

SAVED.

The wind is spent and the gale is past,
And the morning sun shines forth at last;
It shines on a strip of yellow sand,
And a good ship sinking in sight of land.

Over her deck and her battered side
Lazily washes the ebbing tide;
Out of the struggle and deadly strife,
Lo! nothing is saved but a baby life.

A wee frail thing is the one poor waif,
A wee frail thing to be sound and safe;
But all forgotten its brief alarms,
It gaily crows in the stranger arms.

A sailor looks at the little form—
"Tis a tiny craft to have stemmed the storm!"
He sighs a bit as he bends him low,
And his thoughts fly back to the long ago.

Just such a babe on his young wife's breast,
With clinging fingers his own caressed;
Just such another—but where is he?
Wrecked on the voyage of life, maybe.

Is this but spared that in years to come
It may drift away from its heavenly home?
The baby laughs as his boy once did;
Ah! will it be so? Nay; God forbid!

The sailor's hand has a gentle touch,
For the sake of the lad he loved so much;
And soft from his lips are the words that fall:
"God bless the children—God keep them all!"

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MARSH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF O. LEMAN.

I tell the tale as 'twas told to me by Noel, keeper of the pastures, one day when I was duck-hunting on the marshes of St. Georges. We had beaten the prince's enclosure, Dick in advance, nose to the wind; Noel bringing up the rear with my game-bag—which, alas! was not heavy—on his shoulder. The noonday sun fell perpendicularly upon our heads; the mosquitoes swarmed about us by thousands, first making their presence known by sounding a charge in our ears. The Seine—a long ribbon that unrolled itself in its passage around the hillside—glistened like a mirror before our eyes. On the opposite bank Quilleboeuf, with its quay grown green through long and intimate contact with the marsh, its slate roofs scattered pell-mell around the old church, and its white light-house, like an advance guard, stood upright at the foot of the pier.

We were approaching the rushes with gun half-cocked and ear strained to catch the faintest sound. Suddenly I detected a rustling among the reeds.

"Hist!" whispered Noel; "watch attentively, but be in no haste." Thereupon, to my astonishment, he seized without ceremony the fowling-piece with which I had taken aim, "For God's sake, do not fire! It is crazy Jeanne!"

Through the tall grasses, which prevented my clearly discerning the object, I now perceived a white shadow reflected in the rippling waters. Soon a fantastic figure appeared on the other side of the rushes. It was that of a still youthful woman, pale and emaciated, whose eyes glittered with that restless, lurid light which marks the prey of consuming fever. Hanging loosely from her waist was a skirt that had been originally white, but was now bedraggled and stained with mud. She wore, crossed over her bosom, a red shawl, while on her head, entangled in her heavy hair, was a bridal wreath—crushed and torn, and matted with grasses. She paused to gaze at us, took a few steps forward with both arms extended, then paused anew. For an instant she stood thus, with fixed gaze, as motionless as a statue; then gave utterance to a strange cry, half sob, which awakened from its reverie and put to flight a huge heron that was sunning itself in a neighboring field.

"Come, be still, silly one," said Noel in his hoarse, rough voice, at the sound of which the poor girl gathered up her skirt with both hands, and pursued her erratic course toward Saint Georges.

We seated ourselves on a neighboring hillock in the immediate vicinity, under the shade of the silvery willows, and, at my request, after having first taken a drop to restore cheerfulness, the keeper began his narrative, to the hoarse accompaniment furnished gratis by the frogs from out the ditch.

Jeanne's father (said Noel) is the host of the inn where you are now staying. Previous to her misfortune, Jeanne was universally conceded to be the belle of the country hereabout; nor was there within a radius of ten leagues an inn more frequented than was that of Pere Simon. The line of carriages drawn up in the courtyard Sunday after Sunday throughout the summer was a sight worth seeing. Calashes and omnibusses from Havre, conveying thither gay parties attracted to the inn by the fame of its matelote; hunters' equipages, with their liveried coachmen; to say nothing of travelers' gigs of every description, and heavy farm wagons, whose horses stopped of their own accord before the door.

Jeanne was the life and soul of the house. In the salon, where the villagers were wont to assemble in friendly converse over a cup of coffee or glass of wine; in the kitchen, where all absolutely glittered in its cleanliness; in the cellar, filled to repletion with barrels of cider and rows of wine bottles; in short, everywhere her snowy cap was visible. She was ever on the alert that nothing might escape her eye or her ready wit, and was always ready to laugh at a good joke, which no one could better appreciate than herself.

Pere Simon, seated at his counter in the midst of many-hued bottles, gathered in the earnings that cost him nothing but the trouble of clinking glasses with his guests.

To a pretty girl with a large dot, suitors, as a rule, are not wanting, nor would they have been to Jeanne but for the fact that every one was aware that her hand was already promised to Raymond La Thiele, the son of a neighboring farmer. They had grown up together, and long before either party was of an age to think of love it was an understood thing that they were to be married as soon as Raymond should return from the service.

Would-be-lovers were not slow to recognize in their successful rival a man of powerful frame, whose jealous disposition made itself known, when excited by anger, in the weight of his fist. Moreover—this the most effectual preventive against counter-claims—the father-in-law elect was possessed of thirty acres of sunny land, to say nothing of the finest pasturage in the country. The farm is just above the inn. You can see it

from here, behind those poplars, bordering the marsh. The house, with its thatched roof and black cross-beams, was, however, but a sad nest for a newly-married pair; therefore Pere La Thiele had promised, as a wedding gift, to build them a new house in the uplands—a house of brick and slate, such as are built in the city, the garden of which was to be laid off with graveled walks, and enclosed in an iron railing.

There was much visiting from the farm to the inn. In the evening, after the last guest had taken his departure, and the shutters were drawn, then the four adjourned to Pere Simon's kitchen. The two fathers—old soldiers—sat with the brandy bottle between them, and told each other stories—always the same—of other days; and the young people, within the shadow of the chimney corner, also told each other a story, which, too, was always the same—yet theirs was a tale as old as the everlasting hills. But Raymond was obliged to leave for the army. The evening previous to that appointed for the drawing of lots, Jeanne had burned a fine wax candle, as a propitiatory offering. As a result of this generous sacrifice, her lover was conscripted for a single year only.

As may readily be supposed, there was a sorrowful parting. Many were the kisses interchanged; again and yet again was the farewell uttered, only to be revoked with another kiss. When the last adieu was finally whispered, Jeanne cried and sobbed as though her heart would break.

But girls' tears are like rain storms—short of duration in proportion to their violence. Jeanne doubtless appreciated the fact that weeping spoiled pretty eyes, and that work done with a sorrowful heart was but drudgery. Be that as it may, at the close of the second day she was as merry and blithe as of yore. Again she sang as a thrush in the sunshine.

Explain who can why Jeanne, as good a girl as ever lived, betrothed to a fine young fellow, should in a few short days have forgotten the companion of her childhood to become enamored of a stranger, loving him madly, even unto death, for death only can end her misery, poor creature! Woman's heart is so constituted, they say. But this solution of the enigma is not satisfactory to me, nor is it to many others who, like myself, have found this riddle insoluble.

Jules Delaporte was considered handsome by those who admire his style. For my part I do not like these pomatumed coxcombs, whose white hands are too nice for work. The first time that Jeanne saw him, his patron, the city notary, had sent him to Saint Georges to transact a sale for the Marquis de B—. She was bewitched by him. What magic did he use? He merely seated himself in the inn, as you or I would have done, and emptied his glass without breathing a syllable, saying a simple "Thanks, Mademoiselle," as she handed him his change. And yet she stood at the window watching him until he was hidden from view; not even then did she vacate her post, but for several minutes stood there dreamy and abstracted. After a short lapse of time he came again, and it finally ended in his coming regularly every Sunday. Those who heretofore envied Raymond now experienced the delight of pitying him.

"And what about this fine Delaporte?" you ask; "did he reciprocate Jeanne's love?" It is my opinion that he valued beyond all else her dot and her father's broad acres, of whose actual extent and value no one was more competent to judge than Delaporte himself, for Monsieur Pielinot, his patron, was charged with the management of affairs at the inn. To one whose entire fortune consisted of good looks and a black moustache, a wife with such a dot would indeed be a boon. The first time that he broached the subject of marriage, Pere Simon became red with anger. For whom did he take him? Never had a Simon forfeited his word. And on the strength of this "never," emphasized with a heavy blow of his fist on the counter, Jules was ejected through the doorway—for the time being. The blow of his hand had set the glasses tumbling, but it did not in the least shake Jeanne's resolution.

A few days previous to this occurrence, Raymond had sent from Rennes a picture representing himself in his character of artilleryman. This photograph was indeed a work of art. The stripes of his pantaloons and the facings of his coat were painted red, and his big white-gloved hands were crossed on his sword. Pale with anger, she handed it to her father, saying:

"And it is this booby you would have me marry. Very well; I will answer you, in your own words, never, never, never! And she tore the card into pieces, thus venting her rage.

She was threatened with an attack of illness, and Simon yielded. This is the way with these fathers.

One evening M. Pielinot entered the inn in person. The notary spoke in a low tone, blinking his eyes behind his blue goggles; but as he was taking his departure, behind the half-open door, the strained ears caught these words:

"They must be married—do you understand? I will leave him my office—do you understand?"

M. Pielinot's "do you understand?" was more effective than the most eloquent appeal. Pere Simon understood, and so did Jeanne, who immediately recovered her health and good spirits. When Raymond returned home, his term having expired, all was in readiness for the wedding, the day fixed, the music engaged. A scene was anticipated—some violent demonstration on the part of the jilted lover. His associates anticipated no little pleasure in being witness to so interesting a combat as the one in view. But to the astonishment of all who knew him, Raymond received the news with the utmost sang-froid. He lost color momentarily, drank, in a single swallow, a large glass of brandy, then, changing the subject of conversation, spoke of the hay about to be harvested, and of the apple crop, which was unusually late. On the following day he went back to work, and accomplished more than any four men. Pere La Thiele, delighted to find him so calm, pointed him out to me as he bent over his scythe, and said:

"It takes the army to subdue a man's passions." He had feared evil.

Every year on the fifteenth of August, to inaugurate the hunting season, a party of hunters, duly equipped, scour our prairies. As I went

before dawn, to prevent trespassing upon the count's enclosure, which on this particular day is never open to the chase, passing near the mill I encountered Jules, fully equipped, both gun and costume brand new, for he was as yet but a novice in the sport.

"You are early, M. Delaporte," said I.

"Am I the first?"

"It is to be hoped so, as it is not yet daybreak. With the three exceptions of you, myself, and that great bull yonder, who is regarding us so intently while chewing the cud, all the world is asleep, God be praised—that is to say, all the Saint-Georges world."

"So much the better." So saying, Delaporte walked off with long strides, and soon disappeared in the light fog that floated over the meadows. I then recalled to mind the fact that on the previous day I had pointed out to him a covey of snipe on the upper marsh-lands. Doubtless he thought to effect a master stroke in surprising them before day.

Near Pere La Thiele's I thought I detected something like a shadow gliding through the trees and taking the same direction as that just taken by Jules. "Another hunter," thought I to myself; "but no—one but Jules Delaporte is such a simpleton as to beat the prairie before it is sufficiently light to see distinctly, at the risk of starting the game while yet unable to take aim with any degree of precision."

The new day had but just shown itself above the horizon when the first shot resounded in the distance. "My friend Jules," thought I, "is frightening the ducks."

Soon all was astir on the marsh. The snipe, screaming with fright, set at defiance the unskilled huntsman by flying over his head far beyond his reach, while the rail and curlew ran under the very noses of the dogs, secreting themselves in the rushes. On all sides the shots resounded, like a volley of musketry, until at sunset men and dogs, alike too weary to take another step, filed homeward, wet, dirty, and tired.

It was nightfall when, returning home, I met Pere Simon's stable-boy. He looked frightened and anxious. Monsieur Delaporte had not returned. Mademoiselle Jeanne, after several hours of anxious suspense, had set off, as though distracted, in search of her lover. The whole night was spent in exploring the prairies with the aid of lanterns. Occasionally we paused, thinking we heard a call for help. It was but a flock of curlew that, flying over our heads, pierced the black and still expanse of heaven with their mournful cry. It was not until daylight that Jules was found, there, sir, right there, opposite where you are now sitting, in the bottom of the creek, with his head buried in the mud, his arms extended, his hands already shriveled. At first it was supposed that he had been drowned; but after extricating him with no little difficulty, and removing the mask of mud from his face, it was discovered to be terribly disfigured, literally peppered with little black holes, from which had oozed streams of blood. His gun was found in the rushes within a distance of some thirty feet, with both barrels discharged.

Upon examination the physicians decided that the wounds had not been mortal, but that the unfortunate man, blinded by the discharge, after having turned several times in his bewilderment—for the tracks of his footsteps were clearly discernible in the mud—had finally sunken in the quagmire, where he had died from suffocation, and the incoming tide had covered him over.

Jeanne regarded the corpse with that fixed, vacant stare which you saw in her eyes just now. Then, with a piercing scream, she exclaimed:

"He killed him! It is he who killed him!"

The tone in which these words were uttered was heart-rending. The next instant she fell upon the ground insensible.

From that day the poor girl has been crazy. But the fever has pined her in her misery, and will soon send her to join in the cemetery him whom she still seeks among the rushes.

"And the author of the crime?" I said.

"It was not a crime," Noel replied, shrugging his shoulders; a simple accident of the chase, that was all—such, at least, was the verdict of the coroner's jury. Raymond, who was immediately accused, brought witnesses to prove at the time of the accident he was in town, whither he had carried a load of hay. It was afterwards recalled to mind that two young men, strangers to the rest, had precipitately withdrawn, after scarcely an hour's hunting. They were seen later, looking somewhat anxious and troubled. Some advanced the opinion that it was not improbable that, owing to the high rushes and the heavy fog of the morning, the involuntary author of the crime had gone his way, happily unconscious of the occurrence."

"And you? What is your opinion, Master Noel?" said I.

"It is my opinion, monsieur, that the sun is sinking; therefore high time that we return home."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

WISE SAYINGS.

A Christian is like a locomotive. A fire must be kindled in the heart of it before it will go.—*M. W. Jacobus.*

The gnarled and twisted oak has its counterpart in the narrowed and stunted mind.

Libraries are shrines where all the relics of saints, full of true virtue, and without delusion and imposture, are preserved and reposed.—*Bacon.*

The landscape, like a veil over beauty's breast, heightens the charm it half conceals.—*Washington Irving.*

Alas for those that never sing, but die with all their music in them.—*Holmes.*

The human mind is like an inebriate on horseback—prop it on one side and it falls on the other.—*Luther.*

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them, then, or bear with them.—*Marcus Antonius.*

Woman is like the reed which bends to every breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.—*Whately.*

It is a rule in games of chance that "the cards beat all the players," and revolutions disconcert and outwit all insurgents.—*Emerson.*

ALEXANDRIAN SKETCHES.

Any one who may be staying at Abbat's Hotel and be waiting for his bath about half an hour before sunrise of a hot summer morning will be amused by lounging out of the window and watching the beginning of daily street life in Alexandria.

The ice merchant is generally the first to arrive on the scene. He comes down a small side street over the way, and he comes very early in order to catch the very early vegetables which come in by donkey loads. He is a tall, thin, lantern-jawed man, melancholy, and fortunately not easily excited. He does not go through the worry and fever of bargaining for his bundle of onions and half a dozen tomatoes, but has made deep-laid arrangements with one donkey boy (possibly a relation), who throws him his daily portion as he passes without a word. Soon afterward the bowab of a neighboring house comes and sits down, and the two commence a game at cards almost without a word. Over this they gradually thaw, and presently, the sun coming out, and the streets beginning to fill, the ice merchant plucks up energy to lounge over to his big blue ice-box, which has been standing under the wall of the hotel all night. He opens this mournfully and takes out two spring scales, one to weigh the large blocks bought by the suffragees, and a smaller one for little boys who peddle fish, and who bring baskets of shavings to put small lumps in. These little boys, by the way, do not pay, but give checks, and there will be trouble in the evening when the ice merchant tries to collect on them.

The ice merchant makes three or four cigarettes and puts them on the top of the frame of a sign-board, two or three feet above his head; this having been done, he lies down on his ice-box and sleeps.

Next a bowab, six feet long, comes out with a bench, four feet long, on which he essays to sleep at full length. He is not a man of much resource, for when his legs get brushed off one end he merely reverses himself and sleeps again until his legs are brushed off the other end. His bedding, which is merely a piece of sack, is to all appearance exactly the same at one end as at the other, but he always changes it, and there may be something special about the end where he lays his head.

Presently a cobbler comes along with a wooden tray and a very small stool and lays out his tools. The cobbler is an unscrupulous man. His eye shortly catches the cigarettes and his fingers deftly remove them to his pocket. Presently the bowab of card-playing propensities comes over to ask the ice merchant to let him keep his gullah in the ice-box. After assenting, the merchant reaches up for a cigarette, finds none, and makes three more, this time, with dog-like sagacity, placing a stone on them to keep the wind from blowing them away.

Soon his little daughter brings him some cheese and native bread, and they share a humble breakfast. The little girl has already accumulated a large basket of that useful stuff all Egyptian girls commence life by collecting. This, with great want of forethought, she places behind her. A cock and three hens, evidently surprised at this unsolicited attention, immediately and gratefully take possession and send it flying into the air. They are driven away with shrill screams and retreat in a discomfited manner, evidently clucking to themselves, "Why didn't you tell us so?"

Presently the ice merchant's troubles commence. People will not leave his ice scales alone. Some give them a spin around in one direction, others in another. People make hurried feints of weighing parcels they are carrying. Ice merchant still unmoved. At last an ingenious youth endeavors to insert a hoe and—"Bath's ready, sir, and there's another khawaja just going down."—*Egypt Gazette.*

ENGLISH NIMRODS IN WYOMING.

The Big Horn range of mountains in Wyoming will become as well known in England in the course of a few years as the jungles of India. Every summer increases the number of the English gentry visiting this famous hunting-ground. We felt a little sorry for the last one of these noble scions who passed through Fetterman for the Powder River country—Lord Manners. He is quite a young man, and very ingenious, and being unfamiliar with the country, he was easily taken advantage of by every cow-boy he met. Some one—I don't know who—induced him to buy a broncho at Rock Creek, and instead of driving comfortably in a stage to Fort Fetterman, persuaded him that it was the correct thing to ride the pony, which he did, making forty-three miles in one day, and forty miles the next on a "bucking" pony with an English saddle and short stirrups. The young lord seemed quite used up when he reached Fetterman; but, notwithstanding, he started off the next day, all alone, for a fifty-mile ride towards the Big Horn, and the last seen of him was about ten miles north of Fetterman, his roll of blankets suspended from the crupper of his saddle and nearly reaching the ground on one side, while his overcoat was thrown across the pommel and dragging in the road on the other side; and my lord, utterly oblivious to his surroundings, was lolling up and down on his bucking nag, with his neck outstretched, peering across the sand-hills eagerly looking for the next stopping place. Lord Manners is an officer of the Grenadier Guards, now stationed at Windsor Castle, and his leave of absence expires on the 25th of October; hence his hurry.

Captain Gaskell, formerly of the English army, (Ninth Hussars), and his wife, are at present hunting in northwest Wyoming. The captain has made quite a number of friends among the army officers, he having, several years ago, made a tour through Montana and the northern part of our country, visiting the National Park of the Yellowstone, and the various military posts on the way. The captain is a genial, clever, and well-informed gentleman, and Mrs. Gaskell is a charming, petite, demi-brunette, as vivacious and lively as one of our own American women.

The following named English folk are now hunting in Wyoming: Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, Lord Granville Gordon and Mr. Henry Flowers, Captain and Mrs. Gaskell, Lord Mayo, Lord Manners, the Hon. Mr. Leigh, and Mr. Richard John Power.—*Cor. of Army and Navy Journal.*

SENATE ERAS.

What is the length of the lifetime of the United States Senate? We estimate it at about twenty-four years. We measure it thus: On March 4, 1850, General George W. Jones, of Iowa, left the Senate. He had been a member of that body for twelve years. On the 4th of March, 1881, he was an honored guest of the Senate, entitled as an ex-Senator to the privileges of the floor. All the members were new except one, Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, and the next day even he was gone and a younger man was in his place. When General Jones visited the Senate chamber on the 5th of March, 1881, he saw there the Senators from thirty-eight States, not one of whom had sat with him as brother Senator on the 3d of March, 1850. General Jones is to-day the most historic and perhaps the most remarkable character in the West. He sat in the Senate with Clay and Webster and Calhoun, with Silas Wright, Benton, Crittenden, and Jeff. Davis; with Sumner, Seward, Chase, and Douglas. In the early part of the century, when General Jackson was President, he sat in the House of Representatives with Henry A. Wise and John Quincy Adams. His district included all of Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota. It now has over thirty Representatives in Congress. He left the Senate, not because of personal defeat, but because his party had gone out of power in Iowa. The intimate and trusted friend of Andrew Jackson, the partner of Daniel Webster, he remembers Jefferson. On terms of personal acquaintance with nearly all of our celebrated warriors and statesmen, he numbered among his friends and enemies the mighty red kings Black Hawk, Keokuk, and Poweshiek. A soldier in the war of 1812, General Jones is a young man yet. He walks erect, without a cane, with a light and springy step, and claims none of the indulgence and immunities of old age.—*Dubuque Times.*

POCAHONTAS.

The sacrilegious London *Standard* having the breadth of the Atlantic between it and Virginia, has the boldness to declare, what no American would venture to whisper, that Pocahontas, so far from being the innocent young barbarian of the novelist, was an impish and not very well behaved little squaw, well known in the court-yard of the English fort at Jamestown. She even scandalized the free-and-easy Virginian dames by becoming in early life the brevet spouse of one Cookham, a captain of volunteers, and subsequently was "married" to John Rolfe, simply as part of the policy of that unscrupulous satrap, Governor Argall, in order to extract favorable terms from her wily sire, Powhatan. So far from her having saved Captain John Smith's life, as related by this unfortunate adventurer, there is every reason for believing that he was barely acquainted with her in Virginia, and certainly never saw his supposed benefactress on her visit to England. Indeed the story was most probably invented after the red damsel became famous, in order to give currency to the "General Historie of Virginia," and its penniless author. As for Master John Rolfe being the love-sick swain he is invariably represented to be in the transpontine drama, it is now ascertained that he was a married man, and therefore more rogue than fool when he committed bigamy with the "Virginia lady borne." There threatens to be no end to this cruel awakening from the dreams of our youth.

A HARBOR IN THE OPEN SEA.

Between the mouth of the Mississippi and Galveston, about ten or fifteen miles to the southwest of Sabine Pass, is a place in the Gulf of Mexico which is commonly called "The Oil Ponds" by the captains of the small craft that ply in that locality. There is no land within fifteen miles, and yet such is the effect of the oil thus cast upon the waters by the lavish hand of nature that even in the severest storms the sea in the Oil Ponds is comparatively smooth, and so well is this known that when the small vessels that trade between Calcasieu, Orange, Sabine, Beaumont, and Galveston, fail to make a harbor at Galveston or Sabine they run off for the oil wells, let go their anchors and ride out the gale in safety. The oil covers the water in a thick scum, and apparently rises from the bed of the gulf, which, at that point, is not more than fifteen or eighteen feet below the surface.

SUSAN MARY BONAPARTE.

Mme. Susan Mary Bonaparte, widow of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, died September 15, at her home in Baltimore. She was in her seventieth year and had been suffering from paralysis for six weeks. Her two sons, Mr. C. J. Bonaparte and Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, were with her in her last hours. The late Mme. Bonaparte was the daughter of Benjamin Williams, a prominent merchant in Baltimore, originally of Roxbury, Mass. In November, 1829, she married Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, the only son of Jerome Napoleon, brother of the great Emperor, and Elizabeth Patterson, whom the Prince married in Baltimore. She was a very wealthy lady, and brought her husband a large fortune. She survived her husband about eleven years. Of the two sons of Mme. Bonaparte the eldest, Colonel Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, is a graduate of West Point, and was a lieutenant in the United States Army. He also served with distinction in the French army. C. J. Bonaparte, the younger son, is a member of the bar of Baltimore.

Bickerstaff, a playwright as seldom read as he is often quoted, is author of the prudent admonition that "Enough is as good as a feast," and of the indisputable assertion that "One cannot have one's cake and eat it too." From Home's Douglas comes the famous speech, "My name is Norval," familiar to the readers of Enfield's once celebrated but now forgotten Speaker; and in the same play is found the consolatory assurance that "Virtue is its own reward." "The mighty dollar" was an origination from our own Washington Irving; and it was Beaumont and Fletcher who first taught us to speak of "money" as the "sinews of war." "How goes the enemy?" is a question often asked in the Dramatist of Reynolds; and "Pray, sir, what is your opinion of things in general?" is one of the "catchwords" of that impecunious sponger Jeremy Diddler.