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THE SHELLS OF WISDOM.

A proverb has been well defined to be "the wit of one man and the wisdom of many."—The concentration of the common sense and experience of many into some happy phrasing. The study of these quaint condensed sayings has ever been a favorite one with literary men.—Cervantes makes Sancho Panza's conversation a whole string of them, and in our day Dickens has frequently put them into the mouth of the inimitable Sam Weller, while learned and grave divines have found in these sparkling maxims a pleasant relief from more serious occupations. A recent lecture by the author of a popular work on the "Life and Epistles of St. Paul" presents an interesting collection of these witty aphorisms. Complete proverbial sentences are either hortatory, such as "Make hay while the sun shines," "Think of death, but work while you live," or of the Spanish one of "One with thy aunt, but not every day," or indicative, such as "Half a loaf is better than no bread," "Where the hedge is lowest, most people go over," or, as poor Richard said, "Silks and satins put out the kitchen fire." Poetry has always had a tendency to run into rhyme and alliteration, and it is so with proverbs. We say, "Time and tide wait for no man," but the true form is, "Time and tide for no man abide." Sometimes the form is merely alliterative, as "Ever drunk, ever dry," "Witful waxes makes woful warts," or, as the Scotch say, "No swat, no sweat." More often they assume the shape of absolute rhyme, such as "There is many a slip between the cup and lip," "Well begun, half done," "April wet, good wheat," "Who goes borrowing goes a sorrowing." These Oriental examples further illustrate this.

Who doth the raven for a guide in life? Must travel not on carcasses of woful warts? A dead dog drops like it would dole it still!

A good proverb soon spreads, and possesses wonderful vitality. "Building a golden bridge for a flying enemy" is older than Herodotus, and "Look not a gift horse in the mouth" is found in medieval history and among Armenian proverbs. Proverbs are still being made. "Don't shiver for last year's snow," and "Some people seem to be stretched before they are washed," are recent additions. The same truth is often expressed differently by different nations. In Friesland they say, "Don't sell your herrings before you catch them," we say, "Don't buy a pig in a poke," who in the tropics it takes the form of "No man buys wares who they are yet in the ground." We often give point to our advice by saying, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," while on the banks of the Nile, where cranes are abundant, the people say, "A thousand cranes in the air are not equal to one sparrow in the fist." "Every oak was once an acorn," is, in Africa, "The great calabash tree has a seed for its mother." "First build your house, and then think of your furniture," "A man envies every other man except his son and his pupil," "At the door of the prison they are all gone," "Throw plenty of mud, some of it is sure to stick," are Hebrew proverbs, expressive of sagacity. The French are fond of epigrammatic sayings. The adage, "One swallow does not make a summer," they render, "One flower does not make a garden." A characteristic of their proverbs is the frequent mention of wolves. Thus— "Talk of the wolf and you will see his tail," equivalent to "Talk of the devil, and he will appear." "It is a silly sheep that makes the wolf her confessor," "While the dogs quarrel at each other the wolves devour the sheep." These are German examples. "Little and often make a leap in time," "Handsome apples are sometimes sour," "It is easier to blame than to do better," "Take the world as it is, not as it ought to be," "Our neighbors' children are always the worst," "Forgive thyself nothing and others much," "The sun dial only counts the bright hours," "He who blackens others does not whiten himself," "To change and do better are different things," "Revenge converts a little right into a great wrong," "Charity gives itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor."

Spain is rich in proverbs. One of them runs: "By the road of by-and-by one arrives at the town of Never." There is much richness and beauty in the Italian proverbs, as "Time and patience change

the mulberry leaf into satin," but many others alluding to vengeance are terribly significant. The proverbs of Africa partake largely of the physical aspect and moral characteristics of the country. We say of a lucky person: "He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth." On the Nile it is: "Throw him into the river, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth." "A small slate stone is large enough to prop a large water jar." "The corn passes from hand to hand, but it comes to the mill at last." "What can I think of thy good qualities, O onion, since every bite draws tears?" "The beetle is a beauty in the eyes of its mother." "Say good morning to the hussler, not to the dungster," meaning that it is better to be poor and well than rich and ill. "A husband between two parties is like a head beaten with two sticks." "The camel has his own opinion, and the camel driver has his," are all African.

The Egyptian says: "When crons are the guides of a people, they lead the carcass to the dogs." "The merit belongs to the beginner, should his successor do even better." Turning to the Western nations we find: "The sun is the king of torches," "If nothing touches the palm leaves they do not rustle," "No one gives a cat to a hyena to keep," "The leopard is absent, so they play with her cubs," "The parasite has no root," "Two crocodiles cannot live in one hole," "Do not curse the crocodile's mother before you cross the river," "Human blood is heavy; the man that has shed it cannot run away," "The frog enjoys itself in water, but not to be in water," "The razor cannot shave itself," "Were it not for the flowers the hand would be a woman," "The Welsh have: "If thou wilt leave praise, die," "By the side of sickness health becomes sweet," "He is not altogether bad who maketh another better," "No man is good unless others are made better by him," "If every foot were a crown we should all be kings," "Ireland is not so rich in proverbs, but this one is characteristic: "Don't throw out your dirty water till you get in your clean." Many proverbs are strictly local, as of a lazy man: "He is as idle as London's dogs that lean against the walls to bark," or, of one with no taste for music: "He is like Mat Davies' bull that tossed the filler into the tree."

In classical writings there is an abundance of proverbs having reference to fowls and eggs. Juvenal speaks of a fortune-teller on a wretched chicken, and of an unfortunate man as having been hatched from underly eggs. There is a saying that "a white egg may come from a black chicken." The French lay it down that, "It is a sorry house in which the cock is silent and the hen crows." In Egypt the people give this advice: "Don't say good morning to the cock," meaning that it has been up early enough without your salutation. Every trade has its proverbs. A carpenter who had been eating an immense quantity of walnuts, his plate being loaded with shells, said: "You see, sir, a workman is known by his chips." And again, "You must use the rasp before you turn to the sandpaper." "It's no use fishing till you have baited your hook," is good advice to a fisherman. These are sparks from the smith's shop: "Some men are born hammers, and others are born anvils." "If the hammer strikes hard, the anvil lasts the longest." "Once he was a hammer, and now he is an anvil." "It doesn't follow because your face is black, that therefore you are a smith." "The sword has forgotten the smith that forged it."

O cats, mice and monkeys we find, "The cat broke the china," "All cats are gray at night," "Don't trust the wags with the keys of the pigeon house," "The more you strike the cat the more she sets up her tail," "The mowing cat is never a good mowser," "When the cat dies the mice rejoice," "The Egyptians have a proverb, "Here are two pounds of sugar for you, but the mouse replies, "The pay is good enough, but I don't like the business." Familiar allusions are made to the cat's paw. It was the monkey who made use of the rap before you turn to the sandpaper, out of the way. "Dress a monkey in silk, and she will be a monkey still." The higher the monkey climbs the more he shows his tail." The kitchen is prolific in homely aphorisms: "A fat chicken makes a lean will," "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," "Don't cry over spilt milk," "The pot called the pun blackamoor." The Italians say: "We don't care for the sauce as long as there is fish in the kettle," "What is sauce for the gander? An old turn is sometimes given to the proverb. For instance: "The earliest bird catches the worm." This was said to a lady lad, who replied: "The more food the worm for getting up so soon." Take care of the sense, the sound will take care of itself," might be instructive to those who want to make a display in their speeches.

Many of the current forms are very expressive: "Hell is paved with good intentions," "Pull up the stones, you sluggards, and break the devil's head with them," "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," "It is useless stretching the grasshopper's legs," "It is ill taking the brooks of a Highlandman," "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," "It's a long lane that never has a turning," "Drop by drop fills the bucket," "Every cloud has a silver lining," "The man in boots does not know the man in shoes." Occasionally the proverb is to be rephrased, as "Take care of your name: Every man must sow his wild oats," "In for a penny in for a pound,"

As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb? No. But on the whole their influence and teaching are good. No country is richer than our own in these witty and trenchant epigrammatic sayings, but they have not received that attention which has been bestowed upon the proverbs of other nations.—*The Round Table.*

A CAPITAL JOKE.—The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, having made an appointment to visit the Dublin Insane Asylum, repaired thither in the absence of the chief manager, and was admitted by one of the keepers, who was waiting to receive a patient answering the appearance of Sir Edward. He appeared to be very talkative, but the attendants humored him and answered all his questions. He asked the Surgeon General had arrived, and the keeper answered him that he had not come, but that he would be there immediately.

"Well," said he, "I will inspect some of the rooms until he arrives."

"Oh, no," said the keeper, "we could not permit that at all."

"Then I will walk for a while in the garden," said his lordship, "while I am waiting for him."

"We cannot let you go there either, sir," said the keeper.

"What," said he, "don't you know that I am the Lord Chancellor?"

"Sir," said the keeper, "we have four more Lord Chancellors here already."

He got in a great fury and they were beginning to think of the straight waistcoat for him, when, fortunately, the Surgeon General arrived.

"Has the Chancellor arrived yet?" asked he.

The man burst out laughing at him, and said, "Yes, sir, we have him here; but he is far the most outrageous patient we have."

Mr. O'Connell told this anecdote in Dublin at a public meeting.

CHILDREN'S ARMS AND LEGS.—A distinguished physician who died some years since, in Paris, declared:—"I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practiced my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemetery, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing the infants naked." We have often thought if a mother was anxious to show the soft white skin of her baby, and would cut a round hole in the little thing's dress, just over the heart, and then carry it about for observation by the company, it would do very little harm. But to expose the baby's arms—members so far removed from the heart, and with such feeble circulation at best—is a most pernicious practice. Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth, and the mercury rises to 100 deg. Now carry the same to the little hand; if the arms be bare and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to 40 deg. Of course, all the blood which flows through those arms must fall to within 20 or 40 deg. below the temperature of the heart. Need we say when these currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need we add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affections of the tongue, throat or stomach? We have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness or choking with simply keeping its arms and hands warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunity to witness the same cure.

THE VALUE OF A SCRAP BOOK.—Every one who takes a newspaper which he in the least degree appreciates, will often regret to see any one maner thrown aside for waste paper which contains some interesting and important articles. A good way to preserve these short articles, candidly estimate the pleasant familiar pages. Here a choice piece of poetry meets the eye, which you remember you were so glad to see in the paper, but which you would long since have lost had it not been for your scrap book. There is a witty anecdote—it does you good to laugh over it yet, though for the twentieth time. Next is a valuable receipt you had almost forgotten, and which you found just in time to save much perplexity. There is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you many a time, when almost ready to despair under the pressure of life's cares and trials. Indeed, you can hardly take up a single paper without reprinting it. Just glance over the sheet before you, and see how many valuable items it contains that would be of service to you a hundred times in life. A choice thought is far more precious than a bit of glittering gold. Hand with care the precious gems, and see at the end of the year what a rich treasure you have secured.

Way.—The day before Washington's birthday, in February last, a lady teacher, in giving notice of the coming holiday to her pupils, said something about the good Washington, and then asked this question:—"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" "Because he never told a lie," shouted a lively little boy.

This was rather hard on the teacher, but the boy did not see it.

THE NEGLECTED GRAVE.

The storm of grief has long since died away, Hiears ceased to ache and fruitless tears to flow; Behold the grave, unvisited, unheeded, Forgotten! 'Twas so many years ago!

The rank grass waves in unmoisted pride, Untrodden now by loving pilgrim feet; The vagrant rose-hair, only, on the mound Lays funeral tributes to the blossoms sweet.

Over the heathen crops the bliding moss, Blotting the grave, and *Q. S.*, *Q. S.* flows; The wandering vine there hangs unchecked its veil—

None seek to read the mournful record now: Who slumbers there? No answer from the stone;

No murmur near give tender aid reply; The names know the name once, but the breeze Bears no response upon its passing sigh.

This grave once darkened earth for many hearts: Life lost its lustre and the sun its gold; And woeful weepers wailed, "Console us, death! Earth holds no consolation!" Now, behold!

Forgotten! By the death bed stands Despair; Then comes a space of agony and weeping; And then the world goes on, the mourners smile, And joy awakes, although the loved be sleeping.

Ah, loving God! that brings the Time's healing balm To bruised hearts that else would break with sorrow—

That grants soft slumbers to the night of Grief, And sends the splendors of a new to-morrow—

That did not will it so that we should weep Over dear graves forever and forever; That thou that wispest treadest, "Some day," When we in anguish cry, "Ah, never! never!"

Sor do we all forget, when kindly Time Has hidden us to cease despair and weeping; Sorrow may perish, but within our hearts Love dwells forever—Love, not dead but sleeping.

THE ROMANCE OF AN OUTLAW.

The Detroit papers have revived the story of Sue Mundy, the leader of an outlaw band in Kentucky during the closing years of the war. In brief, thus the story is now told: In the Spring of 1861, Sue Kitegrale, a lovely girl, just turned seventeen, returned from a boarding school and resumed her old life on her father's plantation in one of the rural districts of Kentucky. The adjoining plantation was owned by Mr. Mundy, an aged gentleman, whose wife and a grown son composed a happy family. One day the Union cavalry rode down on the plantations, plundered them, burned the houses, and wound up by shooting the parents, thus leaving young Mundy and Miss Kitegrale the saddest of orphans. Mutual sorrow bound their lives together. In time, the two orphans were separated, the youth being made a prisoner, and as he was fettered and carried off he raved, no name, escaping his lips but "Sue." When asked his own name, he mournfully shook his head and simply replied, "Sue." On examining his linen, the name of Mundy was discovered, and in Federal camps the young man ever after was known as Sue Mundy. The Union commander paroled him and turned him loose. He returned to what was once his home, swore an oath of vengeance over the black ruins, and in company with Miss Kitegrale started for a neighboring gang of guerrillas, where both were received with open arms. The young man was rapidly promoted to the command of the force, while the girl disguised herself, was known by the name of Kit, and rendered valuable service in the capacity of a spy. Two years of roving life told upon the health of the spy, and she was forced to seek other employment. Going farther South, she met the staff officer, Claiborne, who will conclude the story with the words of the *Detroit Post*:

"This position she held, doing her duty like a man, until the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, in which Pat. Claiborne was killed. Returning to her youthful home and his hand, she again revolved in the carnival of blood, and though her evil spirit was willing the flesh was weak, and Kit was again transferred to duty at Andersonville. Prisoners who have shared the hospitality of that celebrated camp will perhaps remember a short, stout, and muscular young Lieutenant, with flashing black eyes, a face smooth as a maiden's, and cruel as though a fiend incarnate lurked within. This was Sue Kitegrale, the amiable young boarding-school miss, the cheerful companion, the once wealthy heiress, the beautiful maiden and firm friend of young Mundy, whose life to her was dearer than her own. Sue Mundy and a part of his band were captured and taken to a court martial. Kit was present during the whole trial, and used her greatest influence, but of no avail. Sue Mundy was convicted and hung at Leavenworth, Kentucky, in March, 1865. The flowing hair still hung about his shoulders, and when his youthful corpse was taken down and laid away in his narrow bed, the bleeding and broken heart of Sue Kitegrale was buried with it; and now, a wanderer on the face of the earth, homeless and friendless, she lives without hope of heaven or mercy, forsaken and dishonored, and cast away."

Certainly a strange story, but we beg leave to doubt the correctness of many of the incidents. And here we remark, as a personal General Claiborne was not killed before Atlanta, but at Franklin, Tennessee. And right gallantly did he meet his death. The writer of this article very modestly claims to know something of the career of Sue Mundy, for he first made him known to fame; or, perhaps, it would

be better to say, first gave him newsworthy notoriety. Notwithstanding war is full of danger and excitement, the pen is prone to exaggerate all the incidents of the fray. Thus we are told how a General rode in front of his brigade and voluntarily led them to the assault; a thing that is impossible, for the volleys fired by his own soldiers would cut him down as the advancing rears cut down the golden grain. In almost every account of a battle we hear much of hand-to-hand fighting, of bayonet thrusts, and sabre strokes. This sounds very pretty on a paper, but unfortunately for the truth of army correspondents, it exists only in the imagination. Modern engines of war are so destructive that it is very rare for opposing lines to get nearer each other than one hundred yards. Rifles that throw balls a mile make the shot whistle otherwise than pleasantly about the ears when the distance is reduced to one hundred yards. Sabres in actual war are more ornamental than useful, and the same may be said of bayonets. If any one doubts this assertion, let him examine the reports; and perhaps he will be convinced, for wounds by sabres or bayonets are almost unknown. This fancy coloring seems to be one of the inspirations of war, and everything connected with a warlike age is painted in bright extravagant hues. A digression, we know, but still, we hope, an explanation. In the latter years of the war, Kentucky was overrun by lawless bands, and many were the deeds committed that would not bear the searching eyes of heaven—Death was held lightly, and almost every home was stained with the crimson flow of blood. There were bands in blue as well as bands in gray riding over the country for plunder, and with murder flashing from their eyes—bands without commission from either Government.

And the leader of one of these bands was the youth who passed into history as Sue Mundy. His smooth, girlish face, and long flowing hair made him a conspicuous mark, and gave color to the rumor that the dashing leader was a woman in male attire. The writer was then attached to the Louisville Journal, and, pandering to the morbid craving for sensation, he wrote the history of Sue Mundy. He described the leader of the outlaw band as a woman—a woman of rare beauty, her long raven hair flowing in the wind and beautifully contrasting with the drooping white feather in her hat—a woman fearless with reckless courage, riding fearlessly at the head of a set of desperate men; a woman delicately bred, but all a-fire with vengeance, sometimes as chivalric as brave, and other times as cruel and unrelenting as Fate. In brief, her portrait was painted in the most garish colors, and in a very short time the name of Sue Mundy became known from one end of the land to the other. The article was copied far and wide, and numerous were the comments made by the Northern press on the dashing female guerrilla. So well was the sensation story received, that for months the wild romance of Sue Mundy's life was kept up by articles written in the melo-dramatic vein.

Sue Mundy, in truth, was one of the most bloodthirsty wretches that ever rode at the head of an outlaw band. He plundered wantonly, killed without reason—no stroke ever being tempered by the spirit of mercy. He wore his hair long, and his face was boyish in the extreme, but malignant devils lurked in those black, piercing eyes. Bloodthirsty villain that he was, he was as fearless and courageous as the bulldog when set at bay. His career was a marvelous one. Hunted down like a wolf, for more than a year he remained the terror of the neighborhood, and escaped the clutches of those sent out to make him captive. The members of his band seemed to be inspired with the reckless daring of their chief.

It was a calm Sunday. We were sitting in the editorial room of the Journal, looking over a basket of exchanges, when the door was pushed open and a bronzed youth stood before us. Accepting the privilege of a chair, he explained to us that Sue Mundy's band had just made a raid upon the outskirts of the city, right beneath the nose of the patrol. He saw the out-throat approaching, hastily detached one of his horses from a wagon, and rode with the utmost speed into the heart of the city. He thought that if the commander would send out a small force, the retreat of the guerrillas might be cut off, and the desperadoes captured. And then he asked many questions as to the disposition of the troops about the city—questions that the ignorant countryman would scarcely propose. We watched him narrowly, and began to doubt the truth of his story. Nevertheless, we tried by a court martial. Kit was present during the whole trial, and used her greatest influence, but of no avail. Sue Mundy was convicted and hung at Leavenworth, Kentucky, in March, 1865. The flowing hair still hung about his shoulders, and when his youthful corpse was taken down and laid away in his narrow bed, the bleeding and broken heart of Sue Kitegrale was buried with it; and now, a wanderer on the face of the earth, homeless and friendless, she lives without hope of heaven or mercy, forsaken and dishonored, and cast away."

General Butler was taking tea at the house of a lady friend in Washington the other day. The General seemed to look as though something was lurking, and the hostess urged him to look pleasant. "Can it be possible, General, that you have no spoon?" "Dinner (rising indignantly and holding out both hands)—No, madam; if you don't believe you can search me!"

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away at full speed. The next day we received a note signed Sue Mundy, thanking us for the courtesy we had extended to one of his men. We simply mention the incident to show the daring nature of the outlaw band. At last, after desperate resistance, Sue Mundy was captured. He was speedily tried by court martial and condemned to be hung. On the day fixed for his execution, ten thousand people gathered around the gallows, but in the face of the crowd and the terrible solemn hour, the outlaw was not abashed. We were surprised to see him meet death so complacently, and Artemus Ward, who stood with us near the gallows, after witnessing the cap drawn over the cold, stoical face, in a burst of admiration of the bulldog courage, exclaimed: "The villain dies game!"

Sue Mundy was a desperado with no redeeming qualities of gentleness about him. He appeared to be soured against the world, and expecting no sympathy from human kind, the cry of suffering and sorrow fell unheeded on his ears. He was nothing more nor less than a bloodthirsty desperado. What made him so, we do not now care to stop and inquire. Doubtless there was cause, for the mother in one is only killed by some sudden, violent shock. But that the woman known in Detroit as Sue Kitegrale was the idol of his heart—the object of his wild, romantic love, we beg to doubt. We never heard her name before, and incline to the belief that she is the heroine of a sensation story.—*Tufts, Field and Farm.*

GOSSIP CONCERNING ENGLISH NOTABLES.—If all whom the gods love die young there is cumulative reason for the impression that they are not partial to Lords temporal or spiritual. The Bishop of Exeter has just retired to private life with an income of ninety-two years. And the venerable Prelate Secretary, whose death is just reported, was scarcely less venerable, for he had been practicing law for sixty-seven years. He died the oldest barrister in England. Several other Bishops are (or ought to be) retired from office by reason of the valedictorialization of their prelatical titles.

When I get among big titles I feel an irresistible propensity for using big words. The Earl of Onslow is sitting heavy as a lunk in the House of Lords in his ninety-second year. His heir-presumptive is seventy-six years his junior. I think there is an M. P. in the other House nearly as old. The Dean of Winchester officiated a week ago on his ninety-fourth birthday. Lord Leconfield died last month at eighty-two. I saw him about a fortnight before his death coming home from the fox hunt in his carriage. I entertained myself with "doing" his park, boxes, horses, and hounds. There were fifty-three pairs of the latter. There are the oldest baronet in England, 88 years old; the oldest Bishop, 84; the oldest Lord, 83; the oldest peer, 82; the oldest noble, 81; the oldest noble, 80; the oldest noble, 79; the oldest noble, 78; the oldest noble, 77; the oldest noble, 76; the oldest noble, 75; the oldest noble, 74; the oldest noble, 73; the oldest noble, 72; the oldest noble, 71; the oldest noble, 70; the oldest noble, 69; the oldest noble, 68; the oldest noble, 67; the oldest noble, 66; the oldest noble, 65; the oldest noble, 64; the oldest noble, 63; the oldest noble, 62; the oldest noble, 61; the oldest noble, 60; the oldest noble, 59; the oldest noble, 58; the oldest noble, 57; the oldest noble, 56; the oldest noble, 55; the oldest noble, 54; the oldest noble, 53; the oldest noble, 52; the oldest noble, 51; the oldest noble, 50; the oldest noble, 49; the oldest noble, 48; the oldest noble, 47; the oldest noble, 46; the oldest noble, 45; the oldest noble, 44; the oldest noble, 43; the oldest noble, 42; the oldest noble, 41; the oldest noble, 40; the oldest noble, 39; the oldest noble, 38; the oldest noble, 37; the oldest noble, 36; the oldest noble, 35; the oldest noble, 34; the oldest noble, 33; the oldest noble, 32; the oldest noble, 31; the oldest noble, 30; the oldest noble, 29; the oldest noble, 28; the oldest noble, 27; the oldest noble, 26; the oldest noble, 25; the oldest noble, 24; the oldest noble, 23; the oldest noble, 22; the oldest noble, 21; the oldest noble, 20; the oldest noble, 19; the oldest noble, 18; the oldest noble, 17; the oldest noble, 16; the oldest noble, 15; the oldest noble, 14; the oldest noble, 13; the oldest noble, 12; the oldest noble, 11; the oldest noble, 10; the oldest noble, 9; the oldest noble, 8; the oldest noble, 7; the oldest noble, 6; the oldest noble, 5; the oldest noble, 4; the oldest noble, 3; the oldest noble, 2; the oldest noble, 1.

There is a group of aged deities: Earl of Wicklow, 81; Viscount Gough, 80; Sir John Halliday, 74; Sir William Clay, 77; Sir Arthur Clifton, 100—having been born the same year in which Wellington and Napoleon were born; Baroness Boyles, 85; Hon. W. E. Cochrane, 88; Sir John Bullen, 75; Rev. Robert Watkinson, 90; Mr. Hugo Ingram, 85; Sir John Ibbotson, 85; Mr. Thomas Brown, 91; Mrs. Crowther, oldest Wesleyan Methodist, 95; Mr. Charles Baldwin, who established the *Standard* newspaper, 95; Canon Smith, 81; Admiral Davis, the oldest officer in the navy.

A recent obituary in the *Times* contained two ladies 85 years each, and one 91; and three gentlemen at 82, 83, and 85, respectively. A woman cut her throat here the other day in the 81st year of her age. The general Jomini, the great French military critic, died recently at 91. But for the creature, we must go to Poland, where a war by the name of Lomen has just died in his 130th year!

Bulwer is old and unhappy. So is Charles, whose age I do not know. It is not the "age of reason," or he would not spend his time in the vapors of Niagara. He and Browning, the poet, and Dean Stanley, had an interview with the Queen. Browning's new poem is said to be very interesting to those who can comprehend it. The "better half" of his poetry is dead and gone. There is too much metaphysical cant in the "Ring of his Book" for the plain people.

France's recent inaugural as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's has made a stir. You have doubtless had your say upon it, like the rest of the newspapers. It is denounced by the high old-school folks here as flippantly heretical on educational questions, and pronounced by the low school live-longueists as the right thing to say, and the right time to say it.—*London Letter to Cincinnati Gazette.*

General Butler was taking tea at the house of a lady friend in Washington the other day. The General seemed to look as though something was lurking, and the hostess urged him to look pleasant. "Can it be possible, General, that you have no spoon?" "Dinner (rising indignantly and holding out both hands)—No, madam; if you don't believe you can search me!"

Be present in speech and never talk in a passion.

Judge of a man by his questions rather than by his answers.

A MAN OF NERVE.—A Washington letter-writer remarks of Mr. Gessler that "the control he has of his countenance is nearer what is related of Talleyrand than any man we are wont to see—it being said of the latter that if any man were to kick him behind, a man in front would not tell from the expression of his face that any thing unusual was occurring." This reminds a correspondent of an incident that occurred in Omaha: A gentleman who had received an insulting missive determined to resent it promptly. Next day, thinking he saw his man ahead, he hastily overtook him, and administered several postal salutations. The kicker remaining passive, the kicker went round in front to see the effect, and discovered to his regret that he had kicked the wrong man. He apologized, and was answered:

"Don't mention it. From the frequency of such little episodes in my experience I was sensible of your demonstration, but was not aware you had made any mistake."

At which little M——, of the Omaha Herald, aluminously remarked, "O, O, hasn't he got the nerve?"—*Drawer, Harper's Magazine.*

REX FACTS.—At the Convention of the Episcopal clergy of Pennsylvania, in 1836, for the division of the diocese, the Right Reverend Bishop McCoskey, of Michigan, was present. When the subject of a diocese for the new diocese came up for discussion several were proposed—such as Western Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Monongahela, etc. When the last name was mentioned the Bishop rose with great gravity and seriousness, and remarked that he was entirely opposed by the last mentioned name, Monongahela, and, if seriously urged, would enter his solemn protest; "For, said he, 'I am of the opinion that whoever that name is spoken it will cause my brethren, as well as the laity, to make eye faces.'—*Drawer, Harper's Magazine.*

TAKING THE POOL.—Good conduct at Sunday school seems to be differently rewarded in different localities. In a certain Episcopal Church in San Francisco, for instance, each scholar that is in his place before the opening school receives a ticket for Punctuality. Our correspondent having, as was his habit, come early to school one Sunday, observed a class of six or seven boys, aged from seven to twelve years, all of respectable parentage, throwing dice for who should win the whole lot of Punctuality tickets. He stood aghast at such depravity, in such a place, on such a day—especially when oneurchin roared out:—"Sixes! I've won; give us the pool!"—*Drawer, Harper's Magazine.*

In the new Parliament Brougham delivered his great speech in defence of it—the reform bill—which by many was considered his *chef d'oeuvre*. It certainly was a wonderful performance by witness. He showed a most stupendous memory and extraordinary dexterity in handling the sea-serpent of ridicule and reason. Without a note to refer to, he went through all the speeches of his opponents delivered during the five nights' debate, analyzing them summarily, and giving them all a seemingly triumphant answer.

The preparation was partly inspired by draughts of mulled port, imbibed very copiously toward the conclusion of the four hours during which he was on his legs or on his knees.

He concluded:

"By all you hold most dear, by all that binds you to your country, by all that binds you to our common country, I solemnly adjure you, I warn you, I implore you—yes, on my bended knees, (he kneels.) I supplicate you, reject not this bill."

He continued for some time as if in prayer; but his friends alarmed for him lest he should be suffering from the effects of the mulled port, picked him up and placed him safely on the woolsack.

HYPOCRISY.—A celebrated Chicago physician says: "The moment a person is bitten the wound should be washed and cupped. If the wound has healed up, open and cup. Then dissolve one tablet of chloride of lime in one quart of water. With this wash the wound. Also dip cloths into the liquid and bind them upon the hurt part. Then let the patient take two or three galvanic baths, with downward currents as strong as he can for twenty minutes, about two hours intervening between each bath. Then let the patient take nauseating doses of rhubarb or lobelia and scull-cap for seven or eight hours. Next take a vapor bath for one hour, at six o'clock temperature as he can bear it, with the head exposed to air. By the above method I cured three children in the city of Norfolk, Virginia, who had symptoms of hydrophobia very strongly exhibited, ever up to the point of spitting water."

"Why, Mr. Jones, are you drunk?" exclaimed Mrs. J. as her husband came staggering into the house late at night. "No, my dear," said Jones, "I'm not drunk, but only a little tipsy." "I'm four to the king at the bill—follows go round on their velvet spools?"

An old man with a woman and getting the last word. Singular and energetic man.