The Chestertown Transcript

VOL. V. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1866.

THE

Chestertown Transcript

Is published every Saturday, at

Chestertown, Kent County, Md.,

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 Bourgeois (or its equivalent in space) 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, five Dollars: One Year, eight Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

JOB PRINTING.

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

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

SUITABLE FOR

STORES,

TRUSTEES' SALES,

Public Sales,

&c., &c., &c., &c.,

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. ☜

COUGH no MORE. **DR. STRICKLAND'S** MELLIFLUOUS **COUGH BALSAM** is warranted to be the only preparation known to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Chronic Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis and Croup. Being prepared from Honey and Herbs it is healing, softening, and expectorating, and particularly suitable for all affections of the Throat and Lungs. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

CURE for PILES. **DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY** has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief, and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure. For sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents per bottle.

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

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

THE Partnership, under the name of HINES & WEST, was dissolved, by mutual consent, February the 1st, 1866. The undersigned has taken the Warehouse,

No. 132 West Pratt Street,

FOR THE PURPOSE OF DOING A

GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS,

and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally extended to the late firm.

Particular attention given to the sale of

GRAIN, FRUITS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Having been extensively engaged in the

Fruit Business

for a number of years, and knowing the disadvantage the Peach Growers labor under, by the loss of Boxes, all persons intending to send their Fruit, and notifying me how many Boxes they will need, I will furnish the Boxes; the Grower paying only for what Boxes he has on hand at the end of the season, at market price.

W. H. WEST,

132 *West Pratt street, Baltimore.*

REFERENCES:

Messrs. John A. Stephens & Bro., of Balto.
" Norris & Pusey, "
Dr. C. H. B. Massey, of Kent County.
R. C. Johnson, " "
John S. Hurlock, " "
Messrs. Mallalieu & Bro., of Queen Ann's Co.
June 23, 1866—tf.

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,

Dentist,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent county, that having located in Chestertown, he can always be found at his office on High Street, next door below the residence of Miss T. Bradshaw.

☞ His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents. May 13, 1865—y.

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

STATE OF MARYLAND.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE. ANNAPOLIS, August 30th, 1866.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the General Assembly, at its January session, 1865, having adopted the following resolutions proposing an amendment to the Constitution of our State, said amendment will be submitted to the qualified electors of the State, for their confirmation or rejection, at the election for members of the General Assembly, to be held on the 6th day of November next.

By order of the Governor.

JOHN M. CARTER, Secretary of State.

No. 11.—Joint resolution abolishing the sixth section of the eighth article of the Constitution.

Resolved by the General Assembly of Maryland, (three-fifths of the members elected to both houses concurring,) That the Constitution be, and is hereby, amended by striking out the sixth section of article eight.

BY THE SENATE, March 13th, 1865.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Messrs. Billingslea of Carroll, Billingslea of St. Mary's, Carroll, Davis of Caroline, Davis of Washington, Earle, Harwood, Jenkins, Lansdale, Mackall, McMaster, McNeal, Philpot, Stephenson, Trail, Turner, Waters—17.

NEGATIVE.

Messrs. Holton, Ohr, Maund, Tome—4.

BY THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES, March 16, 1865.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Messrs. Frazier, (Speaker) Lusby, Agnew, Anderson, Angel, Bartell, Brown, Calvert, Chew, Comegys, Cook, Cummins, Darling, Dean, Ravey, Everhardt, Fooks, Garrison, Hambleton, Handy, Haren, Hodson, Hoffman, Holloway, Hopkins, Hynes, Jones, Keefer, King, Kirk, Leaverton, Lee of Baltimore city, Lee of Queen Anne's, Malone, Markey, McCauley, McCullough, Miller of Anne Arundel, Mules, Nairne, Norris, Parker, Pennington, Poteet, Rider, Rinehart, Robinson, Shaw, Sherry, Slothower, Smith of Allegany, Smith of Dorchester, Soper, Stewart, Stone, Tarr, Tull, Usilton, Valiant, Wardell, Williams, Wilson, Wooden—63.

NEGATIVE.

Messrs. Miller of Washington, Pilkington, Smith of Frederick, Heigler—4.

Sept. 8—tN6

MARYLAND:

Kent County Orphans' Court,

SEPTEMBER 11, 1866.

On the application of Cornelius J. Scott, Executor of Hannah Greenwood, late of Kent county, deceased.

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, in Kent county, Md., and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in The Chestertown Transcript, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 11th day of September, 1866.

SEAL

Test. JOS. P. IRELAND, Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of

HANNAH GREENWOOD,

late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, *On or before the 11th day of April,* 1867; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1866.

CORNELIUS J. SCOTT, Executor of Hannah Greenwood, dec'd.

September 15, 1866—4t.

FOR SALE OR LEASE,

THREE BUILDING LOTS

IN CHESTERTOWN, on Queen Street, opposite the Protestant Episcopal Parsonage. The Lots are 26 feet front by 60.

July 21, 1866. B. B. PERKINS.

Wool Wanted!

For which the Highest Cash Prices will be paid, by

T. R. STRONG & CO.

Edesville, May 19, 1866.

100 DOZEN PATENT SELF-SEALING FRUIT CANS, for sale cheap at Edesville by

July 28. *T. R. STRONG & CO.*

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.

FARMERS, LOOK!

JUST received a lot of BUSHEL CORN BASKETS, and selling at the very low price of 75 cts. each. Give me an early call.

H. W. VICKERS,

Sept. 8, 1866. Cheap Corner.

The Poet.

CORN SONG.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry board,
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storms shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long bright days of June
Its leaves grew bright and fair,
And waved in hot mid-summer noon
Its bright and yellow hair.

And now with Autumn's moon-lit eyes
Its harvest time has come—
We pluck away its frosted leaves,
And bear its treasures home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,
Around the costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured.

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessings of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,—
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat fields to the fly;

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for his golden corn
Send up our thanks to God.

Farmers' Column.

Draining and its Effects.

The first effect of thorough draining is of course to carry off the surplus water from the surface to the full depth of the drain. On land which is too wet our cereals will not grow, not so much upon account of its presence as for the want of air which the water prevents from reaching their roots.

It is the idea of many, that drains run "from the top," that is, as soon as water sinks to the depth of the drain it runs off; this in some cases may be correct, but not in all. There exists in all soils what we may term a water-line, and its distance from the surface will, of course, vary with the structure of the soil and subsoil; if they are both loose it will be much deeper than when they are composed of clay or clayey loam.

Now, if a drain be *above* this water-line it will run but little water, only that which weeps through to it as it passes downward; but if the drain is placed *below* the water-line it will continue to run freely until it reduces the water to its own level, when, to borrow a phrase, it will only run off the water of absorption To prove this we have only to try the simple experiment of filling a barrel with soil and making vents in the side at various depths from the bottom to the top. If water is slowly poured on at the top, it will not, as might be expected, run from the upper hole first, but will soak down to the bottom until the lower portion of the soil becomes saturated, and when it becomes thus saturated it will run from the *lower* hole first, and if this hole can carry off the water as fast as it is put in at the top, the water-line will rise no higher; but if it cannot, the earth will become saturated up to the next hole and run from it, and so on until it can all find vent, either through the holes or over the top. Now, compare this barrel to a section of our soil, and the openings at the sides will correspond with our drains, and the same rules which govern the motion of the water in the barrel will also govern it in the soil.

As before stated, draining removes the water, enabling the air to penetrate, and hence is to a certain extent, a practical deepening of the soil for the roots, which formerly existed only on the surface, which can now penetrate to the usual depth in search of food, and feed on a greater depth of soil, and of course can supply a much greater growth of vegetation.

We have often been asked whether drains should run up and down a slope, or whether they should run at right-angles to the line of fall. To this we answer, Never at right-angles to the fall of the slope; nor are we sure that the other mode is correct. In practice we prefer to run the drains at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the fall. What says our friend Prof. Wilkinson, of Baltimore?

The idea with many is that draining can only be of use in soils which contain too much water, or in soils which are called "too wet." This is a mistake, for draining will pay upon the driest land, not because it is too dry or too wet, but because draining will equalize the amount of moisture in the soil, making it dry when rain has fallen, and wet in the absence of rain by admitting air, and which always contains more or less moisture, which meeting with the cooler soil is deposited in the same manner as the moisture is deposited upon the outside of a pitcher full of cold water. This is an example which is familiar to all, and the philosophy which will account for it, will also account for draining making the soil moist in dry weather, and it needs no argument to prove that it will make it dry in wet weather.—*Ed. Germantown Telegraph.*

THE BRIDAL WINE CUP.

A TRUE SCENE.

'Pledge with wine—pledge with wine,' cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; 'pledge with wine,' ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow and her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

'Yes Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once,' said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter, 'the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me.'

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of 'Oh,! how terrible?'

'What is it?' cried one and all thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

'Wait,' she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, 'wait, and I will tell you. I see,' she added slowly, pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, 'a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there a group of Indians gather: they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deadly; his eyes wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels: for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

'Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name! see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

'See!' she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat, 'see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his viens. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken; the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and dying together.'

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lips, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again: every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup.

'It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not: his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death and no soft hand; no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!'

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

'Dead!' she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken, 'and there they scoop him a grave, and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison! Father,' she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, 'father shall I drink it now?

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—'No, no, my child. in God's name no.'

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal she turned to the company saying:—'Let no friend hereafter who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river, in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour after he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely home.

Those who were present at the wedding, can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.

Too Much Reading.

I never knew of but one or two fast readers of many books, whose knowledge was good for anything. Miss Martineau says of herself that she is the slowest of readers, sometimes a page in an hour; but then what she reads she makes her own. Do impress this on E——. Girls read too much, and think too little. I will answer for it that there are few girls of eighteen who have not read more books than I have; and as to religious books, I can count on my fingers in two minutes all I ever read, but they are mine Sir Erskine Perry said the other day that a fortnight ago, in a conversation with Compte, one of the most profound thinkers in Europe, Compte told him that he had read an incredible small number of books these last twenty years, I forgot how many—and scarcely ever a review; but then, what Compte reads lies there fructifying, and comes out a living tree with leaves and fruit.

Multifarious reading weakens the mind more than doing nothing, for it becomes a necessity at last, like smoking, and is an excuse for the mind to be dormant, while thought is poured, and run through, a clear stream, over unproductive gravel, on which not even mosses grow. It is the idlest of idleness, and leaves more of impotency than others. I do not give myself as a specimen, for my nervous energies are shattered by stump oratory, its excitements and reactions, but I know what reading is, for I could read once and did. I read hard or not at all, never skimming, never turning aside to anything more inviting; and Plato, Aristotle, Butler, Thucydides, Jonathan Edwards, have passed like iron atoms of blood into my mental constitution.—[F. W Robertson.

If the above is true, what must be the mental condition of those laborers on the daily press who have to skim over from ten to two hundred newspapers a day—each equal in amount of reading matter (upon an average) to a moderate duodecimo? Does a journalist ever read—can he ever read—in the true sense of the term? And yet what a wonderful facility he acquires at detecting what is worth reading! It is very far, however, from being "the idlest of idleness," like the reading which Mr. Robertson describes and deprecates.—*Mobile Register.*

Courage in Everyday Life.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to make a will, and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend your money.

Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle.

"A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices."

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond.

Have the courage to take a good paper, and pay for it annually in advance.

DEAN SWIFT says that a woman may knit her stockings—but not her brow; she may darn her hose—but not her eyes; curl her hair—but not her lips; and thread her needle—but not the public streets.

Adventure with a Bear.

Among the earliest settlers in the wilds of the Salmon River was a Vermonter by the name of Dobson—a resolute and athletic man.

Returning one evening from a hunt after his vagrant cows—which, according to custom in new countries, had been turned into the woods to procure their own subsistance from the rank herbage of the early summer—just before emerging from the forest upon the clearing of his neighbor, the late worthy Mr. Sleeper, saw a large bear descending from a sycamore, where he had probably been in search of honey. A bear ascends a tree much more expertly than he descends it, being obliged to come down wrong end foremost.

My friend Dobson did not like to be joined in his evening walk by such a companion, and without reflection as to what he would do with the varmint afterwards, he ran up to the tree on the opposite side from the animal's body, and just on reaching the ground seized him firmly by both fore paws.

Bruin growled and gnashed his tusks, but he soon ascertained that his paws were in the grasp of paws equally strong with his own. Nor could he use his hinder claws to disembowel his antagonist, inasmuch as the tree was between them. But Dobson's predicament, as he had rather the most reason, was worse yet. He could no more assail the bear than the bear could assail him. Nor could he venture to let go of him, since the presumption was that bruin would not make a very gracious return for thus unceremoniously taking him by the hand. The twilight was fast deepening into darkness and his position was far less comfortable than it otherwise would have been at the same hour surrounded by his wife and children at the supper table, to say nothing of the gloomy prospect for the night.

Still, as Joe Sleeper's house was not far distant, he hoped to call him to his assistance. But his lungs, though none of the weakest, were unequal to the task, and though he halloed and bawled the livelong night, making the woods and welkin ring again, he succeeded no better than did Glendower of old in calling spirits from the vasty deep. It was a wearisome night to Dobson; such a game of holdfast he had never been engaged in before. Bruin, too, was somewheat wearied. Although he could not describe his sensations in English, he took the regular John Bull method of making known his satisfaction—that is to say he growled incessantly; but there was no let go in the case, and Dobson was therefore under the necessity of holding fast until he felt as if his clenching fingers and the bear's paws had grown together.

As daylight returned and the smoke from Mr. Sleeper's chimney began to curl up gracefully, though rather dimly, in the distance, Dobson again repeated his cries for succor, and his heart was soon gladdened by the appearance of his worthy but inactive neighbor, who had at last been attracted by the voice of the impatient sufferer, bearing an axe upon his shoulder. Dobson had never been so rejoiced to see Mr. Sleeper, albeit he was a very kind and estimable neighbor.

"Why don't you make haste, Sleeper, and not be lounging about at that rate when you see a Christian in such a kittle of fish as this."

"I vum! Is that you, Mr. Dobson, up agin a tree thar? And was it you I hearn halloing so last night? I guess you ought to have your logins for nothin' if you've stood up agin that tree all night."

"It's no joke though, I can tell you, Joe Sleeper, and if you had hold of the black varmint, it strikes me that you'd think you'd paid dear enough for it. But if you heard me calling for help in the night, why didn't you come and see what the trouble was?"

"Oh, I was just going tired to bed after laying up lo[illegible] all day, and I thought I'd wait ti[illegible] morning and come out bright and *airly* [illegible] if I'd known 'twas you—"

"Known it was me," replied Dobson, bitterly, "you knew it was somebody who had flesh and blood too good for these plaguey black varmints, though; and you knew there had been a smart sprinkle of bears about the settlement all spring."

"Well, don't be in a huff, Tommy; it is never too late to do good. So hold tight now, and don't let the tarnal critter get loose while I split his head open."

"No, no," said Dobson; "after holding the beast all night, I think I ought to have the satisfaction of killing him.—So you just take hold of his paws here, and I will take the axe and let a streak of daylight into his skull about the quickest."

The proposition being a fair one, Mr. Sleeper was too reasonable a man to object. He was no coward, either; and therefore stepped up to the tree cautiously and taking the bear with both his hands relieved Dobson from his predicament.

The hands of the latter, though sadly stiffened by the tenacity with which they had been clenched for so many hours, were soon branishing the axe, and he apparently made all preparations for giving the death-blow, and deadly would it have been had he struck; but to the surprise of Sleeper he did not strike; and, to his further consternation, Dobson swung the axe upon his shoulder and marched away, whistling as he went, with as much apparent indifference as the other had shown in coming to his relief.

It is now Sleeper's turn to make the forest vocal with his cries. In vain he raved, and called, and threatened. Dobson walked on and disappeared, leaving as sad a prospect for his breakfast as he himself had for his supper. Hour after hour passed away, and Sleeper still found himself bo-peep with Sir Bruin. In the course of the afternoon, however, Mr. Dobson supposed that the lesson he was teaching had been thoroughly learned by

increasing usage is framed on any idea incompatible with perfect purity of honor. But we cannot help pointing out to parents that they abdicate one of their most important duties when they allow their daughters to withdraw from their society, and thus deprive themselves of the protection which that society alone can give. The danger which attends such a course is manifest enough. We would not run into extremes of French society, in which a young man is never allowed a solitary *tete-a-tete* with a young girl, even though betrothed to her. We are proud in the belief that our American maidens do not require watching. But on the other hand, and lastly, we cannot look with any degree of satisfaction on such a state of society as sanctions the habitual intercourse of the sexes, either at home or abroad, without that proper guardianship which all well-regulated minds will not only seek, but feel in a wrong position when they are deprived of it. We have nothing to say to the men who profit by this reprehensible fashion. It is not altogether their fault, and the true remedy is alone in the hands of the mothers, who allow themselves to be sent up-stairs when their daughters' evening visitors arrive. A proper sense of respect for their own characters and position will make them refuse to be so dismissed. The men will not esteem them or their amiable daughters the less, and if any do, they are better away altogether.

How to do up Shirt Bosoms.

We have often heard ladies express a desire to know by what process the fine gloss observable on new linens, shirt bosoms, &c., is produced, and in order to gratify them, we submit the following receipt for making Gum Arabic Starch:—Take two oz. fine white Gum Arabic powder; put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water—according to the degree of strength you desire—and then having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning pour carefully from the dregs, into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to either white or printed lawns a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing. Much diluted, it is also good for thin muslin and bobinet.

Love Amid Ruin.

Declarations of love are frequently seen on the walls of Pompeii, and both the style and their orthography prove that they were written by all classes of society. Some of them are satisfied with celebrating their loved ones with verses, particularly from Ovid. There are also passages from poets whose works are lost, and some of the poets made the verses themselves. "May I die," you read on the wall, "if I would be a God without thee!" Most of them speak in prose, and sometimes in tolerably barbarian prose. Some of the inscriptions declare love and wrath with great frankness. "My dear Sava, love me, I pray thee." "Nonie greets her friend Paragus." "Meta, the actress, loves Contus with her whole heart. May the Pompeian Venus be propitious to them, and let them ever live in harmony." "Asselia, may'st thou wither." "Virginia to Tertius: Thou art too ugly for me." Only in one instance does a man express love for his wife; another reveals the whole of a little romance. A poor lover, deserted by his fair one, finds her again, after having long searched for her, and writes on the house where she lives: "There she is, there she is; no more doubts as to this; Romula lives here with a rascal."

A LITTLE GIRL, after having been to church, was very found of preaching to her dolls. Her mother overheard her one day, reproving one for being so wicked. "O, you naughty, sinful child," she said, shaking its waxen limbs, "you'll just go to that place of *brimstone and molasses,* and you won't burn up—you'll just sizzle."

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