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MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

WE JOIN THE PARTY THAT CARRIES THE FLAG, AND KEEPS STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION.

VOL. 17. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1860. NO. 43.

JOB PRINTING of ALL KINDS
DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE
DEMOCRAT,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY,
AND AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

THE office of the Montrose Democrat has recently been supplied with a new and choice variety of type, etc., and we are now prepared to print pamphlets, circulars, etc., etc., in the best style, on short notice.

Handbills, Posters, Programmes, and other kinds of work in this line, done according to order.

Business, Wedding, and Ball CARDS, Tickets, etc., printed differently and tastily.

Justices' and Constables' Blanks, Notes, Deeds, and all other Blanks, on hand, or printed to order.

☞ Job work and Blanks, to be paid for on delivery.

Uncle Sam.

A jolly old soul is Uncle Sam—
A jolly old soul is he.
With never a wife, but, strange to tell,
With daughters thirty-three!
His boundless farm,
And strong right arm,
And his daughters so fair to see,
Have made him the pride,
From far and wide,
Of the fearless and truly free.

This Uncle Sam has a giant frame—
A giant frame has he;
His pockets are deep and his purses are lined
In a manner most fair to see!
He bounds his lands
By the rocky strands,
On the shores of either sea—
By the surf that breaks
On the northern lakes,
And the gulf-waves minstrelsy.

His daughters so fair
Are a royal band—
One great democracy!
Who know their true worth,
Nor kiss the earth
To aristocracy.

The buxom Maine by eastern shore,
Dwells with the Granite maid—
The staid Vermont, with placid brow,
Reigns among the everglades;
Fair little Rhody's busy hand,
With Massachusetts' brain,
Joins with Connecticut to bless
The rocky Eastern main.

The giant York with regal mien,
And "star of empire" crowned,
With Pennsylvania's iron arms
Clasping the world around;
The merry maid of Maryland,
And Jersey's peach-like cheek,
With sauey little Delaware,
Our grateful praises seek.

Virginia—Mother of the brave—
The twin of Carolinas fair,
Sweet Florida enwreathed with flowers,
Georgia with golden hair;
Fair Alabama's heaving breasts,
Distend with cotton balls,
The sunny Mississippi's grace,
Kentucky's cavern walls.

Louisiana pressing hard
The mouth of Mississippi,
While all the rest delight to take
The sugars from her lip;
Westward beneath a lone, lone star,
Lies Texas' wealth untold,
While California binds them all
With chains of glistening gold.

Bold Arkansas—a strapping maid,
Missouri's sunny grace,
With Tennessee—a central gem—
Ohio's beaming face;
The prairies of fair Illinois,
With Indiana's plain,
Vie with Wisconsin's nodding plumes,
On fields of waving grain.

Coy Michigan lies willingly
In northern lakes fond grasp,
Iowa gives a willing hand
For all the world to clasp;
Fair Minnesota, youngest
Of the peerless thirty-three,
With Oregon makes up the band
Of the fearless and the free.

No lovelier band or faster land
Blesses the eye of Heaven;
No sisterhood more pure and good,
Earth never yet hath given.

For the Montrose Democrat.

LETTER FROM S. W. T.

LAURUR, Oct. 1st. 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—On Thursday evening of last week, about an hour after we escaped from a crowded train, that bore us from Wyoming to Scranton, a dozen or more of us hungry sight-seers might have been observed doing ample justice to the epicurean fare set before us at a hotel in Hyde Park. Soon after we had been served with the "good things" by mine host, a vacant chair nearly opposite me, was taken by a man whose singularity of appearance at once arrested my attention. He was old, having seen, as I judged, the snows of more than seventy winters; but age had not dimmed the lustre of his dark gray eyes, which looked out proudly from their deep sockets under a massive forehead. In stature, he was tall, erect, slim and muscular. He was plainly, but neatly clad—polite and unassuming. I noticed he used his right arm with difficulty. During supper he conversed but little—enough, however, to assure us that he was a Missourian on business at the East. By the time we had finished our repast, my Yankee curiosity to know something of the stranger's history, adventures, &c., was fully aroused. I imagined that a person of his years—one residing in the far West, must have a fund of interesting narratives to relate. In this I was not mistaken; for when I was again enjoying the warmth of glowing Anthracite, in the bar-room, the strange "unknown" drew his chair to my side, and we entered into conversation. Some of the incidents &c. he related I propose to record, thinking they may edify your readers.

My venerable friend—for so I will now call him—gave his name as Reuben. Mundy. In his youth he had lived in Pennsylvania. He was a soldier—a mounted man, under General Harrison, during those terrible struggles on our Western frontiers. Harrison, he said, was a brave, but cautious general,—never willing to hazzard the lives of his men, unless some decided advantage was likely to be gained by so doing. Col. Richard M. Johnson—or Dick Johnson, as he familiarly called him—on the other hand, was rash—full of impetuosity and fire; in battle, Murat-like, would rush headlong into the very teeth of the foe, carrying terror into their ranks, by his courage and celerity.

The battle of the Thames, in which my friend said he participated, was graphically described; and one incident connected with that conflict I will mention as nearly as possible in the narrator's own words.

"We were in pursuit of the enemy. I was on horseback. When we got near the foe, we found our course obstructed by trees fallen in such a way that cavalry could not get through them. This was a narrow ridge of land. On one side of us was a swamp; on the other, the river. In front were the British and Indians, the latter whooping and yelling like fiends. Our regiment [The Mounted Riflemen] was ordered to dismount and *tree*, that is, get behind trees, and fight the savages in their own way,—each man for himself. I got behind a big elm, and hugged it pretty hard too, I guess, for the balls were whizzing by like hail. The Colonel of my regiment lay behind a log near me, and like the rest of us, popped away at the red-skins as he had opportunity. All at once he called out to me, 'Reube! Reube! I've saved your life. I saw a big Indian taking aim at you, and I shot first. He fell, and when the fight is over, you go to that tree yonder, and see if you don't find a red-skin there dead, with a ball-hole about an inch above his left eye.' I did as requested, and sure enough, the Colonel had told the truth. He was a great marksman."

Changing the subject, my entertainer said that he had, in the course of his life, been overseer of a great many negro slaves—702 having been under his charge at one time. This was on a large sugar plantation, where he lost his wife and daughter by cholera. Said he, "I never struck a negro a blow. I managed to govern them by kindness." Would that such an example might be more universally imitated by parents, guardians, and school-teachers.

The late Kansas troubles being mentioned, he related a host of occurrences that transpired in that Territory, many of which came under his personal observation.

"I was there," he went on to say, "at one of the first elections held in Lawrence City, which, at that time contained but a few log huts. An old glass-box was nailed up to a tree, and voters were depositing their ballots therein. And such times at an election, I never saw! One man would step up and vote; another, perhaps, would knock him down. So it went on, from morning till night. Drinking, fighting, ballot-box stuffing, was the order of the day."

"One day a Northerner came to Lawrence with a single ox harnessed before a cart, on which he had two barrels of whiskey. He bawled out something against Southerners, that offended them; and a crowd seized his freight, knocked their heads open, and with gourds and tin cups helped themselves to liquor, while the frightened Yankee took his ox and cleared."

"One night after I had lain down on my mattress, a man came to the door and asked to stay with me for the night. I told him he could. He came in, and after eating some bacon and corn bread, lay down on my cabin floor, and went to sleep. This was soon after the Ossawatomie murders which helped to make John Brown so notorious. In the morning I arose, and eyed the stranger closely. He was a stout built individual, and rather suspicious looking, I thought. He wanted to go, he said, to a certain place, across the prairie. I showed him which road to take, gave him some bread and bacon, and he went his way. A few hours after he had gone, some men rode up, and wanted to know if I had seen a certain man,—giving me a description of him. I told them I had entertained such a person last night, and that he had gone across the prairie. They then said to me, 'You have had under your *roof* old John Brown the murderer, and we are in pursuit of him!' Of course their search was fruitless. I was not quite sure that my guest was the veritable John Brown. I am satisfied, however, on that point, now. Being in Richmond at the time of Brown's execution, I obtained from Gov. Wise a permit to see the prisoner hung; and behold! there, on the scaffold, with a rope about his neck, I was forced to acknowledge that my former guest and the culprit before me, were one and the same."

The depredations committed by both Free and Slave State men, especially the act of destroying the Printing Press, in Kansas, were most vehemently condemned by my old friend. "Society," said he, "can never be injured by the truth; and all parties should enjoy the privilege of giving their principles and opinions to the world."

The subject of politics being introduced, among other questions, I asked him if he knew John C. Breckinridge? "That I do! and he is the very best fellow in the world,"—he paused slightly, and then added—"*except* James Buchanan, who is a model man."

Alluding to the mania for naming counties, towns, horses, &c., after distinguished personages, he said there was a vehicle somewhere out West, called 'The Corwin-wagon.'" How it got that name was thus related, as nearly as I remember:

"Tom Corwin held a political meeting at a certain place, and got gloriously drunk. While in this state his friends conveyed him to a neighboring town, in a carriage of somewhat peculiar construction. Other carriages were made like this one, and foolishly named after our facetious Senator."

Speaking of great men, reminds me of a remark he made concerning Lord Lyons.

"I don't know a man that I would rather shake hands with than this nobleman. I had that honor once; and he left two gold sovereigns in my palm. I told him, jestingly, I would like him to take both my hands, at that rate."

Another of the veteran's reminiscences, and the last I will now mention, is this:

"During the last Congress, I visited Washington for the purpose of getting a private pension Bill passed for my benefit. The bill was introduced and partially considered, but something would always prevent its final passage. Now there would be a skirmish on the Cuba question; then on the subject of the prairie rail-road—one day, one thing; the next day, another. I staid a week or two, listening to their idle brawls, and then went home, thoroughly disgusted with the way things are managed at our National Legislature."

Friday last, I had the pleasure of seeing a steam fire-engine, from Philadelphia, work in Scranton. Although the wind was strong, she threw a stream of water over the Bell and Everett pole, which is nearly 120 feet in height. Cheer after cheer arose, as the frothing element shot up into the air, forming in its descent a beautiful rainbow. The Nay-Augs and a company of firemen from Hyde Park, with a splendid band of music, were on the ground. Altogether, it was an interesting and creditable display.

I am gratified to learn that Susquehanna county bore off a goodly share of the palms at Wyoming. Let us "Outside Barbarians," up in the "beach woods," wear those "blushing honors" meekly.

It would seem that the action of some of our sister counties, touching the recent State Fair, was far from magnanimous. Because they disliked its being located so near the Northern limits of the State, it is understood, they most ungenerously refused to contribute to the interest of the exhibition. Philadelphia city and county held a fair at Powelton, that begun on the *same* day that did our State Fair.—Comment is useless. Much bitterness of feeling exists relative to this matter. Some of the journals are warmly discussing the subject; and before the debate is ended, wounds may be given and received which will be a good while healing.

Truly yours, S. W. T.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

A LEAF FROM A DETECTIVE'S PORTFOLIO.

Sitting in the front office one morning, engaged in perusing the New York papers, I heard the chief's bell tinkle rather excitedly. The sergeant answered it.

"Send Brandon to me," next reached my ears through the half open door.

Before the sergeant could repeat the order, I had passed him, and was standing by the side of the chief.

"Sit down, Mr. Brandon," he said, as he continued making some notes in the register.

I obeyed and anxiously awaited his commands.

"I have a singular case before me this morning," he began; "and I came about to try your ingenuity to unravel it."

My expectations were aroused.

"On the 16th of last month the Hon. Mr. F——, gave a ball at his mansion in the Fifth avenue, which was attended by nearly all the *elite* of the city."

"I remember it,' I said.

"Do you remember what occurred there."

"Almost every lady in the room lost some article of jewelry," I replied.

"Exactly, for which no one could account, as the party was most select, and it would have been an outrage to have suspected any one present with stealing in such a wholesale manner.

I acknowledged the justice of his remarks, the chief continued.

"On the 13th of last month, a grand promenade concert was given at the Academy of Music, and the same thing occurred. This would not seem so singular as there was plenty of opportunity for the professional pickpockets; but the remarkable feature is that no gentlemen were robbed, but all who suffered were ladies."

"This is indeed singular," I replied.

"Perhaps," responded the chief, in a dubious tone. "Now for the last event. Yesterday morning, as you have probably heard, Mr. W——, was wedded to the daughter of Col. H——, at Grace Church. The assembly was large, and of course, composed entirely of the *ton*. The bride received congratulations of numerous friends, and left the church, but had not reached the carriage when she suddenly discovered that one of her bracelets were gone. A search was immediately made in the church, but it was nowhere to be found. Then came another and another cry from various parties—all ladies—who had lost one or another article of jewelry, with an occasional portmonie."

I was getting excited.

"What are your conclusions?" I asked.

"I would first have heard yours," said the chief, looking at me closely, as though to test my penetration.

I reflected a moment, and could form but one opinion.

"There must be some person," said I "figuring at present in fashionable society, who is a second Babbington in the *lifting* profession."

"A very proper conclusion," said the chief, smiling at my simplicity. "But let us determine something. For instance, is it a man or a woman?"

"Most likely a woman," I remarked, "as none but women suffer from the thief's most adroit practice."

"That would be the first conclusion," said the chief; but on the other hand a man might perform the deed, confining his practice to females, only to throw the blame upon one of them."

I acknowledged the possibility of his suggestion though it had little effect upon me,

"You have the particulars," continued the chief. "I give you one week to solve the mystery, and to bring the adept to justice. Here is a list of the principle losers. You shall take your own course as to the plans you shall follow. Good morning."

I knew that this case had been placed in my hand as a test of my skill, and resolved, if within the grasp of human ingenuity, to compass it. It was a most singular case, occurring, as it did, in the very heart and centre of first society. It was impossible to accuse any one on suspicion, there must be proof positive before a word could be uttered. How was it to be obtained.

I sat down and thought seriously, laying out my plans, as I grasped each point of the case. Then I arose to act,

Dressing myself in the very height of fashion, I hired a carriage and drove to the house of the Honorable Mr. F——, I found him at home, and stating my vocation and purpose, was invited into the library.

"I fear you have assumed a fruitless task, Mr. Brandon," he said, when we were seated.

I expressed my conviction of success.

"How do you intend to proceed?" he then asked.

I remarked that I should be governed by circumstances, but desired a full list, or as near as possible, of all the guests on the evening of the ball. He went out a few moments, and when he returnd handed me a complete list, which he had obtained from his lady. I ran my eye down the column with eager interest; many of the persons I knew, either personally or by reputation: they were principally married men and their families. One name—a lady's—seemed to make an impression on my mind. I had never heard of her, and though it was a hazardous move—I ventured to ask who she was.

"Oh,' said Mr. F——, "Madame Delaney she is an old friend. I knew her husband, M. Delauney, when I was Consul at Paris. He was second Intendant of Police, and died during my term. She is an American by birth, whom he fell in love with while on a visit to Paris with her father, a Boston merchant. She is very beautiful and amiable.

This disarmed me, for I knew another question would give offence, and his report was perfectly satisfactory. I next asked the names of a few persons who had lost jewelry. He marked their names on the paper. I then took my leave, with many expressions of good will and hopes of success from the Hon. gentleman.

My next visit was to the residence of the ladies who had been victims to the mysterious pickpocket. Mrs. R——, with whom I was acquainted, received me kindly, and eagerly gave me all the information in her power. Her loss was a large diamond breastpin, of great value, of which she gave me a coincise description; also of a gold locket, taken from her oldest daughter, containing the portrait of her deceased husband. By her kindness, I was introduced to several others, who had lost various articles, in the way of brooches, ear rings, necklaces, and other articles. Some of these had been lost at the Academy, others at the wedding at at Grace Church.

Having obtained all this information, I sat down to consider, and found myself about as wise as when I commenced.—One of the ladies had lost a bracelet at the first mentioned ball, and had loaned me the fellow to it. This being the only clue, I resolved to work on it.

Taking a list of all the pawnbrokers in the city, I visited each one and made a thorough inventory of their recent jewelry receipts, but could find nothing to match my bracelet, nor accord with my description of the other articles lost. What was to be done.

I asked myself the question as I was seated in my office, after a long and fruitless search. In answer to it came an idea. In a moment I was in my carriage again, and off to Mrs. R——

"What, have you gained a clue already?" she exclaimed, as I entered hastily.

"Not yet," I replied. "But all is not lost that is missing. Tell me," I added, "who gives the next grand *conversationare* in your circle?"

"Mrs. Johnson."

"When?"

"To-morrow evening."

"Can you get me a *billet d'entree*?"

"Certainly."

"Then procure it immediately for Mr. LeClair, a Louisiana planter of our acquaintance. If Miss Belle, your daughter, would play my chaperone, it would be better for our scheme."

Miss Belle was a gay, rollicking girl of eighteen, with black eyes, and a merry, laughing mouth, was especially fond of adventure, and being let into the secret, gave her ready assent to accept my protection for that evening only—as the play-bills say.

The next morning I received a special card of invitation to attend Mrs. Johnson's soiree in 18th street.

At the proper hour I handed Miss Belle R——, from the carriage in front of the house, and led her into the grand reception room.

I had got myself up in tremendous style. I was supposed to be determined to make a hit—whether I did it or not will appear in time. I am afraid that if asked; I could not have told the use of the jewelry I wore. Certain it was that I had plenty of it—rings in abundance—not exactly in taste, but like my watch chain, belted across my vest and a large seal dangling from my fob—all spurious—they were my baits, which I had thrown out as an angler throws out a single line, with a dozen hooks on it: That was my cash capital, upon which I would win my fortune of success. If there was a pickpocket there I was determined he should have a fair chance at it; if he bit at the bait, he would find a hook in it for every article was fastened with a secret steel chain.

The pleasure of the evening proceeded. I was introduced to several interesting ladies and gentlemen of congenial temperaments, and as I conversed, apparently unconscious of any purpose, I scanned carefully each and every individual of the company.

"Belle!" in a whisper.

"What, Mr. LeClair?"

"Who is that singular looking lady in the centre of the group by the window?"

"Why do you think her singular looking?" Asked Belle R——, in a tone of curiosity and surprise.

"Because it is so," I replied. "Her face is pale almost to ghastliness, except the one little spot spot where she paints, while her black eyes dance about like an ebony coffin relieving a dead face. She is dressed in mourning, and yet she is the most gay and fascinating person in the room."

Belle almost held her breath as I gave this description, and with her hand on my arm, and a blank expression upon her face she said:

"You don't think—"

"Who is she?" I repeated quickly.

"Madame Delauney, of Paris."

"Madame Delauney!" I murmured to myself. "The friend of the Hon. Mr.—the widow of the assistant Intendant of the French Police. Umph!"

"Do you think her very handsome?" asked Belle.

"Yes, as vulcanized de Medicis. Introduce me."

Something in my manner must have impressed my fair chaperone with the idea of an adventure, for the introduction was made with evident embarrassment on her part, and she lingered close by, gazing in the face of Madame Delauney and myself with an air of puzzled curiosity.

As my inquiring glance met that of Madame Delauney, I thought I detected something like a start—it was not perceptible—a mere shrinking of the eye, a double palpitation of the heart—as she seemed to read my vocation at a glance and felt a flush of fear. This may, however, have been the result of my own conviction. She was dressed in what was termed second mourning, consisting of of black satin skirt with flounces fringed and embroidered with green leaflets, a pink bodice, cut low in the neck, and bordered with dark velvet. The sleeves were exceedingly wide, with loose white undersleeves. A blue scarf encircled her waist. She wore no ornaments, save a plain breastpin, and a solitary diamond ring upon her middle finger.

Having made this scrutiny at a glance—during which she seemed to have done the same with me—I summoned all my resources and at once began an attack in French. She seemed pleased at my addressing her in that language, and whether the rest were ignorant of the tongue, or from what cause I know not, we soon found ourselves alone. The fair widow seemed quite lively, and had it not been for her white, ghastly, expressionless face, she would have been handsome indeed. but added to this, there was a wild, feverish fire ever burning in her black, dazzling eyes, which at every varying emotion, seemed to throw off sparks like that from hardened steel when struck.

We soon became quite intimate, and I was on the point of asking her to promenade in the garden, and had just turned my head to look at Miss R——, when I heard a slight click, and felt a gentle pull about the waist. I did not start, for I almost suspected it, but looking around carelessly, I met the cold features and fiery eyes of Madame Delauney turned upon me and I thought I could perceive a purple hue rippling beneath the surface of her pale skin, like the waves of a lake. I did not look down, fortunately it was not necessary, for Madame Delauney's back was towards a large mirror, and as I glanced into it, I beheld my watch chain hanging from my vest pocket! one side of it had been cut!

I was now convinced. The mysterious adept at pocket picking, who had thrown the *creme de la creme* of New York into a fit of regular excitement, and made them fear to appear in public with their jewelry—the being who had caused each of the "first circle" to mistrust the honesty of the other, stood before me. Yet how was I to proceed? It would not do to arrest her on the spot. Mrs. Johnson would never forgive me for the scandal it would create, and the company lose their enjoyment. I was in a dilemma, and as one of the young widow's friends approached, I made my obeisance and turned away. As I walked towards Miss Belle, her mother intercepted me, and asked what prospects I had; "could there be any suspicious person now in the company?"

"Several, my dear madam," I replied with mock gravity.

"Gracious me! who are they?"

"Mr. LeClair, whom you introduced," I replied, laughing.

"No jestiug," said she. "Have you learned anything?"

I put my hand down to show her my cut watch chain, but—it was gone! The fish had run away the bait, hook and all!

The affair was getting serious, and I becoming excited.

"My dear Mrs. R——," said I, "give yourself no uneasiness; you will lose no more jewelry after to-night. Permit me to speak a word to Belle."

Hastening to the side of my fair chaperone, I whispered:

"Can you be discrete?"

"As wisdom," she said, smiling.

"And play a part?"

"Like *le grand tragedienne!*"

"Then invite Madame Delauney to promenade on the rear piazza; the night beautiful—from there stray into the garden, and take up a position near the gate which opens into the next street. Keep her engaged and be astonished at nothing that occurs."

Belle arched her brows understandingly and nodded assent. I next strolled carefully into the hall, opened the front door and looked out. Raising my finger, the driver of my own carriage approached. It is almost needless to state that he was a policeman in disguise.

"What luck?" he asked.

"Good. Drive down the narrow street, skirting the house, and stop at the garden gate."

The house was situated at the corner of a narrow street, with a high brick wall extending from the rear to the next house. This wall screened the little flower garden, and contained a gate for the use of the servants.

When I returned to the drawing room Belle and Madame Delauney were absent. I found them in the garden, plucking some flowers, and I joined them making some causual compliments. As soon as I had joined them Belle started off for the house. Madame Delauney was about to follow, when I quickly arrested her,

"Madame Delauney, you are my prisoner," I quietly said.

"What do you mean, sir?" she gasped, recoiling from me.

"That I arrest you for theft. When you next steal a detective's watch chain, you should be more expert."

As I spoke I opened the gate and revealed the carriage and the policemen.

"Come," I said.

The scene caused her to cower before me. I then told her in hurried words that her whole career was known to me; that if she would go peaceably she might save much shame and disgrace. She hesitated for a moment, and then drawing herself up proudly, replied:

"I will go with you, but you had better beware when I shall have proved these disgraceful accusations untrue!"

I assisted her into the carriage and taking a seat opposite, we were whirled rapidly away towards the office.

Although the hour was late, I found the industrious old chief in waiting, he smiled graciously as I led in my beautiful prisoner, and narrated the incidents connected with her arrest. She was of course searched, but nothing was found until on turning up the wide sleeves of her bodice, we found a number of secret pockets, in one of which was my watch chain. She evidently had not commenced her operations of the evening. The next day Madame Delauney's residence was searched, and nearly all the missing property recovered. Her house was a rare depository of jewelry of every kind and estimate.

Upon conviction she confessed that she had first learned the art of theft from her husband, who was accustomed to show her each scheme of villainy that was revealed to him in his connection with the Paris police. The ring before noticed had a spring diamond knife for a setting, which would easily strike through any golden ligature, and she was thus easily able to secure her prize. She pleaded poverty as the cause of her crime, as prior to the death of her husband she had lived honestly. She suffered a slight penalty, on condition that she would leave the country.

Pure love is the sunshine which steals slowly and silently up to the burning hill of life, and stays to bless us with its presence through all life's weary way.

A Story for Lawyers.

It is probable that every lawyer of any note has heard and read of the celebrated Luther Martin, of Maryland. His great effort in the case of Aaron Burr, as well as his displays in the Senate of the United States, will not be forgotten. Trifles in the history of genius are important, as we hope to show in the story.

Mr. Martin was on his way to Annapolis, to attend the Supreme Court of the State. A solitary passenger was in the Stage with him, and as the weather was extremely cold, the passengers soon resorted to conversation to divert themselves from too much sensibility to the inclement air. The young man knew Martin by sight, and as he was also a lawyer, the thread of talk soon began to spin itself out of legal matters.

"Mr. Martin," said the young man, "I am just entering on my career as a lawyer; can you tell me the secret of your great success? If, sir, you will give me from your experience the key to distinction at the Bar, I will——"

"Will what?" exclaimed Martin.

"Why, sir, I will pay your expenses while we are at Annapolis."

"Done. Stand to your bargain now, and I will furnish you with the great secret of my success as a lawyer."

The young man assented.

"Very well," said Mr. Martin. "The whole secret of my success is contained in this one little maxim, which I early laid down to guide me. If you follow it, you cannot fail to succeed. It is this:—*Always be sure of your evidence.*"

The listener was very attentive—smiled—threw himself back in a philosophical posture, and gave his brain to the analysis with true lawyer patience, of "Always be sure of your evidence."

It was too cold a night for anything to be made pecuniarily out of the old man's wisdom, and so the promising adept in maxim-learning gave himself to stage dreams, in which he was knocking and pushing his way through the world by the all-powerful words, "Always be sure of your evidence."

The morning came, and Mr. Martin with his practical student, took rooms at the best hotel in the city. The only thing peculiar to the hotel, in the eyes of the young man, was that the wine bottles and the *et ceteras* of fine living seemed to recall very vividly the maxim about the evidence.

The young man watched Mr. Martin. Wherever eating and drinking were concerned, he was, indeed, a man to be watched, especially in the latter, as he was immoderately fond of the after-dinner, after-supper, after everything luxury of wine. A few days were sufficient to show the incipient legalist that he would have to pay dearly for his knowledge, as Mr. Martin seemed resolved to make the most of his part of the contract.

Lawyers, whether young or old, have certain legal rights, and so the young man began to think of the study of self protection. It was certainly a solemn duty. It ran through all creation. Common to animals and men, it was a noble instinct not to be disobeyed, particularly where the hotel bills of a lawyer are concerned. The subject daily grew on the young man. It was all-absorbing to his mind and pocket. A week elapsed, and Mr. Martin was ready to return to Baltimore. So was the young man, but not in the same stage with his illustrious teacher.

Mr. Martin approached the counter in the bar room. The young man was an anxious spectator near him.

"Mr. Clerk," said Mr. Martin, "my young friend, Mr.——, will settle my bill, agreeable to the engagement." The young man said nothing but looked everything. "He will attend to it, Mr. Clerk, as we have already had a definite understanding on the subject. He is pledged, professionally pledged to pay my bill," he hurriedly repeated.

"Where's your evidence?" asked the young man, demurely. "Always be sure of your evidence, Mr. Martin. Can you prove the bargain?"

Mr. Martin saw the snare, and pulling out his pocket-book, with great good humor, assured the young man—

"You will do, sir, and get through the world with your profession without advice from me."

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The "Presbyterian" recently heard a remarkable and touching story of a little boy, a son of a gentleman in an adjoining county. His age is twelve or thirteen.—He is an interesting and promising lad.—One day during the past winter, he failed to rise in the morning as usual. At length his father went into the room where he lay, and asked him why he did not get up? He said it seemed dark yet, and he was waiting for daylight. His father retired, but the boy did not make his appearance for some time.

"My son, why don't you get up?"

He replied, "Father, is it daylight?"

"Yes, long ago."

"Then, father," the little fellow said, "I am blind."

And so it was. His sight was gone.

In a short time his father took him to Nashville to get the benefit of the medical profession there, but none of the physicians could do anything for him, and happily they made no experiments on his eyes. Some ladies in a family of his father's acquaintance sought to cheer him in his affliction, and one night proposed to take him to the opera, that he might hear the music and singing. He went and was delighted. In the course of the performance, all at once he leaped up, and threw his arms round his father's neck, and screamd with ecstacy. "Oh! father, I can see!" His sight had instantly returned, and since then he has retained it in full vigor, except that under excitement there is sometimes a transient dimness of vision. The case is one of a remarkable and singular character.

☞ Talleyrand, the prime minister of Napoleon, by Madame de Stael. It so happened Talleyrand was lame, and madame cross-eyed. Meeting one day, madame says; "Monsieur, how is that poor leg?" "Crooked *as you see!*" quickly replied Talleyrand.

"I wish I had Capital."

So I heard a great strapping young man say the other day. I did want to tell him a piece of my mind so bad. But I'll just write it to him.

You want capital do you? And suppose you had what you call capital? what would you do with it? You want capital! Haven't you got hands, and feet, and body, and muscle, and bone, and brains; and don't you call them capital? What more capital did God give to anybody? Oh! but they are not money, say you. But they are more than money. If you will use them they will make money, and nobody can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't it is time you were learning. Take hold of the first plow, or hoe, or jack-plane, or broad-axe that you can find, and go to work. Your capital will soon yield a large interest. Ay, but there's the rub; you don't want to work; you want money or credit that you may play the gentleman and speculate, and end by playing the vagabond; or you want a plantation and negroes, that you may hire an overseer to attend to them, while you run about over the country and dissipate, and get in debt; or want to marry some rich girl who may be fool enough to take you for your fine clothing and good looks, that she may support you.

Shame upon you, young man! Go to work with the capital you have, and you'll soon make interest enough upon it and with it, to give you as much money as you want, and make you feel like a man. If you can't make capital upon what you have, you couldn't make it if you had a million of dollars in money. If you don't know how to use bone, and muscle, and brains, you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have lie idle, and waste, and rust out, it would be the same thing with you if you had gold. You would only know how to waste.

Then don't stand about like a great helpless child, waiting for somebody to come in and feed you, but go to work. Take the first work you can find—no matter what it is, so you be sure to do it like Billy Gray did his drumming—well. Yes, whatever you do undertake, do it well; always do your best. If you manage the capital you already have, you will soon have plenty more to manage; but if you can't or won't manage the capital God has given you, you will never have any other to manage. Do you hear, young man?

My Wife is the Cause of It.

It is now more than forty years ago that Mr. L. called at the house of Dr. T. one very cold morning, on his way to H——

"Sir," said the doctor, "the weather is very frosty—will you not take something to drink before you start?"

In that early day ardent spirits were deemed indispensible to warmth in winter. When commencing a journey, and at every stopping place along the road, the traveler always used intoxicating drinks to keep him warm.

"No," said Mr. L., "I never touch anything of that kind, and I will tell you the reason: *my wife is the cause of it.*

"I had been in the habit of meeting some of our neighbors every evening for the purpose of playing cards. We assembled at each other's shops, and liquors were introduced. After a while we met not so much for the purpose of playing as drinking, and I used to return home late in the evening more or less intoxicated. My wife always met me at the door affectionately, and when I chided her for sitting up so late for me, she kindly replied:

"'I prefer doing so, for I cannot sleep when you are out.'

"This always troubled me. I wished in my heart she would only begin to scold me, for then I could have retorted, and relieved my conscience. But she always met me with the same gentle and loving spirit.

"Things passed on thus for months, when I at last resolved that I would, by returning much intoxicated, provoke her displeasure so much as to cause her to lecture me, when I meant to answer her with severity, and thus, by creating another issue between us, unburden my bosom of its present trouble.

"I returned in such a plight about four o'clock in the morning. She met me at the door with her usual tenderness, and said:

"'Come in husband; I have just been making a warm fire for you, because I knew you would be cold. Take off your boots and warm your feet, and here is a cup of hot coffee.'

"Doctor, that was too much. I could not endure it any longer, and I resolved that moment that I would never touch another drop while I lived, and I never will."

He never did. He lived and died practising total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, in a village where intemperance has raised as much as any other in this State.

That man was my father, and that woman my mother. The facts above related were received from the doctor himself, on a visit to my native village not long since.

☞ A tall girl, named Short, loved a certain big Mr. Little; while Little, little thinking of Short, loved a little lady named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longing to be even with Little's short comings. So Short, meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before Long, which caused Little in a short time to marry Long.

Why is a young lady just returned from boarding school like a builder? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

The Great Eastern is simply a *bark* from the British Lyon.

An impudent Western print intimates that "true spirit of New England" is cheap rum.

If you want to have a man for your friend, never incur the ill-will of his wife. Public opinion depends, in a great measure, on the average prejudices of womankind.

If you were obliged to swallow a man, whom would you prefer to swallow? A little London porter.