The Chestertown Transcript.

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THE
Chestertown Transcript
Is published every Saturday, at
Chestertown, Kent County, Md.,
Office, Court Street.

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

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

Advertisements

Of TEN LINES Bourgeois (or its equivalent in space) or less, will be inserted three times for One Dollar: Two ... cents for each subsequent insertion. ... square three months, three Dollars: Six m... five Dollars: One Year, eight Dollars. ... ons of a square will be charged as a squa... Yearly and semi-annual adverti...ments at r... 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.

—x—

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 Sto... nd Grates, Hot Air Furnaces, Argicultur... rs, 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.

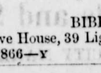
They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and 0 Pratt & Davis; No. 4 Wiley, and two-furrowed Plows of excellent model, and not surpassed in smoothness or temper by any made or used in this State.

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 SILVER WATCHS;

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 Tops, for sale low.

Stone, Earthen and Rockingham Ware, Jugs, Jars, Pitchers, Pans, 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.

A Dead Man's Message.

(Paraphrazed from the Arabic verses quoted by Mogreeth, Bahreins.—See Pulgrave's Arabia.)

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

He who died at Azan sends
This, to comfort all his friends.

I.

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and cold and still as snow;
And you say, "Abdullah's dead!"
Weeping at its feet and head;
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this,
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your wail and let it lie,
It was mine. It is not I!"

II.

Sweet friends! what the women lave
For its last place in the grave,
Was a hut which I am quitting,
Was a garment, no more fitting;
Was a cage, wherefrom, at last
Like a bird, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room,
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

III.

Loving friends! be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye!
What you lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear;
'Tis a simple sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell was nothing—leave it there—
The pearl—the soul—was all—is here!
'Tis an earthen pot, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury—
A mind that loved him: let it be!
Let the shards be earth once more
Since the gold goes to his store!

IV.

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood!
Now the long long wonder ends,
Yet you weep, my foolish friends;
While the man you say "is dead"
In unspoken bliss instead
Lives and loves you:—lost, 'tis true,
For any light that shines with you;
But in the light you do not see
Raised to full felicity;
In a perfect paradise,
And a life that never dies.

V.

And this blessed life I see
Is not a dream nor phantasy.
We have meat and we have drink
Far more truly than you think;
Drain from dazzling goblets wine,
But food and wine together pour,
—One mystery, of many more—
From the same source, for both are pressed
Pure Heaven-milk:—from a maiden breast.
If you hear me, can you take
My meaning's shadow? for the sake
I speak—of two, or may be, one—
The rest will also learn anon,

VI.

Farewell, friends! yet not farewell,
Where you are, I too shall dwell;
I am gone beyond your face
A moment's march, a single pace.
When you come where I have stepped,
You will wonder why you wept;
You will see by the true life taught
That *here* is all, and *there* is naught.
Weep a while, if you are fain,
Sunshine still must follow rain,
Only, *not at death*;—for death,
Now I see, is that long breath
Which our souls draw, when they enter
Life that is of all life centre.

VII.

Be ye certain—all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's seat above;
Be ye stout of hope, and come
Bravely onward to your home;
From its happy gate—my ken
Sees you—struggling souls, not "men."
All for nameless joys decreed,
Which your wills may stay or speed;

[redacted]

ence.—*True Marylander.*

☞ The idleness of boys when they leave school—an idleness which is often not wilful but compulsory—idle because unable to find anything to do—is one of the most fruitful sources of vice, and one of the greatest evils of society.

Farmers' Column.

Fattening Animals.

There are some rules which may be advantageously adopted in feeding animals, which, however obvious, are often passed over or neglected, and we propose to lay before our readers a few of these rules.

It is evident that when we wish to fatten an animal, we must not expect any labor of him, and hence the food for a fattening animal should be given to him in that form which will require the least labor on his part to convert it into the proper shape for swallowing. The ox that is obliged to wander over an acre to get the food which he should find on a few square rods—the horse that is three or four hours eating the coarse food he would swallow (just as well masticated) in fifteen minutes, if the grain was ground, and the hay cut as it should be—the sheep that spends hours in making its way into a turnip which, if it were sliced, it would eat in as many minutes—the pig that would consume time and waste grain in eating corn off the cob, when it would make more fat and less work for it if it had been ground and mixed with water—may indeed fatten, but much less rapidly than if their food was given to them in a proper manner. From this we may deduce the rule that all food intended for a fattening animal should as far as possible be put into proper *swallowing* order before the animal gets it.

From the time the fattening process begins until it is fully accomplished, the animal should never be without food. Health and appetite will be best promoted by a change of food rather than by limiting the quantity.

The animal that is stuffed and starved by turns may have streaked meat, but is made too slowly either for the pleasure or profit of the farmer. When asked to account for the fine appearance of his pen of fat hogs, a farmer answered that "he never allowed them to squeal." This is a great point. When we approach a hog pen, and the contents set up a universal squeal, we know something is wrong either in bed or board; and when on going into a sheep-fold causes a universal bleating, it is a sign that food or salt is wanted there.

Another important point, which is second only to quantity, is that the food should be given at regular periods as well as in regular quantities. If fed irregularly, the animal, although it may have enough, will soon acquire a restless disposition, is disturbed by every appearance of its keeper, and is never in that quiet state which so much promotes the laying on of fat. To those who have not tried it, it will be surprising how soon an animal acquires habits of regularity in feeding, and how soon the influence of this is felt in the improvement of his condition. When at the regular hour the pig has had its "pudding," and the sheep his turnips, they compose themselves for rest with the consciousness that their digestion will not be disturbed or their quiet broken by unwonted invitations to eat.

All animals fatten better in the dark than in the light, and this can only be accounted for by the increased quiet. In the dark the animal remains perfectly quiet, while in the light the reverse is often the case. Some kinds of stock which are the most irritable in confinement, as turkeys and geese, are found to lay on fat best when confined in the dark and fed only at stated periods. There is no surer proof that a pig is doing well than to see him eat his meal quickly and go to bed to sleep until feeding time again.

Animals while fattening should never be alarmed, never rapidly driven, never fed at unreasonable hours, and above all things never be allowed to be in want of food even for half an hour.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Beecher on Fast Horses.

If a horse has had swiftness put into him, it is fair to give him a chance; be sure that you have let go of him, and then with a squeal he lets fly his heels in the air, till the sun flashes from his polished shoes, then he goes off faster, fiercer, clear across the lot, till the fence brings him up. And then his eye flashing, his mane lifted and swelling, his tail up like a king's sceptre, he snorts defiance to you from afar; and with a series of rearings, running sideways, pawings and plungings, friskings and whirls, he starts again, with immense enjoyment, into another round of running. Do you not see that it is more than fun? It is ecstacy. It is horse rapture!

I never see such a spectacle that I am not painfully impressed with the inhumanity of not letting horses run. Fastness is a virtue. Our mistaken moderation is depriving him of it. I drive fast on principle. I do it for the sake of being at one with nature. To drive slow, only and always, is to treat a horse as if he were an ox. You may be slow, if you think proper. But your horse should be kept up to nature. He would have had but two legs, if it was meant that he should go only at a "go-to-meeting" pace. He has four legs. Of course he ought to do a good deal with them.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

A Wrinkle About the Age of Horses.

A short time ago we met a gentleman from Illinois, who gave us a piece of information in regard to ascertaining the age of a horse, after he or she has passed the ninth year, which was new to us, and will be, we are sure, to most of our readers. It is this: After the horse is nine years old, a wrinkle comes on the eyelid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well-defined wrinkle for each year over nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will always get it. So says the gentleman; and he is confident it will never fail. As a good many people have horses over nine, it is easily tried. If true, the horse dentist mut give up his trade.

A Terrible Bedfellow.

I looked at my neighbor with considerable curiosity. His face indicated a man of not over thirty years—a period at which men are still young, but his hair was as white as fresh fallen snow. One seldom sees even on the heads of the oldest men, hair of such immaculate whiteness. He sat by my side in a car of the Great Western Railroad, in Canada, and was looking out at the window. Suddenly turning his head he caught me in the act of staring at him—a rudeness of which I was ashamed. I was about to say some words of apology, when he quietly remarked:

"Don't mention it, sir; I'm used to it."

The frankness of this observation pleased me, and in a very little while we were conversing on terms of familiar acquaintanceship and before long he had told me the whole story.

"I was a soldier in the army of India," said he, "and as is often the case with soldiers I was a little too fond of good liquor. One day I got drunk and was shut up in the black hole for it. I slunked down upon the floor of the dungeon, and I was just dropping off to sleep, when I felt a cold, slimy shape crawling across my right hand as it lay stretched out above my head on the floor. I knew at once what it was—a snake! Of course my first impulse was to draw away my hand, but knowing if I did so the poisonous reptile would probably strike its fangs into me, I lay still with my heart beating in my breast like a tilt hammer. Of course my fright sobered me instantly. I realized all my peril in its fullest extent. O, how I lamented the hour that I had touched liquor! In every glass of liquor they say there is a serpent; but it does not come to everybody in the shape it came to me.—With a slow undulating motion the reptile dragged its carcass across my face, inch by inch, and crept down over my breast, and thrust its head inside my jacket. As I felt the hideous scraping of the slimy body over my checks it was only by the most tremendous effort that I succeeded in restraining myself from yelling loudly with mingled terror and disgust. At last I felt the tail wriggling down towards my chin; but imagine what I felt at heart, if you can imagine it, as I realized that the dreadful creature had coiled itself up under my jacket as I lay and had seemingly gone to sleep, for it was still as death. Evidently it had no idea that I was a human creature; if it had it would not have acted in this manner. All snakes are cowardly, and they will not approach a man unless to strike him in self defense. Three hours I lay with that dreadful weight in my bosom, and each minute was like an hour to me—like a year! I seemed to have lived a lifetime in that brief space. Every incident of my life passed across my mind in rapid succession, as they say is the case with drowning men. I thought of my mother, away in old England; my happy home by the borders of the Avon; my Mary the girl I loved, and never expected to see them more. For no matter how long I bore this, I felt that it would end in death at last. I lay as rigid as a corpse scarcely daring even to breathe, and all the time my breast was growing colder where the snake lay against it, with nothing but a thin cotton shirt between my skin and it I knew if I stirred, it would strike; but I felt I could not bear it much longer.—Even if I succeeded in lying still until the guard came, I expected that his opening the door and coming in would be my death warrant all the same; for no doubt the reptile would see that I was a man, as soon as the light should be let in at the door. At last I heard footsteps approaching.—There was a rattling in the lock. It was the guard. He opened the door. The snake—*a cobra di capello* I now saw—darted up its huge hooded head, with the hideous rings around its eyes, as if about to strike. I shut my eyes, and murmured a short prayer—then it glided away with a swift motion, and disappeared in the darkness. I staggered to my feet and fell swooning into the arms of the guard. For weeks afterwards I was very sick; and when I was able to be about, I found that my hair was as white as you now see it. I have never touched a drop of liquor since."

Six Degrees of Drunkenness.

The most foolish predicament a man can get into is to get drunk. In drunkenness every man shows his strongest and most ardent passion. There are six kinds of drunkards, and if you will go into a city drinking place where there are a dozen men under the influence of liquor, you will be sure to find those six different characters, representing different animals.

The first is ape drunk. He leaps, and sings, and yells, and dances, making all sorts of grimaces, and cutting up all sorts of "monkey shines" to excite the laughter of his fellows. Terribly silly is the drunken clown.

The second is tiger-drunk. He breaks the bottles, breaks the chairs, breaks the heads of his fellow carousers, and is full of blood and thunder. His eyes are fired with vengeance, and his soul raves with murderous fury. Of this sort is those who abuse their families.

The third is hog-drunk. He rolls in the dirt on the floor, slobbers and grunts, and going into the street makes his bed in the first ditch or filthy corner he may happen to fall into. He is heavy, lumpish and sleepy, and cries in a grunting way for a little more to drink.

The fourth is puppy-drunk. He will weep for kindness, and whine his love and hug you in his arms, and kiss you with his slobbery lips, and proclaim how much he loves you. You are the best man he ever saw, he will lay down his money or his life for you.

The fifth is owl-drunk. He is wise in his own conceit. No man must differ with him, for his word is law. He is true in politics, and in all matters must be taken as authority. His arm is the strongest, his horse the fastest, his turnips the largest, his town the finest of all in the land.

The sixth and last animal in the menagerie is the fox-drunkard. He is crafty, ready to trade horses, and cheat if he can. Keen to strike a bargain, leering around with low cunning, peeping through cracks, listening under the eaves, watching for some suspicious thing, sly as a fox, sneaking as a wolf. He is the meanest drunkard of all.

Quenching Thirst.

Nearly a hundred years ago Dr. Lind suggested to Captain Kennedy that thirst might be quenched at sea by dipping the clothing in salt water and putting it on without wringing. Subsequently the captain, on being cast away, had an opportunity of making the experiment. With great difficulty he succeeded in persuading a part of his men to follow his example, and they all survived; while the four who refused, and drank salt water, became delirious and died. In addition to putting on the clothes while wet, night and morning, they may be wet while on, two or three times during the day. Captain K. goes on to say, "after these operations, we uniformly found that the violent drought went off and the parched tongue was cured in a very few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes, while we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment." The bare possibility of the truth of the statement makes it a humanity for any paper to give it a wide publicity, since there are many hundreds who may go to sea and be shipwrecked. We personally know that wading in water quenches thirst, and very few readers can remember being thirsty while bathing at a sea shore, or while swimming in our rivers. When the fearful horrors of dying of thirst are remembered, and the more fearful madness which is the result of drinking sea water to allay thirst, it is certainly well to encourage individual experiment in this direction, and solicit an authenticated report of the same.

Newspapers.

A paper lives by the advertising which it does. The subscription and sale of papers hardly pay for the paper used in printing, and when a man asks for a notice of any matter by which he expects to be benefitted, he is asking for so much money out of the pockets of the proprietors. It would be just as reasonable for him to go into a store and ask the merchant for a suit of clothes or a bag of coffee. And yet he would open his eyes in astonishment at such a request.

Newspapers cannot be published for nothing. Every line put in type costs money, and has to be paid for in cash—there is no credit on anything which goes into the printing and publishing of a paper, notwithstanding which, there are some inconsiderate people who complain that printers try to collect their bills promptly, and do not give unlimited credit. A moment's reflection ought to convince such people that no paper could be published sixty days in times like these on such a system. With every inclination to be accommodating and forbearing, self-preservation demands that in the newspapes business, above all others, the cash system should be rigidly adhered to. Under any other plan, the resources of the proprietors would be scattered in small amounts all over the country, to collect which would cost almost as much as the accounts amounted to. It is much easier for the many to pay the small sums due by them, than for the papers to wait the convenience of the debtors for the payment of the aggregate of the bills owing them.—*Petersburg Express.*

Sensitive Flames.

The jumping of a naked fishtail flame, in respone to musical sounds, was accidentally observed by Professor Lecomte, at a musical party in the United States. A lecture was recently delivered on the subject at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in the course of which Professor Tyndall exhibited some most extraordinary experiments. Illustrating the sympathy between the flame, when in a certain state, and certain sounds, he said: "Some of these flames are of marvelous sensibility; one such is at present burning before you. It is nearly twenty inches long; but the slightest tap on a distant anvil knocks it down to eight. I shake this bunch of keys or these few copper coins in my hand; the flame responds to every tinkle. I may stand at a distance of twenty yards from this flame; the dropping of a sixpence, from a height of a couple of inches, into a hand already containg coin, knocks the flame down. I cannot walk across the floor without affecting the flame. The creaking of my boots sets it in a violent commotion. The crumpling of a bit of paper, or the rustle of a silk dress, does the same. It is started by the plashing of a raindrop. I speak to the flame, repeating a few lines of poetry; the flame jumps at intervals, apparently picking certain sounds from my enterance to which it can respond, while it is unaffected by others.

☞ In restoring a building at Stanz, in Switzerland, a beautiful frescoe painting had been discovered, representing the descent from the Cross and the deposit of Christ in the tomb. This picture was executed in 1570, at the expense of M. Heing, the head of the Municipality of Uri, whose coat of arms and that of his wife figure in this ancient work of art. The colors are still fresh, and indeed it is altogether in good preservation.

Ventilate your Children's rooms.

Most parents, before retiring to rest, make it a duty to visit the sleeping-room of their children. They do so in order to be satisfied that no danger is threatening their little ones. But if they leave the room with closed windows and doors, they shut in as great an enemy as fire, although his ravages may not be so readily detected. Poison is there, but deadly. Morning after morning do many children awake weary, fretful and oppressed. "What can it mean?" "What can it be?" the mother cries. In despair she has recourse to medicine. The constitution becomes enfeebled, and the child gets worse. The cause perhaps, is never traced to overcrowded rooms without proper air, but is nevertheless the right one. An intelligent mother having acquainted herself with the principles of ventilation, will not retire to her own room for the night without having provided sufficiency of air for her children, in the same manner that she provides and regulates their night covering, or any other requisite for refreshing slumber. Sometimes by judiciously lowering a window, and other times by leaving a door open, this end may be attained. In many houses the day and night nurseries communicates. When this is the case, the window of the farther room should be left open. Even in severe weather, young children can bear this arrangement if they are not exposed to a direct draught.

A Droll Postmaster.

In the days of Andrew Jackson, his Postmaster General, Amos Kendall, wanting to know whereabouts was the source of the Tombigbee river, wrote for the required information to the postmaster of a village on its course. "Sir," wrote the higher officer to the lower, "this department desires to know how far the Tombigbee river runs up. Respectfully, &c."

The reply was brief and read thus:

"Sir, the Tombigbee river doesn't run up at all, it runs down. Very respectfully, etc"

The Postmaster General continued the correspondence in this style:

"Sir—Your appointment as postmaster at —— is revoked. You will turn over the funds, papers, etc., pertaining to your office to your successor. Respectfully, &c."

The droll under-strapper closed the correspondence with this parting shot:

"Sir—The revenues for this office for quarter ending Sept. 30, have been 95 cents: its expenditures same period, for tallow candles and twine was 1.05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance due me. Most respectfully."

What Age to Marry.

"People about to marry," who wish to know the proper age, are referred to the following precedents:

Adam and Eve, 0.
Shakspeare, 18.
Ben Johnson, 21.
Franklin, 24.
Dante, Kelper, Fuller, Johnson, Scott, Burke, 26.
Tycho, Brahe, Byron, Washington, Bonaparte, 27.
Penn and Stirling, 28.
Linnaeus and Nelson, 29.
Burns, 30.
Chaucer, Hogarth and Peel, 32.
Wordsworth and Davy, 33.
Sir William Jones and Wellington, 37.
Wilberforce 38.
Luther, 42.
Addison, 44.
Wesley and Young, 47.
Swift, 49.
Buffon, 55.
Old Parr, last time, 120.
Bachelors and spinsters may find shelter under great names for either early or late marriages.

Hanged, Decapitated, Quartered.

The sentence pronounced against certain Fenians in Dublin is in these terrible words: "That you be taken hence to the prison from which you came; thence to be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution; there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead; that your heads be then severed from your bodies; that your bodies be quartered, and placed at her most gracious Majesty's disposal." This law was, it appears, passed as late as the year 1785, in the time of George the Third, and although there is no probability of its ever being carried out, it scandalizes humanity by being retained in the books. But Queen Victoria, it is well known, will never enforce such a barbarous enactment. The idea of the four-quarters of a dead man, and his severed head being "placed at her disposal" is too shocking to think of.

Photography.

The *London Intellectual Observer* says: "No place is now safe from the incursions of photographers. Who would suppose that they could carry on their operations under water? Yet such is now the case, as M. Bazin has proved. His photographic studio consists of a strong sheet iron chest, perfectly water-tight, and with water-tight windows, that are in the form of lenses. The electric light is used, and renders distinctly visible any objects lying at the bottom of the sea, so that they may be photographed, and thus their value and position be accurately marked. M. Bazin has remained at depths of nearly three hundred feet for about ten minutes. This application of photography promises to facilitate the recovery of lost objects and the raising of sunken ships."

A Remarkable Birth.

A woman named Mrs. Quinn, residing in Flushing avenue, Brooklyn, surprised her husband and friends yesterday by giving birth to four children, two girls and two boys, weighing six pounds each. The mother and children are doing well.—*N. Y. Herald, May 28.*

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