Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. VI — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1869 — NO. 27

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

JAMES S. DOWNS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$2.00 per annum to be paid within six months. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publisher.

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Professional Cards.

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.

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

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. 25, 1867—tf.

D. S. BRISCOE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Leonardtown,

St. Mary's Co. Md.

may 9, 1867—tf.

JAMES T. BLAKISTONE

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Leonardtown, Md.,

Having resumed the practice of the law will attend promptly and ... to the settlement, all claims placed in his hands for collection.

Feb 28, 1867—tf

J. F. MATTHEWS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LEONARDTOWN,

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

Sept. 12th, 1867—6m.

DANIEL C. HAMMETT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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

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Feb 25, 1869—3m.

Boarding House.

MRS. MARY H. BRISCOE has removed her Boarding House to No. 34 North Calvert Street, Baltimore.

April 23, 1868—6m.

A APOSTRUFFE TO THE FLAG.

By Bill Bragedon Esq. ritten by himself jurin the war.

Orl hale, magnifesent pece uv buntin!
Wunce by ole Greely cald "the flantin lie.
If ever he use the eppethet agin,
Call him a mendax, oulfashus liar.
And tell him besides, you have a man who will
Hentsforth, yor privit and furrin fitin du.
Thou never yet did'st lie; but if thou did'st,
Twas when sum wickit reble shot yor leg,
Yor unly leg from underneath, and left
You not a single peg to stan upon.
Twas then thou miles praps lie on them who lied
Fust, befour and under thee on the ground.
Thou putty flag! orl ful uv stripes and lukst
Jes like a stick uv peppermint candy.
I gues thou wust roled out tu flat and thin,
So that thou cudst not by no menes be roled up
Round and thic and cud'nt be a stic agin.
Thou glorvus ole flag! how thou rolst about.
When brezes gently blo, waggin thy tale.
Art laffin, or is it a pane in yor belly?
How thou shine own tale thou slappest! putty much
Like to a cartwhip or an celv cap;
Or like the fizishun did at Benedick,
Havin stript the egsemshun kondilits
Start nakit and found em O. K., past em.
Thou brave ole flag! while others quake with feer,
Thou undismade, dust snuf the powder smoke,
And luvst to heer the cannin and the drum,
The muskit rolo, and clash uv burnisht stele
And hast a joy in splendid agony.
Thou beerest a charmed life, and dust not feer
Bullit holes, bumshels, saber cuts nor wunds.
Oh, if I had yor atryboots, ole flag!
Askst what I'd du? why, I'd—why, I'd go
Downto them rebelyuns, and I'd say, boys,
I'm jest as gud as you air; and if you
Dasnt want to liv with me, I dusnt want to
Live with you, thats surtin. Go in pece.
But and if they wud'nt, then I bleeve I wud,
I'd say to them rebelyuns just the thing
Our father Abraham sed to Lee,
Sayin, "take the right or left; there is land
Sufficient for your flocks and mine to graze."
They didnt fite, and never did git kilt:
For if our ole father Abraham had felt
A bullet or 400 pounder makin
A little hole rite thru his boddy,
About 12 munths or a year befour
His son Izic happened to be born,
Praps General Lee and Borygard and Jeff
Mite not, tho Linkun, Butler and Bingum
Sewud, Sumner and such like mite been born:
And menny a orfin, mite not orfin be.
Lucky old Flag! the koward and the brave
Mix theer difrent bluds to give thee renown.
The wun for the bubble repetashun,
The other for munny—and kant skedd'dle.
They orl git kilt and die from home,
And never see theer children enny more,
While thou dust flurish in immortle yuth,
Tho thy sole leg be cut and amputated,
And holes be thru thy tale and boddy shot.
And that's the resin why I'd rather stay
To home and make wheet, corn and pertaters,
Wasteful Ole Flag! if orl the milyuns lost
In chargin batris and burnin wittles,
And houses, and makin wimmin weepin
For theer children, like Rachel at Ramah,
Had made a charge with fixed hoes and plows
On corn feels, wheet feels and tater patches
Bred and taters, beef and pork and koffy
And shugar and clothes and terbacker
Mite be bort for one forth the price
We now pay in grene baxs for the same.
Ole Flag! when I kunsider orl these things,
How fules make thee the instrument of woe
Save to a fu who role in eezy and luxsury,
And slepe in eezy beds and drink gud whisky,
And toast theer baxs to the fire on cool nites,
And aint in no danger at tall and aint kilt,
And dusnt nede the ampetatin man,
I cum to the kunclushun and du think,
With orl yor atryboots to boot ole flag,
Tho magnifesent, putty brave, lucky,
Ole Flag, I raly think thou art a humbug.

An illeterate negro preacher said to his congregation—"My bredren, when de fust man Adam was made, he was ob wet clay, and set up agin de palings to dry."

"Do you say," said one of the congregation, "dat Adam was made ob wet clay, an' set up agin de palings to dry?"

"Yes sar, I do."

"Who made de pailings?"

"Sit down, sar," said the preacher sternly, "such questions as dat would upset any system of theology."

Politeness may prevent the want of wit and talent from being observed, but wit and talent cannot prevent the discovery of the want of politeness.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The following extract from the new novel by Victor Hugo, "By the King's Command; or, *The Man Who Laughs*," is interesting as an exhibit of the pecuniary condition of the peerage of that country, in that day. Probably—with a change of names—there is not much difference now.

"Henry Auderquerque, Earl of Grantham, who sits in the House of Lords between the Earl of Jersey and the Earl of Greenwich, has an income of one hundred thousand pounds. It is to his lordship that the palace of Grantham Terrace belongs, built all of marble, and famous for what is called the labyrinth of corridors, which is a curiosity.

There is in it the carnation corridor in Sarancolin marble, the brown corridor in Astragan lumachel, the white corridor in Lani marble, the black corridor in Alabanda marble, the gray corridor in Staremma marble, the yellow corridor in marble from Hesse, the green corridor in marble from the Tyrol, the red corridor half in Bohemian griotte, and half in Cordovan lumachel, the blue corridor half in Bohemian griotte, and half in Cordovan lumachel, the blue corridor in turquin from Genoa, the violet corridor in Catalonian granite, the mourning corridor, veined in black and white, in Marviedro schist, the rose corridor in cipolin from the Alps, the pearl corridor in Nouetta lumachel, and the corridor of all colors, called the courtiers' corridor, in harlequin braccio.

"Richard Lowther, Viscount Lonsdale, owns Lowther in Westmoreland, which is sumptuous in its approaches, and the door-steps of which appear to invite kings to enter.

"Richard, Earl of Scarborough, Viscount and Baron Lumley, Viscount of Waterford in Ireland, Lord-Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral of the county of Northumberland, and of Durham city and county, owns the double castle of Stanssted, the ancient and the modern, where may be admired a superb railing in a half circle, surrounding a basin of water with an incomparable jet. He has, in addition, his chateau at Lumley.

"Robert Darcy, Earl of Holderness, has his domain of Holderness, with baronial towers, and gardens of immense extent in the French style, where he takes the air in a carriage with six horses, preceded by two outriders, as befits and English peer.

"Charles Beauclerk, Duke of St. Albans, Earl of Burford, Baron Haddington, Grand Falconer of England, has a residence at Windsor, a royal one, and near to that of the king.

"Charles Bodville, Lord Robartes, Baron Truro, Viscount Bodmin, owns Wimple, in Cambridgeshire, which is made up of three palaces with three pediimented fronts, one arched and two tripled-angled. The approach is thorugh a quadruple avenue of trees.

"The most noble and most mighty lord, Philip Herbert, Viscount of Cardiff, Earl of Montgomery, peer and lord of Candall, Marmion, St. Quention, and Churland, Warden of the Stanneries in the counties of Cornwall and Devon, Hereditary Visitor Jesus College, owns the marvellous garden of Wilton, where there are two water basins with wheat-sheaf jets, finer than any at Versailles, of the most Christian King Louis XIV.

"Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, has Somerset House on the Thames, which equals the Villa Pamphill at Rome. They may be seen, upon the grand chimney-piece, two porcelain vases of the dynasty of the Yuens, which are worth half a million in French money.

"In Yorkshire, Arthur, Lord Ingram, Viscount Irwin, has Temple-Newsham, where you enter by a triumphal arch, and where tne broad flat roofs resemble Moorish terraces.

Robert, Lord Torrens of Chartley, Bourchier, and Lorraine has, in Leicestershire, Staunton-Harold, where the park, geometrically laid out, has the form of a temple with a pediment; and the large church, with square bell tower, in front of the sheet of water, is also his lordship's.

"In the county of Northampton, Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, one of his Majesty's privy council, possesses Althorp, where you enter throught a railing with four pillars, surmounted by groups in marble.

"Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, has, in Surrey, New Park, magnificent with its sculptured blocking-course, its circular lawn surrounded by trees, and its woods, at the end of which is a little mountain artistically rounded, and crowned with a towering oak visible a long way off.

"Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, owns Bretby, in Derbyshire, which has a superb clock-tower, falconries, warrens, and very beautiful sheets of water, oblong, square and oval, with two jets of great height.

"Lord Cornwallis, Baron of Eye, has Brome Hall, which is a palace of the fourteenth Century.

"The most noble Algernon Capel, Viscount Malden, Earl of Essex, owns Cashiobury, in Hertordshire, a chateau that has the form of a capital H, and where there are preserves well stocked with game.

"Charles, Lord Ossulstone, has Dawly, in Middlesex one which reaches through Italian gardens.

"James Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, at seven leagues' distance from London, has Hatfield House, with its four seigniorial pavilions, its belfry in the centre, and its court of honor, flagged in white and black, like that of St. Germain. This palace, which has a frontage of two hundred and seventy-two feet, was built under James I., by the lord high treasurer, who is the great-grandfather of the living earl. There may be seen the bed of a Countess of Salisbury, of inestimable value, entirely made of a Brazilian wood that is a panacea against the bite of serpents, and that is called *milhombres*, which means *a thousand men*. Upon this bed is written, in letters of gold:—"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*"

"Edward Rich, Earl of Warwick and Holland, has Warwich Castle, where they burn whole oak trees in the fire places.

"In the parish of Seven Oaks, Charles Sackville, Baron Buckhurst, Viscount Cranfield, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, has Knowle, which is as large as a town, and which is composed of three parallel palaces, one behind the other, like lines of infantry, with ten spiral gables on the principal facade, and an entrance beneath a donjon-keep with four turrets.

"Thomas Thynne, Viscount Weymouth, Varminster, possesses Long-Leate, which has almost as many chimneys, lanterns, alcoves, pepper-casters, pavillions, and turrets, as Chambord, in France, belonging to the king.

"Henry Howard, Earl of Suffolk, has at a dozen leagues from London, the palace of Audley-End, in Middlesex, which scarcely yields in vastness and majesty to the Escurial of the King of Spain.

"In Bedfordshire, Wrest-House-and Park, which is a whole county enclosed within ditches and walls, with woods, rivers and hills, belongs to Henry, Marquis of Kent.

"Hampton Court, in Herefordshire, with its strongly battlemented donjon, and its garden barred in by a sheet of water that separates it from the forest, is the property of Thomas, Lord Coningsby.

"Grimsthorp, in Lincolnshire, with its long facade divided by lofty turrets in impalements, its parks, its fish ponds, its pheasantries, its sheepfolds, its bowling greens, its quincunxes, its malls, its woods of old trees, its pastures bordered, quadrilled, and lozenged with flowers, so as to resemble vast carpets, its race-grounds, and the majesty of the sweep in which carriages turn before entering to the chateau, belongs to Robert, Earl Lindsay, hereditary lord of the forest of Waltham.

"Up Park, in Sussex, a chateau of square form, with two symmetrical belfry pavilions on the two sides of the court of honor, is owned by the right honorable Ford, Lord Grey, Viocount Glenlale, and Earl of Tankerville.

"Newnham-Padox, in Warwickshire, which has two quadrangular fish ponds, and a gable with glass on four sides, belongs to the Earl of Denbigh, who is also Count of Rheinselden in Germany.

"Wytham, in Berkshire, with its French garden, in which are cut four tunnels, and its grand crenellated tower with lofty battlements, is owned by Lord Montague, Earl of Abingdon, who has also Rycott, of which he is baron, and of which the principal door bears the device, *Virtus ariete fortior.*

"William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, has six country seats, one of which is Chatsworth, an edifice of two stories, in the finest Greek style; his grace has also his mansion in London, where there is a lion that turns his back on the king's palace

"Viscount Kimalmeaky, who is Earl of Cork in Ireland, owns Barlington House in Piccadilly, with vast gardens that extend to fields outside of London. He has also Chiswick, where there are nine magnificent main buildings. He has also Londesburgh, which is a new residence, by the side of an old palace.

"The Duke of Beaufort has Chelsea, containing two Gothic chateaux and one Florentine; he has also Badminton in Gloucestershire, which is a residence whence a number of avenues diverge after the manner of a star. The most noble and mighty prince, Henry Duke of Beaufort, is at the same time Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Baron Raglan, Baron Power, and Baron Herbert of Chepstow.

"John Holles, Duke of Newcastle and Marquis of Clare, is owner of Bolsover, of which the square donjon-keep is majestic, besides Haughton in Nottinghamshire, where there is, in the centre of a basin, a circular pyramid in imitation of the Tower of Babel.

"William, Lord Craven, Baron Craven of Hompstead, has a residence in Warwickshire, Comb Abbey, where may be seen the finest jet of water in England; also, in Berkshire, two baronies—Hampstead-Marshall, the facade of which shows five connected Gothic lanterns, and Ashdowne Park, which is a mansion at the point of intersection of several cross-roads in a forest.

"Lord Linnæus Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Sicily, derives his peerage from the Castle of Clancharlie, erected in 914, by Edward the Elder, against the Danes; he has also Hunkerville House in London, which is a palace; also, at Windsor, Corleone Lodge, which is the same thing; also, eight dependencies, one at Buxton on the Trent, with tolls upon the alabaster quarries; then Grumbraith, Homble, Moricambe, Trenwardraith, Hell-Kerters, where there is a marvelous well; Pillinmore and its peat-bogs; Reculver, near the ancient town Vagniacœ; Vinccaunton on the mountain Moilemlli; also, nineteen market towns and villages with bailiffs, and the whole country of Pens-neth-chase, which together bring into his lordship a rent of forty thousand pounds sterling.

"The one hundred and seventy-two peers flourishing under James II. possess among them, in lump sum, an annual revenue of twelve hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds sterling, which is the eleventh part of the revenue of England."

On the margin, by this last name, Lord Linnæus Clancharlie, might be read this note in the handwriting of Ursus:

A rebel; in exile; goods, houses and domains under sequestration. So much the better.

The plot of Victor Hugo's story seems to turn upon the last name in the list.—Lord Clancharlie was an exile during the reign of Charles the Second, and a friend of the Cromwell Republic. An illegitimate child was given his estates, and his legitimate son seems to have been changed beyond recognition by some strange and terrible medical process.

THE NOVEL.—The novel is emphatically a modern production; it was unknown not only to the ancients, but to some of the brightest periods of English literature. The decline of the drama, and the heroic romance was followed by this last development of the imaginative art, and from 1741, when Richardson, the father of the English novel, published his "Pamella" to the present time, has grown in power and influence, until it is the rival of the newspaper press for supremacy in popular taste. The rapid growth in popular favor of the novel is paralelled in the history of both the ancient and modern drama. After a period of about one hundred years, the Atic drama sank, and was revived no more, and the English drama lived about a century and a half. Is the novel destined to the same fate? A century has elapsed since "Pamella" first appeared, and in that period the novel has had many vicissitudes. Richardson, Fielding, Smollet, and Sterne were succeeded by a host of novel writers, who reflecting no credit upon the art, did much to degrade it. The fictions of Mackenzie, Dr. Moore, Miss Burney, and Cumberland, though greatly superior to the ordinary run of novels of that period, exercised but little influence on the national taste, and did nothing to stem the torrent of wretched morality affected and ridiculous sentimentalism, love and honor, maulling and drivelling in conception, that flooded the circulating library of England from the Minerva Press." Apologising for directing attention to the novel, Lord Jeffrey says, "In *my youth*, writings of this sort were rated very low with us—scarcely allowed, indeed, to pass as part of a nation's permanent literature—and generally deemed altogether unworthy of any grave critical notice. Now, in truth, in spite of Cervantes and Le Sage—and Marrivaux, Rousseau, and Voltaire abroad—and even our own Richardson and Fielding, at home—would it have been easy to controvert that opinion, in old England, at that time. For certainly a greater mass of trash and rubbish never disgraced the press of any country, than the ordinary novels that filled and supported our circulating libraries down nearly to the time of Miss Edgeworth's first appearance. There had been the Vicar of Wakefield, to be sure, before; and Miss Burney's Evelina and Cecilia, and Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, and some bolder and varied fictions of the Misses Lee. But the staple of our novel market was beyond imagination, despicable, and had consequently sunk and degraded the whole department of literature, of which it had occupied the name."

The last half century has been rich and prolific in prose fiction; Sir Walter Scott raised the novel from the degraded position into which it had sunk under the debasing influence of the Minerva press. Under his wonderful touch the public taste underwent a rapid and important change. It is a law of our nature that recreation and amusement are as necessary to our mind as exercise to our body, and in this light Sir Walter Scott must be viewed as one of the greatest benefactors of his species. He supplied a copious and almost exhaustless source of amusement, as innocent as it is delightful. He revived the glories of past ages, illustrated the landscapes and history of his native country; painted the triumphs of patriotism and virtue, and the meanness and vice of misery; awakened our best and kindest feelings in favor of suffering and erring humanity—of the low born and persecuted, the peasant, the beggar, and the Jew; he has furnished an intellectual banquet as rich as it is various and picturesque, from his curious learning, extensive observation, forgotten manners, and decaying superstitions—the whole embellished with the lights of a vivid imagination, and a correct and gracefully regulated taste. In the number and variety of his conceptions and characters, Scott is entitled to take his seat beside the greatest masters of fiction. Some have excelled him in particular qualities of the novelist, but none in their harmonious and rich combination.

Many others followed in the direction which Scott led, and gathered up the scattered fragments of antiquarian research and historical incident. Mr. Horace Smith, J. P. R. James, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Thackeray, and many others of talent and genius came forward to extend the usefulness and influence of prose fiction, and to paint the manners and customs of other times and countries. In this country Irving and Cooper depicted tha character and natural features of its trackless forests, lakes, wild Indian tribes and ancient settlers. Theodore Hook set forth the manners of high life, and the ridiculous and awkward assumption of them by persons in the middle ranks, and died a victim to the very follies and vices he satirized and ridiculed. Mr. Ward, Lord Normandy, Mrs. Trollope, and Lady Blessington followed in the wake of Hook.

Next to Scott, the greatest of modern novelists stands Mr. Charles Dickens, dealing in low life and national peculiarities, such as are to found in crowded cities, and the haunts of wretchedness and vice. So close an observer and satirist could not but find a rich harvest of characters, scenes, and incidents on the varied surface of London society—the follies, oddities, vices and crimes of English society has been made subservient to the moral which Mr. Dickens has brought to illustrate in his powerful fiction. In comic humor, tenderness and pathos, and unrivalled powers of observation and description, Dickens has no equal among his contemporaries; and, as a painter of actual life, he is the most genuine English novelist since Fielding. Despite faults of coloring and contrast some times too strong, perhaps, and a disposition to exhibit, artist-like his skill, sacrificing probability and nature for effect, Mr. Dickens has always "a spirit of goodness" pervading his fiction, and a felicitous humor and fancy unknown to any of his rivals. Mr. Dickens has made prose fiction direct attention to social evils and became the hand-maid of humanity and benevolence.

These are some of the best and and most celebrated of the present writers of prose fiction that have raised the novel to its present position of influence in literature, but with these there is a host of lesser lights who have contributed to swell the number, without adding to the value of novels. These belong to the sensational school of yellow covered novels, without peculiar value, and too often with positive injury to morals. It is to be hoped that the enterprise to be shown by the publishers in producing the novels of the best writers, in cheap editions, within the reach of every reader, that the good and valuable may crowd out the worthless and injurious.

HOW WE BEHAVED.—In my time, boys and girls were not born perfect; they had to learn a great many things before they took their flight for the great, wide world. Nowadays, Master Tom, when he gets the much with his marbles, lights a cigar and discusses the political questions of the day; he leers at the "gals," and speaks knowingly of the mysteries of "poker" and "euchre." Miss Lucy prefers flash gold rings to a wax doll; she flirts with half a dozen youngsters, and giggles as she makes some ridiculous remarks about the old gentleman with the green specks—her father.

It wasn't so in my time. We were so stupid!

We boys, looked upon our papa as an oracle who could never be wrong. We obeyed him implicitly, and never thought of calling him the "old man;" no, not even when we were old enough to ask him permission to get married. Then we had some obscure notion about the respect due to woman—it was our mother taught us that. We used to feel that we would knock down the vulgar fellow who would dare address a flippant remark or give an impudent look to our sister, and consequently, we took care to respect the sisters of others.

We were such blockheads, in my time! But, then, the girls had a bashful way about them; they didn't provoke a fellow by staring at him so, and we could peep at them without their knowing it, as they played among themselves. They had no gew-gaws to dazzle us with; their mammas had persuaded them that a simple flower is more becoming to a young girl than the richest jewelry; just think of it! The girls were just as absolete as the boys, in those days. They didn't break out with that fascinating "hi, hi, hi! ha, ha, ha!" with which the witty girls of the present time accompany the most common place remark. It sounds very pleasant: "How dy'e do? hi, hi, hi!" "Fine weather! ha, ha, ha!" It makes me so merry, that I feel that I could carry a little bell with me, and jingle, jingle, jingle, in accompaniment. And our girls, too, didn't take precedence of old age, they gave up their seats to dull old gentlemen, and listened respectfully to their prosy talk.

They were so foolish, the girls of my time!

We didn't learn more at school or college then, than is done now; but at home—lackaday! how many things they did teach us! We were not little men and women at twelve! it took years more training to turn us out. Sometimes I recall to mind some of those rules and they seem to me quite hard, though I learned them easily enough then. We were so soft, in my time.

Let me see. About talking: We were not to keep talking all the time, but had to give everybody else a chance. We were not to whisper nor to talk too loud; we could not interrupt another speaker. We were instructed always to speak of such things that the whole company could take an interest in. We were forbidden to speak ill of absent friends. Then, in company, we had to sit straight without stiffness, and to look pleased and attentive. We could not rub our hands, throw up our legs, pick our teeth or our nose. We had to take off our hat when we came into the house, and could neither whistle nor spit on the carpet.

"What a bore was company in my time!

And the girls! they could not wear same jewels as the married ladies; they must not talk so loud as to attract everybody's attention and drown the voice of other speakers. They were not allowed to wear their dresses so low down their back, leaving their shoulders bare—but with all that, they managed to look very beautiful, and we boys used to be always in love with them, though we dared not say so as they do now—but we always meant what we said.

We were so sleepish, in my time!

At table it was another story. Our hands had to be clean washed and our nails scraped. We must take care not to be in our neighbor's way, to wait till the ladies were helped, and to leave enough in the dish, when we helped ourselves. Then, we were not permitted to bolt our food, but to masticate it properly, never using the fork to pick our teeth, nor the knife to carry food to our mouth. What a restraint! Then it was not polite to criticise a dish, nor to praise it, unless the mistress of the house asked our opinion, which necessitated a complimentary answer.

It is ridiculous to think how many social rules we were subjected to, in my time, which have been done away with. I try to make up for the restraint of my youth by indulging in the freedom of the present times, but I am too old now, to learn better manners, and young America is too fast for me. I must be satisfied with finding amusement in the comparison of what was with what is.

I remember—but I am getting both prolix and prosy; on some other occasion I will continue telling you how stupid we were in my time.

A TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION.—The wheels of time, in their revolving seldom fail to distribute justice and punishment where it is deserved, and there are few instances on record of speedier punishment or more terrible retribution than in the case of those who were the main instruements in getting poor Mary Surratt hanged.—Upon the testimony of four of the vilest scoundrels—Baker, Montgomery, Clever and Conover—she was convicted. Now mark the terrible disposition a just God has made of the murderers. Baker, not long since, died a miserable death; Montgomery is now in prison for embezzlement; Clever has been convicted for an infamous outrage, and Conover would have deservedly served out a term in the penitentiary had not Johnson pardoned him. Preston King, who prevented Miss Annie Surratt from seeing the President in her mother's behalf, committed suicide by drowning in the North river, while Lane, who supported King in his conduct towards Miss Surratt, shot himself in St. Louis. There remain but Stanton, Bingham and Holt, who stand, like the murderous cowards they are trembling in fear of the reckoning day.

The mills of God grind slowly.
But they grind exceedingly small.

N. Y. Democrat.

"WHAR'S THE BARN?"—A rural lawyer, whom we shall designate as Squire Jovial once had an important case in a country court, and the decision depended entirely on the way the jury would regard the testimony of one lady. He lost the case, because the fair witness swore positively to an occurrance which she witnessed at the distance of several rods, although there were several persons that stood much nearer than she that saw nothing whatever of it. The old Squire looked rather blue when the jury brought in the verdict, but revenged himself by rising and telling the court a story "of a lady he once knew," who was very near sighted, but always declared her eyesight to be excellent. Accordingly one day a neighbor stuck a darning needle in the side of the barn, and placing her on the opposite side of the road, asked her if she could see it. "O yes," replied the old lady, "I can see the needle easy; but whar's the barn?"

A DUTCHMAN IN HOT WATER.—A Dutchman and his son, while on a peddling tour through Virginia, with a cart load of various commodities, found themselves far from any habitation; and being exceedingd thirsty, the old man left his son in charge of the wagon while he went out in search of water. After roaming about for half an hour he saw, a short distance from him, a bubbling spring.—Eager to slake his thirst, he ran toward it so rapidly, that he stepped into the water before he could stop himself. With a yell of fright he roared, "Got in Himmel, de water ish red hot!" He was not aware that are such natural wonders as hot water springs. As quickly as possible he made his way from the spring, and ran back to his son to whom he ssid, "Shon, Shon, let's get o' dish place so quicker as never was afore, for de tuyul iufs only about a mile from here, and I shtepped into his hot water kettle and scalded all mine toes."

A young musician, having composed a mass at the death of Meyerbeer, showed it to Rossini. "Mo caro," answered the great master, "this page is very good, but I wont hide from you that I should prefer to hear, that you were dead and that Meyerbeer had made a mass for you."

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty; on the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire and interest, purely for weak and low spirits, is far beyond what either indulgence or diversion can do for them.

The most difficult surgical operation—to take the cheek from a young man and the jaw from an old woman.