The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1867. NO. 7.

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; 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.

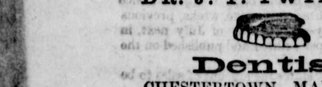
Mill Spindles, Shafts and Picks made and repaired to order, and in good style.

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 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.

Five o'clock in the Morning.

The dew lay glittering on the grass,
A mist lay on the brook;
At the earliest beam of the golden sun,
The swallow his nest forsook,
The snowy bloom on the hawthorn tree
Lay thickly, the ground adorning;
The birds were singing in every bush
At five o'clock in the morning.

And Bessie, the milkmaid, merrily sang.
For the meadows were fresh and fair;
The breeze of the morning kissed her brow,
And played with her nut-brown hair;
But oft she turned and looked around,
As if the silence scorning;
'Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe,
At five o'clock in the morning.

And over the meadows the mowers came,
And merrily their voices rang;
And one among them wended his way
To where the milkmaid sang;
And, as he lingered by her side,
Despite his comrade's warning,
The old, old story was told again,
At five o'clock in the morning.

Farmers' Column.

Improvement in Farming.

Timothy Titcomb, in his Rural Life, says—"The improvements made in farming implements have not been made by farmers themselves, but by outsiders—mechanics and men of science—who have marvelled at the brainless stupidity which toiled on in its old track of unreasoning routine, and looked with suspicion and discouragement upon innovations. The reason why the farmer has not been foremost in improving the instruments and methods of his own business is, that his mind has been unfitted for improvement by the excessive labors of his body. A man whose strength is habitually exhausted by labor, becomes, at length, incapable of mental exertion; and I cannot help feeling that half the farmers in the country establish insuperable obstacles to their own improvement by their excessive toil. They are nothing more than the living machines of a calling which so far exhausts their vitality that they have neither disposition nor power to improve neither themselves or their calling. * * * There is no doubt about the fact that a life whose whole energies are expended in hard, bodily labor is such a life as God never intended man should live.

"I am perfectly aware that I am not revealing pleasant truths. We are much in the habit of glorifying rural life, and praising the intelligence and virtue of rural populations; and if they believe us they cannot receive this with pleasure. But the question which most interests them is not whether these statements are true. Is the philosophy sound? Does a severe and constant tax on the muscular system repress mental development, and tend to make life hard and homely and unattractive? Is this the kind of life generally which the American farmer leads? Is not the American farmer, generally, a man who has sacrificed a free and full mental development, and all his finer sensibilities and affections, and a generous and genial family and social life, and the dignities and tasteful proprieties of a well-appointed home, to the support of his muscles? There are instances of a better life than this among farmers, and I should not have written this if those instances had not proved that this everlasting devotion to labor is unnecessary. There are farmers who prosper in their calling and do not become stolid—whose homes are the abodes of refinement, whose watchword is improvement, and whose aim is to elevate their calling. If there is a man on the earth whom I honestly honor, it is the farmer who has broken away from his slavery to labor, and applied his mind to his soil.

"Mind must be the emancipator of the farmer. Science, intelligence, machinery—these must liberate the bondman of the soil from his long slavery. When I look back and see what has been done for farming within my brief memory, I am full of hope for the future. The plough, under the hand of science, has become a new instrument. The horse now hoes the corn, mows the grass, rakes the hay, reaps, threshes, and winnows the wheat; and every year adds new machinery to the farmers stock, to supersede the clumsy implements which once bound him to his hard and never ending toil. When a farmer begins to use machinery and to study the processes of other men, and to apply his mind to farming so far as he can make it take the place of muscle, then he illuminates his calling with a new light, and lifts himself into the dignity of a man."

How He Found Them Out.

A word spoken at random has often proved of more utility than the best concerted plans; hence it happens that fools often prosper when men of talent fail. Here is an illustration:

A poor simple peasant by the name of Benhassen, being tired of his daily fare of brown bread and water, resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to procure for himself, by hook or crook, even at the expense of a broken head, three sumptuous meals. Having taken the courageous and noble resolution, the next thing was to devise a plan to put it into execution; and here his good fortune befriended him. The wife of a rich ivory merchant in the neighborhood of his cottage had during the absence of her husband lost a valuable diamond ring. She offered great rewards to any person who could recover it, or give any tidings of the jewels; but no one was likely to do either, for three eunochs, of whose fidelity she had not the smallest doubt, had stolen it. The loss soon reached our glutton's ears.

"I'll go," cries he; "I'll say I am a conjuror, and that I will discover where her gem is hidden on condition of first receiving three splendid meals. I shall fail, 'tis true. What then? I shall be treated as an imposter; my back and sides may say, 'How d'ye do?' to the bastinado, but my hungry stomach will be filled!"

To concoct this scheme and put it in practice was but the work of a moment. The merchant was still absent. The lady, anxious for the recovery of her ring, accepted the offered terms. A sumptuous dinner was prepared; expensive plates of every sort were placed upon the sideboard. Allah! how he ate! An attentive footman, one of the secret thieves, filled his sherbet; our conjuror, gorged, exclaimed:

"'Tis well! I have the first!"

The servant trembled at the ambiguous words, and ran to his companions.

"He has found us out, dear friends," he cried. "He is a cunning man. He said he had the first. What could he mean but me?"

"It looks like it," replied the second thief." "I'll wait on him to-night; as yet you may have mistaken his meaning. Should he speak in the same strain, we must decamp."

At night a supper fit for the caliph was set before the greedy Benhassen, who filled until he could eat no more. The second footman watched him all the while. When satisfied, he arose, exclaiming:

"The second's in my sack, and cannot escape me."

Away flew the affrighted robber.

"We are lost!" he cried. "Our heels alone can save us!"

"Not so," answered the third. "If we fly and are caught, we lose our heads. I'll tend him at to-morrow's meal, and should he then speak as before, I'll own the theft to him, and offer some great reward to screen us from punishment, and that he may deliver the jewels to the lady without betraying us."

They all agreed. On the morrow Benhassen's appetite was still the same. At last, quite full, he exclaimed:

"My task is done; the third, thank Allah, is here!"

"Oh," said the culprit, "behold the ring, but hide our shame, and you shall never want good fare again."

"Be silent!" exclaimed the astonished Benhassen, who little thought that what he had spoken of at his meals could have made the plunderers betray themselves. "Be silent! I have it."

Some geese were feeding before the window; he went out, and having seized the largest, forced the ring down its gullet, then declared that the largest goose had swallowed the jewel. The goose was killed, the diamond found. In the meantime the ivory merchant returned, and was incredulous.

"Some crafty knave, O wife," he said, "either the thief himself or his abetor, has with a well-concerted scheme, wrought on your easy faith. But I'll soon provide him with a meal."

No sooner said than done; between two dishes the mysterious fare was hidden. The false conjuror was told to declare what was the concealed cheer on pain of being well beaten should he fail.

"Alas!" he muttered out, "Benhassen, thou art a pig, thou art dead;" referring to himself, and calling himself names.

"He's right," the merchant cried. "Give him a purse of gold; I honor talent such as his."

It was pork in the dish. Thus our glutton, by three random speeches, gained three hearty meals, a heavy purse, comfort for life, and a most brilliant reputation as a cunning man.

The New "Citizens."

The special correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* at Thibodeaux, Parish of La Fourche, Louisiana; describes the process of making "colored citizens" in that locality under the Radical despotism bill. Being "loyal, in the God and morality" sense, of course he nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice. We quote:—

To-day I was at the Registrar's office, where I learned that over eleven hundred names had been recorded. While I was there, a squad of colored men were called in, and the usual document read to them. One of the number was called up to the desk:

"What is your name, sir?"

"Sicily Johnson."

"How do you spell your first name?"

"Don't know, massa."

"How old are you?"

"I specks I'se about forty, massa?"

"How do you know that?"

"Because de man on de steps told me he 'specks I'se forty,' and I speck so too." (He was certainly over sixty.)

"Can you read or write?"

"No massa."

"Where do you live?"

"Down here on the biu" (bayou.)

The candidate for citizenship was directed to hold up his right hand, when the oath was administered, in response to which he constantly repeated, Yes, massa, yes, massa. The clerk then said:

"Can you repeat to me anything I have just said to you?"

"No massa."

"Do you know what I did say to you."

"No massa."

The applicant for registration then made his mark, received his certificate and departed a citizen."

☞ A Virginia negro, according to an exchange, on hearing that Congress was going to give lands to the darkies, said: "Land de ——! I'se free now, and don't want land, I'se gwine to git wurms and go a fishing!"

Suffering in South Carolina.

A TOUCHING NARRATIVE.

The following extracts are made from a letter from a South Carolina lady, which appears in the New York *Evening Post*. Those who were in the South during the war, need not be told that the scene of suffering, self-denial, and patient courage so vividly described by "Violet," was and is the daily experience of hundreds of other sorrowing Southern women:

——, S. C.,——, 1867.

With us it was two years before the actual pressure of want was felt. We had twenty-six souls to support, besides our own family, and the time at length came when we had absolutely no provisions left.

Before this we had left our beautiful home, and had come to a place appropriately named "Dark Corner." Here the inhabitants looked upon us as aristocrats, with suspicious and distant demeanor.—And the day came, finally, that we had not corn for the morrow. We had no money but the Confederate, and this had fallen so low that provisions could with great difficulty be brought with it at any price.

My little brother clung around me, and followed my every footstep as walked musing up and down the piazza; yet they were silent. An impression of grief and terror weighed even upon their childish minds. I could see through the window that my father sat still at the table, his head bowed upon his hands.

For myself I felt but little fear. My conscience did not reproach me that in the days of my prosperity I had forgotten my God, or abandoned my duty. I felt that He who feedeth the ravens would not forget us, and I was calm.

I heard a gentleman passing along the street say to another, "He is exchanging salt for gold and silver."

Without hesitating one instant, without waiting to put on my bonnet, I ran down the garden walk to the gate which they were passing. They were strangers to me, but I called after them. They instantly turned back. I saw at one glance that they were gentlemen. "Excuse me," I faltered, "but I heard you say that some one will give salt for gold and silver.—We can get provisions for salt; we have none in the house."

"We are very much pleased to be of service to a lady," replied one of the gentlemen, taking off his hat; "there is an agent here from Charleston, who is bartering salt and rice for gold watches and silver plate. He sends these articles through the blockade, in lieu of money."

We traversed a few squares almost in silence, and came to the office of the agent. It was filled with men. Some of them I was acquainted with. They knew who I was. Oh! how my cheeks burned; but I went on. The agent directed me to a more private room. The two gentlemen who had constituted themselves my protectors accompanied me. There were some countrymen sitting around the room. One gave me a seat. All were staring at me. The agent came in, and I told him that I had gold and silver to exchange for provisions. He looked at me with some astonishment—I suppose to see so young a lady venture there. I unfastened from my side an elegant gold watch, for which my father had given one hundred and seventy-five dollars. "What is it worth?" I said. He examined it and replied:—"We will give you a thousand dollars, in salt and provisions."

"I will take it," I answered. But rice was a dollar a pound, salt thirty dollars a bushel, corn ten dollars a bushel. I selected twenty bushels of salt, because salt was then a popular currency. This came to six hundred dollars. One hundred pounds of rice came to another hundred dollars. Flour, corn and meat, in very moderate quantity for so many persons, took up all the thousand dollars.

"How long will you remain here?" I asked.

"But a few days; we opened yesterday, and will soon go on farther."

"I will part with some silver, also, then," I continued.

I sent home my eldest brother, and he soon returned with three dozen silver spoons and a silver ladle. For these I received an order on some stores, not yet arrived, for twelve hundred dollars more, in provisions.

But though these sums may sound very large, the whole amount did not embrace more than three months' provisions for the 31 persons for whom I was accustomed to provide, except in the article of salt. I knew this, and thought of it, even on the way home.

Finally I made a compact with the servants that we should continue to provide them houses, and to pay expenses of sickness, should such occur, and that they should, on these conditions, try to support themselves and their own families.

Three servants remained about us and and these seemed to me an astonishingly small number. Our household seemed very small and our expenses much diminished.

At length our supplies were again exhausted—again I walked the piazza, and considered that we had not another meal in the house. Confederate money could no longer purchase provisions at all.—The country people had ceased to bring any to market. And again Providence opened to us a source of supply. A country woman stopped at the gate, with a half bushel of potatoes and a pair of squirrels. These she offered for some gunpowder. I had some, and I eagerly made the exchange.

During the Summer after the surrender we had absolutely no means of subsistence but by selling the salt which remained, and our clothing.

The first things which went were my poor mother's stock of baby clothing.—My father wept when he saw me compelled to part with them.

But I felt as though tears would unman me, I would not give way. He knew that necessity compelled me to choose these, rather than those articles which we were wearing, and which we would not be able to renew. I kissed him many times, and led him up stairs without a word.

I received once twenty chickens for an embroidered cambric infant dress. Another time five dollars for two embroidered merino dresses. This bought us five bushels of corn. Sometimes I parted with my own wearing apparel—soap for a collar or handkerchief—bacon for a muslin spencer, and so on.

Other ladies were doing the same.—Many kept their households from starvation in the same manner. Stalwart brothers, husbands and sons were thus supported by their female relations.—Bracelets, jewels and silver could no longer be sold, but clothing was still purchased, for some successful business men contrived, I know not how, to carry on their farm work. Some persons obtained work on the railroads, and thus some little money was placed in circulation.

But many farms lay waste and uncultivated. The corn which would feed a horse would feed a family, and the only struggle was to escape starvation.

All that year we lived by exchanging for provisions such articles of clothing as we could spare. And happily for us, our stock before the war had been very large. It came to be the case that Winter, that my brothers could no longer attend church or school for the want of clothing and shoes—though I had never parted with anything of theirs; but they wore out their clothes so much faster than my father or I. We had before that time found out that we would remain at home for want of clothing, and yet not suffer as the want of food would cause us to suffer.

My father had become so dispirited, and often weak from actual want of delicate food, that I could not persuade him to make any exertion. I struggled hard to provide food enough to keep us from starving; to teach the children, and to read to them on Sundays, as they could no longer attend church. I could not cease to strive for these children while breath and life were left me.

I could have given French lessons and music lessons, but I could find no one able to pay for them. In the Summer we obtained leave to occupy a deserted farm house.—It had often seemed to me that if we were only on a farm some of our troubles would be over. But, alas! the land lay waste; much of it was grown up in briars. The garden was filled with tall weeds.

Yet my heart did not sink. I paid a clock to a freedman, who had a horse and was cultivating a few acres near us, to plant the whole garden in turnips. I paid a large oven and cake-pan (useless to us now) for a bushel and a half of potatoes. I gave a mahogany press for a flitch of bacon. I gave an elegant work-table for some homespun for the children, and having a home rent free, we began to feel a little more prosperous.

Very soon, before I could have expected it, (for it was my first experience in farming,) the turnips came in. Then our fare consisted of turnips in abundance, and some corn bread. When Spring came on, we had abundance of greens. Sometimes I have been able to exchange remnants of better days for bacon and corn. Then all but myself had abundance, for they had become accustomed to such fare.

I think it is owing to the turnips and greens that so few cases of actual death from starvation have occurred.

Sometimes I think that my strength is at length failing. Sometimes I observe that my father looks at me with tears in his eyes. All this time I had been the one to sustain and support the rest. Now the tenderness of each seems redoubled toward me, as though they truly fear that I am fading from before their eyes. Yet I do not say this—the words are not spoken. I seek still to bear up; I seldom give way.

VIOLET.

Coal---Its Origin and Nature.

There can be no reasonable doubt that all coals, bituminous and anthracite, are of vegetable origin. By a powerful microscope the vegetable texture of the mass can be distinguished, not only in softer qualities, but even in the hardest anthracite. We have seen specimens of indubitable jet yield to the power of the microscope, and reveal the original grain of wood or vegetable fibre. Peat is the first combustible form of coal, and if our peat beds, now sought after with so much avidity, and judged to be such mines of wealth, were suffered to remain undisturbed, they would, at some future period, become beds of coal for warming and lighting the winters of future generations.

Coal is not a material belonging exclusively to past geological periods, but is in process of formation now, as may be proved by an examination of the "brown coal," well known in Europe and frequently met with here. Thin slices, which allow the light to pass through them, show to the naked eye the original vegetable structure. It is universally acknowledged that this "brown coal," or lignite, is an undeveloped coal, not yet subjected to the change of years which would transform it into pure bituminous or anthracite coal. To be sure, time is required to change the disintegrated porous mass of vegetable fibres, roots, tendrils, leaves and lignum, to hard, brilliant, laminated or crystalized coal. But nature works slowly. We find it difficult to understand her processes or to comprehend her infinite patience, which watches through unnumbered years and countles, ages for the slow and gradual progression of her agencies. But it is certain that her transforming processes have not suffered an abatement of their original power by the discoveries of man. They still go on, and will so long as this globe and universe endure.

It is possible that the present furore about peat will lead to the discovery of accelerating the action of unaided natural forces, so that this material may be made to give out as much heat power as the concentrated coal, but we much doubt it. The principal fault with our coal is, that it combines with it elements deleterious to iron, whether in a state of fusion or merely subjected temporarily to its heat. Stoves, for instance, which are constructed to burn coal only, will last a life-time or longer; but burn anthracite coal, and the parts warp and crack, and oxidize, until the stove, or that portion exposed to the direct action of the heat, must be renewed yearly, if not oftener. With the bituminous coal it is worse still. The grate, with a hot fire, yields and falls in pellicles, melted from the mass, in a short time, the most important portions of the contrivance are useless. To withstand the concentrated heat they must be made of extraordinary thickness.

In reducing ores, also, and especially in fusing iron, these components of coal are the cause of much trouble. They are foreign bodies, which have become incorporated with the original vegetable mass, and hold, chemically or mechanically suspended, sulphur, silicon, and other elements, which are detrimental to the metal.

There is no reason to believe that all varieties of coal have a common origin. They are vegetable masses, which mixed with inorganic particles, have undergone different degress of mineralization, the more recent still retaining much of the volatile elements, the bituminous less, and the anthracite still less, until this will burn with but little flame and no smoke.—*Scientific American.*

Married Life.

The following beautiful and truthful sentiments are from the pen of that charming writer, the late Fredrika Bremer, whose observations might well become rules of life, so appropriate are they to many of its phases:

"Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life; a small cause has often great consequence. Fold not the arms together and sit idle. Laziness is the devil's cushion. Do not run much from home. One's own hearth is worth more than gold. Many a marriage, my friends, begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always, my children, to please one another; but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. Spare, as one may say, fuel for the winter. Consider, my daughter, what the word wife expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith: in her hand he must be able to confide house and family: be able to entrust to her the key of his heart as well as the key of his larder. His honor and his home are under her keeping—his well-being in her hand. Think of this! and you, sons be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you."

"Norwood."

In Beecher's *Ledger* romance are some acuate sayings, worthy of putting on the hook of good things, as for instance:

"A man should be born to the pulpit. A musician is one whose brain naturally secretes musical ideas; a poet thinks in blossoms just as naturally as honeysuckles do; inventor's head is made to work out mechanical combinations. Men are like trees, each one must put forth the leaf that is created in him. Education is only like good culture—it changes the size, but not the sort. The men that ought to preach should be ordained in birth. The laying on of hands can't make an empty head full, nor a cold heart warm, nor a silent nature vocal. A minister is a genius in moral ideas, as a poet is in beautiful ideas, and an inventor in physical ideas."

"Corn-stalks have saccharine matter as well as sugar-cane. But we plant one for grain and the other for sugar, just because it is so easy for one to bear again, and so hard for it to make sugar? and so easy for the other to yield sugar, and so impossible to have grain."

"Theology, like old Isaac, always puts its nose on its children to see if the smell of the fields is upon them. Isaac blessed Jacob because it was: theology blesses Jacob only when it is not!"

"A man that teaches can not afford to know too much. A teacher is like a needle. He should be small and sharp. If large, he can not run easily through the garments to be made. A College president ought to be a great man—a sort of specimen—something for the boys to remember as a pattern of a man."

An Irishman once entered a bookstore to purchase a lead pencil, and amused himself by looking over numerous books that filled the counter. "What's that!" he asked, pointing to a large giltedge box. "That box contains Milton's Paradise Lost; do you wish to buy it?" answered the polite clerk. "No, bedad, I don't; If Milton has lost pair o' dice, why dont you give them back to him, and not to temptin' innocent boys like mysel to buy lost property. Pon my soul I'll report ye to the perlice."

☞ Two widowers were once condoling together on the recent bereavement of their wives, when one of them exclaimed with a sigh, "Well may I bewail my loss, for I had so few differences with the fair deceased, that the last day of my marriage was as happy as the first." "There I surpass you," said his friend, "for the last day of mine was happier."

© Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8202-0340