

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES. DOMESTIC PAPER FASHIONS.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted...

7 WEEK GUARANTEED to Agents, Male and Female...

90 per day at home. Agents wanted...

Agents wanted for the sale of...

Saint M...

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY

NO. 11

(Written for the Beacon.)

ACROSTIC

Valden fair, with soul's eye... Around the magic power lies...

A PRACTICAL POET.

The south-east corner of his mouth was forever harboring a smile that was sweet and devilish...

He was the most benign and benevolent-looking man I ever saw...

With that warm, south-side smile of his, he quite melted the heart of the poor old woman...

A tall, fine-looking fellow of 40, with a broad face and buttoned tight up to his throat...

I began to button up my pocket in disgust. The poet arose and unbuttoned his coat...

"Look here! I am starving, dying, desperate. Give me but ten shillings to get the poem printed..."

"Then he related, as if he had been wound up very tight, and had broken something and suddenly run down..."

"I have a little room just over the eel-pie shop in Great Wild-st. This room costs me four shillings a week..."

"I told myself, 'I will have to make it a full crown; that will give him an extra shilling for his beer...'"

"I thought of a clergyman and grandson of a bishop, in the small sum of ten shillings, to get a few copies of this poem neatly printed..."

"I placed at this, and found it to be a short and feeble poem celebrating the virtues of a young lady just deceased..."

"I was about to be married," began the man, in a very business-like way...

"I will make it ten shillings," I said to myself, for possibly he is the heart-broken lover...

"No, no, I never saw her in my life. But it is a good opportunity to turn a ten-pound note, and must not be lost..."

"Listen!" The man slapped his two hands on his two long threadbare knees with such violence...

"No, I did not happen to know the 'Mermaid'..."

"Well, then, the 'Mermaid' is a lively little saloon up Oxford-st.—a sort of beer shop that has long been celebrated for its beautiful barmaids..."

"I asked for my copy. 'Ah, my benefactor, I could not read a line of your wonderful production...'"

"Next week—tomorrow, possibly to-day—I shall return you your sovereign with ten-fold interest, for I am on the verge of fortune..."

"I hinted, as I turned to go away, that he might possibly be expecting too much..."

"Nothing, Sir, is more certain. A bank could not be more secure. This divine and beautiful being is to pay me a sovereign. Not much of a sum, you

told them in a letter that I was a poet, the son of a clergyman, the grandson of a bishop, and d-stitute. Result—Twenty-five pounds!"

Again there fell a cataract of slap on the threadbare knees, and the sweet smile for a moment quite flew away from his perch on the south corner of his mouth...

"I got me some clothes. I set up in the best hotel. I went into the church-yard, got on terms with the sexton, got the names, learned the special virtues of all the young persons recently dead in the village, and got the names of their wealthy relations..."

He had caught up his hat and umbrella and followed down the stairs, and he fired this last volley into my ears as he left the street...

"See! see! There she is! that is Maggie. She smiles! she recognizes me over all this crowd of sodden beer-drinking beasts!"

Maggie was indeed a pretty barmaid. She had the great brown eyes that have driven braver men than poets mad...

She had a heartless toss of the head that told pretty plainly that her soul rose but little above the foaming pots of beer that she handled with such dexterity...

At last there was a lull. The men melted away into the street, and the poet was greeted with a smile and a shake of the hand...

He eagerly drew out his poem, and, leaving over the sloppy counter as near to Maggie as possible, began to read in a hurried and nervous manner...

At last it was finished; and Maggie, clapping her hands together, turned suddenly and half gravely, and said to another barmaid...

Becker, in the most cold and business-like manner, took a button from off the shirt behind her, and gravely handed it out to the poet...

The poor man crumpled the paper in his hand, and sank back into a corner, out of the way of the crowding customers...

HASTE AND HEALTH.—It is not at all wholesome to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have moved a mile a minute for short distances...

"I am a poet, and the son of a clergyman, and a grandson of a bishop, and I will not be insulted by such an old woman as you..."

"I will make it ten shillings," I said to myself, for possibly he is the heart-broken lover...

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say. Granted, then twenty the maids in London...

"Good day! 'Stay! Stay! Stay!' on our way it show you the only catch an instance of the industry...

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AN INCIDENT OF THE REBEL-LION.

On the 12th day of June, 1863, I witnessed a duel between Captain Jones, commanding a Federal regiment, and Captain Fry, commanding a Rebel regiment...

These two men had been fighting each other for six months, with the fortunes of battle in the favor of one and then the other...

Each of them guarded this bridge, that communication should go neither north nor south, as the railroad track had been broken up months before...

They agreed to fight a duel, the conqueror to hold the bridge undisputed for the time being...

They closed their seconds, and agreed upon a rebel surgeon (as he was the only one in either command) to attend them in case of danger...

Jones was certainly a fine looking fellow, with light hair and blue eyes, five feet ten inches in height, looking ever inch the military chief...

There was nothing ferocious about him; but he had that self-sufficient nonchalance that said, 'I will kill you.' Without a doubt, he was, brave, cool, and collected, and, although suffering from a terrible flesh-wound in his left arm, received a week before, he manifested no symptoms of distress...

The ground was stepped off by the seconds, pistols loaded and exchanged, and the principals brought face to face. I never shall forget that meeting...

Jones, in his military, boyish mood, as they shook hands remarked that—

"A soldier braves death for a fanciful wealth. When in glory's romantic career."

Fry caught up the rest of the sentence, and answered by saying—

"Yet he braves o'er the foe when in battle laid. And lathers every wound with a tear."

They turned around and walked back to the point designated. Jones' second

had the "fury" and he slowly said, "One—two—three—four!"

They immediately turned at the word "four" and instantly fired. Neither man fell. They checked their pistols, and deliberately walked towards each other as they went...

At the fifth shot, Jones threw up his right hand, and, firing his pistol in the air, sank down. Fry was in the act of firing his pistol, but seeing Jones fall, slightly lowered his pistol, dropped it to the ground, and, turning to the right, he put his head in his lap as he sat down, and asking him if he was hurt...

I discovered that Jones was shot through the region of the stomach, the bullet glancing around that organ, and coming out to the left of the spinal column; besides he had received three other frightful flesh wounds in other portions of his body...

Fry received three wounds—one breaking his left arm, one in the left, and the other in the right side. After months of suffering, he got well...

Neither of them asked for a discharge, but both resumed their commands when they got well, and fought the war out to the bitter end, and to-day are partners in a wholesale grocery business down south, doing a good business, and verifying the sentiment of Byron, that "A soldier braves death," etc., etc.

CONFEDERATE SURGEON.

THE ORIGINAL OF MRS. PARTINGTON.—It is not generally known that Theodore Hook's series of *Reminiscences* were precursors of all the Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Partingtons of a later generation...

Let Dorothea Julia Ramsbottom speak for herself, in a few sentences from her "Notes on England and France."

"Having often heard travelers lamenting not having put down what they call the memory-blossoms of their journey, I was determined while I was on my tower to keep a diary (so called from containing the cream of one's information), and to record everything which occurred to me."

"Resolving to take time by the firelock, we left Montagu Place at seven o'clock by Mr. Fulmer's pocket thermometer, and proceeded over Westminster Bridge to explode the Western Gunpowder Magazine."

"We saw the inn where Alexander, the Autograph of all the Russias, lived when he was here; and, as we were going along, we met twenty or thirty dragons mounted on horses. The ensign who commanded them was a friend of Mr. Fulmer's; he looked at Lavina as if pleased with her *looking assembly*."

"I heard Mr. Fulmer say he was a son of the poor gentleman who was so barbarously murdered a few years ago near Ratcliffe Highway; if so, he is uncommon gentle."

"Travelers like us, who are mere birds of prey, have no time to waste; so we went to-day to the great church which is called Naughtly Inn, where we saw a priest doing something at an altar."

Mr. Fulmer begged me to observe the knife of the church, but I thought it too hard to call the man names in his own country."

THE ORIGIN OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.—Robinson Crusoe was published in 1719, with the following title: "The Life and strange surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner, who lived eight-and-twenty years all alone on an uninhabited island on the coast of America, near the mouth of the great river Orinoco."

The publishers, who purchased the manuscript after all others had refused it, has said to have cleared £1,000 by it. Defoe was accused by his enemies, who were numerous and bitter, of having stolen the idea and even the materials of "Robinson Crusoe" from the narrative of Alexander Selkirk, but the charge was wholly without foundation...

Selkirk was not wrecked at all, but voluntarily went ashore on Juan Fernandez, which at that time was as well known as now. Crusoe's Island, as the title of his narrative states, was in the northern hemisphere, in the Caribbean Sea, near the mouth of the Orinoco, and the most probable prototype of Defoe's hero was Peter Serrano, who in the sixteenth century was shipwrecked, and lived alone for several years on an island in the Caribbean Sea, near the mouth of the Orinoco. His history is told at full length in Garcilaso's "History of Peru," a translation of which was published in London 20 years before "Robinson Crusoe" was written, and could hardly have escaped Defoe's notice...

As the book attracted great attention, and the principals brought face to face. I never shall forget that meeting...

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