Saint Mary's Beacon.

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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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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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Communications of a personal character will be charged, at the same rates as advertisements; obituaries over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 50 cents per square.

All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or no attention will be paid to them. The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

Public Sale

OF A SPLENDID

FRUIT AND GARDEN FARM

IN

SAINT MARY'S COUNTY,

KNOWN AS THE

BUSHWOOD PROPERTY.

WE will sell at public auction on

Tuesday, the 1st day of August, 1871.

at 1 o'clock P. M., at the Exchange Salesroom, 55 Second Street, Baltimore,

That valuable farm in St. Mary's county, near the junction of the Potomac and Wicomico rivers, known as the

BUSHWOOD ESTATE,

and containing

1,150 acres,

more or less.

The soil is unusually fertile, and in a high state of cultivation; the large quantity of

MEADOW LAND

offers peculiar inducement to stock-raisers.

The tract lies in a compact body, is well watered and fenced, and has a superabundance of every variety of

TIMBER,

$10,000 or more of which could be cut off, and large supply left for home consumption.

The Peach Orchard is magnificent; contains about 10,000 trees, 5,000 of which are Hale's Early, and are in full bearing.

Besides Peaches, there are Pears and other fruits (large and small), as choice in their variety as they are large in quantity.

The Dwelling, of brick, is one of the finest and most substantially built houses in lower Maryland, and commands a land and water view of at least thirty miles.—It has also all the necessary outbuildings

The location is exceedingly healthy, the society of the neighborhood social and cultivated, and churches, schools, mills, stores, &c., convenient.

Steamers to and from Baltimore and Washington stop at the wharf adjoining several times a week.

In addition to its merits as a farm, it commends itself not less to all lovers of sport for its fine shooting and fishing, which are unsurpassed by any place on the Potomac.

Persons desiring to purchase are invited to view the premises before the day of sale. Terms, which will be liberal, will be made known at sale.

JOSEPHINE PLOWDEN,
P. H. SULLIVAN & SON,
Auctioneers,

Corner Courtland and Lexington streets.

N. B. Parties can purchase privately prior to day of sale by applying to the Auctioneers.

July 13, 1871—3t.

NOTICE.

LOWER POTOMAC LINE

For Washington, Alexandria, Georgetown and Potomac River Landings,

Also,

For Fredericksburg and Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

The Iron Steamer

GEORGEANNA

Will on and after MONDAY, April 24th, 1871, leave Baltimore from Pier 9 Light street wharf, every Monday and Thursday at 7 p. m., for Aquia Creek, and the following landings on the Potomac River:

Leave Aquia Creek at 5 a. m. on Saturday for Chapel Point, Stone's Wharf, Foxwell's Wharf, Lodge Landing, Kinsale, Jones' Wharf, Leave Baltimore at 7 p. m. on Monday for the above Landings.

Leave Aquia Creek at 5 a. m. on Wednesday for Chapel Point, Foxwell's Wharf, Kinsale, Coan Wharf, Jones' Wharf, Leave Baltimore at 7 p. m. on THURSDAY for the above Landings.

Will also stop at Smith Point, Mathias' Point, Cedar Point, Longwood's Wharf, Piney Point, when signalled, or to land Freight or Passengers.

Freight received daily, carefully handled, and forwarded with despatch at lowest rates.

For further information apply to
G. P. IRVINE, Agent,
Office, 138 Light st., Baltimore.

City Goods per Steamer Georgeanna.

April 27, 1871—tf.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

in from One to Twenty minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain.

Radway's Ready Relief is a cure for every pain.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysteria, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills.

The application of the *Ready Relief* to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure cramps, spasms sour stomach heart burn, sick headache, diarrhea, dysentery, colic, wind in the bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of *Radway's Ready Relief* with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, billious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cents per bottle.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

Strong and pure rich blood—increase of flesh and weight—clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent has made the most astonishing cures; so quick, so rapid are the changes the body undergoes, under the influence of this truly wonderful medicine, that every day an increase in flesh and weight is seen and felt.

The Great Blood Purifier.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, consumption, glandular disease, ulcers in the throat, mouth, tumors, nodes in the glands and other parts of the system, sore eyes, strumorous discharges from the ears, and the worst forms of skin diseases, eruptions, fever sores, scald head, ring worm, salt rheum, erysipelas, acne, black spots, worms in the flesh, tumors, cancers in the womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, night sweats, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of chronic, scrofulous, constitutional, and skin diseases; but it is the only positive cure for *Kidney and Bladder Complaints*, gravel, diabetes, dropsy, Bright's disease, albuminuria, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

DR. RADWAY'S Perfect Purgative Pills, perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from disorders of the digestive organs:

Constipation, inward piles, fullness of the blood in the head, Acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing.

A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the system from all the above named disorders.—Price, 25 cents per Box. Sold by all Druggists.

Read "False and True." Send one letter-stamp to *RADWAY & CO.*, No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

June 29, 1871—1y.

COMMISSION AGENCY.

Baltimore, Md., June 7th, 1871.

HAVING located myself at 145 West Pratt Street, for the purpose of carrying on the business of a Commission Agent, for the sale of all kinds of Country Produce, Tobacco excepted, I respectfully offer my services to my friends and the citizens generally of St. Mary's and adjoining counties of lower Maryland in that capacity, and solicit a share of their patronage, pledging myself to use my best endeavors to promote the interests of those who favor me with their patronage.

JAMES A. WISE,
No. 153 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,
Baltimore.

REFERS TO

Col. B. G. Harris, Col. Jas. S. Downs, John A. Camalier, Jos. H. Key, Esq., John F. King, Esq., Leonardtown, Md.

June 15, 1871—tf.

N. S. HILL & CO.

GENERAL COMMISSION

—AND—

FORWARDING MERCHANTS,

No. 17 COMMERCE STREET,

BALTIMORE.

P.S. Especial attention to the sale of Grain and Tobacco.

June 11, 1868—1y.

Great Bargains.

THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST and BEST ASSORTMENT OF

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

Ready-made Clothing, Gents Furnishing Goods, Gloves, Hosiery, &c., &c., Groceries, Hats, Notions, Hardware, Tinware, Queensware

ever offered to the public of St. Mary's county, has just been opened and opened by the undersigned, and will be disposed of to *Cash Buyers at City Retail Prices.* Our stock has been purchased under the most favorable auspices, and at the lowest rates of the Boston, New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia markets, and will be found to be unrivalled, both as to price and quality, in St. Mary's county. Our stock of Dry Goods embraces a full line of

Cloths, Cassimeres, Calicoes, Bleached, Brown and Plaid Muslins, Ladies' Dress Goods, White Goods, Cottonades, Linens, &c.

In Ladies' Dress Goods and White Goods we have the most beautiful and fashionable assortment of

Grenadines, Poplins, Percales, Plain, Plaid and Striped Nainsooks, Alpacas, Delaines, Lawns, Piques, Jaconets, Cambrics, Swiss and Book Muslins and Tarletans

ever opened in the county, and will dispose of them at such figures as cannot fail to induce buyers, mindful of their interests, to purchase.

In addition to our usual stock we have purchased a most extensive and magnificent line of *SPRING MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS* including all the latest and most approved styles in

LADIES BONNETS and HATS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, DRESS TRIMMINGS

and all kinds of Millinery Goods. This part of our stock was purchased under the supervision of competent and experienced persons, and will be warranted to our lady customers to be of the most fashionable make and material, and lower than the same quality of goods can be purchased elsewhere.

Every article usually kept in a first class country store will be found in our stock, and buyers will find it to their interest to inspect our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

Our terms are *exclusively cash.*

GREENWELL & FENWICK.

may 11, 1871—tf.*

GOODS TO SUIT THE TIMES!

MISS IRENE FURCK takes pleasure in announcing to her friends and patrons in St. Mary's county, that she has just received and opened at her Store in Leonardtown the most extensive, beautiful and cheapest assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, BLEACHED, BROWN and PLAID COTTONS, WHITE GOODS, &c., CALICOES, MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS

to be found in Lower Maryland. Her stock has been purchased at the

LOWEST RATES

and she pledges herself to sell every article lower than it can be purchased in Saint Mary's county. Her long experience in purchasing and selling such goods as she now carries in her stock enables her to defy all competition and she confidently assures her customers that they can save from 15 to 25 per cent. by purchasing of her. Her stock of Dress Goods is unusually large and includes all the most fashionable styles of

Grenadines	from 25c to 50	cents.
Alpacas	" " to 75	"
Lawns	" 12½ to 50	"
Poplins	" 25 to 50	"
Delaines	25	"
Piques, splendid quality	25	"

and a full line of the most beautiful WHITE GOODS of all descriptions. She has also purchased in addition to her former stock a large assortment of

LADIES AND CHILDRENS' SHOES

which she will dispose of at very low rates.

Grateful to her friends for their past liberal patronage, she respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

BONNETS and HATS repaired and made to order.

Also

CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, NOTIONS, JEWELRY,

May 11, 1871—tf.*

INT. REVENUE NOTICE.

Office Collector of Internal Revenue,
5th District Md.,
St. Dennis, July 14th, 1871.

NOTICE is hereby given, That Lists of Taxes for Saint Mary's County, are prepared and have been received at this office; and that, for the convenience of Tax-Payers, and for the purpose of receiving the same, I will attend at

CHARLOTTE HALL, July 28 h;

CHAPTICO, July 29th;

LEONARDTOWN, July 31st;

GREAT MILLS, August 1st;

ST. INIGOE'S, " " 2nd.

A failure to pay by the time indicated, will subject the parties defaulting to an addition of *five per cent.* and one per cent. a month to the Tax, together with a charge of *twenty cents* (20) for each notice issued, and *four cents per mile* in serving same; the whole recoverable by distraint.

Persons indebted to the United States for Taxes will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity to settle the same.

D. L. STANTON,
Collector.

July 20, 1871—2t.

A SUN...

Sunshine over the ...
Kissing the crim...
And sunshine ...
That the yellow ...
And sunshine over ...
And over the ...
And I wished that ...
Night shine and ...

... the ...
For the gold of this lovely spot
Seemed ... our love-making,
And I was silent and she was shy,
And we walked down through the clover;
But we thought it the sweetest Summer day
That ever the sun shone over.

We heard the birds in the waving grass,
As they twittered to each other
About the nests they had hidden away—
And the coo of each glad bird mother.
And we thought, as we walked that Summer day
Through the clover blooms together,
That at last the world was in perfect tune,
In the glad, bright Summer weather.

I cannot tell what I said to her,
As we walked knee deep in clover:
But I know that the robins merrily sang
Their sweetest of sweet songs over.
And down in my heart love's own bird sang
A song that was gladder, sweeter,
And its echo joined with the world's sweet hymn,
And made the day completer.

And when we came up the meadow path.
Our hearts sang over and over;
"O sweet, glad day for blossom and bird,
And for every blythe young lover!"
And yet I know not the words she paid,
Or whether she spoke at all;
But of all sweet days, that Summer day
I count as the best of all.

THE HOME INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.

A writer says that the French "pigeon-post" has recalled attention to a subject that has long and deep interest for naturalists—the power of instinct animals exhibit of finding their way back to a spot from whence they have been taken, by a road never before traversed by them.

Pigeons carrying messages or returning long distances to their "cotes" most certainly find their way back by means of sight. This is evidenced by the fact of long training [illegible] or disinclination to fly during a fog. But this means of finding out a distant locality cannot apply in the cases we are about to record.

At Vancouver's Island a gentleman had a house on one side of Esquimalt harbor, wherein he and his family resided. They had a favorite cat, which was always made a great pet. It so happened that the owner of the house had occasion to change his residence to the other side of the harbor. The distance in a straight line was quite a mile, while to reach the house by making a circuit of the harbor, a distance of quite four miles must be traveled, and that through a dense forest of pines, thickly undergrown with brushwood. When the family removed from one house to the other, pussy was fastened securely into a basket, and taken in a boat across the harbor, and was not let out of her prison until she was secured in a room at her new residence.

It is quite clear in this case that the cat could not have seen anything of the route followed by water from house to house.—Strange as it may seem, she made her escape during the night, and when, on the day following her removal, some of the family returned for articles left behind, there was pussy, somewhat dirty and tired, but in perfect safety. Now, she could only have reached the residence in two ways, either by swimming the harbor, which is by no means probable, or she found her way through the forest, where she had never been before, and through thick underbrush, without any trail or path to guide her; and what makes the matter far more wonderful is the fact that the cat must have passed close to an Indian village around which a number of half-wild dogs were always prowling.

There is another story of somewhat similar character told of a cat, which is, I believe, well authenticated. "When living," says the writer, "at Four-Paths, Clarendon, Jamaica, I wanted a cat, and had one given to me which was nearly full grown; it was brought from Morgan's Valley estate, where it was bred, and had never been removed from that place before. The distance was five miles. It was put into a canvas bag and carried by a man on horseback. Between the two places there were two rivers, one of them eighty feet broad and two feet and a half deep, running strong; the other is wider and more rapid, but less deep. Over these rivers are no bridges. The cat was shut up at Four-Paths for some days, and when considered to be reconciled to her dwelling, she was allowed to go about the house. The day after obtaining her liberty she was missing, and upon my next visiting the estate she was brought from. I was quite amazed to learn that the cat had come back again. Did she swim over the rivers at the fords, where the horse came through with her, or did she ascend the banks for a considerable distance in search of a more shallow place, and where the stream was less powerful? At all events, she must have crossed the rivers, in opposition to her natural habits."

I myself once had a favorite spaniel called Sport. He was lent to a friend, who came to fetch him. Sport was placed in a dog-cart and driven to my friend's residence, a distance of over twenty miles.—The cart was so made that air could freely get in for the dog to breathe, but by no possibility could any part of the road be seen during the journey. On his arrival Sport was tied up with a rope under the manger in the stable. During the night the dog gnawed his rope, made his escape through a broken window, and was discovered early in the morning succeeding his departure sitting weary, hungry, and [illegible] outside the door of my own [illegible]. Now, the question which naturally presents itself is, how did the dog [illegible] back, a road not one [illegible] had ever seen before?—[illegible] by the way could not have guided the dog, simply because he had no opportunity afforded him of seeing them.

I once, while living in the far West, rode a horse from my camp across a prairie to an encampment of squatters, a distance of more than twenty miles. A river of some width was crossed on the route, the horse being ferried over in a large boat. The animal had never traveled the road previously, nor had it ever run upon the prairie, and yet during the night it contrived to break its tether line, and in the dark to find its way back to our camp; and, what is more strange, the horse actually swam the stream it had, during the day, been ferried over in a boat. By what means, it may be asked, did the horse contrive to find its way over a grassy waste, never trodden by it previously, to a given point so far distant? There was no path or trail, and in the dark the horse could not, except by smelling, have retraced its own footprints.

Many similar anecdotes are on record, to which the following authenticated cases may be added. A horse was turned out in some marshes adjoining the Thames.—The distance in a straight line from his owner's house was only a few miles, but he had to be sent a long way around to cross the bridge. In less than twenty-four hours he made his appearance at the stable-door, dripping wet, having swam the river and taken a straight line home.

During the life of the celebrated sportsman, the late Sir Richard Sutton, a draft of young hounds was sent up to London by wagon, from the kennel near Lincoln, and there put on board a vessel to go abroad. While the ship was dropping down the Thames one of them jumped overboard and swam ashore. Some weeks after it made its appearance at the kennel, half starved, and covered with bites bestowed upon it by its more fortunate fellows. I regret to have to add that it was killed immediately, so many valuable hounds having recently been destroyed in that pack by madness that the huntsman was afraid to take it in.

Some years since, a dog-fox was run to ground on Hathfield Heath, near Ashfort, Kent. When dug out he was found to have some remarkable white spots on him, and the Earl of Thanet had him sent to his seat in Westmoreland.—Appleby Castle—a distance of 300 miles, and turned down. A fortnight afterward the same fox was killed near Hathfield Heath, his native place.

"Not long ago," says one writer, "I saw a cow bought at a farm auction. About 6 o'clock in the evening she was sent off home with the purchaser and was placed in the yard, a distance of fifteen miles from her former home. At 6 o'clock the next morning she was found back in her old shed, quietly chewing the cud, and waiting to be milked as usual.

"I once purchased a brood of ducklings, about a month old, without the hen that hatched them. I took them home and placed them, as I thought, safely in a pig-pound. In the morning I found they were all gone, and I discovered them snugly huddled together at their old quarters at the other end of the village, in the nest in which they were hatched. A laborer told me he had met them in the street, homeward bound, at 4 o'clock, A. M., as he was going to work. They had not been off the premises where they were bred before."

AN INCIDENT OF MCMAHON.—McMahon has not been less remarkable for his personal *bonhommie* than for his brilliant bravery. After Magenta, when he made his triumphal entrance into Milan, a charming little miss of six years tendered him a bouquet. He leaned down to take it, and bent his nodding plume over the baby to kiss her. "I should like to ride with you," said the little girl. "So you shall, then, my pet," and so saying, he sat her before him on his war horse, and the noble animal, proud of his double burden, stepped daintily through the city along the road to the cathedral.

WHAT CAUSED A WAR.—The "Grasshopper War," which took place about the time the Pilgrims came to New England in the Mayflower, between two Indian tribes, was brought about in this way:—An Indian woman, with her little son, went to visit a friend belonging to another tribe. The little fellow caught a large grasshopper on the road and carried it with him. A lad from the other tribe wanted it, but he refused to give it up.—A quarrel ensued, which soon drew the fathers and mothers into dispute, and ere long the chiefs were engaged in a war which nearly exterminated one tribe.

COULDN'T SEE IT.—"Old Trotter" is an eccentric genius, who drives the first stage out of Fort Kearney westward. The following is related of him: "One day he stopped a man on the road who drove a miserable team of sick and aged mules, and with the ejaculation, 'Look a here, pilgrim; I know a man that would give you eight hundred dollars if he could see them mules.' 'Why,' exclaimed the man, startled by such an unexpected prospect of luck, 'you don't say so. Who is he?' 'He's a blind man,' said Trotter; 'g'lang.'"

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

It has often been asserted that most persons of genius die young, and many examples have been cited by way of proof. Alexander the Great died at the age of 32, Byron at 36, Mozart at 36, Weber at 40, Schwanthaler at 47, Mrs. Hemans at 41, Hendelssohn at 38, Bellini at 33, Bishop Heber at 44. Kirke White at 21, Schiller at 46, Dickens at 58, Hood at 47, Burns at 37, Sir William Jones at 48, Pitt at 47, Addison at 47, Fielding at 47, Chatterton at 18, Goldsmith at 43 and the greatest exploits of Napoleon and Wellington were achieved before they attained the age of 45. And it may be admitted that the achievements of the majority of great men have been made by the time they attained that age. Yet when we look around Europe and take note of the men who exercise the principal influence there, and are the mediums by which its destinies are swayed, we shall find that mature age and old age have a far larger power than youth and early middle age have. At the present moment, the Emperor of Germany, Bismarck, Von Moltke, Von Roon, Thiers, Guizot, Canrobert, McMahon, Gladstone, Disraeli, Pope Pius IX, Earl Russell, Cardinal Antonelli, Lord Granville, Mazzini, John Stuart Mill and Carlyle, are all over 60—some of them are more than 70. The illustrious composer, Auber, whose death, at the age of 87, has recently been announced, was in the habit of composing music almost up to the period of his decease. Lord Lytton (Bulwer) still writes, at the age of 66, and two of his later works are the greatest of his life. William Cullen Bryant is another illustrious instance of the cultivation of literature in old age; so is Victor Hugo, now in his 70th year. Sir Edwin Landseer paints pictures at 68. Sully is still at work at 88. Horace Binney looks hale at 91. General Robert Patterson manages fourteen cotton and woolen mills at 80. Joseph R. Chandler, editor, statesman and diplomat, is still engaged in works of usefulness, although an octogenarian.

But if we search the records of the dead the testimony in favor of age is overwhelming. Beginning with the ancients we find that Julius Cæsar was assassinated in the zenith of his power, at 55; Hannibal poisoned himself at 69; Solon died at 80; Cato, the Censor, at 85; Marcus Aurelius at 49; Trajan at 65; Constantine the Great, at 65; Cicero was put to death when he was 63, retaining his vigor and eloquence to the last. Pindar died at 80; Anacreon died at 85; Demosthenes at 63; Thucydides at 70; Æschylus at 68; Euripides at 80; Sophocles at 90; Plato at 82; Socrates at 70; Aristotle at 62; Aristophanes at 64; Galen at 70; and Hippocrates at 104, Sulla died in the midst of his terrible power at 59; Marius at 71, dreaded by the soldier who was sent to murder him; and Seneca underwent his fate with stoicism at 70. Now it is recorded of nearly all of these great men that they retained their faculties in full vigor until a very late period, and their greatest exploits were performed in middle age. Among the Roman poets, Virgil sang very sweetly up to 50, Ovid to 60, and Horace to 57. When we come among the moderns the same rule holds good. Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" when he was 62. Scott continued writing novels up to 61. Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst were distinguished for the activity of their minds after they were 80. There was but little diminution in the mental powers of Franklin at 84, and the same may be said of Lord Palmerston and Mehemet Ali. The longevity of literary men and musicians is remarkable. The poets Moore, Joanna Baillie, Wordsworth and Goethe, died over 70; Lingard died at 92, Miss Edgeworth at 83, Chateaubriand at 80, Campbell at 67, Southey at 68, Madame D'Arblay at 88, Coleridge at 62, Charles Lamb at 60, Bentham at 85, Kant at 80, Burke at 67, Horace Walpole at 79, Adam Smith at 69, Dr. Johnson at 75, Diderot at 71, Lord Kames at 86, D'Alembert at 66, Voltaire at 85, Rousseau at 66, Hume at 65, Swedenborg at 83, Richardson at 72, Fontenelle at 100, Montesquo at 66, Bishop Berkeley at 69, Bishop Butler at 60, Watts at 74, Swift at 78, Defoe at 68, Fenelon at 64, Prescott at 63 Clementi at 81, Pleyel at 75, Auber at 87, Haydn at 70, Handel at 75, and Beethoven at 57. Those who have devoted their lives to science can show as good a record. Sir Mark Brunel died at 87, Miss Caroline Herschel at 91, Dalton at 78, Cuvier at 65, Laplace at 78, Sir William Herschel at 84, and his son John at 81, Watt at 83, Legrange at 77, Lalande at 75, Faraday at 76, Linnœus at 71, Halley at 86, and Sir Isaac Newton at 85. Mrs. Somerville is in her 92nd year. This list of eminent old men could be extended very much further. John Adams died at 91, Thomas Jefferson at 84, Benjamin Franklin at 84, John Quincy Adams at 81, Andrew Jackson at 79, Winfield Scott at 80, Henry Clay at 76, Daniel Webster at 71, Admiral Charles Stewart at 91, Talleyrand died at 84, Benjamin West at 82, Corneille at 78, Dryden at 69, Bossuet at 77, Locke at 72, Hahnemann at 88, John Wesley at 88, George Whitfield at 76, and William Penn at 74. Many distinguished military men have survived to an advanced age. Wellington died at 84, Radetzky at 91; and among the famous Marshals of Napoleon we find that Soult died at 82, Marmont at 78, Grouchy at 82, Sebastian at 80, Molitor at 79, and Oudinot at 80; but as a rule logevity is fatal to military and naval men, though we occasionally meet with brilliant exceptions, like the late Admiral Stewart and General Sir Charles Napier.

A man in the *write* place—an editor.

HOW MOTHER DID IT.—If we were to suggest one, which, above all other things combined, would contribute to the happiness of the young house-keeper, it would be to learn how to cook as husband's mother cooked. Mother used to make coffee, so and so; mother used to have such waffles; and mother knew just how thick, or how thin, to make a squash pie; and, oh! if I only could taste of mother's biscuit. Such are the comments of the husband at too many meal tables. It would be only a little more cruel for the husband to throw his fork across the table, or to dash the contents of his tea cup in his wife's face. The experience of a contrite husband is good reading for those men whose daily sauce is "how mother did it." He says:

I found fault some time ago with Maria Ann's custard pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made custard pie. Maria made the pie after my receipt. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had.—Maria set it on the table every day for dinner, and you see I could not eat it because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs, or shortening. It was economical, but in a fit of generosity I stole it from the pantry and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates. I did not go myself.

Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her making those cakes, and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening and set the cakes myself. I got the flour and the salt and the water, and warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast beef, because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right and I lit my pipe, and pondered yeast—yeast to be sure. I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker and got six cents worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting-room stove and went to bed.

In the morning I got up early and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I didn't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish. Then I got a fire in the kitchen and put on a griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second ditto'd, only more. Maria came down and asked what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn, while trying to turn it around. Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful and it satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cat would not eat them. The dog ran off and stayed three days after one was offered him. The hens won't go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back yard, and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking.

In America, at this very moment, there are perhaps ten thousand men, still young, whose prospects have within five years changed utterly, whose strength and hope have gone and left behind only an endless regret that nothing had been laid up in the time of plenty for just such an emergency. And perhaps there are ten thousand more who are unconsciously traveling along the same road; and who, at the end of the next five years, will suffer the same calamity, and become the prey of the same regrets. And every five years, as they roll away, write just such a sad history of ten thousand souls.—*Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth.*

Never ask questions in a hurry.—"Tom, a word with you." "Be quick, then, I'm in a hurry." "What did you give your sick horse t'other day?" "A pint of turpentine." John hurries home and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, which, strange to say, dies in half an hour. His opinion of Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered.—He meets him next day. "Well, Tom, I gave my horse a pint of turpentine and it killed him." "So it did mine."

It is stated that the "earth cure" was tried recently on a half dozen cases of scurvy on the Western plains, the patients being planted up to their necks in the ground and allowed to remain over night. The virtues of the treatment are still a matter of dispute, however, as a pack of wolves came along and ate all the six heads off.

An old bachelor thus comments on a recent moonlight incident: We left our sanctum at midnight last night, and on our way home we saw a young lady and gentleman holding a gate on its hinges. They were evidently indignant at being out so late, and we saw them bite each other several times.

A lady in a philosophical mood, asked a male friend how it happened that boys got all their bad traits from their fathers. "I don't know," was the reply; "but perhaps it would help us to answer if we could find out where the girls get their blemishes from." "Oh," replied the fair metaphysician, "they all come from their grandfathers!"

Maids of honor—Those who do not jilt suitors.