

For the Southern Home. THE 'PIOUS' MEMORY OF Charlotte Corday.

A delicate way, damsel Corday Had with her delicate fist; And a delicate deed she did, one day, With a turn of her delicate wrist.

OLD MORTALITY, dead and gone, The next that is reverent, may Retrace the wraith, retouch the stone To the Memory of CORDAY.

'Twas one Marat—a "cellar-rat" That your sewer presents your STATE;— Third of a King; whole of a thing, That Frenchmen call a "bate!"

A time of dread!—If you had a head, He furnished a hand to chop it, Till the world was gone, and Charlotte swore In her single soul, to stop it!

She writ a paper; she whet a knife; She found him in fit condition; She tendered the letter; she took his life, And answered her own petition!

They chopped her head! The "gamins" said She blushed through her death's complexion; But the world went red, in its shame; the dead Only blushed by reflection!

Just to think! from the time of Cain To the trouble of yesterday, Marats by the millions of billions! Again, THE MEMORY OF CORDAY! F. O. TICKNOR. Columbus, Ga.

Selected Story.

GOING DOWN HILL.

BY EPIE ENGLISH.

'That looks bad,' exclaimed Farmer White with an expressive shake of his head as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fence in one of his daily walks.

'Bad enough,' was the reply of his companion.

'Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill very fast. I can remember when everything around his place was trim and tidy.'

'He always appeared to be a steady, industrious man,' rejoined the second speaker. 'I have a pair of boots on my feet at this moment of his make, and they have done good service.'

'I have generally employed him for myself and family,' was the reply, 'and I must confess that he is a good workman; but nevertheless, I believe I shall step into Jack Smith's this morning, and order a pair of boots of which I stand in need. I always make it a rule never to patronize those who appear to be running behind hand. There is generally some risk in helping those who won't help themselves.'

'Very true; and as my wife desired me to look at a pair of shoes for her this morning, I will follow your example and call upon Smith. He is no great favorite of mine, however—an idle, quarrelsome fellow.'

'And yet he seems to be getting along in the world,' answered the former, 'and I am willing to give him a lift. But I have an errand at the butcher's. I will not detain you.'

At the butcher's they met the neighbor who was the subject of their previous conversation. He certainly presented a rather shabby appearance, and in his choice of meat there was the observation of Farmer White. After passing remarks, the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account book with a somewhat anxious air, saying as he charged the bit of meat.

'I believe it is time neighbor Thompson and I came to a settlement. Short accounts make long friends.'

'No time to lose, I should say,' replied the farmer.

'Indeed I have you heard of any trouble, neighbor White?'

'No, I have heard nothing; but a man has the use of his eyes, you know; and I never trust any man with money who is evidently going down hill.'

'Quite right; and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of the sickness the poor man has had in his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind a little, but still I must take care of number one.'

'Speaking of Thompson, are you?' observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest in the conversation. 'Going down hill, is he? I must look out for myself, then. He owes me quite a snug sum for leather. I did intend to give him another month's credit, but on the whole I guess the money will be safer in my pocket.'

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability that he was going down hill, and the best way was to give him a push.

In another part of the village similar scenes were passing.

'I declare,' exclaimed Mrs. Bennett, the dressmaker, to a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window, whence she had been gazing on the passers-by. 'If there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand. She wants me to do her work, but I think it would be a venture. Every one says they are running down hill, and it is chance if ever I get my pay.'

'She has always paid me promptly, was the reply.

'True; but that was in the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to run any risk.'

The entrance of Mrs. Thompson prevented any further conversation.

She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bennett to do any work for her; but as great pressure of business was pleaded as an excuse, there was nothing to be said, and she soon took her leave. Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busy the village dress-makers had suddenly become.

On the way home, the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, where two of her children attended.

'Ah, Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you,' was the salutation. 'I was about calling at your house. Would it be convenient to settle our account this afternoon?'

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'Our account!' was the surprised reply. 'Surely the term has not expired?' 'Only half of it, but my present rule is to collect my money at any time. It is a plan which many teachers have adopted of late.'

'I was not aware that there had been any change in your rules, and I have made arrangements to meet your bill at the usual time. I fear it will not be in my power to do so sooner.'

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment, and as she passed on in a different direction, he muttered to himself: 'Just as I expected; I shall never see a cent. Everybody says they are going down hill. I must get rid of the children some way. Perhaps I may get a pair of shoes or two in payment of the half quarter, if I manage it right, but it will never do to go on in this way.'

A little discomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a neighboring grocery to purchase some trifling articles of family stores.

'I have a little account against you; would it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle it this evening?' asked the polite shopkeeper, as he produced the desired article.

'Is it his usual time for settling?' was again the surprised inquiry.

'Well, not exactly; but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get all that is due me. In future I intend to keep short accounts. There is the little bill, if you would like to look at it. I will call around this evening. It is but a small affair.'

'Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now,' thought Mrs. Thompson, as she pursued her way towards home musingly. 'It seems strange all these payments must be met just now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expenses of the winter. I cannot understand it.'

Her perplexity was increased by finding her husband with two bills in his hand, and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

'Look, Mary,' he said, as she entered, 'here are two unexpected calls for money—one from the doctor, and the other from the dealer in leather, from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both very urgent for immediate payment, although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortune never comes singly, and if a man gets a little behind-hand, trouble seems to pour in upon him.'

'Just so,' replied the wife; 'the neighbors think we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push. Here are two more bills for you, one from the grocer and the other from the teacher.'

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad, who presented a neatly folded paper and disappeared.

'The butcher's account, as I live!' exclaimed the astonished shoemaker. 'What is to be done, Mary? So much money to be paid out, and very little coming in, for some of my best customers have left me, although my work has always given satisfaction. If I could only have as much employment as usual, and the usual credit allowed me, I could satisfy these claims, but to meet them is impossible, and the acknowledgment of my inability would send us still further on the downward path.'

'We must do our best and trust in Providence,' was the consoling remark of his wife, as a second knock at the door aroused the fear that another claimant was about to appear.

But the benevolent countenance of Uncle Joshua, a rare but very welcome visitor, presented itself. Seating himself in a very comfortable chair, which Mary hastened to hand him, he said in his eccentric, but friendly manner:

'Well, good folks, I understand the world does not go on as well with you as formerly. What is the trouble?'

'There need be no trouble,' was the reply, 'if men would not try to add to the afflictions which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. The winter was a trying one. We met with sickness and misfortune, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well if those around me were not determined to push us in the downward path.'

'But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world. Everybody, or at least a great majority, care only for number one. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill, their first thought is whether it will affect their own interest, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is to keep up appearances. Show no signs of going behind-hand and all will go well with you.'

'Very true, Uncle Joshua, but how is this to be done? Bills which I did not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months are pouring in upon me. My best customers are leaving me for a more fortunate rival. In short, I am on the brink of ruin, and nought but a miracle will save me.'

'A miracle which is very easily wrought then, I imagine, my good friend. What is the amount of your debts which now press so heavily upon you, and how soon in the coming course of events could you discharge them?'

'They do not exceed one hundred dollars,' replied the shoemaker; 'and with my usual run of work, I could make it all right in three or four months.'

'We will say six,' was the answer. 'I will advance you one hundred and fifty dollars for six months. Pay every cent you owe, and with the remainder of your money, make some slight addition or improvement in your shop or house, and put everything around the grounds in its

usual neat order. Try this plan for a few weeks, and we will see what effect it has upon our worthy neighbors. No, no, never mind thanking me. I am only trying a little experiment on human nature. I know you of old, and have no doubt my money is safe in your hands.'

Weeks passed by. The advice of Uncle Joshua had been strictly followed, and the change in the shoemaker's prospects was indeed wonderful. He was now spoken of as one of the most thriving men of the village, and many marvelous stories were told to account for the sudden alteration in his affairs.

It was generally agreed that a distant relative had bequeathed to him a legacy, which had entirely relieved him of his pecuniary difficulties. They had never before realized the beauty and durability of his work. The polite butcher selected the best pieces of meat for his inspection, as he entered, and was totally indifferent as to the time of the payment. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement, pronouncing them among his best scholars. The dressmaker suddenly found herself free from the great press for work, and in a friendly note expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson in any way in her power.

'Just as I expected,' exclaimed Joshua, rubbing his hands exultingly, as the grateful shoemaker called upon him at the expiration of six months with the money which had been loaned in the hour of need. 'Just as I had expected. A strange world! They are ready to push a man up hill if he seems to be ascending, and just as ready to push him down, if they find his face is turned that way. In the future, neighbor Thompson, let everything around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper. And with a satisfied air, Uncle Joshua placed his money in his pocket-book ready to meet some other claim upon his benevolence; while he, whom he had thus befriended, with a cheerful countenance returned to his happy home.'

Loyal Eccentricities.

Radical Murders in Alabama.

Joshua Morse, the Attorney General, murdered the editor of the Choctaw Herald, Vernon Vaughan and a man named Smith, a Radical Professor and cadet at the State University, murdered a citizen named Byrd, and attempted to murder the editor of the Tuscaloosa Monitor.

Boyd, late Radical solicitor of Greene, murdered Charner Brown, of Union, by stabbing him in the back. Brainard, Circuit Clerk of Montgomery county, attempted to murder the United States Collector, and actually murdered his brother-in-law. The Probate Judge of Elmore, Dennis, made a murderous attack upon a citizen of this county upon the public streets. Jas. Carpenter, of Greene, a Democrat, was murdered in cold blood, and the officers of that county took no notice of it. Samuel Snoddy, of the same county; was butchered by three black Radicals, and because the citizens executed the law upon the murderers, they have been persecuted by the Governor and his minions. A gallant young Democrat was murdered on the highway below Evergreen, by several Radicals who had attacked him on the streets, and had been repulsed. Major Ragland, of Morgan, a Democrat, was shot down dead, by his wife's side, through the window of his house, at night. No notice has been taken of the murder by the authorities. The two young Pillows, both Democrats, were barbarously murdered and mutilated by disguised bands of men. Six Democrats have been murdered at a swamp near Selma. The negro army from Stanton's railroad murdered an offensive old citizen, near Ashville, the other day. Representative Springfield and his gang attempted to murder the Sheriff of St. Clair county. Collins, a Radical State officer, murders a Radical ex-Congressman, in cold blood. He is rescued from justice by a disguised band of Radicals.

Here are twenty-one instances (which we recall while writing this article) of murders or murderous assaults by Radicals. These facts stand out in damning refutation of the charge made by the Governor, that in every instance the victims of violence in Alabama are Republicans. There has been no unusual number of murders or murderous assaults in this State; but, in the list of what have occurred, we solemnly believe that a large majority are cases in which the offenders have been Radicals and disguised bands of Radicals. The cry of "Ku-Klux" and "loyal victims," is the foulest slander ever concocted against a peaceful people. It is the cry of the wolf against the lambs. For lending countenance to this cry, Gov. Smith will justly deserve the execration of all honest men. He utters loud and hypocritical lamentations over the death of a vile murderer—a miserable wretch who stabbed his victim in the back, and who was afterwards rewarded for his professed loyalty by the wholesale gift of offices, in defiance of the wishes of the people. But the Governor has no proclamation to offer against a band of Radical whites and negroes, marching in army array against the authorities and county site of St. Clair county, and murdering inoffensive citizens upon the march! Montgomery Mail.

The countless instances of theft, reported from town and country, ought to be a warning to Conservatives that Radicalism is on the increase, in this locality, and that ceaseless vigilance is necessary to extinguish its spirit as demonstrated against meat houses, stables and hen-roosts. At the present rate of progress, stealing will soon be as common here, as in Congress.—Clarksville (Tenn.) Chronicle.

INIQUITOUS AND UNFAIR.—The most striking characteristic of Yankee enterprise in iniquitous work, may be seen in the construction of the present internal revenue law. This law, framed as it was, to wring money from the burdened people, to glut the cravings of a pack of hungry thieves and swindlers, is one which should put to blush, even the reckless legislators in the American Congress. We will cite the people to one feature of the law which may prove of practical utility to them in the future: All brands or stamps required by law to be used, must be entirely defaced or destroyed on casks or boxes that have been used or emptied. Those who fail to perform this injunction are liable to fine and imprisonment. To this may be added that any person who shall purchase such casks or packages without the stamps or brands being destroyed, is liable to a fine and imprisonment; and any person who shall haul or transport the same, is liable to a like penalty, coupled with the confiscation of the team and vehicle used in doing it.—The law provides that ignorance is no excuse for the commission of such an offence. This law is certainly very severe and unjust, but there are plenty of newspapers published in the country, and if any published old, or young foggy, who does not take and pay for one, gets snapped up he will not have many or sincere sympathizers.—Clarksville (Mo.) Sentinel.

PRESIDENT GRANT AT ELIZABETH, N. J.—President Grant attended the morning services of St. Paul's M. E. Church, at the corner of Jersey street and Jefferson avenue, Elizabeth, with the family of Mr. A. R. Corbin, yesterday. The little church was crowded with spectators, and 500 or 600 persons waited outside to get a glimpse of the distinguished party as they came out. With the President were Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Corbin and the President's daughters. The sermon, which was preached by Rev. L. R. Dunn, attracted less attention from the congregation than did the modest party in the front pew, and when they passed out of the church and entered their carriage the crowd cheered enthusiastically. The afternoon and evening were spent by the President at Mr. Corbin's house.—N. Y. Times.

Wherefore we, and all other good Nebraska patriots, will be glad to learn that the eminent brothers-in-law, who managed to run Wall street on the memorable Black Friday, are again restored to happy and fraternal relations. When will they open the next campaign?—Omaha Herald.

ANOTHER BROTHER-IN-LAW TURNED UP. Gen. Wm. Dent, who was appointed Appraiser at San Francisco, on Friday, is "another" brother-in-law of Grant. It really seems the race of Grant's brother-in-laws will never become extinct so long as a fat office rewards the connection. Omaha Herald.

SENSIBLE OLD MAN.—Old man Dent don't appear to have, as yet, become thoroughly reconstructed or imbued with the orthodox faith in vogue at the White House. When the message and proclamation were signed, and the fact was announced in the ante-room at the White House that the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted, the old gentleman blurted out, "Well, gentlemen, you'll all be d—d sorry for this," and left the room thoroughly disgusted.

The God and morality people, you observe, always claimed that their cause was heavily backed by divine providence. But now that the darkeys are out of the woods of slavery, do they render thanks to their backer? Not any. Fred Douglass made a speech the other day, in which he said: "I deal here in no hackneyed cant in thanking God for this great deliverance. I look upon this great revolution as having been brought on by man rather than by any intervention of providence." And Frederick, please remember, is a reliable mouthpiece of the Africans.—Burlington Argus.

THE WAY TO DO IT.—When a Democrat is elected to Congress from any of the Southern States by a large majority, and there happens to be a Radical scallawag who wants the place, all he has to do is to give notice of a contest, and the Committee on Elections in the House will strike from the returns a sufficient number of votes to give him his seat. A case of this character was disposed of a few days ago. Michael Ryan, Democrat, was elected to Congress from one of the Louisiana districts by a majority of seven thousand. One J. P. Newham, a rebel, turned Radical, wanted the position, and gave notice of contest. The entire vote cast in the district was 13,991, of which Ryan had 10,385, and Newham 3,406. The Committee on Elections threw out some seven thousand of votes cast for Ryan, and declared Newham elected by a majority of over a hundred votes. This is the way nearly all the Radical members of the Southern States hold their offices. Cleveland Plaindealer.

A California letter says: "I was quite certain that the 'Shoo Fly' mania would culminate in a tragedy. News has just been received from Trinity county that a wandering minstrel troupe, which recently penetrated to that benighted region, was warned to cease singing the ditty, and on their refusal, were granted a fair trial by the indignant miners. Their clothes didn't fit the jury, so they were permitted to depart unmolested, the committee donating the treasury receipts to one Jackson's widow, whose husband was lynched by mistake the day before."

The divorces in Ohio last year numbered one thousand and three—no divorce to each twenty-four marriages in the State.

HOLDEN'S SWAMP EDUCATIONAL PROJECT.—Holden aided his loyal associates to become the owners of 300,000 acres of North Carolina school land upon the payment of \$50,000. The Holden loyalists have sold 10,000 acres of these lands for as much money as they paid the State for the whole body of land within a month after they obtained ownership. This left to these loyalists the snug little number of 290,000 acres. But this was an inconvenient farm to run, so they have arranged to sell 20,000 acres more for \$100,000. This sale gives a cool profit of "a plum" to start business with. But Holden is teaching the Rip Van Winkles loyalty. North Carolina "Tar Heels" will be instructed that loyalty means stealing by statute—no other form allowed. Holden, no doubt, intends to apply the \$50,000 paid the State to instruct the youth of North Carolina in Holden's ethics. Of course this instruction will be imparted by loyal teachers.—Augusta Chronicle.

More troops should be sent to North Carolina at once; the rebellion has again raised its hydra head in the Tar State.—There is a deluded individual down there who is trying to break up the Government; yes, he has already been sapping the foundations of the republic and robbing freemen of their liberties. The name of this miscreant is Holmes, John L. and his insult to the Government which is protecting his traitorous life and the property accumulated by the sweat of slaves, consisted in calling a negro alderman, by the name of Anthony Howe, whom he had known in the benighted days of the slave oligarchy, as Anthony, simply Anthony, without any Mister or Howe.—This wicked, rebellious and contumacious conduct on the part of lawyer Holmes was so clearly an attempt to consign Anthony to slavery again and put upon him moreover a heinous and diabolical indignity, that Judge Cantwell (ex-secession cockade wearer), who represented the power of the Government and the majesty of the law on this interesting occasion, promptly crushed this high handed attempt at treason by fining the offending lawyer one hundred dollars for his want of reverence to one of the nation's wards in calling him "Anthony." The learned Judge having thus defined the position of the Government on this momentous question and read the sullen Holmes a lecture on the monstrous nature of his offense in daring to call a negro by his christian name, retired to the bosom of his family to partake of cold huckleberry pudding. Let no limb of the law hereafter dare to insult his country by taking the name in vain of one of its cherished black darlings.—Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.

TRIBUNE MORALITY.—The letters written to Mrs. McFarland by two of her female Tribune friends, and which have been elicited by the trial of Mr. McFarland for the murder of Richardson, are among the most unclean and infamous things that the hand of justice has ever unearthed from the hiding places of hypocrisy and depravity. Even the strong stomachs of some of the stoutest Radical saints have revolted at these epistles. A Philadelphia journal justly says that the authors are women who have drunk deeply from that stream of free love and spiritualism which flows from the Tribune fountain; and the loathsome and disgusting appeals to Mrs. McFarland to abandon her husband, kidnap her children, defy public opinion, and fling herself into the arms of her paramour, Richardson, are dressed up in the sentimental verbiage which is peculiar to the free-love fanatics and scoundrels. Mrs. Calhoun prates about her "dream life," her "spiritual intimacies," and the "New Jerusalem," while she pours into the ears of her willing victim such poisonous stuff about her husband and her duty to herself and children, that the bitter words used against the writer by Mr. Graham, one of McFarland's counsel, are wholly justified.

Both of these women are disciples of the Tribune, one of them being a prominent co-laborer of Richardson in that journal. What a revelation is this whole Richardson affair of the inner character of the chief organ of the great party of "moral ideas!" When we see the principal press—the Tribune—and the principal pulpit—Plymouth church—of the Radical party, joining hands over "what these two have been to each other," need we wonder that the ascendancy of such a party in the Government is ruining and cursing the moral sense of the American people?—Baltimore Statesman.

WHAT WHISKY DID FOR MEDINA.—Od Main street, on the west side, south end of C. E. Botwick's frame building, over H. Shuler's boot and shoe store, was a barber shop kept by a colored man named Tom Fitch. He was in Cleveland at the 15th Amendment celebration, and had left his two grown up sons with strict orders not to have loafers with them in the room. But they got up a little jollification, invited in two or three cotrades and had a loud time. Some of the party had gone home, but one or two were left in the shop, sleeping a drunken sleep. One, who was dozing, with his head on his arm and his arm on the table, chanced to knock off the kerosene lamp, which broke, scattered the oil on the floor, and in a moment the room was ablaze. This was about half-past one o'clock Friday morning, April 14th, and to get out and sound the alarm was the only course. Too late, however, and the fired benzine, in its double meaning, has to answer for the destruction of a town. Akron (Ohio) Beacon.

Cincinnati beer vendors not only rob but mangle drunken customers.—Boston Post.

Facetia.

A FISH STORY.—We met a boy on the streets yesterday, and without the ceremony of asking our name, he exclaimed: "You just orter been down to the river a while ago!" "Why?" we inquired.

"Because, a nigger was in there swimming and a big cat-fish came up behind him and swallowed both his feet and went swimming along on top of the water with him, and they came up behind another big fish, and the nigger swallowed his tail, and the two fish and the nigger went swimming about."

"Well, then what?" we asked.

"Why, after a while the nigger swallowed his fish, and the other fish swallowed the nigger, and that's the last I saw of either of them."

"Sonny," said we, with feelings of alarm for the boy, "you are in a fair way to become the editor of a Radical paper," and we left him.—Knoxville Press and Herald.

"BULLS."—These "bulls" are not all of Irish origin. It was the mayor of a Portuguese city who once enumerated, among the marks by which the body of a drowned man might be identified, "a marked impediment in his speech." General Taylor was made ridiculous for a time by the sentence which occurred near the beginning of his message sent to the Thirty-first Congress, December, 1849, as follows: "We are at peace with all the world, and seek to maintain our cherished relations of amity with the rest of mankind."—But Mr. Buchanan also matched it in a speech which he made South, in which he said: "I do believe, gentlemen, that mankind, as well as the people of the United States, are interested in the preservation of this Union." and John C. Calhoun commenting on the clause in the Declaration of Independence, to the effect that all men are created equal, remarked that, "Only two men were created, and one of them was a woman."

"PLEBISCITE."—Some inquiring wag sent the following note to the editor of the New Orleans Times: "NEW ORLEANS, April 26, 1870. "Dear N.—Enclosed find \$10. What the devil is a Plebiscite?" "Yours languidly, S. C.—y."

The importuned editor delivered himself thus: "Measuring our correspondent's anxiety by his liberality, both gratitude and compassion prompt an early reply. Having once passed through a similar condition of mental exhaustion in endeavoring to comprehend the 'Schleswig-Holstein question,' we can feel for your friend's dazed condition over the Plebiscite, and shall therefore proceed to answer it. "A plebiscite" is a thing only a few 'sellers' understand. You see, when, in the course of human events, the policy of a government, in its transcendental relations with the political economies of a State, becomes imbued with the spectral analysis of abnormal influences, infringing upon the perpetuity of institutions, at once detrimental and ngatory to the abstruse interests of theocracy; why, then, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires the promulgation of a popular analytic manifesto, in which \* In short, a 'plebiscite,' or, in other words, it is French for 'Shoo fly, don't bodder me. There!"

Three wild mud-larks were captured by a young divine and brought into a Sunday school, where they were severely questioned as follows: "What is your name?" "Dan," replied the untaught one who was first interrogated. "Oh, no; your name is Daniel. Say it now." "Daniel." "Yes; well, Daniel, take your seat. And what is your name?" "Sam" was interrogated of number two. "Sam," ejaculated the urchin. "Oh, dear, no; it is Samuel. Sit down, Samuel. And now let us hear what your name is, my bright fellow?" said he to the third. With a grin of self-satisfaction, and a shake of the head that would have done honor to Lord Burleigh, the boy boldly replied, "Jimuel, your honor."

A good story is told of John W. Crockett and Jim Gibson, both of them able lawyers and in full practice in the early days of Jackson's Purchase. They both resided at Fulton in Hickman county.—On one occasion they were employed on opposite sides in an ejectment case, before a magistrate. Crockett was reading the law to the court, and when he got through, Gibson asked him for his book, saying that the statute just read was new to him. Crockett refused to give it to him on the ground that it was his own private property and it Mr. Gibson wanted the benefit of law books there were some for sale. The court ruled that the book was private property and that Gibson had no right to see it, except with Crockett's consent. Gibson was puzzled, but, being a man of resources, he fell upon a plan which completely upset Crockett's calculations. He stepped back and found under a desk an old copy of Noah Webster's spelling book, and in addressing the court, he read from the speller: "Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, that all laws heretofore passed (here fitting Crockett's law) be and the same are hereby repealed."—Crockett sprang to his feet with, "Let me see that book." "No you don't," says Gibson, "this book, sir, is private property, and I am not in the habit of packing law books around for the benefit of others." It is needless to say Crockett lost his case, Gibson having the last say on him.

Being greatly incensed against Francis I. of France, Henry VIII. resolved to send an ambassador, who should use threatening and haughty language towards him. Bonner, Bishop of London, was chosen for that purpose; but, representing that if he spoke in that manner to so high-spirited a prince as Francis it might endanger his life, Henry replied—"Fear not: for if the king of France should take away your life, I will cut off the heads of all the French in my power." "True, sire," replied Bonner, with a smile; "but I question if any of their heads would fit my shoulders as well as that I have on."

Blacksmiths are, more or less, given to vice. Carpenters, for the most part, speak plainly, but they chisel when they get chance, and not unfrequently the one with their old saws.