Saint Mary's Beacon.

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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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JAMES S. DOWNS.

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Professional Cards.

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G. FRED MADDOX

COL. JAMES POLK,
Attorneys at Law
and
General Claim Agents.

WILL attend, punctually, to all business confided to their care, especially to claims for Bounty and for Compensation for Slaves enlisted in the military service of the United States in the late war. As the muster rolls of the colored troops from Maryland are in close proximity to the office of Col Polk, great facilities are afforded them in obtaining such record evidence as is essential to claims for compensation.

Dec. 20, 1866—tf.

Professional Notice.

THE undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have, this 3rd day of July, 1866, formed a Copartnership in the practice of their profession, under the name and style of Combs & Downs. They will practice in the County of Saint Mary's and the adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals.

Especial attention will be paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State, or the Government.

References given, when required. Address Combs & Downs, Leonardtown, P. O., St Mary's County, Maryland.

ROBERT C. COMBS,
JAS. S. DOWNS.

July 5, 1866—1y.

Law Co-Partnership.

THE undersigned have formed a law copartnership under the name of Maddox & Crane. They will practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and the adjoining counties and also in the Court of Appeals.

Especial attention paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State or the Government. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to their charge.

Address, Maddox & Crane, Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, Md.

G. FRED. MADDOX,
J. PARRAN CRANE,

Dec. 26, 1867—tf.

JAS. H. WILSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Leonardtown, Md

Has commenced the practice of his profession in Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, Md and will promptly attend to any business entrusted to his care. He may always be found at the Office of the Commissioners Court.

Dec 14, 1865—tf

D. S. BRISCOE,

much out of repair, but am satisfied it is equally good for wheat.

Yours, respectfully,
CHAS A F SHAW.

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Feb 28, 1867—tf

J. T. MATTHEWS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LEONARDTOWN,

Will practice in the Courts of St. Mary's, Charles and Prince George.

Sept. 12th, 1867—6m.

DANIEL C. HAMMETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Leonardtown, St. Mary's County, Maryland
Oct 3, 1867—tf.

BOARDING.

MRS. J. C. MILBURN, formerly of St Mary's, has taken the house No. 52, Hanover St, Balt., between Baltimore St and [illegible] respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

White Men must rule America!

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FOR THE
BEST N Y WEEKLY PUBLISHED

NEW YORK DAY BOOK
FOR 1869:

Devoted to White Supremacy, State Equality, and Federal Union.

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE.

A Political Newspaper—A Family Literary Paper, and an Agricultural Paper.

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The Day-Book, therefore, demands the restoration of the White Republic, and as this must be and will be accomplished, either through their reason, or the blood and suffering of the people, it earnestly labors for the former, and by boldly grappling with the errors, lunacies and crimes of Mongrelism, it strives its utmost to save the country from the awful necessities of the latter.

The Day-Book will, however, hereafter be more than ever devoted to all the varied purposes of a *news* paper.—Conscious that it reaches thousands of families who take no other journal, beyond, perhaps, their local paper, it will continue and improve its "News of the Week" Summary, so as to present a transcript of the World's events in each issue. Its "Family Department" will embrace the best original and selected stories. Its "Agricultural Department" will be fully sustained, and being the only paper of its class made up expressly for Country circulation, it is confident that it is worth double the price of a weekly hurriedly reprinted from a daily. It gives full and complete reports of the New York and Albany Cattle Markets; Grain, Provision and Cotton Markets, and a Weekly Review of Financial Matters, by Telegraph, from New Orleans, Chicago, Charleston, Philadelphia, &c., &c., up to time of going to press.

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Additional copies,	1 75
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VAN EVRIE, HORTON & CO.,
No. 162 Nassau street, New York.
Dec 17, 1868.

JOHN ESTEN COOK'S NEW NOVEL

F. J. HUNTINGTON & CO.,
489 BROOME ST., NEW YORK,

Have in press, to be ready in October,

MOHUN;

Or, the Last Days of Lee and his Paladins

By J. ESTEN COOK,
Author of "Surry of Eagles' Nest."

Of "SURRY," of which Mohun is a Sequel, TEN THOUSAND copies were almost immediately sold. The new work is still more intensely interesting. Printed on fine-toned paper, and richly bound in cloth, with upward of 500 pages, it has for its frontispiece a fine steel medallion head of GEN. LEE, and four beautiful illustrations in Homer's best style. *Either book is sent by mail, post free, on receipt of the price.* $2.25. For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers in town and country.

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Md.

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Wool bought at the highest market prices or taken in exchange for goods.

The patronage of the people of Southern Maryland is respectfully solicited and satisfaction is warranted in all cases.

THE EXILED REBELS.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* gives the following account of the whereabouts of prominent exiled rebels:

In respect to the prominent exiles, there have been dispatches published, touching their intended movements, which had no foundation but guess work. It has been, for example, broadly stated that Slidell, Benjamin, Davis and Dudley Mann were all making ready for their return, in consequence of this amnesty. As for Mr. Davis, he is much more likely not to return, now that the amnesty is to be regarded, than if his case at Richmond had been dismissed. As for the other exiles, I have been posted up to some extent touching their means and future prospects, as well as wishes. The most anxious one to return, probably, is General Breckinridge, of Kentucky. He has a large family, and is poor—has nothing at all, in fact, but his profession as a lawyer, which is of little use in making a living abroad, and I know that on every account he has been anxious for a long time to return.—Probably no man more candidly "accepts the situation," in every sense of the word, consistent with personal honor. He would have been back long ago, but did not like to encounter personal indignity. Some of his leading friends have advised him to return at once, but he is a man of great caution, and is just as likely as not to wait until he can see how the land lies, and the temper of the incoming administration toward him. Old James M. Mason must be now over seventy, and at that time of life local attachments are unusually strong. He thinks, like all Virginians, that the Old Dominion is the finest part of the world, and would prefer greatly to live there to anywhere else. He had a moderate competency at the close of the war, arising from some property of his wife, and, though too old and infirm to earn a dollar by personal exertion, was thus put above the necessity of labor. I see it stated he is about to return to his old home at Winchester, in the Valley of Virginia. He will be able to find the place, doubtless, and meet many old friends, but one thing he will not see, viz: his old homestead. The Federal troops completely destroyed it, leaving not one stone upon another.

Old Jubal Early, major-general to Lee and Stonewall Jackson, he who stormed Winchester in the campaign of 1863, and burned a part of Chambersburg in retaliation for the burning of Jackson, Miss., and other places, went abroad at the close of the war, and has remained by choice an exile. I don't remember whether he accepted a parole or not; I think he did, but most certainly he did not "accept the situation." He is a proud, defiant, unyielding man; slow to take a position, and very tenacious of it when once taken. He was an original Union man, and obstinately resisted secession until Mr. Lincoln's proclamation was issued, and then he went for secession; and the Confederacy might have had an abler, but certainly no stouter soldier or more steadfast adherent. He lived before the war in the country south of the James River, and I suppose might have managed to save some little property from the wreck. I should take him to be about the last man in the world to make a count in a foreign land. His brief book on the Virginia campaign of 1864 is pronounced by Lee's staff, and I believe is considered by Lee himself as the only book of any real value on the Confederate side. It is certainly very terse and perspicuous, but the nature of the man is shown by the fact that he gave the copy-right to help the memorial associations of Virginia in collecting and marking the graves of the Southern soldiers who fell on the battle-fields of that State. Said he: "Perhaps I might have made something by a sale of the work; but I wanted to keep clear of all suspicion of writing a book for money." And thus the proud, but manly and sincere old Jubal hangs out on the Canada side of the frontier, occasionally writing a letter about the war, as for example, the other day, to prove that Jackson never proposed the night attack, bowie knife and bare arm and breast business—which the Muse of History—that "lying bitch," as Watkins Leigh called her—has attributed to him. I think old Jubal will come back at his leisure, when the fit takes him and his money gives out. A man must have a good deal of meanness in his nature, be he Radical, Democrat or Southern, not to sympathize with such a nature.

As for Jake Thompson, of Mississippi, who used to be Secretary of the Interior under Buchanan—many years before in Congress, a rigid economist, General Agent of the Confederacy in Canada in 1864—he would have come back long ago but for the miserable lie Holt and Stanton got up between them about his being accessory to Lincoln's assassination. He is no longer rich as he was formerly, but is, I believe, in easy circumstances. I am sure that he would greatly prefer to return when he can do so safely, and go to planting again. He has no ambition, and says that he and men of his age must give way to the younger men; but he is still far from being old, and is still a man of vigorous, healthy, active intellect.

Mr. John Slidell is in Paris, and has been there in his hotel in the Champs Elysées since 1861. At the time he was confined by the United States to a message that he was with Lincoln, and he expected to stay abroad a considerable time, and knew the uncertainties of war—being a long-headed man, he [illegible]ted. Hence, though advanced in life, he has been pretty lazy, and is not starved out by the confiscation of his Louisiana property. One of his daughters was married to Emile Erlanger, who took the European Confederate loan, and bid the other day for one in Spain; his son has a career in the French army; the family adore Paris, and on the whole, except to transact some personal business, I don't believe Slidell would care to return. The easy, hobnobbing life of Paris agrees with him.

Lewis T. Wigfall made his way abroad at the close of the war some how or other; he is a man of decided energy, and he has been practising law at Orleans in some way. Otherwise [illegible] England, and gets along some how or other. He cannot have much money, and I fancy would be very glad to be back in Texas at the law once more. He is in many respects an extraordinary man, a born revolutionist, never disheartened, whatever the storm or tempest; best pleased, perhaps, when the waves run high, devoted to his own pet schemes or ideas, has a passion for some people, and can hate others like the glow of an anthracite furnace, is always driving away at something, yet never depressed by failure, and will never give up hope as long as he can find a listener. Give him half a dozen listeners, and he is perfectly happy. As we are to have "peace," I think Wigfall and the United States could harmonize matters by allowing him to harangue a Texas jury. What harm would it do, pray?

After a curious and most romantic series of adventures, Mr. J. P. Benjamin, ex-Secretary of State and the Disraeli of the Southern Confederacy, made his way to the West Indies, thence to England, and there he, once the most eloquent of pleaders in the United States Supreme Court, commenced "eating his terms," as it is called, in the Temple, preparatory to admission to the Courts of Westminster. For a year the ex-Senator, ex-Secretary of State, ex-Pleader of America, went through this probation just as might have done any fledgling from Oxford or Cambridge, when all of a sudden John Bull concluded to relax his iron rule in favor of the brilliant stranger, and dispense with the two remaining years of preparation for the mysteries of Themis. This made all easy: once in Court, the clear thought, the most ringing tone, the ease of manner, unapproached even in America, the wonderful perspicuity and power of statement which had once made even Douglas, Crittenden and Hunter look well to their weapons, found their way to the ears and eyes of the bench, and the solemn old cocks in wig and gowns went out of their way to pay a compliment to the new advocate. This distinction, added to merit and work, won clients; and now, after getting out a new law book on sales, behold our ex-Senator, fixed for life, probably in his gown, at Westminster—happy there, cheerful everywhere, irrepressible, and never without a smile, save under the influence of an occasionable headache—the lot of an exile, a flea-bite to the philosopher.

As for old Dudley Mann, he who used to write awful long letters for Father Ritchie's *Union*, over the signature of "Agricola," (what they were about no body but he knows,) an enthusiast over the "Great Eastern," which he was once under the impression he had personally constructed, once luxuriating in a European mission, sent there by the United States, and subsequently fixed up comfortably in a similar case at Brussels, by the Confederacy, where he shed his ink like a man; why, he is all right now.—He has got money enough to live on, in a shabby, genteel style at Bonn, or some other German town, and he is half Dutchman anyhow. Europe suits him far better than a country where taxes are high, and bowing and scraping, and pleasant, amiable grimaces voted a bore. Old Dudley has no use for the United States, and the United States still less for him. Poor old fellow! Who would grudge him his pasturage and the occasional luxury of kicking up his heels?

As for Bev. Tucker, everybody knows him, or did know him once—"a fellow of infinite jest"—the very prince of good, jolly fellows, that will, if you give him a chance by getting him at a supper, say so many good things that you would never afterward think of a square meal without him. What an outrage that this man, any one of whose jokes is worth a dozen Stantons, Holts or Layfayette Bakers, should have been kept abroad all this time an exile—his family large, poor and needy—on the ridiculous pretext of having helped to assassinate Mr. Lincoln, whereas he never helped to assassinate anything but canvass-back ducks and oysters; and I believe he could put a bushel of both under his belt at one sitting with perfect ease. He is, as I remarked, impecunious, and I know prefers the Lynnhaven and Norfolk to the pretentious, but small and coppery, Ostend oyster. Does not such patriotism deserve a better reward? Nor would he object at all to a slight dropping of the "fatted fowl," whether native or foreign, and if any body thinks to tempt him by allusion to Bourbon, just let him produce the article, and see if it be not promptly followed.

I have barely a word to add about Mr. Davis. A few months ago Mr. Davis went down to Mississippi, intending to stay there, and, I believe, go to planting again. Our big-head street coats are very [illegible] and he is deeply attached to his old home, and the home where he has passed so large a part of his life. But will, even he did not feel undone, the Rat-

ly he left for Europe to get rid of it, stating to one of his friends that he would sacrifice himself and his own interest and desires rather than be the occasion of drawing down increased persecution and malignity against the people of his State. Rather than do this, welcome exile and its bitter bread.

Mr. Davis' means are very scant; like General Breckinridge, he owes much to the bounty of friends. The story of his having caused funds to be conveyed to Europe while he was President for his own benefit, in case of final reverse, is discredited by the fact of his poverty, as well as by the fact that he made no serious effort to escape till almost the last moment, and then reconsidered his design, and retraced his steps on hearing of Mrs. Davis being annoyed by marauders. Nor do Stanton and Holt deserve any special credit for this fabrication of theirs, it being the precise course *they* would have adopted in like circumstances.—And this, I think, completes the list of prominent exiles who are affected by this proclamation. There are a few others, who are not at home, who come in under this last amnesty whose later career may be noticed on some future occasion.

A CASE OF IMAGINATION.

It is a well established fact, that the mind has a direct and important action upon the body, and to a much greater extent than persons in general suppose.—During the prevalence of an epidemic, for instance, such as the cholera, thousands become afflicted through their own fancy, who would otherwise escape the fell destroyer. We remember when this scourge was last upon us, of hearing several persons spoken of as likely to perish with the disease, for the simple reason that they were constantly in dread and fear of it; and we noted the fact that these same persons rarely lived out the season; while, on the other hand, those who seemed to care little about it, and in some cases scoffed at and defied it, were seldom touched by the invisible foe.

No one can tell what the mind is, or how it acts upon the body; but we have constant evidence of its presence and power, through one of its attributes, the will, and we are sometimes astonished at its increased force, when stimulated by passion or fear.

In a conversation with a distinguished physician of our acquaintance upon this subject, he related a case of the striking effect of imagination, or mind upon the body, which came under his own observation while a student at a hospital. A lecture by one of the faculty, touching upon imagination and its strange effects, became a subject of discussion in his class; and the question shortly arose, whether it was not rather the body that affected the mind than the mind the body.

"I contend," said one, "that the body first becomes affected by some morbid influence, and the mind, of course, takes it therefrom."

"I maintain," said another, "that the mind may be first affected, and so impair the body, as in cases of mental excitement, such as grief, joy, fear, horror, shame, chagrin, and disappointment."

The students took sides on the question, and the matter was ably argued pro and con, each party about equally maintaining its assumed position. In all questions of a nature permitting a strong argument on either side, it is fair to presume that both parties have truth for a foundation, and neither has the whole truth; and so it was in this case—the fact being that the mind does affect the body and the body the mind.

But something more than argument was wanted in this case; medical students like to try experiments and witness practical demonstrations; and it was finally agreed that a perfect healthy subject should be selected and put under the effects of imagination. A young, robust, rosy-cheeked farmer, who occasionally came into the town to dispose of his fruit, and who had found some of his best customers among the students, was finally fixed upon as an individual in every way satisfactory for the trial. The plan was, for some of the students in different times, and in different places, without any appearance of collusion, to be struck with his altered looks—to perceive some secret malady beginning to affect him,—and finally to predict his death at a given time. With this understanding they went deliberately to work the next time he appeared among them. Some three or four of them sauntered out to his cart, from which he was selling apples; and each, as he came up, took a long and unusual stare at him, as if suddenly discovering something very peculiar; and then all seemed to consult together in a very serious manner, occasionally glancing at him with looks of pity verging on alarm.

"How are you to-day, Mr. Bassett?" at length inquired one of the party, in a grave, quiet tone, with a look of commiseration; while the others crowded up, stared hard in his face, and seemed anxious for his answer.

"I'm right well, I thank you!" replied Bassett, with a pleasant smile; "how do you find yourself? I've got some good eating apples here, gentlemen—the same kind as you tried of last year."

"Going on twenty-four.

"Just the age, too," remarked the [illegible] to his companion, in a low tone.

quired, turning again to the young farmer.

"No; not yet, exactly," laughed Bassett.

"Intend to be, I suppose?"

"Well, perhaps, some time or other, if I live."

"Very well put in—*if you live!*" returned the questioner, with solemn emphasis.

For the first time, the young farmer looked at the speaker, in some surprise.

"Why, what do you mean by that—if I live?" he inquired.

"Is it best to tell him?" said the student, in a low tone, addressing his companions.

"It may be as well," replied another; "it can alter nothing, you know, Wheatley; and he may have some preparations to make."

"Ah! here comes Doctor Giles—a very shrewd observer; let us see if he notices anything first," observed Wheatley, glancing at another student, who was leisurely approaching.

"Well, boys, how are the apples to-day?" said the new-comer, in a light tone, as he drew near.

He glanced at the apple-dealer as he spoke, gave a start, stopped suddenly, and then looked inquiringly at the others, who maintained an ominous silence.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed; "it is so! And so young!"

"Is what so?" rather seriously inquired Bassett, on whom the manner of the whole group had begun to make a marked impression.

"I was about to tell him," said Wheatley to Giles, in a confidential tone; "but seeing you approach, I thought I would wait and see if your observation confirmed it."

"A clear case—I saw it at a glance!" replied Giles. "What a pity! And as he is in such apparent health!"

Then the five students drew back, and mysteriously conferred together.

"Does he suspect nothing?" the farmer overheard Giles inquire.

"Nothing whatever; and even announced himself as feeling in his usual good health," answered Wheatley.

Giles lifted his hands, with a look of commiseration; and muttered as if to himself, "Poor fellow—poor fellow! it will be a hard blow to him and his family!"

Nothing of all this was lost on Bassett, who began to grow very restless and uneasy.

"What's the matter?" he again inquired, looking from one to another. "Do you see anything queer about me?"

'Tell him yourself, Doctor,' said Wheatley.

"Some one should," returned Giles; "but I wish the task had not devolved on me. One must do his duty, however."

He then went up to the young farmer, and solemnly asked him if he was well—perfectly well; and if he had any particular fear of death?

"What do you say all this to me for?" returned the other, turning somewhat pale, and looking frightened.

"Because we see the seeds of death in you?" said Giles; "and know you cannot live over a week from to-day—from this hour in fact."

"Gracious heaven! what is it! What's the matter with me?" cried the other, in real alarm, turning still more pale, and beginning to tremble in every limb.

"You have that secret but fatal malady, known in the olden times as the plague—a disease again revived; and now going about the country, baffling all attempts of the physicians to master it.—It is always preceded by peculiar spots on the skin, such as we see on yours, and kills on the seventh day, if not sooner. You will further be assured of it, by a certain pain about the region of the heart—such as, if I am not mistaken, you feel now. How is it? Am I not right?"

"I believe I do feel a kind of queer here," replied the frightened farmer, putting his hands to his breast and shuddering.

"Of course, you do. Come, gentlemen; take pity on him and purchase his apples, so that he can go home, and arrange all his affairs, before he has his first attack of delirium."

"Can't you do anything for me? Ain't there no hope?" whined the now terrified fellow, with big drops of perspiration, wrung out by mental agony, standing all over his face and brow.

"We can't do anything for you now," said Giles; "but Doctor Copple, of our hospital, fancies he has discovered a cure. We shall know to-morrow—for he is, in the meantime, to try the remedy on a patient not far from here; and should he succeed, we will come to you on the day after to-morrow with his secret. Meanwhile, go home, and, if you feel weak, go to bed; and if cold, see that you are well covered. Do not apply to any other physician, or take any medicine of any kind till I see you. I will come at the time set, and let you know your fate, for a certainty. Try to keep up your spirits, and hope for the best!"

The students bought the poor fellow's apples at their own price, and he offered them still more if he was worth it he would come out, and cure him. He drove off in great alarm, feeling very weak, and complaining that the pain in his heart was increasing.

On the road beyond the village he met some more students, who looked at him in surprise and alarm, inquiring how he felt, and assured him he was very ill, and threatened with the plague—in fact, in short, that he had it entirely.

He finally reached home, more dead [illegible] of what

testations, they sent for a doctor; but it so happened that the latter was away on a consultation in a neighboring town, and did not return in time to see him next day. The day following, young Giles, with several others, went to visit him, and report upon the case. They found him with a high fever, covered with quilts, complaining of cold and intense anguish about the heart, and verging on delirium.

"Well, doctor?" he gasped, looking wildly at the now alarmed student.

"You are saved," whispered the other. "Doctor Copple's remedy has already restored six patients. Here; take these pills, one every fifteen minutes; and in an hour your pains will leave you, and before night you will be well.

The man brightened at once, and took four bread pills at intervals of ten minutes. In an hour, sure enough he was better; and before night he had left his bed, and was pronounced out of danger. The students returned to town, satisfied with their experiment; and the next week Bassett was again at the hospital selling them more apples. Then they told him the joke; and though inclined to be angry at first, he finally joined them in the laugh against himself.

So much for the force of imagination.

CROSSING BAYONETS.—A lively debate is now going on among some of the French periodicals as to whether opposing columns frequently cross bayonets.—War historians of most countries generally devote more or less space to bayonet charges, hand-to-hand conflicts, &c.—The "History of the Army of the Potomac" abounds in descriptions of this character, while we have yet to see the first volume on the rebellion which has not one or more of them. The French General Azemar affirms that in all the wars of the first Empire there were only two actions in which troops actually met at the bayonet's point. One was in 1805, at Amastetten, when Oudinot's grenadiers attacked the grenadiers of the Russian rear-guard, and the bayonet engagement lasted several minutes. The second instance was at Lutzen, in 1813, when the Twenty-fifth regiment of the line, piqued that the Emperor seemed to doubt its prowess, fought the whole day with the bayonet, without burning a cartridge.

General Azemar argues that the phrase "bayonet encounter," in the ordinary language of the soldier, means "a pressure altogether moral," and that the shock of troops, which is ordinarily called an attack or charge at the point of the bayonet, should be more accurately named a "bayonet demonstration." During the first three years of our late struggle, only one hundred and five sabre and one hundred and three bayonets wounds were reported to the surgeon general from the whole theatre of operations, and of these only two-thirds were received in action. Only twenty-five sabre wounds were reported as the result of Sheridan's many "fierce" cavalry and infantry encounters during the last year of the war.

John Chinaman, in California, is clear at a bargain. His ideas of the "credit system" are extremely safe though rather vague. A merchant of unbounded credit in San Francisco recently applied to a Chinese merchant, through his agent, to purchase a cargo of rice on time. The agent duly set forth the opulence, standing, &c., of his principal, to which Chinaman replied: "Yes, him welly good man. Me trust-ee, him pay me one-half cash-ee, other half when me deliver rice-ee."

We frequently hear individuals say: "I can forgive, but I cannot forget."—God does both. He not only abundantly pardons, but our sins and iniquities he remembers no more. To forgive is well, but to forgive and forget is better. It is well to thoroughly sweep a house, but it is better to sweep it and not leave the dirt in the entry.

☞ "Charley, I was much shocked to hear you singing, "Pop goes the weasel," in church."

"Well, mamma, I heard every body else singing, and it was the only tune I knew."

Youth is fed by poetry and imagination; mature age by realities; as plants draw all their nourishment from the air until they bear fruit, and afterwards from the ground only.

Every man capable of doing a secret injustice is a coward. He will shrink, shuffle and equivocate; but if held by the firm grasp of truth and courage, cannot escape an ignominious exposure.

Mrs. Teazle—I'm sure I married you for the purest of motives. Mr. Peter Pindar—For the purest of metals, no doubt, you mean.

Superior cleanliness sooner attracts our regard than finery, and often gains esteem where costly dress fails.

[illegible] the same [illegible] forgot any of his other [illegible]