The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867. NO. 16.

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 n 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 mderatoe 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.

A FIRST CLASS BLACKSMITH SHOP IN CHESTERTOWN.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED!

Where the People can get Blacksmithing done by Experienced

Look at This!

A NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP UP TOWN.

THE undersigned having taken the new Shop up town, nearly opposite Mr. S. S. Usilton's, respectfully informs the Farmers and Public generally that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the BLACKSMITHING LINE, *at the lowest prices, and on the shortest notice.*

Particular attention paid to
HORSE SHOEING,

AT THE LOW PRICE OF $1.50, *and all other work in proportion.* He hopes by strict and punctual attendance to his business to merit a share of the public patronage.

ALFRED L. BENJAMIN.
Chestertown, Apr. 20, 1867—6m.

BAKERY.

EVERY PERSON SHOULD LOOK TO HIS OWN INTEREST.

THOSE in want of *CAKE and CONFECTIONARY* for the coming Holidays, should not forget to call at HUDGINS' BAKERY, where Cakes are made up in style surpassed by no other Bakery in Kent county, SUCH AS

Fine Lady Cakes, French Wine Cakes, Almond Drops, Jelly Cake of different kinds, New Year Tea Cake, Cakes for Parties, in fact

CAKES OF DIFFERENT KINDS, such as you will find in a similar establishment in the City. Also, a full assortment of

Confectionary of all Kinds.

Nuts,	Kisses,	Raisins,
Currants,	Dates,	Figs,
Prunes,	Citron,	Candies.

BREAD, RUSK, BISCUITS, AND PIES,
FRESH EVERY DAY.

Our Mince Pies are delicious—just try them.

Thankful for past favors, he respectfully asks a continuance of the Public patronage.

WASHINGTON HUDGINS,
Main St., nearly opposite Post Office.
N. B.—Cakes at Retail, Wholesale and by the Barrel. Dec. 19, 1863.

SODA! SODA!!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
Of the Town and County,

You are respectfully invited to call at LEVI FIDDIS', JR., and try his Soda Water. It is superior to any thing ever offered in this Town, and you will find it delightfully refreshing this warm weather. He has a very superior Fountain, and every facility for furnishing the best article. June 1.

Lumber,

LIME, FERTILIZERS, COAL,
AND PEACH TREES,
From Pullen's Nursery, New Jersey, for sale by JAMES SHUSTER,
June 29, 1867—6m. Buck Neck.

SASH CORD—SASH CORD—For sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

BLACK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by ALDRIDGE.

COPARTNERSHIP.

BALTIMORE, MARCH 1st, 1865.

THOMAS NORRIS, for TEN years past engaged in the sale of *AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS* and Machines, FIELD and GARDEN SEEDS, etc., respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has this day associated with him Mr. JOEL PUSEY, of Havre de Grace, very favorably known to many of the farmers of Maryland. The business will be continued under the name and style of

NORRIS & PUSEY,

at the old stand, No. 141 PRATT STREET, (near Light.) The senior partner tenders his grateful acknowledgments to his many friends who have so liberally patronized him, and solicits for the new firm a continuation of their favors.

In addition to the old business, the subscribers will be prepared to transact, in an extensive way, the

Lime, Plaster and Cement Business.

Yielding to the solicitations of many friends in the country, they beg to offer their services as

General Commission Merchants

for the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of *Country Produce.*

By a faithful attention to business, they expect to merit a good share of public favor, and ask a continuation of the patronage of old customers, and a fair trial by new ones.

They will continue the sale of *Wood's Prize Mower, Wood's Self-Raking Reaper, Westinghouse's Horse Powers and Threshing Machines, Beckford & Hoffman's Grain and Guano Drills, Van Wickle's Grain Fans,* and many other Implements and Machines, of superior merit.

They assure their customers that they are prepared to furnish any article in their line on as good terms as they can be supplied by any house in Baltimore.

Circulars, Catalogues, etc., giving descriptions, prices, &c., will be furnished on application.

NORRIS & PUSEY,
March 11, 1867 41 Pratt Street.

E. WHITMAN & SONS,
Nos. 22 & 24 S. Calvert St., Balto., Md.,
Manufacturers of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
AND MACHINERY.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SEEDS, FERTILIZERS AND AGRICULTURAL HARDWARE.

SOUTHERN AGENTS FOR

"Buckeye" Mowing & Reaping Machines.
Wagoner's Celebrated Grain and Guano Drills.
"American" Sugar Mills and Evaporators.
The "Sweepstakes" Threshers & Cleaners.
Grant's Grain Cradles.
The Celebrated "Maryland" Wheel Horse Rakes.
Montgomery's Rockaway Wheat Fans.
The "Keystone" Cider Mills.
Hutchinson's Family Wine and Cider Mills, and a general stock of Implements and Machinery, embracing nearly every variety in use.

The above Machines have all of the latest improvements, and are confidently recommended as the best of the kind, in the country.

Repairing parts of any of the above Machinery furnished, and Machines repaired at short notice.

We have in store a large and carefully selected stock of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, which we confidently recommend as fresh and genuine. Send for one of our Seed Catalogues, giving practical directions for planting all varieties of Seeds.

Garden and Flower Seeds forwarded by mail. Baltimore, March 2, 1867—Y.

REMOVED.

F. LLOYD

Has removed to the New Building
COR. BALTO. AND HOLLIDAY STS.,
94 Baltimore Street,

WHERE he intends keeping on hand a large assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters,

&c., which he intends to sell at greatly reduced prices. He invites the citizens of Chestertown and the County of Kent to call and examine. He is confident he can sell cheaper for Cash than any Fashionable Establishment in the City of Baltimore, considering the quality of his Goods. Give him a call at 94 Baltimore street, corner of Holliday.

F. LLOYD.
January, 867—Y.

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.

CHESTERTOWN
CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

Having associated themselves with GEORGE E. LAMBERT for the Manufacture and Repair of Carriages in all its branches, respectfully inform the public that they have taken

THE SHOP ON CROSS STREET,

recently occupied by R. W. Caulder, and

Having laid in a Stock
Of the Very Best Material,
are now prepared to build to order
FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
TRIMMING, PAINTING
AND ALL KINDS OF REPAIRS
Neatly and promptly done.

Believing a good Carriage Manufactory will be sustained in our town, we respectfully ask the public patronage.

GEO. E. LAMBERT & CO.
Chestertown, March 9, 1867.

WATER COOLERS and Tumbler Drainers—for sale low, at
J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

The Poet.

Jackson's last Charge to the old "Stonewall Brigade."

The last words of the great Jackson were: "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade."

Bear me gently, boys, over the river,
And let me quietly rest in the shade;
But this parting shall not be forever
Of your leader and his gallant brigade.

You have covered my name, boys, with glory,
And soon for me will the conflict be o'er;
But by the fields you have won—grand and gory,
You must follow your leader once more.

By your glorious campaign in the Valley,
You have made immortal your valorous band;
But, soldiers, once again you must rally;
Obey once again your leader's command.

In painful night watches—long and dreary—
After watching, boys, and fasting all day,
You have pressed forward, way-worn and weary,
And you have always been first in the fray.

In our dread war-path we have left lying
Some of our comrades—like soldiers asleep—
And to-day hath its wounded and dying,
May God pity the poor women who weep.

The shadows of death darken o'er me,
And my strength is ebbing slowly away;
The last battle of life is before me,
And the vict'ry will be won before day.

One more dark river yet to cross over,
And another valley still to pass through,
And then boys I will rest under cover
Of the bulwarks that remain for the true.

In this hour of parting, still and solemn,
The last order of your leader is made,
Soldiers! "present," in unbroken column,
To our High Captain, the "Stonewall Brigade."

When our Master His muster roll calleth,
O! let every warrior be at his post,
And when one of my countrymen falleth
Heaven will gain what our army hath lost.

I leave, with a soldier's firm affection
The brigade that hath followed me thus far,
To the great and powerful protection
Of my Commander in peace and in war.

Bear me gently, then, over the river,
And let me quietly rest in the shade;
And this parting shall not be forever
Of your leader and his gallant brigade.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRANSCRIPT.

INTOXICATION.

Habitual drunkenness is ruin to individuals, a calamity to families, and a serious loss to a nation; it is therefore no wonder that benevolent minds have proposed remedies to prevent such great evils; neither is it astonishing that many who are as ignorant of history as of the laws of life and nations, should run mad with a most fanatic opposition to alcohol, bundling up with it all kinds of malt liquors, and even the most noble of all the productions of nature, the wine.

Ministers, as ignorant of the original language of the Gospel as of the most common laws of chemistry, tell their congregations that the wine mentioned in the New Testament was only grape juice, not fermented, and not "intoxicating." They do not know that the Greek word used there for drunkenness is derived from the word meaning fermented wine.

In the New Testament the word used for wine is OINOS, which means *fermented wine;* the word for *unfermented grape-juice* is GLENKOS; the word for drunkenness is OINOSIS, signifying that it is from *fermented wine.*

The history of the human race proves most clearly and without a single exception, that there never was in any nation a popular development of science, literature and pure arts, until after the introduction of the culture of the grape vine, or (like in England or Sweden,) after a facilitated importation of wine.

The latest chemical analyses have also proved that wine contains combinations of *phosphorus* which is a most important nourishment of the brain, and upon which its highest development depends. For the individual, wine may not be a condition without which no great works of the mind can be produced, but it is so with nations.

No great minds can arise in a nation, in which there is not a large number of men of great brains.

The Jews acknowledge the grape vine as a gift of God after the flood, to prevent another sinking of the human race: and with the Christians, the wine is holy as an indispensable link between the Lord and mankind.

Hence only Mahomedanism forbids the use of wine, and without any good effects whatever, but introducing other substances far more deleterious and dangerous to the system, such as opium, hemp juice, &c., so the natural want of wine promotes the dangerous use of alcohol and with it drunkenness. All intelligent travelers agree in allowing that drunkenness is by no means common, nay it is rare in wine producing countries. Thus the true remedy against a popular inclination to drunkenness would be with every wise lawgiver to favor the consumption of wine by facilitating the home production and the importation of wine.

As all produce, depending upon sun, soil and season have, according to every experience, been injured by the erroneously called protective tariff, so also has it injured the production of wine.

Notwithstanding that it is a most important rule in our political economy to protect what is produced by hand, and that this protection is the only preventive and cure of the distress in trade and business called "a crisis," and although a steadily increasing tariff on all the results of work by hand (including coal and iron,) is the main condition of a healthy national life—every tariff on any produce, depending on sun, soil and the seasons has and will invariably injure both the producer and consumer. Wine, like wool, grain, fruit, &c., the more it is used the more it will be produced or imported: the prices are easily regulated by free trade, and preserved from artificial and convulsive increases and decreases.

It is the tariff that creates and favors the usurious monopolizers of all the necessities of life, the cancerous tumors between the producer and consumer. But the effect on wine is still worse, it causes and promotes its adulteration and artificial imitation, not only destroying its good effects but spreading diseases. Free trade in wine and all other eatables and drinkables would promote the health of a people more than any thing else: the general use of cheap and good wine would within one generation do away with nearly all drunkenness. It would be a proper cure of this great evil, a truly statesmanlike movement.

But some statesmen are like short-sighted peoples; they, like the celebrated Dr. San Grado, purge and bleed the people and try to cure by "the hunger cure," making the evil worse, of course. The most senseless attempt of preventing drunkenness in a nation, the notorious Maine Liquor Law, is a thing dead and gone, and every man of sense is now ashamed of it. It was an absurdity greater than Mahomed's, to expect the slightest good results from such a nonsensical "you shall not."

It would be inexplicable how such a mania could have raged like a mental epidemic, if not "*all who know*" the leaders of this great motion were very well aware that more than ninety-nine per cent. had objects in view entirely different from "Temperance."

It was the Anti-Masonic movement over again.

The pitiable condition, drunkenness, in which we still see so many persons, needs no description. The best medicine for a drunken person is sleep, but if it becomes necessary to restore them sooner, use large quantities of cold water, and if sick and vomiting, coffee without milk or sugar and as hot as they can drink it. Strong tea for drunkenness from malt liquors, and bitter almond if from wine. Drunkenness from alcohol has been lessened by strong salt water.

Many females, when they get low spirited, not only drink themselves but give it to their children, often from ignorance or habit, or by the advice of friends or nurses to obtain sleep. This is a horrid, abominable habit: they expose themselves and their children to the greatest danger, and if not attended by immediate bad consequences, it may cause the child to become a drunkard when grown up.

Like those also who drink from grief, sorrow or vexation, their own consciences will tell them to what a horrid alternative they have had recourse; and I would earnestly exhort them not to taste, not to touch a drop of liquor again under any pretext whatever, but to force themselves to drink, daily, several glasses of cold water, and stay out of bar-rooms and rum shops.

Again, there are others who are driven to drinking by a morbid state of their systems, by a peculiar kind of "dyspepsia." These deserve our compassion; but although we may pity them, they themselves cannot excuse their habit by it. For some other morbid state urges one to anger, another to laziness, a third to incontinence, but it is no excuse for either. Were it otherwise every one might find a ready excuse for his favorite vice, and easily imagine that he could wash off his impurity in a sink.

When the passionate man does not bridle his anger, the lascivious his cravings, and the intemperate his incliuation to strong drink, their morbid sensibilities will increase. No, they ought to pursue a course directly opposite. He who is given to anger should constrain himself to submit even to unmerited abuse; the voluptuary should repress all his vicious thoughts, and avoid even temptation; the lazy should work until he is perfectly exhausted; and he who longs for strong drink should not even smell brandy or beer.

Thus, dear friends, we could go on and give the treatment in every degree of drunkenness, but it is useless, as sufficient has been said already: the best advice for all is to "*let it alone,*" and intoxication will be as rare on earth as sin is in Heaven. A. M.

Chestertown, August, 1867.

Benefits of Base Ball.

The New York Sun is in favor of encouraging out-door games, and especially the game of base ball. It says:

It leads the young away from the gaming table; away from in-door sports; away from carriage riding, towards that only sure road to health—hard bodily exercise. There is no other method than this by which sedentary city business pursuits can be safely followed. If the derangements of the system which long-contined in-door life inflicts, are not combatted by some stirring amusement in which the body can participate as well as the mind, then the business men of the future, who are the boys of to-day, will be but poor, puny and short-lived representatives of the American business world.

Why is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel? Because the fellows around him are tired.

Reconstructon in Georgia---Address of a Negro Candidate for Congress.

The following address by James Patrick Fickling (colored) to the voters of the First Congressional District, appears in the Quitman (Ga.) *Banner.* The *Banner* says: "For the information of parties at a distance, who know not the antecedents or character of the colored Congressional candidate, we will state that James Patrick Fickling was formerly a slave, the property of Mr. James E. Young, of Brooks county; he is a carpenter and building contractor, and has always borne a good character."

TO THE CITIZENS OF THE FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF GEORGIA.

QUITMAN, Ga., Aug. 20, 1867.

Editor Quitman Banner:

In your issue of the 9th inst. you were pleased to call attention to a rumor that I had announced myself as a candidate for Congress, at the next election. Your pharagraph was not authorized by anything I said on the subject; but, premature as it was, I am not disposed to complain, or deny the fact that I then had and still have a purpose to make the issue fairly and squarely with those who are playing upon the negro element, and who would make him the instrument of securing for themselves place and power in the present appalling programme of despotism, anarchy and ruin.

I am not ambitious for the notoriety of a candidacy for Congress, nor would I consider myself elevated to a post of honor were I elected to a seat in the present Congress; but considerations of the gravest moment to my own race, and to the country at large, impel me to the conviction that the surest remedy for Radical evils is for the South to return colored representatives, in preference to strengthening the Radical vote by sending any of their white representatives at present among us. I am sufficiently posted in the political affairs of this country to know that it is utterly impossible for any white man from the excluded States, who has any claims to respectability, intelligence or statesmanship, to obtain a seat in either House of Congress. The patriotism, intelligence and virtue of the white race at the South are ostracised; the great intellects of the country are under the ban of Radical proscription; and the descendants of the fathers of the Republic and the champions of Constitutional Liberty are no longer permitted to bring to the councils of the Nation the inspiration they derive from the hallowed memories, patriotic teachings and immortal virtues of their great and glorious ancestry. This proscription affords the most conclusive evidence of a determined purpose on the part of the dominant party to suppress truth, and to employ such instruments only as are capable of being used for the propagation of error and the perpetuation of party ascendency.

There is nothing more certain than that there can be no reconstruction under existing legislation, except on the Radical basis, and by the entire radicalization of the Southern States; which, in my humble judgment, means anarchy, war, and the early destruction of the colored race on this continent. Of course ruin will result to the white race, and the whole country must suffer untold evils in the sequel of our destruction. It is, therefore, the duty of every honest man at the South, black and white, to look this question squarely in the face, and if possible, avert the impending ruin.

It is not improbable that colored delegates to Congress will be rejected, but it is folly to ignore, or blink the fact, that we now form a part and parcel of the political machinery of the government, and the correlative right of holding office is an inherent part of the American system, and must follow, as the night to day, the right to vote. These are the paramount attributes of citizenship in a Republican Government, and especially so in America.—The franchise has been conferred upon my race, as a matter of right, or for the purpose of using us as instruments to carry out the schemes of the Radical party, and oppressing the white people of the South. I do not believe it was bestowed in love, or upon consideration of right; and the means employed to control our action verifies this conclusion. We are expected, aye, required to consort or co-operate with three classes of persons in carrying out the reconstruction measures, and in promoting to office individuals who were tolerated by the Radicals themselves only because they are capable of doing the dirty work the less vile refuse to do. We are not permitted to heed the councils of the wise and good of our own land, either in matters affecting our own domestic welfare, or the good of the country at large; but a most nauseating feast is prepared for our digestion and we are not only affectionately led up to the high carnival, but menacingly instructed and impertinently commanded to drain each cup to the dregs, and to swallow down all the ingredients of the Radical cauldron. We are not expected to have opinions of our own, or to indulge the poor privilege of free and unrestrained exercise of the suffrage bestowed upon us. Empowered to vote, we cannot be voted for; urged on to the exercise of the most important and most sacred privilege of citizenship, we learn from the very zeal of those who so eagerly clamor for our suffrage, that their vaunted friendship is but another name for self-interest, and party trickery—that the vote! the vote! is the charm that tunes their harp of a thousand strings, and that that secured, the music, and the sweet meats of the festival, will be exclusively appropriated, while the voter will be politely informed that his services can be dispensed with until the next election.

And with whom are we so earnestly and so cordially pressed to participate? I have said that there are three classes. First, we are supposed to be base enough to stoop to a slimy association with regard to renegade rebels who in 1861 were blatant and rampant Yankee-eating secessionists, who in the hour of their country's peril deserted her standard, and who by the way of excuse for their infamous conduct drifted into what was then called toryism, and now side with the radicals, because like Benedict Arnold they have no friends on the other side. The second class is composed of that lower stratum of society, which is turned to the surface only when violent commotions throw up the filth they feed on—the spawns of humanity, that never had a thought, a principle, a country, or a God, and who are only useful to the Catalines and Robespierres of civil revolutions, as so many noisy machines to to throw up hats and shout huzza. Such were the fellows that found refuge from enrolling officers in the Southern swamps. Too cowardly to fight under the Stars and Bars, they are found fit and worthy tools for the persecution of the disarmed and defenceless, and admirable gas pipes to hiss out hosannahs to the vulgar vanity of their sort from the mountains of the victor. The third class of our would-be-copartners in the business of reconstruction are the scrapings of a ground swell of New England fungi; and from the specimens that have come South to grow respectable on the "Nigger vote," and get rich by picking up little things, such as spoons and the like, I am very much inclined to the opinion that a most harmonious and lasting brotherhood may be established between them and class No. 2. Such individuals in the days of slavery would have been kicked out of the meanest darkey's cabin in the slave States, and it is to-day an undeniable fact that their status is far below the standard of respectability, even among the colored people they have succeeded thus far in imposing upon. Too low, and mean, and contemptible at home to be entrusted with any office of honor, trust or profit, they are here to offer their patriotic services (?) and virtuous (?) example for our moral elevation and political advancement; and supposing the negro to be, at least, a little bit lower in the scale of humanity than themselves they come with the confident expectation and impudent boastfulness that Sambo and Simon, Peter and Pollux, and all the rest of us small fry darkies, will at once see in their august personages the veritable champions of our freedom, and fly on the wings of gratitude and love to glorify and reward them—at the polls—for their manly "hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach" while bleeding and dying to set us free.

They know that we are in the alphabet of letters and their object is to take advantage of our general ignorance and universal credulity; and by pandering to our evil passions, and the vices incident to ignorance among all races, they expect to alienate us from the only true friends we have on the habitable globe, and array us in political and deadly strife against our former masters and protectors.

Such are the three classes who, we are told, are to be our future friends and legislators, and with whom it is said by radicalism it is our duty to unite in a political organization for the reconstruction of the South. May the Gods forbid it! If the black race of the South have neither the virtue nor the intelligence to feel the wound, surely they have pride enough to rouse some feelings of resentment to the deep and damnable insult conveyed in the programme that names them as the fourth class in the catalogue of infamy.

If the colored man is worthy of and entitled to the elective franchise, it is very clear that he is also entitled to a place in politics in proportion to the number he brings to the support of the successful party; but it is not upon this self-evident proposition that I now announce my determination to test radicalism to the very core on the question of mixture of races in the halls of the National Legislature.

Neither I, nor my colored friends, nor the intelligent right-thinking white men of this country, are willing to trust their honor or interests in the hands of any one of the three classes referred to; they and I believe it is far preferable to select some reliable colored man, and meet the issue at once and directly in the only way that it can be done under the reconstruction measures.

For these, and many other reasons, Mr. Editor, I have, at the solicitation of many gentlemen of both races, consented to the use of my name; and though it is now before the country, my ambition is not at all overweening, and I shall cheerfully counsel with my friends throughout the District as to plan of the campaign, the most available candidate, &c., and will most gladly yield the field to a better selection.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, JAMES P. FICKLING.

An Old Fashioned Sunday--Sabbath Day in the Country.

From "Homespun; or, Five and Twenty Years Ago," we take the following admirable picture of a Sunday in the country:

In the summer time, when the sun gets up and looks in at the east windows, not far from 4½ o'clock of a Sunday morning, the good farmer-folk bestir themselves right early. In place of setting the pitcher in the dingy area for the milk-and-water-man, they turn out to fill their own frothy pails as soon, certainly, as sunrise, and send off the dewy-coated cows to pasture again. The children are all brought up to the kitchen sink, and scrubbed and rubbed till they take on a shine like new furniture. Pretty soon old aunts slip out into the garden and snap off a spike or two of lilac blossoms from the bush close by the gate, which they stick into broken nosed pitchers about the mantels and hearth. The farmers themselves, in snowy shirtsleeves, are everywhere about the barns, greasing up their wagon-wheels, tinkering at the harness, indulging in a general fuss of preparation for the hour of meeting.

Breakfast being done and the children having taken off their long tires, a tedious spell—to them—intervenes 'till church time. Where the family is a pious and well-ordered one, the restless young folk are seated around the room in a silent circle, generally with a Testament in their hands, and there they keep them fast, sitting stiffly, primly and uncomfortably, until *the* hour comes lagging around. No matter if a golden-ringed bumblebee does fly in at the open window, or a lady butterfly shakes the yellow dust from the velvet of her gorgeous cloak, just over the window sill; or a bird comes and sings on a low bough hard by, to let the boys feel how unspeakably joyous out-door liberty must be of a Sunday morning; there must they all set in a row, with faces as rigid as the copies of Miles Standish's, and spirits crowded back into the pit of youthful despair, till the old clock in the corner rings out ten, and perhaps a little while after.

After the country wagons begin to stir the dust on the roads, they do not stop to let it settle again. One family party close behind another; a white horse pulling up behind a red one, and a lean beast chasing after a pot-bellied one; a loitering line of sturdy young fellows, honest and lusty, whose necks and hands have been tanning all the week in the hot corn-fields; now two matronly women in bonnets to match their years,—now a hobbling old man who is not able to keep a horse, turning about all the while to let the wagons pass him; girls crowded in on the back seats at the cost of much of the starch in their Sunday attire; these are the sights that give a new face, on that day, to the landscape. You see nothing like it near the cities; you would hardly think that such a picture could be sketched from life anywhere.

Almost every country meeting house has a plat of green grass before and around it, and, occasionally, a few trees, old elms, or vigorous growing maples. Commonly, too, a sign post—the magnet for knots of men before services open within, whereon they attentively study the probate, town and society's proclamation.

It is painfully clear that nobody feels at his ease in his Sunday clothes; the efforts to appear so only make the fact more apparent. This one is in a sorry state of doubt about the best place for his hands, and you guess he wishes he could have left them at home. A second betrays a slight personal acquaintance with the hat he wears that day, continually tipping it back and pulling it forward upon his head. Still another goes around offering his hand to everybody, as if he thought there must be some magic in the town's palms. The uneasiest and the unhappiest one of all laughs when he catches anybody else laughing, though he can give no sort of reason why he should. If one of the other sex chances to pass him on her way in, he begins by throwing a glance at her sneakingly; and ends with a square and courageous turn-about, studying the motion of her shoes till they take her up the steps and out of his sight.

I Want to Know

Why the ladies wear so much dress that they have to carry near about one-half of it in their arms?

I want to know why all the homely women commence pulling their veils down over their faces when they meet a man, and the pretty ones don't?

I want to know why it is the girls all look so sweet upon a single man, and so sour at a married one?

I want to know why all the people in the churches keep their seats during the first part of the singing and pop up as soon as the doxology is commenced?

I want to know if the first part of the hymn or psalm isn't as much intended to praise God as the last?

I want to know why the girls take so much trouble to be agreeable to the single men and don't take enough to be so much as civil to married ones?

I wan't to know why the ladies don't leave a portion of their toggery at home, instead of taking the trouble to lug it round in their arms?

I wan't to know why it is so much easier for a man who "splashes and dashes" before the public, to borrow money than it is for a sober, sedate business man?

I want to know how it is that the colored population manage to hold a *quarterly* meeting about every three or four weeks?

Marriage Broker.

A person of this class in England, in reply to a letter from a young lady, said that he had on his list about fifty gentlemen of first class position and with incomes from £300 to £5,000 a year who are anxious to marry; so that he can guarantee a good marriage to any lady. He adds: "I will send some cartes de visite for your inspection. Among my clients are officers, clergymen, merchants and gentlemen of independence. You may depend on strict good faith. In a pamphlet which he sends to the lady he describes the system and its success. He avers that during the last eighteen years he has married upwards of 5,000 couples happily, who, had it not been for him, would still have been pining in single misery. He points out that marriage by negotiation is the style in most foreign countries and in all royal families, and urges that unions thus brought about are productive of as much real happiness as those known as love matches, which young people make themselves, in which the motive power is usually a staight nose, smooth waltzing, a neat foot and ankle, an exhorbitant chignon, or a heavy mustache.—*N. Y. Com.*

Edwin M. Stanton is a native of Culpepper county, Va., and removed to Ohio when about twelve years old.

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