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WIDOW SIMPSON'S SPOONS.

A CAPITAL STORY.

The parish of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, ought to be reckoned among the classic spots of Scotland, inasmuch as it formed part of the dowry which Robert Bruce bestowed upon his eldest daughter Margery, when she married Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, and thus became the progenitrix of the royal and unlucky house of Stuart.—Lying midway between Edinburg and Glasgow, those rival queens of the East and West, but out of the common track of travel, it has been for ages a pastoral parish, of small and rather backward farms. Of late years coal has been found there; and steam and trade, which bid fair to leave the world no rustic corner, are rapidly turning it into a mining district, which nobody thought of about the time of the general peace, when Bathgate lived on its own oats and barley, wore its own hodden gray, and had two subjects of interest—the corn market and the kirk session.

Among its peaceable and industrious population there was one dame, who, though neither the wealthiest nor the best born, stood in her own esteem, above all but the laird and the minister; and her style and title was the Widow Simpson. This lady valued herself—not on the farm left her by the good man who had departed this life some seven years before the commencement of our story, for its acres were few and they consisted of half reclaimed moorland—not on her grown-up son Robin, although he was counted a likely and a sensible lad—not on her own thrifty house-keeping, though it was known to be on the tight screw principle—but on the possession of a dozen silver teaspoons. Her account of them was that they belonged to the Young Chevalier, and had been bestowed upon her grandfather in return for entertaining that claimant to the British throne on his march from Culloden—in proof of which she was accustomed to point out a half obliterated crest and the initials C S. with which they were marked. The widow's neighbors, however, had a different tale regarding their coming into the family. It was to the effect that her grandfather who kept a small inn somewhere in Fife, had bought them from an ill doing laird for three gallons of Highland whisky, and bestowed them on his granddaughter, as the one of his family most likely to hold fast to such an important acquisition.

In the family resided, in the capacity of a help, one Nancy Campbell, a girl of about nineteen, who was suspected of having taken a fancy to Robin, who reciprocated the sentiment Nothing, however, would soften the heart of the widow, as regards a match, until at last the following event occurred, and caused her to give way. About the haymaking time, a distant and comparatively rich relation was expected to call and take tea that evening, on his way from Linlithgow. It was not often that this rich relative honored her house with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson determined that nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy, touching the care she should take in brightening them up. While this operation was being conducted in the kitchen in the midst of one of those uncertain days which vary the northern June, a sudden darkening of the sky announced the approach of a heavy rain. The hay was dry and ready for housing. Robin and two men were busy gathering it in; but the great drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and with the instinct of crop-preservation, forth rushed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons half scoured on the kitchen table. In her rapid exit, the girl had forgotten to latch the door. The weasel and the kite were the only depredators known about the moorland farm; but while they all occupied the hayfield, who should come that way but Geordy Wilson.

Well, the kitchen door was open, and Geordy stepped in He banged the settle with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat, which sat purring on the window seat, and at length discovered that there was nobody within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected that day, the rain was growing heavier, some of the hay must be wet, and Mrs. Simpson would return in bad humor. But two objects powerfully arrested Geordy's attention: one was the broth-pot boiling on the fire, and the silver spoons scattered on the table. Bending over the former, Geordy took a considerable sniff, gave the ingredients a stir with the pot-stick, and muttered "very thin." His proceeding with regard to the latter must remain unmentioned; but half an hour after, when he was safely ensconced in a farm house a mile off, the family were driven within doors by the increasing storm, they found everything as it had been left—the broth on the fire, the cat on the window-seat, the whting on the flannel on the table, but not a spoon was there.

"Whar's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire drying their wet garments. Nobody could tell. Nancy had left them on the table when she ran to the hay. No one had been in the house they were certain, for nothing had been disturbed. The drawer was pulled out and the empty stocking was exhibited. Every shelf, every corner was searched but to no purpose; the spoons had disappeared, and the state of the farmhouse may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, searching and scolding. Robin, Nancy and the farm-men were despatched in different directions, as soon as the rain abated, to advertise the neighbors, under the superstition that some stroling beggar or gipsey might have carried off the treasure and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish.—Nobody had thought of Geordy Wilson; he had not been spied from the hayfield; his circuits were wide; his visits to any house were not frequent; and if he eschewed widow Simpson's from the day of her loss, it was believed Geordy knew that neither her temper nor her liberality would be improved by that circumstance. Lost spoons they were, beyond doubt, and the widow bid fair to lose her senses. The rich relation came at the appointed time, and had such a tea, that he vowed never to trust himself again in the house of his entertainer. But the search went on! rabbit holes were looked into for the missing silver, and active boys were bribed to turn out magpies' nests.—Wells and barns in the neighborhood were explored. The criers of the three nearest parishes were employed to proclaim the loss; it was regularly advertised at kirk gate and market place; and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting a search warrant for the beggar's meal pouch. Bathgate was alarmed through all its borders concerning the spoons; but when almost a month wore away, and nothing could be heard of them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, barns and magpies to light on poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons, and left the house last: silver could not leave the table without hands. It was true that Nancy had always borne an unblemished character; but such spoons were not met with every day, and Mrs. Simpson was determined to have them back in her stocking.

After sundry hints of increasing breadth to Robin, who could not help thinking that his mother was losing her judgment, she one day plunged the charge, to the utter amazement and dismay of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to her own. Though poor and an orphan, Nancy had some honest pride; she immediately turned out the whole contents of her kist, (box) unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence, and ran, with tears in her eyes, to tell the minister.

As was then common in the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes which might have employed the writers and puzzled the magistrates were referred to his arbitration, and thus law suits and scandal prevented. The minister had heard, as who in Bathgate had not? of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest of the parish, he thought it very strange; but Nancy Campbell was one of the most serious and exemplary girls in his congregation—he could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true; yet the peculiarities of the case demanded investigation. With some difficulty the minister persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message to the effect that he and two of his elders who happened to reside in the neighborhood would come over the following evening and hear what could be said on both sides, and if possible, clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased at the minister and his elders' coming to inquire after her spoons. She put on her best *mutch*—that is to say cap—prepared her best speeches, and enlisted some of the most religious of her neighbors to assist in the investigation.

Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer sun was wearing low and the field work was over—they were all assembled in the clean scoured kitchen, the minister, elders and neighbors, soberly listening to Mrs. Simpson's testimony touching her lost silver, Nancy, Robin and the farm men sitting by till their turn came, when the door, which had been left half open to admit the breeze—for the evening was sultry—was quietly pushed aside, and in slid Geordy Wilson, with his usual accompaniments of staff and wallett.

"There's nae room for you here, Geordy," said the widow, "we're on weighty business."

"Well, mem," said Geordy, turning to depart, "it's of nae consequence. I only came to speak about your spoons."

"Hae ye heard o' them?" cried Mrs Simpson, bouncing from her seat.

"I couldna miss bein' blessed wi' the precious gift o' hearin'; and what's better I saw them," said Geordy.

"Saw them, Gordey? Whar are they? and here's a whole shilling for ye," and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather an old glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.

"Weel," said Geordy, "I stepped in one day, and seein' the silver unguarded, I thought some ill guided body might covet it, and jist laid it by, I may say, amang the leaves o' that Bible, thinkin' you would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read."

Before Geordy had finished his revelation, Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly displayed but never opened Bible, and interspersed between lay the dozen of long sought spoons.

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The neighbors laughed outright when the draft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them all that he kenned Mrs. Simpson read her Bible so often, the spoons would be sure to turn up. Geordy got many a basin of broth, and many a luncheon of bread and cheese on account of that transaction, with which he amused all the firesides of the parish. Mrs. Simpson was struck dumb even from scolding.

The discovery put an end to her ostentatious professions, and it may be hoped, turned her attention more to practice. By way of making amend for her unjust imputations on Nancy Campbell, she consented to receive her as a daughter-in-law within the same year; and it is said there was peace ever after in the farm house; but the good people of Bathgate, when discussing a character of more pretence than performance, still refer to widow Simpson.

FROM FREDERICKSBURG!

THE GREAT BATTLE OF SATURDAY.

Correspondence of the New York Herald

FREDERICKSBURG, Va, Dec. 13.

The occupation of Fredericksburg having been successfully accomplished, the next move was to drive the rebels from their strongholds in the rear of the city. The lines of the rebels, which extended in the form of a semicircle from Port Royal to a point six miles above Fredericksburg, were strongly fortified and protected by a range of high hills Stonewall Jackson occupied the right wing, extending from Port Royal to Guinney's Station, (a station on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad.) General Longstreet the center, extending to the Telegraph Road, and Generals Lee and Stuart the left, west of Massaponax Creek, while General A. P. Hill's corps acted as a reserve. Lee's reason for occupying the left was because he could be on his guard against Sigel, who threatened to outflank him by way of Culpepper. The entire rebel force was estimated at 200,000 men, and occupied a front of not less than twenty miles. The troops were for the most part veterans who had fought through all the Peninsula campaign, while the officers were the ablest that the South could produce.—It was no mean enemy we had to contend with. I assure you.

The disposition of the Union forces occupied the whole of Friday night and Saturday morning, and, as Gen. Burnside was anxious to commence the attack at as early an hour as possible, there was not much chance for the troops to rest themselves. A few stragglers, it is true, managed to sneak away for the purpose of pillaging, but the great mass of the soldiers were constantly under arms. Gen. Burnside was in the city all night, personally inspecting the troops and directing their movements. It was arranged that Gen. Franklin's corps should cross the river two miles below the city, with the view of turning the enemy's position on Massaponax creek, while Hooker would engage the rebels near the center, and Sumner would turn their right. By this arrangement it will be seen that Franklin was opposed to Stonewall Jackson, while Gen. Hooker and Sumner attacked the center and left of the rebels under Longstreet and Lee.

The eventful morning came, and with it a dense fog, which obscured the movements of the enemy. The balloon was sent up just before daylight, but in consequence of the fog no observation could be had. However, the disposition of the Union forces had been made, and Gen. Burnside determined to commence operations, fog or no fog.

THE LEFT.

Franklin moved his column, consisting of the First and Sixth corps, just before sunrise, his right resting on the outskirts of the city, his center advanced a mile or so from the river, and his left resting on the Rappahannock about three miles below. Skirmishing commenced a few minutes after daylight on the extreme left. A rebel battery opened on our troops, and the fire became so annoying that the 9th Regiment New York State militia were ordered to charge and take the cannon at the point of the bayonet. The order was obeyed with alacrity, but after a fierce struggle the charging party were compelled to fall back. At this critical moment Gen. Tyler, perceiving the disorder into which the 9th New York were thrown, came to their aid with a brigade. The 9th were quickly rallied, and assisted by Tyler's brigade, another attempt was made to storm the rebel batteries, but without success. The fight now became general on the extreme left, and another desperate effort was made to capture the rebel battery by Gen. Tyler's brigade; but the fire of the rebels was so withering in its effect that our brave fellows were unable to gain any advantage. Each charge thinned the ranks at a fearful rate, and the chances of capturing that much-coveted battery appeared no better than at first. By noon the whole of Franklin's corps was engaged with the enemy, and a desperate effort was made to turn the enemy's position on the Massaponax, and drive him beyond the creek. General Franklin commanded the movement in person, and handled his troops with remarkable judgment. The rebels maintained possession of some small hills with their usual stubbornness, but gradually fell back as the Union troops evinced a determination to go forward. During the afternoon the rebels came to a stand, and for a time assumed the offensive; but as they advanced to meet us they were bravely met and repulsed with heavy loss. It was at this time that some three hundred of Hill's command fell into our hands and were conducted to the rear as prisoners. Still the enemy contested every foot of the ground, and it was only by dint of the hardest kind of fighting that he could be compelled to change his position.

It was during the heat of this engagement that the gallant Bayard was mortally wounded. He was conversing with Gen. Franklin, when a cannon ball struck him in the hip and threw him clean out of the saddle. Poor Bayard, he never dreamt of danger in the thickest of the battle, and never lost his courage even when his leg was amputated. The surgeons say that he cannot survive many days, and that the operation they have performed can only prolong his agony a short while.—But I am digressing from main facts.

The obstinacy with which the rebels held possession of their ground rendered Gen Franklin's task a very difficult one indeed. He had to cope with Stonewall Jackson and the veterans of Cedar Mountain, Bull Run and Antietam—troops who understood their business thoroughly, and were not to be scared by trifles. Hence the task of turning the rebels' position on the Massaponax was no ordinary one. Still the Union commander was not discouraged; he had driven the enemy back several rods and was determined to drive them further. Old Stonewall had met his match this time, and, notwithstanding his troops fought with their usual bravery, they were gradually pushed southward. At sundown Franklin had succeeded in driving the enemy nearly a mile, and his troops occupied the field during the remainder of the night. The movement on the left was a complete success, although to-morrow is required for finishing up the job. The casualties on both sides were very numerous. Among those who were wounded were Captain Hendrickson, commanding Ninth New York State militia, and Captain Hartt, Assistant Surgeon General to General Tyler.

Reynolds' corps advanced ere the dense fog had lifted itself from the river banks, and about nine o'clock the enemy's infantry were engaged.—The opposing columns had fairly got to work when the rebel artillery commenced playing upon us through the fog. The shots were all aimed at random, however, and produced but little effect. Notwithstanding the view was so obscured, the rebel artillerists kept up the cannonade for several hours, and, as peal after peal rang through the air, the effect was terribly sublime.—The fire was returned by our batteries in gallant style, and for hours nothing but the deafening roar of artillery could be heard on all sides. Up to noon, when the fog cleared off and the balloonists were enabled to get a glance at the enemy's works, the fight was an artillery one, and productive of no very important result on either side.—As soon as the sunshine showed itself, however, the infantry were brought into play and the work commenced in real earnest. Gens. Mead and Gibbon's divisions encountered the right of Gen. A. P. Hill's command and Longstreet's veterans.

The fight raged furiously during the entire day, and our troops suffered terribly from the enemy's artillery. The enemy were posted behind hills in great strength, and at one time it seemed impossible to dislodge them. About noon Gen. Gibbon was relieved by Gen. Doubleday's command. Gen. Meigs, who was fighting against superior odds, was also re-enforced by Gen. Stoneman's command, which had the effect of checking the rebels and driving them back a short distance. It was in the midst of this struggle that Gen Gibbon was wounded and partially disabled. He kept the field, however, during the remainder of the day, and won many laurels by his brilliant conduct. General McClellan's indorsement of Gibbon's dash and ability has been fully borne out by the result of the day's fighting. During the afternoon General Newton's division was moved up to the left of the center, when the firing, which had ceased in that part of the field, broke out again with redoubled fury. Our troops were here exposed to a plunging fire from the enemy's artillery, which was posted on the neighboring hills, and for a short time the Union soldiers were opposed to a destructive fire. Our artillery returned the fire with deadly effect; and immortalized themselves by their accuracy of aim and unwavering courage.

THE RIGHT.

Consisting of the Seventh and Ninth Corps, under General Sumner, earned imperishable honors, and, as the list of the killed and wounded will testify, the laurels we won at a fearful cost.—The action on the right commenced about ten o'clock and raged furiously all day long. The enemy occupied the woods and hills in the rear of the city, and in point of advantage the odds were decidedly in their favor. The courage of the Union troops was unbounded, however, and every inch of the ground was hotly contested. It soon became evident that the first ridge of hills on which the enemy were posted behind earthworks, could not be carried except at the point of the bayonet, and accordingly Gen. Sumner ordered French's division to charge upon the batteries. General Howard's division acted as a support, and the troops sprang forward to obey the order with much enthusiasm. By this time the atmosphere was clear, except from the smoke of artillery, and a great view could be had of the rebels position and the country adjoining. It was a great sight to see that devoted column,

"Seeking the bubble reputation e'en at the cannon's mouth."

Steadily they marched across the plain, and never faltered until they were within a dozen yards of the ridge, when suddenly they were met by a galling fire from the rebel infantry, who were posted behind a stone wall. For a few moments the head of the column exhibited some confusion; but, quickly formed into line, they retired back to a ravine, within musket shot of the enemy. Here the Union troops were reenforced by a fresh body of infantry, who advanced to the assistance of their comrades in splendid style, notwithstanding large gaps were made in their ranks at every step. The re-enforcements having arrived, and the line of assault being again formed, the order "Double quick, with fixed bayonets!" was given, and once more the column advanced to dislodge the rebel artillery.

From the moment the storming party left the ravine up to the time they reached the foot of the hill they were exposed to the hottest fire of the enemy. The concentrated fire of Lee's artillery and infantry rained upon their devoted heads in a manner truly terrific. No troops however disciplined and brave, could withstand the shock, and after suffering terribly our soldiers were thrown into disorder and brought to a sudden halt. At this juncture the center of the column gave way and fled in dismay, but they were afterwards rallied and brought back. A second and third attempt was made to dislodge the rebel artillerists, but in vain, and at each attempt the ranks of the storming party grew thinner and thinner. Sumner now brought all his available artillery into use, hoping to shell the rebels out, and from that time until dark the roar of cannon was incessant. The rebels, who had been driven back a short distance during the day, returned to their original position when night came, so that we were unable to remove our dead.—Several attempts were made to remove the bodies during the night, but the rebels opened upon us with their infantry and compelled us to desist. All our wounded were removed, however, and such of the dead as were not within musket range of the rebels were buried.

THE CENTER.

The Third and Fith army corps, under Gen Hooker, formed the center and co-operated with Sumner's column during the battle. Gen. Burnside was anxious that a movement should be made as early as possible, and accordingly at the break of day the troops commenced to move toward the enemy's earthworks. The men were full of hope and confident of success, and they filed out of the city in splendid order. Skirmishing commenced shortly after daylight, and in a short time afterward the rebel artillery commenced playing upon us through the fog.—The firing was so inaccurate, however, that our troops paid but little attention to it, and kept pressing on regardless of the deadly missiles which were flying through the air. By and by our artillery responded, and for hours a most terrific cannonade was kept up on both sides. The enemy's position was one of exceeding strength, and appeared to be invulnerable to our artillery, notwithstanding our guns were excellently handled. About noon, the infantry, who had been waiting for the fog to clear off, advanced for the purpose of storming the enemy's position on the hill. Confident of victory, the troops marched steadily up to within musket-shot of the batteries; but a murderous fire from the rebel riflemen, added to the fury of the cannonade, compelled our men to fall back with heavy loss.—The attempt to carry the rebel batteries was repeated again in the afternoon, and the attacking party, strongly reenforced, started on the "double-quick;" but the enemy, who was also heavily re-enforced, proved too much for us.—All along the line the battle raged with unusual fireness, and when night came it was hard to say who were the victors. Of the killed and wounded there were probably as many on the side of the rebels as on ours. No correct estimate can be formed of the loss in Hooker's corps, but it was pretty heavy. The firing of musketry ceased about half-past five o'clock, but the rebels continued to cannonade the city until long after dark. They evidently intend to shell us out of our position in Fredericksburg; but thus far they have been unsuccessful.

THE RESULT

of the day's fight proves conclusively enough that the enemy's position is one of great strength, and that it will require a desperate effort on the part of General Burnside to drive him from his stronghold. General Franklin appears to have been the only one who has effected any important result, and to-morrow he may succeed in turning Stonewall Jackson's position on the Massaponax. General Burnside is confident of success, and is busily engaged in making arrangements for a renewal of the battle to morrow. During the fight nothing was seen of General D. H. Hill's command, and much anxiety is created as to its whereabouts. It is supposed by many that Hill has gone to intercept Sigel, who is probably on his way to Culpepper, and by others that he may be working around in our rear.

General Jackson, of the Pennsylvania Reserves, and Lieutenant Colonel Dickinson, Fourth United States Artillery, were both killed. Gens. Vinton, Kimball, Caldwell, and Campbell were wounded, but none of them seriously. Major Jennings of the Twenty-sixth New York Volunteers, and Col. Sinclair of the Pennsylvania Reserves, are also among the wounded.

FROM THE FRONTIER ARMY

BATTLE AT PRAIRIE GROVE.

A BRILLIANT VICTORY—THE REBELS TERRIBLY CUT UP—1,500 BURIED BY OUR TROOPS—TOTAL REBEL LOSS, 2,500; UNION LOSS, 995—HINDMAN DRIVEN BEYOND VAN BUREN—LIVELY CAMPAIGN IN PROGRESS.

FAYETTEVILLE, ARK., Dec. 15, via ELKHORN, Dec. 17.—The following additional particulars of the battle of Prairie Grove have been received:

The official report puts the loss in killed and wounded, in Gen. Herron's command, at 843; in Gen. Blunt's at 152; total, 995. The latest accounts increase the rebel loss to 2,700 killed and wounded, and nearly 6,000 by desertion.

Thirty-five commissioned officers of Gen. Herron's command were killed or wounded. According to latest information by spies, Hindman is on the south side of the Arkansas river with all his infantry and artillery. Marmaduke is on the north side with a heavy cavalry force. Our outposts are within twenty miles of Van Buren. The forage south of Boston Mountains is said to be entirely consumed. Great activity prevails in the Federal army, and a campaign of much interest is on the tapis. Gen. Herron had only 3,500 men in the battle, the remainder of his force failing to come up on account of excessive fatigue.

Major Hubbard, 1st Mo. Cavalry, who was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy on the day of the battle, counted twenty-two regiments of infantry, ten regiments of cavalry, and twenty-two pieces of artillery on the retreat.

Hindman yesterday had the impudence, by a flag of truce, to request the privilege to send a topographical engineer, to make a drawing of the battlefield of Prairie Grove and its approaches. Gen Blunt replied he would grant the request when he was allowed to send an engineer to make a survey of Van Buren and its surroundings.

ST. LOUIS, Dec 17.—Gen Herron telegraphs Gen. Curtis that the victory of Prairie Grove was much more complete, and the enemy's loss far greater, that a first reported. Over 1,500 rebels were killed and buried by us there. The wounded were found scattered through the woods for miles in the rear of their position, where they had been carried during the action, and left when they retreated. Many, consequently, died for want of attention.

Our cavalry pursued the retreating rebels closely, driving them beyond Van Buren.

The position and condition of our forces are excellent. The campaign has been most brilliant, reflecting great credit on the officers and men of the Army of the Frontier.

A STRING OF HOME TRUTHS.—The New York Times makes out quite a wholesome sermon on the following:

It is one of the worst annoyances of poverty, that it debars a man from many privileges, which at first glance, seem to be his exclusively. A rich man can afford to dress more shabbily than a poor one. A wealthy merchant can afford to wear a shabby coat but his clerk on three hundred a year, must wear one of the latest style, and having the exactest fit. A man owning a block of city houses can afford to rent the upper story of one cheaper than any of his own, for his family residence, but the penniless neighbor must take the whole house, have his name on the door plate, and nobody else's sign on front or give up his hopes of getting into business. A banker's wife can afford to receive calls in a six-penny dress, but the lady of our friend, whose only earthly means are his salary of one thousand per annum, must not be seen in her parlor but in silk, or something equally costly. An heiress goes into the country with a three shilling bonnet, and looks so neat and lovely, without a grain of jewelry about her, while the journeyman milliner must wear her four dollar bonnet, and be loaded with golden ornaments, all to come out of her three dollar wages per week.—A rich man may amuse himself, of a morning, playing the water upon his sidewalks and the plants in his yard.—If we, in our mediocrity, if not in our poverty do it, we must rise with the sun, and be through with the refreshing exercise before our neighbor looks through his front door, or we are degraded to the level of a "man servant."

Your millionaire can refuse to subscribe to a benevolent effort; and we are mean if we decline. If he gives of his income a fraction whose numerator is a unit and its denominator a sum larger than ever was entered on our account books, he is applauded.—When we give to the amount of the hundreth part of our salary, we are ashamed. A doctor of divinity can afford to wear a shocking bad hat; the young licentiate must always sport a new one, and one not bought in the Bowery, either. A wealthy physician can afford to make his call on foot, as Dr. John M. Good did when his practice amounted to more than $10,000 per annum, or avail himself of an omnibus when it is on his route. The young and unknown physician, who feels that he is as rich as Croesus, in the remote prospect of $4,000, must make his calls in a gig, or cease to attend the patron out of whom he confidently expects to get one quarter of that very respectable amount of money. A lawyer in good practice can afford to walk leisurely across the Park. A young and briefless limb of the law must always carry a package tied with tape, always look heated, perplexed and overrun with buisness.

HOW A LAWYER headed off a DRAFT COMMISSIONER.—Says the Reading (Pa.) Times: It is well known that Commissioner Knobb was very precise and exact in his proceedings; always keeping an eye to the interests of the country, while dealing honorably with all. Now it happened that among the able-bodied men drafted from one of the Heidelbergs there was an obese specimen of humanity, but whom the chances hit as one of the elect. When he received his "ticked for soup," he hastened to Reading, and knowing where lived the cutest specimen of a lawyer, he went straight to his office. Says he:

"I'm drafted!"

"The deuce you are; it must have been a strong man that drafted you."

"Well, I'm drafted, and won't to get out. Can't march. I'll pay well."

"Very well."

The twain proceeded to the office of the Commissioner.

"Here," said the lawyer, "Commissioner, I have got a substitute."

Commissioner looked at the wheezy specimen for some time. "He won't do; can't march."

"But he must do," blustered out the lawyer; "and you know he will."

"He can't march; he *won't do*, and I can't take him."

This was what our smart friend wanted.

"He won't do, eh?"

"No, he *won't*."

"Well, then, scratch his name off the list; he is drafted and wants to be exempt!"

The Commissioner looked at the lawyer for about a minute; then regarded the fat draft, and without speaking a word, scratched off his name.

MAXIMS OF WASHINGTON.—Use not reproachful language against any one, neither curses or revilings.

Be not too hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any one.

Go not thither when you know not whether you will be welcomed or not.

In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than to procure admiration.

Associate yourself only with men of good quality, if you esteem your reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Use not base and frivolous things against grown and learned men, nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is the sign of a tractable and commendable spirit; and in cases of passion admit reason to govern.

BE GENTLEMEN AT HOME.—There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing a license for impoliteness. A husband, or father, or brother will speak harsh words to those he loves the best, and those who love him best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely at times to his wife or sister than he would dare to any other female except a low and vicious one. Things ought not so to be. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearth, is a small coward and a very mean man. Kind words are the circulating medium between true gentlemen and true ladies at home; and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.