The Chestertown Transcript.

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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, 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 [illegible] 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.

Notice.

PURE CIDER VINEGAR, two years old, for sale at Kennedyville, by
Sept. 15, C. W. WARREN.

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.

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.

$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.

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.

GOLD MEDAL
PIANOS, PIANOS!

The undersigned Company respectfully informs their friends, dealers, professors and the public in general, that they have constantly on hand a good assortment of their PIANOS, unsurpassed in clearness and volume of tone, durability and excellence of workmanship, at the LOWEST PRICES.

All instruments warranted as usual.

Pianos repaired and tuned.

GÆHLE'S PIANO MANUFACTORY,
N. E. corner of Eutaw and Fayette sts., Balt.
December 2, 1865—3m.

Farmers' Column.

THE PLOUGH.

From the St. Michael's (Md.) Comet.

When Adam with his blooming rib,
By the behest of Heaven,
From paradise, his native home,
All sorrowing was driven,
The curse primeval, thought so hard,
A blessing was I trow,
That she should nurse her little babes,
While he should guide the plough.

So, our great ancestor became
A farmer of the soil,
And millions of his children, too,
Are sharers in the toil.
We clear and beautify the field;
We drain the miry slough;
We wield the sickle and the flail,
And guide the sturdy plough.

Of all the stations here on earth,
The farmer ranks the first;
Though some may reckon him debas'd
For toiling in the dust.
'Tis Nature's calling he pursues,
As with a sweaty brow,
He turns the sod all upside down,
And guides the sturdy plough.

When Spring in all its merriment
O'erspreads the fields with green,
And naught save notes of joy is heard,
And naught but smiles are seen—
The farmer turns his tillage lands,
And who's so happy now,
As he, while whistling to his team,
He guides the shining plough.

Domestic joy full well he knows,
And it mayhap a care:
For none must think to be exempt
From common lot and share:
His wife, she deems it her concern,
To milk the bonny cow,
And cheer her ruddy husband, as
He guides the sturdy plough.

For love of wealth some get ensnar'd
In speculation's toils,
And others, when disasters come,
Are scrambling for the spoils;
Still does the prudent farmer pay
To industry his vow,
Nor heeds the struggle nor the strife,
But steady guides the plough.

Good rule and order he maintains;
He lives in peace with all;
And to defend his country's rights,
He's ready for the call;
Now, to be ever thus content,
Say, right, would ye know how?
'Tis but to mind your own affairs,
And steady guide the PLOUGH.

Book Farming.

We find in the Boston *Cultivator* an article entitled "The Golden Age of Agriculture," from which we select the following remarks, that are well written and just to the point:

"Within half a century a new era has dawned upon agriculture. It has been discovered that if there is no *poetry* in cultivating the earth, there is, or may be, a great deal of *science.* The chemist and the geologist stand on each side of the farmer, as Aaron and Hur stood beside Moses, holding up the hands which begin to faint from incessant toil. It is now well understood that every one who avails himself to any extent of the experience of others in cultivating the soil, is to that extent a *book farmer.* That which is contemptuously called *book farming* is no more, nor less, than profiting by the good or ill success of others in their efforts to improve the different departments of rural economy. The good fortune which one has experienced in pursuing some particular mode of tillage, or the unfavorable results which have followed the labors of another in carrying out some different plan of operations, must, of necessity, be interesting to those whose pecuniary prosperity may depend, to a great extent, upon the choice they make between the conflicting systems. A moderate share of worldly wisdom dictates the adoption of the successful practice, and a rejection of the course which a fair trial has shown to be injudicious; *this is book farming;* or, if it differ at all, it is only in this, that he who seeks advice from his neighbor, or inquires into the condition of his crops, *obtains his information imperfectly* from an oral source, while he who resorts to his books (provided always that they are well selected) *procures knowledge in a matured and well-digested form.* This same book farming, once so odious, but now beginning to be better appreciated, is the only mode of farming which will eventually solve the problem *how to raise crops with the least labor and on the smallest area,* which being solved, the golden age of agriculture will have arrived."

Measuring Distance by Sound.

A bell rung under the water returns a tone as distinct as though rung in the air.

Stop one ear with the finger, and press the other to the end of a long stick or piece of dead wood; and if a watch be held at the other end of the wood, the ticking will be heard, whatever the length of the stick of wood.

Tie a poker on the middle of a strip of flannel two or three feet long, and press your thumbs or fingers into your ears while you swing the poker against an iron fender, and you will hear a sound like that of a heavy church bell.

These experiments prove that water, wood, and flannel are good conductors of sound, for the sound of the bell, the watch, and the fender, pass through the water, and along the deal and flannel to the ear.

It must be observed that a body in the act of sounding is in a state of vibration, which it communicates to the surrounding air, the undulations of the sound affect the ear, and excite in us the sense of sound. Sound of all kinds, it is ascertained, travels at the rate of fifteen miles in a minute; the softest whisper travels as fast as the most tremendous thunder. The knowledge of this fact has been applied to the measurement of distance.

Suppose a ship in distress fires a gun, the light of which is seen on shore, or by another vessel, twenty seconds before report is heard, it is known to be at a distance of 7,600 yds., or little more than four and a quarter miles.

Again, if we see a vivid flash of lightning and in two seconds hear a tremendous clap of thunder, we know that the thunder cloud is not more than 760 yards from the place where we are, and we should instantly retire from an exposed situation —*Scientific American.*

An Incident of the War.

On one occasion, after the battle of Shiloh, the hospitals of the towns and cities on the Ohio River were so crowded with wounded men, both Confederates and Federal, that some of them were sent to Covington, Ky., and placed in the Southern Mother's Home under the care of that benevolent institution. On a bright and pleasant day, after some of the wounded had become convalescent, a Confederate soldier was out "sunning himself," when a Federal soldier, of the Teutonic persuasion also came out, and after walking around and eyeing our Confederate friend for some time, accosted him thus:

"You pees von secesh?"

"How do you know?" said the Confederate.

"You pe so fat!"

"Explain yourself," said the Confederate.

"Vell. I pees in the hospitle myself; I sees some tings what goes on. De ladies come in mit de pasket on de arm, and she coomed to me and say "vat you pe?" I says I pees Oonion man, vounded at Shiloh. She say "vat a pity for de peebles ven de var don't sthope!" Den she goes to you and say "vat you bin?" You say, "I pees a rebel soldier, vounded mit Shiloh." Den she puts her lily vite hand in de pasket and dakes out de cake and de vine, and gives you vatever you vant. After avile anoder lady comes in, mit de pasket on her arm, and she goes to you fust, and ask you vot you bin? you say, "I pees rebel soldier, vounded mit Shiloh." She say "vot a pity." Den I dinks I goin' to get someting. Vell, she come to me and say, "vat you bin?" I say, "I pees Oonion man, vounded mit Shiloh." She sets down her pasket and puts in her lily vite hand, and pulls out a Mettotist track? De secesh, dey gets de cake and vine, and vat ever dey vant, and de Oonion mens can't even git to shmell de bottle."

☞ The London correspondent of the *Round Table* has the following original and amusing anecdote of the petulance of one of the great men of the world, who teaches patience and magnanimity to all men which he cannot practice himself:

I heard Mr. Dickens tell it the other night in a company of fifty; and if he may tell it to fifty, why may not somebody else tell it to fifty thousand? That great man, (Carlyle, I mean,) is still grievously tormented by some Cochin-China fowls kept by a neighbor. They crow not often, but at unseasonable times—in the midst of a particularly involved sentence, for instance, requiring great attention to the logical ordering of accusatives and verbs. The philosopher is at such times, to put the case mildly, simply no philosopher at all. Exasperated, at length, beyond measure by these daily tormentors he sent his servant to his neighbor the other day to implore relief. But the neighbor was unyielding. He, or rather she, regarded the fowl with peculiar affection, and declared, besides, that she had observed that her pets, though they certainly crowed very loud, "only crowed three times in an entire day." "Aye, so they may," remarked the author of "Hero Worship," when this reply was brought to him; "so they may, but the woman does not consider the awful torments I suffer when expecting them to crow." Is not this characteristic of the man?

Blarney.

About four miles north-west of the city of Cork, in Ireland, is the small village of Blarney, celebrated for the beauty of its environs, and still more for the remains of an ancient castle, in which is a wondrous stone, thought to possess the power of imparting to any one who kisses it a fluent, persuasive, and not over-honest tongue. The exact position of the stone in the ruins is a matter of dispute. Some say that it is lying loose on the ground; others allege that it is at the summit of the large square tower which was originally the donjon or keep of the castle; while there are yet others who maintain that it is inserted in the wall at such a height that he who would kiss it must consent to be suspended by his heels from the top. When or how it first got its singular reputation is not known; but the superstition concerning it is firmly fixed in the minds of the Irish peasantry, hundreds of whom resort to the castle every year for the purpose of kissing a stone endued with a property so marvellous. It is said that, in the early part of the seventeenth century, the Lord of Castle Blarney, having been taken prisoner by the English, made repeated promises that he would surrender the fortress; but whenever the fulfillment of his pledge was demanded, he invented some smooth and plausible excuse for delay; and thus the term *blarney* became a by-word, and was used to denote a soft, insinuating, and deceitful manner of speech.

A Ride with a Madman.

HOW JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE, GAVE HIS FRIEND CRAWFORD AN AIRING!

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Intelligencer* gives a sketch of the eccentric and brilliant John Randolph. It talks of him as the greatest intellect Virginia has procured. He may have been, probably was, the most brilliant, but it was the fire of insanity. He was, part of his life, as 'mad as a March hare.' One of his mad freaks is ludicrously described by the writer in the *Intelligencer*, with some excusable exaggerations. The United States Senator Crawford alluded to was the man that ran for President in 1824. The writer in the *Intelligencer* says:

Randolph's friend, William H. Crawford, of Georgia, was born in Amherst county, Va., on the 24th of February, 1772, but emigrated to Georgia at an early day, soon became renowned as a lawyer and statesman—was elected to the United States Senate in 1806, and again in 1811. Whilst members of Congress, the intimacy commenced between these distinguished politicians. In the month of December, 1810, Mr. Randolph had an attack of periodical gout, and went home to Roanoke.

But before leaving Washington, he learned that his friend, Crawford, intended visiting Georgia during the Christmas holidays on important business, and as he lived immediately on the route the Georgia Senator had to travel, he made him agree that he would call at Roanoke and eat his Christmas dinner. To this, Senator Crawford agreed, and true to his promise, reached Roanoke, the home of Mr. Randolph, on Christmas Eve, the 24th of December, 1810.

The usual custom of those days with gentlemen traveling, was in the old fashioned two-wheeled gig. Mr. Randolph, was, of course, much pleased to receive so distinguished a guest. Senator C. says he found Mr. R. greatly improved in health since he parted with him in Washington, and in a fine flow of spirits. They sat up till a late hour, discussing the political news of the day, and men as statesmen, warriors, poets and philosophers On retiring to bed, Mr. R. remarked to his distinguished friend that he had been invited to take Christmas dinner with an old and esteemed friend, and that, inasmuch as he did not know whether he (Crawford,) would come or not, he had promised to attend: and added, that if he would consent to go, they would ride over in the morning. Senator Crawford, thinking Mr. R.'s friend lived only in the neighborhood, consented at once. At this, Mr. R. bade him good-night; the weather being clear but intensely cold, and Mr. Crawford much fatigued from his ride from Washington to Charlotte county, slept soundly.

About half-past 3 o'clock, however, Senator C. says he was aroused from his slumbers by Mr. R. and a servant, who informed him that he must be up, as it was time to start on the road to dine.—Mr. R. approached the bed with a large bowl of strong coffee and brandy, and said to his friend, 'drink this, Crawford; it will open your eyes, brace you for the ride, and give you an appetite for dinner.'—Whilst the Senator was dressing and sipping his coffee and brandy, Johnny approached and adjusted a huge pair of old English spurs, of the purest metal, of great age and artistic design. The spurs on, the Senator was admonished that the horses were ready at the door by the pawing and champing of the bits; at the same time Mr. R., in that peculiar voice like the mellifluous notes of a silver trumpet, said: 'Crawford, all is ready—let's ride.'

The distinguished Georgian approached the door, and by the light of numerous pine torches, he saw three horses in readiness. Mr. R., pointing to an immense black stallion, champing, pawing and snorting, held by two stalwart negroes, said, 'Crawford mount that horse.' Mr. C. being a very large and corpulent man, said 'Mr. R. I can't ride that horse.' 'Mount him, Crawford, mount him,' was the reply. Mr. C. remonstrated, by saying he was not accustomed to horseback exercise, and he doubted his ability to ride that animal—pointing to the restless black stallion. Mr. Randolph seemed irritated, and replied sharply:—'Mount, sir, mount him!' Mr. C. saw that no excuse would do, and he finally consented to mount, which he did, after great efforts, the stallion neighing, panting, pawing and rearing, but the negroes held him securely till the ponderous Georgian got fairly and squarely in the saddle, well in the stirrrps, and reigns well in hand.

Mr. R. then mounted a large stallion of high mettle, and then came forth Juba, the trusty body servant, dressed in full livery, with cocked hat and trumpet. Juba mounted the thorough-bred mare, Trifle. Mr. R. then said, in a clear shrill voice, 'all ready,' at that the negroes unloosed the grip on the black stallion, Juba brought one long, loud blast on his trumpet, and the horse for a moment, stood as if poised in midair, and then, with a tremendous plunge, they started. Juba led the way, followed next by Mr. R. and the bay stallion, then Mr. C. last, on the impetuous and hard-mouthed black stud. The weather being cold and dry, and the roads hard and frozen, the morning atmosphere smote the face as with a shower of needles; and the clattering hoofs of those thorough-breds upon the hard and frozen ground in the stillness of the winter soon resounded through those old Virginia hills, like the roar of a cavalry charge. Mr. C. being a man of great muscular power, made several efforts to stop the headlong career of his stalwart charger, but the more he pulled the faster he ran; he halloed finally to Mr. R. to 'stop—stop, that he could not stand it;' but to all his entreaties Mr. Randolph turned a deaf ear, and the only response he could get would be the bugle blast of Juba, far in the van, mounted on the mare Trifle, who flew through the air like an arrow. Every time Juba blowed the trumpet, the black stud ran faster and faster, until the corpulent Georgian felt that all was lost. But on they sped, until nearing the flat lands of the Staunton river, when the cry of hounds was heard, and to the left Mr. Crawford cast his eyes to behold an immense pack streaming around the hills towards the Christmas riders. On came the hounds, and on went the horsemen. Soon the Staunton river came in full view, which for the moment, promised great relief to Mr. Crawford, of Georgia. Consequently he watched Juba and the mare, considerably in the advance, as they neared the turbid and foaming river. But as Juba and the mare struck the river bank, to the great mortification and disgust of Mr. Crawford, in they went; then followed Mr. Randolph on the mettled bay stallion, and finally, Mr. Crawford felt that all hope was now gone, and with a secret reservation to make one more desperate effort to check the wild career of his mighty charger, he pulled with all the power of a giant against the bit; but it was not the slightest consequence, for the first plunge the black stud made he was in swimming water.

By this time Randolph's full pack of hounds had caught the party, and were swimming and yelping as though they were within fifty yards of a wounded stag or red fox. The current of the river was rapid and the water intensely cold, and whilst swimming and drifting to the other bank the thought and hope struck Senator Crawford, that when safely across, the ride for the balance of the trip would be at their leisure. Hence it was that the Senator watched again, with no little anxiety, Juba and the mare; but, nearing the opposite bank Juba again brought a blast or two on his trumpet, the mare switched the water from her flaxen tail, and on she went—Randolph second, and Crawford and the black stud third. The hounds having an even start from the south side of the river, now kept up with the Christmas party, and in full cry as though they were on the warmest trail. Soon a second pack joined the first pack, and so on, for every few miles a new pack would join the chorus, and on they went. Finally, Juba and the mare quit the road and struck out through the fields, followed by Randolph and Crawford, across gullies, ditches, over fences, through briars, ponds, creeks and everything that obstructed a straight line. At last relif came, for the party reached Col. Barksdale's about one o'clock. Crawford was greatly exhausted, and his pants, having slipped above his knees, his legs were scratched by briars, bruised by fence railings and sapplings, and chafed no little by the stirrup leathers. The premises were thronged with some half dozen packs of hounds that had joined the Christmas party on the route. The distinguished guests were received with much satisfaction and great consideration. The old-fashioned Virginia gentry were present in full force. The first thing that greeted the visitors on their entrance into the mansion, after the usual salutions and introductions, was an immense silver bowl full to overflowing with hot apple toddy. Mr. C. was suffering greatly from the terrible morning ride; but, neither Randolph or any of the party made any allusion to it. Dinner being announced Crawford found much difficulty in getting to the table, still there was no allusion made to the morning ride. After being seated around the table for at least five hours, and after having eaten and drunk through a truly Christmas course, and undergoing the excitements of the rich foods and vinands, discussions and speech-making, in addition to his corporeal suffering from the ride, suddenly the distinguished Georgian wished to be excused. He informed Col. Barksdale that he would be glad to retire. But little sleeping was done, as the phantom of the black stud constantly aroused the great Georgian, who awoke himself more than once by hallooing 'wo—wo, sir!' and holding on to the bed post.—About eleven o'clock on the next day Randolph went to the room of his friend and said, 'Crawford, if you go to Georgia next winter call and see me; good-by, old fellow.' No allusion was made to the ride.

Senator Crawford did not get away from Col. Barksdale's for about six weeks.—From Col. Barksdale's to Rannolph's was forty-two miles. Such was an old Virginia steeple chase, more than fifty years ago. CAVALIER.

Silent Influence.

The Rev. Albert Barns says: "It is the bubbling stream that flows gently; the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farmhouse, that is useful, rather than the swolen flood or waring cataract. Niagra excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he pours from the hollow of His hand. But one Niagra is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gentle flowing rivulets that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and shall flow on every day and night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives.—It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, good is to be done, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends."

PAINTERS' devils are generally great ladies' men notwithstanding they have a pretty hard name. Some time ago, one of these hard named fellows and his lady love were taking an evening stroll and as they were walking along, chatting briskly upon the numerour topics of the day, she suddenly caught his hand, and looking smilingly in his face, asked—

"Do you know why I cannot get religion?"

"No, my dear, I do not."

"It is because I love the devil."

Young America at the Wheel.

A well-known clergyman was crossing Lake Erie, some years ago, upon one of the lake steamers; and seeing a small lad at the wheel, steering the vessel, he accosted him as follows:

"My son, you appear to be a small boy to steer so large a boat."

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "but you see that I can do it, though."

"Do you think you understand your business, my son?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do."

"Can you box the compass?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear you box it."

The boy did as requested, when the minister said:

"Well, really, you can do it! Can you box it backwards?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear you."

The boy again did as requested, when the minister further remarked:

"I declare, my son, you seem to understand your business."

The boy then took his turn at question asking, beginning:

"Pray, sir, what might be your business?"

"I am a Minister of the Gospel."

"Do you understand your business?"

"I think I do, my son."

"Can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

The clergyman did so, repeating the words in a very fervent manner, as though trying to make an impression on the lad.

"Well, really," said the boy at its conclusion, "you know it, don't you? Now say it backwards."

"Oh! I can't do such a thing as that. Of course—"

"You can't do it, eh?" interrupted the boy; "well, then, you see I understand my business a great deal better than you do yours."

The clergyman acknowledged himself beat, and retired.

A Quaker Wit Outwitted.

It is a maxim with our Quaker friends to "Think twice before thee speaks once, and thee will speak twice the better for it." This wise prudence has often saved our friends from overshooting themselves.

A Quaker having lost a quarter of mutton by a lawyer's dog, repaired to the office of the latter and said:

"I have come to ask a piece of thy advice. Suppose a dog carried off a leg of mutton from me, where do I look for pay, to the dog or his owner?"

"Oh," said the man of the quill, "to the owner of the dog; he is responsible for any damage his dog does thee."

"Then thee owes me 75 cents," said Broadbrim.

"Ah!" said the lawyer; "then my dog did the mischief! Well, here is the money."

The face of the Quaker expanded with a smile at his shrewdness in forestalling the opinion of the lawyer, and was about making his exit from the office, when he was brought to a halt by the lawyer, saying:

"I have a small bill against you, my friend."

"Ah! for what?" asked the Quaker.

"For advice in the dog case—five dollars," was the reply.

This was a poser. It being strictly legal, and the lowest fee in the calendar for advice, there was no dodging, so the money was forked over, and with elongated phiz Shadbelly departed, four dollars and twenty-five cents worse than he came—a wiser if not a better man.

Amber.

Amber, so extensively employed as mouth-pieces for meerschaum pipes and cigar-holders, is believed to be a fossilized vegetable gum or resin. Anciently a fabulous origin was attributed to it. As it was found on the sea shore, after a storm, it was said to be the solidified tears of the sisters of Phæton, or of sea nymphs. It is of a yellowish color, frequently streaked with milky white, the yellow color being semi-transparent. Those specimens which have a clouded-milky appearance, are the most highly valued, as the clear yellow can be imitated by recent and cheaper gums. It is singularly electrical, when rubbed, developing negative electricity to such a degree in manufacturing it into the forms in which it is sold, the workmen are sometimes affected with nervous tremors, and they are obliged frequently to change the pieces they handle.

It is found on the Baltic coast of Prussia, either washed ashore after a gale, or entangled in masses of sea-weed. Mines of it are also wrought in Prussia. It is found in this country, at Amboy, N. J., at Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard, and at Cape Sable. Leaves of fossil plants and tropical insects are sometimes found imbedded in it, a fact that has given rise to some pretty poetical conceits. In the East, it is highly valued, and has been used as a form of concentrated wealth as are diamonds and other precious stones. When heated, it exhales an agreeable odor, for this among other reasons, it is in great request as mouth-pieces for pipes.—*Scientific American.*

Laconic but Satisfactory.

The following model of testamentary conciseness in the will of the late Mr. Sergeant Storks, of London: "I leave to my son, Robert R. Storks, all my personal property absolutely, which is not specially bequeathed. To Kears, £50 a year. Sir Henry and Mary are provided for. Tom, I omit, as he possesses a fortune. Dated Oct. 12, 1859. This brief document disposes of $600,000—say $15,000 a word.

☞ Prentice says a man sometimes drinks at his friend's expense—always at his own.

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