We went on to Washington. When we got to Philadelphia, he was approached by the merchants there, and asked to represent them. He asked me if I thought the Boston merchants would object. I told him I thought not, unless the interests conflicted. He received two thousand dollars in hand as a retainer. The next day he spent this $2,000 in buying a silver service. He was in Washington three years in looking after these interests. At the end of the time he got possession of the money. I called to see him. He said, "Was there not something said about a maximum for me?" I said to him: "Yes, a great deal was said about it, and written, too" (twenty thousand dollars was the maximum fixed.) "Mr. P——," said he; "the calculation are long and tedious; just let me give checks for ninety-five per cent, of the whole amount; we can arrange the calculations very well." "We can first put the account into the hands of an accountant, and he can figure it out in a whole day." "Well the truth of it is, Mr. P——, I have spent the twenty thousand dollars long ago. Now you can arrange it for me; write and tell these men that they never expected to do this well; that this is a brand snatched from the fire; and get them to take ninety-five per cent." I promised to do so, and did write to the leading firms, who controlled about three-fourths. They said, "All very well; let him have it." He said, "All very well; the less creditors dare not speak about it; you need not write to them." In drawing his check he did deduct the five per cent; He got about $60,000 out of these claims. He then began to build an elegant house, but soon found himself hopelessly in debt. He did not seem to know that money was money. His income was large, but his expenses a great deal larger. He remained in politics almost all the remainder of his life. He did not do much business but still his income was large. He once told a friend that it averaged $20,000 per year. He grew to be amazingly indifferent to money and debt. His clerk, an attorney, once practicing in his office, said to him: "Mr. A. sent me to tell you that your note would fall due in a day or two." "Very well, sir," said he. "He wished me to tell you that he wished it paid." "Well, sir, you have done so." "But he wishes me to say that it shall be paid!" "Well sir, you have done as he told you. Tell Mr. A. when the note is paid he shall please let me know it." His will is a phenomenon. It is drawn up in a masterly manner, and is just such a will as he should have if he possessed, in addition to his residence, half a million to support it.

Of his greatness there cannot be the slightest doubt, but it was the greatness of power and not of learning. He would never study a case unless it interested him. He was not a systematic, thoroughly read man. He could read a book rapidly, and know more of it than most persons who studied it. To use Coleridge's phrase, "He could read it with his thumb and forefinger." He fell into a great passion for quoting Latin sentences in his speeches. He did this in imitation of the members of the English parliament, who never considered a speech finished unless they put a Latin phrase into it.

He knew very little about Latin.—When we were on our way to Washington the means of travel were not then as now. We had to go in stage-coaches.—I put a copy of "Horace" into my valise to while away the hours as we journeyed. I was reading it one day, and he asked me what it was. I told him. He said, "Ah! that is just the proper book to bring; let me see it." I handed it to him and he could translate no four consecutive lines in it.

Professor Felton used to supply him with all his Greek quotations.

He had all the elements of real greatness, but some follies also. He only serves to illustrate the Greek maxim:—There never was yet a very great man without some very great folly annexed to him."

TORNADOES.—The frequency of tornadoes throughout the South this year renders anything concerning their peculiar freaks of more than ordinary interest.—Hardly a week has passed since the breaking up of Winter in which several have not been chronicled, more or less disastrous to life, and always destructive to property. Georgia and Tennessee have been most frequently visited, but other States have had all they desire of these peculiar visits.

The properties of tornadoes are not satisfactorily accounted for by scientific men. In the Summer of 1864 the writer watched one of the monsters—for they can be designated by no other term—from its first appearance, near the mouth of Wycomico river, on the Virginia shore, from which point it connected with a water-spout assuming the shape of an hour-glass, which finally crossed toward Point Lookout, on the Maryland side. After traveling about eight miles the gunboats destroyed the water-spout by firing several shells into it, when the tornado, with lightning velocity, shot up nearly an eighth of a mile, after which it pursued a zigzag course, striking first near the shore, destroyed several huge commissary buildings as if they were made of straw, and severely wounding many men.

It again shot up in the air, the next descent striking in the midst of a dozen hospitals standing very closely together, and filled, with one exception, with wounded Confederate soldiers. Singularly, the unoccupied building was taken up by the tornado as clean as if moved from the spot in the usual manner, and in its course up again was carried far out of sight into the bay, leaving no track of the wreck behind.

On this occasion one spike was picked up by the wind from among a number which lay upon the wharf, and was carried a distance of fifty yards and then deeply lodged in the shoulder of a guard on duty, inflicting a serious wound.

In 1867 the writer watched the course of one of these tornadoes in Georgetown County, S. C. After twisting down and uprooting a large number of the huge oaks which formed the avenue on the plantation, some of which were carried long distances, killing cattle and wounding the plantation hands, it shot out in the open field, and struck a trim-looking oak of about a foot in diameter, that stood by itself, and entirely exposed to the fury of the blast. After the occurrence, although it had not been started from its roots, nor had it lost a branch, even to the smallest, the bark was completely taken off from the whole tree, even to the smallest of the twigs, as clean as if done by mechanical skill.

☞ Sportsmen assure us that, in order to make choice of a puppy from a number of others, it is better to leave the choice to the mother herself. In carrying them back to their beds the first the mother takes up will be the best.

☞ A Whitewash that will produce a fine, glossy appearance, and will not rub off upon everything that comes in contact with it, can be made by using skimmed milk instead of water for slacking the lime, and a making it of proper consistency.

WEIGHT OF PEOPLE.—The average returns show that a citizen of the world, on his first appearance in public, weighs about six pounds and a half; a boy baby a little more, a girl baby a little less.—Some very modest babies hardly turn the scale with five pounds and a half, while other pretentious youngsters boast of ten or eleven pounds. When Shylock asked for his "pound of flesh," he asked for an equivalent to a little less than the sixth of a baby. How the tiny one grows during childhood we need not trace here; but it may be interesting to know that boys and girls of twelve years of age are nearly equal in weight; after which limit males are heavier than females of the same age.

Young men of twenty average 143 pounds each, while the young women of twenty average 120 pounds. Men reach their heaviest bulk at thirty-five, when their average weight is about 152 pounds; but the women slowly fatten until fifty, when their average is about 129 pounds. Men and women together, their weight at full growth, average about twenty times as heavy as they were on the first day of their existence. Of course averages are here only meant. The averages were formed from men ranging from 108 to 220 pounds, and women from 88 to 207 pounds. The actual weight of human nature, taking all ages and conditions—nobles, clergy, tinkers, tailors, maidens, boys, girls and babies, all included—the average weight is almost 100 pounds, avoirdupois, for each human being; a quantity easy to remember, at any time.

UNDUE FAMILIARITY.—One of the great faults in modern manners is the habit of undue and improper familiarity. Some of the cleverest of men fall into the way of squeezing hands in the most violent manner, of slapping even their seniors on the back, and other rude modes emphasizing their familiarity and assuming a close proximity of person quite uncomfortable to persons of good breeding and taste.—Others again have an offensive and familiar habit of using personalities, displaying a knowledge of intimate and strictly private matters which one would scarcely care to have known to one's particular friends, much less the subject of rude and unmannerly conversation by comparative strangers.

THE HOT WATER CURE.—Whenever Burke found himself indisposed, he ordered a kittle of water to be kept boiling, of which he drank large quantities, sometimes as much as four or even five quarts in a morning, without any mixture of infusion, and as hot as he could bear. His manner was to pour out about a pint at a time in a basin, and to drink it with a spoon as if it had been soup.

Warm water, he said, would relax and nauseate, but hot water was the finest stimulant and most powerful restorative in the world. He certainly thought it a sovereign cure for every complaint, and not only took it himself but prescribed it with the confidence of a Sangrado, to every patient that came in his way.

☞ Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing room a lady of her acquaintance who could talk with her fingers to dumb people, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guilford entered the room, and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth began to ply her fingers very nimbly. Lord Guilford did the same, and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for about ten minutes when Lady Melville joined. Her female friend immediately said, "Well, I have been talking to this dumb man."—"Dumb!" cried Lord Guilford; "bless me, I thought *you* were dumb!"

☞ An editor in Alabama, having read an article in Hall's Journal of Health advising that husband and wife should sleep in separate rooms, says: Dr. Hall can sleep when and where he chooses, but for himself he intends to sleep where he can defend his wife against rats and all other nocturnal foes as long as he has got one to defend.

☞ Greeley says he fears farmers generally don't appreciate the importance of having their strawberry trees properly pruned at this season of the year. There shouldn't a limb over three inches thick be allowed to grow nearer than six feet from the ground.

TO CURE HOLLOW HORN.—My remedy is bleeding. I bleed in the neck just as you would a horse. One thorough bleeding usually effects a cure. I have known cattle to eat heartily immediately after being bled that had refused food before.

☞ "Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Jones, with an air of triumph, "don't you think marriage means grace?" "Well, yes, growled Jones, "I suppose anything is a means of grace that breaks down pride and leads to repentance."

☞ The following advertisement was in an Eastern paper recently: "Wanted by a boy, a situation in an eating-house. He is used to the business."

☞ A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee before hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double amount of its exhilarating qualities.