Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. IX — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1872 — NO. 14

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. F. KING & JAMES S. DOWNS.

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R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

in from One to Twenty minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain.

Radway's Ready Relief is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diptheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills.

The application of the *Ready Relief* to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure cramps, spasms sour stomach heart burn, sick headache, diarrhea, dysentery, colic, wind in the bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of *Radway's Ready Relief* with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cents per bottle.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

Strong and pure rich blood—increase of flesh and weight—clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent has made the most astonishing cures; so quick, so rapid are the changes the body undergoes, under the influence of this truly wonderful medicine, that every day an increase in flesh and weight is seen and felt

The Great Blood Purifier.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, consumption, glandular disease, ulcers in the throat, mouth, tumors, nodes in the glands and other parts of the system, sore eyes, strumerous discharges from the ears, and the worst forms of skin diseases, eruptions, fever sores, scald head, ring worm, salt rheum, erysipelas, acne, black spots, worms in the flesh, tumors, cancers in the womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, night sweats, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of chronic, scrotulous, constitutional, and skin diseases; but it is the only positive cure for *Kidney and Bladder Complaints*, gravel, diabetes, dropsy, Bright's disease, albuminuria, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

DR. RADWAY'S Perfect Purgative Pills, perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, billous fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from disorders of the digestive organs:

Constipation, inward piles, fullness of the blood in the head, Acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing.

A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the system from all the above named disorders.—Price, 25 cents per Box. Sold by all Druggists

Read "False and True." Send one letter-stamp to *RADWAY & CO.*, No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

June 29, 1871—1y.

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

R. M. EDWARDS, having qualified as an Auctioneer according to the License Laws of the United States, gives notice that he will attend to the sale of all real or personal property that may be offered at public auction in St. Mary's county. Address, R. M. Edwards, Great Mills P. O., St Mary's county, Md.

June 23, 1870—tf.

(Written for the Beacon.)

A REPLY TO LEAP YEAR.

We ladies are aware that this is leap-year
And the privileges granted might adopt without fear,
For with bright sunny smiles and pleasing address,
Surely lone single life might hope for redress.

Yet knowing some little of the disposition of man,
And how the sweet fair ones they much like to scan,
But as a prize is most valued by those who're furthest to run,
So man prizes not the love that is easily won.

Could woman, the very soul of honor and truth
Depart from the precepts implanted in youth,
And thus try to deceive by misrepresentation
Of vast golden treasures from some rich relation?

And yet, 'twould be well to bring forth that great test,
Shewing who loved gold or woman the best;
We're too unsuspicious to practice this wile,
Man has ever been conquered by woman's bright smile.

Some may banish affection for mere sordid gain,
Yet not have the pure bliss they thought to attain;
Riches are blessings and should be used well,
But love is too priceless to buy or to sell.

Should any intend to refuse the first proffer,
And after waiting in vain for one single offer,
He'd have to solace himself by reversing the cause,
And act in accordance with time honored laws.

We oft are termed the weaker part of creation,
But we've abundant resources in every situation,
Single or married, in each duty we're true,
May Heaven guide us all this 1872.

THE EARLY LIFE OF DICKENS.

The first volume of Mr. Forster's Life of Charles Dickens, has just been given to the public by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and it contains some things that will be new to the readers and admirers of the great novelist. Among these is a touching description of a portion of his early life hitherto entirely unknown. At the age of ten years he was placed in a blacking house at six shillings a week Years afterwards, he thus writes of this sad youthful experience.

"It is wonderful to me how I could have been so easily cast away at such an age. It is wonderful to me that, even after my descent into the poor little drudge I had been since we came to London, no one had compassion enough on me—a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt, bodily or mentally—to suggest that something might have been spared, as certainly it might have been, to place me at a common school — Our friends, I take it, were tired out. No one made any sign. My father and mother were quite satisfied. They could hardly have been more so if I had been twenty years of age, distinguished at a grammar-school, and going to Cambridge.

"The blacking-warehouse was the last house on the left-hand side of the way, at old Hungerford Stairs. It was a crazy, tumble-down old house, abutting of course on the river, and literally overrun with rats. Its wainscoted rooms, and its rotten floors and staircase, and the old gray rats swarming down in the cellars, and the sound of their squeaking and scuffling coming up stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place, rise up visibly before me, as if I was there again. The counting-house was on the first floor, looking over the coal-barges and the river. There was a recess in it, in which I was to sit and work. My work was to cover the pots of paste-blacking; first with a piece of oil-paper, and then with a piece of blue paper; to tie them round with a string; and then to clip the paper close and neat, all round, until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apotheeary's shop.—When a certain number of grosses of pots had attained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label, and then go on again with more pots. Two or three other boys were kept at similar duty down stairs on similar wages. One of them came up, in a ragged apron and a paper cap, on the first Monday morning, to show me the trick of using the string and tying the knot. His name was Bob Fagin; and I took the liberty of using his name, long afterwards, in *Oliver Twist*.

"Our relative had kindly arranged to teach me something in the dinner-hour; from twelve to one, I think it was; every day. But an arrangement so incompatible with counting-house business soon died away, from no fault of his or mine; and, for the same reason, my small work-table, and my grosses of pots, my papers, string, scissors, paste-pot, and labels, by little and little, vanished out of the recess in the counting-house, and kept company with the other small work-tables, grosses of pots, papers, strings, scissors, and paste-pots, down-stairs. It was not long before Bob Fagin and I, and another boy whose name was Paul Green, but who was currently believed to have been christened Poll (a belief which I transferred, long afterwards again to Mr. Sweedlepipe, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*), worked generally side by side. Bob Fagin was an orphan, and lived with his brother-in-law, a waterman. Poll Green's father had the additional distinction of being a fireman, and was employed at Drury Lane theatre; where another relation of Poll's, I think his little sister, did imps in the pantomimes.

"No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship; compared these every-day associates with those of my happier childhood; and felt my early hopes of growing to be a learned and distinguished man, crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more; cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous and carressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and wander desolately back to that time of my life.

"I was so young and childish, and so little qualified—how could I be otherwise? to undertake the whole charge of my own existence, that, in going to Hungerford Stairs of a morning, I could not resist the stale pastry put out at half-price on trays at the confectioners' doors in Tottenham Court Road; and I often spent in that the money I should have kept for dinner.—Then I went without my dinner, or bought a roll, or a slice of pudding. There were two pudding-shops between which I was divided, according to my finances. One was in a court close to St. Martin's church (at the back of the church) which is now removed altogether. The pudding at that shop was made with currants, and was rather a special pudding, but was dear; two penn'orth not being larger than a penn'orth of more ordinary pudding. A good shop for the latter was in the Strand, somewhere near where the Lowther Arcade is now. It was a stout, hale pudding, heavy and flabby; with great raisins in it, stuck in whole, at great distances apart. It came up hot, at about noon every day; and many and many a day did I dine off it.

"We had half an hour, I think, for tea. When I had money enough, I used to go to a coffee-shop, and have half a pint of coffee, and a slice of bread-and-butter.—When I had no money, I took a turn in Covent Garden market, and stared at the pineapples.

"I know I do not exaggerate, unconsciously and unintentionally, the scantiness of my resources and the difficulties of my life. I know that if a shilling or so were given me by any one, I spent it in a dinner or a tea. I know that I worked, from morning to night, with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money, and to make it last the week through; by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting-house, wrapped in six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount and labeled with a different day. I know that I have lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond

"But I held some station at the blacking-warehouse too. Besides that my relative at the counting-house did what a man so occupied, and dealing with a thing so anomalous could, to treat me as one upon a different footing from the rest, I never said, to man or boy, how it was that I came to be there. That I suffered exquisitely, no one ever knew but I.—How much I suffered, it is, as I have said already, utterly beyond my power to tell. No man's imagination can overstep the reality. But I kept my own counsel, and I did my work. I knew from the first, that, if I could not do my work as well as any of the rest, I could not hold myself above slight and contempt. I soon became at least as expeditious and as skillful with my hands as either of the other boys.

"My rescue from this kind of existence I considered quite hopeless, and abandoned as such, altogether; though I am solemnly convinced that I never, for one hour was reconciled to it, or was otherwise than miserably unhappy.

"At last, one day, my father, and the relative so often mentioned, quarreled; quarreled by letter, for I took the letter from my father to him which caused the explosion, but quarreled very fiercely. It was about me.

"My mother set herself to accommodate the quarrel, and did so next day. She brought home a request for me to return next morning, and a high character of me, which I am very sure I deserved. My father said I should go back no more, and should go to school. I do not write resentfully or angrily; for I know how all these things have worked together to make me what I am; but I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back.

"From that hour until this at which I write, no word of that part of my childhood which I have now gladly brought to a close has passed my lips to any human being. I have no idea how long it lasted; whether for a year, or much more, or less. From that hour until this my father and my mother have been stricken dumb upon it. I have never heard the least allusion to it, however far off and remote, from either of them. I have never, until I now impart it to this paper, in any burst of confidence with any one, my own wife not excepted, raised the curtain I then dropped, thank God.

"Until old Hungerford market was pulled down, until old Hungerford Stairs were destroyed, and the very nature of the ground changed, I never had the courage to go back to the place where my servitude began. I never saw it. I could not endure to go near it. For many years, when I came near to Robert Warren's in the Strand, I crossed over to the opposite side of the way, to avoid a certain smell of cement they put upon the blacking-corks, which reminded me of what I was once. It was a very long time before I liked to go up Chandos street. My old way home by the borough made me cry, after my eldest child could speak.

"In my walks at night I have walked there often, since then, and by degrees I have come to write this. It does not seem a tithe of what I might have written, or of what I meant to write."

MARRIED LIFE OF GREAT MEN.—With people, great and small, the course of true love does not usually run smooth.—But, rough or smooth, the moral always hath a moral. Poor Xantippe has been the most abused spouse that ever had had for two thousand years. A violent temper, we are told, made her a scourge to her wise husband, Socrates; but he owned that he had married and endured her for self-discipline. And if a man needs any schooling of that sort, what lady could be a more successful connubial disciplinarian than Xantippe? One day she scolded him violently as she stood at her open window, and sealed the lesson by throwing a pail of water on him. "Just as I expected," he sweetly replied; "after the thunder comes the shower."

The younger Pliny praises his amiable wife in language as touching as it is sincere. He says:—"Her affection for me has given her a turn to books. Her passion will increase with our days; for it is not my youth or my person, which time gradually impairs, but my reputation and my glory of which she is enamored."

Milton married after a short courtship. His wife is said to have a very uncongenial disposition, and had no patience with her husband's literary habits. She complained bitterly of his solitary house, lustily flogged his nephew, and in a month after their marriage she ran away. Possibly he was a literary recluse, who gave much more time to his books than to his blushing, rollicking young country bride. Time heals many a wound, as it healed the trouble in this Miltonian home. The young bride returned, and on the whole made him a right good wife.

Dr. Samuel Johnson married Mrs. Porter, a lady almost double his age. Her daughter describes him at this time as of a very forbidding appearance, his structure of bones being "hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of scrofula were deeply visible." We may add, and awkward gesture, which excited ridicule.—Fearful that she might marry him for his family rank or reputation, he told her that he was descended from untitled ancestors, that he had no money, and that one of his uncles had been hung. To lower himself to his level, she replied that she had no more money than himself, and although she had not learned that any of her relatives were hung, she knew that several of them deserved hanging. Mrs. Porter overlooked his uncomely looks and old ways, and said, "This is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life." Johnson declared it to have been a love marriage on both sides. On their way to church on horse-back, to be married, they took their first lesson in the exercise of mutual authority. He afterwards described it as follows:—"Sir, she had read the old romances, and got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly till I was fairly out of sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it, and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears."

Johnson was constitutionally a very angular man, with sharp corners enough to annoy the most amiable wife. Withal they got along smoothly thereafter. And when she died, the stern scholar refused to be comforted the rest of his life.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS.—A little girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed, "See what a flock of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships is called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep is called a flock.

And here we may add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoise is called a shoal, and shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshipers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlefolks is called the elite, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals are called the roughs, and the miscellaneous crowd of the city folks is called the community, or the public, according as they are spoken of by the religious community or the secular public.—*American Educational Monthly.*

A London merchant advertised for a clerk who could "bear confinement" He received an answer from one who had been seven years in jail.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Oliver Cromwell, the great Protector, came of a good family on both sides, and after passing about a year at Cambridge, was removed to Lincoln's Inn, with the view of prosecuting his studies for the bar. It has been said that he was addicted to low pleasures and gaming in his youth; but when we find him, in his twenty-first year, marrying the daughter of Sir John Bourchier, and spoken of by religious men as a professor of religion, we are inclined to believe that he has been vilified with malice, rather than spoken of with justice. 1628 he was elected member of Parliament for Huntingdon, and, in the following year, distinguished himself by his zeal against the bishops. When the Parliament was dissolved, he retired into the country, and took a grazing farm at St. Ives, where he became overseer of the parish, and a zealous member of the religious community with which he had connected himself. In 1636 Sir Thomas Stuart, his maternal uncle, died, leaving him property in the "Isle of Ely" worth £500 a year. To this place he now removed his family; but being disgusted with the measures of the government, he, in 1637, actually took a passage for himself and family in a ship lying in the Thames, and bound for New England, in America. This vessel was detained by proclamation; but if she had been suffered to proceed on her voyage, the head of Charles I. would, perhaps, never have been forfeited to his country; England would never have been a commonwealth, nor Oliver Cromwell its Protector. In 1640 he was returned to Parliament for Cambridge, and, by this time, had become a popular leader, being called "Lord of the Fens," for having defended a portion of the fen country of Cambridgeshire from being wrested from the people by the grasping hands of certain proprietors who had been draining for themselves. In 1642, when Parliament determined upon hostilities, he went to Cambridge, where he raised a troop of horse, and which he himself so ably commanded, that he soon acquired the rank of colonel, and a great reputation for military skill and valor.—His men were well disciplined, and, under his leadership, at the battle of Marston Moor, in 1644, acquired the name of "Ironsides." At Stamford, and in the second battle at Newbury, Cromwell greatly distinguished himself, and received from his party the title of "Saviour of the Nation." This party consisted of the Independents, who had gained so great an influence in Parliament as to pass the famous self-denying ordinance, by which all members of either House were excluded from commands in the army. From this, however, Cromwell, on account of his value to the cause, was excepted; a stroke of policy which preserved his ascendancy in the army, and paved the way for his future advancement. He was now made lieutenant general, and by his conduct in 1645, the battle of Naseby, which determined the fate of the royalists, was won. This victory was followed by a series of successes, for which he was voted a pension of £2500 per annum, and the thanks of the House. When the king was handed over by the Scotch to the Parliament, Cromwell determined to get him into his own power. This he affected in 1647, by means of Cosnet Joyce, a young and spirited soldier. He now obtained the chief command of the army, and at a conference at Windsor, which he himself opened with prayer, propounded the bold measure of punishing the king by a judicial sentence. Charles was now in the Isle of Wight, when Cromwell was called into the north against the Scots, and into the west against the Welsh.—Whenever he fought success attended him, and returning to London, he purged the Parliament house of its members, by means of his troopers, under the direction of Colonel Pride. In the January of 1649 the king's trial commenced.—Cromwell was the third to sign the warrant for his execution, and the monarch suffered accordingly. Cromwell was now called into Ireland, where he took a terrible vengeance upon the inhabitants of Drogheda, Waterford, and several other places. In 1650 he returned to England, and was sent against the Scots, who had armed to restore Charles II. On September 3, 1652, he gained the battle of Dunbar; and that day twelvemonth he defeated Charles at Worcester. The sovereign power was now within his reach, and he did not hesitate to grasp it. Accordingly, on February 16, 1654, he was invested with the dignity of Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the Court of Chancery.—In this capacity, he vigorously directed the affairs of the kingdom, making the English flag, borne by men like Blake, respected wherever it was seen. In 1658, however, he became moody and suspicious. In the August of that year, his favorite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, died at Hampton Court. This event, with the publication of a pamphlet by Colonel Titus, entitled "Killing no murder," tending to prove the assassination of a tyrant a public duty, produced a slow fever, from which he never rallied. He was, by order of his physicians, removed to Whitehall for change of air, but nothing would avail him now. He died on the 3rd of September, 1658, the anniversary of the victories of Dunbar and Worcester, and a day which he was accustomed to consider especially fortunate for himself. His corpse was interred on the 25th of April, in Henry the Seventh's chapel, whence, at the Restoration, it was taken and exposed, and, it is said, buried under the gallows at Tyburn. It is needless here to enter into the character of Cromwell. That he was one of the greatest statesmen and most valiant warriors England has produced, none will deny; and that he was as good, if not better, than most men would have been under the same circumstances, few will be inclined to dispute. Cromwell had six children, viz.: Richard, Henry, Bridget, Elizabeth, Mary, and Frances. Richard succeeded him in the protectorate; but when affairs turned, and he found his post no longer tenable, he resigned and went abroad. Richard Cromwell subsequently returned to England, and a story is told of him, to the effect that while a suitor for the restoration of his property, he was met in Westminster Hall by one who mistook him for a countryman viewing the place, and remarked that, perhaps, he had never seen such a grand place before. "No," replied Richard, "not since I sat in that chair," pointing at the same moment to the chair of state which then occupied a prominent place in the justice-hall at Westminster.

Some of the greatest modern physicians, chiefly English and French, have written treatises on the advantages of groaning and crying, in general, and especially during surgical operations. They contend that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. One tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of a few hours, by giving full vent to his emotions If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterward. In accordance with the above, crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically redressed, the result may be St. Vitus's dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful, and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either phyical or mental pain.

HOW TO SEE UNDER WATER.—We lately described a way of reflecting light to the bottom of a shaded well. To examine the bottom of a mill-pond or other open water, a mirror is not necessary. The Indians of the West do this in the winter by cutting a hole in the ice and then covering themselves with a blanket in such way as to shut off the glare of the sun from their eyes. They can see fish at a great depth. To examine deep water in the summer-time, it will be necessary to make a float out of pine plank sufficiently large to buoy yourself up. Through the center of this float cut a hole as through the ice. Then, covering yourself with a blanket, you can look down through the still and shaded surface of the water and see tools or other lost objects at the bottom. By means of observatories in the the bottoms of ships, with glazed windows, powerful artificial beams for illumination, and submarine telescopes piercing the hull, it is possible that the bottom of the sea might be made visible at considerable depths.—*Hearth and Home.*

THE SENSE OF GUILT.—The atheist may speculate, and go on speculating till he is brought up by annihilation; he may then return to life, and reason away the difference between good and evil; he may even go further, and imagine to himself the perpetration of the most atrocious acts; and still he may eat his bread with relish, and sleep soundly in his bed; for his sins, wanting, as it were, substance, having no actual solidity to leave their traces in his memory, all future retribution may seem to him a thing with which, in any case, he can have no concern But let him once turn his theory to practice, let him make crime palpable, in an instant he feels its hot impress on his soul. Then it is that what may happen beyond the grave becomes no matter of indifference; and though his *reason* may seem to have proved that death is a final end, the little word *if*, swelling to a fearful size, and standing at the outlet of his theories, like a relentless giant, is ready to demolish his conclusions.—Allison.

☞ A farmer near Nashua, N H., recently bargained his farm to another for $2,000, but when the day and purchaser arrived, informed him that his wife was in hysterics about the trade, and guessed he would back out. "But," said the purchaser, "I have come a long distance, want the farm, and must have it. How much more would induce you to sell it?" "Well," replied the agriculturist, "give me $250 more and let her cry."

The editor of the Athol Transcript is affected by the weather. He says: "The devil of this office has a soul. On this account we don't care to compel him to steal wood. Will several of our subscribers take the hint?"

A youthful writer wants to know what magazine would give him the highest position the quickest We think a powder magazine would do this business for him.

If a man tells you that water, leeched through ashes, is fit for a beverage, don't believe him. It is a lye.

Why is the road of the transgressors so hard? Because it is so much traveled.

Mr. Bergh is so humane that he will not allow his greyhound to turn a hare.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

Money-making was the one pursuit and sole enjoyment of Nathan Rothschild's life. When Louis Spohr, the great German musician, called on him in the summer of 1820, with a letter of introduction from his brother Amschel, of Frankfort, he said to him, "I understand nothing of music. This"—patting his pocket, and rattling the loose coins therein—"this is my music, which we understond on "Change." It was in the scramblings and fightings, not at all in the spending, and not much in the hoarding of it, that his soul delighted.

"I hope," said a dinner companion on one occasion, "I hope that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things.—I am sure you would *not* wish that." "I am sure I *would* wish that," replied Nathan; "I wish them to give up mind and body, heart and soul, to business. This is the way to be happy. It requires a deal of caution to make a good fortune, and, when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. Hence, when two eminent clergymen, who took a warm interest in the Jews, called upon him with a view to induce him to aid in the restoration to Palestine, as his great wealth, it was thought, might influence the Sultan, Nathan declined, upon the all-potent plea that "London was his Palestine, and that he could not further such an object in any way."

On another occasion a German prince visiting London brought letters of credit to the house of Rothschild. He was shown into the private room of the famous counting-house in St. Swithin's Lane, where Nathan sat absorbed with a heap of papers before him. The name being announced, Rothschild nodded, offered his visitor a chair, and went on with the work before him. For this treatment the prince, who expected that everything should give way to one of his rank and dignity, was not prepared. Standing a minute or two, he exclaimed, "Did you not hear, sir, who I am? I am"———repeated his titles at full length. "Oh, very well!" exclaimed Nathan, with sly humor, "take two chairs, then."

At another time two strangers were admitted into the same private room. They were tall foreigners, with beards and moustaches, such as were unknown in the City before the beard mania set in so powerfully as it has done of late; and Nathan was frightened at their appearance. He put his own interpretation upon the excited movements with which they fumbled about in their pockets; and, before the expected pistols could be produced, he had thrown a great ledger in the direction of their heads, and brought in a bevy of clerks by his loud cries of "Murder!" The strangers were pinioned, and after long questionings and explanations, it appeared that they were wealthy bankers from the Continent, who, nervous in presence of a banker so much more wealthy than themselves, had found some difficulty in producing the letters of introduction with which they were armed!

A terrible anecdote of another sort is recorded of Nathan's son during his election as one of the Members for the City. We all recollect the persistent way in which the electors returned him to Parliament for years before the Legislature threw open its doors to the long-despised Jew.—At his first election, when on the hustings, he boasted that he stood there as the free choice of the people. "So stood Barabbas!" deliberately exclaimed a deep stern voice from the crowd—a sarcasm which, for its cruel vindictiveness, perhaps stands without a parallel.

The same intense spirit of money-making appears to have been equally the mania of all the Rothschilds. Of James, the youngest son of Meyer, and head of the Paris house, who once entertained Napoleon III. in such an imperial manner at his Chateau Ferrieo, and died in 1868, leaving, according to public rumor, the collossal fortune of 44,800,000f., it is related, as a proof of the strength of the ruling passion within him, that foreseeing his death would cause a great fall in the shares of the Lombard Company, of which he was the president and chief support, he speculated largely for the fall just before he died; by which means the immense profits accruing therefrom went to the benefit of his heirs.

CHEMICAL CHANGES.—Linen can be made into sugar; sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid; alcohol into ether and water. Sugar can also be converted into oxalic acid, and likewise into pure charcoal and water. Alcohol will readily change into acetic acid or to vinegar; coal tar is transformed into dyes that surpass the Tyrian purple of old. Starch may be transmuted into gum, alcohol, sugar, vinegar, or oxalic acid; and these are but a few of the magical changes which modern chemical science has made "familiar as household words."

☞ Patrick Henry left in his will the following important passage:

"I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

Bars are put on bank windows to keep thieves out, and on jails to keep them in.

Does a barrel of ale always settle for itself?