The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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

Advertisements

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

JOB PRINTING.

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

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

SUITABLE FOR

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

Cheap for Cash, and at short notice.

PATRONIZE
HOME INSTITUTIONS!

WE would respectfully inform our customers, that they are no longer under the necessity of going North or East to lay in their supplies of Stoves and Hollow ware, as they can be accommodated at the

BALTIMORE
Stove House,

from the largest and most varied stock, and on terms as low as any similar establishment in the United States. Our stock comprises in part Cooking and Heating Stoves, Parlor Stoves and Grates, Hot Air Furnaces, 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.

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.

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

A NEW STOCK JUST OPENED AT
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 SILVR 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 Priuls, 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 Tops, for sale low.

Stone, Earthen and Rockingham Ware, Jugs, Jars, Pitchers, Pans, Covered Dishes, Spittoons, Bowls, Pie Dishes, Tea Pots, Flow-

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

The Poet.

Things that Never Die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse of a wordless prayer,
The dream of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry;
The strivings after better hopes,
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need.
That kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed.
The plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh;
The sorrow of a contrite heart,
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail
That make up love's first bliss.
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy truth and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the better word
That wounded as it fell.
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel but never tell.
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm and just and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

The Methodist Protestant Convention.

To the Commissioners of the Methodist Protestant Church:

BRETHREN:—The Commissioners of the M. E. Church, South, submit to you the following propositions: We propose a formal and corporate union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Protestant Church. The separation originally took place because Lay representation was denied. This principle, being now conceded and incorporated into the economy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, we have thought there was no inseparable bar to such union of the two bodies respectively represented by us, we propose a union with your ministers, itinerant and local, and your members, each in their respective relations and entitled to all the rights and privileges common to our own ministers and members under the discipline of the M. E. Church, South.

Montgomery, Ala., May 10, 1867.

GEORGE F. PIERCE,
H. N. MCTYEIRE,
J. E. EVANS,
LEROY M. LEE.

Propositions of the Commission of the Methodist Protestant Church to the Commission of the M. E. Church, South:

TERMS OF UNION.

1st. Strike out of the Church name the word "South."

2nd. If "Episcopal" be retained in the name, Protestant to be incorporated.

3rd. Dispense with the Presiding Eldership.

4th Have as many Bishops as Annual Conferences.

5th. In the election of new Bishops, what are now our Annual Conferences shall have the privilege of nominating from their present members their first Bishops, and the General Conference shall elect said nominees.

6th. Itinerant ministers to have the right of appeal from the stationing power.

7th. Maryland Conference, in the event of union, to be allowed to decide upon its name, ministerial, membership and boundaries; provided said boundaries be not extended further south than the States of Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia, and the Station in Alexandria.

8th. Our system of trial of accused ministers or members, or its equivalent.

9th. No minister to be transferred from one Conference to another without his own consent, and the consent of the Conference to which he is transferred.

10th. Local preachers and ministers to be put upon a par with itinerant preachers and ministers in regard to the qualifications for, and eligibility to orders.

11th. Local ministers to be alike eligible with itinerant ministers to a seat in the General Conference.

12th. Each Station, Circuit and Mission to be allowed one delegate in the Annual Conference; in the former to be elected by the male members, in the two latter by the Quarterly Conference.

13th. No veto power to be conceded to the Bishops.

14th. Incorporate in the Discipline the following: (Art. 8, Sec. 5:) The Ministry and Laymen shall deliberate in one body; but if, upon the final passage of any question, it be required by those members, the Ministeas and Laymen shall vote separately, and the concurrence of a majority of both classes of representatives shall be necessary to constitute a vote of the Conference. A similar regulation to be observed in the Annual Conference.

15th. In the Annual Conference the Laity shall have the right to participate in all the business except such as relates to the trial of ministers and preachers.

Majority report of the Commissioners of the M. P. Church on Church union:

To the Convention of the Methodist Protestant Church:

The undersigned, a majority of the Commission appointed to confer with the Commission of the M. E. Church, South, in relation to a corporate union between the two Churches, beg leave to report, that, duly impressed with the importance of the subject of their trust, they have given it the most serious, patient and prayerful consideration, and now submit the following paper as the result which they have reached:

The Convention has indicated, by its resolutions, welcoming the Commissioners of the M. E. Church, South, among us, its willingness to unite on terms agreeable to both Churches. The Commission of the M. E. Church, South, however, have not felt themselves authorized to offer such terms as we believe would be acceptable to all the members of our Church, and we do not feel authorized to modify, essentially, the conditions we have proposed. Therefore,

Resolved, That the whole subject be referred for final action to our several Annual Conferences, and that the President thereat be requested to announce the result to the Commissioners of the M. E. Church, South, expressing the hope that the Conference may act as a unit.

Your Commission cannot conclude their report without expressing their highest appreciation of the pleasure afforded to them by their several interviews with their brother Commissioners of the M. E. Church, South. They have conducted themselves towards us with a kindness of manner, a Christian candor, cordiality and confidence which, whatever may be the result of our official intercourse at the Convention, will give them a place in our hearts as brethren beloved in the Lord.

To place the Convention in possession of all that has occurred between the two Commissions, we submit the three several papers which accompany this report.

J. G. WHITEFIELD, Chairman.
F. L. B. SHAVER,
S. B. SOUTHERLAND,
B. F. DUGGAN,
CHARLES W. BUTTON,
L. J. COX, JR.,
G. J. CHERRY,
F. H. M. HENDERSON.

The Arkansaw Traveler.

We publish the following, because the time has come when it should be read over. It has made you laugh before, and it will do it again:

In the early settlement of Arkansas, a traveler, after riding some eight or ten miles without meeting a human being or seeing a human habitation, came, at last, by a sudden turn of the wood-road, to a miserable "shanty," the centre of a small clearing, in what had originally been a "black-jacket thicket," whence the only sound that proceeds is the discordant music of a broken-winded fiddle, from the troubled bowels of which the occupant is laboriously extorting the monotonous tune known as "The Arkansas," or "Rackensack Traveler." Our traveler rides up to within a few feet of the door, which was once the bed-frame of a cart body, now covered with bear skins, and hung upon two big wooden hinges.

After much shouting, the inmate appears, fiddle in hand, and evidently wrathy at being interrupted in the exercise of his art. The following colloquy ensues, the indefatigable fiddler still playing the first strain of 'The Arkansaw Traveler,' which, in fact, he continues at sudden intervals, until, the dialogue, as will be seen, is brought to a sudden conclusion. If this be not "seeking lodgings under difficulties," we should like to know what might be legitimately so considered:

Traveler—"Friend, can I obtain accommodations for the night with you?"

Arkansas Artist—"No sir, 'nary' 'commodation."

Traveler—"My dear sir, I have traveled over thirty miles to-day, and neither myself nor my horse have had a mouthful to eat; why can't you accommodate me for the night?"

Arkansas Artist—"Jest 'cause it can't be did We'ar plum out of anything to eat in the house; Bill's gone to mill with the last nubbin of corn on these premises, and it'll be nigh onto the shank of to-morrow evenin' afore he comes home, unless sythin oncommon happens."

Traveler—"You surely have something that I can feed my horse on; even a few potatoes would be better than no food."

Arkansas Artist—"Stranger, our catin roots gin out about a week ago; so your chance is slim thar."

Traveler—"But, my friend, I must remain with you, any way. I can't go any further, whether I obtain anything to eat or not. You certainly will allow me the shelter of your roof?"

Arkansas Artist—"It can't be did, old hoss. You see we've got only one dried hide on the premises, and me and the ole woman allus occupies that; so whar's your chance?"

Traveler—"Allow me to hitch my horse to that persimmon tree, and with my saddle and blanket I'll make a bed in the fence corner."

Arkansas Artist—"Hitch your horse to that 'simmon tree? In a horn. Why you must be a nat'ral fool, stranger! Don't you see that's me and the ole woman's only chance for 'simmon beer in the fall of the year? If your hoss is so tarnal hungry as you say he is, he'd girdle it as high up as he could reach afore mornin'. Hitch your hoss to that tree! I 'spect not; no, no, stranger, you can't come nary such a dodge as that."

Our traveler, seeing he had an original to deal with, and being himself an amateur performer upon the instrument to which the settler was so ardently attached, thought he would change his tactics, and draw his determined-not-to-be "host" out a little before informing him of the fact that he, too, could make a fiddle squeak, a piece of information which, once being known, he rightly conjectured, would be a passport to his better graces.

Traveler—"Well friend, if I can't stay, how far is it to the next house?"

Arkansas Artist—"Ten miles; and you'll think they're mighty long ones, too, 'fore you git thar. I came nigh onto forgettin' to tell you, the big creek is up; the bridge is carried off, and there's nary yearthly chance to ford it; and if yer bound to cross it, yer'll have to go about seven miles up stream, to old Dave Lody's puncheon bridge, through one of the darkest bamboo swamps you ever see. I reckon the bridge is standin' yet; 'twas yesterday mornin'; though one end has started down stream about fifteen feet, or such a matter."

Traveler—"Friend, you seem communicative; and if it's no offense, I'd like to know what you do for a living here?"

Arkansas Artist—"No offence on yearth stranger. We keep a grocery."

Traveler—"A grocery! Where, in the name of all that is mercantile, do your customers come from? Your nearest neighbor is ten miles distant!"

Arkansas Artist—"The fact is, me and the ole woman is the best customers yet; but we 'spect these diggins will improve, and in course business will improve too. How'sever, we do suthin even now. Me and the ole woman took the cart t'other day, and went to town; we bort a bar'l of whiskey; and arter we cum home and 'gin to count the balance on hand, we found thar wa'nt but jist one solitary picayune left, an as the ole woman allus carries the puss, in course she had it. Well, I sot the bar'l agin one side of the room, and shortly arter the ole woman sez: 'Spozen you tap your end of the bar'l, and I did; and she bought a drink, and paid me the picayune. Pretty soon I begun to get dry, and sez I: 'Ole woman, spozen you tap your end of the bar'l?' and she did; and then she sells me a drink; and the way that picayune traveled back'ards and for'ards over the bung of that bar'l is a caution to them as loves 'red eye.' But stranger, losses is apt to come in every business; and me and the ole woman has lost some in the grocery line; and I'll tell you how 'twas. That boy Bill, our oldest son, he see how the licker was goin', and he didn't have nary red to jine in the retail bisiness; so one nite he crawls under the house, and taps the bar'l atwixt the cracks in the puncheon floor; and I r'ally believe he's got more than me or the ole woman either; the good for nothin' vagabond; to come the giraff over his nateral born parents; i'ts enuff to make a man sour agiu all creation; that boy'll be the ruination of us yet. He takes to trickery jist as nateral as a hungry 'possum takes to a hen roost. Now, stranger, what on yearth am I to do? He beats me and the ole woman entirely."

Traveler—"It would be difficult to advise in regard to your son, as I have no family of my own. You say it's ten miles to the next house; the big creek is up; the bridge is carried away; no possibility of fording it, and seven miles through a swamp to the only bridge in the vicinity! This is rather a gloomy prospect, particularly as the sun is just about down; still, my curiosity is excited, and as you have been playing only one part of the "Arkansas Traveler" since my arrival, I would like to know, before I leave, why you don't play the tune through."

Arkansas Artist—"For one of the best reasons on yearth, old hoss—I can't do it. I haint larnt the turn of that tehune, and drat me if I believe I ever shall."

Traveler—"Give me your instrument, and I'll see if I can't play the turn for you."

Arkansas Artist—"Look o' here, my friend, do you play the turn of that tehune?"

Traveler—"I believe I can."

Arkansas Artist—"Lite, lite, old hoss!—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Ole woman! ole woman! (a 'hallo!' within the shanty was the first indication the traveler had of any other human being on the premises), the stranger plays the turn of the 'Rackensack Traveler.' My friend, hitch your hoss to the 'simmon tree or any where else you please. Bill 'll be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sal and Nance up from the spring; tell Nance to go into the spring-house, and cut off a good large piece of bar-steak, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sal to knock over a chicken or two, and get up some flour doins and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before.) Bill! Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the 'Rackensack Traveler.' Go to the corn-crib and get a big punkin and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suthin to sit on, and skin a tater long with me and the ole woman while the gals is getten' supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no nubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and *then* Bill, I reckon he'll play the turn of the Rackensack Traveler for us."—*Knickerbocker.*

Cherries of Hamburg.

In the early part of the sixteenth century cherries were very rare in Germany. There had been a rot, and it was with the utmost difficulty that any could be preserved. But a citizen of Hamburg, named Wolf had in the middle of the town a walled garden, and in the garden he had gathered the rarest of cherry-trees, and by constant watchfulness he had kept away the disease from his fruit, so that he alone possessed healthy cherry-trees, and those in great abundance, bearing the juiciest cherries. All who wished cherries must go to him for them, and he sold them at the highest prices, so that every season he reaped a great harvest of gold from his cherries. Far and near Wolf's cherry-trees were known, and he grew richer and more famous.

One season, when his cherry-trees were in blossom and giving promise of an abundant crop, a war broke out in the north of Germany, in which Hamburg was invaded. The city was besieged, and so surrounded by the enemy, that no help could reach it. Slowly they consumed the provisions that were garnered, but famine was staring them in the face; nor did they dare yield to the enemy, for in those days there was little mercy shown to the conquered, and while any hope remained the people held out, making vain sallies into the enemy's camp, and growing weaker daily, as less and less food remained to them.

Meanwhile, the enemy had grown more fierce without. The heat was intense, and had dried up the brooks and springs in all the country about, so that the besiegers were becoming wild with thirst; it made them savager, and the commanding general would listen to no terms, but swore to destory the city, and to put all the inhabitants, soldiers and old men, women, and children to the sword.

But would it not be better thus to be killed outright, than to suffer the slow death of famine? Wolf thought of these things as he returned one day to his garden in the midst of the city, after a week of fighting with the enemy. In his absence the cherries had ripened fast in the sun, and were now superb, fairly bursting with the red juice, and making one's mouth to water at the sight.

A sudden thought came into his head as he looked at his cherries, and a hope sprang up that he might yet save his fellow-townsmen. There was not a moment to lose, for twenty-four hours more of suffering would make the people delirious.—He brought together all the children of the town, to the number of three hundred, and had them dressed wholly in white. In those days, and in that country, the funeral processions were thus dressed.—He brought them into his orchard and loaded each with a branch, heavy with rich, juicy cherries, and marshaling them, sent them out of the city, a feeble procession to the camp of the enemy. The dying men and women filled the streets as the white-robed children passed through the gates and out into the country.

The besieging general saw the procession drawing near, concealed by the boughs they were carrying; he suspected some stratagem, as if it was Burnam Wood coming to Dunsinane. Then he was told that they were children of Hamburg, who had heard that he and his army were suffering with thirst, and were bringing luscious cherries to quench it. Thereat he was very angry, for he was of cruel and violent nature, and said that they had come to mock him, and he would surely have them put to death before his eyes, even as he had sworn he would do to all the people of the city.

But when the procession came before him, and he saw the poor children, so thin, so pale, so worn out by hunger, the rough man's heart was touched; a spring of fatherly love, that had long been choked up in him, broke forth; he was filled with pity, and tears came to his eyes, and what the warriors of the town could not do, the peaceful little children in white did—they vanquished the hard heart. That evening the little cherry-bearers returned to the city, and with them went a procession of carts filled with provisions for the starving people; and the very next day a treaty of peace was signed.

In memory of this event the people of Hamburg still keep every year a festival, called the Feast of Cherries, when the children of the city, clad in white garments, march through the streets, holding green boughs, to which the people, coming out of their houses, hasten to tie bunches of cherries, only now the children are chubby and merry, and they eat the cherries themselves.—*Riverside Magazine.*

Extraordinary Power of Endurance.

The *Pacific Medical Surgical Journal* tells a most extraordinary story of the power of endurance of a Mr. J. D. Gardner, of San Francisco. With a companion he was riding in Almeda County in a carriage drawn by two horses, and at nine o'clock in the evening they were precipitated down a ravine more than twenty feet in depth. Mr. Gardner's left thigh was broken at the upper third, and the carriage was resting upon him; his companion lay insensible by his side. He succeeded in lifting the wheel and disengaging himself. They were in a lonely spot, and no one came to their relief. The injured man lay all night, all the next day and the next night, exposed to a broiling sun by day and the glare of a full moon at night. On the second day—

"Losing all hope of relief with a desperate effort he climbed the side of the ravine opposite to that on which he had fallen, and which was less precipitous.—This he accomplished on his back, lifting his body with his hand and elbows and pushing it onward by means of the heel of the sound limb, dragging the broken one along after the body. Having climbed the bank, he saw the roof of a house nearly a mile distant, and set off for it in the same tardy and painful mode of locomotion. All that day and night, and the following day and night, were thus spent.

"On Sunday morning he came to a fence, which he found built of posts planted in the ground close together, with a horizontal string piece near the top to which the posts were nailed. This was seemingly an insuperable obstacle to his further progress, and abandoning all hope, he resigned himself to death. But the sight of a small squash through the fence inspired him to renewed effort, and recollecting that he had passed a loose fence-rail a short distance back, he returned to it and managed to drag it to the fence, and with it to pry off the string piece from some of the posts. Then reaching backwards over his head, still lying on his back, he seized one of the posts, and after much labor loosened it from the earth and lifted it out, so as to leave an opening through which he dragged himself into the garden.

"He was now within a hundred yards of the house, but his voice was too faint to be heard at that distance. The squash was, however, accessible, and when he had brought it almost within his grasp, he was observed by some persons who chanced to be walking through the garden, and who came to his relief.

"It was now noon, on Sunday. Since noon of Wednesday, a space of four days, he had not swallowed a morsel of food or drink; and fifty-four hours of that time he had spent in dragging himself as described from the ravine to the garden, a distance of nearly a mile. He thinks he did not sleep a moment, from the accident until after the rescue; but in this he was doubtless mistaken. The ground over which he traveled was rough, and in places stony. The foot of the broken limb often became wedged in the stones, when he was compelled to stop and turn in various directions before getting it extricated. * *

"When he was rescued, his first want was a drink of water, and when this was brought, he restricted himself with great self-control to two glasses. At the same time, however, he sent relief to his comrade, who was found still alive, but senseless, and who died the following night.—Gardner refused to taste of brandy which was offered him, and he partook of food sparingly, exercising in every respect a judgment which a professional adviser could not have improved on.

"Being carried to the farm-house, he was placed under surgical care. Not a single unpleasant symptom supervened to interfere with the curative process. He took no stimulating liquors in any form. In seven weeks he was well enough to return to the city, and to drive the vehicle which carried him. His health since has been uniformily perfect, and he bears no trace of the injury except some lameness from shortening of the limb.

"Mr. Gardners is of medium stature and spare figure, with full bony development, and a general appearance of sturdy and rugged constitution. He is unmarried. At the time of the injury he was 25 years of age. His habits have always been regular and excellent, except in regard to tobacco, in which he has indulged pretty freely from his boyhood. On the night of his fall, about two o'clock, he recollected having a cigar in his pocket, and he now dwells with enthusiasm on the pleasure he enjoyed whilst lying on his back in the moonlight and puffing that solitary cigar. He had also a package of tobacco in his pocket, but fearing that he might get so hungry as to swallow it and injure himself, he threw it away beyond his reach. During his confinement to bed, he smoked daily more or less, and he refers with some feeling to the comfort derived from this source."

A Depraved Child.

A singular case of juvenile depravity recently occurred in Saginaw City, Michigan. A little girl, aged seven years, named Mary, while going down street was met by a girl named Eliza, aged eleven years. The elder child kept the younger in chat till they had wandered as far as the ship yard, where no human being was in sight. When there, Eliza induced Mary to take off her hat, cloak, apron and net, the child obeying her with a confiding look that would have changed the purpose of one old in crime. But Eliza had only half done her work. She had coveted the the clothes, and now they were in her possession, but the owner of them yet remained in the way. She induced little Mary to stand on a piece of ice which floated in the water of the dock, and gathering up the clothes, she ran away, leaving the child to perish. The ice soon yielded under the child, who slipped off into the water, and clung for life to the cold edges of her piece of ice; providentially, a man rowed within sight and rescued her, and from her statement the precocious murderess was found out and arrested at her school with the stolen goods upon her.

A Vision.

A lady who says she has been quite sick, sends to the Hartford *Times* a lengthy account of a vision which she had upon her sick bed. This is a specimen of its quality: "O, how interesting! How happy I was on that sick bed; as I lay half asleep and half awake, I fancied myself in Paradise lying upon a bed of roses, listening to heavenly music. It was a fine morning; the birds were singing in the trees around my humble dwelling. I awoke saying, 'I hear the birds singing in Paradise.' 'No you don't,' said a female friend who was sitting by my bedside, 'it is that sling I gave you!'"

A Horse's Petition to His Driver.

"Going up hill, whip me not; coming down hill, hurry me not; on level road, spare me not; loose in stable forget me not; of hay and corn, rob me not; of clean water, stint me not; with sponge and brush neglect me not; of soft, dry bed, deprive me not; if sick or cold, chill me not; with bit and reins, oh! jerk me not; and when you are angry, strike me not."

A Quaker intending to drink a glass of water took up a small tumbler of gin. He did not discover the mistake until he got behind the door and swallowed the dose, when he lifted up both hands and exclaimed: "Verily, I have taken inwardly the balm of the world's people. What will Abigail say when she smells my breath?"

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