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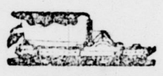

FOR PATUXENT RIVER,

Via Fair Haven & Plum Point.

THE Steamer George Weems Capt. Wm Kirwan, will resume her route to the Patuxent River, commencing Friday, Feb. 9th, 1866, at 6 o'clock, proceeding as far up as Hill's Landing. Returning, will leave Hill's Landing every Monday morning for Benedict; leaving Benedict every Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock for Baltimore, calling at all the usual Landings on the River; also, at Fair Haven and Plum Point, going and returning.

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M. L. WEEMS, Agent,

Feb. 15th, 1866—tf.

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Oct. 12th, 1865—t Oct. 12th, 1866.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

No. 11 Law Building,—St, Paul Street

BALTIMORE.

REFERENCES.

LEVIN GALE, Attorney at Law,
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Dec. 7th, 1865—tf.

LIFE IN A SLUM.

Forty years ago, St. Malo possessed an alley known by the name of the "Ruelle Coutanchez." This alley no longer exists, having been removed for the improvements of the town.

It was a double row of houses, leaning one towards the other, and leaving between them just room enough for a narrow rivulet, which was called the street. By stretching the legs it was possible to walk on both sides of the little stream, touching with head or elbows, as you went, the houses either on the right or the left.—These old relics of medieval Normandy have almost a human interest. Tumble-down houses and sorcerers always go together. Their leaning stories, their overhanging walls, their bowed pent-houses, and their old thick-set irons, seem like lips, chins, nose and eyebrows. The garret window is the blind eye. The wall is the wrinkled and blotchy cheek. The opposite houses lay their foreheads together as if they were plotting some malicious deed. All those words of ancient villany—like cut-throat, slit weazand, and the like—are closely connected with architecture of this kind.

One these houses in the alley—the largest and the most famous or notorious—was known by the name of Jacressade.

The Jacressade was a lodging-house for people who do not lodge. In all towns, and particularly in sea-ports, there is always found beneath the lowest stratum of society a sort of risiduum; vagabonds who are more than a match for justice; rovers after adventures; chemists of the swindling order, who are always dropping their lives' gain into the melting-pot; people in rags of every shape, and in every style of wearing them; withered fruits of roguery; bankrupt existences; consciences that have filled their schedule; gentlemen who have failed in the house-breaking business (for the great masters of burglary move in a higher sphere); workmen and workwomen in the trade of wickedness; oddities, male and female; men in coats out at elbows; scoundrels reduced to indigence; rogues who have missed the wages of roguery; men who have been hit in the social duel; harpies who have no longer any prey; petty larceners; *gueux* in the double and unhappy meaning of that word.—Such are the constituents of that living mass. Human intelligence is here reduced to something bestial. It is the refuse of the social state, heaped up in an obscure corner, where from time to time descends that dreaded broom which is known by the name of police.—In St Malo, Jacressade was the name of the corner.

It is not in dens of this sort that we find the high-class criminals—the robbers, forgers, and other great products of ignorance and poverty. If murder is repeated here, it is generally in the person of some coarse drunkard; in the matter of robbery, the company rarely rise higher than the mere sharper. The vagrant is there, but not the highwayman. It would not, however be safe to trust this distinction. This last stage of vagabondage may have its extremes of scoundrelism. It was on an occasion, when casting their nets in the Epicie—which was in Paris what the Jacressade was in St. Malo—that the police captured the notorious Lacenaire.

These lurking-places refuse nobody.—To fall in the social scale has a tendency to bring men to one level. Sometimes honesty in tatters found itself there. Virtue and probity have been known before now to be brought to strange passes. We must not judge by appearances, even in the palace or at the galleys. Public respect, as well as universal reprobation, require testing. Surprising results sometimes proceed from this principle. An angel may be discovered in the stews—a pearl in the dung-hill. Such sad dazzling discoveries are not altogether unknown.

The Jacressade was rather a court-yard than a house; and more of a well than a court-yard. It had no stories looking on the street. Its facade was simply a high-wall, with a low gateway. You raised the latch, pushed the gate, and were at once in the court-yard.

In the midst of this yard might be perceived a round hole, encircled with a margin of stones, and even with the ground. The yard was small, the well large. A broken pavement surrounded it.

The court-yard was square, and built round on three sides only. On the side of the street was only the wall; facing you as you entered the gateway stood the house, the two wings of which formed the sides to right and left.

Any one entering there after night-fall, at his own risk and peril, would have heard a confused murmur of voices; and, if there had been moonlight or starlight enough to give shape to the obscure forms before his eyes, this is what he would have seen.

The court-yard—the well. Around the court-yard, in front of the gate, a lean-to, or shed, in a sort of horse-shoe form, but with square corners; a rotten gallery, with a roof of joists supported by stone pillars at unequal distances.—In the centre, the well; around the well, upon a litter of straw, a kind of circular chaplet, formed of the soles of boots and shoes; some trodden down at heel, some showing the toes of the wearers, some the naked heels. The feet of men, women and children all asleep.

Beyond these feet, the eye might have distinguished, in the shadow of the shed, bodies, drooping heads, forms stretched out lazily, bundles of rags of both sexes, a promiscuous assemblage, a strange and revolting mass of life. The accommodation of this sleeping chamber was open to all, at the rate of two sous per week. On a stormy night the rain fell upon the feet, the whirling snow settled on the bodies of those wretched sleepers.

Who were these people? The unknown. They came there at night, and departed in the morning. Creatures of this kind form part of the social fabric. Some stole in during the darkness, and paid nothing. The greater part had scarcely eaten during the day. All kinds of vice and baseness, every sort of moral infection, every species of distress were there. The same sleep settled down upon all in this bed of filth. The dreams of all these companions in misery went on side by side. A dismal meeting-place, where misery and weakness, half-sobered debauchery, weariness from long walking to and fro, with evil thoughts, in quest of bread, pallor with closed eyelids, remorse, envy, lay mingled and festering in the same miasma, with faces that had the look of death, and dishevelled hair mixed with the filth and sweepings of the streets. Such was the putrid heap of life fermenting in this dismal spot.

An unlucky turn in the wheel of fortune, a ship arrived on the day before, a discharge from prison, or the dark night, or some other chance, had cast them here, to find a miserable shelter. Every day brought some new accumulation of such misery. Let him enter who would, sleep who could, speak who dared; for it was a place of whispers.—The new-comers hastened to bury themselves in the mass, or tried to seek oblivion in sleep, since there was none in the darkness of the place. They snatched what little of themselves they could from the jaws of death. They closed their eyes in that confusion of horrors which every day renewed. They were the embodiment of misery, cast up from society, as the scum is from the sea.

It was not every one who could even get a share of the straw. More than one figure was stretched out naked upon the flags. They lay down worn out with weariness and awoke paralyzed. The well, without lid or parapet, and thirty feet in depth, gaped open night and day. Rain fell around it; filth accumulated about, and the gutters of the yard ran down and filtered through its sides. The pail for drawing the water stood by the side.—Those who were thirsty drank there; some, disgusted with life, drowned themselves in it—slipped from their slumber in the filthy shed into this profounder sleep. In the year 1819, the body of a boy, fourteen years old, was taken up out of the well.

To be safe in this house, it was necessary to be of the "right sort," the uninitiated were regarded with suspicon.

Did these miserable wretches, then, know each other? No. Yet they scented out the genuine habitude of the Jacressade

The mistress of the house was a young and rather pretty woman, wearing a cap trimmed with ribbons. She washed herself now and then with water from the well. She had a wooden leg.

At the break of day, the court-yard became empty. Its inmates dispersed.

An old cock and some other fowls were kept in the court-yard, where they raked among the filth of the place all day long. A long horizontal beam, supported by posts, traversed the yard—a gibbet-shaped erection, not altogether out of keeping with the associations of the place. Sometimes, on the morrow of a rainy day a silk dress, mudded and wet, would be seen hanging out to dry upon this beam. It belonged to the woman with the wooden leg.

Over the shed, and like it, surrounding the yard, was a story, and above this story a loft. A rotten wooden ladder, passing through a hole in the roof of the shed, conducted to this story; and up this ladder the women would climb, sometimes staggering while its crazy rounds creaked beneath her.

The occasional lodgers, whether by the week or the night, slept in the court-yard, the regular inmates lived in the house.

Windows without a pane of glass, door-frames with no door fire-places without stoves—such were the chief features of the interior. You might pass from one room to the other indifferently, by a long square aperture which had been the door, or by a triangular hole between the joists of the partition. The fallen plaster of the ceiling lay about the floor. It was difficult to say how the old house still stood erect. The high winds indeed shook it. The lodgers ascended as they could by the worn and slippery steps of the ladder. Everything was open to the air. The wintry atmosphere was absorbed into the house, like water into a sponge. The multitude of spiders seemed to guarantee the place against falling to pieces immediately. There was no sign of furniture. Two or three pailasses were in the corner, their ticking torn in parts, and showing more dust than straw within. Here and there were a water-pot and an earthern pipkin. A close, disagreeable odor haunted the rooms.

The windows looked out upon the square yard. The scene was like the interior of a cavern of the dead. The things, not to speak of the human beings, which lay rasting, mouldering, and putrefying there, were indescribable. The fragments seemed to fraternize together. Some fell from the walls, others from the living tenants of the place. The debris was sown with their tatters.

Besides the floating population which bivouacked nightly in the square yard, the Jacressade had three permanent lodgers—a charcoal-man, a rag-picker, and a "gold-maker." The charcoal-man and the rag-picker occupied two of the pailasses of the first story; the "gold-maker," a chemist, lodged in the left, which was called, no one knew why, the garret. Nobody knew where the woman slept. The "gold-maker" was a poet in a small way. He inhabited a room in the roof, under the tiles—a chamber with a narrow window, and a large stone fireplace forming a gulf, in which the wind howled at will. The garret window having no frame, he had nailed across it a piece of iron sheathing, part of the wreck of a ship.

This sheathing left little room for the entrance of light, and much for the entrance of cold. The charcoal man paid rent from time to time in the shape of a sack of charcoal; the rag picker paid with a bowl of grain for the fowls every week; the "gold-maker" did not pay at all.—Meanwhile, the latter consumed the very house itself for fuel. He had pulled down the little wood-work which remained; and every now and then he took from the wall or the roof a lath or some scantling, to heat his crucible. Upon the partition, above the rag picker's mattrass, might have been seen two columns of figures, marked in chalk by the rag picker himself from week to week—a column of threes and a column of fives—according as the bowl of grain had cost him three liards or five centimes. The gold pot of the chemist was an old fragment of a bomb-shell, promoted by him to the dignity of a crucible, in which he mixed his ingredients. The transmutation of metals absorbed all his thoughts. He was determined not to die until he had revenged himself by breaking the windows of orthodox science with the real philosopher's stone. His furnace consumed a good deal of wood. The hand-rails of the stairs had disappeared.—The house was slowly burning away. The landlady said to him, "You will leave us nothing but the shell." He mollified her by addressing her in verses.

Such was the Jacressade.

A boy of twelve, or, perhaps, sixteen—for he was like a dwarf, with a large wen upon his neck, and always carrying a broom in his hand—was the domestic of the place.

The habitues entered by the gateway of the the court-yard; the public entered by shop.

What was this shop?

In the high wall, facing the street, and to the right of the entrance to the court-yard, was a square opening, serving at once as a door and a window. It had a shutter and a frame—the only shutter in all the house which had hinges and bolts.—Behind this square aperture, which was open to the street, was a little room, a compartment obtained by curtailing the sleeping shed in the court-yard. Over the door, passers-by read the inscription in charcoal, "Curiosities sold here."

On three boards, forming the shop front were several pots without ears, a Chinese parasol made of gold-beater's skin, and ornamented with figures, torn here there, and impossible to open or shut; fragments of iron, and shapeless pieces of old pottery, and dilapidated hats and bonnets; three or four shells, some packets of old bone and metal buttons, a tobacco-box with a portrait of Marie-Antoinette, a dog's-eared volume of Boisbertrands Algebra. Such was the stock of the shop; this assortment completed the "curiosities." The shop communicated by a back door with the yard in which was the well. It was furnished with a table and stool. The woman with a wooden leg presided at the counter.

LIFE'S END—DEATH.

Death is the cessation of life. When by a wound, concussion, or mental shock the action of the heart is destroyed, the brain ceases to live at once, because the life-giving blood ceases to be sent to the brain, and it dies, as a fish dies without water. It is desirable to know in all cases that death has taken place, to avoid the horrible fate of being buried alive, which, perhaps has not occurred a dozen times since the world began; perhaps not once, unless by deliberate design, as a murder or execution.

The credulous Fontenelle, who died a hundred years old in 1755, gathered from all history only a hundred cases, without any proof of their truthfulness. It is true that persons disinterred have been found ver in their coffins, their grave-clothes disarranged and even torn. Sounds have come from coffins while being let down into the grave, or seen after, but no authenticated account has ever come to the writer's notice of a person coming to life after the coffin has been screwed down; and yet coffins have been found burst open, and appearances have been observed which would naturally be exhibited after some desperate struggle. But it is the nature of all dead bodies to swell; this process commences on the instant of life's cessation, because decomposition begins preparatory to the corruption which precedes our return to that dust from which we came. This decomposition generates gases, which keep on expanding until they compel an outlet. There is a well authenticated case (and very similar instances,) where a body, after being laid on a desecting table, was suddenly heaved up and thrown on the floor in the presence of the young medical students; it was by the force of the exploding gas which had been generated within the body, which had been "found drowned."

Persons may have been put in a coffin before they were perfectly dead, but it is absurd to suppose that life is possible after an interval of perfect seclusion from fresh air from the time of fastening the lid until the coffin reaches its last resting place.—The action of the gas in the cadaver will naturally and sufficiently explain all the appearances observed on occassions of opening the coffin after burial.

The description which Hippocrates, the "Father of Medicine," gave of death over two thousand years ago, has never been improved upon. "The forehead wrinkled and dry; the eye sunken; the nose pointed, and bordered with a violet or black circle; the lips hanging down; the cheeks sunken; the chin wrinkled and hard; the color of the skin leaden or violet; the hairs of the nose and eyelashes sprinkled with a yellowish white dust." This is as to the face; and when all observed, we may know that that face can never be lighted up to life again. But there are other proofs which do not leave the shadow of a doubt, as when the heart ceases to beat; the skin is pale and cold; a film is over the eye; the joints, first rigid, have become flexible; and a dark greenish color begins to form about the skin of the abdomen, the infallible sign of begining corruption. But as we would have it done to us as the last request, let us with the utmost willingness allow the poor, helpless, unresisting frame to remain at least forty-eight hours under the unfastened lid after the surest proof of, all has been noticed, the cessation of all movement of the chest and abdomen, for then breath of life has gone out forever. The moments immediately preceding death from disease are probably those of utter insensibility to all pain, or of a delightful passivity, from that universal relaxation of everything which pertains to the physical condition. Hence Louis XIV., is reported to have died, saying, "I thought dying had been more difficult." The greatest surgeon of all ages, William Hunter, while dying said, "If this be dying, it is a pleasant thing to die." Dear reader, may you and I so live that, in the practice of bodily temperances and moral purifies, death may be to us the gate of endless joy and sinless bliss.—*Rural American.*

THE TRIAL OF THE SOUTH CONTINUED.

The Selma (Ala.) Times, in speaking of the arraignment of the South before the Congressional tribunal to answer in the case of Radicalism versus the South, upon the charge of present disloyalty to the Government, says:

Taking it for granted that the prisoner at the bar pleads "not guilty," the court has called the witnesses for the prosecution, and they depose in substance as follows: "The South regrets not the rebellion, and feels conscious of no wrong."—Certainly not, and never expects to.

"She does not accept the situation with sincerity." She does.

"She has a secret organization against the Government for a renewal of the rebellion and a co-operation with France, in the event of a war with that power." The South denies the charge, positively, unequivocally, and in toto, calls upon the witnesses to name the men.

"The majority are not kind, and can hardly be called friendly." Scarcely.

"They exhibit an ill-feeling to Union men and negroes." 'To the Union men,' very probable. "To the negroes," no.

"The object of the Press was to bring about a renewal of the war." Another lie.

"They have no more respect or love for the Government than during the war."—If Andrew Johnson be the Government, we deny the charge. If the Radicals make the Government, the charge is correct.

"But submit as a necessity." That's so.

"Though they would prefer a re-establishment of the Confederacy." Perhaps if put to a vote of the people, Confederacy or no Confederacy, it would go Confederacy; but as for the South ever dreaming of a re-establishment of the Confederacy it is false.

"They wish to have the control of their States in their own hands." Most assuredly.

How stands the truth in the case then? As follows: The South regrets not the rebellion and feel conscious of no wrong, but she accepts her present situation with sincerity.

She cannot yet receive kindly on a social footing the officers of the army and Northern visitors, but she has more real kindly feeling for the negroes at this time than the people of the North.

That the South should not yet be frantically attached to those who have destroyed almost everything that is dear to her is certainly not a thing surprising; but that her people will live up to their oath of allegiance, according to its true spirit and intent, there is not the slightest reason to doubt.

And, lastly, she would much prefer to have the troops and Freedmen's Bureau removed; be permitted to enjoy peace and quiet in her own way, and make through her own Legislatures such local laws as her present disordered condition suggests.

If this be treason and disloyalty, make the most of it; we can't help it.

A FREEDMAN EXPLAINS.—A freedman explains the difference between a Yankee and a Southerner "thusly:"

"Now, white folks, I'se a gwine to tell you de difference 'tween a Southern man an' de Yankee. Well, de Southern man he stop at de hotel, he ax for a room, he get the key; he say, "Here, Jim, take my valise." When he get in de room, he say, "Jim, you black rascal, brush my coat and boots, and be in a hurry." While I'se doing dat he wash hisself, comb his har, and take a drink, and when I gives him de boots he hands me a dollar. When de Yankee stops at de hotel, he say, "Mr. Johnson, please brush my boots—Mr. Johnson, please carry dis note to Mr. Smith, at the railroad depot—Mr. Johnson. I guess I'll have to trouble you to bring me a pitcher of water—Mr. Johnson, please carry dis message to de telegraph office—Mr. Johnson, I guess I ought to have a cigar—run down and get a five cent one." I cum back, and spec, of course, he gib 'bout two dollars, but stead of giving me de money, he ax me to take a seat, and tell him 'bout my grandfadder, my grandmother, my brudder, and my sister, and my cousin, and my old massa, and how much I'se making, and how old I is, and all sich nonsense, and den after a while he say, "Well, Mr. Johnson, I guess I'll have to give you a dime afore I leave here." Now, white folks, dat's de difference 'tween de Southern man and de Yankee, and it's every word truf.

THE LAUGHTER OF WOMEN.—A woman, says Prentice, has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on water. It leaps from her in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool exhilerating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by a fairy laugh—now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have; and we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day.

Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing in the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirit of mind.

How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns prose to poetry; it flings flowers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are travelling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more than the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

A COMPLIMENT.—Mr. Sumner, in a speech in the Senate the other day on a bill to indemnify naval contractors for losses on work done for the government, paid this handsome compliment to the white mechanics of the North:

Had the contracts been made in time of peace, Congress would not be justified in doing what was now proposed, but war had made changes that could not be overlooked. It would be simply an act of justice to make good these losses to the mechanics of the country, who had contributed almost as much, I was about to say, as even the freedmen, to the national success.

One very cold night, D. was roused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation he rose and went to the window and asked—

"Who's there?"

"A friend!"

"What do you want?"

"I want to stay here all night."

"Stay there, then," was the reply.

Betting is immoral; but how can the man who bets be worse than the one who is no better?