

Saint Mary's Beacon

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 13, 1873

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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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TO MARY.

'Tis sad to part, no more to meet,
Within that lone and loved retreat;
To view again the lov'd scene
Upon the Plains where I have been,
No more, as lovers, hand in hand,
'Till wander there upon the strand,
The gentle hand to clasp mine,
'Thy cherished flowers, must I resign?
Nay, there again beneath the tree,
Where first my love was pledged to thee,
The voice I love so soft and sweet
My troubled soul may never greet
The leaves alas! may fall or fade,
The parent tree may mourn its shade,
Autumnal winds may softly sigh,
Or drooping flowers that sweetly die,
'The winds blow as the leaves fall,
But none alas may weep for all!

THE ARMY GRUMBLES.

The ARMY GRUMBLES.—The grumbler, in the army, was not such a bad man after all. He grumbled because they didn't have fresh bread; because they marched in the rain; because they fought battles on Sunday; because the colonel wouldn't let him go home for two weeks; because his shoes pinched his feet; because the crackers were broken up sometimes; because his night to go on guard was sure to be rainy; because the army always started on a march just as he got his shins fitted. And he talked much, and sometimes his intonation was very much like what his mother had, in his boyish days, called a whine. But he did his duty all the same. He would growl when he went on guard, but he commenced his preparations when he commenced his growing. He would swear about a forced march, but as he was limping along with stiff joints and sore feet, if there came an attack he would go to the front like a prancing war horse. On a long march he was always asking with a do-behove expression, "Why don't you go darn old fool of a colonel make his horse gallop? What's the use of making down to a trot on a hot day like this," but he was never among the stragglers. He was in the front line, grumbling and growling to the effect that he "would be goldfurned if he didn't stick right to the tail of the colonel's horse or burst his biler," and right at the tail of the horse he often was when men never grumbled. All grumblers were not of this type, but many were, and finally grumbling didn't count in the estate of a good soldier.

HOW WOMEN CAN SAVE MONEY.

I know a young dressmaker who persuaded a neighbor to lend her money enough to make the first payment on a sewing-machine. She found all the dressmaking she could attend to, at double her usual price per day, and in a few months the machine was hers, and she began to save money. Your wife may not be able to do much housework, but she can run a sewing-machine with ease. In a few months she would have enough to pay for an extra servant, and pay for the sewing-machine also. She could make all your pants, coats, vests, etc., besides her own clothes, and thus save enough from tailors' and dressmakers' bills to pay for the machine. My advice is to every young lady who has only a few dollars in money, to expend it towards purchasing a good sewing-machine.—*Author of Country Homes.*

It is not unusual to find the owner of a sewing-machine earning from \$50 to \$75 a month. Instead of a half dollar for a day's work extended far into the night, an operator now receives from three to five times that sum for a day of reasonable length. Geo. A. Simms, Agent, Leonardtown, offers the world-renowned Howe Sewing Machines on very easy terms. In fact no one now can give any excuse for longer doing without a Sewing-Machine. Full and thorough instruction given at the house of the customer and satisfaction guaranteed.

The most self-sacrificing man in Leonardtown lives in Danbury. The other day, while facing a severe storm, seeing nothing to shelter him from the pelting rain, he met, in going a single block, five of his neighbors, each carrying an umbrella. He felt at once that he would do better than to be so wet, sheltered more than compensated him for the thorough drenching he experienced. Such was his sacrifice.

IRELAND AND POPE ADRIAN IV.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

There is, however, another Bull of Alexander III., preserved by Giraldus Cambrensis which is supposed to have been granted at the request of King Henry in 1172, and is confirmatory of the gift and investiture made by Pope Adrian; it Mr. O'Callaghan holds that this Bull of Alexander III. acts as rest for ever, all doubts as to the genuineness of the grant made by Adrian IV.

The question at once suggests itself, is this Bull of Alexander III. to be itself admitted as genuine and authentic? If its own authority be doubtful, surely it cannot suffice to prop up the tottering cause of Adrian's Bull. Now, its style is entirely different from that of the three authentic letters of which we have just spoken. Quite in opposition to these letters "the only authority alleged in it for Henry's right to Ireland is the Bull of Adrian," as Dr. Lanigan allows 11. The genuine letters are dated from Tusculum, where, as we know from other sources, Alexander actually resided in 1172. On the other hand, this confirmatory Bull, though supposed to have been obtained in 1172, is dated from Rome, thus clearly betraying the hand of the impostor. Such was the disturbed condition of Rome at that period that it was impossible for His Holiness to reside there, and hence he found him sometimes holding his court in Tusculum, at other times in Segni, Anagni, or Ferrara. It was only when these disturbances were quelled that Alexander III. was able, in 1178, to return in triumph to his capital 12.

But there is still another reason why we must doubt of the authority of this confirmatory Bull. The researches of Rev. Mr. Dimock have proved what Usher long ago remarked, that the Bull of Alexander originally formed part of the work of Giraldus Cambrensis, 13 although later copies, and the first editors, including the learned Camden, recognizing its spuriousness, excluded it from Giraldus's text. The matter is now at rest, for the ancient MSS. clearly prove that it originally formed part of the "Expugnatio Hibernica." Thanks, however, to the zeal and industry of Mr. Brewer, we are at present acquainted with another work of Giraldus, written at a later period than his Historical Treatise on Ireland. It is entitled "De Principibus Instructione," and was edited in 1846 for the "Anglia Christiana" Society. Now, in this treatise Giraldus refers to the Bull of Alexander III., of which we treat, but he prefixes the following remarkable words: "Some assert or imagine that this Bull was obtained from the Pope; but others deny that it was ever obtained from the Pontiff." "Sicut a quibusdam imperitratum asseritur aut confutur; ab aliis autem utramque imperitratum fuisse negatur." Surely these words should suffice to convince the most sceptical that the fact of the Bull of Alexander being recited by Giraldus in his "Expugnatio Hibernica" is a very unimportant ground on which to rest the argument of its genuineness.

4.—As regards the Synod of Waterford in 1175, and the statement that the Bulls of Adrian and Alexander were published therein for the first time, all these matters rest on the very doubtful authority of Giraldus Cambrensis. We have no record in Irish annals that any general meeting of the Irish Bishops was held in Waterford in 1175. The circumstances of the country rendered such a Synod impossible; for war and dissensions raged throughout the length and breadth of our island. It was in that year, however, that the first bishop was appointed by King Henry to the See of Waterford, as we were informed; and, perhaps, we would not err were we to suppose that the Synod was possibly set forth by Giraldus as a fiction of the Anglo-Norman clergy of Waterford under their newly appointed prelate, all of whom would, no doubt, joyfully accept the official documents presented in the name of the king by Nicholas of Walford.

Ireland supposes that this Synod of Waterford was not held till 1177. The disturbed state of the kingdom, however, rendered a Synod equally impossible in that year, and all other ancient authorities utterly ignore such a Synod.

5.—In the Remonstrance addressed by the Irish princes and people to John XXII., about the year 1315, repeated mention is made of the Bull of Adrian. But then it is only cited there as a conclusive argument *ad hunc* against the English traders of our nation: "lest the bitter and venomous calumnies of the English, and their unjust and unfounded attacks upon us and all who support our rights, may in any degree influence the mind of your Holiness." The Bull of Adrian IV. was published by the English, and set forth by them as the charter-deed of their faith in Ireland, yet they violated in a most flagrant manner all the conditions of that Papal grant. The Irish princes and people in self-defense had no made over the sovereignty of the island to Edward de Bruce, brother of the Scottish King; they style him their adopted monarch, and they pray the Pope to give a formal sanction of their proceedings. Thus, throughout the whole Remonstrance the Bull of Adrian is used as a telling argument against the injustice of the invaders, and as a precedent which John XXII. might justly follow in sanctioning the transfer of the Irish crown to Edward Bruce. But in all this the historians find no grounds for asserting the genuineness of the supposed Bulls of Adrian or Alexander. We will just now see that at this very time the Irish people universally regarded these Bulls as spurious inventions of their English enemies.

6.—Baronia, the eminent ecclesiastical historian, inserts in his invaluable *Antiquities of the Bull of Adrian IV.* "from a Vatican Manuscript." This is the sixth argument advanced by Mr. O'Callaghan. It is not my intention to question in any way the services rendered by Cardinal Baronia to the cause of our Church History; but at the same time no one will deny that considerable progress has been made in historical research during the past three hundred and fifty years, and many documents are now set aside which were then accepted as unquestioned on the supposed reliable authority of preceding chroniclers.

In the present instance we are not left in doubt as to the source whence Baronia derived his information regarding Adrian's supposed Bull. During my stay in Rome I took occasion to inquire whether the MSS. of the eminent annalist, which are happily preserved, included the special "Vatican Manuscript" referred to in his printed text, and I was informed by the learned archivist of the Vatican, Monsignor Theiner, who is at present engaged in giving a new edition, and continuing the great work of Baronia, that the *Codex Vaticanus* referred to is a MS. copy of the History of Matthew Paris, which is preserved in the Vatican Library. Thus it is the testimony of M. thew Paris alone that here confronts us the pages of Baronia, and no new argument can be taken from the words of the eminent annalist. Rejoicing on the same high authority, I am happy to state that nowhere in the private archives or among the private papers of the Vatican, or in the *Regesta*, which Jaffé's researches have made so famous, or in various indices of the Pontifical Letters, can a single trace be found of the supposed Bulls of Adrian IV. and Alexander III.

The last argument advanced by O'Callaghan will not detain us long. The insertion or omission of such ancient records in the Bullarium is a matter that depends wholly on the critical skill of the editor. Curious enough, in one edition of the Bullarium, as may be seen in the references of Dr. Lanigan, Adrian's Bull is inserted, whilst no mention is made of that of Alexander; in one edition, however, the Bull of Alexander is given in full, whilst the Bull of Adrian is omitted.—We may well leave our opponents to settle this matter with the conflicting editors of the Bullarium. They, probably like Baronia, merely copied the Bull of Adrian from Matthew Paris, and erred in doing so. Labbe, in his magnificent edition of the *Concilia*, also pretenses Adrian's Bull, but then he expressly tells us that it is copied from the work of Matthew Paris.

We have thus, as far as the limits of this article will allow, examined in detail the various arguments which support the genuineness of the supposed Bull, and now it only remains for us to conclude that there are no sufficient grounds for accepting that document as the genuine work of Pope Adrian.

Indeed the Irish nation at all times, as if instinctively, shrunk from accepting it as genuine, and unhesitatingly pronounced it an Anglo-Norman forgery. We have already seen how even Giraldus Cambrensis refers to the doubts which had arisen regarding the Bull of Pope Alexander. We have at hand still more conclusive evidence that Adrian's Bull was considered rejected by our people. This is, happily, preserved in the Barber's MSS. in Rome, a MS. of the sixteenth century containing a series of official papers connected with the pontificate of John XXII., and amongst them is a letter from the Lord Justiciary and the Royal Council of Ireland, forwarded to Rome under the Royal Seal, and presented to His Holiness by William of Nottingham, Canon of Dublin, about the year 1325. In this important but hitherto unnoticed document, the Irish are accused of very many crimes, among which is insidiously introduced the rejection of the supposed Bulls; "Moreover, they assert that the King of England under false pretence and by false Bulls obtained the dominion of Ireland, and this opinion is commonly held by them."

"Asserunt etiam Dominum Regem Anglie ex falsa suggestione et ex falsa Bulla terram Hibernie in dominium imperatoris transse communitate hontentem." The national tradition was preserved unbroken throughout the turmoil of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and on the revival of our historical literature in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and was registered in the pages of Lynch, Stephen White, and other writers.

It will be well also, whilst forming our judgment regarding this supposed Bull of Adrian, to hold in mind the disturbed state of society, especially in Italy, at the time to which it refers. At the present day it would be no easy matter indeed for such a forgery to survive more than a few weeks. But at the close of the twelfth century it was far otherwise. Owing to the constant revolutions and disturbances that then prevailed, the Pontiff was oftentimes obliged to fly from his city; frequently his papers were seized and burned, and he himself detained as a hostage or a prisoner by his enemies. Hence it is that several forged bulls, examples of which are given in the *Compendium Ecclesie*, dated from these times. More than one of the grants made to the Norman families are now believed to rest on such forgeries; and that the Anglo-Norman adventurers in Ireland were not strangers to such deeds of darkness, appears from the fact that a matrix for forging the Papal Seal of such Bulls, now preserved in the B. I. Academy, was found a few years ago in the ruins of one of the earliest Anglo-Norman manasteries founded by De Courcy.

The circumstances of the publication of the Bull by Henry was surely not calculated to disarm suspicion. Our opponents

do not even pretend that it is known in Ireland till the year 1616, though public grants and investitures as John's testimony would imply, and record was deposited in the treasury of the kingdom, this Bull, of interests of the Irish Church, remained dormant for twenty years, and was not noticed in Rome, unnoticed by chroniclers, still more unnoticed by Bishops, and I will add, by the Continental sovereigns, the power and prerogatives of the Pontiff. For such suppositions are indeed no parallel in the whole history of investitures.

It is seldom, too, that the hand of the impostor may not be detected in one of the minor details of the supposed document. In the present instance more than one ancient MS. preserves the concluding formula of the Bull: "Sum Romanus," dated from Rome. Now this simple formula would suffice of itself to prove the whole Bull, to be a forgery. Before the news of the election of Pope Adrian to the Chair of St. Peter reached England, that Pontiff was obliged to seek for safety in flight from his capital. Rome was in revolt, and Arnold of Brescia sought to renew there a sect of the old Pagan Republic. John Scallabury, in his *Polygraphia*, faithfully attests that on his arrival in Italy, the papal Court was held not in Rome, but in the convent: it was in this city he granted to Pope Adrian the congratulatory letters during the three months that he remained in Italy. This is further corroborated by the Italian chronicles. Baronia saw the inconsistency of the formula *Sum Romanus*, with the date 1155, and, in his annals, he entered Adrian's Bull under the year 1159; but he is late in his correction, surely then that Bull had not been brought to Henry, King of Salisbury, and the passage of the *Adulterium* referring to it, must at once be admitted a forgery. Other historians have been equally puzzled to find a year for the supposed Bull, as was the case with the History of Ireland, whilst admitting that the Irish people always regarded the Bull as a forgery, and as late as the year 1167, that is, eight years after the death of Pope Adrian IV.

There is only one other redaction which I wish to detain the reader. The condition of our country, and the relations between Ireland and the Continent, which are set forth in the supposed Bull, are precisely those of the year 1155, and it would have required more than a prophetic vision to have anticipated that in 1155, in 1155 Ireland was in a state of turmoil or verging towards barbarism; on the contrary, it was rapidly progressing and renewing its life as a nation, and moral pre-eminence had studied under Pope Adrian, yet well this flourishing condition of change had come over our island. Four years of continued warfare, instead, ravages of the Anglo-Norman invaders, since their first landing in 1168, had well-nigh reduced Ireland to a state of barbarism, and authentic letters of Alexander III., in 1172, faithfully describe its most deplorable condition. Moreover, an expedition of Henry to Ireland, which would not be an invasion, and yet would merit the homage of the Irish princes, was simply an impossibility in 1155. But owing to the special circumstances of the kingdom, such in reality was the expedition of Henry in 1172. He set out for Ireland not avowedly to invade and conquer it, but to curb the insolence and to punish the deeds of pillage of his own Norman freebooters. Hence, during his stay in Ireland he fought no battle and made no conquest; his first measures of severity were directed against some of the lawless deeds of the early Anglo-Norman adventurers, anything else reconciled the native princes to his military display. In return, he received from a majority of the Irish chieftains the empty title of *Ardrigh*, or "Head sovereign," which did not suppose any conquest on his part, and did not involve any surrender of their own hereditary rights. Such a state of things could not have been imagined in 1155; and yet it is one which is implied in the spurious Bull of the much maligned Pontiff, Adrian the Fourth.—P. F. M.

10 "Macarrie Excidium," p. 247. II Eodem. Hist. iv. 324.
12 Mezzoni "Tavole Cronologiche," Rome, ad. an. 1179.
13 "Opera Giraldi," vol. v., page 318.
14 *De Præceptis*, Institut., page 53.
15 Cotton, in *Fæst. Eccl. Hib.*, gives his name as Preceptor 1233 to 1237.
16 The learned Bishop of Osnabrück has inadvertently supposed Baronia attributing this Diploma, not Bull, to the year 1155. That year was the last of Pope Adrian IV., and the latest of authentic documents of his reign. After giving all that he could find of these Cardinal Baronia states in, after them, this extract from Matthew Paris, not so of A. D. 1159, but saying—"Diploma, et quædam res incertæ." Here is a Diploma, but it is uncertain what year it is to be attributed to.—Ed. N. Y. F. J.

A humorous young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the roadside.—Passing a country tavern, where were collected together some dozen countrymen, the beast, as usual, ran opposite the door, and then stopped in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on. The man on the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some one inquired if he would do the horse "Y. Y.," replied the young man, "but I cannot recommend him, as he was brought to a butcher, and he stops whenever he hears the calves-bell." The crowd retired to the bar in silence.

(Written for the Beacon)

The flowers you gave, no fair to view,
That blushed beneath "Crimson" shade,
When fresh and bright with many a dew,
Were doomed also to soon to fade.

How can you see each drooping leaf,
With changing colors so sweetly dead,
Of flowers whose destined goal,
Was still to me, are doubly dead.

The ever-loved and faded flowers,
Which bring to light thy sorrow here,
Remembrance of departed hours.

(Written for the Beacon)

THE MISER AND THE BEGGAR.

On the banks of the river, Orme, near the village of C—, may yet be seen what once constituted the large and elegant mansion of Monsieur F—, who in his latter days became a very rich, old miser. When quite young he had married a very beautiful and accomplished lady of P—, who was worth a very handsome fortune. They lived in fine style, and great happiness for over three years, when the young and beautiful wife gave the birth of her first child which was a boy sickened, and died; leaving the fond young husband to lament his bereavement. As soon as the son, whose name was Alfred, became ten years old he was sent off to school, and Monsieur F—, now that he was entirely alone, and having no desire to mix in the pleasures of the world, turned his whole attention to the all-absorbing desires of his heart, that of amassing riches. One cold Winter night as he sat at his desk recounting the profits of the past year, not once heeding the terrible storm which was raging without, a faint knock was heard at his door, which was answered by a man servant, who by the by was the only one now kept in the house, and served him as waiter, cook, and performed various other menial services having opened the door, he found a little girl about six years of age standing on the steps, shivering with cold and almost naked, who begged for something for herself and her mother who lived a few rods from the miser's residence; the servant, so inured as he was to hardheartedness, and not at all moved by the sight of the poor child, bidding her stand in the snow he went to his master, to ask if he might give her something, but he only received abuse, with an order to send her away. The poor old servant was so struck with compassion for the child that he gave her the only piece of money he had left of his month's wages; the girl thanked him and left, having heard what had passed between the master and his servant. That night the miser could not sleep, something seemed to trouble his mind, he was sorry he had not given the poor child something to eat; his conscience smelt at the sight of the child, and he was ill at ease; yet his great love of gold soon overbalanced his small share of charity, which now for once seemed to break in upon his avaricious soul. The next day he went on as usual, in his old coat, collecting his rents, oppressing the poor, &c., as though there was no suffering in the world. That night the poor old woman the mother of the child died, and the next day was buried by her neighbors. The child, whom we call Fidelia, was taken to a neighboring village and put into an Orphan Asylum. A short time after a lady of rank and wealth, called at the Asylum to adopt an orphan, and as she liked the appearance of Fidelia she adopted her immediately and took her away.

Madame F— lived in a beautiful country residence not far from the city of B. Fidelia was installed in her new home and was much pleased.

As Madame F— had no children of her own, having lost her only daughter a few months since, Fidelia soon found in her a mother in every respect. She was sent to school and received an accomplished education and grew up a very handsome and intelligent young lady; few French girls were so well educated as she. Madame F— was actually the daughter of Madame F—.

The Winter of 18— was one of unusual gaiety in the city of B—; and Madame F— and her adopted daughter spent much of their time in the city, enjoying all the festivities of the season.—Fidelia soon became the "belle" of the town, her society being courted by the first families of the city.

Nothing seemed to dampen her pleasures except a few sad recollections of her early life which would sometimes cross her memory, but was soon banished by the gaiety with which she was surrounded. Near the close of the festive season of the year of which we have been speaking a most magnificent entertainment was given at the mansion of Dr. D— all the first families of the city were invited.—Among the guests was a young French officer, of the figure and gentlemanly deportment, and as he was reported to be very rich, he soon became a great favorite of the whole company and particularly of the ladies. The young French officer was not long before he had an opportunity. In dancing a quadrille he happened to be stationed *à la front*, and an exchange of looks soon brought on further acquaintance; and before the close of the evening's entertainment they might be seen talking very much together. The company broke up as they were impatiently offered to accompany her home, which was not at all unpleasant to the coquettish Fidelia. When he left her at her residence he bid her adieu with many promises of a desire of further acquaintance.

Afterwards they were often together and it soon became gossip about that they were engaged. At the close of the Winter when Spring dawned, with all its beauty, the young officer having obtained a formal consent of his father to his union led his affianced bride to the altar; and after a few days sojourn among their friends, started en route for the residence of his father on the Orme.

As the fine heron in which they had come drove up to the time-worn mansion, the young bride on being assisted to alight thought she had some faint recollection of seeing the place before; and as the door was opened by an old servant whom she still remembered having opened to her fifteen years ago, her feelings gave way and she was on the point of fainting; but being assisted by her husband she entered the house, and taking some refreshments soon recovered, concealing the real state of her feelings which caused her sudden debility. After a short interval of rest she was ushered into a once very handsome drawing room, and introduced to her father-in-law, who received her in a very friendly though formal manner. A few of the friends who had been invited on the present occasion now joined the group and revived the spirits of Fidelia very much by their pleasant greetings, congratulations, &c. Soon the bell rang for dinner and the little party retired to the dining room to partake of a repast such as had not been seen in the old mansion for twenty years. Even the old servant leaped about for joy. From that day the old miser's heart seemed changed; he gave up all to his son, and the kindness with which he treated Fidelia in a great measure atoned for the ill usage she had received from him years gone by. The old miser lived to be a good old age and his latter days were as affable as his former had been cruel.

About a year after Fidelia's marriage Madame F— died, leaving the bulk of her fortune to her adopted daughter.—The old servant was treated with great kindness by Fidelia and as a feeling of gratitude for her kindness she gave him a very handsome annuity, without ever referring to the incident of her acquaintance with him.

POST PRANDIAL.—Mr. Darwin relates an instance of the extreme disturbance of mind to which some sensible men are liable, that will excite not only surprise but "dinner-party" to go the surprise, was given in honor of an extremely shy man, who, when he rose, to return thanks, rehearsed the speech, which he had evidently learned by heart, in absolute silence, and did not utter a single word; but he acted as if he were speaking with much emphasis. His friends, perceiving how the case stood, loudly applauded the imaginary bursts of eloquence whenever his gestures indicated a pause, and the man never discovered that he remained the whole time completely silent. This is excellent, and gives the world a hint of how after dinner speeches may cease to be tormenting. All the speech-makers might be set at work at once on this model, and while the half dozen gentlemen sit silently tossing their arms about in the air, and thus economically in the matter of time getting through the allotted bore, the rest of the company can proceed with the entertainment, unwaried by usual post prandial prolixities.

SMALL FARMS.—Small farms make near neighbors; they make good roads; there is more money in proportion to the labor; less labor is wanted; everything is kept neat; less time is wasted; less wages have to be paid for help; more is raised to be acre, because it is tilled better; there is no watching of hired men; the mind is not kept in a worry, a stew, a fret all of the time. There is not so much fear of a drought, of wet weather, of a frost, of small prices. There is not so much money to be paid out for agricultural implements. Our wives and children have time to read and improve their minds. A small farm is soon curried, and the work on a small farm is always pushed forward in season. Give us small farms for comfort—aye, and give us small farms for profit.

MANNERS.—Before you bow to a lady in the street permit her to decide whether you shall or not, by at least a look of recognition.

"Excuse my gloves," is an unnecessary apology for the glove should not be withdrawn to shake hands.

When your companion bows to a lady you do also. When a gentleman bows to a lady in your company, always bow to him in return.

A visit must be returned in like manner, even though no intimacy is intended.

A smiling countenance is pleasant; but excess of laughter should be avoided, especially when it is possible for any one to suppose himself derided by it.

WHO IS OLD?—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe he will be doing for himself, his neighbor or for posterity. Who is old? Not the man of energy, not the day-laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the spring of life to become motionless; and whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom.

MARRIAGE.—An altar on which a man lays his pocket book, and a woman her love letters.

(Written for the Beacon)

The flowers you gave, no fair to view,
That blushed beneath "Crimson" shade,
When fresh and bright with many a dew,
Were doomed also to soon to fade.

How can you see each drooping leaf,
With changing colors so sweetly dead,
Of flowers whose destined goal,
Was still to me, are doubly dead.

The ever-loved and faded flowers,
Which bring to light thy sorrow here,
Remembrance of departed hours.

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THE MISER AND THE BEGGAR.

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Madame F— lived in a beautiful country residence not far from the city of B. Fidelia was installed in her new home and was much pleased.

As Madame F— had no children of her own, having lost her only daughter a few months since, Fidelia soon found in her a mother in every respect. She was sent to school and received an accomplished education and grew up a very handsome and intelligent young lady; few French girls were so well educated as she. Madame F— was actually the daughter of Madame F—.

The Winter of 18— was one of unusual gaiety in the city of B—; and Madame F— and her adopted daughter spent much of their time in the city, enjoying all the festivities of the season.—Fidelia soon became the "belle" of the town, her society being courted by the first families of the city.

Nothing seemed to dampen her pleasures except a few sad recollections of her early life which would sometimes cross her memory, but was soon banished by the gaiety with which she was surrounded. Near the close of the festive season of the year of which we have been speaking a most magnificent entertainment was given at the mansion of Dr. D— all the first families of the city were invited.—Among the guests was a young French officer, of the figure and gentlemanly deportment, and as he was reported to be very rich, he soon became a great favorite of the whole company and particularly of the ladies. The young French officer was not long before he had an opportunity. In dancing a quadrille he happened to be stationed *à la front*, and an exchange of looks soon brought on further acquaintance; and before the close of the evening's entertainment they might be seen talking very much together. The company broke up as they were impatiently offered to accompany her home, which was not at all unpleasant to the coquettish Fidelia. When he left her at her residence he bid her adieu with many promises of a desire of further acquaintance.

Afterwards they were often together and it soon became gossip about that they were engaged. At the close of the Winter when Spring dawned, with all its beauty, the young officer having obtained a formal consent of his father to his union led his affianced bride to the altar; and after a few days sojourn among their friends, started en route for the residence of his father on the Orme.

As the fine heron in which they had come drove up to the time-worn mansion, the young bride on being assisted to alight thought she had some faint recollection of seeing the place before; and as the door was opened by an old servant whom she still remembered having opened to her fifteen years ago, her feelings gave way and she was on the point of fainting; but being assisted by her husband she entered the house, and taking some refreshments soon recovered, concealing the real state of her feelings which caused her sudden debility. After a short interval of rest she was ushered into a once very handsome drawing room, and introduced to her father-in-law, who received her in a very friendly though formal manner. A few of the friends who had been invited on the present occasion now joined the group and revived the spirits of Fidelia very much by their pleasant greetings, congratulations, &c. Soon the bell rang for dinner and the little party retired to the dining room to partake of a repast such as had not been seen in the old mansion for twenty years. Even the old servant leaped about for joy. From that day the old miser's heart seemed changed; he gave up all to his son, and the kindness with which he treated Fidelia in a great measure atoned for the ill usage she had received from him years gone by. The old miser lived to be a good old age and his latter days were as affable as his former had been cruel.

About a year after Fidelia's marriage Madame F— died, leaving the bulk of her fortune to her adopted daughter.—The old servant was treated with great kindness by Fidelia and as a feeling of gratitude for her kindness she gave him a very handsome annuity, without ever referring to the incident of her acquaintance with him.

POST PRANDIAL.—Mr. Darwin relates an instance of the extreme disturbance of mind to which some sensible men are liable, that will excite not only surprise but "dinner-party" to go the surprise, was given in honor of an extremely shy man, who, when he rose, to return thanks, rehearsed the speech, which he had evidently learned by heart, in absolute silence, and did not utter a single word; but he acted as if he were speaking with much emphasis. His friends, perceiving how the case stood, loudly applauded the imaginary bursts of eloquence whenever his gestures indicated a pause, and the man never discovered that he remained the whole time completely silent. This is excellent, and gives the world a hint of how after dinner speeches may cease to be tormenting. All the speech-makers might be set at work at once on this model, and while the half dozen gentlemen sit silently tossing their arms about in the air, and thus economically in the matter of time getting through the allotted bore, the rest of the company can proceed with the entertainment, unwaried by usual post prandial prolixities.

SMALL FARMS.—Small farms make near neighbors; they make good roads; there is more money in proportion to the labor; less labor is wanted; everything is kept neat; less time is wasted; less wages have to be paid for help; more is raised to be acre, because it is tilled better; there is no watching of hired men; the mind is not kept in a worry, a stew, a fret all of the time. There is not so much fear of a drought, of wet weather, of a frost, of small prices. There is not so much money to be paid out for agricultural implements. Our wives and children have time to read and improve their minds. A small farm is soon curried, and the work on a small farm is always pushed forward in season. Give us small farms for comfort—aye, and give us small farms for profit.

MANNERS.—Before you bow to a lady in the street permit her to decide whether you shall or not, by at least a look of recognition.

"Excuse my gloves," is an unnecessary apology for the glove should not be withdrawn to shake hands.

When your companion bows to a lady you do also. When a gentleman bows to a lady in your company, always bow to him in return.

A visit must be returned in like manner, even though no intimacy is intended.

A smiling countenance is pleasant; but excess of laughter should be avoided, especially when it is possible for any one to suppose himself derided by it.

WHO IS OLD?—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe he will be doing for himself, his neighbor or for posterity. Who is old? Not the man of energy, not the day-laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the spring of life to become motionless; and whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom.

MARRIAGE.—An altar on which a man lays his pocket book, and a woman her love letters.

(Written for the Beacon)

The flowers you gave, no fair to view,
That blushed beneath "Crimson" shade,
When fresh and bright with many a dew,
Were doomed also to soon to fade.

How can you see each drooping leaf,
With changing colors so sweetly dead,
Of flowers whose destined goal,
Was still to me, are doubly dead.

The ever-loved and faded flowers,
Which bring to light thy sorrow here,
Remembrance of departed hours.

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