The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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Office, Court Street.

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

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

Advertisements

Of TEN LINES 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.

WM. H. SHEUBROOK,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
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.

SAUSAGE CUTTERS and Stuffers and Lard Cans, for sale at the Tin and Stove Store—by J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Westertown, November 19, 1865.

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, Maund, Ohr, Tome—4.

BY THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES, March 16, 1865.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Messrs. Frazier, (Speaker) 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, Lusby, Malone, Markey, McCauley, McCullough, Miller of Anne Arundel, Mules, Nairne, Norris, Parker, Pennington, Potect, 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,

OCTOBER 16, 1866.

On the application of John A. Norris, Executor of Mary A Norris, 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, Maryland, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three 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 (SEAL) this 16th day of October, 1866.

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, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of

MARY A. NORRIS,

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 16th day of May*, 1867; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 16th day of October, 1866.

JOHN A. NORRIS,
Executor of Mary A. Norris, dec'd.
Oct. 20, 1866—4t.

PRODUCE

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION wanted at EDESVILLE, for which the *highest Cash prices* will be paid, by
T. ROMIE STRONG & CO.
December 16, 1865.

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.*

A LARGE LOT OF VERY CHEAP SHOES, of every description of style and quality, just received at the People's Popular Store.
June 16, 1866. W. A. VICKERS.

FARMERS
TAKE NOTICE.

THE subscribers have for sale, in lots to suit purchasers,

RHODES'
Standard Manure and
OTHER FERTILIZERS.

All orders will be promptly attended to, and shipped to any landing in Kent county that the purchaser may desire.

OFFICE opposite the Kent National Bank.
HINES & WOODALL,
Sept. 8—tf. Chestertown, Md.

The Poet.

WISHING.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Of all the amusements of the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There is not one that you can find
So very cheap as "wishing;"
A very choice diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish, indeed—
My purse was something fatter;
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make oppression reel
As gold can only make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel
As gold can only break it.

I wish—that sympathy and love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That scorn, and jealousy, and hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of ocean!

I wish—that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish that the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish parsons would ne'er forget
To heed their pious teaching;
I wish that practicing was not
So different from preaching.

I wish—that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind,
That women ne'er were rovers,
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers,

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,
And every good ideal,
May come, ere while, throughout the earth
To be the glorious real;
Till God shall every creature bless
With his supreme blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing be possession.

THE VICTIMIZED LODGER.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

Mr. Benjamin F. Derby returned to town, and to his lodging at Mrs. Covey's, rather sooner than he was expected. It was late in the evening, and having entered by means of his night-key, and finding nobody stirring, he walked leisurely up to his room.

This was the apartment Mr. Derby always occupied in Mrs. Covey's house; but on this occasion it seemed very little like home. Before leaving town he had carefully put away all his clothes in his trunks, and during his absence other revolutions had been made in the room which gave it a different air.

Not the least disagreeable thing in the room was darkness. Mr. Derby had entered without a lamp, expecting to find that desirable article in the old place; but after knocking over an ink-bottle, a vase, and a snuff-box in his blind search, he concluded that the wisest course would be to stop swearing and go to bed in the dark.

In no very good humor Mr. Benjamin F. Derby began to undress. To return home after an absence of two weeks and to be obliged to go to bed in such a dismal manner, almost broke his heart. He might have rung for the servants, it is true; and he might have reflected that his friends were excusable, since they did not expect him; but Mr. Benjamin F. Derby chose to be angry and silent.

"And where is Margaret Maria?" muttered the unhappy man. "Oh, fatherless daughter of an unfeeling landlady! I didn't expect this from you! When I tore myself from your arms two weeks ago you protested with tears in your eyes and perfidy in your heart, that you would watch, with the anxious eyes of love, for my return! Oh, this looks like it! Even now, I know you are making yourself merry with some fresh conquest, or, if you are sleeping under this roof, you are dreaming of pleasure in which I have no share!" So saying, Mr. Benj. F. Derby threw his trowsers on a chair and began to grope his way in darkness to the head of the bed. At this moment a merry laugh, close to his chamber door, startled him. Mr. Derby paused.

"Margaret Maria's laugh, by all that is false!" groaned Mr. Derby. "She said she would do nothing but sigh and weep during my absence—and hear her? ah! she laughs again! The false hearted—"

Mr. Derby's reflections were suddenly interrupted by a sound of a hand grasping his door-latch. With considerable trepidation he flew to lock the door! but before he could reach it, a merry laugh and a blaze of light and two girls burst into the room.

Now Mr. D. was a very modest person, and it was a lucky circumstance for him that the closet door was ajar, the retreat convenient and his limbs active. He dodged out of sight before the girls had time to cast their eyes about them; and soon the door was shut, and Mr. D.'s ears pinned back.

"What time do you suppose it is?" asked Margaret Maria. "There, the bells are striking twelve! Oh, hain't we had a gay time, Susan?"

"Gay enough! Ha! ha! but wouldn't your poor, dear absent Derby be amused if he knew—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Margaret Maria. "My poor, absent Derby! That is too good! If he knew! Poor fellow, it would break his heart. He thinks I do nothing but sigh and cry during his absence. Am I such a goose!"

"Such a goose! Oh!" groaned Derby, painfully interested. "Oh."

"Such a goose!" echoed Sue. "He wouldn't think of it if he had seen you eating the oysters with Dan. Robbins."

"I only hope," added Margaret Maria, "that he will keep away a week longer."

"So we can have this room?"

"No—not exactly that—but Dan has invited me to go to a ball on Thursday night, and you know I couldn't go if my 'poor dear absent Derby' should come back in the meantime."

Derby was trembling with cold and wrath.

"You mean to marry Derby, then?" asked Susan.

"I suppose I shall," cried Margaret Maria, gayly. "I like to flirt with Dan, and if he had as many dollars as my poor dear absent Derby—"

"You would choose Dan?"

"To be sure I would. He ain't such a fool as—"

"Derby. Ha! ha! But what is this? A coat and a pair of pantaloons."

"Good gracious! How did they come here?"

Derby was trembling with excitement—burning with rage; but now he felt a new source of uneasiness. The discovery of his pantaloons might lead to the discovery of himself. Had he been dressed he would have liked nothing better than to confront the perfidious Margaret Maria—but for the present, it was not to be thought of. He felt himself blushing all over in spite of the cold. To his relief, however, the girls, after finding out that there was nobody in or under the bed, did not seem disposed to inquire into the mystery of the pantaloons; but Margaret Maria exclaimed:

"I'll tell you what I will do, Sue, I'll dress myself in these clothes, and go into the widow Slade's room. She'll think it is a man, and won't she be frightened?"

"Frightened? No! cried Susan. She's had two husbands. But do it. See what she will say."

"I will. Here, help me, Sue. Ha! ha! And there's a hat, too. How kind in somebody to leave all his clothes here."

Derby—poor, dear *present* Derby—was breathing very hard; his heart beat heavily, and every nerve shook. What the deuce he was to do if Margaret Maria went off with his pants he could in no manner determine; and from the exceedingly interesting conversation which was going on he knew that his worst fears were to be realized.

"Oh ain't it a fit," cried Margaret Maria. "Only turn up the trowsers five or six inches, and I shall be fixed. Here, black my upper lip with this piece of coal—I shan't make love to you. Ha! ha! ain't I a dashing fellow?"

And Derby could hear somebody kissing somebody, and somebody laughing as though she could not help it.

A moment after the girls had left the room, Derby stole timidly from his hiding place. Margaret Maria had taken the lamp and his clothes with her; she had left the darkness and her own clothes behind. A happy thought struck unhappy Derby. In all haste he enrobed himself in Margaret Maria's gown, then he put her shawl over his shoulders, and threw on her bonnet and veil. His eyes having been accustomed to the darkness, he could see to do this without much difficulty. In five minutes he was ready to follow Susan and Margaret Maria.

During this time there was a great deal of laughing up stairs. Margaret Maria in Derby's attire, went to Mrs. Slade's room, who was a little startled at first, but who took things very coolly, until she found that it was not a man, after all, when she gave vent to her indignation. The adventurers next proceeded to the attic, where the girls were sound asleep. Susan having placed the lamp in the passage, hid behind the door, while Margaret Maria entered and awoke Jane Woods with a violent shower of kisses. Jane uttered a faint scream and demanded in a whisper—

"Who are you?"

"Hush!" said Margaret Maria.

Jane hushed accordingly, until she saw the strange figure proceed to Mary Clark's pillow, when she concluded that it was her duty to scream. Mary screamed, too, after she had been several times kissed; and Sarah Jones joined in the chorus until her mouth was stopped by a hasty buss.

"Is it you, George?" she whispered.

At this moment the strange figure, which had been seen by the light in the passage, ran out, and Susan catching up the lamp ran in.

"What is the matter?" she cried, in pretended astonishment.

"There is a man in the room."

"He was kissing Sarah Jones."

"He didn't kiss me. He was kissing Mary Clarke."

"Me? I guess I'd torn his eyes out. It was Jane Woods he kissed."

Susan was very much astonished of course, and the girls were all very indignant; and not one of them would confess that she had been kissed, until Susan pointed out the marks of the coal moustache on all their faces, and called in Margaret Maria. Then there was a great deal of laughing; and Margaret Maria having gallantly kissed them all again, set out to go down stairs.

But now it was Derby's turn to have a little fun, and Margaret Maria's to be astonished. As Susan advanced, the lamp she carried revealed a frightful looking object standing very near the foot of the stairs. It was apparently a woman of gigantic stature; her dress was so short that her bare feet and ankles could be seen distinctly; and she waved her large bony hands at the terrified girls majestically as a ghost. Never were two mischief-makers more frightened by an apparition. Susan dashed herself against the wall. Up went a scream and down came the lamp. The oil covered the stairs, and Margaret fainted and stepped into it. At that moment the tall woman—being Derby himself—cried—

"Robbers! help! murder!" at the top of his voice, and immediately stepped into his room, locking the door behind him.

Before Margaret Maria recovered her scattered senses, all the boarders were astir. Susan rushed into Mrs. Slade's room; Margaret Maria would have followed her, but Susan in her terror shut her out. Next Margaret tried her mother's door; and her mother, hearing the alarm, appeared at that moment, and terrified by the coal moustache and smashed hat, took her own daughter for the robber, dropped her lamp and screamed fearfully. Margaret, as much frightened as herself, would have caught her in her arms, but Mrs. Covey would hear no explanation, nor allow her daughter to approach, and pushed her out of the room with great trepidation. Then Margaret Maria ran to Derby's room, which in her consternation she found locked. At that moment Ned Perkins—the boldest fellow in the house—rushed out of his room with a lamp in one hand and a sword-cane in the other, ready drawn for combat. Ned flew at the supposed robber, and would have seized her in an instant, if she had not properly seen fit to faint down before Mr. Derby's room. Her hat now came off, her hair streamed down her neck, and Ned recognized Margaret Maria.

Anybody can imagine the scene of confusion which followed. The imprudent girl found herself surrounded by half a dozen half-dressed figures, some wondering, some trembling with terror. But it was the severest cut for Margaret Maria, when the door of Derby's room opened, and the tall apparition appeared. As soon as the screaming had subsided, the figure removed its veil.

"Don't be frightened, Margaret Maria," it said. "It's nobody but your 'poor, dear absent Derby.' That's all."

Can you fancy her feelings? Mr. Derby could as he entered the room again, locked the door, and went to bed, overjoyed at what had occurred. He slept soundly, and awoke in the morning as completely cured of his love for Margaret Maria, as if he had seen her turned into a grizzly bear.

Strange Sagacity in a Pony.

A recent issue of the Mark Lane *Express* contains the following:—"I had a pany once which very frequently exhibited the following peculiarities: Whenever the pony had been turned out to graze, upon being fetched up and put into the carriage, it invariably turned lame after going a few yards—so lame, in fact, that frequently I had to turn back, not having the shame to drive an animal in such apparent pain. I say apparent, because no sooner had the pony been relieved of its harness than it used to canter round the field perfectly sound. The same pony, when fetched from the stable, would go perfectly well as long as it wished, but when I drove it in any direction contrary to its inclination, it became lame directly; as soon as its head was turned homewards, lameness entirely disappeared."

Tall and Short.

There were two barristers at the Irish bar who formed a singular contrast in their statures. Ninian Mahaffy was as much above the middle size as Mr. Collis was below it. When Lord Rosedale was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, these two gentlemen chanced to be retained in the same cause, a short time after his Lordship's elevation, and before he was personally acquainted with the Irish bar. Mr. Collis was opening the motion, when the Lord Chancellor observed, "Mr. Collis, when a barrister addresses the court, he must stand." "I am standing on the bench, my Lord," said Collis. "I beg a thousand pardons," said his Lordship, somewhat confused. "Sit down, Mr. Mahaffy." "I am sitting, my Lord," was the reply to the confounded Chancellor.

Saving his Bacon.

A good story is told of a Western farmer, a candidate for Congress, whose neighbor was in the habit of stealing his hogs, and was finally caught in the act. Anxious to secure the man's vote and his own pork at the same time, the farmer went to him and said: "Now, I make this proposition: If you will let my hogs alone in the future, I will not only say nothing of the past, but when I kill in the fall, I'll put into your cellar five barrels of as good pork as I make." The fellow reflected a moment, and replied:—"Well, Squire, that's a fair proposition, any how, and seeing as it's you I'll do it. But I vow I believe I shall lose pork by the operation."

☞ "Father, what does the printer, who sends us his paper regularly every week, and which we could not do without, live on, and pay his workmen with?"

"Why, what do you ask for," queries the fond and indulgent parent.

"O, only because I heard you say that you had not paid for the paper for three years."

Father retires with a guilty conscience.

☞ The following story is told of a captain of Austrian artillery in Italy. His company was under a tremendous fire, and at one gun there was only one man left to work. The captain went and helped him to serve the piece, and round after round was discharged, till the officer suddenly, in an interval of loading exclaimed:

"Schmidt! how dare you have your shako on your head in a way contrary to regulation?"

Letter from Secretary Browning.

Publicity has given to an important letter from Hon. O. H. Browning, Secretary of the Interior, which was written to some of his former constituents in Illinois, and which, it is stated, on being submitted to the President, he fully approved and desired it to be made public, with the understanding that it fully represented his present position. The paper opens with a consideration of the tendencies to danger in public affairs, chiefly from the centralization of power in the general government and the absorption of many of the powers and prerogatives of the executive and judiciary by the legislative department. The argument upon these premises is clear and forcible, and chiefly directed against the tendencies of the proposed constitutional amendment, the writer concluding that "it is impossible to maintain our wise and happy form of government without preserving the independence and sovereignty of the States within their appropriate and constitutional spheres."

"The States," he says, "may exist and perform all their functions without the Union or the federal government. The Union and the federal government cannot exist without the States, and they must be States of equality—equal in dignity, equal in rights, equal in power, equal in the control, absolute and unconditional, of all things pertaining to their internal and local policy and interests. Another blow which the proposed amendment aims at the government which our fathers founded, is in the change of the basis of representation. This would be of very pernicious effect. Aggregate population is the true basis of representation. No matter how the elective franchise be disposed of, whether exercised by few or many, all classes of the community are represented. The interests of all classes of the people in the same community are so interwoven and commingled that they cannot be separated, and whoever wields the representative power must do it for the good or ill of all, perhaps not precisely in the same degree, but he cannot use it so as largely to benefit one class without to some extent benefiting all, or to injure and oppress one class without to a greater or less extent injuring and oppressing all. There are always, even in this country, where the right of suffrage is most widely extended, large numbers who do not vote at all, whose interests, nevertheless, are cared for, and whose numbers, being computed in the apportionment of representation, widen the foundations of the representative assemblies. Such are all persons under 21 years of age, females of all ages, and unnaturalized foreigners. Why are they not permitted to vote? And, not being permitted, why are they counted in fixing the ratio of representation? They are not allowed to vote because they are not supposed to be sufficiently instructed in political economy and governmental affairs to be entrusted with the elective franchise.—They are computed in fixing the ratio, because they are part of the same community with those who do vote, having interests in common with them, and their influence ought to be felt in shaping the laws by which their rights of life, liberty and property are to be determined; and although they do not vote, their influence is felt and their interests are cared for, precisely because they are counted in fixing the relative weight of the communities to which they belong in the legislative assemblies, although their voices are not directly heard in determining who shall represent them.

The letter concludes with an elaborate defense of Mr. Johnson's policy for restoration of the Union, showing that in principle it is the same as that of Mr. Lincoln, which the radicals attempted to overturn at their Cleveland Convention, called after Mr. Lincoln's renomination to the Presidency, and which the people triumphantly vindicated in his re-election as President, with Mr. Johnson as Vice President.

☞ Housekeepers here have trouble enough now in all conscience in procuring house servants, but what will they do when the following condition, which is rapidly approaching, arises. We copy from an exchange paper:

'A gentleman in this city, says the other day a girl called at his door, and asked if his family 'wanted house help.' He replied they did. 'Do you have small children,' she asked. 'No.' Do you have your washing done out of the house?'—No.' Will my room be carpeted?' Yes.' After going on a while in this manner the gentleman turned the tide, and said he would like to ask her a few questions.—'Can you play the piano?' he began.

'Oh! no.' Can you speak French?' 'No.' 'Can you sing the opera?' 'No.' 'Can you dance the lancers?' 'No.'—'Well then,' he concluded, 'if you can't do any of these, you won't suit and off went the astonished maiden, smelling mice!'

For our Lady Readers--How to Take Care of a Piano.

It should be remembered that the piano forte is susceptible of the change of temperature, and when tuned in one temperature will be out of tune in another. Good and well-made piano fortes will stand in tune if they are tuned at proper periods. Many people, as they wish to avoid expense, will let their instruments remain long out of tune, which is a great detriment to them, as they are less likely to stand well after having been so left.

We will offer a few hints in reference to the matter. A piano forte ought justly to be tuned twice a year, at least. First when you commence with a fire in the room; second, when a fire is discontinued. By following this course you have the best guaranty that the instrument will remain in tune for the longest period of time.—Again, the instrument should not be suffered to remain below concert pitch; if it is for years tuned below, it will never after stand up to the pitch without a great deal of labor if indeed it ever stands at all. Many otherwise beautiful instruments are nearly or quite ruined for want of proper attention to these simple facts.

Yet it will not answer for a professional tuner to recommend these things; if he does the people will suspect him immediately of selfish motives, and say that he is planning for his own advantage. Owners of piano fortes who are not acquainted with the nature of the instrument ought to bear these facts in mind, when by a yearly outlay of a trifling sum they may save themselves infinitely more than they expend by the preservation of their instrument in which they have invested so much.

Shower of Metors.

Next in grandeur and sublimity to a total solar eclipse, or a great comet stretching athwart the starry heavens is the great meteoric shower, such as was witnessed here in November, 1833. On this occasion, from two o'clock till broad daylight, the sky being perfectly serene and cloudless, the whole heavens were lighted with a magnificent and imposing display of celestial fireworks. Arago computes that not less than two hundred and forty thousand metors were visible above the horizon of Boston, on the morning of the 13th of November, 1833. This display was seen all over North America. A similar display was seen by Humboldt at Cumana, South America, in 1766. A comparison of the epochs of appearance of these great showers has led to the discovery that they are periodic, their returns being separated from each other by a third part of a century, or some multiple of this period, and periodical appearances of one grand meteoric shower. Professor Newton, of Yale College, who has devoted much time to the investigation of the periodic character of these showers, finds that a prodigious flight of metors, the most imposing of the kind, will make its appearance, probably for the last time this century, on the morning of the 13th or 14th of November next.—Only thirteen of these great showers are recorded between the years 503 and 1833. Such a rare phenomenon awakens a deep interest among all classes of persons. Preparations to observe this sublime spectacle, for scientific purposes, have already commenced in Europe. Let no one forget Tuesday and Wednesday nights, Nov. 13th and 14th.—*Boston Commercial.*

Origin of the Term Wild-Goose Chase.

Wild-Goose Chase was a term used to express a sort of racing on horse-back, formerly practiced, resembling the flying of wild-geese; those birds generally go in train, one after another, not in confused flocks as other birds do. In this sort of race the two horses, after running twelve-score yards, had liberty, which horse soever could get the lead, to take what ground the jockey pleased, the hindermost horse being bound to follow him within a certain distance agreed on by the articles, or else to be whipped in by the triers and judges who rode by; and whichever horse could distance the other won the race.

This sort of racing was not long in common use, for it was found inhuman, and destructive of good horses, when too such were matched together; for in this case neither was able to distance the other till they were both ready to sink under their riders; and often two very good horses were both spoiled, and the wagers forced to be drawn at last.

The mischief of this sort of racing soon brought in the method now in use, of only running over a certain quantity of ground and determining the plate or wager by coming in first at the winning-post.

The phrase "wild-goose chase" is now employed to denote a fruitless attempt, or an enterprise undertaken with little probability of success.

Is a Broken Neck Curable.

A London letter to the Chicago *Evening Journal* has the following: The old saying that there is no cure for a broken neck, has just been practically disproved by a surgeon at Greenock. He was called in to see a young girl who had fallen a distance of eighteen feet, and thoroughly dislocated her neck. When he reached her the face was nearly reserved and looking over the base. He promptly supported the back with his left knee, took a grasp of the head, and began to pull gradually and pretty strong, whereupon the girl's eyes opened and there was an effort at breathing. Increasing the pressure, the parts suddenly came to their natural position, and after a minute or two regular breathing was established. Close attention was paid to the case, and after much fever and occasional convulsions the child recovered, and is now as well as ever. I believe there is not another similar case on record. Of course, much time must not elapse between the injury and the treatment.

Fall of the Leaf.

The season of the fall of the leaf has come again, with all its sad and salutary teachings. Who can shut his heart against its lessons? Who, as he sees the frost withered leaf driven by the fitful winds, is not reminded that such is human life? Even as a leaf when the frost has dried up its sap, and its stem clings no more to the parent tree, so is our life. It may be green to-day and float gaily upon the summer breeze, but the frosts of death are gnawing at its stem, and we know not if it shall wave there to-morrow, or be driven away by the wintry blasts to eternity. Happy are we, if Nature preachers not to us in vain, in this her solemn day.

☞ John Freedom, a colored man of New Bedford, has been drawn as a juror of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

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