

# STANDARD AND COMMERCIAL.

VOL. IV. NO. 50.

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1876.

\$2.00 per Annum. Single Copy 5 Cents.

## Widder Green's Last Words.

"I'm goin' to die," says the Widder Green. "I'm goin' to quit this life scene, I ain't no place for me to stay in such a world as this to-day. Such works and ways is too much for me. Nobody can't love nobody; The girls are founced from top to toe. An' that's the hull of what they know; The men is mad on bonds an' stocks. Swearin' an' shootin' an' pickin' locks. I've real 'traid I'll be hanged myself, Ef I ain't laid on my final sheet. There ain't a creature but knows to-day I never was a innate anyway. But since crazy folks all go free I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me. There's another matter that's kep' hard—I can't go into a neighbor's yard To say 'How be you?' or borrow a pin, But what the paper'll have it in; We're pleased to say the Widder Green Took dinner on Tuesday with Mrs. Keene; Or, 'Our worthy friend Mrs. Green has gone Down to Barmkhamsted to see her son.' Great Jerusalem! Can't I stir Without a raisin' some feller's fur? There ain't no privacy—so to say— No more than if this was the judgment day, And as for meetin'—I want to swear Whenever I put my head in there— Why, even Old Hundred's spilled and done. Like everything else under the sun; It used to be so solemn and slow, Praise to the Lord from man below— Now it goes like a gallopin' steer, High diddle diddle! There and here. No respect to the Lord above, No more of it was a hand and glove With all the creatures He ever made, And all the jigs that ever was played. Presheeh, too—but here I'm dumb, But I'll tell you now! I'd like it some Ef I could get Parson Nathan Strong Out o' his grave would come along Au' give me a strinin' come a-frog— Judgment and justice is my desire. 'Tain't all love an' sickish sweet That makes this world nor 't'her compleat. But, law! I'd better be dead When the world's a turnin' over my head; Spirits talkin' like t'nal fools, Bibles kicked out o' deestric schools, Crazy creatures a murderin' round— Honest folks better be under ground. So fare ye well! This airthy scene Won't no more be pestered by Widder Green."

## GOING TO SCHOOL.

A STORY BY CAPT. MARYATT.

"Have you any idea of putting that boy to school, Mr. Easy?" asked Dr. Middleton of eccentric old Nicodemus Easy, the father of Jack Easy. "Mr. Easy crossed his legs, and clasped his hands together over his knees, as he always did when he was about to commence an argument. "The great objection that I have of sending a boy to school, Dr. Middleton, is, that I conceive that the discipline enforced is not only contrary to the rights of man, but also in opposition to all sound sense and common judgment. Not content with punishment, which is in itself erroneous, and an infringement of social justice, they even degrade the minds of the boys still more by applying punishment to the most degraded and ignorant. It is intended that a boy who is sent to school should gain by precept and example; but he is to learn benevolence by the angry look and the flourish of the vindictive birch—or forbearance by the cruelty of the ushers—or patience, when the masters over him are out of all patience—of modesty, when his nether parts are exposed to general examination? Is he not daily reading a lesson at variance with that equality which we all possess, but of which we are unjustly deprived? Why should there be a distinction between the flogger and flogged? And yet are not these very errors inculcated at school, and impressed upon their minds inversely by the birch? Do not they receive their first lesson in slavery with the first lesson in A B C; and are not their minds thereby prostrated, so as never to rise again, but ever to bow to despotism, to orange to rank, to think and act by the precepts of others, and to tacitly disavow that sacred equality which is our birthright? No, sir, without they can teach without resorting to such a fundamental error as flogging, my boy shall never go to school."

And Mr. Easy threw himself back in his chair, imagining, like all philosophers, that he had said something very clever. Dr. Middleton knew his man, and therefore patiently waited until he had exhausted his oratory. "I will grant," said the doctor, at last, "that all you say may have great truth in it; but, Mr. Easy, do you not think that by not permitting a boy to be educated, you allow him to remain open to that very error of which you speak? It is only education which will conquer prejudice, and enable a man to break through the trammels of custom. Now, allowing that the birch is used, yet it is a period when the young mind is so elastic as to soon become indifferent; and after he has attained the usual rudiments of education, you will then find him prepared to receive those lessons which you can yourself instill."

happy with such a preceptor, but—if I must speak plain—you must be aware as well as I am that the maternal fondness of Mrs. Easy will always be a bar to your intention. He is already so spoiled by her, that he will not obey; and without obedience you cannot inculcate."

"I grant, my dear sir, that there is a difficulty on that point; but maternal weakness must then be overcome by paternal severity."

"May I then, Mr. Easy? for it appears to be impossible."

"Impossible! By heavens! I'll make him obey, or I'll— Here Mr. Easy stopped before the word flog was fairly out of his mouth—"I'll know the reason why, Dr. Middleton."

Dr. Middleton checked his inclination to laugh, and replied: "That you would hit upon some scheme, by which you would obtain the necessary power over him, I have no doubt; but what will be the consequence? The boy will consider his mother as a protector, and you as a tyrant. He will have an aversion to you, and with that aversion he will never pay respect and attention to your valuable precepts when he arrives at an age to understand them. Now it appears to me that this difficulty which you have raised may be got over. I know a very worthy clergyman who does not use the birch; but I will write, put the direct question to him, and then if your boy is removed from the danger arising from Mrs. Easy's over-indulgence, in a short time he will be ready for your more important tuition."

"I think," replied Mr. Easy, after a pause, "that what you say merits consideration. I acknowledge that in consideration of Mrs. Easy's nonsensical indulgence, the boy is unruly, and will not obey me at present; and if your friend does not apply the rod, I will think seriously of sending my son John to him to learn the elements."

The doctor had gained his point by flattering the philosopher.

In a day he returned with a letter from the pedagogue in answer to one supposed to be sent to him, in which the use of the birch was indignantly disclaimed, and Mr. Easy announced to his wife, when they met that day at tea time his intentions with regard to his son John.

"To school, Mr. Easy? what, send Johnny to school! a mere infant to school!"

"Surely, my dear, you must be aware that at nine years it is high time that he learned to read."

"Why, he almost reads already, Mr. Easy; surely I can teach him that. Does he not, Sarah?"

"Lord bless him, yes, ma'am, he was saying his letters yesterday."

"Oh, Mr. Easy, what can have put this in your head? Johnny, dear, come here—tell me now what's the letter A? You were singing it in the garden this morning."

"I want some sugar," replied Johnny, stretching his arm over the table to the sugar-bowl, which was out of his reach.

"Well, my love, you shall have a great lump if you will tell me what's the letter A."

"A was an archer, and shot at a frog," replied Johnny, in a surly tone.

"There now, Mr. Easy; and he can go through the whole alphabet—can't he, Sarah?"

"That he can, the dear—can't you, Johnny dear?"

"No," replied Johnny.

"Yes, you can, my love; you know what's the letter B. Now, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Johnny.

"There, Mr. Easy, you see what the boy knows, and how obedient he is, too. Come, Johnny dear, tell us what was B?"

"No, I won't," replied Johnny. "I want some more sugar," and Johnny, who had climbed on a chair, spread himself over the table to reach it.

"Mercy! Sarah, pull him off—he'll upset the urn," screamed Mrs. Easy. Sarah caught hold of Johnny by the loins to pull him back, but Johnny, resisting the interference, turned round on his back as he lay on the table, and kicked Sarah in the face, just as she made another desperate grasp at him. The rebound from the kick, given as he lay on a smooth mahogany table, brought Johnny's head in contact with the urn, which was upset in the opposite direction, and, notwithstanding a rapid movement on the part of Mr. Easy, he received a sufficient portion of boiling liquid on his legs to scald him severely, and induce him to stamp and swear in a very unphilosophical way. In the meantime Sarah and Mrs. Easy had caught up Johnny, and were both holding him at the same time, exclaiming and lamenting. The pain of the scald, and the indifference shown toward him, were too much for Mr. Easy's temper; and he roared in a voice, without any of his former restraint, and in a tone of voice which was heard at a quarter of a mile.

How long Mr. Easy would have continued it is impossible to say; but the door opened, and Mr. Easy looked up while still administering the punishment, and perceived Dr. Middleton in mute astonishment. He had promised to come in to tea, and enforce Mr. Easy's arguments, if it were necessary; but it certainly appeared to him that, in the argument which Mr. Easy was then enforcing, the entrance of Dr. Middleton, however, at the entrance of Dr. Middleton, Mrs. Easy was dropped, and lay roaring on the floor; Sarah, too, remained where she had been flogged, Mrs. Easy had rolled to the floor, the urn was also on the floor, and Mr. Easy, although not flogged, had not a leg to stand upon.

Never did a medical man look in more opportunely. Mr. Easy at first was not certainly of that opinion; but his legs became so painful that he soon became a convert.

Mr. Middleton, as in duty bound, first picked up Mrs. Easy and laid her on the sofa. Sarah rose, picked up Johnny, and carried him kicking and roaring out of the room; in return for which attention she received a smart caning from the doctor, who had announced the doctor, picked up the urn,

that being all that was in his department. Mr. Easy threw himself panting and in agony on the other sofa, and Dr. Middleton was excessively embarrassed how to act; he perceived that Mr. Easy required his assistance, and that Mrs. Easy could do without it; but how to leave a lady who was half really and half pretendedly in hysterics, was difficult; for if he attempted to leave her, she kicked and founced, and burst out the more. At last Dr. Middleton rung the bell, which brought the footman, who summoned all the maids, and then carried Mrs. Easy up stairs, and then the doctor was able to attend to the only patient who really required his assistance. Mr. Easy explained the affair in few words, broken into ejaculations from pain, as the doctor removed his stockings. From the applications of Dr. Middleton, Mr. Easy soon obtained bodily relief; but what annoyed him still more than his scalded legs was the doctor having been a witness to his infringement of the equality and rights of man. Dr. Middleton perceived this, and he knew also how to pour balm into that wound.

"My dear Mr. Easy, I am very sorry that you have had this accident, for which you are indebted to Mrs. Easy's foolish indulgence of the boy; but I am glad to perceive that you have taken up those parental duties which are inculcated by the Scriptures. Solomon says, 'that he who spares the rod, spoils the child,' thereby implying that it is the duty of a father to correct his children, and in a father, the so doing does not interfere with the rights of man, or any natural equality, for the son being a part or portion of the father, he is only correcting his own self; and the proof of it is, that a father, in punishing his own son, feels as much pain in so doing as if he were himself punished. It is, therefore, nothing but self-discipline, which is strictly enjoined us by the Scriptures."

"That is exactly my opinion," replied Mr. Easy, comforted at the doctor having so logically got him out of the scrape. "But he shall go to school to-morrow, that I'm determined on."

"He will have to thank Mrs. Easy for that," replied the doctor.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Easy. "Doctor, my legs are getting very hot again."

"Continue to bathe them with the vinegar and water, Mr. Easy, until I send you an embrocation, which will give you immediate relief. I will call to-morrow. By-the-by, I am to see a little patient at Mr. Bonnycastle's; if it is any accommodation, I will take your son with me."

"It will be a great accommodation, doctor," replied Mr. Easy. "Never mind, my dear sir, I will just go up and see how Mrs. Easy is, and to-morrow I will call at ten. I can wait an hour. Good night."

"Good night, doctor."

The doctor had his game to play with Mrs. Easy. He magnified her husband's accident—he magnified his wrath, and advised her by no means to say one word until he was well and more pacified. The next day he repeated this dose, and, in spite of the ejaculations of Sarah, and the tears of Mrs. Easy, who dared not venture to plead her cause, and the violent resistance of Master Jack, who appeared to have a presentiment of what was to come, our hero was put into Dr. Middleton's chariot, and with the exception of one plate of glass, which he kicked out of the window with his feet, and for which feat the doctor, now that he had him all to himself, noxed his ears till he was nearly blind, he was, without any further eventful occurrence, carried by the doctor's footman into the parlor of Mr. Bonnycastle.

Master Jack had been plumped down in a chair by the doctor's servant, who, as he quitted him, first looked at his own hands, from which the blood was drawn in several places, and then at Master Jack, with his teeth closed and lips compressed, as much as to say: "If I only dared, would not I, that's all!" and then walked out of the room, repaired to the carriage at the front door, when he showed his hands to the coachman, who looked down from his box in great commiseration, at the same time sharing his fellow servant's indignation. But we must repair to the parlor. Dr. Middleton ran over a newspaper, while Johnny sat on the chair all of a heap, looking like a lump of sulks, with his feet on the upper part of his knees and his nose to his nose. He was a promising pupil. Jack.

Mr. Bonnycastle made his appearance—a tall, well built, handsome, fair man, with a fine powdered head, dressed in a solemn black, and knee buckles; his linen beautifully clean, and with a peculiar bland expression of countenance. When he smiled he showed a row of teeth white as ivory, and his mild blue eye was the *ne plus ultra* of beneficence. He was the beau-ideal of a preceptor, and it was impossible to see him and hear his mild pleasing voice, without wishing that all your sons were under his protection. He was a ripe scholar, and a good one, and at the time we speak of had the care of upward of one hundred boys. He was celebrated for turning them out well, and many of his pupils were rising fast in the senate, as well as distinguishing themselves in the higher professions.

Dr. Middleton, who was on intimate terms with Bonnycastle, rose as he entered the room, and they shook hands. Middleton then turned to where Jack sat, and, pointing to him, said: "Look there."

Bonnycastle smiled. "I cannot say that I have had worse, but I have almost as bad. I will apply the Prometheus torch, and soon verify that rude mass. Come, sit down, Middleton."

"But," said the doctor, as he resumed his chair, "tell me, Bonnycastle, how you will possibly manage to lick such a cub into shape when you do not resort to flogging?"

"I have no opinion of flogging, and therefore I do not resort to it. The fact is, I was at Harrow myself, and was rather a pickle. I was called up as often as most boys in school, and I perfectly recollect that eventually I cared nothing for a flogging. I had become case-hard, and can touch a boy upon, without he can touch a boy upon. It leaves nothing behind to refresh their memory."

"I should have thought otherwise,"

"My dear Middleton, I can produce more effect by one caning than twenty floggings. Observe, you flog upon a part for the most part quiescent; but you can upon all parts, from the head to the heels. Now, when once the sting of the birch is over, then a dull sensation comes over the part, and the pain after that is nothing; whereas a good sound caning leaves sores and bruises in every part, and on all the parts which are required for muscular action. After a flogging a boy may run out in the hour of recreation and join his playmates as well as ever, but a good caning tells a different tale; he cannot move one part of his body without being reminded for days by the pain of the punishment he has undergone, and he is very careful how he is called up again."

"My dear sir, I really had an idea that you were excessively lenient," replied Middleton, laughing; "I am glad that I am under a mistake."

"Look at that cub, doctor, sitting there more like a brute than a reasonable being; do you imagine I could ever lick it into shape without strong measures? At the same time allow me to say that I consider my system, by far the best. At the present system, punishment is no check; it is so trifling that it is decided; with the punishment is punishment in the true sense of the word, and the consequence is, that it is much more seldom resorted to."

"You are a terrorist, Bonnycastle."

"The two strongest impulses in our nature are fear and love. In theory, acting upon the latter is very beautiful; but in practice I never found it to answer—and for the best of reasons, our self-love is stronger than our love for others. Now, I never yet found fear to fail, for the very same reason that the other does, because with fear we act upon self-love and nothing else."

"And yet we have many now who would introduce a system of schooling without correction, and to maintain that the present system is degrading."

"There are a great many fools in this world, doctor."

"That reminds me of this boy's father," replied Dr. Middleton; who then detailed to the pedagogue the idiosyncrasy of Mr. Easy, and all the circumstances attending Jack being sent to his school.

"There is no time to be lost then, doctor. I must conquer this young gentleman before his parents call to see him. Depend upon it, in a week I will have him obedient and well broke in."

Dr. Middleton whistled Jack good-bye, and told him to be a good boy. "Jack did not vouchsafe to answer. "Never mind, doctor, he will be more polished next time you call here, depend upon it." And the doctor departed.

Although Mr. Bonnycastle was severe, he was very judicious. Mischievous of all kinds was visited but by slender punishment, such as being kept in at play hours, etc., and he seldom interfered with the boys for fighting, although he checked decided oppression. The great *sine qua non* with him was attention to the capabilities of his pupils, and he forced them accordingly; but the idle boy, the bird who "could sing and wouldn't," received no mercy. The consequence was, that he turned out the cleverest boys, and his conduct was so uniform and unvarying in its tenor, that if he was feared when they were under his control, he was invariably liked by those whom he had instructed, and they continued his friends in after life.

Mr. Bonnycastle at once perceived that it was no use coaxing our hero, and that fear was the only attribute by which he could be controlled. So as soon as Dr. Middleton had quitted the room, he addressed him in a commanding tone: "Now, boy, what is your name?"

Jack started; he looked up at his master, perceived his eye fixed upon him, and a countenance not to be played with, and he answered: "My name is Jack."

Jack was no fool, and somehow or another the discipline he had received from his father had given him some intimation of what was to come. All this put together induced Jack to condescend to answer, with his forefinger between his teeth: "Johnny."

"And what is your other name, sir?"

"Jack, who appeared to repent his condescension, did not at first answer, but he looked again in Mr. Bonnycastle's face, and then round the room; there was no one to help him, and he could not help himself, so he replied: "Easy."

"Do you know why you are sent to school?"

"Scalding father."

"No; you are sent to learn to read and write."

"But I won't read and write," replied Jack, sulkyly.

"Yes, you will; and you are going to read your letters now directly."

Jack made no answer. Mr. Bonnycastle opened a sort of bookcase, and displayed to John's astonished view a series of cases, ranged up and down like billiard cues, and continued: "Do you know what those are for?"

Jack eyed them wistfully; he had some faint idea that he was sure to be better acquainted with them, but he made no answer.

"They are to teach little boys to read and write, and now I am going to teach you. You'll soon learn. Look now here," continued Mr. Bonnycastle, opening a book with large type, and taking a capital at the head of a chapter, about half an inch long. "Do you see that letter?"

"Yes," said Johnny, turning his eyes away, and picking his fingers.

"Well, that is the letter B. Do you see it? Look at it, so that you may know it again. That's the letter B. Now tell me what letter that is."

Jack now determined to resist, so he made no answer.

"So you cannot tell; well, then, we will try what one of these little fellows will do," said Mr. Bonnycastle, taking down a cane. "Observe, Johnny, that's the letter B. Now, what letter is that?"

"Answer me directly."

"I won't learn to read and write."

Whack came the cane on Johnny's shoulders, who burst out into a roar as he writhed with pain.

Mr. Bonnycastle waited a few seconds. "That's the letter B. Now tell me, sir, directly, what letter that is?"

"I'll tell my mar," Whack. "Oh, law! Oh, law!"

"What letter is that?"

Johnny, with his mouth open, panting, and the tears on his cheeks, answered indignantly: "Stop till I tell Sarah."

Whack came the cane again, and a fresh burst from Johnny.

"What letter's that?"

"I tell—that I won't."

Whack—whack—whack, and a pause.

"I told you before that's the letter B. What letter is that? Tell me directly."

Johnny, by way of reply, made a snatch at the cane. Whack—he caught it, certainly, but not exactly as he would have wished. Johnny then snatched up the book, and dashed it to the corner of the room. Whack, whack. Johnny attempted to seize Mr. Bonnycastle with his teeth. Whack, whack, whack, and Johnny fell on the carpet and roared with pain. Mr. Bonnycastle then left him for a little while, to recover himself, and set to work.

At last Johnny's exclamation settled down in deep sobs, and then Mr. Bonnycastle said to him: "Now, Johnny, you perceive that you must do as you are bid, or else you will have more beating. Get up immediately. Do you hear, sir?"

Somehow or other, Johnny, without intending it, stood upon his feet.

"That's a good boy; now you see, by getting up as you were bid, you have not been beaten. Now, Johnny, you must go and bring the book from where you threw it down. Do you hear, sir? Bring it directly."

Now Johnny, with every intention to refuse, Johnny picked up the book and laid it on the table.

"That's a good boy; now we will find the letter B. Here it is; now, Johnny, tell me what that letter is?"

Johnny made no answer.

"Tell me directly, sir," said Mr. Bonnycastle, raising his cane up in the air. The appeal was too powerful. Johnny eyed the cane; it moved, it was coming. Breathlessly he shrieked out: "B!"

Very well indeed, Johnny—very well. Now your first lesson is over, and you shall go to bed. You have learned more than you think for. To-morrow we will begin again. Now we'll put the cane by."

Mr. Bonnycastle rang the bell, and desired Master Johnny to be put to bed, in a room by himself, and not to give him any supper, as hunger would the next morning much facilitate his studies. Pain and hunger alone will tame brutes, and the same remedy must be applied to conquer those passions in man which assimilate him with brutes. Johnny was conducted to bed, although it was but six o'clock. He was not only in pain, but his ideas were confused; and no wonder, after all his life having been humored and indulged—never punished until the day before. After all the caresses of his mother and Sarah, which he never knew the value of—after stuffing himself all day long, and being tempted to eat till he turned away in satiety, to find himself without his mother, without Sarah, without supper—covered with wales, and what was worse than all, without his own way. No wonder Johnny was confused; at the same time that he was subdued; and, as Mr. Bonnycastle had truly told him, he had learned more than he had any idea of. And would Mrs. Easy have said, had she known all this—and Sarah too? And Mr. Easy, with his rights of man? At the very time that Johnny was having the evil driven out of him, they were consoling themselves with the idea that, at all events, there was no birch used at Mr. Bonnycastle's, quite losing sight of the fact that as there are more ways of killing a dog besides hanging him, so are there more ways of teaching than *a posteriori*. Happy in their ignorance, they all went fast asleep, little dreaming that Johnny was already so far advanced in knowledge as to have a tolerable comprehension of the mystery of the cane. As for Johnny, he had cried himself to sleep, at least six hours before this.

The next morning Master Jack Easy was not only very sore but very hungry, and as Mr. Bonnycastle informed him that he would not only have plenty of cane, but also no breakfast, if he did not learn his letters, Johnny had wisdom enough to say the whole alphabet, for which he received a great deal of praise, the which, if he did not duly appreciate, he at all events infinitely preferred to beating. Mr. Bonnycastle perceived that he had conquered the boy by one hour's well-timed severity. He therefore handed him over to the ushers in the school, and as they were equally empowered to administer the needful impulse, Johnny very soon became a very tractable boy.

## How he Bet.

A short time ago the steamer Lee, in making her trip from New Orleans, had her full complement of passengers. As they walked about listlessly and were apparently annoyed, they listened willingly to a suggestion from an individual who owned a monte bank that just to pass away the time they should buck at monte. The dealer found a table handy and opened his bank. In a short time the game was on. After it had progressed a while, a rough looking stranger, who was closely observing the game, handed the dealer a \$5 piece. The dealer, surprised, asked him why he had done so, when he was told that he (the stranger) had lost it fairly, as he had bet in his mind on the queen. After several deals the stranger gave the dealer \$10, making a statement similar to the first, whereupon the banker pocketed the money, and looked in wonder and alarm at the passengers, who were by this time all yelping in wonder and alarm at the contortions of the stranger, who, jumping about the group, cried at every jump: "I've won! I've won! I've won it!"

"Won what?" asked the banker.

"Why, I've won \$250. I bet in my mind on the cavalier, and he won. Hand over the money."

As the banker had permitted him to lose when betting in his mind, he had to pay him the money. The stranger received the money, and also a request to be more audible in his bets.

## "A Little Sperm He."

Typheron sighed over his work. Minute after minute, and hour after hour, through twelve long hours of the four-and-twenty, without daring to neglect one of those minutes, Typheron worked the cumbersome machine that cut great masses of iron into shape for hands, doing just what he was bidden to do by his masters. The machine groaned and creaked, and Typheron, as he lifted the ponderous levers, groaned in union.

By-and-bye the moralist of the manufacturing district came that way, and factoring in upon Typheron; and almost at the same time old Alden Palmer, the millwright and engineer, also dropped in. Old Palmer had heard the groaning of the machinery, and the moralist had been attracted by the groaning of the man. The first contemplated the awkward son of toil.

"Thou findest it hard work, my son," the moralist said, sympathizingly.

"Aye, verra hard, my master."

"And yet we must all labor. Our work is before us. Despair not."

"I do," groaned the laborer, lifting the heavy bar with a deep breath. "It be moily hard sometimes, specially when the machine groans as she do now."

"I know, my man, it must be sometimes hard, but forget not the old adage: 'Time, patience and perseverance can accomplish all things.'"

Well, sir," said Old Palmer, not at all reverent in his bearing, "does your lesson end there?"

The moralist looked up a little inquiringly, and a little superciliously.

"I was but giving the good man a great lesson of life," he said, dogmatically.

"Aye, my man," returned the millwright, with a nod and a smile, just as he might have nodded and smiled at a boy; "but life lessons aren't of much use unless you give them in full. When you come to run a machine like this, all very well in their proper place, but I guess our good man would find a little sperm oil more to his purpose just now."

It was plain to be seen that the hard handed engineer commanded most of the grimy laborer's respect at that moment, and the moralist turned away like one disgraced.

**A Heroine.**

Mrs. Wilhelmina Giles, who died recently in London, was in early life quite a heroine. She was a native of Danzig, and was in her seventeenth year when the city was besieged by the French. The assault was made on everything in her father's house, and even dragged a Meerschaum pipe out of his mouth, declaring that it was too good for a "pig of a Prussian." Her parents died soon after the siege, and the girl went to live with her aunt. Private Giles, of Colonel Macdonald's Rocket Troop, was billeted on them, and fell in love with her. She accompanied her husband to England, and when the war broke out went with him to Belgium. At Waterloo she was posted with the baggage at the rear of the army. Toward the close of the day she went forward, mounted on a donkey, to see how "her Giles" was getting on. A timber gunner, seeing her, advised her to attach the animal to the carriage and mount up by the side of him. This she did, but, a little while after, suddenly discovered that the donkey had disappeared, and with it all her baggage. She never saw it again, and late in the evening found herself alone on the field of Waterloo, without food, and separated from her husband, who had been sent to Brussels with dispatches. A soldier gave her a blanket, in which she made a hole so as to slip it over her head, and hid it around her like a cloak. That was but a poor protection against the torrents of rain that fell during the night, and, adding to the gloom of the women, sent to the groans of the returned from Brussels and found her. Mr. Giles remained in the army until his time was up, and then, with the savings he had amassed while in the service, he built a little cottage at East Wickham. He died about fifteen years ago, but his wife was spared to see the wrongs of her native town avenged on the French in 1870.

**A Good Hit.**

Professor Eliott Evans, of Hamilton College, tells this story concerning his grandfather, Joseph Eliott, and the Chief Red Jacket. The two having met at Tomawanda swamp, they sat down on a log which happened to be convenient, both being near the middle. Presently Red Jacket said in his almost intelligible English: "Move along, Jo." Eliott did so, and the sachem moved up to him. In a few minutes came another request: "Move along, Jo," and again the agent complied and the chief followed. Scarcely had this been done when Red Jacket again said: "Move along, Jo." Much annoyed but willing to humor him, and not seeing what he meant, Eliott complied, this time reaching the end of the log. But that was not sufficient, and presently the request was repeated for the fourth time: "Move along, Jo." "Why, man," angrily replied the agent, "I can't move any further without getting off the log into the mud." "Ugh! Just so white man want Indian move along—move along. Can't go no further, but he say—'move along.'"

**Candidates in Colorado.**

The woods are full of candidates, says a Colorado paper. We have had an emissary with a lantern out all day to find one, and he reported the city deserted by them. A few days more to tote the weary load, and a few days more to totter on the road, and the agony of the candidates will be over, and at least one-half of them will have found that the candidate born of circumstances is of few days and full of trouble. He springs up like a hoppergrass and runs like a jackass, his path is full of footfalls, and his way is beset him on every hand. Verily, his bed is not of roses, and he often wishes the other fellow had been nominated.

## Rained by Gambling.

An incident upon which to found a moral is furnished Mr. Moody in the death of a young man in Chicago. His name was George Russell. He was of a good family, it is said, and was lured away from his respectable life by the infatuation of gambling. When he came to Chicago, in 1871, he represented a New York cloth house, and sold goods to jobbers throughout the West. At his boarding house, where were half a dozen persons of his own age, the game of "vingt-un," with a twenty-five cent limit, was the principal amusement, and so far as known, this was the first hazard in which Russell ever indulged. He liked to play, but he was small, precluding large gains, and he was defeated. The entire regular gambling houses was easy, and thither he would go whenever he had any money. As a usual thing he left behind him all he took in, but the hope of winning his deposit bank and "a big stake" in addition encouraged him to continue his visits. His "luck," however, did not change, and he never won what he anticipated. He spent so much time in gambling saloons that his employers heard of it, and discharged him. Having no source to look to for money, he turned his attention solely to gambling for a living. He had made the acquaintance of several bunco roppers, and, possessing a fair address and an abundance of money, he soon found a "partner," and the two thereafter devoted themselves to fleeing strangers. Russell was successful in this line and made considerable money for the gang for whom he "steered." His share, though, was left in faro banks. When the bunco men were driven from the city he went with them, and, after wandering for a time, at length made Ogdens his headquarters, where he worked nately. For six months he worked with Monte players, and his part of the proceeds of the robberies was several thousand dollars. Every penny of it, however, went into the maw of his enemy, the "tiger," and he returned to Chicago "dead broke." Having no place to sleep and nothing to eat, a gambler, who was a stranger to him, took him to his room and shared his bed with him, and gave him a little money. Russell complained of being ill; said he "felt cold"; he went to bed and was seized with a congestive chill and died during the night. He had no friends in Chicago; at least none can be found. Half a dozen persons knew him slightly, but his only intimate acquaintances "out" were two years ago. His roommate did not know what to do with the body. Understanding that one of the deceased's relations was a Judge Russell, of New York, he telegraphed there but got no reply. The fact of his death was mentioned to the gang who knew him better than any others, but they refused to give up a dollar to help defray the burial expenses. The result was the body was turned over to the authorities for interment in the Potter's field or transfer to a dissecting table.

## American Made Bunting.

Benjamin F. Butler gives the following account of the rise and progress of this industry: The manufacture of bunting was unknown in this country until after the close of the war, so that no American ship ever fought under a yard of American bunting. One or two attempts had been made to make it in America, which had failed. It was substantially a monopoly of a few firms in Bradford, England; and although it cost, in the war, the Englishmen to make it no more than now, they put up the price upon us to \$36 gold, per piece. In 1866, however, I visited the Navy department. I was requested by the subject and see if it could be made here. I consulted Lowell, and interested them in the subject, and they agreed to make an attempt, provided I would furnish part of the capital, which I did. After many experiments, attended by very considerable expense, and by employing English machinery, an article of bunting was made, which, upon competitive trial with the English, was pronounced by a board of experts to be superior. The demand for the article is very limited, except in Presidential years and the centennial year. There are three or four other establishments in this country, besides the one at Lowell. The effect of the manufacture of bunting has been that bunting is now produced at \$10 a piece, gold, as against \$36, which our government paid for over 11,000 pieces yearly during the war.

**Life in Oregon.**

Mrs. Frankie Reed, of Portland, Oregon, received from the purser of the steamer Bonita \$120 in coin. The transfer was observed by two well dressed young men, who followed the lady as far as the post-office, where they accosted her, demanding the money. She refused, and intimated that a policeman would be called if they attempted to lay hands on her. The hour was somewhat early, and as persons were passing frequently, the individuals departed in haste. About midnight, while the gentlemen of the house were in the street, some distance, the same parties were approached the door of the kitchen. Mrs. Reed, who was engaged in that room, noticing the intruders, called for assistance, and this caused them to leave. At a later hour they called again, but the barking of a dog was sufficient to cause the persistent customers to turn tail. Next day Mrs. Reed departed for her home by the Scholls Ferry road, on horseback, taking with her the money. When about four miles out she was stopped by the parties who had previously followed her, and attempted the robbery, and again the money was demanded. She told them she had deposited it in the bank, less \$8, which she handed over. "Tipping their hats politely, they quietly disappeared in the brush. This time they had changed their dress, giving them the appearance of soldiers. The lady had taken the precaution to secure the greater portion of the money inside of her dress. For persistency these fellows beat everything, and the spoils were very light in all conscience.