Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. IX — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1872 — NO. 20

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 The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

LIFE OF JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

Here are two volumes rolled into one redolent of ancient Whiggery, and that of the very best kind—old fashioned, Henry Clay, Whiggery. The work is executed in the kindest and most filial spirit, for Mr. Crittenden seems to have been everything to his children, and they—especially his daughters—loved him dearly. The literary skill is in every way well marked with those blemishes or peculiarities and occasional minute inaccuracies in which feminine writers of history or biography are so apt to fall. Of the last, we note a very remarkable one, which Mrs. Coleman will not find fault with us for pointing out. At page 116 of the first volume, in a cluster of letters as to the Whig canvass of 1840, when Mr. Clay and his friends encountered one of their early disappointments, is a letter from Mr. R. P. Letcher, which obviously belongs to 1860, for certainly as far back as 1840, nobody thought of "Seward as the candidate of the Black party, or Douglas as the choice of the Democrats," and Mr. B. [uchanan] did not then "protest against the Covode investigation." This is clearly anachronistic. There is in all the book, and it would be unreasonable to expect anything else, a Kentucky effusiveness, a gushing-out of local complacency which sometimes borders on the grotesque; as where we are told in one of the early pages that "the names that will always live in history are those of Jesse Bledsoe, and John Pope, and John Rowan, and John Boyle, and William T. Barry, and Joseph H. Davis!" The adhesive coating which history wears will, we think, hardly retain particles like these. But Kentucky has much to be proud of, and of nothing more than of the two great men whom these volumes illustrate—one directly and the other incidentally—Mr. Clay and Mr. Crittenden. We rather incline to the theory that he who must be termed the lesser luminary sheds the gentler radiance. Mr. Crittenden never was soured by disappointment as Mr. Clay was. The Presidency—possible or probable—never came so near the edge of his hopes as to acidulate his temper or make him irritable and overbearing.—From 1832, at least, till General Scott's nomination in 1852 Mr. Clay was in a state of morbid irritability. Not only did he manifest it towards his actual rivals, Harrison, Webster, Scott, one after the other—and then the trium virate together—but it showed itself in his general discontent, and found a sort of compensation in an imperious tone to all around him. Mr. Crittenden was looked upon as one who, having no such grievances and of not, we think, such a nature, could be relied on to propitiate, and, if that failed, to resist the imperious will. There is in this book, among many others of the same nature, a curious letter from Mr. Jefferson Davis in 1849—he then, as ever, a Democrat, but a personal friend of General Taylor, just then elected President, and extremely anxious for the success of the administration—which we are tempted in part to reproduce. It is a manly and direct appeal to Mr. Crittenden on the very matter we have been discussing. The date is January 30, 1849. "I exceedingly regret," says Mr. Davis, "to see that Mr. Clay is to return to the Senate. Among many reasons is one in which I know you will sympathize—the evil influence he will have on the friends of General Taylor in both houses of Congress.—Many who would have done very well in his absence will give way in his presence. This will also introduce a new element in the selection of the General's cabinet. It must be composed of men of nerve and of no Clay affinities. One instance to illustrate my meaning: Berrien, of Georgia, though well enough without Clay's shadow, would not do under it. You see I disregard Mr. Clay's pledge to support the administration; he may wish to do so, but can his nature reach so much? The Englishman, Baker, who came from the Rio Grande to draw pay, mileage, and a year's stationery as a member of Congress, is here with recommendations from Legislatures for the post of Secretary of War. What will General Taylor say to such impudent dictation? Butler King wants to be Secretary of the Navy. Andrew Stewart to be Secretary of the Treasury—the man who proved wool to be a vegetable. I hope you will talk fully with General Taylor; he knows very little of our public men personally, and will have very little opportunity to observe them after his arrival. Clayton is true and talks right.—Has he the necessary nerve? How would Mr. Binney, of Philadelphia, do for the Treasury? As Abbot Lawrence is not a lawyer and is a manufacturer, how would he do for the navy? How would Gales-den do for war? The general will need you, and I hope to see you here." It was this advice, which, it may be noted, certainly betrays no sectional feeling that prevailed; General Taylor conferred with Mr. Crittenden at Frankfort, and a Cabinet was made not only without "Clay affinities," but one which, during its short tenure, Mr. Clay thoroughly antagonized. We may note, in passing, that of the individuals referred to in this letter all are dead except the writer. Andrew Stewart (still indulging in his wool-gathering crochets), and Mr. Binney. The latter gentleman will be surprised and perhaps shocked to learn that Jefferson Davis once recommended him to high office, the same to which Mr Meredith was afterwards appointed, as we happen to know on the recommendation of no other than James Buchanan.

There is in this volume a brief correspondence, of rather an earlier date, directly between the Kentucky statesmen, in which Mr. Clay in April, 1848, announced his intention, *coute que coute*, to be a candidate, and Mr. Crittenden advises against it, urging the superior availability of General Taylor, on which the biographer remarks: "This is supposed to be the last letter ever addressed by Mr. Crittenden to Mr. Clay. Circumstances growing out of the nomination and election of General Taylor produced an alienation between them, though during Mr. Clay's last illness there was a cordial reconciliation."

The great interest of these volumes is in the correspondence, and Mrs. Coleman has had the tact and good taste to give us letters to as well as from her father. Some of them are very clever and characteristic. The best are those from his life-long friend Judge Letcher, and Mr. Leigh, of Virginia, with one or two very sprightly ones—never meant for print but quite welcome there—from John M. Clayton. The dead rise up in living jolity before us as we read a letter of his to Mr. Crittenden, when Attorney-General, in 1851, asking for a pursership for young Dupont: "My dear Crittenden, I know I am boring you; let me therefore cut my letter short by begging you, as soon as you have read this letter, to go down and see the President, and tell him he would do more to gratify his friends in this little State by this little appointment than he could by a full mission abroad. Take a glass of bourbon before you start; call on Graham and get him to go along with you, and don't leave him till you get a promise that young Dupont shall have the first vacancy."—The men who wrote thus, had no Puritanism, and some patriotism in their veins. There are here, too, several letters of President Buchanan in a much more lively strain than he usually indulged in—for he was not a sprightly writer—and in one as far back as 1844, we find an allusion to the old scandals of 1825. "I got myself," he writes to Mr. Letcher, "into a scrape from the desire I often expressed and never concealed that Jackson, first of all things, might be elected by the House, and next, that Clay might be his Secretary of State. It was a most unfortunate day for the country, Mr. Clay, and all of us, when Mr. Clay accepted the office of Secretary of State" (p. 221). We confess we do not in the light of to-day very clearly understand why Mr. Clay being Secretary of State under General Jackson should be all right, and under Mr. Adams all wrong.

The active, mature life of Mr. Crittenden extended from 1812, when he was 25, to 1863, when he died at 76. His very last words in Congress were in reply to Thaddeus Stevens on the Conscription bill: "A negro army unnerves the white man's hand—the white man' heart." He died on the 26th July, 1863. All that we read of the closing days of Mr. Crittenden's public life is sad. The failure of his compromise and of the Peace Congress told heavily upon him. He was a faithful Union man, but he had a son in the Confederate army; and though Mrs. Coleman thinks it worth while to tag a Boston rhetorical posey on his coffin in the shape of a fantastic letter from Mr. Winthrop (p. 350), it is very plain that his great heart beat sluggishly when forced to sympathize with successes on one side or the other in that "worst of wars—a war of brethren."

☞ Pitts is a capital business hand.—He examines the goods he is thinking of purchasing, and then says: "Well, I'll look around, and if I don't find anything that suits better I'll call and take this."—Not long ago Pitts said to himself, "I am getting rather along in years and guess I'll get married." His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so, calling upon a lady friend he opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married. "Oh, Mr. Pitts," she replied, "that is an affair in which I am not so greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it to yourself." "But," said Mr. Pitts, "you are interested, and, my dear girl, will you marry me?" The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally and financially of good standing in society, she accepted him; whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded, "Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you I'll come back."

☞ A certain bachelor, well known in Pottsville circles, was heard to say the other night, when trying vainly to make his own bed, that by the "great horned spoon" he'd accept the first girl that made him an offer. All this during leap year. Girls, go for him.

ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

Aladdin was an Arabian knight, who reached a high degree, although nothing but the son af a poor tailor originally.

Aladdin was one of the most careless, good-for-nothing boys I ever knew. He wouldn't learn a trade, unless it was to trade jack-knives, but loitered away the most of his time on the streets. His father worked himself up so because he could not make his son work, that he died in a fit—the only fit, as his customers said, that ever came out of his shop. Then Aladdin became more indolent than ever. Yet, as showing the enduring love of a mother, although it nearly bored the life out of her, she continued to board him.

One day a traveling magician came along and "showed" in their town. He saw Aladdin, took a liking to him as suited to his purpose, and offered to take him traveling with him, and if he wanted to become a magician, he would learn him to "magish." This just suited Aladdin, who always wanted to go with a circus; so he went.

They left town that night on foot (as magicians are often compelled to do when business is bad), and proceeded in the direction of the next town, where, as the magician said, they were holding the county fair, and a show would pay. He had "worked" the fairs, and knew.

But instead of going there he led Aladdin into a deep valley. Arriving at a certain rock, the magician, by some magic spell (for he was a capital speller) opened a great hole in the ground as readily as though he had been an earthquake, much to the surprise and alarm of Aladdin.—Then the magician, facetiously remarking that it was fine opening for a young man, ordered Aladdin to descend and bring him a certain lamp he would find there, threatening the direst penalties if he failed to comply.

"Now, see here, old man," said Aladdin, "fun is fun, and I like fun as well as anybody, but aint this running it into the ground?"

There being no help for it, he descended, first receiving the magician's magic ring, together with instructions. But wasn't it cruel to take A-ladd-in so?

It was a magic cavern, of course, and filled with fruits and vegetables of the finest gold, as they always are. He saw more gold "turnips" than a watch factory could turn out in ten years; carrots two hundred and fifty carats fine; gold cabbages equal to any cabbages that have been made on the National Treasury; and diamond squashes worth money enough to squash all the indictments found by our united grand juries. When he saw an orchard hanging full of golden apples, he exclaimed, "Here's just old fruit," and filled his pockets with them.

Finding the lamp, he returned to the entrance of the cavern, and asked the magician to help him out.

"Not till you give me the lamp," was the reply.

"Then you won't get it," retorted Aladdin, who feared some trick, which so enraged the man of magic that he threw down the stone which closed the cavern, shutting the poor boy in. He took on, of course, as any boy naturally would under the circumstances, weeping and rubbing his hands, but in doing so he rubbed the magic ring, when an immense Genie appeared.

"Who are you?" said Aladdin.

"I am Slave of the Ring," replied the Genie.

"What ring? Whiskey ring?"

This rather offended the Genie, who was a prohibitionist, and one of the most reputable Genii under the ground. But he explained that he was compelled to do whatever the possessor of the ring required, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.

"Then get me out of this," said Aladdin, "and take me home," which the Genie did in less time than it takes to write these lines, set up the type, print the paper and put up the mails. He was hungry, and his mother had nothing in the house to eat. "But here is the lamp you brought home," said she. "I will clean it, and perhaps it will bring something." It did. It brought another member of the Genie family, as she rubbed it, who announced himself as "Slave of the lamp," and said he followed the business of waiting on anybody who possessed it. What did they wish?

"Dinners for two!" shouted Aladdin, as though he was in a cheap restaurant, with unbounded credit. "And, mind you, give us plenty of fresh vegetables—green corn, if you have it."

In an instant a banquet was set before them of the richest description and on plates of gold. From that time they boarded entirely in this manner, Aladdin disposing of the gold plate at a pawnbroker's and playing the money at keno.

He just kept that Genie humping.—Probably no Genie that ever lived was so overwhelmed as this one was. He would not be home in his cavern an hour any time a day before Aladdin would rub the lamp for something, when Mr. Genie had to *git*, muttering as he did so, "Ay, there's the rub!" Besides bringing meals to his room (for which he could not even have the privilege of charging him extra), he had to fetch his morning cocktail and black his boots. What a degradation for a born Genie-us!

At length Aladdin aspired to marry the Sultan's daughter, who was very beautiful. His mother endeavored to dissuade him from it. She reminded him that he was only the son of a poor tailor, and advised him to be content with some respectable shamstress. But he insisted, and actually induced the old lady to go to the Sultan and demand his daughter's hand in marriage for her son, which was very insulting to the Sultan.

Gold and diamonds cut no ice in business, however, as they do yet, and always will until there is a radical change in valuations; and Aladdin met with the princess. He built her a magnificent palace in one night—or his Genie did—on a vacant lot owned by her father, the Sultan, frontage of 100 feet on the principal street, and was 150 feet deep. (The Sultan had refused $200 a front foot for the lot, separately.) And then they proceeded to live happily.

But one day a circumstance occurred, and connected with one of the side-shows was the wicked magician. He saw the palace, heard that it was built in one night by Aladdin, and divined the truth at once. The Genie, Slave of the Lamp, must have been a boss carpenter! He devised a plan for obtaining the lamp. He got some bran new ones and went to the palace when Aladdin was away, crying, "Old lamps for new," when one of the kind girls traded off the magic lamp, ignorant of its value as of everything else. Having thus made Aladdin a lamp-lighter (than he was), the magician, assisted by the Genie, transported the palace, together with the princess, to the heart of Africa—one of the most remarkable examples of riches taking wings that has ever fallen under my observation.

Aladdin searched high and low (to say nothing of Jack and the game) for his missing wife and real estate, and in sheer desperation he at length joined an expedition about to penetrate to the interior of Africa in search of Dr. Livingston. He didn't find the doctor, but he did find his palace. He communicated secretly with his wife. She drugged the magician's "bitters" one night and got possession of the lamp for Aladdin, and by its means the palace was transported back to Arabia, though it probably was no more transported than Mr. and Mrs. Aladdin were at getting home.

All lived happily after that, except the wicked magician, who, as a punishment for his eccentricities, was compelled to be confined at hard labor all his life as a comic writer.

M. GUIZOT.—M. Guizot I saw the 19th inst. for the first time this long while. It was at the meeting of the French Protestant Educational Society. I was pained to see the ravages time had made since I last laid eyes on him; but how wonderfully well he looks for a man turned of 86! Nevertheless, the last of life seems near. His eyes are sunken and the bone sockets almost protrude the skin, which, moreover, is drawn tight over all his bones and looks more waxlike than ever it did. His voice, too, is failing. I did not catch one single word of what he said, though I, with all the persons around me, stood up and bent eagerly forward. His sight has nearly gone. He was unable, even with his spectacles, to read a paper he held in his hand, and which he was obliged to get a neighbor to decipher for him. The incident brought forth hearty laughter from three ladies near us. I thought their merriment unseemly until the meeting closed. I went to the door and stood in order to have another, a better, and, I fear, a last view of the great man. He soon came and remained touching me until his carriage drew up. The carriage was plain, or rather not showy, but large, roomy, comfortable; the horses were unmatched, one bay, the other white; there was no footman. To my surprise, his voice in conversation retained those old Webster-like tones which had so often made the Chamber of Deputies shake to its foundation, and which Rachel so much admired. "It rains! It rains!" said he, in his old tones, so rich and so musical.—He was accompanied by three ladies—the three laughers. One was his daughter, Mme. De Witt; the other was his daughter-in-law, Mme. Guillaume Guizot. I could not ascertain the name of the elderly lady with them. They had no sooner entered the carriage than they all began to run him most merrily (evidently) upon his inability to read, and he laughed as heartily as the youngest of them and seemed in the highest of spirits. It was the first time I had seen M. Guizot laugh. Another little incident struck me. He wore the grand cross of the Logion of Honor and the decoration of the Golden Fleece. He tossed and kept back his overcoat, that these orders on his coat's breast might be seen. I was unprepared for this exhibition of vanity. They drove off to pay a visit. Despite his great age, M. Guizot goes into company almost every night, dines out often, and receives company once a week. He has been offered the mission to England, but has declined it on the plea of age. Were he younger it is probable he would not accept any offer from M. Thiers. He thinks the latter's policy altogether wrong, and almost sure to lead to a restoration of the empire; it is too personal; it is not sufficiently in unison with the majority of the Assembly; it is not government by parties; it is the destruction of all parties except the party of anarchy.

WHERE HE LIVED.—A scrub-headed boy, having been brought before the court as a witness, the following amusing colloquy ensued:

"Where do you live?" inquired the judge.

"Live with my mother."

"Where does your mother live?"

"She lives with father."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives with the old folks."

"Where do they live?" said the judge, growing very red, as an audible titter went round the court-room.

"They live at home."

"Where in thunder is their home?"

"That's where I'm from," said the boy, sticking his tongue in the corner of his cheek and closing one eye on the judge.

STREET LIGHTS.

In the reign of Louis XIV. one of the most magnificent spectacles was supposed to be the general lighting of the streets of Paris. The world was invited to witness the novel scene. It was believed to be the highest achievment of modern civilization; neither the Greeks nor the Romans seem to have thought of the wonderful invention. Yet the lights of the great city consisted only of with lanterns, and torches dispersed at distant intervals, and compared with the bright glare of modern gas would have seemed only a dusky gloom. Whether the Greeks and Romans lighted their cities at night is still in doubt. It is probable that Rome, except in the rare instances of festive illuminations, was left in darkness. Its people, when they went out at night, carried lanterns or torches, or else wandered, in moonless nights, exposed to robbers and stumbling over obtacles. Antioch, in the fourth century the splendid capital of the East, seems to have set the example of suspending lamps through its principal streets or around its public buildings—Constantine ordered Constantinople to be illuminated on every Easter-eve with lamps and wax-candles. All Egypt was lighted up with tapers floating on vessels of oil at the feast of Isis; and Rome received Cicero, after the flight of Catiline, with a display of lanterns and torches. Yet the practice of lighting up a whole city at night seems, in fact, a modern invention.

Paris and London dispute the priority of the useful custom. At the opening of the sixteeth century, when the streets of Paris were often infested with robbers and incendiaries, the inhabitants were ordered to keep lights burning, after nine in the evening, before the windows of their houses; in 1558 vases filled with pitch and other combustible matter were kept blazing at distant intervals through the streets. A short time afterwards lanterns were provided at the public cost. They were at first only employed during the winter months, but were soon kept constantly burning. Reverberating lamps were next invented, and were usually surrounded by throngs of curious Parisians. In 1777 the road between Paris and Versailles, for nearly nine miles in length, was lighted; and in the present century the French metropolis has steadily improved its street lamps, until the introduction of gas made the streets of Paris as brilliant by night as by day. Its light was never quenched until, in its recent humiliation, its glittering boulevards and sparkling parks were hidden in unwonted gloom.

London claims to have lighted its streets with lanterns as early as 1414, but the tradition seems doubtful. About 1668 the citizens were ordered to place a lamp in front of their houses every night during the winter, but as late as 1736 the rule was imperfectly obeyed; robbers filled its narrow streets, and life and property were never safe in the darkness. Glass lamps were next introduced at the public expense; their number was rapidly increased, and towards the close of the last century the citizens of London were accustomed to boast of their magnificent system of street lights, which far surpassed that of Paris. The roads running from the city for seven or eight miles were lined with crystal lamps. At the crossing of several of them the effect was thought magnificent; and what would now be a dim and dismal array of smoking lights seemed then one of the wonders of the time. Novelists and poets celebrated the nightly illumination of the overgrown capital. Vienna, Berlin, and the other European cities followed the example of Paris or London, and New York and Philadelphia early adopted the custom.

At length came a wonderful advance. For three centuries civilization had valued itself upon its lamps or lanterns; it was now to shine in novel brilliancy. The Chinese who seem to have originated without perfecting most modern inventions, had long been accustomed to sink tubes into beds of coal, and carry its natural gas into their houses, and even their streets, for the purposes of illumination. They even used it for manufactures and cooking. But they had never discovered the art of making gas. In 1792 Mr. William Murdoch first used gas for lighting his offices and house in Redruth, Cornwall—The Birmingham manufacturers at once adopted the invention. The unparalleled splendor of the light attracted public attention. The peace of 1802, transitory as a sudden illumination, was celebrated by the lighting of the factory of Watts & Boulton, at Birmingham, with a flame that seemed to rival the brightness of the stars. The invention spread over the world. London, ashamed of its once boasted array of endless lamps, now glittering with hundreds of miles of gas-lights.—Paris again called the whole world to witness its tasteful illumination. The cities of the New World lighted up every corner of their busy streets. Rome yielded to the useful invention. The boas of Paris under Louis XIV. has now, at least, been realized, and the moderns have added a lasting splendor to their cities, of which Pericles or Augustus had no conception.—*Harper's Magazine for May.*

An editor makes a pathetic appeal to his readers, saying: "If there is anything you know that is worth knowing, that we ought to know, and you know we don't know, please let us know it."

A middle-sized boy, writing a composition on "Extremes," remarked that "we should endeavor to avoid extremes; especially those of wasps and bees."

The man who bit another man's nose off, in an affray, is said to have taken a prominent part in the fight.

SWINDLING AS A FINE ART.

As a certain learned judge in Mexico, some time since, walked one morning into court, he thought he would examine whether he was in time for business, and, feeling for his repeater found it was not in his pocket.

"As usual," said he to a friend who accompanied him, as he passed through the crowd near the door, "as usual, I have again left my watch at home under my pillow."

He took his seat on the bench and thought no more about it. The court adjourned and he returned home. As soon as he was quietly seated in his parlor, he bethought him of his timepeace, and, turning to his, wife requested her to send for it to their chamber.

"But, my dear judge," said she, "I sent it to you three hours ago!"

"Sent it to me, my dear? Certainly not."

"Unquestionably!" replied the lady; "and by the person you sent for it."

"The person I sent for it!" echoed the judge.

"Precisely, my dear, the very person you sent for it! You had not left the house more than an hour when a well-dressed man knocked at the door and asked to see me. He brought one of the finest turkeys I ever saw, and said that on your way to court you met an Indian with a number of fowls. Having bought at a bargain, you had given him a couple of reals to bring it home, with the request that I would have it killed, picked and put to cool, as you intended to invite your brother judges to a dish of *mole* with you to-morrow. And 'Oh! by the way, senorita,' said he, 'his excellency the judge requested me to ask you to give yourself the trouble to go to your chamber and take his watch from under the pillow, where he says he left it as usual this morning, and send it to him by me.' And of course, *mi querido*, I did so."

"You did?" said the judge.

"Certainly!" said the lady.

"Well," replied his honor, "all I can say to you, my dear, is that you are as great a goose as the bird is a turkey. You've been robbed, madam; the man was a thief; I never sent for my watch; you've been imposed upon, and as a necessary consequence, the watch is lost forever."

The trick was a cunning one; and after a laugh and the restoration of the judge's good humor by a good dinner, it was resolved actually to have the turkey for to-morrow's dinner, and his honor's brothers of the bench to enjoy so dear a morsel.—Accordingly, after the adjournment of court next day, they all repaired to his dwelling, with appetites sharpened by the expectation of a rare repast. Scarcely had they entered the *sala* and exchanged the ordinary salutations, when the lady broke forth with congratulations to his honor upon the recovery of his stolen watch!

"How happy am I," exclaimed she, "that the villian was apprehended!"

"Apprehended?" said the judge with surprise.

"You are always talking riddles," replied he; "Explain yourself, my dear.—I know nothing of thief, watch or arrest."

"It can't be possible that I have been again deceived," quoth the lady; "but this is the story: About one o'clock to-day, a pale and rather interesting young gentleman, dressed in a seedy suit of black, came to the house in great haste—almost out of breath. He said that he was just from court; that he was one of the clerks; that the great villian who had the audacity to steal your honor's watch had just been arrested; that the evidence was nearly perfect to convict him, and all was required to complete it was the turkey, which must be brought into court, and for that he had been sent with a porter by your express orders."

"And you gave it to him?"

"Of course I did! Who could have doubted him, or resisted the orders of a judge?"

"Watch and turkey both gone. Pray madam, what are we to do for a dinner?"

But the lady had taken care of her guests, notwithstanding her simplicity, and the party enjoyed both the joke and their viands.

☞ A law of England enforced in the seventeenth century: "All women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, wives or widows, that shall, from and after this act, impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's male subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws in force against witchcraft, sorcery, and the like, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

☞ A lady, who loved Bulwer, entered a book store just as one of the clerks had killed a large rat. "I wish to see What will He Do with It," said she to the boy behind the counter. "Well," said the boy, "If you'll step to the window, you will probably see him sling it into the back lot."

☞ "I never saw such a cold woman as Lady —— is" said an envious beauty of another, the other evening. "I feel quite confident that she must give her husband, Lord ——, a cold in the head whenever she kisses him."

A California obituary: "The deceased was a talented man of romantic nature. He placed the butt of his gun in the fire while he looked down the muzzle and departed hence spontaneously.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S GREAT ARGUMENT.—Of the way in which Mr. Webster prepared himself for a great legal argument, we have an account from the pen of his friend Mr. Ticknor:

In the spring of 1824, Mr. Webster was much concerned in the discussion then going on in the House of Representatives at Washington on the tariff. One morning he rose very early—earlier even than was his custom—to prepare himself to speak upon it. From long before daylight till the hour when the House met, he was busy with his brief. When he was far advanced in speaking, a note was brought to him from the Supreme Court, informing him that the great case of "Gibbons vs. Ogden" would be called on for argument the next morning. He was astounded at the intelligence, for he had supposed that after the tariff question had been disposed of, he would still have ten days to prepare himself for this formidable conflict, in which the constitutionality of the laws of New York, granting a steamboat monopoly of its tide-waters, would be decided.

He brought his speech on the tariff to a conclusion as speedily as he could, and hurried home to make such preparation for the great law argument as the shortness of the notice would permit. He had then taken no food since his morning's breakfast; but instead of dining he took a moderate dose of medicine and went to bed, and to sleep. At 10 P. M. he awoke, called for a bowl of tea, and, without other refreshment, went immediately to work. To use his own phrase, "the tapes had not been on the papers for more than a year." He worked all night, and, as he has told me more than once, he thought he never on any occasion had so complete use of his faculties. He hardly felt that he had bodily organs, so entirely had his fasting and the medicine done their work. At 9 A. M., after eleven hours continuous intellectual effort, his brief was completed.

He sent for the barber and was shaved; he took a very light breakfast of tea and crackers; he looked over his papers to see that they were all in order, and tied them up; he read the morning journals, to amuse and change his thoughts, and then he went into court, and made that grand argument which, as Judge Wayne said about twenty years afterwards, "released every creek and river, every lake and harbor in our country from the interference of monopolies." Whatever he may have thought of his powers on the preceding night, the court and the bar acknowledged their whole force that day.—And yet, at the end of five hours, when he ceased speaking, he could hardly be said to have taken what would amount to half the refreshment of a common meal, for above two-and-thirty hours, and out of the thirty-six hours immediately preceding, he had for thirty-one been in a state of very high intellectual excitement and activity.

A STUBBORN FATHER.—A week or two ago a family named Woodstock arrived in this city from Westchester, N. Y., intending to settle in the State. The youngest of the children is a boy about 4 years old, who, being a pet, has been allowed to sleep with his parents. Sunday night, the Woodstocks desiring to go to church, an effort was made to get the boy to go to bed with the older brother. He was frightened and timid and made great opposition, saying "that he was a fraid of bears and wolves." The opposition irritated the father, and he declared that he would not go to church and that Charlie should go to sleep in that bed. As the child kept crying and teasing, the older one was made to get up and sleep elsewhere. This did not help matters, of course, and then Woodstock told the boy he would lock the door and leave him in the dark if he did not cease crying. Frightened further, the lad continued weeping and beseeching, and Woodstock did as he said he would.

The boy screamed at the top of his voice for a few minutes, beat on the door, and entreated to be taken out, but the father was unrelenting as a rock. The wails gradually died away, the lad ceased to shout, and in half an hour the door was opened. He was not found asleep as expected, but he was crouched down in a corner, his feet drawn up under him, and it took only a moment to convince the parents that the boy had been rendered a lunatic or an idiot. He laughed and talked to himself, did not reply to a question, gave no one any notice; when the mother realized what had occurred she fainted away. Every effort was made by the friends to bring the boy's reason back, but all failed. He would not speak, gave the other children no notice, but wanted to roll around on the floor and play with spools and sticks. A physician was called on Monday, and two more on Tuesday, but all agreed that the boy's reason had been affected by the fright, and that he was and might be an idiot for the rest of his days. The circumstance has nearly broken the mother's heart, and the father carries a conscience that any criminal short of a murderer would not enjoy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A pole kats skin is wuth 2 dollars, in market, after it is skinned, but it is wuth 3 dollars and fifty cents tew skin him.

This is one way tew make 12 shillings on a wet day.—*Josh Billings.*

An old minister asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend church.

"I don't know," she replied, "unless you were to put a pipe and a jug of whiskey in the pew."