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## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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### LOUIS KOSSUTH.

Learning on a recent visit to Turin that the illustrious Magyar, whose reported destitution has occasioned of late such a display of superfluous sympathy, was residing not far from that city, I took the cars and was soon set down at Baraccone, a small station in the vicinity of his villa. An inquiry at a trattoria, where a hilarious individual was gesticulating at an open window with a wine bottle in a tragic manner, developed the fact that the residence was at no great distance. The landscape was one of quiet pastoral beauty. Here and there a peasant girl, with bare legs and broad-brimmed hat, mechanically twirled her long hair as she gazed restrainedly her little flock from trespassing the bounds of its rich but limited pasturage. Dun-colored, meek-eyed oxen dragged slowly through the yielding loam antique-looking plows whose rude models might have been taken from some illustrated edition of Hesiod's "Works and Days." Everywhere the pollarded mulberry was putting forth its young and tender leaves, which human skill, united to the wonderful alchemy of nature, would soon convert into glossy silks or lustrous satins; while long avenues of stately Lombardy poplars stretched away toward the distant horizon, until their converging lines touched the vanishing point of the receding perspective. Distinctly visible in the distance, with their snowy crests glittering in the sunlight, was the whole range of the mountain Alps. Monte Viso, the Jungfrau of the South, reared its solitary grandeur, while Monte Rosa was dimly visible.

The air of simple elegance about the villa was striking. The entrance is through a greenhouse, which extends along its entire front. A maid-servant appeared, and I was introduced into the greenhouse. Here, amid the flowers and fruits of the various zones, on one side was a small aviary; on the opposite side, half-enclosed among the shrubbery, (evidently a favorite retreat of the General and his friends), was a deal table, on which, in the midst of letters and newspapers, lay a barrel-shaped porcelain tobacco box and several cigar holders with amber mouth pieces. In close proximity, not however without an air of silent protest, was a pruning-knife. The General, who had been superintending some workmen on his grounds, soon made his appearance, and, bidding me enter, led the way up stairs to his library. He wore a black velvet smoking-cap, embroidered in silk of the same color, and was dressed in a simple suit of plain black cloth, that was only relieved by the modest silver watch-chain that hung suspended from his back over a vest buttoned up close to his chin. Although 72 years of age, he scarcely appears to be 60, while his footstep has the elasticity of 45. He seems to enjoy a vigorous though frosty old age.

On entering the library, which was flanked on three sides by cases of books and mineralogical specimens, and a small achromatic telescope that rested upon one of the projecting shelves, Kossuth, who had hitherto observed a tone of formal politeness, relaxed into a genial good humor. "Please disembarass yourself," he said, indicating by a significant gesture that I should lay aside my hat, which I still held in my hand. "I know not," he continued, "that I have any claims upon Americans, and yet I am constantly receiving tokens of respect and esteem from Americans, even in my retirement."

"You have a claim," I interposed, "upon the respect and admiration of every true lover of freedom as an apostle of liberty, and Americans will not soon forget your visit to America and your stirring appeals in behalf of Hungarian independence."

"It was twenty-three years ago," he said, "that I was scolded rather than said, as his eyes casually fell upon a fine marble bust of himself in general's uniform in one angle of the library, that had evidently been taken when he was at the height of his popularity. Recovering himself, he continued: "Some of my American friends seem to think that I ought to remember them; but it is not strange that I do not, since there was hand-shaking by the million. Besides, it is one of my weaknesses that I do not remember names."

After some further conversation he referred to the story that had been going the round of the papers with regard to his poverty and destitution. "It has annoyed me somewhat," he said, "on account of my name, who occupy honorable and lucrative positions, and who regard it as a reproach to them that it should ever be

reported that their poor old father was compelled to teach the languages for a living at a frugal lesson. So far as I myself am concerned I care not. It is no discredit to a man who has held the supreme power of a kingdom, and had the absolute control of its millions of resources, that he should retire to private life with his hands empty but clean." This was said with evident emotion. "As to the origin of the report," he continued, "thereby hangs a tale. It was said to have originated with a Frankfort journal; but when the supposed author was questioned, he denied all knowledge of the matter. My friend, Mr. Philip, a member of the British Parliament, who had visited me but a short time before, called upon the editor of the London Times, pronouncing the story a canard, and wanted to know his authority for its publication. He replied that he had copied it from a Boston paper. The editor of the latter was telegraphed to, and replied by telegram that he had taken it from a San Francisco paper. San Francisco was telegraphed to (you see it was an expansive box) and the reply was received that it had been copied from a Frankfort, Ky. journal. So it went the rounds, first of the American and then of the English and Continental press. I have even heard of its being published in some of the Calcutta papers. So you see it has circumnavigated the globe. I have received, in consequence, more than five hundred letters of sympathy, many of them asking me for my autograph. They have fallen as thick as leaves in Valumbrosa."

Referring to his present retired life, he said: "I try to isolate myself more and more from the great, bustling world. At first I lived in the heart of Turin, then in the suburbs, and now I am here in this quiet retreat, with nothing to remind me of it but the whistle of the locomotive." As I saw him at work in his garden with an air of perfect contentment, I thought of the reply of Diocletian to Maximian,—"Where you but to come to Solona and see the vegetables which I raise with my own hands you would no longer talk to me of empire." After some further conversation upon indifferent subjects I took leave, the General accompanying me down stairs as far as the front door.—*Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.*

NEIGHBORLY.—It is easier to be neighborly now-a-days than in the good old times of the pioneers. Our fathers and our mothers too, have doubtless ridden to church on horseback many a time, going perhaps ten miles to worship God at a neighbor's cabin. Neighbors were scarce. Perhaps it was because they were not so plenty in the olden times as they are now that they were so highly valued. When it is ten miles to a church or forty miles to a mill or a blacksmith shop, to be a good neighbor is not only a virtue but a necessity. The early settlement on a large scale that has yet been given of practical co-operation. The principal is not carried out, however, to the distribution of results which are largely brought by co-operative means.

A new, sparsely settled country naturally thinks more of the neighborly quality than an older one. One of the old settlers used to have a saying: "A man always takes his neighbors with him wherever he goes." And he was fond of telling this anecdote: "Some years ago two men emigrated west. They put up over night together at the same tavern near where they had bought land. Their host, a jolly Boniface, inquired as their horses were being led to the bottom. "I am going to settle over in the bottom," said the landlender. "You will have had neighbors over in the bottom," said the landlender. "I am going to settle over in the bottom," said the other traveler, "and I came west because my farm down east is so small, and I have a large family to support. My great regret in leaving my old home is that I must bid good-bye to many good neighbors."

"You will have excellent neighbors over in the bottom," said the landlender. "How is that," inquired the other traveler, "when I was going in the same neighborhood?" "Simply," replied Boniface, that a man always takes his neighbors with him wherever he goes. "This bit of pioneer philosophy, though quaintly put, is founded in truth. Men who have good qualities themselves bring out good qualities in others. People who live in cities are not apt to be neighborly. One may live in a great city for years without knowing who lives next door to him. There is a certain splendid independence of "borrowing neighbors" in this which people in the rural districts can hardly appreciate, but we suspect that the compensations are on the side of the country. In cities, neighbors can hardly be said to exist. Ladies "call," they do not visit in the good old neighborly fashion. In the call, there is style, the latest hat, the rustle of silks and satins, plenty of mode, and no end of ceremony. How different from this is the neighborly visit, growing out of a friendly regard, a wish to be of service in case of sickness or disaster, or the like. Here there is no formality. The tyranny of fashion is for the time overthrown, and there is reasonable enjoyment, the opening of heart to heart, the sensible, earnest communication of intellectual beings, the constant creation of new bonds of sympathy and new sources of happiness.

Harry, after looking on while his new little sister cried at being washed and dressed the other day, turned away, saying, "If she screamed like that in heaven I don't wonder they sent her off."

### EVACUATION OF RICHMOND.

(Written for the Beacon.)

[Written by a Confederate Officer in prison on hearing of the surrender of Richmond in 1865, at which time it was reported that Hollywood Cemetery had been taken as a camping ground by the Yankees.]

Did you say, oh! tell me truly,  
Has the old place really gone?  
Has it from the hands been wrested  
That around it all were born?  
Do the women really hold it?  
Do they roam the dear old streets?

Are you sure they've best retreat?  
Do the foes of Jackson hold it?  
Do they tread that sacred Hall,  
Where, when muffled drums were beating,  
He lay beneath the pall!

Do they still that honored chamber,  
With their soles unshodded step,  
Where the stricken Southern people  
O'er their fallen hero wept?

Do they desecrate that graveyard,  
With their steady, measured tread,  
Where the noble Southern women  
Laid so many, mother, sister,  
In anguish, grief, despair,  
Mourning so many sons and brothers  
Is the vile usurper there?

It is so—then God has willed it,  
Let us cheerfully submit,  
He has guarded us in battle,  
He will not forsake us yet.  
And if he should decree it,  
That we shall not be free,  
Let us ask our Heavenly Father  
"As our day our strength may be."

### OUR FENCE SYSTEM.

From the Agricultural Editor of the Baltimore American.

Ever since Nick Biddle, we believe it was, made the calculation which proved that the cost of the repairs of the fences around farming lands in the United States was more than the interest, or perhaps principal, of the public debt, the question has been agitated as to the propriety of such a change in our public system as would do away with a large portion of this expense, and yet we appear to have made but little advance towards the accomplishment of so great a reform. The main difficulty has been that we seem to the Legislature who are moral cowards or arrant demagogues, and fearing to give offence to that large class to be found in every community, who have votes to give though no taxes to pay, no measure can be adopted by legislative bodies to induce every owner of a hog or cow to fence in their stock from running on their neighbors' fences, by which they are enabled to get into their fields of grain or grass which look so inviting to the half-starved creatures. The same evil has been felt in regard to the innumerable army of dogs running at large, which must not be touched for fear that the owners, in most cases, are not able to feed them, to keep them at home, and thus they are permitted to invade the sheep-folds of their neighbors, because, forsooth, the owners of these worthless curs may not be willing to cast their ballot at the ensuing election for him who shall have faithfully performed his duty in abating the nuisance.

These evils must be corrected, and will be, we are confident, in due time. But as for the former, the laws in existence are already sufficient to meet the case, if properly carried out. The law of the State, as decided by some of our courts, and the decision is carried out in Montgomery county, is to the effect that stock has no right to run at large upon our public roads (turnpike or county); that in taking from the landholder the quantity of land for the public highways, the right alone is parted with that the original owners enjoyed of securing to the objects of the road the free and unrestricted use of the bed thereof for the purposes of travel by the public. And any disuse and condemnation of the same, for such public purpose, entitles the original proprietor to resume his entire ownership thereof; in the meantime he has every other right to the premises, with the exception named, and the pasturage and other privileges belong to him alone.

A case was tried in one of our courts not long since by which a turnpike company attempted to eject a wheelwright from the premises included in the number of feet claimed by the company, and which was used by the mechanic for the storage of the vehicles brought to his premises for repairs. And the decision was in accordance with the views above stated.

In Georgia the people are to be called upon this fall to decide upon this fence question. And General W. M. Brown, a vice President of the State Agricultural Society, has written a long letter upon the subject in compliance with the request of several leading farmers in Clarke county, where he resides, in which the following startling facts are presented to the consideration of the public. He says that in that county there are fifty thousand miles of fence, making, at eight feet to the panel, thirty-three million panels, costing, at 40 cents per panel, \$13,200,000, and as fences have to be renewed every seven years, involving an annual outlay of \$1,885,714, and all this to keep out of the crops a few cattle, sheep and hogs, worth, at the outside, \$200,000. The fences of this country are valued at nearly \$2,000,000,000.

In Illinois alone \$200,000,000 worth of fences are used.

It is not to be wondered at that the

ly cover the expense. In the fencing law adapted to the country the law was adopted. The law throws upon every owner of land the onus of keeping his stock from running into his neighbor's crops. The owner need not build fences about his own house, but he must fence out his own stock. This is done by herding at present.

We have already alluded to the dog nuisance. A correspondent of a contemporary in a distant State, writes upon the same subject, justly remarking that all our Legislatures have the same policy, to wit, to establish a dog tax. It would seem to be easy to justify such a tax and to persuade all classes as to its usefulness. In those days of universal taxation we can well submit to a dog tax. Those who find it impossible to exist without their dogs, should not object particularly if the proceeds of the tax be applied to re-imburse, in part, at least, the owners of the sheep which the dogs have destroyed. If the State Legislatures could be induced to pass such a law, sheep raising would soon become a large and profitable industry; but while dogs are more numerous on plantations than sheep, no one will invest his money in expensive sheep which a freedman's cur may destroy in a night.

THE DILEMMA OF DAUGHTERS.—"What am I to do with my girls?" is an anxious inquiry, which one finds made very frequently in these days. When there are a lot of daughters and only a life income, this becomes a very anxious inquiry indeed.

The wedding breakfast gives one solution of it, furnishes the good old-fashioned Adamic way of solving it. There was a worthy cleric who married his daughters so prudently that his friends called him the Judicious Hooker. At the same time, we think that the plan of training young women up simply with a view to matrimony is one of the worst mistakes in the world. It often means that they have had no careful, well-planned training at all, which is one of the worst things toward making good, efficient wives of them.

In young people are not to struggle on in life together, not to emigrate, not to depart from any standpoint of gentility, but are to start in the front places, with villas, furniture, fine raiment, obsequious attendants; then the middle classes will less and less be inclined to emigrate, and paternalism will worry himself with the inquiry—

"What am I to do with my girls?" Though marriage is the lot of most, still it is an accident to each, and my own notion is that young ladies should be made independent of marriage, and such matters not be allowed to monopolize the chief places in their lives. There are now so many avenues in which the skillful intelligence of women can make resources, or add to the resources that are possessed.

A most important section of the whole work of education is in their hands. There is an immense and increasing demand for mistresses in the common schools. Mediocre governesses will always be poorly paid and not very respectfully treated; but there is an unsatisfied demand for governesses of the highest stamp. Art and literature find constant employment for many. We shall probably see a good many clerks, besides those of the telegraph office, in the hands of women.

Let the notion be sedulously instilled that "no work is un ladylike" that will make a lady independent, and fit her to discharge a useful post in life.

When there is seen a good woman not fulfilling a noble vocation, as a school-mistress wielding a most powerful and illimitable influence, or the maiden aunt being the strength and light of a dwelling, we recognize that she is probably falling from a more blessed and important sphere than withhood and maternity can confer. So far as material ease and comfort go, the wife has often far less than the unmarried sisterhood often suppose.

When we know that the lady of the house is bothered about her weekly bills, about her servants, about her acquaintances, that she has to bear a full share of her husband's anxieties; that after all she has to devote her main energies to cutting bread and butter, and altering and adopting juvenile raiment, we think the governess, who takes her regular salary, and has all the comforts of the establishment without its responsibilities, has the best share in the whole concern. Worst of all is it when a father or mother pushes a young girl to matrimony with a man who has a good house and plentiful income when the girl's heart is not engaged, and there is no solid foundation for reverence and affection.

Without going so far as the ungalant bishop who said that in matrimony the hand was put into a bag, where one might draw an eel, but probably a snake, it is sad to think in what a large proportion of cases marriage simply leads up to indifference, incompatibility, hatred, despair, and though there may be something glorious in the festivities and triumph of the wedding breakfast, we are sure so maidenly maidens will ever be in a hurry for the lace veil and the orange wreath.

Wilkes was probably the inventor of the smart saying which, in a letter to his daughter, he fathered on Mr. Conway, whom he described as looking at a furnished house and asking a pretty maid servant if she was to be let with the house. "No, Sir," was her answer, "I am to be let alone."

### EMPLOYMENT FOR YOUNG MEN.—

The Washington Republican gives some very wholesome and timely advice to that numerous class of men, mostly young, who seek employment in the departments. Government clerkships, it remarks, are only suitable for middle-aged persons past the prime of life, who, having become disheartened through reverses of fortune, have not the courage to renew the struggle with the world for a living; whose social habits are fixed, and who desire nothing so much as to be laid up in ordinary with a sure and definite income to stare at, and what keep the wolf from the door.

The question has often been asked how it comes that such a number of young men who have received a fair education should be ready to forego the chances of advancement which open in this country to all, and do work condescended to be poorly remunerated at the best? The answer may be found in the growing disposition of the so-called respectable classes of society to draw invidious distinctions, and stare at, and what keep the wolf from the door.

Many trotting horses, which would be of great value were it not for this single defect, are by it rendered valueless. Carefully examine the hoofs for cracks, as jockeys have acquired great skill in concealing cracks in the hoofs. If cracks are observable in any degree, reject.

Also, both look and feel for ringbones, which are callouses on the bones of the pastern near the foot; if apparent, reject.

7th. Examine the hind feet for the same defects of the foot and ankle that we have named in connection with the front foot. Then proceed to the hock, which is the seat of curb, and both boues and blood spavins.

The former is a bony enlargement of the posterior and lower portion of the hock-joint; the second a bony excrescence on the lower, inner, and rather anterior portion of the hock, and the latter is a soft enlargement of the synovial membrane on the inner and upper portion of the back. They are either of them sufficient reason for rejecting.

8th. See that the horse stands with the front feet well under him, and observe both the heels of the feet and shoes, to see if he "forages" or over-reaches, and in case he does, and the toes of the front feet are low, the heels high, and the heels of the front feet a good thickness, and the toes of the hind feet are of no proper length, reject him; for if he still over-reaches with his feet in the condition described, he is incurable. If he props out both front feet, or points them alternately, reject.

9th. In testing the driving qualities, take the reins white on the ground, invite the owner to get in the vehicle first, then drive yourself. Avoid the display, or the use of the whip and if he has not sufficient spirit to exhibit his best speed without it, reject. Should he drive satisfactorily without it, will then be proper to test his amiability and the extent of his training in the use of the whip.

Thoroughly test his walking qualities first, as that gait is more important in the horse of all work than great trotting speed. The value of a horse, safe for all purposes without blinds, is greatly enhanced thereby.

10th. Always purchase of the breeder of the horse, if practicable; the reasons are obvious.

A BUTCHER'S PHILANTHROPY.—A fat, quiet butcher of New York, supposed to be totally devoid of sentiment, recently died, leaving quite a large fortune behind him. His will showed that this big, rough man had a big, warm heart, a fact which few of his casual acquaintances had ever suspected. The happiness of little children was his great anxiety. "He set apart a sum for the use of a public institution where poor children are received and cared for; the interest of the money, he ordered, should be devoted to giving them a good dinner and unlimited delights on the Fourth of July, fireworks included, and a second grand holiday on Christmas, a dinner, a tree, and presents for every child." In all this there was nothing of that vanity which lurks in benevolent guise through so many philanthropic wills. There was, on the contrary, an appreciation of childish mirth and hearty cheer which looked beyond the portals of the tomb, and looking back through a faith, sublime in its evidences of things unseen, caught the thrill of merry voices and the light of laughing eyes.

HOW TO SECURE SOUND SLEEP.—Sleepless people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best is sunshine. Therefore, it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass many hours of the day in sunshine, and as far as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all that is possible to keep off the sunbeams, and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. It is not time to change all this, and so get roses and color in our pale cheeks, strength in our weak backs and courage in our timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate; they may be blooming and strong, and the sunlight will be a potent influence in this transformation. Will they but try it a year or two and oblige thousands of admirers?

### CONSERVATION IN PURCHASING A HORSE.—

1st. Examine the eyes in the stable, then in the light; if they are in any degree defective, reject.

2d. Examine the teeth to determine the age.

3d. Examine the poll, or crown of the head, and the withers, or top of the shoulders, as the former is the seat of Poll Evil, and the latter that of Fistula.

4th. Examine the front feet, and if the frog has fallen, or settled down between the heels of the shoe and the heels are contracted, reject him; as he, if not already lame, is liable to become so at any moment.

5th. Examine for interfering, from the ankle to the knees, and if it proves that he cuts the knee, or the leg between the knee and the ankle, or the latter badly, reject.

"Speedy cuts" of the knee and leg are most serious in their effects. Many trotting horses, which would be of great value were it not for this single defect, are by it rendered valueless.

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### PLANNING.—

Is it a sin, or is it not? It is the question. I often hear it said, "Oh, she knows I am not in earnest." "She is only seeing if she can flirt," and such like remarks, till I long to remodel the youth of our day.

Pause young man, ere you whisper words in that young girl's ear, the ear, the very hearing of which robs girlhood of all its artless innocence; quick as uttered, takes away all that is childish and lovely in "sweet sixteen," and leaves woman's thoughts in that young brain, woman's feelings in that child heart; pause, and ponder what it will lead to. A woman's heart is easily won if she thinks less—deep true, shining love is not for her. If you make her think so, and win it merely to cast it aside, what advance can you expect? For if blighted it will soon wither, and, if not die, at least the sweetness will soon have vanished. It is to me murder—cold-blooded murder. If you do not deprive her of life, you do of all that renders it a pleasure.

"But," you say, "I do not go so far as that." What pleasure can there be, my friend, in telling untruths? You think it all understood between you? And you not pandering to her vanity? And though her feelings are not calistied, still, she thinks you feel what you say, and settles it in her own mind she can "get married" when she pleases, and perhaps says "No" once too often, and—there's an old maid whom you all hate.

Say pleasing things to us, if you think them; but for mercy's sake don't tell us that you love us, if you don't!

"Now, my young friend, don't throw this down, and say: 'Humph! there's an old maid who's been fooled.' There is your mistake. I'm not an old maid, nor have I been fooled; but I won't say that I never will be.

Young ladies, don't think that you will get off scot-free. You are almost as much to blame as the other sex. They give you a chance, and you take it. When you hear that old, yet never new, tale which Adam whispered to Eve, answer at once, though I heard a friend of mine say once that a lady had no right to decide the question mentally before it was asked. I contend that we all know their intentions before hand and do make up our minds. If you have decided against the plaintiff, tell him at once, firmly, but kindly; do not lead him to hope when there is no hope merely to have a beau on the other hand, if you are afraid to say No, and are not ready to say Yes, then you should take time to consider, and that well; but be perfectly sure before you commit yourself by the slightest promise. No man will love a girl that he can flirt with; and I should think he'd be afraid to trust one who had flirted with others.

I have heard young men laugh at those with whom they had—not flirted exactly, but had talked love to them. Don't be a low eberybody to talk love to you; that which lies nearest the heart is too sacred for every day use.

THE QUEEN AND THE SHEPHERD BOY.—One day, some years ago, when Queen Victoria was at Balmoral, standing on the public road sketching the palace from a particular point, a flock of sheep approached. The Queen being intent on her work, took little notice of the flock, and merely moved a little nearer the side of the road. A boy in charge of the sheep shouted at the top of a stentorian voice: "Stan' out o' the road, 'oman, and lat the sheep gae by!" The Queen, not moving out of the way quite as fast as the shepherd whom they had again shouted: "Fat are ye stan' there for? Gang out o' the road and lat the sheep pass." One of her attendants, who had been at a distance, on hearing his royal mistress thus rudely assailed, went up to the shepherd and thus addressed him: "Do you know whom you thus rudely address, boy?" "Na, I neither ken nor care; but be fa she likes, she sudna be i' the sheep's road." "That's the Queen," said the official. The boy looked astonished, and after recovering his senses said with great simplicity: "The Queen! O! fat wad ye duns she pit on eases that fouk can ken her then?"

THE LONDON LAWYER, alluding to a flying machine, by which the inventor was able to sustain himself for a time after being lifted by a balloon, demonstrates the impracticability of flying as follows: "The rapidity of the movement, the exertion of controlling the apparatus, and doubtless the anxiety, would produce an acceleration of the heart, which in an atmosphere becoming every moment more rarefied, would cause syncope, insensibility, and finally death. From fears downwards, this flying, literally in the face of nature, has proved abortive, and will continue to do so until the experimenter can essay the task of a bird with the organism of a bird, and without the impediments of the 'featherless biped,' man. Physiologically, we repeat, the human respiratory and vascular apparatus forbids the attempt."

ORATORS OR "DRS."—The expression for loan for debt, is supposed to have arisen from the name of a famous sheriff's officer, in the reign of Henry VII., named Joseph Dan. This man was so very dextrous, that it was usual when any one refused to pay a debt, to say to the creditor, "Why don't you dun him?" that is to say, why don't you send Dan to him?—*English paper.*

No man can read about all these burlesques without a determination to have his wife sleep on the front side of the bed.