The Chestertown Transcript.

CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 19, 1866. NO. 50.

Advertisements

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. ☜

COUGH NO MORE. DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM

Is warranted to be the only preparation known to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Chronic Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis and Croup. Being prepared from Honey and Herbs it is healing, softening, and expectorating, and particularly suitable for all affections of the Throat and Lungs. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

CURE for PILES. DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY

has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief, and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure. For sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents per bottle.

Doctor Strickland's TONIC. DYSPEPSIA.

DR. STRICKLAND'S TONIC is a concentrated preparation of Roots and Herbs, with antiacids and carminatives to strengthen the stomach and nervous system. It is a certain remedy for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Acidity of the Stomach, Flatulency and Debility. It is not alcoholic, therefore particularly suited for Weak, Nervous and Dyspeptic persons. For sale by all Druggists everywhere at $1 per bottle. Jan. 20, 1866—Y

BURGESS, BRAMBLE & HINES,

COMMISSION AGENTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

OYSTERS,

Grain, Fruit, Produce, &c.,

152 Pratt Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE.

T. H. Burgess, C. H. Bramble, V. B. Hines.

NOTICE TO FRUIT GROWERS.

FROM past experience, the facilities now in our possession and our extensive acquaintance with the principal Packers and Dealers in Fruit—we can at all times command the Highest Prices for all

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

consigned to us for sale, and respectfully solicit consignments

☞ Prompt returns made, and particular attention given to the return of Boxes.

BURGESS, BRAMBLE & HINES,

No. 152 Pratt Street.

Baltimore, March 17, 1866—tf.

W. H. WEST,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

132 West Pratt street, Baltimore.

Particular attention given to the sale of

GRAIN

And all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Shipping Orders promptly attended to.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Jno. A. Stephens & Bro., Balt.
" Norris & Pusey, " "
Dr. C. H. B. Massey, Kent County.
J. S. Hurlock, Esq., " "
R. C. Johnson, " " "
Messrs. Maillieu & Bro., Queen Anne's Co.
Baltimore, March 31, 1866—y.

SHEUBROOK, WOODALL & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain & all kinds of Country Produce,

No. 124 Light St. Wharf,

Opposite the Wharf of Slaughter's Steamboat Line,

BALTIMORE.

☞ All consignments are thankfully received and promptly attended to.

February 10, 1866 -1021.

Public Local Laws.

OPERATIVE IN KENT COUNTY.

Passed at the special Session, January, 1866, and published in accordance with "An Act to add an Article to the Code of Public General Laws, in relation to the Publication of Laws," which provides that—

"Every Public Local Law made to take effect before the first day of June next, after the session at which it may be passed, shall immediately after its passage be published once in each of three successive weeks in all the newspapers of the respective counties in which it may operate; and in case there is no newspaper published in any county, then in such manner as the County Commissioners of said county may direct; and in case any such law is to operate in the city of Baltimore, then once in each week for three successive weeks in such daily newspapers published in said city as the Mayor thereof may direct; and the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore, and County Commissioners of the several counties shall provide for payment of the expenses of such publication."

CHAPTER 148.

AN ACT to secure the completion of the Kent County Railroad by the Kent County Railroad Company, and to regulate the mode of voting at meetings of the Stockholders of Railroad Companies on the Eastern Shore.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the lien held by the State of Maryland on the property of the Kent County Railroad Company to secure the payment of six per centum interest out of the profits of the work, on the shares of the capital stock of said Company held by the State, shall not be construed to give a preference to the said State over the bond holders of the said Company, and the said lien is hereby expressly waived, postponed and deferred in favor of the holders of bonds of the said Company, which may be issued for the construction and equipment of the said Railroad, to an amount not exceeding in the whole three hundred thousand dollars.

Section 2. *And be it enacted*, That the said Company shall have full power to issue its bonds, or other securities, or the pledge of its property, estate and franchise bearing interest at a rate not exceeding six per centum per annum, redeemable at any time within twenty years, and not exceeding in amount the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, and dispose of the same for the objects aforesaid, and no bond of the said Company, issued in good faith for the construction, completion, or equipment of the said Railroad, shall be annulled or abated, because the same may be disposed of by the said Company at less than its par value.

Section 3. *And be it enacted*, That in the election of Directors on the part of the private Stockholders in Kent County Railroad Company, and in all other Railroad Companies on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, the stock of the State shall not be voted, nor shall the same be counted in ascertaining the presence of a quorum necessary for such election.

Sec. 4. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

CHAPTER 158.

AN ACT to authorise and empower the Trustees of the Almshouse of Kent county to sell and convey a certain piece of land to Thomas Baker and others, Trustees of Camp meetings and for other purposes of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Kent Circuit.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General assembly of Maryland*, That the Trustees of the Almshouse in Kent County be, and they are hereby authorised and empowered, for such consideration as they may deem proper, to convey by deed duly executed and acknowledged according to law, a part of the farm or tract of land in said county, known as the Almshouse property, described as follows: Beginning at a stone set on the lines of the land of the devisees of the late Samuel E. Baker and the said Almshouse farm, and running thence North sixty-two degrees, West thirty-nine perches and nine-tenths of a perch, to lines of the land of the said Samuel E. Baker, thence with said lands North forty-four degrees East ten perches and three-tenths of a perch, to a stone, thence with said lands and the Camp ground lot in a straight line to the beginning, containing one acre and twenty-four perches, to Thomas Baker, Joshua Clark, James Kendall, William W. Parks, Joseph A. Harper, John N. Usilton and Henry Bramble, and their successors forever, in trust to and for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Kent Circuit, for holding and conducting camp-meetings, Sunday School meetings, festivals or other meetings, and for such other purposes as may be considered useful or advantageous to the said Church, or for any other moral, religious or literary institutions of the said Church, according to the provisions of the act of Assembly passed at December session, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, chapter seventy-two, entitled, "an Act to appoint and authorise certain persons in Kent county to purchase real estate in Kent county, from Samuel E. Baker, of said county, to be held in trust for the Methodist Episcopal Church on Kent Circuit, for purpose of holding camp-meeting or other meetings on the same, Sunday School festivals, and so forth."

Sec. 2. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

May 12, 1866—3t.

SUGAR and BREAD BOXES for sale by
May 14. J. K. Aldridge.

The Poet.

ENDYMION.

BY LONGFELLOW.

The rising sun has hid the stars;
His level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When sleeping in the grove;
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Diana's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze!

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep,
Are life's oblivion, *the soul's sleep*,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But *some* heart, *though unknown*,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as though with unseen wings,
An Angel touched its quivering strings,
And whispered in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

Colors, as Applied to Dress.

Few people give themselves the trouble to understand the rules of color. They consider them as belonging to an abstruse science. The principles, which are supposed to be too much wrapped in mystery to be worth the trouble of acquiring by any but professional persons, are those comprehended in the laws of contrast of color and contrast of tone.

First, as regards contrast of color. There are three primary colors—red, blue, and yellow. From these every other color is formed, and each has its perfect harmony in its contrasting or complementary color. The complementary of each simple color is formed by the union of the other two (and is therefore called also the secondary), that is, green being the mixture of blue and yellow, is complementary to red; violet, being formed of red and blue, is complementary to yellow; and orange, a compound of red and yellow, to blue

Each of these colors, when placed near its complementary, intensifies its effect. Green causes red to appear redder, blue adds a brighter tint to orange, and yellow enhances the color of violet. In other words, every color looks its purest and best when it is beside its complementary.

By means of this simple law of contrast, therefore, we have the power of imparting

[redacted]

printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this day made public exposure of the 'printer devil.' All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him."

Chinese Similes.

Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are pointedly sarcastic enough.

A blustering, harmless fellow, they call "a paper tiger." When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to a rat falling into a scale, and weighing itself." Over-doing a thing, they call "a hunchback making a bow." A spendthrift they compare to a "rocket" which goes off at once. Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family, are said to "hang a lantern on a pole, which is seen afar, but gives no light below."

Catching a Widow.

Obadiah Barton was going to be an old bachelor, so all his friends and acquaintances said, and they all felt an interest in his welfare, at least all who had female relatives of a marriageable age.

Obadiah was a well-to-do city grocer, with an established business, and had been very diffident for years with regard to the fair sex; not that he had no eye for beauty or desire for a pleasant home, but the fact was when he was a youth and a clerk in his father's store, he fell desperately in love with a confectioner's daughter, who dealt out such smiles and sugar plums near by. As his father was supposed to be rich, she returned his love with all the ardor of a blushing damsel of seventeen. Thus matters progressed favorably for a time, until his father suddenly dying, and his estate proving insolvent, the confectioner's daughter promptly cut him and married a rich widower of forty-five.

That matrimonial manœuver put Obadiah out with the fair sex, and he turned his attention to trade, and, after a term of years, became well established.

Meanwhile he had grown miserly, and now wished to get married, that he might have some one to manage the affairs of the household; servants were so pilfering, and boarding was so high, he concluded that the best economy was to get married. But whom should he choose, for the experience of his boyhood led him to infer that getting married was a matter of choice, now that he had acquired a competency.

Girls were so giddy, he said, and loved to dress extravagantly, and be going to balls and concerts and theatres. That would never do.

A widow was the one. He concluded that they had experience in housekeeping, and would not be so careless or extravagant; so he began to look around sharp for some young widow.

One day an acquaintance of his, Mrs. Leroy, said to him—

"Why don't you get married, Mr. Barton? You are rich enough to support a wife."

"Well, I suppose I ought to be, but I don't know where to find a wife. If you think I ought to get married, you must find me one."

Now this was the very request Mrs. Leroy was seeking after, so she said:

"Oh, I can find you one that will please you."

"Ah! who is she?"

"Oh, an acquaintance who is visiting me now."

Now the truth was, the lady in question was a cousin of Mrs. Leroy's, and they thoroughly considered the chance of getting the grocer.

"How old is she?"

"Only about thirty; but then she is a widow, perhaps you might object to that."

"Well, I don't know. Who was her husband?"

"John Thornton; used to keep a grocery store up town."

"Oh, I knew him. He died last year. Left some property, didn't he?"

"Yes—some."

"He didn't leave any children, did he?"

"No—but I must be going. Call around some evening and see the lady.

Obadiah now sat down to consider on the position of affairs. He had been acquainted with Thornton and had called at his house, and recollected that he had a fine-looking wife. He knew that Thornton was a thriving tradesman.

"I wonder if Thornton left her his property?" he soliloquised. Must be—he has no children—anyhow there's a chance for it."

The next evening he called at Mrs. Leroy's, arrayed in his best, and was introduced to Mrs. Thornton, who was dressed in a plain, but neat calico dress, and very industriously sewing on a vest for Mrs. Leroy.

"Industrious and economical," thought Mr. Barton.

They chatted pleasantly for a while, when one of Mrs. Leroy's daughters spoke of a new play at the theatre the previous evening.

"You ought to have gone, Mrs. Thornton," said she.

"Oh, I do not approve of the theatres; besides I can never find time to go," said she.

"A very sensible woman," thought Obadiah, who shortly after left.

His calls became frequent. At length he proposed to the widow and was accepted. They were quietly married, and the next day his spouse proposed a short trip to Niagara.

Obadiah demurred somewhat, saying he could not very well leave his business; but his bride began to pout, and inwardly groaning, he appeared readily to consent.

He began a series of uncomfortable reflections when he beheld his wife's traveling costume—silk dresses, velvet cloaks and hats and rich jewelry began to appear from her trunks.

Her trip of a week somehow lengthened into three.

One day shortly after his return, when he came home to supper, he found three little girls, from the age of eight to twelve, seated with his wife.

"Who are these children?" he inquired.

"They are my daughters by my first husband, Mr. Lane—Adeline, Josephine, Angeline, arise and salute your new papa."

"But—but—where do they live?"

"Why here, my dear! Where should they live but with their new father?"

Obadiah was dumbfounded. Here was something more than he bargained for.

A further investigation proved that Mr. Thornton had left all his property to a younger brother. In vain did Obadiah expostulate; the children had gained a foothold and they kept it.

"Confound the luck! they are all girls!" was Obadiah's last soliloquy. "If they were boys, I could have employed them to some purpose; but girls! Why didn't I follow the advice of old Weller? Hang the widows! Why didn't I marry an old maid?"

The "Frost Flower" of Russia Produced in Boston.

A Boston journal describes an extraordinary "frost flower" of Russia, which has been produced, it is said, in Boston, in a temperature of artifical cold, in the following words: This wonderful plant or rather flower, is found only on the northern boundaries of Siberia, where the snow is eternal. It was discovered in 1863 by Count Swinoskoff, the eminent Russian botanist, who was ennobled by the Czar for his discovery. Bursting from the frozen snow on the first day of the year, it grows to the hight of three feet, and flowers on the third day, remains in flower twenty-four hours, and then dissolves itself into its original element—stem, leaves and flowers being of the finest snow.

The stalk is about one inch in diameter; the leaves, three in number, in the broadest part are an inch and a half in width, and are covered with infinitessemal cones of snow; they grow on one side of the stalk, to the north, curving gracefully in the same direction. The flower, when fully expanded, is in the shape of a perfect star; the petals are three inches in length, half an inch in the broadest parts, and tapering sharply to a point. These also are interlaced one with another, in a beautiful manner, forming the most delicate basket of frost-work that the eye ever beheld; for truly this is frost-work most wonderful. The anthers are five in number, and on the third day after the birth of the "flower of snow" are to be seen on the extremities thereof, trembling and glittering like diamonds, the seeds of this wonderful flower, about as large as a pin's head.

The old botanist says when first he beheld this flower, "I was dumb with astonishment; filled with wonderment, which gave way to joy the most ecstatic on beholding this wonderful work of nature, this remarkable phenomenon of snow.—To see this flower springing from the snowy desert—born of its own composite atoms. I touched the stem of one lightly, but it fell at my touch, and a morsel of snow only remained in my hand." Gathering some of the flowers in snow, in order to preserve the little diamond like seeds, he hied to St. Petersburg with, to him, the great prize of his lifetime. All through the year they were kept in snow, and on the first day of the year following the Court of St. Petersburg were delighted with the bursting forth of the wonderful "frost flower."

Our friends in Boston succeeded in obtaining several of the seeds, and all through the Summer and Autumn they have been imbedded in snow, brought at great expense from the White Mountains and the coast of Labrador, and they now have the most unbounded satisfaction and pleasure in announcing that all signs are favorable to the realization of their fondest hopes, the production of the "flower of snow." The snow and ice are in a large glass refrigerator, with the thermometer forty-five degrees below zero, and the solid bed of snow has already begun to show little fissures and a slight bulging in the center, unmistakable evidences of the forth-coming of the phenomenon.

Byron's "Black Bureau."

Some literary explorer addresses the following communication to the Memphis *Post*:

I don't want to perpetrate a joke, but in these days of ascribing prophetic meaning to the utterances of old sages, why has Byron been overlooked? Have any of the reports forwarded to the Reconstruction Committee more truthfully or happily expressed the "condition" now, than Byron's imagination did in the early part of the present century? We don't think they have—particularly the happily—Byron having a better "knack" of expressing himself than our Brigadier Generals, Congressmen, etc., have in some instances shown. But is not our "Bureau" evidently meant in the following passage from the "Vision of Judgment," third verse? The guardian seraphs had retired on high,

Finding their charges past all cares below;
Terrestrial business filled nought in the sky.
Save the Recording Angel's Black Bureau;
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply,
With such rapidity of vice and woe,
That he had stripped off both his wings in quills,
And yet was in arrears of human ills.

How to Save Your Teeth.

Mr. Beecher, who is something of a physician, as well as geologist, farmer, editor, author, lecturer, and reformer generally, says:

"Our teeth decay. Hence bad breath, unseemly mouths, imperfect mastication. Everybody regrets it. What is the cause? It is a want of cleanliness. A clean tooth never decays. The mouth is a warm place—ninety-eight degrees. Particles of meat between the teeth decompose. Gums and teeth must suffer. Cleanliness will preserve the teeth to an old age. Use a quill pick, and rinse the mouth after eating; brush and castile soap every morning; then brush with pure water on retiring. Bestow this trifling care upon your precious teeth, and you will keep them and ruin the dentists. Neglect it and you will be sorry all your lives. Children forget. Watch them. The first teeth determine the character of the second set. Give them equal care. Sugar, acids, hot drinks, saleratus, are nothing compared with food decomposing between the teeth; use may wear them out, but keep them clean and they will never decay. This advice is worth more than a thousand dollars to every boy and girl. Books have been written on the subject. This brief article contains all that is essential.

There is no such thing as an easy chair for a discontented man.

An Obliging Disposition.

It is several years since the following capital story made its circuit of the papers, and we start it once more on its travels. It will find some new readers and many old ones who will enjoy it.

There is nothing like an obliging disposition, I thought to myself, one day when traveling in a railway car from Boston to Worcester, seeing a gentleman put himself to considerable trouble to land another gentleman, who had fallen asleep at his destination.

"Passengers for West Needham?" cried out the conductor—"the car stops but one minute."

"Hallo!" exclaimed a young man in spectacles, at the same seizing an old gentleman by the shoulders, who was sleeping very soundly, "here's Capt. Holmes fast asleep, and this is West Needham, where he lives. Come, get up, Capt. Holmes, here you are."

The gentleman got upon his feet and began to rub his eyes, but the young man forced him along to the door of the car, and gently landed him on the roadside.—Whiz went the steam and we began to fly again. The obliging young man took his seat again, and said with a good deal of satisfaction to somebody near him—"Well, if it hadn't been for me, Capt. Holmes would have missed his home finely. But here he has left his bundles;" and the young man picked up a paper parcel and threw it out. "Well," he said again, "if it hadn't been for me Capt. Holmes would have missed his bundles finely."

When we stopped at the next station, a lady began to rumage under the seat where Capt. Holmes had been sitting, and exclaimed in great alarm:

"I can't find my bundle."

"Was it done up in a piece of brown paper?" I asked.

"Yes it was, to be sure," said the lady.

"Then," said I, "that young man yonder threw it out of the window at the last stopping place."

This led to a scene between the obliging young man and the old lady, which ended by the former taking the address of the latter, and promising to return the package in a few days provided he should ever find it.

"Well," said the obliging young man, "catch me doing a good-natured thing again. What can I do for that poor woman, if I cannot find her bundle?"

Whiz went the steam, ding, ding, ding, went the bell, the dust flew, the sparks flew, and the cars flew, as they say, like lightning, till we stopped again at the next station, I forget the name of it now, but it would be no consequence if I could remember it. An old gentleman started up and began to poke, under the seat where Capt. Holmes had sat.

"What are you looking for?" I inquired.

"Looking for?" said the old gentleman, "why, I am looking for my bundle of clothes."

"Was it tied up in a yellow handkerchief?" I asked.

"Yes, and nothing else," said the old man.

"Good heavens," exclaimed the obliging young man, "I threw it out of the car at Needham; I thought it belonged to Capt. Holmes."

"Capt. Holmes!" exclaimed the old fellow, with a look of despair, "who is Capt. Holmes? That bundle contained all my clean clothes, that I was to wear at my son's wedding to-morrow morning. Dear me what can I do?"

Nothing could be done but to give his address to the obliging young man as before, and console him as with the promise that the bundle should be returned to him, provided it was ever found. The obliging young man was now in despair, and made another solemn vow that he would never attempt to be obliging again. The next station was his landing-place, and as he went toward the door of the car, he saw a silver-headed cane, which he took hold of and read the inscription on it, "Moses Holmes, East Needham."

"Well," again exclaimed the obliging young man, "if here isn't Capt. Holmes cane!"

"Yes," said a gentleman, who got in at the last station, "and the old man is lame, too. He will miss his stick."

"Do you know him?" inquired the obliging young man.

"Know him? I should think so," replied the gentleman; "he is my uncle."

"And does he live at East Needham?" asked the obliging young man.

"Of course he does. He never lived anywhere else."

"Well, if it don't beat everything," said the obliging young man, "and I put him out at West Needham, a mile and a half the other side of his home."

An English Nobleman and his Horses.

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post* writes:—

Perhaps the most striking thing to an American visiting England is the size and perfection of the stables. For instance: at Knowsley, near Liverpool—the Earl of Derby's estate—the stables are very complete. They consist of a quadrangle two hundred feet square, including a paved yard; in the center a covered place for washing carriages, and beyond this a circle in straw, also under cover, for exercising horses in bad weather.

Lord Derby's stables consist of a series of rooms from fifteen to twenty feet square on two sides of the quadrangle, and rooms fifteen by fifty or seventy feet on the third side. The fourth side, likewise divided into apartments, is appropriated for carriages.

The state carriage, which is very ornate, has a room—parlor in fact—to itself; then come an endless succession of coupes, park and pony phaetons, Landaus, Alberts, Victorias &c., and in a long hall beyond this is an apartment filled with a great variety of four-in-hand and park "drags," vans for conveying luggage to and from the railways, dog-carts, an omnibus for conveying the servants to church, &c. The prevailing color for the state and dress carriages is yellow, with crimson silk curtains to plate-glass windows. All the drags and park carriages are scarlet, the running-gear being picked out with black.

The stables and rooms at Knowsley are panelled in dressed oak about six feet high, the walls and ceilings being hard-finished and painted some light neutral tint; the floors stone, pipe-clayed daily, a single plate-glass lantern, with gas, being in the centre of each. The rooms, fifteen by twenty feet square, each contains one pair of carriage horses, the room being sometimes (generally) divided into two loose boxes. There were fifteen pair of these, all dark brown, about fifteen hands three inches high, except two pairs of slate-colored horses, each fifteen and a half hands high, and with their names flaunted over their heads, all beginning with D—such as Doncaster, Diomed, Damon, Dancer, Doncell, Dust, Doom, &c., &c. These were all in superb condition when we saw them, so far as flesh and lustre of coats were concerned; but with many of them the legs were bandaged; the animals having come down from town the day before "considerably knocked up," the groom said, by the hard work of the London season. Although the day was warm, they were all hooded and double-blanketed, the under blanket and hood being scarlet, and the upper (half-whip blanket, being white cloth, with the earl's coronet and crest worked in scarlet and blue in the corner. The single horses, hacks, riding horses, &c., were in stables containing each twelve stalls, six and one half feet wide. Day and night the horses are kept well bedded with fresh, bright straw.

Everything is, of course, in the finest possible order, there being a groom and helper allowed to four horses; and I saw one of these helpers, who had nothing else to do, polishing the tines of pitchforks, and kissing as English grooms always do while dressing a horse. There are thirty-five grooms and six coachmen at Knowsley; thirty-five men and five women in the gardens; twenty-five lodges and gates in the Park, and fifty other cottages for gardeners, game-keepers, foresters, &c. There were about sixty horses here; the carriage horses costing from three hundred to eight hundred pounds a pair.

Pedestrianism.

We hope that one of the natural results of the great war will be the people influenced by the habits acquired by a million of returned soldiers, and the example set by them, will promote their own comfort and health by restoring more to pedestrianism and out-door exercises. Especially is this true of all other populous cities, East and West, where the convenience of street-cars and omnibusses has almost abolished the beautiful exercise that biped man can resort to. Indeed, how rarely do we find, now-a-days the sturdy old gentleman with his cane, his flowing locks, his elastic step and youthful complexion, who would walk his six or eight miles regularly on business or pleasure. His place is taken by prematurely old men with wrinkled faces and bilious looks, whom one sees occasionally run a few yards to catch a departing train or steamboat, but who have never learned to look upon their legs affording one of the principal means of obtaining both pleasure and health.

We were forcibly struck with the necessity of teaching people the great advantage of pedestrianism over any other kind of exercise by a late visit to the Central Park in New York, an institution by the way, which is one of the most creditable achievments ever made by a municipality in so remarkably short a time. But with all its beauty and exquisite advantages for foot exercise and enjoyment, strange to say the number of carriages in it on the occasion alluded to, was almost as large as the number of pedestrians.

A little more walking and seeking the open air among our city populations would we venture to say, diminish considerably the quantity of opiates consumed by many, almost as a regular article of diet, to procure rest, and procure easily what blue pills, soldlitz powders, anti-dyspeptic remedies, patent bitters and nostrums of all kinds are vainly resorted to to accomplish.

If our young men, instead of spending their summer and fall vacations and leisure days at crowded picnics, or elbowing their way through crowds at fashionable hotels, at so-called watering places, spending their days in tiresome idleness, and their nights in the billiard or the ball room, would pack their knapsack and take a week's tour through the country anywhere on foot, living on good, plain country fare, they would soon find that while pedestrianism is the true and natural stimulant to a good appetite and healthy digestion, it is also much less expensive.

Why do not professors and teachers in our colleges and academies take the matter in hand and arrange pedestrian tours with their pupils, more or less extended, during vacations, combining both pleasure and instruction?

We are a great nation, great eaters, great drinkers, great smokers, great fighters; we have the fastest railroads, steamboats and horses. But in one thing we come short; we do not walk half as much as we should.

Force of Habit.

Chirac, an eminent French physician, was famed for his skill in the prognosis of diseases. It is related of him that, when in a state of delirium, on his death-bed, he felt his own pulse, imagining it to be that of a patient, and exclaimed: "I have been called too late; the patient has been bloodled, and he ought to have been purged; he is a dead man;" and in a few minutes he expired.

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