Saint Mary's Beacon

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PLUCK WINS.

About thirty years ago, said Judge P., I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted.—While there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

'Plenty of them,' was the saleman's reply.

'How much do they cost?'

'One dollar, my lad.'

'I did not know they were so much.'—He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back. 'I have only sixty-one cents,' said he; 'could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the money?'

How eagerly his little bright eyes looked for an answer! and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not!

The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a very poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed, and overtook him.

'And where now?' I asked.

'Try another place, sir.'

'Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?'

'O, yes, if you like,' said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

'Will you try again?' I asked.

'Yes, sir, I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one.'

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully, and told the gentleman just what he wanted, and how much money he had.

'You want the book very much?' said the proprietor.

'Yes, sir, very much.'

'Why do you want it so very, very much?'

'To study sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go.'

'Does he go to those places now?' asked the proprietor.

'He is dead,' said the boy softly. Then he added after awhile, 'I'm going to be a sailor, too.'

'Are you, though?' asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

'Yes sir, if I live.'

'Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do, I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents.'

'Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?'

'Yes, just like the new ones,'

'It will do just as well, then, and I will have eleven cents left towaad buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places.'

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he had brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

'A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that and you will make your mark,' said the bookseller.

'Thank you, sir, you are so very good.'

'What is your name?'

'William Haverly, sir.'

'Do you want any more books?' I now asked.

'More than I can ever get,' he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. 'It will buy some for you,' I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.

'Can I buy what I want with it?'

'Yes, my lad, anything.'

'Then I will buy a book for mother,' said he; 'I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back.'

He wanted my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the Captain.

Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take the boats, though they might have known no small boat could ride such a sea. The Captain, who had been below with the charts, now came up; he saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I distinctly heard above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see those men bow before the strong will of the Captain, and hurry back to the pumps.

The Captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him [illegible] He looked at me and the other passengers, who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said rebukingly:

'Yes, sir; there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water; when I see none of it, then I shall abandon the vessel, and not before, nor any of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail, it will not be from inaction. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps.'

Thrice during the day did we despair; but the Captain's dauntless courage, perseverance and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again.

'I will land you safely at the dock in Liverpool,' said he, 'if you will be men.'

And he did land us safely; but the vessel sunk moored to the dock. The Captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and the blessings of the passengers, as they passed down the gangway plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed, he grasped my hand, and said:

'Judge P., do you remember me?'

I told him that I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his ship.

'Do you remember the boy in Cincinnati?'

'Very well, sir; William Haverley.'

'I am he,' said he. 'God bless you!'

'And God bless noble Captain Haverley!'

COURTSHIP FROM A BUSINESS STANDPOINT.—Papa observed to his daughter's beau; "Jim, if you want Lou you can have her; but I don't want you hanging around unless you mean business. If you intend to marry hurry up, for I can't be kept awake nights much longer."—*Ex.*

This old gentleman's head was eminently level. He first displays an eye for business and then comfort. The fact is, there are few parents who would not rather see their daughters happily married than to lose one night's comfortable repose. But to speak more to the point—not only papas, whose nightly rest is often broken by the dallying of the beaux in the parlor or the hall until the wee hours of the morning, but the fair ladies themselves prefer the business man who proceeds to business in a business way. This view of the matter is well illustrated by an anecdote told by Governor Vance. A girl, when her bashful sweetheart, ashamed to speak his mind, sat in stupid embarrasment and kept pressing her foot with his under the table, exclaimed: "John, if you love me why can't you say so like a man, and quit dirtying my clean stockings!"

There is no room left for a doubt but that this is the spirit which animates every sensible girl. They like sense and sensible men—business men. They can bear with the poor fool who fiddles and fumbles around and "pays attention day after day, week after week, and month after month, and will use him as a convenience, an escort, or partner in a dance, if his accomplishments lie in his feet instead of his head, but marry him! Never! Except when she can do no better, and has to take him to get rid of him! And the misery is that if she does that, she will "fling it in his face" to her dying day.

The general who lays siege to the enemy's capital, if he really desires to scale the breastworks, force the erection of the white flag of capitulation, and penetrate the citadel, goes at his work in an earnest business way. He is no laggard, no lounger, but regarding that business he "goes in." So in courtship. If a man desires to succeed, he must comprehend the situation at a glance, and tackle the matter in hand as a matter of earnest business. He must go at it as he would at grubbing, earnestly and with a will, saying what he means and meaning what he says. If there is any created thing a woman admires it *is a man*, and the more manly a man is, the greater the esteem.

Besides, this indefinite dallying around is not only a loss of precious time and valuable opportunities, but is the worst of policies. The beau of whose ultimate intention the fair object of his adoration has the least suspicion, is watched and scanned with lynx-eyed scrutiny. His every fault, foible and short-coming is carefully conned and weighed against his attractions and prospects. What man of our day can successfully pass through so trying an ordeal! As in general, too much intimacy engenders contempt, so in this case, too thorough an acquaintance, in nine cases out of ten, reveals repulsive points, which lead to calamity in the suit. The moral of this is, that a man should never allow the lady of his choice to become to well acquainted with him, if he expects success, and, generally, we may add *vice versa*.

To sum up the whole matter in one sweeping deduction, the sesame to success in courtship is comprehended in very few words, to wit: short acquaintance, half hour visits, and striking while the iron is hot.

SENTINEL SONGS.

BY FATHER RYAN.

When sinks the soldier brave,
Dead at the feet of wrong,
The poet sings—and guards his grave
With sentinels of song.

Go, songs, he gives command,
Keep faithful watch and true;
The living and the dead of the conquered land
Have now no guards save you!

And ballads! mark ye well,
Thrice holy is your trust,
Go out to the field where warriors fell,
And sentinel their dust.

And the songs in stately chime,
With softly sounding tread,
March forth—to watch to the end of time
Beside the silent dead.

And when the foeman's host,
And hate hath passed away,
Our guard of songs shall keep their post
Around our soldier's clay.

A thousand dawns may glow—
A thousand days may wane—
The deathless songs where the dead lie low,
True to the last remain!

Yea, true! they will not yield
To tyrants or to time,
At every grave and on every field
Where men died death sublime.

Long Vigils they will keep,
Obedient to their bard:
And they will watch when we shall sleep—
Our last and only guard!

What though victors say:—
"No column shall be built"
Above the graves where the men in gray
Lie mouldering in their guilt.

Ah! let the tyrant curse
The dead he tramples down!
Our strong, brave songs in their sweet, sad verse,
Fear not the tyrant's frown.

What though no sculptured shaft
Commemorate our brave?
What though no monument epitaphed,
Be built above their grave?

When marble wears away,
And monuments are dust,
The songs that guard our soldier's clay,
Will still fulfill their trust.

SANCTITY OF AN OATH.

"Abolish all legal punishment for perjury," said I, dogmatically, at the end of a desultory argument with some of the other clerks in the San Francisco Mint, "and not one witness in a dozen would speak the truth. As for their oaths—bah! They don't care *that* for them"—snapping my fingers like the cluck of a hen.

"I don't know, boys," said John Fleming, who had taken no part in the discussion, laying down his pen, and squaring about upon his stool; "I don't know that I can say anything on this question worth listening to, but if you will stop your confounded figuring for a moment, I'll relate an experience of mine that may be of service to this young gentleman who knows so very much about the nature of an oath, and most other things."

There was a general snapping together of ledgers and all manner of books; Government clerks do not require much of a pretext to stop work. We all gathered about John, like bees about Hymettus, and he began:

I was a witness, once, in a murder case at Pinkerton's Bluff, on the North Sandy, just above the falls. Bob D——, a friend of mine—knew him in the States—was charged with having killed Dave Thatcher, known in all that region as Bet-you Dave. He had been a born debater, had Dave. He was never known to agree with the opinions of any man at the Bluff, upon any question under heaven; and he made use of but one argument—"I bet you five dollars."

The moment he heard any one make an assertion, express a belief, or hint a rumor—frequently before possessing his mind of the speaker's full meaning—he'd bet him five dollars it wasn't so! When nobody was talking he would try in all indirect ways to entrap some one into indicating an opinion upon some subject, then he was down upon him with that everlasting wager. He would put up the money, too, and what's more he would commonly win, unless there was a dead sure thing against him; but this was so frequently the case that it kept him poor. If, in Dave's presence a man dared to affirm that his dog was yellow, quick as lightning came an offer to bet him five dollars that he wasn't; and it came with such positive energy that if the man hadn't seen his dog since morning it was ten chances to one he would back squarely down, or haggle for time to go and take another look. I never saw Dave myself; it was after his time that I came to The Bluff; but the fame of his extraordinary wagers, and the no less extraordinary way in which he sometimes won them, was in everybody's mouth.

On the 15th day of July, in '58, Dave and my friend Bob D—— passed the whole evening together in the bar-room of the Spread Eagle Hotel, and during the time Bob lost three straight bets with him. About 9 o'clock they departed together, quarrelling about the manner in which Bob had been silenced but not convinced.

Dave was never afterwards seen alive; but the next spring a dead body, almost past recognition, was discovered hidden away in the *chaparral*, near the side of the road over which the two must have passed to reach their houses, about two miles from town. [illegible] that the body was that [illegible] had a bullet in it—not [illegible] such as one might have [illegible] system, but a comparatively [illegible] which had passed through [illegible] was taken into custody, [illegible] dead. In the meantime [illegible] from below the falls, and [illegible] town had taken the other [illegible] ined to stand by the friend [illegible] known in the States.

At the trial the court [illegible] with people, and the tide of [illegible] ion set so strongly against [illegible] that the judge had to adjourn [illegible] er a dozen times to keep [illegible] score of witnesses [illegible] things look very black for Robert, the State rested its case. Then the attorney for the defense arose and simply said:

'Your Honor, I shall make no preliminary statement, and shall call but one witness. By him I shall prove an *alibi* or I shall give up the case.'

'Eh! What's that?' shouted the District Attorney, hopping to his feet—as fussy a little rascal as ever snorted law before a deaf justice of the peace. 'Will you prove that the prisoner was not on Spanish Town road on the night of the alleged murder?'

'No; I'll prove that the deceased was not,'

There was a marked sensation in court as my name was called, and I was solemnly sworn to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

'At 10 o'clock on the night of July 15, 1858,' I began circumstantially, 'I was walking along the river bank, on the side of the town opposite the Spanish Town road, and just above the falls. I wouldn't trouble myself, if I were you'—turning to the District Attorney—'to ask what I was walking there for, because it isn't anybody's business.'

'I appeal to the court!' screeched the little rascal, springing to his feet, 'if I'm to be insulted in this way—'

'Keep still will you,' said his honor, 'and let the witness proceed.' I had made a favorable impression at the start, and it gave me confidence. I resumed:

'It was a warm moonlight evening, and the mist rising above the cataract was less dense than usual, so I could see tolerably well. Just at the brink, on an overhanging rock, I saw a tall, bent figure in gray clothes, wearing a slouch hat—a very bad hat; don't see more than a hundred worse ones in this room.'

There was a general smile all round, and then the District Attorney asked me if I had known the deceased, Mr. Thatcher, in his lifetime. I replied that I had not—had never seen him.

'Remember that, gentleman of the jury,' said he with a conceited smile; 'remember the witness had never seen nor heard of the deceased. We don't mean to controvert the witness' statement on that point, sir,' he added, addressing the counsel for the defence, and smirking as if he had got hold of a good thing which he would hold in reserve as a final crusher.

'Cuss you!' roared the Judge, 'keep your mouth shut, will you? The witness will proceed.'

'I approached this person on the rock,' I continued, 'and said good evening.'

'Bet you five dollars it ain't!' said he, turning sharply about.

At this there was a general snigger from the spectators, and Dave Thatcher's widow, who sat near, looked up with a sudden hope in her face that was cheerful to see. I resumed my testimony:

'Do you see that oak on the other bank?' continued the man on the rock, pointing to a conspicuous pine.

'I thought the fellow must be a maniac, and I did not know just what to answer; but presently replied that I was not certain whether I saw it or not—it depended upon circumstances.

'He was silent for some moments; then he shivered and chattered his teeth.

'Snow before morning,' said he.

'Perhaps so,' said I, non-committally; 'seems thickening up, but that may be an optical illusion.'

Then he wanted to know if I remembered what year Gen. Jackson was elected President—'wasn't it in '52?' I told him I did not recollect. After awhile he said carelessly:

'They're talking, here at The Bluff, about running Ben. Franklin for next President.'

I made no reply. Then he came up to me and laid a hand on my shoulder.

'See here, stranger,' said he, 'is there any subject you feel at home on? Have you got any hobby—any opinion?'

'I am not sure,' I replied, 'some people have opinions, and some don't have any. Some that do have them, don't have them all the time; and those that have them all the time often forget them.'

'Well, I swear!' said he, disgusted, 'I'm going to jump over these falls—bet you five dollars I will!'

I said nothing, and he continued: 'I shall be exactly three seconds and a half getting to the bottom—won't I now?'

'Possibly. Maybe a little more than that—maybe a little less—maybe just that. I don't remember ever jumping over any cascades myself.'

He gave me one look, laid off his hat, backed up to the brink of the precipice, and dropped himself down, hanging on to the edge with his hands. Then he let go, falling three hundred feet into the boiling whirlpool below.

'May it please the court,' shrieked the little District Attorney, lunging forward upon his hind feet, 'I wanted to put one question to this witness now! You say, sir, you had never seen the deceased Mr. Thatcher up to the time you met him on that rock—and never heard of him—and [illegible] upon his relations. Now, [illegible] your oath—on your Bible oath, [illegible] how do you know this man you saw [illegible] over the falls was Dave Thatcher?—How do you know it, sir?'

'I don't know it. I know it was not he.' For just before he let go the rock, he looked up at me, with his nose above the edge, and said:

'You think I'm Dave Thatcher, don't you?'

I told him he might be, or he might not.

'Just so!' said he desperately, as his fingers began to slip. 'Bet you five dollars I'm!' [illegible] There was a good deal of loose talk in [illegible] after this, but the spectators would [illegible] triumphantly [illegible] the town on the shoulders of the jury, to the music of a brass band, and the cheers of the multitude.

But David Thatcher's widow persisted in putting up handsome headstone over the remains of the unknown dead, and was going to have it inscribed with her late husband's name, and what she still regarded as the manner of his death, when Bob stopped the proceedings by marrying her.

'I don't see what all this has to do with the question of the advisability of swearing witnesses in court,' said I when John had finished his yarn.

'Don't eh? It's got this to with it.—There wasn't a prison in the State which I had not broken out of a thousand times. If I hadn't been put upon my Bible oath, what was there to prevent my telling a lie.'

A BURMESE OATH.—Burmese laws are, on the whole, just and wise, and were evidently framed with a view to advance the interests of justice and morality, but they very often prove futile, owing to the tyranny and rapacity of the king, and the venality of many of his officers. Theoretically false swearing is particularly obnoxious among the Burmese. A witness in court is compelled to take a fearful oath, which might well strike terror into simple minds. It invokes the most direful penalties for not speaking the truth upon the witness and all his relatives.—For instance: "Let the calamities occasioned by fire, water, rulers, thieves, and enemies oppress and destroy us till we perish and come to utter destruction.—Let us be the subject to all the calamities that are within the body, and all that are without the body. May we be seized with madness, dumbness, blindness, deafness, leprosy, and hydrophobia. May we be struck with thunder-bolts and lightning, and come to sudden death. In the midst of not speaking the truth may I be taken with vomiting clotted black blood, and suddenly die before the assembled people. When I am going by water, may the water gnats assault me, the boat be upset, and the property lost; and may alligators, porpoises, sharks, and other sea-monsters seize and crush me to death; and when I change worlds, may I not arrive among men or gnats, but suffer unmixed punishment and regret, in the utmost wretchedness, among the four states of punishment, Hell, Prota, Beasts, and Athurakai.' Imagine the effect of such an oath delivered in a New York police court! Yet, notwithstanding these fearful imprecations, the Burmese witness is quite as uncertain as his civilized and Christian brother.—*From "The Land of the White Elephant," by S. S. Conant, in Harper's Magazine for February.*

IMMORTALITY OF ANIMALS.—It would be idle to multiply instances of the thorough humanity and geniality of Agassiz. Everybody who knew him can tell hundreds of anecdotes illustrative of his sympathy with all forms of life, whether in the jelly-fish, the human child, the developing boy or girl, the mature man or woman. Still his conviction of the immateriality and personality of mind was something wonderful in so austere a naturalist. We happened once to please him by defining a jelly-fish as organized water.—"Now look at it through the microscope," he said. "But, Agassiz, the play of organization is so wonderful that it seems to me that nothing but mind can account for it." "You are right," was his answer; "in some incomprehensible way, God Almighty has created these beings, and I cannot doubt of their immortality any more than I doubt of my own." His fealty to the rights of animals exceeded that of any great naturalist who ever preceded him. Incompetent as we are to give him his due rank among the great naturalists of the world, we think he excelled every naturalist who has gone before him in striking at the soul and individuality of all animals below man. It is impossible to convey in words the peculiar feeling which Agassiz had on this matter. Doubtless this large and genial genius is now satisfied. We cannot penetrate beyond the veil.—*Boston Globe.*

A shrewd little fellow was entrusted to the care of his uncle, who fed the boy very poorly. One day he happened to see a greyhound, whereupon he asked the little fellow if he knew what made the dog so poor. The reply was, "I expect he lives with his uncle."

☞ Said a tipsy husband to his wife, "you need—needn't bl—blame me!—'Twas woman that first tempted man to eat forbidden things." "Woman may have tempted man to eat forbidden things," said his wife, "but he took to drinking on his own accord."

MRS. SKINNER ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS

Miss President, fellow women, and male trash generally—I am here to-day for the purpose of discussing woman's rights, recussing her wrongs, and cussing the men.

I believe the sexes were created perfectly equal, with the woman a little more equal than the man.

I also believe that the world would to-day be happier if man had never existed.

As a success, man is a failure, and I bless my stars that my mother was a woman. [Applause.]

I not only maintain these principles, but I maintain a *shiftless* husband, besides. [illegible] sin he was? Ain't first experiments always failures?

If I was a betting man, I'd bet two dollars and a half that they are.

The only decent thing about him, anyhow, was a rib, and that went to make something better. [Applause.]

And then they throw into our faces about Eve taking that apple.

I'll bet five dollars Adam boosted her in the tree and only gave her the core.

And what did he do when he was found out?

True to his masculine instincts, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend, and said, 'T'want me, 'twas her;' and woman has had to father everything since, and mother it, too.

What we want is the ballot, and the ballot we're bound to have, if we let down our back hair and swim in a sea of sanguinary gore. [Sensation.]

Bring up your little daughters to love and caress the ballot, and when they are old and scrawny they will not depart from it.

Teach them that man occupies no place that woman cannot fill, even to a pair of pants.

Teach them that without the ballot, woman is simply a cooking and washing machine; with it she can rule her little roost.

Give'm little ballots to play with.

We have plenty of ballet girls but what we want is ballot women.

The male creature now sitting on this platform, whom the law compels me to call husband, says I have got ballot on the brain.

He says that I sleep with a ballot under my pillow, and dream I'm commander-in-chief of a large army of ballots, and am cleaning out everything that looks like a male sex, while the plays band 'See the conquering shero cometh.'

Such remarks prove that man was created lower than the beasts of the sea, the carion of the air, or the rhinoceros upon the prairies.

And what can be expected from this man Skinner, whose intellect is lower than the common quahaug. [Applause.]

My soul is filled with poetry and sentiment, and his vulgar remarks grate on my ear, and when I hear persons use expressions that are not refined and genteel, I want to go through them like brimstone and molasses. [Hear, hear.]

I'm astonished there ain't more interest manifested in this absorbing topic. This hall ought to be packed from dome to ceiling, and a couple of hundred climbing up the lightning rod outside.

A short time ago I addressed an immense throng on Boston Common; at least thirty-seven persons, including men and women of both sexes, who stood packed together for at least fifteen minutes hanging on my words, the enthusiasm finally reaching such a pitch that they insisted on burning my effigy to slow music.

We are bound to succeed.

Our speakers don't lack brain or influence, but there's one thing I wish they did lack, and that is their desire for a husband.

No matter how rabid a woman may be on this question, or how much she talks against the men on the platform, she'll grab the fust one that offers himself, and turn right straight round, and that's where we're weak. Most women seem to think that we were made but for one purpose, and that was to have Mrs. on their tombstone.

They'd be missed all their lives, and when they die, the more they're missed the better.

From the creation of the world we have had all the great men on our side.

There's Pharaoh. What did Pharaoh?

Recognizing the fact that woman must inevitably rule, he issued the order to strangle all the male children. If this thing hadn't slipped up 'twould be money in our pocket. Mr. Pharaoh is dead now, and hadn't forethought enough to leave the business to some good man.

Among those who escaped justice at that time was a youth called Moses, of bulrush fame, and since then every Moses has been a wart on the face of nature, including the wretched object whose rear name I am encumbered with.—[Cries of 'that's so!' and 'Put him out!']

No you shall not put him out. Neither shall he go of his own accord.

When we get home I will show him what one solitary woman can accomplish for this great cause with her good right arm. [Applause.]

Herod was also a woman's rights man.

He ordered all the male children to be slain, and what sweeter proof could we have that Herod's head was level?

My dear sisters we can't be all Herods, but we can wear his tintype next our hearts, and press on to the goal.

Coming down to the present day, where do we find woman?

We don't find her.

In ten cases out of nine she finds herself.

Come with me to the worst portion of our great city. After ascending thirty-one flights of rickety stairs, what do we find?

A miserable tenement.

In one corner sits a wretched woman, once the belle of the city.

She makes vests. Twenty-four vests for a cent.

Not a morsel of food has passed her lips since last fall.

Around her are fourteen children crying for bread. But, alas! she ain't got no bread, but with tears in her eyes, she mournfully divides among them the last half of a tallow candle.

Have I overdrawn this picture? No, sir. And if any man dares say I have, I'll guarantee to steel that home of it clean in less than ten minutes. [Murmurs in the audience.]

[illegible] ly to touch your hearts, but to touch your pockets also.

A thing of this kind can't go on without money, and I hereby call upon four of the most able bodied sisters, who feel 'tis sweet to be on their muscle, to pass around the hat.

SOME OF BISMARCK'S MAXIMS.—When pushed to extremes I prefer my shirt to my coat.—[Jan. 22, 1864.

A question of right can be settled only with the bayonet in our European quarrels.—[Jan. 22, 1864.

Parties and castes are mutable—they perish, and new ones arise.—[Jan. 22, 1864.

The Kings of Prussia have never been precminently the kings of the rich.—[Feb. 15, 1865.

Whoever makes the most promises is apt to carry the election.—[June 1, 1865.

All classes do a little smuggling, especially the women.—[June 1, 1865.

A great country cannot be governed by partisans.—[Jan. 15, 1867.

Put Germany in the saddle and you will find that she knows how to ride.—[March 11, 1867.

Governments are like women—the youngest please the most.—[December 9, 1868.

It is not possible to hasten the ripening of fruit by holding a lamp underneath.—[April 16, 1869.

Centralization is tyranny, more of less.—[April 16, 1869.

Whoever carries the money bag is the people's master.—[April 26, 1869.

Every country knows that peace and security rest in the sword.—[May 22, 1869.

Liberty is a luxury which not every one can afford.—[May 22, 1869.

People are a great deal more lavish when they pay out of a common treasury than when they pay out of their own pockets.—[June 2, 1871.

☞ There is an old darkey down in one of the lower counties who lately voted for local option, as he understood it, but not as the public generally understood it. The story, a true one, runs thus: At a recent election, a friend asked the old man how he was going to vote.

"Oh," he replied, "The Republican ticket, I always vote that ticket."

"But how are you going to vote on local option?"

The darkey, looking up, asked "What's that?"

"Why, local option is putting down liquor," was the reply.

"Lors a massy," said the darkey, "of course I vote for local option; I votes to put down liquor to the old price, fip-penny-bit a pint."

☞ Saturday morning, just before daylight, a chimney in a Detroit boarding-house was burned out, and there was great excitement, it being the belief that the house would go. The landlady rushed up stairs and pounded at the doors, screaming to the boarders to get up. All jumped out but a Toledo man, and as she rattled away he called out: "What's the row?" "Get up! get up! The house is on fire!" she screamed. "It is, eh?" he growled back. "Well, what's that to me? I don't own the old caravansary, do I?"

☞ Two jockeys at Heintzell's tavern summoned a waiter, and at the door the poor fellow fell in a fit of appoplexy.—"He's dead," exclaimed one. "He'll come to," replied the other. "Dead for five hundred!" "Done!" retorted the second. The confusion which followed brought up the landlord, who called out to fetch a doctor. "No, no; we must have no interference; there's a bet pending." "But, sir, I shall lose a valuable servant." "Never mind, you can put him in the bill."

☞ 'John,' said a clergyman to his man, 'you should become a teetotaler; you have been drinking again to-day.'—'Do you ever take a drop yourself, meenister?' 'Yes, John; but you must look at your circumstances and mine.' 'Very true, sir,' says John; 'but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?' 'No, John, I cannot tell that.' 'Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his ain door clean.'

A Kentucky legislator, who had been absent from his seat for several days, was asked what had been the matter. 'Well, folks call it nervous chills; others pronounce it a kind of an affection of the heart; but, to be candid, I call it a plain case of old-fashioned drunk.'