THE EASTON JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
AT EASTON, MARYLAND.
ARTHUR BROWN,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—Two DOLLARS if paid within three months from the time of subscribing; if not so paid, Two DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged. Clubs of ten, cash in advance, $1.50.

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The Easton Journal.

"The Laborer is Worthy of his Hire."

VOL. 8. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1865. NO 10.

Terms of Advertising.

TERMS—One square—6 lines—one insertion $1. and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction in price to those who advertise by the year, or 6 or 3 months.

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Special Notices, inserted before Marriages and Deaths, 10 cents a line for each insertion. Marriages and Deaths inserted for 50 cents.

Merchants and others advertising by the year will be charged extra for advertisements out of their regular line of business.

Poetry.

For the Journal.

The Dying Mariner.

Blow on O winds, and Silk[illegible] bark,
Toward my native shore,
Now rising o'er the waters dark
But I, alas, no [illegible]

Shall see the home where in the hours
Of childhood I have played,
And hunted for the sweet wild flowers
That grew within the shade.

Along the murmuring stream where oft
I've heard the robin sing,
And blue bird pipe his notes so soft
In the balmy days of Spring.

And in the pleasant Summer time
How sweetly I would play,
And sport with happy voices chime,
Amid the new mown hay.

And when the golden Autumn rolled
Its sea of treasures by,
Who was, when trees were [illegible] with gold—
More happy then than I

And when in winter all the ground
Was whitened far and we,
With loving friends I'd surround—
The dear old fire side.

Sail on my bark, but ah, [illegible] vain,
Those friends no more I greet,
On earth, but O perhaps again
Beyond the grave we'll meet.

Shipmates the clammy dew-sweat lies
Cold on my chilly brow
A mist is gathering o'er my eyes
Farewell I'm going now

Farewell, let no one weep for me
But lay me 'neath the sp[illegible],—
In life I've lived upon the sea,
In death beneath I'll sp[illegible]. M.

For the Journal.

The Last Day of Summer.

'Tis the last day of Summer
Left weeping alone
All the sun-bright procession
Forever are gone.
No more shall I see th[illegible]
No longer be nigh,
But the dead rose decrease
Shall waft thee a si[illegible]

The last sigh of Summ[illegible]
For days that are p[illegible];
Those days that no en-power
Can recall to the h[illegible]
Dost thou as thou lest
Drop tears on the [illegible]wers,
And kiss with thy li[illegible]touch
The sweet summer [illegible]wers?

Poor Summer thou [illegible]pest.
Ah! well may weep
For the buds that ended,
The loved ones asl[illegible].
Go, go then, thou lane
No more may I f[illegible]
Thy golden refulgen[illegible]
Soft over me stea[illegible]

For when thy rose [illegible]hes
Shall paint thee in,
Thy breezes may sig[illegible]er
A weary one lain
To rest i' the church[illegible]
Where tree tops [illegible] wave,
O'er the green mounds[illegible]sses
Just painting a [illegible]

For the Journal.

The Song of the Sea[illegible]

A PARO[illegible]

With fingers nimble and s[illegible]
With heart like the merry[illegible],
A maiden sat in a calico g[illegible]
Plying her golden Pen:
Write! Wri[illegible]Write!
In love and warmth, and [illegible]
She paused with a smile [illegible]ppy and bright,
As she sang a song of the [illegible]en.

"Write! Wr[illegible] Write!
"While the Cock is crowing [illegible],
"And write! write! wri[illegible]
"Till the Stars shine o'er the[illegible]:
"It's only to be beloved
"That quickens heart and [illegible]
"Till the fingers by swiftest [illegible]ghts are moved,
"But ah! they move in [illegible]

"Oh Pen with nib so fine
"Oh Pen of beauteous G[illegible]
"'Tis not your fault they [illegible] vain
"But the love can never b[illegible]
"Love and Hope and [illegible]
"And Joy and Love, till it s[illegible]
"The heart is full, and the [illegible] bewitched
"With its own happ[illegible]ans.

Write! Writ[illegible]rite!
"From happy year to year;
"And write! [illegible]! write!
"With ne'er a single tear
"To blot the pages fair
"Or give the dear one pain,
"Oh! Golden Pen! if this [illegible]are
"The Gift is not in vain." "S."

For the Journal.

The Little Glove.

My girl's a little black-[illegible] girl
As modest as she's f[illegible]
With rosy cheeks and lips
And auburn curly h[illegible]

She is gentle, always s[illegible]
When I glance at her
Ever loving always wil[illegible]
To be called 'my de[illegible]

She's a pretty little cre[illegible]
As this world has eve[illegible]
Has the sweetest rosy [illegible]
And withal is "sweet[illegible]."

She is just an angel bea[illegible]
Has a whole soul feeli[illegible]
Always doing true love's [illegible]
With heart true and [illegible]

She has a *well made pred[illegible]*,
Good stock of common[illegible],
An eye that looks alway[illegible]
But never sees the [illegible]

She often pitties villag[illegible]
Who really think they're "some
Pumpkins," bigger than their dad's,
When smoking cheap mearschaum.
T. A.

From the Parkersburg (Va.) News.

Young America on a Wedding Tour.

The train from Grafton, due at forty minutes past eleven, A. M., under the management of that gentlemanly and efficient conductor, Capt. Scott, a few days since, stopped at one of the way-stations to take on a couple newly married. Both were young and verdant, having been raised in the wilds of Western Virginia, neither of them had ever been fifty miles away from home. They had heard of locomotives, steamboats and hotels, but had never experienced the comforts of any of the aforementioned institutions. Jeems and Lize had determined on this, the most important event in their lives, to visit the city and see the world, particularly that part known as Parkersburg. No wonder that they were amazed and delighted when the locomotive, steaming and snorting, with the train of beautiful crimson cars following it, came in sight.

"These your trunks?" said the baggage master.

"Well, I sorter calkilates them's 'em," said Jeems.

The trunks (a spotted hair trunk and a very old fashioned valise,) were soon in the baggage car, followed by Lize and Jeems.

"I'll be darned ef a railroad aint a fine thing," said Jeems, seating himself on his baggage, and carefully holding up the tails of his tight bodied blue, adorned with resplendent metal buttons, out of the dust "Lize, set here by me."

"Come out of that," said the baggage man, "you are in the wrong car."

"The d—l I am! D'ye s'pose I don't know what I'm about? These is my traps and I calkilate to stay where they ar. Keep quiet, Lize; they say we've got to fight our way through the world any how, and if that chap with the cap on wants anything, why I'm his man. Don't want any of your foolin' round me!"

Here the Captain interposed and explained matters, inasmuch that Jeems consented to leave his traps and follow the Captain. What was his delight when he surveyed the magnificence of the first class passenger car, into which he was ushered. His imagination had never, in its wildest flights, pictured anything half so gorgeous. He was aroused by the shriek of the iron horse.

"Jeewhillikens! what in thunder's that?" exclaimed Jeems.

"That's the horse sqealing when they punch him in the ribs with a pitch fork, to make him go along," said a sleep-looking individual just behind him.

"Look here, stranger," said Jeems, "I'low you think I'm a darned fool; may be I am; but there's somethings I know and one of 'em is, yo'll get your mouth broke ef you don't keep it shut. I don't say much,"—just at this moment they found themselves in Egyptian darkness, and then we heard a scream, almost equal to that of the engine, from Lize, as she threw her arms around the neck of Jeems.

"I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed the sleepy-looking individual, "we're all lost, every mother's son of us. We can just prepare now to make the acquaintance of the gentleman in black, who tends the big fire down below."

"O Lord! Jeems, what will become of us? I felt skeery about getting on the outlandish thing at fust."

"Keep quiet, Lize! hollerin won't do any good now. If you know any prayer, now's your time to say it for both of us."

"What's the matter here," asked the astonished conductor, coming up just as the train once more emerged into the light.

"That's just what I'd like to know," said Jeems, when he saw that Lize and himself were still alive.

"We've just passed through Eaton's tunnel," replied our polite captain. 'How far are you going?"

"Wall, recken we'll stop at Parkersburg."

"Show your ticket, if you please."

"Certainly. Lize, you got some with you? Let this gent look at 'em."

Lize drew a piece of white paper from her reticule, and, with a smile, handed it to our friend, who read:

"*The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited!*"

"What's this?" asked the captain.

"Way, that's one of the tickets to our wedding; that's what you asked for, heint it?" said the somewhat astonished Jeems.

"Haw! haw! haw! was the discordant sound that arose from the seat of the sleep-looking man.

A bland smile came over the face of the captain, as he explained the meaning to our verdant friend. He had no ticket, but willingly paid his fare, and the train sped towards its destination.—but wonder did not cease here. Presently, a pert newsboy entered the car, and stepping up to Jeems, he asked:

"Have a Sun, sir?"

"Well, if I have my way about it, the fust one will be a son, sartin," said Jeems. Lize blushed.

"Don't count your chickens afore they're hatched!" said Bill, as he hastened away to the next car.

In due time, the train stopped at the big depot in this city. Amid the confusion of strange noises, and a babble of discordant voices, our friends landed on the platform.

"Buss, sah? Buss, sah?—free for de United States?" said the sable porter of our town house.

"Lady take a buss, sah?"

"Wall, I rather spose she won't from anybody but me—reckon I'm able to do all in that line she wants, and more too."

"Go to the Swan House, sah? right crost de street—best house in the city. This way, sah—any baggage? Have it sent to your room in a few minutes."

In a short time, Jeems and his bride found themselves in one of those comfortable rooms on the second floor of that well-ordered establishment—the Swan House. The baggage was sent up with the usual promptness, and our friends began making their toilet for dinner. Jeems had his coat and boots off in a jiffy, and Lize's hair fell gracefully over her shoulders.

'That's a duced putty tossel," said Jeems, eyeing the bell-cord; "wonder what it's for?" catching hold of it. "Look, it works up there on some sort of a thingumbob. I'd like to have that tossel to put on my horse's head next muster day; see how it works," said he, giving it a pull.

Presently the door opened and the sable face of one of Africa's sons was thrust into the room, with the inquiry of "ring, sah?"

"Ring! ring what? you black ape! ef you don't quit looking at my wife, and make off, I'll ring your head off."

"Stop a minnit," said Lize. "What's the name of the man who keeps this tavern?"

"Mr. Canly, marm."

"Well, tell his lady that she needn't go to any extra fixing on our account, for we're plain people," said the amiable bride.

"As they used to say in our debatin society, interrupted Jeems, "I'll amend that motion by sayin you can tell 'em to give us the best they've got; I'm able to pay fur it, and don't care fur expenses.

"Tee he! tee he!" was the only audible reply from the sable gent, as he hurried down stairs.

Dinner came, and was despatched with a relish. Jeems and his bride took a stroll over the city, seeing the lions and other sights, until supper time, which being over they retired to their room. The gas was lit by the servant, who received a quarter for his services. Jeems was the last in bed, and, according to the rule in such cases, had to put out the light, which he did with a blast from his lungs.

The noise in the street had died away, quietness reigned in the Swan House. The young man on the watch, dozed in his chair. The clerk (rather corpulent) was about to retire, when he thought he smelt gas. Much against his will, the clerk proceeded to find where the leak was. It seemed stronger in the neighborhood of the room occupied by the bride and groom The clerk concluded to knock at the door of their room.

"Who's there?" came from within.

"Open the door, the gas is escaping."

"Gas! what gas?" said Jeems, opening the door.

"Why, here in this room. How did you put your light out?"

"Blew it out, of course."

"You played h——l." Our amiable clerk came very near saying a bad word, but remembering that there was a lady in the bed, he checked his rising temper, and having lit the gas, he proceeded to show Jeems the mystery of its burning, as follows:

"You see this little thing here? well, when you want to put it out, you give it a turn this way; and when you want to make it lighter, you give it a turn this way. Serious consequences might have resulted if it had not been discovered. It might have suffocated us all. Now be careful the next time."

"Much obliged. But how the devil did I know the darned stuff was 'scapin?" responded Jeems.

"Did'nt you smell it?" asked the clerk.

"Pears to me I did smell something," said Jeems "But, Lize, I'll be darned ef I didn't think it was you, kase I never slept with a woman afore."

"Well, Jeems, I thought it was you smelt that way, all the time. I was just wondering ef all men smelt that way. It peared strange, but then I never slept with a man afore, and didn't know nothin about it," was the response of Lize, as she turned over for a nap.

The red of our clerk's face grew smilingly redder, as it reflected the light from the burning jet and a roguish twinkle lurked in the corners of his eyes, as he turned off the gas and all was dark, and our friends were left alone in their glory. A sound of suppressed mirth was heard in the reading room for a few minutes, and all was still.

HOW DEACON SMITH COURTED THE WIDOW.—The Deacon's wagon stopped one morning before Widow Jones' door, and he gave the usual country sign that he wanted somebody in the house by dropping the reins and sitting double with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap. 'Good morning,' was said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said. 'Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, now, for nothin, any way, do you?'

'Well, there, Mr. Smith, you couldn't have spoken my mind better. A poor lone woman like me does not know what to do with so many creturs, and should be glad to trade if we can fix it.'

So they adjourned to the meadow. Deacon Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—at Brindle—then at the widow—at the Downing cow—then at the widow again—and so through the whole forty. The same call was made for a week, but the deacon could not decide what cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when the Widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday—and 'ever so much to do in the house,' as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday—she was a little impatient. Deacon Smith was as irresolute as ever.

'That ere Downing cow is a pretty fair cretur, but'—he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked around her—not the widow—but the cow.

'The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her.' Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones; she sighed and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

'Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle—but I have known better.' A long stare succeeded his speech—the pause was getting awkward—and at last Mrs. Jones broke out—

'Lord! Mr. Smith, if *I'm* the cow you want, do *say so!*'

The intentions of the Deacon and the widow were published the next day.

Bill's Advice.

Old Bill W—— was a full-blown specimen of the genus "loafer," and, like many of his tribe, considerable of a wag, never sparing either friend or foe when a chance occurred for a sell, and frequently "taking in" strangers when opportunity offered. One of his last experiments in this line is thus related:

He was standing one pleasant spring-day in front of the Pavillion Hotel at A——, when a man came along driving a team, consisting of a very large, fine horse, harnessed beside a small, shaggy, inferior-looking pony.

"Hallo! stranger, stop a minute," shouted old Bill, and, walking up to the stranger's team, he surveyed it with a critical eye for several minutes, finally remarking:

"That's a fine hoss you have there, friend—a very fine hoss."

"Yes, sir, he is that. Do you want to buy?" responded the stranger.

"And the pony—is he yours, too?"

"Yes, he's mine. Do you want to buy him?" demanded the driver, beginning to become impatient at the delay.

"Wal, no, stranger," with great deliberation, "I don't want to buy; but, if I were you, I'll tell you what I'd do," and again he paused to give another attentive glance to the animals before him.

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, if I were you, and owned them hosses, I'd have the little un grafted, and then he'd be a match for the big un by fall!"

And having fired his shot, old Bill retreated in good order, followed by a volley of curses both loud and deep.

"Beware of the first glass, Ike," said Mrs Partington to that interesting youth the other day, "for when a man once passes the Rubicund, he is liable at any time to become an unblushing drunkard, and to go on from bad to worse, until he pawns his last shirt, and the curtain falls with delirium trimmings." Carried away by the old lady's eloquence, Ike kneeled down on his hands and knees, and swore by Neil Dow and the State of Maine, never to indulge except after consulting a physician.

From the Baltimore Sunday Telegram.

The Spirit of Political Intolerance.

We have heretofore alluded to the mad spirit of political intolerance cherished and cultivated by an irresponsible class in this and other communities, and had sincerely indulged the hope that the advanced intelligence of our people would soon rebuke and put to silence the shameless agitators, who, under a fallacious pretext, were thwarting the ends of good government and obstructing the restoration of that Union whose strength and glory mainly consist in the mutual affection of its adherents. We are thankful that to some extent our earnest hopes have been realized. But there are sections and districts even within our own State, where, we blush to admit, a malignent, unmanly and cowardly disposition prevails, which, regardless of patriotism, justice and law, still tramples upon every safe-guard of citizenship and violates every principle of humanity. More than this, it is a notorious fact, that there is one portion of our State ruled over, governed and outraged with impunity by as depraved a set of ruffians as ever disgraced a community or escaped the halter of justice.

So long as we believed the persecution of political opponents an error of judgement, we were disposed to reason calmly with the perpetrators of wrong, and convince them of the injustice and bad policy of their course. We reminded them that nothing is now to be gained by fomenting discord or renewing agitation, and strove to show that the cause of nationality could only be advanced by a strict compliance with law, and permitted those who have differed with them to return to quiet pursuits, thus securing the peace and adding to the wealth of the country. Many, we were pleased to note, acknowledged the wisdom of a humane, magnanimous and conservative policy, and receded from the false position into which prejudice and fanaticism had unwittingly led them. But in other localities the same fell spirit which we temperately rebuked then continues its vengeful work and extends itself to the trambling hearth-stones of every resident and citizen of the neighborhood; irrespective of creed, party or purpose.

We call attention to that part of the State rendered wickedly notorious by the murder of Joseph Shaw, a deed that has left a bloody blotch upon the escutcheon of our State, the civilization of the age, the jurisprudence of our country, and the institutions we are wont to boast. A band of reckless outlaws, backed by corrupt officials, and countenanced by unscrupulous partisans, have combined in Carroll County, under the euphonious title of a "Vigilance Committee," and rule the country with a band of violence; the courts and officers of the law being but convenient tools to cover their track of intimidation and blood. They riot in the excess of unlimited assumption, and he who dares to question their right pays the price of his honesty with his life. The impunity—nay, the immunity—conferred by the license granted in the case of Shaw referred to, has been taken advantage of, and no home is secure, no asylum is sacred. Around the neighborhood of Westminster no man dares to differ with this disgraceful oligarcy, or if he does, he dare not avow it. Every property is possessed at their sufferance, and every life at their mercy. Could a state of society more abhorrent to freedom, more shocking to morals, or more dangerous to the life of the Commonwealth exist? And yet none dare rebuke it, and few venture to complain.

Nor is this to be wondered at when we recall that fearful crime which gave a license to their murderous sway. All remember the fate of Joseph Shaw, whose blood yet cries to heaven for vengeance. He was warned to leave his native town, his property was irreparably destroyed, and he driven into exile by this vicious conclave, and ordered not to return on pain of death He remained away until assured by men in authority that he would not be disturbed in person or property, and then returned to enjoy his right of citizenship. No sooner did he do so than these self-constituted legislators and executioners invaded his domicile, and the painful record of one of the most horrible murders of the age was written in the victim's blood.

A case similar in all respects, save the result, has lately come to our knowledge. Several young men who had enlisted in the Southern army from that locality, having surrendered with those discomfited forces, returned to their places of nativity, and were compelled for safety to resort to the city. Finding them beyond the reach of their malice, these relentless inquisitors procured an indictment against them before the Grand Jury of the county, and they were arrested and taken under a warrant. Having given bail, they immediately received an order similar to that sent to Mr. Shaw, in the hope that, like that unfortunate man, they would have the hardihood to resist it, or some accident or circumstance would cause them to delay, that like him, they might fall victims to a vindicate lust. They escaped, however, and have safely returned to this city, bringing with them the nefarious order that expelled them, and the evidence of our State's dishonor. How long this state of things will be tolerated we are not prepared to say. The courts are in the hands of this degraded conspiracy, the life of no man is safe, and if an honest juryman ii placed upon the bench, he dare not venture to differ with his corrupt colleagues, lest his home be made desolate and his family left bereaved. A reign of terror has usurped the majesty of law, and the rights of the citizen are subjected to the dictations of this brutal clique. Had the young men in question neglected the warning, there is not the shadow of a doubt but that they would have followed poor Shaw to a premature grave. We trust the press of Maryland will have the manliness to rise above mere partisanship and brand these outrages as they deserve. Their thraldom to party aggrandisement is disgraceful to themselves and hurtful to the interests and honor of the Commonwealth, and if something is not speedily done, the blood of another innocent man will rest upon them as well as on the felons, who now revel in impunity.

A giant seventeen feet four inches high, and enormous amplitude of chest, has appeared in Nagbore. When first he entered the city he was mobbed. An immense crowd consisting of men, women and children, gathered around him and stoned him for an incarnation of the Evil One. But luckily for him, somebody having discovered five mysterious marks on the crown of his head, announced that he was a god, and thereupon the fickle and superstitions population immediately prostrated themselves before him, and actually worshipped him as a divine being? When he was at Kamptee, all the Marwarree women paid him divine honors, and literally adored him.

☞ At a printers' festival the following toast was given: "*The Editor and the Lawyer*—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."

No Hell for Puritans.

The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher—a pious Puritan preacher, not unknown to our readers—discards the notion of a hell. He has an idea that no such place as all preachers in the far past proclaimed to be a certainty—that no such place as the New Testament describes—that no such place as sinners are usually and universally doomed to exist, or ever did exist, or ever should exist. There ought to be no slavery; therefore, argues Parson Beecher, there ought to be no hell. He declares that when he looks upon the Christian doctrine on that head he feels as if he "looked into a crater," as one can readily believe he does. He adds: "I shudder. I hide my eyes and heart from it. It touches me to the core of my life. I positively dare not think of it *in certain moods. It is a dreadful thing.*"

All of which is fearfully significant. True not only as to him and what he sustains, but as to all the teachings and traditions of ages; especially significant as to him and what he strenuously upholds if not as to—well, we shall not add what. Retributive justice is a thing sinners, in all ages and of all grades, disliked to consider as more than a bugbear, a something not destined to meet themselves through their acts. Slavery, that is to say involuntary servitude, being, with such men as Mr. Beecher, synonymous with sin; therefore paradoxically enough the idea of a hell as conceived by him is only the synonym of a Mohammedan Paradise. Hence he tells that the "*gross representations* of hell which we find in the New Testament are not to be taken literally."—His logic and theology are equally sound and forcible.

By way of excuse for the profanity which underlies, as well as developes itself in all this reverend preacher advances in his religious organ, we propose to cite his opinion of scriptural inspiration: "Though I consider that they (the Apostles) were inspired, yet I cannot but feel that emanating from Him (the Savior) it is different from what it would have been if it had emanated from either of them (the Apostles)." They are passively inspired, he positively; yet the interpreter of all rejects all.

What is Mr. Beecher? What, really, are his tenets? With such views of Christianity as are here enunciated, what can one suppose him to be? He professes to be a Christian, still it seems to us he declines to profess Christianity? He proclaims himself a preacher of the Gospel; at the same time disavows one of its distinctive tenets. With such men as leaders of our fanatics is it any marvel that we should have drifted into the slough of national horrors from which we have not yet emerged? The idea of a hell must, indeed, be a dreadful thing for their reflections. Why should they not "shudder at it" as the hunted criminal shrinks from the mere mention of "an officer of justice." Hell, indeed! There are no Puritanic sinners; why should there be a hell? There are no Puritanic law breakers; why should there be a prison?—*N. York Daily News.*

The Maryland Oyster Law---Important Opinion.

The Hon. John W. Chrisfield, of Somerset county, at the request of several citizens of Deal's Island, has given an interesting opinion as to the proper construction of the new oyster law, passed at the last session of the Legislature of Maryland. After a review of previous laws regulating the taking or catching of oysters in this State, he arrives at the following conclusions:

First—That by the act of the last session of the Legislature, all former laws regulating the catching and taking of oysters within this State were repealed; and that no license is required but such as is provided for by that law.

Second—Any citizen of Somerset county, the owner of a sailing vessel enrolled and licensed at the custom-house, taking out license from the Comptroller of the State Treasury, and complying with the provisions of this law, may take oysters for sale with scoop, drag or dredge, or any other instrument, from the first of September in any year, to the first of June in the next year, anywhere in the Chesapeake bay, where the water is not less than fifteen feet deep, (Talley's, Sandy, Hackett's and Thomas' Points and The Three Sisters excepted,) and in his own county, and in the bay bordering on his county, in water of any depth, wherever he can find them.

Third—Any citizen of the county taking license for rakes or tongs, as provided by law, may take oysters with these instruments where he can find them, (private property of course excepted;) but he cannot, under such license, use any other instrument than rakes and tongs, and the use of any other instrument under such license, or without any license, subjects the party to a fine of not less than $20, nor more than $100.

Fourth—Oysters cannot lawfully be caught or taken for sale without an appropriate license taken out according to this law; but no county or other license is required, and if oysters are taken for the personal use of the taker, as for consumption and planting, and not for sale, no license at all is required.

THE SILENT TONGUE.—The art of silence, if it be not one of the fine, is certainly one of the useful arts. It is an art attained by few. How seldom we meet with a man who speaks only when he ought to speak, and says only what he ought to say! That the Bible enjoins its attainment is most manifest. It commands us to make a door and a bar for the mouth. Declares that if a man bridleth not his tongue, his religion is vain. The attainment of this art will enable us to avoid saying foolish things. We often speak without reflection, and of consequence, foolish thoughts, or expressions destitute of thought are uttered. Possessed of the art of silence, we shall not speak that which ought not to be spoken. Again, it will enable us to avoid saying hurtful things. Since we are placed in the world to do good, and since the endowment of speech is one of our greatest means of influence it is most unseemly for us to utter that which shall do injury. He whose business it is to root out the tares should not scatter their seed. It will enable us to govern our feelings and direct our trains of thought. He who gives expression to his feelings increases their strength. He who gives expression to anger, for example, increases its power over him. He who gives utterance to improper thoughts, will increase our influence with our fellow-men. "A fool utereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth it until afterward." Gravity and reserve are associated with wisdom, Even an affected gravity is sometimes effective—the true art of silence, ever. We can be useful only as we are influential.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST FINED.—Father Cummings, a Catholic priest residing in Louisiana, Mo., was arrested a few days since, taken before Judge Bagg, of the Pike Circuit Court, and sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred dollars, for persisting in preaching without taking the constitutional oath. Having refused to pay the fine, and declined to permit his friends to pay it for him, the Rev. Father is confined in the county jail. His case will probably be brought before the Supreme Court for a final decision.

Something for Everybody.

When you walk in the street with a lady, keep you hands out of your pockets, and your cigar out of your mouth. We would sooner be caught stealing than in the act of smoking while walking with a lady. Don't change sides with her on crossing the street; it is quite as proper that you should fall through cellar doors and other traps set by careless people, as that she should. Always take the right hand when you meet another person, and don't stop. At table take the dish the host offers you, and don't pass it to the nearest neighbor, even if a lady; it is ungenerous to reprove your host or hostess to his or her face.—There is a point where self-abnegation becomes rudeness, and this is precisely that point. The person who gives the entertainment has a perfect right to say which shall be served first. Don't offer your chair to a new-comer, unless it is the only one of the kind and the best in the room.—Rise when another guest leaves the house where you are entertained, but do not follow to the door. You may thus spoil a more cordial leave-taking. Don't sit cross-legged in presence of ladies, or in company of ceremony. Keep your fingers out of your button-holes, and your hands from your lap. Make yourself as comfortable as you can without incommoding any one. Your host, if a gentleman, always likes to see his guests comfortable and contented. Be neither a pump nor a pumper, but alternately resume both conditions. Ask and answer questions with diplomatic propriety. Speak well of people, or speak not at all. Nothing indicates greater defect of colloquial ability than vituperation, slander, or angry declamation. Maintain repose if the earth quakes. Don't squeeze a lady's hand, for besides being a vulgar demonstration of affection, ladies often wear rings. The slightest possible pressure is in good taste.—But there is a difference between the respectful and the really kind, scarcely perceptible pressure of the whole hand and a persistent grip that leaves the fingers white for an hour, and a lady disgusted with you for a week. Always wear a clean shirt and collar, and do not fail to use a tooth brush. All of which is respectfully submitted to those who would be recognized as persons of good breeding.

A Stage Tragedy in Chicago.

On Tuesday night week a tragedy occurred on the stage of Wood's Theatre, Chicago, which was not down on the bills. Just before the performance commenced an actor, named Beach, was shot by his wife for the following reasons:

About twelve months ago Beach eloped with and married a daughter of Mr. Alexander Randall, of Chicago. The girl was only seventeen years of age, with light curling hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, and was regarded as very pretty. The parties only lived together for a little while, the wife going to visit some friends at Buffalo, and the husband taking the position of "utility man" of Wood's Theatre. Some months ago the husband said that he went to Buffalo in disguise and there found that his wife was living in adulterous intercourse with another actor. He came back and filed a bill of divorce which was printed in the newspapers. She seeing it immediately returned to Chicago and expostulated with him, promising if he would withdraw the bill she would again live with him. This he consented to do, but a week or two elapsed, and he failed to fulfil his promise. She now threatened him and exacted another promise that he would comply with her wishes. Finding after a few days, that he had not done so, she loaded a pistol, put several cartridges in her pocket, and on Tuesday night went to the theatre. Again she asked him to keep his promise, and on receiving his refusal, she fired the pistol, the ball taking effect in the neck of Beach, near the spinal column. She dropped the pistol, and coolly walked away, but in a few minutes was arrested and taken to the police station. On the road she chatted pleasantly, and smiled as if she had not been guilty of any evil deed.—Sometime afterward her father visited the station house, and expressed a wish to finish the job if his daughter had not done so. He was locked up.—Beach, although badly wounded, may recover.

Bishop Hopkins on Reunion.

The venerable Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, arrived in New York on Wednesday week, on business connected with the approaching Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church, and the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger reports the following in connection therewith:

Some one asked the Bishop if he thought there would be any trouble in re-admitting the Southern Bishops to the Convention. His reply was characteristic: "I see by the papers to-day that the Odd-Fellows Grand Lodge at Baltimore are having a great family reunion, and that the Southern delegates have been as cordially received as those from other sections of the Union. Why cannot we follow their example? With the Odd-Fellows "Friendship, Love and Truth" are governing principles, but Odd-Fellowship is a voluntary affair. When professing Christians come together, sir, they are commanded to 'love one another,' and that command I shall do my best not only to obey myself, but persuade others to obey it also."

THRILLING SCENE.—*A Train of Cars Running Through Burning Woods.*—On Sunday, while the fire in the woods at Cedar Swamp was at its height, an extra train of sixteen cars, bringing the 14th Maine regiment, on their way home to Augusta, came over the Eastern Railroad. On either side of the track the flames rose forty feet high, the noise drowning the sound of the train. It was a fearful sight to behold. The oil on the wheels took fire, while the seven hundred officers and men of the gallant 14th were nearly smothered in the dense smoke. Fortunately the long train drawn by the "Cape Ann" went through the terrible ordeal without accident, and as the cars emerged, beyond the burning district, the smoke rushed from the car windows into the air, giving an appearance of a train on fire.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Chronicle, Sept. 19.*

The coquettish Mrs. L——has just returned from a pleasure trip to Washington. She only took with her forty-two dresses, twenty shawls, nineteen bonnets, and two hundred pair of gloves. "Surely," said a friend who happened to be present when she was unpacking, "you did not take all that with you." "I merely took what was indispensible, my dear I left behind me all that was cumbersome." "Ay, yes, I understand, Jane—your husband."

A MEMBER OF THE BAR INDICTED.—The grand jury of St. Louis have indicted Samuel T. Glover, Esq., for practicing as an attorney and counseller at law without first taking the oath of loyalty prescribed by the new Constitution of the State. The indictment is preferred on the information of Mr. Glover himself, and at his request, and that of other leading members of the bar, for the purpose of testing the validity of the section which prohibits attorneys from practicing unless they first subscribe to the oath.—*St. Louis Republican.*

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