The Chestertown Transcript.

CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1867. NO. 8.

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.

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. 1y

PATRONIZE

HOME INSTITUTIONS!

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

BALTIMORE

Stove House,

from the largest and most varied stock, and on terms as low as any similar establishment in the United States. Our stock comprises in part Cooking and Heating Stoves, Parlor Stoves and Grates, Hot Air Furnaces, Argicultural Boilers, Tin, Sheet Iron and Hollow ware, etc. We call particular attention to our popular Re-improved OLD DOMINION, for wood or coal, which we are selling this season at reduced rates; also, our GEM AND GAS BURNER FIRE PLACE STOVES, which for beauty and efficiency are unequalled by any known Stove. A call is respectfully solicited by

BIBB & CO.,
Baltimore Stove House, 39 Light St., Balt.
September 29, 1866—y

KENT COUNTY

MACHINE SHOP,

AT GALENA.

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

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

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

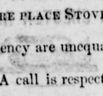
They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and 0 Pratt & Davis; No. 4 Wiley, and two-furrowed Plows of excellent model, and not surpassed in smoothness or temper by any made or used in this State.

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

Cultivators and Cultivator Teeth, Farm Hinges, Harrows, &c., for sale wholesale and retail, and on reasonable terms.

WM. A. HYLAND & CO.
Galena, March 31, 1866—tf.

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,



Dentist,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent county, that having located in Chestertown, he can always be found at his office on High Street, next door below the residence of Miss T. Bradshaw.

☞ His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents.

May 13, 1865—y.

Notice.

PURE CIDER VINEGAR, two years old, for sale at Kennedyville, by

Sept. 15. C. W. WARREN.

The Poet.

A Man's a Man for a' That---A New Version.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that and a' that;"
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a' that,
Or beg, when he might earn, his bread,
Is *not* a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare
Were true and brave, and a' that,
And none whose garb is "hodden grey,"
Was fool and knave and a' that,
The vice and crime that shame our time
Would fade and fail and a' that,
And ploughmen be as good as kings,
And churls as earls for a' that.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks, because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord, and a' that;
But he's a brute, beyond dispute,
And *not* a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not the birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that;
And Donald, herding on the muir,
Who beats his wife, and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Not half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
The truth is old, and a' that,
The rank *is* but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold, for a' that.
And though you'd put the minted mark
On copper, brass, and a' that—
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
'Tis soul and heart and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that.
And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect, in self-respect,
And acts the man for a' that.

Abolitionists.

The word "Abolitionist" is derived from the transitive verb *abolish*, which Webster defines as follows: "Abolish—1. To make void; to annul; to abrogate; applied chiefly and appropriately to established *laws, contracts*, rites, customs, and *institutions*. 2. To destroy."

Now let us see what our Abolitionists have *abolished*, destroyed, annulled and made void:

They have abolished liberty.
They have abolished the Union.
They have abolished the Constitution.
They have abolished trial by jury.
They have abolished the laws and the courts.
They have abolished ten States.
They have abolished a republican form of government.
They have abolished the peace and fraternity of the country.
They have abolished all respect for a written Constitution.
They have abolished the sacredness of the church.
They have abolished the freedom of speech.
They have abolished the freedom of the press.
They have abolished freedom of opinion.
They have abolished freedom of religion.
They have abolished all that the late war was waged for.
They have abolished all that our forefathers fought for.
They have abolished gold and silver.
They have abolished equal rights to all.
They have abolished equal taxation.
They have abolished economy and honesty in the administration of the government.
They have abolished low prices, cheap living, good times, and the general prosperity.
They have abolished the cotton crop, and the millions of gold resulting from our exports.
They have abolished a million of lives.
They have abolished from three to six thousand millions of treasure.
They have abolished our Southern market.
They have abolished our commerce on the seas.
They have abolished our independence of Eastern manufactures and iron-mongers.
They have abolished representation as a corollary of taxation.
They have abolished the United States Senate.
They have abolished the United States House of Representatives.
They have abolished the United States.

With such a record and such achievements *only* to boast of, what more appropriate name could they bear than that of "Abolitionists?"

☞ Counsellor Dunning was cross-examining an old woman, evidence in a case of assault, respecting the identity of the defendant.

"Was he a tall man?" said he.

"Not very tall; much about the size of your honor."

"Was he well-looking?"

"Not very: much like your honor."

"Did he squint?"

"A little; but not so much as your honor."

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 Fate of the Negro.

We have had the testimony of Livingstone, Speke, Grant, and Mr. and Mrs. Baker, all the late African explorers, to the barbarous nature of the negro race in their native country. It is all to the same effect. They have no expectation of elevating the negro in the scale of civilization. Their bias toward a lower, indeed, the lowest phase of life, is constant and constitutional. They have made no advance; they never will make any. It is not worth while to accept the premises of prophecies of the Abolitionists about what they do not understand.

We subjoin an extract from a lecture at Cooper Institute, by the famous Du Chaillu, to clinch the matter:

"During all my travels I have tried in vain to find ruins or remains of buildings to show that the negro was formerly more elevated than he is now. Travelers in other parts of Africa have not been more successful, so we must conclude that the negroes are in the same state as they were in ages that are past. The question naturally occurs to every one, how such a state of political disintegration as the one I have described to you has happened. We must come to the conclusion that Africa has not escaped many political convulsions, followed by great wars and migration; the same migration laws that have governed us have prevailed in Africa. As among ourselves, the migration has prevailed from the East toward the West, so I never found a tribe or a village pointing to the Wast as the place they came from. I should recommend to every traveler to note down words, so that we may see the links which the language will show. I found few words from the East similar to those of the West. The population of Africa has never been so dense as to fill up this immense tract of country—tribes scattered, migrated in every direction, and were lost to each other in the great forest; others followed and came between without knowing it, until gradually the country became more peopled, and then they came in contact with each other. A very striking fact is the different state of society between the East and the West. By the accounts of such travelers as Burton, Livingstone, Grant, Speke and Baker, we learn that most of the Chiefs are cruel, having the right to put to death their subjects at will. Villages are continually sacked by the stronger, and the people carried into slavery; and if there is no slavery, the people commit raids, burn villages, massacre the inhabitants, and then plunder their cattle. In many countries they do both plunder the cattle and carry the people into slavery.

"In the country I have explored, no village is large enough, no clan powerful enough to do so. I have been much surprised to note the steady decrease of the population; and first, let me raise my voice in defense of the white man. He is accused of being the cause of it—wherever he settles the aborigines are said to disappear. I admit that such is the case, but I aver that the decrease of the population had already taken place before the white man came; and the white man, in coming, notices it, but cannot stop it. Populous villages and tribes I saw for a second time had dwindled down. There the white man had not penetrated. Clans which were composed of many people within the memory of man had dwindled down to nothing; some had disapperred, and others had only a few people left. I am not the only one who has noticed this decrease—other travelers have noticed the same. Whatever may be our sympathy—primitive man, or rather the least gifted tribes of mankind, must disappear before the higher intellect. This is not a theory, but a fact. There are many causes to account for the decrease of the negro. I think everything tends to show that the negro is of great antiquity, and has remained stationary. The working of iron, considering the very primitive way they work it, and how easily they find it, must have been known to them from the remotest time, and to them the age of stone and bronze must have been unknown. As to his future capabilities, I think extreme views have prevailed among us. Some hold the opinion that the negro will never rise higher than he is—others think that he is capable of reaching the highest state of civilization—in fact, that he will become a white man. For my own part, I do not agree with either of these opinions. I believe the negro may become a more useful member of mankind than he is at present; but that if left to himself he will soon fall back into barbarism; we have no example to the contrary. Though a people may be taught the arts and sciences known by more gifted nations, unless they have the power of progression in themselves, they must inevitably relapse, in the course of time, into their former state. Of all the uncivilized races of men, the negro has been found to be the most tractable and the most docile, and he possesses excellent qualities that compensate a great deal for his bad ones. We ought, therefore, to be kind to him, and try to elevate him. That he will, in the course of time, follow the lower races of men and disappear, I have but little doubt.—*Exchange.*

☞ A newly arrived boarder at one of the city fashionable boarding houses, thought he had not sufficient bolstering for his head, and accordingly carried the pillows down to the landlady's room, who inquired what he desired. The gentleman wanted to know what the articles were which he held in his hands. "Pillows, you impudent fellow!" screamed the enraged woman. "Oh! I thought they were pin cushions!" replied the disconsolate boarder.

☞ I say, Pat, what are you about sweeping out the room?"

"No," answered Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt."

Praying for a Husband.

A young lady in Norristown heard that if she would go out and pray three consecutive nights, the Lord would tell her who she would marry. Now it happened that her father had a young man in his employ who had considerable wit and good humor about him. One evening he was out in an apple tree after fruit, when he heard some one praying something like this:—

"O, Lord, who will I marry?"

The idea popped into Doyle's head, (that being the young man's name,) that he would have a little sport at her expense. So he spoke in a changed voice, and said,

"Doyle."

"No, Lord, not Doyle," cried the astonished young lady.

"Yes, Doyle or no one," again sounded from the tace top in a sober, hollow voice.

She arose and entered the house, resolved to try again the next evening. Of course Doyle did not wish to spoil the fun, and so the next evening found him seated in the tree top. He did not have long to wait before the young husband-seeker came and commenced praying in the same way that she did the preceeding evening, and received the same answer. The next evening also found her under the tree pleading to know her future husband's name, and again she heard the answer,

"Doyle, or no one."

She arose, feeling satisfied that she must marry Doyle. The next morning she met him and asked him why he did not put on better clothes.

He said he was not able.

"Well," said she, "father is rich, and he will let you have money."

He took that for a pretty good hint, and bought a new suit of clothes. In a short time he offered his heart and hand, and was accepted. After their marriage he told her how her prayers were answered.

If any of the fair readers of this story should think of praying for a husband, do not get under a tree, or if you do, be sure and examine it closely and see if there is any one to answer it.

A Physician's Appetite.

The following extraordinary, but well authenticated statement, appears in a recent number of the Medical Times:

The celebrated Dr. Fordyce dined every day, for more than twenty years, at Dolly's chop-house. His researches in comparative anatomy had led him to conclude that man, through custom, eats oftener than nature requires, one meal a day being sufficient for that noble animal, the lion. At four o'clock, his accustomed hour of dining, the doctor regularly took the seat at a table always reserved for him, on which were placed a silver tankard, full of strong ale, a bottle of port, and a measure containing a quarter of a pint of brandy. The moment the waiter announced him, the cook put a pound and a half of rump steak on the gridiron, and on the table some delicate trifle, as a relish, to serve until the steak was ready. This was sometimes half a broiled chicken, sometimes a plate of fish. When he had eaten this, he took one glass of brandy, and then proceeded to devour his steak. When he had finished his meal, he took the remainder of his brandy, having, during his dinner, drank the tankard of ale, and afterwards the bottle of port. He thus spent an hour and a half of his time, and then returned to his house in Essex street, to give his six o'clock lecture on chemistry. He made no other meal until his return next day at four o'clock to Dolly's.

Blackberry Wine.

There is no wine equal to the blackberry wine when properly made, either in flavor or for medicinal purposes; and all persons who can conveniently do so, should manufacture enough for their own use every year, as it is invaluable in sickness as a tonic, and nothing is a better remedy for bowel disease. We therefore give the receipt for making it; having tried it ourselves, we speak advisedly on the subject:

Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let it stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without further straining or boiling, that will make the lips smack as they never smacked under similar influence before.—*Lynchburg News.*

An Embarrassing Situation.

A gentlemanly agent, of a certain city, was collecting fares from the passengers of a very full omnibus one morning. All paid promptly except one fat old lady, who sat next the door, and who seemed to be reaching down as if to get something she had dropped on the floor. When her time came to pay she raised her head and thus addressed the blushing youth:

"I allers, when I travels, carry my money in my stockin', for you sees, nothing can git it thar, and I'd thank you, young man, jist to retch it for me, as I'm so jammed in that I can't git to it." The youth looked at the other passengers, some of whom were laughing at his plight; one or two young ladies among them blushed scarlet, and he beat a sudden retreat, muttering something about not charging old ladies, &c. His cash was short that morning the fare of one passenger.

☞ An Indian passing up the streets of Natchez, a few days since, was asked the relative position of white man, negro and Indian. Giving the usual "Ugh!" he said: "'Fore the war, fust cum white man, den injun, den dog, den nigger: now cum nigger, den dog, den injun, and white man last!"

A New Letter by Artemus Ward.

In the "Savage Club Papers" is given the following letter by "Artemus Ward." He says:

I was sitting in the bar, quietly smokin' a frugal pipe, when two middle aged, stern-looking females, and a young and pretty female suddenly entered the room. They were accompanied by two umbrellers and a negro gentleman. "Do you feel for the down-trodden?" said one of the females, a thin-faced and sharp-voiced person in green spectacles. "Do I feel for it?" ansered the lan'lord, in a puzzled voice—"Do I feel for it?" "Yes; for the oppressed, the benited?" "Inasmuch as to which?" said the lan'lord. "You see this man?" said the female, pintin' her umbreller at the negro gentleman. "Yes marm, I see him." "Yes!" said the female, raisin' her voice to an exceeding high pitch, "you see him, and he's your brother!" "No, I'm darned if he is," said the lan'lord, hastily retreatin to his beer casks. "And yours!" shouted the excited female, addressin' me. "He is also your brother." "No, I think not, marm," I pleasantly replied. "The nearest we come to that color in our fam'ly was in the case of my brother John. He had the janders sev'ral years, but they finally left him. I am happy to state that, at the present time, he hasn't a solitary jander." "Look at this man?" screamed the female. I looked at him. He was an able-bodied man, well dressed, a comfortable-looking negro. He looked as though he might have three or four good meals a day into him without a murmur. "Look at that down-trodden man!" cried the female.—"Who trod on him?" I inquired. "Villians! despots!"

"Well," said the landlord, "why don't he go to the willins about it? Why do you come here tellin' us niggers is our brothers, and brandishin' your umbrellers round like a lot of lunatics? You'r wuss than the sperit-rappers." "Have you," said middle-aged female No. 2, who was a quieter sort of person, "have you no sentiment—no poetry in your soul—no love for the beautiful? Dost never go into the green fields, to cull the beautiful flowers?" "I not only never dost," said the landlord, in an angry voice, "but I'll bet you five pounds you can't bring a man as dares say I durst." "The little birds," continued the female, "doest not love to gaze onto them?" "I would I were a bird that I might fly to thee,"

I humorously sung, casting a sweet glance at the pretty young woman. "Don't you look in that way at my dawter," said female No. 1, in a violent voice; "you're old enough to be her father." "'Twas an innocent look, dear madam," I softly said. "You behold in me an emblem of innocence and purity. In fack, I start for Rome by the first train to-morrow, to sit as a model to the celebrated artist, who is about to sculp a statute, to be called Sweet Innocence. Do you s'pose a sculptor would send for me for that purpose onless he know'd I was overflowin' with innocency? Don't make an error about me." "It is my opinyn," said the leadin' female, "that you're a scoffer and a wretch! Your mind is in a wusser beclouded state than the poor negroes we are seeking to aid. You are a groaper in the dark cellar of sin.—O sinful man!

There is a sparkling fount,
Come, O come and drink.

No; you will not come and drink." "Yes he will," said the landlord, "if you'll treat. Just try him." "As for you," said the enraged female to the landlord, "you are a degraded bein, to low and wulgar talk to." This is the sparklin' fount for me, dear sister!" cried the lan'lord, drawing and drinking a mug of beer. Having uttered which goak, he gave a low rumblin' larf, and relaxed into silence. "My colored fren," I said to the negro kindly, "what is it all about? He said they was tryin' to raise money to send missionaries to the Southern States in America to preach to the vast numbers of negroes recently made free there. He said they were without the gospel. They were without tracts. I said, "My fren', this is a seris matter.—I admire you for tryin' to help the race to which you belong, and far be it from me to say anything again carryin' the gospel among the blacks of the South. Let the gospel go to them by all means. But I happen to individoually know that there are some thousands of liberated blacks in the South who are starvin'. I don't blame anybody for this, but it is a very sad fact. Some are really to ill to work, some can't get work to do, and others are too foolish to see any necessity for working. I was down there last winter and I observed that this class had plenty of preaching for their souls, but skurce any vittles for their stummux. Now, if it is proposed to send flour and bacon along with the gospel, the idea is really an excellent one. If, on the t'other hand, it is proposed to send preachin' alone, all I can say is that it's a hard case for the niggers. If you expect a colored person to get deeply interested in a tract when his stummuck is empty, you expect to much." I gave the negro as much as I could afford, and the kind-hearted lan'lord did the same. I said, "Farewell, my fren'; I wish you well, certainly. You are now as free as the eagle. Be like him and soar. But don't attempt to convert a Ethiopian while his stummuck yearns for vittles. And you, ladies—I hope you are ready to help the poor and unfortunate abroad." When they had gone the lan'lord said, "Come into the garden, Ward." And we went in and culled some carrots for dinner.

☞ Arkansas wants three things—a hundred thousand Irishmen to build railroads, a hundred thousand Germans to raise corn, and a hundred thousand freedmen to raise cotton. To these might be added twenty thousand Yankees to direct the work and steal the proceeds.

The Follies of a Night.

Not a thousand miles from here lived one James P., or, as he familiarly known among his host of friends, Jim. Now, the aforesaid Jim is an eccentric in every sense of the word, yet moreover generous, noble-hearted, and possessed of more general courage than falls to the lot of man. The following is, as nearly as we can give it, a relation of a night's adventure:

One morning we met him in the street, looking very melancholy, when he said;

"Yesterday I felt a little bad, and, mark you, I went and took a small drink: and that not improving my feelings, I took another and another, don't you observe, and finally I got a little tight. In the evening, I went into the country with a friend, mark you, and thinking I would cool off, I took several more drinks when I got there, don't you observe; yet, strange to say, the more I drank the tighter, I got, until, mark you, I was to tally unconscious when I went to bed. During the night I woke up, don't you observe, and I could not imagine where the mischief I was, mark you. The room was as dark as Egypt. I heard a clock strike two in some part of the house, mark you, I became very anxious to learn my whereabouts, don't you observe, and for that purpose, rose from my bed, mark you, and after stumbling about over a dozen chairs, don't you observe, I came to a table.—Now, mark you, I reflected that the generality of apartments are a perfect or an oblong square, don't you observe, and I deduced from this, mark you, that by feeling along the table until I came to a corner, I could get off at right angles and reach a corner of the room, and by that guide by the wall to a door or window, don't you observe. Following out the idea, mark you, I began carefully to feel along the edge of the aforesaid table, and finally gaining confidence, I went a little faster; the idea struck me that it was a blamed long table, that I could not get a corner, don't you observe; yet I persevered, and finally day broke, and when sufficient light penetrated the apartment, I saw, mark you, that I had been following a round table all night, looking for a corner don't you observe.

Laying Up for Children.

Parental affection naturally inquires what it can best do for the welfare of its children in future years, and when the bosom which now throbs with love to its offspring shall be cold in death. Many plans are laid, and many happy days and hours of anxious solicitude are spent in contriving ways and means of rendering children prosperous and happy in future life. But parents are not always wise in the provisions which they seek to make for their children, nor do they always seek direction and counsel from God in this matter. The best inheritance for children beyond all contradiation, is true piety towards God—the salutary truths and principles of religion laid up in the hearts of children—a good education—good and virtuous habits—unbending principles of moral conduct—the fear of God and the hope of heaven. This is the best inheritance for children, and which all parents should be most anxious to lay up for them. Many an unwise parent works hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is like tying bladders to the arms of one who can't swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will not need the bladders. Give your child a sound education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be more valuable than the wealth of empires. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources and the blessing of God the better.

☞ A candidate for office, canvassing his district for voters, came upon a poor Mr. White, who had a vote to cast. Poor White was milking when Mr. Office-seeker found him. "Shall I hold her?" asked he, seeing the animal uneasy. The old man consented, the office-seeker took the cow by the horns and the proceeded with his milking. "Have you had Young around here, lately? asked the candidate presently, referring to his rival. "Oh, yes," said the old man, "he's behind the barn, hoiding the calf!" The next time that cow was seen it was rather uneasy.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* at Gettysburg asked the hotel keeper how he was affected by the great battle." Mine host said, "it turned out well for Gettsburg. Hack drivin' and hotel keepin' are a bit more encouragin'. It was difficult to see what Providence set us atween two fires for, but on lookin' into our cash accounts we understand it all."

Mrs. Rugg, a widow, having taken Sir Charles Price for her second husband, and being asked by a friend how she liked the change, replied, "Oh, I have got rid of my old Rugg for a good Price."

A punster says: "My name is Somerset. I am a miserable old bachelor. I cannot marry; for how could I hope to prevail on a young lady possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy to turn a summerset."

An exquisite divine put the finishing touch to a marriage ceremony when he concluded, by saying, "I now pronounce you husband and lady."

If the present hard times are to continue, men's clothes may as well be made without pockets.

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