Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 7, 1868. NO. 42.

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 advertisments 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. ☜

MARYLAND BOUNTY
TO SOLDIERS AND SAILORS!

ARMY AND NAVY AGENCY,
THOMAS TIMMONS & CO.
No. 19 South Street, over Gas Co's Office, Baltimore.

SOLDIERS and SAILORS, enlisted or drafted, and mustered into the United States Service, after May 26, 1863, and credited to Maryland, are entitled to $300 State Bounty.

ADDITIONAL U. S. BOUNTY,

Soldiers of 1861, 2, 3, 4, who have received not more than $100, are entitled to an additional $100.

Widows and heirs of soldiers, also soldiers who have lost their Discharges, are entitled.

PERSONS WHO FURNISHED
SUBSTITUTES
Between April 1 and December 18, 1864, will also be entitled to Bounty from the State of Maryland.

Discharges of Soldiers of 1861, 2, 3, 4, *Wanted.*

And heirs of deceased Soldiers may obtain valuable information free of charge at our office.

We make liberal advances, collect promptly, and if desired will cash claims for State Bounty at sight.

All letters promptly answered.

U. S. Bounty, Pensions, Back Pay, Prize money &c., for Soldiers and Sailors promptly collected.

☞ Cut this advertisement out and bring it with you, or communicate by letter.
THOMAS TIMMONS, & CO.
Dec. 14, 1867.—4m.

COMPLETE MANURE,

MANUFACTURED BY HENRY BOWER,
PHILADELPHIA,
MADE FROM
Super-Phosphate of Lime, Ammonia and Potash.

Warranted Free from Adulteration.

Packed in Bags of 200 lbs. Each,

Has raised good crops of Wheat, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Grass, Cotton, Tobacco and Vegetables of all kinds. *Farmers would do well to inquire of their nearest dealer in fertilizers as to the results obtained from the use of Complete Manure.* The growing crops of Wheat, at this time, freely attest its virtues

RECOMMENDED BY

BOOTH & GARRETT, *Chemist, Philada.*
WILLIAMS & MOSS, *Chemist, Philada.*
C. ELTON BUCK, *Chemist, New York.*

And by all who have used it up to this time.

We have numerous testimonials to the effect that it is an invaluable Fertilizer, and we recommend it highly as a top dressing for Wheat and Grass.

DIXON, SHARPLESS & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
20 South Water and 40 South Wharves,
PHILADELPHIA.

For Sale by WM. REYNOLDS,
70 South Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
jan4-y

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

PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSITY
OF
MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

THE Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery was organized in 1848. Chartered by the Legislature, February 26, 1853. Name changed by a legislative enactment to the Eclectic Medical College of Philadelphia in 1860. In 1863 it purchased the Pennsylvania Medical College, established in 1842, and the Philadelphia Medical College, which had previously been merged into the Pennsylvania Medical College. In 1864 it purchased the Penn Medical University. The Trustees of the separate schools united, petitioned, and obtained a special act of the Legislature, consolidating these institutions and changing their names to that of the Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery, March 15, 1865. All these various acts are published in the statutes of Pennsylvania. The cost of the building and museum was over one hundred thousand dollars. It will be observed that the University, as now organized, is the legal representative of the four medical Colleges that it has absorbed. It is a liberal school of medicine, confined to no dogma, nor attached to any medical clique; but embraces in its teachings everything of value to the profession.

Sessions.—It has two full sessions each year, commencing on the 1st of October, and continuing until the 1st of January as its first session, and from the 1st of January to the 1st of April as its second; the two constituting one full course of lectures. It has also a summer session, commencing the 1st of April and continuing until August, for the preparatory branches, such as Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Botany, Zoology, Chemistry, Anatomy, Physiology, etc.

Tickets.—Tickets to the full course of lectures $120, or $60 for each session. For the summer or preparatory course $25. Graduating fee $30. To aid *young men of moderate means*, the University has issued *five hundred scholarships*, which are sold to first-course students, for $75, and to second-course students and clergymen for $50, each constituting the holder a life member, with the perpetual privileges of the lectures, and all the teachings of the school. The only additional fees are a yearly dissecting and matriculating ticket, each of which is $5.

The Advantages of Scholarships.—The student holding a scholarship can enter the College at any time during the year, attend as long as he chooses, and re-enter the institution as frequently as desired.

It requires no previous reading or study to enter the University on scholarships, hence, all private tuition fees are saved.

Students, by holding scholarships, can prosecute other business a part of the time.

The candidate for graduation can present himself at any time, and receive his degree as soon as qualified.

In case a student should hold a scholarship and not be able to attend lectures, it can be transferred to another, thus preventing any loss.

Parents, guardians, or friends of students wishing to purchase scholarships for them a year or more before their attendance at the University, can secure them by advancing one-half the price, and paying the balance when the student enters. Physicians and benevolent men can bestow great benefit upon poor young men, by presenting them a scholarship, and thus enabling them to obtain an honorable profession.

The Faculty embraces seventeen eminent physicians and surgeons. The University has associated with it a large hospital clinic, where every form of medical and surgical disease is operated on and treated in the presence of the class.

COLLEGE BUILDING.—The College building, located in Ninth Street, south of Walnut, is the finest in the city. Its front is collegiate gothic, and is adorned with embattlements and embrasures, presenting a novel, bold, and beautiful appearance. The facade is of brown stone, ornamented by two towers, rising to the elevation of eighty feet, and crowned with an embattled parapet. The building contains between fifty and sixty rooms, all supplied with water, gas, and every other convenience that modern improvement can contribute to facilitate medical instruction. Only five hundred scholarships will be issued, and as two hundred and fifty are now sold, those who wish to secure one should do so at once. Money can be remitted by express, or a draft or check sent on any National bank in the United States, when the scholarship will be returned by mail, signed by the President of the Board of Trustees, Jos. S. Fisher, Esq., and the Dean of the Faculty, W. Paine, M. D. All orders for scholarships or other business of the University, should be addressed to Professor W. Paine, M. D, Philadelphia, Pa. June 15, 1867.

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. J. A. PERKINS, having removed to Chestertown for the active resumption of his profession, offers his professional services to the public.

May be found at his residence in Princess street, opposite Miss Caroline Thompson's, when not professionally engaged.

Chestertown, June 1, 1867.

DR. W. T. URIE
HOMŒPATHICIAN,

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity.

He may at all times be found at his Office under the Vosbell House, when not professionally engaged.

Chestertown, July 20, 1867—tf.

CARD.

E. F. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Particular attention given to the collection of claims and the sale of Real Estate.

☞ Office in the New Building in Court Street. May 23, 1863.

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 18, 1866—y.

Selected Poetry.

Written for the Transcript.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY GURTY WILDE.

THE name of Mother! What a spell
Is woven 'round its sound;
It causes joy too great to tell;
In love it does abound.
It has in it a sound of Home;
It has the sound of Truth;
Whatever climes a boy may roam,
He'll yearn for Home's kind roof.

The name, my Mother! Oh how sweet,
When lisped by infant tongues.
A mother's smile, will ever greet
The wanderer back, to home.
Her name will always cast a spell
Around deceptions wiles,
Her love, although too great to tell,
Will glance deceivers guiles.

The thought, my Mother! Oh what pain
'Twill cause the erring one,
'T may lead him back to truth again
When other power there's none
'Twill cause him pain too great to tell,
To mar her life long pride.
The very thought will be a knell
To pleasures fickle guide.

The name, my Mother! Sacred name;
Though numbered with the dead,
'Twill oft have power to bend with shame
The son's rebellious head.
'T may have power to lead him on
To Christ's redeeming feet,
His Mother now to Heaven is gone,
He feels they there must meet.

Thorvaldsen's First Love.

Some fifty years ago, a young woman of prepossessing appearance was seated in a small back room of a house in Copenhagen, weeping bitterly. In her lap lay a few trinkets and other small articles, evidently keep-sakes, which she had received from time to time. She took up one after the other, and turned them over, but she could scarcely distinguish them through her blinding tears. Then she buried her face in her hands, and rocked to and fro in her agony.

"Oh!" moaned she, "and is it come to this! All my dreams of happiness are vanished—all my hopes are dead! He will even go without bidding me farewell. Ah, Himlen! that I have lived to see this bitter day? Love vare God!"

At this moment a hasty tap at the door was followed by the entrance of the object of her grief. He was a young man about twenty-five years of age, his person middle-sized and strongly built, his features massive, regular and attractive—his long hair flaxen, his eyes blue. This was Bertel Thorvaldson—a name which has since been sounded throughout the world as that of the most illustrious sculptor of modern times. His step was firm and quick his eye bright, and his features glowing as he entered the room: but when he beheld the attitude of the weeping female a shade passed over his countenance as he gently murmured, "Amalie!"

"Bertel!"

The young Dane drew a chair to her side, and silently took her tear-bedewed hands. "Amalie!" said he, after a pause broken only by her quivering sobs, "I am come to bid thee farewell. I go in the morning."

She ceased weeping, raised her face and releasing her hands, pushed back her disheveled hair. Then she wiped her eyes, and gazed on him in a way that made his own droop. "Bertel," said she, in a solemn tone, but void of all reproach—"Bertel, why did you win my young heart?—why did you lead me to hope that I should become the wife of your bosom?"

"I—I always meant it; I mean it now."

She shook her head mournfully, and taking up the trinkets, continued: Do you remember what you said when you gave me this—and this—and this?"

"What would you have, Amalie? I said I love you; I love you still—but—"

"But you love ambition, fame, the praise of men far better!" added she bitterly.

Thorvaldson started, for he felt actually the truth of her words.

"Yes, you will leave gamle Denmark—you will leave your poor, fond old father and mother, whose only hope and only earthly joy is in you—you will leave me, and all who love the sound of your footsteps and go to the distant land forget us all!"

"Min Pige! you are cruel and unjust I shall come back to my old father and mother—come back to thee, and we shall be happy again."

"Never, Bertel!—never! When once you have gone is no happiness for us. In heaven we may all meet again; on earth never! O no, never will you see in this life either your parents or your poor broken-hearted Amalie!" and again her sobs burst forth.

Thorvaldsen abruptly rose from his chair, and paced the room in agitation.—He was much distressed, and once or twice he glanced at Amalie with evident hesitation. His past life, the pleasures of his youth, the endeared friends and scenes of childhood, the affection of Amalie, the anguish of his parents at the approaching separation, all vividly passed in review, and whispered him to stay and be happy in the city of his birth. But a vision of Rome rose also and beckoned him thither to earn renown, wealth, and immortality.—The pride of conscious genius swelled his soul, and he felt that the die was cast forever.

He reseated himself by the side of Amalie, and once more took her hand—She looked up, and in one glance read his inmost thoughts. "Go," said she, "go and fulfil your destiny. God's will be done! You will become a great man—you will become the companion of princes and kings, and your name will extend the fame of your country to the uttermost parts of the earth. I see it all; and let my selfish love perish! Only promise this; when you are hereafter in the full blaze of your triumph, sometimes turn aside from the high-born, lovely dames who are thronging around, and drop one tear to the memory of the lowly Danish girl who loved you better than herself.—Bertel, farewell!"

The next day Thorvaldsen quitted Copenhagen for Rome, where he resided nearly the whole remainder of his long life, and more than realized his own wild aspiration for fame. But the prophesy of poor Amalie was literally fulfilled—he never more beheld his parents, nor her his first true love!

Nearly half a century had elapsed, and again the scene was Copenhagen. The streets were densely crowded with eager, sorrowing spectators, and every window of every house was filled with sadly expectant faces. At length a cry, "They come!" was echoed from group to group, and the crowds swayed to and fro under the sympathetic swell of common emotion.

A withered old woman was seated at the upper window of a house. When the cry was taken up, she raised her wrinkled countenance and passed her hands over her eyes, as if to clear away the mist of more than seventy winters. An immense procession drew nigh. Appropriate military music preceded the corpse being conveyed to its last earthly abiding place.—The king of the land, the royal family, the nobility, the clergy, the learned, the brave, the gifted, the renowned, walked after it. The banners of mourning were waved, the trumpets wailed, and ten thousands sobs broke alike from stern and gentle breasts, and tears from the eyes of warriors as well as lovely women showered like rain It was the funeral of Bertel Thorvaldsen, with the Danish nation for mourners! And she, the old woman who gazed at it as it slowly wound by—she was Amalie, his first love! Thorvaldsen had never married, neither had she.

"Ah, Himlen!" murmured the old woman, wiping away tears from a source which for many long years had been dry, "how marvelous is the will of God! To think that I should live to behold this sight! Poor, poor Bertel! All that I predicted came to pass; but ah me! who knows whether you might not have enjoyed a happier life after all had you stayed with your old father and mother, and married me. Ah, Himlen, there's only One can tell! Poor Bertel!"

Four years more sped, and on one fine Sabbath morning an aged and decrepid female painfully dragged her weary limbs through the crowded rooms of that wondrous building known as Thorvaldsen's Museum. She paused not to glance at the matchless works of the sculptor, but crept to an open doorway leading into the inner quadrangle, in the centre of which a low tomb of grey marble encloses the mortal remains of him whose hand created the works which fill the edifice. Step by step she drew close to the tomb, and sank on the pavement by its side. Then she laid down her crutch, and pressed her bony hands tightly over her skiny brow. "Ja, ja!" murmured she; "they told me he lay here, and I prayed to God to grant me strength to crawl to the spot—and He has heard me. Ah, Himlen, I can die happy now!"

She withdrew her hands, and peered at the simple but all comprehensive inscription of "Bertel Thorvaldsen," deeply cut on the side of the tomb. Then she raised her forefinger, and earnestly traced with it every letter to the end. Smiling feebly, she let fall her hands and complacently smiled, while an evanescent gleam of subtle emotion lighted up her lineaments.—"'Tis true; he moulders here. Poor Bertel, we shall meet again—in Heaven!"

Her eyes closed and her hands slowly sank on her breast, in which attitude she remained until one of the officers of the Museum, who had noticed her singular behavior, came up. "Gammel kone" (old wife) said he, "what are you doing?"

She answered not; and he slightly touched her shoulder, thinking she was asleep. Her body gently slid to the ground at the touch, and he then saw that she slept the sleep of death.

We Pass for what we Are.

A man passes for what he is worth.—Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear for remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assemblage that a man enters, in every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his speed and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school, with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretentions. An older boy says, "It's of no use, we shall find him out to-morrow."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

ONE of our exchanges says that a dancing master in New York has introduced the "Kiss Cotillion," in which the gentlemen always kiss the ladies as they swing corners.

We are not much on a dance, but would like to swing a few corners most awful well.

Olden Times.

In those days people drank green tea and ate heavy suppers, and went to bed with warming pans and nightcaps, and slept on feather-beds with curttains around them, and dreaded fresh air in their rooms as much as sensible folks now-a-days dread to be without it; and if they heard a noise in the night, they got up and groped about in the dark, and procured a light with much difficulty, with flint and steel and tinder-box, and unpleasant sulphur matches; and went to medicine chests, and took calomel and blue pills, and salts and senna, and jalap and rhubarb. In those days the fine gentlemen tippled old Jamaica and bitters in the morning, and lawyers took their clients to the sideboard for a dram; while the fine ladies lounged on sofas reading Byron, Moore and Scott. In those days long leather fire-buckets were hung in the entries, filled with water, and when a fire broke out every citizen was a fireman. In those days gentlemen chewed tobacco, indifferent were they expectorated, and ladies cleansed their dental pearls with snuff, and wore thin shoes, and laced themselves into feminine wasps and consumption. Babies were put to sleep with spanking and paregoric. Urchins were flogged at school *a posteriori*, and subjected to all sorts of unheard-of chastisements. Picture-books and toys were dear and poor. Big boys played "hockey," or, as they called it down South, "bandy," in the streets with crooked sticks and hard wooden balls—policemen being unknown—and went home to their mothers to have broken shins anointed with opodeldoc. Street fights occurred between schools, and schoolmasters were persecuted by the biggest boys. Young ladies danced nothing but formal and decorous cotillions, or fast and furious Virginia reels, in wide entry halls by the light of candles that called for snuffers every ten minutes, to music by black fiddlers, while mothers sat darning stockings, and fathers played backgammon, or gambled and swigged brandy and water, or came home late roaring bacchanalian songs, and inquiring of their sleepy wives in which brown parcel the milk was wrapped up in. Boarding-school misses in calico gowns practiced the "Battle of Prague," or the "Caliph of Bagdad," or Clementini's "Sentas," on instruments not much bigger than a modern young lady's traveling trunk, strung with jangling wires that were always snapping; and occasionally chirped Tom Moore's "Melodies," or such airs as "Gaily the Troubador," or "Pray Papa Stay a little Longer," or "The Banks of the Blue Mosche-he-helle." Guests sat on hard wooden chairs, sometimes with their feet up, over roaring wood fires, "spittin' round, and makin' 'emselves sociable," with juleps, egg-nog, apples and cider. Every man shaved, wore a bell-crowned hat, a swallow-tailed coat with a horse-collar, carried a turnip-shaped time-keeper in his waistband, with a heavy seal hanging out, had his breeches pocket full of silver half-dollars, wore round-toed boots and linen shirts, cased his throat with high standing shirt collars, ate all manner of nauseous quack medicines, dined at one o'clock, some families eating the pudding before the meat, took naps in the afternoon—on Sundays preferring the pews for that purpose—had nothing to say against slavery or rum, took a meagre weekly newspaper, smoked "long-nines," ate fried oysters and lobster salad, and drank fiery Madeira or punch at twelve o'clock at night, got his feet wet on slushy days, took awful colds and rheumatism, sent for Dr. Sangrado, and was bled, blistered and leeched; had nightmares, headaches, dyspepsia, fever, delirium, death, and darkened rooms.

A Lesson for Well Disposed Wives.

"Why is it," asked a lady, "that so many men are anxious to get rid of their wives?"

"Because," was the reply, "so few women exert themselves after marriage to make their presence indispensible to the happiness of their husbands!" When husband and wife have become thoroughly accustomed to each other—when all the little battery of charms which both played off so skillfully before the wedding day had been exhausted, too many seem to think that nothing remains but the clanking of the legal chains that bind them to each other. The wife seeks to develop in her affections no new attractions for her husband; and the latter, perceiving the *lapsus*, begins to brood over an unrecognisility which does not exist, into unsurpassable obstacles in the way of his earthly felicity. This is the true secret. The woman who charmed before marriage can charm afterwards, if she will, though not, of course, by the same means. There are a thousand ways if she will only study them out, in which she can make home so attractive that her husband will unconsciously dislike to absent himself from it, and so she can readily make herself the particular deity of the domestic paradise. This done she may quietly laugh at all attempts to alienate her husband's inclinations; and with these inclinations will always go, in such cases, his active judgment.

Wonderful Telescope.

Truly this is an age of wonderful inventions. A telescope for the examination of objects situated under water is said to have been devised in Paris, and to have been tested in one of the French canals. It is reputed to have enabled the observers to see pencil-marks distinctly at the depth of more than five feet. Its practical application will be the examination of the hulls ships without placing them "in deck." If this telescope can be used on dry land we wish one immediately to assist us in reading some of the manuscripts that are submitted to us for publication.

LOST SUNSHINE.

OUR House is emptied of Delight;
It is no more the house of joy
That once shone with his presence bright,
That echoed to his laughter light,
His bounding step upon the stair,
His joyous accents everywhere—
It is no more our home, without our Boy.

All's Gloom—although the sunbeams glow
On yonder churchyard Tomb and Cross
(So near, so far!); and Silence—though
His brothers' footsteps came and go,
And voices that are dear to me
(*As living* voices e'er can be),
Too young to know the greatness of their loss.

Ah, Room wherein our dear one lay!
As sacred as the sacred Fane
Wherein he loved to kneel and pray—
The good seed ripened day by day,
I watched it in the ear, the blade;
And when upon his death-bed laid,
He reaped the harvest of G.'s golden grain!

Oh, manly Form that never more
Shall swell this yearning heart with pride!
Oh, kindly Face, that always wore
Its best for me!—I watch the door,
Half-hopeful; through the window gaze;
My sorrow gives me such amaze
At times I have to whisper: "No, he died."

The landscape now has lost its charm,
The home view he was wont to prize
(Ah, how he loved each field and farm!)
The very air now lacks its balm;
The pulse of oars upon the lake
Is silent; and his gun can wake
No echo; a mist ever hides our skies.

Yet dwells he in some heavenly home
Far fairer; and above him lie
The plains of heaven. Let us come
In Thy good time, where grief is dumb;
Not as with us, Lord, who lack speech
The depth of our distress to reach,
But where Thou wip'st the tears from every eye.

My boy, my Bayard without stain,
Whom the world loved, yet soiled not;
We would not have you know our pain,
Else you would feel it; but would fain
Still think (forgive us), though you be
In Jesus' breast that you and we
Have yet some bond of sympathy,
That somehow, Sweet, we are not quite forgot.

Adventure of a Dressing-Gown.

A lady was anxious to make her husband a present on the occasion of his birthday, it happening to fall in winter, she thought a dressing-gown would be a most useful acquisition to his domestic comforts. So she went and purchased a fine Persian-pattern merino one, well wadded. Not remembering the exact height of her husband, she thought it best to purchase one rather too long than too short, to make sure of its usefulness. The day was wet, her husband returned in the afternoon, and she presented him with the new article of comfort; and he fancied it indeed a great comfort after he had put off his wet garments But it was ten inches too long. "Oh! never mind," said the affectionate wife, "I can easily shorten it to suit you." They had a party in the evening and were very merry, and every one of their friends admired the beautiful dressing gown.—After they had gone to bed the wind and rain made such a noise that the wife could not sleep; her husband, however, snored musically. She arose without disturbing him, took the dressing-gown and commenced her work, cutting off about the length of ten inches to make it suit her husband's stature, and then went to bed again. In the morning she was up early to make some arrangements with her housekeeper, as several friends were expected to dinner that day. Scarcely had the lady left the room when her sister—a good-natured, elderly lady, who lived with them—stepped in on tip-toe, in order not to disturb the sleeper, took the dressing-gown, and, hastening to her own room, cut off about ten inches, as she knew it was too long for him the night before.—An hour after the gentleman awoke, and was now anxious to surprize his affectionate wife. Ringing for the servant, he was told to take the dressing-gown to a tailor and have it made shorter by ten inches.—The good wife was detained longer than she expected, and scarcely had the dressing-gown returned from the tailor when she came in the room. Her husband had just risen, and proposed now to surprize his wife and enjoy his comfort. But how surprised was his better-half to see her husband in a fine Persian-pattern merino shooting-jacket instead of a comfortable dressing-gown.

Habits of Observation.

The practice of noting things and events in their simple existence will gradually accumulate a store of knowledge, from which we may derive help in every turn of life. It is the observant man that is the man of resource. The happiest inventions are the result of much silent observation. It is indispensable to all whose business it is to guide or rule their fellows. In the family it supplies what is most needed to prevent jars, to ease discomforts, to remedy mischiefs, to make up for deficiencies. In society it obviates blunders, suggests felicitous improvisations, steers one's course clear of sunken rocks, explains things which might otherwise appear anomalous, and nips silly suspicions in the bud To the statesmen it is invaluable, for though there may be brilliant oratorial power without it, it is impossible that there can be wise administration.

A Dream Realized.

Some time during last summer a stranger stopped at a farm-house and asked permission to stay over night, which was readily granted by the hospitable farmer. A couple of hours after, retiring for the night, the stranger was taken suddenly and violently ill and for several days was apparently deranged. On his recovery he informed his host that during his illness he had dreamed three nights in succession that he had discovered, in a certain ravine, near the house, under a rock, an earthen crock, containing a large amount of silver. At this the gentleman expressed surprise, and spoke of it as being a very mysterious dream. Afterwards, however, they were walking together in that direction, and the dream was again adverted to by the stranger. An examination was at once proposed by the farmer, to satisfy their curiosity. The rock was soon found, and after brushing the leaves carefully away, it was removed, and to their utter amazement, there sat a crock full of silver. They took it out, and conveyed it secretly to the house, and on examination it was found to contain £200 in silver, which they agreed to divide equally between them. The day after this recovery, as the stranger was about to take his leave he complained to his benefactor of the inconvenience of carrying so much silver, when an exchange was proposed, the stranger receiving his share in notes. It was not long after the departure of his guest, however, till my host made another discovery—his £200 in silver was counterfeit, and he had thus been ingeniously swindled out of £100.—The story was kept quiet for several months, but it finally leaked out, and we now give it to our readers precisely as we heard it.

On the Track.

The other day I heard a mother ask her little son to do something. "In a minute," he said. She spoke again.—But it was one, two, three, four, five minutes before he minded her.

It makes me think of the switch-tender's boy. What if *he* had waited a minute before minding his father? A switch-tender in Prussia was just going to move the rail, in order to put a coming train of cars on a side track, when he caught sight of his little son playing on the track.—The engine was in sight, and he had not a moment to spare. He might jump and save his child; but he could not do that and turn the switch in time; and if it were not done, the on-coming train would meet another train, and a terrible crash and smash take place. The safety of hundreds of lives depended upon his fidelity. What could he do? What did he do?—"Lie down! lie down!" he called, with a loud, quick voice to the child; and seizing the switch, the train passed safely on its proper track.

Did the heavy train run over the little boy? Was he killed? Was he crushed to pieces? No, for he did just as his father told him, and did it instantly. He fell flat between the rails, and the cars went high over his head, and when the anxious father sprang to the spot, there he was alive and well; not a hair was touched. It was his quick obedience, you see, that saved his life. He did not stop a minute. Even a moment's hesitation would have been too late.

Peddler vs. Constable.

A certain constable a short time since espied a tin peddler pursuing his trade, and like a pickerel after a minnow he rushed at him and inquired:

"Have you a license to sell?"

"No," coolly replied the itinerant vender of pots and pans, "I haven't."

"Well, sir, I'll attend to your case," says the Dogberry.

"All right says the peddler, "do."

The eager official rushes off to the nearest trial justice and obtains a warrant, and armed and equipped with the awful document starts on a chase after the offending itinerant. After a long chase, the representative Yankee was found, and hustled before the justice, who read to him the warrant, and as a matter form, of course, asked him whether he was guilty or not guilty.

"Not guilty," says the unabashed peddler.

The justice and constable opened wide their eyes to such costumacy. They had not been in the habit of seeing such.

"Not guilty," quoth the former, "don't you peddle goods around here?"

"Yes." replied the alleged culprit.

"Well, have you a license?" asked Rhadamanthus in "sarcastical" tones.

"Oh, yes," said the travelling agent.

"Why," said the justice—quite another expression coming over his countenance—"didn't you tell this gentleman that you had no license?"

"No, sir."

"Yes you did," shouted tipstaff.

"No I didn't," quietly replies the peddler.

"I say you did," vociferated the constable.

"I swear I didn't," still persists the peddler.

"Well, what did you tell me, then?

"You asked if I had a license to sell, and I told you I hadn't; and I haven't a license to sell," continues the peddler, in an injured tone, "for I want to keep it to peddle with."

A waggish editor says that the streets of the Western cities are to be lighted with redheaded girls. We'd like to hug the lamp-posts.

He who thinks he has enough of the Holy Spirit will quickly find himself quished by the evil

© Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8202-0488