

The Salisbury Advertiser.  
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AT SALISBURY, MD.  
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JOS. PAINTER, Executed with neatness and  
dispatch at the office of the Advertiser.

# Salisbury Advertiser.

Vol. 5.

SALISBURY, WICOMICO COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1871.

No. 8.

## Defaulters to the State.

### STATE OF MARYLAND,

#### Treasury Department,

##### COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE,

Annapolis, October 6th, 1871.

In compliance with Section 6, Article 69, Code of Public General Laws, to wit:  
"The Comptroller shall furnish each officer of the State whose accounts are in arrears, at least sixty days prior to a general election, a full statement of his accounts, and in default of his accounting for such deficiencies within thirty days, then it shall be the duty of the Comptroller to have published weekly for one month, in one or more newspapers in the several counties of the State and the city of Baltimore, the names and titles of said officers, with the amount of such deficiencies."  
I herewith publish the following list which embraces the names of all accounting officers in default to the State of Maryland, together with the amount of principal and interest due by each.

LEVIN WOOLFORD, Comptroller.

#### ALLEGANY COUNTY.

	PRINCIPAL.	INTEREST.	TOTAL.
George W. Hoover, late Register Wills, estimated	400 00	8 00	408 00
Elijah Fuller, Register Wills, estimated	1,293 86	366 05	1,659 91
J. Floyd McCullough, Collector, 1867	2,276 98	869 93	3,146 91
W. R. Getty, " 1870	7,001 11	227 33	7,228 44

#### ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY.

Richard I. Duval, late Register Wills, estimated	402 96	211 30	614 26
E. W. Duval, Sheriff	1,623 50	89 45	1,712 95
Wm. Glover, Collector, '65	22 29	7 59	29 88
" " " '67	100 34	28 13	128 47
James Sanford, " '65	899 17	405 38	1,304 55
Edward Balder, " '69	2,345 26	233 60	2,578 86
E. Henry Shipley, " " " '69	816 11	113 33	929 44

#### BALTIMORE CITY.

Thos. R. Rich, late Notary Public	819 79	217 24	1,037 03
Leander Warren, " " "	213 06	56 46	269 52
Lewis Sutton, " " "	6,030 00	3,831 73	9,861 73
Joseph T. Atkinson, " " "	204 11	4 08	208 19
L. G. Norwood, late Cl. Ct. Com. Pleas	5,550 29	5,851 83	11,402 12
Wm. J. Hamill, " " "	2,102 89	1,352 27	3,455 16
Thos. H. Gardner, " Criminal Ct.	2,499 05	1,758 90	4,257 95
Nathaniel Hickman, late Reg. Wills	7,438 13	4,291 79	11,729 92
Wm. Rector, late Tobacco Inspector	3,099 90	6,230 79	9,330 69
Richard France, Lottery Contractor	12,750 00	8,160 00	20,910 00

#### BALTIMORE COUNTY.

Francis J. Wheeler, late Sheriff	312 10	276 53	588 63
James Thompson, " " "	47 12	13 83	60 95
John K. Harvey, " " "	19 18	11 63	30 81
Wm. Button, Collector, '64	8 82	86 82	95 64
" " " '65	1,505 90	715 56	2,221 46
" " " '66	4,134 94	1,310 36	5,445 30
Jacob Beckley, " " "	20 62	35 61	56 23
" " " '67	100 44	32 96	133 40
" " " '68	29 86	44 33	74 19
John W. McCauley, " " "	150 70	108 82	259 52
" " " '69	1,004 42	124 31	1,128 73
J. Dixon O'Dell, " " "	6,005 47	231 29	6,236 76
John S. Bidson, " " "	2,212 74	485 18	2,697 92
James H. Bidson, " " "	2,103 36	121 46	2,224 82
Zachariah Albau, " " "	2,392 72	446 29	2,839 01
" " " '69	6 21	20 70	26 91
Thomas M. Scott, " " "	1,069 23	63 80	1,133 03
Caleb S. Taylor, " " "	4,028 14	185 51	4,213 65
Thos. P. Phillips, " " "	55 99	49 28	105 27
" " " '70	1,269 23	89 14	1,358 37
Richard Hutchins, " " "	76 82	24 81	101 63
Nelson Cooper, " " "	1,245 58	24 82	1,270 40
Abraham Jessop, " " "	2,495 83	429 50	2,925 33
Martin Conn, " " "	20 82	18 43	39 25
" " " '69	74 26	19 40	93 66
Thos. H. Moore, " " "	423 28	25 51	448 79
" " " '70	880 84	84 09	964 93

#### CALVERT COUNTY.

Thos. John Hutchins, late Sheriff	60 00	39 20	99 20
Zachariah Bowen, " " "	302 00	457 60	759 60
O. C. Harris, " " "	76 00	20 73	96 73
Sterling Smith, " " "	31 50	3 46	34 96
Blind Simmons, Collector, '50	5 65	188 59	194 24
James B. Elliott, " " "	60 80	26 75	87 55
Wm. D. Hellen, " " "	82 88	62 92	145 80
J. B. Hutchins, " " "	284 87	140 32	425 19
Henry F. Gibson, " " "	26 50	22 29	48 79

#### CAROLINE COUNTY.

Wm. G. Nicholson, late Reg. Wills	104 45	73 64	178 09
Edward L. Young, " Sheriff	234 41	348 90	583 31
James H. Barwick, " " "	145 53	159 01	304 54
Alex. Knott, " " "	4,112 79	853 76	4,966 55
Eliza Lewis, " " "	351 60	39 90	391 50
R. K. Richardson, Collector, '67	89 71	5 12	94 83
Joseph Pearson, " " "	83 74	74 24	157 98
Jas. H. Barwick, " " "	686 81	1,999 13	2,685 94
Edward Dobson, " " "	364 41	234 15	598 56
Thos. C. Wyatt, " " "	98 10	98 10	196 20
Edgar Plummer, " " "	1,914 93	696 00	2,610 93
" " " '68	62 53	62 53	125 06
Robt. H. Adams, " " "	2,832 93	285 86	3,118 79
Saml. J. Jarman, " " "	21 89	29 93	51 82
Wm. C. Willoughby, " " "	69 05	22 43	91 48
James W. Thawley, " " "	27 62	9 27	36 89
" " " '70	1,798 38	86 08	1,884 46

#### CARROLL COUNTY.

Lewis Trumbo, late Sheriff	371 10	442 34	813 44
Wm. Segafosse, " " "	379 85	249 89	629 74
Jeremiah Babylon, " " "	360 71	190 24	550 95
Thos. B. Gist, " " "	337 10	84 70	421 80
Edward Spalding, Collector, '69	9 29	9 29	18 58
Jacob Holmes, " " "	2,516 28	88 86	2,605 14
Wm. J. Foezer, " " "	328 52	23 15	351 67
A. F. Orendoff, " " "	84 28	10 06	94 34
Geo. K. Frank, " " "	454 92	28 41	483 33
Benj. Jackson, " " "	18 53	11 49	30 02
Joseph Surrer, " " "	581 68	19 89	601 57
Nathan Hanna, " " "	92 42	23 64	116 06
Wm. A. Grimes, " " "	367 90	32 91	399 81
Mordcai Engler, " " "	62 11	34 52	96 63
D. W. Snader, " " "	288 75	16 08	304 83

#### CECIL COUNTY.

Thos. M. Walmaley, late Sheriff	38 50	40 50	79 00
Thos. J. R. Poole, " " "	37 25	31 03	68 28
Thos. J. R. Poole, " " "	906 00	116 87	1,022 87
Edw. McCauley, Collector, '68	31 05	31 05	62 10
Wm. H. Pearce, " " "	1,218 55	109 67	1,328 22
F. Hazel, " " "	16 71	3 78	20 49
" " " '69	84 73	7 92	92 65

## Defaulters to the State.

### CECIL COUNTY CONTINUED.

	PRINCIPAL.	INTEREST.	TOTAL.
James A. Mackey Collector	444 84	30 44	475 28
Joseph Goliath, " " "	3 56	25 37	28 93
Joseph S. Wingate, " " "	875 65	143 88	1,019 53
Chas. W. Simpers, " " "	2 38	2 03	4 41
Lambert G. Ford, " " "	37 93	93 48	131 41
James P. Merritt, " " "	1,055 89	213 80	1,269 69
" " " '70	119 54	22 85	142 39

#### CHARLES COUNTY.

R. H. Mitchell, late Clerk	46 01	53 37	99 38
Thomas S. Stewart, late Sheriff	1,058 00	438 35	1,496 35
Wm. M. Morris, " " "	565 00	90 43	655 43
John K. Murray, " " "	190 00	16 08	206 08
Eugene Digney, Atty. for money recovered of Jno. R. Murray, late Collector State Taxes.	929 11	160 27	1,089 38

#### DORCHESTER COUNTY.

James A. Brumble, late Sheriff	64 06	7 55	71 61
De Witt C. Handy, Collector, 1868	86 45	79 85	166 30
John H. Seward, " " "	813 28	153 49	971 77
O. P. Goote, " " "	191 56	13 53	205 09
Charles Lake, " " "	29 40	29 40	58 80
Wm. H. Willis, " " "	81 58	16 99	98 57
Thomas Holland, " " "	269 79	33 26	303 05
Thomas H. Keene, " " "	94 70	39 31	134 01
Thomas H. Handy, " " "	126 19	8 77	134 96
Martin L. Wall, " " "	2,821 20	111 86	2,933 06
Thomas W. Wright, " " "	981 26	682 12	1,663 38
Thomas W. Wright, " " "	1,055 49	348 53	1,404 02
L. T. Dunnook, " " "	1,053 49	282 07	1,335 56
John W. Brohawn, " " "	31 00	9 31	40 31
R. H. Gambrell, " " "	1,436 90	811 26	2,248 16
" " " '62	186 71	197 73	384 44
" " " '63	1,803 79	837 95	2,641 74

#### FREDERICK COUNTY.

Caspar Maule, late Sheriff	169 53	249 73	419 26
Nathan O. Neighbours, late Sheriff	1,545 51	201 39	1,746 90
Daniel Michael, Collector, '68	641 71	797 69	1,439 40
Lloyd H. Herring, " " "	18,863 03	21,081 19	40,044 22
" " " '70	5,689 49	170 67	5,860 16

#### HARFORD COUNTY.

A. Lingan Jarrett, Clerk	5,579 29	111 58	5,690 87
Wm. Carlin, late Sheriff	7 36	6 17	13 53
Wm. Young, " " "	222 94	60 80	283 74
R. H. Bussey, " " "	33 50	39 54	73 04
J. H. Gover, " " "	145 10	129 82	274 92
Wm. A. Dyer, Collector, '69	397 98	94 95	492 93
Jno. T. Street, " " "	899 53	77 98	977 51
James Spicer, " " "	316 22	403 64	719 87
W. E. Whiteford, " " "	277 78	619 35	897 13
Benj. F. Cronine, " " "	45 89	11 21	57 10
" " " '70	157 48	62 15	219 63

#### HOWARD COUNTY.

Washington Galtner, late Sheriff	334 41	502 37	836 78
Charles G. Haslop, " " "	579 32	745 81	1,325 13
John Oren, " " "	392 00	805 21	1,197 21
Wm. A. Webb, " " "	237 00	31 59	268 59
Claudian Stewart, " " "	180 00	9 60	189 60
W. H. Crawford, Collector, '45	109 04	1,258 00	1,367 04
Thos. McCrea, Jr., " " "	1,692 95	362 25	2,055 20
Chas. G. Linthicum, " " "	14 74	14 74	29 48

#### KENT COUNTY.

James K. Hines, Clerk, (Estimated)	5,000 00	5,000 00	10,000 00
Wm. M. Gilpin, late Sheriff	471 95	148 79	620 74
Joseph E. Gilpin, " " "	176 33	29 19	205 52
Saml. G. Copper, Collector, 1867	1,718 83	463 56	2,182 39
Edwin Crouch, " " "	2,945 51	475 59	3,421 10
John W. Dwyer, " " "	2,097 96	421 25	2,519 21
E. E. Miller, " " "	2,779 76	785 36	3,565 12
" " " '70	693 52	26 42	719 94

#### MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

Silas Browning, late Sheriff	128 50	113 13	241 63
Jas. H. Claggett, " " "	318 64	59 85	378 49
John T. Benson, Sheriff	197 00	1 20	198 20
Wm. F. Lazenby, Collector, 1869	194 39	34 38	228 77
Wm. F. Lazenby, " " "	2,555 11	125 15	2,680 26
Wm. Mullican, " " "	1,401 08	296 87	1,697 95
Edward H. Waters, " " "	2,301 47	127 81	2,429 28
James Williams, " " "	614 76	89 71	704 47
D. H. Candler, " " "	776 19	133 19	909 38
Thos. Rigley, Jr., do. 1843	128 47	839 72	968 19
Thos. Rigley, Jr., do. 1844	1,204 31	2,907 06	4,111 37
Nelson Burns, " " "	2,794 95	4,877 88	7,672 83
W. O. Chappell, " " "	82 34	1,015 62	1,097 96
John M. Viers, " " "	2,519 81	5,635 87	8,054 68
Edward H. Waters, " " "	8,217 61	4,848 77	13,066 38
James Williams, " " "	905 75	567 61	1,473 36

#### PRINCE GEORGE'S CO.

Daniel R. Dyer, late Sheriff	815 00	141 75	956 75
John W. Webster, late do.	920 00	689 10	1,609 10
Judson F. Richardson, late Sheriff	5,599 00	1,773 06	7,372 06
John E. Turron, do. do.	215 00	68 00	283 00
Peter G. Grimes, do. do.	4,195 00	618 16	4,813 16
John A. Frazier, do. do.	48 00	6 22	54 22
R. T. Robinson, Collector, 1856	827 91	204 06	1,031 97
Do. do. 1857	828 73	679 02	1,507 75
Chas. Rigley, Jr., do. 1863	1,827 60	1,273 89	3,101 49
Thos. Harvey, do. 1863	234 11	695 74	929 85
Geo. E. Grywn, do. 1870	1,481 95	234 25	1,716 20
Ben. H. Beckett, Jr., do. 1868	955 39	256 95	1,212 34
Ben. H. Beckett, Sr., do. 1869	1,779 14	267 80	2,046 94
Jno. E. Gardner, do. 1866	3,609 99	1,141 84	4,751 83
Do. do. 1867	5,271 09	1,170 75	6,441 84

#### QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTY.

John R. Story, Sheriff	108 40	5 88	114 28
Wm. E. Temple, late Sheriff	95 80	4 15	99 95
Edward Sudler, " " "	569 13	444 76	1,013 89
Geo. T. Burgess, " " "	556 24	451 69	1,007 93
L. Hergenrader, Collector, '70	1,259 25	91 05	1,350 30
Thos. Tanner, " " "	363 87	29 84	393 71
Thos. A. Embert, " " "	812 33	29 84	842 17
John W. Porter, " " "	2,320 69	224 07	2,544 76
W. S. Thompson, " " "	1,551 53	265 63	1,817 16
Noah C. Johnson, " " "	557 89	75 53	633 42

#### ST. MARY'S COUNTY.

Jno. F. Faw
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No. 9.

THE 54TH VOLUME.  
For 1872!  
THE ILLUSTRATED  
Phrenological Journal.  
A FIRST-CLASS  
AND A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## Natures Gifts

Scientifically Developed.

As mankind, from indiscretion or other causes, has been doomed to suffer from disease, so also has mankind been provided with a remedy, which, if scientifically prepared and compounded, will restore health and vigor to the invalid. To find such a remedy we should seek one that has stood the test of age.

## HOOFLAND'S German Bitters.

Sure Cure for Liver Complaint.  
Sure Cure for Dyspepsia.  
Sure Cure for Biliousness.  
Sure Cure for Jaundice.  
Sure Cure for Malaria.

And all affections arising from weakness and indigestion in the Liver or Digestive Organs. The great remedy for

## IMPURE BLOOD.

And all diseases arising from it. The great preventive of

## FEVER AND AGUE.

It is an impossibility for any one to have Fever and Ague, if they will use a few bottles of this remedy each spring and fall.

\$1.00 \$1.00 \$1.00

Will be given for any case of this disease that occurs to any one that uses the Bitters or Tonic as a preventive.

Those who have the Fever and Ague will find, after the chills have stopped, that by using a few bottles of the Bitters or Tonic, that the disease will not return.

These remedies will rebuild their Constitution faster than any other known remedy.

The remedies were placed before the public thirty years ago, with all the prejudices of an old-fashioned medicine, operating against them, but gradually their virtues became known, and now, to-day, they stand at the head of all preparations of their class, with the endorsement of eminent judges, lawyers, clergymen and physicians.

Head the following symptoms, and if you find that your system is affected by any of them, you may rest assured that disease has commenced its attack on the most important organs of your body, and unless soon checked by the use of powerful remedies, a miserable life, most exterminating in death, will be the result.

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## Selected Poetry.

### PERSISTENCE.

Because I begged so hard,  
She has at last unbarred  
The treasure-chamber of her mind, and  
And Love's foot enter in,  
That waited long to win  
Their way, nor would from closed door depart  
His patient, faithful feet  
Find favor with my Sweet.

Because I begged so hard,  
This, then, is my reward—  
Love the wayfarer becomes Love the guest;  
No more to streets of sorrow  
He turns away forlorn,  
His tired feet find rooms of shaded rest,  
Where all their dusty feet  
Are cooled by my Sweet.

Because I begged so hard,  
For once my fate is starred  
Is away by the mild night of happy moons.  
Only one light touch  
Only but, oh, how much!  
Love wearies out whom will he importune;  
And will he not be true  
To this mercy of my Sweet?

Because I begged so hard,  
Years, with sad seasons marred,  
Are lighted backwinds as with sudden suns.  
Yes, over life's whole skies  
Travel, like dawn and sunset shed at once.  
Mix'd in one glory, meet  
All days this day, my Sweet!

Because I begged so hard,  
The shadow doth retard  
Upon the dim one-thousand hours  
One hour that is not dim  
Within the day's dull round.  
But still to great Love's exalted power,  
Let time move on, let it  
Be mine, now, my Sweet!

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die. She has been a perfect little darling all day. Supper is waiting; so make haste. Here is warm water and towel. Are you not later than usual to-night?

'Yes, Mary, and I bring bad news to you.'

'Bad news,' she exclaimed, turning pale as, for the first time, she noticed that something was wrong.

'Yes; I was discharged to-night, and I do not know as I can get anything to do before Spring. Business is so dull.'

'Is that all?' asked his wife, with a sigh of relief. 'I thought it was something terrible the way you looked.'

'And is it not terrible enough?—What will become of us this winter, if I am out of employment?'

'The same God who feeds the sparrows and clothes the lilies in the field, will not let us suffer, dear James.'

'God bless you Mary. There is sweet comfort in your words.'

'And now let us have supper,' exclaimed his wife cheerfully. 'See, I have my favorite dish—shortcake and toast. Do not let your troubles impair your appetite, and then, after tea, we will talk it all over. God do everything for the best. And as our day shall our strength be.'

In the evening it was determined that the quarter's rent should be paid immediately, a new supply of coal obtained, and the remaining portion of the money placed in the wife's hands to be dealt out as sparingly as possible.

Then Mary suggested that all her pretty parlor furniture should be put away in the garret, and the front room let out. Further than this they could lay no plans, and as her husband went out to pay the rent the future looked so dark to the young wife that she could not altogether restrain her tears; but seeking strength from on high, her face wore the same cheerful smile when her husband returned, and little did he know that during all that long night, while he and his baby were so soundly sleeping, his wife lay awake planning out the future.

Three months have passed with scarcely a day's work in all that time, and now another quarter's rent is due. In vain the laborer thrusts his hands into his empty pockets, and in vain racks his brain for the solution of the problem how that rent is to be paid. The ledger had paid his money monthly; but then that was not enough to meet the sum, if he had it, and his wife had spent that as fast as she had received it, and it was an every day wonder with him how she managed so well.

With feelings of great despair he entered the house. The table was spread with the same favorite dish. There was the shortcake and the toast flanked with a golden lump of butter, a plate of honey and a deep dish of roasted apples to be served with sugar and cream, while at his wife's plate sat a steaming teapot. As James took it all in at a glance, he greatly wondered at the frugal yet comfortable way of living. How his wife had been able to make the small amount of money last so long was a mystery to him, and yet he could not help wishing inwardly that she had been more economical; then, perhaps, the rent might be paid, and he felt it would be better to have subsisted on one crust of bread rather than to be turned out of doors homeless.

He refused to sit at the table, pleading that he had no appetite. And a great large tear rose in the strong man's eyes as he informed his wife that on the morrow they would be turned from their home to go he knew not where, as he had not not a dollar in his pocket to secure them a room elsewhere.

'Is that it?' exclaimed his wife in a soft tone, and tripped up stairs, and soon returned, and placed two ten-dollar bills in his hand.

'Where did you get them?' he asked eagerly, turning them over in his hands, as though to ascertain whether they were really genuine or not.

'I earned them,' replied his wife, gaily. 'I knit afghans, shawls, children's hoods, and socks; at first only for those whom I provisionally heard wished articles of the kind; afterwards I was employed to furnish a trimming establishment with my work.'

'And kept it a secret from me?'

'Yes, because I thought you would be worried for fear I was doing too much. I love to knit dearly, and consider it more of a pastime than labor.'

'God be praised for giving me such a wife,' exclaimed her husband earnestly; and pressing his wife and child closely to his bosom, he said: 'Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her; for many daughters have been virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'

Twenty years have passed and Jas. Hawley is a rich man. But Joseph Smith is a confirmed drunkard, while his wife has long since passed from earth a victim of misery and want.

Why will not wives assist their husbands to bear their trials, with helping hands and hearts? If they would, but do this, how many families would be saved from ruin and how sweet would be their reward, not only upon earth, but in Heaven.

## Conversation.

DEAR SIR: Will you have the kindness to write for the *Advertiser* upon the subject of "Conversation," and confer a favor on C. If our questioner had made his question a little more definite, we should be able, perhaps, to give some advice; as it is, we are in the dark as to what he wants.

Does he wish simply to know how to communicate his ideas on business? Does he wish to attain fluency in social circles? Does he wish to learn how to be both interesting and entertaining? Does he wish to shine in society as a conversationalist? Is he by nature reticent? Is he slow of speech and hyper-cautious, and therefore hesitating in the construction of sentences? Conversation power is a gift of birth.

It is some men's nature to talk. Words flow out incessantly, like drops from a spring in the hill-side—not because they are solicited, but because pushed out by an inward force that will not let them be still.

We have known persons whose tongues ran from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same. One sentence ran into another as continuously as one link in an endless chain took hold of another link. We always marvel whether they did not wake up nights and have a spell of talk all by themselves, just for the relief it would give them.

From this extreme there is every degree of natural modification until we come to the opposite extreme, in which men seem almost unable, certainly unwilling, to utter their thoughts.

Some men are poor in simple language. They have thoughts enough, but their symbols of thought—words—refuse to present themselves, or come slowly and stungily. Others are silent from the strictness of secretiveness. Others are cautious and look before they speak, and before they are ready the occasion has passed. Cautious men are very apt to be slow and involved in their speech, their sentences having many limitations, and containing additions, and finally coming out so vaguely that one cannot exactly tell what they do mean.

The report made of men lying between these two extremes, will be found to move toward the one side or the other very much according to their education or circumstances, and to be susceptible of development in either direction.

There are very few men who do not talk well about things which they understand, and in which they are deeply interested. Conversation is more the result of collection. Those who are quick and hot in motions will usually be the most fluent; while those who add an element of reflection to emotion will be the most entertaining.

The first element of conversational power springs from the natural gifts of feeling and imagination, after that, genial and sympathetic social feelings and lastly, the gift of language.

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CURING MEAT.—At this season of the year the thoughts of almost every farmer naturally turn more or less to the process of killing meat for the winter's use. Most farmers have a pig or two to salt down, and some have mutton or beef, and the quality of meat which is to furnish food for the family will depend a good deal on the way it is cured.

To one gallon of water take one and a half pounds of salt, half pound of sugar, half an ounce of saltpetre, half an ounce of potash. In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together; all the dirt from the sugar arises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be covered with pickle and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, &c., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though the operation of boiling











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# Salisbury Advertiser.

Vol. 5. SALISBURY, WICOMICO COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1871. No. 10.

## Selected Poetry.

### The Beautiful Pearl.

REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.  
Pearl of the Ocean,  
Gem of the sea,  
Jewel of beauty,  
Purchased for me;  
I have bought it, I have,  
Paid with my pain;  
This was the cost of it—  
Jesus was slain!  
Pearl of the ocean, mine it shall be,  
Beautiful jewel, purchased for me.  
Sin hath defiled me,  
I am so vile;  
How can I be pure,  
Give me his suit;  
Over my heart-bruise,  
Bleeding with sin,  
Jesus has laid it,  
Shining within;  
Pearl of the Ocean, mine it shall be,  
Beautiful jewel, purchased for me.  
Nothing to give for it  
I have but sin;  
I will receive it,  
Wear it within;  
Jesus, Redeemer,  
Dress it in my heart;  
Never, O never  
From me depart.  
Pearl of the ocean, mine it shall be,  
Beautiful jewel, purchased for me.

## The Great Crown-Jewel of Russia.

As three brothers named Schafraas were one day walking through the principal street of Bagdad, the eldest of them stopped suddenly, and pointing to a stranger on the other side of the way, cried:—"See, there is the Afghan we have looked for so long!"  
"Don't let us lose sight of him again," said the others, and all three went toward the stranger, who seemed astonished.  
"God is God! fear not," began the eldest of the brothers. "I am Schafraas, of Basora, to whom you once came to sell a large diamond, called the 'Moon of the Mountains,' and other precious stones. These are my brothers, who, like myself, are pleased that we have found you, as we hope now to be able to make a bargain."  
"Oh! I was in me, good sirs, I am no longer the possessor of those treasures," replied the Afghan.  
"What have you done with them?"  
"Allah be praised! I have just sold them to the Jew Marjochia, of this city."  
"For what price?"  
"For 65,000 piasters and two handsome horses."  
"You were a fool and Marjochia a thief," cried Schafraas angrily. "I would have given you twice that sum for the stones."  
"God is great! They were offered to you for half the sum, why were you such a fool as not to take them?"  
"Because I thought you a thief, and my conscience would not allow me to buy stolen goods. But what can not be cured must be endured. Where does Marjochia live?"  
"He will show you, good sirs, that there may be no ill-feeling between us."  
The Afghan led the way to the house of the Jew, which was on the bank of the river Tigris. The brothers then thanked him kindly, and the eldest went to see if he could make a bargain with Marjochia.  
"Schafraas," said Phoebe, "you have a diamond called the 'Moon of the Mountains,' and other precious stones, which you have lately bought of an Afghan, who did not come in possession of them honestly. I will give you a handsome sum for your bargain."  
"How much?" asked the Israelite, with the air of a man who knows his business and the value of his goods.  
"You gave 65,000 piasters and a pair of horses for them. I will give you 75,000 piasters, and take the risk."  
"I should be sorry to see you a loser," replied the Jew, with an ironical smile. "I will double the sum you gave for them," said Schafraas.  
"Not for a million would I give them to you. Go your way, you know not the value of what you would purchase."  
The Afghan took his leave, inwardly cursing the Jew.  
"He knows too much for us—I could make no bargain with the Jewish dog!" said Schafraas to his brothers.  
"Then we must take them without a bargain," said the youngest in a significant tone. His companions assented.  
They now withdrew in order to decide upon the plan they should pursue. That night the three villains murdered Marjochia and threw his body out of his window into the Tigris. Then they took all his money and jewels and hurried away. The danger they ran of being detected was far less than it would have been in most other countries. Who in Bagdad troubles himself about a lonely Jew?  
The next morning the three brothers accidentally met the Afghan.  
"Well, sirs, what success?" he asked.  
"God is God, and Mahomet is his Prophet," answered the eldest. "The jewels are ours, and to celebrate our good fortune, you must sup with us this evening in our tent beyond the city."  
The unsuspecting Afghan went with them to their tent, which he pitched in an out-of-the-way place on the bank of the Tigris, and there he supplied for the last time. Schafraas was always supplied with a fatal poison, some of which they mixed in the Afghan's food. When he was dead they threw his body into the Tigris, saying:  
"Go hence, fool, and be company for the Jew. Thus we destroy all knowledge of the precious stones."  
Then they struck their tent, mounted their camels, and hastened to a solitary spot in order to examine and divide their treasure. They had no trouble with the money. Not so, however, with the jewels for the large diamond alone was of greater

value than all the rest. Each one wanted it for his share. Their dispute seemed likely to lead to a serious altercation, when the oldest brother made the following proposal:  
"By rights, the large diamond should be mine," said he. "For it was I who recognized the Afghan. But for me you would not have found him in Bagdad. In order, however, that there may be harmony among the sons of mother, we will contend no longer, but leave the matter to the decision of the Prophet. To-morrow morning each one shall narrate the dream he has to-night and he who can adduce the clearest proof of the favor of the Prophet shall have the Moon of the Mountains." This was sworn by the heads of our fathers.  
The younger brothers were content with this proposition, for each one thought he could surpass the others in imagining a dream that would appear to come from the Prophet. But the eldest brother mixed some of the poison he always carried about his person in the evening meal of the other two and saw them die with fiendish delight.  
He now gathered together all his treasures, mounted his camel, and rode away. The other camels he left to their fate, and the bodies of his murdered brothers to the vultures. His plan was to leave the country as speedily as possible, and to make his way to some European court, where he could dispose of the 'Moon of the Mountains' for a high price. On the road he said his camel, dressed himself as a beggar and so, after many adventures and great fatigue, he reached Constantinople, where he took passage in a Dutch ship for Amsterdam. Here, feeling himself safe, he no longer made any secret of his possessions, but giving himself out to be a jeweler he offered his most valuable stones for sale to the ambassadors of the principal European courts.  
The 'Moon of the Mountains' and the 'Eye of Allah' were not wholly unknown in Europe. They had for many years been in the possession of the royal family of Persia, and it was said that after the assassination of Nadir Shah they, together with other precious stones, were stolen by common soldiers, who were ignorant of their value. It was, therefore, only necessary for Schafraas to state what he had to excite the interest of the monarchs.  
But for a long time there was no one who seemed inclined to enter into negotiations with him for the purchase of the large diamond and the wonderful sapphire. As, however, the Moslem was well supplied with money, and had besides, a number of small stones that were easily available, he waited patiently, feeling certain that sooner or later a customer would present himself.  
The first serious inquiry after the price of the 'Moon of the Mountains' came from Catherine II. of Russia. In St. Petersburg, where they were always well informed with regard to what transpired at the Persian court, they were most competent to judge of the real value of the stone.  
The robber and murderer demanded 500,000 rubles, a life annuity of 10,000 rubles, and a patent of nobility.  
Catherine II. ordered one of her ministers to invite the pretended diamond merchant to St. Petersburg, that the court jeweler might examine the diamond, and estimate its value.  
The minister ordered the court-jeweler to hold out to the Armenian the hope that the Empress would accept his proposal, and in the mean time to lead him into all sorts of excesses and expensiveness.  
Schafraas went to St. Petersburg, and soon fell into the trap that had been set for him. Soon all his ready money was gone, and so he had credit everywhere—it being known that he had business with the court—it was not long before he was 'over head and ears' in debt. This was what the minister wanted. By the Russian law any foreigner may be prevented from leaving the country so long as he is in debt. The supposition was that the Armenian would at last be compelled to dispose of his diamond for whatever price he could get for it.  
"Tell him that Her Majesty has decided not to accede to his exorbitant demands; and then, if he must sell, pretend that you will buy it on your own account, and offer him one quarter of what the stone is worth." Such were the instructions of the minister to the court-jeweler.  
This message and the offer of the jeweler opened Schafraas's eyes. "God is good and Mahomet is his Prophet!" he murmured. "These Christian dogs want to cheat me out of that for which I have periled my soul. The fools have got me into debt, and think now I shall be compelled to take any price they choose to offer me; but they shall see that a follower of the Prophet is a match for this whole nation of rascals!"  
Schafraas now very adroitly encouraged the belief that he would soon be compelled to part with the diamond for the price offered him, while he secretly disposed of a portion of his smaller jewels, paid his debts and left the country on board of an English vessel.  
When they came to look for the Moslem, he was nowhere to be found, which was very embarrassing for the minister, as Catherine was greatly incensed at the loss of the stone, and demanded that it should be obtained, cost what it might.  
For several years every effort of the Russian court to find Schafraas proved futile, but finally they succeeded in tracking him to Smyrna. They again invited him to St. Petersburg, and made him every promise to induce him to accept the invitation. "Ask Her Majesty if she expects to catch an old fox a second time in the same trap?" was the reply. "To save time and words, listen to my ultimatum. I demand a patent of nobility and 800,000 rubles, which must be paid immediately. I will wait here a month for your reply. If my conditions are not accepted, I swear by the beard of the Prophet that Catherine II. shall never be the possessor of the 'Moon of the Mountains.'"  
The result was that the Empress finally

acceded to these exorbitant demands, and Schafraas, the robber and murderer, who was now a Russian nobleman, returned to his native city, Astrakhan, where he married and had seven daughters.  
The end of the villain was such as his life fully merited. One of his sons-in-law for whose convenience he lived too long, poisoned him. Before his death he made a full confession of his crimes. The major portion of his great wealth, amounting to several millions, was confiscated by the Russian Government. The remainder was soon squandered by his heirs, and several of his descendants are now living in extreme poverty.  
And this is the history of the 'Moon of the Mountains,' one of the Russian crown diamonds.  
From Harper's Bazar.  
New York Fashions.  
CASHMERE WRAPS.  
The wrappings donned with the first frosty days of autumn are made of the various cashmeres, either the single twill, the barathra cashmere, with crinkles like crappe, or else drap d'ete, which is the heaviest of all cashmeres. These replace the black gros grain wraps once worn, and are always black, unless the dress is of colored cashmere, when the mantle should match it. The newest pailots have loose saque fronts, with backs neatly fitted, and held in position by a belt underneath. The saque which is most popular at the present moment is that with a Watteau fold in the back. Saques that have not this Watteau fold are trimmed in some way straight up the back, requiring only an edge or border on the garment to complete it.  
Next to saques come the newer mantles, and these are now considered the most distinguished and stylish of all wraps. The favorite design presents two large round capes, and consists in many cases of two circles; but the better plan is to have a long, loose, sleeveless saque, with deep tailing cape above it, the garment having, when complete, the appearance of two capes. This very simple and graceful wrap can easily be made at home. The under saque of the garment has seams under the arms only, and should be round and loose below that it may not crush a bouffant tunic, and for the same reason it must not be too long. From thirty-four to thirty-six inches is the length for ladies of medium height. For the present season the saque without sleeves is preferred, but sleeves will be added later for warmth. The cape worn over this is a quarter of a yard shorter than the saque, and is a simple talma, open up the entire back and trimmed all around. To be graceful it should slope away gradually from the throat, hanging open to display the buttoned up front of the saque beneath; its length should be so proportioned that it will not drop on the shoulders, and the backs, though separated, must not fall widely apart. A simple binding is worn around the neck; there is no collar, as it would look like a third cape. When made in drap d'ete or other cashmere the trimming is fringe or guipure lace, with cording or passementerie studded with jet. Solid black trimmings are in best taste, but white and black mixed braiding, machine stitching and fringe are much used. Three yards of double width cashmere are required for these wraps. As present they are not lined, but for winter they will require a lining of farmer's satin or Italian cloth, or else thin, soft flannel. Furnishing houses charge from \$25 to \$35 for these mantles, according to the trimmings used. With elaborate braiding and fine jets they cost much more.  
CLOTH WRAPS.  
New cloths have a diagonal twill like serge, and are as soft as cashmere; these, however, are only found in French garments, and can not be bought here by the yard. The cloths most sold are plain smooth beavers, soft, flexible and fine, and the tricot beaver, with almost invisible twill. Plain beavers cost from \$4 50 to 9 a yard; tricot, from \$1 50 to \$6. Black is most used; the only call for it is for invisible green, blue and olive, and occasionally a dark prune and pale gray cloth wrap is made.  
The double cape, or saque with cape, described above, is much used for cloth, and more nearly fills the idea of a cloak than any cloth wrap lately. Rich, heavy bullion fringe of thickly twisted silk, or the crimped willow fringe, edges cloth capes; above the fringe are narrow folds of bias faille, or of velvet folded to the centre, or a two-inch band of velvet is studied with jet, and used as a heading for fringe. Passementerie and braiding, unless of heavy, thick patterns, do not look well on cloth. Hand-made trimmings of silk, such as pleatings, marquise puffs, and ruches, have gone out of fashion. The button moulds covered with the material of the trimming. A new ornament of three heavy cords, as thick as a lady's finger, is arranged to swing from the shoulder, sometimes toward the centre of the back, while in other cases it begins at

the throat and ends on the shoulder. Fortunately only one such ornament is used on a cloak, as they cost from \$10 to \$12.  
The double capes of velvet are much less expensive than polonaises, are graceful and stylish-looking, with the advantage, in addition, of not cutting the velvet in small pieces. A pretty velvet inwerness, with gimp and fringe, is sold for \$75; a double cape, or a saque with cape, for \$85. Ladies who have velvet basquies, or loose saques made two or three years ago, are modernizing them by adding a large talma, open only half-way up the back, and thus concealing that part of the velvet that has lost its lustre or become worn.  
The short velvet pailots worn to complete suits that are partly velvet and partly faille are loose, cut in deep points, and trimmed to match the dress. When not made with reference to any special suit they are often so heavily wrought with braid, cording or embroidery that the fabric of which they are made is almost lost sight of. The work on these makes them very expensive, and, as the fashions of trimming change rapidly, these jackets are only bought by ladies of wealth who have a new garment every season. The simplest velvet saque has a loose front and basque back, with fullness added below the waist by a single box-pleat, or else one broad or two narrow folds are attached to the back of the neck, and droop like a Watteau pleat.  
HOUSE JACKETS.  
Bright and warm jackets for the house are made of flannel cloth of two or three real shades, scarlet, cherry or crimson, braided with white worsted curled braid in Gothic patterns, and fringed or scalloped. White flannel cloth is braided with blue or scarlet, blue with white, and black with white or blue. The collar, cuffs, and a breast pocket are pointed in Gothic fashion. Price \$10.  
FUR CLOAKS.  
The most comfortable garment for midwinter is a fur cloak. Seal will be most worn this year, and the shape is a loose double-breasted saque, bordered with sea-otter or with beaver. The small round muff must be bordered also. Astrakhan cloaks are given a new effect by borders of another skin, such as fur seal or that of the Persian lamb. These are in fitted jackets, slashed in each seam, and cost from \$30 to \$120. In furs sold by the yard for trimming the black marten and fox skins will be preferred to mink, though they can never rival sable.  
Another mantle very handsome in cloth, and especially becoming to stout figures, is the inwerness, a round, sleeveless garment, with an upper cape in front only, the back left plain, or else ornamented in Watteau fashion. In bottle green cloth, with fringe and velvet folds for trimming, or else order of marten fur, this is a very stylish cloak.  
Cloth pailots are so convenient and jaunty that they will remain in favor. They are also most reasonable in price. Among those imported from Berlin are fine cloth jackets, slashed, and in Gothic points, with velvet collar and cuffs, made in the best manner, and sold for \$15 or \$20. Others of coarser cloth, though all wool, trimmed with fringe and velvet pipings, cost from \$15 to \$18. For very young ladies, misses, and children, there are jaunty jackets somewhat in sailor fashion, cut and made by a regular tailor. They have double-breasted fronts, with revers and close slashed back. The cloth is blue or black beaver with revers and facing of thick black faille, piped only on one edge with white cloth. There are deep cuffs on the coat sleeves, a square pocket on one side and brass buttons. Ladies' sizes cost \$18; children's from \$12 to \$15.  
VELVET GARMENTS.  
Ponson's blue black velvet three fourths of a yard. The polonaise the double cape, and the short pailot are all shown in velvet. A velvet polonaise is the most elegant wrap for completing winter costumes. The styles most popular are the Louis XIV, vest, polonaise or the Marguerite polonaise elaborate with jet ornaments and lace, or else a combination of these two that have already alluded to, having the vest front and Marguerite back. No satin appears on these velvets, only dead black faille enlivened by rich jet passementeries, lace, and fringe. Fur hands, especially the fox furs and black marten, and the tail tips of these furs are also used. The bell sleeve, half-flowing and open up to the elbow, and the wide coat sleeve with Louis Quinze cuff are appropriate for this polonaise.  
"Aunt Mary, do you love Jean?" said a little girl to a church member who was staying a week with her relations in Cincinnati.  
"Yes, my dear; of course I love Jean!" What makes you ask me?" Was the reply.  
"Because," said the little child, who was wiser than she knew, "I never hear you say anything about him!"

## A Strange Tale.

The following adventure happened in Bath, England, many years ago, and the lady who narrated it to the writer, was, in those days, a young girl staying in the house. It was in the palmy days of Bath, when that now fallen city rivalled London in brilliancy and dissipation; and when all the rich, the gay, and the high-born of England congregated there in the season, and graced the balls and assemblies. Mrs. R., once the belle of the court of George III., but at this period gradually retiring from general society, possessed one of the largest of the old houses, and gave it to entertainments, which were the most popular of the day. She was celebrated for three things (once for four, but the fourth—her beauty—was of the days gone by): these things were her fascination, her benevolence, and a set of the most matchless and perfect amethysts. Her house contained tapestried chambers. The walls of the one in which she slept were hung around with designs from heathen mythology, and the finest piece in the room was that which hung over her dressing table. It represented Phoebeus driving the chariot of the sun. The figures and horses being life-size, it filled up the space between the two windows, and the horses were concealed behind the old-fashioned Venetian looking-glass, while Phoebeus himself, six feet high, looked down by day and by night on mistress at her toilet.  
One evening Mrs. R.—had an unusually large party at home. She wore all her amethysts. On retiring to her room, about four o'clock in the morning, she took off her jewels, laid them on the table, and dismissed her weary maid, intending to put them away herself, but before doing she knelt down, as usual, to say her prayers. While engaged in her devotions, it was a habit with her to look upward, and the face of Phoebeus was generally her point of sight, as it were, and the object on which her eyes most easily rested. On this particular night, as usual, she raised her eyes to Phoebeus. What does she see? Has Phoebeus been at work? Has he filled those dull sky eyes with vital fire? Or is she dreaming? No. Possessed naturally of wonderful courage and calmness, she continued to move her lips as if in silent prayer, and never once withdrew her gaze; and still the eyes looked down upon hers. The light of her candles shone distinctly on living orbs, after a cleverly-managed scrutiny, to see that the tapestry eyes of Phoebeus had been cut out, and that her door locked, and servant in bed in their distant apartments, and all her jewels spread out before her, she was not alone in the room. She concluded her prayers with her face sunk in her hands. We can well imagine what those prayers must have been. She knew there was some one behind the tapestry; she knew that bells and screams were equally useless; and she laid down in her bed as usual and waited the issue, her only omission being that she did not put away her jewels. "They may save my life," she said to herself, and she closed her eyes. The clock struck five before a sound was heard, and then the moment arrived. She heard a rustle, a descent from behind the tapestry, and a man stood at her dressing-table. He took off his coat, and one by one he secured the jewels beneath his waistcoat. What would be his next move? Would it be to the bedside or to the window? He turned and approached her bedside; but by that time she had seen enough, and again closed her eyes and resigned herself to the Providence whose protection she had been craving.  
The man was her own coachman. Apparently satisfied by a brief glance under his dark lantern that he had not disturbed her, he quietly unlocked the door and left her. For two hours—she allowed the house to remain unalarmed, her only movement having been to relock the door which her living Phoebeus had left ajar. At seven in the morning she rang the bell, and ordered the carriage around just after breakfast. All this was according to her usual habits. On the box was the man who had cost her a night's rest and most probably all her jewels. However, she drove off; she went straight to the house of a magistrate.  
"Seize my coachman!" said she; "secure him and search him. I have been robbed, and I hardly think he has had time to disencumber himself of the jewels he has taken from me." She was obeyed, and she was right. The amethysts were all about him, and he gave himself up without a struggle.  
—Why is the end of the exhibition of the American Institute like a belle's toilet? Because it's the close of the fair.  
—Mrs. Gubbins says her husband is exactly like a tallow candle, because he always will smoke when he is

## Good Words.

—The cultivation of the moral nature is the grand means for the improvement of society.  
—Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it, a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.  
—The Christian's cup may be brimful of sorrow; but for him the overflowing drop is never added.  
—Friends are as companions on a journey, who ought to aid each other to persevere in the road to a happier life.  
We often omit the good we might do in consequence of thinking about that which is out of our power to do.  
—There is no one so innocent as not to be evil spoken of: there is no one so wicked as to merit all condemnation.  
—Unless a child gives of its own, it is a mimic act and useless. Let it be shown not only that a free will offering is necessary, but that we must not give to God that which costs us nothing.  
—Aminister once prayed: "O, Lord, we thank Thee for the goodly number here-to-night and that Thou also art here, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather."  
—Prayer is the key of the day and the lock of the night. And we should every day begin and end, bid ourselves good night and good morning, with prayer. This will make our labor prosperous and our rest sweet.  
In the depths of the sea the waters are still; the deepest love flows through the eyes and touch, the purest joy is unspeakable; the most impressive prayer is silent; and the most solemn prayer is at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.  
—We are about to desire each other's prayers, and should count these among the greatest obligations which can be conferred upon us. Our applications to the throne of grace must be fervent and agonizing, as becomes those who know the estimable value of the prize for which they strive.  
—Life is Death's vestibule, and our pilgrim age on earth is but a journey to the grave; the pulse that preserves our being beats our dead march, and the blood which circulates our life is flowing it onward to the depth of death. To-day we see our friends in health; to-morrow we hear of their decease. We clasp the hand of the stronger man but yesterday, and to-day we close his eyes. We rode in a chariot of comfort but an hour ago, and in a few more hours the last black chariot must convey to us the home of all the living.  
—He is happy who knows the will of God, and has a heart to do it. Christ could say, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." We are to partake of his Spirit, and find joy in the Lord's work as he did. Perhaps only a few Christians have the experience of the Psalmist who could say, "I delight to do Thy will," and thus become the spokesman for Christ himself. Instead of being meant to us, the will of God is often medicine. We do it, or take it, upon prescription, and sometimes have more of a legal fear of consequences following us than an evangelical love constraining us. But this is one of the infirmities, and it is only overcome when the "Spiri" helpeth.  
—There is great danger in ungovernable feeling. The temptation is great to indulge from mere pleasure of indulgence, and from the admiration given to feeling: it is easier to gain credit for going in a by a glistering eye, while listening to some story, than for self-sacrifice, by patient usefulness. It is easier to get credit for spiritual, by thrilling at some impassioned speech on the platform, or sermon from the pulpit, than by living a life of justice, mercy and truth. In this sickly strife, life wastes away, and the man or woman becomes weak instead of strong.  
—Bishop Morris being requested by Bishop Scott to address the class just referred to full connection with the Cincinnati Conference performed his duty in the following brief style:  
"Brethren, after trying the experiment, you have deliberately chosen to preach the Gospel for life. I mean you have chosen to preach the Gospel—not to read compositions. To preach means to, with the voice, proclaim the Gospel to the people, face to face.  
The more religion you have, the deeper you are experienced in the Scriptures, the better you can preach the Gospel. Now, to love God with all the heart, is the first and great commandment; and the second, to love your neighbor as yourself, is like unto it. Keep these and it will be well with you.  
In preparation for the pulpit, for no man can preach right without preparation, have reference to two things. The first is: When you speak, be sure to say something; and the second is: Quit when you are done."  
—It is related that an old Scotch elder had once a serious dispute with his minister at elder meeting. He said some things that nearly broke the minister's heart. Afterward he went home, and the minister went home, too. The next morning the elder came down, and his wife said to him: "You look sad, John; what is the matter with ye?"  
"Ah," he replied, "you would look sad, too, if you had such a dream as I have. I dreamed that I had been at the elders' meeting, and had said some hard things. The minister—when he was here, and when he was gone, I thought he died and went to heaven—and I thought, afterward that I died, too, and went to heaven—and when I got to the gate of heaven, out came the minister, and put out his hand to take me, saying, 'Come along John—there's a new strife up here—I'm happy to see ye.'"  
The elder went to his minister directly, to beg his pardon, and found that he was dead. The elder was an strict

## LORD BROUGHAM'S FRENCH.

Shelton Mackenzie's new life of Lord Brougham gives the following curious anecdote of Lord Brougham never before printed:  
"In or about the year 1810, his lordship, who had long been a member of the Institute of France, read a paper on the history and deflection of light, before that learned body in Paris. Fifty years before he had distinguished himself by philosophical researches on the same subject. He read his essay written in French, with considerable ease, every now and then extemporizing short additional notes and elements. Next morning a gentleman, who frequently gave clerical assistance to the veteran ex-ambassador, went, a little before the appointed time, to the residence of M. Arago, who had invited the English noble to a dinner. After examining the documents which he desired to see, the stranger took the liberty of saying, 'May I ask what sort of French did you hear last night?' Lord Brougham piqued himself on speaking at least as well as a Parisian. M. Arago paused for a little space and answered: 'My Lord speaks the French of Racine, of Corneille, I might say, Mazarin, and historians. It is what one would call old fashioned. It is so grammatical and formal that one knows it once it was not obtained in this generation. My Lord Brougham must have learned it from some very aged French person.' This was true to the letter. After the Revolution of 1789, several of the migrant nobility of France refused to remain in Edinburgh—a few who had means preferring it because of its select society; more because the cheapness of living there was of importance to them. Such latter class as had accomplishments, exerted them to obtain subsistence. A noble of the old regime, ancient in years, and with an enormously long pedigree as his chief remaining property, was Brougham's instructor in the popular language of Europe and taught him the French, measured and stately, of the court, and of the stage, during the reign of Louis XIV. When this was explained to M. Arago, he smiled in approbation of his own shrewdness, and five minutes after, when most of the guests had arrived, might be heard liberally complimenting Lord Brougham on the excellence of his composition and the purity of his pronunciation and accent, concluding with the observation, that some of the distinguished audience of the preceding evening had believed with difficulty that his lordship was a Frenchman. Scott who had picked up rather than learned what French he knew, assuredly could never have been complimented on his Parisian or even Provincial accent. In this respect, however, he shined in good company; for Charles James Fox, though he wrote and spoke French with ease, insisted on giving it an English pronunciation, calling 'Bordeaux' *Bordaux*, for example.  
"Mackenzie gives the following beautiful portrait of Scott: 'This gifted man was distinguished as much for his amiable character and unaffected manners, as for his great genius. He was charitable without ostentation, delicate in the manner of giving; liberal in the value of the gift. It was his desire to live in charity with all men, and he passed through life without a single personal quarrel. He never avoided what is called a 'paper war,' and when severely dealt with by the critics, (which was not often), did not challenge the verdict, but, if he saw it was a correct decision, quietly altered in the next edition whatever he had been censured, and took care not to run again into a like error. His own criticisms on others contain nothing of ill-nature. He was courteous as well as candid, and in pointing out faults, suggested rather than reproved. He noticed all the good points of a work, and quoted the finest passages of it."  
A Story of Industry.  
The French papers have a story about the beginning of M. Thiers' career which is pendant to that of the first introduction of the great banker, Laffitte, to the title that led on to fortune. Young Laffitte being rebuffed by a banker to whom he applied for work, and turning sadly away, picked a pin on the floor, and stopped to pick it up, on which the banker called him back, made him a clerk, and finally a partner, and so made his fortune. The Thiers story is the same after he came to Paris to seek his fortune M. Coste, the editor of the *Temps*, and M. Bilet, one of his chief collaborators, noticed a light always burning in the attic of a house they had to pass about 2 a. m., as they left the office to go home. They noticed their curiosity so strongly that one night they knocked at the door and asked the porter who it was that lived on *ci-dessus*. He said it was an intemperate young man working hard to fit himself for a journalist. Upon this they mounted to the garret, and presenting themselves to the youth, like Providence in human shape, and a brief conversation satisfying them of his competency, the editor gave him immediately a place on the staff of the paper, which was the first round of young ambitious ladder, which has conducted him to the highest places of fame and power. We tell this story, as the French papers say in such cases, *avec toutes les reserves*, by no means guaranteeing its authenticity. There is no inherent improbability about it, and, at any rate, it is a good story.

## Lending the Jew. Back to Palestine.

An ambitious project has been formed by a small knot of rabbis at Frankfurt, viz., to lead the scattered children of Israel back to Palestine, and to establish a Jewish kingdom there once more. Invitations to join the project have been printed in great numbers, and are by this time circulating among the numerous members of the ancient race throughout Germany; and, if we may credit the report of newspaper friends, to Judaism, influential members of the old imperial capital—the headquarters of German Jews—have given a substantial support. The project is to prove that the underground means as impracticable as it is expensive, and remind their fellow-rabbis that it is what they pray for if they are at all—three or four times over—in the "Shemoneh Esrei" and evening, and, if sanctioned by the "Kahal," to interpret the "old laws."



























