Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XV. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY [illegible] OCTOBER 11, 1877 NO. 5

THE

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. F. KING & T. F. YATES.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$2.00 per annum. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

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All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author or no attention will be paid to them.

Hereafter the cash must accompany all announcements for public office

Newly Registered Voters.

1st District.

NEW NAMES.

B
Bush, Wm. W.
Brian, Wm. F.
C
Clinton, Isaac
F
Forrest, J. Pitt
Freeman, James F.
Fenwick, Enoch
Fenwick, Thos. E.
H
Hunter, Moses H. Rev.
Henry, Joseph
Hawkins, Stephen
Hopkins, George W.
L
Lowndes, James A.
M
Milburn, John E.
P
Philips, Joseph H.
S
Shirkliff, James
Stone, Wm. H.
Smith, Wm. P.
Somerville, Samuel
Somerville, John
W
Wanes, Pulaski
West, James

5th District.

NEW NAMES.

B
Basford, Wm. T.
Buck, Charles E.
Barnes, John
Buckler, James O.
C
Coats, William F.
D
Dent, Thomas
Dean, Philip T.
F
Fagan, Edward
Fowler, James H.
G
Goldsmith, R. B.
H
Herbert, Samuel P.
Harrison, Gideon W.
Herbert, John F.
Herbert, B. F.
M
Moulden, Eli
S
Shirly, Henry
W
Woodburn, Henry F

DEAD AND REMOVED.

B
Bond, Marcelus E.
Brookbank, Marion
Buckner, Samuel
D
Dorsey, Evans
Dorsey, John
H
Huntington, Lewis B.
K
Kinzer, Hamilton W.
L
Long, Philip T.
R
Readmond, J. J.
S
Sothoron, Henjamin H.
Smith, Denis
Slye, Lawrence
T
Thompson, Wm. J.
W
Way, Ralph H.
Williams, Alfred

BUY WHERE YOU CAN

BUY CHEAPEST.

I have just received and have for sale 100 bags FINE SALT, Evan's Factory filled, at $2.00 per bag.

100 PIECES PRINTS at 4 to 8 cts.

3000 YDS. BROWN MUSLIN, 5 to 8 cts.

QUININE, $4.50 per bottle, 1½c per grain.

NAILS, $3.00 per keg, 4c. per lb.

P. R. SUGAR, 10c. Best, 12c.

I have a very large and attractive assortment of goods, bought exclusively for the cash and offered at prices which cannot fail to please. Call and see for yourself. Terms exclusively cash.

JOS. S. ALLSTAN,
Great Mills.

Sept 13, 1877.

The Independent Farmer.

Let sailors sing of windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart this toast I'll keep—
The independent farmer.
When first the rose in robe of green
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And round his cottage porch is seen
The honeysuckle climbing;
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the fields,
When skies are soft and sunny.

The black bird clucks behind the plows,
The quail pipes loud and clearly,
Yon orchard hides behind its boughs,
The home he loves so dearly;
The gray and old barn doors unfold,
His ample store in measure,
More rich than heaps of hoarded gold,
A precious, blessed treasure;
While yonder in the porch there stands
His wife, the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all his lands—
The independent farmer.

To him the spring comes dancingly,
To him the summer blushes,
The autumn smiles with yellow ray,
His sleep old winter hushes.
He cares not how the world may move,
No doubts or fears confound him,
His little flock is linked in love,
And household angels round him;
He trusts to God and loves his wife,
Nor griefs or ill may harm her,
He's nature's nobleman in life—
The independent farmer.

The Paris Commune in '71.

What with our recent experiences of mob law in America and the attempt of certain agitators to establish in the United States the Commune, the history of the Commune in Paris, in 1871, will be found to possess for Americans additional interest to that which it must always provoke. There was no more brutal and cowardly episode of that "redfoot fury of the Seine" than the massacre of the hostages and butchery of the Dominican priests, the full story of which is now told for the first time by M. Maximum du Camp. Archbishop Darboy and President Bonjean of the Court of Cassation—Chief Justice we should say—with the other hostages arrived at Mazas April 6. On the 10th was arrested Jean Baptiste Jecker, the banker whom the Mexican expedition had brought into notoriety. He had gone to the prefecture to obtain a passport under a false name, but after getting it was recognized by a casual passer, who had him arrested as a hostage worth keeping. Baron Haussmann's father had gone on a similar errand, but was stopped on the stairs by a merciful official, who whispered to him to fly.—L'Abbe Crozes, almoner of La Grand Roquette, took his imprisonment philosophically; it gave him a chance to read up his theology, in which he was getting rusty. Mouton, the governor of the prison, treated his prisoners well, and would have provided for their escape in disguise, but the Archbishop refused lest the rage of the Communists should be fanned against the clergy and M Bonjean because a magistrate should not run away. Meanwhile the Protestant pastors had protested vigorously against the Archbishop's arrest and officious negotiations for the release of the hostages had been begun, the insurgents offering to barter several ecclesiastics against Blanqui. L'bbe Eagarde was sent to Versailles on parole, and Mr. Washburne, our Minister, interested himself. He had permission to visit the Archbishop, to whom he brought newspapers and wine, and finally he sent to Versailles a note written by the venerable prisoner urging that Blanqui should be set free. This the Papal nuncio communicated to M. Thiers, who declined to recognize the Commune by treating with it, and expressed a belief that lives of the hostages would be spared, an erroneous opinion, as both Cardinal Chigi and Mr. Washburne declared at the time.

Raoul Rigault, deeming Mouton's rule too mild, sent to Mazas as Governor the locksmith Garreau, whose brutality was extreme. "You are d——d curious" was his reply to prisoners who sought to know why they had been arrested. "If you prefer it, we can shoot you,' to those who complained of their treatment. "If they aint satisfied, all they have to do is to die," he said, when told that the Archbsihop was suffering and M. Bonjean an invalid. May 17, the Commune organized a jury of accusation to decide "whether or not the designated individuals were hostages." The jury only sat once, and then it acquitted one prisoner, but he was taken back to La Roquette, nevertheless, and massacred in due course. Edmond Rouse *batonnier* of the Paris bar was prodigal of efforts to secure the liberty, or at least the better treatment of the hostages. On the 20th of May he saw them. The Archbishop was calm and resigned, Father Duguerry gay and cordial as ever; Father Caubert confident that France would come out of the struggle stronger and more Catholic than ever. M. Rouse was to have paid them another visit on the 23d.

On the 22d a keeper whispered to M. Rabut, one of the hostages, that the French troops were in Paris. "It is your deliverance," said the keeper: "My death," replied the prisoner. At 6 P. M. the hostages were hurried from their cells and ranged in the corridor, whither to go none of them or the keepers knew. The Abbe Crozes and M. Core were at the last moment pushed back into their cells by a keeper and saved. Their removal was in obedience to an order of the committee of Public Safety, dated 4 Prairial 79, signed by G. Ranvier, Eudes and Ferd. Gambon, requiring that "the Archbishop, the different cures, Bonjean, Senator, and all those of any importance" be taken to La Roquette. Raoul Rigault, Garreau and Gaston Dacosta made out their list from the prison registers. On it are fifty four names, headed by those of the Archbishop and M. Bonjean. There were in all thirty-eight priests. On the warrant Dacosta wrote the following brief order: "Keep this riffraff to be shot." Two vans were pressed into the service and forty of the hostages carted away under guard; the remaining fourteen went next day. It may be said that on the 25th the food supplies at Mazas gave out; shells were falling on the prison, and the streets without were swept by bullets where an engagement was raging between the regulars and a Federal barricade, and the keepers, when Garreau ordered them to fire the prison, refused, disarmed and looked him up, and set free all the prisoners who cared to escape. Others, more prudent, stayed within its walls. At evening a company of Versaillese engineers occupied the prison. "Where is the Archbishop?" asked the Captain. "Taken away." "Bring out Garreau." He was brought out and handed over to the soldiers. There were no formalities then, and the men needed no detailed instructions. They took him out upon the footpath and shot him.

Meanwhile the hostages, surrounded by a howling mob, had been conveyed to La Grande Roquette, where ruled a packer, Francois by name, a brutal drunkard and a rabid priest hater. "Fifteen hundred years they have been devouring us—they must all be killed," was his cry; "their hide isn't even fit to make boots of." May 22 he was given a garrison, six companies of Federals, renowned for their turbulence and commanded by a blood thirsty little fellow, Verig, a laborer, whose constant companion was a big horse pistol, which he used in giving his orders, "Forward! march, or I'll shoot." Francois (who, by the way when the guillotine was ceremoniously burned in front of the prison, went and embraced two assassins in the prison under sentence of death, and danced with one of them to express his joy at the prisoner's escape) showed him over the prison and especially pointed to him the door leading from the condemned cells devoted to the hostages to the broad, walled in pathway running around the whole prison; then ran over the catalogue of the victims.—"There are," said he, "96 gendarmes, 52 old sergents de ville, 65 soldiers of the line, 15 artillery-men, a chasseur, a zouave, a Turco—all capitulards.'"—To these were added at 10 P. M. the hostages from Mazas. Their names were not entered on the resister. Francois merely called over the list (scrutinizing the Archbishop affectionately and narrowly examining Fathers Caubert and Olivaint "to see how Jesuits are made,") put it away in a drawer, wrote on a piece of paper, "Received, forty cures and magistrates," and affixed the prison stamp instead of his signature.—Then the hostages, after being formed in line and counted over several times, were marched to a detached part of the prison and locked up without food, water, seat or necessary utensils. At daylight M. Bonjean, seeing the deputy, Governor Ramain, passing, asked for a chair; another for a glass of water. "For the time you are going to be here it isn't worth bothering about it," said Ramain.

Nevertheless, the prisoners were soon let out into the common ward, where their joy on being reunited is described as almost childish. The priests thronged round Mgr. Darboy to kiss his hand and receive his benediction; he was supported by the arm M. Bonjean, who was so weak from illness that he could not walk alone. "What do you deduce from our transfer?" he asked of M. Rabut, one of the Commissioners de Police. "Nothing good, monseigneur," he answered. The Jesuits, calm and smiling, gathered round M. de Perny to hear his adventures in China, where he had long been engaged in mission work. Father Allard was bright and cheerful; he wore the red cross of Geneva on his sleeve—pacific emblem not recognized in the warfare of the Commune. The giant Father Duguerry was in high spirits, and blamed the authorities for providing beds too short for him. Two college friends who had not met for twenty years recognized each other and sprang into each other's armes; one was a Jesuit, the other had been a lawyer, a free thinker, almost a convert to socialism. They met as hostages of the Commune, and the priest was fated to perish. A single meal was served to all, a scanty ration of stewed beans, and at 6 they were locked up.

That night they heard faint echoes of the fighting and a keeper whispered, "The last stand will be made at Belleville—courage and patience." Next morning, May 24, he told them that "the whole crew" (the departments of War, Public Safety and Finance) had been transferred to the mairie of the Eleventh Arrondissement, the Hotel de Ville having been evacuated over night. The Commune was in its last throes, and fury, suspicion and despair reigned everywhere. The Count de Beaufort, who had been attached to Cluseret's staff, tried to reach the mairie, and was seized and set to work on a barricade. He protested his rank and that he was discharging a special mission; he was accused of being a traitor, tried off hand by the mob, degraded from his rank and ordered to work; then the mob restored him to his captaincy and sent him on his way with cheering; then some one cried out that he had sold them to the Versaillese and the [illegible] away and shot him.

It was at this mairie, [illegible] Gabriel Ranier, Ferre and [illegible] desperate leaders [illegible] massacre of the hostages; [illegible] seret consented to it. [illegible] was set to work in the [illegible] rible din and confusion, [illegible] bers being an old [illegible] present, a drunken [illegible] Gustave Ernest Genton, [illegible] was first proposed to [illegible] hostages, but as [illegible] resolved to kill [illegible] effect were issued, though only two, the Archbishop and M. Bonjean, were specified by name. Vermorel and Jules Valles, to their credit be it said, strenuously opposed the massacre.

At 4 o'clock the hostages had been locked up in their cells, the Archbishop changing No. 1 with the Abbe de Marsy, whose dungeon, No. 23, was more spacious; on the grating of the window he scratched a cross and the words *Robur mentis viri salus*. Between 4 and 5 a squad of Federals and some white capped Flourens Avengers entered the prison. "It is fixed for to-day, is it?" asked Francois. Genton nodded, and gave him a note that he passed over to the clerk. "This order is irregular," said the clerk. "Are you a Versailles too?" angrily said the officer, but the clerk (who, like all the regular prison officials, was striving by every delay to save bloodshed) pointed out that the order called for six prisoners, but only named two, and that it could not be complied with without making confusion in the books. Francois, being drunken to the stage of dignity, supported this opinion, whereupon Genton, growling "There's more red tape than there was under old Badignet; I've killed men before this with infinitely less ceremony!" wrote out on the back of the order the names of Darboy, Bonjean, Jecker, Allard, Clerc and Ducoudray; then substituted for Jecker's that of the Abbe Duguerry, and asked if that would do. "Perfectly, if it is approved," said Francois. "Damn your scruples!" cried Genton and ran of to headquarters, leaving in the office Edmond Megy, who abused Francois violently for not having a "truly revolutionary mind," not "rising to the level of circumstances." The revolution of September 4 took Megy from the galleys, where he was serving a fifteen years' term for murder; but he was imprisoned under the republic for striking his captain. Under the Commune he rose to be a "general," commanded the fort of Isay, and took a leading part in firing the city. With him was the other leading actor in the massacre, Benjamin Sicard, a consumptive shoemaker, captain on Ferre's staff.

Henrion, one of the turnkeys, during the delay, approached the squad of Avengers and said to one: "Look out for what you are doing—this is murder, you may have to answer for it." "I know it," answered the soldier; "there is no fun in it, but there are our orders; what are we to do?" At this moment Genton returned with his list, corrected and approved. "All right," said Francois, and calling Henrion bade him open the cells of the fourth section. "I will go and get my keys," stammered Henrion, who had them in his hand, and rushing out flung them away and fled like a madman, bought his way out at the *barriere* of Vincennes, and panting and sobbing threw himself into the Bavarian camp at Pantin, crying, "They will kill them! They will kill them!" After some little delay the Federals were marched into the prison, twenty being posted at the grating and the other twenty in the hospital garden. Beauce, another turnkey, who did not know what was afoot, was going to unlock the cells when he met them. At once divining their errand he sank on the stairs, sick with horror. "Hurry up!" cried Remain. "I can't do it; my God, I can't," stammered Beauce. "Idiot! What do you know of revolutions?" cried Ramain, angrily, snatching the keys from him. All the hostages were at the gratings of their doors, listening—how eagerly! "Darboy!" cried Ramain, halting at cell No. 1, ignorant of the transfer. "Here!" calmly replied a voice from 23. "Bonjean!" "Here! Let me get my overcoat!" Ramain hurried him out by the arm, saying: "Never mind it; you will do as you are." The six martyrs were soon ranged in line, and Ramain led them away. As they passed two keepers, who had turned away unable to bear the sight, M. Bonjean exclaimed loudly, "O, my beloved wife—my dear children!" a message these last objects of his thoughts received.

In the hospital garden there was a dispute between Megy and Verig. "This will do nicely," said the former; the latter wished to go further, and there they wrangled as to where the execution should be held in presence of their victims. These availed themselves of the delay to kneel in prayer. Some of the Federals laughed and jeered them. "Leave those men alone," said a sergeant; "we don't know what may happen to us to-morrow!" Meanwhile the assassins had agreed that the garden was too public a place, and the march was taken up for the walled passage running round the prison. Mgr. Darboy lifting his hand pronounced the absolution of his comrades; then gave his arm to M. Bonjean. The Abbe Allard walked along rapidly, with his hands clasped above his head, "humming something," says a witness. He was reciting the prayers for the dying. There was another delay at the gate, [illegible] the key was being sought the Archbishop said to one of the Federals, "I have always loved the people—always loved liberty." "Your liberty is not our liberty," answered the man: "that's bother us!" The gate was [illegible] and the prisoners led to the spot [illegible] Verig had selected on the [illegible] open above, [illegible] in on three sides. The prisoners were placed against the wall in [illegible] rank—the Archbishop, then M. [illegible], then the Abbe Duguerry, then [illegible] and Clerc, the Jesuits, last of all, the Abbe Allard, almoner [illegible] service. It was 7.45 P. M. The soldiers were drawn up thirty yards distance. Genton ordered them to fire. Two volleys and some scattering shots announced to those without that the forty Federal assassins had earned the 50 frances a head paid them for the murder.

When they marched out into the street the crowd cheered them. "Well done, citizens! You have done a good work!" Verig was excitedly brandishing his famous horse pistol and shouting, "I finished the famous Archbishop with this —I burst his mouth for him!" He lied, for the Archbishop had not needed the *coup degrace*, though M. Bonjean, struck by nineteen bullets, still was writhing in agony when a pistol shot fired into his left ear made an end of it.

To murder was, of course, added plunder. The surviving hostages were terified that night to see several keepers opening cells, moving about and speaking in a low tone. Verig, Ramain and two of their friends were plundering the cells of the murdered men. They found a few valueless vestments and the Archbishop's pastoral ring. At 2 in the morning Verig, Ramain and some others were sent to bury the corpses, which still lay as they had fallen, in a pool of blood. They were rifled, and the clothing torn off where the buttons were slow in yielding. One put the pastoral cross round his neck, to his friend's delight; another took the silver buckles off the Archbishop's shoes. In removing them he bruised his finger, then rising angrily kicked the body violently, crying: "It was no use killing the scoundrel—he hurts me still!" The corpses were taken away in a hand cart and dumped in a pit at Pere Lachaise, and a mild May rain falling at daybreak soaked the blood of the hostages into the earth and washed the spattered walls.

Jecker's name, it will be remembered, was on the first list but Genton substituted for it that of the Abbe Duguerry. Early on the next morning Genton, Verig and two friends took him from his cell. He asked what they wanted. "We want to shoot you—that's all," answered Genton. Jecker turned pale and asked, "Why?" "Because you were the accomplice of Marny" (in the Mexican expedition.) Jecker instantly saw that his fate was sealed and putting on his hat said, "I am ready." They took him away to the Rue de la China, a long half hour's walk distant, talking with him all the while. Why this was done cannot be said positively, but as they thought he was immensely rich, and Francois had already sounded him to see whether he was willing to pay handsomely for his liberty, it may be inferred that their object was to hold him to ransom. But he said to them: "You are mistaken if you think I made money in Mexico —it was stolen from me; I was cheated." At last they halted in a vacant lot; it was raining and the streets were slippery or deep with mud. Making him remove his overcoat, he was placed with his face against the wall. "Don't make me suffer," he said; and they shot him. He writhed convulsively after falling, and with the famous horse pistol Verig gave him his *coup de grace*. Verig then put on his unperforated coat, and Francois searched the pockets of the yet warm body:. then it was dragged some thirty feet away to a hole dug for the foundation of a building and left there. The face was covered with a financial sheet found in the overcoat, and the hat jammed firmly down on the head with a blow from the fist: then Francois wrote on a scrap of paper "Jecker—Mexican banker," and tucked it into a button hole, and the murderers went off to the restaurant of one Lacroix near at hand, and partook of bread, cheese, a box of sardines and a half gallon of wine. Their morning jaunt had made them hungry.—*N. Y. World.*

☞ Men are generally more honest in their private than in their public capacity, and will go a greater length to serve a party when their own private interest is alone concerned. Honor is a great check upon mankind, but where a considerable body of men act together this check is in a great measure removed, since a man is sure to be approved of by his own party for what promotes the common interest, and he soon learns to despise the clamors of his adversaries.—*Hume.*

☞ Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should come to years of discretion and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he, "it is covered with weeds." "Oh," I replied, "that is because it has not come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds you see have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries.—*Coleridge.*

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—The poetic element which was not wanting in Mr. Adam's nature, though his own attempts in verse are mechanical and prosaic to the last degree, finds frequent expression in his journal, betraying a vein of tenderness and sentiment that affords a refreshing contrast to the prevailing harshness and antagonism of his public life. Thus after his return from Washington to Quincy, in June, 1845, he writes: "I saw the sun rise and set clear from Charles's house on the hill. The pleasure that I take in witnessing these magnificent phenomena of nature is unintelligible to others and I suppose, a singularity which I should suppress or renounce. The sensations which affect me at the rising and setting sun are, first, of adoration to the power and goodness of the Creator of this wonderful universe, mingled in the morning with thanksgiving for the return of the great luminary of Heaven, the source of light and of life, in the evening, with sadness at the departure of this greatest of blessings, with a conscious sense of the dependence of all animated nature upon the constant beneficence of the Creator, and with humble supplication for forgiveness of my own errors and infirmities, and for the continuance of the never ceasing bounties of the omnipotent and all-seeing God. These sentiments are always the same, and are rather quickened than deadened by repetition. I take pleasure in indulging them, and wish that my conscience could testify to the influence of these sentiments on my conduct in life." Again, a few weeks after, referring to his married life, which had always been of a singularly affectionate and happy character, he writes: "Anniversary of my marriage. Forty-eight years have since passed away.—A small remnant only can be before us. A merciful Providence has hitherto conducted us along the path of life. We have enjoyed much. We have suffered not a little. Good and evil have followed us alternately. The thread has been of checkered yarn. Altogether my lot has been a happy one on earth, and every feeling of my heart ought to be a sentiment of gratitude to Him who is the disposer of events. I have met with bitter disappointments. Heavy calamities have befallen me. All my children, with one exception, have been taken from me—one in infancy, two in the prime of life; and this bereavement has once been extended to the second generation. The successive decease of my brother Charles, of my sister, of my mother, of my father and of my brother Thomas, have for the last 14 years left me the only member of the family of the past and the present generation surviving on this earth. The common theme of reason is death of fathers, and it is one of the fatalities of old age to follow to the tomb all the joys of cotemporary kindred and friendship.

As those we love decay we die in part:
String after string is severed from the heart.

"With regard to what is call the wheel of fortune, my career in life has been, with severe vicissitudes, on the whole highly auspicious. With advantages of education perhaps unparalleled, with principles of integrity, of benevolence, of industry and frugality, and the lofty spirit of patriotism and independence taught me from the cradle, with the love of letters and the arts, useful and ornamental, and with aspirations of science, limited only by the scanty spark of ethereal fire in my soul, my intercourse with my cotemporaries has in all its fluctuations been more successful than I deserved. My life has been spent in the public service. Washington. Madison, Monroe, were my friends and benefactors; Jefferson, a hollow and treacherous friend: Jackson, Charles J. Ingersoll, George W. Erving, Jonathan Russell, base, malignant, and lying enemies—a list to which I might, but will not, add other names. I have enjoyed a portion of the favor of my country at least equal to my desert, but have suffered, and yet suffer, much from that slander which outvenoms all the worms of Nile."

HOW GOLDSMITH SPOILED A JOKE.—It is amusing to notice how strangely some people spoil a good joke. Goldssmith, who was a very humorous writer, often did it. Garrick said of him, that a joke in his mouth was no laughing matter, as the following instance—which requires a little explanation to make it intelligible to the American reader—will prove.

A few miles beyond Hammersmith, a village on the banks of the Thames, in England, is another village called Turnham Green. One day at a tavern the peas were unmistakably yellow, and one of the guests said to the waiter that he ought to send them to Hammersmith.

"Why?" asked the waiter. "Because," returned the wag, "that's the best way to *Turnham Green*."

A few days afterward Goldsmith thought to palm the *bon-mot* off as his own: therefore, calling the waiter to him, he pointed to the peas, which were very far from green, and told him to take them to Hammersmith.

"Why?" asked the other. "Because that is the way to *make 'em* green."

As the point of the joke was lost, nobody laughed, whereby Goldsmith said in an angry tone, "Why don't you laugh? That was an excellent joke when I heard it a week ago, and I laughed heartily at it."

Nature is like a baby. There is always a squall when its face is washed.

DEATHS OF ENGLISH KINGS AND QUEENS.—William the Conquerer died from his enormous fat, from drink and from the violence of his passions.

William Rufus died the death of the poor stags he hunted.

Henry the First died of gluttony.

Henry the Second died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children.

Richard Cœur de Lion died like the animal from which his heart was named; by an arrow from an archer.

John died nobody knows how, but it is said of chagrin, which we suppose is another term for a dose of hellebore.

Henry the Third is said to have died a natural death.

Edward the First is likewise said to have died of a 'natural sickness' which it would puzzle all of the college of physicians to denominate.

Edward the Second was most barbarously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own mother and her paramour.

Edward the Third died of dotage.

Richard the Second died of starvation, the very reverse of George the Fourth.

Henry the Fourth is said to have died "of fits, caused by uneasiness," and uneasiness in palaces in those times was a very common complaint.

Henry the Fifth is said to have died "of a painful affliction, prematurely." This is a courtly phrase for getting rid of a king.

Edward the Fifth was strangled in the tower by his uncle, Richard the Third.

Richard the Third was killed in battle.

Henry the Sixth died in prison: by means known then only to his jailor; and known now only to heaven.

Henry the Seventh wasted away as a miser ought to do.

Henry the Eighth died of carbuncles, fat and fury.

Edward the Sixth died of a decline.

Queen Mary is said to have died of a "broken heart," whereas she died of a surfeit, eating too much black pudding.

Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy, from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies.

James the First died of drinking.

Charles the First died on the scaffold.

Charles the Second died suddenly, it is said of apoplexy.

William the Third died from consumptive habits of body, and from the stumbling of his horse.

Queen Anne died from her attachment to "strong water," or, in other words, from drunkenness, which the physicians politely called the dropsy.

George the First died of drunkenness, which his physicians has politely called apoplectic fit.

George the Second died of a rupture of the heart, which the physicians of that day termed "a visitation of God." It is the only instance in which God ever touched his heart.

George the Third died as he lived, a madman. Throughout life he was at least a consistent monarch.

George the Fourth died of gluttony and drunkenness.

William the Fourth died amidst the sympathies of his subjects.

☞ "I trust everything under God," said Lord Brougham, "to habit, upon which, in all ages, the law-giver, as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course.—Make sobriety a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of a child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of our lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth, of carefully respecting the property of others, of scrupulously abstaining from all improvidence that can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe as of lying or cheating or swearing."

PLAIN TALK.—The celebrated Dr. John Brown, of Haddington, England, was, in his day, which was before the growth of theological seminaries, a great educator of young men for the ministry. It was his custom, on receiving a new lot; thus to address them: "Gentlemen, ye need three things to make ye good ministers; ye need learning and grace and common sense. As for the learning, I'll try to set ye in the way of it; as for the grace, ye must always pray for it; but if ye have na brought the common sense with ye, ye may go about your business."

☞ There may be, and there often is indeed, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes only a weak pride, as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises an habitual avarice or hides the workings of low and groveling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart.—*Daniel Webster.*

☞ An old writer asks: "Oh, Death, where is sting?" The world's collection of literature may be searched, but the same question will never be found addressed to a wasp.

A colored postmaster is now called a Black mailer.

A very narrow aperture—the crack of a whip.