The Chestertown Transcript.

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THE
Chestertown Transcript
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Office, Court Street.

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

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

Advertisements

Of TEN LINES Bourgeois (or its equivalent in space) or less, will be inserted three times for One Dollar: Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. One square three months, three Dollars: Six months, five Dollars: One Year, eight Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

JOB PRINTING.

Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

SUITABLE FOR

STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. ☜

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.

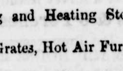
They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and 0 Pratt & Davis; No. 4 Wiley, and two-furrowed Plows of excellent model, and not surpassed in smoothness or temper by any made or used in this State.

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 Buchelder. 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 ORÉIDE 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.

JAS. I. BARTON,
(Successor to C. B. KEYWORTH,)
Late of J. P. Hartman,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 276 West Baltimore St.
BALTIMORE.

OUR Stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings of every grade, style and texture, which we are prepared to make up at reasonable prices, and in every variety of style to suit the occasion or taste of the wearer.

All Goods and Garments warranted to be what they are represented, or returnable at the pleasure of the purchaser.

☞ The citizens of Kent and the Eastern Shore counties are requested to give him a call. March 11, 1865.

CHEAP CORNER
BOOT AND SHOE STORE!



At the Cheap Corner you will find a splendid assortment of Boots & Shoes, City manufactured, much lower than any other Store in Town.

Call and examine our Stock.

H. W. VICKERS,
Feb. 10, 1866—tf. Cheap Corner.

The Poet.

The Old Game of Chess.

"A mate! a mate!" a maiden cried,
On a pleasant summer's day,
When, with her lover by her side,
They joined in rival play—
In rival play, in glorious chess,
The noblest of all games,
Whose ivory images possess
Such very royal names.

"A mate! a mate," she wildly said,
As, with impetuous haste,
Her Queen across the board she sped,
And by his monarch placed.
So confident she seemed to be,
Such boldness in her mien,
She did not for a moment see
His King could take her Queen.

"A mate! a mate!" at last she cried,
"Yes, 'tis a mate I see,
But only such, my darling pride,
As I would have from thee!"
He said, and round her lovely form
His manly arm he pressed,
Till she unto his passion warm
An answering love confessed.

"A mate! a mate!" young Cupid sang,
As through the room he flew;
"This may be chess, but yet, I guess,
'Tis nothing very new!
The olden game, whate'er its name,
Is still the same, I see—
When woman sweet, and man compete,
There's sure a mate to be."

A Romantic Story.

Bayard Taylor's Strange Friend a Verity—Locality of the Incident.

Bayard Taylor in the January number of the Atlantic Monthly tells a story entitled "The Strange Friend," from which it appears that in the year 1815 an Irish family, giving the name of Donnelly, settled in the neighborhood of London Grove, in Chester County, Pennsylvania. The family consisted of father, mother, two sons and two daughters. All the family except one daughter, used the language and wore the garb of the Society of Friends. They regularly attended London Grove meeting, and the head of the family, Henry Donnelly, took his seat among the preachers and elders, and frequently preached. They remained in the neighborhood several years. In the course of time the eldest son, DeCourcey, lost his heart to a pretty Presbyterian girl of an adjoining neighborhood, and against his father's wishes, but not his commands, became engaged to her. The natural sequence of this state of affairs was prevented by the young man unfortunately breaking his neck. Alice, the daughter who had conformed in dress and language to the manners of the Society of Friends, appears also to have given her heart into the keeping of a Quaker lad intimate with the family.

One summer day, shortly after the death of DeCourcey, while the Donnelly family were at meeting, a stranger rode up to the meeting-house and waited for the meeting to break. As soon as Henry Donnelly came out of the house the stranger darted forward, and seizing him by the hand and falling on one knee, cried, "O, my lord! my lord! Glory be to God that I've found ye at last."

Donnelly was so much surprised that he shocked the pious Friends by exclaiming: "The divel! Jack O'Neil can that be you."

It turned out that the *soi disant* Henry Donnelly, the Quaker preacher, was Lord Dunleigh, an Irish lord, who had been compelled to abandon his estate by the embarrassments brought about by his early extravagance, and that Jack O'Neil was his steward, who managed his estate during the self-imposed exile of Lord Dunleigh, and by careful management cleared it of its encumbrances, and so interested a relative of the Dunleighs in the family, that he had, at his death, left them a fortune which enabled them to resume their former life. The family immediately left London Grove and returned to their old home, leaving behind them the broken hearted Joel Bradbury, who still mourns the loss of his Alice, and carrying with them their almost equally broken hearted daughter.

The story is a strange and romantic one; and though somewhat embellished by the pen of the gifted author, who, for the first time, tells it to the world, it is, we learn, in the main, true. There are some old Friends still living, who remember the nine days' wonder it caused in the quiet neighborhood, and around some old Chester County fire-sides the story is still told by old Friends as it was told to them by the ones now dead and gone, who had a vivid recollection of all the events, even of the profane exclamation made by Henry Donnelly when he recognized Jack O'Neil, and which so shocked the good Friends who had sat and listened to his ministry, nothing doubting that the words which fell so slowly and deliberately from his lips were put into his heart by that inspiration, a belief in which is one of the peculiar tenents of their sects.—*Record.*

Protecting the Rich and oppressing the Poor.

As an instance of the way the new tariff discriminates in favor of the rich and against the consumer of moderate means, may be mentioned the item of woolen coatings. While the duty is raised from fifty-six to sixty-five per cent. on cloth costing $2.40 per yard in gold, it is raised from seventy-three to ninety-seven per cent. on cloth costing but $1.08 per yard; and on cloth costing $2.60 per yard in gold, the duty is sixty-nine per cent., while the cloth costing eighty cents in gold has to pay a duty of eighty-six per cent.

Farmers' Column.

Keep all the Stock you Can.

The Massachusetts Ploughman in discoursing upon the above subject gives the following excellent and truthful remarks, which should be heeded by all our readers:

"There is no way to keep up a farm so readily, or so well, as by keeping all the stock it will fairly carry, in order to produce the largest possible amount of good manure. Something may be done with artificial manures to be sure, but they are to be considered rather as stimulants to the immediate crops, than as means of keeping up the permanent fertility and condition of the land. We believe in stocking a farm pretty nearly up to its utmost capacity. We do not mean by this to recommend a farmer to keep more than his farm will carry well, but to keep as much, and if he has to supplement a little, that is, to buy more or less grain or hay to help out a rather short crop, he had better do this than to sell his hay for want of stock enough to consume it. In other words, it is better to sell the produce of the farm on four legs, than to sell it in the form of hay and grain, unless he has some other and extraordinary means of supplying a full equivalent in the form of fertilizers, that will keep up the condition of the land.

We have seen hay sold in the barn in the country, within a week, at thirty-three dollars a ton, and that too, more than forty miles from Boston. Of course the temptation is very strong "to let slide" at such a price, rather than to feed it out to an ordinary stock of cattle. No one would pretend to say it is worth that money to feed to common stock. Cattle ought to be of a high and first rate quality to justify an expectation that it will pay that to feed out. And yet it is probable that it will go higher instead of lower in the course of the winter. But we must look ahead a little and see where we are likely to land. Manure is high as well as hay, and when we begin to look about to see how we are to supply the place of a large heap of good barn yard manure in the spring it is not easy to tell how to do it at any reasonable price. The good farmers of Connecticut valley, many of whom we know personally, find it for their interest to buy a large amount of stock in the fall, and to buy grain from the West at high prices to feed out to it for the sake of the manure. They may lose on the stock. It may sell for less in the spring, or, at any rate, for little more than they paid for it in the fall. They look to the crop which they can produce with the manure, to take up any loss they may sustain on the stock, and having tried it year after year, they do not look in vain. They have learned to put confidence in manure, and every farmer who expects to prosper must learn the same lesson. Manure is the basis of the farmer's prosperity, and stock is the fertile source of manure.

It is, therefore, a short-sighted policy to sell hay if it is possible to consume it on the place with good, thrifty, growing stock. Much of the stock in our barns is not of this description, we are sorry to say. Some of it will pay and pay well. Some of it will consume a good deal of hay and not pay at all. There is a vast difference between the two classes of stock in this respect. A cow that is really worth from seventy-five to a hundred dollars will pay better in the long run for the food she consumes than a cow that is really worth only forty or fifty dollars. In many cases a farmer had better pay even more than the higher price, than to take the lower priced animal as a gift. The percentage of profit on the one will be large, even with the present high prices of hay and fodder of all kinds. The other will pay no percentage whatever, and it may even cost about as much as she is worth to fatten her. What we need more than any thing in our New England system of farming is a higher and more profitable class of stock. We are gradually coming to it. Twenty years of the present enterprise and spirit of improvement will make a great change, and the plan we suggested of stocking our state and town farms with pure bred stock will contribute more to bring about this result than any other that we can devise. Keep good stock, keep it well, and winter as much of it as you can winter well. It will pay better than to sell hay.

Soot as a Manure.

Every owner or occupant of a house has a considerable quantity of soot at command, the presence of which in the stove-pipe or chimney is often the cause of destructive fires, causing sometimes loss of property and life. Soot is one of the most valuable manures, and nothing but the most culpable carelessness and indifference will suffer it to remain a standing menace to life and property, when it can be easily removed and turned to good account in the field or garden. Twelve quarts of soot in a hogshead of water will make a powerful liquid manure, which will improve the growth of flowers, garden vegetables, or root crops. In either a liquid or solid state it makes an excellent top-dressing for grass or cereal crops.

☞ An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and was operating on the exposed portion of the urchin's person with great vehemence, when the young one dug into the parental legs with his venomous little teeth.

"Blazes! what are you biting me for?"

"Well, dad, you begined this here war."

Useful to Writers.

When the pen has been written with, and appears spoiled, place it over a light (a gaslight for instance) for a short time—say a quarter of a minute—then dip it in water, and it will again be in good condition to write with. Also any new pen which is too hard to write with will become softer with being heated in the same way.

Fireside Story About Honesty.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the way-side, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave the half to the boy. "Not so, father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me, and you must be very hungry; I shall wait until you are done." "You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father, "your love for me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of your's remind me of your dear mother who has left us, and who told you to love me as she used to do; and indeed, my boy you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn now to eat." "Thank you, father; but break this piece in two, and take you a little more; for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do." "I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy; but eat I shall not. I have abundance; and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall he not give us all other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies."

The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, and commenced their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several large pieces of gold, of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasury, when he was pulled back by his father. "My son 'my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not ours." "But whose is it, father, if not ours?" "I know not as yet to whom it belongs; but probably, it was put there by the baker, through some mistake. We must inquire. Run."

"But father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf." But I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him; remember Him who told us to do to others as we would have others to do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us; but this is no reason why we should try and cheat him. I am poor, indeed; but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own son, oh! let us share also his goodness and trust in God. We may never be rich but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, trust in God, 'and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame,' now run to the baker, and bring him here; and I shall watch the gold until he comes."—So the boy ran to the baker. "Is it thine?" asked the father. "If it is take it away." "My father, Mr. baker, is very poor, and —"Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money."—The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and upon the gold that lay glittering upon the green turf. "Thou art indeed an honest fellow," said the baker, "and my neighbor, David, the flax-dresser, spoke but the truth when he said, thou wert the most honest man in town. Now I shall tell thee about the gold: A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the most honest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me, as a customer, this morning; and thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee as thou knowest, for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf, with all its treasure —and truly, it is not small—is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it." The poor father bent his head to the ground, while tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hands about his neck, and said, "I shall always like you, my father, trust God, and do what is right for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

Puritan Hospitality.

The Richmond *Times* relates the following incident, illustrative of the hospitality of the Puritans of New England:

A Southern clergyman of great eminence was invited some weeks ago to the house of a lawyer of distinction in a Northern city. In the midst of an animated conversation with the family, dinner was announced.

"My dear Mr. S.," said the hospitable lawyer, "our dinner is ready and we must beg you to excuse us for a short time. Be good enough to glance at my library while we are dining."

The wife of our noble Yankee host was, however, so deeply interested in the eloquent discourse of the Southern clergyman, that she did not want to lose that intellectual treat, even while enjoying a more substantial repast. She therefore offered the following amendment to the proposition of her husband:

"Perhaps, Mr. S., you would prefer sitting by the fire in the dining room, and continuing your interesting and edifying remarks while we are eating our dinner."

The clergyman, however, having the carnal weakness of his cloth for a good dinner, declined both of these hospitable invitations and returned to his hotel in a frame of mind not exactly seraphic.

☞ A Virginia negro boy, who professed to be dreadfully alarmed at the cholera, took to the woods to avoid it, and was there found asleep Being asked why he went to the woods, he said:

"To pray."

"But," said the overseer, "how is it that you went to sleep?"

"Don't know, massa, 'zactly," responded the negro, "but 'spect I must have overprayed myself!"

"Trade is a Little Dull."

We find the following spicy but truthful little sketch in the *Boston Commercial Bulletin*. It forcibly illustrates the fact that "trade is a little dull," and also that that portion of the business community known as "drummers," or commercial travelers, despite their almost inexhaustible resources and invention, are often obliged to yield to the pressure of those stagnant times. The *Bulletin* says:

One of these gentlemen who has recently returned from a trip for Thistle Bros. & Co., of this city, did not show a very large exhibit of orders to balance the liberal expense account allowed him by the firm, and Mr. Thistle, after looking over his return, said:

"Mr. Rataplan, I am afraid you do not approach the dealers in the right way; I used to be very successful in this line. Now just suppose me to be Mr. Bigher, of Sellout, Ill., and show me the way you introduce the house."

Accordingly Rataplan stepped out of the counting room and re-entered, hat in hand, inquiring, "Is Mr. Bigher in?"

"That is my name," said Thistle, urbanely.

"My name is Rataplan, sir; I represent the house of Thistle Bros. & Co., of Boston." Thistle, in his character of Western merchant, here rose, offered the salesman a chair, and expressed his pleasure at seeing him.

"I am stopping with Overcharge, at the Stickem House, and have a fine unbroken lot of samples, which I should like to show you; think we can offer you some special advantages, &c." And Rataplan delivered himself of a neat speech in professional style.

"Very well, very well," said Thistle; "I don't see but that you understand the way to get at customers."

"Excuse me, Mr. Thistle," said Rataplan, "I am afraid you do not understand the style of Western merchants just now; suppose you exchange places with me and we repeat this rehearsal."

"Certainly," said Thistle, and picking up his hat, he stepped out. Returning, he found Rataplan with his chair tilted back, his hat cocked fiercely over his right eye, his heels planted on Thistle's polished desk, and a lighted cigar between his teeth.

Thistle looked a little staggered, but nevertheless he commenced—

"Is Mr. Bigher in?"

"Yes, he is," responded Rataplan, blowing a cloud of pure Connecticut into Thistle's eyes, "Who in —— are you?"

"I represent the house of Thistle Bros. & Co., said the astonished employer, coughing out about a quart of smoke from his throat.

"The blazes you do; are you one of that concern?"

"No, sir, I am not," said Thistle.

"Well, its d—d lucky for you that you are not, for I've had two drummers to one customer in my store for the last two months, and if I could get hold of one of the blasted fools that send 'em out here at this time, I'm durned if I wouldn't boot him clean out of the town of Sellout."

"That'll do, that'll do, Mr. Rataplan," said Thistle, "I have no doubt you did the best you could for the interest of the house. Trade *is* a little dull."

An Editor's Life.

An editor's work is never done. He is called upon to furnish others not only with ideas but brains as well. He has every one to please, and struggles hard to accomplish this end. Yet the difficulties are so great he rarely succeeds. The editor of the Ohio *State Journal* is thoroughly sound on this point, and in discussing it says with truth: somebody will always be found to find fault with him, either for what he publishes or else for what he leaves out. It is a singular fact that the articles a writer considers his best are frequently passed over by the reader without notice while another which costs little labor and is considered of little consequence, is extensively reprinted. The editor must never follow his own taste; if he does, he pleases himself alone. He may feel an intense disgust for "horrible accidents"—a large share of his readers crave them as a person with disordered stomach does unwholesome food. He may be nauseated by marvellous stories—many of his readers will leave his profoundest discussions of political principles (or want of principle) unread, for a story of some monstrosity. The politician wonders why he has no exhaustive leader on the taxation of town-pumps: if he has a stunning article on that subject every body else wonders so uninteresting a matter was allowed to occupy so much valuable space. Young gentlemen just beginning to discover the shadow of a coming event on the upper lip think it a doosid boah that there is not more nice poetry; ladies would like to see something about the newest thing in bonnets; old Centpercent wants to know the state of the markets, as also does our friend Dandie Dinmont, who has cattle for sale. The Rev. Mr. Sleek thinks we are ruining the morals of the rising generation by publishing accounts of horse races, base-balls, and other wickednesses; old Miss Prim wants to hear some lovely scandal, elopement or suicide; Farmer Broadacres wants to know the best breed of sheep; and the farmer's wife and pretty daughters want to read a nice story. All these different tastes and a thousand others have to be gratified. Everybody may get the particular thing he wants, yet he is dissatisfied and distressed, because there is something in the paper he don't want, never dreaming that the something is the very thing another will read with the greatest delight.

☞ Grape-vines should be carefully pruned during this month, as at a later period they would be seriously injured by the profuse flow of sap.

The Newspaper a Power.

The Press is the motive power that moves the world. Its influence is beyond dispute, and its agency is accepted by all. The following very able article on this subject we copy entire from one of our exchanges:—

"The press is an educational force of wonderful potency. The humble and unpretending newspaper that comes every week into a dwelling, contributes imperceptibly but certainly to the intellectual growth of all the people therein. Indeed, it is not difficult, in the obscurer walks of life to detect what kind of newspapers a man regularly reads by the opinions he draws, and the methods by which he states and defends them. Some men who pass for more than ordinarily intelligent and thoughtful know very little except what they have learned from the newspapers. Nay, let any one sit down and deliberately pass in review his stock of knowledge, accurately discriminate what he is indebted to the newspaper for, and what he acquired through other sources, and he will be surprised to find how large are his obligations to the public journals. An uncommonly shrewd observer of men, and one personally acquainted with most of the eminent of his day, remarked that some of the most conspicious among them, radiant with genius and all other qualities requisite to constitute great leaders, were mainly newspaper men; that is, they relied throughout long and brilliant careers chiefly upon newspapers for facts suggestive of ideas, and largely for the discussions whereby the real and apparent were separated from each other.

"It may be said, moreover, that newspapers manufacture more great men than are made by any other process. It is a matter of notoriety that very few public men, upon deliberate hearing and actual review, bear any fair proportion to the reputation they enjoy. Many men for whom nature has done better, and art less, have a colossal fame, which will not bear to be examined too closely. In these cases the difference between the real and the imaginary is the product of newspaper laudation. The public may not feel under obligations to the press in this matter, but the fortunate individuals who reach high positions through this expenditure if in it have abundant reason to prove that *the newspaper is a power.*

How to bring up Children.

There are two things parents should do for their children—give them good instructions and set them a good example. It seems that there is a tendency to get the children religious earlier than they should be. Oh, my child! Why, children are in a little paradise now, and when a child becomes accustomed to talk honestly of being so sinful and so wicked, we may be sure that child won't live long. Let the children have their story-books, their fairy-books; don't continually cram them with "good books." There is a Baptist magazine sent to me for my reading and for my children, and if the editor of that magazine has been its editor long, I wonder he is not an imbecile. Keep what you call "good books" away from the children—and I mean such books as this missionary magazine. Let them alone to their merriment. The Bible says something about the merriment of a child being better than medicine. A deacon in my church—you needn't be alarmed, brethren; it was a church out West—told me that when he was a boy he was kept so strictly on Sunday, or from Saturday night to sundown on Sunday; that he used to stand and watch the sun go down on Sunday night with the greatest pleasure. I heard, too, of a woman who was so very good she used to tie her boy up to a bed post on Sunday while she went to church, and made him learn the hymn beginning—

"Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love."

Really, my friends, we need sit down at the feet of little children and learn of them faith, contentment, frankness, and truthfulness.—*Rev. Gallaher.*

I Can and I Will.

O, how I like those words, "I can and I will!" They are words of magic; they put to flight the hosts of phantoms and hobgoblins which fear conjures up around us in moments of hesitation; they reduce giant enemies to ordinary foes; they level mountains, valleys, and make straight paths for the feet. Would you be victors, write them upon your banners and like the vision of Minerva, which made Achilles tremble, they will shake the knees of all your enemies. Ye mothers, at your cradles teach them to your children, and bid the first pulsations of their little hearts beat music to them. These words, "I will not let thee go till thou bless me," inspired mortal to struggle with immortal powers. Fathers, breathe resolution into your sons; then, though you put them unarmed, unfriended, unshod, into this wide world, they will see their way to wealth and honor. Launch them upon the stormy ocean, they will exact a rich revenue from its billows; exile them to the wilderness, and they will press milk and honey from its rocks.—*Dr. Thompson.*

☞ A father came home from his business at early evening, and took his little girl upon his knee. After a few dove-like caresses, she crept to his bosom and fell asleep. He carried her himself to her chamber, and said: "Nellie would not like to go to bed and not say her prayers." Half opening her large blue eyes, she dreamily articulated—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord—"

then adding, in a sweet murmur, "He knows the rest," she sank on her pillow, in His watchful care who "giveth his beloved sleep."

By suffering we may avoid sinning; but by sinning we cannot avoid suffering.

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