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ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

A few short years ago, St. Mary's Academy, of Bryantown, was a flourishing Institution, and many of the refined and accomplished ladies of Charles county, look back with pleasure upon the halcyon days of girlhood which were passed within the precincts of old St. Mary's Academy.

With the untimely demise of one of the Misses Martin, and the departure of the other, began the decadence of the Institution, until at present it lives only in the grateful hearts of its devoted pupils.

St. Mary's School of long ago! Oh! how the feelings rush and flow! As backward turning memory dwells On scenes long past, and on the smiles of friends departed, pleasures gone, And friends left sleeping here alone, And as I gaze upon the scene, And view the wreck of what has been, The tears unbidden start and flow, Recalling times of long ago.

St. Mary's School of long ago! Through the greeting, "welcome glow, And nestled close to me, I heard the babbling of the rill, That laughing ran the meadow through, And moistened the soil of the hill, Beneath the drooping willow's shade, And kissed the footprints scholars made, In the halcyon days of long ago.

St. Mary's School of long ago! How many yet survive to know The changes Time's unsparring hand Has made in girlhood's glory and? How many yet delight to trace, With feelings Time cannot efface, The line of friendship's path here, The bond of affection claimed as dear, When youthful bosoms all aglow Loved youthful hearts of long ago?

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as they style it, to be the occasion of a gathering of my friends. And now, I shall introduce Mr. Charles Lester, who desires to make a statement for himself, and if he can speak in public as well as as fluently as he can in private, he will tell you all he wants to say, and tell it nicely too.

"That is the way Col Spalding always does, my friends," said Lester, stepping gracefully upon the platform, "my lady friends and gentlemen, my friends, my young friends and old friends.

"He never does anything by halves, and when he pays a compliment, he pours on the oil and rubs it in. I shall try to say, what I want to say, and it is this. I had the rare good fortune at college to obtain the friendship of Mr. Edward Loudoun, of Virginia, and that friendship, formed in the halcyon years of our boyhood, has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength, till now, in early manhood, we can complacently review the past, and congratulate ourselves that the tie of affection has grown the stronger with the lapse of years.

"I Loudoun is here in Charles county at my invitation,—he is my guest for the summer. I don't know, but they say, that in nature, the ivy clings to the oak,—that the darling little violet seeks the shelter of the towering sun-flower, that the tender lambkin will seek the company to claim the protection of the horned cattle, and the sturdy ox,—and so, I suppose, it is with us human beings, cast in a superior mould, that the weaker instinctively seeks the stronger,—the less steady look for the company and support of those gifted with more energy and endowed with more force of intellect and will.

"Be this as it may, philosophers tell us, that contraries seek contraries, and there is no harmony without variety. "And so, I fancy it is, in my case and that of my friend, Mr. Edward Loudoun. Two contraries meet here and adhere together, and the effect produced is a specimen of real friendship. I am stupid and he is talented, I am lazy and he is industrious, and so on through the contraries. There is one thing, in which we do not differ, however, ladies and gentlemen, and that is the sincere regard and lasting friendship we entertain for each other.

"I am the innocent cause of this gathering here to-day, I flattered Miss Spalding to crown the victor in the race at Kinderhook, with that crimson scarf of hers, and I really expected to be crowned, I did not anticipate being beaten, but as I cannot myself enjoy the honor of wearing on my neck that crimson emblem of victory, I am sure, please unalloyed to know, that the honor is to be conferred on my old, tried, esteemed and devoted friend, Mr. Edward Loudoun, of Fauquier county, Virginia, whom I now have the pleasure of presenting to you," and Lester taking Loudoun's hand, escorted him to the platform.

"There are occasions in the lives of all of us, ladies and gentlemen," said Loudoun, "when language is inadequate to convey the feelings, that well up in our overcharged hearts, when the simplicity of silence is an oration more powerful than the most elegant flights of practical fancy, adorned with the most attractive ornaments of rhetoric.

"Such to me is the present occasion. When I look around me, and behold, for the first time in my life, a gathering of the distinguished residents of old Charles county, and see the encouraging smiles of hearty welcome, with which they greet a stranger from a stranger State,—when I reflect on the noble sentiments of hospitality and friendship, uttered just now in my behalf by Col. Spalding and Mr. Lester, I cannot but feel, that my lot has been cast in pleasant places, and that my exalted anticipations of old Maryland's hospitality and old Maryland's generosity have been more than realized. I feel no longer as a stranger. I feel that I am at home, and I am more than ever convinced of the truth of my theory, that noble hearts will beat in noble bosoms in throbs responsive to the beatings of noble hearts, meet they in the frozen wilds of snow-clad Siberia or in the balmy regions of the sunny South.

"I am not the hero, that my friend Lester would portray me, I am simply a Virginia gentleman, striving to do a Virginia gentleman's duty. I am proud of the friendship of such a noble, manly and warm hearted man as Mr. Lester. In the generosity of his magnanimous heart, he undervalues himself and over-estimates me. He knows not himself, but I know him,—I understand him,—and I fully appreciate the rarity and the value of such a friendship as his.

"To him I owe the pleasure of being here to-day, and to him am I indebted for the extraordinary honor about to be conferred upon me. 'Tis sweet to win the flattering smiles and generous encomiums of the beautiful ladies, and it is sweeter far to wear the emblem of Knighthood, when that emblem has been bestowed by the delicate hands of the gentle queen of beauty," and as Loudoun took his seat, the audible murmurs of approbation denoted the effect produced upon the audience by his remarks.

Col. Spalding and his dignified and accomplished wife then advanced to the platform, and took their places by the side of Miss Louisa, who appeared calm, sedate and exquisitely beautiful. Her brunette style of beauty was elegantly set off by a rich, white satin dress. No gold or silver ornaments encircled her neck or be-

docted her head. A few white roses, in her glossy hair, and a blushing rose on her breast were the only ornaments she wore.

Nature had done wonders for her, and no efforts of art could add beauty to nature's *chef d'oeuvre*.

"Et verba patuit Dea," could have been aptly applied to her, as she moved before her father's guests, with crimson scarf in hand, the emblem of victory won, and the token of friendship bestowed.

Messrs Lester and Loudoun, with Major and Carrington, their competitors in the race, on either side of them, then advanced to the foot of the platform.

When Loudoun had approached within three feet of the platform, he paused. Lester, who was acting as Grand Marshal, then cried out: "Advance, Sir Knight, and receive from the presiding queen of beauty the reward of thy skill, and the token of thy fealty to the claims of wit and beauty."

Loudoun then bowed, first to the assembly on the right, then to those on the left, then to the dignitaries on the platform; and advancing, threw himself on one knee, at the feet of Miss Spalding, and gracefully bowed his head.

Miss Spalding, like a princess of the olden times, holding the scarf in her left hand, with her right hand extended towards Loudoun, spoke; and the musical tones of her silvery voice, fell upon the ears of her listeners, like the melody of the laughing waters of the rippling mountain brook.

"It affords us rare pleasure, gentlemen, as representative, however unworthy, of the grace and the loveliness of the gentler sex, who have deputed us to act for them on the present occasion, to bestow the meed of reward and crown with the emblem of victory, the gallant champion, who has, in fair and manly contest, surpassed his generous rivals; and gracefully bending her sylph-like form, she placed the crimson scarf on the neck of Loudoun, who, standing erect, drew up his manly form to its full height, and with the easy dignity that so well became him, said:

"Many thanks gracious queen of beauty for your extraordinary condescension and graceful compliment. I would it were so, that like the successful knights, in the olden times of chivalry, I might wear this emblem, not only as a trophy of victory won, but as a treasure as a guardian of favors to be granted and still greater triumphs to be achieved in a more attractive field of rivalry.

"And I beg to say in conclusion, that this bright scarf which now encircles my neck, will have leave to blush a deeper crimson, if by any act of mine, it shall ever have cause to regret that it has been transferred from the possession of its former wearer, and I shall treasure it as a memento of the halcyon past and wear it as a talisman against the ills of adversity and the bullets of fortune."

Mr. Carrington, who was a fine specimen of the species gentleman, turned and bowed politely to the assemblage, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, my friend Major and myself did our utmost to win the race; but had we known of the distinguished additional honor to be conferred upon the winner, we should, if possible, have redoubled our exertions to win such a prize. As it is, we shall be the first to congratulate Mr. Loudoun on the trophy of his victory and the badge of his royalty to the blameworthy of the gentler sex; and so saying he seized Loudoun's hand in a cordial grasp.

This was the signal for a general throwing off of restraint and ceremony, and Loudoun was introduced by Carrington and Major to each of the story crowd of Marylanders, who were not yet acquainted. Charlie in the meanwhile, was performing the like duty for Miss Spalding, and in a few moments all were acquainted, and all were chatting and laughing with that complete abandon and mutual confidence, which characterize the private social gatherings among the people of lower Maryland.

Dinner was soon announced. Col. Plunkett led the way with Mrs. Spalding, and the Colonel followed with Mrs. Plunkett. After the older members had filed off, the younger portion of the guests took up the line of procession headed by Miss Lou and Loudoun.

The merry party enjoyed themselves hugely. Fun flew fast and lively and the sparkling of the champagne was rivaled by the frequent sallies of wit, Col. Spalding knew how to choose his company when he gave a party, and understood well the art of entertaining his guests.

Lester was in his element, and even the sedate Loudoun astonished his friends by his ready *reperte* and his pleasant sarcasm.

Neale, Gardiner and Lester repeated the story of the fracas at Kinderhook and the subsequent midnight encounter, omitting by agreement, all allusion to young Mr. Gaddis, and the story grew so rapidly, each repetition, so well did the narrators draw upon their ardent imaginations, that Loudoun was fairly at a loss to understand that he had been an actor in it all. He was evidently the lion of the evening, and it was his friend Lester's intention not to suffer, by any lack of effort on his part, any diminution of his reputation already acquired by his friend.

The hour after dinner was devoted to promenading and love-making by the young ladies and their beaux. Miss Lou and Loudoun had strayed, inadvertently of course, a distance from the rest of the group. This was

an occasion, for which Loudoun had been eagerly longing, and he determined to avail himself of it.

The moon was shining brightly, and its bright rays bursting here and there through the thick clusters of overhanging boughs that shaded the solitary walk, danced in silvery streams athwart their pathway, as if desirous to penetrate the secrets, that those two youthful hearts were whispering to each other.

We do not know what they said. No two couples ever talk love in a like manner. But we do know, that Miss Lou was blushing deeply as they emerged from the shade of the trees, and leaped more heavily and confidently on the arm of her escort, and Loudoun's step was firmer and more elastic than usual, and his manly countenance beamed with smile of pleasant satisfaction and radiant joy.

(To be continued.)

Select Miscellany.

A Troublesome Invention.

We have no words to blame for Mr. Bottlewasher. He meant well. He got sick wading through the mud on crossings, and so he invented his street-crosser. It was a tremendous spring located in the toe of each of a pair of overshoes. When the wearer stepped his foot down flat it didn't work, but when he arose on tip-toes the spring jumped him clear across the street. Mr. Bottlewasher started out to try the invention. The first attempt he made was at Park Square, and the spring wasn't strong enough to clear it, but set him down with great violence in a public, and he got badly splattered.

But he wasn't discouraged. He tried it on Bromfield street, which is narrow. That time the spring seemed to have more force, for it got him clear across the street and through the open door of an eating-house, and he came in such violent contact with a man who set with his back to the door, that both he and the table went over and both gentlemen were mixed up with the dinner on the floor. The upset man had to be held, while things were explained, and even then said that it was tired again somebody would get hurt. Then Bottlewasher went out and tried the thing on Tremont street, and that time he just cleared the street and upset a fat man on the side where he alighted.

The fat man proposed to club him, and could with difficulty be pacified. This broke Bottlewasher's heart and he took off the overshoes and gave them to Count Pondowiski, an Italian nobleman, who collects bottles, rags, etc., about the street. Mr. Bottlewasher didn't explain the invention to the count, who put on the overshoes. He started off, and coming to a crossing proposed to tip-toe across. As he was stooping over, with his pack on his back, the result was that he was not jumped across the street, but sent across by seven somersaults and ten hand-springs, while in the air was just filled with bottles, rags, etc., from his pack.

He threw six people and a dog when he reached the sidewalk. A policeman grabbed him and lifted him up on tip-toe. The spring worked, and both were hurled into the mud and got their mouths full of it. The officer got him to the station at last, but had a hard time of it; and two jailors, trying to get him down stairs, got him there and themselves, too, in sudden order. Then they discovered what the matter was. The count was released, and has sworn a vendetta against Mr. Bottlewasher, and when he gets well will see that gentleman.

—Boston Post.

A Minister's Cow.

An exchange tells this droll story of a clergyman's experiment and how it ended:

Some years ago there lived in Central New York a very worthy and respectable divine known as Father Goss. He had a hired man named Isaac, who always obeyed orders without question.

Father Goss bought a cow one day which proved refractory when milked, refusing to surrender the lactical fluid, although Isaac used all the persuasive arts of which he was master. He finally reported her delinquencies to his master.

"Well, Isaac," said he, "go to the barn and get those pieces of new rope." Isaac obeyed; the cow was driven into the stable, tied with a piece of the rope, when the Rev. came out, armed with a knife.

"Now," he exclaimed to Isaac, "I will tie on the cow's back and you tie my feet beneath her, then you go on with your milking, and with my weight on her back she must give down her milk."

Isaac obeyed. The feet were tied, the tail got and milking commenced.

But bossy objected, and plunged wildly about. The stable was low, and the Rev's head was fearfully thumped. "Oh, Isaac, Isaac!" bawled he, "cut the rope."

Isaac seized the knife and cut—not the rope which tied the master's feet but the one that tied the cow. The stable gate was open, also the yard gate.

Away darted the frantic cow, the terrified man on her back, helplessly roaring: "Stop her, stop her!"

While madly careering down the road he met a parishoner, who excitedly called: "Why Mr. Goss, where are you going?"

"Only God and this cow knows!" groaned he; "I don't."

The animal was finally caught and the man released, much frightened but unharmed.

An Elephant's Gratitude.

We all know the nursery story of the tailor who pinched the elephant's trunk when that intelligent animal was soliciting sweets through Snip's open casement, and how the wise beast on returning the same route soon afterward, regaled, the tailor with a shower of muddy water she had carefully sucked up from the roadside, just to show that she bore him no special ill, but that two could ply a joking; but according to a note in the *Hereford Times* elephants can be grateful as well as vindictive. Some weeks ago Doctock and Wombwell's Menagerie again visited Tenbury. Out will remember the elephant Lizzie's wonderful recognition of Mr. Tinley, chemist, of Teme Street, when on a visit to that town about two years since. The animal then went out of the procession to greet him at his shop door, remembering as her deliverer from the pain caused by an attack of colic, brought on through drinking cold water when journeying to Tenbury on a previous visit. Mr. Tinley, on visiting the menagerie the other evening, was again at once seen and recognized by Lizzie, who embraced him with her trunk in such a manner as to cause an alarm to her keepers, but an affectionate hug for her preserver was all the poor creature intended. Doubtless her remembrance of her friend will never be effaced, since this is the second time she has greeted Mr. Tinley in such a startling manner.

An Old Story.

When Davy Crockett was in Washington he was one day sitting in a hotel toasting his shins when a senator from Massachusetts entered.

Approaching the old frontiersman the latter said:

"Crockett, a large procession of your constituents are marching up the street. You ought to go out and greet them."

Crockett hurriedly arose and went out upon the hotel steps, when a large drove of mules passing by caught his eye. He quietly watched them until the last one had passed and then returned to his seat by the stove. The Massachusetts senator still there, and as the redoubtable Davy dropped into his chair, asked:

"Well, did you see your friend?"

"Oh, yes," was the response.

"They look remarkably well, too."

"Certainly, sir."

Crockett turned to the senator with a quiet, calm expression, and replied: "The blamed fools are all going down to Massachusetts to teach school."

And they gazed a moment into each other's faces and sally walked up to exercise the bar-keeper awhile.

VARIETIES.

It is a strange fact that when people indulge in high words they use low language.

Why cannot a Temperance man kiss a Jewess? He has sworn not to taste Jew-lips.

"That puts a different face on it," said the swindler when he raised a check from \$20 to \$200.

A vast deal of money has been made by speculation of late, and a great deal more has been made by the same word without the s.

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his Irish servant. "It's full at the bottom sir, but there's none at top."

"There is no disgrace in being poor," we are told, and we are all glad of it, for there are enough other disadvantages about it, without that one.

"Forced by my political connections into public life, my sufferings were intensified by the comments of those who saw my face and heard covered with scrofulous humor," said a gentleman recently cured by Cuticura Remedies.

Squire's Daughter: "What is this hear about your father and mother quarrelling so, Peggy?" "They've each had a little money left 'em, miss, and I think feyther he wants the lot. Anyways, they can't agree nhow whether her money is his'n, or his'n, or his'n and hers'n."

Aunt Matilda—"And do you study Geography, Janet,—Geography? I should think so indeed!" Aunt Matilda—"Where's Niagara Falls?" Janet—"Niagara Falls! Oh, we haven't got as far as that.—We've only got as far as Asia."

When a boy sees a big hornet's nest depending from the branch of a tree, he is not satisfied that it is loaded until he hits it with a stone. He would rather have a rock at it than have five dollars. In a few seconds he would rather have five dollars that he hadn't heaved the rock.

Law Professor: "What constitutes burglary?" Student: "There must be a breaking." Professor: "Then, if a man enters your door and takes five dollars from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" Student: "Yes, sir because that would break me."

The poor Irishman may have nothing to eat, but he can't help showing humor. As a funeral passed the corner one said to his fellow: "Well, Pat, there's another man taking his afternoon ride." Pat pulled his hat over his eyes, and replied: "True for you, but nobody begrudges him of his good luck."