Saint Mary's Beacon

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LAMB AND GREEN PEAS.—The lam is a juvenile sheep.

They are born about the fust of March, and menny of them die as soon az green peas cum.

Lam and green peas are good, but not good for lam.

Lams are innocent as shrimps—they won't bight, nor skratch, nor talk sassy.

They don't kno much, only to skip, turn summer-sets on the grass, kik up their heels, and have phun generally.

I luv the lam. I even luv them after they becum mutton. I luv lams ov all kinds. I had rather have one lam than 4 wolfs. This may luk like oddness in me but it iz my sentiments enny how.

Mary had a little lam. I wish i had a little lam, and if i had a gud deal of lam it wouldn't diskourage me.

When a lam gits thro being a lam, they immediately bekum a sheep. This takes all the sentiment out of them.

There ain't much poetry in mutton. Sheep are muttons.

Mutton is sometimes prekarious.

When youth and innocence of enny kind groze old, it loozes most ov its laminess.

This fakt is too well known tew require an affedavid.

The lam is an article of trade, as well as diet—they are wuth from 4 to 10 dollars, ackording to the way things am.

It is strange that so much innosense as the lam iz possessed ov should be for sale.

It iz jiss so with all innosense and purity in this world—it is too often brought to the shambles.

The femail lam is the dearest little package of innosence and buty known to naturalists.

The femail lam is my pride and hope. I luv the whole congregation ov them.

The lam, from childhood, is kivered with a soft coating called wool, from which cloth is said tew be made, and also from which yarn is said tew be spun.

There is a great deal of yarn spun in this world that has no wool in it—these yarns are called phibs.

Phibs are not konsidered ferosbus.

A phib is a lie painted in water colors. There has been more phibs in market since the formashun ov man, than there has been truth.

Phibs are often ingenious, sometimes pretty, but are allers dangerous.

Phibbers have been known to become liars, jest as hot lemonade drinkers, with a little port wine in it, just for effect, have been known to becum our most reliable whiskey drinkers.—*Josh Billings.*

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF.—It is said when John C. Calhoun was in Yale College he was ridiculed by his fellow students for his intense application to study. "Why, sir," said he, "I am forced to make the most of my time that I may acquit myself creditably when in Congress. Do you doubt it? I assure you if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the national capitol as a representative within three years, I would leave college this very day!" Let every young man thus have faith in himself, and earnestly take hold of life, scorning all props and buttresses, all crutches and life preservers. Let him believe, with Pestalozzi, that no man on God's earth is either willing or able to help any other man. Let him strive to be a creator, rather than to borrow.—Instead of wielding the rusted sword of valorous forefathers, let him forge his own weapons, and conscious of the God in him and the providence over him, let him fight his own battle with his own lance. Instead of sighing for an education, capital, for friends, and declaring that "if he only had these, he would be somebody," let him remember that as Horace Greeley said, he is looking in the wrong end of the telescope; that if he only were somebody he would speedily have all the boons whose absence he is bewailing. Instead of being one of the foiled potentialities of which the world is so full—one of the subjunctive heroes, who always might, could, would, or should do great things, is what nobody can understand—let him be in the imperative mood, and do that of which his talents are indicative.

This lesson of self-reliance one learned and acted on, and every man will discover within himself, under God, the elements and capacities of usefulness and honor, "Getting on in the world."

(Written for the Beacon.)

TO THE COMMENCEMENT BALL OF CHARLOTTE HALL ACADEMY.

When twilight had locked the sun in the West,
And nature setting her mansion for rest,
'Twas heard from the steeple the well-known bell;
Calling from out the soft night air
Worn hearts to quell all anxious care,
And come where love and beauty dwell.

Then gleeful did chatting, swimming the sky,
And hearts with pleasure—that beating so high,
Come dancing to where the oft-seen light—
Streaming softly in joy-fill'd hall,
Sheds rays on fair from shining wall—
Fair as e'er came on such a night.

For beauty was such of the blooming fair,
It seemed as kind fairies had tressed their hair,
Bright graces bedecked the grace-made throng,
Fill'd well with hearts for love-warm dance;
Sparkling the eye with wistful glance,
Of some whose hearts beat high and strong.

Tho' all were glad in the happy pastime,
Enraptured were some with the joyful chime,
Which nature rings out from love-strung heart;
To this are they who 'tention paid,
The loving swain and happy maid,
And formed some ties that ne'er will part.

When red pinioned dawn soared far in the sky,
And chasing away stars—nights progeny,—
Sweet moments had fled, the dance-spent hours;
Morn for rest to weary had come,
Shut out the notes of busy hum;
And locked the worn in dreamy bow'rs.

Ere again that steeple with pleasure be heard,
And busy cares again be demurred,
Some changes will come o'er life's broad 'spanse;
Carrying back to long past day,
Mem'ry of things that led the way,
To tripping sweetly marriage-dance.

As years like billows sweep over the sea—
No one can say what the future will be!
While some be tossed on the far off deep;
Sinking beneath the wave-like time,
Some may dwell in the spirit clime,
And some be wrapped in final sleep.

But spared of these, when the steeple shall ring,
Some hearts returning on memory's wing,
Glad answering 'gain the far-spread call;
Coming from out the care-pressed land,
That year ago had pressed the hand
To join the dance at "Charlotte Hall."

PARTICEPS.

AFTER DARK.

A gentleman called at my school house door, the bearer of unpleasant tidings. "Three of your pupils have been stealing books from the city book-stores. They are known and watched for, and if they attempt it again, will be detected, exposed and punished."—He gave their names, and so no time was to be lost. I detained the three after school, and sending them into another room, examined their desks, where I found full proof of their guilt—a number of handsome annuals and illustrated work of travel, evidently hidden there to escape detection at home.—Two of the boys were brothers, sons of a respectable merchant, whose conduct thus far in the school had been exemplary. I called them in immediately, showed them the books and asked what it meant. They both burst into tears and acknowledged their sin. They had done it—"merely to display their smartness in deceiving the clerk"—and had repeated it several times for months past. I set before them their guilt, told them of their narrow escape from public disgrace, and sent them home weeping, to "confess it all to their parents." They went, confessed, were forgiven, reformed and became respectable men.

The third was the son of a man high in office, eloquent in public debate, and great in the councils of the nation. He came with a bold, defiant air and a lie upon his tongue: "I don't know anything about it." But there were the books. I took them from his desk, and told him that his guilt could be easily proved, if he persisted in his denial.—He was a bad boy and had given me much trouble. Again and again I had begged his parents to forbid his roaming the streets after dark, and warned him that he was forming evil associations and habits. But I was not prepared for the audacity he now displayed.

"Well, sir," said he, "I did steal them; but what business is it of yours, and what do you intend to do?"

I replied, "I shall at once see your father. He must remove you from the school, and I hope he may find one where you may be saved from the continued indulgence of your evil propensities and its consequences. Go home; I will call as soon as I have dined.

He turned upon me fiercely, crying out: "You tell my father! I'll kill you."

"Poor boy," I answered, "I am not afraid of your threats. Go home.

He sprang at me and struck me, and I was compelled to give him a severe whipping (which I did with difficulty, for he fought like a young tiger) before I could conquer him. Now he changed his tactics: "Please don't tell father—don't and I will pay you a thousand dollars." I shook my head, asking:

"Where could you get the money—stealing again? Could I encourage you thus in your wicked course.—No, my boy, I must do my duty, and I will do it regardless of threats or promises, hoping and praying that you may thereby be saved from ruin." He went out sulkily and muttered words of dire revenge.

Calling at his father's, I was ushered into the parlor. He had just finished his dinner, and rising from the table met me pleasantly, regretting that I had not called sooner, and insisting that I should at least partake of the deserts. As I declined, he saw in my manner something that troubled him, and asked:

"Have you anything of importance to communicate—any unpleasant tidings of my boy?" I answered that I had. He motioned me to a seat, asked his wife to close the door, threw himself into a large arm-chair, facing me, and then with great agitation bade me, "say on." His wife stood behind him, resting her head upon her hand, and both fixed their eyes upon me with a look which perfectly unmanned me. How could I wrong those parents with the bitter anguish which my own revelation of their son's conduct must produce? It was a severe trial, but it was duty, and after a few moments' silence, I told them all as gently as I could. As I stopped speaking the father sprang to his feet, vehemently exclaiming:

"What! Sir, you say that my son has been stealing books?"

I answered, as calmly as I could, "He has."

"Does he acknowledge it, sir?"

"He does."

Turning, he said, hastily, "Wife, ring that bell." She did so; a servant came of whom he inquired, "Where is H——?" and added, "tell him to come to me."

As the boy entered the room he looked daggers at me. His father noticed it, and spoke in a loud voice:

"What does this mean, sir? Come here. Have you really been taking books from the city book-store?"

The boy trembling, replied, "I have sir."

"You have. Why? Had you not books enough unread at home? And if you had asked, would I not have gratified you to any reasonable extent?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why then, did you steal them!"

"For fun, sir."

"For fun! for fun!" repeated his father.

"What! Boy, could you thus trifle with my good name—and your own—for fun?"

He lifted his voice and raised his arm, and I feared that, in his excitement, he would strike a terrible blow; but suddenly checking himself, he cried out:

"Go to the garret, sir—go, go and stay there until I send for you?"

The boy ran hurriedly out and up the stairs, the father listening until he heard him enter and close the room door, then fell back into his chair, clutched his hair with his hands, and with scalding tears running down his cheeks exclaimed:

"I had rather heard, sir, that he was dead. Oh, God! Oh, God!"

The mother's head lay on the back of the chair as she also wept in bitterness of soul. It was a terrible scene; but what could I say to comfort those anguish-stricken hearts? I quietly rose and bade them farewell.

"Yes, sir," saidthe father, "leave us now. To-morrow I will see you, and we will consult as to what is best to be done.

The next day he called and placed in my hands money to pay for all damages done to the volumes, which the booksellers had kindly permitted me to return. At his request I made inquiries respecting another school for his son. But that boy would not bear the restraints of any institution.

He would not hearken to his parents' voice or obey their authority. He became very dissipated and soon fell a victim to disease induced by sinful indulgence.

Parents, read this short sketch, to the letter true, and call to mind the fatal mistake in the case of this poor youth. Be assured that your sons cannot safely be absent from their homes after night. It has been said that Satan accomplishes the ruin of more souls between eight o'clock P. M., and midnight than during all the remaining hours of the twenty-four. My experience as a teacher of nearly forty years, and of hundreds of youths, testifies, that it is true. Watch carefully the associations and the companions of your sons. Keep an eye over their hours of play. Make their homes pleasant and keep them there after night lest an hour come when you may wish them dead.

VERBAL VICES.—Indulgence in verbal vice soon encourages corresponding vices in conduct. Let any one of you come to talk about any mean or vile practice with a familiar tone, and do you suppose, when the opportunity occurs for committing the mean or vile act, he will be as strong against it as before? It is by no means an unknown thing that men of correct lives talk themselves into sensuality, crime and perdition. Bad language easily runs into bad deeds. Select any iniquity you please; suffer yourself to converse in its dialect, to use its slang, to speak in the character of one who relishes it, and I need not tell how soon your moral sense will lower down to its level. Becoming intimate with it, you lose your horror of it. To be too much with bad men and in bad places, is not only unwholesome to a man's morality, but unfavorable to his faith and trust in God. It is not every man who could live as Lot did in Sodom, and then be fit to go out of it under God's convoy. This obvious principle of itself, furnishes a reason not only for watching the tongue, but for keeping ourselves as much as possible out of the company of bad associates.—*Indian Arena.*

"This," thought the boy while being trounced by his fond papa, "is very much like a whale."

(Written for the Beacon.)

WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

Oh—the years are slowly stealing;
Scenes are changed from day to day,
Yet there are some hidden feelings
Time can never chase away.
Floating back to bygone pleasures,
Fond memory will sometimes [illegible]
Reviving scenes we love to treasure,
Of hopes forever past away.

[illegible]
[illegible] over all,
My lone and weary heart is dreaming
Of the shadows that may fall.
Visions bright will sometimes linger,
Lending hallow to my dream;
But the touch of sorrow's finger
Alas too oft will come between.

Could we cast aside the shadows,
That bide the future from our gaze;
Could we lift the mystic curtain
And dispel the rising haze,
O how bright we'd make our pathway
Through all the coming scenes of life!
How we'd strive to keep our footsteps
Away from all its cares and strife!

Could we cull again the flowers,
As we did in childhood's day;
Ah! could we live again the hours,
When life to us seemed but a play!
Now and then these thoughts come ringing,
Throbbing wildly through my brain;
To the silent past, my heart is clinging,
O! would I were a boy again.

DEATH OF LEXINGTON.

The death of this renowned horse will cause great sorry to every turfman in the country. His great prowess as a race-horse, as well as his remarkable career as a sire, had endeared the name of Lexington to every lover of thorough-bred stock in the country. While upon the turf Lexington overshadowed all his contemporaries, and for twenty years his record remained as a mark of admiration. He has always stood at the head of winning sires, and has left behind him sons and daughters who will keep his memory fresh for generations to come. Lexington was bred by Dr. E. Warfield, near Lexington, Ky., and foaled March 17, 1850.—His pedigree was as follows: Lexington, by Boston (he, by Timoleon, out of Sister to Tuckahoe, by Ball's Florizel); Lexington's dam was Alice Carneal, by imported Sarpedon; second dam, Rowena, by Sumpter, third dam, Lady Grey, by Robin Grey, fourth dam, Maria, by Melzar; fifth dam by imported Highflyer, sixth dam by imported Fearnaught, seventh dam by Ariel, eight dam by Jack of Diamonds, ninth dam Old Diamond (called Duchess). Both Jack of Diamond and Old Diamond were imported by General Spottswood, of Virginia, and both were by Cullen's Arabian. To show the purity and high lineage of Lexington, it is necessary to say that imported Sarpedon, the sire of Alice Carneal (Lexington's dam) was by Emilius, dam Icaria, by The Flyer, &c.—Sumpter was by Sir Archy, dam by imported Robin Redbreast, sister to the dam of Flirtilla. Robin Grey, the sire of Lexington's third dam, was by imported Royalist, out of Bellaire, by Grey Diamond, granddam Queen, by imported St. George, sire out of Primrose, by Cassus; and the sire of Lexington's seventh dam, Ariel, was by imp. Morton's Traveller, dam Tasker's imported Selima, by the Godolphin Arabian. It is unnecessary to pursue the line further, as turfmen will readily observe from what we have given that Lexington's pedigree extends to the Arabians, and the purity of his blood thoroughly established. Boston, the sire of Lexington, was a grand race-horse, and, like his son, the best of his day. He first appeared in 1836, and during his racing career of seven years started forty-five times and won forty victories. It must be remembered that in those days all races were in heats, and of the forty-five in which Boston started thirty were four-mile heats, five of which he walked over; nine were three-mile heats, one of which was a walk over, and one a two-mile heat.—From such a horse as this a son like Lexington was to be expected. Alice Carneal, Lexington's dam, never ran in public until she was five years old, and, being of a particularly high, nervous temperament, she could not be brought to the track in good condition, and only won one during her career.

Lexington first appeared as a three-year old on May 23, 1853, at Lexington, Ky., under the name of Darly, in the association stakes for three-year olds, mile hearts, which he won in two straight heats. Twelve started, and he distanced them all. Four days after this he ran for the Citizens' Stakes, for three-year olds, two mile heats, and won in three heats. After this he came into hands of Mr. R. Ten Broeck, and was matched against Sallie Waters, a four-year old by imported Glencoe, for $8,500, Mr. Ten Broeck betting $3,500 against $5.000. The race was run in three mile heats, at New Orleans, December 2, 1853. Lexington distanced his competitor in the second heat. His next appearance was in the great Post Stakes of $5,000 each, play or pay, four mile heats, at New Orleans, April 1, 1854. The starters were Lexington, Lecompte, Highlander and Arrow. Lexington won in two heats, distancing all but Lecompte. A week afterward Lexington met Lecompte and Reube at the same place in a race of four mile heats, and was beaten by Lecompte in two heats. The result of this race led to much feeling, and Mr. Ten Broeck issued a challenge to any horse in the country, which resulted in Lexington's being matched against the fastest time on record, 7:26, made by Lecompte in the race men[illegible]. The stakes were $20,000. [illegible] came off at the Metairie [illegible] Orleans, April 2, 1855, [illegible] carrying 103 pounds [illegible] Gilpatrick, won in 7:19¾, [illegible] the head of the record [illegible] when it was beaten by [illegible], Fellowcraft, at [illegible] quarter of a second. [illegible] challenged [illegible] owner of Lecompte, for a race of four mile heats, and they again appeared in competition on the Metairie Course, on April 24.—Lexington won in the first heat, Lecompte being drawn in the second. The time was 7:23¾. This was Lexington's last appearance, and he made his first season in the stud in 1855 at the farm of W. F. Harper, and the next year stood at the same place. In 1859 Mr. Ten Broeck sold Lexington to Mr. R. A. Alexander for $15,000, and he has stood at the Woodburn farm until his death. Lexington, in his career, was beaten but once out of seven starts, and his total winnings were $56,000.

Lexington was a blood bay, about 15 hands 3 inches high, and has been fully described frequently. His fore and hind feet and pasterns, and a small portion of the hind legs above the pastem joints were not particularly large, except the backbone, which was immense. He had plenty of muscle, and his ears were handsome and wide apart. His head, though not small, was clean, bony and handsome. His nostrils were large, the jawbone uncommonly wide, and the jaws wide apart, affording abundant room for a clear and well-detached throttle. His arms, which came out well from the body, were long; strong and muscular, and were sufficiently wide apart for a good chest.—About fifteen years ago Lexington went blind, but he has not generally transmitted his affliction to his offspring. Up to the year 1865 Lexington had sired 52 winners at mile heats, who won 122 races, 39 winners at two miles and heats, who won 102 races, 16 winners at three miles and heats, who won 30 races, and 8 winners at four miles and heats who won 12 races. Since 1866 the winning sons and daughters of Lexington have added double this number, but it is sufficient to say that as the sire of Kentucky, Asteroid, Idlewild, Norfolk, Leatherlungs, Thunder, Arcola, Harry of the West, Daniel Boone, Jack Malone, Harry Bassett, Tom Bowling, [illegible], Wanderer and other great horses, Lexington's fame will live in the memory of turfmen for generations to come. Lexington founded a line of race horses unequalled by the offspring of any other stallion in this country or England. In his declining years Lexington even bettered the record of his earlier career as a sire, for Tom Bowling, Harry Bassett, Preakness and Wanderer stand as fitting representatives of the noble animal. The announcement of his death, therefore, will be received with sorrow by the entire racing public.

LIMIT YOUR WANTS.—From the nature of things, the income of most of the inhabitants of the earth must be limited and indeed within very narrow bounds. The product of labor throughout the world, if equally divided, would not make the share of each individual large. It is impossible that every one should be what is called rich. But it is by no means impossible to be independent. And what is the way to compass this—as Burns appropriately designates it—"glorious privilege?" This method is very simple. It consists in one rule: Limit your wants. Make them few and inexpensive. To do this would interfere but little with your real enjoyment. It is mostly a matter of habit. You require more, or you are satisfied with less, just as you have accustomed yourself to the one or the other. Limit your wants, estimate their costs, and never exceed it, taking pains always to keep it inside of your income. Thus you will secure your lasting independence. Young men, think of this. A great deal of the happiness of your lives depends upon it. After having made your money, spend it as you choose, honestly; but be sure you make it first.

THINK.—Do your own thinking. Yes, that is the idea. Think for yourself. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expressions to your thoughts; but when you are alone, weigh what you have said. It is well to do this, for it will insist in curing you of false notions, and in eradicating unprofitable ideas, and in time making you better men and women. While you thus gain from surroundings, you will unwittingly transmit to the rising generation, and the result will be, that you will do your share in the glorious work of elevating the human family.—Do your own thinking.

☞ A young lady was yesterday standing on the wharf at the foot of Second street, waving her handkerchief at a schooner lying in the stream.—

"Know anybody on board?" queried her companion, as he came along.

"No, I don't; but they are waving their handkerchief at me," she replied.

"Hand (ha!) ker (hoo!) chiefs!" he exclaimed, dropping his basket and leaning against a wood-pile; "why, them's the men's shirts, hung up to dry!" She waved into a warehouse.

THE HEAD OF CHARLES I.—A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* recalls Sir Henry Halford's account of the appearance of the remains of King Charles I., sixty-two years ago. The corpse was buried in the vault of Henry VIII., in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, and the coffin was opened by the command and in presence of the Prince Regent on April 1, 1813. Halford, who witnessed the disinterment, wrote a report of the proceeding, which was authenticated by the sign manual of the regent. After remarking on the striking resemblance of the head, even in its decayed state, to the coins, busts, and especially the Vandyke pictures of the king, the report proceeded:

"When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty was taken up and held to view. It was quite wet, and gave a greenish-red tinge to paper and to linen which touched it. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance, the pores of the skin being more distinct, as they usually are when soaked in moisture, and the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and in appearance nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown color. That of the beard was of a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king."

"On holding up the head to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably, and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surface of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even, an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles I.—After this examination of the head which served every purpose in view; and without examining the body below the neck, it was immediately restored to its situation, the coffin was soldered up again and the vault closed."

"Neither of the other coffins had any inscriptions upon them. The larger one, supposed on good grounds to contains the remains of King Henry VIII., measured six feet ten inches in length, and had been inclosed in an elm one of two inches in thickness; but this was decayed, and lay in small fragments near it. The leaden coffin appeared to have been beaten in by violence about the middle, and a considerable opening in that part of it exposed a mere skeleton of the king.

Some beard remained upon the chin, and there was nothing to discriminate the personage contained in it. The smaller coffin, understood to be that of Queen Jane Seymour, was not touched, mere curiosity not beidg considered by the Prince Regent as a sufficient motive for disturbing these remains."

The correspondent contradicts Halford's conjecture that the king's hair was cut short for the convenience of the executioner, by quoting the following extract from the state trials report of the execution: "He (the king) called to the bishop for his nightcap, and having put it on he said to the executioner, 'Does my hair trouble you?' who desired him to put it all under his cap, which the king did accordingly, by the help of the executioner and the bishop. Then the king said to the executioner, "Is my hair well?"

PRESTON KING AT CHECKERS.—When the late Preston King was rather a young man, hale, hearty and robust, as nearly all Northern New Yorkers are, he took advantage of a little respite from his legislative duties for a Winter trip to his old home and friends at "the Burg," in St. Lawrance county. Judge Stilwell, then in Albany, and before the days of vile railroads, invited King to take the trip in his private sleigh through to the St. Lawrence. They had a cozy, pleasant time of it among the drowsy snowflakes and mugs of hot flip. When they finally arrived at Higbee's "Moosehead Tavern" (plainly indicated by the swinging sign that hung by the door), away off on the confines of the great Northern forest that spread its dark and frosty shades for miles around, the Judge ordered supper for himself and companion, and after partaking of which they sauntered to the centre of backwoods gravitation, the bar-room, which was lighted up by a blazing fire of hickory logs. Around and about were squads of rough-looking foresters intently engaged in the game of checkers. Now, Preston King was said to be one of the most expert players of the game of checkers in the country—indeed, it is said that, giving him the first move, he could not be beaten.—The Judge, who was then (as he is now, at the ripe age of ninety) fond of a joke, put on his eye-glasses, as though entirely ignorant of the game, looked over the shoulder of one of the most skillful players, and coolly remarked:

"That move, sir, will lose you the game."

This, though rather unfair, so bewildered the player that the game went against him. After which all parties jumped up and invited the unknown but good-looking gentleman to try his skill. The judge quietly remarked that he was fatigued with the day's journey and was about to retire, but that his boy would play with them, and that if they beat him, "why," said he, "you may send for me." King humored the joke, and played with one and then another, beating them all with such ease that they became furious and disgusted, looking upon the glory and honor of the forest as sacrificed to an unknown man. A grand consultation was then held, when it was proposed to send for the old doctor, who could beat the "old boy, while this enemy was but a young one."

"That's all very well said," remarked the sage Higbee. "But, don't you see, here's the trouble: If he beats the boy, the old man will come down. I think you'd better not send. We'll all take a drink, call it square, and go to bed."

For years after this little event Higbee would amuse the crowd by relating the joke of Senator King.

CUSTOMS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The Boston *Globe* of a recent date gives this vivid picture of the manners and customs of our ancestors a century since:

"The apparel, as has been said, 'oft proclaims the man,' and we may add woman, and certainly the costume of the days of the Revolution had a picturesqueness which is wanting to our more extensive luxury. The wigs and gowns and bands of the clergy gave them a notable appearance in the pulpit, and the cocked hats which they wore in the street distinguished them from their brethren of to-day, whose white cravats sometimes make it difficult to discriminate between them and hotel waiters or ordinary diners-out.—The gentleman in those days wore when he went out, a wig, white stock, white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, with white silk stockings, and fine broadcloth or velvet coat. At home, instead of his wig, he had on a velvet cap, and sometimes a fine linen one under it, and his coat gave place to a gown, frequently of colored damask lined with silk, while fancy colored leather slippers covered his feet. Ladies wore those elegant silk and brocade dresses which are still so much admired, and their hair, dressed with powder and pomatum, was elevated much higher above their heads than the most soaring and ambitious locks of their fair descendants of to-day.

"In those days a gentleman's snuff-box was as indispensable as the cigar is now, and courtesy was shown in taking the weed in this form with a friend.—The houses, in those days, with their spacious halls and ample fireplaces and stairways, were very suggestive of solid comfort. Bright brass andirons, the use of which has lately been revived, were common in Revolutionary times; and as long ago as Governor Endicott's day, they were features of a luxurious household. The punch-bowl was also a notable article in families of substantial means, and its contents were a customary treat for company. Rings were given as presents at funerals to pall-bearers and particular friends, and the Rev. Andrew Elliot, of Boston, who died in 1778, left a "mug full" of these articles which had been presented to him on such occasions. Hotels on the scale of our caravansaries were unknown; but there were taverns and coffee houses where a good deal of solid comfort could be secured. Such are some of the manners and customs of our Revolutionary ancestors, whose stately curtesy and dignity covered so much of genuine nobility and worth that we cannot but feel interested in whatever distinguished them from their descendants of to-day."

NAUTICAL SERMON.—When Whitefield preached before the seamen of New York, he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon: "Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning?—There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise, and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?" It is said that the unexpecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose with united voices and minds, and exclaimed "Take to the longboat!"

☞ A bashful and not over-educated fellow went to see his girl the other night, and as he started away he put his arm around her and whispered in her ear, "dearest, I love;" and she responded sweetly, "ditto," meaning, of course, a reciprocation of his tender passion. The young man could not find "ditto" in his vocabulary, and asked his father the next day as they were hoeing cabbage, what it meant. The old gent rested a moment on his hoe and pointed to the cabbage in front of him with the remark:

"You see that cabbage?"

"Yes;" responded the youth.

"And you see the next one there?"

"Yes."

"Well that is called "ditto."

"Damn her!" exclaimed the impetuous youth, "she called me a cabbage head."