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B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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BY-AND-BY.

Be quiet, restless heart! The long light lies
In gleams of lingering sunshine on the hill;
The home-bound swallow, twittering as he flies,
Makes silence seem more still.

The shadows deeper grow, and in the woods
The air a latent sweetness holds in fee;
An odor faint of yet unblossomed buds—
So like, dear heart, to thee!

Far distant in the soft, cerulean deep,
Where the horizon bounds the nether world,
Great ships becalmed, like brooding birds asleep,
Lie with white sails loose furled.

In peace the day is ended, and the night
Falleth as doth a veil upon the sea;
Along its bosom come with swift-winged flight
The gray mists silently.

Oh anxious heart, how Nature speaks! Her power
How leisurely she loses! How intense
The infinite peace of her most fruitful hour!
How soft her influence!

Time hath she for her storms to sweep the main;
To rock the tree tops with her winds of wrath,
To bring forth fragrance in the Summer rain!
And time for snow she hath!

So, dear, for all thy eager soul desires,
She keeps sweet times and seasons. In her mood
Is hid for thee all passion's subtle fires
To round thy womanhood.

Cease, then! and in this dewy twilight move
As one who asks not whither, cares not why;
This gift for all holds still the Eternal Love,
God's endless by-and-by.

MUTINY AT SEA.

At one period King Ferdinand of Naples, finding the people growing more and more restless under the tyrany of his rule, sought to avoid all aggravating measures, lest he should incite a popular rebellion. He began to realize the weakness of his hold upon the throne, and so looked about him to allay by any measure the causes of irritation in the popular mind.

There were at this time confined in the dungeons of his palace over a hundred thousand political prisioners, most of whom had suffered there for a period of ten years.

The offense of these victims of tyrannical vengeance was patriotism. The King, after consulting with his confidants, selected from the list of these men sixty-six names, and orders were issued to banish them to America, it being feared that their long confinement in the Neapolitan dungeons might incite to rebellion.

The King would have been glad to have had them executed at once, but he dared not do this, not only for the above reasons, but also lest he should bring down upon his head the indignation of the the whole European world.

So, as we have said, he adopted what was thought to be a judicious course of getting rid of these men, and they were therefore banished to that country.

Even the carrying out of this purpose required secresy and care, lest it should arouse public indignation.

A dark night was selected, and these patriots, securely ironed, were embarked in a steamer and sent direct to Cadiz, in Spain, where they were put on board of the ship, "David Stewart," with the captain of which a bargain had been made to land the exiles in America at so much per head. The Government, however, fearing that the captain of the ship would prove unfaithful to their interests and purpose, witheld one-third of the passage money until the service should be duly performed.

Still further to insure the consummation of the plan, a Neapolitan war-steamer towed the "David Stewart" to sea for a distance of over two hundred miles, when, after hauling along side, and reiterating his instructions, the officer who had been charged with the execution of the business then ordered the steamer to head for the Bay of Naples.

The good ship "David Stewart" lay her course to the westward, and until the following day all was quiet on board.

We say all was quiet, yet there was one scene enacted on board the transport ship, with which the readers of this veritable account should be made acquainted.

It was about the middle watch of the night after the Neapolitan steamer left the ship, that the Italians, who were congregated in a sort of temporary cabin, which had been arranged for them amidship, were surprised by the appearance among them of a young stranger.

He was wrapped in a long cloak, which, on being thrown open, discovered the dress of a common sailor.

This mystery, however, was but brief in duration; for in a moment the newcomer walked up to one of the most distinguished of the prisoners, Luigi Lettembrini, and in a low voice exclaimed "Father!"

"My son!" exclaimed the aged patriot, after a moment of pause to assure himself.

And the two embraced each other, while the rest came close about them, and mingled many a tear and hearty congratulation together.

"I am here in disguise and to serve you, my father, and all of you, my compatriots, as the agent of our friends in London. To-morrow my plans will be perfected. Be not surprised at whatever may occur. I cannot discuss matters now, for discovery would be ruin, and we may be watched at this very moment. I could not longer deny myself this happiness," he continued, again embracing his father. "Be silent and watchful."

"Silent and watchful," they repeated in one voice.

It was a bright, clear day at sea, and the captain of the "David Stewart," who had just "taken the sun," was working up his latitude. At this moment a dozen men walked coolly into he cabin, all armed with pistols, and headed by a young but determined fellow.

The captain sprang to his feet in amazement, saying, "What does this mean?"

"Captain Gorman, it means mutiny; but at the same time no harm is intended to anyone unless resistance is offered," was the answer of the leader.

"What do you complain of—what do you desire?" asked the captain excitedly.

"Hold, sir. You must not go for your pistol. We are all armed, and, if necessary, shall shoot you on the spot," said the leader, seeing that the captain reached his hand towards a drawer in his cabin locker.

"What would you have?"

"Change the ship's course towards Liverpool."

"For what object?"

"To land the Italians whom you have agreed to carry to America."

"I see; this is a political affair," said he.

"Entirely so," continued the leader. "No harm will occur to life or property if you comply."

"That I cannot do."

"That you must and shall do," was the cool reply.

"Never!" said the captain of the "David Stewart."

"Boys," said the leader, "put these handcuffs on this man—he is no longer captain of this ship."

In vain did Captain Gorman resist and call aloud for his mates.

They were already disposed of, and these fellows, who so quietly and implicitly obeyed their leader, were his own crew.

He found himself locked into his inner cabin, and, for the present at least, kept in irons, while he could hear the orders issued to put the ship about and head her once more for Europe.

He listened intently, and saw whoever was in command, and issued these orders, was one who must be a thorough and practical seaman, and concluded that there was but one thing to do, viz., to make the best of the situation.

After the ship's course had been changed, her sails all properly trimmed, the watches set, and everything in order, the leader of the mutinous crew came below, and told the captain that he would like to have a little conversation with him.

"You seem to be master here; it is only for me to obey," was the bitter response.

"There is no occasion for hard feelings, Captain Gorham. You shall lose nothing by this change."

"Call it mutiny, sir."

"Very well; by this mutiny," said the other. "You have already received two-thirds of the passgae money for the patriots on board; the other third will be paid on the completion of the contract."

"That is so. You seem to be thoroughly informed of the charter party of the 'David Stewart.'"

"I am. Now, captain, there need be no secret about this matter. On our arrival at Cork, whither I shall steer, you shall receive the balance of the money promised for the transportation of your passengers."

"You are very liberal," growled the captain.

"I am not only under the orders of the Italian society of London, but my father, Luigi Lettembrini, is one of the released prisoners on board."

"What uniform do you wear?" the captain asked observing the dress thewhich young leader of the mutiny now appeared in.

"That of first officer of the Galway line of steamers," was the frank reply.

He was doing duty with the rest of the crew forward in the dress of a common foremast hand until he had taken command of the ship, when he put on his regular suit, consisting of a blue frock, gilt buttons, gold cap band, and ornamental cuffs.

The society in London had reliable friends in Naples, who kept it informed of all doings of the Government, and, being apprised of the proposed exiling of the prisoners, it had sent young Lettembrini, one of its sworn members, to carry out the plan he was now executing.

"Where do you propose to land?"

"Queenstown is the nearest port."

"True."

"You see, captain, your honor has been vindicated. You have been seized by superior numbers and put in irons."

"I have good reason to know it," said the captain, as he looked at the handcuffs he wore.

"Give me your parole, that you will in no way interfere with my purpose, and you are free."

"I cannot help myself," was the answer.

"Do you solemnly agree to this, Captain Gorham?" asked the young Italian.

"I do," he replied, after a few moment's silence. He felt he could do no better.

"I must take the liberty, however to remove these," said the other, taking the captain's pistols from the drawer where they were kept; "and also this knife."

"I suppose so," said the captain, resignedly.

"Are these all the arms on board?"

"To be honest with you, no," was the reply; "there are two dozen revolvers, an entire case, in the locker."

"Thank you, captain; I shall take them and pay you for them. They will be distributed among your passengers, who will use them, if necessary, and without hesitation."

Saying which he produced a key and unlocked the irons upon the captain's wrists, and offered him his hand in amity.

The honest commander of the "David Stewart" began, in spite of himself, to like the straight-forward young mutineer, and in his secret heart began to sympathize with his purpose.

After all, he would be no pecuniary loser, he was in no way implicated, and was pretty sure of a quick despatch to the United States from some English port.

Captain Gorman was from that hour treated with all possible respect, and he in no way interfered with the working of the ship.

The two mates, taking pattern after their superior, adopted the same plan of conduct.

Upon landing at Queenstown the enthusiastic Italians fell upon theia knees and kissed the ground which they trod, as treemen rescued from the clutch of the tyrant.

Here they were met by the agent of society in London, who freely compensated Captain Gorman, his mates, and the crew of the ship, for all damages, real or constructive.

Of those gallant and brave sixty-six patriots, fifty, not long afterwards, were to be found in the ranks of Garibaldi's army which liberated the Neapolitan people and confirmed that liberal monarch, the late Victor Emmanuel, upon the present throne of United Italy.

Romance of a Nun.

Mother Theresa, the oldest member of the order of Carmelite Nuns in America, died recently, at the convent of the order, corner of Caroline and Biddle street, Baltimore, in the 81st year of her age. Her name in the world was Miss Mary H. Sewall, and her birthplace was at Georgetown, D. C., in 1797. Her father was an officer in the Revolutionary war, and, it is believed, was a member of Gen. Washington's staff. He was wounded in battle, and Gen. Washington, who was particularly interested in him, stopped on one of the battlefields until his officer's wounds were attended to. Mother Theresa, when a child, was a pet of Gen. Washington, and often sat in his lap. When 19 years of age she took the veil and vows of the order at the only Carmelite convent in the country at that time, which was in Charles county, Md. The cause that led her to take the vows, as told by herself, is rather singular in its character. She was engaged to be married, and the time for the wedding has been fixed. She was called to attend the funeral of an intimate friend—a young lady of remarkable beauty—whose death had been a severe affliction to her. The burying ground was some distance from her home, and the coffin which contained the body of her friend was borne the whole distance, as was then the custom, upon the shoulders of pall-bearers. By an accident upon the way, the coffin slipped from the grasp of the bearers, and the body of the dead girl, clad in its white robes, was thrown out upon the roadside. Miss Sewall, who was a near witness of the accident, was so terrified by the view of the dead body, that she immediately resolved upon a life of religious seclusion. Her engagement of marriage was broken, and she at once entered the convent.

"Bring 'em All on Monday."

One night, during the run of "Black-Eyed Susan," a tipsy sailor was very noisy and troublesome in the gallery: nothing would pacify him, so Elliston at last appeared on the stage.

"May I know the cause of this unseemly clamor?" he asked.

Woman in the gallery—"Soda water! ginger beer!"

"Sit down, woman! Again I demand the reason of this disturbance?"

Voice from the gallery—"It's this here sailor vot makes all the row.

Elliston, touched to the very soul—"A British sailor! the glory of our country's annals, the safeguard of our homes and families; what is it he asks?"

"Rule Britannia!" roared the tar.

"You shall have it," emphatically pronounced the manager. "Of what ship, comrade?"

"The Haggermemnon!" roared loud Boreas.

Voice from the gallery—"Bottled stout! ginger beer.

"Woman, I say, sit down!"

"Just paid off your honor!" interpolated the tar, touching his hat.

"Bring all your shipmates on Monday," continued the manager, stepping forward regally. "Ladies and gentlemen, on Monday next, a nautical, national allegorical sketch will be presented at this theatre, entitled "The British Flag," in which the whole strength of the company will be employed. The music expressly composed by Mr. Blewitt." (Aside to the orchestra: "Give 'em 'Rule Britannia.'") "Bring 'em all on Monday!" cried Elliston once more, with a wink to the sailor as he strode off the stage.

"Rule Britannia" was then sung by the whole company, and the play resumed. The nautical sketch of Monday was, we need scarcely say, a momentary inspiration of Elliston's.

A Singular Custom.

In the Monthly Bulletin of the Jersey Cattle Club, attention is called to an old and unique custom which still prevails, in the Jersey Islands, the old Norman cry "Ho Rollo!" calling for the protection or intervention of the duke, "Haro! Haro! Haro!" which is a sort of personal service of injunction. If one falls on his knees and thrice calls Haro! no man may continue his trespass on person or property, but must resort to a court of law for his justification. A case is quoted, from the Jersey Press, in which, pending a dispute between the owner of a certain piece of property, and another claiming the right of a roadway through the property, the owner caused a ditch to be dug across the road upon which the party claimed the right of way, in order to arrest the work, raised the *Clameur de Haro*, the form of which is to kneel and cry "Haro!" three times, invoking the protection of the sovereign against what the plaintiff considers an encroachment or a trespass on his property. On this the workmen ceased their work.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

"The Ugliest Man Out."

Sim Hawkins was one of the most positive men that ever made an assertion and stuck to it. A man like that invariably acquires a reputation. Sim had a number one reputation of its class—that of being a very disagreeable man. At first, one would think that Sim had no need to cultivate such a reputation. Nature had not been at pains to endow him with such beauty as to compensate for a single cross grain. In features, complexion, figure and voice, the man had little to recommend him. If he had been governed by policy he would have played the agreeable. On the contrary, as I have said, he was as positive and disagreeable as any that ever adhered to his convictions.

Then, to make the matter worse, the world immediately fell in to an error—natural enough, nevertheless a great error—that of imputing heartlessness to the captain, who was as brave a man as ever lived, and as tender-hearted. However, when the failings of the captain were capped with the public error, there was no end of mistakes, as is invariably the case where two errors meet.

The truth was, a more kindly or affectionate heart never throbbed than Captain Sim Hawkins's. Although his complexion was a compromise between snuff coler and saffron, his figure slightly podgy and motions positively awkward, his nose entirely out of keeping with the rest of his features (a nose that threatened, challenged and scorned the world) and his voice as harsh as a rag machine or the sepulchral tone assumed by the thousand imitators of Captain Cuttle's adviser, Jack Bunsby, the captain was as true as steel and as brave as a lion.

Withal, the captain was quiet, reserved and shy in the presence of the fair sex. Proof: he boarded in the same house and roomed on the same floor with the Widow Mordant, and never addressed a word to her in two months. Then the subject was butter, began and stopped with a sort of cross speech to the servant, and an apology to the widow for interposing in behalf of her child.

Imagine, if you can, the gallant Captain Sim's feelings upon hearing himself spoken of in this manner by the beautiful widow one day:

"Oscar, my dear, what makes you go into Captain Hawkins' room so often?"

"Because he is such a jolly fellow, mother. When I'm a man, I'll wear whiskers like Captain Hawkins, and make my voice as rough as ever I can, too."

"You silly child; that ugly Captain Hawkins! If you must imitate somebody, pattern after an agreeable man. I never met a more disagreeable man than Captain Hawkins in my life."

The captain was pacing the piazza at that moment. I will do the lady justice to say that had she known he was within hearing she would have bit her tongue before uttering such a speech. As for the captain, he shrugged his shoulders, while his cheeks took on a deeper saffron tint, if possible.

That same evening Mrs. Mordant was promenading with her son, a child of four, and as heedless as four-year-old's are, when a runaway carriage came dashing round the corner of the main avenue. The frenzied horses' feet made the fire fly from the pavement. There was a cry of herror, when a sudden and awful hush fell upon the spectators, who turned their heads aside to avoid witnessing what seemed inevitable. Oscar Mordant had, with the restiveness of his age, darted across the street. The crash of the flying horses' hoofs frightened him; he paused, then turned, with a cry, to his mother, who was springing forward, when suddenly she opened her eyes again, the carriage was standing still, the horses champed their bits angrily, while at her feet nestled her darling boy, not a hair of his curly head harmed.

"Remarkable presence of mind," said one.

"And such nerve—extraordinary nerve," said another.

"Then he must possess marvellous strength to do such a thing," added a third.

"And he is as quick as lightning."

"The bravest, coolest thing I ever witnessed."

As the Widow Mordant listened and lifted a hand to her temple, the truth dawned upon her slowly. It was to that ugly Captain Hawkins she owed the child's life.

A week later General Hooker was attending the wedding of the daughter of an old-time friend. The gallant general was the hero of the hour. The Widow Mordant was purring like a kitten over her toilet, when she heard voices below her window. The window was open. Every word rose to her distinct and clear. Probably the fact that they were uttered heartily enabled her to hear the following:

"What! My dear old friend Hawkins! Here, Colonel Gardiner, permit me to introduce Captain Hawkins, a man who, as much as any other, contributed to our success at the Cape. How you did plow them down with your battery, Captain! It was fearful work."

"Never mind that, General, now," began the voice Mrs. Mordant now heard in her dreams.

"The captain has one fault," said the general, "he is modest to a degree. Now, for my part, I think modesty is very well in a woman, but I wager a hundred to one nobody hereabouts knows the captain's record."

The widow had heard enough. Her husband, who laid down his life at the Cape, had frequently alluded to a gallant, high-minded commander of a battery, and this was the hero—the man she never deigned to look upon till he risked his life to save her son's.

The following day, as the captain was sitting at the window, smoking, there was a tap, a very gentle tap, at his door.

"Come in," said the captain. But when he saw the beautiful widow, his face became almost coppery in color. "I beg pardon—I—really——"

She relieved him immediately by quietly seating herself.

"Captain Hawkins, I feel that I ought to thank you in person for your action. One can't trust one's self to paper always. I intended calling when I sent the note. Now that it is off my mind I feel relieved."

She laughed softly. The captain ventured to look at her. He had never contemplated such loveliness. The widow wisely refrained from disconcerting him, but rising, bowed gracefully, and walked off with the captain's heart as effectually in her keeping as though the contract had been signed and sealed before a cloud of witnesses. Oh, the widow managed her forces well, be sure. She carried the citadel by storm.

Needless to say the captain discovered his loss, and went after his heart. Is it necessrry to recount the occurrences that followed in such rapid order? To such as understand the nature of the blandishments beautiful women weave around the bravest of men, nothing more need be said.

When the captain's new relationship was explained to the widow's son, that precocious youngster startled his mother by saying suddenly, "What makes you marry Captain Hawkins, ma? Didn't you tell me he was the ugliest man in the world?"

"Handsome is that handsome does," answered the widow, as the betrayer was sent away. "Captain, I did say something like that."

"Say no more," said the captain, as he took her hand in his own. "I dare say I'll bear acquaintance."

Let anybody say Captain Hawkins is ugly; he does it at his peril to-day.

The Geysers.

The most noted Geysers in our country are situated in the Yellowstone region of the Wyoming Territory. The largest and most celebrated of these is the Giantess. This Geyser throws up a solid column of water 20 feet in diameter, to the height of 60 feet. Through this immense mass of water it shoots vertically upwards many minor jets, to the height of 285 feet, presenting a rare and splendid appearance. The eruptions occur once in every 11 hours, and last 20 minutes. Its basin is encircled by a rim or bank 10 feet high. The "Grand Geyser" is another splendid fountain that shoots up a column of water 6 feet in diameter to the height of 200 feet, while the steam ascends 1000 feet more. The eruptions occur every 32 hours and last 20 minutes; temperature of water when at rest 150 degrees.

The "Giant" has a column 2 feet in diameter, and shoots up to the height of 140 feet. This Geyser plays continually for three hours at a time.

The "Beehive," so called from the shape of the mound which surrounds its basin and tube, shoots up a column 3 feet in diameter, to the height of 219 feet; it plays 15 minutes at a time.

"Old Faithful," so called from its regularity of action, sends up a column 6 feet in diameter, to the height of 150 feet. It plays regularly every hour, and the eruptions last fifteen minutes. What can be more sublime than an eruption of these wonderful springs? The rush and roar of the steam is heard for a long distance, the flow of the water as it is impelled far upward in a steady stream, with no apparent effort, is of the most grand and sublime character, while the sunbeams, glancing upon the magnificent and steady fountain, tint its bubbles and spray with all of the brilliant and varying colors of the rainbow.

Another class of Geysers are called mud volcanos. These throw the mud and semi-liquid substance to the height of from six to a hundred feet in the air, accompanied by loud explosions. The following description of a mud Geyser is given by Mr. Langford: "About two hundred yards from this cave is a most singular phenomena which we call the Muddy Geyser. It presents a funnel-shaped orifice in the midst of a basin 150 feet in diameter, with sloping sides of clay and sand. The crater or orifice is thirty by fifty feet in diameter. It tapers quite uniformly to the height of about thirty feet, where the water may be seen, when the Geyser is in repose, presenting a surface of six or seven feet in breadth. The flow of this Geyser is regular every six hours. The water rises gradually, commencing to boil when about half way near the surface, and occasionally breaking forth in great violence. When the crater is filled it is expelled from it in a splashing, scattered mass, ten or fifteen feet in thickness, to the height of forty feet. The water is of a dark lead color, and deposits the substance it holds in solution in the form of minute stalagmites upon the side and top of the crater."

Humboldt's Description of an Earthquake.

The great traveler gives an interesting account of the first earthquake he witnessed. It was at Cumena, in South America. The first shock came after a strange stillness. It caused an earthquake in his mind, for it overthrew in a moment all his lifelong notions about the safety of the earth. He could no longer trust the soil which up to that day had felt so firm under his feet. He had only one thought—universal, boundless destruction. Even the crocodiles ran from the river Oronoco howling into the woods; the dogs and pigs were powerless with fear. The whole city seemed "the hearth of destruction." The houses could not shelter, for they were falling in ruins. He turned to the trees, but they were overthrown. His next thought was to run the mountains, but they were reeling like drunken men. He then looked towards the sea. Lo! it had fled; and the ships, which a few minutes before were in deep water, were rocking on the bare sand. He tells us that, being then at his wit's end, he looked up, and observed that heaven alone was perfectly calm and unshaken.

Tea Drinking in Moscow.

You cannot pass a day in Russia without learning the Russ for a cup of tea, pronounced, as nearly as I can convey the sound, "Stackan tchay." Indeed, as soon as you take a seat upon one of the divans, and have a table drawn up before you, the tall servant brings tea at once, without an apparent doubt in his mind that you would order it anyway, if you only knew how. In some of the smaller traktirs the metal tea kettles stand upon the fire in full view, and you superintend the brewing of the tea in person. Here, however, two white teapots are brought, one large and one small, the larger containing hot water, and the smaller one the tea. In place of the ordinary teacup a glass tumbler is placed before you. Now, if you follow the native custom, you slowly fill the tumbler half full of hot water, in order to warm it thoroughly; after which you empty the water, place the requisite amount of sugar in the bottom, then pour in the tea, and weaken with water to suit the taste. If you like a stick in it, a slice of lemon accompanies the tea, and imparts a pleasant flavor.

This done you are ready to drink—that is if mouth and throat are sufficiently fireproof to stand the beverage while it is scalding hot. The native Russian will drink tea while it fairly boils in the glass, and does it without the passing trace of a tear in his eye. If you can follow the custom, you are likely to get better tea than it will ever be your fortune to drink again. There is one great difficulty, however, in doing it. The glass has no handle, and to pick it up in the ordinary manner is like handling a live coal. The only way to obviate the difficulty is either to hold the thick bottom of the tumbler in the hollow of your hand, or bend low enough to drink from it as it stands upon the table. Neither of these methods are considered particularly graceful at home, I am aware, but one or the other you will probably adopt if you drink tea in the native fashion. To wait for it to cool requires too much time, as the glass retains the heat much longer than a porcelain or crockery cup would.

A very necessary accessary of tea drinking in a traktir is tobacco and religion. All the guests of the Moskovski were smoking between their sips of tea, and nearly everybody made the sign of the cross before raising the first glass to his lips. Cigarettes were used for the most part, though one can buy cigars of good enough quality if willing to pay an extravagant price. Always expensive, the war has put the price of cigars beyond the reach of the average patrons of the traktir, a passable one costing about half a rouble, war currency, or about thirty-eight cents. To keep up the illusion of the East, however, you indulge in the more luxurious mode of smoking to be found in pipes with large earthen bowls of a red color, and having a long cherry stem. As inevitable as he brings you tea the servant brings one of these pipes. He fills it in your presence with the fragrant yellow tobacco, lights it with a coal, draws a few whiffs to fairly set it going, then wipes the mouth-piece carefully and hands it to you. By judicious smoking, one pipe full will last half an hour, during which you can sip tea, watch the tea merchants bargaining, and study the graceful effects of the semi-Oriental costumes they wear.

Departed Grandeur.

In 1860 the Americus Club pitched its tent for the summer on the grass-grown ledges of Indian Harbor Point, in the town of Greenwich, Conn. For two summers they were satisfied with the tent; then they put up an unpretentious wooden structure, which in after years grew into the palatial club house, famed in the history of the Ring. In their tenting days Tweed was not with the club; but he soon afterward appeared as the ruling spirit. Thus he became acquainted with the beauties of Greenwich and its surroundings, and learned to appreciate its advantages as a summer residence. He made a careful survey of the village and the various estates within its limits, and finally, in the spring of 1865, bought in the name of his wife, Mary Jane Tweed, the Philander Button place of Mrs. Lillie Hardenbrook, who then owned and resided on it. It consisted of forty acres of land, an old square house, and a few outbuildings. He paid for the property about $10,000. In 1869 he added a small farm of twenty-two acres to the place, and soon afterward bought seven acres more. Then he enclosed the whole seventy acres with a handsome stone wall, half a mile in length, built of the native blue granite of that section, and broken by half a dozen stately entrances, where wrought iron gates were flanked by lamp posts.

The old house was not torn down, but it was given a Mansard roof, flanked by a square tower, and so transformed as to appear like a new house. It is now a most charming summer house, low, rambling, and comfortable. Its appointments are perfect, without any ostentatious display of wealth. At some little distance from the house stand the stables, also of wood. In their construction money was absolutely thrown away; they are said to have cost $100,000. In them are the billiard room and bowling alley, besides rooms for the coachman and his assistants.

West of the house, and at the same distance from it as the stables, are the conservatory, grapery, and rosary, under the arched plate-glass roofs of which nearly two acres of ground are enclosed. Close by the rosary stands an immense oak tree, high up among the branches of which are three platforms, one above the other, reached by a winding staircase from the ground. Here, on the warm summer evenings, the Boss used to sit, and sometimes take supper.

The grounds are wide, extended, and beautiful. They are diversified by clumps of shrubbery, winding walks, fountains, and iron lamps. The uncultivated taste of the late proprietor is shown, however, in the many statues of cast-iron, painted to resemble bronze, that are as numerous and as varied in design as were those adorning the grounds of Lord Timothy Dexter in Newburyport, Mass., some years since.

Among the statues in the grounds is a colossal Gambrinus, standing with one foot on a beer keg and holding an uplifted mug of beer. On the lawns and among the shrubbery may be seen cast-iron Mercury, Flora, Ceres, and Pomona, Columbia, an American Indian, and numerous animals, dogs, eagles, deer, and the great tiger of the Americus Club. This last is a decided blot upon the scene, for, besides being in itself bad, its pedestal is of wood, painted to resemble stone. The lawn, between the house and conservatory, is also disfigured by an immense liberty pole, from which there used to wave, on all gala days, the American flag.

The grounds are now sadly neglected, and some thousands of dollars will be required to restore them. In the vast conservatories, in which Tweed himself once said there were over three miles of steam pipe, rare plants, vines, and shrubs stand withered and dead. A troop of horses, once sleek and well kept, now roam about the grounds at will, rough and unkempt, tearing up the lawns, walks, and flower beds with their iron shod hoofs.

The site of the Tweed place is historic, or nearly so, for it is on the brow of Putnam Hill and a short distance north of it is the hill down the rocky stairway of which rode Israel Putnam when pursued by British soldiers who dared not follow his headlong plunge. The property cost, first and last, about $200,000, and is worth now about $60,000. The only claim against it is an attachment lien for $5,700, held by James H. Ingersoll.

Here for many summers have resided the Tweed family—Mrs. Mary Jane Tweed, Gen. Wm. Tweed, who married Miss Davis, and now has two children, Willie and Mary; Mary Tweed, now Mrs. McGinnis of New Orleans; Lizzie Tweed, also a Mrs. McGinnis of New Orleans, the sisters having married brothers; Josie Tweed, now Mrs. Douglas of this city; Jennie, Dick, Charlie and George Tweed, the two latter now aged 16 and 13. The two younger boys are at school in Scotland. The Tweeds did not go into Greenwich society, and lived very quietly while there. No party was ever given in the great house except to the boys from Randall's Island, and but little company was entertained. The Boss received all his friends at the Americus Club House, a mile distant. In front of it, too, he kept anchored his steam yacht, the Mary Jane Tweed, in which he used often to travel to and fro from the city.

When the Tweeds first went to Greenwich, they attended the Methodist church, and chiefly with their money the present edifice of that denomination in the village was built. As they increased in riches and importance, they became attendants at Christ Church, to which they gave an organ. Both Mr. and Mrs. Tweed did much good among the poor. There is many a man in Greenwich who owes his little house to the bounty of William M. Tweed.

Jolly Tars on a Land Cruise.

During the autumn of 1835, a first class frigate was paid off at the Washington navy yard—an unusual thing, because it was not a depot. The city was taken by storm by the discharged men, and one may say that business was suspended for a week. A party would hire a hack, fill it, and two or three climb upon the roof, or as they termed it, the deck, and ride about town occasionally stopping at a groggery to "stow ballast."

Of course they attended the theatre. The old National, now no more, was then in its glory. One evening the play was "The Bleeding Nun." When she came upon the stage, and, alluding to the murderer, exclaims: "Alas, he has escaped!"—"No!" sang out a sailor in the pit, "there he is behind the door! we'll catch him for you!" and with that leading a forlorn hope, he rushed on, captured, and dragged the trembling disciple of Thespis to the footlights, and the interference of the manager only prevented them from summarily punishing him.

President John Quincy Adams was a warm friend of the drama. At this time he was a nightly attendant. The tars found out, some how or other, that he was in the house, and cheers were proposed. The cheering lasted an hour; when, lo! a commotion was heard at the door, and in comes Jack with a waiter covered with cakes and all sorts of confectionery—after him another, with a waiter of ices—then four or five, bearing waiters with every kind of liquors, all of which were passed up to the President's box. The old man declined as long as he could, but had to partake. Then the provisions were passed around the audience; the play was disregarded, and loud cheering for the crew of the —— followed. Mr. Adams slipped out as soon as possible, but the theatre was not closed until three o'clock in the morning.

That evening the danseuse came very nigh making her fortune, from the showering of gold pieces on the stage. She danced between the pieces, and was encored thirteen times! The night will never be forgotten in Washington.

Kindness Repaid in Cash.

Over twenty years ago a young lady by the name of Addie A. Morrison, then living in eastern Maine, kindly befriended a deserter from the British army, who happened to pass by her father's house. Time passed away and the young lady married A. M. Hill and subsequently removed to Wakefield, N. H., where she is now living. The other day she received notice that she had the nice little sum of $1,000,000 left her by the soldier, who had died a bachelor.

Stray Sand.

"In all that has been written concerning the Edison phonograph," said Grandfather Lickshingle, "the first words uttered by the machine have not been mentioned. Mr. Edison doubtless has a delicacy in giving them to reporters, but as it is a matter of national interest, and as I was the only other person present in his workshop at Menlo Park when the phonograph first gave utterance, I felt it my duty to speak up."

"Why, grandfather, when were you at Menlo Park? You have scarcely been out of your arm chair in two years," said one of the children.

Without seeming to hear this, grandfather went on:

"You know Mr. Edison worked a long time at his machine, and met with many exasperating difficulties. He told me himself that he often felt like kicking the blamed thing into the street. But he didn't. He worked away at it, night and day, and when anything went wrong restrained himself as well as he could.

"When he asked me into his shop to look at the machine he had no idea it was as nearly perfect as it proved to be. He put on a new tin-foil, tightened some of the screws and things, and explained to me how he expected it was to work after a while. After monkeying around it for a few minutes he took hold of the crank and gave it a whirl or two. It gave a screech like a Comanche and we both involuntarily felt of our scalps to see if they were all right.

"Mr. Edison was the first to recover himself, and remarked facetiously that he did't know that it was loaded.

"He tinkered a little more on the inside of the thing, greased the piston or something, and started her up. The first turn of the crank brought out in a wheezy sort of tone:

"'Confound the confounded thing to confoundation and be confound to it.

This confused Mr. Edison somewhat, and I thought he wished he had not invited me in. I could see quite plainly that he had rather it had said something else, but he was at the same time so much elated that it should say anything at all, that he continued to turn the crank, and the machine continued to talk. It was terrible to hear it. For instance:

"'Ye blamed old fraud of a thing, ain't ye never goin' to talk? Yer worse than the Keely motor, and for two cents I'd throw ye inter the river!'

"What does it mean?" I ventured to ask Mr. Edison."

"Blest if I can tell," he replied, and continued to turn the crank:

"'If ye don't talk before the Fourth of July,' yelled the machine in an angry, desperate tone; 'I'll mash ye with an ax and sell ye for old junk. Now, listen ter me,' and it rattled the words out as if some one was shaking it. I've fooled with ye about as long as I intend ter, an' the next thing ye know ye won't know nothin.'"

"Mr. Edison was completely overcome, and leaned up against a workbench for support.

"I took hold of the crank and turned it, and the machine yelled at the top of its voice:

"'Holy mother of Moses, ain't ye never goin' to say a *word*! Here I've spent over $75 on ye, an' still yer dumber than a rotten oyster! I'll put on some fresh tin-foil, file off the dufunny a little, an' give ye one more chance! If ye don't speak up then I'll kick the stuffin' out of ye, so help me'—

"Here," said grandfather, "Mr. Edison implored me to leave the machine alone, as its language was a disgrace to civilization."

Causes of Sudden Death.

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from disease of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, experiments have been tried in Europe and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasbourg. Sixty-seven cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough post mortem examination. In these only two were found who had died of disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died of apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is the lungs were so full of blood that they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still, chilled after being warmed with labor or rapid walking, going too suddenly from close, heated rooms into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news operating on the blood. The causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives which would otherwise be lost under the verdict "heart complaint." This disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence many do not take the pains they should to avoid sudden death if they knew it lay in their power.

General Lee's Advice to Officer's Wives.

I have heard General Lee relate the following incident: At a dinner party given by General Taylor shortly after his accession, General, then Capt. Lee chanced to be on the right of Mrs. Bliss at the table. They were discussing army life, the separations it entailed, and how hard it often was for an officers wife to know what to do, whether to follow her husband or stay with her mother. "Of course Captain Lee" said Mrs. Bliss, "like all men, you think a woman should leave all and cling to her husband." "Not so, madam," he said; "my advice is, stay as long as you can under your mother's wing. You never can have more than one mother, but a pretty woman can always supply a husband's loss." Years afterwards he was again at the right of Mrs. Bliss at a dinner party, but Col. Bliss had died in the meantime; his widow had married again and of course bore a different name; and Captain had become Colonel Lee. After discussing several subjects, she laughingly said, "Colonel, do you remember a piece of advice you once gave me?" "Indeed, I do, madam. It has been in my thoughts all day, but I would have never dared to remind you of it. You followed the advice, I see."