Saint Mary's Beacon.

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Jan 7, 1875

CONFIRMATION NOTICE.

James T M Raley
vs
Samuel Blair,
James A Carberry
et al,

In the Circuit Court for St Mary's county, sitting as a Court of Equity.
No 374 N E.

ORDERED this 15th day of Dec 1874, that the sale made and reported by James T M Raley, Trustee, in this cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 2nd Monday of Jan. 1875; provided a copy of this order be inserted in the St Mary's Beacon, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the said 2nd Monday of January.

The report states that the land sold for $700.

J FRANK FORD,
Clerk.

True copy—Test:
J FRANK FORD,
Clerk.

Dec 17, 1874—3w.

NOTICE.

THE COMMERCIAL ASSETS OF DYER, HILL & CO. and of PADGETT, DYER & CO., having been transferred to me, as Trustee, for the creditors of Padgett, Dyer & Co., I do hereby notify all persons indebted to said firms to make payment to the undersigned by the 1st day of January, 1875.

The creditors of PADGETT, DYER & CO. are hereby notified to file their claims with the undersigned by the 10th day of February, 1875.

Baltimore, Dec. 7th, 1874.

JOHN Q. A. HOLLOWAY,
Trustee.
42 W. Pratt Street.

Dec 17, 1874—3t.

MAYNARD WIGHT'S CHRISTMAS SOCKS.

—o—

'Uncle Ralph, will you tell me what this story is about Maynard Wight?'

'What story, Etta?'

'Mrs. Raymond was here yesterday, congratulating herself upon the fact that she had never encouraged his attentions to Nora, because he had failed in business, and she hinted at some dishonorable transactions.'

'Bah! Woman's gossip, my dear. Maynard has been unfortunate in business, it is true, but there is no circumstance connected with the failure that can in any way be twisted into dishonorable transactions. It has been a trying year for business men, my dear, and Wight, Maynard's father, made some unfortunate investments. I wish Maynard could take advantage of an offer he has in Baltimore.'

'What is that?'

'Hill & Hill want him for a junior partner in their business, to control a branch house in that city. He is a splendid business man, and will no doubt soon recover his mercantile position, but the want of capital will stand in his way now. He would require five thousand dollars to accept their terms. The matter was under consideration when his father's failure made it unpracticable.'

'Five thousand dollars! It seems hard he should miss a good opportunity for so small a sum.'

'Yes, Maynard is a splendid fellow, honorable in all his transactions, a moral man, and a gentleman, as I understand the word. If I could spare it I would willingly lend him the sum, for he will certainly soon be able to repay it. But I could not take so much out of my business just now. By the way, what makes you feel so interested in Maynard? Has he stolen my little girl's heart?'

Etta's face grew rosy, but she lifted her soft blue eyes frankly to her uncle's face.

'I think, Uncle Ralph, that Maynard loves me, but he will not propose to me now. He said words to me, not long ago, that puzzled and pained me, but I understand them to-day. I am rich, and he has just failed. I cannot tell him his suit would be as successful now as before, because it would be assuming more than he ever spoke.'

'Humph! I understand. You are a brave little girl to tell me so much, but your secret is safe with me. You will forget him.'

'Perhaps. I am not going to wear the willow, but I am going to send him five thousand dollars.'

'How can you, without committing yourself?'

'I will manage that if you will draw the money for me, and keep my secret.'

'I will do both. I will be glad to see Maynard started once more in business; and you will not be ruined, Etta, if you never see the money again.'

'Oh, when he is a millionaire I will send in my bill.'

'I will get the money for you. Good-by! Bless my heart, it is after nine o'clock!' and the old gentleman bustled into his overcoat, and went briskly down stairs.

Etta had spoken very gayly when she proposed to send in her bill to the future millionaire, but her soft blue eyes filled with tears when she was alone.—She was only nineteen, a bright, pretty blonde, and a favorite amongst her circle of friends. She had dreamed her dreams, as young girls will, and she had given Maynard Wight a prominent place in them. Excepting having asked her in so many words to be his wife, the young merchant had given her every reason to believe he loved and sought her. He was a frank, open man, one of those who, while polite to all, would offer no special attentions to one, unless with the hope of winning her heart, and giving all his own in return. Etta knew he loved her, but she knew also that his sensitive pride would keep him silent now. He would never offer to the heiress the hand that had failed to grasp fortune. She sighed a little, and a few tears rolled down her cheeks, but she was a sensible little maiden, and she resolved that she would not pine and fret over the trouble she could in a measure remedy for Maynard, even if her own love dream was shadowed forever. So she rang the bell to have the breakfast dishes removed, and went to dress for a walk.

'Those young ones of Marion's will want their Christmas Tree if everybody in the world fails,' she said, stuffing her porte-monnaie with bank-notes, 'and there is only one more day to do miles of shopping.'

Nobody would ever have accused Etta of being a lovesick maiden if they could have seen her on that day going from store to store, sending home enormous parcels of toys and confectionery, and stuffing her shopping satchel with little articles of jewelry and trifles too small to warrant the attentions of an errand boy on that busy day. She made one odd purchase, that she put away in her pocket and did not mention to her sister, when she finally entered that lady's parlor, to give an account of the bundles she had been sending there all day.

'Your five children are an awful bother to me at Christmas, Marion,' she said. 'Have I forgotten any of the promises I have been making since last December? I ordered Clara the biggest doll I could find, with a bedstead to match her proportions, and Miss Vanity Lily shall have her coral pin and ear-rings. As for Eddy, bless his blue eyes, I have bought him half a toy-shop, and I expect Ralph to scream over a real watch that will tick and go.'

'A watch for Ralph? You darling! I wanted to get one, but his father thinks he is too young.'

'Twelve! Oh, it will teach him to be careful. Oh, the sled is for Bob, but the rest of the traps we will distribute as you think best. I will come in this afternoon and help finish the tree.'

'Oh, stay now. The children are to have their party to-night.'

'Christmas Eve. I'll come back. I must go now. I have a note to write.'

'Do it here.'

'Can't! Good-by! I'll be back in time.'

Maynard Wight had passed a busy day. His father had accepted a business opening in Chicago, and the young man had half resolved to accompany him. A few days only were left him before he must refuse the offer of Hill & Hill that would once more open the path of prosperity for him. He did not despair. He was young yet, in good health, and full of energy, but yet at his heart one thought lay with dull, heavy pain. It was not the mere fancy of a young girl's vanity that made Etta sure Maynard Wight loved her. He had given her a perfect and true love, but, as she rightly judged, his pride closed his lips, when business misfortune fell upon him. She was wealthy, and he would not offer her a less income than her own. He was no fortune hunter, to live upon his wife's money, or even to take her money for the stepping-stone to his own prosperity.

As he strode home in the dusk of the December evening, the bright shops, the busy crowds attracted his attention.

'Christmas eve,' he thought. 'It will not be a very merry Christmas for us, but brighter times may come before another year. I had hoped to have the right to give Etta a Christmas gift, but that too must wait till brighter days.—I wonder if some more fortunate suitor will win her before I feel free to speak?'

Such thoughts are none too lively for the holiday season, but Maynard could not turn his mind to brighter subjects. It was a hard trial for him to meet these heavy reverses in the very commencement of his business career, especially as he felt assured he could have averted them if he had full control in the business. Could he but accept the offer of Hill & Hill he was certain that in a few years he could take a stand again amongst the successful merchants of the day.

'There is a package in your bureau, Mr. Maynard,' the servant said, as she opened the door for him. 'It was left a few moments ago by a little boy.'

'All right. Is my father in?'

'In the dining-room, sir.'

'Get the package and bring it there.'

It was a small package, directed in a stiff hand, the letters being printed in ink instead of written. The gentlemen bent over it with some curiosity.

'Somebody has sent you a Christmas gift, Maynard,' said Mr. Wight.

Of all the odd gifts, this seemed the oddest. It was a knit cotton sock, of gay colors, with red and blue stripes, and a row of yellow stars at the top.—A folded paper was in the toe, and on this was written, in the same stiff hand as the direction:—'Kriss Kringle to Maynard Wight.' But inside the paper were five crisp new notes for one thousand dollars each. Maynard could scarcely believe his eyes.

'Hill & Hill!' shouted his father.—'Now I can go to Chicago with an easy mind.'

'But who could have sent it? Pinch me, and see if I am awake.'

'Who sent it? Kriss Kringle, of course! Here is his own word for it.'

It was useless to speculate about the generous giver, but it was quite against human nature not to do so. One wealthy friend after another was mentioned, and the probabilities discussed, but not once was the blue-eyed girl named, whose heart was full of joy at the thought of her power to aid the friend who was dearest of all friends to her.

If she had hoped that Maynard would tell her his love before he went to Baltimore, she was disappointed. He called upon her, as he did upon his other friends, to speak his brief farewell, but he did no more. He would wait, he told himself, till he had succeeded in his new enterprise. If Etta loved him, she would not marry for a time, and he would bind her by no promise that might prove irksome in the uncertain future.

Christmas after Christmas came, and Etta was still unmarried. Marion was sure that her sister would be an old maid, and loudly congratulated herself upon the fact.

'I am sure it will kill me if Etta marries now,' she would say. 'Those young ones of mine think more of Aunt Etta than they do of me. As for Uncle Ralph, he would never consent now to lose Etta; she is all the world to him." And Etta would smile and kiss her sister, never whispering one word of the hope that was still alive in her heart.

Uncle Ralph knew her secret, and Uncle Ralph was the wisest and kindest of friends. He knew how the new partner of Hill & Hill was prospering in all he touched. He heard the first rumor of the fact that Maynard Wight was to again return to his old home, and establish himself once more in his former business. He was one of the first to offer his congratulations to the rising young merchant, and invite him to resume his visits to his house.

'Christmas Eve, and snowing fast,' Etta said, as she rose from the dinner table. 'I suppose we [illegible] to Marion's.'

'I would like to see [illegible] from Marion's on Christmas Eve,' said Uncle Ralph.

'If the snow was [illegible] would have to go, I suppose,' [illegible] laughing.

'If you don't, we'll [illegible] committee of half a dozen [illegible] young savages of [illegible] what had become of [illegible]

'Uncle Ralph!' [illegible] upon his shoulder.

'What is it?' 'Some weighty matter, to judge by your face.'

'Do you remember Christmas time six years ago?'

'Six years ago? Let me see! Why, it is just six years since Maynard Wight went to Baltimore.'

'Just six years.'

'And you invested five thousand dollars in his future business. Well, it was pretty well invested, it seems.—Here is the young man at home again, in his old business, and as flourishing as ever. More so, indeed, for he will not have his father making ducks and drakes of his capital. The old gentleman is coining money in Chicago in real estate. I think, my dear, you may now send in your bill.'

'Nonsense, Uncle Ralph! I had a letter this afternoon from Maynard.'

'Oh, ho! So I am to lose you!'

'He loves me. He has loved me all these years.'

'And you?'

'You know,' she answered, with a bright blush.

'Yes, I know,' he said, gravely. 'It is hard to give you up, Etta, but I will give you gladly to Maynard Wight.—He is my beau ideal of an honorable gentleman.'

'Thank you! Now we must go, or Marion will be sending that committee you mentioned.'

'Etta!'

'Well!'

'I am afraid I can't keep that secret of yours much longer.'

'Keep it till to-morrow, Uncle Ralph. I am to say yes or no at Marion's to-night.'

The Christmas party at Marion's wondered loudly at Aunt Etta's unaccountable delay. All the young savages were beating tattoos with their feet upon the staircases, and loudly declaring it was too bad Aunt Etta did not come, that the tree might be lighted. The more decorous party of older people in the drawing-room wondered why Marion was watching the door so anxiously. Maynard Wight, listening courteously to the small talk of Marion's eldest daughter, was thinking Etta meant to say no, and stay at home.

Suddenly Marion vanished, and in a few minutes all the children filed into the front parlor, and fixed their eye upon the folding door that hid so many delightful treasures upon the Christmas tree. Maynard Wight fixed his eyes also upon that door, certain that when it opened there would be a message of hope or certainty of disappointment for him.

It opened, revealing a glare of light, and the great tree in the centre. Beside it stood Etta, dressed in a bright blue silk, with her light curls decorated with blue ribbons, and a bright light of happiness in her large eyes, and flushing her round cheeks. In her hand was a long wand, with which she detached the glittering presents from the tree. Everybody was too busy in examining the various gifts that were being distributed to watch Maynard Wight, but had they done so, they would have seen his eyes, wide open with astonishment, gazing at a gay object dangling from one of the branches of the wonderful tree. There was every variety of Christmas fruit there, but he never heeded any of it. Wider and wider grew his eyes.

Certainly he knew that object. Certainly in the past six years he had too often speculated upon a similar one to be mistaken. Blue and red stripes and yellow stars might exist in a thousand socks, but certainly the one dangling from that tree was the mate to the one Kriss Kringle had sent him six years ago. How did it get there? Who had owned the other one before it passed into his hands? He was begining to think he must be asleep, when the long wand hovered for a moment over the gay sock, detached it, and Etta's clear voice said:

'Kriss Kringle to Maynard Wight.'

Uncle Ralph took it from the wand, and handed it to the still bewildered young man.

'I believe you know where to find the mate,' he said, with a meaning smile.

'Then it was you?' Maynard said.

'Not a bit of it. It was Etta.'

'Etta!' cried the young man, deeply moved.

'See what is in this one. No one is noticing us; they are all too busy with the tree.'

It was a very tiny gift down in the toe of the gay sack. Only a little gold locket for a watch charm; but when it was opened, Etta's sweet face looked into his, and a curl of Etta's bright hair faced the miniature.

My story is told. Uncle Ralph has one more nephew, and Mrs. Maynard Wight says her husband has one pair of socks she never has to mend, because the only use to which they are ever put is to dangle once a year on a Christmas tree, to hold Kriss Kringle's gift to Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Wight.

PRENTICE.—The January number of *Harper's Magazine* contains a sketch of George D. Prentice which, to say the least, does not overdraw the abilities or the accomplishments of that famous journalist, and which, we may safely predict, will not be accepted by his admirers as a faithful likeness. However, we shall leave his admirers and the author of the sketch to settle this point between them, although we may be permitted to set the matter right in two particulars.

He was, says the author, understood to be Mr. Junius Henri Browne, "irregularly industrious. Few men worked harder when he did work, and few men avoided labor more eagerly when labor was not to his mind. He frequently wrote in a single day four or five, even six, columns of the *Journal*; and then he would not write another line for a week. Generally, however, he had performing periods extending from one to three months; after which he would eschew manuscript completely until the toilsome fit returned." This statement implies a misconception, founded, no doubt, we ought to add in fairness to the author, on a very natural misinterpretation of facts. Prentice, in the later years of his life, was not uniformly industrious, simply because he was not uniformly sober; but whenever he was sober he was industrious without intermission, whether the period of his sobriety lasted a month or a year, and, what is more remarkable, the period of his inactivity always sharply coincided with that of his inebriety, extending not an hour beyond the latter, no matter how long this extended. As soon as his appetite for liquor was satiated and he became sober he went to work as if nothing had happened, though he might not have drawn a sober breath for months. The process known as "tapering off" was unknown to him. You might see Prentice at midnight, after an uninterrupted debauch of many weeks, staggering along the street or sleeping with his head on his arms in a saloon, and the next morning, if you called at his office, you might find him seated snugly in his old cushioned chair, dictating articles and paragraphs with that subdued eagerness and muffled vigor which proclaimed him entirely himself, and apparently altogether oblivious of his late obliviousness.—The spring of his elastic constitution was all but instantaneous. His faculties rose from the darkness and torpor of intoxication with the suddenness of an equatorial sunrise. Perfect day quickly followed perfect night. There was no twilight. The truth is, Prentice was emphatically a worker. His genius was a working one. Work inspired him. He rejoiced in it, and, to return quite to our point, never intermitted it, except when very sick or in a state that the writer of the Harper sketch would call "temulent." He knew absolutely nothing of the reaction into which this writer supposes him to have lapsed habitually after "the toilsome fit." Work was so natural, and delightful, and necessary to Prentice, that no excess of it ever exhausted him. To him work, indeed, was not toilsome but playsome. It was his highest pleasure.

"His style," continues the writer in Harper, "was fluent and mainly correct, but often verbose and exuberent, from the native tendency of the West and South to the tumid rhetoric, prone to be mistaken there for elegance and eloquence." This is damning with faint praise; but Prentice, whatever his faults as a man, should not be damned as a writer, directly or indirectly. Besides the depreciation seems to us not discriminative. His style, we should say, was pointed rather than "fluent," and, in addition to having been not "mainly" but wholly "correct," was never "verbose" though sometimes perhaps "exuberant" in the sense of richness, but not surely "from the native tendency of the West and South to tumid rhetoric," since Prentice was not a native of either section, and, moreover, had formed his style before he crossed Mason and Dixon's Line. The English of Prentice, in our opinion, was as pure as that of Cobbett or Greeley, with a variety and brightness to which neither of those writers could lay claim.

So much we think it but fit to say in justice to a dead journalist who fairly, after all is said against him that can be said, must be acknowledged to have been a shining light in our profession, and whose genius, if we may hazard the opinion, would have stood higher in the estimation of his survivors had he poured out its products with a hand less lavish. Abundance sometimes cheapens in the halls of fame as in the marts of trade.

HORACE GREELEY.

The celebrated book "WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FARMING" would alone be enough to render famous the name of Horace Greeley. From the virtues of deep plowing and draining to the scientific propagation of beets, berries and beans, he has given us of his wide experience, but he ought to have written one chapter more on the farmer's necessity of economy in family expenses and urged them to add to the health and happiness of their wives by procuring a Howe Sewing Machine. Ten dollars and easy monthly payments will purchase one from J. P. GREENWELL, Leonardtown, Md.

Why is a side-saddle like a four-quart jug? Because it holds a gall-on.

THE BOY ASTRONOMER.—The first transit of Venus ever seen by a human eye was predicted by a boy, and was observed by that boy just as he reached the age of manhood. His name was Jeremiah Horrox. We have a somewhat wonderful story to tell you about this boy.

He lived in an obscure village near Liverpool, England. He was a lover of books of science, and before he reached the age of eighteen he had mastered the astronomical knowledge of the day. He studied the problems of Kepler, and he made the discovery that the tables of Kepler indicated the near approach of the period of the transit of Venus across the sun's scenter.—This was about the year 1635.

Often on midsummer nights the boy Horrox might have been seen in the fields watching the planet Venus. The desire sprung up within him to see the transit of the beautiful planet across the disc of the sun, for it was a sight that no eye had ever seen, and one that would tend to solve some of the greatest problems ever presented to the mind of an astronomer. So the boy began to examine the astronomical tables of Kepler, and by their aid endeavored to demonstrate at what time the next transit would occur. He found an error in the tables, and then he, being the first of all astronomers to make the precise calculation, discovered the exact date when the next transit would take place.

He told his secret to one intimate friend, a boy who like himself loved science. The young astronomer then awaited the event which he had predicted for a number of years, never seeing the loved planet in the shaded evening sky without dreaming of the day when the transit should fulfill the beautiful vision he had carried continually in his mind.

The memorable year came at last—1639. The predicted day of the transit came, too, at the end of the year. It was Sunday. It found Horrox, the boy astronomer, now just past twenty years of age, intently watching a sheet of paper in a private room, on which lay the sun's reflected image. Over this reflection of the sun's dise on the paper he expected, moment by moment, to see the planet pass like a moving spot or shadow.

Suddenly the church bells rang. He was a very religious youth, and was accustomed to heed the church bells as a call from Heaven. The paper still was spotless; no shadow broke the outer edge of the sun's luminous circle.

Still the church bells rang. Should he go? A cloud might hide the sun before his return and the expected disclosure be lost for a century.

But Horrox said to himself: 'I must not neglect the worship of the Creator to see the wonderful things the Creator has made.'

So he left the reflected image of the sun on the paper and went to the sanctuary.

When he returned from the service he hurried to the room. The sun was still shining, and there, like a shadow on the bright circle on the paper, was the image of the planet Venus! It crept slowly along the bright center, like the finger of the Invisible. Then the boy astronomer knew that the great problems of astronomy were correct, and the thought filled his pure heart with religious joy.

Horrox died at the age of twenty-two. Nearly one hundred and thirty years afterwards Venus was again seen crossing the sun. The whole astronomical world was then interested in the event, and expeditions of observation were fitted out by the principal European governments. It was observed in this country by David Rittenhouse, who fainted when he saw the vision.

CURED HER.—An old man up in Connecticut had a poor, cranky bit of a wife, who regularly once a week got up in the night and invited the family to see her die. She gave way her things, spoke her last words, made her peace with Heaven, and then about eight she got up in her usual way and disappointed everybody by going at her household duties as if nothing had happened. The old man got sick of it finally, and went out and got a coffin, a real nice cashmere shroud, a wreath of immortelles, with "Farewell, Mary Ann," worked in, and a handful of silver-plated screws. Laying the screw-driver beside the collection, he invited her to just holler die once more. "Do it," said he, "and in you go, and this farewell business is over." Mary Ann is at this moment baking buckwheat cakes for a large and admiring family, while they dry apples in the coffin up in the garret.—*Correspondence St. Louis Republican.*

☞An old, white bearded man, fresh from the country, at a late hour on Saturday night, had his kind heart wrung with the sorrows of a little waif that he found sitting on the sidewalk and crying bitterly. The old gentleman stopped, and placed his hand on the head of the coatless, bare-footed boy, and said, "Sonny, won't you tell me what the matter is? Are you homeless and cold?" The infant checked a rising sob, looked up in the kind face, and answered, "Be blowed with your cold and t'other gammon; but, stranger, if you want to do the square thing, can't you give us a theater check and buy us some beer?"

Half the discomforts of life is the result of getting tired of ourselves.

LOOKING LIKE A MARRIED MAN.—Max Adeler has a friend named Slimmer, who deserves pity. He was going up to Reading not long since, and, when reaching the depot, he happened to look in the ladies' room. A woman sat there with a lot of baggage and three children, and when she saw Slimmer she rushed toward him, and, before he could defend himself, she threw her arms about his neck, nestled her head upon his breast, and burst into tears. Slimmer was amazed, indignant, confounded, and ere he could find utterance for his feelings she exclaimed:

"O, Henry, dear Henry! we are united at last. Are you well? Is Aunt Martha still alive? Haven't you longed to see your own Louisa?"

And she looked into Slimmer's face and smiled through her tears.

"Madam," said he solemnly, "if I am the person alluded to as Henry, permit me to say that you have made a mistake. My name is Lemuel, I have no Aunt Martha, and I don't own a solitary Louisa. Oblige me by letting go my coat; it excites remark."

Then she buried her bonnet deeper into his waistcoat, and began to try harder than ever, and said:

"O, Henry, how can you treat me so? How can you pretend that you are not my husband?"

"Madam!" screamed Slimmer, "if you don't cease slopping my shirt bosom and remove your umbrella from my corn I shall be obliged to call the police. Let me go, I say!"

"The children are here," she persisted. "They recognize their dear father; don't you, children?"

"Yes, yes," they exclaimed, "it's pa; it's our own dear pa."

And then they grabbed Slimmer by the trowser legs and hung to his coat tail.

"Woman!" he shrieked, "this is getting serious. Unhand me, I say!"

And he tried to disengage himself from her embrace, while the brakemen, and the baggage-masters, and newsboys stood around and said his conduct was infamous.

In the midst of the struggle a stranger entered with a carpet-bag. He looked exactly like Slimmer, and when he saw his wife in Slimmer's arms he became excited, and floored Slimmer with that carpet-bag, and sat on him, and smote his nose, and caromed on his head, and asked him what he meant. Slimmer was removed on a stretcher, and the enemy went off with his wife and family in a cab. He called next day to apologize. His wife had made the mistake because of Slimmer's likeness to him. And now Slimmer wishes he may soon be kicked in the face by a mule, so that he will resemble no other human being in the world.

A PETRIFIED HONEY-COMB.—Charles Warren Stoddart, writing to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, says, in describing a visit to the ruins of Pompeii: "I cannot understand how a people who are supposed to have been luxurious in their tastes ever lived in such ridiculously small houses as are those of Pompeii. The bedrooms are like staterooms, and the stone beds, like berths, fill the longest side of the apartment. There are no garden spots; even the baths, the crowning luxury of the time, are small. The Forum and some few of the temples, are of more respectable dimensions, but the resorts of 30,000 people could hardly be less. The private life of the Pompeiians must have been narrow, meager, and unhealthy. The gardens without the city probably afforded their only means of recreation, and I wonder how any one who has once breathed pure air can have returned to sleep in such miserable quarters as the Pompeiian bedrooms. Single partitions between all the houses, no gardens, no open courts save in the mansions of the wealthy, and the glare of the southern sun streaming on walls glowing with red and yellow paint—such was Pompeii in its best days.—No doubt it was a brilliant and lively spectacle, and Bulwer has made the most of it. It seemed to me the correct thing to loaf about the place alone with a copy of Bulwer's 'Last Days' in my pocket. This I did at a later date. I frightened the lizards in the Forum and chased butterflies in the Temple of Isis and languished in the house of the wounded Adonis, for it was awfully hot. I sat the sole spectator in the well-preserved amphitheater, and walked in the Street of the Tombs. The 'House of the Tragic Poet' received me, and I explored for myself some dark passages that led under certain houses, where I met with an odor of sulphur that was almost overpowering."

☞The art of being happy lies very much in the power of extracting happiness from very common things. If we pitch our expectations high, if we are arrogant in our pretensions, if we will not be happy except when our self-love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life.

☞Thackeray tells us of a woman begging alms from him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out: "May the blessings of God follow you all your life!" But when he only pulled out his snuff-box she immediately added, "And never overtake ye!"