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Select Poetry.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Crossing last night a dreary moor,
Where deeply lay the snow,
I overtook at midnight hour
An old man creeping slow.
"Twas the Old Year, with age subdued,
Tattered, and cold, and lean,
And seeking mid the solitude
Some place to die unseen.
He had brought me many happy days—
I would not on his ending gaze.

Scarcely had I passed the touching sight,
When a deep silence fell;
I heard an old voice say "Good-night!"
And a young one chime "All's well!"
(I'm not the Old Year was gone!
And I! a beautiful child
With every laugh came bounding on,
And ever sweetly smiled.)
And greeted with such guileless art—
I forgot the New Year to my heart.

No life with life! When midst the gloom
Of the soul's night, we see
A loved joy sink into the tomb,
Some young Hope come with gleam,
And steps so sweetly in our ear
Of life's eye to last,
That mid our grief we cease to hear
The music of the past—
And long we gaze for joys unknown
As ever we pretend the blessing down.

Select Story.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

It was New Year's Eve; a cold, blustering night. The wind dashed the frozen sleigh furiously against the sturdy walls of the Red Stone Farmhouse, making the bright fire that was burning in the large old-fashioned kitchen seem doubly grateful, around which were gathered Farmer Williams, his wife and four children.

The weather-brozed face of the farmer had a care-worn, discontented look. He is one of those who "make haste to be rich," and though he is surrounded by many blessings and every reasonable want is supplied, as the close of the old year finds no surplus in his purse, his heart instead of being lifted up with gratitude, is filled with repinings.

His gentle, meek-browed wife is sitting beside him. Her countenance wears a look of chastened sorrow, and tears glisten in her eyes as they wander to a corner of the room where stands a vacant chair, from which, checked a week ago, the rosy-checked bright-eyed boy, upon whose little grave to-night, the snow is drifted heavily.

The long silence was broken by a heavy knock at the door.

Farmer Williams opened it, revealing a respectable, middle-aged colored man, who held carefully in his hand a covered basket.

"Does Mrs. Williams live here?" he inquired.

"She does."

"The lady who buried a child yesterday?"

"Yes, here's a New Year's present for her."

Thrusting the basket into the farmer's hands, he turned and walked quickly down the road, where could be dimly seen the outlines of a covered sleigh, from which came the faint sound of stifled sobs.

Bewildered and astonished, Farmer Williams carried the basket into the kitchen and set it upon the table.

As he did so he was startled by a plaintive cry, and upon opening it, there lay a lovely boy, apparently about three months old.

Farmer Williams sprang to the door, but the sleigh and its occupants were nowhere to be seen.

In the meantime Mrs. Williams and her children gathered around the basket with exclamations of surprise and pleasure. As the babe saw the sweet face that bent over it, it smiled, and taking it up in her arms she pressed it fondly to her bosom. Just then her husband came back from his fruitless search.

"I declare, it's an imposition!" he exclaimed, stamping the snow off his boots. "But I won't submit to it. I'll take it over to the town farm the very first thing in the morning."

"I can't bear the idea of it going there, John," said his wife. "Just see what a sweet babe it is!"

"I don't see but what it looks like other babies," returned John gruffly, doing his best to steel his heart against the little stranger, in which he only partly succeeded, for, rough as was the farmer's way, he had a kindly nature, if one could only reach it. "Any way, the authorities will have to take care of it; we can't. We've got more mouths to fill now than we can find bread for."

Mrs. Williams' lip quivered as her thoughts reverted to the little girl in the churchyard. Ah! to her there was one too few!

"Dear John," she said, pleadingly, "it seems as though God had sent this babe to take the place of our own little Willie, whom He has taken to Himself. Let me keep it. It will not fail to bring a blessing to you may be sure."

Farmer Williams' countenance relaxed as he looked on these tearful eyes.

"Well, Mary," he said, in a softened voice, "I'll think about it. If we do, you and the children may have to go with a good many things, for these are hard times—and likely to be harder. So you had better weigh the matter well before deciding."

Mrs. Williams did so, and the result was that her "New Year's Gift" became a little in the Red Stone Farmhouse. He gave up a merry, winsome boy, trying every avenue around the farmer's rugged nature, and taking in the heart of his adopted mother the place of her lost darling, loved and cherished by her with equal tenderness. Many sacrifices did she make, many tolls were paid, but she would not let her husband might not feel the expense of his maintenance too heavily. And well did his growing intelligence and beauty, and the ardent affection he evinced for her, repay her for it all. There was nothing about him that could give the

slightest clue to his parentage. Simply a bit of white paper pinned to his frock, on which were these words, evidently written by a woman, in a graceful but unsteady hand:

ARTHUR,
BORN AUGUST 23, 1851.

"I was a stranger, and ye took me in."
Farmer Williams made some inquiries in the neighborhood, and learned that a lady with an infant, accompanied by a servant, had been stopping for a week past at the village tavern; that she was very beautiful, but pale and sad, and kept her room most of the time. But they had disappeared as suddenly as they came.

It is just ten years from the time that Mrs. Williams received her New Year's gift. Let us take another peep into the kitchen of the Red Stone Farmhouse. The group is smaller now than then. The farmer who murmured ten years ago that he had many months to feed, has now only one child left him—the little flaxen-haired girl that is sitting beside his knee. The rest all sleeping in the little churchyard.

A heavy misfortune has befallen him. Possessed with the mania for speculation, he mortgaged the farmhouse and all it contained. The gilded bubble burst, and the dawning of the New Year found him a ruined and homeless man. This was the last night that he and his wife were to remain in the old homestead, that had been in his family for four generations, and was linked to his by so many tender memories. On the morrow they were to go they hardly knew whither. It is true, many of the old neighbors—kind, good souls—had offered him a temporary home; but it was hard for that proud, self-reliant man to accept charity from any.

"What can we do? Where can we go?" he groaned, as he thought of the morrow.

"The Lord will provide, John," said his wife, lifting her sad, patient eyes to his. "He has never forsaken us. Neither will He ever forsake any true in Him."

But the father lacked the Christian resignation that made the gentle heart of his wife such a heaven of peace and love.

"Aye, that's what you've always said, wife," he retorted, impatiently, "and you see what we've come to. For my part, I don't think the Lord troubles himself much about us, any way!"

Mrs. Williams might have said that he had brought his misfortune upon himself, but she wisely forbore. Just then there came the sound of a quick, buoyant step, and there burst into the room a fine, sturdy lad of about ten, his eyes bright, and his cheeks glowing from the keen, frosty air.

"It's bitter cold, I tell you, I tell you!" he exclaimed, flinging his cap boy fashion upon the kitchen settee, and stepping up to the kitchen fire.

"Not but what I've been warm as toast, all but my ears and fingers," he added, blowing upon the latter as he spoke.

"Here is something for you, mother," he said, seating himself on a stool at her feet, and tossing into her lap a shining piece of gold.

"Why, Arthur, where did you get this?"

"The strange gentleman down at the tavern gave it to me, mother. He asked me into his room, and gave me as many nuts and raisins as I could eat, besides."

"I wonder who he is?" she said musingly.

"I can tell you," exclaimed her husband, his eyes flashing angrily. "He is the owner of Red Stone Farmhouse! He is the man who laid against me on the few articles I wanted to reserve. The curse of the homeless rests upon him!"

"Nay, John," interposed his wife, gently; "perhaps he did not know how highly you prized them."

"Yes he did; Parson Woods stepped up and told him. But he only smiled, and said he wanted to buy everything just as it stood."

"Well," said the boy, gazing thoughtfully into the fire, "I can't help pitying him, he looked so sorrowful. He asked lots of questions about you, mother, and all of us, and kept walking up and down the room, wringing his hands and groaning as if he was in great trouble."

"I will buy you a new jacket with this Arthur," said Mrs. Williams, as she examined anew the gold coin. "You need one badly enough," she added, glancing, with a sigh, at his well-patched roundabout.

"You shall do nothing of the sort, mother," said the generous-hearted boy. "You shall buy yourself and Sissy a nice warm shawl!"

Before Mrs. Williams could reply there was a quiet knock at the door, Farmer Williams opened it. It was only a boy, who had brought a small parcel for Mrs. Williams.

"Another New Year's gift, I suppose," he said bitterly as he handed it to her, for he was in a bitter mood. Mrs. Williams glanced reproachfully at her husband.

"God grant it may bring us as much comfort," she said, laying her hand fondly upon the head that was resting against her knee.

As she opened it, she uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was a deed of Red Stone Farmhouse made out in her name! On the inside wrapper were these words:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

There were grateful and happy hearts beneath the roof of the old homestead that night. Though with Mrs. Williams' joy there was mingled an uneasy feeling. She was well assured that it was in some way connected with Arthur, and trembled with apprehension lest some one should appear who had a stronger claim to him. This fear was dispelled the next morning by a letter that came to her by the first mail. It contained a check for five thousand dollars, together with these words:

The boy that you so generously received ten years ago, and who so tenderly cherished since, will never be taken from you. The mother, forced to relinquish her babe, dearer to her than life, is in heaven. The father, who so basely forsook his child, and he swore to cherish, is unworthy of so sacred a trust. In the S— Bank you will find the sum of \$20,000 deposited in the name of your adopted son, of which he is to come into possession when legally of age; and the interest of which is to be appropriated to his support and education during his minority.

To this singular letter there was neither date or signature. There were various conjectures in regard to the stranger, who had been in the village some days, and from whom it was evidently this letter came, as well as the package received the night before.

But when Arthur recalled to mind the look of sad, remorseful tenderness with which he had regarded him, he felt that it must have been his father. Yet he often said, as he looked into the face of his adopted mother, that he wanted no dearer friends than those he had already. As for Mrs. Williams, among all the blessings that surrounded her, there was no one that brought a purer joy than her whom she had taken to her heart—a friendless babe, her NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Cheerful Women.

In marrying, men should seek happy women. They make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, or for talent, or for style; the sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being happy under any and every circumstance.

Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference, the bright little fountain bubbles up, just as musically in their hearts. Nothing ever goes wrong with them—no trouble is too serious for them—to make the best of it." Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep, that the sunlight of a happy face falling across its turbid tides would not wake an answering gleam? Why, these joyous-tempered people don't know half the good they do. No matter how cross and crabbed you feel, no matter if your brain is full of meditation on "afflicting dispensations," and your stomach with medicine, pills and tonics, just set one of those cheery little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything she can cure you. The long drawn low about the mouth will relax—the cloud of settled gloom will vanish nobody knows where, and the first thing you know, you will be laughing! Ah, what blessings are these happy women! How often their little hands guide the ponderous machine of life, with almost an invisible touch! How we look forward through the weary day to their fire-side smiles! No one knows, no one will ever know until the day of judgment reveals, how much we owe to these helpful, hopeful, uncomplaining happy women!

Saying smart things does not pay. It may gratify your spite at first, but it is better to have friends than enemies. If you cannot make people happy, at least refrain from adding to their misery. What if this woman is not your ideal of womanly perfection, or that man your model man? Your mission on earth is not to remind them of the fact. Each of us has faults of his own or her own, in correcting them we shall find ample occupation. A "sting" or a "dig" never did any good—never helped any one to be better. One who falls into the habit of giving them soon looks ill-natured. It is not always possible to join the Mutual Admiration Society and be a good member, but at least one can hold one's tongue.

WEBSTER'S WOODING.—In olden times it was the fashion for a suitor to go down on his knees to a lady when he asked her to become his wife, which, with very stout gentlemen, was an uncomfortable proceeding. The way in which Daniel Webster proposed to Miss Fletcher was more modern, being at the same time neat and poetic. Like many another lover, he was once holding a skein of thread or wool which the lady had been unraveling.

"Gracie," said he, "we have been one waying knot; let us see if we cannot tie the one which will not untie in a lifetime." With a piece of tape he fashioned the half of a true lover's knot; Miss Fletcher perfected it, and a kiss put the seal to the symbolical bargain.

HOW WOMEN PLAY WHIST.—All women play cards alike. Watch a woman at a game of whist and you'll get a pretty good idea how all women play whist.—"Lem me, Henry, is it my play? Let me see—second hand low—that's the first time around of that suit, ain't it? Well, I'll play—no, I hardly think I will—now you stop looking at my hand—did you see anything? Of course I'm going to play, but I must have time to think—what's trumps?—spades—I thought 'twas clubs—well, I'll—no—you—well, there!"

She will clap an ace on her partner's knee, and insist on keeping the trick for fear she will be cheated out of it in the final count.—St. Louis Journal.

FIVE of the sweetest words in the English language begin with h—heart, home, hope, happiness and heaven. Heart is a home-place, and home is a heart-place and when you are within distance throw the cloak over his head, close with him, and take care he does not freeze himself. The heart is so frightened that he cowers back, and though he may bite the felt, he cannot turn his neck round so as to hurt you, so you quietly feel for his forelegs, slip the knots over them, and then with one strong pull draw them tight up to the back of his neck and tie them there. The beast is now your own, and you can do what you like with him. We generally take those we catch home to the kral, and hunt them on the plain with bridles in their mouths, that our dogs may be taught not to fear the brutes when they meet them wild.

Never sleep in church or smoke in a parlor.

Things Abroad.

Scenes in Cairo.

Although Cairo is, strictly speaking, in Africa, it is the most intensely and typically Asiatic city in the world. Except, perhaps, at Damascus, there is no other place in which the characteristics of Mohammedan Semitic races can be so easily studied. The people call themselves not Egyptians, but Arabs. They talk Arabic, and are of the religion of the Arabian Prophet, though it would not be easy to say from what original stock they are really derived. Are they, in the main, descendants of the ancient inhabitants of Memphis? The Copts, whose name would make them the representatives of the old Egyptians, are even now easily distinguished from the ordinary "Arabs" by their superior appearance. But they may represent the governing classes, those who compelled the construction of the great monuments, and whose features are found in the statues of the mighty monarchs of thirty and forty centuries ago. The lower ranks are Mohammedans, and possibly many of them are Arabs; but they are a down-trodden race, the servants of servants, the toilers, and cannot differ very much from the people of whom Herodotus says, truly or falsely, that a hundred thousand of them at a time were forced by Chops to build his pyramid. But Marshal Kahr, "the victorious city," is altogether Arab. The Roman fortress, erected to overawe Memphis, and still known as Babylon, is tolerably perfect; much more perfect, indeed, than any remnant of the Roman race in England; but it lies some miles south of Cairo, and was not even included in the early Arab town, Fostat, now called old Cairo. As Egypt was one of the first conquests of Mohammed's disciples, one of the earliest seats of the great Caliphs, and long the centre of Arab civilization, it has many features of purely Arab type than Constantinople, or indeed any other Oriental city of its size either in Europe, Asia, or Africa. The traveller, therefore, who desires to see the Mohammedan at home cannot do better than seek him in Cairo, and he finds in the narrow, picturesque streets of the old parts of the town scenes of interest which he may seek in vain elsewhere. When he emerges into the modern quarters the change is remarkable. Though all the tyranny of the Turks has not sufficed to alter the indelible characteristics of the place, and though the wide squares, the fountains, the gardens, the arcades, the watered roads, the rows of villas have a half-French look, the people who crowd every thoroughfare are as unlike anything European as they can be. Here, a long string of groaning camels, led by a Bedouin in a white cap, carries loads of green clover or long fagots of sugar-cane. There, half a dozen blue-gowned women squat idly in the middle of the roadway. A brown-skinned boy walks about with no clothing on his long, lean limbs, or a lady smothered in voluminous draperies rides by on a donkey with her face covered with a transparent white veil. A bullock-cart with small wheels, which creek horribly at every turn, goes past with its cargo of trawls jars. Hundreds of donkey boys lie in wait for a fare, myriads of half-dressed children play lazily in the gutters, turbaned Arabs smoke long pipes and converse energetically at the corners, and every now and then a pair of running footmen, in white shirts and wide, short trousers, shout to clear the way for a carriage in which, behind half-drawn blinds, some fine lady of the Viceroyal harem takes her air. She is accompanied perhaps by a little boy in European dress, and by a governess or nurse, whose bonnet and French costume contrast strangely with the veiled figure opposite. A still greater contrast is offered by the appearance of the women who stand by as the carriage passes, whose babies are carried, astride on the shoulders, or sometimes in the basket so carefully balanced upon the head. The baskets hardly differ from those depicted on the walls of the ancient tombs, and probably the baby, entirely naked and its eyes full of black flies, is much like what its ancestors were in the days of the Pharaohs. In the older quarters of the town the scenes are much the same, only that there is not so much room for observing them, for the streets are seldom wider than Paternoster row, and the traveller who stops to look about him is roughly jostled by Hinab, the porter, with his heavy load of carpets, or the uncle of Aladdin, with his basket of copper lamps, or the water carrier, clanking his brazen cups, with an immense skin slung round his stooping shoulders.—Saturday Review.

The Capture of Hyenas.

The following mode of tying hyenas in their den, as practiced in Afghanistan, is given by Arthur Connelly, in his "Overland Journal," in the words of an Afghan chief, the Shirkanee Syud Daoud: "When you have tracked the beast to his den, you take a rope with two slip-nuts upon it in your right hand, and with your left holding a felt cloak before you, you go boldly, but quietly in. The animal does not know the nature of the danger, and therefore retreats to the back part of the den, but you may always tell where his head is by the glare of his eyes. You keep moving gradually toward him on your knees, and when you are within distance throw the cloak over his head, close with him, and take care he does not freeze himself. The heart is so frightened that he cowers back, and though he may bite the felt, he cannot turn his neck round so as to hurt you, so you quietly feel for his forelegs, slip the knots over them, and then with one strong pull draw them tight up to the back of his neck and tie them there. The beast is now your own, and you can do what you like with him. We generally take those we catch home to the kral, and hunt them on the plain with bridles in their mouths, that our dogs may be taught not to fear the brutes when they meet them wild."

Equally entertaining in the retrospect

Mysteries of the Potter's Art.

An entertaining and instructive lecture on the above subject was delivered at the Hall of the Franklin Institute under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, recently, by Prof. Benjamin W. Putnam, of Massachusetts. The lecturer, in a familiar manner, gave an object lesson rather than a lecture, using all kinds of illustrations with which to entertain and instruct his audience. His own person, an apple and a ball of clay were treated as representing the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, and after a few remarks on their relations to each other, the lecturer said he would confine his remarks to the small division of the mineral kingdom represented by the ball of clay. He then inquired of the chemist, the geologist and the archaeologist what they had to say about clay, and in course of reciting the replies given by each he gave an interesting account of the composition of clay, the processes by which it is formed, its distribution in the earth, the peculiarities of different kinds of clay, and the value of the material to an archaeologist. Clay, so plastic that a child may impress it, is when well burned, almost indestructible, and preserves for ages the records, written or pictorial, of the nation which used it in making pottery. A faithful history of the discovery of the properties of clay and of the invention of the potter's wheel was given, for the true history is lost in antiquity. A description of different kinds of glazes and enamels followed, and then an exhibition was given of the potter's wheel in operation. A skillful workman, formed in the presence of the audience, cylinders, jars, pitchers, &c., to illustrate the lecturer's remarks on form. The potter's wheel is a horizontal plate, revolved by a foot treadle. The workman, putting a batch of soft clay on the wheel or horizontally revolving plate, fashions with his hands the desired article. Articles made on the wheel are necessarily circular in all their horizontal sections. Other forms, such as a pitcher, with its spout and handle, are modifications of the vase form, and are produced by after manipulations, with the soft clay article at rest.

The potter having been formed, is baked in an oven and then glazed or enameled. The lecturer described the meaning of the words Ceramics or Ceramics (baked earth), which includes all kinds of clay products, from bricks to egg-shell china; of "Majolica," a name derived from the island of Majorca, whence glazed pottery was taken to the nations of Southern Europe, and of Palissy ware. In this connection he gave a vivid description of Palissy's long search for the means wherewith to glaze pottery, and of his final success, when, having built an oven and obtained fire wood on credit, he kept the fire burning day after day and night after night without melting the glaze, and was at last obliged to burn his fence, his kitchen fane, and finally the door of his kitchen, to maintain the fire while his wife (a paragon of her kind) ran down the street crying that he was a madman. The kitchen floor melted the glaze, however, and Palissy entered upon his great art career, during which he decorated dishes, &c. for the nobility of Europe by moulding and painting, in exact imitation of nature, snakes, fishes, crabs, mussels, and other natural objects. He has given his name to the decorative pottery of France made in imitation of his works.

Professor Putnam, after briefly referring to the great work done by Wedgwood in England, mentioned the opportunity which is at present afforded the manufacturers of the United States to improve their works, now confined almost entirely to undecorated household crockery. The Centennial Exhibition gathered together some of the finest works in clay from all countries, many of which have been secured by the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, and these can be used as models with which to teach art to our children. Besides the practical work on the potter's wheel, the lecture was illustrated by drawings on the blackboard and by examples of different kinds of pottery, and of biscuit or unglazed ware.

Tans in the Orient.

Well do I remember an inn of this sort in the little seaport of Phoebis, on the coast of Asia Minor, formerly Phocæa, which served a colony to found Massilia, or Marseilles. We ran in there to make a lee in a heavy gale, just making the entrance to the harbor at nightfall, and a very uneasy night it was. We moored close to a small, dilapidated quay, that jutted out in front of a coffee house, which although scarcely visible in the gloom, we knew must be dirty, dilapidated and picturesque, like everything else in a Turkish town, as it proved on further inspection. It was dusky as a cavern, except in the centre, where a pan of coals threw red gleams on the grotesque features of a group of sailors lying on the tattered mats around the fire, wrapped in capotes, and enveloped in a haze of tobacco smoke. A few leaky tin skins and casks, two or three old flint locks, a number of pipes, sergines, coffee cups, and a broken mirror, set in mother-of-pearl, seemed to complete the outfit of a primitive hotel, which, as indicated by the mirror, served also as a barber shop and a surgery. In the East the keeper of such a hostel is expected to act also as barber, and a barber is invariably a practitioner of local importance, versed in phlebotomy, the application of leeches, cupping, binding up of wounds, and the like. A common way of shaving in these shops is for the barber to lay the head of the customer on his knee, and having splayed one side of the face, to turn it over and shave the other side. The man who combines in one establishment a tavern, a barber-shop and a surgery is naturally a character of consequence in his neighborhood, as one may often see illustrated in the "Arabian Nights."

Equally entertaining in the retrospect

Our Ohio.

An Old Fashioned Storm.

The severe gale which has just swept along our Atlantic coast, causing so much damage and wrecking the *Huron* on its course, calls to mind the most severe storm upon record in modern days, of which Robert Chambers has given us a vivid description. This tempest broke over England on the 27th of November, 1703, exactly 174 years ago yesterday. It was not merely a short burst of storm, but a force and tremendous duration of a whole week's duration. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday a brisk gale set in, and increased so strongly during the night that it would have been memorable if a greater one had not immediately followed. From Friday to Sunday morning the tempest was at its extreme height. The affrighted Londoners left their beds immediately after midnight and took refuge in their cellars. Many thought the end of the world had come. Defoe, who was in London, says—"Horror and confusion seized upon all; no pen can describe it, no words can express it, no thought conceive it, unless of some who were in the extremity of it." Only on Sunday morning could the boldest venture forth. The streets were knee-deep with bricks, tiles, stones, lead and timber. On Sunday and Monday none dared to go to bed. On Wednesday it ceased, and there was a dead calm just a week from its commencement. Twenty-one deaths were caused by the falling of chimneys alone. After the storm houses resembled skeletons. Plain tiles rose in price from a guinea a thousand to £6. Bricklayer's wages doubled. It was found necessary to stanch some of the public buildings. The Bishop of Wells and his wife were killed in their bed. In the county of Kent 1,100 houses were levelled to the ground. At Penzance, in the ancient park of the Sidneys, now the property of Lord de Lisle, 500 grand old trees were prostrated, 800 boats and 120 barges were utterly destroyed on the Thames, and scores of dead bodies were washed up and buried. Three men-of-war of 70 guns each, one 64, two of 56, and one of 46 were destroyed. Rear-Admiral Beaumont and 1,500 officers and men perished with these ships. It is only of late years that life-saving contrivances have come into vogue. That the first duty of those living on the coast is to save life was not even dreamed of in the olden time. The English on the coast considered themselves heirs of all property which Providence cast on their shores. It was even thought unlucky to rescue a drowning man. Seventy years after the great storm of 1703 Burke brought in his celebrated bill levying the loss of plundered wrecks upon the inhabitants of the neighborhood. The bill to grant supplies for carrying on the American war was only carried by defeating Burke's bill, so strong was the opposition made to it by the coast country members. On the morning after the storm of 1703 two hundred men were discovered on the treacherous footing of the Goodwin Sands crying and gesticulating for aid, all of them knowing that at the turn of the tide they must perish. The boatmen were too busy bringing in the wrecked property to waste their time in saving life.

The Mayor of Deal, a monster of humanity, besought the custom-house officers to send out the Government boats. This was refused on the ground that it was not the services for which the boats were provided. The Mayor and a few others seized the boats by force and saved many lives. The Naval Agent refused to aid the poor half-drowned creatures who were thus saved, his duty being, he said, only to provide for seamen wounded in battle. The heroic Mayor had therefore to clothe and feed the rescued people at his private expense. It was during the storm we have been describing that the first Eddystone Lighthouse was destroyed. Its construction had been left to the supervision of an incompetent engineer named Winstanley, who exerted himself more in inventing ill-mechanical surprises than in executing properly the great work he was called to perform. In a room of his house lay an old slipper. If a kick were given to it, by some mechanical contrivance a ghost flew up in an adjoining room. If a visitor seated himself in a chair in one of his parlors, the arms would fly round his body and make him a prisoner. The light-house was just what might have been expected from such a superintendent. It was built of wood and deficient in every element of stability. Its polygonal form rendered it peculiarly liable to be swept away. In order to insure the wind fall power upon it, it was ornamented with large wooden candlesticks, vases, cranes and other useless top-hammer. Winstanley had taken his model from a Chinese pagoda. On the outside of the light-house he had caused to be painted innumerable pictures of suns and compasses with Latin and English mottoes, such as "Glory be to God," "Pax in bello" and the like. The last was in allusion to the fancied security of the light-house amid the war of the elements. Inside he had caused to be constructed a kitchen and an elaborately carved state room, and he had a picture painted with a likeness of himself sitting from a window of the light-house. In his whimsical insanity he had actually constructed a shoot on the top from which stones could be showered in case the tower should be attacked. All remonstrances failed to convince him of his folly. On the night of the great storm the silly engineer was paying a visit to the light-house and perished, as it was proper that he should, when the tower was swept away. Five other unfortunate human beings were in the tower with him, all of whom were destroyed.

An interesting literary reminiscence is connected with the great gale of 1703. Addison compared the spirit of the storm to Marlborough, in return for which rather resounding compliment he received the Commission of the Peace. Five generations have since roared these profitable lines, but of all who are familiar with them to-day how many know their origin!

Every year witnesses curious and showery in China, when there is neither cloud nor fog in the sky. The sun is scarcely visible, looking very much as when seen through smoked glass. The sand penetrates houses, reaching apartments which seem securely closed. It is supposed to be carried by whirlwinds from the great desert of Gobi, and the storms are indicative of a year of large fertility.

The Maid of Saragossa.

This illustrious maiden exposed her life for her king and country at the memorable siege of Saragossa, in 1808. The French General Lefevre had been despatched by Bonaparte, in the June of that year, to reduce Saragossa, where the royal standard of the Bourbons had been raised. This city was not fortified. It was surrounded with an ill-constructed wall twelve feet high by three broad, intersected by houses; these houses, the neighboring churches and convents, were in so dilapidated a state that, from the roof to the foundation, were to be seen, in each immense breach, apertures begun by time and increased by neglect. A large hill, called El Torero, commanded the town at a distance of a mile, and offered a strong situation for the most destructive bombardment. Among the sixty thousand inhabitants there were but two hundred and twenty regular troops, and the artillery consisted of ten old cannon.

The French began the siege in a rather slothful style; they deemed much exertion unnecessary; Saragossa, they said, was only inhabited by monks and cowards. But their opinion and their efforts were destined to an entire revolution. Very seldom in the annals of war has greater heroism, greater bravery, greater horror and misery been concentrated than during the two months that these desperate patriots repelled their invaders. No sacrifices were too great to be offered, no extremities too oppressive to be endured by the besieged, but as it often occurs among the noblest bodies of men, that one scintilla may be found open to the far-reaching hand of corruption, such a wretch happened to be entrusted with a powder magazine at Saragossa. Under the influence of French gold, he fired the magazine on the night of the 24 of June. To describe the horrors that ensued would be impossible.

The French, to whom the noise of the explosion had been a signal, advanced their troops to the gates. The population, shocked, amazed, hardly knowing what had occurred, entirely ignorant of the cause, bewildered by conflagration, ruins, and the noise of the enemy's artillery unexpected thundering in their ears, were paralyzed, powerless; the overthrow, the slaughter of those who stood at the ramparts, seemed more like a massacre than a battle; in a short time the trenches presented nothing but a heap of dead bodies. There was no longer a combatant to be seen; nobody felt the courage to stand to the defense.

At this desperate moment an unknown maiden issued from the Church of Nostra Donna del Prilias, habited in white raiment a cross suspended from her neck, her dark hair disheveled, and her eyes sparkling with supernatural lustre. She traversed the city with a firm and bold step; she passed to the ramparts, to the very spot where the enemy was pouring on to the assault; she mounted to the breach, seized a lighted match from the hand of a dying engineer, and fired the pieces of artillery he had failed to manage; then kissing her cross, she cried, with the accent of inspiration, "Death or victory!" and reloaded her cannon.

Such a cry, such a vision could not fail of calling up enthusiasm; it seemed that heaven had brought aid to the just cause; her cry was answered, "Long live Agostina!"

"Forward, forward, we will conquer!" resounded on every side. Nervous by such emotions, the force of every man was doubled, and the French were repulsed on all sides.

Gen. Lefevre, mortified at the unexpected result, determined to reduce the place by famine; as well as to distress it by bombardment from El Torero. The horrors that followed his measures would be too painful to detail, but they afforded Agostina an opportunity of displaying her intrepidity. She threw herself in the most perilous positions to rescue the unhappy beings wounded by the bombs or by the falling of timbers. She went from house to house, visiting the wounded, binding up their hurts, or supplying aid to the sick and starving. The French, by their indomitable perseverance, from step to step, rendered themselves masters of nearly half the city. Lefevre thought his hour of triumph had now certainly arrived—he sent to the commandant, General Palafox, to demand a capitulation. Palafox received this in public. He turned to Agostina, who stood near him, completely armed.

"What shall I answer?"

"War to the knife!"

Her exclamation was echoed by the populace, and Palafox made her words his reply to Lefevre.

Nothing in the history of war has ever been recorded to resemble the consequence of this refusal to capitulate. One row of houses in a street would be occupied by the Spanish, the opposite by the French. A continual tempest of balls passed through the air; the town was a volcano; the most revolting slaughter was carried on for eleven days and eleven nights. Every street, every house, was dignified with musket and polivard. Agostina ran from rank to rank, everywhere taking the most active part. The French were gradually driven back; and the dawn of the 17th of August saw them relinquish the long-disputed prey, and take the road to Pampluna. The triumph of the patriots—their joy was unexpressed. Palafox rendered due honor to the brave woman who had perished, and endeavored to remunerate the few intrepid warriors who survived—among them was Agostina. But what could be offered commensurate with the services of one who had saved the city? Palafox told her to select what honors she pleased. She modestly begged to retain the rank of engineer, and to wear the arms of Saragossa. The rest of her life was passed in honorable poverty until she died, in 1824.

"By all her country's women be true."