The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD. SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1874. VOL. IX.-NO. 28.

Poetry.

TO MARIAN.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Even as the mystic Upas flings
Its deadly spell o'er Indus' vale
Till glowing vine and blossom fail
And faint beside their native springs—

So, friend, the shadow of one life
In which a fruitless anguish strives
May reach aross an hundred lives
And darken them with tears and strife.

My life has been that Upas tree!
Its baleful dews and odors fall
Like Autumn rains, and wither all
That love hath made too dear for me!

But, as those wondrous plants disclose
(Where Hecla's frigid splendors shine)
Rich gleams of summerhood divine
Amid the hushed, eternal snows—

And as the holly lights the wood
With crimson fires no frost can fade,
The saddest heart by fire betrayed
May gild some barren life with good!

And I, whom thou hast sought for years
To win to paths more straight and plain,
Pour like a stormy April rain
The wild libation of my tears—

On the pale urn that darkly holds
The ashes of thy buried hope,
Whose blushing buds shall never ope
In bloom on life's most barren wolds!

Alas! the straightened limbs! the face
Death-white—the sad eyes in eclipse—
The folded hands, and sunken lips—
The sweet friend missed from out her place!

Come, lean thy face upon my breast,
And let me kiss thy tears away—
For lo! hath dawn'd from out this May
The Summer of her endless rest!

A Leaf from the Past.

Correspondence of Chicago Tribune.

A BURIED CITY.

Previous to the great eruption of A. D. 79, which destroyed Pompeii, there had been a passive period extending back beyond recorded history. The Greeks had settled around the Bay of Naples, one thousand years before that event, and their early writers had never heard of an eruption of Vesuvius. But the ancient geographers recognized the volcanic character of the mountain from its similarity of form to Etna. The present cone was not created previous to the great eruption of A. D. 79. The mountain was only three thousand feet high, and had a broad, craggy top, two miles in diameter, among the hollows of which grew the wild vine and the pine trees. There was no crater in those days. During the early civil wars of Rome, contending factions built fortresses over where the crater subsequently appeared. Suddenly, one day, February 5 in the year A. D. 63, there was a great earthquake around the base of Vesuvius, which convulsed the whole neighborhood, and tumbled down many of the buildings in Pompeii and in other towns in the vicinity. This premonitory symptom of returning activity, after so many centuries of dormance, was followed by a number of other shocks during the next sixteen years, until the day of the memorable eruption so graphically described by the younger Pliny in his letters to Tacitus. The place where he was during the catastrophe was at Misenum, a small port on the bay a few miles from Naples, and about fourteen or fifteen from the mountain in a northwest direction, while Pompeii lay on the plain near the seashore, five or six miles to the south-east of Vesuvius, in which direction the wind seems to have blown, as the greatest fall of ashes, rain and mud, was on that side of the mountain. But the ashes fell in immense quantities all around the bay and plain, for a distance of fifty miles from the crater. Pliny says that, after several shocks of earthquake in quick succession, which did not much alarm people, because there had lately been experienced many shocks, "A black and dreadful cloud, bursting forth with igneous, serpentine vapor, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger and more terrific. The black cloud rose high in the heavens, and quickly spread out in every direction, rolling like a torrent in vast, frightful folds, until it overspread the whole bay and surrounding country, shutting out the light of day. We were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of mud and ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in a heap." He then described the lightnings, the shocks, and the terror among the people; "some lifting their hands to the gods in supplication; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying; but the greater part," among whom was Pliny himself, "imagined that the last eternal night was come which was to destroy the gods and the world together." Finally, toward evening, "a glimming of light appeared, and the darkness was dispersed by degrees, like a cloud of smoke; the real day returned, but the sun itself appeared very faintly, and like when an eclipse is going off. After daylight was fairly restored, the whole country in every direction was thickly covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow; and many cities and towns were buried out of sight.

The uncle of this Pliny—the celebrated naturalist of the same name—lost his life in attempting to rescue some of his friends who lived on the opposite shore of the bay, near Pompeii. When the cloud and eruption commenced, he took a galley and rowed swiftly across the bay, and landed at Stabiæ; but the mephitic vapor, blowing in that direction, caused his death. The sailors with him fled back to the boat and escaped with their lives, leaving him where he fell, and where his body was afterward found by the nephew.

It is no wonder that Pliny thought the Day of Judgment had come. The eyes of mortal never beheld a more frightful convulsion of nature. Fire, smoke, lightning, rain, mud, ashes, falling stones, thick, black darkness, dreadful explosions, louder than claps of thunder, together with hundreds of fearful shocks of earthquake, were enough to appall the heart even of a Roman, who was supposed to be impervious to the sensation of fear.

To understand more fully the nature of this catastrophe, a word regarding Vesuvius.

What appears at a distance as a cloud of smoke issuing from the crater, is simply the vapor of water, impregnated with the fumes of sulphur. No smoke such as that produced by the combustion of any carbon-substances ever issues from the mountain. The seeming "smoke is always steam or aqueous vapor, more or less dark as it happens to be charged with ashes. When this vapor condenses in the atmosphere, it descends in the form of rain; and, if much mixed with ashes, it falls in a paste or muddy shower. During great eruptions, when enormous quantities of ashes are ejected, with thick clouds of vapor, they fall in torrents of mud and water. This is exactly what happened one thousand eight hundred years ago, when Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiæ, and several other towns were destroyed by that awful eruption of A. D. 79. The tremendous heat in the bowels of the mountain, coming in contact with a great body of water from the Mediterranean Sea, which had percolated through the fissures of the stratified limestone and other rocks, which the internal fires, instantly acting on it like furnace-heat, converted it into steam. The sudden conversion of millions of cubic feet of water into high steam by the subterranean fires produced the phenomena of exploding steam on a vast scale. The sudden and resistless expansion of water into one thousand seven hundred times its original bulk tore great rents and fissures in the sides of the mountain, through which, as the lowest points of exit, flowed heavy streams of fluid lava; and from the crater itself, being the highest part of the mountain, and acting like a chimney, issued forth vast clouds of steam, mixed with sulphur-vapor and enormous quantities of ashes and showers of stones, which were flung out by the explosions of the water into steam. The fire that is seen above the crater during an eruption is not flame, but is the reflection of the molten lava within the crater upon the clouds of aqueous vapor and ashes suspended over it. The lightning, which is seen darting from the edges of the black cloud, is produced by the electricity which is produced by the rapid condensation of vapor into water, and of water into steam, under the effect of the heat radiated from the crater.

After refreshing my memory of that eventful eruption by reading Pliny's and other accounts of it, I visited the buried city with feelings somewhat akin to those which an eye-witness of the dreadful occurrence might have who returned to Pompeii some years afterward to see how it looked. In the first place, something more than half the original limits of the city within the walls are exhumed—say one hundred acres of the one hundred and sixty which it covered. Pompeii was a Greco-Roman city of the third class, and contained perhaps thirty thousand inhabitants at the date of its destruction. Herculaneum was not more than half as large. Pompeii was in no danger of destruction from an eruption of lava, as it was built on an oblong-shaped piece of rising ground, which was considerably higher than the plain between it and the mountain, distant several miles to the northwest. It was submerged at the time to about the depth of twenty-five feet, as I observed by the excavations still going on; and subsequently, in A. D., 472, there was another fall of ashes of about a foot. Several lighter falls of ashes can be traced, in all to the depth of two or three feet, in addition to the great deluge; and the whole is covered by a foot deep of rich vegetable mold.

The reason that Pompeii was buried out of sight is, that the houses were nearly all only one story high; a few were two stories, and some of the temples and public buildings a little higher but none to exceed three stories. The general height of the walls as they stand is eighteen to twenty feet; I saw none to exceed thirty-five feet; but they are exceedingly thick, and bound with a cement as strong as the lava rock itself, of which they are built.

The general appearance of Pompeii bears a striking similarity to the cities and towns of Southern Italy of the present day. One sees everywhere the same narrow, crooked street—six to twelve feet wide (there are only two streets in Pompeii wider than that;) the same very thick walls of stone and brick, covered with stucco outside as well as in; the same kind of irregular or octagonal-shaped flag pavement; the same little places, or public squares—mere widenings of the street; the same style of courtyards, or areas in the middle of houses, connected by an archway with the street. These courts, of which hundreds may be seen in Pompeii, were called *atriums;* and in the centre of each was an *impluvium*, or square aperature for catching and holding water. This *impluvium* is not in use in modern Italian towns. Often there is a fountain in the *atrium*, with water-god and other statuary. The same may be seen still in the cities of Italy.

The favorite and prevailing colors of the stucco walls were red and yellow, or rather orange and lemon—the former for the dining-rooms, and the latter for the parlors. Pictures of mythological subjects of every conceivable kind, were painted on those stucco walls, and exactly the same thing and the same designs may be seen all over Italy. There has been little change in the taste of the people in respect to the architecture of their towns; for stuccos and frescoes, for colors and designs—the Greek models—have been perpetuated in almost every respect for these eighteen centuries. The chief difference observable is in the height of the houses. The modern Italian houses are three to six stories; those of the days of Pompeii appear to have been only one or two. Perhaps it was not so of all other cities.

Pompeii is a roofless city; not a dozen buildings are covered, and the roofs of these are brick arches—the most notable one being the Thermæ, or public bath-house, which had a frontage of three streets, its principal entrance being from the street of Fortune. The weight of the mud-ashes crushed in all the roofs not made of arches, and tumbled down more or less the partition walls, which gives the city a ragged, ruinous aspect when viewed from the streets. But there is no mark of fire. The walls are not cracked and blackened, or calcined, but look as new and natural as they did the day before the eruption. The stucco walls and the fresco pictures appear as fresh as those of modern Italian towns.

The city evidently has been overtaken by some great misfortune, as is attested by its roofless, doorless, windowless, empty houses, and silent, deserted streets. But the disaster which has befallen it seems to be the work of yesterday, or last month at longest, and it is simply impossible to believe that eighteen hundred years have passed since the calamity. On thousands of chamber-walls may be seen ornamental frescoes and mosaics, and pictures of every kind, male and female figures in all fanciful attitudes and attires, chiefly nude; animals, fishes, serpents, birds, flowers, landscapes, fruit-pieces, classical and gladiatorial scenes, and mythological scenes and groups—many of them of great beauty and exquisite finish and design.

I shall not attempt to describe the temples, pantheons, theatres, circus, amphitheatre, courts of justice and jail, city council-chamber, with the Forum and market-places. The guide-books are full of these, and people who have not seen them have either read all about them, or may do so at their leisure. The amphitheatre, however, was a huge building, four hundred feet by three hundred, and would seat twelve thousand spectators. It was in full blast on the day of the destruction of Pompeii; and when the great black cloud rolled in darkness over the doomed city, amid fierce flashes of lightning, loud bursts of thunder, and convulsive shocks of earthquake, the twelve thousand spectators of the combats in the arena between the gladiators and the lions and tigers fled i terror from the city, half suffocated with noxious fumes, pelted by a downfall of mud, and deluged by a torrent of rain. From the knowledge gained by the excavations, it is believed that not more than one thousand persons were caught in the volcanic storm in the city and perished there. How many lost their lives wandering in the thick darkness beyond the walls can never be known. Thousands escaped by the vessels in the harbors, and other thousands, undoubtedly, by the roads along the bay.

After the catastrophe was over, and the mountain had resumed its repose, the survivors ventured back to look for their pleasant homes, now buried out of sight, with only here and there the top of a pillar, or the arch over high walls projecting above the surrounding embankments of gray ashes and pumice mud. They tarried to search for buried treasures, statuary, and other valuables. It is observed by the excavators that hundreds of pits had been dug down into the *atria* of houses, and trenches therefrom were cut into the chambers in search of personal effects. Comparatively little of the precious metals have been found in cleaning away the *debris* and ashes from houses and shops, and it is thus accounted for that so little has been discovered. The owners would naturally prolong the search while there was a prospect of recovering any of their valuables. The work was not difficult as the materials to excavate were light and easily handled, and the inhabitants, of course, knew where to look for property worth the trouble of search; for nothing was burned, but only crushed or buried down under the weight of twenty-five feet of wet, sticky ashes, and gravelly pumice. Yet, after they had finished their search, and abandoned the site of the city forever, an enormous quantity of things have been exhumed during the last one hundred years. The Royal Museum of Naples contains fully ten thousand articles of every imaginable description, taken from the ruins. It requires whole days to go through the rooms of the Museum, merely glancing at the things found in Pompeii; and these are but a small part of what were recovered. Every museum in Europe is more or less stocked with curiosities from Pompeii; and hundreds and thousands of private persons have secured many valuable and beautiful articles. A score or two of painters may be seen continually making copies of the Pompeiian frescoes, and pictures, and bas-reliefs, in the galleries of the Royal Museum. The walls of the houses of wealthy classes were prepared with a stucco of great excellence, equally adapted to receive pictorial embellishments or to be modelled into bas-reliefs. This stucco seems to have been made of calcined gypsum, mixed with pulverized stone or powdered marble. On walls and ceilings thus prepared the best Grecian artists displayed their skill in designs of landscapes, mythological figures, processions, triumphs battles by land and sea, gods and goddesses, animals, gardens, and ideal subjects. Some of these fresco paintings are of the most exquisite beauty and grace, and may be seen imitated in all the palaces and galleries of Europe, and copied in engravings, and reproduced in statuary or bronze, in which latter-named arts the Pompeiians also excelled. The collection of statuary in marble and bronze in the Naples Museum is hardly equalled in variety or excellence by the vast collection of the Vatican in Rome; and many of those in the Vatican, in the Louvre of Paris, and the British Museum of London came from Pompeii.

Pompeii was a favorite watering place for wealthy Roman families, several hundred of whom had residences there, and spent portions of the year in it. This accounts for the exquisite statuary, bronzes, frescoes, mosaics, and other works of art there found. The Greek artists furnished the skill, and the patrician Romans the money for their production.

But I was greatly interested in inspecting the domestic articles in the Museum, taken from the dead city, whereby the daily life and habits, and degree of civilization of the Romans of that age may be ascertained and compared with the present times. It is astonishing how many things in common use now were in use then. Here you will see almost every kitchen utensil, portable cooking stoves, jelly-cake and butter moulds in the imitation of birds and flowers; pots, kettles, crocks, dishes, cups and sauces, spoons, knives and forks, dippers, skimmers, sauce-pans, frying-pans, lamps, lamp-stands, flesh-hooks, braziers for charcoal. In a word, pretty much every kitchen, dining-room, or chamber article found in modern use entered into the economy of the daily life of Roman antiquity. All the articles of a lady's toilette, including jewelry of every description, were found in houses in Pompeii, and may be seen at the Museum. There are luminous, transparent vases of glass, of the most exquisite form and finish, with all kinds of frost-work thereon; and every sort of glass-ware below that, down to common window glass and glass bottles. In terracotta the ancients seemed to have excelled the moderns in beauty, boldness of design, and finish. Here are elegant votive statuettes, and sepulchral urns of many designs, embellished in bas-relief; here is the amphora bottle, in which "fine old crusty wine" was preserved; the money box, in which the child stored its gift-coins; the dishes which held the choice viands at table; and other elegant terra-cotta articles too numerous to mention. In gold and silver ornaments, corals, and of precious stones, there is everything to be found now in a first-class Paris jewelry shop. Taken from the retail shops were steelyards, balances, weights, and measures. From a doctor's office was recovered a full set of surgical instruments, including "pollikins" for extracting teeth and trepans for drilling holes in the skull. There is any number of shoemaker, tailor, carpenter, and blacksmith tools, and, indeed, implements of almost every present mechanical occupation. Taken altogether, the collection was a surprising revelation to me, as it has been to others—showing that the ancients had invented and perfected ten thousand implements and articles of common life which we still use with little improvement thereon, and without giving them credit therefor.

Returning to Pompeii for another glance before we took our departure, I noticed over the shop door signs in large and ornamental letters, painted on the walls, naming the business carried on. Stone hitching-posts for horses were in front of many of them. On some of the most frequented streets the hard travestine rock pavements were deeply worn into ruts by the cart-wheels, and the sidewalks also were much worn by the tread of human feet. The stairways of public buildings exhibited the same effect of friction.—Electioneering advertisements were frequently met with on walls of houses, painted in red letters, calling on the citizens to vote for this or that person for some office—generally aldermen, justices, sheriff, or treasurer—perhaps because they paid best, although no salaries were attached to the first-named. One inscription runs:—"The Scribe Issus requests you to support M. C. Vatia, as Ædill. He is worthy and well qualified." Another, translated, reads:—"Phillipus beseeches of you to create M. Halconius a Decemvir of Justice"—Police Magistrate, such as "Chief-Justice" Banyon used to be. Many of the recommendations proceed from trade-guilds or unions, which seem to have been numerous in Pompeii. Some of the inscriptions on the walls were lampoons of rival candidates, with caricatures of their faces or any personal peculiarity. In the vestibule of the High School the following inscription is scratched on the smooth stucco of the yellow wall:—"*Otiosis hic locus non est; discede morator*"—This is no place for idlers; let them begone," or something to that effect. Another inscription is still sharper; it reads:—"*Aut disce, aut discede, aut memet suo tertio cædi;*" which, freely translated, signifies as follows: "Study, or leave, or take a confounded good licking." Both inscriptions are evidently the work of schoolboys. Love sentiments and ditties are scratched on the walls. One of them reads, in translation, "Methe, the slave of Corninia, loves Crestus with all her heart. May the Pompeiian Venus (the tutelary goddess of the city) be propitious to both, and may they be happy together." It was probably a lampoon.

In entering the vestibule of the House of the Tragic Poet, the first object which greets the eye is that of a large, fierce dog preparing to spring at the intruder. Look again at the alarming canine, and you see that it is but a device wrought in mosaic on the pavement, with the inscription beneath, "*Cave canem*" ("Beware of the dog.") Some of the finest fresco painting found in Pompeii is in this building. But most of its treasures have been moved to the Naples Museum.

Of course I visited the Villa of Diomede, and found it to correspond in appearance very closely with the descriptions contained in the "Last Days of Pompeii," by Bulwer. Around two sides of the building were the wine-vaults; and in one of the angles were found eighteen skeletons of persons who had sought refuge there, but were suffocated by the ashes and mud which drifted in on them; and on the wall and floor can still be traced the shadow-looking outline of their figures where they lay down and died. When they were exhumed, a golden necklace was found encircling the throat of one of the skeletons with the name of the owner engraved thereon—Julia de Diomede; gold earrings and gold bracelets were found on the remains; and lying beside others were purses containing gold coins. Several skeletons found elsewhere are on exhibition under glass cases in a building in Pompeii. Some died with their hands over their mouths, trying to keep out the ashes. One male figure was found in a street near the Stabiæ gate, lying prone on his face, with a large key in one hand and a quantity of gold coins in the other. Searching for his money he had tarried too long, and was caught in the tempest. In some cases the victims appear to have sought a vaulted chamber, and, lying on their sides, with their heads resting on their arms, awaited their fate. Terror could be traced in the distorted features of other skeletons. But I shall not longer dwell on this unpleasant subject.

A Lesson in Spelling.

It is said that the following arrangement of words, if dictated with any degree of rapidity, will stump the best spellers: "The most skilful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poinard, who drove a peddler's wagon, using a mulleinstalk as an instrument of coercion to tyrannize over his pony, shod with calks. He was a Gahlean Sadducee, and he had a phthisicky catarrh, diptheria, and the bilious intermittent erysipelas. A certain sibyl, with the sobriquet of "Gypsy," went into ecstacies of cachination at seeing him measure a bushel of peas, and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes without dyeing or singeing the ignitable queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the Capitol to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarifying, and stupefying inuendoes, she gave him a couch, a bouquet of lilies, mignonette, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciusko, a kaleidescope, a dram-phial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naptha, for deleble purposes, a ferrule, a clarionet, some licorice, a surcingle, a cornelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with a moveable balance wheel, a box of dominoes, and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and a parishioner of mine, preferring a woollen sourtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating, occasionally-occurring idiosyncracy), wofully uttered this apothegm: 'Life is checkered, but schism, apostasy, heresy, and villainy shall be punished.' The Sibyl apologizingly answered, "There is notably an allegeable difference between a conferrable ellipsis and a trisyllabic diæresis.'" We replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion.

A German Sunday.

The German idea of Sunday is anything but Puritanic. It is the very opposite. It is for them a day of amusement. It is no unusual thing to be asked by a German on Monday morning, "Well, how did you amuse yourself yesterday?" There are those among the Germans, of course, who respect and keep the Sabbath; but then there are always enough of them who do not; and to judge by t e numbers which frequent their places of amusement on Sunday—the parks, beer gardens, and public halls—a stranger might possibly be tempted to inquire whether the Germans had any idea of a Sabbath. Men, women and children, older men with their wives, and younger ones with their sweethearts, throng these places every Sunday, and enjoy themselves, careless of what impression they make on their fellow-citizens of American origin, to whom the sound of brass instruments on the Sabbath air is anything but welcome or edifying. In the cold days of winter, when the parks and beer gardens are shorn of their beauty, the German seeks amusement in some hall instead. Here he treats himself to a compound of rather heterogeneous elements—to music, beer and smoke; and to all of them at once. Any Sunday afternoon in the cold of winter, you may find him, with his wife or child, or both, in some large hall, one of a hundred or five hundred, smoking his meerschaum or his cigar, sipping his beer, wine or coffee, and listening to a selection from Meyerbeer or Beethoven. Were it summer, he would add the odor of roses to the fumes of his tobacco and the smell of his beer; for he is as fond of flowers as he is of any of these, and is never happier than when the air, trembling to the notes of the orchestra, is redolent with tobacco smoke, the perfume of the rose, heliotrope, and hop, and he himself in the midst of them all.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

FORT MCHENRY FLAG.—The flag of Fort McHenry, which floated from the flag staff of that fortification, during its bombardment by the British, September 13 and 14, 1814, the original of our National song, "the Star Spangled Banner," is in the possession of Mrs. Georgianna Armistead Appleton, of Charlestowo, Mass. the youngest daughter of Lieutenant Colonel George Armistead, United States Army, the commander of the fort during the bombardment. It is 32 feet in length, and 29 in width, the Union 18½ by 15½ feet, on which there are 14 stars, two feet from point to point, and the stripes, of which there are 8 white and 8 red, are 1 foot 11 inches in width. The flag, though passably well preserved, shows the effect of the service it has rendered and the fire it has stood.

In a volume just issued in Calcutta on Mahometan laws, it is stated that a girl may marry her self by a smile, unless it is complicated with a sneer. Silence or a laugh when an offer of marriage is made is taken for consent. Strangely enough the request to marry or the reply to make the contract valid must be in the preterite tense.

Marriage, with peace and confidence, is the world's paradise.

Our Olio.

From Homespun.

THE COUNTRY LAWYER.

At this moment there rises in my mind's eye the great legal functionary of the little town of Follifog. In his little box of an office he sits in his arm-chair, of a summer afternoon, his feet fastened to the window-sill, his thumbs hooked in the armholes of his waistcoat, and his firm-set head as full of wisdom as an egg is of meat. If a client happens to be sharing the hour with him, he is either talking in that resonant tone which so impresses itself on all his clients' minds, or the brazen echoes of his professional laugh are reverberating up and down the village street.

He rejoices in that voice of his, which is so hard and loud, esteeming it a gift, by whose help he impresses his personal power upon clients and opponents alike. When he rises in court to wrangle and argue, it is with a deliberateness which few men can parallel. The sweet and bitter cud of legal lore he chews without cessation. Fortified within the entrenchments of professional dignity, he sallies out only when he feels very sure of bringing back the enemy captive. All the little boys look up to him in wonder, remembering what a hand he has had in sending off thieves and drunkards and otherwise questionable characters to the county lock-up.

There are some few persons, and particularly in country towns, who imagine it a great gift to be a lawyer. They regard this character as the Jupiter Tonans of the rural Olympus. They associate all that is great and worthy in the State with his occupation. He, of all the rest, is the one man who attends to the business of everybody else. He is as handy at private as at public affairs. He draws up wills for dying persons—has a hand in the settlement of estates—throws his professional guardianship around the orphans and fatherless—becomes the trustee of property of all descriptions and values—manages delicate questions arising between the different members of the same family—improves the slender estates of widows and maiden ladies—attends the justice courts, those rural standards and institutes of law and order—helps employ a teacher for the Academy—and is sometimes an active member of that very important body known as the Church Committee. There is, in fact, no office which the village advocate and attorney is not qualified to fill. Let it be never so trifling and inconsiderable, he will manage to invest it with such pomp and circumstance of learned phraseology as shall make it seem scarcely less important and dignified than the Presidency itself. It is indeed a wonder, what a faculty a country lawyer has of extracting the very essence of dignity out of some kinds of occupation, in themselves so pitiful and mean.

In the same town of Follifog lived and practiced, too, Squire Bingham. The Squire was one of the reputed Solons of the place. He was a man very generally "looked up to," by foe as well as by friend. Aside from the doctor and the minister, no one was popularly reckoned wiser than he. In the stores and at the tavern men listened to him with eagerness, and felt grateful to catch the very drippings from the eaves of his wisdom. He could stand and face people in church with a settled assurance that was worth a fortune to any lawyer; and few were the eyes which could wrestle with his, and not catch a sudden fall.

In his profession, no man was ever known to be more stirring than Squire Bingham. Everybody knew *that*, to their cost. Numbers who had gone to law under his lead for "damages" were quite ready to admit that they got them. By the force of his energy and the persuasiveness of his eloquence, he had managed to secure plentiful emoluments, and was—at the particular time I speak of—on the high road to public office and favor. Long ago had the popular voice pronounced him a "smart" lawyer, which means whatever you please. What the popular *heart* might have chosen to say of him,—supposing it possessed of so miraculous an organ as a tongue,—would not so well suit this present purpose to repeat. He occupied as fine a house as any man in town already. He "stood high" with the inhabitants, and exchanged familiar calls with the minister's family; and in the days when the ministers of sequestered towns were virtually Popes in their little realms, this one fact was a sure guaranty of respectability, if not an actual passport to local eminence.

The lawyer's house stood behind a couple of silvery sycamores, scarcely more stately than himself, that imparted a mansion-like appearance to the dwelling itself; whilst within the cincture of its white filagree fence throve shrubs and flowers enough to have made the heart of any country lawyer as soft as a woman's, a poet's, or a story-teller's. The front walk was of broad and clean flagging-stones, which was a luxury very few of the householders round about could well afford. A huge lilac-bush stood beneath either front window, and furnished, in the season of flowering, fragrance for the whole length of the street; while it unhappily led not a few little boys, on their way to Sabbath-school, into desperate bogs of temptation, from a desire to snap off spikes of the royal purple blossoms and stick them in their button-holes. Snow-balls, too, were growing in immense clusters in that yard; and, here and there, a hollyhock, a bunch of pinks, and a screen of morning-glory vines before a window.

But Squire Bingham is a representative of the "upper class" of country lawyers; Mr. Jenkins is several grades below him. He—Jenkins—is a much younger man. He hasn't yet taken a wife. He is not allowed, by the adjudication of public sentiment, to do a good many things that a man like Judge Bingham—for example—can do with perfect impunity.

He sits—Jenkins still—in an office with the proportions of a snug hen-coop; and all around him busy spiders weave their webs for giddy flies, suggesting the meshes he is all the time weaving in his brain to entangle unsuspecting men and women. The new calf-bound law books that give his shelves an imposing air, and litter his table as with an appearance of business, call up visions of dead-and-buried lawsuits,—ghosts of long-departed plaintiffs and defendants who will never enter the legal tilt-yard more,—estates rent into ravelings by the lingual dexterity of cunning and voluble lawyers,—together with a body of established principles of law and equity, that leave all parties to an issue as much in the fog as before the attorneys and judges conspired to develop such confusion.

Justice Courts furnish one of the staple entertainments of a country town, or village. On rainy days, they are peculiarly interesting. The male part of the population is in a state of what is styled "high cockolorum." On the occasions when these are held, there is leisure enough for everybody, no matter what his trade or occupation. The men can't work out in the field; the tanners would hardly keep dry around their sloppy vats in the oozy yards; there is no wood to be hauled to the back-door; and the only talk at the store is of appproaching Court.

This is held either in the open bar-room, or the more spacious hall above stairs. In this particular Court it is where Mr. Jenkins awakes to a sense of his individual glory. In the frowning presence of the Justice of the Peace, and of that miscellaneous tribunal whose applause he craves with such eagerness, he brow-beats, cross-examines, and habitually bullies timid witnesses,—male and female,—and returns to his coop of an office after the day's work is done, secure of the fame for which he strives and about which he fondly dreams.

If you could but *behold* him in that noticeable hall of justice, thus invested with the high sense of his own importance, gazing so vacantly over the crowd of staring spectators, running his hand so carelessly through his hair, hurling his high-keyed interrogatories at the abashed witnesses, watching every chance to convulse the too ready auditory with laughter, bold and brazen in his address, rarely, if ever, thrown off his guard, compelling the village Shallow behind the table to shrink into the proportions of submissive inferiority, running over at the mouth with legal phrases and the technical lingo of legal instruments, reclining entirely upon his own dignity, assured that, of all the rest, he is nearly the largest toad in the entire town puddle, and, in fine, quite satisfied with his cause, his audience, himself, and his prospects for the future!

The character of the country lawyer's occupation cannot, of course, yield any large share of refined social enjoyment. He cannot well afford, from the very nature of the case, to put his sensibilities out to school. He lives, and must hope to live, chiefly upon the unhappy differences and discords of the limited world around him. The more his neighbors fall out, the better it is for him. He watches for new chances for a lawsuit as sharply as a cat waits at a rat-hole. As for the finer sentiments of local friendship, he can ill afford to indulge them. They are luxuries which cost too much.

This is the thorough-bred pettifogger. The work he performs is small drudgery, at the most. It may be necessary, much of it; but that necessity even does not redeem it from the imputation of meanness. Yet, if such a reflection ever stings him, he is consoled with the thought that he is pursuing a "profession"—pursuing it just as much greater men have done before him, and with a brand of ambition blazing somewhere in his heart. He is struggling for a name; scanning the political horizon, from time to time, as a mariner comes up on deck and studies the clouds; living among, and altogether *upon*, his fellow-citizens, yet not *of* them, in any true and hearty sense.

He is in the full blaze of his glory in the County Court term. If he cannot bring a case before that court, he is esteemed but a "scant pattern" of a lawyer. It is at that bar the country lawyer is in full feather. The quiet little shire town of the county, at these court terms, overflows with rustic humanity, come to look after its own and into everybody's else business. The accommodations of the pair of rival taverns are put to their severest strain. Through the days, all the stalls in the stable and the stands in the horse-sheds are occupied. The judge, lawyers, and witnesses,—saying nothing of the hangers-on who attend court as regularly as they do a muster,—have monopolized stables and dormitories. The town carries its head erectly now. Writs, summons, capiases, copies, mittimuses, executions, and the whole of that sort of legal paper-work, fly from hand to hand like ballots at a tight election. Sleepy crowds stand or sit through the proceedings in the court-room, or discuss, out of doors, the merits of the cases and the lawyers, as they come on. There is a stream of male and female witnesses going up and down stairs; and the lawyers are marching them in and out of lobbies and anterooms for preparatory drill in the science of giving in testimony. It looks as if large boys were playing at trials, and not altogether like serious men, transacting serious business.

The country lawyer, however, is not what he was in the days of our fathers; and he knows it as well as any one else. His glory has in a great degree departed. Since imprisonment for debt became obsolete, and debtors otherwise grew to be the masters rather than the slaves of their creditors, his business and corresponding importance have shrivelled and disappeared. Though still as great a character as any other in the town, he finds his sway clipped in both wings. He falls in with a man, now and then, who knows about as much good law as he does. He mistrusts that somehow intelligence has got abroad,—that the dam has been breached in some weak place, and the long-pent waters are overflowing the whole land.

Hence, he has been induced to take a lesson or two in modesty, and in forbearance also. He sees that it is well to pay a little more respect to popular wishes than the men of the old school were in the habit of doing. It may be a fact, he thinks, that men are growing more *human* and less *legal*. They are beginning to look to other methods of persuasion than those harsh and unsympathetic ones which are comprised in the technicalities, the musty learning, and the mandatory spirit of that grand science which goes, the world over, by the name of LAW.

The Emerald Mines of Muzo.

Within four days' journey from Bogota, a French company has been enjoying a monopoly for the last ten years of all the emeralds found in the neighboring mines, and indeed of all the emeralds found in Columbia. The lease expires shortly, and the government think they can get better terms in the open market for a fresh contract, than by granting a renewal to the present leaseholders. The annual payment now is 14,700 dollars, for which the government bound themselves to prohibit the working of any other mines, existing in the territory of the Union.

The mines were known and worked long before the discovery of America and the conquest of New Granada by the Spaniards. When an expedition arrived in that part of the country, about 1553, to reduce the tribe Los Muzos to the Spanish rule, these Indians were found to possess a large quantity of emeralds. It is, however, not easy to see how they worked the mines, as they had no tools of iron. It is supposed that they found the stones in the beds of the mountain torrents; for it sometimes occurs that the Winter rains produce great land slides which lay bare large veins of emeralds, in which they are washed out by the waters. But report speaks unfavorably of the quality of these gems; they resemble those which are still found in the Indian burial places, or in the lakes into which the Indians used to throw their relics during their struggle with the Spaniards. Let, however, this be as it may, the mines of Muzo were worked soon after the arrival of the Spaniards on a large scale, both in the open air and by means of subterranean galleries; but about the middle of the eighteenth century, the mines were abandoned no one knows why. And it was not until the war of independence and the expulsion of the Spaniards that working operations were again resumed. The mines were naturally taken possession of by the Republic, and let out to individuals and companies.

The principal mine now in work is pierced in every direction by galleries made by the Spaniards. Since 1825 it has been worked in the open air. An immense number of gems have been found, many of them of great value. After this mine shall have been exhausted, which will not be for many years, not a thousandth part of the ground containing emeralds will have been touched.

About two days' journey from Muzo there is nother mine called Lasquez which was just touched by the Spaniards, and is evidently very rich. All this ground, including Lasquez, bears traces of the presence of the Spaniards; and as the geological formation is the same in the whole neighborhood, it is clear that the day is far distant before these mountains will be exhausted.

The mountains of Muzo belong to the lower formation of chalk. The emeralds are found in two distant layers; the first or upper one composed of a calcareous bitumen, but hard and compact. These two layers are generally separated forom each other by a distinct of from seventeen to twenty-two yards. In the open layers are found the veins which yield the "nests" of emeralds—that is to say, a number of these gems massed together. But after one of these nests the vein disappears, being crossed by others of a different kind, which run in a different direction to those containing the emeralds. These latter veins are called "ceniceros" from their ashy color; they are generally horizontal, while the emerald veins are perpendicular. They all run from N. E. to S. W. The veins of the lower layer are more regular, and are followed for fifty or sixty yards, and even more. "Nests" of emeralds are seldom found in them, but they are more easy of extraction. When veins of fluor spar, well crystallized, are met with, the emerald is not far off; the presence of rock crystal is also good sign, as likewise that of a pretty pyramidally shapped stone, of the color of honey.—*Iron.*

The following story comes from Ireland: Two men had a quarrel in a liquor shop. They adjourned outside to settle the dispute. The first man, being from Connaught, immediately seized a lump of stone and let fly at the head of his opponent, who dipped his head and missed the stone, which went through an expensive plate glass window, and did much damage. A magistrate was called upon next morning to determine which of the two should pay the cost. The evidence clearly showed that the aim was a good one, and that if the second man had not dipped his head he would have been struck. "Therefore," said the magistrate, "he must pay the damages, as it is certain the first man didn't intend to injure the window, and the window would not have been injured if it had not been for the act of the second man.

It is said that the essential oil in onions is so powerful that if a man were to die shortly after eating one, his brain would exhale the odor of the vegetable.

The difference between a school boy and a clerk boy is that one stores the mind, and the other minds the store.

The envious is made gloomy not only by his own cloud, but by another man's sunshine.