THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 9, 1868. NO. 34.

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.

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 renders 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.

Bounties.

I AM still receiving all classes of State Claims for collection, upon my usual commission of ten per cent. NO CLAIMS BOUGHT.

No Charge unless Successful.

Notwithstanding the recent Limitation Act, it is believed that provision will be made for the payment of the large class of just claims still unsettled.

Papers entrusted to my care will be kept in a *Fire-proof Vault*, specially built in the office for the purpose.

All kinds of U. S. Bounty, Pay and Pension Claims still promptly collected by

WM. B. HILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
N. E. cor. Fayette & St. Paul, Sts., Baltimore, Md.
Sept. 19, 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

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the undersigned, by Note or otherwise, are hereby notified that I have urgent need of money, and must ask that they come forward and settle at once, as it is impossible for me to grant further indulgence. All claims remaining unpaid after December 15th, 1868 and January 15th 1869, will be placed in a train for collection. I hope this notice will not be disregarded, as I have no desire to resort to law to settle matters that can be arranged without its unpleasantness. I may be found at the office of James Graves, Esq.

W. J. VANNORT.
Nov. 14, 1868—2m.

Bower's Complete Manure Whann's Super-Phosphate,
AND
Berger & Butts' Excelsior Super Phosphate of Lime,

FOR SALE, delivered in Chestertown, at $62 per ton of 2000 lbs.,

On a Credit of 10 Months

to approved purchasers, with interest thereon from the date of delivery, *subject to a discount of 60 cts. per month*, thus reducing the price to those paying for it on delivery or within 20 days thereafter, to

$56 per Ton,

By T. W. ELIASON & SON.

On lots delivered at other points, purchasers to pay the freight. [Sept. 12, 1868—tf.

LUMBER.

THE undersigned has now for sale in his Lumber Yard at Turner's Creek, a full assortment of Lumber, embracing

White Pine and Hemlock bill stuff, nearly all lengths and sizes.
White Pine Boards, from 1 to 2 inches.
" " Select Boards.
" " Flooring.
" " and Hemlock Fence Boards.
" " and Cypress Shingles, Nos. 1 & 2.
Yellow Pine Flooring.
" " and Hemlock Pale Railing.
Laths, Siding worked and plain.

Orders left with Mr. A. Bell, at Buck Neck, will be promptly filled, and the Lumber delivered at that place.

I will also furnish FERTILIZERS of all kinds, either at Turner's Creek or Buck Neck Wharf.

Carpenters and Builders will do well to examine my stock before making their purchases elsewhere. GEO. W. JONES.
June 27, 1868.

REMOVED.

F. LLOYD
BOOT MAKER,
Has removed to the New Store,
No. 16 North Street, (opposite Chesapeake Bank,)

WHERE he solicits a continuance of orders from his old customers; he intends to keep on hand, as usual, a large assortment of

Ready-Made Work,

at greatly Reduced Prices. He will name in part

BOOTS,
SHOES,
GAITERS,
SLIPPEES,
OVER-GAITERS,
RUBBER SHOES,
CORK SOLES, SHOE BRUSHES AND BLACKING,
BOOT HOOKS.

Give him a call at NO. 16 NORTH STREET, (opposite Chesapeake Bank.)

F. LLOYD.
feb1

TAKE DUE NOTICE!

ALL parties indebted to me, who have not yet paid up, will please do so. On January 1st I shall place every account in a legal train for collection. My books are with Messrs. Turkheimer & Catlin, at the old stand.

LEVI MASTBAUM.
Nov. 28, 1868—tf.

SILVER PLATED FORKS, SPOONS and a large stock of Table and Pocket Cutlery for sale at the TIN, STOVE & HARDWARE STORE of

J. K. A.

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 medicine. 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 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 wretch, 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 cases 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 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.

Selected Poetry.

My Childhood's Home.

They tell me of Italian lands,
Where flowers, by zephyr breezes fanned,
Perfume the evening air;
The home of music and of arts,
The land of true and loving hearts,
And birthplace of the fair.

They tell me, too, of vine-clad France,
Where peasants wheel in merry dance
Around the cottage door;
Of California's golden skies,
Arrayed in nature's dyes,
As fair as Eden's shore.

But give to me the pastures green,
With hill and dale and slope between,
Where childhood loved to roam;
And give to me the forest grand,
Which bend beneath the storm-king's hand,
Around my childhood's home.

Let others sing the beauties fair
Of orange groves and southern air,
Where fancy loves to roam;
But memory turns with mournful eye,
While other scenes pass slowly by
Of home, a childhood's home.

No future land can ever be
One half so fair and dear to me
As that in childhood tried;
For there a mother's grave is made,
And there a sister's form is laid,
With brother side by side.

O, would I could forever stay
'Mid scenes where childhood loved to play
In years forever gone,
But life has cares which we must meet,
Ere we can press with sinless feet
The happy shores beyond.

Then let us work while work we may,
The morrow soon will be to-day,
To-day will soon be o'er;
And ere another sun shall rise,
The hand of death may seal our eyes,
To open nevermore.

TO HATTIE.

ANSWER TO THE LADY WHO DOES NOT ADMIRE MY HAT.

BY ONE WHO SEES.

AIR—"*Oh, how I like that Grecian Bend.*"

Your bonnet, Hattie, I am sure,
Is streaky, soiled and flat,
Investigation, too, may prove
It older than my hat.

Yet I won't scold about your rhymes,
For you are young and sweet;
But when you write of hats again,
Pray watch you tell-tale feet.

Your shoes are straggling, I am sure,
And much the worse for wear;
Your stockings, too, are like a net,
In tatters here and there.

But, then, you crinoline is fine—
You take some pride in that;
Your shoes and stockings are a match
For my abused "old hat."

So now you've touched my giddy head,
And I, your pretty feet;
You saucy puss and pettish miss.
Come, come, be good and meet.

I'll write no more to grieve your heart;
Let's call it tit for tat;
And, parting now, in all respect,
I bow with my new hat.

Hanesville, Md. SQUEEBREEZE.

☞ A college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat. Said he to the boatman, "do you understand philosophy?" "No, never he'rd of it!" "Then one-quarter of your life is gone." "Do you understand geology?" "No." "Then one-half your life's gone." "Do you understand astronomy?" "No." "Then three-quarters of your life's gone." But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both into the river. Says the boatman, "Can you swim!" "No." "Then the whole of your life's gone."

☞ The Confederate privateers did a large business. The Alabama captured 28 ships, 22 barques, 5 brigs, 6 schooners, the steamer Ariel and the United States gunboat Hatteras. The Shenandoah captured 38 vessels, mostly ships and barques. The Florida 26, and the Sumpter 27.

☞ "What is your consolation in life and death?" asked a clergyman of a young Miss in a Bible class that he was catechising. The young lady blushed and hesitated. "Will you not tell me?" urged the clergyman. "I don's want to tell his name," said the ingenuous girl, "but I've no objection to telling you where he lives."

☞ It seems that Maine is a Mormon recruiting ground. A Philadelphia paper announces the arrival there of sixty-four converts from Maine, on their way to Utah, and remarks that the women of the party seemed delighted.

☞ "I rise, sir, for information," said a very grave member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "for no one needs it more."

☞ Miss Joy says she is glad she is not a "thing of beauty," for she would not like to be "a Joy forever."

THE PECULIAR THIEF.

Translated from the German.

The wealthy merchant, Van Beeren, of Amsterdam, went to his banker's one morning, to get fifty newly coined florins. He had with him a magnificent Newfoundland dog; with curly hair, an expressive face and beautiful true blue eyes.

Oppas was the favorite of the whole family and the steady companion of his master, who he never left, except when he had strict orders given him to watch the children, or to keep guard over some articles of value. Van Beeren could safely put his gold-headed cane in the middle of the street and say to Oppas, "You stay here until I come back;" and there was no doubt of finding cane and dog at the same spot, after hours had gone by. I would not have advised anybody to touch him then. If his master wanted to go to church, or to the theatre, or, in fact, anywhere, where he didn't want the dog to accompany him, all he had to do was to look at him and say, "Oppas, go home," and Oppas turned round, although mortified, and went straight home, without looking to the right or left.

Mynheer Van Beeren had taken his dog along to day as usual, and had rather a lengthy conversation with his friend, the banker, whom he also told for what purpose he wanted the new florins.

To-day was the silver wedding day of one of his old servants, named Claus, who had been in the service of his father, and been true to them both for many years.—As he was not very well off, for he had a great many children to provide for, he wanted to give him a pleasant surprise with these fifty florins. He received them tightly done up in a roll, but the silver heavy, and Mynheer Van Beeren rather lazy. He could not put in his pocket; he did not like to carry in his hand; and therefore, as soon as he had regained the street, he gave it to his dog, who proudly put it in his mouth, and marched solemnly along with his master, until they reached the house of his former servant.—Mynheer Van Beeren did not even now take the money from the dog, but wanted to have the fun of seeing the dog himself deliver it.

He did this elegantly, for when his master said to him, "Oppas, now give up your present, and pointed to the surprised servant, he went up to him, wagged his tail, and allowed him quietly to take the money out of his mouth.

The old servant was greatly moved.—He thanked his master with tears in his eyes, at the same time caressing his dog, who seemed to be well-pleased. Moreover, when Mynheer Van Beeren left, Claus begged to retain the dog, around whom the children had gathered, for a while longer, that he might reward him for bringing so rich a present. The children joined in his entreaties, until the merchant said pleasantly, "Well, for my part, you may have him as a guest, but don't over feed, and afterwards, just open the door for him and say, "Now," go home, Oppas," then you need not bother about him any more; he knows his way."

"But will he stay here when you go off?"

"Certainly, he does anything I tell him. Oppas, you stay here;" he said to the Newfoundland dog, who looked at him with sagacious eyes, and then sat quietly down as if to await what would happen. When his master went off immediately after, he never stirred, and now the children began to coax and caress him while the woman prepared a good repast for him, which he enjoyed hugely, until the time came when they had to send him off again. When Claus then opened ed the door for him and said, as he had been told, "Now, Oppas, you go home!" he wagged his tail once more, and returned straight home.

A few months had gone by, and Mynheer Van Beeren had to do business again one afternoon, with the same banker.—The dog went along as usual, and also lifted himself when he arrived at the counting table and offered his paw to the cashier. He, however, would not notice him to-day, and all seemed to be some what excited, the cause of which was immediately explained by the banker himself, who just then came out of his private office.

The thing was this: There had been committed a theft that morning, with such agility and dexterity, that the matter was wholly inexplicable. One of the clerks had made rolls of florins and placed ten of these, which were intended for the private expenses of the family, on his employer's desk. The latter had counted them twice over, so there could have been no mistake; and yet one of the rolls disappeared in a moment, while he had been handing a few letters to be copied into the main office. A theft seemed hardly possible, unless it was executed with great boldness, through the window, which happened to be open, in which it must have been done in an incredibly short space of time. How could a thief dare to climb into a window, in open daylight, in a busy street; and if he did, why had he only taken one roll, when there were ten of them lying right near.

Mr. Van Groten, such was the banker's name, had in the meantime sent to the police office, to make known the facts, and one of the force had come up to take a look at the place. He shook his head when they showed him the window and the desk. The latter stood at least six feet from the window, so that a person who might have jumped up to the window board, could not from there have got at the money, but was obliged to enter the office, while Mynheer Van Groten asserted that he had not left it for half a minute. Besides, the little room had no separate entrance or exit, but only through the main office could a person get into it. The affair remained shrouded in darkness, and the roll of florins, of course, gone.—Mynheer Van Groten had become so afraid, that he shut the window every time he left his room, and as no further theft was committed the loss was at last forgotten, at least nothing more was said about it. Two or three weeks had gone by, and Mynheer Van Beeren was just sipping his afternoon coffee in his study, when old Claus sent his name in, wishing to thank his old employer.

"Thank me!" said Mynheer Van Beeren, "for what? for my last present? He has thanked me for that long ago, and since then I have not seen him, but let the old man come in."

The door opened immediately after, and Claus, hat in hand, appeared upon the threshold, but he looked very miserable. "Hallo! Claus, what is the matter with you, man? You have grown pale and so lean, I should hardly have known you.—Have you been sick? I never heard a word about it!" "O, my Saviour," the poor man sighed; I have been very sick, so sick, that I did not think I should get up again; I dare not do anything yet, the doctor has given me strict orders not to work; he only allows me to walk out in the air to regain some of my strength."

"Poor Claus," Van Beeren said compassionately; "and why didn't you let me know of it?"

"O, my dear sir, the old man said fervently; "you knew it anyhow; for you came to my rescue in my need in such a magnanimous and delicate way. I don't know how to thank you."

"My dear Claus," said Van Beeren, "I certainly would have been most happy to have assisted you if I had heard a word of it; and perhaps it is not too late now; but I assure you I knew nothing of it and do not understand what you mean by saying I helped you in a magnanimous and delicate manner."

"O, my dear sir, said the old man, "why not allow me to thank you, for you can't deny it, your own good dog brought me the money, you know."

"O, that is what you mean." Mynheer smiled, "but my dear friend, that was on your silver wedding and nobody thought you were going to be ill."

"Ah no, I don't mean that," the old man said shaking his head; the second time, about three weeks ago, when the dog came to me by himself and brought me another such roll. He had been scratching at the door for some time, before we heard him and could admit him.

"My dog?" the merchant asked in amazement; my Oppas?"

"Why certainly; he delivered the money at my bedside and walked off, wagging his tail."

"And how much did the roll contain?"

"Just as much as the first—fifty florins," was the answer.

"That is strange," said Mynheer, amazed; slapping his knee with his flat hand, "but Oppas shall come in."

"And you really knew nothing of it?"

"Not a syllable."

"But where can the dog have got the money,"

"He stole it!" the merchant roared out; stole it in opposition to all laws; no! I never saw the like. Send up the dog, Claus, he will probably be down in the yard; we will give him an examination.—Say; did you feed him again that time?

"Well, you may well imagine that, Mynheer, the children didn't hardly know what to do for him, and he staid with us about an hour, until I sent him home again, because I feared you might want him."

"But I can't comprehend yet—

"Well, never mind, Claus, I'll tell you that after a while; just send up the dog,"

Oppas came, exhibiting great joy; for he jumped up at Claus continually and wagged his tail, as if to show his joy at the old man's recovery.

"I say, Oppas," his master said, what have you been about, eh? What do I hear of you?" The great Newfoundland dog probably did not understand what his master said, but he did not like his tone nor his look; he had become shy; but wagged his tail in a more lively manner, seeming only a little oppressed.

"Well said the master, "how is it?"—Where did you get the money, that you brought old Claus. to get another dinner, eh?" The dog grew more and more shy, and now lay down on his belly and crawled up to his master, who said, laughing;—"Ah! do you acknowledge your guilt at last? Oh, you good for nothing beast!" As soon as the dog saw the cheerful face, his fear was gone at once. Before Mynheer could have thought of it, he jumped up to him and licked his whole face in such a manner, that he could hardly keep him off. When he had quited him a little, he told Claus the whole story of the theft at Van Groten's which none but the dog could have accomplished, and also quieted the old man about theft. He said the dog had only done, what he would have done himself, if he had known of the sickness of his old faithful servant.—He should not trouble himself about the money, for he had a perfect right to keep it. Then, as soon as Claus was gone, he took a roll with a fifty florins, put on his hat, and gave them to the dog to bring back the stolen money to his friend Van Groten.

"Now," thought Van Beeren, when upon reaching the house he found the window open, on account of the warm weather, if I send Oppas in now by the same way he got the money, we will know right off if he can jump that high."

Upon reaching the window sill, he therefore said: "Oppas, hop, jump up, quick!" With one jump he was there and waited for orders, wagging his tail.

Mynheer Van Beeren heard a loud cry of astonishment, but when the dog turned to him, he beckoned to him to jump into the office, which he did, upon which he himself went into the office.

Van Groten was not a little astonished when he saw his friend's dog with a roll of money in his mouth. Van Beeren soon solved the problem to him.

They laughed a great deal about the affair, but Mynheer never left the window open after that when he left the office, until he had a little lattice affixed to it. He did not trust Oppas, for he thought he might again get hungry for an extra meal and try to place himself in possession of it by similar means.

Beauties of Negro Government.

The *World* of the 15th charged that the following state of affairs exists in the negro government of Liberia, and requested that it be corrected if an error, viz:

1. That slavery exists in Liberia.
2. That polygamy exists in Liberia.
3. That no white man is, under any circumstances, allowed to vote in Liberia.
4. That no white man is allowed to hold land in Liberia for purposes of trade or enjoyment.
5. That no negro is allowed to vote in Liberia, save under educational and property qualifications.

Instead of the statement being denied by the Radical newspapers, the *Tribune* of the 18th published the following which only goes to confirm the statement of the *World*, viz:

Ex-President Roberts, of Liberia, now in this country soliciting aid for the Liberia College, of which he is President, states that the republic has made conquests of the interior tribes until it now has a total population of 600,000 souls, of whom only about 18,000 are emigrant negroes from America. It is a singular and atrocious fact, now first coming to the knowledge of the public, that the republic, founded as an asylum of freedom for emancipated slaves, has permitted the continuance of slavery among the interior tribes which it conquered on a very extensive scale. President Roberts is quoted as admitting the wealth of the interior chiefs, like that of the savage tribes of Africa is measured by their number of wives and slaves. Efficient steps should be taken to rescue Liberia from this lapse into a slaveholding province, and it will be well for those who are solicited in the name of freedom and humanity to contribute to a Liberian College to inquire whether too gratuitous education of the sons of these holding chiefs may not inure to the growth of slavery rather than freedom.

This shows a nice condition of affairs. Liberia, founded as a model government of negroes, has already lapsed into slavery and polygamy, "the twin relics of barbarism." The experiment proves a nice failure. As the United States have recognized Liberia as an independent government, we have no right to interfere. Where is Wendell Phillips?

Then and Now—"Tick of the Clock."

The terrible expenses of Mr. Buchanan's administration was the grand theme of Republican denunciation in 1860. The following article and table, gotten up by BONNER, of the New York Ledger, was published and republished, and displayed in every Republican paper in the land:

LIBERAL EXPENDITURES.—The expenses of the Government of the United States under the administration of Mr. Buchanan, are as follows:

$76,686,400 a year!
$4,307,200 a month!
$1,452,920 a week!
$207,560 a day!
$8,690 an hour!
$144 a minute!
$2.40 a second!

Two dollars and forty cents at every tick of the clock! That will do for Young America. But where does the money go? For what is it applied?

Now let us look at the other side of the picture. The expenses which the Jacobin Congress made last year—a year of profound peace, be it remembered—were, in round numbers, $500,000,000!

$500,000,000 a year!
$41,696,666 a month!
$10,466,666 a week!
$1,500,000 a day!
$62,500 an hour!
$1,042 a minute!
$17.50 a second!

Seventeen dollars and a half at every tick of the clock! There is no use asking where the money goes to, or for what it is applied. Some of it is used for making warlike implements, and to pay a large standing army, so the negroes may rule the South, and supporting these negroes under the Freedmen's Bureau—millions to enrich contractors and office holders—all of it worse than wasted. The national debt is increasing, and national bankruptcy and individual ruin are staring us in the face!

☞ "An unloved wife," who ought to know of that which she speaks, because she has had so much experience, says that the reason ladies look so much to money in the matter of marriage, is, that now-a-days they so seldom find anything else in a man worth having.

☞ Style for a dinner party bill-of-fare—blue satin with gold fringe.

☞ Mr. E. B. Carpenter is painting a portrait of Horace Greeley, as he appears in the editorial room, for the *Tribune* Association.

☞ When a man loses his health, then he first begins to take good care of it.—This is good judgment, this is!

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