The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. V. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 24, 1866. NO

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 antacids 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. Maillalieu & Bro., of Queen Ann's Co.
June 23, 1866—tf.

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.*

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

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

Latest Fashions.

FALL MILLINERY AND Fancy Goods.

MISS SUSAN A. SPARKS respectfully informs her old customers and the ladies generally, that she has just returned from the City with a complete assortment of

Fall MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS,

embracing all the latest Novelties in Bonnets, Ribbons, Velvets, DRESS TRIMMINGS, &c. which were selected with great care, bought on the best terms, and will be sold low. An inspection of her Stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere.

Stamping.—The latest styles and patterns in great variety. Call and see them.
Chestertown, October 13, 1866.

A CARD.

Wm. Perkins

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

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

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

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

Sept. 22, 1866.

JAMES R. CHANCE & SONS
Old and Popular Stand, The
CHEAP CORNER!

LARGE INVOICE OF GOODS JUST OPENING. *DRY GOODS.*
Invoice of Delaines, Alpacas, Silks, Mourning Goods and Calicoes, AT CITY PRICES!
Invoice of MUSLINS; bleached and unbleached 7-4 and 5-4 Sheeting—cheaper than ever offered.
All wool heavy Flannels, at prices unrivaled.
French and English Ginghams. Ticking & Shirting Stripes, at prices to suit the times.
All wool CASSIMERS, French and English, bought of importers.
Satinets, N. Y. Kersey, all wool heavy Kerseys, bought of manufacturers. Mallalieu and Murphy's Kerseys.
Large and varied Stock of NOTIONS.
Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs, Plain and Fancy Hosiery, from the commonest to the best. Gloves, Gauntlets, Hoods, Sontags, &c. Fine assortment of Cologne, Handkerchief Extracts, Hair Oil, &c., at prices ranging much lower. H. W. VICKERS,
Sept. 22, 1866. Cheap Corner.

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 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.

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.

$1,500 PER YEAR! We want Agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED $20 Sewing Machine. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Sent on trial. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The ONLY machines sold in the United States for less than $40, which are *fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. All* other cheap machines are *infringements* and the *seller* or *user* are *liable to arrest, fine and imprisonment.* Illustrated circulars sent *free.* Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, at Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Ill. May 12, 1866—1y

GOODS ARE SELLING
☞ *VERY LOW!*
AT THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR STORE.

The Poet.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season,
When Nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of Spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which fair Summer could bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the far-spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes.
The Sun from his cloud-pillowed chamber,
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children,
The Flowers, have not yet passed away.

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light, azure haze in the air,
As if angels, while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there;
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirit above.

These days, so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight—
A tremulous, tearful enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night;
We know they are fading and fleeting,
That quickly, too quickly, they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As at parting we watch a dear friend.

Oh! beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year—
Thou darling, whom Nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile,
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of Nature,
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of Autumn
Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringest a world-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more.
Thy loveliness fills us with memories
Of all that was brightest and best—
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

Farmers' Column.

LATITUDE FOR PEACHES.

The Isothermal line of Peaches.

George Bartlett says that he believes it was first discovered by Mr. Southwick, of Rhode Island, that the destruction of fruit buds upon peach trees took place in winter, and not from spring frosts.* Mr. John Osborn, a neighbor of his, then set about finding what degree of cold produced that destruction. He found they were never killed except the thermometer was 17 degrees Fah. below zero. Mr. Bartlett then ascertained by a series of meteorological tables published in the American Almanac, that the isothermal line of 18 degrees below zero, is based upon latitude 41 deg. and that a line based upon latitude 43 deg. with its natural deflections, is the northern limit to which peach culture can be carried with success, as the temperature north of that line is liable to fall 18 degrees below zero every winter. To discover when your buds are killed, cut them open with a sharp knife, and you will find the centre black. Those which are alive are green and fresh. Mr. Carpenter illustrated that the fruit buds of the peach would always be found upon wood of the present year's growth, and unless the trees are thrifty enough to produce a good growth of new wood, they will fail to be fruitful. Generally speaking, there are more fruit buds than can be perfected; he therefore recommends a system of summer pruning by clipping one-third to one-half of all the new branches. In planting new trees, use them only one year old from the bud, and cut back severely; afterward shorten the branches every year, and the trees will continue to be productive. It is poverty of growth or overbearing that produce the yellows.

JOHN C. BERGEN—I dispute this theory, for it is nothing but theory; it has no foundation in fact. What we want, and what should be sent out as the opinions of the club, are facts, and not baseless theories. A few years ago I planted a peach orchard upon land that certainly was not troubled with poverty. The trees made a luxuriant growth, bore very little fruit, and died of the yellows. There's one fact to offset a good deal of theory.

MR. CARPENTER contended that the trees must have died from borers instead of yellows.

SOLON ROBINSON disputed this theory as ridiculous, because peach trees that are touched with borers sufficiently to produce death, never have a thrifty appearance. Mr. Bartlett recommended planting peach orchards upon hills, instead of valleys, whenever the buds are liable to winter kill. Mr. Bergen said that poverty of soil did not kill peach trees, because some of the finest peach orchards of New Jersey were planted upon poor, light, sandy land. A gentleman from Burlington county, N. J., said that the style of pruning them was entirely different from the one recommended by Mr Carpenter. The young trees, when taken from the nursery to the orchard, are pruned as smooth as walking sticks. Another gentleman said he had found upon one of the mountains of this State two belts of fruitful trees about half a mile wide upon the eastern slope, one near the top, and the other at the foot of the mountain. On the western slope of the same mountain peach trees did not succeed at all. Mr. Williams, Sr., gave as a reason why buds kill in valleys rather than on hills, that it is because they swell more in autumn. Whenever the buds are killed by cold weather in winter, it will be found owing to the condition of the weather in autumn. The Lake region of New York has an advantage of at least three degrees of latitude over other sections for fruit growing.

Mr. QUINN, of New Jersey, stated that he was in the practice of planting about 600 peach trees per year, and prunes them to a mere stick. They make one year's growth and are then cut back. The ground is kept well plowed. The trees planted 12 by 15 feet. They are well examined for worms, and yet with all the care given, they die regularly at four years old. Professor Tillman gave a very interesting dissertation upon the natural law which governs the growth of leaves upon all plants, those of the same order being always certain to produce the same number, as, for instance, either single, in pairs, or in triplets, or in bunches of five or more attached to the same peduncle.—*Discussion at the New York Fruit Growers' Club.*

[*Many of our Maryland peach growers, especially of Anne Arundel County, hold to the theory that the destruction of fruit buds is caused by the cold of winter rather than by the frosts of spring. Our friend J. S. R. would confer a favor by submitting his experience to the public.—*Maryland Farmer.*

Friendly Questions.

Are you young? Lose not a moment. Improve your youth, and serve yourself by serving God. "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Are you old? Fear not? you are the nearer heaven, if your affections are fixed on things that are above. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Are you rich? Let not riches be a snare to you; they have made ten thousand times ten thousand men poor indeed. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," but "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Are you poor? Let not that discourage you, for He to whom belongeth the silver and the gold, and the cattle on a thousand hills, can give you lasting riches. Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom, which he hath promised to them that love him.

Are you in health? Trust in a spider's web rather than depend on living a life free from pain and sorrow; "man that is born of a woman is of a few days and full of trouble."

Are you sick? God can sanctify your affliction, and make the sickness of your body the health of your soul. "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes."

Are you rejoicing? Be on your guard, lest your joy be turned into heaviness, and your music into mourning. "Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling."

If you live and continue in a life of unrepented transgression, whoever you may be, and whatever you may possess, your end must be evil, for, "There is no peace saith the Lord, unto the wicked." The wages of sin is death. But if you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ "who died for our sins, and was raised again for our justification," if you have a good hope through grace, whether you are young or old, rich or poor, in health or in sickness, rejoicing or desponding, your end will be for good, for "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him," and, "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

A Georgia Joke.

A Southern paper relates the following: "A certain Georgia countryman, not having been splendidly educated, and who was very successful as a 'money-maker,' determined to send his son off for refinement and culture to the good 'Old North State.' When the young man arrived at the destined point the President of the institution wanted to know what line of studies he would pursue, and failing to elicit the information from the boy, interrogated the old man, by letter, as follows:

"My dear sir: Your son has arrived, &c. What branch shall I put him in?
"Respectfully, ——."

This was a poser, and bothered the 'old fient' mightily. In his musings he could arrive at nothing satisfactory, but was suddenly reminded of his son's impending danger, and the necessity of doing something speedily to save him. After 'rummaging' awhile for pen, ink and paper, he produced the following demoralized effusion:

"Sir: If the boy must go into a branch, select one yourself: but, for his mother's sake, don't put him in Tar river."

A Gem.

The following beautiful little gem about Green Erin is from the pen of S. S. PRENTISS. It tells the story of a wonderful people, in a language that will reach all hearts:

"There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, in song and in story. It has given to the world more than its share of genius. Its brave and generous sons have fought all battles successfully but their own, and its history, like its harp, moves to tears by the melancholy story of its pathos."

Commerce of the World.

France exports wines, brandies, silks, fancy articles, jewelry, watches, paper, perfumery and fancy goods generally.

Italy exports corn, oil, flax, wines, essences, dye stuffs, drugs, fine marble, soap, zinc, paintings, engravings, mosaic and salt.

Prussia exports linens, woolens, zinc, articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo, wax, hams, musical instruments, tobacco, wines and porcelain.

Germany exports wool, woolen goods, linens, rags, corn, timber, iron, lead, tin, flax, hemp, wines, wax, tallow and cattle.

Austria exports minerals, raw and manufactured silks, thread, glass, grain, wax, tar, nutgall, wines, honey and mathematical instruments.

England exports cotton, woolen, glass, hardware, earthenware, cutlery, metalic wares, salt, coal, watches, tin, silks and linens.

Russia exports tallow, flax, hemp, flour, iron, copper, linen, lard, hides, wax, ducks, cordage, bristle, fur, potash and tar.

Spain exports wine, brandy, oil, fresh and dried fruits, quicksilver, sulphur, salt, cork, saffron, anchovies, silks and woolens.

China exports tea, rhubarb, musk, ginger, zinc, borax, silks, cassia, fillagree works, ivory ware, lacquered ware and porcelain.

Turkey exports coffee, opium, silks, drugs, gums, dried fruits, tobacco, wines, camel's hair, carpets, camlets, shawls and morocco.

Hindostan exports, shawls, carpets, opium, saltpetre, pepper, gum, indigo, cinnamon, cochineal, diamonds, pearls and drugs.

Mexico exports gold and silver, cochineal, indigo, sarsaparilla, vanilla, julap, fustic, campeachy wood, pimento, drugs and dyestuffs.

Brazil exports coffee, indigo, sugar, rice, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold, diamonds and other precious stones, gums, mahogany and India rubber.

West India exports sugar, molasses, rum, tobacco, cigars, mahogany, dyewood, coffee, pimento, fresh fruits and preserves, rubber, wax, ginger and other spices.

Switzerland exports cattle cheese, butter, tallow, dried fruit, lime, silks, velvets, laces, jewelry, paper and gunpowder.

East India exports cloves, nutmegs, mace, pepper, rice, indigo, gold dust, camphor, benzoin, sulphur, ivory, rattans, sandal wood, zinc and nuts.

United States exports principally agricultural produce, cotton, tobacco, flour, produce of all kinds, lumber, turpentine, and wearing apparel.

Inside a Printing Office.

It is not alone compositors who will enjoy the following. It is a capital and very forcible illustration of a printing office dialogue:

Foreman of the office—"Jones, what are you at now?"

Compositor—"I'm setting 'A house on fire'—almost done!"

Foreman—"What is Smith about?"

Compositor—"He is engaged on a 'horrid murder.'"

Foreman—"Finish it as quickly as possible, and help Morse through with his telegraph. Bob, what are you trying to get up?"

Bob—"A panic in the money market."

Foreman—"Thomas, what are you distributing?"

Thomas—"Prizes in the gift lottery."

Foreman—"Stop that and take hold of 'A run-away horse.' Slocum, what in creation have you been about this last half hour?"

Slocum—"Justifying the 'Compromise Measure' my sub set up."

Foreman—"You chap on the stool there, what are you on now?"

Chap on the stool—"On the 'table' that you gave me."

Foreman—"Lay it on the table for the present; no room for it."

Compositor—"How about these 'Municipal Candidates?'"

Foreman—"Run 'em in. What do you say, Slocum?"

Slocum—"Shall I lead these 'Men of Boston?'"

Foreman—"No; they are solid, of course."

Compositor—"Do you want a full faced head to 'Jenny Lind's Family?'"

Foreman—"No; put 'em in small caps. Joseph, haven't you got up that 'Capital joke?'"

Joseph—"No, sir; I'm out of sorts."

Foreman—"Well, throw in this 'Million of California Gold,' and when you get through with it, I'll give you some more."

Editor—"What do you want now?"

Deviljoe—"More copy, sir."

Editor—"Have you completed that 'Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse?'"

Deviljoe—"Yes, sir; and I have just set up 'A warm winter.'"

☞ There is a story told of an imperial highness waltzing thrice on the same evening with an English lady at the Court of Berlin. The lady, flattered by his attention, frankly expressed her gratification at the compliment.

"I did not intend it as a compliment," was the answer

"Then," said the lady, "your highness must be very fond of dancing"

"I detest dancing," was the unsatisfactory response.

"What then, may I ask, can be your imperial highness' motive for dancing?"

"Madam," was the exalted personage's curt reply, "I dance to perspire."

A NEAT REBUKE.—"Dr. Johnson," said a lady, "what I admire in your dictionary is that you have inserted no improper words."

"What! you looked for them madam?" said the Doctor.

A touching Incident.

I went one night to see a comedy.—The chief actor was a favorite one, and the house was very crowded. The curtain rose, and amidst the burst of applause the hero of the piece made his appearance. He had hardly uttered twenty words, when it struck me that something was the matter with him.

The play was a boistrous comedy of the old school, and required considerable spirit and vivacity in the actors to sustain it properly, but in this man there was none; he walked and talked like a person in a dream; his best points he passed over without appearing to perceive them, and altogether, he was quite unfit for his part. His smile was ghastly, and—his laugh hollow and unnatural, and frequently he would stop off suddenly in his speech and let his eyes wander vacantly over the audience.

Even when, in the character of a husband, he had to suffer himself to be kicked about the stage by a young rake of the comedy, and afterwards to behold that careless individual making love to his wife and eating his supper, while he was shut up in the closet from whence he could not emerge, his contortions of ludicrous wrath, which had never before failed to call down plenty of applause, were now such dismal attempts to portray the passions that hisses were audible in various parts of the theatre. The audience were fairly out of temper, and several inquisitive individuals were particular in their inquiries as to the extent of the potations he had that day indulged in. A storm of sibilation abuse now fell around the ears of the devoted actor, and not content with verbal insult, orange-peels and apples flew upon the stage.

He stopped and turned to the shouting crowd. I never saw such misery in a human countenance. His was worn and baggard, and tears rolled down his painted cheeks. I saw his lips quivering with mental agony—I saw his bosom heaving with convulsions of suppressed emotion, and his whole mein betokened such depth of anguish and distress that the most ruthless heart must have throbbed with pity.

The audience was moved, and by degrees the clamor of invectives subsided into a solemn stillness, while he stood near the footlights a picture of dejection. When all was calm he spoke, and in a voice broken with sobs, which seemed to rend his bosom, he offered his explanation:

"Ladies and gentleman," he said, "though in my acting to-night, I am confident of meriting your displeasure, in one thing you do me wrong. I am not intoxicated. Emotion alone, and that of the most painful kind, has caused me to fill my allotted part so badly. My wife died but a few short hours ago, and I left her side to fill my unavoidable engagement here. If I have not pleased you, I implore you to forgive. I loved her, grieved for her; and if anguish can excuse a fault, I bear my apology here!"

He placed his hand upon his heart, and a burst of tears relieved his momentary paroxysm of grief.

The audience were thoroughly affected, and an honest burst of sympathy made the walls tremble. Women wept loudly, and strong men silently, and during the remainder of the evening his performance was scarcely audible through the storm of applause by which the crowd sought to soothe the poor man's wounded feelings.

There was something very melancholy in the thought of that wretched man's coming from the bed of death to don gay attire, and utter studied witticisms for the amusement of a crowd, not one of whom dreamed of the anguish that festered under his painted cheek and stage smile.—And in the great theatre of life how many are there around us like that poor actor, smiling gaily at the multitude while at home lies sorrow, whose shadow is ever present with them in busy places.

A Positive Witness.

It is of Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," that this sharp practice in the examination of a man accused of swearing falsely in a will case is related. It shows great dramatic power unconsciously exhibited in his daily business.

The prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will, and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered he had.

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with *red* or *black* wak?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of the cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"What with?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantle-shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large, deep blue eyes on the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said, in solemn and measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will: he signed it in his bed; at his request you signed it, as a subscribing witness; you saw him seal it; it was with red wax he sealed; a piece of one, two, three, or four inches long; he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard; you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantle-shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, sir, upon your solemn oath, *you did?*"

"I did."

"My Lord—*it's a wafer!*"

Lost Arts.

In regard to colors we are far behind the ancients. None of the colors in the Egyptian paintings of thousands of years ago are in the least faded, except the green. The Tyrian purple of the entombed city of Pompeii is as fresh to-day as it was three thousand years ago. Some of the stucco painted ages before the Christian era, broken up and mixed, reverted to its original lusture. And yet we pity the ignorance of the dark-skinned children of the ancient Egypt. The colors upon the walls of Nero's festal vault are as fresh as if painted yesterday. So is the cheek of the Egyptian prince who was contemporaneous with Solomon, and Cleopatra, at whose feet Cæsar laid the riches of his empire.

And in regard to metals. The edges of the statues of the obelisks of Egypt, and of the ancient walls of Rome, are as sharp as if but hewn yesterday. And the stones still remain so closely fitted that their seams laid with mortar, cannot be penetrated with the edge of a penknife. And their surface is exceedingly hard, so hard that when the French artists engraved two lines upon the obelisk brought from Egypt, they destroyed, in the tedious task, many of the best tools which can be manufactured.—And yet these ancient monuments are traced all over with inscriptions placed upon them in olden times. This, with other facts of a striking character, prove that they were far more skilled in metals than we are. Quite recently it is recorded that when an American vessel was on the shores of Africa a son of that benighted region made from an iron hoop a knife superior to any on board of the vessel, and another made a sword of Damascus excellence from a piece of iron.

Fiction is very old; Scott had his counterpart two thousand years ago. A story is told of a warrior who had no time to wait for the proper forgoing of his weapon, but seized it red hot, rose forward, but found to his surprise that the cool air had tempered his iron into an excellent steel weapon. The tempering of steel, therefore, which was new to us a century since, was old two thousand years ago.

Ventilation is deemed a modern art.—But this is not the fact, for apertues, unquestionably made for the purpose of ventilation are found in the pyramid tombs of Egypt. Yet thousands of years ago the barbarous Pagans went so far as to ventilate their tombs, while we yet scarcely know how to ventilate our houses.

A Salutary Thought.

When I was a young man there lived in our neighborhood a farmer who was usually reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure—rather more than would be required of him. One of his friends observing him frequently doing so, questioned him as to why he did it: he told him he gave too much, and said it would be to his disadvantage. Now, dear reader, mark the answer of this excellent man:

"God has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when I am gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes."

Think of this. There is but one journey through life.

A Ready Answer.

That eccenteric preacher, Lorenzo Dow was once stopping at a hotel in New York, kept by a man named Bush. Among the guests was a General Root. They occasionally made themselves merry at Lorenzo's expense. One day Gen. Root began upon him thus: "Mr. Dow, you tells us a great deal about heaven. Now, I want you to tell me plainly what sort of a place heaven is." With imperturable gravity, the preacher replied: "Heaven gentlemen, is a smooth, rich, fertile country; there isn't a *bush* or a *root* in it, and there never will be." The Root and Bush subsided, and Mr. Dow wasn't further troubled.

The South.

That part of this country known as "the South" is as large as Great Britian, France, Austria, Prussia and Spain together, embracing eight hundred and fifty thousand square miles, with staple productions which none of these countries can grow, and with a most genial soil and productive climate. Is not such a territory worth developing with all the arts of peace? What would the revenues of the General Government, and the manufactures and commerce of the North be without it? Is there any government in Europe, no matter how despotic, that would not try to make the most of such a region, and build up its labor and prosperity? Yet, we see men North, like Wendell Phillips, who think it is more important to propagate "Massachusetts ideas" in the South than other crops, and consider negro suffrage more important to America that cotton, commerce and manufactures.

WHAT fruit does a newly married couple most resemble? A green pear.

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