

eslie's
ICATIONS

ated Newspaper
at Leeds, England and
in the United States
and Canada. It is
the only paper of its
kind in the world.
It is published every
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Sundays and
holidays. Its price
is 10 cents a copy.
It is sent free to
all subscribers.
It is the best
paper in the world.
It is the only
paper that is
worth reading.
It is the only
paper that is
worth buying.

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is the only corner
in the world where
the sun never sets.
It is the only corner
where the sun is
always shining.
It is the only corner
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always shining.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

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NO. 2.

It Might Have Been.

It might have been! When life is young
And hopes are bright, and hearts are strong
To battle with the heartless throner,
When youth and age are far between,
Who hears the words so sadly sung?

It might have been! When life is fair,
Youth stands beside the boundless sea,
That ebbs and flows unceasingly,
And dreams of name and golden fame;
And who shall limit the to be
That's dawning there.

It might have been! When life is bright,
And love is in its golden prime,
Youth looks not of the coming night,
Nor dreams that there may be a time
When love will fail, or change, or die
Eternally!

It might have been! When time grows gray,
And springlike hopes have passed away,
Old age looks back on by-gone years—
Their many wants and doubts and fears—
And through the mist a way is seen,
The might-have-been!

It might have been! When age so sad,
Weary of waiting for the time
That, after all, is but a name,
When life has lost the charm it had,
True knowledge makes regret more keen—
It might have been!

It might have been! When youth is dead,
And love that was so false is fled,
When all the mockery of the past
Have lost their tinsel rags at last,
The one true love is clearly seen,
That might have been!

It might have been! Ah, me! Ah, me!
And who shall tell the mighty
Of knowing all that life has lost?
By thinking of the boundless coast
Poor comfort can the heart best please!
It might have been!

It might have been! Nay, rather rest
Believing what has been is best!
The life whose sun is not yet set
Can find no room for vain regret,
And only folly grows as queen
Its might-have-been.

—Cassell's Magazine.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Listen, Maud! Listen!"
Ernest Brinsley stood with one hand
upon the shoulder of his beautiful
sister, while the other was raised in an
attitude of expectation.

Floating on the still night air—their
chances softened by the distance—far
from the old church steeple was more than
a mile away—came the sweet jangling of
the bells that were ringing out a fare-
well to the old year that "lay a dying."

It was on a broad veranda, overlooking
a spacious garden, that Maud Brinsley
and her brother stood that New
Year's eve. The air was frosty, but not
a breath of wind stirred the leaves of
the laurel trees below, while high up in
the sky an almost full moon poured
forth a flood of silvery lustre.

"Listen!" said Ernest again, in his
deep, grave voice. "In a few moments
now, the past year, with all its joys and
sorrows, will be ended. Will you,
Maud, allow another year to find you
still harsh, unforgiving, and implacable?"

"Do not name him!" cried his sister,
vehemently, though her voice lacked a
little. "Ernest, you plead in vain. I
can never forgive him!"

"Think once again. Remember he is
my friend. Yes, although he has given
good cause for your resentment, I call
him still my friend. How much he de-
pends that one rash act, and all the
consequences that have flowed from it, I
know full well! And, Maud, he loves
you—loves you still!"

Maud did not attempt to speak when
her brother paused, but she made an
impetuous gesture.

"I repeat it, Maud, he loves you still,
and unfeignedly as you may be, he has
always loved you. See him once more—
let him with his own lips plead for
your forgiveness. It will be hard, I
know, for you to overlook the past—
Maud, let your resentment die with it.
Let us in good truth welcome the advent
of a happy New Year."

"No, no," she said, slowly. "It is im-
possible! We are parted, and so we
must remain."

She shivered as she spoke.

"Maud, dear one, you are cold. Let
me fetch you another wrap."

"I will not be a moment," she said,
quitting his side hastily. "I can fetch
a cloak, and be back again almost di-
rectly."

As she spoke she flitted through the
half-glass door opening upon the ver-
anda, and was lost to sight. It was
not the cold, however, that made her
shiver, but the recollections of the past
that thronged upon her; and she hur-
ried off to fetch the cloak herself, in-
order that she might have an opportunity
to recover her equanimity, and steel her
heart to listen unmoved to her brother's
further pleadings.

No sooner had the door closed than
Ernest took a sudden step forward, and
leaped over the iron railing of the bal-
cony.

"Bernard!" he cried, in a suppressed
voice; "Bernard!"
At the summons a dusky figure stepped
out of the shadow of a clump of laurels
where he had been standing unobserved,
and passed in the garden-walk below.

"You have heard all?" said Ernest,
interrogatively.
"All!"

He spoke in deep dejection.
"If you could plead your own cause,"
said Ernest, "you might have a chance;
and see, fortune favors you strangely.
Come gently up the steps, and stand
here in my place—here, near this pillar.

In the shadow she will not for a mo-
ment notice the exchange, then will be
your opportunity; make the best you
can of it. Quick—quick! she comes!"

A wild hope sprang up suddenly in
the lover's breast, and influenced by it
he hurriedly ascended the stone steps.
Hardly had he taken up the requisite
position and Ernest disappeared, ere the
door opened and Maud came forth.

Brief as had been her absence, yet
Maud told herself it had been sufficient
for her to conquer the weakness which
had assailed her. She was calm now—
she was sure she was quite calm—
though the palms of her hands were
burning and her eyes ached.

But she would hear no more upon the
subject—about that she was deter-
mined.

As she opened the door she looked
across the veranda where she had left
her brother standing, and there of course
she thought she saw him still.

In her hands she carried a large white
scarf, and hastening forward she threw
it round the neck of the silent figure,
while in a tone of gaiety, which only
served to display instead of conceal her
emotion, she exclaimed:

"Here, Ernest, is a wrap for you! If
you will be so absurd as to stand out
here listening to the old church bells,
you must protect yourself from the cold
as well as myself, and—"

A cry—almost a scream—burst from
her lips. She had discovered her mis-
take. She tried to fly, but she found
her hands grasped so tightly that any
effort at extrication would be futile.

"Help! help!" she cried. "Release
me, sir. Let go this moment! Ernest—
Ernest, where are you? Let go, I say!"

"Maud—Miss Brinsley," said Bern-
ard, in those deep, thrilling tones of
his, "I cannot—indeed I cannot—let
you go! Stay one moment—only one mo-
ment!"

How that rich voice rang in her ears!
Despite herself, it moved her strangely.
She had never heard it since that night
they had parted, as if it were forever.

"Surely," she panted breathlessly, for
she still struggled to be free, "surely
you will not be so unkindly holding me
here by force? Release my hands at once!"

"Not yet," answered Bernard, in great
agitation. "Not until I have heard
me speak. I feel that I have now one
frail hold upon happiness, and I cling
to it as a drowning sailor might to a frag-
ment of a wreck. And my life, what is
it now but a wreck? Maud—Maud, as
you may one day have need to ask for
forgiveness yourself, let me beg of you to
hear me."

"Release me!" was all she said.
With a stifled groan he obeyed her.
She was free.

But her arms dropped down to her
side; and after taking one hasty step
toward the door, she paused.

At that instant the church bells ceased
with startling suddenness their clanging
peal. The hour of midnight had almost
come.

Trembling in every limb, with her
heart beating almost to suffocation,
anxious to flee, yet feeling it impossible
to move, she stood spell-bound, as it
seemed, by the solemn stillness all
around.

"Maud," said Bernard, brokenly,
"the bells have done; they will not ring
again till the New Year comes. The
duration of the old year may now be
reckoned by minutes—nay, seconds.
Surely this should be a time for me to
invoke all the gentlest feelings of your
nature! By the love you once had for
me, do not, oh! do not condemn me to
another year of misery of woe! I am
here, an almost heart-broken suppliant,
and my sole reliance is on woman's for-
giving spirit. I have wronged you,
Maud; I confess to it with grief, with
shame. But how bitterly I have re-
pent of that act of folly none can
know except myself—none except my-
self; for could you guess how bitter, how
sincere has been my repentance, you
would at least have pity for me, if not
forgiveness. Do not leave me, Maud,
do not crush me with despair. Ere the
New Year comes let me hear one word
of forgiveness—only one—and I will be
content."

Great as was the wrong this man had
done her, Maud felt that the love which
all her efforts had been in vain to cast
out was still dominant in her breast,
and urged her to crush down that re-
sentment which she had thought she
must ever bear toward him.

Her brain whirled; she felt sick and
faint; and then came the solemn strokes
of the old church clock striking the
hour of twelve.

"In another moment," said Bernard,
"it will be too late. Maud—Maud!
Forgive—forgive!"

One after another came the strokes
upon the clock until the twelfth was
reached, and then for a few seconds,
which seemed like an age to those two
in the veranda, there was again that
impressive silence.

Maud put her hands to her throat—
she felt choking. She tried to speak,
but not even a murmur issued from her
lips. Down on his knees sank Bernard;
with outstretched hand he grasped her
dress, and turned his anguished gaze
upon her.

What did he see? Could it be real?
A mist came over his eyes, and then he
felt a trembling hand touch his, while a
voice in the faintest whisper murmured:
"Forgiven! Yes—yes, Bernard! For-
given!"

"At last!"
With one spring he was on his feet,
and pressing the loved one in those
arms which he had feared would never
encircle her again.

Then with a wild, mad peal, the New
Year's chimes rang out upon the frosty
air. Now low, then high, and anon fall-
ing into a softer cadence, they speaking
to Bernard's ears with joy ineffable.

And how Maud clung to him, while
she sobbed and cried with hysterical
violence!

"Thank you, darling!" said Bernard,
happily. "Thank you for those words!
This is indeed a happy—happy New
Year's day for me! Speak again, dar-
ling! Tell me once more that I am for-
given!"

"Forgiven!" sobbed Maud. "For-
given freely; and what is more, the past—
the dreadful past, which even now
makes me shudder—I think about it—
I think about it so terribly!"

"I think about it so terribly!" said Bern-
ard, "but I think about it so terribly, I
forget it as well as forgive it! I will never
speak of it—never allude to it in any
way. Promise me that no mention of
that subject shall ever be made again!"

"Heaven bless you, Maud! I faint
would speak; for if you knew all, you
would find some pity for me!"

"No, no—not a word! Not one! We
have both suffered—and the suffering is
over now."

"And you will trust me again?"
"Absolutely and entirely! I have al-
ways felt that I could never do so, but
now I conquer, and I know now that
you are as dear to me as you ever
were!"

Again and again did Bernard clasp
the generous woman to his heart, and
when she heard his vows uttered with
an impressiveness that left no doubt of
their sincerity, she felt indeed that out
of evil cometh good.

And with a soft and gentle step Er-
nest stole away unperceived, unheard.
He felt that he could not yet intrude
upon that scene of reconciliation and
trust renewed.

Arctic Arcadians.

A Tokio (Japan) correspondent writes:
About 250 years ago the Tschuktschi were
distinguished and gallant warriors. The
discoverers have gathered a valuable
assortment of the arms and armor of
that period. Many of these implements
are preserved among the families, whose
habits are no longer aggressive. Very
noticeable are their cuirasses, carefully
wrought out of mammoth ivory and
fashioned with a remarkable resemblance
to the old Roman panoply. Their spears
and bows are made of whalebone, wood
and ivory, spliced and bound with the
sinews of the reindeer, and showing an
advanced perception of artistic orna-
mentation on the part of the makers.

One hundred and fifty years ago the
famous Russian, Colonel Pankovsk, com-
manded an expedition sent against them
from Siberian settlements. In his first
engagement with them he was badly
wounded. He subsequently defeated them,
but with heavy loss to his own
troops, and has recorded much such a
tribute to their valor as Pyrrhus be-
stowed upon the Italian legions he over-
came. Strangely enough, they have no
government, no laws and almost no
religion, if any. A Russian starost is
their nominal ruler, but has neither
authority nor influence. Very little
foreign clothing is employed by them,
their vestments being almost exclusively
of skin. The nation probably numbers
10,000 souls, of whom one-half inhabit
the littoral between Tschuk bay and
Behring strait and the other half dwell
in the interior of the country. On the
whole it is impossible to imagine a more
Arcadian race, though no philosopher
has yet expected to discover Arcadia so
near the North Pole. A people without
chiefs and without criminal, experienc-
ing no difficulty in the distribution of
the product of their joint exertions in
fishing and hunting, whose sole sign
of wealth or fancy, is the posses-
sion of a boat a little larger than ordi-
nary, may well deserve the respect they
have earned from Nordenfjöld and his
party and prove fitting subjects for fur-
ther ethnological study.

To cough and at the same time be enter-
taining is impossible. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup
will reach your case. Price 25 cents a bottle.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The present parliament in England
was summoned for the fourth of March,
1874, and assembled on that day. If it
should only survive until the fourteenth
of April next, it will not only have run
into a seventh session, but it will have
exceeded in duration any previous
parliament summoned since the union,
and will have been the longest-lived
parliament for a century.

Five of New York's millionaires, esti-
mated to have been worth three hun-
dred and eight million dollars, dropped
off close together. John Jacob Astor
went first, and then in quick succession
Commodore Vanderbilt, A. T. Stewart
and William C. Rhinelander, and now
the money worshipper Goelet. Astor's
wealth was estimated at \$50,000,000.
Vanderbilt's at \$100,000,000 and Ste-
wart's about the same. Rhinelander's
property represented. It is supposed,
\$10,000,000 and Goelet's is estimated at
\$20,000,000.

Standing Bear, the Ponca chief who
had been visiting the East, is described
as a man of immense frame and impos-
ing presence. He has peculiarly sad
eyes, and a worn and despondent ap-
pearance, but as he speaks he grows ear-
nest, and his face lights up. Bright eyes,
the Indian girl, who interprets his
speeches, is remarkably intelligent. She
made a good impression when she de-
fended her people before a large audi-
ence in New York. She is twenty-four
years old, and intends to study at Wel-
lesley college.

The new Mexican State of Chiapas
probably contains the only population
in the world which possesses no iron, nor
anything in the shape of an iron indus-
try, even of the crudest form. For the
distance of eighty miles around Palen-
que, the capital, not a single blacksmith
can be found, and the only articles in the
shape of iron are axes and machetes,
imported from the United States. Nails
are unknown, all the woodwork being
built together by cord or the tendrils of
the vines, and even the tortilla is pre-
pared by grinding the maize between
stones. The new railway, which will
run through this territory has clearly a
well-defined educational as well as com-
mercial development to undertake.

France has agricultural schools for
girls. One of the chief is near Rouen,
which is said to have been begun with
a capital of one franc by a sister of
charity and two little discharged
prisoner girls, and to be now worth
\$180,000. This establishment has 300
girls from six to eighteen years of age.
The farm, entirely cultivated by them,
is over 400 acres in extent. Twenty-
five sisters form the staff of teachers.
more than one medal of the French ag-
ricultural society has been awarded to
this establishment at Darnetel, and the
pupils are in great demand all over Nor-
mandy on account of their skill. They
go out as stewards, gardeners, farm
managers, dairy women and lam-
dressers. Each girl has on leaving an
outfit and a small sum of money, earned
in spare hours. If they want a home
they can always return to Darnetel,
which they are taught to regard as home.

The obsequies of the Countess Mon-
tijo, mother of the ex-Empress Eugenie,
were conducted with great pomp and
ceremony. They were attended by the
most distinguished personages in Mad-
rid, the open ceremonies being conducted
by the Conde de Tendilla, Grande of
Spain, to whom, according to ancient
Spanish custom, the body of the coun-
tess was to be delivered. The chief
mourners were received at the Montijo
palace. Various solemn services were
performed by those who surrounded the
superb catafalque on which the coffin
rested, while a mass was sung. The
hearse was drawn by eight horses, and
the elegant state carriage which the
countess had used on special occasions,
with her favorite horses, followed.
Then came a company of king's halber-
diers, the chief mourners, and a "magni-
ficent" desfilé of six hundred equipages.
According to Spanish usage,
neither ladies nor the nearest relatives
joined the procession. When the pro-
cession reached the Campo Santo Jose,
the coffin was taken from the hearse,
and with many additional ceremonies,
lowered into a provisional vault. The
Countess Montijo was one of the most
popular ladies in the Spanish capital.
The Empress Eugenie remained in re-
tirement while in Madrid, at the
Livia palace, the seat of the Alva fam-
ily.

A man fell from a bridge at Bocca
Nev, and broke his thigh. It was a
lonely place, and the weather was very
cold. He could not stand, in conse-
quence of his hurt, and therefore slowly
lapsed to death. There were indications
that he tried hard, by rolling about, to
keep warm, but death could not be
fought off.

The Bonanza Farms of the West.

A writer who spent some time last
summer in visiting some of the "bo-
nanza farms" of the Northwestern
States gives the result of his observa-
tions in the current number of the
Atlantic Monthly. One of the farms
visited contained 40,000 acres, of which
there were under cultivation 5,300 acres,
including 4,855 acres in wheat. It was
expected that the yield of wheat would
be at least twenty bushels to the acre,
and that some parts would produce
more than thirty bushels to the acre.
The number of men employed on the
farm varied in different parts of the year.
During harvest it was 250. In
Kansas, Minnesota and Dakota there
are many farms ranging in size from
1,000 to 50,000 acres. They are owned
and operated by wealthy capitalists,
who use the most improved machinery
and employ day laborers at low rates of
wages. The writer gives figures show-
ing that when wheat is worth seventy
cents a bushel on the farm, it may be
grown at a good profit for less than forty
cents a bushel. The profit is from
forty to fifty cents a bushel, which is be-
tween \$7 and \$8 per acre cultivated,
and sometimes as high as fifty-five per
cent of the capital invested. The re-
sult is that those who have gone into
wheat-growing on a large scale are mak-
ing colossal fortunes by virtue of their
capital, improved machinery and cheap
labor, while small farmers, depending
mainly on their own labor, without the
advantages of capital or improved ma-
chinery, are not making a comfortable
subsistence, "but are running behind
and must go under." It is hopeless for
them to contend against the powerful
combination of capital, machinery and
cheap labor. A direct effect of the op-
erations of the extensive land-owners is
to prevent the country from being pop-
ulated and built up with towns, churches,
schools, houses, etc., except what is ne-
cessary to provide for the scanty wants
of the farm laborers and the stock. Not
a dollar of the vast amount realized
from the products of the soil is returned
to the land from which it is taken. On
one farm of 5,300 cultivated acres there
was not one permanent family where
there should have been at least one to
every fifty acres of land, or 106 families.
This would have given at least a popu-
lation of 500, with about 100 dwellings,
besides barns, other buildings, improve-
ments, etc. These facts are vitally sig-
nificant, and they become more sug-
gestive when it is considered that the
system referred to is yet in its infancy,
and gives signs of extensive growth.
The number of farms in the Northwest
ern States having 1,000 acres and up-
ward was, as reported by the Federal
census, about 600 in 1860, and about
1,300 in 1870. During this decade the
number doubled. It is stated that the
increase during the last decade in the
number of these extensive farms has
been alarming, and that the increase is
likely to be still more rapid in the future.
The development of this large farm sys-
tem, which is specially marked in Kan-
sas, Minnesota and Dakota, is by no
means confined to the Northwest. The
same feature is seen in a striking de-
gree in Texas, California also is noted
for its extensive farms, some of them
containing tens of thousands of acres.

Palm Oil.

That portion of the west coast of
Africa which lies south of the river
Volta furnishes the principal supplies
of palm oil. Nearly 1,000,000 cwt.
of this oil is annually exported to Great
Britain, of the value of \$7,500,000. Its
principal use being in the manufacture
of soaps, perfumery, candles, and simi-
lar articles. Among the natives it is
highly valued, both for food (taking the
place of butter), for lighting and cook-
ing purposes, and for anointing the head
and body. The so-called oil, which is
rather a fatty substance, resembling
butter in appearance, is obtained from
the fruit of several species of palms,
but especially from the one known
botanically as *Elais guineensis*, which
grows in abundance on the western
coast of Africa, and from which it takes
its specific name. So thickly do these
trees grow, and so regular and rapid
are their supplies of fruit, that in some
localities where the regular collection of
the produce is not practiced, the ground
becomes covered with a thick deposit of
the oily, fatty matter produced by the
ripe berries. Deposits of palm oil,
which may almost be called "mines" of
vegetable fat, exist in some parts of the
gold coast, and which, if not in them-
selves worth mining, at least practi-
cally illustrate the natural wealth of
the country in such productions, and
indicate its undeveloped resources.
These "mines" would probably not re-
pay the cost of exploration, as the palm
oil is apt to become rancid and value-
less for its general uses after long ex-
posure, though for such purposes as
candle making these deposits might still
be valuable.

Washington Fifty Years.

Pennsylvania avenue—the Appo-
cay of our republic—was graded by
Jefferson as President, at a cost
of \$14,000; he personally superintended
the planting of four rows of Lombardy
poplars along that portion of it be-
tween the Capitol and the White House—
along each curbstone, and two ex-
tra rows in the roadway, which were
thus divided into three parts, like the
derelict at Berlin. In the white
and spring the driveway would be
full of mud holes, some of the cross
streets would be impassable beds of
clay, worked by passing horses and
wheels into a thick mortar. On one
occasion, when Mr. Webster and a friend
undertook to go to Georgetown in a
hackney-coach to attend a dinner party,
the vehicle got stuck in a mud-hole,
and the driver had to carry his pas-
sengers, one at a time, to the sidewalk,
where they stood until the empty coach
could be pulled out. Mr. Webster,
in narrating this incident, years
afterward, used to laugh over his fate,
that his heaver would fall beneath the
weight and ruin his dress suit. Je-
ferson had used to call Pennsylvania
avenue "the great Serpentine bog,"
descent on the dangers of a trip over it,
or from the Union hotel at Georgetown,
in the large stage, with seats
the top, called the "Royal George."
Atlantic Monthly.

The Four Seasons.