A. Ba. Barnes & Co.
121 Market St.

THE COLUMBIAN.

VOL. III. ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON: APRIL 6, 1883. NO. 35.

A TRIOLET.

The beauteous Ethel's father has a
Newly painted front piazza—
He has a
Piazza;
When with tobacco juice was tainted,
They had that front piazza painted—
That tainted
Piazza painted.

Algeron called that night, perchance
Arrayed in comely sealskin pants—
That night perchance
In gorgeous pants;
Engaging Ethel in a chat
On that piazza down he sat—
In chat
They sat.

And when an hour or two had pass'd,
He tried to rise, but, oh! stuck fast—
At last
Stuck fast!
Fair Ethel shrieked, "It is the paint!"
And fainted in a deadly faint—
This saint
Did faint.

Algeron sits there till this day—
He cannot tear himself away—
Away?
Nay, nay!
His pants are firm, the paint is dry—
He's nothing else to do but die—
To die!
O, my!

MALLIE'S WEDDING GIFT.

Just over the border of the next year, February was the month, and this particular February was not very far away, Philip Nassett was to be married. He was to merge his quiet, laborious, hard-working bachelorhood into what promised to be a much less quiet and hard-working life of wedded happiness. His acquaintance with Miss Malbon Russell was two years old, but its youth was not indicative of its warmth and strength.

He was of that class of lawyers to whom their profesion is an agreeable one for itself, and by whom it is not regarded as a stepping-stone to political preferment or political speech making.

Naturally fond of literature, he read much and believed that there were few books which would not benefit a lawyer. And so from reading and study his life became a quiet and retiring one, and his excursions into social atmosphere and the society of young ladies and gentlemen were enjoyable because of their rarity. He was not a bookworm, but he had a gravity which twenty-seven years of life does not usually bring with it.

He seemed to be just the kind of a husband for Miss Russell. Her father was of the opinion that she had chosen well, and he said as much frequently to his wife. She thought otherwise. Miss Malbon bore her mother's family name, which after sundry contractions and softenings had become "Mallie," and Mallie it remained. Mrs. Russell's ideas in regard to her daughter's welfare were confided to the only person in whom she had entire confidence and with whom she had long and frequent conferences—that person being herself.

"Mr. Russell," said his wife's mental voice to its boon companion, her mental ear, "Mr. Russell is a very good husband and business man, but as the father of a young girl who is both an heiress and a beauty, I have but an indifferent opinion of him. Mallie has not so very much money, to be sure, but she has enough to make her a very desirable wife, for her money is her own. If she was a plain, stay-at-home girl it would not make so much difference, but she is so pretty and nice that it is a shame she should marry a lawyer who is a poky old man before he is thirty."

When Mallie's engagement was first talked of, Mrs. Russell opposed it strongly, and even after it became a fact she did not cease her opposition. The only result was that Mallie thought her mother at times was disagreeable, and Philip wondered what he had done to incur her ill will. There was a prospect that Mallie's good sense would be swamped when she first came out socially, for she had a neat fortune which her uncle had left her when a child, and she was fond of all the gaieties which make up the life of the average girl. Of course she was flattered and petted and was in a fair way to be spoiled apparently, but she came out of it all unscathed, and at twenty-two was fitted to become a wife whose family circle would be her "ultima thule." Her great fault was her pride. It was sensitive as a mimosa leaf and hard as glass, and though hidden on ordinary occasions, it was like mankind, as it gained strength while it slept. She was medium in height, with large gray eyes, light brown hair and clear complexion, and was graceful and strong.

There is a general impression that Pittsburg is only a huge workshop, a sooty, dirty iron mill or glass factory, from which people hurry away as soon as they become sufficiently wealthy to admit of it.

And yet within its corporate limits are miles of orchards as fragrant with apple, peach and pear blossoms in the spring as those along the Hudson or in quaint old Duchess county, New York. There are hundreds of country residences with wide lawns and cool clumps of forest trees around them; little valleys so wild that the gray squirrels chatter among the oaks and chestnuts, and arbutus blooms among the fallen leaves and melting snow; where the underbrush is as dense as in one of Du Chaillu's jungles, and where the shy forest birds built their nests with fearless confidence that they will not be robbed by marauding school boys. Here the melancholy Jacques could wander with calm contentment, unbroken by notices of suburban property to be sold on easy terms, in lots to suit purchasers; and yet he would be within fifteen minutes' ride of densely populated, thronged and busy streets, which would have delighted the cockney tastes of gentle Charles Lamb. It is not that the workshop of Pittsburg is small, but that her city pleasure grounds were on a large scale.

Rambling walks and rides through these out-of-the-way nooks were Philip's chief recreation in the days before this engagement, and through him they became one of Mallie's keenest pleasures. She liked to hear Philip talk of things which she only grasped in part, for although far from being stupid or unread, she was a woman who thought she should do much and her husband should know much.

"I wonder why people say that people who are in love always have trouble? I don't think it is true."

They had driven down an unused, grass-grown road, far into the woods, beyond East Liberty one afternoon. Philip's horse had stopped of his own accord and was gingerly nibbling the bare branches of a bush. Mallie was in a very quiet mood, and had been for several minutes watching the smoke curl up from Philip's cigar, until she spoke the thought which seemed a heresy to her.

"I believe," she added in a pretty, dogmatic manner, and a suspicion of a frown, "that it is because people are weak or silly that they are bothered by things when they fall in love. If a man and a woman care for each other and believe they have chosen wisely, that ought to end all worry. It may be romantic to be worried, but it isn't comfortable"—and then after a little pause—"well, why don't you say something?"

"I heard you ask a question, my dear," replied Philip, placidly. "But, being a woman, I knew you would answer it yourself if I did not interrupt you. I therefore waited until you satisfied me that my hypothesis was correct, and since then I have been wondering how long it would be before the ash fell from my cigar."

"You are a conceited man," cried Mallie with a pout. "You think girls don't know anything. You and your cigar are horrid."

"The cigar is prime," said unruffled Philip; "as to the other clause of the indictment we are told that 'only man is vile.'"

Mallie's laugh was pleasant to listen to, and it was frankly forthcoming at what she called "Philip's absurdity." But she returned to her subject and said: "I'm sure you and I would never have any trouble. I would trust you in everything, but if you were ever to deceive me I would never want to see you again."

"Amen, my dear," said Philip, loyally, and he kissed her and told her she was a very sensible little woman, and then he drove homeward.

Said Mallie, demurely: "The Playfords are to have a party Thursday night, Phil."

Philip was intent on making a clever turn to avoid driving into two puddles, and he said nothing.

"Madge Playford came to-day and insisted on my meeting her New York cousin, for whom the party is to be given"—all in a matter-of-fact tone.

Philip looked a trifle vexed, but said he hoped she would enjoy herself.

"I don't see any reason for your looking cross, my dear," said Mallie, with a quaint, combative air that she wore quite prettily at times.

"I am not cross, Mallie. I told you a day or two ago that I would be unusually busy this week, and could only see you Thursday evening." Philip was selfish in the way all lovers are.

"Well, and pray, Mr. Crossness, what has that to do with the Playford's party?"—then with a quick change of manner, she rested her cheek against his shoulder and said, "you know I did not forget what you said. I told Madge I had an engagement and could not go—oh! you will crush my hat!" The warning was unnecessary, for although Philip's arm was around her, he was mindful of her dainty, plumed hat in a manner not known to men generally.

"I am sorry you cannot come in and stay for supper," said Mallie, when they reached her home. "Those tiresome old law papers are a nuisance. Now, Phil., be here early Thursday, for I shall be all alone."

As early as possible after office hours on Thursday Philip was ready. As he stepped into his buggy he heard his name called, and, turning, saw one of his friends with a young girl beside him.

"You are just the man I want to see, Nassett," said the gentleman, hurriedly. "I brought Nellie—my daughter—Mr. Nassett—I brought her in, Philip, to go to the theater. I have just received a message which calls me to Cleveland and I want you to drive Nellie out home, like a good fellow. Will you? I hate to let her go home alone and have a long walk up from the station.

Philip was in a quandary. The young lady's father, Mr. Thorne, had befriended him in many ways, and beside that the cause of the dilemma was very pretty and evidently anxious to be escorted home by her father's friend. The matter was quickly arranged, and Philip excused himself while he wrote a message to Mallie which he sent to her by his office boy. In lieu of note paper, he used a card on which he wrote, "Have to do something for Thorne," and then on the other side he added, "He wants me to drive his daughter home. I will be with you at half-past eight."

Mr. Thorne's residence was fully five miles away, out on the edge of town, and Philip gradually forgot his vexation and annoyance, as he discovered that his companion was as bright and full of fun as she was pretty. She had only been home from school a short time, and she related some of her adventures at a fashionable New York school, in a lively manner and with many animated gestures, mimicries and drolleries. Philip was in nowise disloyal, but he was not entirely delighted when the drive was ended and he said good night to his fair charge.

Mallie had spent the afternoon in visiting and shopping, and had remained in town later than she intended to. As she was riding home she saw Philip drive by in animated conversation with a very pretty girl, who was a stranger to her, and she was astonished and rather vexed. Shortly after reaching home, Philip's card came, and when she read it she turned very white and felt sick. She went up to her room and read the words again: "I have to do something for Thorne."

"It is not true," she cried. "He has told me a downright lie. I saw him with that girl, and he seemed enjoying himself. He has deceived me and I will not trust him again. I will not see him to-night, for he might tell me another lie and make me hate him worse than I do."

Hurrying down stairs, Mallie told the servant that she expected a gentleman, but she did not want to see him, and that he must be told she was not at home.

Philip drove up in front of the house, rang the door bell, and when the girl came to the door he stepped in and said, in his cheerful way, "I wish you would tell Sam to take my horse around to the stable."

"Yes, sir," stammered the girl, "but Miss Mallie is not home."

"Not home?" echoed Philip, in wonder.

"No, sir."

"Where is she?"

The girl felt that she was getting into a corner, so she said boldly, "She is out and she said she would not be home to-night."

Thoroughly astonished, Philip slowly walked down the steps and drove away, wondering what had happened.

"It can't be that she was angry because I was late," he muttered. "She is too sensible a girl for that. I'll find out what it all means in the morning."

And he did. It was but little sleep Mallie got that night. She cried till her head ached as if it would split, and then she sat looking out of her window thinking it all over. The more she thought of what had happened the stronger became her indignation and contempt for Philip, and very early next day she wrote to him:

"I have been entirely mistaken in you, Mr. Nassett, and I find that it is best for a girl to listen to her mother's advice, as to men. I shall send you your letters and that will end everything. If you have any gentlemanly instinct you will not seek to intrude upon me, but will treat me as if you had never known me."

This was what Phillip found at his office. It so unsettled him that he could not work, and he went to ask for an explanation. He was told that Miss Russell had gone out of town on a visit.

It was weeks after when they met, and then Mallie's cool bow was returned in kind by Philip. His trouble had told upon him sharply, but no one knew what he felt, for he was not a man to have confidants. He saw Mallie at rare intervals, and then only in passing on the street. In December he heard she was to be married, and when a mutual friend confirmed the story he shut his teeth tightly and said nothing. A few days later he was told that Mrs. Russell was very ill and not expected to live. Two days before Christmas he found a bulky letter among his mail, which was addressed in a lady's writing. He opened it carelessly, but as he read it he thought he would suffocate. It was from Mrs. Russell, and it said: "Mallie wrote these letters to you, but as I did not think you two were suited for each other I did not send them. She does not know it and she must not, for she is to be married on Christmas day. I am sorry I did it, but thought it best then."

Enclosed were two letters, written when Mallie came home from her flight after she had broken her engagement. The first one read: "Phil, dear Phil, come at once. I have made a dreadful mistake and want you to forgive your loving Mallie."

The second note was longer, and bore a date two days later than the other: "Oh! Phil, why don't you come? I am broken-hearted. Will you never forgive me? I did wrong, but listen to me. I only read one side of your card. It said that you had to do something for Mr. Therne and could not come to see me. I saw you driving with a girl I did not know, and I thought you had deceived me. I did not know what you meant until I came home, and then I looked at the card again and saw what was on the other side. Phil, dear, you can't be angry when you know how I have suffered. Do, do come and say I am forgiven, and am, as I always was, your own Mallie."

In a postscript, as though the girl's mood had changed, she added: "If you don't come I will not write again."

Stunned and bewildered, Philip read the notes and re-read them, and then he broke down and uttered savage curses on the woman who was dying. When he calmed a little and began to think what it all meant, he thought he would at once see Mallie, but he did not go, for he remembered her wedding day but forty-eight hours distant.

It was not until long after midnight, when he was in his own room, that he determined upon the course he would take. He folded Mallie's poor little, piteous, ill-fated notes together within Mrs. Russell's letter and placed them all in an envelope, which he addressed to Mallie, using the name she would assume on the day when she was a wife. Then on a slip of paper he wrote "Mallie's Christmas and wedding present from Philip," and this he put within the notes before he sealed the envelope. He astonished the office boy by making his appearance at eight o'clock the following morning. "Take this early to-morrow to the person to whom it is addressed," said Philip, giving the boy the letter he had written the night before, "and if any one calls to see me, say I have gone East on business and will not be back for a couple of weeks."

Just as Philip was stepping on the train to take his departure, a messenger pulled his coat-sleeve, and, turning quickly, a note was placed in his hand. Opening it he saw, to his astonishment, it was from Mallie. It seems that his office boy, instead of waiting until the next day, had carried the note at once. The situation flashed through Mallie's mind. Everything was now explained. To-morrow she was to be the bride of a man she did not love. Her mind was made up in an instant. She sent by the boy a note to Philip, and he arrived just as Philip was boarding the train. All there was in the note was—"Philip, come to me at once." And Philip did come. He met her a moment later, and she sprang forward to meet him. It is not necessary to repeat what followed. It was only the same old story of confession and forgiveness. It will not be necessary to say her wedding did not take place on the following day, and the man whom she was to have wedded "got left;" but as the marriage was more of Mallie's mother's marking, he readily acquiesced in what he well knew was a more pleasant arrangement.

Whipping Children.

A parent who cannot govern a child without whipping it ought to surrender the care of that child to some wiser person. Sportsmen once thought it necessary to lash their dogs in getting them ready for the field. They know now that the whip should never be used. Horsemen once thought it necessary to whip colts to teach them to start at the word and pull steadily. They know now that an apple is better than a lash and a caress better that a blow. If dogs and horses can thus be educated without punishment, what is it in our children that makes it necessary to slap and pound them? Have they less intelligence? Have they colder hearts? Are they any lower in the scale of being? We have heard many old people say: "If we were to bring up another child we should never whip it." They are wise but a little too late. Instead of God doing so little for children that they must be whipped to goodness. He has done so much for them that even a whipping can't ruin—that is as a rule. But alas, there are many exceptions to this rule. Many children are of such quality that a blow makes them cowardly, or reckless, or deceitful, or permanently in temper. Whipping makes children hate their parents. Whipping makes them lie. Whipping makes home unpleasant, makes boys run away, makes girls seek happiness anywhere and anyhow. Whipping is barbarous. Don't whip.

Letting $800 Drop

A solemn-looking citizen appeared at Police headquarters yesterday, and beckoning the Chief into a private room, said:

"You know that $800 robbery at my house that I reported to you yesterday morning?"

"Certainly, and I have put two of our best men on the case, and—"

"Well, I—ahem—I have decided not to pursue the matter. You needn't take any further steps. In fadt—"

"You don't mean to say that you have recovered the money?"

"Oh! not—not at all."

"Found a clue, eh?"

"Well, n-o-o-o, not exactly. The fact is the money was taken out of my trousers pockets at night, and—and—this morning my wife had sent home a new sealskin sacque."

"Ah."

"And so you see I have about concluded to let the matter drop," and with a deep sigh the bereaved husband drifted out.—S. F. Post.

The Ladies Preferred Gin.

In a neighboring city where the inhabitants are so very, very temperate that many of them Neal Dowen to say their prayers, a good old deacon of a colored church lately called upon the city agent for the sale of that article, which, if advisedly used, "cheers, but not inebriates."

"Mr. L.," says the deacon, bending low and almost whispering into the ear of the obliging and affable agent, "Mr. L., I'se cum to get a quart of spirits for purely sacramental purposes."

"Yes, deacon, I suppose you want some light wine, perhaps claret, tarrigonia or something of that sort."

"Well, boss, if it doesn't make no sorter difference toard you de ladies dey have canvassed dis matter, and dey has come to de 'nanimous 'clusion dat dey would puter gin."

We think the deacon got it.—Boston Globe.

She Didn't Die.

All in the fashionable world, says the London Life, will remember that some months ago a charming and accomplished young lady met with a frightful accident through her dress catching fire. So severe were her injuries that life was despaired of, the and officiating clergyman of a well known West End church was sent for to administer spiritual consolation to one believed to be moribund. To him the lady said:

"As I know that I am dying I have a secret I will disclose to you only. I love you with my whole heart."

The prompt reply was:

"You must not die, but live to be my wife."

I am glad to add that this week the lady was married to the object of her affections.

Her Self-Control.

The power to keep still is very often a valuable one in critical moments. The lady school teacher in New York who quietly and safely led all her pupils out of a burning schoolhouse before they knew that it was on fire might have put them into a panic and imperiled many lives if she had not possessed the power of controlling herself. The following little incident on board of an English man-of-war flag-ship is no less creditable to the girl (Miss Susie Prior) who appears prominently in it, because she tells the story herself in a private letter:

"After tea I went on deck for the air with Mr. Billy, the Commodore's son. As we leaned over the rails enjoying the orange sunset, suddenly I had a notion that I smelt a singed, smoky odor. I turned to Mr. Billy, without thinking anything serious had occurred: 'If I were on shore I should say that some careless person had allowed the chimney to get on fire,' and at the same time I pointed to a particular spot in the ship. He cried 'Nonsense!' but stopped short, and raised his head as he too smelt the faint odor of something burning. In an instant his face became stern, and a hard dogged light came into his eyes. 'Don't stir, Miss Prior, till I come back,' he said. 'If I can I'll be here again in a moment,' and he hurried off in the direction I had indicated. Then it flashed upon me that yonder, whence the smell of the burning came, lay the powder magazine. I did not stir from the spot where Mr. Billy had bidden me stay. It was not many seconds, though it seemed an hour, but the night wind was kind and felt like a cool hand, lifting the damp hair from my temples, and keeping me from falling down in a swoon.

Mr. Billy came back very quietly and spoke composedly, but his voice was low and his lip quivered. 'It is all right now, and safe,' he assured me. 'What was wrong?' I asked. 'Only a stupid fellow, who was assisting in moving the stores (the powder)—and who had no business to have a light there—dropped a spark among some bagging and it was getting ablaze. But I got there in time to stamp it out; and the captain of the gunners finished the business with a wet blanket. But how well you behaved, Miss Prior,' he said, forgetting his own conduct and appreciation of danger. 'If you had made a row and detained me, nothing short of a miracle could have saved all on board the Conqueror from being whirled into eternity. Even if the accident had got wind and thrown us into confusion, there is no saying where the matter might have ended. I who am in the secret, shall thank you for all your lives, and for that of my dear old mother's twice over. Had a whisper of the terrific danger reached her, with my father absent, I am certain it would have cost her life on the spot.'"

The End of a Beauty.

Of the Duchess de Chaulnes, who lately died in Paris, the Paris correspondent of the London News says that her health was quite broken down by the scandal, excitement and weariness of spirit caused by her lawsuit and by the terrible habit she had acquired of using morphine. She was, while the guest of her humble friend, in a state of constant stupor. Since her suit had been rejected by the Court of Appeal her life has been uncertain and reckless. She quarreled with her mother, and when she asked for hospitality at Villette, of a very struggling family, she said that if it was refused she had no resource except that of throwing herself into the Seine. She had, as death approached, sufficient consciousness to see a priest and give directions for her burial, and she asked the people she was with to telegraph to the Duchesse de Chevreuse, her mother-in-law, that she was making a Christian end. Notwithstanding the absence of her hair, which she had cut off to sell but could not make up her mind to part with, the Duchesse retained her beauty to the end. The house in which she died, in the Rue d'Allemagne, is a sort of barrack in which poor clerks and working people lodge. Her father was the Prince Galitzin, whose conversion from Greek orthodoxy to Catholicism so exasperated the Czar Nicholas. She was sister-in-law of the Duchesse du Luynes, who is a leader of the Carlist section of the fashionable world at Cannes. The correspondent adds: "I saw her as a bride. Never did a young and aristocratic beauty enter the world under brighter auspices. Her head was soon turned with adulation. She was not devoid of mother wit, but had not a grain of common sense."

"Point Out Your House."

This was a club dialogue and its sequal:

Q.—What are you smoking?
A.—An imported Havana.
Q.—How much does it cost?
A.—A quarter.
Q.—How many do you smoke a day?
A.—Half a dozen.
Q.—How long have you smoked?
A.—Thirty years.

Advice—My friend, with that amount of money you could have bought a house on Fifth avenue.

The parties quitted the Brunswick and strolled up town. As they came near the Windsor, the smoker asked:

Q.—You never smoke?
A.—Never.

Sarcastic query—Then point out your house.

A very fashionable material for dressy home toilets is cream-white serged flannel, trimmed with long loops and ends of white moire or satin ribbon: For young married ladies this fabric is made into tea-gowns and Grecian robes, with trimmings of lace and white silk embroidery or braiding.

ALL SORTS.

An imitation drum is hard to beat.

Underwriters—The editor's assistants.

A pair of slippers—Orange and banana skins.

Wanted—A new advertising dodge for actresses.

Good advice, like vaccination, doesn't always "take."

Language of the flowers—You be blowed.—Life.

It is thought that the tax on chewing gum will stick.

One way to give a man "a chance to rise in the world"—knock him down.

Fannie: You are right. It is better to return a kiss for a blow. And a good deal sweeter.

An exchange asks, "Will the coming woman work?" She will if she marries a lazy husband.

How appropriate are names! Garments that have to be stuffed out with cotton are called tights.

"Temptation" is the name of a saloon in Troy. A great many men are led into it.—Detroit Free Press.

Cato did not begin to learn the Greek language until he was eighty-four years of age. Cato was mighty level-headed.

A little New Hartford three-year-old boy, in admiring his baby brother, exclaimed: "He's got a boiled head, like papa.—Cleve Herald.

Maine sold $125,000 worth of spruce gum this year. The number of jaws that wagged in masticating the stuff is not yet reported.—N. Y. Com.

Colonel Ingersoll assumes to lecture about hell. Let him wait fifty years or so, and he'll be a heap better qualified to talk on that subject.—Boston Post.

A man who had climbed Mount Blanc seven times in safety was killed the other day while trying to go up a step-ladder. Is prudence any use.—Boston Post.

The weather is never cold enough to compel the chap with a paste ring to wear a glove on the hand adorned by the incandescent jewel.—N. Y. Com.

A Vermont man who is applying for a pension says he distinguished himself by staying at home during the war. Everybody else in the village went to Canada.

A reckless genius with a talent for research has discovered that the presiding officer of a caucus is called "the chair," because everybody likes to sit down on him.

President Carter of Williams College represents himself in his removal from Connecticut, where he was born, to Massachusetts, as a "nutmeg coming to the greater."

A question for lawyers—If a flea bites a dog, and so enrages the animal that the dog bites a man, can the flea be indicted as an accessory before the fact?—Bos. Trans.

An old sharp advertised: "Book-keeping taught in one lesson; terms, one dollar." He got a large class on the opening night, and, after they were seated and the dollars rushed in, he said: "The whole art of book-keeping hinges on three words—Never lend them."—The Judge.

WHY THEY YELLED.—"What on earth makes you announce that you extract teeth without pain? Didn't I hear every patient you had up here yell?"

"You did, sir," replies the peripatetic dentist, "but those were shrieks of joy which they uttered, sir! They were so delighted, sir, at being painlessly relieved that they could not restrain their enthusiasm."

"Say, why is a hawk like an editor?" said our spring poet, pensively, the other day.

"Because he soars aloft in the blue empyrean, and—"

"Stop. That ain't it."

"Then why?"

"Because he lives by his talons."

They have laid him gently to sleep, where the weary are at rest, and board bills are an unknown quantity.

A Would-be King.

The first of the would-be assassins of Queen Victoria has just died in the criminal lunatic asylum at Broadmoor. His name was John Goode, and he formerly held a captain's commission in the Tenth Royal Hussars. He was taken into custody on her Majesty's birthday, the 24th of May, 1837, for creating a disturbance in, and forcibly entering, the enclosure of Kensington Palace. On Saturday afternoon, in the middle of November, the same year, the Queen was passing in her open carriage through Bird-cage walk, St. James', on her way to Buckingham Palace, when Captain Goode suddenly sprang to the side of her carriage and made use of threatening gestures and language. The Queen heard the threats distinctly, and on alighting from her carriage directed her equerry to cause the man to be taken into custody. Brought before the authorities he declared that he was the son of George IV. and Queen Caroline, was born in Montague Palace, Blackheath, and was entitled to the throne of England. Upon every other subject unconnected with the royal family he spoke in a most rational manner, but when the Queen's name was mentioned he became exceedingly violent. He was committed to prison, and on entering the coach engaged to convey him he smashed the windows with his elbows and screamed out to the sentinels, "Guards of England, do your duty and rescue your sovereign." He was tried at the Queen's Bench for using seditious language to the Queen, and was sent to Bethlehem Asylum as insane. He was admitted to Broadmoor in March, 1364, where he remained until his death.