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DURBORROW & LUTZ, BEDFORD, PA.

# Bedford Inquirer.

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.

DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors. BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1867. VOLUME 40: NO. 48.

## Professional & Business Cards.

### ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

JOHN T. KEAGY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office opposite Reed & Schell's Bank. Counsel given in English and German. [apl26]

KIMMELL AND LINGENFELTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law Office on Juliana Street, two doors South of the Mengel House. [April 1, 1864-tf

M. A. POINTS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public. Office with J. W. Lingenfelter, Esq., on Juliana street.
☞Collections promptly made. [Dec.9,'64-tf.

HAYES IRVINE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business intrusted to his care. Office with G. H. Spang, Esq., on Juliana street, three doors south of the Mengel House. May 24:1y

ESPY M. ALSIP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.,
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, Pensions, back pay, Bounty, &c. speedily collected. Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors south of the Mengel House. apl 1, 1864.—tf.

S. F. MEYERS.....J. W. DICKERSON
MYERS & DICKERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.,
Office nearly opposite the Mengel House, will practice in the several Courts of Bedford county. Pensions, bounties and back pay obtained and the purchase of Real Estate attended to. [may11,'66-1y

J. B. CESSNA,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office with JOHN CESSNA, on the square near the Presbyterian Church. All business entrusted to his care will receive faithful and prompt attention. Military Claims, Pensions, &c., speedily collected. [June 9, 1865.

E. B. STUCKEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, and REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Office on Main Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Opposite the Court House,
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.
Will practice in the adjoining Counties of Missouri and Kansas. July 12:tf

S. L. RUSSELL.....J. H. LONGENECKER
RUSSELL & LONGENECKER,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Bedford, Pa.,
Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to their care. Special attention given to collections and the prosecution of claims for Back Pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c.
☞Office on Juliana street, south of the Court House. April5:1yr.

J. M'D. SHARPE.....S. F. KERR
SHARPE & KERR,
*ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.*
Will practice in the Courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to their care will receive careful and prompt attention. Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, &c., speedily collected from the Government.
Office on Juliana street, opposite the banking house of Reed & Schell, Bedford, Pa. mar2:tf

J. R. DURBORROW.....JOHN LUTZ.
DURBORROW & LUTZ,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.,
Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice.
They are, also, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Lands, &c.
Office on Juliana street, one door South of the *Inquirer* office, and nearly opposite the "Mengel House" April 28, 1865:tf

### PHYSICIANS.

WM. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
BLOODY RUN, PA.,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. [dec6:1yr

DR. B. F. HARRY,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hofius. [Apl 1,'64.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.,
Having permanently located respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, opposite the Bank, one door north of Hall & Palmer's office. April 1, 1864—tf.

DR. S. G. STATLER, near Schellsburg, and Dr. J. J. CLARKE, formerly of Cumberland county, having associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Schellsburg and vicinity. Dr. Clarke's office and residence same as formerly occupied by J. White, Esq., dec'd.
S. G. STATLER,
Schellsburg, April12:1y. J. J. CLARKE.

### HOTELS.

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
This large and commodious house, having been re-taken by the subscriber, is now open for the reception of visitors and boarders. The rooms are large, well ventilated, and comfortably furnished. The table will always be supplied with the best the market can afford. The Bar is stocked with the choicest liquors. In short, it is my purpose to keep a FIRST-CLASS HOTEL. Thanking the public for past favors, I respectfully solicit a renewal of their patronage.
N. B. Hacks will run constantly between the Hotel and the Springs.
may17,'67:1y WM. DIBERT, Prop'r.

MORRISON HOUSE,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
I have purchased and entirely renovated the large stone and brick building opposite the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, and have now opened it for the accommodation of the travelling public. The Carpets, Furniture, Beds and Bedding are all entirely new and first class, and I am safe in saying that I can offer accommodations not excelled in Central Pennsylvania.
I refer to my patrons who have formerly known me while in charge of the Broad Top City Hotel and Jackson House.
may25:tf JOSEPH MORRISON.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

RUPP & SHANNON, BANKERS,
BEDFORD, PA.
BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.
Collections made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange transacted. Notes and Accounts Collected and Remittances promptlymade. REAL ESTATE bought and sold. feb22

DANIEL BORDER,
PITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.
WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &C.
He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refined Glasses, also Scotch Pebble Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand. [apr.28,'65.

D. W. CROUSE
WHOLESALE TOBACCONIST,
On Pitt street two doors west of B. F. Harry's Drug Store, Bedford, Pa., is now prepared to sell by wholesale all kinds of CIGARS. ☞All orders promptly filled. Persons desiring anything in his line will do well to give him a call.
Bedford, Oct 20, '65.

## Poetry.

### MAUD MULLER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay:
Beneath her torn hat gleamed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest,
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,
And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!
He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.
My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.
I'd dress my mother so grand and gay;
And the baby should have a new toy each day.
And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still;
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine, and I, to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:
No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.
So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;
And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well, instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms,
And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!
Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She married a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played 'round her door.
But care and sorrow, and child birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;
And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,
And for him who sat by the chimney log,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden! alas for Judge!
For rich repiner and household drudge!
God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

## Miscellaneous.

### LA FAYETTE IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY JAMES PARTON.

In the year 1730, there appeared in Paris a little volume entitled, "Philosophic Letters," which proved to be one of the most influential books produced in modern times.

It was written by Voltaire, who was then thirty six years of age, and contained the results of his observations upon the English nation, in which he had resided for two years. Paris was then as far from London, for all practicable purposes, as New York now is from Calcutta; so that when Voltaire told his countrymen of the freedom that prevailed in England; of the tolerance given to religious sects; of the honors paid to untitled merit; of Newton, buried in Westminister Abbey with almost regal pomp; of Addison, Secretary of State, and Swift, familiar with prime ministers; and of the general liberty, happiness and abundance of the kingdom; France listened in wonder as to a new revelation. The work was, of course, immediately placed under the ban by the French Government and the author exiled, which only gave it increased currency and deeper influence.

This was the beginning of the movement which produced, at length the French Revolution of 1787, and which will continue until France is blessed with a free and constitutional government. It began in the higher classes of the people, for at that day not more than one-third of the French could read at all, and a much smaller fraction could read such a work as the "Philosophic Letters" and the books which it called forth. Republicanism was fashionable in the chateaux and drawing-rooms of Paris for many years before the mass of the people knew what the word meant.

Among the young noblemen who were early smitten in the midst of a despotism with the love of liberty was the Marquis de La Fayette, born in 1757. Few families in Europe could boast a greater antiquity than his. A century before the discovery of America, we find the La Fayettes spoken of as an "ancient house:" and in every generation, at least, one member of the family had distinguished himself by his services to his king. This young man, coming upon the stage of life when republican ideas were teeming in every cultivated mind, embraced them with all the ardor of youth and intelligence. At sixteen he refused a high post in the household of one of the princes of the blood, and accepted a commission in the army. At the age of seventeen he was married to the daughter of a duke, whose dowry added a considerable fortune to his own ample possessions. She was an exceedingly lovely woman, and tenderly attached to her husband, and he was as fond of her as such a boy could be.

The American Revolution broke out. In common with all the high-born republicans of his time, his heart warmly espoused the cause of the revolted colonies, and he immediately conceived the project of going to America and fighting under her banner. He was scarcely nineteen years of age when he sought a secret interview with Silas Deane, the American envoy, and offered his services to the Congress. Mr. Deane, it appears, objected to his youth.

"When," says he, "I presented to the envoy my boyish face, I spoke more of my ardor in the cause than of my experience; but I dwelt much upon the effect my departure would excite in France, and he signed our mutual agreement."

His intention was concealed from his family and from all his friends, except two or three confidants. While he was making preparations for his departure, most distressing and alarming news came from America—the retreat from Long Island, the loss of New York, the battle of White Plains, and the retreat through New Jersey. The American forces, it was said, reduced to a disheartened band of three thousand militia were pursued by a triumphant army of thirty-three thousand English and Hessians. The credit of the colonies at Paris sunk to the lowest ebb, and some of the Americans themselves confessed to La Fayette that they were discouraged, and persuaded him to abandon his project. He said to Mr. Deane:

"Until now, sir, you have only seen my ardor in your cause, and that may not prove at present wholly useless. I shall purchase a ship to carry out your officers. We must feel confidence in the future; and it is especially in the hour of danger that I wish to share your fortune."

He proceeded at once with all possible secresy to raise the money and to purchase and arm a ship. While the ship was getting ready, in order the better to conceal his intention, he made a journey to England, which had previously been arranged by his family. He was presented to the Brittish king, against whom he was going to fight; he danced at the house of the minister who had the department of the colonies; he visited Lord Rawdon, afterwards distinguished in the Revolutionary struggle; and he saw at the opera Sir Henry Clinton, whom he next saw on the battle field of Monmouth; he breakfasted with Lord Shelbourne, a friend of the colonies.

"While I concealed my intentions," he tells us, "I openly avowed my sentiments. I often defended the Americans. I rejoiced at their success at Trenton; and it was my spirit of opposition that obtained for me an invitation to breakfast with Lord Shelbourne."

On his return to France his project was discovered and his departure forbidden by the king. He sailed, however, in May, 1777, cheered by his countrymen, and secretly approved by the government itself. On arriving at Philadelphia, he sent to Congress a remarkably brief epistle to the following effect:

"After my sacrifices, I have the right to ask two favors: one is, to serve at my own expense; the other, to begin to serve as a volunteer."

Congress immediately named him a major-general of the American army, and he at once reported himself to General Washington. His services at the Brandywine, where he was badly wounded; in Virginia, where he held an important command; at Monmouth, where he led the attack; are sufficiently well known. When he had been in America about fifteen months, the news came of the impending declaration of war between France and England. He then wrote to Congress that, so long as he had believed himself free, he had gladly fought under the American flag, but that his own country being at war, he owed to it the homage of his services, and he desired their permission to return home. He hoped, however to come back to America; and assured them that, wherever he went, he should be a zealous friend of the United States. Congress gave him leave of absence, voted him a sword, and wrote a letter on his behalf to the King of France.

"We recommend this noble young man," said the letter of Congress, "to the favor of your Majesty, because we have seen him wise in council, brave in battle, and patient under the fatigues of war."

He was received in France with great distinction, which he amusingly describes:

"When I went to court, which had hitherto only written for me orders for my arrest I was presented to the ministers. I was interrogated, complimented, and exiled—to the hotel where my wife was residing. Some days after I wrote to the king to acknowledge *my fault*. I received in reply a light reprimand and the colonelcy of the Royal Dragoons. Consulted by all the ministers, and, what was much better, embraced by all the women, I had at Versailles the favor of the king, and celebrity at paris."

In the midst of his popularity he thought always of America, and often wished that the cost of the banquets bestowed upon him cold be poured into the treasury of Congress. His favorite project at that time was the invasion of England—Paul Jones to command the fleet and himself the army. When this scheme was given up he joined all his influence to that of Franklin to induce the French government to send to America a powerful fleet and a considerable army. When he had secured the promise of this valuable aid he returned to America and served again in the armies of the young republic. The success of the United States so confirmed him in his attachment to republican institutions, that he remained their devoted adherent and advocate as long as he lived.

"May this revolution," said he once to Congress, "serve as a lesson to oppressors, and as an example to the oppressed."

And in one of his letters from the United States occurs this sentence:

"I have always thought that a king was at least a useless being; viewed from this side of the ocean, a king cuts a poor figure indeed."

By the time he had left America, at the close of the war, he had expended in the service of Congress seven hundred thousand francs—a free gift to the cause of liberty.

One of the most pleasing circumstances of La Fayette's residence in America was the affectionate friendship which existed between himself and General Washington. He looked up to Washington as to a father as well as a chief, and Washington regarded him with a tenderness truly paternal. La Fayette named his eldest son George Washington, and never omitted any opportunity to testify his love and veneration for the illustrious American. Franklin, too, was much attached to the youthful enthusiast, and privately wrote to General Washington asking him, for the sake of the young and anxious wife of the Marquis, not to expose his life except in an important and decisive engagement.

In the diary of the celebrated William Wilberforce, who visited Paris soon after the peace, there is an interesting passage descriptive of La Fayette's demeanor at the French court,

"He seemed to be the representative of the democracy in the very presence of the monarch—the tribune intruding with his veto within the chamber of the patrician order. His own establishment was formed upon the English model, and, amidst the gayety and ease of Fontainbleau, he assumed an air of republican austerity. When the fine ladies of the court would attempt to drag him to the card-table he shrugged his shoulders with an air of affected contempt for the customs and amusements of the old *regime*. Meanwhile, the deference which this champion of the new state of things received, above all from the ladies of the court, intimated clearly the disturbance of the social atmosphere, and presaged the coming tempest."

### ANECDOTES OF LAWYERS.

THOMAS CORWIN.

It will be remembered that Corwin, in the Senate, in 1845 or 1846, arguing seriously against the morality of the projected war against Mexico, permitted his appreciation of broad humor to lead him into the extravagant expression: "If I were a Mexican, as I am an American, I would welcome you with bloody hands to hospitable graves." A few years after, when this expression had been quoted by the newspapers until it had become familiar as "household words," Mr. Corwin was retained as counsel for a man charged with murder, and who, he claimed, acted in self-defence. In his closing speech to the jury Corwin pictured the condition of his client as endeavoring to avoid the difficulty, portrayed the murdered man as forcing it upon him, dogging his steps, denouncing him as a coward, and at last threatening to strike him. "What, sir," turning to the prosecuting attorney, "would you have done?"

"Done!" replied the attorney, with great gravity: "done! I would have welcomed him with bloody hands to a hospitable grave."

The jury was convulsed with laughter, and Corwin lost his case.

JAMES T. BRADY.

On one occasion James T. Brady had a case so very lame that he gave his client to understand that it could not be gained. The client insisted on trying it, and Mr. Brady devoted his best talent to making the best show he could. The case was ably put on the other side, and was so plain that the judge, who had made up his mind, rather indicated it by several rulings entirely favorable to the opposite side. Mr. Brady was seeking for an opportunity for covering his retreat from his untenable position, and on some ruling of the judge highly favorable to his opponent, he blandly inquired:

"May it please your honor, who's engaged on the other side of the case besides the judge?"

JUDGE BRADY.

The greatest charm of Judge John R. Brady's best charges lay in the opening sentence. Smith and Jones were fighting (at *nisi prius*) over the value of a certain schooner sold by the one to the other, and used for carrying sand from the Jersey flats. Smith swore that a sounder and more seaworthy vessel had not existed since the days of the Armada—that every spar, timber, and rope was perfect, and that he would have had no hesitation in crossing the Atlantic in her in an equinoctal gale. Jones swore that there was not one timber, spar, or rope but was so rotten as to be picked to pieces with the fingers, and that he would not have crossed the North river in her from Fort Washington to Guttenberg on a calm day in midsummer for an interest in Johnstown. When the judge came to charge the jury, his opening sentence was "Gentlemen of the jury, upon one point I have no occasion to assist your deliberations; if you know anything in this world, it is the seaworthiness of the boat!" Perhaps they did though they "smiled audibly," as if they did not; at all events, they disagreed, and the precise money value of the sand-schooner probably remains undetermined to this day.

BEN. WADE AND JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

Benjamin F. Wade and the late Joshua R. Giddings used to be constant competitors at the bar in "old benighted Ashtabula," their place of residence. In the early part of his practice, Wade was defending a man against an action of slander, and, after having concluded a very effective speech to the jury, sat awkwardly leaning backward, his feet on the counsel table, and facing Giddings, who was attempting to be eloquent in behalf of his slandered client. "Old Gid," as he was familiarly called, knew a little smattering of Shakespeare, and now determined to bring that great author to his aid.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said he with much ardor,

"He that steals my purse steals trash;
"But he that robs me of my good name—"

[Ahem.]

At this point, to his great discomfiture, Shakespeare deserted him. He repeated,

"But he that robs me of my good name—"

[Another pause.]

"Takes that I never had," whispered Wade, as if prompting him, and so distinctly as to be heard by all in the room.

Amid the laughter and his own confusion, Giddings brought his speech to such a "lame and impotent conclusion," that his client recovered but six and a quarter cents for his lost character.

FINING COUNSEL.

Judson T. Mills, of South Carolina, was Judge of a district court in Northern Texas, fond of a joke, but very decided in his discharge of duty. Thomas Fannin Smith was a practicing lawyer at the bar, and having shamefully misstated the law in his address to the Jury, turned to the court and asked the Judge to charge the Jury accordingly. The judge was indignant, and replied:

"Does the counsel take the court to be a fool?"

Smith was not abashed by the reproof, but instantly responded—

"I trust your honor will not insist on an answer to that question, as I might, in answering it truly, be considered guilty of contempt of court."

"Fine the counsel ten dollars, Mr. Clerk," said the judge.

Smith immediately paid the money, and remarked that it was ten dollars more than the court could show.

"Fine the counsel fifty dollars," said the judge.

The fine was entered by the clerk, and Smith, not being ready to respond in that sum sat down. The next morning, on the opening of the court, Smith rose, and with much deference of manner, began:

"May it please your honor, the clerk took that little joke of yours yesterday about the fifty dollars as *serious* as I perceive from the reading of the minutes. Will your honor be pleased to inform him of his error, and have it erased?"

The coolness of the request and the implied apology pleased the judge, and he remitted the fine.

CELTIC WIT.

An Irish counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried by three judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, though the other two were indifferent, some of the other barristers were merry on the occasion.

"Well, now," said he, "who could help it, when there are a hundred judges on the bench?"

"A hundred!" said a bystander, "there were but three."

"By St. Patrick!" replied he, "there were one and two ciphers."

WEBSTER.

When Hayne, of South Carolina, urged on by his Southern friends, had made his speech which called fourth that immortal reply of the great "Northern Lion," many of Webster's friends, struck with Hayne's real ability, began to say to each other, "can Webster answer that?" Mrs. Webster was present at the Capitol, and was greatly agitated at the fire and force of the hero of South Carolina. She rode home with a friend in advance of her husband. At last the "Lion" came tramping up the door and marched in, in an easy, unconcerned way. His wife hastened into the hall just as she was, and with tears in her eyes said to him, "can you—*can* you answer Mr. Hayne?"

With a sort of grunt or quiet roar, her lord turned upon her: "Answer him? I'll g-r-i-n d him finer than that snuff in your box!"

In due time the Websterian thunder rolled through the arches of the capitol, and Hayne was ground fine.

"What do you think now," says the General's friend to his Southern acquaintance, "of our Northern lion?"

The reply came quick, but rather angrily: "He's a long jawed, strong-jawed, tough-hided devil!"

* * * * *

Among the Websteriana there is nothing of his better than the answer to the French minister, who asked him, while Secretary of State, whether the United States would recognize the new Government of France.

The Secretary assumed a very solumn tone and attitude, saying:

"Why not? The United States has recognized the Bourbons, the Republic, the Directory, the Council of Five Hundred, the First Consul, the Emperor, Louis XVIII, Charles X, Louis Philippe, the—

"Enough! enough!" cried the French minister, perfectly satisfied by such a formidable citation of consistent precedents.—"*The Bench and Bar*," *by L. J. Rigdon.*

### AN ASYLUM FOR USELESS YOUNG MEN.

In every community there is a certain percentage of useless young men, whose ultimate condition must excite the sympathy and consideration of every phylanthropist. What will become of them? We do not put the question as to their future state, but how will they round off their earthly existence? They have no visible means of support, still they hang on, they vegetate, they keep above the ground. In a certain literal sense, they may be said to live, move and have a being. They lounge in offices, promenade the street, appear at social amusements, play the gallant to good natured ladies and attend to the necessities of lapdogs. There more quiet and undemonstrative life may be described as an intermittent torpor, in which meals, cigars, drinks and sleep mark the changes. Their existence would be a mystery, but for their substantial people known familiary as "pa," "ma," or "better half," who are able to make provision for the waste and protection of their bodies in the way of clothes and food. Still, ought these tender young men to be left to the chances of parental or domestic affection? All are not unequally fortunate.

What shall we do when those dependencies are precarious? They do not admit of any utilitarian disposition. In cannibal countries they could be eaten as a substitute for veal; their bodies would make excellent fertilizers for sterile lands; but the prejudices of a christian people would revolt at this solution of the problem. A certain number would be employed as lay figures in shop windows to exhibit clothes on, but the tailors might not have confidence in them. Most of them could color meerschams, but this business would produce little revenue. What, then shall be done? The tax now falls upon a few, and ought to be distributed. We propose therefore a State Asylum for useless young men. An institution of this kind would be easily filled with those between the ages of eighteen and thirty, who should be grouped and associated together so that the rude jostling and friction of the working world would not disturb their delicate nerves.

Here they could cultivate their moustaches, part their hair behind, and practice attitudes. In this resort, with a little enforced exercise to keep their circulation in a healthy state, with dolls to play with as a compensation for the absence of ladies' society, these useless young men could be supported in ease and comfort, and all industrious people would be willing to pay the expenses of this institution rather than bear the painful solicitude in regard to the welfare of these superfluous members of society. When provision has been made by the State for idiots, for the insane, poor, aged and crippled, is it not astounding that asylums have never been erected for a still more helpless class? Let this philanthropic enterprise be started at once.—*Watertown Reformer.*

A LATE Sandwich Island paper says: "A correspondent at Kau writes: "The volcano is lively, and having fine times. No less than eleven fires are burning. In different places about the bank, where the road goes down, the lava has flowed up sixty feet and cooled over. Your feet will be so hot after crossing, that if you should spit on your toenails they would hiss, like hot iron! But in the neighborhood of the crater there are strawberries galore, large and lucious, besides ohelos.'"

A DELICATE TEST.—Dissolve one grain of silver in a small quantity of pure nitric acid, and then pour this solution of silver into 3,250 gallons of water, or about eighty barrels. When well diffused through the mass, put one drop of this water upon a plate of glass, and touch it with a glass rod previously dipped into pure hydrocoloric acid. The drop of the solution will become turbid or milky, indicating the presence of silver, although there is contained in that drop only the *two hundred millionth of a grain of silver.*

### ILLUSIVE MEMORIES.

"I have come to know whether you think I am deranged or not," said a young lady one day, with a directness, frankness, and unembarrassment very unusual. After an hour's investigation, it was demonstrated that she was hopelessly deranged. The form of the malady was, that when she heard an impressive sermon, an exciting address, or read an interesting article in prose or verse, she became possessed with the idea that she herself was the author, and that by some unfair means others had become possessed of her own ideas.

It is set in the memory of some, how earnestly an estimable young lady claimed, a few years ago, that William Allen Butler had found her lost composition, dropped in a stage, and made out of it the celebrated article about Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square, who never had anything to wear. There is at this time a very exciting controversy between a gentleman and lady, and their multitudinous friends, as to the authorship of that much-admired piece of poetry, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." Taking it for granted that the lady and gentleman are equally honest and in earnest, may it not be, as to one of them, a case of illusive memory?

Not a few readers may—the writer certainly does—remember that dreams sometimes come over them as if they were a continuation of some former dream, as if the beginning of it had some connection with a previous dream. In precisely the same way the present reality may be connected with a dim, shadowy impression of a previous existence, when there had been no previous existence. We are all familiar with the fact, that a person with whom we are conversing may give an expression to a sentiment which strikes us with peculiar force, from the fact that it had been floating about in our mind's vision, but had never formed itself into definite words or phrase, and we felt delighted in thus having it framed to us. It may be that a higher degree of this thing may give rise to states of the mind in relation to the authorship in question, which are readily diseased or illusive memories, somewhat akin to the habit sometimes met with in persons who, in the excitement of conversation, will state facts, what for their purposes they wish to be facts—or, as likely as not, in their view, to be facts—thus misleading others, and often putting themselves in painful or humiliating positions. Tendencies of this kind should be resolutely striven against, for they grow by yielding to them, and, in point of morals, there is all the criminality of a deliberate falsehood. Conscientious men, of truth and of extensive learning, are the last men in the world to be positive of anything which is not akin to demonstration; and, least of all, positive of anything which leans on memory alone. The weakest-minded and the least-informed are habitually the most positive. The lesson is, adore Truth, in writing, in conversation, and in action; do not assert as a truth that which cannot be demonstrated or corroborated, if need be, by outside evidence. A true gentleman habitually avoids making positive statements, thus securing himself from the charge of falsehood, and society would be greatly blessed if, in addition, the habit were sedulously cultivated of making no statement which was not literally true, with a wide margin, and if "often" and "very" were our highest expletives, instead of always, never, awful, and the like.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

### VAMPIRES.

Vampires, so called, are by no means peculiar to Brazil, but the veritable creature insinuated itself into the company of Americans which arrived in that country a few days ago. The writer says:

A party of Americans went up the Amazon a few days ago, and one of them was bled so badly by a vampire as to awake, in a state of exhaustion, with a face like a corpse; the foot of his hammock and the floor beneath it were saturated with blood, the flow of which was staunched with great difficulty. It is the difficulty of staunching the blood which makes the vampire so dreaded, the quantity which the creature requires to satisfy his appetite being comparatively trifling. Some persons seem to be especially liable to their attacks, while others can sleep in a room infested with them nightly with impunity. A gentleman living near Para, and whose house stands on the bank of an igarape, tells me that his room is seldom without one or more vampires in it after dark, and they have never molested him, altho' they have bled an unlucky goat in a shed beneath his window until the creature was unable to stand, and was shot as an act of mercy. A young English lady who was visiting at this house was bitten on the first night of her arrival, and in spite of the precautions used, was again bitten a few days afterwards, bleeding from a wound on the under side of her toe until much weakened. These animals only make their attacks in darkness, and a light kept burning in the sleeping-room is an effectual safeguard. A physician, long resident here, tells me that although poisonous reptiles are somewhat plenty in the province, the serious accidents from this cause scarcely amount to half a dozen annually in a population of 30,000. But enough of reptiles for the present.

A HUMAN TIMEPIECE.—A wonderful story is told of a man named J. D. Chevalier, a native of Switzerland, who had in 1845, at the age of sixty-six, arrived at an astonishing degree of perfection in reckoning time by an internal movement. He was, in fact, a human timepiece or living clock. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells and vibrations of pendulums, and by degrees he acquired the power of counting a succession of intervals exactly equal to those which the vibrations of the sound produced. Being on board a steamboat on Lake Geneva on July 14th, 1832, he engaged to indicate to the crowd around the lapse of a quarter of an hour, or as many minutes and seconds as any one choose to name, and this during a most diversified conversation with those standing by: and further, to indicate by his voice the moment when the hand passed over the quarter, minutes, or any other subdivision previously stipulated during the whole course of the experiment. This he did without mistake, notwithstanding the exertions of those about him to distract his attention, and clapped his hands at the conclusion of the fixed time. His own account of his gift was as follows: "I have acquired by imitation, labor and patience, a movement which neither thought nor labor nor anything can stop. It is similar to that of a pendulum, which at each moment of going and returning gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them make a minute, and these I add to others continually.

AN idle man always thinks he has a right to be affronted if a busy man does not devote to him just as much of his time as he himself has leisure to waste.

### A COOL HUSBAND.

There is one sensible married man in this State. He is a soldier, and was reported to have been killed, but was only a prisoner. He returned home to find that his wife had turned over a new leaf in the marriage service, and that another man occupied his seat in the chimney corner. Did he go to work slaughtering the false wife and new husband? Not much. He walked in, and said:

"Well, old gal, how is things?"

"Pretty good, Bill," said the double married woman, not taken aback greatly.

"Which do you prefer, the old or the new love?"

She hesitated for an instant, and then said: "I don't like to hurt your feelings, but—but—"

"Oh, spit it right out. Don't mind my feelings nor the other chap's. I won't be angry if you come down a little rough on my vanity. Count on me being amiable. I won't cut up rusty if you should go back on me."

"I'm glad you're so thoughtful, Bill, and I acknowledge that I do like my present husband best; but if anything should happen to him, I know nobody else I would so soon join fortunes with again as you."

"That's the way to talk. I'll bid you good-by, hoping that no accident will happen to the other fellow, and that he will live long to enjoy your delightful society. Good day."

And the careless husband traveled off, with his knapsack on his back, whistling in a cheery, clear tone, "The girl I left behind me."

SEEING THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT.—In July, 1865, Hon. J. H. Campbell, United States Minister to Norway, with a party of American gentlemen, went far enough north to see the sun at midnight. It was in 69 degrees north latitude, and they ascended a cliff 1,000 feet above the Arctic sea. The scene is thus described: "It was late, but still sunlight. The Arctic ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon like a slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent looking at our watches. When both hands came together at 12, midnight, the full, round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold running due north spangled the waters between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats—no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunset and sunrise you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the florid sea, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day."

NECK-TWISTING IN CHURCH.—The following is old but it will bear reading again, and the hint may do some good: A curious story is told of an eccentric old minister, who was sorely annoyed by a habit his people had acquired (and which prevails, by the way, in all other churches, even now and hereabouts, to some extent) of twisting their necks round every time anybody entered the door and passed up the aisle of the church, to see what manner of person it might be. Wearied with the annoyance, the old man exclaimed, one Sunday: "Brethren, if you will only cease turning your heads round whenever the door opens, and you will keep your attention on me, I will promise to tell you, as I preach, who it is that comes in." Accordingly he went on with the services, and presently made a stop as one of the deacons entered, saying, "That is Deacon ——, who keeps the grocery opposite." And then he announced in turn the advent of each individual, proceeding the while with his sermon as composedly as the circumstances would admit, when at last a stranger came in, and he cried out: "A little old man in green spectacles and a drab overcoat—don't know him—you can all look for yourselves." It is hardly necessary to add that the good man carried his point, and there was but little neck-twisting seen in his congregation after that day.

THE folly of arbitrary distinctions of birth and rank finds an odd illustration in the following recent letter to the *London Times*. The writer signs himself simply "A Younger Son:"

"An incident which occurred to me not many years ago may throw some light on the principles which guide the Chapel Royal officials in their distribution of seats. On entering the chapel doors one Sunday morning I was stopped by the verger, who said there was no place for me. I had never attended service in it in my life, for I was of a new creation, but I new that sons of peers had certain privileges of entry; so with a little pardonable pride of manner I said, 'I am the son of a peer.' 'The eldest son?' asked the verger, just as if he were a young lady in her second season. 'No,' said I, ruefully, 'a younger son only.' 'Then you cannot have a seat until the second lesson,' replied the discriminating verger. It is out of my power to say whether the offer of a two-shilling piece would have raised me in the estimation of the simple-minded verger to the level of an eldest son, for I did not try him, but walked away, moralizing as I went on the advantages and disadvantages attending the position in this world of an elder and a younger son."

A GREAT deal of trouble is borrowed by the habit of looking at things wrong end foremost. "How disconsolate you look!" said a bucket to a fellow-bucket as they were going to the well. "Ah?" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "Dear me! how strange to look at it in that way," said the bucket; "now I enjoy the thought that however empty we come, we always go away full.