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(Written for the Beacon.)

SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH.

Sleep on my loved one, my hope hath not fled,
Thy sleep is but transient,—thou art not dead,
Thy spirit is hovering in the aerial blue
More bright than the rainbow with its tri-colored hue.

Sleep on my loved one, the bright evening star,
Just peeping over the forest afar,
Clearer and brighter than ever before,
Shineth to-night on the still river shore.

Sleep on my loved one, though Luna's soft light—
Maketh more lovely than day, is the night
In depths of the forest shade hiding her beams
Or dancing on ripples of murmuring streams

Sleep on my loved one, beath the cedar's green flowers,
I will strew over thy cold bed with flowers,
I'll dash from my eyelids the tears as they start,
Thy spirit is near me, death cannot us part.

Sleep on my loved one, to me thou'rt not dead,
Thy beautious vision from me hath not fled,
Thy spirit is near me, both at morn and at even,
May it always continue here on Earth and in Heaven.

S.

(Written for the Beacon.)

A RETROSPECT OF CHRISTMAS.

Mr. Editor:—A captious old fellow, whose effusions have somehow attained an enviable reputation, once ventured some harsh remarks on the nauseating effects of a "thrice-told Tale;" but who ever tired to read or talk of *Home*, especially when its sunny memories come all radiant with the joys, and ringing with the merry laughter of genial, jocund Yuletide? Then, gentle reader, if you are of our mind, draw up your chair a little closer, and let us chat cosily of the holyday that alas! "comes but once a year."

You awaited its arrival anxiously, you commenced by counting the days, and ended by reckoning the minutes that were lacking to make up the "fullness of the time" of its coming, or rather of the advent of the days on which you were to start to meet it by the fireside at Home. The time dragged by wearily enough, but the wished-for day came at last, and as you trudged along, cheered by the comforting reflection that *work*, both physical and mental, had been consigned to temporary oblivion, didn't you feel disposed to take a brighter view of things, didn't it seem to you that the road, for instance, was not so intolerably rough as you had before considered it, and the wind not quite so piercing? It appeared so to us at least; and, indeed, as we sped along, intoxicated—with the pleasures of anticipation—we became somewhat fanciful, and many an airy castle rose before us, conjured up, like the city walls in the fable, by music, in the production of which, the part of Amphion was enacted by the rattling wheels; in good sooth, a sound which never before struck us as peculiarly melodious, but which on that occasion we would persist in construing into a loud refrain to some merry old Christmas song.

Your journey is ended at last, and now you are surrounded by well-known forms, arrayed in your best and gayest, and at last succeed in accomplishing the rounds, after innumerable interruptions occasioned by an irresistible desire to shake hands and chat with every acquaintance whom you may chance to meet, it may be to his infinite disgust at the detention. But how should you know that you are *boring*? The idea of counting up lost time never glimmered in your brain at the same instant, with the consciousness that Christmas was upon you, and a season of holyday had extended you the notable privilege of "having nothing on hand," except a diligent search after enjoyment and an eager pursuit of fun. It may be that amongst your visits, your Biographist ought to chronicle a call on the object of your affections: perhaps she met you kindly, welcomed you by the old name with which she was wont to address you in childhood, if you had the honor of her acquaintance during that interesting period of life; and *mirabile dictu!* perhaps she called you Mister, and sung pæns over the charms and talents of some new found admirer; but on this score our record must be brief, for alas! the "course" of our "true love" always reminded us of the Way that leadeth to Jordan, and consequently we only harrow up our feelings by allusions to pleasures of which we know nothing save by repute; like that poor devil, Sir Gallahad,

"We never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's heart in ours"—

So let us leave this department of our subject for your memory to supply the deficit, and turn to one which experience has better qualified us to discuss: Let us suppose that the pompous servant with dignity and standing collar, both at an elevation conformed to the importance of the occasion, has announced the fact that "dinner is waiting," and that, all the preliminaries being duly disposed of, you are sitting at table, flanked by a host of cousins and begirt by a cohort of uncles and aunts. Stiff and formal enough it is at first, but soon the whereabouts of some absent relative becomes the subject of remark, and the question warms the kindred feeling and melts the initial coldness and reserve into hearty goodwill and easy familiarity—and soon come the toasts to the company, with their attendant crossfire of fun and raillery, and you shock your partly old uncle's spectacles off his nose, and himself well-nigh out of his boots, when forgetting for a moment where you are, and carried away by the force of "*Town*" habits and associations, you vociferously suggest to the old gentleman the propriety of acknowledging a complimentary libation by a short but pointed speech. And now the absent come in for their share of notice, and one by one memory brings them before you as they used to look, when in times gone by they assembled around the old board; while excluded from the immediate company of the grown folks by your want of inches, you sat at the children's side table, and longed with equal vehemence for a second slice of Plum-Pudding, and an addition to your stature, which latter acquisition was, in your judgment, the one thing lacking to your perfect development as a man. These thoughts flit through your mind, as one by one, on their announcement, the names of those who are away from the old homestead are greeted with a friendly "health," and now the list of the absent is finished, and it may be there comes a pause, for the thought of one whose presence in times gone by lent additional pleasure to the feast, rises in the mind, and along with it brings the consciousness that he or she is for you but a memory, that Christmas after Christmas may come and go, but they can never bring back the departed, never fill the void that is aching in your heart. Eyes that but a moment ago sparkled with pleasure are now dimmed by the gathering tear—voiceless, unbidden tribute to the loved and the lost,—but this does not last long; some one breaks the oppressive silence, and the sadness is at once dispelled; painful regrets for the past vanish before the pleasures of the present; the dead sleeps on in the church yard, and the living make merry in the hall. And why should you not? Were you to mourn the dead, when commemorating the birth of Him who robbed the grave of its victory and death of his sting? Perhaps the friend you lamented was not called to go through the dark valley and the deep river, until full of years and worn out with struggling on Life's Battle Field, he might well have longed to exchange the companionship of friends on earth for that of the "Brotherhood on High;" perhaps his mortal career was ended before the trials of Life beset him, when the bloom of youth was upon his cheek, and the future was for him but a Hope, yet "why should we mourn the young? Is it not better that the light cloud should pass away in the breath of the morning than travel through the weary day to gather in darkness, and end in storm?"

Now the ladies retire, and the fun grows fast and furious, the jokes more frequent and the laughter a trifle more boisterous, while the locomotive powers of the decanters seem of a sudden to have greatly increased; the old gentleman, your senior uncle, remembers a story he used to tell, when he was young, that he can at present see no impropriety in repeating,' and the correct young parson, your cousin, suddenly bethinks him of a good old song which he thinks 'might suit the occasion.' And while he renders the "Old English Gentleman"—that pleasantest of melodies, best of songs, and the chorus peals forth loudly and cheerily—your heart warms to the love of the genial, jolly humanity that glows in every line. Alas! that with us the race there portrayed is rapidly becoming a thing of the past; we say "with us," for in the Maryland gentleman of the old school we recognise the exact counterpart of him whose character is so well drawn in the quaint old melody that our fathers loved. One could almost wish that he were able to stop the wheels of Progress, and, as Holmes has it, "break the legs of Time," that he might restore the good old *regime*, and rejuvenate the decaying class. Assuredly, the heart and the mind are in some measure complements, and our age of intellectual progress has not achieved its vast expansion of the one without a woful curtailment of the other. "Look out for number one" is the order of our day; and close-fisted utility has well-nigh driven from the field the sympathetic humanity that

"Hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day to melting charity"—

But at last you are startled from your revery by the creak of the presiding dignitary's chair—an unmistakable summons for adjournment; and dinner and Christmas day are, the one entirely—the other well-nigh—over.

And so the days of your holyday sped by, more quietly, perhaps, than the first, but not less pleasantly; and one morning you woke to the consciousness that Christmas was gone, and with it, the time allotted in your "leave of absence." We will not follow you through the leave-takings that preceded your departure from home, nor the journey that brought you back to the troubles and pleasures (?) of busy, bustling every-day life.

And does any one now ask you—"What have you to show as equivalent for all this outlay of time?" You need not be at a loss for an answer: true, you have not persecuted your brain by memorizing long spun formula, you have not tortured it by a toilsome hunt after uncertain etymologies, and musty maxims of the law, nor by the disheartening endeavor to separate the pure gold of truth from the drossy theories of pedantic schoolmen; you have made but little progress in finding out who to the best purpose,

"Sucked his little thumb,
With whence am I, and wherefore did I come?"

But, if you are made of the right stuff, you have done what is far better; you have added to and brightened the links in the chain of love, that binds you to kindred and home; you left for awhile the "dead past," to "bury its dead," and mingling with the busy actors in the living present, you caught the inspiration of their spirits, and learned to sympathize with their efforts, share in their aspirations. All honor to the love of home and kindred! It springs up in the heart of the dutiful child, and growing as he grows in stature and years, matures into the moving principle that makes him a patriot when he becomes a man. It kindles in his heart that devotion to his mother State which impels him, careless of consequences, to do all and suffer all in her cause; makes him ready to put forth any exertion, undergo any sacrifice, if he can but win the glorious recompense of a place in her history, a share in her affections; if he be but assured that she will "honor his memory with a tear, his coffin with a garland."

C.

The Posterity of Cain.—Cain's settlement after the curse set upon him by the Lord, was in the "land of Nod on the east of Eden." If Eden represents the whole district between the Indus and the Nile, then this must have been in the wild, mountainous regions of Northern India and Western Tartary. The exact country our geography cannot define.—Two peculiarities have characterized the inhabitants of that region in every age. It has been a "land of Nod," that is "wandering, unsettled," as to a large share of its population; and yet it has been, strange to say, a land remarkable for the magnitude, grandeur, wealth, manufactures, learning and commerce of the cities—just as the early cultivations of the arts by the descendants of Cain might suggest. Nowhere else in the world has been seen the mingling of such contrarieties and of such extremes. And to this day it is a wonder.

The traveler with peril penetrates to the centres of these wild and grand landscapes, where even Nature collects the highest mountains and deepest chasms in the world—the most savage sterility, and gardens of the very primeval Paradisaic fruits. But when he does so, he is amazed by the fortifications, the palaces, the libraries, the foundries, the bazaars, the temples. He meets there with men who seem the genuine off-spring of Cain; prodigies of learning, that wander over the continent like vagabonds; speaking many languages, poets and philosophers, yet murderers and thieves; claiming descent from Israel or from Alexander the Great, yet lying, abject, knavish beggars; peddling in the same hour diamonds, pills, manuscripts, garments, pearls, antiquarian relics, shawls or cutlery, which they have carried immense distances, but with distrust of every one, they keep them concealed till opportunity for their disposal presents itself; the acutest, basest, unhappiest of mankind. The temper and the can of the first murderer's family remain with them after all the changes of six thousand years, till this day.

A little girl, worn out by a long sermon, observing the preacher gathering himself for another 'point,' exclaimed—'Oh, mother, he is not going to quit at all!' He is swelling up again.

A FAMILY SKELETON.

There is an old brick mansion on Esplanade street, New Orleans, that stands a little way back from the banquette and from its quaint construction arrests the attention of the passerby. It was built near a century ago, and has a strange history yet fresh in the memory of many. Once the habitation of wealth and refinement, it has passed to far different uses. It is now a tenement house, and the wind and the storm make a solem music in the ruinous rooms when the elements are at strife.

It is connected with an old somewhat remarkable FAMILY, of which was then the residence of a Spanish family of great wealth and distinguished social position. Mr. I. and myself were strangers to them personally, although we were familliar with their reputation in the community. One night we were surprised by a visit from Antone Pallotta, the then head of the family, which consisted of a nephew and daughter.—Rumor had it, that the wife was yet living; but if so, it was in such retirement that even her name was never mentioned to strangers. For a year previous it had been observed a strict seclusion was maintained by the family. Some gossips had it that strange noises were frequently heard in the house and wailings as of one in distress.

On introducing himself to us, Mr. Pallotta stated that he might possibly need our services in a matter—terminate how it would, which must be kept secret until after his death. This injunction we were, of course, willing to observe, and so stated.

He then disclosed to us the fact that he had recently missed from his safe some jewels of great value, and that the circumstance of their disappearance left no doubt in his mind that they were taken by either his nephew or daughter. The profound agitation with which this disclosure was made left no doubt in our minds of the grief it cost him to make it.

"I would not," he said, "put this matter in your hands, but that I am bound by solemn obligation of honor to transmit them to the representative of my house when I die. It may be that my child has them, or my nephew, urged by debts which young men sometimes contract, has taken them to pledge, to enable him to raise money. In either event they will have to be recovered, since I cannot evade the vow I am under. You perceive now why I am compelled to require of you a pledge of secrecy."

With this the interview terminated, and we set ourselves to work upon the case. To prosecute our inquiries more effectually it was necessary for me to visit the house. This I did as a guest, from a distant State.

A more beautiful creature than Marie Pallotta I had never seen. She seemed, indeed, a child of the tropics, radiant as a gem of the orient, star-eyed as the Egyptian queen. Long black hair, soft and silky, fell to her waist, while her slender, exquisitely proportioned figure would have been a sculptor's ideal.—Graceful and witching in her young girlhood, and so innocent that it seemed impossible to associate with a creature so lovely an idea of crime. The nephew was a tall, fine-looking man, with the dark tint of the Spaniard in his complexion, and the fire of his passionate race in his eyes. But they were bold, honest eyes, to which guilt seemed a stranger.

I knew at once that the old man's theory was wrong. However suspicious the circumstances, these young people were guiltless. Still I kept my own counsel, and accepted the hospitalities I had come apparently to enjoy.

My room was on the second floor, elegantly and sumptuously appointed. After retiring, I sat before the fire, enjoying a Havana and reflecting on the case. It must have been near midnight when my reverie was disturbed by a scream so piercing that my blood curdled at the fearful sound. It was succeeded by a sound of manice slaughter. The singular cadence echoed along the vaulted passages with a weird utterance that seemed to the fancy ghostly and chilling, as the wind in a charnel-house.

I could not account for it. Struck spellbound, I could only listen for its repitition; but it came no more. I will confess a nameless dread as I hastily undressed and sought forgetfulness in sleep.—But my nerves were excited and slumber had utterly forsaken me. At last I dropped to sleep—a troubled, uncertain kind of repose that wearied instead of resting mind and body. I awoke from this with a start. An icy hand was on my forehead, the weird cadence of that horrible laugh was in my ears. I sprung upright in bed, and before me in the dimly lighted room was a creature, so distorted in appearance, so mis-shapen and deformed, that my first impression was that I was in the presence of the supernatural.

Before I had time to think, however, it fled. I sprung from the bed and followed hastily. Far up the flight of stairs I heard the patter of fleeting feet. Determined to see who my visitor was, I followed hastily. Up into the highest story and back along a gallery the creature fled. I could see it run distinctly—a maniac woman. She stood in the center of a brilliantly lighted room formed like a cell. She was laughing and beckoning me on. At the threshold of the door lay a servant felled by some heavy instrument, and still insensible. All was plain to me now.

The strange creature was a maniac confined in the house. In creeping, she had nearly murdered her keeper. It was necessary to secure her and for the purpose, before alarming the family, I advanced to where she stood. In doing so, my eye fell upon a casket concealed in the bosom of her dress. I gave the alarm, and in a moment almost the room was filled with frightened servants. Shortly after the father and daughter came in.—They both were greatly agitated, and evidently surprised. I detailed to them as hastily as I could the circumstances that brought me there; and taking the casket in my hand, I asked Mr. Pallotta what it was.

"The jewels! the jewels!" he exclaimed, and grasped it eagerly. The rest was soon explained. The woman was his wife. For long years she had been a maniac. Before her reason deserted her and her mind became a ruin, she knew where the jewels were kept and had frequently worn them. Inspired by some strange freak she had sought them, with the result as stated.

Of course, all suspicion was now put at rest. I was enjoined to keep another secret. It can do no harm to publish it now, for both him who enjoined and she about whom it was made, are dust. Another clime protracts the life of the beautiful girl and the brave youth. No eye save those of a stranger will peruse these lines. It is a memory only to us who mingled in the scene.

THE VIRTUE OF PERSISTENCE.

I think the world is very generally misled by that vague term, *genius*. For be it from me to deny that some are born with loftier capacities, quicker perceptions, happier mental constitutions, than others; yet I think what is best in a human intellect is not *capacity* but *tendency*. Of the three decidedly most gifted and brilliant young men I have known, one died in a poor house, of *delirium tremens*; another sunk into an early grave, respected, but also a victim of alcoholic stimulation; and the third, though hardly thirty, is to-day a vagabond and a cumberer of the ground, to whom it would be very unsafe to lend a dollar.—All these had not merely brilliant capacities—they really achieved decided success in their better days; they could be industrious and efficient if they would, and for months at a time were so; but they had not the true purpose, or they could not have faltered and fallen as they did. Had they lived less to self and more to human good, they would never have been thus deserted by their guardian angels.

I knew there is a small class of whom the world says, "They see to the heart of things by intuition; they are poets from impulse only; orators, statesmen, critics, sages, because nature would have it so." I beg leave to doubt that men of this stamp are a whit more abundant than white crows. I know there are enough who take pleasure and pride in surprising the public with prodigies of easy and rapid achievements—who would have us believe that they have thrown off their epic a canto per day, and can write you their quire of clever epigrams or sonnets before dinner. Now, I do not question the facility of rapid and brilliant execution, *as the result of past study and acquirement*; in fact, I know of such instances; but look at Virgils' four lines per day—written that day to be read through all future time; consider how Demosthenes made himself an orator against a host of natural impediments; examine a *fac simili*s of a manuscript page of Byron's poems, and mark the numerous erasures and interlineations, arguing slow composition and a puzzled train, and note well that the man who writes a poem, a sermon, an elaborate review, an oration in a day, has been many years acquiring that facility, and you will agree with me that the vulgar supposition that some are so gifted by nature that they may achieve distinction without effort, is contradicted by a thousand facts where it seems to be sustained by one. My sometime friend, who perished miserably of *delirium tremens*, often affected to write without labor; yet I happen to know, from his intimate family connections, that he repeatedly shut himself up for months and devoted his whole energies to study. In these periods of hibernation the sparkling effusions which he seemed to dash off *impromptu*, after his return to society, had essentially their origin.

At all events, be sure there is no Chance in the universe, and, when we say there is, we can truly mean only that we are ignorant of the relation of cause and effect in that instance. All things are governed by Law, from the falling of an avalanche to the growth of a violet. "Sire," said an envious courtier, to whom Louis XIV was praising one of his generals, who had just achieved a brilliant triumph, "Sire, Marshal Villars is very lucky."—"Lucky, sir!" promptly responded the grand monarque, "Marshal Villars lucky," did you say? No, sir! he is a great deal more than that!"

A true and noble success is within the reach of every human being who rightly apprehends and will diligently seek it.—It may very well be quite other than the aspirant meditates—it may even seem defeat to the superficial observer—but God still reigns, and no heroic and unselfish aim can ever be really defeated. If five thousand aspire to fill the Presidential chair, it is very certain that all cannot have precisely that outward and visible stamp of success they covet; but, were they fifty thousand, and their aspiration rather essential than circumstantial, to enlighten and bless their countrymen rather than rule them, there are ample work and scope for them all. One may be privileged to teach thousands to loathe indolence, frivolity, display and vice, and [illegible] purity, sobriety and [illegible] toil, while another inculcates the same lessons only in a narrow, secluded neighborhood, unpraised, unsung, unchronicled, save in the books of the recording angel. The scope of influence in these two cases is different, but the measure of essential success is the same. Whoever has learned to find delight in doing good, and in nothing inconsistent therewith—to do whatever good is within his reach, and not repine that his opportunities are such only as Heaven has been pleased to vouchsafe him—can never esteem his life a failure. Should sickness or casuality confine him for years to a bed of suffering and dependence, he will thenceforth radiate a glow of heartfelt resignation, of benign humility, of grateful piety, whereof the influence will be diffused more widely and enduringly than he could have imagined. In the ever proceeding warfare of Good against Evil, Right against Wrong, Truth against Error, there can be no real defeat, no absolute discomfiture—only postponement, repulse, and the ill-success of a misdirected attack—an unwisely planed manœuvre. In that great contest, whoever plants himself firmly on the side of Good is allied with all the moral forces of the universe, and is certain of ultimate triumph. The evil and the base, the selfish and the sycophantic, may seem to flourish for a season; but their verdue soon passes away and is forgotten, leaving the good to stand forth like the evergreens of the forest in Winter, when the Summer foliage which dwarfed and obscured them lies shriveled at their feet.—Happy they who learn in childhood, and treasure through after trials and temptations, the grand lesson of the age—the philosophy of living to noble ends.—*Horace Greeley.*

Money.—Money is a queer institution. It buys provender, satisfies justice, and heals wounded honor. Everything resolves itself into cash, from stock-jobbing to building churches. Childhood craves pennies, youth aspires dimes, manhood is swayed by the mighty dollar. The blacksmith swings his sledge, the lawyer pleads for his client, and the judge decides the question of life and death for his salary. Mones makes the man, therefore the man must make the money if he would be respected by fools; for the eye of the world looks through golden spectacles. It buys Brussels carpet, lace curtains, gilded cornices and rich furniture, and builds marble mansions. It drives us to church in grand rigs, and pays the rent of the best pew. It buys silk and jewelry for my lady. It commands the respect of raging crowds, and secures obsequious attention. It enables us to be charitable, to send Bibles to the heathen, and relieve domestic indigence. It gilds the rugged scenes of life, and spreads over the rugged path of existence a velvet carpet soft to our tread; the rude scenes of turmoil are incased in a gilt frame. It bids care vanish, soothes the anguish of the bed of sickness, stops short of nothing save the grim destroyer, whose relentless hand spares none, but levels all moral distinction, and teaches poor, weak humanity that it is but dust. Thus wealth pauses on the brink of eternity, the beggar and the millionaire rest side by side beneath the sod, to rise in equality to answer the final summons.

Napoleon.—The mind of Napoleon was vast; but of the manner of the Orientals; and through contradictory disposition, it descended, as it were, by the effects of its own weight, to details which might justly be called low. His first idea was always grand, and his second mean and petty. His mind was like his purse; munificence and meanness held each a string. His genius, which was at once adapted to the stage of the world, and the mountebank's show, resembled a royal robe joined to a harlequin's jacket.—Endowed with wonderful and infinite shrewdness; glittering with wit; seizing or creating in every question new and unperceived relations; abounding in lively and picturesque images, animated and pointed expressions, the more forcible from the very incorrectness of his language, which always bore a sort of foreign impress; sophistical, subtle, and changeable to excess—he adopted different rules of ethics from those by which other men are guided. Add to this the delirium of excess, the habit of drinking from the enchanted cup, and intoxicating himself with the incense of the world; and you may form an idea of the man who, uniting in his caprices all that is lofty and mean in the human character, mad site in the splendor of sovereignty, and peremptorily in command, with all that is ignoble and base, even in his grandest achievements, joining the treacherous ambush to the subversion of thrones—presents altogether such a Jupiter-Scapin, as never before figured on the scenes of life.

Children are very apt to think a great deal more of an illustration than of the truth it was intended to illustrate. A teacher once endeavored to illustrate faith thus: "Children, if I should tell you that one day I saw a monkey climbing a liberty pole, would you believe me?"—"Yes, sir," unanimously. "Well, that is faith; you believe me because I say it, and you feel sure I would not tell an untruth." The next day, the question was asked of the same children, "What is faith?" "A monkey climbing a liberty pole," answered a quick little boy.

Let every minister, while he is preaching, remember that God is [illegible]

Classical Anecdote.—The Rev. Samuel Clawson, a Methodist preacher of eccentric manners, sometimes called the "wild man," was very popular in Western Virginia some twenty years ago.—He was cross-eyed and wiry made, and very dark-skinned for a white man. At times he was surprisingly eloquent, always excitable, and occasionally extravagant. He once accompanied a brother minister, the Rev. Mr. R., a prominent pastor, in a visit to a colored church.—Mr. R. gave the colored preacher the hint, and, of course, Clawson was invited to preach. He did so, and during the sermon set the impulsive Africans to shouting all over the house. This, in turn, set Clawson, to extravagant words and actions, and he leaped out of the pulpit like a deer, and began to take the hands of the colored brethren, and mix in quite happily. He wept for joy.—Then passing through the crowd, he found Brother R., and sitting down beside him, he threw his arms around his neck, and, with tears streaming down his face, he said: "Brother R, I almost wish I had been born a nigger. These folks have more religion than we have." "Well, well," said Brother R., "you come as near it that you needn't cry about it."

Soldier Wit.—The colonel of an Alabama regiment was famous for having everything done up in military style.—Once, while field officer of the day, and going on his tour of inspection, he came on a sentinel from the Eleventh Mississippi Regiment, sitting flat down at his post, with his gun taken entirely to pieces, when the following dialogue took place:—

Colonel.—Don't you know that a sentinel while on duty should always keep on his feet?

Sentinel.—(Without looking up.)—That's the way we used to do when the war first began, but that's played out long ago.

Colonel.—(Beginning to doubt if the man was on duty.) Are you the sentinel here?

Sentinel.—Well, I'm a sort of a sentinel.

Colonel.—Well, I'm a sort of officer of the day.

Sentinel.—Well, if you'll hold on till I sort of git my gun together, I'll give you a sort of salute.

Dreams.—The mystery of dreams has puzzled the philosophers of all ages, from the days of Hippocrates until now. The Greek could not solve it, neither could Lord Brougham.

"A dream," says Solomon, in his sententious way, "cometh through much business," and our day experiences are undoubtedly the materials from which seven-nights of our night visions are woven. Nor are dreams always incoherent. Franklin has left it on record that he solved political problems in his sleep which he could not master in his waking hours.—Coleridge's extraordinary poem, "Kubla Kahn," was, according to his own statement, a remembered dream. Abstruse, mathematical questions have in many instances been worked out during sleep.—As a general rule, however, the ideas which seem to us very admirable while passing through our somnolent minds, will not stand the test of sober, second thought by daylight.

A teacher once wished to illustrate the nature of faith to a party of children who were waiting for their thanksgiving dinner at the Mission House. He asked, "Children, what are you going to have soon?" "Watermelons," responded a chorus of voices. "How do you know?" asked the teacher, expecting them to say, Our teacher told us so. Judge what his predicament was when the whole party shouted with one voice, "saw them in the cellar!"

"What are you doing there, Jane?"

"Why, pa, I am going to dye my doll's pianoforte red."

"But what have you got to dye it?"

"Beer."

"Who on earth told you that beer would dye red?"

"Why, ma, said it was beer that made your nose red, and—"

"There, Susan, take this child."

A clergyman was rebuked by a brother of the cloth, a few days ago, for smoking. The culprit replied that he used the weed in moderation.

'What do you call moderation?' inquired the other.

'Why, sir,' said the offender, 'one cigar at a time.'

A little boy who sat listening to some gentleman conversing at his father's table, heard one of them quote the well known line, "an honest man is the noblest work of God," when he said he did not believe it, for his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

The fountain of true politeness is a good and generous heart. It consists less in exterior manners, than the spirit developed in conduct in the intercourse of society.

A conscript being told that it was sweet to die for his country, excused himself on the ground, that he never did like sweet things.

Why is wheat like a baby? Because it is [illegible]

ORDERED, That the sale of Estate of Mary H. Ford, made by Robert C. Combs and S. Downs, Administrators, of ceased, and this day reported Court by said Administrators be ratified confirmed, unless cause be shown contrary, on or before 8th of 1869—Provided, a copy of this inserted in some newspaper published St Mary's county, at least once for three successive weeks,—before 8th of February, 1869.

The Report states the amount to be $800.

A J SPALDING, C. C.
THOS O SPENCER

Dec 10, 1868—3w.

FOR SALE.

boyish ambition, is hushed in death, the memory of one approving smile, of one commending word, will lighten your heaviest burden, brighten your darkest hour.

But, now that you have paid your respects to the home-folks, you feel inclined to perform the same pleasant duty to other relations and friends. You sally forth, then,