Chestertown Transcript.

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Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

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PUBLIC LOCAL LAWS
FOR KENT COUNTY

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

CHAPTER 9.

AN ACT to amend an Act entitled "An Act to authorize and empower the County Commissioners of Kent Kent County to subscribe in behalf of said County to the capital stock of the Kent County Railroad Company and to issue bonds for the same and to provide for their redemption," passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, Chapter one hundred and thirty-nine, by adding a proviso to the first Section of said Act, relating to the issuing of county bonds, and the time for their payment.

WHEREAS, The County Commissioners of Kent County in the month of June last, under the provisions of the said Act, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, Chapter one hundred and thirty-nine, subscribed for four thousand shares of stock in the Kent County Railroad Company, the Bonds for the payment of said Stock to be made payable within twenty years, and not in less than fifteen: and whereas, it may be advisable and expedient that the said Bonds, or a portion of them, shall be made redeemable or payable before the expiration of fifteen years, in order to lessen the burthen of taxation, therefore,

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the first Section of said Act of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, Chapter one hundred and thirty-nine, relating to the issuing of Bonds by the County Commissioners of Kent County for the payment of Stock subscribed in the Kent County Railroad Company, be amended and re-enacted so as to read as follows:

SEC. 1 That the County Commissioners of Kent County, or a majority of them, be, and they are hereby authorized, empowered and required, as soon as they may receive notice from the Kent County Railroad Company, to subscribe in behalf of Kent County for four thousand shares of the Stock of said Kent County Railroad Company, and in the payment for said subscribers to issue Bonds in the name of the County Commissioners of said County in such sums as the President and Directors of said Railroad Company may prescribe, redeemable in such time or times within twenty years as the said President and Directors may designate, (but in not less than twenty years,) and which shall be stated on the face of said Bonds; and to each of which said Bonds shall be attached coupons for the interest thereon at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly; which said Bonds shall be delivered to the said Railroad Company in payment for said Stock, and which said Bonds may be hypothecated or sold and assigned by said Railroad Company; provided, however, that if the County Commissioners of Kent County, or a majority of them, and the President and Directors of the Kent County Railroad Company, shall consider and agree that it will be for the interest and advantage of the tax-payers of the county aforesaid that the Bonds to be issued by the County Commissioners to pay for subscriptions of Stock made in June last by the County Commissioners aforesaid, in the said Railroad Company shall be made payable at shorter periods of time than fifteen years, the said Commissioners may make the said Bonds, or any portion of them, payable at earlier periods than fifteen years, but in no one year shall more than one-tenth of the principal of said subscription for Stock be payable, and provided that this Act, as amended, shall not in any manner impair the obligation or contract now existing on the part of the said County Commissioners with the said Kent County Railroad Company to provide for the payment of the said Stock subscription; and that this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 6, 1868.

THOMAS SWANN,
Governor.

CHAPTER 182.

AN ACT to amend the Public Local Law, title "Kent County," sub-title roads, article fourteen, by adding a new section thereto.

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the Public Local Law, article fourteen, title "Kent County," sub-title "Roads," be, and the same is hereby amended by adding thereto a section to read as follows:

SEC. 169. That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, to ride, drive, or lead any horse, mare, or mule, oxen, cow, or any other animal on or over the side walk on the western side of the main road leading from Galena where the roads cross, to the Hill at Georgetown, nor on the side walk on the Northern and Eastern side of the Public road leading from the North-western precincts of Chestertown to the western-most corner of Chester Cemetery on the road to Whaland's Mill, and any person thus offending shall be subject to a fine of two dollars for the first offence, and three dollars for every subsequent offence, to be recovered before a Justice of the Peace as small debts are recovered, in the name of the County Commissioners for Kent County, and such money when recovered shall be paid to them to be expended under their directions for the purpose of repairing and improving respectively the said sidewalks which shall not exceed eight feet in width on their surface.

Provided, That nothing in this act shall prevent persons riding or driving across said or for the purpose of entering the grounds of side-walks to obtain access to adjoining lands, Chester Cemetery.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 28th, 1868.

THOMAS SWANN,
Governor.

CHAPTER 349.

AN ACT to authorize and empower the County Commissioners of Cecil and Kent Counties to build a bridge over Sassafras River from Fredericktown in Cecil County to Georgetown in Kent County, and to levy a sum of money for the same.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the County Commissioners of Cecil County and Kent County be and are hereby authorized and empowered in their discretion to build and keep in repair a bridge over Sassafras River from Fredericktown in Cecil County to Georgetown in Kent County.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That for the construction of said bridge the County Commissioners of Cecil Co. be and they are hereby authorized and empowered in their discretion to levy on the assessable property of said County a sum not exceeding ten thousand dollars, and that the County Commissioners of Kent County are hereby authorized and empowered in their discretion to levy on the assessable property of Kent County a sum not exceeding ten thousand dollars; provided the said bridge be constructed with a draw in the channel of said River not less than thirty-five feet in the clear in width.

SEC. 3. *And be it enacted*, That this Act shall take effect from and after the date of its passage.

Approved March 30th, 1868.

THOMAS SWANN,
Governor.

CHAPTER 381.

AN ACT to amend the Public Local Laws of Kent County, title "Chestertown," by repealing Sections 35 and 47, and to re-enact the same as amended.

SECTION. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That Section thirty-five of the Public Local Laws title Kent County, sub-title "Chestertown," incorporating the citizens of Chestertown and prescribing the manner of electing Commissioners, and Section forty-six of the said Public Local Law, title "Chestertown," relating to the assessment of property, and the levying of taxes, be and the same are hereby repealed, and re-enacted with amendments to read as follows:

SEC. 35. The white male citizens of Chestertown, in Kent County, of twenty-one years of age and upwards, the owners of real estate in said town in their own right, or in right of their wife, and who have resided in Chestertown, or the precincts thereof, one whole year next preceding the day of election, shall annually on the fourth Monday in May elect seven persons of lawful age, each of whom shall be the owner of real property in said town, in his own right, or in right of his wife, and shall reside therein, Commissioners for said town, and the persons so elected by the name of the "Commissioners of Chestertown" are hereby declared to be a body politic, with power to sue and be sued, and use a common seal and the same to alter at their pleasure.

SEC. 46. The said Commissioners shall procure from the Clerk of the County Commissioners for said County who is hereby authorized and required, under the penalty of five hundred dollars, to be recovered on presentment or indictment in the Circuit Court of Kent County for their use, to furnish the same between the tenth day of June and twentieth day of July, an assessment of all the real property and houses within the limits of said town, and the name of the persons assessed therewith, and may levy on the property so assessed such sum of money as they may deem necessary not exceeding twenty-five cents in the hundred dollars in any one year, and may appoint and qualify a person to collect the same, and if the Collector of the County taxes for the election or other district, in which Chestertown is situated, shall be appointed, it shall not be lawful for him to decline receiving, and acting upon the said appointment, or refuse to execute his bond for the performance of his duty according to law, and as provided in Section forty-seven of the said Code of Public Local Laws, title Kent County, sub-title "Chestertown."

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 30th, 1868.

THOMAS SWANN,
Governor.

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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 Voshell House, when not professionally engaged.

Chestertown, July 20, 1867—tf.

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.

Selected Poetry.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

MY home a stately dwelling is,
With lofty arching doors;
There is carving on the ceiling high,
And velvet on the floors;
A rich and costly building,
Where noiseless servants wait,
And 'neath the escutheon's gilding
None enter but the great.
But a happier home is near it, a humble cottage small,
And I envy its sweet mistress the shadows on her wall.

My pictures are the pride of Art,
And drawn by cunning hands;
But the painted figures never move,
Nor change the painted lands;
Before the poorest window
More gorgeous pageants glide,
Within the lowliest household
More life-like groups abide;
And I turn from my soulless symbols, that crowd my gloomy hall,
To watch the shifting shadows upon the cottage wall.

My stately husband never bends
To kiss me on the lips;
His heart is in his iron safe,
His thoughts are with his ships;
But when the twilight gathers
Adown the dusky street,
The little housewife listens
For sounds of coming feet;
And by the gleaming twilight I see a figure tall
Bend down to kiss a shadow, a shadow on the wall.

My garden palings, broad and high,
Shut in its costly spoils,
And through the ordered paths all day
The silent gardner toils:
My neighbor's is a grass-plot,
With hardy buttercup,
Where children's dimpled figures
Pull dandelions up;
Where on the baby's silken head all day the sunbeams fall,
Till evening throws its shadows upon the cottage wall.

My petted lap-dog, warm and soft,
Nestles upon my knee;
My birds have shut their diamond eyes;
That love to look for me;
Lonely I watch my neighbor,
And watching can but weep,
To see her rock her darlings
Upon her breast asleep
Alas! my doves are gentle, my dog comes at my call,
But there is no childish shadow upon my chamber wall.

My beauty is the talk of fools,
And by the gaslights glare,
In glittering dress and gleaming gems,
I know that I am fair;
But there is something fairer,
Whose charm in loving lies;
And there is something dearer,
The light of happy eyes.
So I return, triumphant, queen of the brilliant ball
To envy the sweet shadow of the housewife on the wall.

My earthly lot is rich and high,
And hers is poor and low;
Yet I would give my heritage
Her deeper joys to know;
For husbands that are lovers
Are rare in all the lands,
And hearts grow fit for Heaven,
Moulded by childish hands;
And while I go up lonely, before the judge of all,
A cherub troop will usher the shadow on the wall.

Hospitality.

Bayard Taylor thinks "man is naturally an hospitable animal," and describes the difference between the natures of the English, French and German:

You arrive in England a stranger, and present a letter of introduction to some gentleman. His reception strikes you as cold and formal; he makes no special offers of assistance, and you are inclined to suspect his acquaintance will be of little service. By and by, however, you find that he has been silently interesting himself in your behalf. He has remembered wishes that you have carelessly uttered, and procured you opportunities for realizing them; the want of demonstration has been more than compensated by solid service.

In Paris you find just the reverse.—Nothing can surpass the impressment with which you are received. Everything is at your disposal; you will make the man happy by the freest use of his time and trouble. Nevertheless, you must beware of taking these offers literally, unless you are prepared for disappointment. The outgush of benevolence has exhausted the capacity for action. A few elegant cards are exchanged, and there the matter rests.

In Germany we have the medium between the two extremes—a genial, cordial manner, moderate proffers of service, and conscientious performance thereof, whenever it is needed. Acts of kindness between strangers are more common than in almost any civilized country. I once stopped for a night in a country inn in a remote part of Bavaria. The delegate to the Legislative Chamber in Munich had just been elected by the people of the district, and they gave him a farewell banquet that evening. In the midst of the solemnities I was politely invited to attend; a place was made for me beside the President; the principal personages present were described and then introduced, and before the meeting closed, I received an invitation to spend a few days at the neighboring castle. Yet I was convinced that not one of the assembly had any knowledge of me, further than that I was an American traveler.

There is a custom in Spain which always seemed to me to be the perfection of hospitality. A Spaniard, for instance, on entering a cafe where he is accustomed to take his refreshment, will notice a stranger present—possibly a traveler.—Calling one of the waiters to him, he quietly pays the stranger's bill, takes his own ice or chocolate, and goes away, without ever having spoken to the man he has so surreptitiously entertained. When the unconscious stranger calls for his bill he is astonished to find that he owes nothing. In travelling by diligence from Mexico to Vera Cruz, I found it impossible to pay for meals at the hotels on the road, some one of my fellow-passengers had always done it in advance. One of them, a Portugese gentleman, afterwards visited me in New York, bringing with him a quantity of choice Havana cigars as a present. If ever I visited the banks of the Tagus, I hope to find him still living.

In the remote part of Sweden and Norway, where there are no accommodation for travelers, the clergymen are always expected to entertain them. This is sometimes a heavy tax upon some members of that ill-paid class, but it is cheerfully endured from sense of duty. Few houses indeed, are closed against the stranger, and the poorest host oftentimes decline, to take his payment. I often made a journey through France, under circumstances which compelled me to lodge in the humblest cabarets; and although a few sous were required for food and lodging, yet the honesty, the simple kindness of the peasants, the little attentions they are so careful to pay and so delicate in paying were greatful examples of the hospitable spirit.

I half suspect that "the rude Corinthian boor," who
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door,
existed only in Goldsmith's imagination, or that he generalized from a single unpleasant experience. (A habit, by the by, to which most men are addicted.) The Corinthians are rude, certainly, but no branch of the Sclavonic race is inhospitable.

In the stagnation of China, the milk of human kindness has grown somewhat stale, yet even there a certain form of hospitality is kept up, however the spirit may be lacking.

A Genuine French Romance.

One of those little romances of which the French are so fond, has lately taken place in Paris, and is thus described:

M. Robert, an immensely wealthy and highly accomplished elegant, well known not only for his valuable collections of paintings and mediæval relics, but for his rare skill as a designer and painter, hearing that one of his tenants, a M. B., whom he had never seen, kept one of the most extensive ateliers of fancy boxes and ornamental objects in France, called on him with a view to make his acquaintance.

Entering the counting room, he found a good-natured, eccentric gentleman of middle age, who greeted him, and exclaimed:

"I suppose that you have seen my advertisement and come to apply for that situation as designer?"

For a joke, M. Robert replied that he had. M. B. supplied him paints and brushes, and requested him to produce a design for a casket. M. Robert soon found that what M. B. really wanted was an artist who would strictly carry out his own ideas, and that these were pure, and formed on an extensive knowledge of art. In a short time he produced a sketch which suited the employer to a dot—"*a point.*"

M. Robert very gravely engaged himself, exacted good wages, and insisted on having several new articles of furniture placed in the room which was assigned to him. But when he was introduced to the work rooms and found one hundred and fifty girls, many of them young and beautiful, and was informed that he would be required to supply them with designs, and show the young ladies how they were to be carried out, the young artist begun to feel as if he should have to be carried out himself—being very susceptible.

"Working for a living," said he to himself, "is not entirely devoid of attractions. Let us work."

M. Robert, being an accomplished artist, delighted his employer, and he soon found a remarkable fascination in seeing his designs realized in steel, silver, enamel or wood. He took a pleasure hitherto unknown in seeing his works in shop-windows and finding them in the boudoirs of his friends. This workshop life was of course carefully concealed from "society," nor did his employer suspect that his artist was his landlord. But M Robert soon found a more intense object of fascination in the daughter of M. B., a young lady who also took part in the duties of the atelier. This damsel was as remarkable for her accomplishments as for her extraordinary beauty, and M. Robert soon found that as regarded taste and culture in all matters which specially interested him he had never met with any one like her.—Step by step, the pair fell in love, and little by little the artist so ingratiated himself with the father that the latter, after due deliberation, consented to their union.

Previous to the marriage the old gentleman one day spoke of a dowry. "I shall give Marie 50,000 fr.," said he with a little air of boasting. "*Eh, mon garcon!*"

"And I suppose," added M. Robert gravely, "that I too, must settle something on my wife. Well—I will."

This caused a peal of laughter, which was redoubled when the artist added:

"And I will settle this piece of property, house and all; with the building adjoining, on her."

But what was their amazement when M. Robert drew forth the title deeds, and said:

"You seem to forget that I am your landlord. Isn't my name Robert?"

The young lady did not faint, but papa nearly died of astonishment and joy.—There was a magnificent wedding, but the bridegroom has not given up business.—He declares that there is as much amusement in being useful as in amusing one's self.

Purchasing a Farm.

Collector David Henshaw was a kind-hearted man as well as able; but smart as he was, on one occasion, in doing a generous act, he was sadly taken in. An old customer doing business in Eaton, N. H. had failed, owing Mr. H.'s firm about $2,000. After settling with his brother creditors he came to see Mr. H.

"Well, sir," said the latter, "what can you do for us?"

"Have saved my farm for you, sir," replied the unfortunate.

"Your farm, hey," said Mr. H., "and what have you got left?"

"Well, sir, a horse, a pig, and a cow, and altogether I think they may bring me in about seventy-five dollars—sufficient, I hope, to get myself and family out West, where I intend to settle; by the way, here's the deed of the farm, sir," said the poor but honest debtor, as he passed the document which certified Mr. H.'s legal right to two hundred acres of land, "more or less," and long known as the "Cold Stream Farm."

"Oh, that will never do," said Mr. H., and drawing his check for $500 he handed it to his old customer, remarking at the same time that he "was very sorry for his misfortunes, and appreciating his integrity, it gave him great pleasure to be able to afford him a little help in starting again."

The poor fellow was greatly surprised, and reluctantly taking his check, "with a tear drop in each eye," heartily thanked his over generous creditor and departed, but to be seen by Mr. H. no more.

About the first of April following, Mr. Henshaw thought he would go up to Eaton and take a look at his real estate here. Arriving about dusk he "put up" at the tavern kept by his old friend March who on learning his guest's errand, said he would go out with him next morning and show him where the farm lay.

Next day, soon after breakfast, the two sallied out to see it. After proceeding a few rods the old tavern keeper halted, and directing his companion's attention to a bare but very steep and rough looking mountain, that stood a few miles off, remarked that "that was called Bald Mountain."

"That's a rough looking place," said the other.

"Well," continued the tavern-keeper, "the location of your property—the "Cold Stream Farm," is on the top of that mountain."

"Yes, but how do you get there?"

"Why, you don't suppose anybody was ever up there, do you, Mr. Henshaw?

"Well, what's the good of it—what is done with it?" ruefully inquired the amazed merchant.

"The town sells it every year for the taxes," replied the tavern-keeper.

"They do, hey?" says Mr. Henshaw; "and pray tell me who in these parts is fool enough to buy that style of property?"

"Why, any of our chaps around here who get into trouble or fail, buy it for the purpose of settling with their Boston creditors."

Mr. Henshaw took the first opportunity to return home, and perhaps would not have told the story, had not a friend in asking him as a collector to give him a place in the Custom House, for one reason, among and above others, that he was from New Hampshire—when he gave his little bit of experience with one of the Granite State men.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

The Force of Imagination.

Late one evening a couple of Irishmen stopped at a country inn, in their native land, and asked for lodgings. The porter escorted them to the door of their room; but just as the travelers entered it, the candle was suddenly extinguished by the wind from the door as it is closed behind them. The porter had already returned to the bar-room, and after vainly groping on the mantle-piece in search of of matches, the travelers resolved to go to bed in the dark. In the middle of the night one of the men awoke, and after shaking his comrade to arouse him, said:

"Terence, I'm as wake as a vaccinated kitten, for the want of air. Get up and open the window. The room is as close as a patent coffin, and I'll die if ye don't give me air."

Terence arose, groped around the room for a few minutes, and then said:

"I've found the window, but bad luck to me if I can budge it. I can't move it either up or down."

"Then knock a couple of panes out wid yer sho', and we'll pay for them in the mornin'," said the sick man.

Terence did as directed. After two crashes were heard by the man in the bed he seemed to recover, for he remarked:

"Oh, that fresh air is invigoratin'. I feel better already. Out wid a couple more panes. Glass is cheap, an' the landlord won't be angry whin' we're willin' to pay for thim."

Terence's stout brogue soon shattered the few remaining panes, and the weak man recovered his strength so soon thereafter that in ten minutes more he was enjoying his slumbers, undisturbed by the snores of his companion, who had already expressed himself refreshed by the current of fresh air admitted through the broken glass.

Considerable time elapsed, and at length the travelers awoke. For thirty minutes they lay in bed conversing, wondering why they could not sleep.

"Surely it must be near mornin', for I don't feel a bit sleepy," said Terence.

"Mornin'," echoed the other. "By the morthial, but it appears to me that it's perpetual night in this part of the world."

In a few moments more they heard a knock at the door, and the travelers asked what was wanted.

"It's twelve o'clock!" answered the porter, opening the door, and entering the room with a candle in his hand. "Aren't ye going to get up at all?"

"Only twelve o'clock!" exclaimed Terrence. "Why, I thought it must be at least five. What d'ye main to be rousin' us in the middle iv the night? Do the people in these parts git up at midnight?"

"No, but they get up at breakfest time."

"Thin why didn't ye wait until breakfast time before ye disturb us?"

"Because its nours after breakfast time now—in fact, its just the dinner hour!"

"Get out, or I'll throw my brogue at ye. What a barefaced liar ye must be to say it's dinner time before it's daylight! The candle in yer hand makes a liar iv ye!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" and the porter chuckled with the exuberance of delight. "No wonder ye think it isn't daylight, for there's no window in this room to let in light."

"Thin what did he break last night?" Terence asked, looking round the room in astonishment. His eyes at last alighted on a bookcase, the glass doors of which presented a dispidated appearance.—"Be the powers, Jerry," he added, addressing his comrade, "whin I thought I was smashin' the windy, I was only breakin' the glass in that bookcase. But it did ye a power iv good, Jerry for ye see it that ye felt the fresh air revivin' ye!"

Old Boys.

We don't meet with so many old boys as old girls in society. When we do come across one he seems still more offensive. What excuse he has for falling back on the subterfuge of art, the dyed hair, the stays, that confess and exposure rather than hide his bulk, the polished boots that give the lie to the gouty feet they cover? When we see old boys condescending to such arts we cannot allow them pity, for they are only deserving of contempt.—As they posess a stronger brain and a stronger frame the "old girls," they ought rather to teach them the lesson of life than condescend to copy from them the deceptive arts of Venus. When once the "old boy" takes to "making up," it would seem as though the whole condition of his body and mind crystalizes for the next twenty years at least. We go abroad and and shake the old boy by the hand with the most affectionate adieu. We come back again, after passing through a thousand vicissitudes, and there he is again, still the old boys, sustained by his patent belt, polished in his boots, untouched by a tinge of gray; there seems little chance that with such aids he will ever walk arm-in-arm with time again. But some little accident happens, some little serious illness overtakes him, and he reappears in the world once more a very old, white-headed man—all the more elderly for the care he so long taken to keep the fatal scythe man at a distance. On such occasions the friends of the old boy feel a kind of a shock—it seems as though a generation had suddenly fallen out of their reckoning—as though they too must have suddenly slipped into years. It is on such occasions that the bitter folly of the "old boy" strikes one with dramatic effect. Surely he might have taken his age kindly, he might have allowed his life to slip on without this vain attempt to arrest it.

For him there are none of the excuses that may be pleaded for the "old girl."—Youth with her is the one gift to which she may be excused for clinging; for the cold shade of old-maidism is a positive evil which she may be pardoned for entering unwillingly.

A man should remember that he has a longer lease in being considered younger in years than a woman, and therefore, when age does come he should accept of it. A man between forty and fifty can afford to confess his age, an unmarried woman, still wishing to become a "better half," at that age trembles at the sight of "more gray hairs." She knows her mind has not been tended as carefully as her face, and that when she leaves off paint she flings away her false happiness.

What a relief it is to come across a few who take their age kindly. The mind, we may be sure, has been well trained and tended, and carries its fascination in the face, still keeping the spirit fresh as it gathers knowledge in years. And thus it is we come across old people, who, while enjoying the merriment of youth, can still retire to their arm-chair to have their after-dinner-nap without the dreadful bugbear of being considered old.

About every fifteen years there is a certainty of a great change taking place in all faces; at least we start from twenty to thirty-five, thereafter there is no use in saying "not quite thirty." Accept the thirty-five, and you must accept each stage as it comes with dress and manner in accordance; and when the final scene arrives—when the curtain gradually falls never to rise again—you will be remembered with love and respect.

Twenty-four rings were taken from the fingers of a young woman whose body was dug out of the land slide on Vesuvius.

Manners at Feeding Time.

A New Haven lady gives Professor Bailey, the elocutionist of Yale College, the high praise of being the only gentleman in that city who understands properly how to care for a lady in the upper-room. Some may consider this rather hard on the rest of the Yale faculty, but we don't think so. It is all a man of ordinary strength, to say nothing of breeding and modesty, can do to take care of himself in the supper-room at a modern party or assembly, and it is hardly to be wondered at that the ladies are sometimes neglected. At a party we will say, at the residence of some one of our wealthy citizens, the word is given that supper is ready. The whole mass of indigestible stuff provided for the occasion is displayed in the ordinary family dining-room, amply large enough for ordinary use, but which is very quickly blocked by the rush of fifty men, all eager to get a taste of all the best things themselves, and a bit of something for "the girls I left behind me."—Then comes the tug of war. Then is crowding and pushing and crunching; what each individual can not get for himself he evidently prefers to have fall upon the floor rather than get into the hands of his rival across the table. Then comes an exhibition of manners quite different from that with which young men in faultless clothes, white neck-ties and hair parted with mathematical precision, have been doing the agreeable to "low necks and short sleeves" in the drawing room; and what is quite noticeable, the "higher" the society the greater the scramble, generally speaking Everybody generally does get something to eat we believe—the lady who wants oysters gets chicken salad, and vice versa; everybody also gets disgusted, particularly the proprietor of the mansion, when he views the ruin that has been wrought upon his premises. We do not wonder that New Yorkers have taken to giving their parties at Delmonico's; it is a never ending surprise how nice people can give parties at their own houses with suppers for the well-dressed boors that frequent them. Nor do we envy the reputation of Prof. Bailey as the ladies supper-room champion; but we should suppose elocution would be a little out of his line. Physical training and muscular Christianity are what are needed, principally, to enable a man to storm a supper-table and carry off any trophies, with our present manners at feeding time.

The Better Half of a Great Man.

To promote her husband's interests, Mrs. Benj. Franklin attended shop, where she bought rags, sewed pamphlets, folded newspapers, and sold the few articles in which he dealt, such as ink, papers, lampblacks, blanks and other stationery. At the same time she was an excellent housekeeper, and besides being economical herself, taught her somewhat careless, disorderly husband to be economical also.—Sometimes, Franklin was clothed from head to foot in garments, which his wife had both woven and made, and for a long time she performed all the work of the house without the assistance of a servant. Nevertheless she knew how to be liberal at proper times. Franklin tells us that for some years after his marriage, his breakfast was bread and milk, which they ate out of a twopenny earthen vessel, with a pewter spoon; but one morning, on going down to breakfast, he found upon the table a beautiful China bowl, from which his bread and milk was steaming, with a silver spoon by its side, which had cost a sum equal in our currency to $10.—When he expressed his astonishment at this unwonted splendour, Mrs. Franklin only remarked that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as much as any of his neighbours.—Franklin prospered in his business until he became the most famous editor and most flourishing printer in America, which him the pleasure of relieving his wife from the cares of business, and enable him to provide for her a spacious and well furnished abode. She adorned a high station as well as she had borne a lowly one, and presided at her husband's liberal table as gracefully as when he ate his breakfast of bread and milk from a twopenny bowl.—*Parton's Life of Franklin.*

TALKING IN COMPANY.—When you are in company talk often, but never long.—In that case, if you do not please, you are sure not to tire your hearers. There are many persons, who, though they have nothing to talk of, never know when to leave off talking. There are some who labor under so great and insatiable a desire for talking, that they will even interrupt others when about to speak. We should in society never talk of our own or other's domestic affairs. Yours are of no interest to them, and theirs should not be to you. Besides, the subject is of so delicate a nature, that with the best intentions it is a chance if we do not make some mortifying mistake, or wound the feelings of some one of the company.

SINGULAR SAGACITY IN A BULL.—A little boy while herding cattle on a farm, near Balbeggie, Perthshire, was suddenly attacked by a bull, and tossed to the distance of some yards. The bull was following up the attack, when it suddenly desisted. On hearing the screams of the boy, the animal ran up licked him all over with marks of kindness and recognition of an old acquaintance! The boy had put on a strange upper garment to protect him from the rain, and the bull thus mistaking him for a stranger, a fatal result had nearly taken place, but for the animal recognizing the well known voice of his friend.

Outward politeness cannot be learned in set forms at school, for, at the best, it will be hollow and deceptive; genuine politeness, like everything else genuine, comes from the heart.

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