

Professional.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY.

OFFICE—At the office of "The Ellicott
City Times," in the Town Hall.

CHARLES W. REUBEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
13 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD.
March 9, '78-11.

J. D. McGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishear's Store.
Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty,
etc., and practice generally before the Depart-
ments in Washington.

JOHN WARFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
32 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE.

Will be at Ellicott City on Orphans' Court
days, the first and third Tuesdays of every
month.
March '79, '78-11.

I. THOMAS JONES,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 37 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.

Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City
and Howard and adjoining Counties.
Can be found at the Court House in Ellicott
City, on the first and third Tuesday of every
month.
Dec. 12, '74-11.

HENRY E. WOOLTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Nov. 27, '63-11.

EDWIN LINTHICUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Nov. 27, '69-11.

WM. A. HAMMOND,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Can be found at the Court House, Ellicott
City, on the first and third Tuesday of each
month.

OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington,
Baltimore.
July 27, '72-11.

JOHN G. ROGERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICIT-
OR IN CHANCERY,
Will practice in Howard, Anne Arundel and
the adjoining counties.

Special attention given to Collections, and
Remittances made promptly.
OFFICE—In the Court House, Ellicott City,
Jan. 6, '72-11.

ALEXANDER H. HOBBS,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.

Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City
and the Circuit Court for Howard County, and
will be at the Court House in Ellicott City on
the first and third Tuesday of every month—
(Orphans' Court days).
Mar. 19, '75-11.

C. IRVING DITTY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 31 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.

Particular attention given to collection of
Merchandise Claims in the lower counties of
Maryland.
Jan. 29, '70-11.

T. R. CLENDINEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 82 W. FAYETTE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
March 2, '78-11.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Having permanently located himself at El-
licott City, is prepared to practice his profes-
sion in this City and County.

He may be found at his place of business at
all hours, except when professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly attended to.
Oct. 3, '69-11.

DR. JOHN M. B. ROGERS,
(LATE OF BALTIMORE).
Having located at Clarksville for the prac-
tice of medicine, respectfully offers his pro-
fessional services to the community.
May 18, '78-11.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND,
Offers his professional services to the public.
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turn-
pike, Howard County.
March 16, '75-11.

DR. JAMES E. SIREVEE,
DENTIST,
(Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental
Surgery).

Having bought out the good will of Dr. E.
Crabbe, I tender my professional services to
his patrons and the public generally at the
office formerly occupied by him.

MAIN STREET,
THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHEAR'S STORE.
April 21, '77-11.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON,
LAND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE—At the Court House, Ellicott City.
Oct. 12, '75-11.

JAMES L. MATHEWS,
AGENT FOR THE
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD
COUNTIES.

OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's
Store, Ellicott City.
Feb. 16, '78-11.

WILLIAM B. PETER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Collection
Agency, and
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

Estates attended to; Rents and Bills Collected
Money procured on Securities. Purchases
and Sales of City and Country Property
effected. Property Leased. Money
Invested in Ground Rents,
Mortgages, etc., etc., etc.
Free of Charge. All
Kinds of Property Insured at
Lowest Rates.

MONEY TO LOAN, at Low rates, on first
class Securities, in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000.
Jan. 24, '71-11.

Why Should the Spirit of Mortal
be Proud?

[The following poem was a particular fa-
vorite with Abraham Lincoln. It was first
shown to him when a young man by a friend,
and afterwards he cut it from a newspaper and
learned it by heart. He said to a friend, "I
would give a great deal to know who wrote it,
but have never been able to ascertain."]

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A dash of lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall
fade,
Beset and around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and
the high,
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who
loved,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in
whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are
by;
And the memory of those who loved her and
praised,
Are a life from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath
borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath
borne,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up
the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his
bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of
heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the
weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have
been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have
seen,
We drink the same stream and view the same
sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have
run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers
would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they
too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to, they too would
cling;

But it speeds from the earth, like a bird on
the wing.
They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is
cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slum-
bers will come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is
dumb.

They died,—ay! they died: and we things
that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their
brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient
abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrim-
age road.

Yes! hope and despondency, pleasure and
pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the
dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a
breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the
shroud,—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

JENNY LIND.

There was once a poor and plain little
girl dwelling in a little town in Stock-
holm, the capital of Sweden. She was a
poor little girl indeed, then; she was
lonely and neglected, and would have
been very unhappy, deprived of the kind-
ness and care so necessary to a child, if it
had not been for a peculiar gift. The little
girl had a fine voice, and in her loneliness,
in trouble or in sorrow, she consoled her-
self by singing. In fact she sang to all she
did; at her work, at her play, running or
resting, she always sang.

The woman who had her in care went
out to work during the day, and used to
lock in the little girl, who had nothing to
enliven her solitude but the company of a
cat. The little girl played with her cat
and sang. Once she sat by the open win-
dow and stroked her cat and sang, when
a lady passed by. She heard the voice
and looked up and saw the little singer.
She asked the child several questions,
went away, and came back several days
later, followed by an old music master,
whose name was Crelius. He tried the
little girl's musical ear and voice, and was
astonished. He took her to the director
of the Royal Opera of Stockholm, then a
Count Pale, whose truly generous and
kind heart was consoled by rough speech
and a morbid temper. Crelius introduced
his little pupil to the count, and asked him
to engage her as "cleve for the opera."

"You ask a foolish thing!" said the count
gruffly, looking disdainfully down on the
poor little girl. "What shall we do with
that ugly thing? I see what feet she has!
And then her face! She will never be pro-
fessionable. No, we can not take her. Away
with her!"

The music master insisted, almost in-
dignantly. "Well," exclaimed he at last,
"if you will not take her, poor as I am, I
will take her myself, and have her educa-
ted for the scene; such another ear as she
has for music is not to be found in the
world!"

The count relented. The little girl was
at last admitted into the school for cleves,
at the Opera, and with some difficulty a
simple gown of black bombazine was pro-
cured for her. The care of her musical
education was left to an able master, Mr.
Albert Breg, director of the song school
of the Opera.

Some years later, at a comedy given by
the cleves of the theatre, several persons
were struck by the spirit and life with
which a very young cleve acted the part of
a beggar-girl in the play. Lovers of gen-
eral nature were charmed, pedants almost
frightened. It was our poor little girl,
who had made her first appearance, now
about fourteen years of age, frolics one
and full of fun as a child.

A few years still later, a young debuta-
nte was to sing for the first time before
the public in Weber's Preischutz. At the
rehearsal preceding the representation of
the evening, she sang in a manner which
made the members of the orchestra at once
lay down their instruments to clap their
hands in rapturous applause. It was our
poor, plain little girl here again, who now
had grown up and was to appear before
the public in the role of Agatha. I saw
her at the evening representation. She
was then in the prime of youth, fresh,
bright, and serene as a morning in May—
perfect in form—her hands and her arms
peculiarly graceful—and lovely in her
whole appearance, through the expression
of her countenance, and the noble sim-
plicity and calmness of her manners. In
fact she was charming. We saw not an
actress, but a young girl full of natural
geniality and grace. She seemed to move,
speak, and sing without effort or art. All
was nature and harmony. Her song was
distinguished especially by its purity, and
the power of soul which seemed to swell
in her tones. Her "mezzo voice" was de-
lightful. In the night scene where Agatha,
seeing her lover come, breathes out her
joy in rapturous song, our young singer
on turning from the window, at the back
of the theatre, to the spectators again, was
pale for joy. And in that pale joyousness
she sang with a burst of outflowing love
and life that called forth, not the mirth,
but the tears of the auditors.

From this time she was the declared
favorite of the Swedish public, whose
musical tastes and knowledge are said not
to be surpassed. And, year after year, she
continued so, though, after a time, her
voice, being overstrained, lost somewhat
of its freshness, and the public being
satiated, no more crowded the house when
she was singing. Still, at that time, she
could be heard singing and playing more
delightfully than ever in Pannina (in Zu-
cherbrote) or in Anna Blesna, though the
opera was almost deserted. She evidently
sang for the pleasure of the song.

By that time she went to take lessons
of Garcia, in Paris, and so give the finish-
ing touch to her musical education. There
she acquired that warble in which she is
said to have been equalled by no singer,
and which could be compared only to that
of the soaring and warbling lark, if the
lark had a soul.

And then the young girl went abroad
and sang on foreign shores and to for-
eign people. She charmed Denmark,
Germany, England and America. She
was caressed and courted every where,
even to adulation. At the courts of
kings the houses of the great and noble,
she was feasted as one of the grandees of
nature and art. She was covered with
laurels and jewels. But friends wrote of
her, "In the midst of these splendors she
only thinks of her Sweden, and yearns for
her friends and her people."

On dusky October night, crowds of
people (the most part, by their dress,
believed to belong to the upper class of
society) thronged on the shore of the
Baltic harbor at Stockholm. All looked
toward the sea. There was a rumor of
expectance and pleasure. Hours passed
away, and the crowd still gathered, and
waited and looked out eagerly toward
the sea. At length a brilliant rocket rose
joyfully, far out at the entrance of the
harbor, and was greeted with a general
buzz on the shore.

"There she comes! there she is!" A
large steamer now came whelming on its
triumphant way through the flocks of
ships and boats lying in the harbor, to-
ward the shore of the "Skeppsbero." Flashing
rockets marked its way in the dark as it
advanced. The crowds on the shore
pressed forward as if to meet it. Now
the Leviathan of the waters was heard
thundering nearer and nearer; now it
relented, now again pushed on, foam-
ing and splashing; now it lay still. And,
there on the front of the deck, was seen
by the light of lamps and rockets, a pale,
graceful young woman, her eyes brilliant
with tears, and lips radiant with smiles,
waving her handkerchief to her friends
and countrymen on shore.

It was again—our poor, neglected
little girl of former days—who now came
back in triumph to her fatherland. But
no more poor, no more plain, no more
neglected. She had become rich; she
had in her slender person the power to
charm and inspire multitudes.

Some days later, we read in the papers
of Stockholm, an address to the public
written by the beloved singer, stating,

with noble simplicity, that "as she once
more had the happiness to be in her native
land, she would be glad to sing again to
her countrymen, and that the income of
the operas in which she was this season
to appear, would be devoted to raise a
fund for a school where cleves for the the-
atre would be educated to virtue and know-
ledge." The intelligence was received as it
deserved, and of course the Opera was
crowded every night the beloved singer
sang there. The first time she again ap-
peared in Somnambula (one of her favorite
roles), the public, after the curtain was
dropped, called her back with great
enthusiasm, and received her, when she
appeared, with a roar of hurrahs. In the
midst of the burst of applause a clear and
melodious warbling was heard. The hurrahs
were hushed instantly. And we saw
the lovely singer standing with her arms
slightly extended, somewhat bowing for-
ward, graceful as a bird on its branch
warbling, warbling as no bird ever did,
from note to note—and on every one a
clear, strong, soaring warble—until she
fell into the retortelle of her last song,
and again sang that joyful and touching
strain.

"So thought can conceive how I feel at my
heart."

Oyster Culture.

The Industries of Chesapeake Bay.

A quaint little city is Annapolis, the
county seat of Anne Arundel, and capital
of the State of Maryland. It is so rich in
historical reminiscence that it is known as
"the ancient city." The town was found-
ed in 1649, and was selected as the most
desirable site for "the great city of
the South;" but events changed the cur-
rent of progressive development, and Bal-
timore seized the crown. The city is
charmingly located on the south bank of
the River Severn, and but two miles dis-
tant from the Chesapeake Bay. The original
settlement was called Providence, it was
changed to Anne Arundel-town, and subse-
quently to Annapolis, after the good Queen
Anne of England, of whom as was wont to
say that she is now no more. In the noble
State House, Washington surrendered his
commission as Commander-in-chief of the
American Army, and within the State
House grounds is the Land Office, where
are kept the original records of the
Colonial Government. The United States
Naval Academy occupies a superb posi-
tion, the largest vessels in the navy being
able to come alongside the Academy
wharf at full tide. Many of the houses
are pre-Revolution, and built of red
English brick, the doors and windows be-
ing of the "severe classic," as much ad-
mired are the House of Hanover seated
the English throne. Dotted all over the
bay, and as far as the eye can reach, are
the boats of oyster fishermen during the
oyster season—some close to land, others
out at Tally's Point Reef, in search of
luscious bivalves; while dredgers sail
away down Chesapeake Bay, followed by
the maledictions of those who work with
tongs, from out frail-looking skills that
reef and wobble with every movement of
the muscular toiler of the deep. The
finest oysters are the Roanokes, Rappa-
banocks, the Western Shores and Cher-
rystones. There are many other known
descriptions, but these are supreme for
fatness, fitness and flavor.

Tally's Point Reef is considered one of
the finest oyster grounds in the United
States. It is safe from the dreaded dred-
gers, the water being so shallow, but it
is the favorite resort of small boats, each
manned by an adult and a boy called a
"culler," who is employed to take oys-
ters from the tongs, to select the fish from
the debris, and to dress the shells by
means of a small basket. A good culler
will dress twenty-five baskets a day, or
3,750 oysters. One house in Annapolis
opens 3,000 gallons of oysters per day,
giving employment to one hundred men
in "coming" for the West. As many as
one hundred boats may be seen working
on Tally's Point Reef at once, each tak-
ing thirty bushels a day or 450,000 oys-
ters. If a sloop's captain is in want of
oysters he suspends a basket at the fore-
mast head, the small boats come to him,
and as soon as he puts in his cargo he
lowers his wicker flag of distress. The
lone fishermen tell terrible tales of the
dredgers. The fleet is known as the
"Irish Fleet," from the names attached
to the vessels. We passed under the
sterns of the *Rose of Erin*, the *Dankee*,
the *Mary Queen*, and others possessing
equally suggestive titles. The lone fish-
ermen say that these boats are manned
by the street scrapings and by jail-birds,
that the crews are as lawless as in the
days of Captain Kidd, and little better
than out and out pirates. Dredging is
destructive to the smaller but not less
vital interests of the small boats.

"Where I can pick up three with a
tong the dredge will get fifty," said a
lone fisherman to the writer. "Ieters'll
be a luxury in a little time—the dredges
crushes all the young isters into pulp!"
The crew of the dredger runs from seven
to ten men. The dredge is worked by
a windlass, and two dredges are lower-
ed at the same time at either side of the
vessel.

"They goes to trawling grounds exempted
from dredging and get their six or
seven hundred bushels a day."
"Surely the authorities take some steps
to prevent this!" we asked.
"Yes," replied the lone one, "there's

the police bust," pointing to a rakish-
looking scoundrel, "but it can't be every-
where, and them fellows watch it as a cat
watches a mouse," adding, with a grin of
intense satisfaction, "there was two men
shot lately on board of dredgers."

"What is the value of a take of oysters
to a dredger?"

"That depends on the state of the mar-
ket—at times a cargo is worth \$2,000, and
at other times they goes in debt. Ieters
is kinder tricky—sometimes they're worth
a dollar a bushel, and then again they
won't be worth their shell."

The waters close to the wharf of the
Naval Academy are not open to small
boats, but during the "hard Winter" of
1870, when the ice was so thick in the
bay as to prove invincible, the fishermen
petitioned the naval authorities for per-
mission to use the tongs in the prohibited
waters. The request was complied with,
and in one week 75,000 bushels of oysters
were taken up by the tongs.

A boat manned by darkeys, the fisher-
man having treated his friends to the
sail, leaves Annapolis to the music of a
chorus that is faithfully borne over the
sunlighted waters; but ere the sun grows
high in the heavens comes a change in
wind, a nor-wester starts up, the snow
begins to fall and the sleet to cut the
skin, and then the only hope for keeping
up the circulation is a vigorous working
of the tongs, while the stiff rocks in the
chopping sea, every moment threatening
to capsize.

There are 4,000 licensed oyster boats in
the waters of the Chesapeake. "Shuck-
ing," or oyster opening, is a regular pro-
fession at Annapolis. One firm employs
750 shuckers who shuck over 100,000
bushels a week. A smart man will shuck
from twenty to twenty-four pots of six
pints each, one bushel to a pot, a day, for
which he is paid at the rate of twenty
cents a pot. Shucking gives employment
to about fifty white girls, who earn from
ten to eighteen dollars a week. These
girls have nothing in common with the
stereotyped fishwife about them; on the
contrary, they are modest, refined, intelli-
gent and highly industrious. One couple
—a man and wife—were pointed out to
the writer as shuckers who had, by shuck-
ing alone saved \$10,000.—*Frank Leslie's
Illustrated Newspaper.*

"Think Again."

Queen Victoria was not twenty years of
age when she ascended the throne. Com-
ing into possession of power, with a heart
fresh, tender, and pure, and with all her
instincts inclined to mercy, we may be
sure that she found many things that tried
her strength of resolution to the utmost.
On a bright beautiful morning the young
Queen was waited upon by the Duke of
Wellington, who brought from London
various papers requiring her signature to
render them operative. One of them was
a sentence of court martial, pronounced
against a soldier of the line—that he be
shot dead! The Queen looked upon the
paper, and then looked upon the wound-
ed beauties that nature had spread to
her view.

"What has this man done?" she asked.
The duke looked at the paper, and re-
plied, "Ah, my royal mistress, that man, I
fear, is incorrigible! He has deserted three
times."
"And can you not say something in his
behalf, my Lord?"
Wellington shook his head.
"Oh, think again, I pray you!"
Seeing that Her Majesty was so deeply
moved, and feeling sure she would not
have the man shot in any event, he finally
confessed that the man was a brave, gal-
lant, and really a good soldier.

"But," he added, "think of the in-
fluence!"
"Influence!" cried Victoria, her eyes
flashing and her bosom heaving with
strong emotion. "Let it be ours to wield
influence. I will try mercy in this man's
case; and I charge you, your grace, to let
me know the result. A good soldier, you
said. Oh, I thank you for that! And you
may tell him that your good words saved
him."
Then she took the paper, and wrote,
with a bold, firm hand, across the dark
page, the bright, saving word—"Pardoned!"

The Duke was fond of telling the story,
and he was willing also to confess that
the giving of that paper to the pardoned
soldier gave him far more joy than he could
have experienced from the taking of a
city.

—A man who was to have been married
in Rochester could not get nearer than
within forty miles of the city at the ap-
pointed time, in consequence of the snow
blockade. The assembled wedding party
was informed by a telegram of the trouble.
A suggestion that the ceremony be per-
formed by telegraph was favorably re-
ceived by the bride, and the usual ques-
tions and answers were flashed over the
wires. It was fun for the guests in the
warm Rochester parlor, but the bride-
groom, shivering all night in a cold car,
did not particularly enjoy it, and the bride
wept.

—The just published report of an Irish
benevolent society contains one paragraph
rich in caustic humor. It says: "Not-
withstanding the large amount paid for
medicine and medical attendance, very
few deaths occurred during the year."

Answers to the New York
World's Christmas
Questions.

Why is it thought to be ill luck to spill
salt at table between two persons, and whence
comes the notion that ill luck thus invited
may be conjured away by throwing salt over
the left shoulder?—A. This superstition
is probably one of many which have come
down to us not from our Northern ances-
tors and from Rome. Salt, the emblem
of hospitality from the earliest times, was
sacred to the Penates or household gods.
To spill it carelessly was to invite their
indignation, and to throw it over the left
shoulder—the shoulder of evil omen, that
is—of the person spilling it, was to call
away from the guest toward whom the
salt was spilled and to upon the spiller
the wrath of these deities. The spilling of
the salt by Judas in Leonardo's picture
of the "Last Supper" has quite another
significance in all probability, as was in-
dicated by that great artist simply to sym-
bolize the treason of Judas plotted and
perfected under a cover of social inti-
macy and affection.

What famous American was said: "His
dory is always orthodox; heterodoxy is con-
fined to his opponents, and sees the sailing
original? If not, from whom did he take
it?—A. The famous American who ut-
tered the words I have cited was Daniel
Webster, and they are to be found in his
once famous reply to Hayne. I say "once
famous," as only about two per cent. of
his World's correspondents have connected
his name with the question. He borrowed
the idea, and might with advantage
have borrowed the language too, from
Bishop Warburton, of whom Pious tells
us that in a debate on the Test Laws, he
whispered to Lord Sandwich, who said
he was at a loss to know precisely what
orthodoxy and heterodoxy might be—
"Orthodoxy is my dory; heterodoxy is
another man's dory."

Who was it said that if a certain beau-
tiful woman's nose had been shorter the history
of the world would have been changed? And
who was the woman?—A. It was Pascal
who said: "Whoever would fully mea-
sure the vanity of human life must con-
sider the causes and the effects of the
passion of love. The chief cause of it, in
the words of Corneille, is a certain 'I
know not what,' and the effects of it are
fearful. This 'I know not what,' this
something so slight as to be unrecogniz-
able, turns topsy-turvy the whole earth,
princes, armies, all mankind. If the nose
of Cleopatra had been shorter the whole
face of the earth would have been differ-
ent."

With whom did the idea originate, which
is popularly credited to Abraham Lincoln, that
if General Grant was a drunkard it would
be a good thing to supply other commanders
with his particular brand of whiskey?—
The idea is a very old one. But the
story about Lincoln and Grant was origi-
nally put in circulation by the late
Charles G. Halpine, "Miles O'Reilly,"
whose remarkable report of an imaginary
grand dinner at Delmonico's many read-
ers of the World must still remember. He
adapted it from a story told to George
II., who exclaimed, in answer to a sug-
gestion that General Wolfe, who had
made both fame and fcs by his superb
behavior at the battle of Minden, was
really a misdman. "Mad, is he? Thee, by
heaven, I wish he would bite some of my
other generals!"

When did the first American rebellion oc-
cur?—A. The first rising against an es-
tablished Government in British America
which was considerable enough to be
properly called a "rebellion" was that of
Nathaniel Bacon, in Virginia, which is
further curiously noticeable as having
come to a head and failed in 1675-76, just
one hundred years before our own Rev-
olution developed itself. There is a tradi-
tion that Nathaniel Bacon of Virginia,
was the Nathaniel Bacon of Gray's Inn
who published in 1647-51 two volumes of
an "Historical Discourse on the Govern-
ment of England." His Virginian rebel-
lion was made the theme of a tragicomedy
by the fair Astrea, Mrs. Behn herself,
called "The Widow Ranter, or the His-
tory of Bacon in Virginia." This ap-
peared in 1690, after Mrs. Behn's death.

Why should "a saint in scraps" be "twice
a saint in lawn"?—A. Lawn clerics, as
is well known, are still the characteristic
feature of the Anglican Episcopal suc-
cession, and are worn upon the Bishop's
bench in the House of Peers. Crape, though
not our modern fabric so called, came in-
to use as a substitute for silk in the
gowns of the lower clergy was lowered by
the operation of the Act of Uniformity,
and the poor and ignorant curates ap-
pointed under that act were nicknamed
Crape, Gowners. The meaning of Crape is ob-
scured in Bartlett and other books of quo-
tations by the failure to cite the lines
which follow that to which the World's
question refers. He meant that the set-
ting makes the jewel with most people
as appears