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NO. 16

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MISSSES,

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Sept. 11, 1879—1r.

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When you come to Leonardtown, don't fail to walk in and examine Mrs. Baumett's fine and well-selected assortment of

Millinery,

which she has just purchased in New York and Baltimore the most fashionable styles and at the lowest New York prices.

Ladies and Children's HATS and BONNETS of the latest styles. Flowers, Ribbons, etc.

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Splendid assortment of Jewelry.

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May 16, 1879.

D. C. HENRY CAMARIE is located at Leonardtown, Md. He is prepared to attend to all calls in the line of his profession.

Dec. 21, 1879—4f.

(Written for the Beacon.)

The Chestnut Tree.

BY T.

Merrily sing the crickets forth one fair October night,

And the stars looked down and the Northern crown gave its fanatical light.

A nipping frost was in the air, on flowers and grass it fell,

And the leaves were still on the Eastern hill as if touched by a fairy spell.

To the very top of the tall nut tree the frost-kissed wind would ride,

With his wand he stirs the chestnut buds and straight they open wide.

And squirrels and children together dream of the coming Winter's hoard,

And many a year are the chestnuts seen in hole or in garnet store.

The children are sleeping in feather beds, poor as in his money nest;

He courts the nut in fall on his nose—on the others warm blankets rest.

Late in the morning the sun gets up from behind the village spire,

And the children dream that the frost red gleam is the chestnut trees on fire.

The squirrel had no when first he awoke all the clothing he could command,

And his breakfast was light, he just took a bite of an acorn that lay at hand.

And then he was off to the trees to work while the children sometimes it takes,

To dress at a trot what they think meet of coffee and buckwheat cakes.

The sparkling frost when they first go out lies thick upon all around,

And earth and grass as they onward pass give a pleasing crackling sound.

O there is a heap of chestnuts, see, cried the youngest of the train,

For they came to a stone where the squirrel had thrown what he meant to pick up again.

And two bright eyes from the tree o'er head looked down at the open bag,

When the nuts went and so to begin almost made his courage flag.

Away on the hill outside the wood three giant trees stand,

And the chestnuts bright that hang in sight are eyed by the youthful band.

And one of their number climbs the tree and passes from bough to bough,

And children run for with pelting fun the nuts fall thickly now.

Some of the nuts are still shut tight, some open

And some nuts fall with no nuts at all, smooth shining as nuts should be.

O who can tell what fun it was to see the prickly shavers,

To feel what a smack on head or back was within a chestnut's power.

To run beneath the shaking tree and then to scamper away,

And the loudness about to dance about the grass where the chestnuts lay.

With flowing dress and blowing hair and eyes like the glowing light of a morning bright the dawn of the Summer blue.

The work was ended, the trees were stripped, the children were tired of play,

And they forgot, but the squirrels did not, the wrong they had done that day.

Eugenie's Mother.

The news of the death of the Countess Dowager Montijo was first imparted to the ex-Empress Eugenie at Madrid by King Alfonso, who met her at the railway station and took her to the Alcazar Palace. The life of the Countess, says the New York Herald, reads like a romance. Dona Maria was the daughter of an English Consul at Malaga, whose name was Kirkpatrick. He was a son of one Thomas Kirkpatrick, who owned a small property called "Knock," in Dumfriesshire. His second son, named Robert, married Henrietta Gillespie, and was father of William Kirkpatrick, of Cononhall, in Dumfriesshire, who married Mary Wilson, by whom he had several children.

One of his sons settled as a merchant at Malaga, and married the daughter of a foreign consul there, by whom he had three daughters. The eldest was the Dona Maria, whose remarkable beauty attracted the notice of the youngest son of the great family of Montijo, grandees of Spain of the first class. The marriage of the daughter of the Scottish merchant was considered a mesalliance for a young gentleman of so distinguished a family, and her inferior birth was stated as a reason for consent being refused. An application was made hereupon by the friends of the family to the late ingenious Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, a gentleman who, from his wit and fondness for virtue, was called by Sir Walter Scott the Horace Walpole of Edinburgh.

Mr. Sharpe, it was charged, undertook with considerable zest the task of supplying his fair countrywoman with a long and flourishing genealogical tree, in which the dagger dripping the heart's blood of "the red Comyn" made a conspicuous figure. The pedigree was beautifully drawn up and sent to Spain. When it was submitted to King Ferdinand VII he indulged in a joke on the occasion. Looking at the document, where the origin of the Kirkpatricks seemed lost in the mists of ancient Caldonia, his Majesty said, "Oh, by all means let the young Montijo marry the daughter of Fingal." The husband of Miss Kirkpatrick eventually succeeded to the titles and estates of this family, and left two daughters, of whom the elder espoused the Duke of Berwick and Alva, representative of the Marquis Duke de Berwick, maternal son of King James II; and the younger, long and celebrated for her beauty and grace as Countess de Theba, became Eugenie, Empress of the French.

Until recently a Miss Kirkpatrick, grand-uncle of the Empress, inhabited a

very small house in the third-rate Scottish town of Dumfries; and her Imperial Majesty has several first cousins of the name of Kirkpatrick, sons of her mother's sister, who married her cousin, holding respectable mercantile situations. One of them was not long ago settled in trade at Havre. It is reported that for some reason the Count of Montijo soon tired of his wife's company, and the pair were separated long before the Count's death. With her two daughters, the Countess then traveled from country to country; and spent some years in London, where she lived in retirement and went little into society. On leaving London, which, it is said, she found too expensive, Mme. de Montijo returned to Spain, and resided for about three years in different parts of the peninsula, her place of predilection being Seville.

But toward the year 1845 she went to Paris, and some documents found at the prefecture of police under the Commune brought to light the following queer notes about her: "There is staying at No. 45 Rue St. Antoine, in a rather shabby apartment, on the third floor, a Mme. de Montijo, who professes to be the wife of a Spanish grandee. Her style of living is modest, and she receives no visits from ladies, but three or four times a week a number of gentlemen, principally foreigners, come and spend the evening with her and play cards. It is presumed that they are attracted as much by the beauty of Mme. de Montijo's two daughters as by the wish to gamble." On the margin of this police note the prefect of that time, M. Delessert, had written, "Find out whether Mme. de Montijo is really the wife of a nobleman," and on the paper appended to the above was this brief statement: "Mme. de Montijo is really what she asserts she is, the wife of a count of that name, but the couple were virtually divorced three years after marriage, and the Countess professes to live on her jointure of 10,000 francs a year."

The word "professes" was underlined in both notes, and it is evident that the foreign lady derived the larger share of her income from the maintenance of one of those private gambling saloons which have at all times been common in Paris. Whether this was the case or not need not be conjectured, but, if the fact were true, it would entail none of the discredit which attends the encouragement of gambling in other lands, seeing that the French look upon games of hazard with a wondrous respect and affection. As to the note about the beauty of Mme. de Montijo's daughters, nothing that could have been said on this head would have been exaggerated, for they were both.

In 1850 the eldest sister married the Duke of Alba, and, thanks to his wealth and rank, the position of the Montijos was now very different to what it had been before the marriage. The Countess was no longer obliged to live in a third-floor lodging of a second-rate street, nor to lay herself open to the suspicion of keeping a card saloon. She set up sumptuously for a time in the Duke of Alba's house in Madrid, and in 1851, when she went back to Paris, had a mansion in the Champs Elysees, and became a regular frequenter of the parties given by the President, Prince Louis Napoleon, at the Elysee. It should be mentioned that this return to Paris, which was to lead to such high results, had not been undertaken spontaneously by the Countess, but had been in a manner forced upon her by her dual son-in-law.

The Duke of Alba liked to be master in his own house, Madame de Montijo, who had a fairly middling and domineering temper, loved to be mistress, too, so that the Duke would have ended by leading a difficult time of it if he had not hit on the easy expedient of allowing his mother-in-law 100,000 francs a year, provided she would live abroad. This she did, as above said, in a fine style, and her daughter Eugenie was enabled to appear everywhere, dressed with the grace and richness suited to her wonderful beauty. It became a marvel to everybody at this time how a girl of such attractions as Mme. de Montijo remained so long without a husband. She was 25, and yet seemed in no hurry whatever to be married.

An English earl, an American banker, a young cousin of the Duke of Alba, both wealthy and titled, all proposed to her, and so did shoals of Frenchmen, among whom was a famous novelist, who is still living. But to all of them Eugenie said "No," not heartlessly, but with a firmly settled purpose, as if her good genius were whispering to her that she would lose nothing by being patient. And so it befel that at a ball given by the President at the Elysee, Mme. Eugenie met her future Emperor and husband. The Countess was naturally charmed at the attention lavished by Louis Napoleon upon her daughter Eugenie, and did much of the maneuvering that induced the future Emperor to offer his hand and heart to the belle of the season.

The Prince of Bavaria had declined to give the hand of his relative to an "adventurer," and Louis Napoleon sought consolation in the society of the Countess and her daughter, who had been guests in all the Presidential residences—Fontainebleau, Compiègne, and St. Cloud. Possibly Mme. de Montijo had been waiting her opportunity for two days after the news of the Bavarian nub had begun to get bruited, she begged a private audience of the Prince

and told him that as his attentions toward her daughter were beginning to excite comment, she had the intention of leaving France. This was at St. Cloud, where the mother and daughter were both staying. The Prince asked Mme. de Montijo to marry one day more, for he might then have something to say to her, and he employed those twenty-four hours in acquainting his minister with his intentions.

The news fell upon them like a shell. Nothing of this kind had been apprehended by any one, and both Count de Morny, M. de Peigny and General Ney earnestly implored the Countess to contract such a mesalliance. But Louis Napoleon was inexorable. The communication was made to the Cabinet on the 15th of November. On the 2nd of December the Prince was proclaimed Emperor; on the 23rd of January the coming marriage was officially notified to the French people, and on the 30th of January it was solemnized at Notre Dame. The Countess was an extraordinarily beautiful woman in her prime, and as late as 1864 a United States minister at the Court of Spain wrote of her: "Although she is far advanced in the sixties, by a closer scrutiny one can easily discern that she was as handsome, if not handsomer, than both Eugenie and her second daughter, the late Duchess of Alba, the pictures of whom represent her as exceedingly charming and beautiful."

The old Duchess was taller. She goes usually somewhat bent down, but to-day she appeared in her full dignity, grand and erect; and how she did display her triumphant joy! To perceive just here in Madrid at the royal court, in the midst of these old grandees, her daughter respectful in imperial glory and majesty, was, of course, to her a source of unbounded satisfaction. I saw her, led by the Nuncio, she took her seat at the royal table, how, forgetting everything around her, she was absorbed in looking at her daughter, who was sitting between the King and the infant Sebastian. Mechanically her left hand seized the bread which laid on her plate, and put it yet before soup was served, and without breaking it into her mouth, and, by my great delight, nibbled continually at it. I am sure she did not know either what she was eating or drinking. When, after supper, I stepped up to her, saluted, and told her how enviable a position was hers at this high and aristocratic Court of Spain she seized both my hands and pressed them with a warmth and brightened features as I never would have expected of a lady who, from the daughter of a Scotch merchant, rose to the aristocratic rank of a countess, who gave one of her daughters to an Emperor—not as his mistress—but as his legal, rightful wife, and who had married her second to one of the first and most powerful grandees of the country.

The Countess dowager shared the honors and triumphs of Eugenie, as in other days she had shielded her from obtrusive and offensive attentions. Subsequently, when the empire fell and dishonor seemed to be the only portion left, the ancient spirit revived, and with maternal instinct she extended the hand of motherhood to her exiled daughter. After a brief illness the distinguished lady has succumbed to fate, and to-day the nobles and grandees of Spain extend to her bereaved daughter their consolation and sympathetic attentions.

EFFECTS OF THE HAYDEN TRIAL.—"What!" she thundered, "can't have a new hat, eh? Can't have a new hat? I'll see if I can't. Refuse me if you dare, and I'll put seven corpuses in the slot of your penknife, and four more corpuses on the left shoulder of your shirt, and I'll put Tavistock arsenic in the barn, and I'll mix my system up with McKee and Colegrove arsenious octohedrons, and I'll make a mark on—on my left cheek with you—nasty old bromian—and then—I'll lay a stone covered with lichen—close by me—and cut my throat—you—old heathen! Can't have—a new—hat—eh?"

Why is a handsome woman like a locomotive? No—you're wrong. It is not because she sometimes draws a long train; it is not because she indulges in "sparks"; it is not because she has something to do with a switch; it is not because she transports the males; it is not because she may have a head-light; it is not because she is not like a locomotive—not even when she is a little "fast" and blows up her husband.

An old gentleman who had provoked the hostility of a fashionable lady whom he had known in boyhood was asked what he had done to incur the lady's displeasure. "Nothing at all," replied the innocent old man; "on the contrary, I was very cordial to her and spoke of the time when I used to carry her to school nearly a half a century ago!"

Governess.—"Now, Jack, if I were to give twelve pears to Maude, ten to Edith, and three to you, what would it be?" Jack (aged six)—"It wouldn't be fair."

What are the best stories?—That depends. When you are telling them, the long ones are; when you are listening, the short ones.

European Queens all live in history,

but the wives of our American Presidents or statesmen pass away almost without record. Unlike female rulers in foreign countries, they have no political rights, and only govern by their graces in social and domestic life.

James Parton has done more than any man living to freshen the fading lines in the lives of our Lady Presidents.—That incomparable biographer, in a volume not often read now-a-days, though written in 1859, "The People's Book of Biography," tells us that Mrs. Martha Washington was plump, pretty, sprightly little woman in her youth, but settled down into a plain, domestic wife, who looked sharply after the servants; she was far from an educated woman, and though she kept her own accounts, she was a very poor speller. Parton quotes Miss Bremer, the authoress, who relates a "curtain lecture" of the great man by Martha, which she overheard in the sleeping room. Martha was angry, and scolded a long time. The General listened in silence till she was done, and then mildly closed the scene with "Now good sleep to you, my dear!" Gen. Washington was very rich; Mrs. Washington was very rich, and her three children by her first husband, were heirs to great wealth. Washington's mother was a plain, illiterate, energetic, strong-willed lady, who preferred her own broad acres, and declined to go and live with her great son. "I thank you, George," said she, "but I desire to be independent." And when Gen. Lafayette called she was at work in her garden, with her old sun-bonnet on; so she came to him, saying, "I could not pay you so poor a compliment, Marquis, as to stay to change my dress."

Thomas Jefferson, like Washington, married a widow, Mrs. Maria Skelton, who had considerable property, but that did not save her great husband, who died deeply in debt, owing to his slavish devotion to his country. She was a lady of extraordinary beauty of face and form, and singularly competent to adorn and conduct a great household. A little above the medium height, fair complexion, eyes large, dark and expressive, alburn hair, and a daring horsewoman and full of talent. She played, danced and sung well, and had literary tastes. When Jefferson courted her he was 23 and she 19. He played the violin and sang well, and as he had money then, and a high position he danced all rivals. They had a great wedding. She had an immense responsibility managing her husband's great estate; had six children, of whom only two survived, and died before he rose to his great renown, mourned by him to the last. He remained a widower forty-four years, down to his death. Of course she never saw him in the White House. * * * Dolly Payne was a Quakeress, and a widow when she married James Madison, and the daughter of a Virginia planter, born in North Carolina. Her father and mother set their slaves free and moved to Philadelphia, and there she married a lawyer named Todd. She was 20, and he died three years after, leaving her with a son and no wealth. Her mother kept boarders while Congress sat here, and she helped her mother to keep the establishment. Among these boarders were Aaron Burr, then a Senator from New York, and James Madison, a member of Congress from Virginia. Dolly was very beautiful and accomplished, and when she married Madison, he was 43 and she 25. They had no children. When he became President, in 1809, the White House received its lovely mistress, who enjoyed its attractions for eight years.—She died in Washington in 1849, aged 82 years, surviving her husband thirteen years. * * * Daniel Webster was twice married, but his first wife was the mother of all his children. She was a clergyman's daughter, one year older than himself, quite accomplished, not beautiful, but much esteemed; and when she came to Washington, more than fifty years ago, made many friends. She died in New York, aged 46, in 1827, whether she had been taken from the National Capital by her husband. If she never saw him in his splendid prime, she did not witness his sad decline. * * * I have spoken of Mrs. Andrew Jackson more than once. She was the wife of another man, Lewis Robards, of Kentucky, when young Jackson saw and loved her. Her mother, Mrs. Donelson, was keeping a boarding-house at that time, having returned to Tennessee with Mr. and Mrs. Robards, and Jackson lived in her house. Result, a jealous husband and a separation. A rumor came that a divorce had been granted, and then young Jackson married the "grass widow"; but the rumor proving false, they lived together two years before a divorce could be really granted, and then they were married again. The first husband left early, and these peculiar circumstances led to many bitter quarrels between Jackson, who grew into a great reputation, and had many enemies. She was short and stout, a great housekeeper and manager, very religious, very illiterate, kind to her slaves, and full of anecdote and fun. She had no children, and died in December, 1828, just after her great husband was elected President. She was the Aunt Rachel of Nashville, and regularly smoked a pipe with the General. When the news of his election as President came to her dying couch, she simply said: "Well, but commences like an astronomical day, from noon."

Incident in the Life of a Millionaire.

The following story is told of Jacob Ridgway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars (for whom the Ridgway Library is named.) is taken from an article in the *International Review*:

"Mr. Ridgway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know." "Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied." "What, sir?" exclaimed the young man in astonishment; "why, you are a millionaire.—Think of the thousands your income brings you every month." "Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgway. "All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I cannot eat more than one man's allowance or wear more than one suit at a time. Pray, cannot you do as much?" "Ah! but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rentals they bring you." "What better am I off for that?" replied the richer man; "I can only live in one house at a time. As for the money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat it or wear it. I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I." "But you can buy splendid furniture and costly pictures, fine carriages and horses; in fact, anything you desire." "And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man who is not blind can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to anything I desire, I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life; cannot buy back my youth; cannot procure me power to keep star off the hour of death; and then what will all avail, when in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever. Young man you have no cause to envy me."

A poet asked "Where are all the maidens fair and high—Marie and Alice and Maud and May, and Merry Madge with the laughing eye—and all the girls of yesterday that found us merry and held us gay?" You want to know where they are, do you? Well, it is now 10 A. M. and Marie is still in bed, and her mother is yelling up the stairway that if she doesn't come down right away she won't get a mouthful of breakfast. Alice is putting a little color in her cheeks and penciling her eyebrows preparatory to running down town to purchase a spool of cotton, and asking to look at a "thousand dollars' worth of goods." Maud is hammering away at her piano lessons while her mother is washing up the breakfast dishes. May is sewing a big rip in her dress, caused by a clumsy man putting his foot on her train the night before, while Madge, having just finished putting her frizzes up in papers, has commenced to read "Blighted Love; or, the Jilted Count." As for the "gallants," some of them are yawning behind store counters, others may be found in billiard saloons, and two or three are wondering how they can raise funds, without pawing their overcoats, to pay their share of the expenses of the previous night's jamboree. O, we know where they are!—*Norristown Herald*.

THE WAY TO HEALTH.—The only true way to health is that which common sense dictates to man. Live within the bounds of reason. Eat moderately, drink temperately, sleep regularly, avoid excess in anything, and preserve a conscience void of offense.—Some men set themselves to death, some drink themselves to death, some wear out their lives by indolence, and some by over-exertion, others are killed by the doctors, while not a few sink into the grave under the effects of vicious and beastly practices. All the medicines in creation are not worth a farthing to a man who is constantly and habitually violating the laws of his own nature. All the medical science in the world cannot save him from a premature grave. With a suicidal course of conduct, he is planting the seeds of decay in his own constitution, and accelerating the destruction of his own life.

Not Bad.—"W—, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey!" echoed W—, opening his eyes wide. "No I don't!" "Do you give it up?" "I do." "Because your better-half is stubbornness itself." "That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home." "Mrs. W—," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered: "I suppose because you were born so."

It takes a whole legislature to change a man's name. A woman can change hers by the act of a single man.

Mr. J. GOULD'S PERSONAL HABITS.—Mr. Gould's millions now crowd close to those of Vanderbilt. He is a man of finer texture than the old Commodore's son. He doesn't run to fine houses, costly stables and blooded steeds. At least, when he dismisses his operators from the telegraph offices in his own house in Fifth avenue, and enters up in a little book the telegraphic reports of the receipts of the various railroads which he owns, he does not go to a club to carouse, to a banquet to steam up with champagne, or to a theatre; he retires to the recesses of a peaceful library, and, with his young sons about him, reads the Latin classics, the world forgetting, but not by the world forgot—by a large majority.

The next morning early he has the telegraph doing lightning service, and he is sending an electric shock through Wall street as soon as the bulls and the bears come into that field for pasture. Mr. Gould is a liberal man, although when he makes a bequest he does not have the information written in manifold and sent to all the newspapers.—The first news New York had of his gift to the Memphis sufferers of \$5,000 came from Memphis, as did the news of the second gift of \$5,000. Mr. Gould, being a small man of little physical power, is naturally not disposed to put himself recklessly in the way of the horns of the bulls and the claws of the bears. There are some men in Wall street, as Mr. Gould has reason to know, who wish to resent their losses with their fists, and are disposed to follow Major Selover's example and dispatch him bodily down into a convenient area. Accordingly, Mr. Gould keeps his office guarded by a stout Irishman, who prevents the intrusion of visitors, and he has usually a private way to get out into the street. He has, too, it is said, a big Italian book-keeper who accompanies him on many of his business trips about town, and stands ready to protect his millionaire employer.

An astronomical day commences at noon, and is counted from the first to the twenty-fourth hour. A civil day commences at midnight, and is counted from the first to the twelfth hour. A nautical day is counted as a civil day, but commences like an astronomical day, from noon.