Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. IX — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 25, 1872 — NO. 39

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. F. KING & JAMES S. DOWNS.

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ADVICE TO DEMOCRATS.

At the ratification meeting in Harrisburg, William A. Wallace took occasion to define the duty of Democrats in the present crisis. He was one of those who did not vote for Mr. Greeley in the Pennsylvania delegation, and his words will have weight with all who hold similar views. Mr. Wallace spoke as follows:

Among the political revolutions of the past fifty years no more significant or singular spectacle has been presented than that which culminated at Baltimore in the nomination of Greeley and Brown, for the offices of President and Vice-President by a Democratic National Conuention, with all the solemnity and in perfect accordance with the rules and usages of the organization. True it is that we have in our own days seen a British Premier bow his head to the fiat of a progressive public opinion, and deliberately reverse his position upon grave questions of State policy, but he had upon him the robes and obligations of official station, and was bound to aid in chrystalizing into law the will of the people whose servant he is. That a great political organization, whose highest boast has heretofore been that of devotion to principle, whose membership has been cohered and strengthened by that very devotion, and which with calm deliberation, accepted obloquy and scorn, reproach, and contumely during a bloody civil war rather than surrender or yield a single syllable of the opinions that were based upon the doctrines of the Constitution and the plain principles of free government, should by its chosen representatives, with unexampled unanimity, place the standard of their faith and their organization in the hands of one who during all those years was ever foremost in their denunciation, and who by his present antagonism to the cardinal tenets of that faith had won for himself among the masses of their party an unenviable place as one who sought to destroy and not to heal, may well be said to be a singular spectacle. Of the reason for this result it is my purpose to speak, and whilst in my place as a Senatorial delegate, representing the Democracy of the State, I did what I could in honor to resist the tide, and voted with the twenty-three men from Pennsylvania who composed the minority of the delegation and voted against Mr. Greeley, yet I can appreciate the arguments that were so potential in accomplishing the end. More than two-thirds of the Convention, and a majority of your own delegation having in solemn form yielded their assent to those arguments, further opposition would have been but factious, and in obedience to the instructions of your delegation, which had so honored me—an avowed anti-Greeley man—as to place me at its head, I accepted the result, singular as it was, and moved and voted to make it unanimous. What has produced this most marvelous change? What potent influences or unanswerable arguments achieved so momentous a purpose? Why has the Democracy passed by their own men of intellect, of culture and of statesmanship, and chosen one who has been an alien to their views, their thoughts and their purposes? The periods of peace that immediately follow times of great social commotion or of internecine war, have invariably been those during which the liberties of a free people are in jeopardy. Laxity of morals, familiarity with bloodshed, habits of luxury and the subordination of civil to military power, breed neglect of legal and constitutional restraints, and that which before a war would have been a crime meriting deposition or punishment, passes after it as but a venal offense or a trifling irregularity, and the man in official station, who is boldest in despising its legal and moral obligations, is he who receives the highest plaudits of a vitiated and debauched public sentiment. To such a condition has this, our unhappy country, come.

I need not stop to point you to these evils—you know and see them; you hear them criticised, condemned, or condoned in every hour of your waking moments. No sane man denies their existence; none can justify or excuse them. They strike at the very vitals of the political and social fabric. They sap the foundation of free government, and if not arrested will destroy our institutions and sacrifice our liberties. To put an end to these and to restore to the republic a period of purity of official morals, of strict obedience to official obligations, of relief from oppressive taxation, and from unnecessary proscription, was the desire of all within our organization and many thousands without its pale. The union of these forces for the attainment of these ends, all conceded to be eminently fit and proper. That this unity could only be effective by the action had at Baltimore was the influence and the argument that produced the nomination of the ticket and the endorsement of the platform. Our own statesmen were passed by because it was believed that an effective union could not be had on any of them. In a word, it was believed there, and so acted upon by a vast majority of the Convention, that the only way to defeat Grant was to nominate Greeley. My judgment and convictions did not reach this conclusion, nor do they now, but when a majority of our delegation declared for this result, although our State is universally regarded as the pivot on which all will turn, we were powerless to enforce our view upon the Convention. Pennsylvania united could have turned the scale and controlled results; divided and in a minority, we could but vote our opinions and acquiesce in the will of two-thirds of the Convention formally declared. Distasteful as I know this nomination to be to many thousands of our people, we must yet accord to the candidate the possession of purity of character and integrity of purpose. That if elected he will administer the government purely and honestly, and will so far as in him lies "protect, preserve, and defend the Constitution of the United States," we can scarcely doubt.—Whilst many of our people believe that he is one of the causes of the many ills that have come upon us within the last twenty years, we must remember that there is a place of penitence for all. Since the war, upon all the important questions that affect the peace and prosperity of the republic, that tend to restore local self-government and the subversion of the military to the civil power, his record is as good as is any of ours, and for those things which rankle and fester in the memories of many of our most ardent brethren we must remember that he is the candidate of the Democracy of the Southern States, with scarcely a dissenting voice, and that when the feuds of Cæsar and Pompey had well nigh destroyed the Roman State, and the Rubicon was passed, the patriot Cato, that "noblest Roman of them all," when called to counsel for its safety, although the bitter antagonist of Pompey, promptly advised that all power be given to him, for, said he, "the authors of great evils know best how to remove them." These candidates are our candidates; the standard of the Democracy, for weal or for woe, is entrusted to their hands, and none who love its grand organization, its proud and glorious record, who desire its success or perpetuity, can refuse to follow. We must sacrifice our personal prejudices and sentiments and opinions upon the altar of the country's good, and, following the banner whose folds we love so well, move onward to victory.

A MORGANATIC MARRIAGE.—There has been no slight commotion in American society at Paris, caused by the announcement that Miss W———, of New York, who has been a reigning belle in that capital during the past season, was about to contract a left-handed, or morganatic marriage, with a German Baron. Such unions are common enough in Germany, and scarcely create surprise or comment when entered into by Germans, but that an American girl in good society should do such violence to her bringing up, and so debase the sacredness of the marriage relation as to consent to enter into it on the terms laid down by a morganatic marriage, is, to say the least of it, very surprising.

These left-handed unions have generally been entered into by German Princes or rulers, to legalize, as it were, connections into which they have been drawn through passion or affection, and to legitimize to a certain extent the children born of such. They are always incurred with women of inferior birth and station, and are on an entirely different basis from those contracted from expediency or State policy.

The morganatic wife cannot bear the title or her husband, nor has she any right to his fortune; neither can her children succeed him in the title or inherit his estates; but as a civil contract, recognizing these restrictions, the marriage is binding. So while the real wife enjoys wealth and position, the left-handed one lives in the shade, tolerated; for it is scarcely thought dishonorable, though it may not be a desirable position.

It would appear that this state of things had originated in a desire on the part of royalty to enjoy that domestic happiness from which forced or political marriages debarred them. So stringent were the laws against the marriage of scions of royalty with those of inferior birth, and so summarily was the severest punishment visited on the women who had thus presumed to enter the charmed circle—the penalty of death in one noted case having been enforced—that few women could be found willing to incur it by entering into one; hence the morganatic marriage, which soothed the conscience and guaranteed certain rights, while at the same time it relinquished, with no room for dispute, the more important ones.

Landgrave Philip, of Hesse, was one of the first to set the example of this kind of marriage, an example which the princely houses of Germany were not slow to follow, and now the left-handed marriage is recognized by the nobles, and in some parts by the higher gentry. All attempts to put these unions on the same basis as other matrimonial alliances, have, however, signally failed. There is a deep feeling against it, and, although from time to time the question has been agitated, the children of these connections have never been allowed hereditary right.

When is a smile behind time? When it's a little laughter.

[COMMUNICATED.

PRIDE.

The proud heart is the first to sink beneath contempt—it feels the wound more keenly than any other can. Oh! there is nothing in language that can express the deep humiliation of being received with coldness when kindness is expected—of seeing the look, but half concealed, of strong disapprobation *from such as we have cause to feel beneath us, not only in vigor of mind and spirit, but even in virtue and truth. The weak, the base, the hypocrite, are the first* to turn with indignation from their fellow-mortals in disgrace; *and while the really chaste and pure* suspect with *caution*, and censure with mildness, *these trafficers in petty sins*, who plume themselves upon their IMMACULATE *conduct*, sound the alarm-bell at the approach of guilt, and clamor their anathemas upon their unwary and cowering prey.

ROIENA.

TYCHO BRAHE.

This celebrated astronomer was born on the 14th of December, 1546, during the reign of Gustavus I. of Sweden, at Knudstrop, in the county of Schonen, near Helsingborg. When seven years old he was taught Latin; and for five years studied under private tutors. On the death of his father—an event which occurred when Tycho was very young—he was adopted by his uncle George Brahe, who, in 1559, sent him to study rhetoric at Copenhagen. The great eclipse of the sun, which ocurred on the 21st of August in the following year, seems to have greatly impressed his mind, as it happened at the precise time astronomers had foretold it; hence, he began to consider astronomy as something divine, and purchasing the tables of Stadius, by studying them he rapidly gained some idea of the planetary system.

In 1562 young Brahe was sent by his uncle to Leipzig to study law, and there, by his acquirements, he manifested indications of wonderful talent. His natural inclinations, however, were not legal; he disliked the dry study of law, and preferred that of the heavenly bodies, and to the latter he applied himself so assiduously, that notwithstanding the injunctions of his uncle or the care of his tutor, to keep him close to the studies for which he had come to Leipzig, he attained a great knowledge of astronomy. With what he could save from his pocket-money he purchased every book he could meet with on that subject, and read them with attention and enthusiasm, procuring ultimately, in cases that puzzled him, the assistance of his private tutor, Bartholomew Schultens. After a time, having procured a small celestial globe, he took opportunities, when Schultens was in bed, and when the weather was clear, to examine the constellations in the heavens, to learn the names from the globe, and their motions from observation.

Returning to Denmark in 1571, his studies and assiduity won him the favor of his maternal uncle, Steno Billes, who, being a lover of learning, gave him a convenient place at his castle of Herritzvad, near Knudstrop, for the erection of a building wherein to continue his observations and have a laboratory. Brahe built another observatory at Wandsbeck near Hamburg, when residing with the Count Rantzau. This edifice is still standing, and a bust of him is placed in one of the upper rooms. But it was at Knudstrop that, in 1572, he discovered a new star in the constellation Cassiopeia. Soon after this, having married a pretty peasant girl far beneath his rank, a quarrel ensued between him and his relations, and it was of a nature so violent that the king, then Frederick II., had to interpose his authority ere a reconciliation could be effected.

By command of the latter, in the following year he began to lecture at Copenhagen on the planetary system; and in 1575 he began his travels, and passing through Germany proceeded as far as Venice, where Luigi Mocenigo, under whom the famous battle of Lepanto was won, reigned as Dodge.

Aware that he was coldly viewed by his relations in consequence of his marriage, he resolved to settle at Basle, in Switzerland, with his wife and children; but King Frederick, loth to lose a man so capable of doing honor alike to Denmark and to Sweden, promised, with a discriminating generosity that did him honor, to bestow upon him for life the island of Hoen, in the Sound, between Copenhagen and Lanscrona, and usually called by seamen, in those days, the Scarlet Isle.—It was very fertile, and is seven miles in circumference. Frederick did more, for, however intolerant in religious matters, he was ever bountiful to the learned; he bestowed upon Tycho Brahe a pension of 2,000 crowns out of his treasury, a fee in Norway, and a canonry in the Cathedral of Roskilde which brought him a thousand more.

In the course of four years Brahe had built in the centre of his island the handsome castle of Uraniburg, which had many splendid apartments; and therein he had an observatory and all his books, mathematical and astronomical instruments.—Adjoining it he erected a mill for making paper, a printing house, and laboratories for chemical investigations; but his favorite place for studying the stars was at Stellebourg, an edifice which he erected westward of the castle expressly for this purpose of an observatory. The rest of the isle he laid out in gardens, with fish-ponds, and in every way made it one of the most charming places in Denmark.

There Brahe resided for twenty years, pursuing his astronomical observations with remarkable industry. In these he was usually assisted by intelligent students, whom [illegible] inspired him to provide [illegible] him, and whom he [illegible] matics and astronomy.

In 1589 he received [illegible] IV. of Scotland, who [illegible] his Lord Chancellor [illegible] nobles. The king had married at Upsala to the [illegible] Denmark, and though [illegible] in that country was to [illegible] twenty days, it extended [illegible] James made Brahe many [illegible] and wrote some [illegible] and the Scottish [illegible] Lord Thirlestane [illegible] tions to literature [illegible] timate with him [illegible] of his time at Huen during [illegible] 1589.

Brahe's tranquillity, his domestic happiness, and his studies were all now fated to be destroyed. Soon after the death of his royal patron, Frederick, he fell a victim to the envy and malignity of the ministry; they aspersed him to Christian IV., who, in 1596, stripped him of his pension, his fee in Norway, and his canonry. He was then compelled to quit his favorite isle, which was bestowed upon a mistress of the king, and she, in a spirit of mere wantonness, is recorded to have destroyed all his works and buildings.

With his reduced household Brahe now took up his residence in Copenhagen, and with some of his instruments continued his astronomical observations and chemical experiments, until the same malevolence that drove him from Huen procured from Christian IV. an edict to discontinue even these.

Compelled now to leave Copenhagen, the unfortunate Brahe conceived the idea of seeking an introduction to Rodolph II., Emperor of Germany, who was fond of mathematics, mechanics, and chemical experiments—an amiable monarch, who, according to Voltaire, knew everything but the art of government. To pave the way for an interview, Brahe published his carefully prepared "Astronomiæ instauratæ Mechanica," illustrated with plates, and dedicated it to the Emperor, who thereupon invited him to Prague. Thither Brahe repaired, and was received with the utmost honor by Rodolph, who assigned him a magnificent house, with a pension of 3,000 crowns, and the promise of a permanent fee for himself and his sons.—With the latter and his students—among whom was the celebrated Kepler—he settled, in the latter end of 1598, in the Bohemian capital, where he built an observatory, the site of which is now occupied by the mansion of a noble family.

Tycho Brahe had the vulgar weakness, incident to his age, of giving credit to judicial astrology; but this superstition did not render him the less an astronomer, or the less able in mechanics. "His fate," says Voltaire, "was the same with other great men; he was persecuted in his own country after the death of the king his protector; but he found a noble patron in the Emperor Rodolph, who made him ample amends for all his losses, and for the injustice of his courtiers."

The famous astronomical tables of Brahe and Kepler bear the emperor's name, being called the Rodolphine Tables, just as those which were made in Spain, by two learned Arabs in the twelfth century bore the name of King Alphonso. Brahe did not long enjoy the new ease and affluence which surrounded him, and he died at Prague on the 4th of October, 1601, in his fifty-fifth year.

The apparatus of Brahe was purchased by the Emperor for 20,000 crowns; it remained, however, useless and concealed till the troubles of Bohemia ensued, when the army of the Elector Palatine plundered the city, and in the spirit of barbarism broke his instruments to pieces, and applied the brass and other metals to uses for which they never were designed. His great celestial globe of polished brass was, however, happily preserved and deposited with the Jesuits at Naysia in Silesia, from whence it was afterward taken, in the year 1633, and placed in the hall of the Royal Academy at Copenhagen.

The family of the great astronomer is still in existence, and has been considered one of the oldest and noblest in Sweden. The present possessor of their great and antique chateau of Skugkloster, which was built in 1630 by Gustavus Wrangel, one of the [illegible] generals of the Thirty Years' [illegible] real descendant of Tycho Brahe, and likewise of Count Brahe, who led the centre of the Swedish army at the battle of Lutzen, in 1632.—The chateau came to the Brahe family by marriage with that of Wrangel, and there is carefully preserved a portrait of the astronomer, and of the beautiful Ebba Brahe, to whom Gustavus Adolphus was so tenderly attached, and whom he would have made Queen of Sweden, but for the schemes of his mother, who married her by fraud or force to Count Jacques de la Gardie.

☞ A printer's devil who aspired to be a local editor expressed his wishes in poetry in this wise:

If I was a lokle editur,
Wouldn't I have a time?
I wouldn't print a cussed word
For lessen a $ a line.

I'd get my grub and licker free,
& tickets to the shows,
I wouldn't pay for buggy hier,
& wouldn't I ware good close!

☞ Two Hibernians were passing a stable which had a rooster on it for a weather-vane, when one addressed the other thus: "Pat what is the reason they din't put a hin up there instead of a *rooster?*" "An' sure," replied Pat, "that's easy enough, don't you see it won'd be inconvenient to g' for the eggs?"

DYING CONSTITUTIONALLY.—Nearly a quarter of a century ago the Legislature of New York enacted a law imposing a capitation tax upon immigrants arriving from Europe and landing at quarantine. A question was raised in respect to the constitutionality of this law, and the case was ultimately taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Seward made the argument on one side, and John Van Buren on the other. The trial attracted considerable interest, not so much from the importance of the question involved, as from the reputation and political position of the opposing counsel. Mr. Seward was a Senator in Congress, and the great political leader of the State; while Van Buren was the most brilliant orator and most popular man on the Democratic side.—They were rivals at the bar.

Judge Taney presided. He was the impersonation of one's idea of the genius of jurisprudence. He was shy, reserved in manner, ascetic in his habits, a gloomy, forbidding-looking man, resembling a monk of the middle ages; but under this cold and repulsive exterior there beat a warm sympathetic heart. He was a literal man, with no idea of a joke, was never satirical or ironical, and detested a pun or a squib as much as Dr. Johnson.

The day the argument was closed, Van Buren contrived to fall in company with the Chief Justice in coming down the avenue from the Capital. John had a degree of coolness and self-possession under all circumstances, that nothing ever disturbed. With an airy, jaunty manner, that would have been offensive in anybody else, but which he made winning and attractive, he addressed the aged jurist:

"I was much flattered, Mr. Chief Justice, at the gracious attention with which you have listened to my poor effort in behalf of the suffering immigrants at Quarantine." Mr. Taney made a fitting response, and Van Buren coolly proceeded: "Far be it from me to say anything respecting the decision of the court." The judge started with a gesture of deprecation as if he apprehended an indiscretion on the part of the lawyer. "I am quite aware of the apparent indelicacy of saying anything that should look like an attempt to influence the action of the court." Here the chief justice gave a dissatisfied shrug of the shoulders, intended as a rebuke of what he regarded as an impertinence. But John was wholly unmoved, and went on with his remark as though he was saying the most natural and appropriate thing imaginable. "Nor would I presume to intimate that an early decision of the case is desirable." The Judge opened his eyes in amazment, but remained silent. "But the truth is, your honor," continued John, "the poor devils at Quarantine are perishing daily, and it is of the utmost importance that they should learn whether they are dying constitutionally."

Appreciating John's waggery at last, the chief justice, much relieved, gave way to a hearty laugh, and the conversation came to an end.

LANCET'S PRESCRIPTION.—Dr. Lancet was a blunt old fellow and an excellent physician, and he never drove around an obstacle when there was need of going through it. Matilda Jane had just come home from boarding-school, and was not feeling well. She was troubled with a rushing of blood to the head, with dizziness, and with loss of appetite. In this condition she called in Dr. Lancet and asked him if he could help her.

"I have been trying to doctor myself," she said languidly, and with a faint, fluttering smile, as the old physician felt her pulse.

"What have you been doing?"

"Well—I have taken Limskin's Sarsaparilli, and Knave's Anodyne, and Hemmer's Pills, and Numhead's Balsam, and Fooler's Tonic, and the Nonesuch Expectorating Cordial, and Dr. Flathead's Universal Vivifying Recuperator—and—and—"

"Goodness mercy!" gasped the doctor; "and havn't any of these things given you relief?"

"No," replied the pining fair one; "they have not helped me at all. O, dear Doctor, what can I take that will be sure to do me good?"

"What can you take?" repeated the old man, moving back and eyeing her from head to foot. "Take?" he exclaimed, with a flash from beneath his shaggy brows; "my dear girl, take off your corsets!"—*New York Ledger.*

THREE EMINENT PHYSICIANS.—As the celebrated French physician, Desmoulins, lay on his death-bed, he was visited and almost constantly surrounded by the most distinguished medical men of Paris, as well as other prominent citizens of the metropolis. Great were the lamentations of all at the loss about to be sustained by the profession in the death of one they regarded as its greatest ornament. But Desmoulins spoke cheerfully to his brother practitioners, assuring them that he left behind him three physicians much greater than himself.

Each of the doctors, hoping that his own name would be called, inquired anxiously who was sufficiently illustrious to surpass the immortal Desmoulins. With great distinctness the dying man answered: "Their names are Water, Exercise and Diet. Call in the services of the first freely, of the second regularly, and the third moderately. Follow this advice, and you may well dispense with my aid. Living, I could do nothing without them, and dying, I shall not be missed, if you make friends of these, my faithful coadjutors."

A Georgia editor refused to support Greeley on the ground that it is as much as he can do to support himself.

HINT TO THE OWNERS OF WATCHES.—A watch is a most delicate machine, and a very little thing is enough to damage its system, and make it go too fast or too slow, or to arrest the motion of its wheels, and it is just that very little thing that you don't take any notice of. Show us your watch, and we'll tell you what are the habits of its owner. A person of irregular habits will spoil the best watch in the world. Careless and inexact people will always have watches that will go fast or slow—or that go both too fast and slow by turns. If you can't be steady and regular in your habits, you need not expect to have a watch that you can rely on.

All the best watch-makers in the world will be unable to give your watch that regularity which is lacking in yourself, and which you cannot, therefore, preserve in your watch, and which you destroy as fast as the watch is regulated. For a watch should be wound up every day at the same hour, and as soon as possible in the morning. And the best occasion for doing this is when the minute-hand marks seven or ten minutes after the hour-hand has marked the hour.

The operation of winding up a watch should never be performed carelessly or roughly; but, on the contrary, with great precaution, especially at the moment when you give the final turn to the key. Then you should gently moderate the movement, so as not to wind the watch up too tight. You should always take good care to fit the key perfectly into the key-hole before commencing. It is not a good plan to carry the key about with you unless it is kept in a case; and never carry it loose in your pocket, as it is liable to get dust into it, which you will introduce into the watch, from time, in winding up, to its great detriment.

Never, under any circumstances but those of extreme necessity, open the interior compartment—that which contains the machinery of the watch. In winding up the watch, the hand which holds it should remain perfectly steady and without motion. The hands may be advanced or set back, when necessary, without any harm being done to the watch, although contrary to the popular notion on the subject.

The difference of temperature, or the habit some have of carrying the watch about the person for a period, and again leaving it motionless for a great length of time on some piece of furniture, may cause a slight irregularity in the best watch.

Whether the hands are advanced or set back, we should never touch the regulator, as long as the defect is trifling.

The crystal case of the watch should never be opened, except by the watch maker.

By keeping these rules in mind, and putting them in practice, people would have less trouble with their watches, and far less need of the services of a watch-maker.

A DEAF AND DUMB MOTHER.—Mary, Countess of Orkney, in Scotland, was both deaf and dum. She was married by signs. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle, in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, raised an immense stone which she had concealed under her shawl, and, to the horror of the nurse, who was an Irish woman, and like all persons of the lower orders in her country, and, indeed, in most countries, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies," lifted it with an apparent intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the countess had flung the stone—not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried. The countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the senses which were deficient in herself. She exhibited on many other occasions similar proofs of intelligence, but none so interesting.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.—A day of idleness tires more than a week of work.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind.

Genius has limits; virtue has none, every one pure and good can become purer and better still.

A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. It should be made with the heart and remembered by the head.

There are men who by consulting only their own inclinations, have forgotten that others have a claim to the same deference.

Truthfulness is a corner stone in character; and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will always be a weak spot in the foundation.

Memory is a patient camel, bearing huge burdens over life's sandy desert.—Intuition is a bird of paradise, drinking in the aroma of celestial flowers.

Every human creature is sensible to some infirmities of temper, which it should be his care to correct and subdue, particularly in the early period of life.

A democrat was asked the other day for whom he would vote. His answer was, we give it literally, "For Greeley, damn him."

Josh Billings says that slander is like a tin kettle tied to a dog's tail—very good fun as long as it isn't our dog.

THE LAW OF EPIDEMICS.—Pestilential diseases—cholera, small pox, typhus, scarletina, and the like—have, it is probable, in the economy of nature, their office to perform. The Christian supposes that they are dispensations sent upon communities for a reformatory purpose, to turn them away from their sins and incline them to repentance. The man of science, on the other hand, regards them as scavengers, coming to eliminate the defective, and thus keep up the common sanitary standard to a degree that is consistent with the laws of life and the well being of the whole. It is only the ignorant and the empirical who look upon them as accidents.

The question whether a pestilential disease will visit a particular location at a particular period is in reality, the question whether at that time and place there are those who are fit subjects of its activity; persons of weak constitutions or broken health, or corrupted blood, or who are infected with the seeds of maladies which have not yet developed themselves; perhaps, also, persons of bad habits, who exposed themselves imprudently or who have insufficient food, or live on that which is unwholesome. It will not do to say that strictly normal persons never suffer; but the number of such who are attacked is much less than is generally believed.

It will be observed that epidemics are usually severe, as it is called, in proportion to the length of the periods between their appearance; also, that the incursion of one is very nearly an insurance against an invasion by another. This points to a law which is common to all, to which physiologists have not given the attention the subject deserves. It is not impossible that they are simply different heads of the same hydra; variant forms of the same protean disease. The problem may be rather curious than useful, and the knowledge obtained may do nothing toward ridding the world of these scourges. Nevertheless, information is inimical to vain terror, and the more mankind know of the true character of natural phenomena the less they will be liable to suffer from vague apprehension.

OLD FRIENDS.—The mosquito has arrived. His cheerful hum is heard as he drops into our homes, and with playful persistence makes himself one of the family. He is a gentleman of diversified tastes. The hovels of the poor are not beneath his contempt, while he is not disconcerted on entering the mansions of the rich.

He is a lover of places of public resort, and instead of paying an entrance fee, like other amusement-seekers, he always presents a bill. In fact, he is fitted by nature for a play-goer, as he always makes a point of carrying a bill of the play with him. At concerts he takes part in the performance, and one is often startled by hearing his melodious notes amid the exhilarating strains of one of Strauss's waltzes, or amid the tender harmonies of Lumbye's "Visions in a Dream." Some people even speak of him as a vision in their dreams, and make odious allusions to the nightmare; but such persons are undoubtedly over-sensitive.

We like the mosquito. His note is not obtrusive, although *he* sometimes is.—There is such energy about him, such persistence, such a go-ahead quality, that one at once knows he is to be amused whether he is in the humor for it or not. And, then, there is such fidelity about the mosquito; no slights, not even positive rudeness, can drive him away from those he likes—and he is a universal lover. He remains your friend in spite of yourself. We suppose there will be 'more of him' here before long.

THE WAY TO LIVE.—Ten minutes of weak repining will plunge a brave heart into the depths of unhappiness as suddenly as a thunder-storm will over-cast a clear summer sky. The only way to live is to cast away troubles and contention, which cannot be cured by fretting. A thing that is done belongs to the past. In justice to the requirements of the present, and possibilities of the future, you cannot look back and make yourself wretched over things which cannot be undone.

A little boy accosted his papa thus: "Papa, are you growing still?" "No, dear; what makes you think so?"—"Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."

The most gallant man ever heard of is one who refrained from kicking a dog that had bitten him because it was a female dog. "If it wasn't for your sex," said he, "I'd kick your head off."

Josh Billings says: "If aman has got eighty thousand dollars at interest and owns the house he lives in, it ain't much trouble to be a philosopher."

The ladies of Paris, Ky., are forming an anti-speak-evil-of-your-neighbor society. A similar society might be started in some other localities with advantage.

☞ A Chicago woman has married a man in jail. She brags that she is "the only girl in town who knows where her fellow stays of nights."

The summer style for the Sandwich Islander is announced. It is a red string about the left leg just above the knee.

The best hole in a glove. The one the hand enters.