

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. XI

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 18, 1873

NO. 8

ST. MARY'S BEACON

ESTABLISHED 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 arrears 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 constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until ordered, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

Communications of a personal character will be charged, at the same rate 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 by the 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 The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

THE PEOPLE TO THE POLITICIANS, GREEN-INSO.—There is one thoroughly pleasant aspect of the recent excitement over the Virginia matter of which we have seen no recreation anywhere, and yet it gives us by odds the best result which can possibly grow out of the affair. Ever since the war in this country closed we have been assailed by politicians at the North and by politicians at the South that the hearty and manly return of the Southerners to their allegiance after their cause failed of success met with no recognition at the North. Perhaps the politicians spoke sincerely, and without doubt many people on both sides believed their statements.

It is especially gratifying, therefore, to see just what the temper of each side really is, as we have been able to see since this Virginia matter came with its promise of war. In no part of the country more promptly or more earnestly resented than at the South. The very people who were said to feel no respect and no real allegiance to the country, were among the first to fire up with indignation when the flag of the country was insulted by a foreign power. On the other hand the people of the North have shown that they have been equally misrepresented by the politicians. When the question of our ability to cope with Spain arose, the answers came quickly from the well-informed Northerners: "We shall not lack for men if we need them. The South alone will offer more than enough if volunteers are called for," an answer which served to show how entire was the confidence of the North in the real patriotism of their Southern brethren.

These seem small matters, but they are anything else. It is not a small thing that the South is as honest in its acceptance of a separate existence. It is not a small thing either that the people of the North recognize that honesty and have full confidence in the many enemies ten years ago. It is not a small thing that we now know, beyond a doubt, that however we may differ as to means, all Americans North and South are earnestly seeking one common end, perpetuity of our institutions and the maintenance of our common country's honor.

The story is told of a gruff old steamboat captain on the Mississippi, that having quarreled with an old and tried friend, he was abusing him roundly on one occasion, but when one of his auditors echoed his sentiments, the old captain replied:—"Stop, sir! I won't allow anybody living to say a word against that man. I keep him for my own private use." Now it would seem that we are very much like that old steamboat man in our little quarrels. We abuse each other heartily upon occasion, but we do not allow anybody else to join in the performance. We insist upon calling ourselves mutual enemies, but the moment a real enemy shows himself we discover that we are friends of the heartiest and most trustworthy sort. The people have answered the politicians, and we know now, beyond a question, two very gratifying facts: first that the South has honestly accepted the results of the war, and secondly that the North is honestly aware of the fact. It were well worth a brush with Spain to demonstrate these things.—*Heath and Hume.*

DON'T BE TOO CRITICAL.—Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper one, but in private life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will not do any good and it will do you harm—if you mind being called disagreeable. If any one's manners don't please you remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste; recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, cannot be made any better. Continual fault finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one, and the opinions of the other, will make home the unhappy place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will ever be pleased with you. And if it is known that you are hard to suit, few will take pains to suit you.

Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened.—*Emerson.*

Alphonso, having attended a war meeting, says that buckling on one's armor this weather is not half so pleasant as buckling on one's charmer.

(Written for the Beacon.)

Farwell, we part, perchance to meet no more;
Soon our greeting will all be o'er,
Yet ere we part, I fain would tell
The feelings thus must grieve so well.

O! would that I without one fear
Could whisper in thy willing ear
Words that are now penned by me—
Yet words I dare not breathe to thee!

Wouldst thou tell me to forget,
To cast this image from my heart;
To think that I had never met,
Or had only met to part?

O! tell me that thy heart's avow,
And bid mine not to rove,
But still to dream of thee, sweet one,
With undiminished love!

Give me but one tender word
To say my hope is not in vain;
Smile upon me as of yore,
Or give me back my love again.

Say that all may yet be right,
Keep in thy heart one thought for me,
And I forever may plight,
My heart, my love, my life to thee!

JACK EASY'S TRIANGULAR DUEL.

Midshipman Easy, whose story is told by Captain Maryatt, was a genius in his way. His triangular duel has been told many times, and will be read over and laughed over for years to come. Jack Easy made friends with almost everybody on board the ship, but Mr. Easthupp, the boatswain, and Mr. Biggs, the purser's clerk, were exceptions. Jack Easy offended both these worthies, and as in those days it was the fashion to settle such difficulties on the "field of honor," there was nothing left but a duel. The boatswain valued his rank as a superior officer, and Jack could not abide him. Jack should waive rank with the deputy purser. But to the story of the duel.

"Mr. Biggs," replied our hero, "who was now very wrath, 'I shall go on shore directly we arrive at Malta. Let you and I follow put on plain clothes, and I will meet you both—and then I'll show you whether I am afraid to give satisfaction.'"

"One at a time," said the boatswain. "No, sir, not one at a time, but both at the same time—I will fight both or none. If you are my superior officer, you must decide," replied Jack, with an ironical sneer. "To meet me, or I will not descend to meet that fellow, whom I believe to have been little better than a pickpocket."

This accidental bit of Jack's made the purser's steward turn pale as a sheet, and then equally red. He raved and foamed amazingly, although he could not meet Jack's indignant look, who then turned round again.

"Now, Mr. Biggs, is this to be understood, or do you shelter yourself under your forecandle?"

"I'm no dodger," replied the boatswain, "and we will settle the affair at Malta."

Mr. Biggs having declared that he would fight, of course had to look out for a second, and he fixed upon Mr. Tallboys, the gunner, and requested him to be his friend. Mr. Tallboys, who had been lately very much annoyed by Jack Easy's victories over him in the science of navigation, and therefore felt ill-toward him, consented; but he was very much puzzled how to arrange that three were to fight at the same time, for he had no idea of there being two duels; so he went to his cabin and commenced reading.

There was no one in the ship to whom Jack could confide but his comrade in all his scrapes, Gascoigne; he therefore went to him, and although Gascoigne thought it was excessively *infra dig.* of Jack to meet even the boatswain, as the challenge had been given there, he was not retracting; he therefore consented, like all midshipmen, anticipating fun, and quite thoughtless of the consequences.

The second day after they had been anchored in Vallette harbor, the boatswain and gunner, Jack and Gascoigne, obtained permission to go on shore. Mr. Easthupp, the purser's steward, dressed in his best blue coat with brass buttons and velvet collar, went up on the quarter-deck, and requested the same indulgence, but Mr. Sawbridge refused, as he required him to return staves and hoops at the coopage.

This was awkward, but it was got over by proposing that the meeting should take place behind the coopage at a certain hour, on which Mr. Easthupp might slip out, and borrow a portion of the time appropriated to his duty, to heal the breach in his wounded honor. So the parties all went on shore, and put up at one of the small inns, to make the necessary arrangements.

Mr. Tallboys then addressed Mr. Gascoigne, taking him apart while the boatswain amused himself with a glass of grog, and our hero sat outside, teasing a monkey.

"Mr. Gascoigne," said the gunner, "I have been very much puzzled how this duel should be fought, but I have at last found it out. You see that there are three parties to fight; had there been two or four there would have been no difficulty, as the right line or square might guide us in that instance; but we must arrange it upon the triangle in this way."

Gascoigne stared; he could not imagine what was coming.

"Are you aware, Mr. Gascoigne, of the properties of an equilateral triangle?"

"Yes," replied the midshipman, "that it has three equal sides; but what has that to do with the duel?"

"Everything," Mr. Gascoigne, replied the gunner; "it has resolved the great difficulty; indeed, the duel between three can only be fought upon that principle.

You observe," said the gunner, "taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket, and making a triangle on the table, 'in this figure we have three points, each equidistant from each other; and we have three combatants—so that placing one at each point, it is all fair play for the three; Mr. Easy, for instance, stands here, the boatswain here, and the purser's steward at the third corner. Now, if all the distance is fairly measured, it will be all right.'"

"But then," replied Gascoigne, delighted at the idea, "how are they to fire?"

"It certainly is not of much consequence," replied the gunner, "but still, as sailors, it appears to me that they should fire with the sun; that is, Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, Mr. Biggs fires at Mr. Easthupp, and Mr. Easthupp fires at Mr. Easy, so that you perceive that each party has his shot at one, and at the same time receives the fire of another."

Gascoigne was in ecstasies at the novelty of the proceeding, the more so as he perceived that Easy obtained every advantage by the arrangement.

"Upon my word, Mr. Tallboys, I give you great credit; you have a profound mathematical head, and I am delighted with your arrangement. Of course, in the affairs, the principals are bound to comply with the arrangements of the seconds, and I shall insist upon Mr. Easy consenting to your excellent and scientific proposal."

Gascoigne went out, and pulling Jack away from the monkey, told him what the gunner had proposed, at which Jack laughed heartily.

The gunner also explained it to the boatswain, who did not very well comprehend, but replied,—

"I dare say it's all right—shot for shot, and hang all favors."

The parties then repaired to the spot with two pairs of ship's pistols, which Mr. Tallboys had smuggled on shore; and, as soon as they were on the ground, the gunner called Mr. Easthupp out of the coopage. In the meantime, Gascoigne had been measuring an equilateral triangle of twelve paces—and marked it out. Mr. Tallboys, on his return with the purser's steward, went over the ground, and finding that it was 'equal angles subtended by equal sides,' declared that it was all right. Easy took his station, the boatswain was put into his, and Mr. Easthupp, who was quite in a mystery, was led by the gunner to the third position.

"But, Mr. Tallboys," said the purser's steward, "I don't understand this. Mr. Easy will first fight Mr. Biggs, will he not?"

"No," replied the gunner, "this is a duel of three. You will fire at Mr. Easy, Mr. Easy will fire at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs will fire at you. It is all arranged, Mr. Easthupp."

"But," said Mr. Easthupp, "I do not understand it. Why is Mr. Biggs to fire at me? I have no quarrel with Mr. Biggs."

"'Cause Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs must have his shot as well."

"If you ever have been in the company of gentlemen, Mr. Easthupp," observed Gascoigne, "you must know something about dueling."

"Yes, yes, I've kept the best company, Mr. Gascoigne, and I can give a gentleman satisfaction; but—"

"Then, sir, if that is the case, you must know that your honor is in the hands of your second, and that no gentleman appeals."

"Yes, yes, I know that Mr. Gascoigne; but still I've no quarrel with Mr. Biggs, and therefore, Mr. Biggs, of course you will not aim at me."

"Why, you don't think that I'm going to be fired at for nothing," replied the boatswain; "no, no, I'll have my shot anyhow."

"But at your friend, Mr. Biggs?"

"All the same, I shall fire at somebody; shot for shot, and hit the luckiest."

"Vel, gentlemen, I purst against these proceedings," replied Mr. Easthupp; "I came here to have satisfaction from Mr. Easy, and not to be fired at by Mr. Biggs."

"Don't you have satisfaction when you fire at Mr. Easy," replied the gunner; "what more would you have?"

"I purst against Mr. Biggs firing at me."

"So you would have a shot without receiving one," cried Gascoigne; "the fact is, that this fellow's a confounded coward, and ought to be kicked into the coopage again."

At this affront Mr. Easthupp rallied, and accepted the pistol offered by the gunner.

"You ear those words, Mr. Biggs; pretty language to use to a gentleman. You shall ear from me, sir, as soon as the ship is paid off. I purst no longer. Mr. Tallboys; death before dishonor.—I'm a gentleman!"

At all events, the swell was not a very courageous gentleman, for he trembled most exceedingly as he pointed his pistol.

The gunner gave the word, as if he were exercising the great guns on board ship.

"Cock your locks!"—"Take good aim at the object!"—"Fire!"—"Stop your vents!"

The only one of the combatants who appeared to comply with the latter supplementary order was Mr. Easthupp, who clapped his hand to his trousers behind, gave a loud yell, and then dropped down, the bullet having passed clean through, and the bullet having presented his broadside as a target to the boatswain as he faced towards our hero. Jack's shot had also taken effect, having passed through both the boatswain's cheeks, without further

mischief than extracting two upper double teeth, and forcing the hole of the farther cheek swain's own quid of tobacco.

The purser's steward lay on the ground, and screamed—the boatswain with his teeth and two or three marks of blood out, and then three desperate yells in a rage.

"A pretty business," sputtered the purser, "put my pipe out. How am I to dine when I'm ordered, all 'scaping through the checks?"

In the meantime, the officers, in the assistance of the purser, examined him, and considered the wound not dangerous.

"Hold your confounded bawling," cried the gunner, "you've have the guard down here; you've not lost a hair."

"Hant' bi'?" roared the steward. "Oh, let me die, let me die; don't move me!"

"Nonsense," cried the gunner, "you must get up and walk down to the boat; if you don't we'll leave you—hold your tongue, confound you. You won't then I'll give you something to halloo for."

Whereupon Mr. Tallboys commenced cuffing the poor wretch right and left, who received so many swinging boxes of the ear, that he was soon reduced to mere pulp. "Oh dear!—oh dear!—such inhumanity—oh dear!—oh dear!—must I get up? I can't, indeed."

"I do not think he can move, Mr. Tallboys," said Gascoigne; "I should think the best plan would be to call up two of the men from the coopage, and let them take him at once to the hospital."

The gunner went down to the coopage to call the men. Mr. Biggs, who had bound up his face as if he had the toothache, for the bleeding had been very slight, came up to the purser's steward.

"What are you making such a howling about? Look at me, with two shot-holes through my figure-head; I wish I could change with you by heavens—now if I attempt to rise, there will be such a wasteful expenditure of his Majesty's stores of wind, that I never shall get out a note. A wicked sort of yours, Mr. Easy."

"I really am very sorry," replied Jack, with a polite bow, "and I beg to offer my best apology."

During this conversation, the purser's steward felt very faint, and thought he was going to die.

"Oh dear! oh dear! what a fool I was; I never was a gentleman—only a pickpocket; I shall die; I never will pick a pocket again—never—never—God forgive me!"

"Why, confound the fellow," cried Gascoigne, "so you were a pickpocket, were you?"

"I never will again," replied the fellow in a faint voice; "I'll ham and lead a good life—a drop of water—oh, tugged at last!"

Then the poor wretch fainted away; and Mr. Tallboys coming up with the men, he was taken on their shoulders and walked off to the hospital, attended by the gunner and the boatswain, who thought he might as well have a little medical advice before he went on board.

"Well, Easy," said Gascoigne, collecting the pistols and tying them up in his handkerchief, "I'll be shot, but we are in a hurry; we've no time to lose. I'll be hanged if I care, it's the best piece of I ever met with." And at the remembrance of it Gascoigne laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. Jack's mirth was not quite so excessive, as he was afraid the purser's steward severely hurt, and expressed his fears.

"At all events you did not hit him," replied Gascoigne; "all you have to answer for is the boatswain's mug.—I think you've stopped his jaw for the future."

"I'm afraid that our leave will be stopped for the future," replied Jack.

"That we may take our oaths of," replied Gascoigne.

"Then look you, Ned," said Easy; "I've lots of dollars; we may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, as the saying is; I vote that we do not go on board."

"Sawbridge will send and fetch us," replied Ned; "but he must find us first."

"That won't take long, for the soldiers will soon have our description and rout us out—we shall be pinched in a few days."

"Confound it, and they say that the ship is to be hoisted down, and that we shall be here six weeks at least, cooped up on board in a broiling sun, and nothing to do but to watch the pilot fish playing round the rudder, and munch bad apples. I won't go on board; look ye, Jack," said Gascoigne, "have you plenty of money?"

"I have twenty doubloons besides dollars," replied Jack.

"Well, then, we will pretend to be so much alarmed at the result of this duel, that we dare not show ourselves, lest we should be hung. I will write a note, and send it to Jolliffe, to say that we have hid ourselves until the affair is blown over, and beg him to intercede with the captain and first-lieutenant. I will tell him all the particulars, and refer to the gunner for the truth of it; and then I know that, although we should be punished, they will only laugh; but I will pretend that Easthupp is killed, and we are frightened out of our lives. That will be it; and then let us go on board one of the spermaceti which come with fruit from Sicily, sail in the night for Palermo, and then we'll have a cruise for a fortnight, and when the money is all gone we'll come back."

"That's a capital idea, Ned, and the sooner we do it the better. I will write to the captain, begging him to get me off from being hung, and telling him where we have fled to, and that letter shall be directed to him after we have sailed."

They were two very nice lads—Jack Easy and Gascoigne.

BEAUTIFUL LEAVES.

Bathing beneath our passing feet,
Grown upon the lawn and lane and street,
Beautiful leaves!

Dyed with the hues of the sunset sky,
Falling in glory so silently,
Beautiful leaves!

Never to freshen another spring,
Never to know that the summer may bring,
Beautiful leaves!

Withered beneath the frost and gold,
Soon to decay in the common mould,
Beautiful leaves!

So will the years that change your fate,
Mark upon us their autumnal date,
Beautiful leaves!

So shall we fall from the tree of time,
Faded as ye fall in a wintry clime,
Beautiful leaves!

But when the harvest of life is past,
And we wake in eternal spring at last,
Beautiful leaves!

May He who paints your brilliant hue
Form of our lives a chaplet new
Of beautiful leaves!

THE STORY OF WM. M. TWEED.

Twelve years in the penitentiary at Blackwell's Island and a fine of \$12,750. This was the penalty denounced against Wm. M. Tweed in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, by Judge Noah Davis. At one o'clock the prisoner was taken to the Tombs, and in that Egyptian pile of more than Egyptian misery he is now confined. The last act of the drama is played. The man who, a little while ago, was a Senator, a Supervisor, a Commissioner—the chief power in the chief city of the continent—is now a condemned convict. If any measure of success attends the efforts of his counsel to secure a mitigation of sentence, a stay of proceedings or a new trial, it will not alter the essential fact that Tweed's place henceforth is with the outlaws of society. It is time to consider the man's life and character with the same calm, dispassionate view that we should take of the dead; for Tweed is dead before the hope of resurrection.

William M. Tweed was born in the city of New York fifty years ago last April. His parents were poor people, and the boy was early thrown upon his own resources. He learned the trade of a chairmaker and worked at it for a few years. He soon became ambitious of political distinction, and to increase his qualifications and improve his chances he entered the University Law School, from which he graduated as a member of the bar. His power began in the old Volunteer Fire Department of the metropolis. He became foreman of "No. 812"—an engine company famous in the lower part of the city. His immense vital energy and his organizing ability were here developed and exhibited. In that day a popular fireman was a positive power in local politics, and Tweed began to make himself felt.

In 1851 he was elected Alderman from the Seventh Ward, selected in the Common Council through the years 1852-3. In the fall of 1852 he was elected to Congress from the 5th district, which then embraced the Seventh and Thirteenth Wards of New York and the village of Williamsburgh, Long Island. He took his seat in the House in Dec, 1853, while his term as Alderman was about expiring. He was thirty years old at this time with the promise of a fair future before him. While in Congress he was elected School Commissioner of the Seventh Ward. The year after his term as Representative expired he was chosen to the Board of Supervisors, and continued to hold a place there until the day of his overthrow.

In 1861 he was candidate for Sheriff of the Tammany ticket. The office was one of enormous emolument, and Tweed struck for it with his usual energy. He reckoned himself worth \$80,000 at that time, and he had made the money honestly. He expended every dollar of it in the canvass, led on by the hope and belief that he would triumph. He was beaten, and during the winter which followed he found great difficulty in meeting the house rent and paying his butcher's and grocer's bills. It is probable that his career as a public plunderer dates from the day of his defeat as sheriff.

He was not a fine-grained man nor troubled with many conscientious scruples. He saw himself as the victim of what he looked upon as a conspiracy. He had distributed his money among various ward organizations in return for their promised assistance. They divided his fortune and withheld their support. He resolved to "get even" with the public who had preferred another to him, and he set about the job with the goings of a great general and the wickedness of a great robber. In 1862 he became Deputy Street Commissioner, and while holding that office he got freely into the public purse for the first time. At about the same period he made himself the leading spirit in the Tammany organization.

He showed soon that his power as an organizer was very great. He drew men around him usually by appeals to their selfish natures. To one he gave money; to another some place of honor and trust; he proceeded on the theory that every man had his price. If a rival arose to dispute his authority he crushed that rival if he could, and if he couldn't he crushed the rivalry by supporting the man for some office, and thus making him his ally. In this way he spiked the guns of Fernando Wood and called a truce with his most popular enemy, the "Big Judge," Michael Conolly.

In 1867 Richard B. Conolly, a timid man, plausible in manners, but exceedingly corrupt at heart, became Comptrol-

ler of New York. With him Tweed formed an alliance. Conolly was greedy and close-fisted. He never could secure a popular following. He held the office at the pleasure of Tweed, who was, however, compelled to share equally with him in the division of the money plundered from the city. That same year, 1867, Tweed was elected to the State Senate from the Fourth District by a large majority. In the Senate he found a majority opposed to him politically. How he used that majority to effect his purposes is one of the chronicles of Albany which is yet to be written.

In 1869 Tweed found a councillor far wiser and much more honest than himself in the person of Peter B. Sweeney. He also found a pliant but brilliant advocate in A. Oakley Hall, a man free from corrupt motives, but one willing to blind his eyes to the crimes committed around him as a reward for temporal power and pleasant notoriety. When these four men—Tweed, Conolly, Sweeney and Hall—joined their various forces and talents in the Tammany conspiracy was complete. In 1870 the first revolt against this concentrated power began. It was badly planned and disastrously officered. Norton, Genet, Creamer, Peter Mitchell, Michael Murphy and others, who led the movement in the Legislature, were not the men through whom reform could come.

It looked for a time, however, as if the movement would succeed. Tweed was beaten in the preliminary skirmish in the Senate. He pretended to surrender and voted for the charter of the Young Democracy. But he had secretly formed an alliance with the Republican party in the Legislature and could afford to hide his head. Meanwhile his rivals had lost their heads. In the flush of temporary success they divided—on paper—all the offices in the city among themselves. The charter under which this grand distribution was to take place was taken to the Assembly, where it was understood that it would pass by general consent. But to the dismay of many, and to the dismay of the Young Democracy, it was defeated.

Tweed's rivals surrendered at discretion. Creamer, Norton, Mitchell—all but Genet—sued for terms of peace. The next week Tweed's charter was introduced, and, receiving the support of all the Republican Senators excepting Thayer of Rensselaer, it passed. This was followed by other measures which made the power of the Ring well-nigh absolute. It was then that the system of plunder began to work out its amazing results. Bills against the city were deliberately raised from \$50,000 to \$500,000, and the enormous excess divided between Conolly and Tweed, who in turn shared part of the money with subordinate strikers. Hall looked on and held his peace. Sweeney put forth an effort to stop the stealing, but was overborne. The accounts of the Comptroller's office were secreted, and the general public, as well as the Democratic party, were hoodwinked and misled.

Among those who sought to profit in the general carnival of fraud was James O'Brien, who, as Sheriff of New York, had received upward of \$300,000 for three years' service. After retiring from office he cooked up a bogus claim aggregating \$200,000 and demanded its payment. The Board of Audit refused to consider it, although Tweed exposed O'Brien's bad cause. To strengthen his chances of getting the money, O'Brien placed a confidential clerk in the Comptroller's office and secured transcripts of the fraudulent vouchers therein contained. Armed with these evidences of the guilt of his former comrades, he again demanded his plunder. It was again refused. The ring had grown so bold and they felt that their lease of power was so long and strong that they could brave any exposure.

Thereupon O'Brien turned his evidence over to the New York Times, and that paper printed it. The effect was startling. With one voice the people demanded the punishment of those men who had betrayed so great a trust. They were thrust out of the Democratic party, whose temple they had defiled. Said Judge Davis in sentencing Tweed: "O'Brien, who had been named here, and who holds the foremost rank in his profession, and who stands without a stain upon a character as pure and noble as any man's in this great city, immediately from his semi-retirement came and aided in the rescue of this city from its great corruption."

And Tilden, who stood as the leading man at the head of the Democratic State Committee of this State, devoted weeks and months of toil in ferreting out these crimes, in ascertaining from these bank accounts what had been done, till he was able to lay before us the other day on the trial the result, crystalline in its simplicity and so clear that no man could fail to read its meaning."

Against a feeling of wrath which was universal Tweed opposed the power of his ill-gotten wealth. He doubtless believed that no jury could be found to convict him. His courage did not forsake him. While Conolly slunk away to other lands to avoid punishment, Tweed stayed and fought it out. How the fight ended is told in the heavy sentence passed upon the great public plunderer.

When a person feels disposed to over-estimate his own importance, let him remember that mankind got along very well before his birth, and that in all probability, they will get along very well after his death.

An exchange says that the hard times are all over. So we should say, all over the country.

SCARCITY OF FISH IN OUR WATERS.—By Governor Wylie's request, the Academy of Sciences appointed a committee, consisting of Prof. P. Uhler, Rev. Dr. Dalrymple and George A. Leakin, to investigate the causes of the rapid disappearance of fish from the waters of this State, and to ascertain what remedies, if any, could check this growing evil. The Committee are to report the results of their investigation to his Excellency, who, it is understood, will embody the recommendations therein contained in his message to the Legislature, which meets in a few weeks. The Committee, and particularly the Chairman, Prof. Uhler, have been very active in their endeavors to discover the causes, and the remedy for the evil complained of, and their examination has been attended with some startling, if not alarming discoveries. Prof. Uhler found that all the rivers in this State are gradually being filled with mud and sediment, carried into them from the cultivated soil by the rains and frosts. Rivers and mouths of rivers, which less than 15 years ago were navigable by large ships, can now barely accommodate small sized boats. In many cases where about fifteen years ago there was a depth of fifteen feet, there is at present barely a depth of four feet. This is the case with the Ganpowder River, the Patuxent, the Potomac, the Patuxent, and many smaller streams, and the evil is yearly on the increase. This is not only the reason that fish disappear and seek other waters, but may also raise some apprehension that the water supply of the streams on which we depend will eventually be cut off.

The only remedy, according to Prof. Uhler, is, if possible, to require the farmers, whose domains border on the rivers, to plant grass and vines alongside the shores of the rivers, which would prevent the soil from being washed down by freshets.

Before the soil was cultivated the plants and vines that grew on the water-sheds of rivers kept the soil from being washed down, and the rivers were undisturbed by mud.

The waters of the State of Maryland have been well known for their numerous fisheries, but the filling up of the beds of the rivers with sediment drive the fish continually in other directions.

TO BE CARRIED IN YOUR POCKET.—Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hand cannot be usefully employed, Always speak the truth, and make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (with fortune excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, though you fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you can see your way to get out of it. Do not borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Never marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are gone. Keep yourself innocent, if you are young; be happy—Save when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.—*Exchange.*