Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. IX. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORN[illegible] FEBRUARY 22, 1872 NO. 17

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. F. KING & JAMES S. DOWNS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$2.00 per annum to be paid within six months. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publisher.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertis by the year.

Communications of a personal character will be charged, at the same rates as advertisements; obituaries over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 50 cents per square.

All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or no attention will be paid to them. The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

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, Diphtheria, 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, scrofulous, 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, bilious 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 flattering 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, Green Hills P O., St Mary's county, Md.

June 29, 1870—tf.

"ARTEMUS WARD."

To the multitude of reminiscences of the genial "showman" that have been printed, I am tempted to add a few of my own recollections.

I first met him in Cleveland, Ohio, in the Spring of 1858. I was then connected with a Buffalo paper, and "Charley" Brown, as everybody called him who knew him in those days, was "local" of the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, a position which he had then held but a few months. He had then written some sketches over the *nom de plume* of "Artemus Ward, the Showman," but, up to that time, nothing attracted much attention, though his witty local columns had been the delight of his Cleveland readers.

On my arrival in Cleveland I called at the *Plaindealer* office and inquired for the editor, Mr. Grey, to whom I bore a letter of introduction. A tall, slender young man, of about twenty-four years, with a smooth, thin face, whose prominent feature was a high Roman nose; and very light hair that persisted in sticking straight out in all directions, stepped forward and received me with winning and unaffected cordiality, in the absence of Mr. Grey, introducing himself as the associate editor, Mr. Brown. The gravity of his countenance, when speaking, was relieved by the twinkle of the merriest of blue eyes. He had a way of saying very funny things, as if they were solemn, if not melancholy facts, which puzzled me much until I came to know him.

Walking along Superior street together shortly after our introduction, we passed a dilapidated specimen of humanity, who had "vagabond" written all over him.

"Now, sir," said Artemus, with a look of mingled disgust and pity, as he pointed to the miserable fellow, "you wouldn't think that wretched being was at this moment the wealthiest man in Cleveland?"

"No!" said I, looking at the man with some interest.

"Well, he isn't" returned Artemus, with a comical pucker of the mouth, while his eyes laughed consumedly.

It wasn't much of a joke, but it serves to illustrate one of his well known peculiarities, a fondness for "playing" people, which grew upon him as his years advanced.

The first letter of Artemus Ward's that was generally copied, was his laughable account of "Baldinsville" celebrating the laying of the Atlantic cable. This was printed in the *Plaindealer*, in the Fall of 1858. His next successful effort, printed shortly after, was descriptive of his visit to the Free Lovers of Berlin Hights. In that letter he first embellished American literature with the significant word "gush."

"'She was a swete, gushin' child of natur', said her mother.

"'Let her gush!' I roared, loud as I could holler.

In the Spring of 1859 I accepted a proffered editorial position on the Cleveland *National Democrat*, and renewed my acquaintance with Artemus.

On the first evening of my arrival he volunteered to show me around—make me acquainted with the city—a very desirable achievement, as I was to fill the position of city editor. He "showed me round" so successfully that about two o'clock in the morning I began to feel almost as much at home in Cleveland as though I had lived in Cleveland all my days, to say nothing of my nights. Artemus invited me to share his bed with him for the remainder of the night, and I accepted.

Adjoining his room lodged a young professor of elocution who was endeavoring to establish a school in Cleveland. He was just starting out in business, and was naturally auxious to propitiate the press.

"Let's get the professor up," said Artemus, "and have him recite for us."

I remonstrated with him, reminded him of the lateness of the hour, that I wasn't acquainted with the professor, and all that; but to no purpose.

"He's a public man," said Ward, "and public men are glad to meet members of the press, as restaurants are supposed to get up warm meals at all hours."

He gave a thundering rap on the door, as he shouted:

"Professor-r-r!"

"Who's there? What yer want?" cried a muffled voice, evidently from beneath the bedclothes, for it was a bitter cold night in February.

"It is I—Brown of the *Plaindealer*," said Artemus, and, nudging me gently in the ribs, he whispered: "That'll fetch him. The power of the press is invincible. It is the Archimedean lever which—"

His remarks were interrupted by the opening of the door, and I could just discern the dim outline of a shirted form shivering in the doorway.

"Excuse me for disturbing you, professor," said Artemus, in his blandest manner, "but I am anxious to introduce my friend here, the new 'local' of the *Democrat*. He has heard much of you, and declares positively that he cannot go to bed till he hears you elocute."

"Hears me what?" asked the professor, between his chattering teeth.

"Hears you elocute—recite—recite—declaim—understand? Specimen of your elocution?"

In vain did the professor plead the lateness of the hour, and his fire had gone out. Artemus would accept no excuse.

"Permit me, at least," urged the professor, "to put on some clothes and light the gas."

"Not at all necessary. Eloquence, my dear boy, is not dependent on gas. Here" straightening up a chair he had just stumbled over, "get right up in this chair and and give us the 'The boy stood on the burning deck,'" adding an aside whisper in my ear, "The burning deck will warm him up!"

Gently, yet firmly did Artemus boost the reluctant professor upon the chair, protesting that no apologies were necessary for his appearance, and assuring him that "clothes don't make the man," although the shivering disciple of Demosthenes and Cicero probably thought clothes would make a man more comfortable on such a night as that.

He gave us "Casabianca," with a good many quavers of the voice, as he stood quaking in a single short, white garment; and then followed: "Linden, when the sun was low," "Sword of Bunker Hill," etc.: by "particular request of our friend," as Artemus Ward said, although I was too nearly suffocated with suppressed laughter to make even a last dying request had it been necessary. It was too ludicrous to depict—the professor, an indistinct white object, standing on the chair, "elocuting" as Ward had it, and we sitting on the floor, holding our sides, while A. W. would faintly whisper between his pangs of mirth, "Just hear him."

It wasn't in Ward's heart to have his fun at the expense of another, without recompense; so, next day, I remember, he published a lengthly and entirely serious account of our visit to the professor's "rooms," spoke of his wonderful powers as an elocutionist, and expressed the satisfaction and delight with which we listened to his "unequalled recitations."—The professor was overjoyed, and probably is ignorant to this day that Artemus was "playing it on him."

I never knew a man whose sense of the ludicrous was so keen as his, and he would go any length to gratify it. I once came upon him at a little country inn near Cleveland, having a frolic with some old farmers he had fallen in with. Ward was mounted on the back of a white-haired old mare of seventy at least, and was riding a circus act around the bar-room. The way he made that venerable mare walk, trot, run, go lame, waltz, and dance the polka, was too funny.

His jokes were not alway well taken.—We were coming into the city one day from a drive, and came upon some men engaged in tying up a raft on the Cuyahoga river. It was a hot day, and they were perspiring profusely. Artemus stopped his horse, and asked them very gravely why they didn't go and steal for a living, instead of toiling and sweating in that way. The result was he had to lash his horse into a run, in order to get away from the shower of stones they hurled at us.

His, Artemus Ward letters, which he wrote for the *Plaindealer*, made his reputation, and were the best things he ever produced, for the reason that they were composed as the spirit moved him, and not written "to order." His column of "City Items" sparkled with witty paragraphs.—It was difficult for him to write up the most commonplace items of news without some witty conceit creeping in. I remember him paragraphing an accident to a Cleveland lawyer as follows: 'Our old friend Bruce met with an accident this morning. His horse took fright and ran away, and in jumping from the buggy Mr. B. suffered a sprained ankle Bruce little thought, when he defended Cole, the Ashtabula wife poisoner, that, in less than four years from that time, he would jump out of his buggy and sprain his ankle. Such is life."

I once asked Brown (he didn't spell his name with a e in those days) what suggested his *nom de plume* of Artemus Ward. He said when he was a reporter on the Toledo *Commercial*, he reported the trial of one Ward, in that city, for murder.—The parties to the trial were all a queer, ignorant set, and he says that there were so many ludicrous and grotesque features to the trial that the name of Ward became indissolubly associated in his mind with the outlandish and comical He always considered the name Artemus a funny one, so he united the two, and thus adopted Artemus Ward as his *nom de plume*.

I think Artemus left few enemies behind him, when, in the Fall of 1859 he left Cleveland for a broader field of effort; and the friends who knew him in his earlier days rejoiced at his subsequent prosperity and sincerely mourned his untimely death.

IMPORTANT.—We were sitting with Horace one afternoon in that little disreputable sanctum of his adjoining the counting-room of the *Tribune*. The old gentleman was in one of his chronic conditions of grumble and discontent. He had that mealy appearance so common to him, that made him resemble a blonde miller, fresh from the dust of his flour mill, and was expressing his private opinion in a public and somewhat profane way, when a colored gentleman was announced.

'Let him come him,' roared the philosopher, and an aged darkey, clad in broadcloth, gold-rimmed spectacles, and a cane, headed with the same precious metal, stalked in.

'Mr. Greely, I believe?' he inquired.

'Yes. I'm Mr. Greeley; what do you want?' was the gruff response.

'Well, sah,' said old Ebony Specs, seating himself as he deposited his hat and cane on the floor— Well, sah, I've been thinkin' our race don't pay enough attention to scientific pursuits, sah.'

We saw the cloud gather on the intellectual countenance of the great journalistic Bohemian. It broke in thunder.—In a voice wherein was blended the shrill tones of a hysterical woman and the growl of a tiger, he exclaimed:

'Scientific pursuits! you damned old fool; you want a hoe-handle and a patch of land—that's the scientific pursuits you want. Get out.'

Spasmodic love—A neuralgic affection

"SPEAKIN'" AND "RE[illegible] DAY.

A Western writer thus vi[illegible] the miseries of a country sc[illegible] What a stillness prevailed in t[illegible] room when the "master" a[illegible] fore dismissing school that "[illegible] day afternoon there will be no [illegible] but after hearing the reading [illegible] young lady will read an orig[illegible] tion, and every young man w[illegible] piece to memory, of poetry or [illegible] he will speak from this sta[illegible] who fail to do either will be [illegible]

How the perspiration sta[illegible] the brows of the timid ones as [illegible] speech was made. [illegible] has put his mittens on, under the desk, and placed one foot out in the aisle ready 'to go' at the word "school is dismissed," pulled off his mittens and began searching for a book to take home "to learn something out of," and whispered profanity such as "darn it," "confound the luck," came up from behind desks—and all felt as if there was to be an eclipse and no glass had been smoked, except the one smart chap who 'had rather speak than not,' and the girls who had big sisters at boarding schools, whose previous literary efforts at home afforded rare chances for plagiarism, which by a little help would deceive the teacher.

At last the anxiously-awaited day arrives, the forenoon is passed in the usual manner, but at noon there is a decided change made in the appearance of the scholars and school-room. The "big girls" are "dressed up" for the occasion. Their gowns are of finer texture than those worn during the week; some are adorned with their mother's "breast pin" and a pair of "prize" earings; white stockings take the place of the "literary blue or black ones, which would not look so well on the platform (for there were no dresses *en train* in those days); nearly all wore "beau catchers" plastered on the side of their foreheads, and charcoal from the fireplace had been used as a dentrific during the intermission between fore and afternoon.

The little bare-footed girls, appeared in bright, copper-toed shoes and tape embroidered pantalettes of the nankeen style. With the boys there was also an attempt at improved toilette, boots had been greased—paper collars turned, and a portion of their "Sunday go-to-meetin' clothes" donned for the occasion. Shocky heads of hair had been combed into partial subjection, and the boy with chapped hands had soaked his knuckles in bran and water until portions of the original cuticle were visible. The "doctor's son" exhaled a powerful aroma, all his father's flavoring essences, and the "tavern keeper's" boy had anointed himself with "Jamaica," as a substitute for "Bay Rum." The "master," to maintain a dignity equal to the occasion, had also exchanged his every day coat for a "swing-tail" of fabulous length and shiny in spots as a duck's wing. The bell rings—reading lessons are heard—books put away, the speaking platform cleared for work, and the show opens.

"Samuel Snubnose!" calls the teacher—and "Samuel," with a parting glance at his book, stumbled along towards the stand where he become the target of a hundred eyes, and his face the color of a turkey gobbler's wattles. A bow, such as he would have made if a brick had struck him at that instant in the back of the head, and he essays to speak:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.
The lowing (pause) herds wind slowly o'er the lea
The—the—(prompter) "plowman"—plowman leaves the weary way
And plods the dark to worldness and to me.
Save from the yonder ivy mantled tower
The moping moon doth to the owl complain
(snickering)
Save (te he he he) where the beetle wheels his best right bower
And drowsy tinklings lull her distant reign.

The teacher raps on the desk and says: "Samuel, no levity," and Samuel, who has forgotten pretty much all his "elegy," concludes as follows:

"Here rests his (ha-ha) head (snort) upon the lap of yearth
A youth to (prolonged snicker) unknown.
Melancholy marked him at his——birth,
And science frowned on him for her own."

Sam goes to his seat and holds his nose to keep from laughing out loud, while at a nod from the master "Lucinda Wirth" trips, all smiles and blushes, to the platform and after "kurtseying," proceeds to read in an inaudible voice something about "Be kind to thy father." The teacher says, "Louder," and we catch a few words: "Your father loves you and has been at a great deal of expense a-bringing you up, so you should obey him and not——" here ensues a jumble of sounds which no one can interpret, which cease, and after folding her composition, "Lucinda" lays it on the teacher's table for inspection, 'kurtseys' and goes to her seat. "George Francis Sprain," says the teacher, and a spruce-looking chap, whose hair is goose-oiled into curliness, steps boldly to the front.

George likes this business—he is going to make a lawyer—and in a shrill voice he commences: "Not many generations ago where you now sit, encircled by all that embellishes civilized life, the wild fox nodded in the wind, and the thistle dug his hole unscared"—and so he goes on, transposing a sentence occasionally, but mainly right, and with a firm voice to the end. We have seen George since he arrived at man's estate; he now stands in the police court and defends "drunks" for fifty cents a case, win or-loose, and has acquired such a reputation that the judge always comes down harder on his clients than any others.

Miss Elizabeth Brandreth steps forward and in a Susan B. Anthony style reads a bifalutin description of country life—how "in the spring, when meadow larks are warbling, and geese quawking, she loves to go out into the fields and pull buttercups and see the little lambkins gambolling on the green grassy banks (green fare banks, her brother said she meant), and then return back home again once more and help her mother stuff sausages, for if we are not kind to our parents the sassenger meat will spile," and really, we have forgotten the rest of Elizabeth's composition.

Then "Charles Bashful" starts for the stand, accelerated in motion by a pin thrust, as he left the seat. He bows, and seeing a boy making faces, commences to snicker, until the teacher came up by his side and raps his head with the ferule; this causes more mirth, then more raps, until he forgets his piece and is locked up in the wood-box in disgrace.

The minister's son, "Melville Winterblossom," is then called to show the scholars how a good boy should speak. Melville looks as solemn as a vinegar jug, his "piece" has been selected by his parents, principally for its moral tone; he says:

"I do most earnestly wish I could induce all youthful individuals to divest religion of its gloomy and repulsive associations; but, my lords, I ask no respite from death; I am ready to die for my country, and, sink or swim, revive and perish, I am for the Union, one and inseparable.—My lords, were I an American as I am an Englishman"—here the teacher, who has been trying to find the original of the orator's remarks, stops the medley, and Melville takes his seat. He had been crammed with so many pieces, that he had not been able to distinguish between them, and thus defeated his parents' aim.—But why continue this subject? The good little girl recited "Mary's lamb" very nicely, and the "good little boy" spoke his anti-tobacco piece as follows.

"I'll never chew tobacco—no,
Said little Robert Read;
I'll never put it in my mouth;
It is a filthy weed."

By the way, we saw this good boy a few day ago; he now chews plug tobacco like a horse, and smokes a clay pipe night and day. But it would be such a consolation to us now to know what has become of the rest of that tribe of district school orators, who "spoke their pieces nearly a score of years ago.

THE VAGABOND SAGE.—An old man of very ancient physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought to the Police Court. His clothes looked as though they might have been bought second hand in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

'What business?'

'None; I am a traveler.'

'A vagabond, perhaps?'

'You are not far wrong. Travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing—The difference is that the latter travels without money and the former without brains.'

'Where have you traveled?'

'All over the continent.'

'For what purpose?'

'Observation.'

'What have you observed?'

'A little to commend, much to censure, and a great deal to laugh at.'

'Humph! what do you commend?'

'A handsome woman who will stay at home, an eloquent preacher who will preach short sermons and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue.'

'What do you censure?'

'A man that marries a girl for her fine clothing, a youth that studies medicine while he has the use of his hands, and the people who will elect a drunkard to office.'

'What do you laugh at?'

'I laugh at the man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualifications and qualities do not merit.'

He was dismissed.

A STRANGER INDEED.—As Artemus Ward was once traveling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down and said:

'Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?'

'Greeley? Greeley?' said Artemus.—'Horace Greeley? Who is he?'

The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said:

'George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row in England; do you think they will put him in the bastile?'

'Train? Train? Geo. Francis Train?' said Artemus solemnly, 'I never heard of him.'

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes, then he said:

'What do you think about Gen. Grant's chances for the Presidency? Do you think they will run him?'

'Grant? Grant? hang it, man,' said Artemus, 'you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw.'

The man was furious, he walked up the car, but at last came back, and said:

'You confounded ignoramus! did you ever hear of Adam?'

Artemus looked up and said:

'What was his other name?'

☞ In describing a young man's love affair with an actress, a Western reporter says: 'His heart still walloped faithfully for the actress, and as soon as his returning feet honored our shore he flew to her on the wings of love and impatience.' Ought not some lover of the English language wallop that reporter?

Woman first tempted man to eat. He took to drinking on his own account.

ABOUT WOMEN.—A Boston girl, who had more than once during the continuance of a long engagement shocked her lover, a pious burgher of the Quaker City, by her declamations in favor of free love, completely disgusted him when the time for the marriage drew near by refusing to submit to the performance of the ceremony and offering herself to his connubial embrace without the sanction of the religious rite or legal authority. In vain he remonstrated. She professed herself ready to undergo all the pains and pleasures of the marriage state, but submit to the tying of the nuptial knot she would not. And when he demanded her reasons for her extraordinary dislike to the idea of clerical or magisterial intervention she claimed that were she bound irrevocably to him he would take no pains to please her, but were she free to leave him at any time her happiness would be his chief thought to provide for; and then, too, she wished to bestow her affections and embraces on another man if at any time she would cease to love him. At this candid avowel of her versatile proclivities he professed to consider the engagement broken, but this she would not allow, and has entered a complaint against him for breach of promise of marriage. The case promises interesting developments at its trial, as, of course, the defense will be as above, that "Barkis is willin'" but the lady not.

A correspondent of the *Golden Age* indulges in the following views on the loss of individuality by the husbands of famous women:

However much a man may have seemed to be before marriage with a strong-minded woman, from that fatal hour the process of absorption begins, and never ceases till he disappears utterly as an individual existence. The case of the husband of Elizabeth Cady Stanton is an instance of this sort. Mr. Stanton before his marriage was a young man of fine culture, a broad and liberal thinker, a young orator for whom great fame was predicted by all who knew him, and for some time it seemed that his native powers were such as to enable him to escape the action of the general law—but there is no resisting the forces of nature; by slow degrees the process of absorption went on; little by little he sank from the public view till he disappeared from sight altogether as one of the editors of the *Sun*. The husband of Lucy Stone offers us another variety.—H. B. Blackwell was never much before his semi-union with Lucy Stone. He is less than nothing now. The husband of Paulina Wright Davis is another unimportant fact of conjugal history. The husband of Mrs. Livermore is known only by tradition. There is a myth to the effect that an innocent and worthy clergyman of that name and of the Universalist persuasion once married Mrs. Livermore. Having immortalized himself by this feat, he retired from the public gaze to the modest seclusion of the domestic circle—as was very proper. The husband of Julia Ward Howe did not yield to his fate without a struggle. He made superhuman efforts to bring himself up by philanthropy. He grasped at the Santo Domingo Commission with the clutch of despair, but it was all in vain. Destiny in the shape of Mrs. Howe was too much for him. Let us respect the courage which deserved a better fate! The husbands of Victoria C. Woodhull have climbed the hill of notoriety solely through her mediumship. As Agricola owed his immortality to the pen of Tacitus, so Dr. Woodhull will be known to fame only by the annals of his wife's biography. Colonel Blood is doing his ineffectual best to retain his individuality in the columns of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*. His struggles are heroic, but he may rest assured that he cannot escape the general fate of his class. Susan B Anthony has no husband.—Though stern she is merciful. Various desperate and devoted men, ensnared by her girlish charms, have essayed to plunge headlong into the maelstrom of matrimony; but with firm though gentle hand she has withheld them from the fatal leap, nobly refusing to accept the sacrifice.

THE LABOR QUESTION AGAIN.—As we have said before, and here repeat, "the want of reliable labor is the millstone around the neck of our agriculture." The black cannot be relied on. Why? Because the white man can't be relied on.—The white man don't work; the black is an imitative creature. In the days of slavery the young blacks on the plantation had no higher ambition than to ape young master, to dress in his cast-off clothes, and strut around on Sunday and parody his gait and carriage, the set of his hat, the swing of his coat-tail, the twirl of his cane, etc. In those days young master did not work because his father was rich, and instead of being taught to labor, he was trained with the idea that work was disgraceful, degrading. Now, young master, although poor, *don't* work, spends his time loafing—instead of a fine horse he rides an old hack—instead of fine cigars he smokes a pipe—instead of fine wines he drinks whiskey, and lives somehow by his wits. Young black seeing this, his powers of imitation come into play, and he *won't* work either, and lives by his wits too. The generation of laborers is fast dying out, and how the next generation of whites and blacks will live, it will be the duty of some writer of that generation to delineate.

☞ Danbury, Conn., has a German named Wachsbleighemshumel. The News thinks that it would not be exactly the thing for a violent-tempered man to stand on the back stoop, with the thermometer 11 degrees below zero, and call that man to breakfast.

Christian graces, like stars, shine brightest in the darkest house.

HOW ARTEMUS ENGAGED AN AGENT.—"Gris," tells the following:

When in 1863 Ward conceived the idea of making a lecture tour through California—a great undertaking in those days—he engaged the writer to accompany him as agent, offering a salary that made the insignificant pay of a Cleveland local blush with shame. Not knowing that lecturers, and especially humorists, have a way of engaging every man as agent who professes a desire to travel, I made all preparation to go, resigned my situation, and anxiously awaited my summons.

As I waited, various articles of furniture were sold to pay expenses. I eat up my stove, I remember, and think I drank up my bureau. At length, when nearly everything had gone, I learned that Ward had gone too, taking another agent. I was naturally incensed, and resolved there would be a severe settlement when next we met. I rehearsed the anticipated scene frequently, and resolved just how I would go to work to annihilate him.

Our meeting was in New York, in July, '64. I had heard of his return from California, and was prepared to empty the vials of my wrath upon his head. We accidently run against each other on Broadway. My slumbering indignation flamed up at once. I thought of the cook-stove I had devoured, and the various articles of household furniture drank up, and was about to go for him, when Ward suddenly rushed forward and grasping me by the hand, exclaimed:

"Why, Gris, how are you? When did you get back from California?"

As I looked at him speechless with amazement, he continued: "They told me you came home 'round the horn,' but I never knew you to go around a horn yet—join me?"

Now Ward had a very persuasive way of locking his arm in another's, and in a momentary fit of weakness I—I went!

"Ward," said I sternly, "I owe you a licking on account of that California agency business, but will put it off until we drink."

"Put it off as long as you are a mind to," replied Ward, in a tone of generous accommodation, as though I was speaking about returning him a loan. "If you owe me a licking, pay it when you get ready. I'm in no hurry. Don't care if you never pay it."

Numerous were the unavailing efforts that I made to bring Ward to a settlement. "Now, Artemus, about that California business"—he would interrupt—"Oh never mind that whipping. No hurry at all. Send it to me through the mail—or telegraph it."

AN INCIDENT OF LORD BROUGHAM'S LIFE.—Lord Brougham, in his recently-published autobiography, gives an account of a trip he made to Norway. He says:—"Tired, I was glad to take advantage of a hot bath before I turned in. And here a most remarkable thing happened to me—so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning After I left the high school I went with Mr. G——, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the university. We frequently speculated upon many grave subjects, among others, on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question, and the possibility of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our blood, that whichever of us died first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the 'life after death.' G—— went to India. He seldom wrote to me, and, after a lapse of a few years, I had almost forgotten him.

"I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath; and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, after the late freezing I had undergone, I turned my head around, looking toward the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get up out of the bath. On the chair sat G——, looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G——, had disappeared. The vision had produced such a shock, and so strongly was I affected by it, that I have here written down the whole history, with the date (19th of December), and all the particulars as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep, and that the appearance presented to my eyes was a dream I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had no communication with G——, nor had there been anything to call him to my recollection. I recollected quickly enough the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G—— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as a proof of a future state; yet all the while I felt convinced that the whole was a dream; and so painfully vivid and so unfading was the impression that I could not bring myself to think of it or make the slightest allusion to it.

"And now to finish my story. Soon after my return to Edinburg there arrived a letter from India announcing G——'s death, and stating that he had died on the 19th of December."

The press, pulpit and petticoat—the three ruling powers of the world. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, and the last spreads—considerably.

Mr. Taylor of Lafayette, thought he would shear his mule's tail. The surgeon is assiduous in his attentions.

He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.