Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VII. CHESTERTOWN, [illegible]RNING, OCTOBER 31, 1868. NO. 24.

JUST OUT.



THE undersigned have just completed the

BALTIMORE COOK,

and confidently offer it to the people of Kent county as the *best* and *cheapest* Cooking Stove in the market.

Call and examine our new stock of Dwelling, Church, and School Stoves, which we always *guarantee* to be as represented.

DORGAN & CO.

S. E. cor. Light and Lombard sts.,
Sept. 5, 1868—4m. BALTIMORE.

Baltimore Sewing Machine Mart.

THE Public have long desired the establishment of a Mart where all kinds of Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Findings could be had; where they could see and compare the workings of one machine with another, and select from the different makes, the Machine best suited to the use to which they desire to apply it.

FRED. W. WILD,
78 W. Baltimore Street.

☞ Sewing Machines repaired and adjusted by skillful mechanics, and a fair remunerative compensation only will be charged for the time and skill expended in the work.

The Great American Combination Button Hole Overseaming and

SEWING MACHINE,

Is warranted to execute in the best manner every variety of Sewing, Hemming, Felling, Cording, Tucking, Braiding, Gathering, Quilting, Over-seaming, Embroidering on the edge, and in addition makes beautiful Button and Eyelet holes in all fabrics. It has no equal, being absolutely the best Family Machine in the world, and intrinsically the cheapest, for it is two Machines combined in one by a simple and beautiful mechanical arrangement.

Circulars with full particulars and samples of work done on this machine, can be had on application at the sales room of

FRED. W. WILD,
78 W. Baltimore street,
Over Eisenbrandt's Music Store.
AGENTS WANTED.
Sept. 12, 1868—y.

BOWER'S

COMPLETE MANURE,

MANUFACTURED BY HENRY BOWER,

PHILADELPHIA,

MADE FROM

Super-Phosphate of Lime, Ammonia and Potash.

Warranted Free from Adulteration.

This Manure contains all the elements to produce large crops of all kinds, and is highly recommended by all who have used it, also by distinguished Chemists who have, by analysis, tested its qualities.

Packed in Bags of 200 lbs. Each.

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

For Sale by WM. REYNOLDS,
79 South Street,
July 18. BALTIMORE, MD.

600 Tax Payers Take Notice!

YOUR Tax Bill for 1868 are now due, and in my hands for collection. I am not only anxious to collect the bills and settle the books during the present year, but parties are urging their claims for payment, which cannot be delayed longer than the 1st, of January next. A prompt settlement, therefore, is asked. The subscriber will be at MASSEY'S CROSS ROADS on Wednesday mornings; SASSAFRAS on Wednesday afternoons; CHESTERVILLE, Saturday mornings; MILLINGTON, Saturday afternoons; and at Galena on Mondays. And will continue to visit said places on the days named, in each week, until further notice.

E. E. MILLER, Collector,
August 1st, 1868. 1st Dis. Kent Co.

MORO PHILLIPS'

GENUINE IMPROVED

SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

STANDARD GUARANTEED.

For sale at Manufacturers' Depots,

No. 27 N. Front Street, Philadelphia,
AND
No. 95 South Street, Baltimore.

And by Dealers in general throughout the Country.

The SOMBRERO GUANO of which MORO PHILLIPS' PHOSPHATE is and always has been manufactured, (and of which he has sole control for the United States,) contains fifty per cent. more Bone Phosphate than Raw Bone, therefore it is more durable. The addition of Ammonia gives it greater fertilizing value.

Over seven years' experience has proved to the Farmer that it makes a heavier grain than even stable manure, and is not only active but lasting.

Price $56 00 per ton, 2,000 lbs.
Discount to dealers.

MORO PHILLIPS,
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer.
Philadelphia, August 29, 1868—3m.

HERBERT & HAIRSTON,
Grain Commission Merchants.

General Agents for

ANDREW COE'S Super-Phosphate of Lime.

BEST ARTICLE IN USE

Letter from A. L. Carter.

MONASKIN, Lancaster Co., Va., August 10, 1868.

MESSRS. HERBERT & HAIRSTON, Baltimore, Md.

Gentlemen:—I purchased two tons Andrew Coe's Phosphate last fall and applied it in comparison with A No. 1 Peruvian Guano, each drilled in with wheat, at the rate of about 150 pounds per acre, on similar land. The growth of straw was greater where the guano was applied, but the yield of wheat greater and quality better where I used the Phosphate. I also purchased two tons last spring to experiment on oats and corn. The growth of oats was very fine, the corn looks well and bids fair to yield heavily. I shall want more to apply to wheat this fall.

Very respectfully, A. L. CARTER.

Letter from Hon. E. J. Henkle.

Anne Arundel County, Aug. 8th, 1868.

Messrs. Herbert & Hairston:

Gentlemen:—I have used Andrew Coe's Super-Phosphate of Lime on my corn crop for two successive years, and take great pleasure in testifying to its merits. My crop last year was bettter filled in the ear and heavier than I ever raised before. The soil was of inferior quality, and I could only attribute the success of the crop to the effects of the fertilizer. I have used it again this year and it promises equally good results. It is, in my opinion, the most popular and best manufactured fertilizer in use in this community.

Very truly yours, E. J. HENKLE.

Letter from Michael Graybill.

Amsterdam, Va., July 31, 1868.

Messrs. Herbert & Hairston:

I used Andrew Coe's Phosphate by the side of No. 1 Peruvian, and I could see no difference between the two; both did well. I will want some again this fall. Very respectfully yours, MICHAEL GRAYBILL.

Letter from Jesse Slingluff, Esq., President of the Commercial and Farmers Bank.

Baltimore, August 4th, 1868.

Andrew Coe, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:—I used on my wheat last fall your Super-Phosphate of Lime, and found it to do well. I most cheerfully recommend farmers to use it, as a first-rate fertilizer.

Very respectfully yours,
JESSE SLINGLUFF,
Baltimore county, Md.

Letter from Basil S. Benson.

Anne Arundel Co., Md., July 18, 1868.

Andrew Coe, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:—I have bought twenty-six tons of your Phosphate and used it on my fall and spring crops, and it is the best fertilizer that I have ever used. Yours, truly,
BASIL S. BENSON.

HERBERT & HAIRSTON, Agents,
No. 10 Camden St., Baltimore, Md.
August 29, 1868.

CORTLAN & CO.,

216 & 218 Baltimore St.,
Baltimore, Md.,

IMPORTERS.

CHINA,
Glass & Earthenware,
TABLE CUTLERY AND FAMILY HARDWARE,
PLATED TEA & COFFEE SERVICES.
Forks, Spoons, Casters And Butter Tubs,
Britannia and Block Tinware,
Fenders, Shovel & Tongs, Standards,
And House Furnishing Goods
OF EVERY VARIETY.

The Goods have all been selected from the most celebrated makers, and are guaranteed to be first class in QUALITY, new in PATTERN, and beautiful in DESIGN. The stock having been bought MUCH UNDER former prices on account of the depression in trade, will be offered to customers at a corresponding reduction.

CORTLAN & CO.
Baltimore, August 29, 1868—y

Wood and Coal.

THE Subscriber has in his yard and is prepared to supply Oak, Hickory and Pine fire wood at regular prices. He also gives notice that he will be prepared in a few months to furnish *Coal of all sizes and quality.* Persons wishing to engage their coal, will be supplied as cheap as it can be furnished in this market.

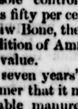
13-tf. W. H. HAMILTON.

Henry C. Kennard.

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR,

37 SAINT PAUL STREET,

apr4-6m BALTIMORE.



Mules, Mules!



One Pair MULES and one Horse, for sale by N. BARNARD,
Sept. 19—tf Still Pond, Md.

LUMBER, LUMBER.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF LUMBER on reasonable terms, for sale by
T. W. ELIASON & SON.

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS.

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN TONIC.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters

is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with PURE *Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The* TONIC *is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.*

DEBILITY,

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in such cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, March 10, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.

Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.

I consider Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a valuable and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.*

Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Violet and baby were not at the gate to meet him, as was their custom; but he hurried on, eager to surprise them by being so early. Just as he reached the outer enclosure of the garden he heard the cottage door open and saw a *man*—a real living man, young and very distinguished looking—come out and pause on the porch for a moment to talk with Violet—his Violet. He saw her plainly laughing and chatting and tossing her ringlets; and then the stranger bowed himself out, and left the premises by the side path.

"Don't fail to come," called Violet after him: "I shall expect you."

Guy Hilliard looked on in amazement. Violet was dressed—as he had never seen her before—in a magnificent blue silk robe, all covered with laces and roses.—What did it mean? Who was that man that she urged to come again so cordially? A sharp swift pang of jealousy and mistrust wrung his heart—mistrust to the woman he held a thousand times dearer than his own life; and he hurried on to the cottage, his brow for the first time since his marriage, looking lowering and moody. Violet was no where to be seen below, so he went up to her chamber. The door was closed, but he heard the babe wailing within.

"Violet! Violet!" he called.

"Yes dear," came the pleasant answer, "in one moment; as soon as I get my dress on."

He waited impatiently until she came out, and then he scanned her face with keen, anxious eyes. She looked flurried and confused, and ran back almost immediately to put the blue robe, which she had thrown on the bed, in the wardrobe. Guy followed her into the chamber.

"Have you been out Violet?" he asked, making a great effort to appear unconcerned.

"Out? Oh no!" she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing! only I saw you putting away your dress; and you've got baby dressed out in her finery."

Violet blushed, and averted her face.

"Oh yes!" she said, catching up the little mass of embroidery, "I've been fixing the sleeves of her slip, you know; but come, let's go down and look after supper."

He followed her down with a weary step and a heavier heart than had ever lain in his bosom before. But he determined to say nothing; he would not question her, but await and see for himself what it all meant. Violet bustled about, making herself unusually pleasant; but somehow a gloom hung over the whilom happy home, which all her gayety could not dispel Long after she retired with her babe, her husband sat on the porch, with his head bowed in his hands, and his soul tortured with a nameless fear.

The next afternoon he returned home at the usual hour, and found Violet and the babe awaiting him at the gate, her face all brightness and tenderness. His heart began to lighten—she was true to him. What a fool he had been; he was glad he did not let her know it. Laughing and playing with baby, they proceeded to the cottage; and Guy went running up stairs for his dressing gown with his own buoyant alacrty. On the topmost step he picked up a glove—a gentleman's glove—not his. A trifle, truly; but it awakened the old jealous pang with redoubled pain. Still he did not question his wife, but kept up a silent, cunning watch on all her movements.

The next evening, and the next, he came earlier, and in both instances concealing himself in the shrubbery, he saw the tall fine looking stranger leaving his house and Violet flitting about in the azure robe she had never worn for him. Suspense became torture; he could bear it no longer—he must know the worst. Had the wiseacres of Clifton prophesied right after all? He approached his wife, at twilight, as she sat in a low chair, hushing her baby to sleep.

"Violet," he said, gently, but very seriously, "I'm afraid we are getting to have a skeleton in our closet."

She looked up inquiringly.

"A skeleton dear; how so?"

Have'nt your secrets from your husband's be asked solemnly.

She blushed deeply, and dropped her eyes; and her voice was faint and irresolute, as she replyed, "Oh, no, Guy!—What makes you thiuk I have?"

"Because," he answered gravely, "I have seen a young man—a stranger—leaving my house every evening during the past week; and yet you have not even alluded to such a visitor to me. What does it mean, Violet?"

She averted her face, it wore a troubled anxious look, yet their was a dancing mischevious sparkling in her blue eyes.

"Violet," he went on, seeing that she did not reply, "you can't tell how this thing troubled me. Can't you trust me Violet—me, your husband? Explain it all I entreat you, and end my torturing doubt,"

She looked up, her eyes full of tears.

"You doubt me, Guy?" she said mournfully.

"I don't want to doubt you, Violet I would sooner die; but it is strange to say the least, that you should have such a visitor every evening, yet never mention it to your husband. But I believe you can make it all clear and satisfactory.—Do so and let us be happy again.

Still she said nothing

"Violet, want you speak?"

She shook her head sadly.

"No Guy; I have nothing to say."

He started to his feet white with excitement.

"Nothing to say, Violet. Will you not tell me who that man is, and what he wanted?"

She shook her head slowly, repeating, I have nothing to say.

Then he rushed from her presence, down the stairs, out into the open air, his heart throbbing as if it would burst.

"Oh!" he moaned sinking down on the turf, "how shall I endure it? My wife—my darling wife—my Violet, that I loved so much; can it be true—is she false to me?"

But no one answered him; only the little birds chirped and cooed amid the green leaves, making him envy their happiness. He remained there, wrapped in solemn thought, until the stars ccame out. He would not be rash; he would bear with her to the very last. Perhaps she would change her mind, and tell him the whole truth. He was ready and willing to forgive her and love her all the same, no matter how deeply she might have erred.—He arose and returned to the cottage. Violet looked a little pale, and was a trifle more serious than usual—that was all.—She did not even allude to the matter. The night passed—another evening came.

He dismissed his school at noon, and came home, concealing himself in the shrubbery. Hours went by, and at last instead of seeing the stranger coming as **he expected, he saw him leaving the house.** He had been there the entire afternoon, in his cottage, with his wife. His face grew white with anger, and he cleared the hedge at a bound. He would overtake him—force him into an explanation. But the stranger was too quick for him; he had crossed the lawn, and was out of sight in the wood beyond before Guy could overtake him.

He turned back aggravated and disappointed, and made his way to the house. His head burned and throbbed, and a strange feeling filled his heart; he had never felt so before, or looked so either; for the little servant girl chancing to meet him in the yard, shriked and ran out of the way. He was a desperate man—almost a dangerous one—Guy Hilliard, the good natured, quiet, well disposed young school master. True, jealousy is as strong as death, as cruel as the grave.

Violet looked up quietly from the little frock she was embroidering as he entered.

"You are early this evening dear," she said pleasantly.

He made her no answer. Her gentleness seemed to increrse his wrath; she was so artless, so cunning and treacherous and he had loved and trusted her so.

"Violet," he said horsely throwing himself on a chair 'you see that I am almost insane. I cannot bear this suspense any longer—I will not bear it. As your husband, I demand an explanation. I saw that man leaving the house a few minutes ago, and he has been here for hours. Violet I want to know what it means?"

She bent lower over her work but made no answer.

"Violet," he went on, his agitation increasing at a fearful rate. "I cannot live with you if you persist in keeping this secreat from me. My wife must have no skeletons in her closet. I have borne it as long as I can—as long as I will. I command you to tell me all, to make every thing clear, or henceforth our lives are divided!"

Violet was very pale, and her fingers trembled nervously as she stitched away at her embroidery; still that little dancing, mischievous sparkle lit her eyes.

"Violet, will you explain? urged her excited husband.

"No, sir; I have no explanations to make."

He rose to his feet white and stern.

"Then you are no wife of mine. I cast you off—wash my hands of you!—You can go back to your father, and tell him that you have blighted my life and broken my heart.

She rose, also, and gathered up her babe.

"I will go, Guy," she replied, quietly.

He stood still where she left him, listening to her light footsteps ascending the stairs. Was he awake—in his senses—was it a reality? Was she leaving him—his Violet—the mother of his babe—the only woman he had ever loved? He was on the point of rushing after her and imploring her forgiveness; but that stinging pain came back to his heart and held him back. She was false to him—let her go. At that instant he heard her voice calling softly from the head of the stairs:

"Guy—Guy, will you come up here, please? I want you a moment."

He went up; she met him on the passage.

"Bear with me, Guy," she said humbly. "I will go directly, but I have something to show you first."

She led the way to a small room just beyond their chamber, the same little mischievous sparkle burning in her eyes. Guy followed with a fierce impatient stride. She threw open the door, and there supported against the wall was a portrait of herself, with her babe in her arms, as large as life. Her golden hair fell back from her smooth brow in shinging ringlets, and her azure robe, sweeping off from the shoulders in clouds of misty lace, fell to the floor in gorgeous folds. Never was anything so perfect or so lovely. And the babe, a mass of white embroidery, with a round, dimpled, laughing face, and chubby hands peeping out. Guy started at the beautiful creation in utter astonishment; then forgetting his wrath, his jealousy, everything in his joy he exclaimed:

"Oh, Violet, where did you get it? It is yourself over again; and the loveliest thing I ever saw."

"To-day is your birthday, Guy," she replied softly, "that is my present. I heard you say once that you would sooner have a portrait of me and baby than any thing else in the world; so I coaxed the money out of father, and engaged an artist to paint it secretly, that I might give you a surprise. But he had to work hard to get it done against to-day."

Poor Guy! the truth flashed on him like lightning. That was the secret! He had seen the artist going and coming, and had doubted his wife while she was working to please and gratify him. His face turned all manner of colors, and he stood in silence, looking ashamed of himself.

"I am done now, Guy," Violet said, the mischievous dimples deepening about her mouth; "I will go."

"Oh, Violet! he burst out, "forgive me. I have been a great fool, I know—but forgive me, Violet."

Holding her babe with one arm, she put the other around his broad shoulders and drew him close to her side. He bent his head to kiss her.

"Yes, Guy, I forgive you; but you must never doubt me again."

"Never again, Violet," he answered tenderly. "You have cured me completely; we shall never have another skeleton."

GUY HILLIARD'S SKELETON.

Violet Heath was an only daughter, and a belle. Pretty, highly accomplished, and very sprightly withal, she reigned supreme in Clifton—the pleasant little country town where her father resided—queen of fashion, as well as queen of hearts. All the young men admired her; and as a natural consequence, all the female population envied and strove to imitate her. Whether her chief charm consisted in her fair, dimpled face, or deep blue eyes, looking like half blown forget-me-nots bathed in dew; or in her curling, golden tresses; or mischievous rosy mouth; or in her half tender, half taunting air manner, no one could say; but it was generally agreed upon that she was quite a beauty.

Violet was uniformly kind to her many suitors, making her denials, when necessary, so sweetly, that the rejected ones felt almost as much favored as the accepted. And when Guy Hilliard came to take charge of the village school, although he was a young man of fine appearance and excellent character, it was a long while before the village beauty vouchsafed to him the least sign of preference. But perseverence and patience, as they generally do, succeeded at last; and in due course of time, one tender, moonlit eve, under a honeysuckle arbor, in the old squire's garden, the young man pleaded his cause in true lover-like fashion, and was transported into a third heaven of bliss by being accepted. The old squire made no objections; and after a proper lease of time, the young couple were united, amid a bewildering profusion of laces and white flowers; and the poor love lorn swains of Clifton were let to console themselves as they could.

Everybody was surprised to see what a loving, exemplary wife Violet made.—She had been so gay a girl, so full of mischief, so petted and flattered, that some of the Clifton wise-acres shook their heads, and hinted that Guy Hilliard might repent his bargain; but, on the contrary, he regarding it the best transaction of his life.

They had a cosy little cottage on the outskirts of the town, all embowered in eglantine, with great shady trees, and a flower garden in front; and the young schoolmaster must have regarded it as the sweetest, happiest spot on earth, judging from the briskness of his step and the brightness of his face as he returned of evenings from his school-house. Violet was always at the gate to meet him, robed in some pretty, fresh aparrel, her curls looped up with roses, and her blue eyes full of tenderness, ready to lead him to the tidy, well ordered parlor and waiting supper table. No wonder Guy was happy—he would have been a monster if he had not been so. But after awhile, as if fortune was bent upon running his cup over, something else came to make him still happier. A small, dimpled crowing babe, with eyes like its mother, and rings of hair that looked like spun gold. Violet was in raptures, and Guy could scarcely wait for night to come in his eagerness to get home. What a happy couple, every one said—even the wiseacres, in spite of their prophecies.

But there never was a paradise, perhaps, that the serpent did not enter in some form or other. It even came to this little home, trailing its slimy ugliness amid the blooming flowers. It was after this wise: One evening Guy chanced to come home a trifle earlier than usual, and

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selves as they could.

Everybody was surprised to see what a
loving, exemplary wife Violet made.—
She had been so gay a girl, so full of mis-
chief, so petted and flattered, that some
of the Clifton wise-acres shook their heads,
and hinted that Guy Hilliard might repent
his bargain; but, on the contrary, he re-
garding it the best transaction of his life.

They had a cosy little cottage on the
outskirts of the town, all embowered in
eglantine, with great shady trees, and a
flower garden in front; and the young
schoolmaster must have regarded it as the
sweetest, happiest spot on earth, judging
from the briskness of his step and the
brightness of his face as he returned of
evenings from his school-house. Violet
was always at the gate to meet him, robed
in some pretty, fresh aparrel, her curls
looped up with roses, and her blue eyes
full of tenderness, ready to lead him to the
tidy, well ordered parlor and waiting sup-
per table. No wonder Guy was happy—
he would have been a monster if he had
not been so. But after awhile, as if for-
tune was bent upon running his cup over,
something else came to make him still hap-
pier. A small, dimpled crowing babe,
with eyes like its mother, and rings of
hair that looked like spun gold. Violet
was in raptures, and Guy could scarcely
wait for night to come in his eagerness to
get home. What a happy couple, every
one said—even the wiseacres, in spite of
their prophecies.

But there never was a paradise, per-
haps, that the serpent did not enter in
some form or other. It even came to this
little home, trailing its slimy ugliness
amid the blooming flowers. It was after
this wise: One evening Guy chanced to
come home a trifle earlier than usual, and
heard his wife singing to their baby, and
wond'ringly watched o'er the tiny head.

And, when he awoke from his blossom-like
sleep,
He'd so won our hearts we concluded to keep
The dear little fellow, and called him "Bo-
peep."

For he brought with him glimpses of Eden
most fair;
And sweet blessings like perfumes pervaded
the air,
Upwafting our thoughts from the labor and
care.

And daily in stature and beauty he grew,
Renewing his freshness each morn with the
dew,
'Till Earth, in his being, seemed created new!

And now that he's been with us three years
or more,
We wonder howe'er we existed before
He came, that March morning, and knocked
at our door!

As, down thro' the daisies, he trips at my side,
And holds up the blossams with dimples of
pride,
I shudder lest ill should my darling betide.

My heart, in its fulness of passion and love,
Goes yearningly out to the Father above,
And prays Him, from evil, to shelter my dove!

A New Excitement in England.

In the lake country in England there is a ruin called Dilston Castle, once the seat of the Earl of Derwentwater. A lady claiming to be the Countess of Derwentwater has just arrived at this castle with a retinue of servants and a wagon load of chattles, has fitted up temporary quarters among the ruins and announces her intention to abide henceforth in the baronial castle of her ancestors. She is a singular person, attires herself in an Austrian military uniform, wears a sword by her side, and defies the lawyers who have sought to eject her. It happened, unfortunately for her pretensions, that the dead Earl in whose name this queer Countess claims the property, was attainted of treason and beheaded on Tower Hill after the rebellion in 1715; his blood thus legally corrupted, his estates were confiscated and granted by the Crown to the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, in whose possession they still remain, and who derive no inconsiderable part of their revenue therefrom. Some of the London papers insist that the new Countess is "mad as a March hare," and all agree that a curious suit at law will follow. But if "Amelia, Countess of Derwentwater," is insane, there is method in her madness, for she has certainly taken possession of the property in a business-like fashion.

A Chinese Love Song.

Chin Sun, of Mr. Burlingame's embassy, is the probable author of this little song, which we translate into Roman characters. The sense may perhaps be evident on close inspection:

Ilo veag irl wi thalm onde yes—
Ands almo neolo redno se;
Sheh asaq neue ofre alsto rehair—
He relu bfe etha ve not oes.
Onbirdsne stso upan dpup pyl ogs
Shefatte nsu pandy rows
Sofa stit ta keste nmil liners
Towi deno uthe relot hes.

Ilo veto si tdow nby hers ide
Andslr ink you nghys ont ea
An dpu tnya rmar onudt hepl aco
Whe rehe rwai ston glitto be.
Thew aysh esmi lesal lov bris
A can tionfo rtos ea
She'lln eve rbem ybet terh alf
Fors he'd ma ket eno fne.

"Let Jeemes Go."

The Land We Love gives a model letter from a young lady whose sweetheart was in the Fifth South Carolina regiment, to President Davis, asking for a furlough for her lover to come home and get married:

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:—I want you to let Jeemes Clancy of Company 1th, 5th S. C. regiment, come and get married. Jeemes is willin', I is willin', my mammy, she is willin', his mammy says she is willin', but Jeemes's captain, he ain't willin'. Now, when we're all willin', 'ceptin' Jeemes's captain, I think you might let up, and let Jeemes come. I'll make him go straight back when he's done got married, and fight just as hard as ever.

Your affectionate friend, &c."

Mr. Davis wrote on the letter "let Jeemes go," and Jeemes came home, married the affectionate correspondent of Mr. Davis, and returned to his regiment, and did fight as well as ever.

A State as is a State.

A man who has been traveling in Texas says: It is the hotest and the coldest, the westest and the dryest, the richest and the poorest, the best and the meanest, has the best women and the meanest men, and more pretty ladies, with pretty little feet and no calves to suit; more sickness and less health, more streams and less navigable waters, more corn bread and less corn, more flour and less biscuit, more cows and less milk and butter, more hogs and less pork, more deer and less venison, more chickens and less eggs, more gold and silver and less money, more negroes and less labor, more *Bureau and less furniture* than any country in the United States—and where house flies live always and musquitoes never die!

A man would have to live over two hundred years to count our public debt by the single dollar, at the rate of one dollar per second.

The ex-Empress of Mexico is idiotic, and too fat to get out of bed.

A person in company, speaking of a gentleman not remark for his suavity, said he did not like his manners. "His manners!" cried a lady: "I never knew he had any.

A wag has truly said, that if some men could come out of their coffins and read the inscriptions on their tombstones they'd think they had got into the wrong grave.

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