Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 7, 1868. NO. 25.

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,
39 South Water and 40 South Wharves,
PHILADELPHIA.

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

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, letters of administration, on the estate of

WALTER T. H. MILLER,
late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of May, 1869; otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 20th day of October, 1868.

RICHARD W. JONES,
Oct. 24—4t Administrator.

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.

BLACK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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 Bitter 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 cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the 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 16, 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 safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I should 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.

Selected Poetry.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

To-day a wandering breeze
Over empurpled seas
Comes from the spicy Islands of the Blest;
Strange golden radiance falls
On moss-robed forest halls
In gorgeous robing of the rainbow drest.

The wizard, Autumn, waves
A wand that openeth graves,
And Summer, with her rosy nymphs, once more
Looks on the wide domain
That owned her queenly reign
When earth the livery of Elysium wore.

Through soft transparent haze
Gleam tenderest solar rays
Like orbs of beauty through a bridal veil;
Majestic woods breathe balm,
And holy is the calm
That settles on the hillside and the dale.

Rod window of the Dawn!
Coarse is the fairest lawn
Contrasted with thy gauzy curtain-folds!
The sun, in his decline,
More deeply stained than wine,
A ruby glow gives to the woods and wolds.

"Field of the Cloth of Gold!"
Of which high bards have told,
When royalty bedight met kings and queens,
Could less of splendor boast
Than our Hesperian coast
In the flushed pomp of its autumnal scenes.

While birds delay their flight
Look on the landscape bright,
And bliss inhale from Heaven's delicious air;
The fairy land of dreams
Where, veined with amber streams,
Fields blush with bloom undying, are less fair.

Beneath the kindly sky
To breathe, what luxury,
Tho' flowers are gone and garnered golden sheaves!
Ripe chestnuts, glossy brown,
Come softly pattering down
Where the south wind is waltzing with the leaves,

Rich recompense for pain,
Labor of hand and brain,
Worn out in weary strife with want and woe,
Enchanted shores would be,
When crossed Time's stormy sea,
When Indian Summer should no ending know.

Home Journal.

Old Proverbs.

Cheer up, man; God is still where he he was.

God is at the end when we think He is furthest off.

He counts very unskillfully who leaves God out of his reckoning.

God's mill grinds slow but sure.

God is always opening His hands to us.

God has often a great share in a little house, and but little share in a great one.

God comes to see us, or to look upon us, without a bell.

Prayer brings down the first blessing and praise the second.

The worst of crosses is never to have had any.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.

At the end of life La Gloria is sung.

Fly the pleasure that will bite to-morrow.

The devil tempts others; and idle man tempts the devil.

Always refuse the advice which passion gives.

He who will stop every man's mouth must have a great deal of meal.

In silence there is many a good moral.

'Tis a bad house that has not an old man in it.

Welcome is the best cheer.

When children are little they make their parents' heads ache, and when they are grown up they make their hearts ache.

No man's head aches while he comforts another.

War is death's feast.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

Our minds are as our faces; we are traveling to one destination—Happiness; but few are going by the same road.

The proudest triumph in a man's life is when he makes a friend of an enemy. The joy is then akin to that which angels feel as they rejoice over a sinner that repenteth.

Do not heighten your present sorrows by a morbid imagination. You know not what a day may bring forth. The future is likely to be better than you expect, as well as worse.

There is no fortune so good but that it may be reversed, and none so bad as it may be better. The sun that rises in the clouds may set in splendor, and that which rises in splendor may set in gloom.

Time is the rider that breaks youth.

RIGHT AT LAST.

"I'll have it decided, one way or the other, before the sun sets," said Royal Warner impetuously, as he folded a little billet and placed it in an envelope. "I am not the tuft of thistle down to be blown hither and yon on the summer wind of a womans freaks and fancies. If she'll marry me, well and good—if not, I will make up my mind to endure as best I may." He was a tall, rugged young fellow, with bright curls, flecked with gold; dark sparkling eyes, and forehead embrowned with the suns and showers of twenty-six years of honest toil.

"She knows well enough that I love her," solilequized Royal as he walked the fragrant solitude of the quiet country lane. "Perhaps she'll think this letter a little abrupt, but then she's perfectly aware what a rough and tumble sort of a fellow I am."

The letter aforementioned did partake slightly of the elements of abruptness, nor was Royal's apprehension altogether groundless. Thus it read:

MY DEAR DORCAS—Will you marry me? Yes, or no?

ROYAL WARNER.

"For there's no earthly use in beating about the bush, thought the honest Royal. Seven words are as good as seventy."

As Dorcas Brown, standing in the milk-room, peeped down in the brown stone jar to see how much cream she had amassed, something like a tiny white bird fluttered down on the floor beside her.

"Good gracious!" said Dorcas with a little start, "what's that? and where did it come from?"

"It is just like Royal!" she laughed to herself. "Yes or no? Well—I think—yes!"

So Miss Dorcas crept up stairs to her room, and without ever stopping to pull the sleeves down over her plump arms, wrote:

"MY DEAR ROYAL—Yes.

DORCAS BROWN."

"I think that is decided enough for him," said Dorcas. "And how shall I ever get it to him without my father's knowledge? He wants me to be Mrs. Joe Trimmer."

She hesitated a moment, and then leaned out of the window.

In the sunshine on the doorstep, sat Tommy Ives, poor half-witted fellow, who ran errands, did odd jobs, and made himself generally useful in Farmer Brown's establishment—a man in years, but a child in mind.

"Tommy!" whispered Dorcas softly.

"Yes, Miss Dorcas," said the poor fellow, starting from his doze.

"I want you to take this note to Mr. Warner for me. And Tommy—"

"Yes, Miss Dorcas,"

"Be sure and don't let my father see it. Remember that Tommy."

Tommy promised, and started on his mission, but meeting Farmer Brown in the keeping room he acted so sheepish that the farmer suspected something wrong and cross-examined him severely. After the old man had left, Tommy looked for his note, and at last uttering a purring self-gratulation as he drew a little billet out from the table drawer.

"I don't exactly remember putting it there, but I s'pose I must ha' done so.—Now Mr. Royal shall have it quicker."

And Tommy sped away, under the sheltering shadow of the elm tree that fringed the lawn.

"For, me, Tommy?"

"Yes, for you, Mr. Royal. Miss Dorcas says, 'take it to Mr. Warner for me. And don't you let father see it on no account?' So I didn't let him see it."

He watched Tommy edging along the road-side before he opened the folded billet.

It was utterly and entirely blank, but scarcely blanker than Royal Warner's face, as he turned the sheet this way and that. The next moment the hot scarlet suffused his face as he bit his lips most cruelly.

"The insult was gratuitous," he muttered under his breath. "She need not have added that to the burden of mortification. Well the dream is over—I've been a fool and I'm glad I know it!"

He crushed the sheet of unwritten paper in his hand, and flung it among the silver-white daisies in the pasture field where he was standing.

"He will come to see me to-night," said Dorcas Brown to herself, as she sat in the door way dreaming over a bit of delicate needle-work, and looking very enchanting in a blue muslin dress, and blue ribbon mingling with her bright profusion of curls—he will certainly come to-night. I think he ought to have come last night! Why, Tommy, what's the trouble? For simple Tommy was coming up the path wiping the big tears from his eyes with his clenched knuckles.

"He's gone!" faltered Tommy.

"Who?"

"He—Mr. Royal!"

"Gone? Oh, well don't cry—he'll be back again soon."

"No, he's gone to New York, and he's never coming back no more! He told me so himself."

The soft roses died out of Dorcas' cheeks.

"Tommy are you sure that you are not mistaken?"

"Yes I'm sure. I saw the trunks put on the stage myself. He's gone, and he's never coming back no more!"

"Tommy!" exclaimed Dorcas, springing to her feet. "Did you give him that letter?"

"Yes, and he giv' me a dollar, and said I was a good fellow," lamented Tommy piteously.

Dorcas stood a moment or two, absently watching the red stain of the sunset glowing on the Western horizon; then she turned and went in—went in to a world that had changed, and a life that had grown dark! Alas, poor, proud, little Dorcas!

"And so they moved away!"

Royal Warner was more disappointed than he cared to have become visible, as he leaned over the garden gate, no longer the stripling farmer, but a tall dignified young member of Congress from one of the Western States.

"Oh, yes, two years ago. Gone to Watson's Corners—furuiture sold at public auction."

Royal Warner hesitated a moment.

"I—I am very foolish, I suppose, but I should like to own something that belonged to my old friends. Do you know of any article that—"

"Oh! interrupted Squire Daley, good humoredly, you're welcome to the Webster's Dictionary wife bought at the sale. Hosea has brought a later edition home from college, and the old one ain't no account anyhow. I'll fetch it."

An old battered volume with yellow leaves and dog-eared corners, there was certainly very little value to the book; but Royal Warner took it reverently, and carried it to his rooms at the village hotel as tenderly as if it had been the Koran itself, and he a faithful disciple of Mahomet.

He sat down by the window, and turned the leaves carlessly over, thinking of Dorcas Brown's violet-gray orbs and long eyelashes.

"Poor Dorcas," he mused "I wonder if she ever—"

He paused abruptly—between the yellow time-stained leaves before him lay a small billet directed to himself—directed in Dorcas' well-known hand-writing.—Mechanically he broke the seal and read the message that had been so long on its way:

"MY DEAR ROYAL—Yes.

DORCAS BROWN."

There was no date—but he knew when it had been written—he knew as if by instinct the whole sad story.

"Five years!" he murmured, pressing both hands to his fevered forehead.

"Five long, weary years!" Oh, my poor darling girl!"

One moment he sat there arranging his scattered thoughts, and planning his future, while within his breast his glad heart bounded with strange bouyancy; and then he went down stairs to enquire at what time the evening stage went out to Watson's Corners.

She recognized him at once—her heart seemed to stand still in her bosom for a minute, but the next she came forward and greeted him as of old, with marvelous self-command.

"Dorcas," he said, drawing the folded billet from his pocket, and laying it in her hand, "I have just received this note."

She blushed vividly as she recognized the direction.

"It was sent five years ago this very summer."

"I know it was Dorcas, but I never saw it until this afternoon."

And he told her of the blank sheet that had so turned the current of her existence.

"Of course it was all poor Tommy's fault but how was I to imagine that? I only supposed that you scorned my humble offer, and dearest, it cut me to the heart. Is it too late for me to renew my suit?"

"Is it too late for me to return the original answer?" said Dorcas, smiling and blushing as she handed him the note.

"Well," said Farmer Brown, when he heard of his daughter's engagement, "mebbe the girl was right after all. It is better to be a Member o' Congress wife than plain Mrs. Joe Trimmer!"

But when Dorcas had first said "Yes," her accepted suitor could only have made her "plain Mrs. Royal Warner."

American Girls and Pie.

David Macrae, a Scottish writer who recently visited this country, and apparently enjoyed unusual facilities for studying the character and life of the people, has published some notes of travel, under the title of "How Things are in America."—The following extract is suggestive, certainly. He was struck with the paleness of young women and says:

This paleness in the American girls, though often beautiful, is to universal; an eye from the old country begins to long for a rosy cheek. Lowell said that color was a thing of climate, and that I should find plenty of rosy cheeks among the mountains of Maine, where there is more moisture in the air. It may be so; I never got to the Maine mountains to see. But as far as my observation went, I never saw any either on mountain or valley in any part of New England. My impression is, making all allowance for the influence of dry air, that the peculiar paleness of the New England girls connects itself with metaphysics, hot bread, and pie. I have strong convictions on this subject of pie. Not to speak of mere paleness, I don't see how the Americans can reconcile it with their notions of what is due to the laws of nature, to live to the age they do, considering the amount of pie they eat. I don't remember that I ever sat down to dinner in America, even in a poor man's house, without finding pie of some kind—often of several kinds—on the table; and without finding that everybody partook of it, down to the microscopic lady or gentleman whom we should call the baby. Pie is indispensable. Take anything away, but leave pie. Americans can stand the prohibition of all intoxicating drinks; but attempt to prohibit pie, and you would plunge America into a revolution in a day.

Paleness and pie notwithstanding, the American girls are very delightful. And in one point they fairly surpass the majority of English girls—they are all educated and well-informed. It is a painful but I fear a too incontrovertible fact, that most of the girls on this side are very ignorant on general subjects. I don't blame them; I blame the system of education. Some girls are fascinating whether they are educated or not; but to be left alone, as one sometimes is, with a girl who knows nothing, in a room with no piano, is exceedingly embarrassing—after the weather has been exhausted. There is never the same difficulty with American girls. The admirable educational system of New England, covering the whole area of society, has given them education, whether they be poor or rich, has furnished them with a great deal of general information, and has quickened their desire for more. An American girl will talk with you about anything and feel (or what has the same effect, seem to feel) interest in it. Their tendency is perhaps to talk too much, and to talk beyond their knowledge. With the cleverer (or as they would say themselves, the "smarter") of them, it seemed to me sometimes to make no perceptible difference whether they knew anything of the subject they talked about or not. But they generally know a little of everything; and their general intelligence and vivacity make them very delightful companions.

Slurs on Woman.

At a recent meeting in this city, at which no ladies were present, a man, in responding to the toast on "Woman," almost solely on the frality of the sex, claiming that the best among them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being in the surroundings. At the conclusion of the speech a gentleman present rose to his feet and said:

"I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters, and not to ours"

The effect of this most just and timely rebuke was overwhelming—the maligner of woman was covered with confusion and shame.

This incident serves an excellent purpose in prefacing a few words which we have for a long time had it in our mind to to say. Of all the evils prevailing among young men we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than the tendency to speak slightingly of the virtue of women. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken as the low estimate they form of the integrity of women—not of their own mothers and sisters, thank God, but of others, who, they forget, are somebody else's mothers and sisters.

As a rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit is safe to be trusted with any enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evil is a general one and deep rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of the thoughtless, they have no more right to measure other women by what they see of these than they would have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the developments of crime in our police courts.

Let young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends upon their utter faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization, can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God himself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put a seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightingly of women.

—Packard's Monthly.

Advice to Young Men.

Let the business of every one alone, and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want. Use every hour to advantage, and study to make a leisure hour useful. Think twice before you spend a dollar; remember you will have another to make for it. Look over your books regularly, and if you find an error trace it out. Should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in your business, retrench, work harder but never fly the track. Confront difficulties with unflinching perseverence, and they will fly at last; then you will be honored; but shrink, and you will be despised.

A YOUNG blood went into a Quaker meeting after making a bet that he would make one of the "silent elders" speak and accept of a pie. The pie was large and mouldy. After the young man had been seated about five minutes, with twinkling eye and irreverent mien, Elder Broadbrim walked up to him and said: "Young man"——

The good elder was about to proceed, when the young blood jumped up, laid the pie upon the Quaker's knees and vanished, exclaiming, as he waved his hat in triumph:—The pipe is yours. You've won the pie! It is said that on this occasion more than one "silent elder" spoke in meeting.

AN INDIAN'S REPLY.—"I am glad," said Rev. Dr. Y——, to the chief of the Little Ottawas, "that you do not drink whiskey, but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it."

"Ah, yes," replied the chief, and he fixed an impressive eye upon the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians *use* a great deal of whiskey, but we do not *make* it."

A BOY was sent by his mother to saw some stove wood out of railroad ties.—Going out doors shortly after, she found the youth sitting on the saw horse, with head down. The mother asked her hopeful son why he was cast down and why he didn't keep at his work. The boy replied thus: "My dear mother, I find it hard, very hard, to sever old ties."

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