The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1876. ON 28.

LILIES.

IN MEMORIAM.

The west had lost its golden glow,
The tall white lilies stand below
Behind the beds of musk;
The woodbine climbs the garden rail,
And in the copse the nightingale
Is singing through the dusk.

We stand beside the cedar-tree,
We mark, as far as eyes can see,
Our garden's utmost bound;
The level lawn, the beds of bloom,
The elms beyond the edge of broom,
And all is hallowed ground.

We pace the bordered garden walk,
Where best she loved to play and talk
About the bees and flowers;
Among the lilies she would flit,
Or, lily-like, beside them sit
The long sunshiny hours.

Full oft we wove them for a crown
To deck the ringlets, chestnut-brown,
That on her shoulders strayed.
Ah, Heaven! how fond, how blind we were,
We thought her more than earthly fair,
And yet were not afraid.

We might have known a soul so white
Was God's, was Heaven's by holy right,
And never could be ours:
We might have known we could not keep
The child whose thoughts were grave and deep,
And pure as lily flowers.

Too good, too fair, too pure for us,
But when keen anguish pierces thus,
The bleeding heart will faint;
And we must sadly wish awhile
That she could linger for our smile
The palm-tables of the saint.

We cannot say we wish it best
That she was taken from our breast,
While such her pulses stir;
And thinking of the new-turned sod,
We cannot, all at once, thank God,
That he has gathered her.

We can but look with bitter tears
Backward and forward o'er the years,
God's will our life has crossed!
We can but let that will be done,
We can but pray that she has won
Far more than we have lost.

God may be good to us, and give
Such comfort as will let us live
In peace from day to day;
But joy will only dawn that hour
Wherein we see our lily flower
In regions far away.

—*All The Year Round.*

HEADED HIM.

Hotel keepers are seldom come up with in financial matters, but the host got the worst of it in the following case:

An English gentleman with his wife and six daughters, made a trip to Paris. On arriving at his hotel he asked for four bedrooms—one for his wife and himself and three for his daughters—adding:

"Of course you will not charge the same as if we each took a separate room?"

"Mine host" promptly answered that he could not possibly make a difference, he would save nothing by the proposed arrangement and it was his rule, etc.

"All right," said Paterfamilias. "Give us eight chambers, then!"

The landlord had not counted on being taken so literally at his word, and, thinking discretion the better part of valor, he gracefully retreated from the position he had so hastily assumed, made a fair concession in his terms, and the English family at once took possession of their four rooms.

The Humboldt (Cal.) Times, says: A mammoth like Humboldt County Pioneer has a heart five feet in length. It has been growing ten years, and had it not been for an attack of sickness, it would have been several inches longer. Already it is almost to the ground, and as the animal walked our streets recently, a crowd of people surrounded him at every turn and heaped upon the gigantic interrogations too frequent to such a very strange object.

Maryland Miller in his later life used to come to his mill in a carriage. He got an exceptional idea of the duty him for this because it was not the way his Heavenly Master traveled. He read the letter from the patent, said it was quite true, and if the miller ever came to this country again, with a saddle and bridle, he would furnish him a horse. An instant way of preventing that the power of the horse

KATE YALE'S MARRIAGE.

BY J. W. B.

'If ever I marry,' Kate Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest—'if ever I marry, the happy man—or the unhappy one, if you please—shall be a person possessing these three qualifications:

'First, a good fortune.

'Second, good looks.

'And thirdly, common sense.

'I mention the fortune first, because I think it is the most needful and desirable qualification of the three. Although I could never think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I would be ashamed of, still I think to talk sense for the one, and shine for the other with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscurely with a handsome, intellectual man—to whom economy might be necessary.'

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Kate's heart. She undoubtedly indulged lofty ideas of station and style, but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings, none doubted, who had never obtained even a partial glance of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived at length, when Kate was to take that all-important step, of which she had often spoken so lightly; when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have quoted.

At the age of eighteen she had many suitors, but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and discard all but these favored ones, consider their relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story, I would certainly use an artist's privilege; and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between the two favored individuals. If I could have my way, one would be a poor genius, and somewhat a hero, and the other a wealthy fool, and somewhat a knave.

Our genius was not much of a genius, or very poor either. He was by profession a teacher of music; and he could live very comfortable in the exercise thereof—without the most distant hope, however, of attaining to wealth.

Moreover, Francis Minot, possessed excellent qualities; which entitled him to be called by discreet elderly people, a fine character; by his companions, "a noble good fellow," and by the ladies generally a "darling."

Kate could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain that she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of a rival.

This Mr. Wellington (his companions called him the "duke"—was an idiot or humpback, as I could wish him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary he was a man of good sense, education, good looks, and fine manners, and there was nothing of the knave about him, as I could ever ascertain.

Besides this, his income is sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot.

Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend, was the power he possessed over Kate's sympathies and affections. The "duke"—although just the man for her in every other sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks and common sense—had never been able to draw these out, and the amiable and contented Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer mere worldly considerations to control the operations of her heart.

However, she said to him one day, when he pressed her to decide his fate—

'Oh, Frank! I am sorry that we have ever met!'

'Sorry?'

'Yes—for we must part now—'

'Part?' repeated Frank, turning very pale.

It was evident that he had not expected this.

'Yes,' said Kate, casting down her eye with a sigh.

Frank sat by her side, he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistence; he lowered his voice; and talked to her until she wept bitterly.

'Katie!' said he, with a burst of passion: 'I know you love me. But you are proud ambitious, selfish! Now, if you would have me leave you, say the word, and I go.'

'Go!' murmured Kate very feebly—'Go.'

'You have decided?' whispered Frank.

'I have!'

'Then, love, farewell!'

He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly, and sorrowfully upon her tearful face for a moment, then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse, and twined her arms about his neck. But in a moment her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

'Shall I go?' he asked.

A feeble 'Yes!' fell from the quivering lips.

At last he left her. She was looking on the hill and weeping.

She lay long upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself, her breathing became calm, her eyes and cheeks dry. Her head lay carefully upon her arm until with a start, she cried:

'Frank! oh, Frank! come back!'

'Here I am,' said a soft voice by her side.

She raised her head and opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing before her.

'You have been asleep,' he said, smiling kindly.

'Asleep!'

'Dreaming, too, I should say—not pleasantly, either.'

'Dreaming!' murmured Kate, 'and it is all a dream!'

'I hope so,' replied Frank, taking her hand. 'You could not make to-night so happy from you so cruelly, I know. But I called in your father's study, where I saw him talking with me, as fear. I resolved to plead my case once more, and back from here where I had left you so

curls.

The struggle was over. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and she arose cheerfully to meet him. His manners pleased her, his station and fortune fascinated her still more. He offered his hand, she accepted it; a kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her.

There was a magnificent wedding.—Splendidly attired, Kate gave her hand to the man her ambition—not her love—had chosen.

Nothing was wanting in the whole circle of her outward existence to adorn it, and make it bright with happiness. But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting within her breast.

Her friends was numerous, her husband tender, kind and loving, but all the attentions and affections she enjoyed, could not fill her heart. She had once felt its chords of sympathy, and love moved by a skillful touch, she had known the charms of their deep delicious harmony, and now they were silent—motionless—muffled, so to speak, in silks and satins.

These chords still and soundless, her heart was dead, none the less so because it had been killed by a golden shaft, having known and felt the life of sympathy in it, consoled by the life of luxury: in short, Katie in time became magnificently miserably, splendidly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent to her husband, he could not long remain blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gayety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul.

This was unsatisfactory, however, and impelled by powerful longings for love he went astray to warm his heart by a strange fire.

Kate reproached her husband for deserting her thus, and he answered with angry taunts of deception, and a total lack of love.

'You do not care for me,' he cried, 'then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affectionate you have met with coldness?'

'But it is wrong, sinful,' Kate responded.

'Yes, I know it,' said her husband, fiercely.

'It is the evil fruit of an evil seed.—And who sowed that seed? Who gave me hand without a heart?—who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in sympathy? Who devoted me to the fate of a loving, unloved husband? Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands and sigh and sob, for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear.'

'Very well,' said Kate, calming herself, 'will not say your reproaches are undeserved; but granting that I am the cold, deceitful thing you call me, you know this state of things cannot long continue.'

'Yes, I know it.'

'Well?'

Mr. Wellington's eyes flashed with determination.

'I have made up my mind,' said he, 'that we should not live together any longer; I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle: you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor you on mine, we will be free.'

'But the world?' shrieked Kate, trembling.

'The world will admire you the same—and what more do you desire?' asked her husband, bitterly; 'this marriage of hands not hearts is mockery. We have played the farce long enough; few know the conventional meaning of the term 'husband and wife;' but do you know what it should mean? do you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy? Then enough of this mockery, Farewell. I go to consult my friends about the terms of a separation. Nay, do not tremble, and cry, and cling to me now—for I shall be liberal to you: as much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire.'

He pushed her from him, she fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish, she shrieked aloud:

'Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why was I blind until sight brought the misery?'

She lay upon the sofa sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself, her breathing became calm, her eyes and cheeks dry. Her head lay carefully upon her arm until with a start, she cried:

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me.'

'No—I thought I gave my hand without a heart.'

'Then, if you had given me your hand it would not be without your heart,' said Frank.

'No,' replied Kate, her bright eyes beaming happily through her tears; 'and here it is.'

She placed her hand in his—he kissed it in transport.

And soon there was a real marriage; not a splendid, but a happy one, followed by a life of love and contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Kate Yale.

A FULL HEAD AND A BIG HEART.

Friday night, says M. Quad, about half an hour before midnight, a very respectable Detroiter living on Duffield street, was heard feeling all over the front door to find the door knob. His wife suddenly pulled the door open, confronted him, and, in a file-like voice, inquired

'Isn't this a nice state of affairs—you not home since morning.'

'Shoftly, darling, shoftly,' he replied, trying to take her hand: 'I've shust got back from the races.'

'What races?' she demanded.

'H-o-r-s-e races, he slowly replied.—'Had big time,' an made fever ben'er'd dollars. Goin' to give you fourteen silk dresses.'

'Well, you should have sent me word,' she remarked, as she hung up his hat. The promises of the dresses acted like magic on her immagination.

'Yes, but didn't have time,' he replied 'Fel'er come 'long in buggy, an' off I went. Ju ever the h-o-r-s-e race, Mary?'

'No, I never did.'

'Well, she's a big thing, tell you. I never see such'r magnificous sight my life. Now Jus'r 'magin I am h-o-r-s-e, and you are the string.'

'I won't do it—I'm no string!' she exclaimed.

'Well shzer right. Spozen both of us are horses, then.'

'I won't do that, either. I never saw you look and talk as you do to-nigh. I believe you have been drinking.'

'Zhat's so, Mary—drank sixty-four glasses lemonyade. Well all the horses got away in fine style. Noble sight, I tell you. I bet five hun'er'd dollars on head horse.'

'That was sharp in you,' she replied, planning to have four blue, five brown, and five green silks.

'You bet it was. Well, the head horse kept ahead, an' I won five hun'er'd dollars.'

'Half of which, my ducky dear, you intend to give me?'

'Noz hardly, my dear.'

'Why?'

'You doan' understand er rules of er race-course, my darling,' he explained. 'Er rule is if you win five hun'er'd dollars on first race you lose it all and two hundred more on next one.'

'And do you mean that you are two hundred dollars out of pocket?' she squealed.

'Zhas whas I mean, my darling.'

'Don't darling me, you old drunkard!' she howled, and the policeman under a tree across the way says the hat rack went over, the door was kicked shut, and amidst the groans and howls he could hear a voice crying out:

'Lez up on me, darling, lez go my hair! I gave the fel'r my note for the two hun'er'd dollars, an' he can't git a cent!'

WHAT JOHN WANTED.

A Chinaman went into a dry goods store in Denver, the other day, and looked all around with those sloping eyes, cut the wrong way of the leather.

'What do you want, John?' said an affable gentleman, with his hair parted in the middle.

'Me no see him,' replied John.

'Well, what is it like, John?'

'For a moment the Celestial transported himself in a brown study. He thought very hard, and then that saddle-colored countenance lit up like the business end of a lightning bug, and he replied:

'Putteo up in windley. Fly come in he no come in, catchee on outside olle same.'

And shortly John went away as happy as a basket of chips, with two yards of green gauze.

Do not allow idleness to deceive you; for, while you give him to-day, he steals to-morrow from you.

In Norway the longest day lasts three months. The man who six months ago promised to call in a day or two and settle that bill must have gone to Norway on a visit.

An India-rubber omnibus is about to be patented, which, when cram full, hold a couple more.

'Ma, what is revenge?'

'It is when your old daddy scolds me, and I hit him with the broomstick.'

A liar—the man who persists in talking about himself when you

A LOVER'S DEVICE.

One fine winter evening, early in the present century, Colonel Smith and his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting on either side of a blazing fire, enjoying their ease, without any interruption for at least an hour; and that, considering the sex of Miss Patty, was certainly very remarkable. The Colonel was sitting cross-legged in a great arm-chair, with his spectacles on, his meerschaum in one hand, a newspaper in the other—fast asleep. Miss Patty was moving herself forward and backward in a low rocking-chair. Close by her feet was the cat, while Carlo was stretched out at full length on the rug in front of the fire, and, like his master, was fast asleep.

At length the Colonel roused from his nap, took off his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes; then, glancing at a large pile of papers on the table near him, said—

"I wish Henry was here to help me collect my rents."

"Well, I really wish he was," answered his sister.

"I can't expect him this month yet," yawned the Colonel.

"Hadn't you better send for him?" suggested the sister.

Upon this, the dog got up, and walked toward the door.

"Where are going, Carlo?" said the old gentleman.

The dog looked at his master, wagged his tail, turned about, and pursued his way towards the door; and, as he could not well open it himself, Miss Patty got up and opened it for him.

The Colonel seemed perfectly satisfied, and was composing himself for another nap, when the loud and cheerful barking of the dog announced the approach of some one, and aroused him from his lethargy. Presently the door opened and a young man gaily entered the room.

"Why, William Henry, is that you?" said Aunt Patty.

"Henry, my boy, I am heartily glad to see you!" added the Colonel, getting entirely out of the chair, and giving his nephew a very hearty shake of the hand. "Pray, what has brought you home so suddenly, my boy?"

"Oh, I do not know," answered Henry; "it is rather dull in town, so I thought I would pay you a visit, and see how you were."

"Well, I am glad to see you; sit down," said the Colonel.

"So do," said his sister.

"There, aunt, is a bottle of something good for you; and here, uncle, is one of capital Maraschino."

"Thank you, my boy," said the Colonel. "Positively it does my heart good to see you in such fine spirits!"

"And mine, too," said his sister.

Henry, either anxious to see his uncle or himself, broke the seal from the top of the bottle and drew the cork, while Aunt Patty provided some glasses.

"Well, my boy," said the old Colonel, whose good humor increased every moment, "what's the news in London? Anything happened?"

"No—yes," said Henry; "I have got one of the best stories to tell you you ever heard in your life."

"Come, then, let's have it," said he, filling his glass.

"Well, you must know," said Henry, "that while I was in town, I met with an old and particular friend of mine, about my own age. Some two months ago he fell desperately in love with a young girl, and wants to marry her, but dares not without the consent of his uncle, a very fine gentleman, as rich as Cœsus—do take a little more cordial.

"Why, don't his uncle wish him to marry?" inquired the Colonel.

"O yes," resumed Henry, "but there's the rub. He is anxious that Gus should get a wife, but he is terribly afraid that he'd be taken in, for it is generally understood he is to be the gentleman's heir. And as for his uncle, though liberal in everything else, he suspects every lady who pays his nephew the least attention, of being a fortune hunter."

"The old ninny," said the Colonel—"why can't he let the boy have his own way?"

"I think as much," put in Patty.

"Well, how did he manage?" inquired the Colonel.

"Why," said Henry, "he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's consent right out; he could not manage to let him see the girl, for she lives at some distance. But he knew his uncle enjoyed a good joke, and was also an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So, what does he do but go and get her miniature taken, for she was extremely beautiful, besides being intelligent and accomplished."

"Beautiful—intelligent—accomplished! exclaimed the Colonel—pray what objection should the fortunate to her?"

"Why she is not worth a great," replied Henry.

and offered to assist him; and so, answering all inquiries, he took the miniature out of his pocket, he handed it to his uncle and asked him how he liked it—telling him a particular friend lent it to him. The old gentleman was in an ecstacy of delight and declared he would give the world to see a woman as handsome as that, and that Gus might have her."

"Ha!" shouted the Colonel. "Capital! the best joke I ever heard; but was she really beautiful?"

"The most angelic creature I ever saw, answered Henry; but you can judge for yourself. He lent me the 'ture, and knowing your taste that way, I brought it for you to look at."

Here Henry took the miniature out of his pocket and handed it to his uncle, at the same time refilling his glass.

Aunt Patty left her chair to look at the picture.

"Well, now," she said, "she is beautiful!"

"You may well say that, sister," said the Colonel. "Bother me if I do not wish I had been in Gus's place. Deuce take it! why did you not get the girl yourself, Harry? The most charming, graceful creature I ever laid my eyes on! I would give a round thousand pounds for such a niece."

"Would you?" inquired Henry, patting the dog.

"Yes, that I would," replied the Colonel; "and nine thousand more upon the top of it, and that makes ten thousand; deuce take me if I would not?"

"Then I'll introduce her to you to-morrow," said Henry.

As there was a wedding at the house of the worthy Colonel very shortly after, and the old gentleman was highly pleased with the beautiful and accomplished bride it is reasonable to suppose that Henry did not forget his promise.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

Brothers, sisters, did you ever try the effect which little acts of kindness produce upon that charmed circle which we call home? We love to receive little favors ourselves, and how pleasant the reception of them makes the circle! To draw up the arm-chair, and get the slippers for fatheo; to watch if any little service can be rendered to brother; to help brother, to assist sister, how pleasant it makes home!

A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can get it; for a moment or two the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up.

'I can get my sister to help me,' he says. That is right, sister; help little brother, and you are binding a tie round his heart that may save him in many an hour of temptation.

'I don't know how to do this sum, but brother will show me,' says another little one.

'Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it.'

The little girl's face is flushed, and she watches her sister with a nervous anxiety while she replaces the 'naughty stitch.'

'Oh, I am so glad!' she says, as she receives it again from the hands of her sister, all nicely arranged. 'You are a good girl, Mary.'

'Bring it to me sooner the next time, and then it won't get so bad,' said the gentle voice of Mary. The little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her, she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely it is better to do as Mary did than to say, 'Oh, go away, and don't bother me;' or scold the little one all the time you are performing some trifling favor.

Little acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles, strew the path of life with flowers; they make the sunshine brighter and the green earth greener; and He who bade us 'love one another,' looks with favor upon the gentle and kind-hearted, and He pronounces the meek blessed.

LOOK IT UP.

Mr. Eggleston, in his book, "The Big Brother," says something so good that it ought to be passed around:

"It will not hurt you, boys and girls, to learn a little accurate geography, by looking up these places before going on with the story, and if I were your school master, instead of your story-teller, I should stop here to advise you always to look on the map for every town, river, lake, mountain, or other geographical thing mentioned in any book or paper you read. I would advise you, too, if I were your schoolmaster, to add up all the figures given in books and newspapers, to see if the writers have made any mistakes, and it is a good plan, too, to go always to the dictionary you do not

For the Transcript.

CENTENNIAL REFLECTIONS.

MR. EDITOR:—Since my visit to the Centennial I am beginning to feel a little proud of my nom de plume. Indeed it is no little honor to be Uncle Sam's son, though it be one of the least. No better opportunity could be afforded to see and know something of the greatness and the resource of the United States.

When her people can show such marvels of intellectual wealth, such wonderful evidence of activity, enterprise and skill, what matters it who fills for a time the Presidential chair? At the opening of the great exhibition the President and the Emperor of Brazil laid their hands on the levers of the great engine, and the giant awoke from his slumberous immobility with a power which could crush President and Emperor to atoms, but the giant is as tractable as a child. It is the child of George H. Corliss' wonderful brain. Beside that child Mr. Fred Grant and Madam Nellie Sartoris are mere pigmies; and so do U. S. Grant and Dom Pedro dwindle down to mere men when standing beside the Rhode Island mechanic. In mental capacity, in real brain viger, in all the great gifts and attainment which create wealth and control civilization Corliss stands head and shoulders above Emperors and Presidents. He is a true potentate.

Many lessons of great value may, I think, be gathered from this grand display of the productive industry of the world. Who could claim, in the midst of this vast exhibition, to be an atheist, or a materialist? What cumulative proof of the supremacy of mind over matter! And is that mind with such astonishing capabilities as are here made manifest to go out in darkness and nothingness? There is no possibility of the annihilation of one atom of all this agglomeration of material things—these products of mind—can there be any possibility of the annihilation of the producer of all this vast array? Death is a great mystery undoubtedly—a great change—but it is not "an eternal sleep." The subject is fruitfully suggestive, but hardly suitable for your columns; yet I cannot repress a thought bearing on Darwinism. Whose achievement is this magnificent Exposition? The answer of Darwinistic science must, it appears to me, be "this wonderful display, all this machinery and appliances of art, skill, science, utility and beauty, is due to a company of monkey-descendants, who, (or which?) were originally monads derived from protoplasm which began in Nothing!

It is lamentable to think how much of this great power of mind has been lost to the world, sometimes from want of appreciation, or from inability to work out its results through indigence, and alas! in how many cases, by intemperance.

The exposition has been a great revelation of the power of the American people and a magnificent apocalypse of their yet grander future. Misgovernment may temporarily cripple their energies and retard their progress, but the mental acumen which can detect and remedy a minute defect in a complicated piece of mechanism, can just as easily find and correct, any and all defects in the machinery of their government.

The thought is full of hopeful inspiration.

The display made by other peoples should admonish us to moderate our national self-glorification. We are a little prone as a people to be boastful, and where there is such ample room for it, it may, in some degree, be excusable. But we should remember that we are only one hundred years old, and young folks should be seen rather than heard. Besides, it is easy to overlook little proofs of precocity in a five year old boy, that would be insufferable impertinence in a lad of ten or twelve. Other nations have very clearly demonstrated their claims to high consideration; let us cheerfully accord our respect to their claims—and be slowly to thoroughly generous, but even success with-odd undue exultation. Indeed, considering the disadvantages under which most of them labored, the self-denial and sacrifice required of them, the people of the United States owe to these nations a debt of gratitude which it is to be hoped, will be paid, with interest compounded, by their adoption of whatever was most admirable and most worthy in our department. Yours truly,

UNCLE SAM'S SON.

A lawyer at the bar was held to be in contempt for loudly making a motion in court. It was entertained, however that he made a motion to throw

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