The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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Advertisements

[redacted]

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, 1865—tf.

SHEUBROOK, WOODALL & CC.,
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—tO21.

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.

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.

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.*

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.

KENT COUNTY
MACHINE SHOP,
AT GALENA.

THE UNDERSIGNED beg leave to inform the Farmers of Kent and adjoining Counties that they are prepared to do all kinds of AGRICULTURAL MACHINE REPAIRING, at short notice.

They also put up in good order the celebrated *PENNINGTON IMPROVED REAPER,* which is of Central Draught, runs easy for four horses, and will cut from 25 to 30 acres per day; it cuts a 6 ft. 6 in. swath, and can have a MOWER attached in a few minutes. It gives general satisfaction, as has been certified to by many able farmers of Kent and Cecil counties.

They also build HORSE POWERS AND THRESHERS, of modern style, which in good wheat will thresh and clean from 4 to 6 hundred bushels per day.

They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and 0 Pratt & Davis; No. 4 Wiley, and two-furrowed Plows of excellent model, and not surpassed in smoothness or temper by any made or used in this State.

Mill Spindles, Shafts and Picks made and repaired to order, and in good style.

Cultivators and Cultivator Teeth, Farm Hinges, Harrows, &c., for sale wholesale and retail, and on reasonable terms.

WM. A. HYLAND & CO.
Galena, March 31, 1866—tf.

HARRY MCCOY. WM. I. RASIN.

McCOY & RASIN,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 66 South St., Baltimore.

PROMPT attention paid to the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE. All orders for the purchase of Farming Implements, Seeds, Groceries, &c., promptly attended to. Dec. 2, 1865—y.

COAL OIL
At 90 cents a Gallon!

A prime article, at H. W. VICKERS'
March 3, 1866. Cheap Corner.

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

CARD.

[redacted]

All persons who are not "season customers," will be obliged to send the money or tickets.

WM. PERKINS, *Proprietor*
"Rising Sun" Saloon.
Chestertown, May 12, 1866—tf.

CHEAP CORNER! CHEAP CORNER!

H. W. VICKERS'
CHEAP CORNER!

ECONOMY IS WEALTH!—Great inducements offered to Cash Buyers at "Cheap Corner!" Save your time and money. Buy your Goods at J. R. Chance's old stand, "The Cheap Corner!"

Having a large stock of Goods, bought of Auction Houses, we will commence from date, *and sell without regard to cost!* Calicoes, Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, Delaines, Alpacas, Mohairs, Mozambiques, Lawns, French and English Ginghams, Balmoral Skirts, Grenadine Shawls, &c. A very large stock of Men and Boys' Wear, very cheap. The cheapest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered to Cash Buyers.

Do not fail to call and Examine our Large Stock at Cheap Corner.

H. W. VICKERS,
May 26, 1866. Cheap Corner.

WILLIAM TOMLINSON, WILLIAM P. FRANCIS, WILLIAM T. TOMLINSON.

TOMLINSON & FRANCIS,
Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF GRAIN, LIVE STOCK, and *Country Produce generally,*
No. 96 Light Street Wharf.

☞ Orders for Groceries, Seeds, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise, promptly filled.

Baltimore, November 4, 1865—y

CAKE TURNERS, Egg Whips, Basting Spoons, Flesh Forks, Wire Ladles, Skimmers, Iron and Tin Dippers, Dust Pans, Coffee and Tea Pots, Candle Sticks, Lamps and Lanterns, for sale at the Tin and Stove Store.
May 14 *J. K. ALDRIDGE.*

50,000 BRICKS,
OF GOOD QUALITY,
FOR SALE BY
A. DOBBS & Co., Chestertown.

WHICH will be sold Cheap for the Cash, at Baltimore prices, at the present time $12.00 per 1000 for hard Bricks, or the run of the Kiln, and 5 per cent. off for the Cash paid at the yard on delivery, and interest charged from date on all bills not paid, until paid. May 26, 1866—y

CASSIMERE SUITS,
At 15, 18, 20 to $25.
April 14, 1866. I. FRANK.

ENAMELED STEW PANS and PRESERVING KETTLES, for sale at the *Tin and Stove Store,* by
May 14, 1865. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

New Goods.

FANCY SAFES, WATER COOLERS, Egg Beaters, Tea Bells, Gridirons, Beef-Steak Wire Broilers, Patent Freezers, Cake Turners, Tobacco Boxes, Flower Baskets, Galvanized Wire for Clothes Lines.
June 2, 1866. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

COAL HODS, Shovels and Pokers—for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

MORTARS, PORRIGERS, COFFEE Mills, Apple Parers, Patent Egg Whips, Shovels and Tongs—for sale at
THE TIN AND STOVE STORE.

The Poet.

"I'd Choose to be a Baby."

The following parody by Fred. Buckley on the beautiful ballad, "I'd Choose to be a Daisy," is published in sheet music by one of the music houses in New York:

I'd choose to be a baby,
A darling little flower,
Without a care or sorrow,
As I was in childhood's hour;
When ladies (heaven bless them,)
They'd kiss me and they'd vow
That they could almost eat me—
Why don't they do it now?

When I used to be a baby
They'd to my cradle creep;
They'd kiss and hug and cuddle me,
Till I fell off to sleep;
Yes, kiss and squeeze me too,
Till I felt anyhow;
They'd even wash and dress me—
Why don't they do it now?

For pleased they were to nurse me,
They would take me on their lap,
And would stuff my little stomach full
Of lolipops and pap.
They would show me tops and buttons,
And if I made a row,
They'd press me to their bosoms—
Why don't they do it now?

When the ladies used to love me
They would make me such nice clothes;
They would make me nice morocco shoes,
And wipe my little nose,
And when the shades of evening came,
And sleep came o'er my brow,
They said it's time to go to bed—
But they never say it now.

Maternal Influence.

Gently, mother, gently,
Chide the little one,
'Tis a toilsome journey,
It hath just begun:
Many a vale of sorrow,
Many a rugged steep,
Lieth in its pathway,
And full oft 'twill weep—
Oh! then gently—gently.

Kindly, mother—kindly,
Speak in tender tone;
That dear child remember,
Echoes back thine own;
Teach in gentle accents,
Teach it words of love,
Let the softest breezes
Its young heart-strings move—
Kindly, mother—kindly.

Would'st thou have the setting,
Of a gem most fair,
In a crown of beauty
It were time to wear?
Mother! train with caution
That dear little one:
Guide, reprove, and ever
Let the work be done,
Gently, mother—kindly.

A. C. JUDSON.

Infant's Rights Convention.

In these times of conventions of all sorts, the following with reference to the movements of the infants of the land, may not be without interest:

A large and spirited meeting of infants was recently held at Nurserydom, at which they asserted their rights, and called for an immediate redress of the wrongs which have been inflicted upon them. The following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, we have been brought into existence without being consulted at all in regard to our feelings and wishes, thus laying the immediate authors of our existence under the strongest obligations to see that our rights are promoted, and our wants supplied, therefore,

Resolved, That we claim our rights to derive our nourishment from the fountain Nature has provided for our sustenance, and which is universally admitted to be the only source from which we can derive materials for a vigorous growth; and that the too common practice of cutting off the supplies from this source, to avoid the necessity of attendance to our wants, is inhuman, and unworthy of a Christian mother.

Resolved, That we do earnestly protest against the impartiality sometimes exhibited by our mothers in nursing lap-dogs and making parlor companions of them, as though they were the real offspring instead of ourselves, while we are turned over to Bridget.

Resolved, That we claim as our rights place in the parental bed, and deem it a very poor excuse for tucking us away with the nurse, that our mothers come home from parties late at night, and does not wish to be broken of her rest.

Resolved, That we are opposed to taking medicine, when it would be seldom required if we were properly taken care of by our mothers; and especially do we raise our voices against the practice of many nurses who secretly keep a bottle of paregoric or Godfrey's Cordial, and force down our throats a dose in the evening, so that we may not disturb them in the night.

Resolved, That in consequence of these and other abuses to which we are subjected, most of us become sickly, and about half of our number die before we are able to take care of ourselves.

Resolved, That our cry shall be "war," and not "peace," until our wrongs are redressed and our rights restored to us.

Voted, That the proceedings of this Convention be published in all papers from Maine to Texas.

THE REBUKE.

He sat his empty kettle on the table. He threw himself on the homely lounge, and was a laboring man, his face brown with toil. All day long he had been out in the hot sun upon the top of a house, slating the roof. Sometimes his head was giddy and his back weak, but he straightened himself with thoughts of home and the treasures there. And now at the sound of his feet, at the sound of his voice, dimples break over smooth red checks, and loving fingers play with his curls. He shut his eyes to frame the picture in his heart—the picture of his wife getting supper—the picture of his prattling baby. He feels the cool of the evening, and all these things comfort him, yet he is not quite grateful—not wholly; for to-day he saw another picture that made him envious; rich Sam Marlowe, riding out with his wife and child—a handsome two; Sam, portly, contented and smiling, his wife, with a dainty color in her cheeks, and rich garments folded about her.

"He and I were boys together," said the poor man to himself, bending to his work again; "and see how Providence has blessed him, though he began with almost nothing. Now he keeps his horses and a carriage, lives in a beautiful house, has married a fortune, and with plenty of leizure, can bring up his one boy just as I have longed to my Tom. I, by marrying early and poor, have brought burdens upon Mary's shoulders that must be hard to bear. Five little ones and only a day laborer yet!" and he sighed wearily.

All day the heavy heart never left him, and his fellow laborers wondered what had come over their usually merry friend; now he had brought that shadow home with him—the phantom horse and rider, the envy and the care.

"My Mary is a handsomer woman than his wife," he muttered, nursing his misery, "and yet she never rests. As for taking her out for a drive,"—he ended the sentence with a bitter laugh.

Moments passed, during which the cloud grew thicker and heavier. A neighbor passing by, told of a strange disease that had lately appeared in their midst; the doctors called it diptheria, she said, and it was a terrible and fatal sickness. Then the door shut and the voice faded away, but the something dreary did not pass from the man's heart.

Suddenly there was a sound of alarm in the bright kitchen.

"Harry, come here."

He arose slowly, and passed through the door of a plain little parlor.

His wife held the baby in her arms; the other children were gathered anxiously about her, looking on.

"What can be the matter with him. He seemed well enough till now. But his lips are blue, and suddenly he ceased play, and hear how he draws his breath! Harry, he is very sick, you must go for the doctor."

Harry started at once; little Herbert was his idol—a most beautiful and attractive child, winning and loving—a very angel in the humble home. It was not long before the physician was in their midst. His first glace was startling, his second grave. Herbert was very ill; the terrible sickness was upon him in its most fearful form. All that night they ministered to him in his agony, for they felt that in such struggles the little frail flower would soon be broken from the stalk, though shielded by tenderest care. And, alas! when morning broke in unclouded brightness, the sweet face of the babe was set towards it, but it saw no light; the spirit had gone to its upper home and left the house desolate.

How long a time elapsed no one knew in that household, for the hours passed unheeded; but death came again and again, and Harry and his wife stood in their lone home desolate. The strong man was bowed to the earth with agony. For a time his reason was threatened. He accursed God; he heaped curses on himself.

"I was envious of another," he cried, "and see how God has smitten me. O, give back my children! Only give me the blessings of my eyes, the jewels of my heart, and I'll toil like a slave—not only through the burning hours of the day, but into the blackness and chill of midnight. I will live on a crust; I ask not for comforts—but give me my children, Lord, for I am bereft!"

His wife, in the midst of her own grief tried to comfort him, but he would not listen to reason. He saw only through the crowding earth, black with damps and horribly alive with insect vitality, the beautiful brows of his five little children, hidden away from him forever and ever.

While this sorrow was still fresh upon him, came a letter post-marked England. His wife opened it, and learned that an uncle, of whom they had heard nothing for years, had died within a few months, and left her husband his heir.

Over the five graves of his little children a treasure of gold was ready to be poured. Harry listened with a stony glance. What was wealth to him now? "O, for just one loving smile from the blue-eyed baby. Take the treasure, dear Lord, I don't want it now—rather give me a few feet of earth beside my children! Heap up the gold, and put my little Berty besides, living; only for one hour let me feel his dear lips pressed to mine, and for that choice I would barter every dollar. O for poverty, blessed poverty, with my children!"

"I say, Harry, do you know you're fast asleep in the draft?"

Bewildered, up into the thick bearded face of the speaker the laborer gazed.

"Well, haven't you a word of welcome for your brother? What do you see with those wild eyes of yours? Is the man crazy?"

For Harry flung himself upon his knees and with strong cries, thanked God again. Then he sprang up and wrung the hand of his sailor brother—ran past him, caught his wife and kissed her, and gathered his babies about him, held them all to his strong, loving heart, while great tears rolled down his cheeks. Then, as his wife looked on wondering, frightened, he cried in a choking voice:

"I dreamed they were all dead, Mary, all dead; and I thank God that it was only a dreadful dream. Never, never, shall I be envious again. O, Mary, to see them as they lay there"—and again he covered their smiling lips with kisses, sobbing in his joy.

And that was the way the repining husband and father was led to give up envy and all uncharitableness. Truly, sometimes the Spirit doth come to instruct us in our dreams.

Praise Your Wife.

Praise you wife, man; for pity's sake give her some little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it will make her eyes open wider than they have these ten years, but it will do her good for all, and you, too.

There are many women to day thirsting for the words of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat, and winter's toil, they have drudged uncomplainingly; and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors that they look for and on them as they do on the daily rising of the sun, and its daily going down. Home, every day, may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very holiness.

You know that, if the floor is clean, manuel labor has been performed to make it so. You know, if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, that somebody's fingers's have in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable so smooth and lustrous. Everything, that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and health; but they don't come out with a hearty "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife!" or, "I am much obliged to you for taking so much pains!" They thank the tailor for giving them "fits;" they thank the man in a full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert room, in short they thank everything out of doors because it is custom, and come home, tip their chair back, and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire is gone out, or, if everything is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say, "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward the common articles of housekeeping, your wives—if you save them the hundred and sixteenth part of the compliments you always choked them with before you were married—fewer women would seek for other sources of affection. Praise you wife, then, for all good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced.

Continental Gambling.

I have said gambling pervades all classes of continental society—here is the last story of gambling. The scene of this phrensy was the Berlin Jockey Club.—Three years since a petty prince of the German Confederation (you know what microscopic animalcules some of its princes are) took his seat at the *carte.* His adversary was like himself an officer of the Prussian army—Count Von T——, a Colonel of the Royal Guard. They began by playing one hundred thalers, next ten thousand thalers were staked. After they had exhausted the money in their pockets they began to play on parole.—Count Von T—had an extraordinary run of luck all night long, and at daybreak he was the winner of two hundred thousand thalers. At 9 o'clock A. M., Count Von T——rose from the table, saying: "I beg your Highness' pardon for interrupting the game, but the truth is, I am half dead with hunger. I must breakfast.—This evening I will give you another chance to retrieve fortune." The Prince replied: Why wait until this evening. Let us resume playing after breakfast."—The Count said, "Willingly."

After breakfast they returned to the ecarte table. They played until dinner, and when they rose to dine the Count had won 800,000 thalers. They returned to the table immediately after dinner.

After the opera had closed all the members of the club flocked around the gamsters. They played in this way for fifty-two hours, when at last the Prince, exhausted by fatigue, threw the cards on the table, and exclaimed: "Enough!" He reckoned his losses, and found he owed Count Von T. 3,000,000 thalers. He came near going insane, for a gambling debt is a debt of honor, and must be paid within twenty-four hours or the debtor is dishonored. The prince hastened to the royal palace and asked an audience of the King. It was instantly granted. The moment he entered the King of Prussia's presence, he said: "Sire, I have lost 3,000,000 thalers gambling." His Majesty coldly remarked: "So I have heard, and I am persuaded your Highness has paid this gambling debt; the debt of honor?" The Prince answered: "Sire, were I to give Count Von T. my whole fortune, I shall not discharge much more than half my debt. What shall I do?" The King said: "Go at once to Spandau Fortress. When I come to a decision, I shall let you hear it."

The Prince bowed and retired. An order was instantly despatched to Count Von T—to order him to repair immediately to the palace. He soon came.

The King inquired: "You have been playing with Prince——?" "Yes, sire." "Has he paid you?" "No sire, but I will wait his good pleasure." The King replied: "No Count, I am not rich enough to pay my officers' follies, but you and your family will receive forever the interest on 3,000,000 thalers. Does this arrangement suit?"

"Will your Majesty allow me to insist of one condition precedent to the arrangement?"

"What's the condition?"

"To be allowed to win the rank of General on the battle-fields of Schleswig-Holstein."

"Your condition is accepted. I will give the Minister of War instructions to issue the necessary orders."

There is a proverb: Men who are lucky at cards are unlucky at everything else. Count Von T——set off for the Prussian army in the Duchies the following morning at 5 o'clock. The second day thereafter he reached their headquarters. Three hours after he went into action, and an hour after the battle began he fell, shot through the heart.

A Very Courtable Widow.

Some hundred years later we find a Sir John Salusbury of Llewenny Hall marrying a ward of Queen Elizabeth's, Katherine of Berayne, then only fourteen years old. She was an heiress and a descendant in the fifth generation from Owen Tudor and the Princess Katherine of France. On Sir John's death, in 1567, his widow followed him to the grave, and in going to church was escorted by Sir Richard Clough, the owner of the property in the neighborhood, formerly in the service of Sir Thomas Gresham, and at that time a very eminent merchant.—In returning home from the burial she was attended by a young gentleman of property, named Morris Wynn. He, perceiving the widow to be not very inconsolable, and fired by her charms, profited by the opportunity to whisper a tale of love into her ears, and finally asked her to be his wife. She, by no means startled at this oddly timed proposal, civily declined his offer, saying that she accepted a similar one from Clough on her way to church; but, probably observing young Wynn to be much cast down at her refusal, and being a large hearted, companionable woman, she sought to console the rejected lover by the assurance that if she survived Clough, Wynn should be her third husband. This promise she duly kept when, three years later, she was a second time a widow. Again, a third time, did she outlive her husband, and a fourth time became a wife, marrying Mr. Edward Talwall, also a Denbighshire man. This husband survived her. So numerous and influental were the descendants of this Kathsrine of Berayne that she was long known by the title of Mam Cymry, or Mother of Wales.—*Memoris and Correspondence of Field Mashal Viscount Combermere, G. C. B.*

A Barometer Which Everybody can Afford to Keep.

To save himself the trouble of carrying an umbrella, for four or five hours, while riding on horseback, on cloudy, threatening days, the writer had been in the habit of consulting the Barometer of a friend. The following communication in the *Scientific American* has furnished him with a storm-glass of his own, which makes him quite independent in this respect. We have tried it, now for about two months, and find it to be very reliable: "Dealers in philosphical and optical instruments sell simple storm-glasses which are used for the purpose of indicating approaching storms. One of these consists of a glass tube, about ten inches in length and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, filled with a liquid containing camphor, and having its mouth covered with a piece of bladder perforated with a needle. A tall phial will answer the purpose nearly as well as the ten-inch tube. The composition placed within the tube consists of two drachms of camphor, half a drachm of pure saltpetre, and half a drachm of muriate of ammonia, pulverized and mixed with about two ounces of spirits. The tube is usually suspended by a thread near a window, and the functions of its contents are as follows: If the atmosphere is dry and the weather promises to be settled, the solid parts of the camphor in the liquid contained in the tube will remain at the bottom, and the liquid above will be quite clear; but on the approach of a change to rain, the solid matter will gradually rise, and small crystaline stars will float about in the liquid. On the approach of high winds, the solid parts of the camphor will rise in the form of leaves and appear near the surface in a state resembling fermentation.

These indications are sometimes manifested *twenty-four hours* before a storm breaks out. After some experience in observing the motions of the camphor matter in the tube, the magnitude of a coming storm may be estimated; also its direction, inasmuch as the particles lie closer together on that side of the tube that is *opposite* to that from which the coming storm will approach. The cause of some of these indications is as yet unknown; but the leading principle is the solubility of camphor in alcohol, and its insolubility in water, combined with the fact that the drier the atmosphere the more aqueous vapor does it take up, and *vice versa.*" Here, then, is a storm-glass, so cheap, that the poorest can afford to have one and, simply as a matter of *curiosity,* to say nothing of *convenience,* it is well worth keeping.—*Calendar.*

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