The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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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 BUT 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.

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.

Coal & Wood.

THE SUBSCRIBER has made arrangements to supply the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity with COAL for the ensuing Winter.

He will be able to furnish it in quantities to suit purchasers, by the 15th of August next. Parties desiring to be supplied should leave their orders at an early day either with the subscriber or at the office of Henry W. Earnest, in Chestertown, as it can be supplied from the boats at a less price than from the Yard.

HICKORY, OAK AND PINE WOOD, always on hand, at fair prices.

July 15, 1865—tf. W. H. HAMILTON.

[redacted]

DELAINS, *very cheap*, 20 cts. and up; LAWNS AND OTHER DRESS GOODS. Brown Muslins, B'd Muslins, Ginghams, Brown Linen Drills and Ducks, Pkl. 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,
Uniceville 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.

The Poet.

A Bachelor's Misgivings.

I have thought of getting married
When I've seen thee, Mary Jane,
With thy dainty silks and satins,
With thy crinoline and train;
But a whisper came across me,
Like a sign with omen rife,
"Ah! 'tis very well to marry,
But oh, canst thou keep a wife?"

"There are laces, there are jewels,
There is many a thing beside
That looks charming on a maiden,
But not quite so on a bride.
If your purse is brimming over,
You may win and you may wear;
But alas! if it be empty,
My good fellow, have a care."

So the whisper I have heeded,
And I have not offered yet,
But my thoughts are taken captive,
And my heart is on thee set.
Yet I feel I dare not venture
Till I know, oh, Mary Jane,
Should I be too poor to deck thee,
Couldst thou be contented plain?

There are milliners in plenty
To entrap a heedless fair;
There are artists, too, in jewels,
There are workers, too, in hair;
Canst thou pass unheeding by them,
Canst thou hold thy purse strings tight,
With a dinner party looming,
Or a ball that very night?

If the last new bonnet suits thee,
Canst thou wear it still the same,
Though a newer pattern tempt thee,
Lately handed down to fame?
Will a dress or two content thee
When stern Fashion orders more,
And a solitary cheap dress do
Instead of half a score?

But they tell me I am raving,
To expect so strange a thing,
And they laugh to scorn my musings,
And the hope to which I cling;
So I fear I must resign thee,
And a bachelor remain,
Yet I never can forget thee,
Oh, too costly Mary Jane

THE IRON VAULT.

The Lady and the Locksmith.

I live in San Francisco, and am a locksmith by trade. My calling is a strange one, and possesses a certain fascination rendering it one of the most agreeable of pursuits. Many who follow it, see nothing in it but labor—think of nothing but returns in gold and silver. To me it has other charms than the money it produces. I am called upon, almost daily, to open doors and peer into long neglected apartments; to spring the stubborn locks of safes, and gloat upon the treasures piled within; to quietly enter the apartments of ladies with more beauty than discretion, and pick the locks of drawers containing peace-destroying missives, that the dangerous evidences of wandering affection may not reach the eye of a husband, or father, in possession of the missing key; to force the fastenings of cash boxes, and depositories of records telling of men made suddenly rich, of corporations plundered, of orphans robbed, of hopes crushed, of families ruined. Is there no charm in all this—no food for speculation—no scope for the range of pleasant fancy? Then, who would not be a locksmith, though his face is begrimed with the soot of the forge, and his hands are stained with rust?

But I have a story to tell—not exactly a story, either—for a story implies the completion as well as the beginning of a narrative—and mine is scarcely more than the introduction to one. Let him who deals in fancy write the rest. In the spring of 1856 I opened a little shop on Kearney street, and soon worked myself into a fair business. Late one evening, a lady, closely veiled, entered my shop, and pulling from beneath a cloak a small japanned box, requested me to open it. The lock was curiously constructed, and I was an hour fitting it with a key. The lady seemed nervous at the delay, and at last requested me to close the door. I was a little surprised at the suggestion, but of course complied. Shutting the door, and returning to my work, she withdrew her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as can well be imagined. There was a restlessness in the eye and a pallor on the cheek, however, which plainly told of a heart ill at ease, and in a moment every emotion for her had given place to that of pity.

'Perhaps you are not well, madam, and the night air is too chilly?' said I rather inquisitively.

I felt a rebuke in her reply: 'In requesting you to close the door, I had no other object than to escape the attention of persons.'

I did not reply, but thoughtfully continued my work. She resumed: 'That little box contains valuable papers, private papers, and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen. I should not wish to have you remember that I ever came here on such an errand,' she continued with some hesitation, and giving me a look which it was no difficult matter to understand.

'Certainly, madam, if you desire it. If I cannot forget your face, I will at least attempt to lose the recollection of ever seeing it here.'

The lady bowed rather coldly at what I considered a fine compliment, and I proceeded with my work, satified that a suddenly discovered partiality for me had nothing to do with the visit. Having succeeded, after much filing and fitting, in turning the lock, I was seized with a curiosity to get a glimpse at the precious contents of the box, and suddenly raising the lid discovered a bundle of letters, and a daguerreotype, as I slowly passed the box to its owner. She seized it hurriedly, and placing the letters and picture in her pocket, locked the box, and drawing the veil over her face, pointed to the door. I opened it, and as she passed into the street she merely whispered 'Remember!' We met again, and I have been thus particular in describing her visit to the shop to render probable a subsequent recognition.

About 2 o'clock in the morning, in the latter part of May following, I was awakened by a gentle tap upon the window of the little room back of the shop in which I lodged. Thinking of burglars, I sprang out of bed, and in a moment was at the window, with a heavy hammer in my hand, which I usually kept at that time within convenient reach of my bedside.

'Who's there?' I inquired, raising the hammer and peering out into the darkness—for it was as dark as Egypt when under the curse of Israel's God.

'Hist!' exclaimed a figure, stepping in front of the window:—'Open the door, I have business for you.'

'Rather past business hours, I should say, but who are you?'

'No one that would harm you,' returned the voice, which I amagined was rather feminine for a burglar's.

'Nor no one that can!' I replied rather emphatically, by way of a warning, as I tightened my grip on the hammer, and proceeded to the door. I pushed back the bolt, and slowly opening the door discovered the stranger already upon the steps.

'What do you want?' I abruptly inquired.

'I will tell you,' answered the same soft voice, 'if you dare open the door wide enough for me to enter.'

'Come in,' said I, resolutely, throwing the door ajar, and proceeding to light a candle. Having succeeded, I turned to examine the visitor. He was a small and neatly-dressed gentleman, with a heavy Raglan around his shoulders, and a blue navy cap drawn suspiciously over the eyes. As I advanced towards him he seemed to hesitate a moment, then raised the cap from his forehead, and looked me curiously in the face I did not drop the candle, but I acknowledge to a little nervousness as I hurriedly placed the light on a table, and silently proceeded to invest myself with two or three very necessary articles of clothing. As the Lord liveth my visitor was a lady, and the same for whom I had opened the little box about a month before! Having completed my toilet, I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact is I was dumbfounded.

Smiling at my discomfiture, she said: 'Disguise is useless, I presume you recognize me."

"I believe I told you, madam, I should not soon forget your face. In what way can I serve you?'

'By doing half an hour's work before day light to-morrow, and receiving five hundred dollars for your labor,' was the reply.

'It is not ordinary work,' said I, inquiringly, 'that commands so munificent a compensation?'

'It is a labor common to your calling,' replied the lady. 'The price is not so much for the labor, as the condition under which it is to be performed.'

'And what is the condition?' I inquired.

'That you will submit to being conveyed from and returned to your own door blind-folded.'

Ideas of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime, hurriedly presented themselves to my vision, and I politely bowed and said, 'I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as the conditions, to accept the offer.'

'Will not five hundred dollars answer in lieu of an explanation?' she inquired.

'No—nor five thousand.'

She patted her foot nervously on the floor. I could see she had placed entirely too low an estimate on my honesty, and I felt some gratification in being able to convince her of the fact.

'Well, then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain," she replied, "I must tell you that you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and——

'You have gone quite far enough, madam, with the explanation,' I interrupted; 'I am not at your services'.

'As I said,' she continued, 'you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and rescue from death a man who has been confined there for threedays.

'To whom does the vault belong?' I inquired.

'My husband,' was the somewhat reluctant reply.

'Then why so much secrecy? or rather how came a man confined in such a place?'

'I secreted him there to escape the observation of my husband. He suspected so much, and closed the door upon him. Presuming he had left the vault, and quitted the house by the back door, I did not dream until to-day that he was confined there. Certain suspicious acts of my husband this afternoon convince me that the man is there, beyond human hearing, and will be starved to death unless immediately rescued. For three days he has not left the house. I 'drugged' him less than an hour ago, and, he is now so stupified that the lock may be picked without his interference. I have searched his pockets but could not find the key; hence my application to you. Now you know all; will you accompany me?'

'To the end of the world, madam, on such an errand.'

'Then prepare yourself; there is a cab waiting at the door.'

I was a little surprised, for I had not heard the sound of wheels. Hastily drawing on a coat, and providing myself with the required implements, I was soon at the door. There, sure enough, was the cab with the driver in his seat, ready for the mysterious journey. I entered the vehicle, followed by the lady. As soon as I was seated she produced a heavy hankerchief which, by the faint light of an adjacent street lamp, she carefully bound round my eyes. The lady seated herself beside me and the cab started. In half an hour it stopped—in what part of the city I am entirely ignorant, as it was evidently driven in anything but a direct course from the point of starting.

Examining the bandage to see that my vision was completely obscured, the lady handed me the bundle of tools with which I was provided; then taking me by the arm, led me through a gate into a house which I knew was of brick, and after taking me through a passage-way which could not have been less than fifty feet in length, and down a flight of stairs into what was evidently an underground basement, stopped beside a vault, and removed the handkerchief from my eyes.

'Here is the vault—open it,' said she, springing the door of a dark lantern, and throwing a beam of light upon the lock.

I seized a bunch of skeleton keys, and after a few trials, which the lady seemed to watch with the most painful anxiety, sprang the bolt. The door swung upon its hinges, and my companion telling me not to close it, as it was self-locking, sprang into the vault. I did not follow. I heard the murmur of low voices within, and the next moment a lady reappeared, and leaning upon her arm a man, with face so pale and haggard that I started at the sight. How he must have suffered during the three long days of his confinement.

'Remain here,' she said, handing me the lantern, 'I will be back in a moment.'

The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter a room immediately above where I was standing. In less than a minute the lady returned.

'Shall I close it, madam?' said I, placing my hand upon the door of the vault.

'No! no!" she exclaimed, hastily seizing my arm; 'it awaits another occupant?'

'Madam, you certainly do not intend to——'

'Are you ready?' she interrupted, impatiently holding the handkerchief to my eyes. The thought flashed across my mind that she intended to push me into the vault, and bury me and my secret together. She seemed to read the suspicion, and continued: 'Do not be alarmed.—*You* are not the man!"

I could not mistake the truth or the fearful meaning of the remark, and I shuddered as I bent my head to the handkerchief. My eyes were carefully bandaged as before, and I was led to the cab, and thence driven home by a more circuitous route, if possible, than the one by which I came. Arriving in front of the house the handkerchief was removed, and I stepped from the vehicle. A purse of five hundred dollars was placed in my hand, and in a moment the cab and its mysterious occupant had turned a corner and were out of sight.

I entered the shop, and a purse of gold was the only evidence I could summon in my bewilderment that all I had just done and witnessed was not a dream.

A month after that I saw the lady with the gentleman taken from the vault, walking leisurely along Montgomery street. I do not know, *but I believe the sleeping husband awoke in the vault, and his bones are there to this day!* The wife is still a resident of San Francisco.

A Hundred Hours Without Sleep.

Although the feat of last week in this city, in which an individual kept awake one hundred hours and walked a mile in every hour, was but small account on the score of merely winning a bet, yet, as illustrating the extent of human endurance and the necessity of repose to our existence it is a matter well worthy of record.

On Tuesday of last week, at five P. M., Mr. Seaver, a young man about twenty-five, a native of this place, on a wager of five hundred dollars, commenced walking one hundred miles in as many consecutive hours, without sleep. The place selected was Union Hall, around which, outside of the settees, forty-two circuits made a mile. Several watchers were placed on both sides, who by change were all the time in attendance. On Wednesday afternoon, at the close of the first twenty-four hours, he became weary and felt a stronger disposition to sleep than he afterwards experienced. This was driven off, but the effort produced a severe headache, which continued during the remaining days. On Thursday he felt drowsy, but was so excited that he would sit down without napping. Every hour the circuiting the room forty-two times was regularly performed, in times ranging from twenty to thirty minutes. On that morning he began to be discouraged, and expressed a wish to abandon further effort. His advisers persuaded him, and he renewed his efforts, and, as he expressed it, with a determined *will* to succeed.

Friday, the third day, he was more wakeful, his nervous excitement having increased—probably by the strong tea, which was his only beverage. His head was bandaged, and bathed with rum and alum frequently. He stumbled with weakness and weariness, but got up without help. Saturday, the fourth and last day, was one of weariness, aching limbs, aching head, and prostration. He required to be supported as he went his hourly rounds. In the ninety-fifth hour he fainted and fell. Every hour of the last four he was bathed all over with rum and alum. In the ninety-ninth hour he again fell in faintness. The last hour at length arrived, and with his assistants he completed his forty-two circuits in thirty-three minutes. He now received fresh energy from the idea that he had accomplished his feat, and unaided he literally dragged his limbs once more around the hall, to show that he was still awake, and amid the cheers of a large audience, he retired after nine o'clock.

In an hour's time he was at home, and on his pillow, no doubt like Sancho Panza, "blessing the man who first invented sleep." But for him sound sleep was not safe. His medical attendant, Dr. Perry, was with him through the night, awaking him every hour. He was under so strong nervous excitement, that he at times had to be held in bed by his attendants. His dreams were fearful—of more miles to travel, and that his bandages were lost, and that his bathing materials had given out. This was evident by his exclamations. On Monday morning he was better, but he has not yet got rid of the swelling of his limbs, of weakness in his back, and of his headache. He took his meals regularly during the four days, and such doses as the doctors prepared.

Mr. Seaver tells us that he went to the extent of human endurance—he has no idea that he could have sustained himself three hours longer. Although he realizes five hundred and eighty dollars as admission fees, yet ten times that amount would not induce him again to make a like effort.

A like feat was performed in California a few years since. In Baltimore it was attempted by a man who died in the ninety-seventh hour.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.*

Johnny Cake.

It might be supposed, by the various receipts for this cake, sent by correspondents and published in your paper, that the writers believed that anything that had corn meal in it was a "Johnny Cake." As well might they believe that any article with wheat flour in it was bread. I want this class of writers and your readers to be informed that the genuine 'Johnny' is purely indigenous to the South—native born—as much so as slavery or secesh, and that north of Mason and Dixon's line it is not to be found. The natives north of that line don't know how to make it, and the most of them never saw or tasted it. You might as well set a Virginian to making chowder. It takes an old darkey—a regular Aunt Dinah—to compound it, not by any known receipt, but purely by the 'rule of thumb,' conveyed by instinct from generation to generation. It is composed of but few and simple ingredients—pure corn meal, salt, and a certain amount of shortening; then spread out about three-fourths of an inch thick, on the middle division of the head of a flour barrel, set up on edge before the hot embers of a wood fire, and baked a rich brown on both sides. Then, while hot, cut it open, butter it well, and then—oh! luxurious experience—eat it, and you will find it as much superior to its miserable imitations as a Crab apple is to a Greening. I have resided in this city for more than 25 years—not more than 25 miles from Mason and Dixon's line—and never saw or tasted a genuine 'Johnny' here. But the very recollection of them, as eaten in my father's house in the State of Delaware, and the poor substitutes offered in their place, induces me to write this tribute to their memory. EPICURE.

Philadelphia, April 30, 1866.

Farmers' Column.

From the American Farmer.

Gas Tar for Posts and Timber.

That Gas Tar might be very beneficially used for preserving timber seems probable, yet we do not know that it has been applied to any considerable extent—probably from its not having been sufficiently tested, and from want of a knowledge of just how to use it.

A writer in the *American Agriculturist* gives an account of what seems to have been careful experiments carried through a period of fourteen years. Four pieces of timber were tried, both in and out of the ground: No. 1 received no tar at all; No. 2 was boiled for half an hour in coal tar; No. 3 was coated with hot coal tar with a brush; and No. 4 treated in the same way, and covered with a coat of sand. They were all buried in garden soil to the depth of four inches. At the end of nine years, No. 1, without tar, had rotted away and disappeared; No. 3, coated with tar, had rotted very much, but still retained its form; No. 2, boiled in tar, showed signs of decay; the one coated with tar and sand was still sound. At the end of thirteen years, while the others were all decayed, the one coated with tar and sand was, to all appearances, as sound as when put there.

The same preparation was made of pieces of wood, which were afterwards exposed on the roof of an out-building. At the end of thirteen years the one without tar had rotted and blown away; a portion of the one coated with tar still remained, but rotting rapidly; the one boiled in tar was slightly decayed; the one with tar and sand was perfectly sound.

The writer says: "From these and various other experiments I have made, I have come to the conclusion that, while coal tar may contain little by itself that will preserve timber from rotting, it may be so mixed and combined with other substances as to prevent moisture from penetrating the pores of the wood, thereby preventing or arresting decay."

For a convenient method of making the application to posts, we give the following from the *Country Gentleman:*

"We have often had occasion to recommend the use of gas tar as a protection from moisture and decay. We have known an instance where acrid substances induced the complete rotting of pine boards in less than two years; when replaced with new boards, thoroughly coated with h[illegible] gas tar, they lasted fifteen years [illegible] peared then to be perfect [illegible] last No. of the *Ho*[illegible] [illegible]munication f[illegible] County, Illinois, who [illegible] lent contrivance for applyin[illegible] posts. She had previously used a [illegible] but found this mode too imperfect and inefficient. A tank was made of the best sheet iron, forty inches high, and over two feet in diameter. A grate of oak sticks covered the bottom inside, to support the posts and protect from accidental blows. This tank was set on an old cook stove placed out doors. It was then filled with posts placed on end, supported by a frame to prevent tipping the tank. It was filled with gas tar, a fire built in the stove, and the wood boiled in the tar until well saturated—the time not stated. We may add that the wood should be thoroughly seasoned before the application, in order that the tar may enter the pores. We have no doubt that, were this work well done, (the gas coating extending some inches above the earth,) that posts of white oak or other good timber would last at least fifty years, or perhaps considerably longer.

Good Advice.

Keep good company or none.
Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
Always speak the truth.
Make few promises.
Live up to your engagements.
When you speak to a man look him in the face.
Good character is above all things else.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him.
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.
Live within your income.
When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day.
Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.
Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.
Never play at any game of chance.
Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.
Earn money before you spend it.
Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.
Never speak evil of any one.
Be just before you are generous.

An Incident in the Life of Napoleon.

"A few months after Napoleon had divorced himself from Josephine, he proceeded with an army of 275,000 men for the conquest of Austria. Upon the approach of this army to Vienna, the Emperor Francis fled precipitately with his family from the palace of Schonbrunn to Prague; and the same day Napoleon took up his quarters in that splendid palace, and selected the room of Maria Louise for his sleeping apartment, were for several days he passed most of the time in dictating letters, while Latour served for his amanuensis. Such was the haste in which Maria Louise, the daughter of the Emperor Francis, had been obliged to quit her apartment, that she left a beautiful portrait of herself hanging over the fire place. 'I observed' said Latour, 'that the Emperor, while walking up and down, dictating the aforesaid letters to me, would frequently, using his eyeglass, fix his eyes on the portrait.' Several days thus rolled away, when he said to me, 'go call Berthier the Prince of Neufchatel. On the entrance of this Prince, Napoleon said in his quick and abrupt manner, 'Berthier I appoint you my envoy extraordinary, to proceed forthwith to Prague, and ask of the Emperor Francis the hand of his daughter Maria Louise for me in marriage; and return here with his reply with as little delay as possible.' A few days after,' continued Latour, 'while the Emperor was dictating to me a letter in the hall of Reception in the same palace, the Prince of Neufchatel entered, accompanied by an envoye of the Emperor of Austria, who, after being presented to Napoleon with the accustomed ceremonies, addressed him as follows:—'May it please your majesty, I am authorized by my Master to express to your Majesty the great satisfaction and honor which he should desire from an alliance with so distinguished a General and Sovereign, whose achievements command the admiration of all; but as the veins of Maria Louise contain blood of Emperors and Queens through several generations from the Hapsburg family to the present day, my Master, the Emperor, has serious apprehensions that his daughter may consider the nobility of the Emperor Napoleon as of too recent a date to be a suitable match for one in the enjoyment of her ancient and distinguished position.' During the delivery of this harangue, the Emperor Napoleon continued to pace the apartment with little or no emotion. But at its close, he at once, turning to the envoyee, said: 'Go tell your master, the Emperor of Austria, that the difference between him and me is this, that *my* nobility commences in me, and that *his* ends in him.' There was no more question it seems, as regards the ancestry and imperial descent from the Hapsburg family. Suffice it to say, that a peace with Austria was soon concluded, and the Prince of Swartzenburg in a month or two, conducted Maria Louise in triumph to the capital of France, where I, as Secretary of Legation, had the honor to represent the United States at the marriage ceremony."—*Records from the life of S. V. Wilder.*

☞ The largest valley in the world is the Valley of the Mississippi, containing 506,000 square miles.

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