

Montgomery County Sentinel.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance.

ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 13, 1860.

Two Dollars, if paid at the end of the year.

By M. Fields.

Vol. V—No. 37.

COUNTY ADVERTISEMENTS.

WASHINGTON HOTEL,

ROCKVILLE Maryland.

FERRY TRAIL, Proprietor.

THIS well-known and well established hotel, which is now undergoing thorough repairs, would respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon it. He assures his friends and the public generally that every effort, on his part, will be made to contribute to the ease and comfort of all who may favor him with their patronage.

HIS TABLE will always be supplied with the best of the market affords; and at the bar will be found the choicest brands of Liquors and Wines.

THE STABLES attached to the house is large and commodious, and as soon as attentive drivers will be employed, persons stopping at this house may rely upon their horses being well attended to.

His charges will be very moderate. Feb 10—11 FERRY TRAIL.

GOOD EATING & CAPITAL DRINKING.

KILGOUR'S SALOON,

Rockville, Md.

THIS saloon returns his thanks to his numerous patrons for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him from the opening of his establishment, and respectfully continues to solicit a continuance of it, with no pains will be spared, to merit it. He would also inform his friends and the public that he has refitted his establishment, which, for style and comfort, will vie with any house of the kind in the city.

Lovers of GOOD OYSTERS will be supplied with the finest from the best markets. Refreshments and liquors will always be served with the best of Wines, Liquors, Milk Drinks, Serrano, Tobacco, &c.

This changes are made Feb 11—12 JOHN A. KILGOUR.

SERVANTS WANTED.

THE advertiser wishes to purchase a number of SERVANTS, of both sexes, that are young, sound, and healthy. The very highest market prices, in cash, persons having servants for sale, will find it to their advantage to give me a call before disposing of them.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS paid for information; and all communications strictly confidential.

Letters addressed to me at Rockville, Montgomery county, Md., will receive prompt attention. BENJ. COBLE, Agent. Feb 10—11

NEGROES WANTED.

THE subscriber wishes to purchase any number of likely YOUNG NEGROES of both sexes, for the Southern market, for which he will pay the highest prices.

Having purchased the establishment in Alexandria, Va., recently owned by Mr. George Keppel, he is prepared to receive negroes in cash at reduced prices, and will find it to their interest to consult him before disposing of their negroes.

W. T. HICKMAN, of Melley's District, if he can give his authorized agent, for the purchase of the same.

CIS. M. PRICE, Rockville, Md., Feb. 10, 1860.

Tin Plate and Sheet Iron MANUFACTORY.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having established permanently in ROCKVILLE, would most respectfully inform the citizens of Montgomery county, that he is about to commence the Tin Plate and Sheet Iron Manufacturing business, in the same place where the Tin Plate and Sheet Iron Works of W. V. Boer, Esq., is located.

He is prepared to furnish and put up Spouting, Roofing, &c., Tin and Sheet Iron Ware of all kinds, at the lowest prices, and all kinds repaired and put in complete order.

Lightning Rods furnished, and put up in the best manner.

All work done in a workmanlike manner and warranted.

By strict attention to business, and a desire to please, he hopes to merit the patronage of the public. ROBERT H. GOTT, Feb 10—11

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENTS.

CAKES AND CRACKERS!

Important to Persons Visiting Baltimore.

JAS. D. MASON & CO.

No. 114 West Pratt Street, Between Corner and South Sts.

KEEP constantly on hand a general assortment of CRACKERS AND CAKES, which they offer to the trade at the lowest cash prices. Persons in want of anything in their line will do well to call on them before purchasing elsewhere, as they guarantee to give satisfaction as to quality and price.

Do not forget the No. 114 WEST PRATT STREET. mar 23—3m

Lumber for Builders.

BURNS & SLOAN

HAVE on hand an immense assortment of BUILDING LUMBER. ALSO—SHINGLES, LATHS AND SILLS, for frame houses and barns.

As we buy our lumber at the very lowest cash prices, we can and will sell it at the very lowest market rates.

Apply at our Yards, 133 Light St. Between Corner of East and German Sts. BALTIMORE. Feb 23—11

ROMLIUS R. GRIFFITH,

GUANO & PHOSPHATE OF LIME AGENCY.

No. 88 Exchange Place, Baltimore.

OFFERS FOR SALE.

White and Brown MEXICAN GUANO, in bulk or barrels.

Superior PHOSPHATE OF LIME, made by Penn City Chemical Works, in this, No. 1 Extras.

Manure, Bone, DeBarre, Cod & Co., Rhode & Co., and other brands, and all other kinds of National Fertilizing Co.'s superior FERTILIZERS, No. 1 Extra.

GUANO BONES, in their original state, and the most pure and best of any kind, highly recommended by P. T. Tyson, Esq., our State agricultural chemist.

ANIMAL COMPOST of all kinds of Fertilizers, PLANTING, in bags or barrels. M. M. C. No. 14—15

CHEAPEST & BEST!

Super Phosphate of Lime, GROUND BONE, PERUVIAN AND MEXICAN GUANO.

CORRELL & DORSEY, Commission Merchants for the sale of—

FLOUR, GRAIN, PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.

No. 70 South St., BALTIMORE.

Having arrangements with the Manufacturers for a regular supply of—

Super Phosphate of Lime and Ground Bone.

would call the particular attention of Farmers in want of cheap and certain Fertilizers to those articles, which the experience of those who have used them, and the analysis, by the most reliable chemists, has shown to be the most effective Fertilizers now offered in this market. They are put up in good shipping barrels.

We will furnish the Phosphate of Lime at \$4 per ton of 2,000 pounds, from stock Ground Bone at \$2 per short ton.

We also continue to sell the different kinds of Guano, at the lowest market prices when offered. We respectfully solicit orders from our friends in the country, and all orders will receive our prompt attention.

CORRELL & DORSEY, mar 2—7 No. 70 South St., Baltimore.

Canfield, Brother & Co.

No. 220 Market St., corner of Charles, Baltimore, Md.

ARE NOW OPENING A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF NEW GOODS—such as American, English, German and French

JEWELRY,

in Sets and single pieces. Best quality of Gold Watches.

English Levers; Skeletons; Watches; Diamonds; Jewels; Pearls; and every description of Jewelry, some very small for ladies, set with Pearls and Diamonds, Independent and Quarter Second Watches; Hunting and Pocket Gold Watches, in every variety; Rich China VASES, from Paris and Dresden; French and Spanish Fans.

Silver, Gold, Ivory, Pearl, and Leather CARD CASES, Silver, Gold, Ivory, Pearl, and Leather PORT MONNAIES.

Elegant Gold and Bronzed CLOCKS, and CANDLESTICKS.

Albata Wares, Spoon, Forks, Ladles, Butter Knives, &c. of the best quality

Poetry.

TO-MORROW.

BY WILLIAM BYSS.

Did we not know what lies beyond This varied, shadowy path we tread, How often would our souls be freed, Our eyes the tears of sorrow shed? But that, who knows what a host to do, Who sees us brush his sunny throne, Has wisely hidden from our view That which had best remain unknown.

We walk today in conscious pride, And hang the flag of hope on high; But all to-morrow by our side, Some friend may lay him down and die; Some early flower that won our praise, Some altar where we laid our trust; Some flower, ere dies the evening ray, May trampled be and laid in dust.

An Interesting Story.

THE WIFE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The treasures of the deep are not to be despised. A man who has been all his life a sailor, and who has seen all that the deep can afford, is not to be despised. He knows what the deep can do, and he knows what it can give. He has seen the sun and the moon, and he has seen the stars. He has seen the clouds and the rain, and he has seen the snow. He has seen the wind and the waves, and he has seen the sea.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which woman sustains the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. These disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the other sex, and give such an impetus to her character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and gentle female, who has been all her life a domestic, and who has never experienced a trial or tribulation, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comfort and support of her husband in adversity.

As the vine which has long twined the graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rified by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its clinging tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and banding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you."

And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that, though all abroad in darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch.

Whereas a single man is left to run in waste and self-neglect, to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and adding to her those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not married many months, when by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury.

For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart. His wife was but a protracted agony, and what rendered her insupportable, was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to growl to her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and timid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper in his soul.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?"

"At the question he burst into an agony of tears. 'For God's sake,'" said he, "if you have any on the don't mention my wife. To tell her of what drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love often for the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep her together—an unreserved confidence of thought and feeling. To tell her now, perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; it feeds, unperceived and untraced, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh, but my friend, to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—an air which was into me, and the habit of conversation, which I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart! How can she bear poverty! she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh! it will break her heart—it will break her heart!"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let him flow; for sorrow relieves the heart by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, I comforted him with the moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—say, observing a pang to pass across his countenance, 'don't let that afflict you.' I assure you you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you are a prudent, warm friend, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary."

"I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively, "in a hole!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him by the hand, "if you will, I will do the deed for you. Ay, more; it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; and she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is, until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with, and followed upon the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose life has been a round of pleasure! Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark downward path of lowly life, and she might be pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin is fashionable life is accom-

panied by so many mortifications, and which in other ranks it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And now did she bear it?" "Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms around my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. 'But poor girl,' added he, 'she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but it was a relief; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation, she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let her know the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single blow, and sooner over; whereas if you otherwise suffer it to anticipate, every hour in the day. It is not poverty, so much as pretence, that has ruined a man—the struggle between a proud mind and empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterward he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling house and taken a cottage in the country a few miles from town. He had been busy all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the furniture of his late residence had been sold except his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with herself; it belonged to the little story of their lives. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doing husband. He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending her arrangements. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and as it was an evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was weary with the fatigues of the day, and, as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I; "has anything happened to her?" "Nothing," said he, darting an impatient glance, "it is nothing but a tedious story. I had to be careful in this matter; she has been obliged to sell almost in the mental concerns of her wretched habitation."

"Has she, then, repined at the change?" "Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort."

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never knew the household treasure of excellence you possess in that woman. 'Oh! but my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into a humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging, in her miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, known the fatigue of domestic employment—she has, for the first time, looked round her on a home destitute of everything elegant—almost of everything convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty.'"

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of its cottage. It was a humble one, and appeared for the most pastoral poe, and it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun it with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and for the grass lot in front. A small gate opened upon a foot path that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm—we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air which her husband was peculiarly fond of.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window, and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us; she was in a pretty rural dress of white, a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles.

"I had never seen her look so lovely," I had never seen her look so lovely. "My dear George," cried she, "am so glad you're come! I have been watching and waiting for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and everything is so still

here!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face. "Oh, we shall be so happy!"

"Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms around her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has, indeed, been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

Advertising as a Business Agent.

When the power of steam was applied to the slow machinery of the press, and thought began to traverse the earth upon the wings of the lightning, the old time process of building up a business by means of a succession of generations of merchants inhabiting the same dingy old house and using the same obscure and most illegible sign, disappeared. It was found that by a proper use of the newly discovered agencies, as much could be accomplished in an hour as formerly in a day, and a business could be built up in five years that could hardly have been acquired in a century before the discovery and introduction of the new invention.

The art of printing kept pace with the speed of traveling. As business transactions could take place in a few hours which the old merchants never thought of accomplishing in less than several weeks, and as the area of traffic was almost infinitely extended by the railroad and the steamboat, so it became incumbent on the factor of goods to avail himself of every means to make known his name, his place of business, and the kind and quality of his wares, by the constantly widening circle of customers. He found the steam press ready to his hand. All the merchant had to do was to send his advertisement to the principal newspapers, and ere the setting of tomorrow's sun, myriads of people who had never before dreamed of his existence were aware of his name, his residence, his occupation, and the minutiae of his trade.

It was as though he had sent phalanx after phalanx, regiment after regiment of men, equipped with trumpets, gongs, symbols, and other means of making a noise and attracting attention, to proclaim his name and his business throughout the length and breadth of the land. It was as if a proclamation of his articles of sale had been made from the heavens and heard over whole continents.

This system once adopted—and there was no avoiding it—its value was instantly recognized by the practical return of an immensely increased custom, and its general use became a business necessity of the age. It is true that those houses which had acquired a reputation by the little method of the olden time, lost very little of their regular trade by refusing to join in the new movement. But it is impossible to estimate the gain they might have made by joining at once with the spirit of improvement, and by a free use of the wonderful appliances which were to have been discovered for their especial advantage. As the nineteenth century wears on, and as the age of advertising discloses feature after feature of its astounding and bewildering development, it becomes more and more imperative upon the enlightened man of business to lay fearless hands upon the swift genius of the press, and to secure to it as by books of steel, to fasten the incalculable advance by its tireless and unbounded flight over the habitable globe.

The representative man of this age of advertising is, by common consent, one Bonner, of the city of New York. His daring and apparently fool-hardy use of the newspaper press was the theme of endless ridicule. But by and by the ridiculers, looking to the results, began to change their tune. In place of derision, there came imitation, which is said to be the sincerest form of flattery. Bonner is imitated not in America alone. The London "Times" begins to display the name of "Macmillan & Co." from the top to the bottom of its columns, just as a thousand other papers have time and again displayed the name of the Ledger and its contributors. And this movement is destined to go on. It is not yet, nor is it in the power of man to say where it will or can stop. But this much is proven: Every business has now a new department added to it—that is advertising.

Holmes, who spares no pains to develop this part of his business, and he would be most wise who should employ a special partner to devote his whole energies to such business of advertising—Lynchburg Virginian.

CONVICTION OF WALTER S. LAND.

The trial of Land for the murder of Flanagan, in Princess Ann county, Va., was brought to a close last Saturday night, by the jury rendering a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree, and affixing his punishment at 18 years in the penitentiary.

DECEASED.—Henry E. Wright, Esq., a prominent citizen of Queen Anne's county, Md., died last week. He was formerly a member of the Legislature, served in the State constitutional convention, and at one time was a whig candidate for Congress.

THE POISONING CASE AT NEW ORLEANS. Mrs. Lemley, the wife of Col. Lemley, of New Orleans, has died from the effects of the poison taken at the late dinner party. Col. Lemley and Mrs. Young, his wife's sister, are worse, and it is feared will also die.

Selected Miscellany.

The Bar-room vs. the Family Fireside.

From some strange perversity or rather depravity of taste, which it would puzzle a metaphysician to account for, thousands of young men would rather spend their evenings in tavern bar-rooms than in the society of cultivated young women of their own age. We can more readily conceive of a Russian preferring train oil and tallow cakes to turtle soup and spring chickens, than that a young American gentleman should forego the society of his sisters and their female friends in order to drink unwholesome liquor in a crowded room, and contribute his quota of ill-flavored vapor to the smoke-cloud which befalls such lunatics of dissipation. But so it is. Any citizen who has nerve enough to risk suffocation by making a visit to a dozen fashionable "saloons" on any given night, will see, if the fumes be not too thick for his vision to penetrate, numbers of young men within his own circle of acquaintance—each one of whom has a cheerful home to go to, and to whom many other pleasant houses are open—doing their best to stupefy their brains with alcohol and cigars. Such bright youths perchance may think it mainly to congregate in bar-rooms to puff and swirl, in preference to partaking of the refined, moral and intellectual pleasure which results from social contact with well-educated, paragoned young women, but we tell them, in all kindness, that to compare them to "beasts without discourse of reason," would be doing them too much honor.—The evenings are lengthening, cheerful fires will soon blaze in the family sitting-rooms of thousands of city homes. The daughters will be there, sewing, knitting, reading, chatting. But where will be the ones? Let us answer that question by giving their heretofore vacant places by the family fireside, and their mothers' and sisters' hearts with thankfulness and joy.

Death of Children.

A writer, speaking of the death of very young children, remarks thus:—"The helpless soul of the cherub child that dies on its mother's breast, wings its way to heaven, unconscious of the joys it might share here, as well as of the many, many miseries of which it might be partaker. This can hardly be called death. It is but the calm, soft ebbing of the tide of life, to flow no more in the troubled ocean of existence; it is but the removal of a fair creature—too pure for earthly state"—to make one of that bright band of cherubim which encompass in glory and in joy the throne of the living God.

"But glorious as may be the mother to the little one, it is hard for the mother to part thus early with the fair beloved innocent—to break off all the delightful ties of prating tenderness that had bound her, even in a few months, to that gentle form forever."

Take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man. Behold him, creature of a span, stalking through infinite space, in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death! His soul floats from his body like motion from the strings; day and night, like dust on the wheel, he is rolling along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flitting above and beneath. Is this a creature to make for himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he not stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasures? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humanity should dwell with frailty, and stand for ignorance, error and imperfection.

GENERAL JACKSON AND THE BELLY.

On his return from legislating, Jackson was elected a judge of the Supreme Court of the State, and his conduct in that capacity gave rise to various myths, one of which, known apparently in the States as "the Russel Bean anecdote," (under the name of John Hero), has assumed, after many variations, the following shape, which is amusing enough to deserve to be authentic: Once during court, a great hulking fellow, armed with pistol and bowie-knife, took it upon himself to parade before the shabby court-house, and cursed the judge, jury, and all there assembled, in 44 terms. "Sheriff," thus addressed the judge, "arrest that man for contempt of court, and confine him." The sheriff found it impossible. "Summon a posse," said the judge. The posse did not like the job, as the fellow threatened to shoot the first skunk that came within ten feet of him. "Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "summon me." "Very well, judge," said the sheriff, "I suppose I must." Jackson walked up with his pistols, and said, "Now surrender, you infernal villain, this very instant, or I'll blow you through." The man put up his pistols, with the words, "There judge, it's no use; give up his reason," he said, "Why, when he came up I looked him in the eye, and he saw shot, and there wasn't shot in any other eye in the crowd; and so I says to myself, says I, 'hoo, it's about time to sing mall, and so I did.'"—Parson's Life of Jackson.