The Chestertown Transcript.

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THE
Chestertown Transcript
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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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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, 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.

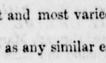
They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and Pratt & Davis; No. 4 Wiley, and two-furrowed Plows of excellent model, and not surpassed in smoothness or temper by any made or used in this State.

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.

$90 A MONTH!—AGENTS wanted for *six entirely new articles*, just out. Address O. T. GAREY, City Building, Biddeford, Me. May 12—y.

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

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.

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 HERMIT.

'Twas in a wood, one summer day,
And in a hollow, ancient trunk,
I shut me from the world away
To live as lives a hermit monk.

My cell a ghostly sycamore;
The limbs and trunk were dead with age—
Decay has carved the mossy door
That looked into my hermitage.

All day the woodland minstrels sang,
Small feet were in the leaves astir,
And often o'er my doorway rang
The tap of a blue-winged visitor.

Afar the stately river swayed,
And poured itself in giant swells,
While here the tiny brooklet played,
And gaily rung its liquid bells.

My drink, that brooklet's limpid flood—
But my contentment made it wine;
And oft I proved what kingly food
Grew on the world-forgotten vine.

And then the night came down sublime,
And filled the earth, and reached the stars,
As if Eternity and Time
Were drowning their dividing bars.

The time passed on, till, one fair dawn,
I saw, against the eastern fires,
A visionary city drawn,
With dusky lines of domes and spires!

The wind in sad and fitful spells,
Blew o'er it from the gates of morn—
Till I could clearly hear the bells
That rang above a world forlorn.

And well I listened to their tone,
And deeply pondered what they said,
Till I arose—I would be gone—
I went while yet the day was red.

My 'wakened heart for utterance yearned;
The clamorous wind had broke the spell;
I needs must tell what I had learned
Within my simple woodland cell.

Farmers' Column.

Deep Ploughing.

If you are tired of working the old farm, and want a *new* one; instead of going 2000 miles after it in the far west, we advise such to take the one offered to them, immediately *under* the one they have been cultivating, and for which no extra title-deeds or payments are necessary. It is an entirely new farm, and virgin soil, on which there has not been even a squatter since the country was first settled. To those who doubt of there being any strength in this yellow and *apparently* sterile subsoil, 14 *inches* under the surface, we would ask an explanation of the enriching and extraordinary effects of yellow soil from the bottom of a well 12 to 15 *feet* deep. We have known white clover to grow most luxuriantly, after this was spread over the surface, where none had grown before. Every farmer must have seen such results himself. We know of one person who had a most extraordinary growth of oats after earth from the digging of a cellar, five feet deep, had been spread *one foot thick*. There must therefore be *something* of value in it.

We are warm friends, both from theory and practice, of the Double Michigan or Sod and Subsoil Plough. Most of our readers know this to consist of two ploughs on a single beam, the small one in front of the other, in operating, taking off about five inches of the surface soil, letting the binder plough lift and put immediately on top of this, seven to nine inches deeper. "But" say some, "would it not be better merely to *stir and loosen* this, without bringing so much yellow stuff to the top?" Our answer is, No; if it was rich soil, we might let it lay there, and the roots would find it; but being *comparatively* poor, we cannot *afford* this, but must have it on the surface, where we can control it, pulverize and aerate it, and avail ourselves of its absorbent power—the power of *drawing* on the fertilizing gases of the atmosphere. *We want* inversion, and not merely stirring; our object and intention being to get a depth of what is popularly called soil, fourteen inches, at least, *as* black and *as* good, in every particular, as the present four or five inches, and to obtain this in the shortest possible time. We want a large reservoir of plant food. Our practice therefore is to plough with the Double Michigan, for corn, 14 inches deep. We stimulate in the hill the early growth of the corn in its rather cold seed-bed, but the roots soon find their way down to the surface soil which had been inverted, and before the growing season is over the crop has taken root downward and sprang upward, untouched and unaffected by drought, and yielding heavy returns of bright glazed, heavy, well-ripened ears, as if the roots had been fairly revelling in the profusion of their appropriate food. There are two other great advantages of ploughing 14 inches deep, in guarding against the effects of excessive drought or too much rain, either of which is injurious to the growth of plants. In a very wet season the super-abundant moisture passes down instead of settling at the roots, to their great injury, and the ground, even after heavy rains, can soon be worked. In the event of a severe drought, the roots penetrate the sub-soil for moisture, which is drawn up by capillary attraction, and their growth is not interrupted. In the county where we reside, a friend once complained to us of the trouble he had got himself into by visitors stopping to inquire what was the matter with a certain portion of his corn field. As an experiment, in a corn-field along the road side he had caused his men to *dig* a few feet square to the depth of three feet. A drought ensued that summer, of great severity, so that the corn-fields in midsummer looked as brown as winter. The stalks were killed, but on the dug portion of the same soil, and in other respects under the same treatment, the corn continued growing through the season without interruption, and the green spot in a desert of dry corn-stalks attracted the attention of passers-by to know the reason. In the fall of the year he carefully traced corn roots to the depth of three feet. We have therefore to say that ploughing seven inches deep is good, ploughing and sub-soiling is better, and ploughing 14 inches with the Double Michigan and inverting the subsoil is best of all, connecting this, however, the first season with the proper use of fertilizers. *Practical Farmer.*

"Does God Love Beggars."

An old man knocked with his staff on a court-yard gate. Within the house, a happy family were clustered around a well-spread breakfast-table. The gate had been locked to keep intruders out.

A little girl, with a face as fair as a pippin apple-blossom, looked up on hearing the knock, and said—

"There he is again—the old beggarman. He comes every Monday morning, and you've never given him a crumb all winter. Do, now; he looks so pinched and hungry! May not I give him a cup of coffee? It is my birthday; please let me."

"No, no, Susie! If we give beggars coffee, we shall have a crowd around our gate every morning;"

"But, do, mamma, let Susie, just this once," asked little voices from all sides of the table; and even baby, who had not yet aspired to the second round year of his life, cried, "Div, mamma, div!"

"Oh, you are all beggars!" exclaimed the happy father. "Wife, we will risk the crowd, and let Susie give the coffee."

The mother smiled permission. The man still waited at the gate. He could see the breakfast-table quite plainly, and no head was shaken to bid him go on his way. Susie waited for the cup, and even begged an extra lump of sugar, wherewith to make more sweet the coffee.

Oh, how happy the delicious draught made the beggar-man! Susie could see the wrinkles fade out from his face, and smiles come in their places.

"It's many a weary morning," said he, "since I have tasted coffee. Tell your mother I thank her;" and, having caught up the last drop of the sweetness, the old man went on his way.

The family group separated and were soon occupied with their various interests. At mid-day, tired of play, weary of his horses, his carts, and his toys, little pet Arthur stole up to his mother and said, "Kiss me, mamma." The kiss was given. Arthur turned again to his toys; but he was soon at his mother's side. "Kiss me another time," he said. The child received kiss number two; but it was not many moments before the golden head returned and, with a plaintive tone, Arthur begged, "Do love me, mamma, and kiss me twenty times."

I am certain that the score of kisses were not counted by Arthur nor by his mother, as the lady gathered the boy in her arms and looked anxiously in his face to learn if he were ill.

Arthur lay quietly for some moments, and sleep seemed creeping in at his eyes; when suddenly the head of gold darted up from its place of rest, and, with eyes of blue fixed on his mother's face, he asked, "Mamma, you don't love beggars, do you?"

"I love you, Arthur."

"But old men and women with dirty faces, I mean, and ragged girls and boys who keep knocking at the door?"

"No, Arthur, I am afraid I don't love them."

"Mamma, does God love beggars?"

"He loves all the creatures that he has made."

"But beggars I mean—folks who keep teasing and teasing for things he don't want to give them?"

"I should think not."

"But I guess he does, mamma. *I guess God loves beggars*, for papa asks God every morning for just the same things, and every single night I beg God to keep me while I go to sleep; Susie, and Bennie, and Mary, asks him just the same. We are all beggars, and I think God loves us; for he always takes care of us, and he never locks up his court-yard gate; for if he did, he would'nt hear us."

Arthur fell asleep, the color deepening and deepening in his cheeks until they burned into a flame-like hue; and, two mornings later, a little beggar boy was admitted, for Christ's sake, into the kingdom of heaven.—*Child at Home.*

"I'll Mention it to Him."

Two young lawyers—Archy Brown and Thomas Jones—were fond of dropping into Mr. Smith's parlor, and spending an hour or two with his only daughter, Mary. One evening, when Brown and Mary had discussed almost every topic, Mr. Brown suddenly and in his sweetest tones struck out as follows:

"Do you think, Mary, you could leave father and mother, this pleasant home with all its ease and comforts, emigrate to the far West with a young lawyer, who has little besides his profession to depend upon, and with him find a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify, and make beautiful and happy like this?"

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she whispered:

"I think I could, Archie."

"Well," said he, "there is Tom Jones, who is going to emigrate, and wants to get a wife; I'll mention it to him."

Stewart, the Dry Goods Millionaire.

A sketch of Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, the New York dry goods millionarie, in the Atlantic Monthly, contains some interesting personal anecdotes, as follows:

Accident made him a merchant. Where he was to be in connection with an experienced business man to contribute capital he suddenly found himself principal alone, charged with the rent of a store, and with the whole responsibility devolving on him. With that indomitable will and wonderful energy which has marked his whole life he at once went back to Ireland, converted into money the moderate fortune which he had inherited, invested that fortune in goods—principally the laces which were manufactured at and around his birthplace—and then returned to New York and opened his store.

And in this connection may be mentioned an incident of touching interest—one of many showing, perhaps, somewhat of the Scotish blood in his veins, which, if it rarely forgives an enemy, never forgets a friend. A young lady whose acquaintance he had made said to him on the day preceding the opening of his store: "You must not sell anything on the morrow till I come and make the first purchase; for I will bring luck." True to her promise, she drove up in her carriage early in the day, and purchased goods to nearly $200 in value, principally of Irish laces. Long years passed; the lady married and removed with her husband to a European city. Mr. Stewart was in that city on business, and there learned that his first customer was still living, but in very reduced circumstances. Her husband was dead, but before his death had squandered her fortune. Procuring good apartments, he caused them to be furnished in a style corresponding with her former position in life. Then calling upon her and renewing his acquaintance, and after conversing on old times and former friends, asked her to take a drive with him around the city in his carriage, which stood at the door. After looking at some objects of interest he took her to the new residence, saying: "This, if it meets your approbation, is your future home." He settled an annuity upon her, and during the residue of her life she lived not only in comfort, but in comparative affluence, supported entirely by his bounty. Truly, if she brought luck to the young merchant, that first morning's purchase was a lucky one for her.

But there was another incident connected with the sale of merchandise on that first day, of far more importance in its results, though apparently trifling in its character. One of the clerks stated to a purchaser that a piece of calico was of a certain quality, that the colors were "fast" and would not wash out, and if not so, the article would be taken back and the money returned. The remarks were over heard by Mr. Stewart, and he called the clerk to him and spoke with indignation: "What do you mean by thus saying what you know to be untrue?" The clerk, perhaps astonished at thus being called to account, replied that the woman would not return the goods, and if she did she could easily be put off by stating that she must be mistaken, and the purchase must have been made at some other store. But no; that was not the point. A lie has been told to induce a purchase; and no goods must be sold in his store or in his name under any misrepresentation whatever. The clerk could conform to that rule or at once vacate his place. This interview between him and one of his first clerks was narrated to the writer a few years since when in a familiar conversation the direct question was asked: "To what do you attribute your great success as a merchant?" "That I have conducted my business from the first on the basis of *truth. Truth, truth*," he added, with great emphasis, "is the talismanic word; and if I have any one earthly wish or desire greater than another, it is that in this respect my example may be commended and followed by young men entering into business, and especially by young merchants?"

Truths for Wives.

In domestic happiness, the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's; for the one, the first cause—mutual love and confidence—being granted, the whole comfort of the household depends upon trifles more immediately under her jurisdiction. By her management of small sums, her husband's respectability and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakages of extravagance and mismanagement; and more is spent in trifles than women would easily believe. The one great expense, whatever it may be, is turned over and carefully reflected on, and the income is prepared to meet it; but it is pennies imperceptibly sliding away which do mischief; and the wife alone can stop, for it does not come within a man's province. There is often an unexpected trifle to be saved in every household.

It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those niceties which make a well-regulated house. An unfurnished cruet-stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled table cloth, a mustard pot with its old contents shaking hard and down about it, are really nothings, but each can raise an angry word and cause discomfort. Depend upon it, there is a great deal of domestic happiness about a well-dressed mutton chop, or a tidy breakfast table. Men grow sated of beauty, tired of music, are often too wearied for conversation, however intellectual, but they can always appreciate a well-swept hearth and smiling comfort.

A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the enchanted beauties of an Armida; but melancholy fact—if with these she fails to make his home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections, that without love, their existence is void. Better submit, then, to household tasks, however repugnant they may be to your tastes, than to doom yourself to a loveless home. Women of a higher order of mind will not run their risk; they know that their feminine, their domestic, are their first duties.

Music of Solomon's Temple.

The disentombing of the Assyrian sculptures and the deciphering of Assyrian and Egyptian inscriptians, have opened new fields of investigation in almost every department of knowledge. Among the branches of science which have shared in these discoveries, that of music has been benefited largely. The accounts of ancient musical instruments were vague, and our ideas, especially of Hebrew music, were confused, till recent sculptures and paintings have been brought to light which delineate the musical instruments of the early Oriental nations, and in a number of cases veritable specimens have been disentombed. Such, for example, is an Egyptian harp, found in Thebes with its strings yet perfect enough to vibrate again, after a silence of three thousand years.

The more recent investigations prove that the parent of all known musical science was Assyria. From the Assyrians, the Hebrews and the Egyptians, and indeed, all Eastern nations, derived their knowledge of music. The unveiled monuments show that at the time of Sennacherib, music was a highly cultivated art, and must have existed through generations. This polished nation used a harp of twenty-one strings, the frame of which was four feet high, which accompanied minstrel songs, or was borne in the dance. The lyre of tortoise shell, the double pipe, the trumpet, drum and bell, were common. Even of the bag-pipe representatives have been discovered, though none of stringed instruments like the violin played with the bow.

In all delineations of social or worshiping assemblies, musical instruments, very like our modern ones, have a prominent place. The Hebrew music, at the time of the Exodus, was purely Egyptian; but it was much modified subsequently by association with Asiatic nations. In the Temple of Jerusalem, according to the Talmud, stood a powerful organ, consisting of a wind chest with ten holes, containing ten pipes, each pipe capable of emitting ten different sounds by means of finger holes, so that a hundred sounds could be produced by it. It was provided with ten pair of bellows and ten keys, so that it could be played with the fingers. According to the Rabbins, it could be heard a great distance from the Temple.

A Sermon on Newspapers.

Rev. Brooke Herford of Manchester, England, recently preached upon the subject of newspapers to his congregation and from his discourse we extract the following:

"I cannot go (Mr. Herford begins) with that celebrated saying of Richard Cobden, that there is more to be learned from a sheet of the *Times*, than from all the histories of Thucydides. Yet, for all that, I hold their reading—their earnest and intelligent reading, mark you—as one of the essentials of life. Newspapers deal primarily with the realms of humanity, and they tell us what is going on in that realm at the present time. Is not this the primary requisite for a well-instructed life?—Surely it concerns us more closely to know about the world of man than to know about the world of matter—to learn what is doing in human history now than what has been done in former times. Of course there must be a great deal of trivality mixed up with the story of human life of to-day. This is simply inevitable. Time sifts out the petty details and leaves the larger features more conspicious; yet he is not a wise man who is impatient of all these details, and sneers at newspapers because of them. It does not seem to me to be a true and healthy culture which draws all a man's thoughts to abstract science and recondite learning, and leaves him ignorant of the great conflicts passing in the world around him, and impatient of the things which concern the practical welfare of the society in which he lives.—The worst of it is, that this contempt for newspapers is too often only a symptom of a deeper defect—a carelessness of the world and of man. I do not think this need be so. There is nothing necessarily incompatible between deep study in one special direction and a warm interest in what is going on in the living world.—From this, as the centre, stretch out your thought and interest and learning as far as you like, back to the childhood of our race, back into old geologic periods if you will, or away to the tiniest star that the telescope reveals, just glistening on the farthest verge of space. But first, and underlying all, are men and the world around you and—the newspaper.

"And let me especially urge the reading of a newspaper as a distinct means of self-culture upon women. It may sound strange at first, but I think it almost more important to women than to men, and for this reason; men going out into the world from day to day, are pretty sure to be swept up to the level of what is passing in it, whether they read the paper or not, but it is not so with women. They, in their quiet, household life, may go on for weeks hardly hearing a word of what is passing in the great world outside, and the little that they do hear conveying no living meaning to them. It think this is a great evil. It not only narrows the range of woman's life, but she loses a great deal of the happiness which would come of intellectual companionship and community of interest with men—with a father, brother, or a husband. Is it not too often the case that the wife and husband live, to some extent, in different worlds of thought and interest? Part of this may be attributed to man's incommunicativeness, but part of the cause lies deeper. It is because women are so seldom educated to take an interest in what is going on in the world around them, and are so unable, without tedious explanations, to enter into the news which each week brings from every quarter of the globe. I would put it to women not to depend on the expanations and comments of men, generally given, when at all, in brief phrases, but to read the newspaper as a distinct, to them especially important part of self-culture.—And read it aright, not by voting politics and foreign news a bore, but by keeping an open eye and an understanding mind for the passing history of nations and the great interests which are stirring the heart of the world. There are, on the other hand, things in the world, and they are related in newspapers, which are not calculated to enlarge the mind, but minister, instead, to gossipping, morbid curiosity, and sometimes indeed to arouse depraved feelings. But newspapers reflect alike the world's light and its shade. To the pure all things are pure, while the impure will find everywhere things which will make him more impure. There are some who go through the world like vultures, looking out for garbage and corruption; they will find it in newspapers, as they will find it everywhere."

Mr. Herford concludes his discourse by a recommondation to read newspapers discriminately, choosing their wisest lessons, gathering their largest use, and after a fashion they will come to be regarded as "scriptures, not without something sacred in them—an everchanging Bible, not indeed of some calm, venerable past, but of a present in which God is as near as He was in days of old, and whose slow changes are still the unfolding of his will."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

An English Advertising Doctor.

We cut the following *genuine production* from the English correspondence of one of our newspaper exchanges. It is worthy of preservation:

Rodger Giles, Sur John, Parish Clark and Skulemaster, reforms ladys and gentlemen that he drass teeth without waiting a moment, blisters on the lowest tarms, and visiks for a penny a peace. He zells Godfathers Cordel, kut korns, and undertakes to keep every bod/ Nayles by the year or so'ou. Young ladees and gentlemen larned there grammer language in the purtiest manner, also gurt care taken off their morals and Spellin, also zarming, teaching the base vial and all other sorts of phancy Work. Queer, pokers, Weazils, and all other Contrary dances tort at hoam and abroad at perfekshun. Perfumery and snuf in all its branches. As times be cruel bad, He begs to tell that he is just begun to sell all sorts of tashuary wares, Kox, Hens, foles, chux. Poltry, Blacking hauls, herrings and coles, scrubbin brusshes, trakel, Godly bokes and Bibles, Gimlets, mice-traps, brickdust and Whisker seed, and all sorts of sweet-meets, including taters, sassages and other garden stuff, also phrute, hats, zongs, hoyle, lattin bukets, and other eatables, korn and bunyed zarze, and all hardwares. He also performs fleabottomy on the shortest notice; and farthermore in patickler he has laid in a large assortment of type, dog's meet, lollipops and other pickels—such as Hapsom Zalts, hoyters, Windzer Zoap, &c., old rags bort and sold hear and nowhereselse, new laid eggs every day by me Roger Giles.—[*Med. Register.*]

Stand Up.

A conclusive consequence of what the woman's rights movement will come to, if successful, was well illustrated during the proceedings of the strong minded female's convention at Albany, New York, a few weeks ago. During one of the days of its session a street car was crowded.—There entered a severe looking female. An old gent rose to give her a seat.

"Be you one of these women-righters?" he asked.

"I be," replied the ancient.

"You believe a woman should have all the rights of a man, do you?" he inquired.

"Yes I do," was the emphatic answer.

"Then," said the man, "stand up and enjoy them like a man," and she had to stand up.

☞ John was thought to be very stupid. He was sent to the mill one day, and the miller said:

"John, some people say you are a fool! Now, tell me what you do know, and what you don't know."

"Well," replied John, "I know millers' hogs are fat!"

"Yes, that's well, John! Now, what don't you know?"

"I don't know whose corn fats 'em."

☞ It is said Macauly met Mrs. Stowe at Sir Charles Trevelyan's and rallied her on her admiration of Shakspeare.

"Which of his characters do you like the best?" said he.

"Desdemona," said the lady.

"Ah! of course," was the reply; "for she was the only one who *ran after black men!*"

Detraction.

The Boston Post, referring to the recent organization of a Congressional Temperance Society at Washington, hints that it was done in self-defense by the members, to avoid the necessity of "treating" their visiting constituents at present Washington prices. The Post shouldn't detract from merit.

THREE TRUISMS.—It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat; it is not what we make, but we save, that makes us rich; and it is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us wise.

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