

# Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. XI

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 16, 1874

NO. 40

## ST. MARY'S BEACON

Published every Thursday by J. P. KING & JAMES S. DOWNS.

Subscription price—\$2.00 per annum in advance. Single copies five cents. Advertisements—Fifty cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less constitute a square. If the number of insertions is not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until for sale, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by year.

### PAYING FOR A FARM.

Farmer Smith lived in a quiet way and was supposed to have accumulated something ahead besides having a pretty farm. After his second son had been married about a year, he concluded to settle near the old man's if he could find a place.

Hearing of this, Mr. Thompson thought there might be a chance to sell a certain place on pretty fair terms. Mr. Thompson was a money lender, and nothing suited him so well as good interest backed by good security; and, moreover, generally considered a pretty shrewd trader. He rode over to see old man Smith, but the farmer said he did not feel able to buy—he might credit if the price was not too high. His son "Jackey" he said, would have to pay for the farm himself if the trade was made, but his son was a good farmer, and he thought it would be all right at least, the land would be there, and would be good for what remained unpaid if his son should fail. What seemed to startle the old fellow was 12 per cent. interest that Thompson wanted.

Finally, however, after a great deal of talk, the price was agreed on at \$20,000, one fifth cash, and notes at once, two, three and four years, with 12 per cent. interest from date for the remainder. The contract was drawn, and they were about to sign, when the farmer suggested that if he should at any time get any more money than was due on the notes, he wanted to be allowed to pay it, and count off the twelve per cent. The proposition seemed reasonable enough to Thompson, and he could not object to its insertion in the contract, and so the document was signed in duplicate. The deed was to be ready, and the first payment made on the following Saturday.

When the time arrived both were punctually on hand, the first \$4,000 was paid and the notes were ready for signature. "Mr. Thompson," said Farmer Smith, "I've been thinking about that interest, and it seemed a little heavy, so I thought I'd get together some little money I had out, and say part of it, and"—pulling from his breast pocket a roll of money—"just count that."

When Mr. Thompson had pocketed the money, again Mr. Smith said: "I've got a son living in Missouri, Mr. Thompson, and as he heard I was buying a farm for Jackey, he sent me a little money"—pulling out a roll of money from his right-side breeches pocket—"and so whatever it is we will credit it on our next note, if you have no objection." Again the money was counted out, and with 24 per cent. off it paid the note to a cent.

"Well, that's luck," resumed the old man; "and now, Mr. Thompson, the old woman has been selling right smart butter and eggs, and some chickens now and then, when round the country buying and she told me this morning I had better take what she had, and maybe it would be some amiss."

A roll was produced from the left side breeches pocket, and when counted out, just paid the third note, after the 36 per cent. was deducted, and Thompson said not a word—Smith seemed considering for some minutes, and then raising his head, said, as though a sudden thought struck him: "You know, my darter, Sal, didn't ye? Leastwise you've seen her. Years ago, at hog killing time, one hand truck tick, and what does she do but turn in and help us, and I tell you she could sling a hog across her shoulder equal to any man on the ground. Well, you know, Sal married your brother before, and her husband Hibbel—you know Hibbel—is dead, they tell me, as good a grocery business as any man in Kirkville. Jackey he went over to see Sal and Hibbel the other day, and as they were talking about this here interest business and Sal says to Hibbel, says she—"

"Never mind what they said, Mr. Smith," broke in Thompson; "just hand over the money you were going to say they sent you." And sure enough the old man produced still another roll from some secret pocket, which counted, proved to be the exact amount necessary to pay off the last note when the 48 per cent. had been duly taken off.

Thompson pocketed the money, went straight to the court house, acknowledged the deed, and handed it over, with only this remark: "You are the d-d-d-rascal I ever saw."

A drunken Chinaman feeling rich and elated at his progress in American civilization, went through the streets of San Francisco crying, "Hoops! hoops! Me all the same as Mexican man. Hair cut short and drunk like hell!"

### PAY AS YOU GO.

BY JOSEPH POLLARD.

A word of good counsel  
We ne'er should forget,  
Is that which furwears us  
To keep out of debt.  
Fog half of life's burdens  
This word will clear away,  
Who starts out determined  
To pay as he goes.

This folly to listen  
To those who assert  
That a system of credit  
Does good and not hurt,  
For many have squandered  
Their incomes away,  
And heirs have been wrecked by  
A promise to pay.

A man to be honest,  
As merchant or friend,  
In order to have,  
Must be willing to spend.  
Is it love, or affection,  
Or faith they bestow?  
Return their full value,  
And pay as you go.

He loses the sweetness of life  
That life can impart,  
Who looks up a treasure  
Of wealth in his heart,  
To reap a rich harvest  
Of pain and regret;  
When, too late, he discovers  
How great was his debt.

No loss like the losing  
That comes of delay,  
In binding the wounds that  
Are bleeding to-day!  
For here is the comfort  
Of tears that are shed  
On the face of the dying?  
The grave of the dead?

A word of good counsel  
We ne'er should forget;  
And to keep out of danger,  
Is to keep out of debt!  
If peace, and contentment,  
And joy you would know,  
Don't live upon credit,  
But pay as you go!

### JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, comprising a portion of his Diary from 1795 to 1808. Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vol. I. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 1874.

We are free to say that we began this book with Mrs. Malaprop or Sir Anthony, we really forgot which, recommends as the basis of comical bliss, "a little aversion." "Diaries," as a general thing, are an abomination in our eyes. Some are, we admit, attractive—witness Samuel Pepys's—on account of their intrinsic worthlessness, some are negatively useful as being a mere record of dates and unquestioned facts, but all are pernicious and mischievous, which record the writer's transient opinions and embalm his prejudices and antipathies. Who doubts this, who ever kept a diary and, after the expiration of any considerable lapse of time, has had the courage to look at it again! Horrendous references. One shudders at the thought of the injustice certain to be done. Has any one realized the effect upon social intercourse of the known presence of a "chiel takin' notes?" It would drive anybody into dull reserve, or, what is quite as likely, into chaffing loquacity, and in either case the diarist would be frustrated. When John Randolph was asked if he kept a diary, his indignant reply was that he not only did not, but never willingly kept company with any one who did. The veteran and accomplished editor of this fragment of "sixty-five volumes of diary," in his introduction, quotes Mr. Calhoun's avowal in reference to any diary that "it carries conclusive evidence only against the writer himself," and thinks he detects an inconsistency in the fact that the great South Carolina statesman once appealed to this very diary as evidence in his own behalf. We beg to observe, however, that Mr. Calhoun appealed to the Adams diary for the record of facts, and not of opinions. There is another difficulty as to diaries. They may be valuable as revelations of the character, the virtues, the infirmities of the writer himself. This value they can only have when they are published exactly as they are written. When an editor, enlightened by experience and animated by filial or other regard, revises and expurgates a diary, it is no longer the revelation of the man himself. Hence what Mr. John Quincy Adams wrote and believed half a century ago is one thing; what Mr. Charles Francis Adams thinks he should not or should have written is quite another. These were, and to a certain extent these still are, our adverse opinions as to diaries in general and this diary in particular, which we state the more freely for the reason that the thorough perusal of this volume has to a very considerable extent modified them. It is but fair to add another element of distaste. The Adams family, from the original John down to the third generation of eleven men who have succeeded him, are essentially belligerent and controversial. If any one will read John Adams's querulous diary when he came to the Philadelphia Congress in 1774 and note its egotism, its asperity, its assumption of superiority over all around him, his sports of generous emotion and true patriotism qualified by so much that was small, he need not be at a loss to know from what root the peculiar branches and fruits of to-day have grown.

Such being the first impression which the promise of this volume made, we have the greater pleasure in recording the change which came over us as we studied it. Let us, however, before illustrating this change, say a word as to Mr. C. F. Adams as an editor. Of course it is impossible to measure his merits in this function without knowing how he has executed his duty of expurgation. He tells us in his introductory principles which guided him, and we see no reason to fault with them. One duty—a very delicate one, we admit—that of annotating, he has either omitted or unnecessarily performed, and some curious textual mistakes (which he will thank us for pointing out) he has committed. The most interesting part of this diary—that of the terms of service in the Senate of the United States—might have been very agreeably and usefully annotated, for any of our citizens have either passed out of memory or become dim. It relates to a period of our story, just before the second war with Great Britain, and to which students otherwise well informed would have been grateful for incidental enlightenment. Mr. Adams gives little, and occasionally what he does give is quite superfluous. It surely is needless to tell us in a footnote (p. 264) that "William Duane was the editor of the Aurora, a newspaper printed in Philadelphia in the interests of the ruling party," or on the next page "De Witt Clinton was afterwards Governor of New York, and is still remembered as one of the most eminent statesmen of his time." Of mistakes we note the misspelling of the name (p. 375) of an eminent Pennsylvania judge, and at p. 12 of the first and distinguished Lord Malmesbury, and his speaking of the junior counsel in the Chase impeachment as Mr. Francis Hopkinson. Mr. F. Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, in 1805 was as dead as Julius Cæsar. The young lawyer referred to was his son, Joseph Hopkinson, whom Mr. Adams, as President, twenty-five years later, made Federal district judge in Philadelphia, and who laid the foundation of great professional fame by his speech on this impeachment. Those, we concede, are minute blemishes, but it is but right to point them out for correction. Why Benjamin Stoddard, of Maryland, John Adams's Secretary of the Navy, should be printed as "Ben Stoddard" we do not know.

Our readers must not expect us from this fragment of the sixty volumes of diary—this brick from a tumbled building—to give them any view of Mr. J. Q. Adams's career and character. He was a wholly different man when in the Senate, silent on the suppression of the slave trade, from what he became forty years later, vociferating for the right of petition. Between the two there was but one common feature, and this we note Mr. Emerson in his late book, incidentally notices.—He never was an aggressive abolitionist, and always resolutely contended that Congress had no constitutional power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia without the assent of the States which had ceded it. If Mr. Wilson is to be credited to Mr. Adams, he became finally aggressive towards the South only on the principle, which seems to be all right to the Vice-President, that the devil should be fought with his own weapons.

Of the book, then, and of the man, so far as he was developed at the age of forty-two, only do we presume to speak, and more of the former than the latter. The great peculiarity of Mr. Adams's career was the continuity of his public service. Even in this segment of it, going abroad with his father at the age of eleven—then Minister to Holland at twenty-seven—specially to England in 1785—to Prussia in 1798.—State Senator and then for nearly a full term Senator of the United States. Of his greater "hereafter," of which the dawn was his mission to Russia in 1809 by Mr. Madison's appointment, we do not mean now to say a word. One feature of Mr. Adams's political opinions or prejudices this volume clearly reveals, the appreciation of which affords to our minds a complete solution of his subsequent conduct when he quarrelled with his New England constituency and supported Mr. Jefferson's and Mr. Madison's war or semi-war policy, and in 1820, when Secretary of State, made a famous speech against England. A good deal goes by inheritance in the Adams blood, and from his father the younger man inherited a little anti-Anglian feeling. We do not pause to inquire if it was right or wrong. We merely record the fact. Old John Adams was fierce in this specific hatred, and his son came by it naturally.—We read some of the illustrations of this feeling, the expression of which is almost vulgar in its spitefulness, with a smile and a wonder whether the third Adams, who in our day and generation was brought in the same relations with Great Britain, does not agree with us, Mr. J. Q. Adams over and over again records his just suspicions. On the 27th of November, 1795, we read of a conversation with an under-secretary of state, Mr. Hammond, who did his best to be courteous to young Americans. "He suggested," says the diary, "that the place of ordinary minister here would be very agreeable to me because it would be succeeding to the station my father had held." "That may do very well for you," said I. "You may be an aristocrat with propriety; but in my country, you know, there is nothing hereditary in public offices," and then he adds: "This foolish talk of his is very intelligible. I do see to the bottom of this Justice Shallow, but he knows not me.—If I stay here any time he will learn to be not quite so fond nor yet quite so impatient." To us this seems resentment thrown away. Poor Hammond seems to have been Mr. Adams's late noir, for a day or two after we read: "Two other

things he said to me which I did not like to say to you, but which I will say to you now. He inquired about my lodgings at the Adelphi, and I told him I did not find them too bad. He said I had better take care of the private houses of the neighborhood. Does he wish to have some of his spies over me greater than I shall change and by advising me that I will order us from about the 13th of January, 1796, he attended the levee. Saw Mr. Hammond at the levee. Mr. Hammond did not speak to me. He was at Court this day contrary to what those on former occasions had been ejected into complaisance. I was much more highly; it flattered my pride as much as the former fawning malice humbled it." In other words, when they were civil he was angry, and when useful he was delighted. Now when it is remembered that Mr. Adams's mission, which excited so much ill-feeling, was only a special one, to exchange ratifications of a treaty made by some one else, and that he had no diplomatic duties to perform, this seems to us very small indeed. We very much doubt whether he ever got his intense anti-Anglianism for which, in the long run, especially when put in contrast with General Jackson, who had fought and hung Englishmen, he got no credit. We have no other note to make on the diplomatic diary than to repeat it is very dull.

Not so that of his senatorial life. It is very pleasant reading, and brings before us vividly the scenes and the actors. On one of them we cannot forbear for a moment to dwell, and on him too, a public man who lives but in the common curses of our country, sitting as a presiding judge in more than one high judicial procedure. During Mr. Adams's senatorial term there were two—and virtually three impeachments, counting the Smith expulsion resolution as kindred to one, in all of which Aaron Burr, as Vice-President, presided. There is something very impressive in that man's courage—not his physical courage, which no one doubted, but his superb moral intrepidity. We read that on the 9th of March, 1804, the Vice-President took leave of the Senate for the session. On the 11th of July the Hamilton duel was fought, and on the 5th of November Colonel Burr resumed his seat as presiding officer, exactly as if nothing had happened, retained it during the whole session, presiding with unrivalled dignity and grace throughout the Chase impeachment, and on the 24 of March, 1805, rose to the chair with a farewell speech of great gracefulness, and received a unanimous vote of thanks—such Hamiltonians as Bayard, and Hillhouse, and Pickens, and, of course, Adams not dissenting—"for his impartiality, integrity, and ability."—"His speech," says the diary, "was delivered with great dignity and firmness of manner, but without any apparent emotion of sensibility. It was listened to with the most earnest and universal attention."

One other portrait is painted in this diary on which it is not amiss for a moment to dwell, not only in view of the brilliant revival in our times of the same honored name, but as a new illustration of the gross wrong which these diaries can do. If the name of Adams can boast of a continuity of distinction in our annals, in an equal degree, though no one bearing it has yet been President, is that of Bayard. Two sons and one grandson of the Bayard of this diary have adorned the annals of the Senate. The Bayard of 1800 and 1805 was a very pure and a very brilliant man. How brilliant tell us every brilliant man. How brilliant tell us every brilliant man. How brilliant tell us every brilliant man.

### LETTERS TO MISS A. G.

(Written for the Beacon.)

I've drifted, idly drifted,  
With the tempo and the tide,  
My bark of life has glided on  
O'er the waters dark and wide.

With old time's propelling oar,  
My course was gently borne;  
While hope gleamed from the distant shore,  
And bids me hasten on.

I've drifted, slowly drifting,  
Away from childhood's dream;  
With momentary joys and sorrows  
The sparkling life of years.

Again the shadows close around,  
And gather day by day,  
While hope still sweet to memory  
Ling'rs like a past away.

I am drifting, idly drifting,  
With the gay and careless throng,  
Unmindful of the scenes of woe,  
And like the joyous song.

Yet thy form will sometimes haunt me,  
And recall the olden time—  
'Tis then my heart will sigh for thee  
And the hopes that once were mine.

I am drifting, slowly drifting,  
Where'er my bark may go,  
From wars to wars forever shifting  
On life's waters to and fro.

Drifting 'mid the breakers,  
Of life's stormy sea,  
O! with thou ever learn to love  
And guide my bark for me!

### HARD UP FOR A DAY.

It was a beautiful afternoon, one Saturday in July, 1874, that I, George Forth, stood on the steps outside of one of those offices which our excellent, (but, as I think, penurious) government is obliged to keep up for the promotion of public business. I was waiting for my chum, Matt O'Brien, who was, as his name indicates, an Irishman. We were both in the same office, though not in the same department, and lodged together in a street near Tottenham Court-road, where we practised that economy which the microscopic salary accorded to the struggling Government clerk so imperiously demands.

I had not five minutes to wait before he made his appearance. He was a little above the average height, with a fresh complexion, dark brown hair, and those peculiar violet-blue eyes which would have made a far more ordinary looking man quite handsome. His chief characteristics were intense good nature and a keen sense of good humor, added to which was a fluency of speech and a general disregard of everything in the way of consequences that sometimes led to results which it took all his sangfroid and blarney to extricate himself from.

Now, it so happened—not a very unusual occurrence—that we were in a fearful state of pecuniary straits at that time, and Matt had, moreover, frittered our handily by recklessly giving a little party a few days before, and then coolly asking for a loan of ten shillings from her the next morning, at the same time assuring her that he would not be able to pay her for the next fortnight, that we had resolved to find out some fresh pasture for a day or two, if possible, in order to escape the anticipated refusal of that virulent old lady in regard to finding our teas and breakfasts.

On his coming out, I eagerly hailed him: "Well, what luck?" "I don't believe that they could scramble up two pounds ten in the whole building," replied Matt, with a vicious dig at the pavement with his cane. "I tried Flowers, and he says he has only got four pounds and fourteen pence to last him for a week. Blackman has only got four pounds, which he offered to stand a pot of mild with—he's a good fellow. Then I went to Sanderson, and I saw him put a sovereign in his waistcoat pocket, and he told me it belonged to his brother, whom he had to pay to-day; but he always was a mean wretch. I know he gets one of those baked parties for supper every night, and put away what he saves by it in a tin box with a slit in it, and when the dirty thing is full he rubes off with it to the Post Office Savings Bank, and he won't stand over a penny for a new box, but fastens down the lid again himself to save the fearful expense. I have no patience with such mean ways."

"Well, then, old fellow," cried I, "what can we muster? Do you know what the time of the day is? If you do, we are all right."

"My watch has stopped," gravely replied Matt, producing a latchkey attached to a black silk ribbon, at the same time making an audible "pop" with his mouth.—"But how do you find the enemy?" he added.

"Due north," said I, pulling out a small shilling mariner's compass, which did duty for my watch, that inestimable article being at that time taking a rest for the good of its, or rather my health.

At this painful revelation we were both of us struck dumb, and attracted by mutual sympathy, joined arms and proceeded down the street in meditation and sorrow. I was the first to break the silence by asking him how much genuine coin of the realm he possessed, to which he answered: "Three shillings good and one bad."

I then pulled out my store, which consisted of one shilling and ninepence. The sight of this small fortune seemed to revive Matt, who exclaimed, cheerfully: "Oh, we shall do. Come along, and we will have two scones apiece—they are awfully filling at the price—and then a

plum of porter each, and we shall do well until we get to Tottenham." "Why, what on earth should we go to Tottenham for?" cried I, agitated at the idea of completing the wreck of our fortune for the benefit of a railway company. "Oh, it's all right," replied Matt. "I have a friend there who will be sure to invite us to dine, and I know I can borrow a sovereign from him—he is one of the best fellows in the world."

The news restored my cheerfulness, and we straightway went to a pastry-cook's shop, and each of us had two scones which were, however, so dry that we could scarcely get the last two or three mouthful down. As soon as we had done so, however, we rushed off to a neighboring tavern, and sluiced our throats with a pint of porter apiece. This made us all right again, and we marched off in high spirits, paid our halfpennies, crossed Waterloo bridge, and reached the station, where we arrived just in time to catch the train; so, having taken our third-class returns, which reduced our wealth to the amount of twopenny, except the bet sitting, we boldly entered the train, and wonderful as it may seem in these days, reached our delightful destination without an accident.

On our arrival we at once set off to my friend's friend—or perhaps victim might be the more appropriate term—for, as Matt justly observed: "He may go out for an afternoon's fishing, and then we should lose him."

This remark put a horrible idea in my head, and I exclaimed: "My goodness, Mat, how do you know he is at home at all?" "Confound you, George, for a regular wet blanket!" was the indignant rejoinder. "What right has he to be out, I should like to know?"

On this I held my peace, but held much inward misgiving, which lasted until we came to a beautiful little house, which Matt looked up to with the air of a Crusoe, and gave a knock which might have been heard at Toddington. After a short delay, the door was opened by a very frowsy-looking old woman, whose aspect made my heart stand still.

All my forebodings turned out to be true. The family were all away at the sea-side, and would not be back for ten days. I groaned aloud, and even the irrepressible Matt looked blue. Here we were with twopenny in our pockets, one penny of which we should have to pay to recross Waterloo bridge on our return, and 'no dinner!'

Slowly and sadly we walked away, when suddenly a bright thought struck me. I knew a man who lived on the other side of the river, a little above Toddington Lock, and we determined to risk our all and spend the rest of our cash in crossing the river to seek my friend, and, in case we were again to the other side, I jumped out, and left Matt, who was treasurer, to settle with our Charon.

This he did, though seemingly he had some trouble to find the sum, for he was much longer than necessary in handing over that imposing amount; but he soon returned me with a broad grin on his face, for which I inquired the reason.

"It's all right, my dear fellow," he said. "I gave him that doubtful shilling of mine, and he meant to cheat us, for he only gave me ninepence change, passing off two old halfpennies for two pennies, and abusing the shilling in his pocket, and hovering across the river again to avoid being taxed with it; but I shall not trouble him, for I always like to reward sharpness."

For the life of me, I could not help laughing at this, for it was diamond cut diamond, and Matt was in no way disturbed, and absolutely strutted along the happy possessor of eleven pence.

On getting nearly opposite Pope's Villa, Matt drew my attention to an elderly gentleman, who was standing up in a shirt about ten yards from the shore, and fishing where I knew the water to be less than four feet deep.

"Look there," said Matt. "What a nice, clean-shaven, rosy-gilled, white-waistcoated old gentleman! I'll be bound he has got a lot of money, and will soon go home to a gorgeous repast, while our chance is as slender as his fishing rod."

Just as he had done speaking, down came a large barge's boat with seven or eight young men in it, who had evidently come up from somewhere below London bridge for a holiday, as they all seemed half drunk. They had a large log sail to their boat which they had hoisted, and as there was a fresh wind blowing, and as they were tacking down they seemed to me to be going to run the old gentleman down, for he had his back toward them, and did not see them.

I mentioned my fear to Matt, who at once exclaimed: "I only wish to goodness they would. It would be the making of us."

I had no time to make any reply to this extraordinary remark, for just then, in going about, the sailing boat caught the stern of the skiff, and shot the old gentleman into the water. The crew in the other boat tried to get back to him, but their sail had filled on the other tack, and it was plain that they would be some minutes before they could reach him.

The old gentleman, as he came up, luckily caught hold of the side of his boat, spluttering like a sea horse. Then Matt, with a yell of encouragement, tore off his coat, dashed in to the rescue, and as soon as he was up to his waist began to swim and shoot into the water. The crew in the other boat tried to get back to him, but their sail had filled on the other tack, and it was plain that they would be some minutes before they could reach him.

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The old gentleman's delight and gratitude were unbounded, and he insisted on our both going home with him to get some dry clothes, and then to have a comfortable dinner.

This invitation we joyfully accepted, and there was a happy tale to be told. The old gentleman, whom I will call Mr. Forster, did not live far off, and we were not long in getting there, when the two wet men, after each swallowing a jorum of brandy, soon changed their clothes, and came down dry and glowing.

Mr. Forster was a widower, with one daughter, whose name was Grace, just eighteen years of age, who gave Matt a most enthusiastic reception, calling him her father's savior, and Matt was so affected by it that he all but took her in his arms to kiss her. Luckily, however, prudence prevailed and he forbore.

We soon sat down to a splendid dinner, fully justified Matt's claim to the second sight. When dessert came on and the first glass of wine had gone round, Miss Forster retired, rather to Matt's chagrin, as I thought; but he said Mr. Forster soon made themselves happy with some aged Port, while I did the same with Maderia, which I punished considerably, though it behaved better to me.

Our host then, in the most delicate way possible, got to know what and who we both were, and told us that he had some interest, and would do anything that was in his power for us, and feel thankful of having the chance to do so. He then remarked that his views entirely coincided with ours as to the small pitance allowed to Government clerks, who were mostly gentlemen, and had to keep up an appearance on next to nothing.

All at once Matt turned to me and asked me, in an agitated voice, if I had the money all safe.

"No," said I, "you put it in your waistcoat pocket."

"Goodness me!" cried Matt, "then I've lost it in the river."

"Well, it can't be helped," coolly said Mr. Forster. "Never mind; how much had you in your purse?"

"Oh, only eleven," stammered Matt, not daring to say more, and hoping he would think they were shillings.

Mr. Forster begged us to excuse him for a few minutes, and left the room, while we speculated on what he was going to do.

This was cut short by his coming in again with a little slip of paper in his hand, which he conveyed to Matt, saying: "Now, my young friend, you must have no false delicacy with a man old enough to be your father, and who owes you his life."

The tears came into his eyes at this juncture, and this, as Matt afterward declared, induced him to pocket the affront, which was less than a check for twenty pounds.

We now adjourned to the drawing-room, where we had a cup of tea, and Miss Forster again expressed her great obligations to my friend.

We went home that night perfectly happy, Matt having secured an extra few shillings for expenses; for, as Mr. Forster observed, we could not cash the check that night. When we went over the ferry Matt took all the breath out of the boatman's body by giving him half a crown.

Two days afterward Matt received a very kind letter from Forster, telling him not to waste his cash in new clothes to replace those damaged by water, as he had given his London tailor orders for Matt's unlimited credit whenever he chose, and concluded, by saying: "And now, my dear O'Brien, I know that both your parents are dead, and I mean, Heaven willing, to supply their place, as far as is in me lies."

There is little to add. Within three months we had both got excellent appointments, and within six months Matt got so weary of Grace Forster's lamenting her inability to show her gratitude, that he boldly said he would show her the way.

At this she blushed and hung her head, but not so Matt, for he was an Irishman; so he took "heart of grace," and soon a tiny voice said, "You must ask paper."

Papa was delighted, and settled a thousand a year on them, his own income being a clear four thousand, saying he could now really be a parent to Matt; and to this day we have never lamented being "Hand up for a Day."

A cadaverous, melancholy-looking man, in a suit of threadbare black clothes, with a battered silk hat, excited considerable interest yesterday afternoon by rising in the ladies' cabin of a Fulton ferryboat and solemnly observing: "There are few very red-eyed widows now-a-days."

A school-boy spelled sob, and when asked to define it, blundered out: "It means when a feller don't want to cry, and it bursts out itself." Another defined a comma as "a period with a tail."

Josh Billings says, "Success don't consist in never making blunders, but never making the same one the second time."