The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. V. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 23, 1866. NO. 5.

THE
Chestertown Transcript
Is published every Saturday, at
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Office, Court Street.

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IF PAID IN ADVANCE. If not paid within three months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged.

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. ☜

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.

[redacted]

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, 1865—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. Mallalieu & 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—t021.

NEW GOODS!
At Edesville!

T. R. STRONG & CO.

HAVE JUST RETURNED from the City with a LARGE STOCK of

GOODS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

DRY GOODS!

A very Large Stock, which have just been purchased at the LOWEST prices, which we are selling VERY CHEAP!

T. R. STRONG & CO.

Calicoes
From 10, 12½, to 20 Cents:

DELAINS, *very cheap,* 20 cts. and up;
LAWNS AND OTHER DRESS GOODS.
Brown Muslins, Bl'd Muslins, Ginghams,
Brown Linen Drills and Ducks, Pld.
Domestics, Cottonades, &c. &c.

GROCERIES.

Nice Brown Sugar 12½ cts., Coffee 28 and 30 cts. Molasses and Syrups, for sale by
T. R. STRONG & CO.

COLLARS and BRIDLES, TRACES and Plough Lines, for sale cheap, by
T. R. STRONG & CO.

A LARGE assortment of HARDWARE, WOODENWARE, QUEENSWARE, TINWARE, &c., for sale cheap, by
T. R. STRONG & CO.

COAL OIL and LAMPS, for sale by
T. R. STRONG & CO.

FLOUR BY THE BARREL, for sale at Edesville, by
T. R. STRONG & CO.

April 28, 1866.

WOOL.
Season of '66.
WICKES & BRO.

ARE now receiving *Wool,* in the *Fleece* and *Washed* and are paying the highest prices per pound known to the market.
Chestertown, May 12, 1866.

1866. SPRING & SUMMER 1866.
CLOTHING.

Gold down to 125!
PRICES DOWN ACCORDINGLY!!

The undersigned will offer this Spring and Summer, his choice Stock of Goods at decidedly lower figures, to keep pace with the marked decline in Gold and the general downward tendency in every branch of business. All in want of Clothing are cordially invited and most sincerely advised to make their purchases early as, according to the opinion of all, prices have reached the bottom, and there is more likelihood of their going up again somewhat, than coming further down.

An early call is solicited.
Chestertown, April 14. *I. FRANK.*

Mill Notice.

I AM prepared to accommodate the community with Sawing either their own timber, or I will furnish timber to fill bills, at the Mill. My terms for sawing are $10 per thousand, except Hickory and Walnut. All bills made at this Mill, if not paid when the work is done, ten per cent. will be charged from date until paid. I will not be responsible for Lumber left on the yard.

I have A DWELLING HOUSE AND SHOPS for rent.

All persons that have not settled their bills for work, or other bills, will please call and settle them.

WILLIAM T. SMITH,
Urieville Mills, Kent County.
March 24, 1866—tf.

THOMPSON.
HAS JUST RETURNED
From Philadelphia!

With the largest and best assortment of
BOOTS AND SHOES
in the County, as follows:

French Calf Boots and Gaiters,
" " *Balmorals,*
Glove Kid English Walking Shoes,
Buff Walking "
Continental Buckle Shoes,
Boys and Youths Buckle Gaiters,
Men's and Boys coarse work of all kinds,
Ladies Glove Kid Balmorals,
" *Morocco and Kid Balmorals,*
" *Button* " *Gaiters,*
" *Eastern* "

And a general assortment of MISSES and CHILDRENS SHOES.
Chestertown, May 12, 1866—3m.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP OF MEDDERS, SUTTON & CO., was dissolved by mutual consent, on the First day of February, inst., Jacob Pearson withdrawing from the firm. Philip Medders and Orlando F. Sutton are alone authorized to settle up the business of the firm, to whom, persons indebted, will please make immediate payment.

PHILIP MEDDERS,
O. F. SUTTON,
JACOB PEARSON.

CONTINUATION OF BUSINESS.

THE undersigned, thankful for past patronage, respectfully notify their friends, that they are conducting the
COACH AND CARRIAGE MAKING BUSINESS,
in all its various branches, at their old stand in GALENA, where they will be pleased to see those wanting anything in their line.

PHILIP MEDDERS,
O. F. SUTTON.
Galena, Feb. 10, 1866—6m.

LAND SURVEYING.

THE subscriber will Survey Lands upon short notice. Land laid out and divided, and all the branches of a practical Surveyor promptly executed.

June 24, 1865—tf. E. F. PERKINS.

CARD.

E. F. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Particular attention given to the collection of claims and the sale of Real Estate.

☞ Office in the New Building in Court Street. May 23, 1863.

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

E. T. WILLIS.
WATCHMAKER
AND
JEWELER,

Would announce to the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has permanently located in Chestertown, at the store formerly occupied by Mr. J. H. Smith, and adjoining the store of Mr. Jos. W. Edwards, for the prosecution of the above business.

From long experience he flatters himself that he can give satisfaction.

☞ *All work guaranteed.*

REFERENCES:—Col. Jas. Merrick, Col. Joel Thomas, Wm. Roe, Esq., Wm. Jones, Esq.
January 13, 1863.

A CARD.

Wm. Perkins

Having fitted up and furnished
HIS "RISING SUN" SALOON,
On Bridge Street, in Chestertown,

IN a handsome style, is now prepared to serve Ladies and Gentlemen in the best manner with all the luxuries in his line of business. In his Ladies' Saloon, Ladies will be served with Cake, Ice Cream, Oysters in all styles of cooking, Terrapins, Crabs, Beef-Steaks, Fried Ham, and all the delicacies of the season, at the shortest notice. And Gentlemen will be served as heretofore in his Saloon for Gentlemen.

☞ Parties will be supplied with Cake, in any quantity, at short notice.

☞ Families will be supplied with Oysters, Ice Cream and Frozen Custard, and Water Ices by the gallon, and also with Cake, upon reasonable terms. He will supply all who may want, with Ice, in small or large quantities. May 13, 1865.

STOVES! STOVES!

J. K. ALDRIDGE calls the attention of his friends and the public to examine his LARGE STOCK OF
Cook, Parlor, Office and Chamber
STOVES.

He is selling Stoves at city prices, and guarantees all Stoves to give satisfaction. We have on hand the Niagara, Daylight, Continental, Delaware Cook, and Congress Complete Cooking Stoves, for wood or coal. The Brilliant Gas Burner, a beautiful Parlor Stove; Gem Gas Burner, Duron G. B. Base, a new pattern; Union Air-Tight, Tuscan Open-Front, Violet and Wild Flower. Give us a call and examine our stock of goods. We charge nothing for showing our goods.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

The Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs,

FORTY different styles, adopted to sacred and secular music, for $80 to $600 each. FIFTY-ONE GOLD or SILVER MEDALS, or other first premiums awarded them. Illustrated Catalogues free. Address, MASON & HAMLIN, BOSTON, or MASON BROTHERS, NEW YORK.
October 21, 1865—y

SLAUGHTER'S
LINE OF STEAMERS.

STEAMER "CHESTER,"
Capt. S. L. Young,

Will leave Baltimore for Crumpton every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, touching at all the landings on the River, returning the alternate days.

THE STEAMER ARROW

Will leave Baltimore for Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, touching at all the Landings on the River (except Corsica.)

Both Boats leave Baltimore at 7 o'clock, A. M., and Crumpton at 6½ A. M.

☞ Fare $1.25. Meals extra.

All Freight must be pre-paid.

Not responsible for Freight after being landed from the boat.

Baggage at the owner's risk.

J. C. SLAUGHTER.
February 17, 1866.

The Poet.

Go Feel What I Have Felt.

[A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for the newspapers on the subject of intemperance. Her writing was full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend accused her of being a maniac on the subject of intemperance, whereupon she wrote the following touching lines:]

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay,
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your Prayers burlesqued, your fears defied.

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way,
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bowed—
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood—
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch his withering glance and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide;
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame and withered brow—
The gray that streaks her dark hair now;
With fading frame and trembling limb:
And trace the ruin back to him,
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup;
And led her down through love and light,
And all that made her promise bright—
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife—
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight—the drunkard's child.

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know,
All that my soul has felt and known—
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone—
Think if its flavor you will try,
When all proclaim, 'tis drink and die!

Tell me I HATE the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word!
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred—
When I see, or hear, or tell
Of that dark beverage of Hell.

"Fashion" in Chains.

The last eccentricity of Fashion is putting all her female votaries in chains.—There is an eruption of them. From the crown of the hat to the toe of the foot, they rattle and tinkle and clank gold chains and silver chains, and imitations which are neither. Steel chains suggestive of the implacible Miss Murdstone—jet chains suggestive of mitigated mourning, gutta percha chains suggestive of manacles. They are tangled in the front hair; they depend from the back hair; they are attached to the bonnet in front in the manner of strings; they swing from behind it in the fashion of a bridle; they drop from the shoulders like a fringe of an epaulette, they are looped and interlaced across the breast, and descend tinkling down the back. Is there, we wonder, an internal sense to these fashions—a mysterious connection between truths and trimmings? Is it to the increased interest in the negro that we owe the frizzled hair of our ladies, and does joy at emancipation crop out in a twinkling jubilee of miniature manacles? Who can tell? Where is the seer who will read us rightly the signs of the times?—*N. Y. Cor. Cincinatti Gazette.*

A Lesson in Saving.

When I got married Mrs. O'Lanus and myself passed a joint resolution that we would get rich. Getting the furniture took all our capital in hand, but I was to give Mrs. O'Lanus all the money I got; she was to buy only what we wanted, and put the rest in the savings bank.

The first year we wanted more than we could buy, and the bank account came out with a balance

The next year my salary was increased.
So was the family.
Likewise the expenses.
Bank account, same as year before.
Third year, ditto.

We continued to accumulate at the same rate for several years in succession.

Then the war broke out, and living has been high, and we have concluded to postpone the accumulation of a fortune until the income tax is abolished, and groceries become reasonable.

High Priced Kissing.

In Indiana, Hans Swackhammer was fined $7 for kissing Mrs. Katrina Sweihocken, the other day. The deed was committed in the presence of Deitrich Sweihocken, her husband, who said, "I was so mad as I never pes." The affair led to the perpetration of some horrible poetry, of which this is a specimen:

Mister, spare mine vrow!
Touch not her pooty cheek,
For if you kiss her now
I hits you mit mine stick!

Death of General Cass.

The venerable statesman, General Lewis Cass, died on Monday morning, at his residence in Detroit. General Cass was born at Exeter, New Hampshire, 9th of October, 1782, and was consequently 83 years of age. Having received a limited education at his native place, at the early age of seventeen he crossed the Allegany mountains on foot and settled at Marietta, Ohio, where he studied law, and was subsequently elected to the Ohio Legislature, in which body he distinguished himself, and originated the bill which arrested the proceedings of Aaron Burr and gave the first blow to what is known as the Burr conspiracy. As a soldier, General Cass commenced his career as a volunteer against the Indians on the frontier in 1811, and was elected Colonel of an Ohio regiment in the war of 1812, with Great Britain. He served with distinction, urged the invasion of Canada, and was the author of the proclamation of that event. He was the first to land arms on the enemy's shore, and with a small detachment of troops fought and won the first battle—that of Tarontee. After the surrender of Detroit he was made a Colonel in the regular army, and finally a Brigadier General, and served in the battle of the Thames, on the staff of General Harrison, by which battle the previous disasters on that frontier were retrieved. He was then, in 1813, appointed Governor of Michigan Territory by President Madison, reconciling the difficulties with the Indians and securing property to the territory. He held this position for eighteen months, when Gen. Jackson made him Secretary of War, and subsequently minister to France. His celebrated protest against the quintuple treaty, which provided for the indiscriminate right of search on the high seas, put an end to that scheme. Returning home, he was chosen Senator from Michigan, now become a State, in 1845, but resigned on being nominated the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1848. Having been defeated, he was the following year again chosen Senator, and continued in that position till he finally retired from public life. General Cass has been gradually declining for some years past, though in possession of all his faculties. He was of athletic frame, and having been always temperate, has worn well his lengthened life, physically as well as mentally. He was truly an American patriot.—*Balt. Sun.*

An Amusing Apologue.

In the first number of Gen. D. H. Hill's new Magazine, "THE LAND WE LOVE," we find the following fable, from the pen of the General himself:

THE BLACK RAM.

Æsop, or some other writer of Fables relates the following:—In the Island of Crete there dwelt formerly a feeble but plucky little fellow, who owned a black ram, which he had reared with his family, and which was the pet of his children. It played with them, hauled them in a little wagon, and in a thousand ways showed its fondness for them. But three of the neighbors of the little man had long looked with an evil eye at his comfort and enjoyment, and came to him saying, We wish to sacrifice to our God, and have come for your black ram, which was born for nobler things than merely to contribute to your happiness. But the owner said: I and my children love the black ram, and are not willing to see him slain; besides, your God is not our God, why then should we make an oblation for you? *I will not give up my black ram.* And then he made so fierce an assault upon his three robust neighbors, that he intimidated them, and they sent a great way off and got four great hulking fellows to help them. And they put these bullies in the fore-front and they fell upon their weak neighbor, knocked him down and trampled him under foot. Those neighbors of the little man, who loved him and worshipped the same God, condemned his hot temper and rash impetuosity, and thought that a good pounding would make him a better citizen. So they stood quietly by while the four bullies were beating and the three neighbors were pushing them on from behind.

Now when the three neighbors saw that the little man could resist no longer, they took the places of the four bullies and beat away till they were wearied. Then they made a great feast and sacrificed the black ram to their God.

The orators of Crete celebrated the heroism of the three neighbors, the poets sang of their generosity in giving the black ram, which belonged to their neighbor, as a whole burnt offering to their God, and the priests laid their hands upon the heads of these men and blessed them for their piety. But no man extolled the pluck of the poor little fellow lying bleeding in the dust.

MORAL.—Never fight about a black ram, when the odds against you are seven to one. D. H. H.

☞ If any part of the body is scalded or burned, put it instantly under cold water, and let it remain there until the physician arrives. The cessation from pain is nearly instantaneous. If a physician cannot be obtained within an hour or two, apply a handful of dry flour to the burned part until it is covered a quarter of an inch or more deep, so as effectually to keep from it the air which causes the pain of a burn. Tie a piece of linen or cotton cloth lightly around, if it is possible to do so, and let the patient go to sleep. If the burn is very severe let him live wholly on coarse bread and fruits in any shape or form, but not sweetened. If the burn is not deep, there will be no suffering; healing will commence in a few hours, and, as new skin forms, the flour will drop off, or may be moistened with warm water and carefully removed. This is the best, safest and least painful treatment for ordinary burns and scalds.

Queer Freaks of Type.

The New York *Evening Post* is responsible for the following dish of mischances:

A "MAKE UP" BLUNDER.

A laughable mistake is shown in the following mixing of two articles—one concerning a preacher, the other about the freaks of a mad dog—which occurred in a hurried "make-up" in a printing-office.

"Rev. James Thompson, rector of St. Andrew's church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. This was his last sermon. In a few weeks he will bid farewell to his congregation, as his physician advises him to cross the Atlantic. He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and after the conclusion of a short prayer, took a whim to cut up some frantic freaks. He ran up Timothy Street to the college. At this stage of the proceedings a couple of boys seized him and tied a tin kettle to his tail, and he again started. A great crowd collected, and for a time there was a grand scene of running and confusion. After a long race he was finally shot by a policeman."

[Whether the foregoing be fact or fancy we can not say, but here is a freak of the "make-up" which actually occurred in one of the principal cities of rebeldom not many years ago.

The various clergymen of the place were accustomed to preach, each in his turn, at the Orphan Assylum, due notice being always given in the city papers. Among the rest was Rev. Mr. ———, who had the reputation of being the dullest and most prosy speaker in the city, and whom nobody would hear who could decently avoid it. One Saturday evening one of the principal dailies had the following item in its column of "Religious Notices:"]

Caution!

"Rev. Mr. ——— will preach at the Orphan Asylum at half-past ten to-morrow morning."

There was probably not a more amusing paragraph in that paper. The "head line" belonged to a notice which appeared below, warning the public against harboring or trusting a run-away wife.

The following sentence, from a recently written novel, shows the importance of punctuation:

He enters on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals upon his brow: there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare.

OTHER MISTAKES.

A lad in a printing-office came upon the name of Hecate, occurring in a line like this:

"Shall reign the Hecate of the deepest hell."

The boy, thinking he had discovered an error, ran to the master printer and inquired eagerly whether there was an *e* in cat. "Why, no, you blockhead," was the reply. Away went the boy to the press-room and extracted the objectionable letter. But fancy the horror of both poet and publisher when the poem appeared with the line:

"Shall reign the He Cat of the deepest Hell."

A newspaper some time ago gravely informed its readers that a rat descending the river came in contact with a steamboat, with such serious injury to the boat that great exertions were necessary to save it. It was a raft, descending the river.

In the directions for conducting the Catholic service in a place in France, a shocking blunder once occurred in printing *culotte, culotte.* Now, a *culotte* is an ecclesiastical cap or miter, while *culotte* means what would be known in drawing-room English as a gentleman's small clothes. The sentence read: "Here the priest will take off his *culotte.*"

Dogs and Drums.

When the war in Italy commenced, the Zouaves embarked for Geona; but as they were going on board the ship they saw a formal order forbidding the entrance of all dogs upon the vessel. As they were very much attached to their dogs they were stricken with grief. It was not easy to deceive the sharp look-out kept by the intendent, for every soldier advanced along the narrow gangway one by one, as their names were called. Necessity is the mother of invention. The drummers unscrewed their drums and the best dogs of the regiment were concealed in the drums which were screwed up again. When regiments embark no music is played, but on this occasion the Colonel determined there should be music. He ordered the trumpets and drums to take the head of the column and to play a lively tune.—The face of the drummers—every one of whom had a dog in his drum—may be conceived! The trumpets sounded! the drums were all silent. The Colonel got angry and bawled to know why the drums did not beat. There was but one thing to do and that was to beat. The moment the drums began to beat innumerable dogs began to howl and to bay, to the astonishment of everybody but the Zouaves.—Everybody looked right, left, backward, forward—no sign of a dog anywhere; and yet, the more the drummers beat the more the dogs howled. At last a spaniel fell out of a drum, rolled over and over the ground got up and took to his heels howling louder than ever. Roars of laughter greeted this explanation of the mysterious howls. The attendants ordered the drummers to advance on board, one by one, and roll the drum as he came. If a barking was heard, the drum was unscrewed, and the dog put ashore. Only one dog got on board; this was Touton, who kept quiet through all the rolling. It need not be said the third Zouaves adore Touton. He made his entry into Paris, at their head, a few days since.—*Paris Letter.*

A LEARNED coroner being asked how he accounted for the great mortality this year, exclaimed, "I cannot tell; people seem to die this year that never died before."

Horse Shoeing.

An old blacksmith sends a communication to the Meadville *Republican,* and talks so sensibly that we take pleasure in making an extract from it:

There is no kind of work, perhaps, in the whole of the blacksmith's trade, that ought to be done with more care than horse shoeing, and yet there is nothing that is done with less. Many blacksmiths seem to think all that is necessary is to put the shoe on so that it will stay a seasonable length of time. This is in fact but a small consideration in horse shoeing. I would much rather a shoe would come off very soon than have it hurt the horse while it is on, as is the case too often.

The trouble, in my opinion is, that the workmen seldom learn the trade. It used to take five years to learn the blacksmith's trade; now a boy will learn it in five months, or think he has learned, it, and go to work on his own hook. Then because he can nail on a shoe so it will stay a few weeks, men let him shoe their horses; and that is the reason there are so many poor traveling horses.

No man has a right to shoe a horse until he knows all about a horse's foot. It is a particular job to put on a horse's shoe so that it will set easy. The hoof should be pared in such a way that when the shoe is on the horse will hardly feel it. A horse's foot is full of delicate fibres, and if a shoe sets too hard on them by wrong paring too much at the heel, the horse's health is injured as well as his traveling powers; that is the reason why so many horses run down when they are worked hard and well fed. Their feet hurt them, and not their feet alone, but their stomachs, all, however, proceeding from the poor shoeing. They will be down after a hard day's work, before they have eaten half the food set before them.

All that is wanted is a little care to set the shoes right. The usefulness of the horse is in the hands of the shoer in a great measure; so I say that a man ought not to call himself a horse-shoer till he has learned the trade and knows all about a horse's foot, and what effect it will have to pare here or there, or to set a shoe here or there.

A Lesson for Dad.

An old gentleman farmer, who had two or three very pretty daughters, was so very anxious of his charge that he would not permit them to keep the company of young men. However, they adopted the following expedient to enjoy the society of their lovers, without the knowledge of their father; After the old man had retired to rest, the girls would hang a sheet out of the window, which was quite a distance from the ground, and the beau would seize hold of it, and with the assistance of his lady-love, who tugged lustily at the end above, would thus gain entrance.—But it so happened that one evening the girls hung out the sheet rather early; for the old gentleman, by some ill wind, was blown around the corner, and spying the bed-covering, could not conjecture the meaning of its being there. He took hold and endeavored to pull it down. The girls, supposing it to be one of their beaux, began to hoist, and did not discover their mistake until the head of the old man was level with the window-sill, when one of them exclaimed, "Oh! Lord, it's dad!" and letting go their hold, souse came the old man on the hard stones and ground below, dislocating one of his shoulders, which convinced him that his efforts to make old maids of his daughters was not a matter so easily accomplished, and withdrawing all opposition to their keeping company, he was soon a father-in-law.

Linoleum.

A substance is now manufactured from flax seed called linoleum. It is said that it will supersede India rubber, which it very much resembles, and of which it possesses most of the properties, in the various manufactures in which it is used. Like India rubber, it can be dissolved into a cement, and used in the manufacture of water proof clothing. It can be used for the coating of iron or wood or for coating ships bottoms. It is as good as common cement, having properties similar to the marine glue made from India rubber and shellac. It is readily vulcanized by exposure to heat and by this means becomes as hard as the hardest wood, and capable of fine polish. The variety of the uses to which it can be applied in this form will at once suggest themselves to the reader. Hitherto it has been made solely to produce floor cloth, for which it is well adapted.

☞ The past fall, as a lady, modestly attired, was on her way to the city of New York, on board one of the Hudson River night boats, she sat quietly reading in the ladies' cabin,' when a flashily-dressed dame, mistaking her for a servant, rather rudely accosted her with:

"Do you know this cabin is for the ladies?"

"Certainly I do," was the answer; "and have been wondering for some time why you are here?"

Sir Walter Scott, walking once with Lady Scott saw some lambs, and remarked on their beauty. "Yes," said the wife, "lambs are beautiful—boiled!"—We read that Mrs. Woodsworth was once walking in a grove and heard a farmer's wife soliloquizing, "Oh my I *do* love stockdoves." The heart of the poet's wife yearned towards that Amaryllis. "But," continued the old woman, "there be's some what likes 'em in a pie; but for my part there's nothing like 'em stewed in onions." Horace Smith tells of a city miss who accosted a keeper of sheep in the fields, as she glowed with a desire for an Arcadian concert, "Oh gentle shepherd, prithee tell me where's your pipe?" to which the man replied, "I left it to hum, miss, 'cause I hain't got no baccy."

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