The Chestertown Transcript.

CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1866. NO. 31.

PERKINS, Editor.

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Advertisements

Of TEN LINES or less will be inserted three times for One Dollar: Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. One square three months, Three Dollars: Six months, Six Dollars: One Year, Ten Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

JOB PRINTING.

Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

SUITABLE FOR

STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. ☜

THE POPULAR

CLOTHING HOUSE.

BOYS' JACKETS,
BOYS' COATS,
BOYS' PANTS,
MEN'S FINE CLOTH COATS,
MEN'S SACK COATS,
MEN'S ENGLISH WALKING COATS,
MEN'S FRENCH SACK COATS,
Men's Spring Overcoats,
MEN'S BLACK PANTS,
MEN'S FANCY PANTS.
WE HAVE THE BEST
AND FINEST STOCK OF
MEN'S & BOY'S CLOTHING
IN THE CITY.
Together with a
SUPERIOR STOCK OF
Piece Goods
FOR
CUSTOM WORK,
☞ *At Less Than Gold Rates!*

CHAS. H. STEWART
WITH
Smith Bro's. & Co.,
Marble Hall Clothing House,
40 West Baltimore St.
March 25, 1865—y

A CARD
To the Farmers of Kent Co.

A CUSTOM has obtained in the Grain trade of Baltimore, from which the farmers have suffered, and to which I as a Grain seller am unwilling longer to submit. It is no uncommon thing for a Commission Merchant to have Grain consigned to him and the first intimation he receives that the Grain is in the market is a return made to him by another Commission Merchant for so many bushels of Grain sold at a price that he does not know whether it is right or not, as he does not see the Grain. I suppose the custom originated in this way:—When samples of Grain are mixed they could not be delivered if sold separately, and in that case the agent having the largest lot has the right to sell; but when Grain is separate this is not necessary, except for the convenience of the Captain. I do not recognize the right of any Captain to hand over to another party without my consent, a sample of Grain to sell that is consigned to me. I prefer to have the control of my own Grain, and the privilege of determining myself, whether or not it is to my interest, or the interest of my customer, to have it sold by another Commission Merchant who has no interest in it.

Farmers who send me their Grain to sell are requested in all cases to direct the Captain to deliver me the sample.

B. B. PERKINS,
Commission Merchant,
and Farmers' Agent
No. 8 BOWLY'S WHARF,
Corn Exchange Building.
August 26, 1865—tf.

JAS. I. BARTON,

(Successor to C. B. KEYWORTH,)
Late of J. P. Hartman,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 276 West Baltimore St.
BALTIMORE.

OUR Stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings of every grade, style and texture, which we are prepared to make up at reasonable prices, and in every variety of style to suit the occasion or taste of the wearer.

All Goods and Garments warranted to be what they are represented, or returnable at the pleasure of the purchaser.

☞ The citizens of Kent and the Eastern Shore counties are requested to give him a call. March 11, 1865.

BLACK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by ALDRIDGE.

SAMUEL COMEGYS. GEO. D. S. HANDY.
COMEGYS & HANDY,
GRAIN COMMISSION MERHANTS,
No. 70 South Street,
BALTIMORE.
October 21, 1865—y

W. E. WOODDY. J. F. M. WOODALL.
WOODDY & WOODALL,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
No. 11 Bowly's Wharf,
(UP STAIRS.)
BALTIMORE.
☞ Special attention given to the sale of Grain. Oct. 21, 1865—y

WILLIAM TOMLINSON, WILLIAM P. FRANCIS,
WILLIAM T. TOMLINSON.
TOMLINSON & FRANCIS,
Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF GRAIN, LIVE STOCK, and *Country Produce generally.*
No. 96 Light Street Wharf.
☞ Orders for Groceries, Seeds, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise, promptly filled.
Baltimore, November 4, 1865—y

V. B. HINES. W. H. WEST.
HINES & WEST,
No. 90 Light Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Hay, Potatoes,
Onions, Apples, Dried Fruits, Eggs, Fish, Cattle, Wood, Hoop-Poles, &c., &c.
April 1, 1865—tf

B. B. Perkins,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 8 Bowley's Wharf,
Under Corn Exchange,
Will give PERSONAL ATTENTION to the sale of all Grain consigned to him.
Baltimore, August 19, 1865.

WOOD

FOR SALE.—The subscriber is prepared to furnish the citizens of Chestertown with the best quality *PINE, OAK* and *HICKORY WOOD*, seasoned or green, at moderate prices.

WILLIAM FORD,
Oct. 21, 1865—tJ1* Near Chestertown.

WALTER T. HURTT,
PRACTICAL
HAT AND CAP
MANUFACTURER
AND DEALER IN STRAW GOODS,
No. 38 N. Green Street,
BALTIMORE,
Offers inducements to the Citizens and Merchants of Kent and the adjoining counties. Call and examine our stock.
September 23, 1865—6m*

WHEELER & WILSON
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
Sewing Machine!
W. MERRILL, AGENT,
Office 214 Baltimore Street.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO.
SEWING MACHINES,
For Tailoring and Manufacturing,

The Poet.

DARA.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

When Persia's sceptre trembled in a hand
Wilted with harem-heats, and all the land
Was hovered over by those vulture ills
That snuff decaying empire from afar,
Then, with a nature balanced as a star,
Dara arose, a shepherd of the hills.

He who had governed fleecy subjects well,
Made his own village by the self-same spell.
Secure and quiet as a guarded fold;
Then, gathering strength by slow and wise degrees,
Under his sway, to neighbor villages
Order returned, and faith, and justice old.

Now when it fortuned that a king more wise
Endued the realm with brain, and hands, and eyes,
He sought on every side men brave and just;
And having heard our mountain shepherd's praise,
How he refilled the mould of elder days,
To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.

So Dara shepherded a province wide,
Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride
Than in his crook before; but envy finds
More food in cities than on mountains bare;
And the frank sun of spirits clear and rare
Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds.

Soon it was whispered at the royal ear
That, though wise Dara's province, year by year,
Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty up,
Yet, when he squeezed it at the king's behest,
Some yellow drops more rich than all the rest
Went to the filling of his private cup.

For proof, they said that wheresoe'er he went,
A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,
Went with him; and no mortal eye had seen
What was therein, save only Dara's own,
But when 'twas opened, all his tent was known
To glow and lighten with heaped jewels' shene.

The king set forth for Dara's province straight,
Where, as was fit, outside the city's gate,
The viceroy met him with a stately train,
And there with archers circled, close at hand,
A camel with the chest was seen to stand,
The king's brow reddened, for the guilt was plain.

"Open me here," he cried, "this treasure chest."
'Twas done, and only a worn shepherd's vest
Was found within. Some blushed and hung the head;
Not Dara; open as the sky's blue roof
He stood, and "O my lord, behold the proof
That I was faithful to my trust," he said.

"To govern men, lo, all the spell I had!
My soul in these rude vestments ever clad
Still to the unstained past kept true and leal,
Still on these plains could breathe her mountain air,
And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,
Which bend men from their truth and make them reel.

"For ruling wisely I should have small skill,
Were I not lord of simple Dara still;
That sceptre kept, I could not lose my way."
Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and bright,
And stained the throbbing lids: before 'twas night
Two added provinces blest Dara's sway.

The Wishes Shop.

During the summer of 1864 we had no rain up to the end of August, and London became a furnace, especially that part of London which I inhabited, Lincoln's Inn, namely, where I had chambers as a lawyer, and moreover, being a bachelor, I occupied them as my sole home. I certainly was not well; and yet I did not know what ailed me. The knock of a client gave me a pang, which I vented by violently flinging down the chair that stood beside me, or the book in my hand. The sudden noise was so offensive, that I took revenge on it by making a worse.

My clerk's soft step, as he stole into the room, was as bad as the noise had been; and I could hardly forbear bidding him go to the devil, rather than deliver his message to me. I ceased going to my club for dinner, because the sense of cooking in the establishment provoked me to nausea; and if the waiter, when I did pay it a visit, handed me a letter which was directed there for me, I could have knocked him down for intruding his odious face upon me just at my entrance.

Under these influences, I was siting one evening, between the open dusty window and the door, which I had pressed back till I had almost dislocated its rusty hinges when, by some means, I don't recollect what, the following piece of information became known to me. It was couched in the form of an advertisement:—"Newstreet, beyond the Tower, No. 99; James Destiny and Co.'s new invention. Whoever wishes for any particular object, and would give an equally valuable consideration in exchange for it, let him apply as above."

What a world of satisfaction was open here! I was immediately at the establishment in spirit, and my body, it seems, did not tarry long behind, for I very soon found myself in an obscure long chamber, partly filled with persons come to do business; while, seated behind a counter at the top of the room, was the representative of Mr. Destiny, or perhaps himself, receiving applications. He had a formula, which he repeated continually to the numbers of persons who came successively within hearing, and which contained the terms on which he dealt:—"You understand, gentlemen, give me leave to explain, that whoever deals for a thing which he wishes for, must give up something that he possesses. I beg your attention to this condition of the transaction, without which no business can be here carried on."

Everybody made a sign of assent, but for the most part they took in the sense no more than people in general do appropriate an explanation, until enforced by example.

The first dealer was an instance. He stated that he had a small, but charming landed property, which would be complete if he could obtain only seven acres of healthy land which belonged to a poor family, who refused to sell.

"And what of all the things you enjoy, will you give up for it?" inquired Mr. Destiny.

"Oh, I would give the whole world!" answered the gentleman.

"You have not the whole world to give," answered Destiny. "Is that all you would give? You had better go about your business. You can't give what you have not."

The next person who presented himself came up to the counter with great difficulty. He had a crutch under one shoulder and a stick in the other hand, and even with those aids he could hardly make his way to the seat on which he placed himself.

"I wish," said he, "as you may suppose, to be rid of my infirmity, and would give a great deal for the purpose."

"No doubt," said Mr. Destiny; "but you understand that the thing to be given is something you possess. Men are born with such and such advantages, and if they would prefer one which they have not, they must choose something among their own to give up. Now what will you give up? Your eyesight?"

"Certainly not," said the lame man; "I will part with none of the senses to be rid of an infirmity. They belong to my soul, this is only my body."

"But your body is wanted to enable you to enjoy your soul. For instance, you cannot follow your eyes where they make you to wander."

"Too true; but my eyes reach and bring me beautiful things, which, without them, would be an unknown world; my ears——"

"You need not argue, sir. I don't care what you keep or give away; will you give away what many people do quite well without—your keen enjoyment of sight and sounds? You will still have a wonderful deal of pleasure in going free among men and things."

"Oh, that will never do. Enjoyable things are always at hand if you possess the gift of enjoying. It is better to feel the want of much, than not to be open to it whenever it comes."

"Give up your wealth—all of it?"

"I might do that; but then I could not have books and pictures, nor be above the cares of the body. No; not all my wealth."

"Yet, that boy, running barefoot in the street, would not give his legs for your money."

"Nor will I give my money for his legs."

"On the whole, then, you had better keep the ill you are accustomed to, than to take up with a new one."

"Yet I *should* like to walk."

"Ay, but you don't seem willing to alter your condition in any way, except that of getting rid of something extremely disagreeable. Now, that is not the question. The only offer made you is to get a good thing you have not by renouncing a good you have. Sorry, sir, I can't be of any use."

"Thank, you sir. Well, I won't detain you; good morning." And the lame man took up his crutch and his stick, and hobbled out of the room.

There came next a woman, eagerly pushing through the crowd, and with scarcely-suppressed sobs, begging for the life of her son, a youth of sixteen, who was dying of fever.

"It is a great thing you come for," said Mr. Destiny; "you must give a great thing for it. Will you give your own life?"

"Aye, twenty times!" said the mother passionately.

"You have not twenty lives to give, You have one, will give that?"

"Yes, I will give my life," answered the mother, sobered suddenly from her passion by the matter-of-fact reception of it.

"You will really—without metaphor?"

"I will; I will."

"Very well: be it so. Go home, and your wish will be bought at that price.

I saw the mother rise and go away with a face of such calm joy that it seemed like the light of the moon suddenly poured over heaven and earth, when the cloud sails off. I could hardly distinguish between her and the glorious planet. My ideas were confused; they seemed as in a dream. I was brought back, however, to the scene around me, by a man of important presence, who made his way like one accustomed to respect, and who began to speak, and made himself heard, in the place of humbler applicants.

"What I wish for," said he, "is a blessing very naturally to be desired in my position in life. For my possessions and my rank, I want an heir."

"A child," answered Mr. Destiny, "is so immense a blessing that any one to whom it is not given in his portion of good must be ready to part with something very great if he wants such an exchange. Will you give your wealth?"

"No; for I told you it was to inherit my wealth that I wanted an heir. That's a foolish proposal."

"Perhaps it is; at least, then, give your title."

"No, that's just as impossible. I want an heir to carry on the title which would become extinct in me, and which has been transmitted to me for you have no idea how many years—from Saxon times, sir."

"Ay, indeed!"

"Many people have sons, and nothing to leave them," said the rich man.

"Very true."

"Yes, and many have wealth and title and sons also."

"They have, certainly, but you have not; it is in their destiny, but it is not in yours. You are not one of those lucky people who have them. But come, let us see what compensation there may be; you are very rich, suppose you give up half your wealth."

"How is that possible in my situation? Can I consent to let my father fall from the position of first down to second? Is there any use in perpetuating what would no longer be the great, the powerful, the first, but simply the considerable, the respectable, the one iota among ten thousand? My family may just as well stop in me; stop in its supremacy."

"You have something which does not belong to your place or fortune. You have considerable talent; you occupy a post in the guidance of the country. Give that."

"Humph! It seems to me that is the one thing which gives its remarkable value to my rank and fortune. I should not like to go into the House with the crowd of legislators whose only claim to be there is the accident of their birth in purple. It is a worthy feeling of pride to take a place there, due to what I do, not to what I am."

"Quite worthy; it is a circumstance in your condition as valuable as the blessing of children; will you change?"

"No, I will not. It would be well if I had both, and could transmit my honors to my successor."

"Perhaps it would. The sole objection is that thus it is not. Have you any further offer?"

"I cannot at this time remember any."

"Ah! well, you also then must stay as you are, I believe."

"That's not a little hard," said the rich man.

"Upon that point I've nothing to say," answered Mr. Destiny. "I believe I must wish you good morning."

At this moment a very poor man, in the coarse dress of a pauper, who had been struggling to get up to the table, succeeded in making himself seen before all the other competitors, and in securing the attention of Mr. Destiny.

"Sir," said he, in a broken, panting voice, "I wish I could get rid of my asthma."

"A very fair wish, my man; and what good things have you got to give up for it?"

"I am not so very old, and if I was once free of the asthma, I could earn my bread very comfortable."

"Ay, that's what would be, if; but tell me what is. What are your advantages?"

"Well, sir, I am taken into the workhouse, and have my clothes and victuals; and the Squire do give us tobacco pretty often, and we've a capital dinner on Christmas Day, by order of the parish; I'd give all, if I could work."

"Alas! friend, the value is all on one side, you are one of those who have nothing to give, but no doubt you would like to have everything; you must be content with the asthma, and don't forget to be glad that you are in a workhouse where the Squire and the parish seem to look upon you as something better than beasts to be tied up on straw and turnips."

(Concluded next week.)

"Mr. Jones,' said Mrs. J., with an air of triumph, "don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Well, yes," growled Jones; "I suppose anything is a means of grace that breaks down pride and leads to repentance."

CALENDAR...1866.

	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wed'day.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
JAN.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
FEB.					1	2	3
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MARCH					1	2	3
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APRIL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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	29	30					
MAY			1	2	3	4	5
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	27	28	29	30	31		
JUNE						1	2
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JULY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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	29	30	31				
AUGUST				1	2	3	4
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SEPT.							1
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	30						
OCTOBER	1	2	3	4	5	6	
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	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
NOV.				1	2	3	
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DEC.							1
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	30	31					

Church Decoration.

St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Franklin Square, Baltimore, has, within the past week, received a new addition to its many church-like adornments, in the shape of a very elegant and costly altar window of stained glass, imported from England at great cost, through the munificence, as we understand, of a zealous member of the church. As those who are familiar with the fine architecture of St. Luke's are aware, the altar window is a very large and very fine Gothic one, divided into five lights by massive stone mullions, terminating in foliated tracery, forming, altogether, a fine field for the skill of the artist. As a work of art of this description, the stained glass which has been placed in this church window is probably one of the very finest in this country, and, unquestionably, it is far in advance of anything in this line of art in Baltimore; and, as such, must, as it deserves, prove an object of interest and study to every lover of art and every admirer of the beautiful, apart from the great attraction it presents in a religious aspect.

Without attempting any thing like a minute description of the work, we would simply mention its main features, leaving those of our readers who may feel interested, to see and examine for themselves. The five main divisions of the window embrace no less than ten full length figures, designed to illustrate the *two Dispensations*—that of the *Old* and *New* Testament Revelations. The central figure in the lower part of the window is an impressive personation of the risen Saviour, on either side of whom appear the four greater Prophets—Isaiah and Jeremiah on the right, and Ezekiel and Daniel on the left—each figure looking toward the Saviour and bearing scrolls inscribed with selections from their prophetic utterance in regard to the coming Messiah.

Above this range of figures appear five others; in the centre, a representation of the Saviour seated in glory as "King of Kings and Lord of Lords," bearing in one hand the symbol of universal dominion, and the other raised in blessing. To the right of the Redeemer are the figures of St. Matthew and St. Mark, and on the left are the figures of St. Luke and St. John—the four Evangelists, representing, as it were, the New Dispensation, resting upon and fulfilling the prophecies of the Old.

Beneath each of the figures of the Evangelists are emblazoned rich medallions, bearing the prophetic symbol of each, as seen in the vision of Ezekiel—thus, under St. Matthew, the Cherub; under St. Mark the Winged Lion; under St. Luke, the sacrificial emblem, the Ox, and under St. John the Eagle, regarded as the symbol of highest inspiration. The tracery lights which crown the whole are filled with angelic figures in adoring attitudes, some with instruments of music and others bearing the various instruments of Christ's passion—the cross, the crown of thorns, and the hammer and the nails.

Well may the congregation of St. Lukes congratulate themselves in having such a rich and rare adornment added to their beautiful church building. The work does great credit, not only to the liberality which bestowed it and to the artists which executed the elaborate design, but also to the fine taste and energy of the Rector of St. Luke's, under whose direction the work has finally reached so successful a completion.—*Balt. Amer.*

A Christmas Apologue.

On a cold Christmas Eve, a hundred years ago, an old man was seen slowly and sadly walking back and forth past an ancient and ruined chapel, that stood on the edge of a German village in a lonely spot. Every time he passed the door of the chapel, which was nearly hid by the ivy of centuries, now bending and shining with its load of sleet, he anxiously peered into its obscurity with a half-dreading yet eager look, and then turned with a deep sigh, and walked on.

At last, in the dim twilight, there came out from and stood before the chapel door a dim white figure. The old man started with a shriek at the sudden apparation, but immediately recovered himself, and in a trembling, low but deep and earnest voice, between hope and depair, asked the unearthly but beautiful Presence—"Has the time come?"

The figure slowly waved his arm, and the old man knelt and prayed in silence, while the spirit looked up with clasped hands in the moonlight which suddenly broke through the gloom. After a long interval, the latter, in a soft musical voice said—while the old man bowed his head in his hands:

"Thy vigil has been kept—thou are redeemed. Here at this door didst thou on a Christmas eve like this twenty years ago first behold me. I am Faith. Thou wert then young and lovely in thy youth. But thou didst reject me. Then was it given me to say unto thee, Here shalt thou seek me again every Christmas eve but shall not find me. At length I will come and thou 'wilt rejoice in me.' Thy yellow hair has grown white as this moonlight frost, and thy form has bent like these boughs with the winter of years.—But thou hast been faithful, and now thy youth has perished, and naught is left thee. What wilt thou have for thou reward?

"Only," answered the aged penitent, in solemn gladness, "that thou stay with me till I go hence." "Arise," said the beautiful spirit, and the old man stood up. "I give thee back thy youth,"—and at a touch of her finger, lo! the old man became a youth and stood flush and strong and happy in the bright moonlight alone, for the sweet spirit had vanished!

Then awoke Rudolph, for this was all a dream, and he was still young, and the little chapel was seen from his window, as he lay at sunset of Christmas Eve, and the pious villagers entering therein as he looked. Then he remembered the gay company he had drank wine with, and fancied he saw the beautiful being who he dreamed had called herself Faith standing at the chapel door, and he rose and joined the throng at the chapel, and worshipped with them thenceforward, for he always remembered his Christmas dream.—*Nation-Intelligencer.*

Pharoh's Serpents.

The latest novelty of the Parisians is a very curious little mystery called "Pharoh's Serpent," or "Pharoh's Serpent's Eggs." The toy is creating quite a *furore* in Paris, and has crossed over to us, and is becoming quite necessary to an evening's entertainment. It is fully described in the Scientific American:

In 1821, Prof. Woehler, then a young man at Heidelberg University, discovered that a mass of sulpho-cyanide of mercury, if set on fire, would swell up enormously, enlarging its volume many fold. When Prof Joy was attending lectures at Heidelburg he saw the experiment, and has since been in the practice of exhibiting it to his class at Columbia College. Recently a very ingenious Frenchman has adopted the plan of putting little cones of the substance into bottles, and selling them for a frank apiece. Prof. Joy bought one of these in Paris, and there was a constant stream of people buying them at the same place. The cone, about an inch in height, was placed on a plate and lighted at the top by a match, when it began to burn slowly with a pale flame, and to swell, presenting the appearance of a serpent crawling out from the plate and writhing in painful contortions. This continued for perhaps a minute when the crooked serpent had reached a length of about half an inch. In the process nitrogen is driven off with a very little sulphide of carbon, and the mass remaining is sulphide of mercury.

Another singular fact in these wonderful things has been discovered. If the serpent made by burning the cone is held in a gas, or any other light, it will be entirely consumed, without leaving a single vestige of what it was. The part remaining after the burning is a deadly poison, and while the experiment is a very beautiful and wonderful one, caution must be used.

☞ Queen Victoria, when at home, regularly teaches a Sunday School and Bible Class for the benefit of those residing in the Palace and its vicinity.—How attentive she is to her own children, may be inferred from a late pleasing circumstance. The Archdeacon of London on one occasion was catechising the young Princes, and, being surprised at the accuracy of their answers, said to the youngest Prince, "Your Governess deserves great credit for instructing you so thoroughly in the catechism." Upon which the boy responded, "Oh, but it is mamma who teaches us the catechism." Many American mothers may take a profitable hint from this Queenly practice.

Among the crowd was one who had fought pretty hard on the 'tother side, while hobbling up to the General, remarked;

"I fought that man pretty hard, but I would like to see him." The General answered, 'That does not keep you from being a good citizen; I had as soon see you as anybody."

☞ The following was overheard the other day between two grave fellows:

"If you had your choice, what death would you die of?"

"Why of old age, to be sure. What would you?"

"Oh I would be petted to death by a pretty woman."

"Well that would be *capital* punishment, to be sure."

A Miss Adams is mentioned as the fifth or sixth wife lately "sealed" to Joseph Young, a nephew of the Mormon prophet.

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