

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

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## Miscellaneous Articles.

### What Will They Cost.

A correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, who lived six years in California, and was able to familiarize himself with the character and enterprise of the Chinese, speaks in high terms of their industry and adaptability as laborers. The immigration of Chinese to California was large in 1849, and has been steadily increasing ever since. Since the commencement of railroads and other enterprises in the Pacific States, immigration has been wisely encouraged, and Chinese merchants have been found ever ready to supply any number of their countrymen to perform the labor required on those works. As early as 1866, a Chinese merchant named Ayuk, then doing business in San Francisco, went to Louisiana and other Southern States with a view to make contracts with the Southern planters to furnish them laborers from his native country. On his return to New York he expressed his opinion that his countrymen would be more contented and better satisfied to live in the Southern States than in any others he had visited. The correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* also says that he is induced to believe that Mr. F. K. Foreman, now beginning a lecturing tour in the South, is employed by the Chinese merchants of California, with the view of promoting an extensive introduction of intelligent, temperate, industrious, peaceable Chinese laborers, (not coolie serfs,) who being natives of a climate almost exactly the same as that of Louisiana and Mississippi, will be perfectly competent to perform the same task in the sugar cane and cotton fields as was heretofore performed by the slaves.

No considerable quantity of cane sugar nor of cotton has been produced by the labor of white men. In the South our dependence is on negro labor, and the negroes—never sufficient for all our agricultural purposes—become less numerous every day. We have not now more than one half of the working force that we had in 1860, and coolie labor is all that we have to look to as the means of increasing the yield of cotton and rice in the bottom lands and on the coast, where white men cannot work. Half a million Chinese introduced into the rich sugar, cotton and rice fields of the South would soon bring them back to the productive condition of times past, when they yielded 5,387,052 bales of cotton, 450,000 hogheads of cane sugar, 700,000 barrels of molasses, 200,000 casks of rice, and 180,000 hogheads of tobacco in a single year.

The main question is, however, what will the coolies cost? At this moment we are not able to give any trustworthy information as to rates of wages; but something is known of the cost of transportation.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* says that an enterprising New York merchant in the China trade offers to bring Chinese laborers in his ships and deliver them at that port for \$75 apiece. We understand that his terms will be accepted if he will change the point of delivery to the mouth of the Atchafalaya River, one hundred miles below New Orleans, and within twenty miles of a railroad connection with that city. Putting in at the Atchafalaya would lengthen the home voyage a number of days, and would, on that account, be a disadvantage to the shipper. As the Louisiana planters are very desirous to import Chinese there is every prospect that a satisfactory arrangement will be made, if not in regular New York packets, then in vessels chartered for the purpose. A St. Louis paper recently stated that Chinamen could be brought from California to St. Louis for \$50. The cost of taking them to New Orleans would be about \$10. It would pay handsomely to obtain them by that route; but they could not be contracted for on such favorable terms round by sea. In response to the demand for this labor, it is probable that competition will bring down the rates for Clinaime between Shanghai and San Francisco, and that they can be delivered cheap enough across the Pacific Railroad to make it pay to import them by that route. But the voyage round the Horn meets every present wish as to price.

It is evident, then, that the troublesome labor problem is in a fair way of being solved. The future prosperity of the richest portions of the South depends on the number of Chinese immigrants that can be obtained and put into the rich fields now overgrown with weeds and briars. The whole southeast and low-country of South Carolina can be made as fair and productive a region as there is in Christendom if we have a legion of Chinese laborers to supplement our negro population. There is room for Cuffee as well as John Chinaman; and there is room, and fortune besides, for all the European immigrants whom we can induce to settle in the midst of us. Negroes we have; Europeans we have, though unfortunately in small numbers; Chinese we have not. Who will be the first to set the ball rolling by making arrangements for introducing coolies into our State?—*Charleston News.*

**SWEET ON GRANT.**—Charles A. Dana, of the New York Sun, is getting sweet on Grant. He says: "Grant is to be pitied. Poor fellow, he's like the yellow dog in the menagerie—he's too small for a lion—he don't look like a tiger, and nobody wants to see a dog. His Cabinet don't suit the people, his appointments don't please the Senate, and politicians impose on him."

The North Carolina University has 120 trustees and seven students.

### Breach of Promise—What Charles Lever Thinks About It.

Now I am fully persuaded that the horsewhip and the hair-trigger were far more effectual in suppressing these offences than trial at bar. The redress which can only be approached by a humiliation and a terror is no redress at all; and if we sounded the depth of public feeling, we should find there is a more contemptuous sentiment for her who has gained the damages than for him who has paid them. As I have said before, the real hero is the defendant; he has had his "lark," and he has paid for it. Two thousand or three, perhaps, seem a good deal to give for a flirtation and a confidential correspondence; but he has shown the public what a dangerous dog he is, what a terror he might be in a neighborhood—not to say that he has cast a shadow over a whole life, and left an undying memory of treachery where he had promised fidelity and loyalty.

Why will not public opinion, so unforgiving to the duelist, extend some of its severity to the cases that dueling knew how to deal with? or, if it will not permit the pistol, why not measure out to the betrayer some of that indignation it now bestows on him who fights? Declare these men infamous. It is no case for a money reparation. We have in part discarded that base *amende* in some other cases; let us have done with it here. Declare the man who breaks his pledge when solemnly given to make a girl his wife, from whatever station of honor or profit he possesses, and pronounce him disqualified to serve the Crown. If women depend on men for their protection, here is the case of all others that calls for that protection. To accept these men in society, to receive them in our clubs, to make them associates and companions, is a shame and a disgrace on us. To shun the sharper and the blackleg, and to know one of these, is an outrage on sense as well as on decency.

In the laxity with which we treat this guilt we contribute to its frequency. Make breach-of-promise-of-marriage as disgraceful as cheating at play, and you will suppress it more effectually than if you quadrupled the damages; or, if you will not do this—if you will maintain the pleasant theory that courtship is a game where the players stand on equal terms, and that it is a national gain to us if the ladies of our families learn to temper the flow of their affection with some knowledge of the law of contracts—that girls are better fitted to become wives and matrons, from having their minds plentifully armed with distrust, and prepared to regard every man as a possible black-guard—if, we say, you desire to maintain all this, the result will be a very acute class of young ladies, which will lead to fewer cases of breach-of-promise, but in return give you a larger crop of suits for divorce and separation. It is not merely because I am an Irishman that I like a little Lynch law, but I really believe "lynching" enlists a larger share of public sympathy in its exercise than all other forms of justice; and it has two other merits—it is both speedy and inexpensive.

A friend of mine, for whose opinion and judgment I have great deference, tells me that in my zeal to punish these traitors of false faith I am likely to put down that pleasant pastime called flirtation. But I demur to this dictum; I'm sure I never heard it alleged that the "Universal Peace Association" decried fireworks, and actually abjured rockets.

As for flirtation, I maintain it to be not only an innocent, but an improving pastime. Just as certain games with wooden segments of countries instill notions of geography, flirtation is "reading made easy" of love-making; and as there are vast numbers of people who require that all this instruction should be given in some easy and agreeable mode, this practice is by no means to be condemned.

It is not that I intend to preach on this text some day at more length, I would go more freely into the matter, now, and say what esteem and value I feel for flirtation. I cannot imagine, besides that I have, in what I have said here, discouraged the practice, any more than any man who denounces cheating at cards should be supposed to be averse to whist playing. What I uphold is, that the game should be played loyally. There is a great deal of sparring with the gloves on, and very pretty sparring too; but it is well to remember that when people mean to be in earnest they show it openly and palpably. Now in "flirtation proper" the gloves are always on, and, even if some smart taps are delivered, they seldom leave a mark. And all I have said here is directed to those who, after throwing the gloves aside, inflict heavy wounds, but are always ready to say: "I'm sure I never meant it; I fancied it was only play. As for my part, I never intended to be serious."

—Deacon B., of Ohio, a very pious man, was noted for his long prayers especially in his family. One Monday morning the Deacon and his wife were alone, and, as was his custom, after breakfast a prayer was offered. There being an unusual amount of work that day, the Deacon's prayer was short, and seizing his hat and milk pail, he started for the barn. His wife, being deaf, did not notice his absence, but supposed him to be still engaged in prayer. On his return from milking he was surprised to find her still kneeling. He stepped up to her and shouted "Amen," when she immediately arose and went about her work as if nothing had happened.

—In Wisconsin, lately, two children were bitten by mad dogs, to ease them of their sufferings, one was smothered in a feather bed and the other bled to death.

### Arrest of State Constable Hubbard in Augusta.

At a late hour on Saturday night, says the *Augusta Constitutionalist*, the State Constable Hubbard, of South Carolina, who has played such a prominent part in the arrest and imprisonment of citizens of South Carolina upon the most unwarrantable pretenses in many cases, was himself shorn of that liberty of which he has taken such special pleasure in depriving others. He was arrested upon a warrant issued by Justice Ellis, on the 12th inst., at the instance of Wm. E. Flint, of Hamburg, charging Hubbard with the offence of false imprisonment.

The prosecution is based upon the alleged illegality of Hubbard's action, in March last, in confining the defendant in a room at the Globe Hotel in this city, after effecting his arrest at Hamburg, without the necessary legal warrant and authority to hold him as a prisoner in Georgia. The plaintiff was arrested by Hubbard, in March last, at Hamburg, together with the Messrs. Key, Cunningham, and Pleasant Sharpton, in connection with the shooting of District Constable Kennedy. These gentlemen, it will be remembered, were taken to Columbia and imprisoned, and thence to Edgefield Court House, where they were required to give additional bail for their appearance at trial, notwithstanding they, or at least the principals in the shooting affair, had previously executed bond for their appearance at Edgefield Court.

Yesterday morning, Pleasant Sharpton, also brought to this city, and held in duress at the Globe Hotel by Hubbard, together with Flint, also sued out a warrant before Justice Ellis, embodying the same charge as that contained in the first warrant.

As a "fellow feeling makes us wonderful kind," the "Senator" of Edgefield, Armin, and other sympathizers, have been applying themselves with peculiar zeal in behalf of the release of Hubbard. The wires have trembled with communications to Governor Scott, concerning the complications which threatened his Chief Constable, and it is said that his Excellency gave his protecting assurance, authorizing an endorsement of Hubbard's bond for \$2,000, if necessary, and he would be responsible.

Hubbard was before Justice Ellis, yesterday morning, represented by J. P. Carr, Esq. The prosecution was represented by J. C. C. Black, Esq. The defendant was held to bail in the sum of one thousand dollars in each case, for his appearance here on Monday next, for a preliminary examination. The bonds were properly executed, and Hubbard released from arrest yesterday afternoon.

The *Chronicle and Sentinel* of the same day, in noticing the arrest, says:

It may not be known that Hubbard was once an actor in the most cruel and wicked tragedy which has ever disgraced the annals of a civilized country—the judicial murder of Mrs. Surratt for a crime of which she has been proved to have been totally innocent, yet we are informed that Hubbard has boasted to one of his prisoners the part he played in that event. He is reported to have said that he was employed by the United States Government as a detective at the time of the trial, and visiting in disguise the cell of the unfortunate woman, he was enabled to worm enough out of her to appear before the tribunal as a witness. He is also said to have declared that after the execution took place he cut the rope from which the body was suspended, and still has the knife with which he did it in his possession. If this tale be true, he must be a most abandoned monster, and one is ready to believe any charge which may be made against the man, who could act in this base part in the murder of an innocent woman.

**SLEEP.**—Though we are well acquainted with the phenomenon of sleep, it is a singularly strange one. Suppose we had never seen a sleeping creature we should scarcely have believed that such a thing as sleep was possible. We should have deemed it absurd to think of life being reduced to a condition of apparent lifelessness; of consciousness itself being rendered unconscious, and yet have the power to return to perception after the short space of six or seven hours, not knowing, except by the clock, that it had actually been for such a length of time. That man, full as he is of spirit, life and energy, should lie down motionless like a stone, and become for a time blind, deaf, and dumb—that he should be shut out wholly from the impressions of the outer world for half a dozen hours, as if away on an errand to some other quarter of the universe, and yet be capable of being called back in a second of time by a touch of the arm or a shout into the ear—is a mystery, yet is none the less a fact. It has perplexed the minds of the greatest thinkers; and Pyrrho, the ancient skeptic, after having exhausted his brain in trying to understand it, at length declared he did not know which was the real human life—the sleeping or the waking. "Do we," he asked "dream during the night what we have experienced during the day? Or do we during the day dream about what we have experienced during the night?"—*Sunday Magazine.*

—An Irishman, who saw a train approaching, said: "Faith and be jabbers, that same is the stame boat on dirty land, buntin' for water."

—There are one hundred and twenty-five persons in the Mississippi penitentiary serving out sentences imposed by courts marshal.

—A Catholic priest has married in Circleville, Ohio. He was promptly excommunicated.

### Whom Do Great Men Marry.

Women of course. But they show the same diversity of taste that is shown in the lower ranks, and, on the whole, make worse mistakes. They, however, generally show the same sense in choosing wives that they show in managing other peoples affairs, whether it be good or it be bad.

Robert Burns married a farm girl with whom he fell in love while they worked together in the plow field. He, too, was irregular in his life, and committed the most serious mistakes in conducting his domestic affairs.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, but lived together but a short time. He was an austere, exacting literary recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her, so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only example in a long line of English monarchs wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection existed.

Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter. She was faithful to her vows, but we could hardly say the same for the great bard himself. Like most of the great poets, he showed too little discrimination in bestowing his affection on the other sex.

Byron married Miss Milbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift.

Benjamin Franklin married the girl who stood in her father's door and laughed at him as he wandered through the streets of Philadelphia with rolls of dirty cloths under his arms and his pockets filled with bread. She had occasion to be happy when she found herself the wife of such a great and good man.

Washington married a widow with two children. It is enough to say of her that she was worthy of him, and that they lived as married folks should, in perfect harmony.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John being a lawyer; he had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession.

Thomas Jefferson married Mrs. Martha Shelton, a childless widow, but she brought him a large fortune in real estate. After the ceremony she mounted the horse behind him, and they rode home together. It was late in the evening, and they found the fire out. But the great statesman bustled around, rebuilt it, while she seized the broom and soon put things in order. It is needless to say that they were happy, though Jefferson died a poor man, on account of his extreme liberality and hospitality.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and, besides this, was fifty-two years old while he was but twenty-five. He would not take "No," for an answer, and they were married, and they lived happily together until her death, which occurred two years afterward.

Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant girl. She made an excellent wife and a sagacious empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they felt good and happy.

It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an uneducated but amiable woman, and was most devotedly attached to the old warrior and statesman.

John C. Calhoun married his cousin and their children fortunately were neither diseased nor idiotic, but they do not evince the talent of the great "State Rights" advocate.

Edward Lytton Bulwer, the English statesman and novelist, married a girl much his inferior in position, and got a shrew for a wife. She is now insane.

**RUMORED COALITION.**—The Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* has filled the radical camp with consternation by announcing, on the authority of Senator Ross, of Kansas, that a coalition has been entered into between ex-President Johnson and Parson Brownlow, by which Johnson is to aid Brownlow in electing Senator Governor of Tennessee, and Brownlow, Senator, and their friends are in turn to secure Johnson's election to the Senate of the United States. We have no idea that there is a word of truth in the story. Johnson undoubtedly prefers the election of Senator to that of Stokes, but he is incapable of making a corrupt political bargain with any one, and incapable of making any bargain whatever with Brownlow, whom he heartily despises.

The Radicals exhibit great alarm at the idea of ex-President Johnson's going to the Senate. A seat in that body is the exact situation that he should occupy, and we fully believe that he will be elected at the first opportunity, though not in pursuance of any political bargain. As a member of the Senate, he would be a terror to the Radical party. Among the Radical Senators he would not encounter his peer, and his political friends would rejoice to see him squaring accounts that have long been in arrears.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—At a country town in New Jersey, a little boy, who was jumping about and bawling loudly, was asked why he wept. The following reply touched all hearts: "I want my mammy; that's what's the matter. I told the darn thing she'd lose me."

—The Southern Methodist Church has 503,506 white and 82,085 colored members.

### A Conversation with Herr Lengel, the Lion Tamer.

HIS WOUNDS AND HIS EXPERIENCE WITH LIONESSES.

We very much doubt if there is a man, woman or child in the United States, where a circus has been, that has not heard of Herr Lengel, the lion tamer—all of whom will read with interest the statements below, gleaned from a conversation held with him yesterday afternoon at the Pavilion Hotel, where he lays nursing a leg badly bitten by a lioness in April last.

#### HIS CIRCUS EXPERIENCE.

We found Mr. Lengel lying down reading, not suffering much, but very restless. He is apparently about thirty-two or thirty-three years of age, but is really ten years older. He told us that he is a native of Philadelphia, and has been engaged in the lion taming business for eighteen years, during which time he has served in the circuses of J. M. June, S. B. Howe, Phineas T. Barnum, Haight & Chambers, Van Amburgh, Raymond & Co., Castello and Ames, the latter of which he is with at present.

June is dead. Howe and Barnum have quit the business, Haight & Chambers failed in Texas, two years ago. Haight and Castello are now "showing" in California.

#### HIS EXPERIENCE WITH LIONS.

In answer to a question as to his manner of taming lions, he replied at length, saying that "it was a gift of nature" with him. I have no fear of them. People tell me every time I get a wound that it ought to be a warning to me, and should make me fear to go in the cage again. But it does not. When I am away from the lions I get homesick, and when I can go where they are and my wounds prevent me from going into the cage, I get more homesick still. I never met any lions I could not tame. Three years ago, I tamed five in New York, which, while in Europe had killed one man and badly mangled another, who attempted to tame them. In three weeks after they were put in my charge, they were as tame as I wished though before they were considered untamable. I very seldom use force in taming them, but sometimes it becomes necessary—kindness is my usual plan; I am always careful to keep my eye upon them.

Every one who has seen "The Lion Tamer" leaving the cage after his feat of laying down among the lions, putting his feet on their heads, feeding them, and firing off pistols, has doubtless noticed how careful he was—stepping out backward very deliberately, and watching closely the beasts which always advanced upon him. In speaking of this, he said: "If I did not keep my eye upon them they would jump at me. They have sense enough to know that I am retreating from them, and they gain courage; there is more danger to me at this time than at any other. If the lions were at liberty, I would fear to go near them. Some people think that a lion born in America is more docile, partaking less of the savage nature of the brute, than one born in Africa or Asia. Not so. I would rather have to tame a litter born in either of the last two mentioned places than a litter born in this country—the latter are more dangerous and less easily tamed."

#### HIS WOUNDS.

Mr. Lengel has been bitten a number of times by lions, lionesses we should have said, as the males have never done so; the lionesses, said he, "are more treacherous and deceitful than the lions." He has been slightly scratched an almost innumerable number of times. He has never had to lay up but twice from his wounds. The description of the wounds and the places where he received them are mentioned below.

The first wound was a bite in the left leg, in Western Pennsylvania, while with Barnum's Circus.

The second was received while with S. B. Howe & Co. in Augusta, Ga., being severely bitten in the left hand. This wound caused him to lose the use of his middle finger.

The third was inflicted at Little Rock, Ark., by a lioness in Howe & Castello's Circus. This time two fingers of the right hand were mangled. He has full use of them now.

The fourth was received while in Madison Indiana, last summer. The lioness seized him by the right leg, driving her teeth into the calf of his leg until they nearly met.

The fifth was received last April in New Orleans. The animal seized him by the left leg, inserting one tooth of the lower jaw an inch and a half into the calf, and a tooth of the upper jaw the same depth into the upper side of the knee joint. Mr. Lengel was confined to his bed a while, but when the circus moved he came along, and gave two exhibitions, one in Augusta and one in Savannah, the latter of which he says is a paradise for a circus. On coming here he made arrangements to perform last Wednesday, but his leg pained him, he consulted Dr. F. M. Robertson, who ordered him to bed at once, telling him that the bone of the leg was injured. This order was obeyed, and Mr. L. still remains in bed. He is able, however, to travel about the room occasionally.

It is somewhat of a coincidence that Dr. Robertson has attended his patient on two other occasions at the Pavilion Hotel for wounds received from lionesses—all of the wounds being upon the left side of the body.

Herr Lengel does not think he was bitten but once intentionally. He says the lionesses when together never meet, but they snarl and snap at each other—two of them never live peacefully in the same cage—and states that it is his opinion that with the exception mentioned, when

he aggravated one beyond endurance, he was in the way, and was bitten for one of the lionesses. He has the teeth and claws of the lioness which he thinks bit him purposely. The teeth are an inch and a half long, with a root about two and a half inches in length. If the teeth were driven in flesh up to the gums a large sized punch stone could be planted in the hole. The claws, which the animal like the cat, keeps unexposed till wanted, are formidable looking objects. We do not now doubt, as we once did the assertions of travellers, that one blow from a lion's paw would kill a man or tear out great masses of flesh. Herr Lengel says he fears their claws more than their teeth—that they generally strike before they bite.

Herr Lengel will have to remain here about ten days longer, after which it is probable he will be able to rejoin his company.—*Charleston News.*

**PAYNE, THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSIN OF MR. SEWARD.**—The Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, writes to that paper as follows:

Some time ago a friend introduced me to Frederick Stone, of Port Tobacco, (Indian, *Potopaca*.) on the Lower Potomac, who was counsel to Dr. Mudd, the surgeon of John Wilkes Booth. Stone is now a member of Congress from the Fifth District of Maryland, and is a modest, semi-literary lawyer. He went in his professional capacity to see Payne, or Powell, the attempted assassin of William H. Seward, and returned to my introduction with this statement:

"That fellow is the most extraordinary and irredeemable ruffian in Christendom. He is built like a gigantic savage, has no idea of fear, possesses no sensibilities, and wants to die with promptitude."

"He said to me: 'I don't want a trial. I deserve to be hanged, and I expected it. I don't want to be led out into court every day, with chains on my legs, and a daily hurrah. I meant to kill that old Seward, and how I failed I can't imagine. I believe I was right in trying to kill him, and all I regret is that I didn't kill him. First I went at him with my knife and then with my pistol butt. If I had possessed anything else, I should have finished him.'"

Stone asked him the extent and nature of the conspiracy.

"It was a plan to carry off Lincoln and give him up to the Confederates," said Payne; "but when that failed, Booth, who was the only one in earnest, proposed to kill Lincoln and all the Cabinet. All the rest backed out and scattered like a lot of beggars. We never heard of Surratt or Arnold, or any of them again. I told Booth that I would go in with him, and he preferred to kill Lincoln, while I was set upon Seward. If Atzerodt or Harold were in the matter, they were mere hangers-on. I deserve to be killed, and so does Booth. The rest were women and babies."

**THE TRIALS OF EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.**—At a meeting of the Iowa "State Press Association," an address was delivered—and a very sensible one, too—by one of its members, from which we make the following extract:

"In speaking of the revenue of the press, I cannot refrain from expressing my views on the subject of free advertisements. There is always to be found in every considerable community a set of men who imagine by some dispensation, they ought not, like other mortals, to pay for what they receive. Editors have extraordinary facilities for making their acquaintance, and are very kindly permitted to contribute gifts to their support. In what other branch of business would this be tolerated? Allow that one has put the press under some obligation, does he not generally expect to get back more than the worth of his services?"

"If a man does an editor a favor of a remarkable value, let him have his remuneration, cash."

"On the other hand require him to pay for what the paper has done for him. It is as reasonable to expect a carpenter to shingle your house and the tailor to make your clothes without charge, as to prepare and publish matter for another's benefit without compensation. Long obituaries, marriages ornamented by extracts from all the poets, and lengthy puffs of some one's corner lots or improvements, come under this class of advertisements. This custom of gratuitous notices and advertisements from any quarter ought to cease, for the reason that it would be a benefit to the editors' pockets, and would in some degree abate an almost intolerable nuisance. The editor's path has no more thorns than roses, and there is no law, human or divine that should oblige him to shoulder the burdens of those who are too lazy or stingy to take care of themselves. People will come to terms where they find their interests are involved in a reasonable compliance."

A good anecdote is told of a house painter's son, who used the brush very dexterously, but had acquired the habit of putting it on too thick. One day his father after having frequently scolded him for his lavish dabbling, and all to no purpose, gave him a severe flogging. "There, you young rascal," after performing the painful duty, "how do you like that?" "Well, I don't know, dad," whined the boy, "but it seems to me that you put it on a great deal thicker than I did."

—On some railroads it is customary to have a look on the stove to prevent the passengers from meddling with the fire. A conductor being asked why they looked at the stove, replied that "it was to prevent the fire from going out."