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Hon K P Bator

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JUST ONE LITTLE SONG, LOVE.

JOAQUIN MILLER.
Come, sing that song I loved, love,
When all life seems, O one song,
For I am stricken now, love,
My strong arm is not strong.
Then sing that song I loved, love,
Then just one little song,
You know that one sweet song,
I know you love the world, love,
Nor would I deem you wrong,
But when above my grave, love,
Next year the grass is strong.
Then sing that song I loved, love,
Love, just one little song.
No tears or sabbat, love, love,
No sigh to break your song,
But when they bid you sing, love,
And thrill the joyous throng,
Then sing that song I loved, love,
Love, just one little song.

A Sarcasm of Fate.

A very elegant looking letter lay in little Minnie Velsor's hands—a letter that bore a delicious perfume of violets—a letter addressed in a fine flowing hand and the envelope of which was stamped with an intricate monogram, that unless Minnie had known, she could never have deciphered as Mrs. Paul St. Eustace Carriscount's initials.

The girl's small, pretty hands grew just a trifle cold and trembling as she took up the letter to open it, because so much, oh, so much, depended upon what was in the letter; because it either meant a new, independent life, in which she would not only earn her own living, but very materially assist in taking care of the dear boys of five and seven, or it doomed her to the old tiresome routine, out of which Minnie felt at times she must fly.

Mrs. Velsor looked up from a stocking she was darning, and said nothing, seeing the nervous glow in Minnie's eyes. Then with a little, half-desperate laugh, the girl tore open the thick satin envelope.

"It's almost like an ice-cold plunge bath, but here goes, mamma!"

She hurriedly read the short, friendly note, and from the quick tears that gathered in her eyes, and the smiles that parted her lips, and the flush that bloomed like fresh roses on her cheeks, it was quite plain that the news was good news.

Then she dashed the letter on the floor and rushed over to her mother, and kissed her, laughing and crying at the same time.

"Oh! mamma! Mrs. Carriscount has given me the position, and she wants me to come immediately—to-morrow! Just think! Five hundred dollars a year, and she assures me I must make myself perfectly at home in her house; and she says I am to have a room to myself, and to eat with Pauline and Paullette, in the nursery. Oh, mamma, it will be just glorious! Aren't you glad, delighted?"

Her blue eyes were dancing, and her cheeks glowing like a rose leaf.

Mrs. Velsor's sweet, sad voice was in such odd contrast to her child's eager, animated tones.

"How can I be delighted to have you go away from me, dear? Besides, I am so afraid you will not realize your vivid anticipations. The outside world, which seems to you so rosy colored and golden, will not be what you think."

"Oh, mamma, what a Job's comforter you would be! But how can I help being happy—perfectly happy, except being away from you—in New York, in a magnificent house, among people of wealth and distinction, and with these two sweet children my only care? Mamma, I will ride with them, and I am to make myself perfectly at home, the letter says, and you remember what a charming lady we thought Mrs. Carriscount was, when she was visiting Doctor Mansfield last summer."

Mrs. Velsor sighed softly. It seemed so cruel to pour the chill water of disappointment on Minnie's bright hopes.

"Well, dear, perhaps I am growing cynical as I grow older. Certainly you deserved a fair fate, and now, to descend to matters of earth earthly suppose you see if the beans are boiling dry."

With the smell of frost in the air—a day when the leaves sailed slowly, stately down through the tender, golden atmosphere, and the lush of mid October was over all the earth and sky, Minnie Velsor went away from the little cottage where she was born and had lived, into the world waiting to receive her—all her girlish hopes on gladdest wings, all her rosiest dreams bursting in fondest realization.

It was a splendid place, Mrs. Paul St. Eustace Carriscount's palatial residence on Fifth avenue—a house that seemed to Minnie's fancy like a translated bit of a fairy story, with its profusion of flowers and lace draperies, its luxuries and elegance, of which she had never dreamed, and of whose uses she was equally ignorant.

Mrs. Carriscount received her with a charming graciousness and patted her on the shoulder, and told her she hoped she would not let herself get homesick and installed her in her beautiful little room, with its pink and drab ingrain carpet and elegant suit, and dignity curtains at the windows.

Then Minnie made some trifling little alterations in her toilette, and proceeded to take literal advantage of Mrs. Carriscount's invitation to make herself at home in the great, beautiful parlors below.

Minnie made a charmingly sweet, quaint little picture, as she sat nestled in a huge silken chair, the color of the roses on her cheeks, and at which Miss Cleona Carriscount looked in astonishment, imperious disdain, and

Mr. Geoffrey Fletcher in undisguised admiration, as the two entered the room at the farthest entrance.

"By Jove, what a lovely girl! Who is she, Miss Carriscount?" he asked in a tone of unusual interest.

Cleona's black eyes looked unutterable anger from Minnie to Mrs. Carriscount.

"What on earth is she doing here, mamma, is she crazy?"

Her sharp, cutting tone was distinctly heard, as she intended it should be, by Minnie, who flushed painfully as she rose, venturing just one glance at the haughty beauty's face, and Mr. Fletcher's eager, admiring eyes, whose boldness startled her.

"I am sorry to have made such a mistake—I thought that Mrs. Carriscount meant that I was to sit here a little while. Please excuse me; I will not come again."

Her voice was sweet, and just a little nervous, and she instantly crossed the room, followed by Cleona's cold, cutting words, every one of which brought a sharp thrill of mortification and pain to her.

"Be careful you make no more such mistakes, girl. Your place is among the hired help, and not in the parlor. Be good enough to remember that."

And even Geoffrey Fletcher's callous heart gave a thrill of sympathy at sight of the scarlet pain on the sweet, young face.

Once safe in her room, poor little Minnie fought and conquered her first battle with fate.

"I'll not be crushed by my first experience," she decided, resolutely, an hour or so after, when her breast yet heaved with convulsive sighs, and her eyes were all swollen from crying. "I will not give it up and rush home to mamma—my first impulse. I will endeavor to construe people less literally, and keep my place."

But there came a flush to her cheeks that all her brave philosophizing could not control, at the memory of Cleona Carriscount's cool insolence.

"I'd not have spoken so to a dog," Minnie said, as she repressed the bitter tears that sprang in wounded indignation to her blue eyes.

After that there was no shadow of an opportunity given by Minnie for Mrs. Carriscount or Cleona to lay any blame to her charge.

She performed her duties as no governess had ever performed them, and the twins progressed to their mother's complete satisfaction.

Minnie never was seen in the rooms of the family, but lived entirely to herself, taking her solitary little walks when the day's duties were ended, and disciplining herself into an unconsciously unselfish, brave, patient woman.

Her letters home were bright and cheerful—until one day Mrs. Velsor was horrified to learn that her darling was dangerously ill, that the fever had come suddenly upon her, and that in fear and selfishness, Mrs. Paul St. Eustace Carriscount had insisted that the raving girl be taken from her house to the hospital.

"It will kill her to move her," Dr. Lethbridge had remonstrated indignantly.

"What nonsense, mamma!" Cleona retorted, looking fiercely at the physician.

"It will not hurt her to be moved nearly as much as it will for us to keep her here. She is nothing but the children's governess; she had better die, even, than to risk all our lives any longer. You will please superintend her removal to-day," she added, imperiously, to Dr. Lethbridge.

He looked coldly, almost furiously, at Miss Carriscount's face as she spoke. Then he bowed, and answered quietly:

"I beg to agree with you. This poor, suffering child had better die than remain among such inhuman people."

And Dr. Lethbridge personally superintended Minnie's transfer—not to the hospital, but to his own house, where his lovely, white-haired mother and his sister opened their hearts to the girl, and nursed her back to health and strength, and—the sweetest happiness that ever came to a girl's heart, for Hugh Lethbridge asked her to be his wife.

And the memory of those brief days was hidden away beneath the glad sunshine of her beautiful new life, and Minnie in her new home was proud and honored and beloved as a queen.

The years passed—as years have a trick of passing—bringing their burdens of joy and sorrow, and to Hugh Lethbridge and his wife there were only landmarks of content to mark their flight.

Three dear children had come to them, and a matriarch Minnie was even fairer and sweeter than the maiden had been, for she had been benefited by the stern discipline which had been meted out by Dr. Lethbridge.

And as the years went by, until there were no comforts or luxuries he was obliged to refuse to his wife or family—and one of those coveted luxuries was a resident governess at the home of the children.

"I remember my own governess days so well, dear," when they were discussing the husband, when they were discussing the feasibility of securing one. "I feel as if I never could be kind enough to any one in such a position in my house. And yet all such happiness of my life resulted from my position in Mrs. Carriscount's family."

And she looked the great unutterable love she had for him, and Dr. Lethbridge kissed her lovely upturned face tenderly.

"Then I will take this widow lady, whom Allison recommended, shall I, Minnie? He says she is of good family, and in very reduced circumstances. Her husband was a miserably drunken fellow, and she is invalid to support both herself and her invalid mother. It would be a charity, I suppose; but, of course, we must also look to our own interests."

But the decision was to employ the widow lady Allison, so confidently recommended, and a day or so afterward an interview was arranged.

It was just at the dusk of a winter's afternoon that the servant that a lady wished Lethbridge and his wife that a lady wished to see them in the parlor—the lady whom Mr. Allison had sent—and Minnie and her husband went down to meet her—tall, pale,

bearing the unmistakably traces of misery and sorrow on her face—Cleona Carriscount.

Minnie gave a little exclamation of astonishment.

"Is it possible? Miss Carriscount?"

She interrupted, curiously.

"Mrs. Fletcher—Mrs. Geoffrey Fletcher. And you are little Minnie Velsor. I had no idea—I had forgotten Doctor Lethbridge's name—of course, I cannot leave the position. It would hardly be natural that you should wish to befriend me."

Mrs. Fletcher turned toward the door, her pale face piteous, her voice bitter and wailing.

Doctor Lethbridge looked sternly after her; but Minnie shot him an appealing glance before she stepped toward the departing woman.

"Wait—just a moment, please! I was so surprised, Mrs. Fletcher. Pray sit down, you are in trouble, and if we can be of any service, I know the doctor will be glad to assist you."

Mrs. Fletcher's lips quivered a second, as she turned her pitiful eyes on Minnie's sweet face.

"I am in need of work, but I do not expect it of you. You can only despise me and hold me in hatred and contempt for what I did to you. But that or something else has come home to me."

"I do not hate or despise you Mrs. Fletcher. God has not too good to me for that. Stay! Doctor Lethbridge will indorse my forgiveness, I am sure, and we will make you as happy as we can. We will forget all that was unpleasant and start anew. Do stay and teach my little girls, dear Mrs. Fletcher."

And Cleona sat down, overcome with passionate tears, while the doctor, with an indulgent smile, and a nod of the head to Minnie, left the two women alone under the strange circumstances into which the sarcasm of fate had led them.

A Jolly Wedding.

In Central America is a country called Towka, and without doubt the Towkans, whatever else they may be, are the jolliest people in the world at a wedding. They appear to be such an ignorant race as to be unable to keep a record of the age of their children, except in a manner somewhat similar to that adopted by Robinson Crusoe with his notched post for an almanac. The Towkans, however, do not notch their children. They hang round their necks at birth a string with one bead on, and at the expiration of a year they add another bead, and so on, the main object being seemingly that there may be no mistake when the young people arrive at a marriageable age. When a girl numbers fifteen beads she is marriageable, but the young man must possess a necklace of twenty before he is reckoned capable of taking on himself so serious a responsibility. But the wedding feast is the thing. The invited guests assemble on what answers to our village green, and set in their midst is a canoe, the property of the bridegroom, brimming with palm wine, sweetened with honey, and thickened with crushed plantains. The drinking cups are calabashes, which are set floating in the fragrant liquor, and seated round it, the company fall to—a mark of politeness being to drink out of as many calabashes that have been drunk out of by somebody else as possible. It should be mentioned, however, to the Towkan's credit that his bride is not present at this tremendous drinking bout, or rather, boat. She remains in her parents' hut, and when her intended has finished with the calabashes he takes his whistle of bamboo and his "tom-tom," which is a hollow log tied over at each end with bits of leather, and seating himself at the door of the dwelling of his parents-in-law in prospective, he commences to bang and rattle sweet music, until the heart of the tender creature within is softened and they lend him in.

Old Medals in Philadelphia.

Major Stiles, recently bought from a colored laborer, and placed in his museum, two rare silver medals, said to have dug up by laborers in making excavations, at Ninth and Christian street, Philadelphia. Each medal is about the size of a silver dollar, and almost as sharp and perfect as when first struck. One of them is the Col. Armstrong medal. Col. John Armstrong, with the troops under his command, destroyed the Indian village of Kittanning, and the city of Philadelphia awarded him a silver medal. He afterward rose to the rank of General. The device of the medal is as follows: On the obverse is represented as pointing to a soldier, with the firing under cover of him. In the background is shown the Indian wigwams in flames. The legend is "Kittanning destroyed by Col. Armstrong, September 8, 1766." The reverse shows the coat of arms of the corporation of Philadelphia, consisting of four devices, viz., on the right side a ship under full sail, on the left an evenly balanced pair of scales; above the ship a sheaf of wheat, and to the left two hands joined. The legend is "The gift of the corporation of the city of Philadelphia." The other medal commemorates peace with the Indians. On the obverse is a laureated bust of George III., King of England "Georgius III. Dei Gratia." The reverse shows a white man and an Indian seated on opposite sides of a fire and beneath a tree. The white man is in the act of presenting his pipe, with the calumnet of peace, to the Indian, who has been smoking. The legend is "Let us look to the most High, who blessed our fathers with peace, 1767." An association was formed for the purpose of procuring peace with the Indian tribes, and moving peace with the members of the religious Society of Friends. Silver medals were struck by the Indians. The medals described to the Indians. The medals described to the Indians. The medals described to the Indians.

Star Fish.

In attacking small mollusks, starfishes often envelop the victim completely with their arms till they get him snugly fixed in the mouth, when they relax their rays and proceed to suck out the fleshy substance at their leisure. This is all quite comprehensible, but not so easily understood is the mode by which they succeed in destroying large bivalve-like oysters, yet they do this to such an extent as to prove disastrous enemies of the oystermen. Clams and mussels also suffer liberally "at their hands." The fact was long recognized before the mode of attack was comprehended. Within the jurisdiction of the admiralty court of England there was, and may be still, an old law affixing a severe penalty upon those who "do not tread under their feet, or throw upon the shore, a fish called a five finger, resembling a spurrow, because that the fish gets into the oyster when they gape open and suck them out." It would have been well if our own oystermen would have observed this sensible law. Instead of this, many of them, and also fishermen, have been in the habit, when starfishes were brought up by nets, rakes or dredges, of tying them up in bundles, and drawing the cord tight enough to cut into the whole body, and, supposing that thus they have certainly made an end of their worthless lives, they throw them overboard into the water again, not realizing that each of the pieces into which they were divided would in time become a perfect starfish, thereby increasing their own and other poor fishermen's trouble—five times possibly. Where they had at first, say one thousand enemies for their oyster beds, they, through ignorance, have increased them to five thousand. The manner in which the starfish attacks the oyster is unique in its way. Instead of inserting a ray and thus drawing the oyster open, as was formerly believed, a closer observation has evolved the fact that the star has a trick of partially protruding or putting out its own stomach, and that it actually thrusts or inuates this between the edges of the bivalve shell, and by the power of suction destroys the oyster, consuming it utterly in spite of its strongly protected condition. The query has always been, why the oyster is not sufficiently sensitive to resist the first approach of its enemy, the star, as we know, very insensible to pain, so that a slight advantage gained at the outset by the assailant would go far toward accounting for the easy victory which it gains over the sluggish bivalve. If anyone has ever watched the careful way in which a star advances and softly crawls over his prospective dinner, the mystery would not appear insoluble, even though the victim was protected by an apparently invulnerable calcareous shell.

Origin of the Desert of Sahara.

A. M. Largetau in 1874 visited the valley of the Igharghar, with the intention of branching off to Rhadames to study the commerce of that oasis and test the practicability of diverting to Algeria the caravans that come there by the central route from Soudan. He questioned the *chambas* on the causes of the drying of the great Saharan streams, and found that all agreed in saying that these dead rivers once ran full through a country more fertile than the Tell (the region north of the Atlas Mountain's crest), but could only explain it by legends more interesting than satisfactory. Mr. Largetau gives the following explanation of the change: "It is known that pastoral people have always been great destroyers of forests, for they need large spaces of clear ground to feed the flocks that form their wealth and to promote security against the wild beasts that lurk in forests. Even now the Algerian Arabs are seen firing the woods to enlarge the narrow limits imposed upon them by colonization." So, although the great Saharan streams have not been explored to their courses, yet it is known that they commence on the bare plateaux that are but the skeletons of heights once wooded and fertile. All accounts of the inhabitants of these regions agree on that point. Consequent upon the destruction of the forests the periodical rains were replaced by rare and short though violent storms, the waters from which, instead of soaking in as in past ages, slip by on the rocky masses, carrying away the rich surface mold, and bring about the drying of the springs, and, as a direct consequence, of the rivers."

The "Washer" on the Train.

She was a beautiful girl, fair as the morning, handsomely arrayed, little glowing with the thought that you would even like to box your ears, who made room for her beside him. Her eyes beamed on him in beauty only equalled by his own, her voice was sweet as the song of the siren which she spoke to him. She had to speak to him, how could she help it?

"Sir," she said, and the music of her voice thrilled the car. "Sir, is this seat engaged?"

He looked up at the vision of glowing cheeks and laughing eyes, marble brow and clustering curls, and he relented, even the washer's heart warmed toward the lovely girl, the latest victim of his manly charms.

"Oh, certainly not," he said, and his bow was a study of grace for the steam man. "Oh certainly not; you are entirely welcome; I shall be only too happy."

"Then," cried the charmed victim, "Mother you can sit here beside this gentleman."

And an old woman, seventy-three if she was a day, with no teeth and only one eye, a small box, a big band-box in a bag, a green reticule and an umbrella, two paper bags and a piece of calumnet root, tottered into the proffered seat and set down, and piled her things into the young man's lap.

And the girl, the beautiful girl, went and sat down beside the passenger with the sandy goatee, who was so bashful that he couldn't and didn't say a word to his companion all the way to Newark, and blushed to his ears every time the fat passenger winked at him.

Chimborazo.

Chimborazo is in Ecuador, and ranks as sixth among the loftiest peaks of the Andes. Its elevation above the sea was ascertained by Humboldt to be 21,422 feet. It is surrounded by high table lands, above which it rises less than 12,000 feet. The form of the mountain is that of a truncated cone, and its appearance from the coast of the Pacific is peculiarly grand. Nearly two hundred miles distant it resembles an enormous semi-transparent dome, defined by the deep azure of the sky; dim, yet too decided in outline to be mistaken for a cloud. Its top is covered with perpetual snow. Its summit has probably never been reached before. In June, 1802, Humboldt and his companions made extraordinary exertions to reach its summit, and arrived within about 2,000 feet of that point, then believed to be the highest elevation ever attained by man. Here they planted their instruments upon a narrow ledge of porphyritic rock which projected from the vast field of unformed snow. A good, impassable chasm prevented their further advance; besides which they felt in the extreme all the usual inconveniences of such high situations. They were enveloped in thick fogs and in an atmosphere of the most piercing cold. They breathed with difficulty, and blood burst from their eyes and lips. In December, 1831, J. B. Boussingault ascended still higher, reaching an elevation of 19,695 feet.

An Eruption of Mud.

A downpour of mud occurred in Dominica, one of the leeward group of the West India islands on the 4th of January. A little after 11 o'clock A. M., soon after high mass in the Roman Catholic Cathedral and while divine service was still going on in the Anglican and Wesleyan Chapels, all the indications of an approaching thunder storm suddenly showed themselves—the atmosphere, which just previously had been cool and pleasant, slight showers falling since early morning, became at once nearly stifling hot, the rumbling of distant thunder was heard, and the light blue and fleecy white of the sky turned into a heavy and lowering black; soon the thunder peals came near and loud, the lightning flashes of a blue and red color, more frequent and vivid, and the rain, first with a few heavy drops, commenced to pour as if the floodgates of heaven were open. In a moment it darkened as if night had come, a strong nearly over-powering smell of sulphur announced itself, and people who happened to be out in the streets felt the rain drops falling on their heads, backs and shoulders like showers of hail stones. The cause of this was to be noted by looking at the spouts from which the water was rushing like so many cataraets of molten lead, while the gutters below ran swollen streams of thick gray mud, looking like nothing ever seen in them before. In the meantime the Rousseau river had worked itself into a state of mad fury, overflowing its banks, carrying down rocks and large trees and threatening destruction to the bridges over it, and the houses in its neighborhood. When the storm ceased—it lasted till twelve midday—the roofs and walls of the buildings in town, the street pavements, the doorsteps and back yards, were found covered with a deposit of volcanic debris, holding together like clay, dark gray in color, and in some places lying more than an inch thick, with small, shining metallic particles on the surface, which could easily be identified as iron pyrites. Scraping up some of the stuff it required only a slight examination to determine its main constituents—sandstone and magnesia, the pyrites being slightly mixed, and silver showing itself in even smaller quantity. This is, in fact, the composition of the volcanic mud thrown up by the soufrieres at Watton Waven and in the Boiling Lake country, and it is found in solution as well in the lake water. The Devil's Billiard Table, within half a mile of the Boiling Lake, is composed wholly of this substance, which there assumes the character of stone in formation. Inquiries instituted recently revealed the fact that, except on the southeast, the mud shower had not extended beyond the limits of the town. On the northwest, in the direction of Pond Colo and Morne Daniel, nothing but pure rain water had fallen, and neither Loubiere nor Pointe Michel had felt any signs of volcanic disturbance. The direction of the wind during the storm and some time after—east to west and south—showed clearly enough how the dust cloud had traveled, but, strange to say, Shawford, which lay in the wind current, and which, however, through the trees at Cunningham's which runs laterally, looked at one o'clock P. M., as if covered with hoarfrost. The ships riding at anchor before the town (southwest) were plentifully covered with the mud; a small sloop sailing in the Martinique channel, south of the island received some on its deck. At the village of Soufriere, however, from the Soot's Head end of which one commands a view of Martinique over the channel, and at the base of which are numerous sulfiteens and some sulphur hills, nothing unusual was noted, and which always overflows at the sign of volcanic action in the interior, not having risen an inch above its normal level. But what happened at Pointe Mulatre cannot be so aptly the locale of the eruption. Pointe Mulatre lies at the foot of the range of mountains, on the top of which the boiling lake frets and seethes. The only outlet of the lake is a cascade, which falls into the lake in the branches of the Pointe Mulatre river, the color and temperature of which, at one time and another, shows the existence or otherwise of volcanic activity in the lake country. We may observe, *en passant*, that the fall of water from the lake is similar in appearance to the falls on the sides of Roairama in the interior of British Guiana; there is no continuous stream, but the water overleaps its basin like a kettle boiling over, and comes down in detached cascades from the top. May there not be a boiling lake on the unap-

proachable summit of Roairama? The phenomena noted at Pointe Mulatre on Sunday were similar to what we witnessed in Roairama, but with every feature more strongly marked. The fall of mud was heavier covering all the fields; the atmospheric disturbance was greater, and the change in the appearance of the running water about the place more surprising. The Pointe Mulatre river suddenly began to run volcanic mud and water; then the mud predominated, and almost buried the stream under its weight, and the odor of sulphur in the air became positively oppressive. Soon the fish in the water—brochet, camou, meye, cooro, mullet, down to the eel, the cray fish, the loche, the fetar and the dormer—died and were thrown on the banks. The mud carried down by the river has formed a bank at the mouth which nearly dams up the stream and threatens to throw it back over the low lying lands of the Pointe Mulatre estate. The reports from the Laudat section of the Boiling Lake district are curious. The Batchelor and Admiral rivers, and the numerous mineral springs which arise from that part of the island are all running a thick white flood, like cream milk. The face of the entire country, from the Admiral river to the Solfatare plain, has undergone some portentous changes.

An Old Time Senate Scene.

Millard Fillmore occupies the conspicuous seat erected for the second officer of the government. His countenance is open and bland, his chest full. His eye is bright, blue, and intelligent; his hair thick and slightly gray. His personal appearance is striking; and no one can look at him without feeling conscious that he is a man far above the average. On his right, near the aisle leading to the front door, sits Cass, with his arms folded in his lap, as if to hold up his protruding and superincumbent abdomen, his sleepy-looking eyes occasionally glancing at the galleries, and then at the crowd passing in below. Benton sits in his well-known place, leaning back in his chair, and giving all who desire it a full view of his person. One vacant seat is seen not far off on the same side of the house. A vacant seat in such a crowd excites the attention of all. "Whose seat is that?" goes in whispers around. "It is Calhoun's—not well enough to be out yet." "Who is that sitting by Cass?" says one. "That is Buchanan—come all the way from home to hear Clay." "What thin-visaged man is that standing over yonder and constantly moving?" "What, that old skeleton of a man yonder?" "Yes," that is Ritchie of the Union. "Who is that walking down the aisle with that uncouth coat and all that hair about his chin? He can't be a Senator." "That is Sam Houston." "But where is Webster? I don't see him." "He is in the Supreme Court, where he has a case to argue to-day." See Corwin, and Baiger, and Berrien, and Dawson, all near Clay; all of them quiet while Clay pursues his writing. On the opposite side, Butler, and Foote, and Clemens, and Douglas. After the passage of the motion of Mr. Mangum to proceed to the consideration of the order of the day, Mr. Clay folds his papers and puts them in his desk, and after the business is announced, rises gracefully and majestically. Instantaneously there is a general applause, which Mr. Clay seems not to notice. The noise within is heard without, and the great crowd raised such a shout that Mr. Clay had to pause until the officers went out and cleared all the entrances, and then he began. He spoke on that day, two hours and fifteen minutes. The speech was reported in the *Globe* word for word as he uttered it. I never saw such a report before. His voice was good, his enunciation clear and distinct, his action firm, his strength far surpassing my expectation. He had the riveted gaze of the multitude the whole time. When he concluded, an immense throng of friends both men and women, came up to congratulate and to kiss him.

A Fire Woman.

A good many of the children in the street were carrying painted iron or stone buckets with a tea-kettle on the top. After proceeding some distance up the street, Will and Martin saw some of them coming out of a basement doorway, still with the buckets in their hands, but clouds of steam were issuing from the tea-kettle spout.

"What place is that?" asked Will.

"It is the fire-woman's," said Greta.

"And who and what may she be? I have heard of fire-women."

"She don't live in fire," said Greta; "she sells it. What do the poor people in your country do in summer without a fire-woman? Come and look in."

By this time they had reached the place. Over the door was the "Water en vuur te koop." It was not necessary for the children to go inside. They could see the whole apartment through the wide-open doorway. An old woman stood by a stove or great oven, with a pair of tongs, taking up pieces of burning peat and dropping them into the buckets of the children, and then filling their tea-kettles with boiling water from great copper tanks on the stove. For this each child paid her a Dutch cent, which is less than half of one of ours.

"I understand it," said Will, after they had stood at the door some time, amused at the scene. "This saves poor people the expense of a fire in the summertime. They send here for hot water to make their tea."

"Yes," said Greta, "and for the burning peat which cooks the potatoes and the sausage for their supper."

"Why don't they use coal?" asked Martin.

"It is ever so much better."

"No, the peat answers their purpose much better," said Will. "It burns slowly and gives out a good deal of heat for a long time."

"And it smells so delicious," added Greta.

Love sees as God sees, and with infinite pardon.