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, Argicultural Boilers, Tin, Sheet Iron and Hollow ware, etc. We call particular attention to our popular Re-improved OLD DOMINION, for wood or coal, which we are selling this season at reduced rates; also, our GEM AND GAS BURNER FIRE PLACE STOVES, which for beauty and efficiency are unequalled by any known Stove. A call is respectfully solicited by BIBB & CO.,
Baltimore Stove House, 39 Light St., Balt.
September 29, 1866—y

KENT COUNTY
MACHINE SHOP,
AT GALENA.

THE UNDERSIGNED beg leave to inform the Farmers of Kent and adjoining Counties that they are prepared to do all kinds of AGRICULTURAL MACHINE REPAIRING, at short notice.

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

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

They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and 0 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.

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, at Kennedyville, by
C. W. WARREN.

TO THE LADIES!
And all others in want of
Rich Jewelry,
FINE SILVR WARE!
Watches, Clocks,
Cutlery, Notions

A NEW STOCK JUST OPENED A
E. T. WILLIS',
ADJOINING T. W. ELIASON & SON'S.

THESE Goods have just been purchased from City Wholesale Dealers, at the lowest prices for Cash, and *can* and *will* be sold at very low figures. They are of the LATEST STYLES and most BEAUTIFUL AND FASHIONABLE DESIGNS. We name in part:

JEWELRY.

Genuine Gold Breast Pins,
Ear Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Studs,
Heavy 18k. Rings, Scarf Pins, Pens, Pencils, &c.; Silver Thimbles, Rings, Pens, Pencils, Bogwood Jewelry, &c.

We have also a variety of common Jewelry the character of which is always make known to purchasers.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES;

Among them a very fine Ladies' Gold Enameled Watch and Chain, a number of heavy cased Silver Watches, manufactured by the best American makers, and warranted good time keepers.

CLOCKS,

In great variety of style and finish, made by the most celebrated manufacturers in the country, and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Silver Plated Ware.

Dinner and Tea Castors, Butter Dishes, Salt Cellars, Napkin Rings, Table and Tea Spoons, Forks, Butter Knives, &c.

NOTIONS.—A fine assortment of CUTLERY, Table Knives, Pen Knives, Pocket Books, Ladies Satchels, Purses, Cabas, &c.

An examination is invited.

REPAIRING.—Watches, Clocks & Jewelry repaired in the best manner, at short notice.

E. T. WILLIS,
Nearly opposite the Court House.
Chestertown, March 23, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION
—IN—
PRICES!

BUY YOUR
HOSIERY, GLOVES, DRAWERS, UNDER SHIRTS, HANDHERCHIEFS and Small Wares,
For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children,
FROM
RINGGOLD & Bro.,
175 Balt. St., near Light.
November 24, 1866.

SOMETHING NEW
IN
Chestertown

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!!

CALL and examine J. K. ALDRIDGE'S Stock of HARDWARE, as follows:

Spades, Shovels, Scoops, Manure and Hay Forks, Rakes, Hoes, Gate Hooks and Hinges, Fast and Loose Buts, Table Hinges, Brass Hinges, Strap Hinges, Door Latches, Barrel and Shutter Bolts, Turn Buckels, Rim Locks, Plate Locks, Pad Locks, Dead Locks, Chest Locks, Cupboard Locks, Screws, Tacks, Finishing Nails, Chain Halters and Traces, Hat and Wardrobe Hooks, Files, Horse Rasps, Augurs, Braces, Bits, Gimlets, Wrenches, Pincers, Hatchets, Hammers, Firmer and Framing Chisels, Sheep Shears, Carriage Bolts, Rules, Iron and Steel Squares, Try Squares, Guages, Nippers, Screwdrivers, Compasses, Cross Cut, Rip, Back, Compass and Wood Saws; Garden Tools, Knives and Forks, Butcher and Shoe Knives, Pruning Knives and Saws, Planes, Draw Knives, Curry Combs, Cards, Sad Irons and Stands, Coffee Mills, Coffee Roasters, for stove or fire place; Grind Stones and rollers, Oil Stones, Basting Spoons, Flesh Forks, Copper Rivets and Rings, Brass, Enameled and Porcelain Preserving Kettles; Tinned, Enameled and Porcelain Stew Pans and Piggins.

Wooden Ware.

Tubs, Wash Boards, Churns, Buckets, Bowls, Butter Prints, Paddles, Spoons, Rolling Pins, Potato Mashers, Sugar and Coffee Boxes, Towel Rollers, Lemon Squeezers; Augur, Chisel, Saw, Plane, Awl, Shovel, Spade and Fork Handles; Round and Square Mallets, Half Peck, Peck and Half Bushel Measures.

Brushes, Ropes, &c.

Horse, Dust, Whitewash, Shoe and Scrubbing Brushes; Brooms, Wisps, Cotton and Hemp Ropes, Plow Traces, &c.

A splendid assortment of Lamps, Chimneys, Wicks, and Extra Lamps, for sale low.

Stone, Earthen and Rockingham Ware, Jugs, Jars, Pitchers, Covered Dishes, Spittoons, Bowls, Pie Dishes, Tea Pots, Flower Pots and Pipe Crocks, all sizes.

A large assortment of Waiters, Japanese, Tin and Stamped Ware, on hand; Tin Safes, Soap Stone Griddles, &c.

My friends and the Public are invited to call and examine the above Goods.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.
April 20, 1867.

$300 NEW MARYLAND $300
BOUNTY.

ALL persons drafted or enlisted, and all persons who furnished substitutes between April 1st, 1864, and December 18th, 1864, are entitled to THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS BOUNTY. The Widows and Heirs of deceased soldiers are entitled. For full information and prompt collection, apply to J. K. HINES,
April 13—3m. Chestertown, Md.

PLOW CASTINGS,
BRIDLES, COLLARS, TRACES AND PLOW LINES, just received at the
TRAPPE CORNER.

ENAMELED STEW PANS and PRESERVING KETTLES, for sale at the *Tin and Stove Store*, by
May 14, 1866. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

The Poet.

[redacted]

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried. "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"*Thus*, with a few drops on my brow."
"But *I* have been dipped, as you'll see me now.

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true,"—
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'
Have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And priest and Quaker, and all who died,
Came out alike on the other side.
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

Farmers' Column.

Old Peach Trees.

[From the American Farmer.]

The renovation of old trees is a subject of much interest. Many methods have been suggested, but it seems doubtful whether it is good policy to apply the more costly and troublesome, which alone can be efficient to peach trees that have suffered any material decay. We cannot be sure of success; and, besides, may not a feeble, superannuated tree, offer a weak point for the entrance of some disease, which will pervade the whole orchard?

I have pursued a plan differing from any I have seen described, by the introduction a new feature, the renewal of the tree by a sprout from the root. Cultivation and manuring are matters of course. Then I prune away almost the whole head of the tree, leaving only a very few of the most thrifty branches, the number left depending on their size and the condition of the tree. This usually results in a small yield of fine fruit, and a vigorous growth of shoots from all parts of the tree. Of these one or more may be left, springing from the crown of the root; the rest must be removed.

When these shoots are two years old, cut away the old trunk at or below the level of the ground, and raise the earth over the stump, around the young tree, which will then make the most vigorous growth, taking firm root quite independently of the old stump, and bearing a profitable crop the third year. I was led to adopt this plan by observing that, in a natural instance of this process, the stump had, in three or four years, so approximated entire dissolution, that its successor was, virtually, a new tree. "But why not buy a scion, at once, and use it by, or in the place of the old tree?"

The advantages claimed for this method are: that the supply of fruit is never totally cut off, or, at worst, for but one year; that the growth of the shoot is far more rapid and its maturity earlier, that it is within the reach of those to whom money and nurseries are both difficult of access. I need scarcely remark that in budded trees, care must be taken to secure a shoot from above the point of union, or, if from the stock, to bud or graft with any desired variety.

The choicest fruit of my own orchard, has been grown from the seed of other *seedlings*, which will always produce a fruit approximating the original; sometimes not so good, but rewarding judicious and diligent culture by progressive improvement But only the seed of perfect fruit, from healthy, vigorous trees, should be planted. L.

Fluvanna Co., Va., March 11, 1867.

P. S.—My experience in pruning young trees is in favor of beginning in the first summer with a knife, continuing annually, and rarely using any other instrument. These trees are not allowed to waste their energies in producing branches merely to be lopped away. L.

From the Delaware Gazette.

A Waterfall Dissected.

A somewhat curious and amusing scene recently occurred at a meeting of the medical faculty, in a small village, the name of which it is not necessary to mention, in our State. Some time ago, as one of the first physicians was making his regular morning calls, he discovered, lying on the sidewalk, a *chignon*, or lady's waterfall, which some unfortunate maiden had, undoubtedly, lost the night previous. He stopped and looked at it, turned it over with his cane, and finally picked it up, and after giving the outside a thorough examination, placed it in his coat pocket, and resumed his walk. He took it home, and placed it under lock and key, in order to preserve it for exhibition to his friends at their next meeting. The night of meeting came, and the Doctor was on hand with the world-famed article, carefully concealed under his coat. The members were promptly in their places, the meeting called to order, and the unfinished business taken up, and that having been gone through with, the discussion touched on dissection. Now was the Doctor's opportunity to speak, He arose from his seat, and said: "Mr. President, presuming that it is not out of order for me to speak on this important subject, I wish to say, that I desire the members of this club to assist me in the dissection of a lady's waterfall." All looked toward him in astonishment. The Doctor, however, retained his gravity, and continued: "I perceive that some of you are disposed to regard this as an imposition on your rights, but I assure you such is not the case, for I will produce it immediately," and throwing open his coat, drew forth the "awkward lump." Every one's curiosity to know what it contained was now excited to the highest point, and the universal desire was that they should adjourn *pro tempore*, in order to avail themselves of the opportunity of witnessing their instructor's operations on the extraordinary body. The motion was put, and agreed to, and the Doctor immediately proceeded to an examination, which resulted quite different from what he anticipated. The waterfall was laid on a table and divided, and it was found to contain nine ounces of raw cotton, a bag about three inches in length, by two in width, filled with buck shot, a wad of coarse hair, weighing six ounces, ten "black-eyed peas, four musket bullets, and a slip of paper. One of the membert picked up the paper, and read aloud his, (the Doctor's,) *own daughter's name!* The Doctor was completely nonplussed, and it was not until the audience broke out into a loud laugh, that he recovered from his astonishment. Catching up his hat he darted through the open door, and made directly for his own residence. He rushed into the sitting room, and there found his daughter quietly sewing by the window. "Here," he exclaimed, tossing into her lap the mischievous piece of paper, "take that, and for God's sake never adorn your head with an infernal waterfall." His wife, at this moment, made her appearance, and, after hearing a statement of the case, requested Miss A—— to make an investigation of the matter, which she did, and succeeded in disclosing the fact that her baby brother was the author of all the mischief. It appeared that he had been amusing himself with the *chignon* while she was preparing to take an evening's promenade, and finding the piece of paper on the floor, unconsciously concealed it between the lining, little thinking that he would be the hero of a joke perpetrated on his own father. Ladies, you who have baby brothers and sisters, take warning, and be more careful with your "head ornaments."

The Chamber of Mystery.

An architect of Vienna, having occasion to visit the country house of a nobleman of that city, accepted the hospitable invitation, and determined to remain as a guest for several days.

The first day was passed in business, and he retired to bed somewhat exhausted, but his thoughts still occupied with the improvements in the house that were contemplated. He could see, however, that the room allotted to him was handsome and commodious, though not large. At length he felt the necessity of sleep; but became conscious of an uneasy sensation, the nature of which he could not understand. He persuaded himself that the air was close—that he perceived a faint smell; and he lay for some time considering whether he was not suffering from fever. The question was speedily answered; for the bed seemed to move. Presently it was near the window. He was of course, surprised and terrified; but when he stretched toward the window in order to ascertain that all was real, the scene grew dimmer and dimmer, and at length disappeared.

And no wonder; for the bed was receding to its old position, and did not stop there. He was presently at the door.—He might have touched the panels with his hand. He would have got up to ring for assistance, but persuaded himself that he was too weak, and would fall down before reaching the bell.

The bed again moved; and this time it took up its position in the very middle of the fire place. This was the sheer frenzy of fever, for the fire-place was, of course, not a fourth size of the bed itself. Yet he saw distinctly the walls of the cimney surrounding him; and he even felt that one of the feet of the bed rested upon a dog-iron, so as to disturb its level.

But he had no time for more minute observation; presently the bed, emerging from the chimney, began to rise with slow undulations toward the roof; and there it continued to swing as he imagined, for hours together, till his alarm sank gradually into lassitude, and he fell into a deep, though short and refreshing slumber.

The next morning the visitor appeared at the breakfast table, pale, wearied, and diepirited. He was not well. What was the matter? What could be done for him?

Nothing, he replied to all their interrogatories. He had not slept; but the air would revive him. He would take healthful exercise during the day, and that would be better than medicine.

It turned out as he expected. He recovered his spirits; he was delighted with his hosts, and they with him; and was thankful that he had been prevented by shame from mentioning the absurd fancies by which he had been beset during the night.

At the usual hour he retired again to bed, comfortable in mind and body, but feeling the want of sleep, and looking forward gratefully, by anticipation to at least eight hours of sound repose.

He did not enjoy one. The same fancies, the same inexplicable movements of the bed—these were his portion during the night; and in the morning the same dead eyes, the same colorless cheeks, the same listless attitudes, betrayed to his sympathizing friends that he passed another wakeful and wretched night.

But he still preserved silence as to the details. He was thoroughly ashamed of his absurdity. The impressions of the first night had doubtless remained to scare him on the second. He had gone to bed thinking of his former sufferings, and they had been renewed in his imagination. In this way he accounted for the continued illusions that had perplexed him; and he determined, at a third trial, to grapple with them manfully, and compel repose by the aid of reason.

All this was unavailing; and on the third morning his entertainer, alarmed by his ghastly looks, determined to bring him to explanation.

"You can no longer conceal it," said he; "you have found something disagreeable in the room; and I reproach myself with having allowed you to be put into an apartment which certainly bears a bad name in the house."

"What do you mean by a bad name?" asked the guest.

"I mean that it is famous for its sleepless lodgers, for its waking dreams—and worse than that. There is not a servant in the house who would enter it alone after nightfall for a year's wages."

"That is all very well for the servants; but I know you laugh at these ignorant fancies; and you know me too well to suppose that I would treat them otherwise than with pity and contempt. Tell me at once what you believe; but first listen to a narrative of my adventures;" and the guest related to his host, at full length, the story of his three ill-omened nights.

"I cannot tell you what I believe, replied the latter, after musing some time; "for, in point of fact, I do not know what to believe; but your experience tallies strangely with what I have heard on the subject before from more than one of my friends. I am more perplexed than ever."

It was agreed, however, on the proposal of the architect, that a minute examination of the premises should immediately take place, and the whole family proceeded in a body to the chamber of mystery.

The first thing that struck the examiner was, that the chimney was choked up with rubbish, so that no current of air could take place through a channel on which so much depends.

Proceeding to the window he found it heavy and massive, and so completely bedded that no force could raise it. It appeared on inquiry that this was its original defect; that the servants had at length given up all attempts to move it; and that the wood-work had swollen so much, through the effects of damp, that the whole window, so far as the access to the external air was concerned, was merely a prolongation of the wall.

The door was in like manner found to be singularly heavy and close fitting, and in addition it was constructed so as to shut spontaneously the moment the person who entered removed his hand. In fact, the room, however elegant in appearance and furniture, was contrived throughout in the most elaborate manner, so as to be as unwholesome as possible.

Still this did not account for the illusions with which it was haunted, and the architect ascended to the external roof of the house.

He found that the apartment in question was covered by a massive work of tiles, wood, and lime, so as to leave a small garret, into which there was no opening either by door or window. This, in its connection with the other circumstances we have described, proved to be the solution of the mystery; for mephitic gas, engendered in the garret, penetrating through the moudly wood-work of the antique ceiling, into a place whence it found no egress, and where it could mingle only with foul air, was in reality the nocturnal specter which haunted the room. The effects of gas upon the brain, in exciting a temporary delirum, is well known; and in the present instance the result of what was done to remedy the evil left no doubt.

The door and window were opened, the chimney was cleared, and two openings were made in the roof. During the last mentioned operation, it is worthy of note, that when the tools of the workmen penetrated for the first time into the garret, the mephitic vapor which escaped had such an effect upon one of them that he must have fallen from the roof had he not been caught hold of by his comrades.

After the alterations were made, the architect retired to bed for the fourth time, and enjoyed an excellent sleep, together with a great part of the arrears of the three preceeding nights. From that moment the room lost its reputation as a chamber of mystery.

An Item which every Man should Read.

We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds until the clouds have been dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed, not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of ladies, we recommend these "hints" as worthy of consideration:

Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and heart-broken by a lie manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman; for your mother and sisters are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's bitter tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature.

He Waded.

It was election day, and Grimes, having assisted on the occasion by the deposit of his vote and absorption of about as much old rye as he could walk under, started with two of his neighbors, who were in the same state of elevation, to cross Brandywine Creek by a footbridge constructed of a single log thrown across, and hewn flat on the upper side, but without any handrail to aid in the transit. There would have been no difficulty with a clear head and steady legs in crossing; but with our party it was felt to be not devoid of difficulties "under existing circumstances." However, the Creek must be crossed. Grimes' two friends took the lead, and with much swinging of arms and contortion of body reached the farther side. It was now Grimes' turn to face the music, and, making a bold start, he succeeded in getting about one-third of the way over, when a loud splash announced to his friends that he was overboard. Emerging from the water, it being about up to his breast, he quietly said, as if his course was the result of mature deliberation, "I guess I'll wade!"

To make a muss: Pour about a quart of molasses into your wife's new bonnet.

Novel Attempt to Escape from Prison.

A Sing Sing correspondent describes the ingenious method adopted by a convict to escape from prison: One of the most ingenious men I ever met I found here, by the name of Jas. Dunn, a medium sized, middle aged, dark complexioned man.—He was here for the third time, and was kept under stricter surveillance than some others in consequence of repeated attempts and contrivances to escape, the most ingenious of which was this: About three months after his commitment, having secured a quantity of gutta percha from the contractor's agent, he made a water-tight coat, with a hood or head-dress attached to it. In the front part of the hood he securely fixed a small pane of thick glass. From each side of it gutta percha horns were extended upwards to the length of ten or fifteen feet; at the further end of each tube was fixed a hollow "decoy duck." With this equipage he stole away to the edge of the river. Here he put a stone in each pocket for ballast, donned his gutta percha rig, made it tight about his waist and wrists and taking up his ducks he waded in a crouching posture out some two hundred feet, when he let them go. On he traveled, with the water from two to four feet above his head, breathing meanwhile through his ducks, which were floating along about eight feet in his rear.—The guards saw the ducks, and would have shot them had they not been on duty.—With some inconvenience he reached the upper dock, where a friend met him, furnished him with citizens' clothes, a few dollars in money and otherwise hastened his escape, not however, so but that he was soon overhauled and returned to his old quarters. He was here this last time on a ten year's commitment, but was transferred with a company of fifty, not long ago, to Clinton prison.

How to Treat a Wife.

First, get a wife; secondly, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world, but do not carry to your home a clouded or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials, which, though of less magnitude, may have been hard to bear. A kind, conciliating word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes; but your wife is often shut in from those healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But oh! bear with her; she has trials to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not treat with indifference, if you would not sear and palsy her heart, which, watered by kindness, would, to the latest day of your existence, throb with a sincere and constant affection. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to yield her choice as to you. Do you find it hard to yield sometimes? Think you it is not difficult for her to give up always? If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will think you selfish, and care only for yourself; and with such feelings she cannot love as she might. Again, show yourself manly, so that your wife can look up to you and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgment.

A Mixin' of the Babies.

Some time ago there was a dancing party given "up North," and most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant young men volunteered to watch the young ones while the parents indulged in a breakdown. No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous devils, than they stripped the infants and changed their clothes, giving the apparel of one to another. The dance over, it was time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a baby in dress of her own, and started to their homes, some ten or fifteen miles off, and were far on their way before daylight. But the day following there was a tremendous row in the settlement; mothers discovered that a single night had changed the sex of their babies—observation disclosed physical phenomena, and then commenced some of the tallest female pedestrianism; living miles apart, it required two days to unmix the babies, and as many months to restore the women to their natural sweet disposition. To this day it is unsafe for any of the baby mixers to venture into that territory.

A Kind Word for "Mother."

Despise not thy mother when she is old Age may waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses, estate; but her relation as mother is as the sun when it goes forth in its might, for it is always the meridan, and knoweth no evening. The person may be grey-headed, but her motherly relation is ever in the flourish. It may be autumn, yea, winter with a woman, but with the mother, as mother, it is always spring. Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone, when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts, when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy—how few will befriend us in misfortune—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

You often hear of riding "a free horse to death"—for instance an editor!

Why is the letter F a great stumbling block? Because it makes all fall.

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