THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 7. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 6, 1869. NO. 38.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT!
New Stock, Low Prices!

BUILDING HARDWARE, TIN WARE, AND STOVES.

THE citizens of Chestertown and the adjacent country, are respectfully invited to call at the New Establishment, (stand formerly occupied by Wm. Simpson, on High street, nearly opposite the Voshell House,) and examine our large and cheap stock.

IN BUILDING HARDWARE

We are able to offer great inducements to Carpenters, Mechanics, Farmers, Builders, and those who contemplate having building done. If all such will only give us a chance we are confident of being able to convince them that we can supply their wants with a better article and for less money, than any establishment in this town. Our stock in this line is very full, and we are constantly making additions to it.

TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE.

In this department our stock is very complete, comprising almost any thing that can be called for, and at prices that must, we are sure, give satisfaction. In Tin we also keep the celebrated Stamped Ware. We have in our employ experienced, skillful and faithful workmen, and always use good material.

Stoves.

We shall keep a good stock, of all kinds, purchased from manufacturers direct, and will sell at a very small advance.

TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING,

and all kinds of repairing (including repairs to stoves,) done promptly in a workmanlike and durable manner, at low rates.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,

Embracing Safes, Japanned and Block Tin Ware, Ornamental Chamber Sets, and fancy Ware generally, in great variety.

In conclusion we would remark that we have gone into this business with a determination to sell *low*, to spare no pains, and to do all in our power to give satisfaction: and we respectfully ask our friends and the public to give us a trial.

JAMES T. PARKS,
THOMAS BRYAN.

Chestertown, July 25, 1868—y.

GROCERIES,
WINES AND LIQUORS.

NOTICE.

TO ALL LOVERS OF GOOD BRANDIES, WINES, TEAS AND GROCERIES.

I AM PREPARED TO OFFER GREAT inducements to customers, wholesale and retail. Keep constantly on hand a large and well selected Stock of Goods, consisting in part of

Green and Black Teas, of choice chops; Coffees—Java, Laguyra, Rio, &c.

English and American Pickles, Capers and Condiments, Olives, Italian Maccaroni and Vermecilla. Fresh Canned Fruits of all kinds; Canned Meats and Fish; Foreign and Domestic Preserves and Jellies. I have on and a fine stock of

Old Brandies, Wines, Whiskeys, Gin,

which I offer to Hotel keepers at the VERY LOWEST PRICES, and ask a call.

THOMAS M. GREEN.
88 *W. Baltimore Street, near Holliday.*
Sept. 12, 1868—y.

DURYEAS'
Satin Gloss Starch

HAS established a world-wide celebrity for being the Purest, Whitest, Strongest, and Most Glossy and Economical Starch known. Disinterested judges pronounce it the "Perfection of Starch."

The Messrs. Duryea have no occasion to personally assert the superiority of their goods. A discriminating public and the decision of the following scientific and disinterested judges establish it.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED
Duryeas' Starch and Maizena

For their "Perfection of Quality," at Grand Paris International Exposition, 1867. Great London International Exposition, 1862. Great Internat. Exposition, Hamburg, 1863. Great Internat. Exposition, Cologne, 1865. Also at States', Agricultural, American Institute and Maryland Institute Fairs.

Inferior Starch is sour, musty, or has a golden or yellow tinge, a color not desirable in one's linen. (It is absurd for the laundress to cleanse and bleach, and then discolor linen with impure yellow starch.)

Maizena

Is a pure flour, from the choicest Indian corn, and is used for all the purposes of Corn Starch and Arrowroot, to which it is superior. Put up in the same style of packets, and at same price, with directions for use.

For culinary purposes, call for Duryeas' Maizena. For the laundry, call for Duryeas' Satin Gloss Starch.

For sale by all grocers. Be sure you get our goods. Our name is on all our boxes.

H. H. BURNETT,
No. 3, Exchange Place, Baltimore,
Agent for Maryland, Dist. Columbia and Va.
September 5, 1868—y.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

THE undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners as Examiners, to determine whether the Public Road in the Fifth Election District, from its intersection of the road to Swan Point, running parallel with the Bay, between the lands of H. Smith and Morgan Brown, James H. Gale, W. T. H. Miller and others, and through the lands of T. R. Brown and Abel J. Rees to the Oak Grove School House, or where the said road intersects the road through Caulk's Field, should be *widened*: hereby give notice to all parties interested, that they will meet, on

Wednesday, February 10th, 1869,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., at Swan Creek Bridge, to execute the duties of this Commission.

WILLIAM P. FRANCIS,
JOHN BRICE,
GEORGE BECK,
Jan. 9, 1869—5t. Examiners.

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.

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.

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.

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.

"RISING SUN"
SALOON,

ON BRIDGE ST. NEAR CROSS, CHESTERTOWN,

IS fitted up for the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen with all the delicacies usually found in the the Saloons of the city.

In the Ladies' Saloon, Ladies will be served with Cake, Ice Crem, Oysters in all styles of cooking, Terrapins, Crabs, Beef-Steaks, Fried Ham, all the delicacies of the season, at the short notice.

In the Gentlemens Saloons, Gentlemen will in addition be served with choice cigars.

☞ Parties will be supplied with everything needful for refreshment tables—and Ice.

☞ Families supplied with Oysters, Ice Cream, Water Ices, Custard &c., by the gallon upon reasonable terms.

ICE

in large or small quantities for sale, and delivered every morning to regular customers in Chestertown.

The long experience of the subscriber as a caterer, justifies him in asking a liberal patronage from the public.

WILLIAM PERKINS.
Proprietor.
j13-'68.

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, no concoction, or anything likeone; 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 invigorating, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have entitled it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.

[illegible] Hoofland's German [illegible] very beneficial [illegible] to those who suffer from the above cause. 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.

"The Cane-Bottomed Chair."

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand, through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,
With worthless old nicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china, (all cruck'd),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A two-penny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy shinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that broken old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yon dagger has drawn;
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in the fog made of rich latakie,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and cherish the best;
For the finest of coaches that's padded with hair,
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withering old arms;
I looked and I longed; I wished in despair;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place;
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince:
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet, I declare
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night, as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom:
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair;
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

A Useful Table.

To aid farmers in arriving at accuracy in estimating the amount of land in different fields under cultivation, the following table is given by an agricultural cotemporary:

5 yards wide by 978 yards long contains 1 acre.
10 yards wide by 484 yards long contains 1 acre.
20 yards wide by 242 yards long contains 1 acre.
40 yards wide by 121 yards long contains 1 acre.
80 yards wide by 60½ yards long contains 1 acre.
70 yards wide by 69½ yards long contains 1 acre.
220 feet wide by 198 feet long contains 1 acre.
440 feet wide by 99 feet long contains 1 acre.
110 feet wide by 396 feet long contains 1 acre.
66 feet wide by 726 feet long contains 1 acre
120 feet wide by 363 feet long contains 1 acre.
240 feet wide by 181½ feet long contains 1 acre.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The following affecting narrative purports to have been given by a father to his son, as a warning derived from his own bitter experience of the sin of resisting a mother's love and counsel:

What agony was on my mother's face when all that she had said and suffered failed to move me. She rose to go home, and I followed her at a distance. She spoke to me no more till she reached her own door.

"It is school time now," she said.—"Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

"I shan't go to school," said I.

She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly, "Certainly you will, Alfred—I command you."

"I will not, you can't get me up stairs," said I.

"One of two things you must do, Alfred, either go to school this minute or I will lock you up in your room, and keep you there until you promise implicit obedience to my wishes in the future."

"I dare you to do it; you can't get me up stairs," I said.

"Alfred, choose," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me I'll kick you," said I, in a fearful rage. God knows I knew not what I said.

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No!" I replied, but I quailed beneath her eye.

"Then follow me," said she, as she grasped my arm firmly.

I raised my foot—"Oh, my son, hear me"—I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother! How my head reels as the torment of memory rushes over me. I kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother! She staggered back a few steps and leaned against the wall. She looked not at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast.

"Oh, heavenly father!" she cried, "forgive him—he knows not what he does!"

The gardener just then passed the door, and seeing my mother was pale and almost unable to support herself, she beckoned him to come in.

"Take that boy up stairs and lock him in his room," she said, and turned off from me. It was a look of agony, mingled with intensest love—it was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment I would fling myself from the window, but I felt that I was afraid to die.—I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborness rose in an instant and bade me not yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on my bed and fell asleep.—Just at twilight I heard a footstep approach my door. It was my sister.

"What shall I tell mother for you?" she asked.

"Nothing!" I replied.

"Oh, Alfred, for my sake, and for all our sakes, say that you are sorry. Let me tell mother that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you."

I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and flung myself on the bed to pass a wretched and fearful night.

Another footstep, slow and feebler than my sister's disturbed me.

"Alfred, my son, shall I come in?" she asked.

I cannot tell what influence operating at that moment, made me speak averse to my feeling. The gentle voice of my mother, that thrilled me, melted the ice from my heart, and I longed to throw myself upon her neck, but I did not. My words gave the lie to my heart when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.

I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my side.

"Get up, Alfred. Don't wait a minute. Get up and come with me. Mother is dying."

I thought I was yet dreaming; but I got up mechanically and followed my sister. On the bed, pale as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed. She had thrown herself upon the bed to rest, and rising to go again to me, she was seized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne to her room.

I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse was tenfold more bitter from the thought that she never would know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned within my bosom—my brain was on fire. My sister threw her arms round me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a motion of mother's hand; her eye unclosed. She had recovered her consciousness; but not her speech. She looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words.

"Mother! mother!" I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me."

She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me and lifted her thin white hand; she clasped my own within them and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form till my gentle sister removed me. The joy of youth had left me forever.

Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own they are young; who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourself bitter memories for future years.

Seeing a man is more happy that hath nothing to lose, than he that loseth that which he hath, we should neither hope for riches, nor fear poverty.

AN EFFECTIVE SPEECH.

"A speech, a speech from Wilton!" cried the thoughtless fellows.

"He can't make a speech on cold water. I defy him," said one of their number.

"My friends," began Wilton.

"Hear, hear! he's really in for it now, pitiful signs of his devotion to the bottle.

"Wilton is on his feet.'"

The comrade they called Wilton was a young man, some twenty three years of age. Upon his face, within his eyes a settled melancholy rested. His manners were as grave as those of an old man.—He was often called "Wilton the steady," on account of his quiet adherence to principle.

The head partner in the firm in whose employ Wilton was, gave a great party once a year, and and it was to this gathering Wilton had been persuaded to come.

In vain his companion tempted him with the wine that flowed freely. "The "firm" considered themselves good Christians as, indeed, did the world generally. They gave largely to charities and to their church, where their seats were seldom empty. They did a great deal of good with their money; yet in placing this fiery temptation before young men, some of whom were as yet without fixed principles, they committed a gross and almost fatal error. Looking about him, Wilton saw already many flushed, almost to inebriation; many eyes that in spite of their flash and sparkle, moved with difficulty, and that dire unsteadiness that marks the incipient stage of drunkenness.

"My friends," he said, and then paused as if to give greater emphasis to what might follow," I am going to make a confession."

Some of the company smiled at this, but by far the greater number were awed at the sad, yet earnest tones of his voice.

"Five years ago I had a brother, a bright, beautiful lad, in whom the hopes of a large family circle centered. He was called a genius, and he was one.—Sensitive, gentle-hearted, and generous to a fault, he also gave a promise of extraordinary vigor of mind. One night several boys in the village where I was born resolved to have a frolic. The party was to be a secret one, and we were each to carry from our homes, if we could, provisions and wine. It came off with success.—There was good cheer, there were bright and flowing liquors; we were all young buoyant. My brother had never tasted wine. Whether it was a disinclination caused by natural dislike, or whether his institutions led him to avoid it as dangerous to him, I do not know. I only know—and the recollection is at this moment burning in my brain—that we all thought that if we could get Herbert drunk, it would be fine fun. Friends could not have set themselves more ingeniously at work to compass the object than we did. I was foremost in the attempt. I will not excuse myself, nor in aught palliate my conduct. I knew he had a manuscript poem at home, that had been pronounced remarkable by competent critics: I knew he could improvise almost without mental effort, and expected that, under the stimulus of the fiery sepent, his brain would be quickened and he would be charmed, and perhaps amazed, at the exhibition of his rare gifts.

"At last we prevailed, but instead of quickening the wine stupified his faculties. A few glasses reduced him to a state of utter inebriety."

"The party broke up. We were all wild with drunk and excitement; he alone was immovable and quite insensible.—There was no rousing him from the state of deathly sleep into which he had fallen. I dared not take him home that night, fearing that our frolic might be found out in consequence of the trouble we should have in getting him to his room. So we left him there lying as comfortable as we could place him—his handsome face flushed an almost purple, his active brain, for once completely stupified."

"In the morning, I was awakened by the sounds of sobs. A white, scared face stood over me; a trembling weak voice cried out, 'O, Philip your poor brother.'"

"I sprang from my bed. My friends, I knew the truth soon enough. Herbert had recovered conciousness in the night sufficient to mislead him. He had fallen from the window, a distance of fifteen or twenty feet. He was still living. In vain my prayers, tears and anguish."—His voice faltered.

"Young men, he is living yet, but *an incurable idiot. Now*, will you ask me to take the accursed stuff? Yes, the curse of the living God rests upon it. It has burdened my life—it has ruined as noble an intellect as was ready to do battle with the faults and follies of the world. Do you still jeer and laugh, because I *will not be jovial?* I tell you, if it was a living, thing I would strangle it—and there is nothing upon earth I hate with such deadly hatred."

There was a deep silence. Not one in all the company seemed inclined to drink again.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Peculiarity of Handwriting.

It is remarkable fact no man can ever get rid of the style of handwriting peculiar to his country. If he be English he he always writes in English he always writes in English style; if French, in French style; if German, Italian or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation.—"I am acquainted," says a correspondent, "with a Frenchman who speaks English like one of our countrymen, and writes with ten times the correctness of ninty-nine in a hundred of us, but yet who cannot, for the life of him, imitate our modes of writing. I knew a Scotch youth who was educated entirely in France, and resided 18 years in that country, mixing exclusively with French people, but who, although he had a French writing-master, and probably never saw anything but French writing in his life, yet wrote exactly in the Style; it was really national instinct. In Paris, all the writing-masters profess to teach the English style of writing; but with all their professions and all their exertions, they can never get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French.

Some pretend to tell the characteristics of individuals from their hand writings. I know not how this may be; but certainly the nation to which an individual belongs can instantly be determined by his hand-writing. The difference between the American, the English and the French hand-writing is immense—a schoolboy would distinguish it at a glance. Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred, and another hundred written by Englishmen or Americans, and no one could fail to distinguish every one of them, though all should be written in the same language, and with the same pens and paper. The difference between Italian, Spanish and German handwriting is equally decided. In fact there is about as great a difference in the handwritings of different nations as in their languages. And it is a singular truth that, though a man may shake off national habits, accent manner of thinking, style of dress—though he may become perfectly identified with another nation, and speak its language as well perhaps better, than his own—yet never can succeed in changing his handwriting to a foreign style.

A Colored Man Predicts the Extinction of His Race.

Mr. Don Piatt writes to the *Cincinnati Commercial* an account of the conversation with an intelligent delegate to the Colored Convention, recently in session at Washington. He says he had been a slave in his youth, escaped long before the war, in which he had taken an active part, and had picked up, one way and another, a very good education. I asked if he thought his people would vote the Democratic ticket at the South if the masters were disfranchised.

"I think not, sir," he replied; 'they are well organized, and getting better enlightened every day,"

"But the poor whites always voted for the masters, and I belive," I continued, "that there is more affection for the master on the part of the colored man than there ever was on the part of the poor white."

"That is very true; but then the right of suffrage is a precious privilege to the black man, more than it ever was to the poor white. He treasures it with almost religious veneration, and will be careful to consult with his friends, and bestow his vote where it will do most good for the country."

"You say they are learning rapidly?"

"Yes. There are two things a colored man seeks for, above all others, at the South. The one is to learn to read, and the other to own the land he cultivates.—You'd be astonished to see men after working hard all day walk five and six miles to a night school."

"Is it not the novelty of the affair, that will wear off after a while?"

"I think not, sir. Of course there is some falling off, but this sort of thing has gone on for some time, now, and at this time the colored people are better educated at the South than the whites are.",

"You have a right, then, to anticipate a bright future for your race?"

My friend paused a moment, and then said sadly:

"No sir; I have no bright anticipations. In a few generations the colored races of America will have disappeared. We have taken the vices with the virtues of the stronger race, and they are fatal to us."

"I don't clearly understand you."

"Well, sir, it is generally believed that the black race is a hardy race. This is not so. The average duration of life, under the whip, on the plantations, was only ten years. The supply was kept up by the master's care in breeding—it being his interest. Now, this is not the case, and while the mortality continues through dissipation, the increase through population has fallen off painfully. On plantations, and in neighborheods where, before the war, children swarmed almost, you scarcely find one now?"

"Why, how do you account for that? What becomes of the children?"

"The mothers have learned from New England how to kill them. You know, sir; that New England is dying out from a lack of Yankees, and the poor colored people have not been slow to learn. But while the whites receive a fresh supply from emigation, the colored race has none."—*Exchange.*

How terrible is this; and yet how true. It may be concealed, and hidden; but that there is a terrible work of destruction going on, continually, we have but to read the newspapers of the North.

How many women have become too refined and too fond of fashion to give attention to the careless rearing of their offspring, to say nothing of the nursing or nuturing thereof; and resort to the awful expedient hinted at by the negro in the above? Enough at least to keep in sumptuous living hundreds of murderous quacks who practice upon this work of death.—*Del. Gazette.*

☞ A "girl of the period," comments thus upon Mormonism: "How absurd—four or five wives for one man, when the fact is, each woman in these times ought to have four or five husbands. It would take about that number to support her decently."

"I say, Pat," said a Yankee to an Irishman who was digging in his garden, "are you digging out a hole in that onion bed?" "No," says Pat, "I'm digging out the earth and leaving the hole."

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