The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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Advertisements

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

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

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

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

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

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

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. DEC. 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.

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.,
51 DORRANCE STREET,
Nov. 10, 1866—3m. Providence, R. I.

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.

The Poet.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

Give! as the morning flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing;
Not the faint sparks of thy heart ever flowing;
Not a pale bud from the sweet June rose's blowing;
Give as he gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river,
Washing its waters, forever and ever,
Thro' the burnt sands that reward not the giver,
Silent or songful, though nearest the sea.

Scatter the life as the Summer showers' pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

Give, though thy heart may be wasted and weary,
Laid on an altar all ashes and dreary;
Though from its pulses a faint miserere,
Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate:

Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion;
Smile at the song of its restless emotion;
'Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean;
Hear! and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses;
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses;
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.

What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes;
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over,
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover;
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?

Give, as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon, heaven's river, thy soul fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the gift that he gave.

☞ At a meeting of the Vestry of Chester Parish, called by the Rector, the Reverend Mr. Goodwin, on the occasion of the death of the Hon. Ezekiel F. Chambers, the following resolutions were offered by a committee of that body appointed for that purpose and unanimously adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That we consider the death of our friend and fellow-citizen Judge Chambers, the oldest member of the Vestry, as a public calamity.

2. *Resolved*, That being master of Canon Law, and having early in life become an ardent member of the Church, serving for many years as the Lay Delegate from his Parish and for forty years representing the Diocese in the General Convention, we consider his death as a loss to the Church which cannot be easily supplied.

3. *Resolved*, That his character as a Statesman, having in his earlier years held the position of Senator of Maryland and as Senator of the United States—and, at a maturer age, served as Chief Judge of the District and in the Court of Appeals, was unimpeached and unimpeachable, and eminently distinguished even among the great.

4. *Resolved*, That his numerous, prompt and liberal contributions to public and private charities—and his readiness to aid with his talents, his time and his purse all measures calculated to advance the interests of his fellow citizens, render his loss to the community in which he lived irreparable.

5. *Resolved*, That in testimony of the sincere respect with which we shall cherish his memory, the surviving members of the Vestry will wear crape on the left arm for 30 days.

6. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent by the Secretary to the bereaved family of our deceased friend and fellow Vestryman, with the assurance of our heart-felt condolence. And that they be published in the Kent News and the Transcript.

An Anecdote Worth Preserving.

A Paris correspondent guarantees the following:

A Frenchman, a prisoner in Edinburg, having managed to escape, took refuge in the powder magazine. When the authorities wished to seize him, they found him sitting on a barrel with a lighted match, and threatening to blow up the town. The authorities reflected prudently, and the result of their deliberations was that it would be better to starve the Frenchman out. But they reckoned without their prisoner, who loved good cheer, and was determined to live well. In consequence he called out that he would blow the town to pieces if he did not get three meals a day; he would write out the bill of fare. Sawney succumbed, and the demands of the prisoner went on increasing. Sometimes he had a serenade under his window; then a review of the garrison; afterwards a sham fight, in which the troops representing the French army beat the Highlanders. At last he exacted that every Sabbath morning, before breakfast, the Lord Provost, in full uniform, should make his appearance and read him an address. This lasted until the allies entered Paris.

Farmers' Column.

From the American Farmer.

THE DIVISION OF FARMS.

QUEENSTOWN, Queen Anne's Co., Md., January 9, 1867.

Editors of American Farmer:

I salute you with the compliments of the season, and wish you many happy returns! Your old friends, with one accord, greet your reappearance as another harbinger of the hope that, in reality,

"Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front."

At no period was there ever a greater need of agricultural journals, as a means of communicating and exchanging views in regard to the altered condition of affairs, and of suggesting modes of adaptation to meet the changes that have occurred. It may almost be said that the whole system of agriculture in the late slaveholding States, has been entirely changed. A free interchange of opinions and suggestions may enable us the more readily and profitably to meet this changed condition of affairs.

There is a very prevalent idea that the great remedy for our present embarrassments lies in the subdivision of estates, and complains of the difficulties of the times in regard to the want and unreliability of labor, are most apt to be met with the friendly advice, to 'cut up your farms.' This, in my view, is an heroic remedy of relieving one, of both his means and his miseries by the same short process, and as of rather better adaptation to the philanthropic idea of "conferring the greatest good upon the greatest numbers," than of especial benefit to the individual landholder. Just now, onerous taxation upon all you make, and all you sell, stands much in the way of such broad philanthropy. We will suppose a farm of six hundred acres, divided into four or five fields, and yielding, under present disadvantages, fifteen bushels of wheat, and forty of corn, per acre, will the owner be compensated for the outlay in erecting the buildings, fences, &c., necessary to subdivide it into three farms? By the advocates of the doctrine of *homœpathic farms*, it is generally asserted that they should not *exceed* this number of acres in size. (In fact there has been a mania for "ten acres enough.") In my opinion, unless these products are more than trebled, he will not. It must be recollected that to each subdivision a proportionate quantity of grazing land is necessary. There will, therefore, be a much smaller portion of the whole area under grain cultivation, and it is upon this species of product that the landlord's revenues are usually based. It is argued that the land will be much more readily improved. This may be the case if you are fortunate enough to get a tenant who does not think his only business is "to get *his* living out of the lands," and leaves but little *life in it*. Tenants are frequently as sorely put to it for want of labor as the proprietors. It must also be remembered that for these so-called improvements you are apt to be severely taxed. What then is the remedy for the present difficulties? Is it better to sell off a portion, or to attempt a system of grazing? To follow this successfully a certain portion, at least, of your land, must be in condition to produce good crops of hay. I will remark that this clamor for small farms is, in my view, one of those erroneous notions propagated by our proximity to Yankee land, and not at all adapted to our situation. In New England and the Northern States, it is rare to find the owner of several hundred acres of land, exclusively engaged in attending to its cultivation. Perhaps he has his finger in a half dozen other pies. He may be interested in a manufactory, a tannery, a hotel, or during the winter months be engaged in shoe making, patent medicines, clock cleaning, or perhaps as a member of Congress. Now we are not yet up to these facilities for helping along the farm. What then is best for us to do?

I have hastily thrown together these views, in the hope of eliciting suggestions from others, who, perhaps, as well as myself, may have experienced the difficulties of the times. I hope the subject will, in the cant phrase of the day, be "thoroughly ventilated." D. E. C.

Editorial Grenades.

John Quincey Adams, son of the present U. S. Minister to the Court of St. James, in a speech at Taunton, near Boston, says:—The demands of Congress amounts to a rebuilding of our government upon an essentially new plan. The central idea of the old was a voluntary compact, the plan of the new is compulsory co-habitation." And he might have added, "with negroes." This gentleman also declared in the same speech that the southern people ought neither to "pass the amendment," nor to "betray their old leaders and hold them over to constitutional disqualification," and he bravely added, "I shall despise them if they do." Well and nobly said. There is not an honest man in all the world who does not say the same. Those sneaks called "Southern Loyalists," are a set of despised creatures, who would not be admitted to the society of gentlemen in any part of the world—not to the highest toned gentlemen, even in Massachusetts.

SWITCHED HIM.—"Boys, what is all that noise in school?" "It's Bill Sykes imitatin' a locomotive." "Come up here, William; if you have turned into a locomotive it's time you were switched off."

"Paddy," said a joker, "why don't you get your ears cropped—they are entirely too long for a man?" "And yours," replied Pat, "ought to be lengthened—they are too short for an ass."

THE FATAL NOOSE;
OR,
The Last Hours of a Single Man.

This morning, at eleven and one-half o'clock precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr. Edward Pinckney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expiating his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the altar railing of S—— Church.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the party who were at Jones' two years ago, that Mr. Pinckney was there and then first introduced to Miss Gale, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attention—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminates in this morning's catsastrophe.

Poor Pinckney had barely attained his twenty-eighth year, and there is no belief that but for reasons of a pecuniary nature his single life would have come to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus became accessories to the course for which he has just suffered.

The unhappy young man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half-past eight to ten he was engaged in writing letters.—Shortly after, his younger brother, Henry, knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied, "Not yet." The question was then put to him, how he thought he would sleep? To which he replied, "I don't know." He then expressed his desire for a cigar and a glass of grog. His brother who partook of like refreshments, now demanded if he would take anything that night. He said "Nothing," in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take his leave, when the devoted one considerately advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven the next morning, the victim of Cupid, having been called, according to his desire, he arose and dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself, without the slightest injury, for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem that he had devoted a longer time than usual to his toilet. The wretched man was attired in a light blue dress coat with frosted buttons, a white vest and nankeen trowsers, with patent leather boots. He wore round his neck a variegated satin scarf, which partly concealed the carazzo of the bosom. In the front of the scarf was inserted a breastpin of conspicuous dimensions.

Having descended the staircase with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and sister and a few friends awaited him. He then shook hands cordially with all present, and on being asked how he slept, answered, "Very well." And to the further demand as to the state of his mind, said he felt happy."

One of the party hereupon suggested that it would be well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through with; he exclaimed with some emphasis, "Decidedly!" Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate a French roll, a large round of toast, two sausages, and drank three large breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of a person present, he declared that he never felt happier in his life. His brother then inquired if he could do anything for him, when he said he would take a glass of ale. Having drank this, he appeared to be satisfied.

The fatal moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining portion of his time to distributing those little articles he would no longer want. To one he gave his cigar-case, to another his tobacco-stopper, and charged his brother Henry with his latch-key, with instructions to deliver it, after all was over, with due solemnity, to the landlady. The clock at length struck eleven, and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. He merely, said, "I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got, with his brother, his other friends following on behind in others.

Arriving on the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay of some moments took place, after which they were joined by the lady, with her friends. Little was said on either side; but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears. Pinckney endeavored to preserve decorum, but a slight twitching in his mouth and eyebrows proclaimed his inward agitation.

All necessary preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed necessary formalities gone through with, the usual question was put:—"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife?"

"I will."

He then put the fatal ring on Miss Gale's finger, the hymenial noose was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into—matrimony.

Whistling.

Next to laughing, whistling is one of the most philosophical things in which a fellow of good spirits can indulge. Whistling is a popular prescription for keeping up the courage—it might better be said good spirits. Some genial philosopher has said on this subject: "Whistling is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care, supplies the place of sunshine. A man who whistles has a good heart under his shirt-front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A whistling cobbler will earn as much again money as a cordwainer who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Mean or avaricious men never whistle. The man who attacks whistling throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses—August of its meadow larks."

Tenacity of Life.

A remarkable instance of the preservation of life without sustenance for a lengthened period has lateely occurred at Poulkau near Grossenhayn, in Saxony. On the 8th of December last two brothers named Muschter were engaged in digging a deep well, when the earth fell in and completely buried them. A third brother went down immediately, but was not able to perceive the slightest sound. Some miners were then set to work, and dug for some days, but without success: and it was so generally believed that the poor fellows could not possibly be alive, that orders had been given that, unless the relatives insisted on proceeding further, the well should be filled up, and a monument to the memory of the Muschters erected over it. Eight days had elapsed since the accident, but the mother of the entombed would not give up all hope, and some fresh hands began to work again, though only in the expectation of finding the corpses. To their astonishment, however, they suddenly heard from below the words, "Do not strike so hard." A conversation commenced, the work was pushed forward with renewed diligence, and at length crowned with success.

On the 19th of December, after they had been eleven days and four hours in this living grave, the two Muschters were rescued and brought to the surface. The earth that had fallen in had left a kind of cave above them. Their only sustenance during this long period had been the water that had oozed through the earth, and a little tobacco which they had chewed.—They had a watch with them, which they wound up regularly, and were therefore able to keep an account of the time of their burial. At first they lighted lucifer matches to see the time, but when these were all used they felt the hands. They had heard the conversation above them respecting the filling up of the well, and shouted, but could not make themselves heard. They had also sung hymns together, and the people at the surface had heard them faintly, but being not a little superstitious had attributed it to angels in the air.

Exaggeration.

Modern civilization has taken from life so much of its former simplicity that the old names of things are almost forgotten, and it is considered a sign of ignorance to talk in plain Saxon words of one or two syllables. This is partly chargeable to the genral tendency to exaggerated expressions, but very much to the notion which obtains among business men that the most high-sounding advertisement is the best paying, and that a taking and mysterious name is half the battle of getting any new thing into use. Hence there is nothing common now. Everything is "improved," and the more patents it can boast of the better. If it is also a "combination" article, something is gained.

A melodeon is a harmoneum, or a cabinet organ; a piano is an agraffe instrument; cheap cologne is a triple-refined bouquet, and even that name is beaten by Egyptian lotus and night-blooming cereus; and common dissolved gum arabic is bottled under the name of extra adhesive mucilage. There is no tooth-powder, but every druggist, who is not a pharmaceutist or a pharmaceutical chemist sells dentrifices, such as fragrant sozodont, or philodont, or florimel or swietenia, or balm of a thousand flowers. Gin is aromatic schiedam schnapps; paregoric is soothing syrup. Then there are an anodyne, an elixir of life, a buchu, a pectoral balsam, a bloom of youth, an ivory pearl powder, a saponifier, a magical pain extractor, a rheumatic remedy, a pulmo-bronchial troche, a chemical pomade, a hair rejuvenator, a a mamarial balm. Corns are removed without pain by chiropodists. Doctors are medical gentlemen. A conjuror is a prestidigitateur; a circus is a hippotheatron. Every concert, large or small, is a grand vocal and instrumental concert.—A fire is the devouring element. A man who dies by a rope is launched into eternity: if dying otherwise, the vital spark becomes extinct.—*N. Y. Evening Gazette.*

The Frenchman and Yankee.

A Yankee and a Frenchman owned a pig in co-partnership. When killing time came, they wished to divide the carcass. The Yankee was anxious to divide so that he could get both hind quarters and persuade the Frenchman that the proper way was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to it, on condition that the Yankee would turn his back and take choice of the pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back and the Frenchman asked:

"Vich piece vil you have; ze piece vid tail on him, or ze piece vat aint got no tail on him."

"The piece with the tail!" shouted the Yankee instantly.

"Den you take him and I take ze oder," said the Frenchman.

Upon turning around the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and stuck it in the pig's mouth.

☞ Mr. Bethell, an Irish barrister, when the question of the Union was in debate, like other junior barristers, published a pamphlet on the subject. Mr. Lysaght met this pampleteer in the hall of the Four Courts, and in a friendly way, said:

"Bethell, I wonder you never told me you had published a pamphlet on the Union. The one I saw contained some of the best things I have seen in any pamphlet on the subject."

"I am very proud you think so," said the delighted author; "and pray, what are the things that please you so much?"

"Why," replied Lysaght, "as I passed by a pastry-cook's shop, I saw a girl come out with three mince pies wrapped up in one of your works."

How False Reports May Originate.

A curious illustration of this is found in an anecdote told in a lecture by Mr. Spurgeon. A minister lived opposite one of the deacons of his church. A report got about that the minister had been seen to beat his wife, and the matter was brought before a deacons' meeting. There the minister said he had traced the spreading of the report to the deacon's daughter.—The good man, the deacon, said he would not have spoken, but his daughter's name having been mentioned, he must then state that when he was going to bed on a certain night, he did see (through the window blind of the lighted room) the minister beating his wife, and heard her scream. The minister was nonplussed; but he requested that his wife might be sent for and questioned. When she arrived she explained the whole matter. She said: "Don't you recollect there was a rat in the room that night, that it got upon my my dress, that you got frightened and took up the poker; that I could not stand still, and ran round the room, you running with the poker? This is the explanation of the whole affair." Well, then, the lecturer would remark to his hearers, the next time they heard a story against a good man let them say at once, "There is a rat at the bottom of it, I know," and that some simple explanation may account for the whole thing.

Anecdote of General Lee.

The editor of the Galveston *Civilian* has from General Longstreet (who pronounces Gen'l. Lee "the best man in the world") the following anecdote of the great Confederate chieftain:

On one occasion General Lee called Colonel L., one of his staff officers, into his tent, and commenced dictating while Colonel L. wrote. Colonel L. had in his mouth a pipe, and was smoking. The General inhaled the noxious vapor until his patience became exhausted, and then said:

"Colonel L., you can retire and send me Colonel ——; he does not smoke."

Colonel L. retired, and in a few moments Colonel —— entered, to whom the General commenced dictating; but after inhaling the atmosphere of the tent for awhile, he discovered it to be considerably impregnated, not with the perfume of roses, but the odious smell of villainous whiskey, which he could not stand.

"Retire, Colonel ——, and send me an officer who neither drinks nor smokes; I would rather endure the smoke of tobacco than the smell of whiskey."

Life in a German Village.

A letter writer from Germany says:

"Walk through the poor quarters of English or American villages, and the female population is crowded in dens of filth and wretchedness, passing the time in brawling with one another and screaming after their children. They are pale and diseased from the effects of poverty and crime, and two-thirds of their offspring find an early grave. Here the health and blooming vitality of the poorer classes is wonderful; their children begin to work almost as soon as they can walk, and before that time they are no trouble to their parents, as each town of any size has a "child garden," where, by paying two cents, a peasant can have his child washed, fed and kept in a comfortable manner the whole day. If he has ten children, as most poor men have, he can send them all away for a reduced price. When he and his grown up children come home, there are the little ones all clean and not hungry. Now, it seems to me, such an institution ought to flourish at home."

The Cost of War.

Give me the money that has been paid in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of. I will build a school-house upon every hillside, and in every valley over the whole habitable earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in the pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another round the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven.—*Stepping.*

"Some" Postage Stamps.

It will scarcely be credited, at first thought, that twenty tons of postage stamps were used during last year. Such, however, is the fact, and by artificial measurement they would cover an area of forty-eight and a half square miles, or, as a curious calculator says, enough to roof a large township, with all its houses, barns, churches, gardens, forests and farms; or, if you choose to make a ribbon of them, enough to reach nearly from the equator to either pole, or twice the length of the Mississippi River. So that if everybody would be obliging enough to use the Government stamp on the envelope itself, the mere omission of these little extra bits of paper would lighten the mail bags by more than forty thousand pounds, and save in paper fifteen or twenty thousand dollars.

A young poet, in describing Heaven says: "It is a world of bliss, fenced in with pretty girls." Where's the man that won't repent now?

Why is it perfectly natural that physicians should have a greater horror of the sea than anybody? Because they are more likely to see sickness.

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