

# Saint Mary's Beacon.

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## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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**WASTE PRODUCTS.**—The glycerine industry, which has obtained colossal proportions, is a notable illustration of a great manufacture based entirely upon the saving of a product that until lately was a waste result with the soap boiler. Even more important in magnitude, we may estimate the industries connected with manufacture of the aniline colors and artificial alizarine from the refuse coal tar that was formerly the curse and the nuisance of gas works. The waste blood of the abattoirs is sought after by the sugar refiner and the manufacturer of albumen. Old boots and shoes and leather waste are turned to good account by the chemical manufacturer in producing the cyanides ferro and ferri cyanides, so indispensable in color printing and photography. Sawdust mixed with blood or other agglutinative substance, and compressed by powerful pressure, is moulded and turned into door-knobs, buttons, and a thousand decorative and useful articles; or as is the case, too, with the spent bark of the tanneries, and the spent tank of the dyeworks, it is utilized for fuel. Oyster shells, of which our barbarous ancestors made the shell mounds that delight the soul of the archaeologist, are burnt to lime. The waste of linseed oil manufacture is eagerly sought for as food for cattle. The waste ashes of wood fires are leached for potash. River mud is mingled with chalk burnt and ground to make the famous Portland cement, and the ruthless hand of utilitarianism has not even spared the brickbat, that from time immemorial has served only to crack the heads of opposing factions, but grinds it up to make cement with lime. The finest glue size is made of the waste of parchment skins. The waste gases of the blast furnaces are now employed to heat the blast, to generate the steam that drives the engine that makes the blast, to hoist ores, machinery etc.; and even the slag that had for years served to decorate the hill-sides, is cast into building and paving blocks, granulated for buildings or ground for cement, mixed with appropriate chemicals, and made into the common grades of glass, or blown by a steam jet into the finest filaments to form the curious mineral wool used largely as a heat resisting protector upon steam pipes, boilers, roofs, etc.—So, too, the enormous hills of anthracite coal-dust that have for years borne silent testimony to the crudity of our methods of coal mining, bid fair to disappear in time beneath the boilers supplied with ingenious dust-burning devices, or in lumps of artificial fuel.—Even the anthracite itself but a few years ago was a black stone, unappreciated and useless. The waste heat of the lime-kiln is made to generate steam and warm immense public buildings, and the "exhaust" of the steam engine must do duty in heating the feed water. Instances like the above could be multiplied almost indefinitely to demonstrate how invention has enabled us, with the most beneficial results, to reap advantages where none were supposed to exist, or where, if they were suspected, they were undervalued or unavailable, or simply neglected. And now, having endeavored to illustrate what modern invention has done and is doing in the direction of utilizing the waste products of nature or those of the industrial arts, we shall be prepared to consider the question whether there are not waste forces of nature that can and should be turned to useful account, and whether we are not guilty of the crime of neglecting to avail ourselves of exhaustless and incalculable stores of power that could be made to do our bidding.—*Polytechnic Review.*

Among all the abuses which Cassius inflicted on his whilom friend Brutus, he did not threaten to set his dog on him. For did not Brutus say, "There is no truer, Cassius, in your threats?"

Mr. Hugg, of Boston, is continually afflicted by the girls of his vicinity, who insist on remarking whenever they see him, "Go away, sir! I shan't do it, you ridiculous creature."

A woman and a phonograph never get along well together—they both want to do all the talking, and the woman's bound to get the last word in, even if she bursts the old machine.

The bleeding Government clerks don't exactly swear, but they sometimes mutter, "Gorham mighty."

## WHITE JASMINE.

White Jasmine stretches far and wide,  
And empty walk the sunny side  
Its graceful branches wreath;  
And winds of Summer sweet and low,  
Among its verdure and its snow,  
Their tender music breathe.

The garden both that once were gay  
And fragrant all the Summer day,  
Are empty and forlorn;  
The hungry loaves are laid down,  
The gravel walks are weed o'ergrown,  
The trellis-rose is torn.

Within the house each empty room  
Is shut in silent, rayless gloom,  
With choruses heart-lung cold;  
No pictures smile upon the wall,  
No single vase is left of all  
To cherish the spot.

But in the southern sunshine bright,  
And by the jasmine, clad in white,  
A youthful maiden stands,  
With lips that speak of earnest;  
A bunch of daisies on her breast,  
And jasmine in her hands.

With farewell looks of aching love,  
Her brown eyes wander round, above,  
It is a secret spot,  
The home of childish grief and mirth  
The home whence dearest dead went forth  
To share earth's common lot.

Oh, maiden! as the jasmine snow  
Dah, maiden! as the jasmine snow  
Will take thy grief away,  
Will give the older woes as sure,  
As strong, and deep—if not as pure—  
As this of thee to-day.

Yet let the daisies on thy breast  
Teach thee that life's secret rest  
In humble paths do lie;  
And let the jasmine in thine hand  
Whisper of fairer blossoms fanned  
By sweetest airs on high.

Fear not to muse when far away,  
How Summer sunshine glides each day  
These sunny paths below,  
How sweetly yet the thrushes call,  
How climb about the gray old wall,  
Thine own loved jasmine flowers.

So may the memory of this home,  
Thy first and dearest, ever come  
With healing strength to thee;  
To mid thy days, to mid thy grief,  
Or on prepared abiding-place,  
From sound of farewell free!

## CURRAN.

After toiling for a very inadequate recompense at the mansion of Cork, and wearing, as he said himself, his teeth almost to their stumps, Curran proceeded to the metropolis, taking for his wife and young children a miserable lodging upon Hay Hill. Term after term, without either profit or professional reputation, he paced the hall of the Four Courts. Among those who had the discrimination to appreciate, and the heart to feel for him, luckily for Curran, was Mr. Arthur Wolfe, afterward the unfortunate but respected Lord Kilwarden. The first fee of any consequence which he received was through his recommendation; and his recital of the incident cannot be without its interest to the young professional aspirant whom a temporary neglect may have sunk into dejection. "I then lived," said he, "upon Hay Hill: my wife and children were the chief furniture of my apartments; and as for my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation with the national debt. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barrister's lady, and what she wanted in wealth she was well determined should be supplied by dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no idea of any graduation except that of pounds, shillings and pence. I walked out one morning to avoid the perpetual altercations of the subject, with my mind, you may imagine, in no very enviable temper. I fell into the gloom to which, from my infancy, I had been occasionally subject. I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in dependence—I returned home almost in desperation. When I opened the door of my study, where *Laetitia* alone could have found a library, the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty golden guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of *Old Bob Lyons* marked upon the back of it. I paid my landlady—bought a good dinner—gave Bob Lyons a share of it—and that dinner was the date of my prosperity." Such was his own exact account of his professional advancement.

In one of Curran's professional excursions, a very singular circumstance had almost rendered this the termination of his biography. He was on a temporary visit to the neighboring town of Sligo, and was one morning standing at his bedroom window, which overlooked the street, occupied as he told me, in arranging his portmanteau, when he was stunned by the report of a blunderbuss in the very chamber with him, and the panes above his head were all shivered into atoms. He looked suddenly around in the greatest consternation. The room was full of smoke, the blunderbuss on the floor just discharged, the door closed, and no human being but himself discoverable in the apartment! If this had happened in his rural retreat, it could readily have been reconciled through the medium of some offended spirit of the village mythology; but, as it was, he was in a populous town, in a civilized family, among Christian doctrines, where the fairies had no power, and their gambols no currency; and, to crown all, a poor cobbler, into whose stall on the opposite side of the street the slugs had penetrated, hinted in no very equivocal terms that the whole affair was a conspiracy against his life. It was by no means a pleasant addition to the chances of assassination to be loudly disclaimed against by a crazed mechanic as an assassin himself. Day after day passed away without any solution of the mystery; when one evening, as the servants of the family were conversing around the fire on so marvellous an escape, a little urchin, not ten years old, was heard to wonder how such an aim was missed, that a universal suspicion was immediately excited. He was alternately flogged and coaxed into a confession, which disclosed as much precocious and malignant pmeditation as perhaps ever marked the annals of juvenile depravity. This little miscreant had received a box on the ear from Mr. Curran for some alleged misconduct a few days before; the Moor's blow did not sink into a mind more furious for revenge, or more predisposed by nature for such deadly impressions. He was in the bed-room by mere chance when Mr. Curran entered; he immediately hid himself in the curtains till he observed him too busy with his portmanteau for observation; then he leveled at him the old blunderbuss, which lay charged in the corner, the stiffness of whose trigger, too strong for his infant fingers, alone prevented the aim which he contended he had taken, and which had so nearly terminated the occupations of the cobbler. The door was ajar, and amid the smoke and terror, he easily slipped out without discovery. I had the story verbatim from Mr. Curran's lips, whose impressions on the subject it was no wonder that forty years had not obliterated.

At cross-examination, the most difficult, and by far the most hazardous part of a barrister's profession, Curran was quite inimitable. There was no plan which he did not detect, no web which he did not disentangle; and the unfortunate wretch who commenced with all the confidence of preconceived perjury, never failed to retreat before him in all the confusion of exposure. Indeed, it was almost impossible for the guilty to offer a successful resistance. He argued, he cajoled, he ridiculed, he mimicked, he played off the various artillery of his talent upon the witness; he would affect earnestness upon trifles, and levity upon subjects of the most serious import, until at length he succeeded in creating a security that was fatal, or an silliness that produced all the consequences of preparation. No matter how unfair the topic, he never failed to avail himself of it: acting upon the principle that, in law as well as in war, every stratagem was admissible. If he was had pressed, there was no peculiarity of person, no singularity of name, no eccentricity of profession at which he would not grasp, trying to confound the self-possession of the witness by the, no matter how excited, ridicule of the audience. To a witness of the name of *Halfpenny* he once began, "Give me one, my dear Curran," said he, "of a serious cast, because I am afraid the people will laugh at a tobacco-stick setting up a carriage, and for the scholar-ship's sake, let it be in Latin." "I have just hit on it," said Curran; "it is only two words, and it will at once explain your profession, your elevation, and your contempt for their ridicule, and it has the advantage of being in two languages, Latin or English, just as the reader chooses. Put up 'Quid rides' upon your carriage."

Inquiring his master's age from a horse-jockey's servant, he found it almost impossible to extract an answer. "Come, come, my friend, has he not lost his teeth?" "Do you think," retorted the fellow, "that I know his age, as he does his horse's, by the mark of moud?" The laugh was against Curran, but he instantly recovered: "You were very right not to try, friend, for you know your master's a great bit!"

Having one day a violent argument with a country schoolmaster on some classical subject, the pedagogue, who had the worst of it, said, in a towering passion, that he would lose no more time, and must go back to his scholars. "Do, my dear doctor," said Curran, "but don't t'adore my sins upon their backs."

Curran was told that a very stinky and slovenly barrister had started for the Continent with a shirt and a guinea; "He'll not change either till he comes back," said he.

It was well known that Curran entertained a dislike and a contempt for Downes. "Bushy," said he, "came up to me one day with a very knowing look, and said, 'Do you know, Curran, I have just left the pleasantest fellow I ever met?' 'Indeed! who is he?' 'The chief justice,' was the answer. 'My reply was commendous and witty. I looked into his eye, and said, 'Aha!' It required all his oil to keep his countenance smooth."

A wery stupid foreman once asked a judge how they were to ignore a bill. "Why, sir," said Curran, "when you mean to find a true one, just write *Ignoramus* for self and fellows on the back of it."

When he arrives at the city, he may know how to shave a duck. He was just rising to examine a witness before a judge who could not comprehend any jest that was not written in black letter. Before he said a single word, the witness began to laugh. "What are you laughing at, friend? what are you laughing at? I tell you that I laugh without a joke in it—like like—'Like what, Curran?' asked the judge, imagining he was non-plused. "Just exactly, like a contingent remainder with any particular estate to support it, I am afraid that none but my legal brethren will understand the admirability of the simile, but it was quite to his lordship's fancy, and rivalled with him all 'the wit that Rabelais ever scattered.' Examining a country squire who disputed a collier's bill: "Did he not give you the coals, friend?" "He did, sir, but—" "But what?" "On your oath, wasn't your payments slack?" "It was the coal, in some way or other, he contrived to throw the witnesses off their centre, and he took care they seldom should recover it. "My lord, my lord!" vociferated a peasant witness, writing under this mental excruciation, "I can't answer you little gentleman, he's putting me in such a doldrum." "A doldrum! Mr. Curran, what does he mean by a doldrum?" exclaimed Lord Avonmore. "Oh! my lord, it's a very common complaint with persons of this description; it's merely a confusion of the head arising from the corruption of the heart."

To the bench he was at times quite as unceremonious; and if he thought himself reflected on or interfered with, had instant recourse either to ridicule or invective. There is a celebrated remark in circulation of Mr. Dunning to a remark of Lord Mansfield, who curtly exclaimed at one of his legal positions, "O! if that be law, Mr. Dunning, I may burn my law-books!" "Better read them, my lord," was the sarcastic and appropriate rejoinder. In a different spirit, but with a similar effect, was Mr. Curran's retort upon an Irish judge, quite as remarkable for his good humor and raillery as for his legal researches. He was addressing a jury on one of the State trials in 1803, with his usual animation. The judge, whose political bias, if any judge can have one, was certainly supposed not to be favorable to the prisoner, shook his head in doubt or denial of one of the advocate's arguments. "I see, gentlemen," said Mr. Curran, "I see the bias of your lordship's head; common observers might imagine that implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken; it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that, when his lordship shakes his head, there's nothing in it!"

## GRATTAN.

Grattan was short in stature, and unprepossessing in appearance. His arms were disproportionately long. His walk was a stride. With a person swaying like a pendulum, and an abstracted air, he seemed always in thought, and each thought provoked an attendant gesticulation. Such was the outward and visible form of one whom the passenger would stop to stare at as a droll, and the philosopher to contemplate as a study. How strange it seems that a mind so replete with grace and symmetry, and power and splendor, should have been allotted such a dwelling for its residence! Yet so it was; and so also was it one of his highest attributes, that his genius, by its "excessive light," blinded the hearer to his physical imperfections. It was the victory of mind over matter. The man was forgotten in the orator. Mr. Grattan, whose father represented the city of Dublin in Parliament, and was also its recorder, was born in the year 1746. He entered the Middle Temple in 1767 and was called to the Irish bar in 1772. In the University of Dublin he was eminent by distinguished, sharing its honors, in the amicable controversy, with Fitzgibbon—not merely the antagonist, but the enemy, and the bitter one of an after day. We have a record, more authentic than usual, of his merits while at the Temple. The study of the law occupied but little of his attention. He never relished it, and soon abandoned the profession altogether. Of the theatre he was very fond—little wonder in the zenith of Garrick—and it was a taste he indulged in to the last. I well remember, somewhere about the year 1818, being in Crow Street when he entered with Garrick leaning on his arm. The house was crowded, and he was hailed with acclamations. In vain he modestly begged them to the lovely siren's companion. His name rang wildly through the theatre. I think I still hear the shouts when his person was recognized, and still behold his venerable figure bowing its awkward gratitude. No one knew better the true value of that bubble tribute. Another of his amusements, if indeed it was not something more, when he was at the Temple, seems to have been a frequent complaint in both houses of Parliament. He sketched the debates and the speakers by whom he was most attracted.

## O'CONNELL.

Living, as he did, in constant turmoil, and careless, as he was, to whom he gave offense, O'Connell of course had a multitude of enemies. Of this, himself the cause, he had no right to complain.

but he had a right to complain of the calumnies they circulated. Most life of these was a charge of want of courage—in Ireland a rare and very detrimental accusation. O'Connell, during his latter years, declined dueling, and publicly avowed his determination. The reason given, and given in the House of Commons, was that having "blood upon his hands," he had registered a vow in heaven. To this there could have been no possible objection had he included in the registry a vow not to offend. The real charge to which he made himself amenable was his perseverance at once in insult and irreverence. The truth is, O'Connell's want of courage consisted in his lighting the duel in which the vow originated. The facts of the case are few and simple. In one of his many mob speeches he called the corporation of Dublin a "beggarly corporation." A gentleman named D'Este affected to feel this as a personal affront, he being one of that very numerous body, and accordingly fastened a quarrel on the offender. It is quite true that O'Connell endeavored to avoid the encounter. He did not do enough. He should have summoned D'Este before the tribunals of the country, after failing to appease him by a repeated declaration that he meant him no personal offense, and could not, he being a total stranger to him. However, in an evil hour, he countenanced a savage and anti-Christian custom—the unfortunate D'Este paid for his perverseness with his life, and the still more unfortunate O'Connell expiated his moral timidity with much mental anguish to the day of his death. The penetration of a duel appears to me no proof whatever of personal courage; the refusal, in the then state of society, would have shown much more. However, on the occasion in question he showed a total absence of what is vulgarly called fear; indeed, his frigid determination was remarkable. Let those who read the following anecdote remember that he most reluctantly engaged in the combat; that he was then the father of seven children; and that it was an alternative of life or death with him. D'Este being reputed an expert marksman. Being one of those who accompanied O'Connell, he beckoned me aside to a distant portion of the very large field, which had a slight covering of snow. "Phillips," said he, "this seems to me not a personal, but a political affair. I am obnoxious to a party, and they adopt a late pretence to cut me off. I shall not submit to it. They have reckoned without their host, I promise you. I am one of the best shots in Ireland at a mark, having, as a public man, considered it a duty to prepare, for my own protection, against such an unprovoked aggression as the present. Now, remember what I say to you. I may be struck myself, and then skill is out of the question; but if I am not, my antagonist may have cause to regret his having forced me into this conflict." The parties were then very soon, placed on the ground, at I think, twelve paces distant, each having a case of pistols, with directions to fire when they chose after a given signal. D'Este rather agitated himself by making a short speech, disclaiming all hostility to his Roman Catholic countrymen, and took his pistols upon his bosom. They fired almost together, and instantly on the signal, D'Este fell, mortally wounded. There was the greatest self-possession displayed by both. It seemed to me a duty to narrate these details in O'Connell's lifetime wherever I heard that his courage questioned, and justice to his memory now prompts me to record them here.

**FISHING FOR FUN.**—I landed my first pickerel the first evening we were on Lake Minnetonka. I am not a skillful fisherman. I told the boys that I could do a little plain fishing, but didn't want to be set down for anything with any kind of fishing, embroidery, knife-planting, or anything of that kind about it—I fished from the shore, by the side of a veteran fisher, Mr. A. K. Dunlap, of Titusville. He knows every fish in the lake by name. He can tell by the movement of the line what kind of a fish is at the hook. Something ran away with my line.

"It's a pickerel," shouted Mr. Dunlap, in intense excitement. "A big fellow. Take out your lines," he yelled to the rest of them. "Give him plenty of room! Play him!" he shrieked at me. "Let him run! Keep your line taut! Don't give him an inch of slack! Look out! Don't let him do that again! Let him run! Now, bring him in; this more! Look out! Don't let him do that again!"

By this time I was so excited that I was on the point of throwing down the pole and rushing into the lake, intending to run the fish down and kick it to death. I screamed to Mr. Dunlap: "You take the pole and land him; I never can."

He refused. He turned and hurled his own pole, lance fashion, into the woods.

"Here!" he shouted, rushing down the bank about twenty feet below me, stooping down and spreading out his arms. "Here! No! Bring him in here through the shoal water! I'll get him! Careful, now! Careful! Steady! Ah—"

And flip, flap, I had him on the shore. He was a beauty. A little sunfish, about three and a half inches long.

It was a long time before we said anything. Mr. Dunlap climbed a big birch tree in the top of which his pole had lodged, and we resumed our fishing.—Presently Charley Armknecht coughed, and I said:

"How funny the frogs sound over in the marsh."

And then we laughed a long time at the frogs. A long, long time and very heartily. They were very funny frogs.

But Mr. Dunlap fished on very silently, and by and by he said the fish wouldn't bite when there was very much noise. But they didn't bite any of us very badly.

The fishing is excellent almost anywhere in the lake. That evening on the upper lake one of the boys caught nine large pickerel. When we came to count the fish, however, it appeared that he had caught one pickerel nine times. It was a very large fish, and they are going to have its skin dried whole for a spectacle case. I caught more fish than any one else in the party, but they were all, with one exception, catfish, and I learned, to amazement, that I had disgraced myself and the lake. Why isn't a fish a fish, I'd like to know?—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

**LEARN TO COOK.**—An English lady who can cook enlarges in a lively letter to the *Standard* on one of the real grievances of the present day, to wit, the number of utterly useless and idle young wives, who, being incapable themselves, spoil their servants, and then wonder that the husband leaves the ill-cooked meat, perhaps ill-served also, to dine at his club. They say contemptuously they were not brought up to that kind of thing, and consider it beneath them. This lady replies that she was not brought up to it either, but she denies that it is beneath any gentlemanwoman to try and contribute to the comfort of those around her. If she need not absolutely work with her own hands, the mistress of a house should certainly have sufficient knowledge to direct her subordinates, or they will soon discover her ignorance and become insubordinate. Nor need the absolute performance of these duties interfere with other pursuits. This lady confesses that after pastry and cake-making in the morning her hand is sometimes too tremulous for her favorite oil painting or to help her husband in the preparation of objects for his microscope, but it is easy enough to find some other occupation when this is the case; and she has not lost her love for art, nor her appreciation of science, because she is happy enough to be a lady who can cook.

**MAUD MULLER AGAIN.**—A good story is told us of a former judge of a certain court in the bay State, whose hair was whitened by frosts of near seventy winters before he left the bench. Entering a Boston and Maine railway car one day he saw but half a seat vacant, and that by the side of a very pretty young lady, gorgeously arrayed. The Judge was a great admirer of the ladies, and he immediately started for the seat.—"Ah! leg pardon, madam," said his Honor, "but is this seat engaged?"

"No, sir," modestly replied the fair occupant of the other half. The judge took the seat and glancing again at the dazzling beauty by his side, he thought he recognized in her a lady he had met somewhere, and yet he could not tell when or where. Finally he ventured to ask, "Madam," said his Honor, "Madam, your face looks very familiar. I must have met you before, but really I cannot recollect." "Yes," answered the bunch of roses by his side; "yes, old buster, likely 'nough you have; it was only in June you sent me up for thirty days, and it's already eleven times you've sent me up for simple drunks. Exit the Judge.—*Boston Post.*

**At Rome do as the Romans do;** that is to say, get a hand-organ and a sore-eyed monkey and start for America.

**Ode to a Money-Lender.**—Meet me a lone.

**ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF DAYS.**—The idols which our Saxon ancestors worshipped, and from which the days of the week derive their names, were various, and were the principal objects of their adoration.

**The Idol of the Sun.**—This idol, which represents the glorious luminary of the day, was the chief object of their worship. It is described like the bust of a man, set upon a pillow, holding with outstretched arms a burning wheel before his breast. The first day of the week was especially dedicated to its adoration, which they termed the *Sun's Day*; hence is derived the word *Sunday*.

**The Idol of the Moon.**—The next was the idol of the moon, which they worshipped on the second day of the week, called by them *Moon's Day*; and since by us Monday. The form of this idol is intended to represent a woman, habited in a short coat and a hood, with too long ears. The moon is held in her hands.

**The Idol of Tuisc.**—Tuisc was at first defined as the father and ruler of the Teutonic race, but in course of time he was worshipped as the son of the earth. From this came the Saxon words, *Tuisc's Day*; which we call Tuesday. He is represented as a venerable sage, standing on a pedestal clothed in the skin of an animal, and holding a scepter in his right hand.

**The Idol of Woden or Odin.**—Woden or Odin was one of the supreme divinities of the northern nations. This hero is supposed to have emigrated from the east, but from what country, or at what time is not known. His exploits form the greater part the mythological creed of the northern nations, and his achievements are magnificent beyond all credibility. The name of the fourth day in the week, called by the Saxons *Woden's Day*, and by us Wednesday, is derived from this personage. Woden is represented in a bold and martial attitude clad in armor, with a broadsword uplifted in his right hand.

**The Idol Thor.**—Thor, the oldest and bravest of the sons of Woden and Friga was, after his parents, considered the greatest god of the Saxons and Danes. To him the fifth day of the week, called by them *Thor's Day*, and by us Thursday, was consecrated. Thor is represented as sitting on a throne, with a crown of gold on his head, adorned with a circle in front, wherein were set twelve regal, burnished gold stars, and with a great scepter in his right hand.

**The Idol Friga or Freya.**—Friga or Freya was the wife of Woden or Odin; and next to him, the most revered divinity among heathen Saxons, Danes and other northern nations. In the most ancient times Friga or Freya, was the same with the goddess Hertha or Earth. To her the sixth day of the week was consecrated, which by the Saxons was written *Frige's Day*, corresponding with our Friday. Friga is represented with a drawn sword in her right hand, and a bow in her left.

**The Idol Seater.**—The idol Seater is represented on a pedestal whereon is placed a perch, on the sharp pricked back of which he stood. His head was uncovered, and his visage lean. In his left hand he held up a wheel and in his right was a pail of water, wherein were flowers and fruits; and his dress consisted of a long coat, grided with linen.—The appellation given to the day of his celebration is still retained. The Saxons named it *Seater's Day*, which we call Saturday.

**THE SAFE SIDE.**—When the occupant of a business place on Michigan avenue was asked why he didn't hand out a flag in memory of Washington, he replied:

"What do I know about George Washington? Why, you have read about him, haven't you?"

"I suppose I have, but you don't suppose I swallow all I read, do you?"

"But everybody knows that Washington was a great and good man," protested the first.

"I don't know about that. I heard a great deal against him since I came to Detroit, and I'm not going to run the risk of offending some of my best customers by waving flags around. I'm just starting in here, and I don't want to make any bad moves."

"But, sir, but—"

"Please go on," interrupted the business man. "If people hear you jawing around my place, they'll think I'm a politician and keep clear of me. I'm neutral in politics and you can't force me into the Washington clique—no sir.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**Burlington Hawkeye.**—"The only trouble with President Hayes appears to be that he is an eight-inch man in a four-foot mortise."

**The Cleveland Leader** thinks that women are best protected in those Southern States where lynch law prevails.

**The Meadville Republican**, referring to a cotemporary, says, "A word to the wise will hardly reach him."

**The butcher's song.**—"The sunet buy and buy." It's skewerous how often jokes are made upon that song.

**THE IDOL OF THE SUN.**—This idol, which represents the glorious luminary of the day, was the chief object of their worship. It is described like the bust of a man, set upon a pillow, holding with outstretched arms a burning wheel before his breast. The first day of the week was especially dedicated to its adoration, which they termed the *Sun's Day*; hence is derived the word *Sunday*.

**THE IDOL OF THE MOON.**—The next was the idol of the moon, which they worshipped on the second day of the week, called by them *Moon's Day*; and since by us Monday. The form of this idol is intended to represent a woman, habited in a short coat and a hood, with too long ears. The moon is held in her hands.

**THE IDOL OF TUISC.**—Tuisc was at first defined as the father and ruler of the Teutonic race, but in course of time he was worshipped as the son of the earth. From this came the Saxon words, *Tuisc's Day*; which we call Tuesday. He is represented as a venerable sage, standing on a pedestal clothed in the skin of an animal, and holding a scepter in his right hand.

**THE IDOL OF WODEN OR ODIN.**—Woden or Odin was one of the supreme divinities of the northern nations. This hero is supposed to have emigrated from the east, but from what country, or at what time is not known. His exploits form the greater part the mythological creed of the northern nations, and his achievements are magnificent beyond all credibility. The name of the fourth day in the week, called by the Saxons *Woden's Day*, and by us Wednesday, is derived from this personage. Woden is represented in a bold and martial attitude clad in armor, with a broadsword uplifted in his right hand.

**THE IDOL THOR.**—Thor, the oldest and bravest of the sons of Woden and Friga was, after his parents, considered the greatest god of the Saxons and Danes. To him the fifth day of the week, called by them *Thor's Day*, and by us Thursday, was consecrated. Thor is represented as sitting on a throne, with a crown of gold on his head, adorned with a circle in front, wherein were set twelve regal, burnished gold stars, and with a great scepter in his right hand.

**THE IDOL FRIGA OR FREYA.**—Friga or Freya was the wife of Woden or Odin; and next to him, the most revered divinity among heathen Saxons, Danes and other northern nations. In the most ancient times Friga or Freya, was the same with the goddess Hertha or Earth. To her the sixth day of the week was consecrated, which by the Saxons was written *Frige's Day*, corresponding with our Friday. Friga is represented with a drawn sword in her right hand, and a bow in her left.

**THE IDOL SEATER.**—The idol Seater is represented on a pedestal whereon is placed a perch, on the sharp pricked back of which he stood. His head was uncovered, and his visage lean. In his left hand he held up a wheel and in his right was a pail of water, wherein were flowers and fruits; and his dress consisted of a long coat, grided with linen.—The appellation given to the day of his celebration is still retained. The Saxons named it *Seater's Day*, which we call Saturday.

**THE SAFE SIDE.**—When the occupant of a business place on Michigan avenue was asked why he didn't hand out a flag in memory of Washington, he replied:

"What do I know about George Washington? Why, you have read about him, haven't you?"

"I suppose I have, but you don't suppose I swallow all I read, do you?"

"But everybody knows that Washington was a great and good man," protested the first.

"I don't know about that. I heard a great deal against him since I came to Detroit, and I'm not going to run the risk of offending some of my best customers by waving flags around. I'm just starting in here, and I don't want to make any bad moves."

"But, sir, but—"

"Please go on," interrupted the business man. "If people hear you jawing around my place, they'll think I'm a politician and keep clear of me. I'm neutral in politics and you can't force me into the Washington clique—no sir.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**Burlington Hawkeye.**—"The only trouble with President Hayes appears to be that he is an eight-inch man in a four-foot mortise."

**The Cleveland Leader** thinks that women are best protected in those Southern States where lynch law prevails.

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**ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF DAYS.**—The idols which our Saxon ancestors worshipped, and from which the days of the week derive their names, were various, and were the principal objects of their adoration.

**The Idol of the Sun.**—This idol, which represents the glorious luminary of the day, was the chief object of their worship. It is described like the bust of a man, set upon a pillow, holding with outstretched arms a burning wheel before his breast. The first day of the week was especially dedicated to its adoration, which they termed the *Sun's Day*; hence is derived the word *Sunday*.