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Support Your Mechanics.

We copy the following excellent article on this subject from the *Spirit of the Age*.

"Whenever," says that paper, "we pass through a village and hear the frequent sound of the carpenter's hammer, the clink of the blacksmith's anvil—that village, we say to ourselves, is flourishing." True. Dr. Franklin once held a debt against a brother mechanic, and being put off from time to time, he determined at length to push him; but passing his shop late at night, he heard the sounds of his debtor's hammer, and he changed his mind and gave him further indulgence. He saved his debt, with interest.

But our mechanics are not encouraged as they should be. We purchase many things at the North from our bitter enemies, which could be as well purchased here. And in addition to this, we put our mechanics on the credit system, which hinders them in their business and cramps their energies. Cash is the life of trade, and especially of the mechanic arts. We would as soon ask a man to trust us for a piece of beef or a basket of meal, as to ask a mechanic to trust us for a pair of shoes, or for making a coat, or for mending a wagon, or a carriage. *Pay as you go* is the philosopher's stone, which turns all you touch into money; and this is what the mechanic is entitled to expect at the hands of his customers. If you do not pay him the cash, he cannot lay in his stock to advantage, but is forced to purchase on credit, and thereby incur interest, higher prices, and the cost of exchange. You force him, too, to depend upon the Banks for aid, which working men ought, if at all possible, to avoid.—Neither, unless you pay him, can he pay his hands; and thus the honest mechanic, who works week in and week out for his employer, is compelled often to go without his wages—to purchase on a credit the necessaries of life, and is kept down and kept poor, living on credit half the time, and the other half from hand to mouth. This is no overdrawn picture. It is a true one. We have seen the reality time and again. Let no one who can pay, but who neglects or refuses to pay the mechanic or workingman the money he honestly earned, say that he is a friend to industry or that he wishes workingmen well. People are judged by what they *do* rather than by what they *say*. It is fashionable with some to put off the mechanic and pay him last, if at all; but those same people are always first at places of amusement or pleasure, spending their money—is it *there?*—or com placently as if no one was suffering for his wages, by them thoughtlessly or dishonestly withheld. But we will not detain our readers longer from the article from the *Age*, which is as follows:

SUPPORT YOUR MECHANICS.—There is no truth more undeniable than that it is the bounden duty of every community to support its mechanics. They are a worthy and indispensable class of men, and we find no town or village flourishing without their aid. Indeed, their presence or absence is always a true index of the condition of the place—whether it is advancing in wealth and importance or sinking into decay. Whenever we pass through a village and hear the frequent sound of the carpenter's hammer, the clink of the blacksmith's anvil—that village, we say to ourselves, is flourishing. It cannot be otherwise, for the producers are actively employed, and consumers the consumers. Whenever this is the case, the people are growing wealthy, and at the same time training the rising generation to habits of industry and morality. When, if a city or a village pursue the opposite of this course—neglects its mechanics and supports those of some foreign town—the one will soon be compelled to give up the place, and those who are compelled by force of circumstances to remain, will become idle and prodigate—they will cease to produce, and become consumers—in a few years they become beggars, and their children ignorant and vicious.

If there is any truth in the assertion that we ought, as a nation, to give the preference to domestic manufactures, the fact is equally true with regard to the community; both are sustained by the same arguments. If a merchant would have around him substantial customers, let him by every means in his power support the mechanics of his village, and as they become more wealthy, their custom will increase, especially in those articles on which he makes the greatest profits, for it is undeniable, that as men become more wealthy they also become more luxurious, and no merchant will deny that articles of luxury always afford the greatest profits. The habit of importing large quantities of cheap and made articles of competition with our village mechanics, is short-sighted and wrong, both as regards the mechanic and consumer; if the merchant would look further into the operation of things, he would find that he crossed the path of his own interest by doing so. Let the merchant bring the case to his own door, and he, perhaps, may better understand it. Suppose that every individual who possesses the means, and who sees in his family four or five hundred dollars worth of goods per an num, should instead of buying of him at retail, go to some city wholesale establishment and purchase his year's supply—would he not in bitterness condemn such an illiberal course, and would he not say to himself with truth, that he was warring against his own interest, by destroying the business of his own town and giving it to another; and that his little sum would resort upon him in double fold by decrease of his property and business? So, in the case above instanced, could the mechanic say the same to the merchant. We say, then, let all classes support each other, and by mutual exchanges keep that wealth at home, which, if necessarily expended abroad, tends to destroy the business of your neighbor, and which in turn destroys your own.

An Anecdote of Col. Benton.—"Sir," said Col. Benton, not many days before he died—"Sir, there are three disreputable resorts in which, be it remembered, I have never set foot, and I name them in the order of their infamy—the worst last. I allude to a house of ill-fame, a gambling hell, and a national convention. Yes sir, I am free of these."

From the Washington Union.

The Great Maryland Black-Cat Case.

"If you meet a black cat, clap him to the cat."

This tremendous case is now pending before a judicial tribunal of the State of Maryland, and presents many remarkable features of the ingenuity and speculative capacity of the defendant in the case. For the benefit of the legal profession and gentlemen generally who may wish to enter a new field of speculation, I will give a short history of the case as I heard it.

Some few years ago a gentleman of Maryland conceived the idea that an immense fortune could be realized by the rearing of black cats for the sake of their skins. The principal obstacle to the plan was the impossibility of keeping the animals together and preventing them from wandering off, as their activity, assisted by the penetrating qualities of their claws, would enable them to defy any enclosure; and at last, after much thinking, the idea suggested itself to his mind that water was the only barrier that the cats would not pass. Being in possession of an island that appeared to be just suited for the experiment, he found all obstacles to the success of his plan removed, and set about organizing the affair.

He employed an agent, and put out a circular, in which he stated that he would give so much a head for every black cat that could be got. This advertisement was circulated through all the counties bordering upon the Chesapeake bay, and the negroes got hold of it. In a very short time all the black cats through those counties were stolen by the negroes and sold to the agent, who had depots established at different convenient points. Old ladies missed their favorite cats, and mourned them as dead—but the negroes, incited by the price offered, spared none. In this way one hundred and fifty black cats were collected and transported to the island; and the agent took up his abode there like another Robinson Crusoe, as superintendent and guardian of the cats. These animals appeared to enjoy themselves vastly when first put on the island, and spent their time to either playing with each other, or hunting birds or ground mice; but at last their game failed them, and, having no other supply of food, they became hungry and desperate, and roamed about the island in large bands, yelling for food. They at last became dangerous, and the agent wrote to his employer a statement of these facts, accompanied by a request to know how he was to feed them. He wrote back for the agent to set a couple of negroes to work to catch and open oysters for the cats, which order was carried out. The cats, having the alternative of oysters or starvation before them, very naturally chose the former; but, not being accustomed to such unnatural food, a species of cholera broke out amongst them, and one half died.

This calamity drove the survivers mad, and they either committed suicide, or, in a fit of desperation, swam to the main land. At any rate, they disappeared, and were never heard of more.

The agent then wrote again to his employer to acquaint him with the result of this new treatment, which news was accompanied by a modest request for the payment of his wages—for this cat experiment occupied a space of upwards of a year. The latter was so indignant at the conduct of both the agent and the cats that he flatly refused, and the consequence of his refusal was a *suit* brought by the agent to recover his wages. This suit has been defended for some two years, and during its progress I have become acquainted with the facts.

As far as the theory of the speculation went, it was a magnificent idea. The skin of the black cat is worth in Boston 50 cents. The cats, I am told, cost the agent just that sum. It was supposed that they would increase exactly tenfold per annum. Then say, first year, number of cats, 150; second year, 1,500; third year, 15,000; from which there could be obtained 5,000 toms for sale, bringing $2,500, and leaving 10,000 stock cats remaining, which, at the above ratio of increase would give the fourth year the enormous sum of 100,000 cats upon the island, after which all the surplus, over and above the last number, were to be caught in box traps and the skins sold to the Boston furriers. This stock of 100,000 cats were to produce 1,000,000 per annum, and the revenue consequently to be derived from the island would be in the neighborhood of $500,000 per annum.

The principal drawback to the enterprise was the utter inability of the cats to organize or band together for the purpose of assisting each other, and thus facilitating their hunting operations; so, after deep reflection upon the subject, it was determined to import a couple of wild cats from South America, whose admixture with his cats would not only add strength to the body and value to the fur, but whose executive qualities might be brought to bear in organizing the original settlers into large hunting packs—and thus enable them to successfully pursue the squirrels and ground mice with which the island abounded—and, in fact, to teach those unfortunate animals, who, torn from the comfortable fireside, were, of course, ignorant of the necessities of savage life, the mysteries of the chase. He readily found a friend willing to procure him the new cats. I'm afraid this friend regarded the whole matter as a joke, but at any rate he was faithful to his promise, and as soon after his arrival in Rio Janeiro as possible he set some native hunting, who caught two young tiger cats of extraordinary ferocity, which he placed in a cage and shipped to Baltimore.

When he had almost forgotten the matter he was surprised by the receipt of a letter apprising him of the arrival of these wild beasts, and was requested "to come forward, pay charges, and take them away." He hurried into town and found those young tigers about the size of a medium setter dog, and a bill of charges of several hundred per cent. more than he anticipated. He paid it, and ordered two negroes to convey the beasts in a cart out to his country home, for he wished to exhibit them before he sent them down to take command of the island cats.

On the road out to this place the cats glared and spit at the negroes in such a fiendish manner that, to get rid of them, they turned the cage over on the bar side, whereby one of the cats was smothered.

The survivor being deprived of his mate, became more ferocious than ever, and it been a question whether it would be safe for the cats upon the island to turn it loose among them. The owner was very much worried until his negro man suggested that they should try the experiment by putting a tame cat into the cage.

The idea was the very thing. A cat was procured and introduced into the cage. In about two minutes it was torn into shreds and utterly devoured. Of course it would have been madness to turn the beast loose on the island—so the idea was abandoned, and it has been kept ever since as a small menagerie attached to the gentleman's house, with the exception of a periodical visit to the Agricultural Fair in Baltimore, when it is placed among the poultry, and causes the hearts of the chickens to die within them. This is a short history of the great black-cat scheme and the suit arising from it. Whether there is legal ability in the State sufficient to settle the latter is more than I am able to say.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., May 3, 1858.

An Early Voyager to North Carolina.

From Hawks's History of North Carolina, vol I.

Sir Richard Greenville (or, as it is sometimes written Grenville, or Granville,) was the cousin of Sir Walter Raleigh. "This officer," says Tytler, "whose life was as enterprising as his death was heroic, had, in his early years, served against the Turks; and after sharing in the glory of the battle of Lepanto, returned to England with the reputation of an experienced soldier, which he increased by his conduct during the Irish rebellion. The queen promoted him to be sheriff of Cork; and on his coming to England, he was chosen to represent the county of Cornwall in parliament, in which he exhibited uncommon talents and energy." The "heroic death" here alluded to, presents one of the most extraordinary records of naval warfare to be found in history. Indeed, were not the story well attested, one might be pardoned for some incredulity of circumstances so remarkable. Of its authenticity, however, no room is left for reasonable doubt, and Sir Walter himself was among those who, because it was so remarkable, employed his pen in preserving the facts it embodied.

In the times of Greenville, the hostility between England and Spain was of the most embittered character. England had commenced her naval career, and Spain was her only dangerous rival on the seas. About the year 1591, Admiral Lord Thomas Howard sailed to intercept the Plate fleet of Spain, at the Azores.—His squadron consisted of six of the queen's ships, six victuallers of London (supply ships,) and two or three pinnaces. Sir Richard Greenville was Vice-Admiral, and commanded the "Revenge." The squadron reached Flores (one of the Azores), and there awaited the arrival of the Spanish treasure ships. The king of Spain having intelligence of this despatched a fleet of *fifty-three* sail to the Azores, to protect his vessels from America and convoy them home. The Spanish squadron was in sight before the English knew it was on the seas. It took them by surprise: a part of many of the crews of the English ships were on shore procuring water and other necessaries when the Spaniards hove in sight; and of those on board more than half were on the sick list, and unfit for service.—The English had scarcely time to weigh anchor, and Greenville was the last to do so, because he was unwilling to leave his crew on shore, of whom ninety were at the time lying sick upon the island; and after all were upon board, he could muster but one hundred men fit for service. The Spaniards were on his weather-bow in large numbers, and his only chance was to trust to the sailing of his ship.—But he indignantly rejected the thought of such a resort, and protested that he would rather die than run from an enemy. He then addressed his men, and told them that he would fight his way through the Spanish ships, which now formed two squadrons. He accordingly bore down on the nearest, and forced them to "spring their luff" and fall under his lee; but while thus occupied, the San Philip (a very large ship) had succeeded in getting the wind of him, and so became him that his ship could neither make way nor answer her helm. The San Philip was a ship of three tiers of guns. While the Revenge was thus entangled, four others of the enemy came up, two on the larboard, and two on the starboard side. This was the state of things about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the fight began. The San Philip was soon crippled and obliged to withdraw, and some said she foundered. The fight was continued with great fury, and as often as the Spaniards attempted to board, they were beaten back into their own ships or knocked into the sea. At last night came, but the fight still continued until a late hour, when there was a pause. Some of the Spanish ships were sunk, in others immense numbers were slain, and the brave hamiful on board the Revenge was sadly diminished. Greenville himself had been slightly wounded in the commencement of the fight, but never left the deck for eight hours; at the expiration of that time a musket ball entered his body, and while the surgeon was dressing the wound, another shot struck him in the head, and the surgeon was killed by his side. Still he fought on, and as fast as one Spanish vessel was disabled and hauled off, another took her place; so that when morning dawned, the Revenge had actually been engaged, at close quarters, for fifteen consecutive hours with fifteen different ships of the enemy, and repulsed them all.

When daylight came, all that remained of her was a naked hull, riddled with shot, for she had received eight hundred discharges of artillery, and some of her wounds were under water. She had six feet of water in her hold; her deck was covered with the limbs and carcasses of forty of her brave crew; not a living man on board was without a wound, and some, unable to move, were stretched upon the bloody deck; every spar was gone, every strand of her tackle cut, her upper works razed to the water's edge, and the whole mass lying on the waters like a log, and incapable of any motion but that communicated by the swell of the sea. Greenville now commanded that she should be sunk with all on board, that the Spaniards might not carry home a splinter even as a trophy. He had such satisfaction as he could derive from knowing that he had completely destroyed four of the largest ships of the enemy; and he told his crew that for a few short hours or days more of life, it was not worth while to lessen the honor of their country. Many of them joined in this opinion; but a majority thought that there were some brave men on board who might yet live to serve their country, and that the Spaniard could take no honor, for that the Revenge could never be removed from the place where she was, being literally cut to pieces.

The Spanish Admiral, Don Alphonso Bacan was glad to take their surrender, and consented that all their lives should be saved and that they should be sent to England. The survivors were then removed by the Spanish boats, Greenville and the master gunner, to the very last, desiring to destroy the vessel.

When Greenville was carried on board of the Spanish Admiral, he was treated with the greatest respect, as was due to his indomitable courage, and every effort was made for his recovery; but the heroic old sailor would not probably have enjoyed life if saved by a Spaniard; he told them they might do with his body what they pleased, for it was now of no use to him; and as he neared his end (two or three days after he was taken on board the Admiral) he uttered in Spanish these his last words:—"here die I, Richard Greenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, having ended my life like a true soldier, that has fought for his country, queen, religion and honor." Such was the man who led the second colony of Raleigh to North Carolina.

THE LOTTERY SYSTEM—MESSRS. SWAN & CO.

The publication by us of two communications of "*Justice*," in reference to Lotteries, renders it proper that we should express our opinion of the system, which we do the more cheerfully, as we deem it a subject of importance to the community. We are opposed to the whole system, because we regard it a cunningly devised system of gambling, and therefore very pernicious, especially to that class who cannot restrain within proper bounds their desire for adventure. If the Legislature of Georgia had conferred upon forty professional gamblers, the privilege of opening as many different gambling saloons on Broad street, Augusta, in all of which the guests should be allowed to play with open doors at all hours, at all the games of chance known in the catalogue, we should not regard it more prejudicial to the people of the whole State than the granting of a single Lottery charter; because the gambling saloon could only affect those who entered them, and they would be comparatively few and generally depraved; for their games could not be played through post-office and mails, while the Lottery system, by the aid of the mails, extends its baneful influence to the remotest corners of the State—into every village and neighborhood—and to all the ramifications of society. This is our opinion of the Lottery system, after a mature and thorough investigation of it, with secular demonstration of its prejudicial influence and consequences.

While, therefore, we are opposed to the whole system and think it a disgrace to the State that a charter was ever granted, we deem it but an act of justice to Messrs. SWAN & Co., Managers of this city, to express the opinion, that their Lotteries are conducted fairly and honestly, in every respect—and their prizes promptly and cheerfully paid. Indeed, we regard the business when conducted perfectly fair, if the ticket sell, as affording such immense profits, as not to offer sufficient inducements to the perpetration of frauds. In the Havana system, when conducted fairly and honestly, the chances against the holder of a ticket drawing a prize of *any value*, are about *five thousand to one!* And in the Combination schemes we regard the danger of his being struck by lightning, greater than his chance to draw the capital prize.

Chronicle & Sentinal.

Susceptibility of the American People.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Exchange writes: "One thing I may mention. Since the breaking up of the 'bogus lottery concerns' in Norwich, Connecticut, there have been returned to the dead letter office in this city a very large number of letters, directed to those firms. The sums contained in these letters amount, in the aggregate, to some $25,000 or $30,000. It is truly amazing to know how susceptible of imposition the American people are. There have been likewise returned to the dead letter office a great quantity of letters addressed to a fictitious firm in New York, which advertised a medicine designed to prevent conception. The firm was broken up by the police, and the letters have been sent here.

Free Negroes in Kansas Taking Their Position—We learn from the Kansas Western Journal of Commerce, that on Tuesday, the 13th inst., a meeting of the free blacks of Leavenworth City, was held to express their approbation of the action of the late Constitutional Convention, in granting to them the "right of suffrage and the freedom of schools, on a perfect footing of equality with the white man." Resolutions were adopted congratulating their colored friends throughout the country, and inviting them to emigrate at once to the free soil of Kansas, as a place where the black man has his proper position. The resolutions approving of the doings of the Convention were objected to on one ground only, and that was, allowing foreigners to vote simply on taking out their first papers. One of the orators is thus reported:

"Mr. President, I is opposed to dem' are resolutions—kase I is a natib American myself, I is; and dat Constitution gives to de foreigners de same rights as de natib born, dat nuh, I nebber will swallow. I is willin' for de rest to vote ome as de ballance—but de foreigners nebber, sah, nebber! I say again, sah, I is a natib American, I is! I's in favor of Critteden's bill, sah."

The remarks of the native sable orator were received with uproarious applaus, but the reasoning of the speaker was swallowed up by that other great consideration, that the Convention had put negroes on an equality, as to the right of suffrage and freedom of the common schools, with the white people; so the resolutions were adopted with great enthusiasm. It would seem, from the proceedings of that meeting, that the free negroes of Kansas intend to avail themselves of the acts and doctrines of the black republicans in their favor.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

WHERE MOSQUITOES COME FROM.

Many people are puzzled to know how these pests of summer originate, and they may be gratified by a chapter on natural history, furnished by living entomologists:

The mosquitoes proceed from the animalcule, commonly termed the "wiggle-tail." I took a bowl of clean water and set it in the sun. In a few days some half dozen "wiggle-tails" were visible. These continued to increase in size, till they were three-sixteenths of an inch in length. As they approached their maturity, they remained longer at the surface, seeming to live in the two mediums of air and water; finally they assume a chrysalis form, and by an increased specific gravity sank to the bottom of the bowl. Here, in a few hours, I perceived a short, black furze or hair growing out on every side of each, till it assumed the form of a minute caterpillar. And thus its specific gravity being counteracted, or lightened, it readily floated to the surface, and the slightest breath of air wafted it against the side of the bowl. In a very brief space of time afterwards, the warm atmosphere hatched out the fly, and it escaped, leaving its tiny home upon the water. How beautiful, yet how simple.

After the water had gone through this process, I found it perfectly free from animalcule. I therefore came to the conclusion that this "wiggle tail" is a species of the shark, who having devoured whole tribes of animalcule, takes himself wings, and escapes into a different medium, to torture mankind and deposit eggs upon the water to produce other "wiggle tails," who in turn produce other mosquitoes.

Any man who has "kept house" with a cistern in the yard, has doubtless observed the same effect every summer. Open your cistern cover every morning in the mosquito season, and millions of them will fly up in your face. Close the windows of your room at night, at the risk of being smothered for want of air, being careful at the same time previously to exclude every mosquito, and go to bed with a pitcher of that same cistern water in the room, and enough will breed from it during the night to give you any satisfactory amount of trouble. In fact, standing by a shallow, half stagnant pool, in a mid summer's day, you may see the "wiggle-tails" become perfectly developed mosquitoes, and they will rise from the surface of the water, and fly into your face and sting you. What it is necessary to know at this day is—has there yet been discovered any positive exterminator of that great pest, and disturber of night's slumbers, the mosquito?

There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual exertions, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty or encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home!

The Jack Daw.

Just before the death of Webster, as everybody will recollect, and after his recovery was despaired of, one of his physicians approached his bedside, and asked how he found himself. "I feel like the Jackdaw in the church steeple," was the strange reply. The physician withdrew easily from the bedside to another part of the room, where some members of the family were standing together, and shaking his head confessed his apprehensions that the brain of the dying statesman was affected; that the stately oak was perishing at the top. He could see no method in the answer which his question had received. One of the ladies present, who knew Mr. Webster better, did not believe that his mind was wandering, and quietly stepping to the bedside asked him what he meant by saying he felt like the Jackdaw in the church steeple. "Why, Cowper; don't you remember?" was the reply. She did remember Cowper's delightful translation of one of Vincent Bourne's little poems, entitled the Jackdaw, which we give below.

There is a bird who, by his coat
And by the insolence of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church-ole,
Where, hopping like he finds a perch,
And chattering too.

Above the steeple finds a place,
Then turns and views its neighbors
From which point shows the weather.
Look up. Your brains begin to reason,
'Tis on the cross—that gilt one here,
He chooses it for, rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight;
And there unseemly sits
The humble and the mute shows,
That occupy mankind below—
Beneath and at his eyes.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
Of future bishops, honors and mitres
If the pinnacle chances to fall?
No, not a single thought like that,
Employs his philosopher pate,
He mounts it on all.

He sees that this great round ball,
The world, with all its motley train,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—caw!

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And sick of tasting every form,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign,
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

The Late Frost.—We have now received accounts pretty well from all the cotton-growing States, and can approximate an estimate of the damage done to the growing crops. The frosts seem to have extended as far south as Florida, and the lower portions of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. In the middle and northern parts of the four last mentioned States, it was quite heavy, in all of them cutting down the corn crops for the most part to the ground, and making it necessary to replant. It is, however, a rapid growth, and with the present genial condition of the soil to aid it, there is abundant time for a bountiful harvest. It is a remarkable fact, that cotton, universally regarded as by far the tenderer plant of the two, should have, comparatively, suffered but little; yet such is the fact.

We have gone to some pains to examine carefully into the matter and obtain correct information from every quarter in cotton growing States; and, upon summing up the whole, we are of opinion that, in view of the present highly favorable condition of the season, the injury done to cotton will be but slightly, if at all appreciable in the aggregate amount of the coming crop. From nearly every quarter we are receiving daily the most flattering accounts of the forwardness and healthy condition of the crops of all sorts, cheering the hearts of the planters and farmers with the promise of an abundant yield.

Of course we have not made allowance in our estimate for the probable loss by the present unexampled and disastrous overflow of the Mississippi; the accounts received are too indefinite to enable us to determine the extent of the injury. The reports that have reached us are most gloomy. The rise in the river, at the present time, is less than six inches below the great freshet of 1850, which reached the map 300,000 bales.—*Savannah Republican.*

Aunt Lizzie's Courtship.

Why, you see, when my man came a courtin' me, I hadn't the least thought of what he was after—not I. Jobie came to our house one night, after dark, and rapped at the door; I opened it, and sure enough there was Jobie.

"Come in," says I; "take a cheer."

"No, no, Lizzie," says he, "I have cum on an arrant, and I always do my arrants fust.

"But you had better come in an' take a cheer, Mr. W——."

"No, I can't. The fact is, Lizzie, I've cum on this 'ere courtin business. My wife's been dead these three weeks, and everything's been goin' to rack and ruin right along. Now, Lizzie, if you're a mind to have me, and take keer of my house, and my children, and my things, tell me, and I'll cum in an' take a cheer; if not, I'll get some one else to."

Why, I was skeered, and said, "If you come on this courtin' business, come in; I must think on it a leetle."

"No, I can't till I know. That's my arrant, and I can't set down till my arrant is done."

"I should like to think on it a day or two."

"Now, you needn't, Lizzie."

"Well, Jobie, if I must, I must—so here's to ye, then."

So Mr. W—— came in. Then he went after the squire, an' he married us right off, an' I went home with Jobie that very night. I tell you what it is—these long courtins don't amount to nothing at all. Just as well do it in a hurry.

"Most Lizzie at Six."

That was all the dispatch contained. Four little words; yet what excitement they caused in the household at Maple Cottage; the quiet sober household, whose members at the moment of its reception were on the point of retiring to rest for the night.

"Most Lizzie at six!" Was our darling, indeed, so near us? Two years and three months had passed since our eyes had been gladdened by her girlish beauty, since her voice had mingled with the bird music that floated all the long Summer days among the maples. Two years and three months she had been buried among books, in a far away city, boxing her sunny curls over algebra and geometry, grammar and philosophy, astronomy and botany, French and Latin; patiently at first, because her parents desired it; afterward cheerfully, to please the teachers she had learned to love, and at last zealously, from pure thirst for the treasure those studies unlocked to her. But it was over now; those toilsome years, and she was on her way once more—our Lizzie—our pet and pride—we should "meet her at six."

She had left B. in the morning; had journeyed without stopping all day; this we guessed at once; and at eight in the morning, finding a hasty opportunity, she had telegraphed to us the words above. At six, the Eastern train arrived at our station; Lizzie was to ride all night, for the sake of reaching home then early. It was like her; impulsive, warm-hearted child that she was!

How little we slept that night! What night sounds aroused us; how early we were all astir—even the baby, and the white-haired grandfather. "Most Lizzie, eh!" he said; "aye, indeed, will we!" And the old man's voice caught a youthful tone, and his crutches an elastic movement, as he bobbled about the house, giving orders, as if all the responsibility rested upon him, to be sure.

There was Hannah, too, bewildering the mother about breakfast. "Did Lizzie like coffee or cocoa best?" And would she make buiscuit or waffles? And the mother smiling all the time, nodded her head to everything, and went hurrying about, with the grindiron in one hand and the egg-beater in the other, coaxing Fanny to curl the baby's hair, and looking at the clock every five minutes. But Fanny, with mysterious spoonfulls of something, flitting up stairs and down, leaving a book here, a flower there, a daguerreotype on the table, or a rosy cheeked Fall apple in the window—something for Lizzie to see and smile at. Only the father seemed undisturbed. We noticed, to be sure, the dimples in his cheeks, which Lizzie always said she made with her fingers when she was a babe, looked deeper when he smiled, and that his voice was a trifle less steady when he told Thomas to bring the horses, but he did not like to be considered a demonstrative man, so we looked significantly at each other, and said nothing. Still waters are sometimes very deep.

At last the carriage came round, and we got in; two of us beside the other, who was to drive. There was room for more, but it was quite out of her line, the mother said, to go on a dashing drive before breakfast; so we left her on the piazza with a pickle-dish in her hand, and wiping her eyes with her apron.

It was a half mile to the depot, and the sun not quite risen when we started. How balmy the air was, that soft September morning. We thought, egotists that we were, in our happiness, that nature sympathised with us. It seemed as if there had never been so fair a sun rising before, and as if half the glory of the morning would have been wasted had Lizzie not been coming home.

The cars had not arrived when we stopped at the station, but we heard the whistle of the locomotive, not very distant; and those few sweet waiting moments—what a world of blessed anticipation they held. The sun was rising—ah! Lizzie! Lizzie!

At last the train came up—stopped. We looked at the windows; only a row of sad faces! Lizzie must have sat on the other side. A few passengers came out solemn-faced and silent. We pressed forward—so did those who were going out of the train. The conductor appeared and waved everybody back, then motioned to somebody in the car. Two men came out and slowly descended the steps, bearing a lifeless body—a woman; her features covered by a veil. They bore it into the saloon, and laid it reverently upon the sofa. Still the conductor waved the crowd back—except our party! He knew us, and turned away his face as we approached.

Then we knew how it was; all except the father; he could not believe! Firmly he raised the veil from the dead face. Oh, God! All merciful. Is it thus we meet thee, Lizzie, darling, our best beloved, idol of our hearts!

In a brief time we learned the story. Learned how the Angel of the Lord had met "Lizzie before us, in the still twilight of that Autumn morning, and after one pang, terrible we knew, but brief, had wafted her gentle spirit to those who waited for her in the home of angels!"

At the very last stopping place Lizzie had left the car to procure some food for a little child that had fretted all night in the arms of a wearied mother. The train stopped but a moment; it was dusk, and none of the officials had seen her leave it. She returned hastily, to find it moving; made a mis-step, fell forward—and the rest is a common tale, such as newspapers chronicle every week. The beautiful head with its sunny curls,—was what we saw at the station house!

A Fight With Grasshoppers.—The Gonzales (Texas) *Inquirer* has an amusing account of the invasion of that city by grasshoppers, and the attempt of the citizens to repel the invaders:

"Everybody turned out—men, women and children, white and black—everbody with 'fire and sword,' brushes and brooms, blankets and buckets, carried on the deadly conflict, but to no avail; the hoppers hopped on, and the defending forces were obliged to beat an inglorious retreat, leaving the barbarians in possession of the conquered city."

Cigarette.—A female who builds her fame on her advances. She may be compared to tinder, which lays itself out to catch sparks but does not always succeed in lighting up a match.