The Chestertown Transcript.

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THE
Chestertown Transcript
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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 *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.

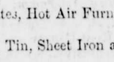
They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and 0 Pratt & Davis; No. 4 Wiley, and two-furrow Plows of excellent model, and not surpassed in smoothness or temper by any made or used in this State.

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 mods of manufacture, I can assure those ested in the purchase and sale of Fertiliz. s. 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!

Invaice 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.

From the National Intelligencer.

We find the following beautiful poem in the Lancaster Daily Express. Those who have heard this touching effusion recited by the celebrated tragedian, Mr. Forrest, will never forget either the pathos with which he renders it, or his simple, affecting introduction to it. Mr. Forrest thinks the writer was the brother of the poet Southey:

The Idiot Boy.

It had pleased God to form poor Ned
A thing of idiot mind,
Yet to the poor unreas'ning boy
God had not been unkind.

Old Sarah loved her helpless child
Whom helplessness made dear,
And life was everything to him
Who knew no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants, she understood
Each half artic'late call,
For he was every thing to her,
And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they lived,
Nor knew a wish beside,
But age at length on Sarah came,
And she fell sick and died.

He tried in vain to waken her,
He called her o'er and o'er;
They told him she was dead—the words
To him no import bore.

They closed her eyes and shrouded her,
Whilst he stood wond'ring by,
And when they bore her to the grave
He followed silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,
And sung the funeral stave,
And when the mournful train dispersed
He loitered by the grave.

The rabble boys that used to jeer
Whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watched him at the grave,
And not a word was said.

They came and went and came again,
And night at last drew on;
Yet still he lingered at the place
Till every one had gone.

And when he found himself alone
He quick removed the clay,
And raised the coffin in his arms,
And bore it swift away.

Straight went he to his mother's cot,
And laid it on the floor;
And with the eagerness of joy
He barred the cottage door.

At once he placed his mother's corpse
Upright within her chair,
And then he heaped the hearth and blew
The kindling fire with care.

She now was in her wonted chair,
It was her wonted place,
And bright the fire blazed and flashed,
Reflected from her face.

Then bending down he'd feel her hands,
Anon her face behold:
Why, mother, do you look so pale—
And why are you so cold?

And when the neighbors on next morn
Had forced the cottage door,
Old Sarah's corpse was in the chair,
And Ned's was on the floor.

It had pleased God from this poor boy
His only friend to call:
Yet God was not unkind to him,
For death restored him all!

Shooting Stars.

There was a man who, when the stars were complaisant below, used to rig up a telescope wherewith to study astronomy at a sixpence a squint.

One night as he was getting under way, I saw two Irish gentlemen taking observations of his movements. Both were policemen.

"Jamie," said one, "what in the world is yon fellow after with his machinery?"

"Whist, ye spalpeen," whispered the other, "and sure can't ye see that it's an air-gun cannon that he's got. He's shooting stars he is.

"Hadn't we better be gettin' out ov the way, thin?" inquired his friend.

"Sure and it's not us," was the answer; "didn't ye ever hear of shooting stars?"

By this time the telescope man had arranged his instrument and squinted through it at the stars. The policemen gazed up likewise in wonder. Just then, by an odd chance, a large meteor shot down the sky.

"Bedad, he hit it—he's fetched it down," cried both the Paddies in one breath! Sure and that's the greatest shootin' I ever saw in my life!" But a sense of duty prevailed, and one of them at once rudely accosted the man of science:

"Ye'll jist stop that now, misther, ev ye please. The night is dark 'nough now, plinty, and if ye go on shootin' stars at that rate, we'll not find our way about the strate, sure."

And the telescope man had to pack up and be off.

☞ Slight changes make great differences. Dinner for nothing is very good fun; but you can't say as much of nothing for dinner.

☞ Why is a pair of skates like an apple? They have occasioned the fall of man.

What did Jack Frost say when he wooed the violet? Wilt thou.

Farmers' Column.

From the Maryland Farmer.

Agricultural Societies and Farmers' Clubs.

An esteemed correspondent who has had much experience in the matter of which he treats, admonishes us that it is important to the success of a State Agricultural Society that it should have the hearty support of the great bulk of the farming population, and that no Agricultural Society can either long or usefully exist unless all classes of farmers are largely represented in it. This is so obvious a truth, that no one will question either the importance of securing the adhesion of the farming community generally, to the State Agricultural Society, and their co-operation in its plans and purposes. It is not at all probable, however, that they can all of them be induced to become actual members of the State Society, but they can nevertheless be represented indirectly, and thus exert a most useful influence. They can form clubs and local societies in all parts of the State, and these clubs, by their affiliation with the State Society may be made to add largely to its usefulness. Our correspondent writes:

"If a few farmers will get together once a week and discuss the best way of raising a crop, or of raising stock, and each one tells his experience on the subject, they will be astonished at the number of new ideas which will be elicited during an evening's discussion. As the object is to tell one's experience and to have a friendly chat upon a given subject, the meetings may be of the most informal kind. A presiding officer, usually elected for the evening, a permanent secretary to keep the minutes—these are all the machinery necessary for some of the most charming meetings.

Perhaps a constitution of a very simple form, to be amended as circumstances might require, (such is the fashion just now) and a few by-laws—the fewer the better—might be of advantage in expediting the business of the meetings. A form is annexed:

CONSTITUTION OF THE —— CLUB.

1. The officers shall be a President and secretary.

2. The object of the Society shall be the mutual improvement of the members, by the weekly discussion of subjects connected with Agriculture.

3. All persons of good moral standing shall be members who sign this constitution.

4. The officers shall be elected monthly. The question for discussion shall be stated and adopted at a previous meeting, and the president shall assign some person to open the discussion. He may also call upon any member or members for their opinions and experience while the subject is under discussion. At the close a vote shall be taken declaring the sense of the club on the merits of the question.

5. At any meeting, articles, or animals may be brought forward for exhibition, previous notice having been given, so that competition and comparison may be encouraged.

6. An annual fair may be held by the members of the club at such time and place as may be agreed upon, and committees appointed to act as judges, and as managers, and such premiums may be awarded as will designate the opinion of the club upon the value or excellence of the article or animal exhibited."

We have two objections to urge to the above. The sixth article looks to the independent action of farmers' clubs in respect to an annual fair. This, of course, ignores entirely the State Agricultural Society, and sets up rival organizations, as it were, which would utterly destroy its usefulness. Each club, in our opinion, should be regarded as a branch of the State Society; should be represented at the meetings of the Society, and should vote with the Society in respect to the time and place of holding an annual fair, and should, in all respects, cordially co-operate with the State Society in promoting the interests of the farming population generally. The second point we make is, that besides each club being represented by a delegate or delegates, (as a club,) in the meetings of the State Society, every member of these clubs, who can afford it, should become a member of the Society, and by the payment of an annual fee, assist in providing for its support and maintenance in the best and most efficient manner.

To this we add: We will send the *Maryland Farmer* at half price to those clubs which organize, and which send us a brief note of the subjects discussed at their weekly meetings.

Not Afraid to Work.

The rain was pouring in the streets of a great city, when a poor-looking boy stopped at a printing office and asked to see Mr. Gay, the master of the house.

"Come in," replied a voice from within. Mr. Gay looked up as the door opened, and seeing the strange boy, he told him he would attend to him in a few minutes. Having finished his writing he asked his errand.

"Please, sir, do you want a boy in your printing office?"

"Why," said Mr. G., "I don't know but what we do. What can you do?"

"Anything, sir, that you have for me to do. I am not afraid to work."

"What is your name, and where do your parents reside?"

"My name, sir, is Harry Scott. My father and mother are both dead. I live with a woman who knew my mother. She is very kind to me; but she is poor, and she cannot keep me without work. I have tried at a great many places to get work; *but nobody wants poor boys.*"

"Have you no friend to recommend you?" asked Mr. Gay.

Harry looked down a moment, and turned his old cap round in his hand. His face brightened as he drew from his pocket a small, well-worn Bible. He handed it to Mr. Gay, saying—

"That will tell you, sir, of the *only* friend I have to recommend me. It was my mother's."

Mr. Gay took the book. On the first leaf was written:

"This is your mother's dying gift. Read it daily, my son, and the orphan's God will be your friend."

He closed the book and laid it on the table, and then said:

"Well, Harry, you may make a trial in my office. Come in the morning, and if you suit me, I will engage you; but I shall want you to sleep in the office till George is able to come back."

"Thank you, sir," said Harry, "I will be here early in the morning, and I will try to make myself useful."

Putting his Bible in his pocket, he started home with a happy heart.

For a long time Mr. Gay sat there where Harry had left him. He was thinking very seriously. The sight of that worn Bible and the marks he had seen in it, had awakened early memories. He, too, had once had a Christian mother. She had passed away long since. Yet her frequent counsels to "seek the Lord early" were sounding in his ears. Life's busy scenes and cares had caused him to forget her words. He thought of it long and bitterly; but even now business is claiming his time and attention, and the subject was again put off.

The next morning, Harry was at the printing office early, ready to make himself useful, as he said. By his active and willing obedience he soon made many friends.

He had been there about two weeks, when Mr. Gay gave orders for increased diligence in the office, as there was a large amount of work that must be finished in a few days. That night, before Harry went to sleep, he resolved to get up very early in the morning, so as to have everything in order early. "It is but little I can do," thought he; "but I will do what I can." And with this thought he soon fell asleep.

After a long time he got awake. It looked very dark. He thought it could not be near morning yet. He was just falling asleep when the clock struck five.

"Time to get up," thought he; and suiting the action to the word, he was soon dressed. He lighted his little lamp and read a chapter in his Bible, and then knelt a few moments by his bedside, to seek God's blessing on the day and its duties.

Upon going into Mr. Gay's room, he set to work to kindle the fire. Then he looked after the other fires, giving them the attention they needed before they began to sweep the office. He had nearly finished sweeping when he heard a step at the door, and looking around he saw Mr. Gay standing at the door.

"Well, my boy, how is this, that you are up so early? It is but little more than five o'clock."

"Why, sir," said Harry, "I heard you say you had a great deal to do, and I am going to help all I can."

"Well, well," said Mr. Gay, "I see you told the truth when you said you were not afraid to work. What made you think of getting up?"

"That everything might be ready early, sir," he answered, "There is one verse in my Bible that I love to think of every day, and I think *it helps me to do right.* It is this: 'Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'"

"A faithful boy will become a good and useful man," said Mr. Gay, as he passed into his room. "Strange," thought he, "how that boy seems to live out what the Bible teaches. I *must* try to seek an interest in it myself." For two hours, business was set aside, that he might seek after lasting good.

Let us hope that the example of Harry may continue to be blessed.

Singular Transformation.

A well known mining engineer, who is vouched for as being a man of talent and education, of cool and methodical temperament, and about thirty years of age, has become, most unexpectedly to himself the hero of a nine days' fit of wonderment on the part of the Parisians, from the fact that his hair, black, and usually luxuriant, has been whitened in a single night under the impression of a dream.

"We should not give space to the narrative of this singular adventure," says the editor of the *Press*, in whose columns the incident was originally mentioned, "were it not that Mr, C—— is personally well known by us as a truthful and honorable man, and has himself furnished us with the account we publish, affirming on oath the absolute exactness of every detail therein given."

From the account thus given to the public it appears that M. C——, when inspecting certain mineral tracts in Brittany, stopped one night at a little roadside inn a few hundred yards distant from a mine which he had never seen, but which he purposed visiting next day. Having walked many miles in the course of the day, M. C——, on reaching the inn, felt very tired. He accordingly went to bed early, and fell asleep at once and dreamed, he asserts, the following dream: He thought that he had just been appointed to the managership of the mine in question, and he was busy in superintending the work of the miners when the owner of the mine appeared on the ground. This man, rough and ill bred, addressed the new manager rudely, reproaching him with his inactivity, adding:

"Instead of standing there, with your arms folded, seeing other men work, you would do better to go down into the mine and draw the plan of it as you engaged to do."

"I will go down and begin the drawings at once," replied the young engineer, hurt and annoyed at the manner of his employer.

Placing himself forthwith in the basket, he ordered the men at the windlass to let him down into the mine. This was done, the basket reached the bottom; and then, summoning a couple of workmen to precede him with their lamps, he explored the various galleries of the mine, and having made a plan of the workings, returned to the bottom of the shaft, got into the basket, and gave the signal for the ascent. As he placed himself in the basket he remarked the great thickness of the rope which served to hoist it, and calculated that, the mine being unusually deep the ascent could scarcely be accomplished in less than an hour.

He had been ascending thus for two or three minutes when, chancing to raise his eyes, he espied what seemed to him an abrasion of the rope by which he was being drawn up. Startled by this appearance, he fixed his eyes on the portion of the rope which had attracted his attention, and saw distinctly that the rope was cut a few feet above his head, just out of reach of his hand. His terror at this discovery was such that he nearly fainted. Rousing himself by force of will, from the stupor of apprehension that had so nearly overcome him, he compelled himself to calmness, and set himself again to examine the rope. Perhaps he was mistaken; he would look again. But no; he was not mistaken.—The rope had rubbed against some projection of the rocky wall which hemmed him in, and its strands were untwisting slowly but visibly. At the injured point the thickness of the massive cable was already reduced to less than an inch.

The unfortunate man felt that his doom was sealed; the conviction of utter hopelessness of his position chilled him to the very marrow of his bones. He tried to call out, but his tongue seemed frozen.—Moreover, he felt that even if he could make himself heard (which was totally impossible, as he was now half way up,) no human aid could reach him. Looking upward, he could see the daylight at the mouth of the shaft, bright but distant, like a star. Gazing downward over the edge of the basket, at a depth that it made him dizzy and sick to look down to, he could see, like so many glow-worms, the lamps of the miners. And the basket, meantime, mounted higher every instant, the rope cracking audibly under the increasing strain of ascent. The unfortunate engineer saw clearly that there was no possibility of escaping the horrible fate awaiting him and could almost count the seconds that would elapse ere the breaking of the rope must precipitate him into the fearful void below. Such was the intensity of his anguish that he was tempted to abridge its duration by throwing himself down at once, instead of awaiting any longer the inevitable instant. As he hesitated, longing, yet fearing, to take the fatal leap, the basket reached the mouth of the shaft. With a loud cry he leaped from the basket awaking as he felt the solid earth beneath his feet. The horrible adventure was only a dream, but M. C—— was trembling, exhausted, bathed in perspiration, and incapable of making a movement or uttering a sound. After a time he recovered his self-command so far as to be able to ring for help. The people of the inn hastened to obey the summons, but could not at first recognize their customer of the preceding evening; for his luxuriant raven hair had become perfectly gray. And, stranger than even this physical evidence of the violence of the emotions he had undergone during his troubled slumbers, there lay upon his bed, evidently drawn by his own hand, a plan of the mine which he was to visit on the following day, but which he had never seen, and of whose internal arrangements he had no idea; and this plan, so unaccountably produced, proved, on examination of the mine, to be absolutely correct in every particular.

Contradictions and Oddities of the English Tongue.

The language is full of paradoxes — "Show me a fire," said a traveler to the landlord, "for I am very wet; and," he added, "bring me a mug of ale, for I am very dry." "You walk very slow," said a man to a consumptive. "Yes," he replied, "but I am going very fast."—Breaking both wings of an army is almost certain to make it fly; a general may win the day in a battle fought at night; a lawyer may convey a house, and yet be unable to lift a hundred pounds; a room may be full of married men and not have a single man in it; a traveler who is detained an hour or two may recover most of the time by making a minute of it; a man killed in a duel has at least one second to live after he is dead; a fire goes out and does not leave the room; a lady may wear a suit out the first day she gets it, and put it away at night in as good a condition as ever; a school master with no scholars may yet have a pupil in his eye; the bluntest man in business is generally the sharpest one; Ananias, it is said, told a lie, and yet he was borne out by the by-standers; catapillars turn over a new leaf without much moral improvement; oxen can only eat corn with the mouth, yet you may give it to them in the ear; food bolted down is not the most likely to remain on the stomach; soft water is often caught when it rains hard; high words between men are frequently low words; steamboat officers are very pleasant company, and yet we are always glad to have them give us a wide berth; a nervous man is trembling, faint, weak—a man of nerve, and a nervous style is strong, firm, vigorous.

Our phrases are not designed to be construed too liberally. *Punch* tells us of a man arrested for attempting to damage the river Thames. What was the man doing? He was trying to pull up the stream. So Joseph's brethern have been excused for putting him into the pit, because they thought it was a good opening for a young man. A person who holds fast to the truth so literally that he never lets it escape him, is not to be commended any more than the man who takes the part of a friend when the action refers to a pudding and not to a quarrel. Daphne of old was turned into a tree, now-a-days a horse is turned into a field.

Two or three words are strung together, and instead of retaining their combined meaning, acquire a new signification.—How differently is action described in scouring a forest and scouring a floor; in skimming the sea and skimming milk; in breaking a dish, breaking a colt, and breaking a commandment; in catching a train, and catching a cold; in falling into a ditch, and falling in love, falling in your own estimation, and falling in with a friend, or fall—out of a carriage. This peculiarity of our words is what renders you so liable to read in the funny column of your newspaper of the person who, in an explosion of grief, burst into tears, and whose remains have not been found; or who carried out a project and was obliged to bring it back again; or who kept his word, and so had quarrel with Noah Webster, who wanted it for his Dictionary; or who courted an investigation and was wedded to his own opinions; or who got off a speech, and has since been trying to get on again, having found that his train of remarks was not the right one; or who, being hemmed in by a crowd, has since been troubled with a stitch in his side; or who was lost in slumber, and after wandering a long time in his own mind, finally got on a nightmare.

What do we mean by the awkward everyday question, "How do you do?" What do we mean when we speak of "old times," knowing as we do that what we call "old times," were really the new and young times, and that the present is the true old age of the world? Has any debating society ever decided whether a house burns up or down? What do we mean when we say, as we often do, that we will do a thing in no time? We have no occasion to laugh at the mistakes of foreigners when we are so continually misunderstanding each other. Said Richard Brindsley Sheridan to his wild son Tom: Take a wife, Tom, and reform." "With all my heart," said Tom, "whose wife shall I take?" The joke reappeared in this city only the other day in a new suit of clothes. An enterprising young man said he was going to start a newspaper. "Which of the papers are you going to start?" asked his friend. A wag, with a fine appreciation of the ambiguities of words, once asked a man, "How many knaves do you suppose live in this street beside yourself?" "Besides myself! do you mean to insult me?" "Well then," replied the wag, "How many do you reckon including yourself?" To show a man may be misled by the forms of language—how he may desire to say one thing and really say the opposite, the story may be mentioned of the gentleman who, speaking in the company of ladies of the want of personal attractions of some other ladies of their acquaintance, said: "They are the ugliest women I know—present company always excepted." A furrier, having facilities for renovating old furs, advertised in a perfectly grammatitical manner: "Capes, victorines, etc., made up for ladies out of their own skins." I may also mention the editor who, desiring to compliment a friend, wrote: "He is a clear thinker, a ready and vigorous writer, and first-rate fellow to boot." The convention of Bloomer damsels who "resolved," emphatically, "to wear short dresses or nothing;" the circular of a lady teacher, which spoke of her character and the "reputation for teaching she bears;" and the advertisement of a concert director who announced that a variety of songs might be expected, too tedious to mention.

It is noticeable in our language how a word, by changing its grammatical character, will also change its sense. This is seen in a stanza, in which a farmer wonders

"Putting all reports together,
Relative to barley, wheat and hops,
Whether the crops will weather the weather,
Or the weather will crop the crops."

So also with the singular and plural of a word, for a man may have much manner and yet have no manners. Changes in grammatical character may take place while the sense remains similar. Nouns often do duty as verbs. "What part of speech is man?" said a teacher to a sailor boy. "A verb, sir," he replied. "A verb, is it?" said the teacher, with a significant twinkle of the eye; "will you please give an example?" "Man the yards," replied the boy. Mr. Tapely's proof of the saline proposition so far as related to himself, is less direct, but not less amusing. "If ever there was a verb," he remarks, "I'm for it, for I'm always a being, continually doing, and most o' the time a sufferin'." So you salt your meat, smoke your beef, and bridge a chasm.—Verbs become nouns, as a long pull, a fine swim, a hard freeze. Adjectives become nouns; as when a lady calls a man a little dear, a great silly, or an old disagreeable. Sometimes, indeed, in the mouths of the fair sex, a noun is a better descriptive than an adjective, as a duck of a man, a love of a bonnet.

It may further be noticed that though 'caterers' is right, 'batterers' is wrong; that though a man from Lapland is a Laplander, yet a man from Michigan is not a Michigander, nor a lady from that State a Michigoose; though a nailer is one who makes nails, a tailor is not one who makes tails—unless they be coat tails; and tho' a wavelet is a little wave, a little bullet is not a little bull, nor a hamlet a little ham.

The Illinois Journal asks if we can throw any light on kissing. We don't want to. It's just as well in the dark.

☞ Why do honest ducks dip their heads under water? To liquidate their little bills.

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