The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. V. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 26, 1867. NO. 36.

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. ☜

PATRONIZE
HOME INSTITUTIONS!

WE would respectfully inform our customers, that they are no longer under the necessity of going North or East to lay in their supplies of Stoves and Hollow ware, as they can be accommodated at the

BALTIMORE
Stove House,

from the largest and most varied stock, and on terms as low as any similar establishment in the United States. Our stock comprises in part Cooking and Heating Stoves, Parlor Stoves and Grates, Hot Air Furnaces, Agricultural Boilers, Tin, Sheet Iron and Hollow ware, etc. We call particular attention to our popular Re-improved Old Dominion, for wood or coal, which we are selling this season at reduced rates; also, our Gem and Gas Burner Fire place Stoves, which for beauty and efficiency are unequalled by any known Stove. A call is respectfully solicited by

BIBB & CO.,
Baltimore Stove House, 39 Light St., Balt.
September 29, 1866—y

KENT COUNTY
MACHINE SHOP,
AT GALENA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

ENAMELED STEW PANS and PRESERVING KETTLES, for sale at the *Tin and Stove Store*, by
May 14, 1866. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

BERGER & BUTZ'S
EXCELSIOR
SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME.
AND
BERGER & BUTZ'S
AMMONIATED
SUPER PHOSPHATE OF
Lime.

Farmers and Dealers

ARE respectfully referred to the above FERTILIZERS as being prepared in the best manner, thoroughly reliable, and in every way calculated to give universal satisfaction.

They are extensively known, having been used with great success during the past six or seven years.

Read the following opinion of one of the best Chemists of this country:

CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
No. 108 Arch St., Philadelphia,
April 10th, 1866.

During the last five years I have been in frequent consultation with Mr. George M. Woodward, Manufacturer of Messrs. *Berger & Butz's* artificial manures, in regard to the preparation of their Super Phosphate of Lime, etc. The materials used in these Fertilizers, are in all cases subjected to my examination and analyses before purchase. Being fully acquainted with their formula and methods of manufacture, I can assure those interested in the purchase and sale of Fertilizers, that their "*Excelsior*" and "*Ammoniated*" Super Phosphate of Lime are of such a character, as must render them of great value to the farmer, and place them amongst the best *Fertilizers* now in the market.

F. A. GENTH.

We guarantee these Fertilizers to be Unadulterated.

By the introduction of
NEW AND IMPROVED
MACHINERY

into our Factory, these articles will be much better prepared than formerly.

R. J. Ruth & Co.,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 16 Bowley's Wharf,
BALTIMORE, Md.

☞ For sale by
Thos. D. C. Ruth, Chestertown;
Thos. D. Burgess, Grey's Inn Creek;
James Shuster, Buck Neck;
R. T. Turner, Betterton;
John Carson, Crumpton.
Baltimore, June 30, 1866—y.

$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

WHEELER & WILSON
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
Sewing Machine!
W. MERRILL, Agent,
Office 214 Baltimore Street.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO.
SEWING MACHINES,
For Tailoring and Manufacturing,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
W. MERRILL, Agent,
214 West Baltimore Street,
Jan. 7, 1865—y BALTIMORE.

Samuel Comegys. Geo. D. S. Handy.
COMEGYS & HANDY,
GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 70 South Street,
BALTIMORE.
October 21, 1865—y

Notice.

WM. SIMPSON, Chestertown, Md., is prepared to do all descriptions of
SCOURING AND DYEING,
at short notice and at low rates.
Soft Felt Hats,
DYED, CLEANED and TRIMMED, and made as good as new. Also, *SCOURING and DYEING* of GENTLEMEN and LADIES' CLOTHING, Coats, Pants, Vests, &c.
Chestertown, June 9, 1866—7m.

Wool, Wool.
CHAS. W. WARREN,
KENNEDYVILLE, is now receiving Wool, in the *Fleece* and *Washed*, and is paying the highest market price per pound.
June 2, 1866.

SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,

EXTENSIVE Manufacturers and Importers of *GOLD, PLATED AND OREIDE JEWELRY, Solid and Nickel SILVER WARE, AMERICAN, ENGLISH AND SWISS WATCHES.* Cased by ourselves, and every description of Fancy Goods and Yankee Notions, especially adapted and designed for Southern and Western Trade.

Circulars and full descriptive Price Lists sent free.

Agents wanted everywhere. Address,
SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,
61 Dorrance Street,
Nov. 30, 1866—3m. Providence, R. I.

The Poet.

Ode to the Printer's Devil.

BY NED WARD, JR.

About forty years ago, in the office of Mr. Baldwin, of the city of London, the editor, at a late hour, had the youngest apprentice holding copy while he read proof. The urchin, overpowered with fatigue, fell fast asleep, when the following conceit entered the editor's brain and was committed to paper before the waking up of his Devilship:

I.

Oh! bright and blessed hour:—
The Devil's asleep! I see his little lashes
Lying in sable o'er his sable cheek;
Closed are his wicked little window sashes,
And tranced is evil's power!
The world seems hush'd and dreaming out adoors;
Spirits but speak;
And the heart echoes—while the Devil snores.

II.

Sleep, baby of the damn'd!
Sleep, where no press of trouble standeth by!
Black wanderer among the wandering,
How quiet is thine eye!
Strange are thy small pernicious dreams—
With shades of printers cramm'd,
And pica, double pica, on the wing!
Or in cold sheets thy sprite perchance is flying
The world about—
Dying—and yet, not like the Devil dying—
Dele—the *evil* out!

III.

Before sweet sleep drew down
The blinds upon thy *Day* & *Martin* eyes,
Thou didst let slip thy slip of mischief on me,
With weary, weary sighs;
And then, outworn with *demoning* o'er town!
Oblivion won thee!
Best of Compositors! Thou didst compose
Thy decent little wicked self—and go
A Devil-cruiser round the shores of sleep—
I hear thee fathom many a slumber-deep,
In the waves of woe;
Dropping thy wings of lead
To sound the dead!

IV.

Heaven forgive me! I
Have wicked schemes about thee, wicked one;
And in my scheming sigh
And stagger under a gigantic thought;
"What if I run my pen into thine eye,
And put thee out!
Killing the Devil will be a noble deed,
A deed to snatch perdition from mankind—
To make the Methodist's a stingless creed—
To root out terror from the Brewer's mind—
And break the bondage which the Printer presses—
To change the fate of Lawyers—
Confirm the Parson's holy sinecure—
Make the worthless Sin's approaches
To justify the bringing up addresses
To me, in hackney coaches,
From operative Sawyers?"

V.

"To murder thee"—
Methinks—he will never harm my precious head,
For what can chance me when the devil's dead?
But when I look on thy serene repose,
Hear the small Satan dying through thy nose—
My thoughts become less dangerous and more deep!
I can but wish thee everlasting sleep!
Sleep free from dreams—
Of type, and ink, and press and dabbing ball—
Sleep free from all
That would make shadowy devilish slumber darker,
Sleep free from Mr. Baldwin's Mr. Parker.*

VI.

Oh! Fare-thee-well!
Farewell!—black bit of breathingsin!—Farewell!
Tiny remembrancer of a Printer's hell!
Young thing of darkness seeming
A small poor *type* of wickedness *set up!*
Full is thy little cup
Of misery in the waking world!—so dreaming
Perchance may *undemonize* thy fate
And bear thee, black boy, to a whiter state!
Yet mortal evil is, than thine, more high:—
Thou art *upright* in sleep; men sleep and *lie!*
And from thy lids to me a moral peeps,
For I *correct my errors—while the Devil sleeps!*

*The Foreman.

From the Cecil Democrat.

A Tribute of Respect to the late Col. John C. Groome.

MEETING OF THE BAR.

Tuesday, January 15th, 1867.

At a meeting of the Court and Bar held at the Court House, in the town of Elkton, this day, in pursuance of adjournment of meeting held at the office of F. A. Ellis, Esq., on the third day of December, 1866, for the expression of fitting testimonials of respect to the memory of the late Colonel John C. Groome, deceased. His Honor John H. Price, was unanimously selected Chairman of the meeting, and Henry R. Torbert appointed Secretary. The following resolutions, reported by Wm. J. Jones, Esq., from the committee previously appointed, were, upon motion of Henry W. Archer, Esq., unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

WHEREAS, The loss which the Cecil Bar has sustained by the death of Colonel John C. Groome its oldest resident member, from whose office so large a majority of its present members have graduated, and with whom nearly all of us have been associated since our first entrance into professional life, makes it peculiarly proper that we should in a becoming manner testify our appreciation of his most excellent qualities of head and heart and to our sincere sorrow for his death: Therefore

Resolved, That we unitedly bear most hearty witness to Col. Groome's real ability, his extensive learning and great professional skill, but, above and beyond all these, to his thorough uprightness, his purity and tenderness of heart, amiability and kindness of disposition.

No allurement of personal or political or professional success led him away from the path of strictest integrity. No rude contact with the world ever blunted the genial sympathy of his bosom.

Resolved, That the life of our deceased brother is a noble example, especially to the younger members of the profession, teaching them that diligent study, industry and economy always lead to independence if not to affluence, that honor, integrity and brotherly courtesy are the highest adornments of professional life, and that success in any cause at the expense of these is the worst of failures.

Resolved, That while we would not intrude upon the sacredness of that grief, which is only found in the privacy of the broken family circle, and are well aware that nothing we can say will mitigate the sorrow of the widow who mourns the death of a noble and loving husband, or the children who have lost an affectionate and loving father; we still ask to be allowed to tender to the family of our deceased brother our earnest and sincere sympathy.

Resolved, That the Secretary of this meeting be requested to prepare a copy of these resolutions to be transmitted by the Chairman to the family of the deceased, and that the proceedings of this meeting be entered upon the minutes of this Court and published in the papers of Cecil and Kent counties.

After feeling addresses, made by the Honorable John H. Price, F. A. Ellis, Esq., Henry W. Archer, Esq., and Wm. J. Jones, Esq., the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

JOHN H. PRICE.

Mr. Jones has kindly furnished us with a copy of his remarks at the Bar meeting on Tuesday, which we publish below:

John C. Groome was born on the 8th day of June, in the year 1800, and commenced his academic course of study at Magraw's Academy, in this county. He graduated at Princeton College in the class of 1819, dividing with two other students the highest honors. His health being much impaired by his arduous labor at college, he did not commence the study of his profession until some time in 1820, when he entered as a student in the law office of Judge Chambers, at Chestertown, Maryland. There he remained about eighteen months. I have often heard him refer to his stay in Chestertown as among the *most* pleasant and *least* profitable periods of his life. The fair ladies of Chestertown had much more attraction for him at that time than the pages of Blackstone or Coke. He returned to Elkton in the winter of 1821-2, and soon afterwards entered the law office of Levin Gale, then the most distinguished member of the Cecil Bar, and was on the motion of Mr. Gale, admitted to practice in the Cecil county Court April 14th, 1824. Hon. Richard T Earle was the Chief Justice, and Lemuel Purnell and Robert Wright Associate Justices. The entry on the minute book which refers to his admission reads thus:

On motion of Levin Gale, Esq., for the admission of John C. Groome, Esq., as a Member of the Bar of this Court, Jeremiah Cosden and Henry Stump, Esqs., are appointed to examine and report on the qualifications of the said John C. Groome, who make to the Court the following report:

To the Honorable the Judges of Cecil County Court—We Jeremiah Cosden and Henry Stump, beg leave to report to your Honors, that having, in pursuance of your command, examined Mr. John C. Groome, we have satisfied ourselves that he is fully qualified to be admitted as a practitioner of law in your Court.

HY. STUMP,
April 14th, 1824. J. COSDEN,

Whereupon the said John C. Groome, Esq., after taking the necessary oaths, and making and signing his belief in the Christian religion, is admitted as a Member of the Bar of the Court here.

Feeling that he needed a still more thorough course of legal study, he, soon after his admission, entered the law school at Litchfield, Connecticut, then under the charge of Judge Gould. In this institution, at that day justly celebrated for its extraordinary advantages, he addressed himself earnestly and determinedly to the acquisition of legal knowledge. He returned to Elkton in 1825, thoroughly grounded in the great principles of law, commenced practice, and, in a very brief period, took a leading position at the Bar. About his first important criminal case was the defense of John Conner, indicted and acquitted for the murder of Miss Cunningham, in which he was associated with Judge Chambers.

OLD LADY, (to a hackman,) "But these hacks are dangerous. You never know who rides in them. We might get the small-pox." Coachy—"You've no cause to be afeard of my coach, mum. for I've had the ind wheels waccinated, and it look beautiful."

☞ A writer, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says "that he always takes notice even of a straw, especially if there happens to be a sherry-cobler at one end of it."

Farmers' Column.

Farmers' Clubs.

[From the American Farmer.]

We do not suppose, that there is in any portion of the country, so much apathy as to agricultural interests, as here in Maryland. States devastated by the war have had great agricultural gatherings, and numerous counties in those States have had neighborhood meetings for the discussion of their affairs, and have organized associations, and appointed stated times of meeting. In New Orleans there has been one of the most imposing gatherings, with a spirited exhibition of agricultural and mechanical productions. In Richmond, there has been a great convention of her farmers, and a discussion of many days, upon the important topics presented by the present condition of the agricultural affairs of the State. North Carolina has had her agricultural State convention for the same purpose. In these and in other States, there have been many associations formed in neighborhoods and counties, which indicate a spirit and energy that make us very hopeful of the rapid revival of Southern agriculture.

Here, in Maryland, we have, indeed, organized a State Society. This is, at least, a good beginning. Let this first step be followed up. Let the Society be, by all means, encouraged. Let every Marylander, who calls himself a farmer, become a member, and give it his personal influence and support, and let us have a State Association of farmers that we may be proud of. But what we would call attention to, especially, in these lines, is neighborhood association—Farmers' Clubs.—Where is there now one in the State, but the time-honored association of Talbot county, the Club that for so many years has held its monthly meetings, going from farm to farm, and eschewing all topics of conversation and discussion, but those especially perfaining to the order of the day—a good dinner, indeed, being always discussed as not out of order. Why should there not be in every county of the State a half dozen such clubs? These should then unite in a County Association, and the County Associations should be the earnest, active, allies of a great State Society. We earnestly commend the matter to the consideration of our friends throughout the State, and hope the leisure of the Winter months will be taken advantage of to get up Farmers' Clubs in every neighborhood.

Facts in Farming.

There are some things in farming that are established, namely:

That manure must be applied, not only to get up land, but to keep it up. That wet soil must be drained, either by ditching or otherwise. That sub-soiling is good. That grain can be sown earlier than it generally is; that it should be harvested earlier than it is done; that grass should be cut when in blossom; and never when ripe, unless for seed. That our soil is not sufficiently worked, especially in hoed crops; that stirring the soil and keeping it well pulverized, is a partial guard against drouth. That the most advantageous grain for horses is the oat; that it improves fodder to cook or steam it. That warm shelter in winter saves fodder, and benefits stock. That the best blood is the most profitable. That there is much advantage in selecting the best seed, the earliest matured and the plumpest. That in-and-in breeding is not good in close and consecutive relationship, but must be carried on by foreign infusion of the same blood. That warm quarters and good treatment are necessary in winter to produce eggs from most hens. That top-dressing grass lands should be done with fine, well-rotted manure, applied close to the ground. That it is, in general, best to sell produce as soon as ready for market. That blackberries require rich soil; strawberries and raspberries vegetable mould, such as rotten leaves, chip manure, &c. That more lime should be used. That salt, in some cases, is good for land—also plaster, the phosphates, guano, &c. That fall ploughing is best for clay lands; that land should not be ploughed wet. That young orchards should be cultivated. That compost heaps are a good institution. That clay and lime, rather than animal manure, be employed in raising fruit. That manure should be rotted before it is used. That agricultural papers are an advantage to the farmer. That a cultivated mind is requisite to high farming, and that a good reputation exerts a good influence on the farming community.—*Rural World.*

The Beauty of old age.

EVERY WRINKLE A LINE OF BEAUTY.

"I don't like old people," said a thoughtless young girl, "they are either cross, disagreeable or ugly."

"You have been unfortunate in your chances of observation," replied a lady, sitting near her.

"It may be so, but I speak, at least, from experience. All the old people it has been my fortune, or misfortune to meet, have been cross in temper and repulsive in appearance. I have an old aunt, who is always associated in my mind with the Witch of Endor. From a child I have a perfect horror of her. I doubt if she ever gave utterance to a kind or uncomplaining word in her life."

"You must not judge all, by this aunt, my young friend," said the lady. "There are handsome and agreeable old people in the world, and not a few of them either, but many. Age does not necessarily sour the temper, nor mar the countenance.—There is such a thing as 'growing old gracefully,' and the number of those who are thus advancing along the paths of life, I am pleased to say, are increasing yearly. I happen to have an old aunt, also, but, so far from being a second Witch of Endor, I heard a gentleman not many days ago remark, in speaking of her, 'Why, every wrinkle in Mrs. Elder's face is a line of beauty.' And so it is: for every wrinkle there, was born of patient endurance, or unselfish devotion to the good of others."

"I should really like to see your aunt," said the young girl, half skeptically.

"Come to my house to-morrow, and we will pay her a visit," answered the lady. "It will do both of us good."

"Thank you for the invitation. I shall certainly call."

The next day came, and the young lady was early at the house of Mrs. Barton.

"Glad to see you Kate," was the pleasant greeting she received. "We are to call on my Aunt Elder, I believe."

"Yes; you promised to introduce me to an old lady, who so far from being old and ugly, is sweet-tempered and beautiful. The sweet temper I can imagine but not a face wrinkled and beautiful at the same time."

"You shall see," was answered.

"Ah, good morning, Mary," said a low, but very pleasant but cheerful voice, as the two ladies entered the small, but neat and orderly sitting-room of Mrs. Elder.

"My friend, Miss Kate Williams," said Mrs. Barton, presenting the youg lady.

Mrs. Elder laid her knitting upon the table, close to her open Bible, and rising, took the hand of Miss Williams, looking earnestly into her young face as she did so, and smiling so sweet a welcome, that Kate did not see a wrinkle, for the beautiful light shone from the old lady's placid countenance.

"I am always pleased to see young faces," said Mrs. Elder, "and to feel the warmth of young hearts."

"How are you to-day aunt?" inquired Mrs. Barton.

"Not so well in body as when you were here last. I sleep but poorly."

Mrs. Elder smiled as if she were telling of enjoyments, and then added—

"But this is only one of the penalties of age. I knew it must come, and long ago made up my mind to be patient and enduring. These are some of the light afflictions, lasting but for a moment, which if borne in Christian meekness, help to work out for us that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, to which the apostle refers, in one of his sublime passages."

Miss Williams looked at the old lady half wonderingly.

"Always doing something, Aunt Elder," said Mrs. Barton, placing her hand upon the half-knit yarn stocking which the old lady had put aside as she rose to take the hand of Miss Williams. "Knitting, I suppose, has grown into a kind of habit. The act brings its own reward. It is your pleasant pastime."

"No, child, not my pleasant pastime" but my useful employment," answered Mrs. Elder. "I can't do much in the world for other people; still I can do a little, for I don't believe it is possible for anybody to be happy who is not engaged in some useful employment. I manage to keep the children of half a dozen poor families in warm stockings for the winter, and that is something added to the common stock of human comfort."

The eyes of Miss Williams were now fixed intently upon the old lady's age marked features. Wrinkles went curving about her cheeks, her lips and chin, and wrinkles planted themselves deeply upon her forehead. Grey hairs were visible beneath her cap border; her calm eyes lay far back in their sockets; and yet it seemed to the young girl, as she gazed at her wonderingly, as if every wrinkle in that aged face were indeed a line of beauty!

"But you must have a surer foundation for happiness than knitting stockings," said Mrs. Barton.

The old lady seemed thoughtful for a moment. She then said, with sweet impressiveness—

"There is only one foundation upon which we can rest and find happiness, and that is God's love in the heart. The great question for us all, is, how to obtain that love. It will not come out at our command. We cannot draw it down from heaven. We cannot find it, search we ever so dilligently. God's love is God given; and he bestows it only upon who first have neighborly love. This is that higher love's receptacle in the human heart. First, love of the neighbor; then, love of good, which is Divine love in the soul, the sure foundation for abiding happiness. So you see, Mary, the value even of knitting stockings to one like me. It is useful work, and that, as the old monk said, is worship."

Miss Williams could not withdraw her eyes from the old lady's face. Its beauty and its goodness seemed to fascinate her. She was a girl of quick feelings, and some enthusiasm. Suddenly rising from the chair she had taken a few moments before, she came forward, and stooping over Mrs. Elder, kissed her almost reverently on the forehead, saying as she did so—

"May I be like you when I grow old—every wrinkle in my face a line of beauty."

"Grow old in goodness, my dear young friend," answered Mrs. Elder, taking her hand tightly within her own, and speaking with emotion—for the young girls's sudden speech had stirred her feelings to an unusual depth—"Grow old in goodness, thro' the discipline of self-denial and the gentle leadings of neighborly love. It is the only path that conducts to a peaceful old age."

"Thanks for the lesson you have taught me," said Miss Williams, when she again clasped the hand of Mrs. Elder in parting.

"I will try to grow old, as the years pass inevitably onward, in the better way that you have walked. And may my last days be like yours, my best days, and radiant with light shining down from the better world."

"I am a skeptic no longer," she [illegible] now in the street with "

"beauty and age are not incompatible."

"But the beauty of age," replied Mrs. Barton, "is unlike the beauty of youth; the one is natural, the other spiritual and celestial. The one is of earth, earthly; the other is of the heavens, heavenly. An evil soul gradually mars the face, until every lineament becomes repulsive; but a soul of goodness continually creates the countenance, and covers it with living beauty."

Jim Greeley's Jumping Frog.

A CALIFORNIA TALE.

Jim Greeley ketched a frog one day and took him home, and said he calkilated to educate him; and so he never done nothin for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he did learn him to jump too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or it may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Greeley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Daniel Webster down on this floor—Daniel Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Daniel, flies?" and and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and shake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot, as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd done any more'n any frog might do.

You never see a frog so modest and straight-forard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on the dead level was his strong suit, you understand, and when it come to that Greeley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Greeley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

Well, Greeley kept the beast in a lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might that be you've got in the box?"

And Greeley says, sorter indifferent like: "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, may be, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's he good for?"

"Well," Greeley says easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing, I should judge; he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and gave it back to Greeley, and says very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"May be you don't," Greeley says. "May be you understand frogs, and may be you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyway, I've got my opinion, and I'll risk $10 that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and ain't got no frog—but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Greeley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute I'll go and get you a frog;" and so the fellor took the box, and put up his $10 along with Greeley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to himself, and then he got the frog out and pried its mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot, and filled him pretty near up to his chin and set him on the floor. Greeley, he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in and give him to this feller and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "one, two, three, jump!" him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders, so, like a Frenchman, but it wasn't no use, he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored. Greeley was a great deal surprised and he was surprised and disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberately, "Well, I don't see no points about frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Greeley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow," and he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck and lifted him up and [illegible] "Why, blame my cats if he don't w[illegible] five pounds," and turning him upside [illegible] he belched out a double h[illegible] And then he sa[illegible] the m[illegible]

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