

A Peculiar Character.

Once upon a time, writes "Kennebecker," of the *Boston Journal*, when Maine was a district of Massachusetts, there lived in what is now Farmingdale, a certain very religious family, the name of which is common now. One of them, a Revolutionary soldier, at length became partially insane and took it into his head that an angel of the Lord had, in a vision, declared to him that he must make a burnt offering and a sacrifice. The English Church in Gardiner, hard by was of wood and unfinished. The fanatic, becoming an iconoclast of the most Praise-God-Barebones style, determined to burn the church. He carried the coals in a shoe, waded the Cobbossee-Contee, successfully fired the edifice and then looked for a victim for the sacrifice. He soon found one, and slew a woman in the most atrocious manner. He readily gave himself up, declaring the Lord had told him to do it, and he had faithfully performed the whole business. He was brought to trial for his enormous crime, and when asked at the bar whether he pleaded guilty or not haughtily answered "guilty." It was said the Judge told him he was not expected to criminate himself, but to make some defence.

"What?" said he, "would the honorable Judge of the court of Massachusetts have me tell a lie? I did burn the church, I did murder the woman, and I meant to. The angel of the Lord told me to do it!"

That ended the trial; he was immediately sentenced to be hanged, but the sentence was never executed. He was imprisoned in the old jail, but was considered harmless. He was tall, splendid looking, with a shiny black head, and many came to see him and hear his story. He committed whole chapters of the Bible to memory and repeated them to his visitors, from whom he received small contributions and thus nearly supported his family. When the prison was burned he made no effort to escape. It was years since he had been confined, and he was like a curious child. When he saw a mirror he was amazed at himself. He was offered his freedom, but, I believe would not accept it, and died in jail. There may be some living who remember this person, but few know the story of the religious fanatic as the old clergyman did who related it to me.

Jamie's Old Watch.

On Brush street, near Jefferson avenue, for an hour the other day a bruised and battered old dumb watch and chain lay in the gutter, where some foot had kicked it from the walk. If anyone gave the toy a second glance it was to realize that some child had lost or flung it away. The case was battered, the face scratched and scarred, and no boy would turn aside to pick it up.

By and by a curious procession came up from the Brush street Depot. It was composed of a man and his wife, both past fifty years of age, and four children, the youngest of whom seemed to be about twelve. They were spread out on walk and street, heads down and moving slowly, and there was a look of anxiety on every face. Someone asked the man if he had lost his wallet, and he replied:

"No, not that. Somewhere as we came along we lost our Jamie's watch."

"Very valuable?"

"Well, sir not as far as money goes, but it's a relic of the dead, and, sir—and—"

"Oh, it was an old dumb watch, eh?"

"Yes, sir!"

"You'll find it in the gutter up by that post."

The entire family made a rush for the spot, and the watch had no sooner been lifted than the mother kissed it, and the children shouted their exultation.

"It may seem foolish to you, sir," explained the husband, as he slyly wiped at something like a tear in the corner of his eye, "but it's a long twelve years since Jamie died. That watch was the first toy I ever bought him. We've been burned out of house and home twice since he died, and that's the only scrap or relic left us of the little one. You see it's old and bent but money couldn't buy it. Every time we look at it we can call up his blue eyes and chubby face, and the thought that he is waiting for us up there almost answers for a meal with mother."

"Are you going away?"

"Yes—across the ocean to our old home in England. We must leave the dead behind. Had we lost the watch I believe the mother would have broken her heart. So long as we have it the boy's face comes up to us. We can almost hear his laugh again, and it seems more like we had laid him away to sleep for an hour or two. Thank heaven that we have it! It was Jamie's, sir, and we are never to see his grave again."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Woman Author.

Mrs. Clark, the author of "A Modern Hagar," married a prominent Southern lawyer before the war. He has since died, and she has come into a small patrimony recently, by the death of an eccentric relative in New Orleans. She was once engaged to be married to Gen. Burnside, and actually appeared before the altar with him. The thought-struck her, as she says, before she uttered the irrevocable words that she was making a mistake. So in a few words she made known her conclusions to the expectant groom and the waiting minister, and retired from the scene as gracefully as possible.

They only met once after that. It was during the war. Mrs. Clark was commissioned to carry important despatches to Jefferson Davis. To do this she had to pass the Union lines. She baked a painful of raised biscuits, and hid the despatches in them.

While traveling South she was arrested on suspicion. Learning that General Burnside had command of the nearest division of the Northern forces, she demanded to be brought before him. He recognized her. She said she was going to Mobile, and asked for a pass and a discharge. He only hesitated for a moment and then wrote one out in silence and handed it to her. "Does that contain your lunch?" he asked, pointing to a small basket which she carried in her hand. "Yes." "Let me see it." She opened the basket, displaying the biscuits. "Will you try one, General? they are pretty hard." The General refused to taste the proffered dainty, and ordered a good dinner to be served for her, and then put her on the cars himself.

The despatches were so important that she received the thanks of the Confederacy for her service, and was lionized through the South, where she served in Southern hospitals for a long time afterward.

The scarcity of gentlemen at a neighboring summer resort was so apparent that a Boston lady telegraphed to her husband. "George, bring down a lot of beans for the hop this evening." Thanks to the telegraph manipulator, George arrived with a pot of beans.—*Boston Courier*.