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## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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### SPEECH OF MR. VOORHEES.

As a pretty general desire is entertained in our community to read the remarks of Hon. Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, delivered in Congress a few days ago on the subject of the Grant vs. Greeley issue, we reproduce a synopsis of the speech, promising that however delectable its denunciations of Greeley, its palliation of Grant's conduct is positively nauseating. Exit Voorhees!

Mr. Voorhees rising to a personal explanation, sent to the clerk's desk and had a newspaper paragraph from the Washington *Epitaph* read to the effect that he was halting and hesitating as to the position he should take on the question of supporting Mr. Greeley, and that as his Democratic colleagues were all said to be in favor of Mr. Greeley, he was likely to lose the favor of the district where his voice had so long been potent.

He declared that he did not halt or hesitate. He had not halted or hesitated when he had not more than fourteen Democratic colleagues in the House, nor did he now. If he could ever be tempted to abandon the principles of his political life it might have been the high protective tariff principles of his chief man might support him. But he (Mr. Voorhees) would not. Was he expected to support Mr. Greeley because he had been the life-long champion of doctrines which he (Mr. Voorhees) opposed? Was he expected as a Western man, representing a Western laboring constituency that was ground down by a high protective tariff monopoly, to support the great champion of protection?

Was he expected to support a man who had been the most famous advocate in all the land for that Ku-Klux legislation which had desolated the homes of the Southern people? If Mr. Greeley's nomination promised relief to that blasted and down-trodden section, there was not much which he (Voorhees) would not forego to subscribe so holy and so benign a purpose. But Mr. Greeley had been the earnest advocate of the legislation which had paralyzed the South, and was that the reason why he should get his support?

He was told that the present administration had been cruel and unkind to the South, but the administration had simply had been the most efficient and the most successful in the history of the country. That was the executive officer acting under his own office to execute the law, and the other was a man who had no oath on his conscience in regard to the matter, but who had urged the passage of that legislation.

Was he expected to support Mr. Greeley because within a recent date he desired a still further extension of the President's power to suspend the *habeas corpus* all over the South? Was he expected to support him because he was the earnest and urgent advocate of the present foreign election law that subjected every voting precinct of twenty thousand people to the supervision and in certain contingencies to the control of the military? Was he expected to support him because two months ago this very man had clamored and raged in his great organ in favor of a law to place the local elections in the State of New York under Federal control, and also under certain contingencies under military control? Was such a man fit to receive his vote for the Presidency?

Was such a man fit to be in that high place that was called for at this hour? Was that the reform to go before the Union sentiment of the country, and appeal to it in favor of a man who stood on the record for the "inalienable right" of a State or of a community to dissolve this Union? Was he, as a friend of the Southern people, called upon to vote for a man who, during the entire Fall and Winter of 1860, wrote with all his acknowledged power in favor of the inalienable right of any dissatisfied portion of the country to break up the Union and form another government for themselves? Mr. Greeley had not recanted these opinions, but on the contrary, in his book on the "American Condition," published in 1864, he had analyzed them and defined them to this effect, that if on consultation, convention and the like, the South still desired, with any considerable approach to unanimity, to separate, it should be allowed to do so.

Mr. Speer, of Pennsylvania, objected that Mr. Voorhees' remarks were not in the nature of a personal explanation, but the Speaker overruled the objection, and Mr. Voorhees proceeded with his speech amid great excitement and confusion, which rendered much of what he said inaudible at the reporters' desk.

He repeated that Mr. Greeley, after three years of war, had still held and published the same sentiments, and they still stood unrevoked. Was a man fit to be elevated to the Presidency who stood committed to the doctrine that whoever desired to dissolve their connections with the government had the inalienable right to do so?

That might commend him to some people, but it would not when his subsequent course was called to mind. Some of the highest men of the South had told him (Voorhees), with tears in their eyes, that more than one thing which satisfied them that they could have a separate system and form of government to suit themselves was the voice of the then victorious Republican party speaking through its acknowledged organ; and yet when the Southern people did what this man had told them they had the inalienable right to do, no wild beast, hungry for blood, ever screamed over his prey as he (Greeley) had shouted "on to Richmond," to kill every one of them for doing what he told them they had a perfect right to do. That was a solemn page of history, which could not be reversed. The waters of the ocean could not wash it out; mortal man could not gain it. A red sea of blood had not been enough to satisfy this man, but he had insisted upon the confiscation of the homes and property of the women and children of the South.

Others might do as they pleased, but for him (Voorhees) and his household he would not do this thing. Parties to be successful must be banded together on a common principle. No other combination of men was worthy of success. He was told that his party desired success. Against this administration no one desired more than himself, but there was something which was better than success and sweeter to the heart than success. A great man had said that it was better to be right than to be President, and so he said that it was better to be right than to succeed. He entered his protest against the attempt to transfer the Democrats of the country to a camp where there was nothing belonging to them.

Mr. Roosevelt asked Mr. Voorhees whether he would support the candidate of the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore, whoever that candidate might be? Mr. Voorhees replied that he was not in the habit of voting against Democratic nominations. He believed that the gentleman himself would have some difficulty in answering his own question. [Laughter.] But he did not despair of success. His position was in favor of standing by the principles of his party, and he would vote for the man who represented those principles. He had no fears, however, of what the Baltimore Convention would do; but he would not vote for a man who spoke of all the haunts of debauchery gave nineteenth of their support.

It had been sometimes said that this nominee had gone to jail for Jefferson Davis when he was in prison, but that was too narrow a platform for any party to support. [Laughter.] It would be a most dangerous thing to raise an issue as between the man who put Mr. Davis in jail and the man who had let him out. It would not be a safe issue, and he implored his Southern friends not to make it. It might provoke a comparison which would not be favorable to the nominee of the Cincinnati Convention. Mr. Davis had not been helpless. A hundred millions of property at the South had been ready to bail him out. It sometimes seemed to him (Voorhees) that it was merely a piece of ventriloquism on the part of the nominee of the Cincinnati Convention to offer himself as bail for Davis. When Andrew Johnson and Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, desired and proposed (as he knew to be a fact) to arrest Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston and other prominent Confederate officers, there was but one man who could prevent that thing being done, and that was the present incumbent of the President's office. General Grant had stepped forward and told them that these men had given him their parole as soldiers, and that their paroles should be respected. [Applause from the Republican side of the House.] If he could be driven to take the stamp and pass the chains of Mr. Greeley, he would find a candidate opposing him who would do more and kinder things for the South than his nominee had done.

Mr. Roosevelt suggested that Mr. Voorhees had been in conference with President Grant. Mr. Voorhees said he had not crossed the threshold of the White House for a year and a half. [Laughter.] He had made that statement given to him. [Laughter.] He had heard that statement given to him. [Laughter.] He had then the gentleman who do not tell the truth.

Mr. Randall asked Mr. Voorhees whether he voted for Judge Davis in his election at Cincinnati. Mr. Voorhees said he voted for Judge Davis in common with my friends.

He is a Republican, as that is not the point of distinction which respects said for. On great occasions Judge Davis stood in most where I stood—in habits and liberties of the citizen as men as Greeley were but to the earth. The strong, in my judgment, that if

### THE HUMOR OF PROTECTION.

Last Thursday, while the House of Representatives were considering the duties on salt, Hon. Benjamin Butler proposed an amendment that salt used in curing fish should be admitted free of duty. Hon. S. S. Cox arose and said:

I do not propose so much to antagonize the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Butler) in regard to making salt partly free. I should like to see it entirely free. I speak on this side of the House, standing near Mr. Dawes because my side of the House is somewhat demoralized on the tariff [laughter], judging from some of the votes given on the tariff bill yesterday. They go far to disturb some of my principles, if not control my vote. A gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Griffith) appealed to my friend from Indiana (Mr. Keiser) not to oppose the coal tax, because he was born a coal miner. I feel the force of that *ad hominem*. I was born near the salt-works of the beautiful Muskingum in Ohio. Before that stream had slack-water, before it was considered hardly worth a dam [laughter], its banks spouted salt water like a Massachusetts member of Congress. It was evaporated by bituminous coal—I mean nothing personal to the gallant member from Massachusetts (Mr. Banks)—I mean the salt water, not the banks. [Laughter.] Around the wells and kettles of my native river cluster those of the same associations which have preserved me ever young! They are hard to resist.

Another argument has still more force. The gentleman from Maryland (Mr. Ritchie) begged us not to throttle the infantile coal interests of his beloved Cumberland. [Laughter.] Although that unhealthy baby has been fostered by a "paternal Government" on "pap," or, as I ought to say, by a maternal Government on milk [laughter], for so many years, its power of suction is at least forty thousand horse-power! [Laughter.] Yet those are statistics. [Laughter.] Yet the eloquent fiscal member from the Kingdom of Wales, he appealed to us to let him steal, so long as other sections stole from him. Was there ever such an illustration as that just made on the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Butler)? The gentleman from Missouri (Mr. Finckelburg) wanted to be so honest as to help the people to keep pork by cheap salt. The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Butler) wanted to cheat the treasury by free salt for codfish. This is all larceny. [Laughter.] What could be more reasonable or ethical? Let us be to each other instruments of reciprocal rapine. [Laughter.] Michigan steals on copper; Maine on lumber; Pennsylvania on iron; North Carolina on peanuts; Massachusetts on cod goods; Connecticut on hair pins; New Jersey on spool thread; Louisiana on sugar, and so on. Why not let the gentleman from Maryland steal on coal from them? True, but a comparative forego the benefit, and it comes out of the body of the people; true, it tends to high prices, but does not steal and encourage industry? Let us as moralists, if not as politicians, rewrite the seventh commandment: "Thou shalt steal; because stealing is right when convenient."

As I am a Representative of New York and Ohio, and with the aid of the foreign socialist artisan, evaporates salt, ought I not to steal to help Oonodaga?—Stealing by tariffs, Mr. Chairman, is, as De Quincey proved of murder, a fine art. If everybody stole from everybody, is there any approach to anybody? [Laughter.] If everybody is a burglar, is there any need for anybody to look up houses? The mining companies out West send their ore to Wales to be refined as to get more wealth. It ought to be stopped. Let them steal capital out of Government, they may not pilfer something out of somebody else's earnings and build works in Colorado and Nevada like those in Wales? How happy we should all be when the reproach of Great Island is removed from the Pacific, and from the gentleman from California (Mr. Sargent) [laughter] by a grand steal for wool and blankets! How happy we should be when we can look each other in the face here, clasp hands, as now I look into the face of the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Dawes) and say, "God bless you, my brother; you have stolen from me, and I from you; let us love one another." [Great laughter.] Then the little unprotected pigs, who are crowded by the big pigs, quietly eating out of the trough, will squeal no more to be let in [laughter]; for on this idea all shall be fed by swallowing each other's food; and when all are fed, no one loses, and we shall be happy.

The principle commends itself to the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Banks), who has made the speech on the subject that delights my heart. It has no non-sense; no doctrine in it. It is based on the principle of pure and undefiled, it is petty larceny. He would not steal as much as others, but to steal into good company—he would steal less. There is then not so much motive for detection and punishment. Other gentlemen are overdoing it. He would steal sixty per cent. less than others; say on coal. But whether petty or grand larceny, the results are such that when every "cove" has an equal chance at the swag, William Sykes becomes as honorable as the Artful Dodger, whom the papers liken to my friend from Massachusetts (Mr. Dawes). [Laughter.] And even Oliver Twist, like myself, could "ask for more" without affecting the innocence of his simple nature! [Laughter.]

Smiling young lady enters; seats full. An old gentleman rises at the opposite end. "O, don't rise," said the young lady. "I can't sit as well stand." "I don't care whether you sit or stand," he replied, "I am going out."

### A few more "statistics," and I subside.

How beautifully this thought is illustrated by the well-laid breakfast table of my colleague (Mr. Brooks). The happy family gathers round it; grace is said; God is thanked to "protect us" in our joint and several efforts to steal! One guest pockets the knives and forks; another the salt and salt-cellar; another the creaming plates and sugar-bowl; another the potatoes; another the plated ware; another the mutton-chop; a brazen Robert Macaire from Down East lifts out the table; while a sly Jean Jacques, to encourage domestic cookery, slips into the kitchen, puts out the fire, and carries off the stove and coals. [Laughter.] The guest look at each other innocently and say, "We have done all this to increase the general comfort and to make free with the breakfast table." [Laughter.] Are not our wolfish appetites assuaged? Though we have not each a general glut of nourishment, are we not happy? Is there not left coffee unground, and unburned, and tea undiluted, sweetened by the memories of sugar upon an absent cloth, and covering an invisible table? I was about to produce some more statistics. They are so powerful here. I will ask leave to print one thousand copies of this speech at the expense of the Industrial League of Philadelphia, to which I hear no objection. [Laughter.]

READINESS.—One of the best things Artemus Ward has left us is his remark touching oratory. "I have a gift of oratory," says the complacent Artemus, "but I don't use it." This is not merely an unexpected and very witty turn; it is something more than a surface pleasantry, for it gives expression to an experience that is all but universal. Most of us are conscious at times of possessing certain gifts of abilities which are somehow not available at just the moment when they would be of most service. "What a scathing reply I might have made to Smith about Darwinism!" is the regretful reflection of Jones, as he retires heated and discomfited from a contest with Smith on the subject of natural selection. "What cases things we might say and don't! How humiliating it is to reflect that we were dull when we were capable of being bright. What an unsatisfactory gift is the cleverness that gives fire until after the game has flown. When we are alone we invent the happiest of retorts; the most unanswerable argument flash upon us without an effort on our part; we feel that we have more weapons in our mental armory than Brown ever dreamed of; yet, somehow, when Brown attacks us suddenly, we cannot bring our twelve pounder to bear upon him before he has shot us through and through, and through with his ready little revolver. The force of the superior metal find ourselves spiked, so to speak. The fact is we like readiness. Readiness is a very great power. In law, war, politics, journalism, or, indeed, almost any profession or calling, it means success. It is purely a gift but so potent a one that a man possessing it, even with little other ability, can hold his own against fearful odds. In his higher manifestation it is a sort of genius. The man of readiness, like the poet, is born, not made. No amount of training will enable a man to say keen things on the spur of the moment, like Douglas Jerrold, or to avail himself instantly of an unexpected morsel of the enemy like Marlborough. Readiness is a kind of presence of mind, which enables one to turn the tide of battle, avert disaster, strike the needed blow, and speak the fitting word at a moment when it is fatal to say or do nothing. It is good to have learning and wisdom, and practical ideas and executive ability; but they lose half their value if you don't happen to have them about you. If you cannot put your hand on them when they are wanted—as was the case with Artemus Ward with regard to his gift of oratory—you might almost as well not have them at all.—Every Saturday.

THE CITY OF BERLIN.—The population of Berlin in one hundred and seventy years has increased ten fold, and its limits cover a radius of nearly thirteen miles. When Frederick the Great's ambition desired a city, he first enclosed a vast sandy plain with walls, and ordered that his vast fill the empty place with houses. The people being few were in consequence somewhat puzzled how to fulfill the wishes of their sovereign. They at last hit upon a plan of geometrical triangles, and commenced raising two storied hotels, having as many as twenty-five windows on a line. The streets thus made were beautiful and wide. The site of the city is flat, and consequently much expense has been incurred in order to make the drainage any way approaching perfection. An idea of this table-like city may be formed when I mention that one street alone, the Friedrich's strasse, is two miles long, and through its entire length there is not one foot of descent. The paving is in a very bad condition, and the trottoirs or sidewalks wretchedly narrow. Berlin is as intolerable a city in summer as it is pleasant in winter. But notwithstanding the advantages of situation and other drawbacks, Berlin may certainly claim to be one of the finest cities in Europe. By simply turning on one's heel in the space between the Palace and the Brandenburg Gate may be seen the Museum with its beautiful colonnade, the chaste Guardhouse, the Great Opera, and the University. All these buildings are in the world-known street of *Unter den Linden*, this being the principal and most frequent thoroughfare in the city.

Counter claims—Dry goods bills.

### A Horse Whose Man Never Lays.

How do you think you would like to live fearing every moment to be blown up, not daring to speak loud, to jar anything, for fear of starting an explosion that would send you in an instant to the other world? You don't think it would be very pleasant. Well, it isn't yet hundreds of men live in just that state, work, receive pay and live year after year in the very sight of death, as it were; all that they would have gunpowder.

You can easily guess that those men go about quietly, and never laugh. You know that gunpowder is very dangerous in a gun, or near a gun, but perhaps you don't know that it is equally dangerous all through the process of making. A powder-mill is a fearful place to visit, and strangers are very seldom allowed to go into one. They are built far from any town, in the woods, and each branch of the work is done in a separate building. These houses are quite a distance from each other, so that if one blows up it won't blow up the rest. Then the lower parts of the building are made very strong, while the roofs are very lightly set so that if it explodes only the roof will suffer. But in spite of ever care, sometimes a whole settlement of the powder-mills will go off almost in an instant, and every vestige of the toil of years will be swept away in a few seconds. But, though you feel like holding your breath to look at it, it is really a very interesting process to see. It is made, perhaps you know, of charcoal, saltpetre and brimstone. Each of these articles is prepared in a house by itself, but the house where they are mixed is the first terrible one. This building is an immense iron rolling round and round in an iron bed, and under the gun are put the three fearful ingredients of gunpowder. There they are thoroughly mixed and ground together. This is a very dangerous operation, because if the stone comes in contact with its iron bed it is very apt to strike fire, and the merest suspicion of a spark would set off the whole. The materials are spread three or four inches thick in the bed; the wheel, which goes by water power, is started, and every man leaves the place. The door is shut and the machinery left to do its own terrible work alone. When it has run long enough the mill is stopped, and the men come back. This operation leaves the powder in hard lumps or cakes.

The next house is where the cakes are broken into grains, and of course is quite as dangerous as the last one. But the men can't go away from this; they are obliged to attend to it every moment, and you may be sure no laugh or joke is ever heard within its walls. Every one who goes in has to take off his boots and put on rubbers, because one grain of the dangerous powder crushed by the boot would explode the whole in an instant.

The floor of this house is covered with leather, and is made perfectly black by the gunpowder. It contains a set of six, each one smaller than the last, through which the powder is sifted; and an immense ground and laboring mill, where it is ground up, while men shovel it in with wooden shovels. The machinery makes a great deal of noise, but the men are silent as in the other houses. The reckless crashing of the machinery even seems to give greater horror, and one is very glad to get out of that house.

The stoving-house is the next on the list, and there the gunpowder is heated on wooden trays. It is very hot, and no workmen stay there. From their it goes to the packing houses, and it is put up in barrels, kegs and canisters. Safely through all these houses, it goes at last to the store-house. One feels like drawing a long breath to see the fearful stuff safely packed away out of the hands of men in this curious house.

You've heard of things being as dry as a powder-house, but you wouldn't think this house very dry. It is almost embedded in water. The roof is one big tank, kept full of water. Did you ever hear of a water roof before? Instead of steps to go in there are shallow tanks of water, through which everyone must walk to the door.

In none of these powder-houses is any light ever allowed except sunlight. The wages are good, the day's work is short, ending always at three or four o'clock. But the men have a serious look that makes one think every moment of the danger and glad to get away. Though curiosity may take a man once to visit a powder-mill, he has no desire to go the second time, and he feels all the rest of his life that for once he has been very near death.—*American Sportsman*.

HIS FIRST EARTHQUAKE.—A month after I landed in Sacramento I enjoyed my first earthquake. It was one which was long called the great earthquake, and it is doubtless so distinguished till this day. It was just after noon on a bright October day. I was coming down Third Street. The only objects in motion anywhere in sight in that thickly-built and populous quarter were a man in a boggy behind me, and a street car wending slowly up the cross street. Otherwise, all was stillness and a Sabbath stillness. As I turned the corner around a frame house, there was a great rattle and jar, and it occurred to me that there was an item:—no doubt a fight in that house. Before I could turn and seek the door, there came a really terrific shock, the ground seemed to roll under me in waves, interrupted by a violent joggling up and down, and there was a heavy grinding noise as of brick houses rubbing together. I fell up against the frame house and hurt my elbow. I knew what it was now, and from mere reportorial instinct, nothing else, took out my watch and noted the time of day; at

### that moment a third and still severer shock

came, and as I reeled about on the pavement, trying to keep my footing, I saw a sight! The entire front of a tall, four-story brick building in third street across the street, raising a dust like a great volcano—sprawled went the man, and in less than I can tell it, the vehicle was distributed in small fragments along three hundred yards of the street. One could have fancied that somebody had fired a charge of chair-bounds and rags down the thoroughfare. The street car had stopped, the horses were rearing and plunging, and passengers were pouring out at both ends, and one man had crashed half-way through a glass window on one side of the car, got wedged fast, and was squirming and screaming like an impaled man.

Every door of every house, as far as the eye could reach, was vomiting a stream of human beings; and almost before one could execute a wink and begin another, there was a massed multitude of people stretching in an endless procession down every street my position commanded. Never was solemn solitude turned into teeming life quicker. Of the soldiers wrought by "the great earthquake," these were all that came under my eye; but the tricks it did elsewhere, and far and wide over the town, made footloose gunship for nine days. The destruction of property was trifling—the injury to it was widespread and somewhat serious. The "curiosities" of the earthquake were simple enough. Gentlemen and ladies who were sick, or were taking a siesta, or had dissipated till a late hour and were making up lost sleep, thronged into the public streets in all sorts of queer apparel, and some without any at all.

One woman who had been washing a naked child, ran down the street, holding it by the ankle as if it had been a dressed turkey. Prominent citizens, who were supposed to keep the Sabbath strictly, rushed out of saloons in their shirt sleeves, with billiard cues in their hands. Doctors, of men, with necks swathed in napkins, rushed from barbers' shops, lathered to the eyes, or with one cheek clean shaved and the other still bearing a hairy stubble. Horses broke from stables and a frightened dog rushed up a short attic ladder and out on to a roof, and when his scarce was over had not the nerve to go down again the same way he had gone up. A prominent editor flew down stairs, in the principal hotel, with nothing but one brief undershirt—met a chambermaid and exclaimed, "Oh, what shall I do? Where shall I go?" She responded with native serenity, "If you have a choice, you may try a clothing store."—*Mark Twain*.

DEATH OF RICHARD THE THIRD.—Richard received wounds enough at Bosworth to let out a hundred lives. His crown had been struck off at the beginning of the onset; his armor was so broken, and his features were so deformed, that he was hardly to be recognized when, dragged from beneath a heap of slain—

"His hand still strained the broken brand, His arms were smeared with blood and sand Dragg'd from among the horse's feet; With dented shield and helmet beat The fallen crest and plumeage gone— Can that be I, by Mars!?"

And can that stripped and mutilated corpse be the crowned monarch who, at morning's rise, led a gallant army to an assured victory—who had recently been described by a distinguished foreigner (Philip de Commines) as holding the preeminent position held by any king of England for a hundred years?

Nothing places in a stronger light the depth of degradation and insensibility, fast verging toward barbarism, to which men's minds had been sunk by the multiplied butcheries of terrible conflicts than the indignities heaped upon the dead king, with the sanction, if not by the express orders of his usurper. The body, perfectly naked, with a rope round the neck, was hung across a horse like the carcass of a calf, behind a servant-at-arms bearing a silver bear upon his coat, and was thus carried in triumph to Leicester. It was exposed two days in the Town Hall, and then buried without ceremony in the Gray Friar's Church.

At the destruction of the religious houses, the remains were thrown out, and the coffin, which was of stone, was converted into a watering trough at the White Horse, Inn. The best intelligence that Mr. Hutton, who made a journey on purpose in 1758, could collect concerning it, was that the trough was broken up about the latter end of the reign of George I., and that some of the pieces had been placed on the steps in a cellar of the inn. "To what base uses we may return Horatio!" The sign of the White Horse at Leicester, at which Richard slept, was forthwith converted into Blue Boar; and the name of the street, called after it, has been corrupted into Blubber lane.

An old Dutch acquaintance, who some years ago was elected a member of the Legislature, said in his broken English style, "I'ven I went to the Legislature, I thought I would find dem all Solomon dere; but I find dere was some as pig fool dere as I was."

A girl is said to have died the other day because her blood turned to sugar. We don't believe this item, for our "devil" says he knows a girl in this section, who, if sweetness was fatal to females couldn't live a minute.

A Kentucky legislator sent up the following memorandum to the clerk: "Leave is asked to bring in a Bill to alter the time for the Legislature to meet. Referred to the committee on Religion."

Counter claims—Dry goods bills.