THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 7. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 6, 1869. NO. 42.

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. Frehs Canned Fruits of all kinds; Canned Meats and Fish; Foreign and Domestic Preserves and Jellies. I have on hand 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
Duryens' 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.

CENTRAL SEMINARY.

THE subscribers respectfully announce t the citizens of Kent and adjoining counties that their School near St. Paul's Church or Boys and Girls, is now in active operation.

The Buildings are all new and comfortable. In addition to which, they have secured as Principal a gentleman of tried ability.

The course of study is thorough, embracing the English branches, with the Classics, higher Mathematics, and Modern Languages.

The Scholastic Year is divided into two Sessions, of Five Months each, beginning 1st of February and September, but children can be entered at any time.

Parents and Guardians at a distance can board their children with the Principal.

For particulars, address

I. C. TAYLOR,
Or J. T. CARLILE, PRINCIPAL,
Rees' Corner P. O., Kent Co., Md.
January 16, 1869.

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.

NEW HARNESS STORE!

JOSEPH W. EDWARDS

RESPECTFULLY informs his old friends and public generally that he has again removed to Chestertown, and has commenced the **SADDLE & HARNESS** business at his "OLD STAND" opposite the Voshell House. He has now in his employ good Workmen, and has now in store a fine assortment of

Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Horse Blankets, Sleigh Bells,

all kinds of Oil for Harness, and all kinds of BITTS.

HARNESS of all kinds manufactured to order. REPAIRING done at short notice.

Having had some 18 or 20 years experience in the business, I flatter myself that I am able to give general satisfaction to all who may favor me with their patronage.

Give me a CALL

JOS. W. EDWARDS.
Dec. 26, 1868—tf.

BUILDERS' EXCHANGE.

The undersigned announce to Builders and others that they have opened

AN EXCHANGE,
At No. 27 South Gay Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

The object of which is to furnish all kinds of Building Material from one locality, thus saving purchasers that trouble and expense they would otherwise be subjected to in visiting different places to procure such articles. They propose, and are constantly prepared to furnish

Lumber, Doors, Sash, Frames, Mouldings, &c.,
Slate Roofing, MARBLEIZED SLATE, AND MARBLE MANTELS.
Ornamental Garden and Parlor Vases, Statuary, &c.

Glass, Hardware, Terra Cotta Chimney Tops, Sewer and Water Pipe of Hydraulic Cement and Terra Cotta, Hydraulic Cement, Marble, Iron, and Stone Fronts, Crest Railings, Encaustic and Marble Tiling, and all other building materials at the lowest market prices.

Having made arrangements with the leading Factories in their respective branches of trade to supply all building materials at one place. Estimates for Marble, Iron and Stone Fronts, Gas Fitting, Plumbers Work, &c., furnished. Sole Agents for the State of Maryland for Thompson and Harper's and other celebrated slate mantels, the Terra Cotta Works of Philadelphia, and represent Davison, Ayres and Heuvelman Agents of the architectural department of the Novelty Iron Works, New York, in Baltimore.

MURGUIONDO & RIGGS,
Jan. 2, 1869—y 27 S. Gay St.

NEW FAMILY GROCERY
—AND—
Provision Store.

WANTED, at Mr. John L. Stam's old Apothecary, all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, *for Cash or Trade.* Also, for sale,

DRIED APPLES, SWEET CIDER,
CIDER VINEGAR, RICE, SUGAR,
COFFEE, HAMS, LARD, BACON,
FLOUR, MEAL, POTATOES,
CHEESE, BUTTER, POULTRY, &c.,

Also Tobacco, and Snuff,

and every article appertaining to a well kept Grocery.

Wanted—Rags, all kinds of Skins and Hides. ALONZO MING.

N. B.—Nothing bought from Boys.
Jan. 23, 1869—tf.

COX, WARDEN & MERRITT
SUCCESSORS TO
Cox & Brown,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
Nos. 8 Bowly's Wharf & 72 South St.
Jan. 16, 1868—y. Baltimore, Md.

ENAMELED STEW PANS and PRESERVING KETTLES, for sale at the *Tin and Stove Store,* by
May 14, 1868. J. K. ALDRIDGE

HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS.
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN TONIC.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

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

The greatest known remedies for

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

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

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

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

Hoofland's German Bitters

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

Hoofland's German Tonic

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

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in 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, 1868.

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

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

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

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

CAUTION.

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

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to impose 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 LITTLE BOOT.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Dumpy, stubby and old,
The funniest little boot,
With mended toe and flattened heel,
Ever worn by a little foot.
Within the children's room
The widow'd mother stands,
Still smiling down with misty eyes
On a little boot in her hands.

Carefully laid away,
With a mother's yearning care,
Are toys with which the children played,
The clothes they used to wear.
With loving, longing heart,
Her gaze is backward cast,
As she softly lifts the little boot
From the stillness of the past.

She sees a little boy
Thrust out his chubby foot,
And hears his happy laugh and shout
At sight of his first boot.
And, trudging down the road,
Stubbing grass, and leaves, and roots,
She sees again the solid form
Of the little man in boots.
A conqueror that day,
He made the soft airs ring;
Amid the shoeless lads at school
The boy in boots was king.

O the stillness of the room
Where the children used to play!
O the silence of the empty house
Since the children went away!
And this is the mother-life—
"To bear, and love, and lose,"
Till all the sweet sad tale is told
In a pair of little shoes,
In a single broken toy,
A flower pressed, to keep
All fragrant still the faded life
Of one who fell sleep.

The boy who wore the boot!
While his mother's eyes are dim,
Amid the world's unequal strife,
How fareth it with him?
Are the feet of manhood strong
For manhood's sacred race,
His hand outstretched, securely calm,
To cap its utmost grace?
With love her heart o'erflows,
With love her eyes are dim,
She softly wraps the little boot,
And sends it far to him.

Beside his twilight fire,
The eyes of manhood scan
The ancient boot—the far off boy
Talks through it to the man.
The hard world's vexing road
The boy's boot never pressed;
The boy knew not of manhood's pain,
Nor felt its need of rest.
The man sees all things changed—
The earth; the heavens above:
One thing alone remains the same
To him—His mother's love.
The battered little boot
He takes as from her hand,
And seems all sweetest, purest things
Better to understand.

Dumpy, stubby and old,
The funniest little boot,
With mended toe and flattened heel,
Ever worn by a little foot!
Yet the boot is a band to bind
The man to his innocent past,
To hold his faithful heart of hearts
To life's first love—and its last!

Business.

Properly speaking man lives to work; he does not work to live. He is himself better than his vocation; and if he lets the care of that wholly occupy and exhaust him, he sacrifices the greater to the less, and lets the things which should have been for his wealth become unto him an occasion for failing. Take the lowest ground, and suppose that a man toils beyond his endurance, in order to amass a fortune or raise the prospects of a family, what is the frequent results?—He unfits himself for the use and enjoyment of that fortune, or deprives his family of that length of life or intercourse which is needed to protect and influence it. It is a great mistake to be busy overmuch. There are jaded slaves who come home with no reserve or love for, or even interest in those who are dear to them.—They are almost strangers in their own houses. They hardly speak to their own wives; they hardly see their own children. Business is business, and has no right to encroach upon the claims of affection.—He is worse than a slave, who, not content with working when he ought to work, robs his dependents of their share of himself, by spending his whole energy in labor, which leaves him none to bear his part in the burdens of his home. No man is intended to be a mere income or wages pump. He must win bread but he must win love too. He who gives himself no time to play with his children injures them as well as a man who neglects to work for their support.

☞ "Well, Pat, why don't you put up your umbrella?"

"Because yer, honor, the rain would spile it, an' so I keep it under my arum, and divil a dhrop it's got."

☞ When men are long indifferent toward us, we grow indifferent to their indifference.

A STORY FOR MARRIED FOLKS.

Andrew Lee came home from his shop where he had worked all day, tired and out of spirits, came home to his wife who was tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—what a paradise it would be," said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down with knitting brows and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either.—Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

Andrew rose and went to the table.—He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself, and kept silent.—He could find no fault with the chop nor the home-made bread; nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inner man, if there had been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed she did not eat.

"Are you are not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellant that he feared an irritating reply.

And so, in moody silence, the twain sat together until Andrew finished his supper.

As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory," said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of the little breakfast-room, with his hands thrust down into his trowsers pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone in his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep breath as she did so, pausing in his walk, stood still for some moments, and drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet and commenced reading. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your wife."—They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed the ill-natured sentiment. But his eys were on the page before him, and he read on.

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered, "Oh, yes; that's all very well; praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making her home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eyes fell again on the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for twenty years; but it will do her good for all that, and you too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was just written for him and just for the occasion, It was a complete answer to this question, "Praise her for what?" And he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came too busy and in a new direction. Memory was convincing him of injustice to his wife. She had always made his house as comfortable for him as her hands could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her the of satisfaction he had known or the comfort he had experienced? He was not able to recall the time or occasion. As he thought thus Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen and taking her work basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw the bosom of the shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, for which he had no patience His eyes fell upon the newspaper which lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence—

"A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy house, is the light rift in the cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself awhile longer. His own ill nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. He thought of many things to say, yet he feared to say them lest his wife should meet his address with a cold rebuff At last, leaning toward her, taking hold of the shirt-bosom, upon which she was at work, he said in a voice carefully modulated with kindness:

"You are doing the work beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply; but her husband did not fail to notice that she lost almost instantly that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, and that the motion of her needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other man in the shop," said Lee encouraged to go on.

"Are they?"

Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw she leaned a little toward him He had broken the ice of reserve and all was easy now.—Her hands were among the clouds and a feeble ray was already struggling through the rift it had made

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly; "and I've heard it more than once, what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband. There was light in it and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked, quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up and going round to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated as he stood before her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was the warmly spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you ask me such a question."

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good."—Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given his wife even the small reward of praise for the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul and made the light all around her thick darkness. No wonder that face grew cloudy, nor what he considered ill-temper, took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary my own dear wife; I am proud of you—I love you, and my first desire is for your happiness. O, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears my heart can never lie in shadows."

* * * * * * *

How easy had been the work of Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down, and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

Alexander H. Stephens.

On a certain occasion Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was engaged in a political discussion with Hon. Benjamin F. Hill, of State, when the latter charged him with saying that he (Stephens) could eat Judge Cone for breakfast, himself (Mr. Hill) for dinner, and Governor Cobb for supper. To which Mr. Stephens quietly replied: "I never said it; but if I had, the arrangement of the meals would have been somewhat different. I should not have taken Mr. Hill at dinner, where he has placed himself, that being the heartiest meal of the day. In fact, I should prefer him for supper, in accordance with that wise rule of medicine which prescribes a *light diet* to sleep on!" At another time, Mr. A. R. Wright, of Georgia, is said to have drawn the fire of the great Georgian in the following way: Mr. Stephens, at the time of the great Know-Nothing conflict in the South, was accompanied by a favorite dog named Rio, and the intelligent animal was almost as well known on the hustings as the statesman. Mr. Wright, at the close of a political speech, turned to Mr. Stephens and said "Sir, I demand a list of your appointments. I intend that the people shall have information. I want to know when and where you are to speak, for I intend to *dog* you all around this Congressional district."—"Then," retorted Mr. Stephens, pointing his long thin finger to his dog sleeping on the stand at his feet, and lifting his fife-like voice to its highest note—"then I shall send Rio home. One *dog at a time* is enough!" Among the thousands who have read the speech of Vice President Stephens of Georgia, against secession, made November 14th, 1860, there are probably few who have heard of an amusing incident that followed it. At the close of the speech, the leader of the opposition party, Hon. Robert Toombs, arose, and and after complimenting Mr. Stephens as one of the poorest patriots, moved that the meeting give three cheers for him and adjourn, which was done. Gov. Herschel V. Johnson, who was present, met Mr. Toombs on their return to the hotel, and said to him, in substance, "Sir, your action to night, coming from so prominent a secessionist, deserves all praise, and I for one cannot forbear to congratulate you upon such handsome conduct and admirable behavior." Toombs put on that droll look which always precedes his best hits, and said, dryly. "Yes, I always behave myself at a funeral." An overgrown political opponent once undertook to sneer at the diminutiveness of Mr. Stephens, and said, "I could put a little salad oil on you, and swallow you whole." "To which Mr. S. at once replied, "And if you did you would have more brains in your bowels than you ever had in your head."

Josh Billings as a Real Estate Agent.

Joshua Billings, Real Estateist, has issued the subjoined specimen bulletin: I kan sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars a pallas, a neet and pensive retirement, lokated on the virgin banks ov the Hudson, kontaining 85 acres. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand ov natur and art into pasture and tillage, into plain and declivity, into stern abruptness, and the dalliance of moss-tufted medders; streams of sparkling gladness (thick with trout) dense through the wilderness of buty tew the low music of the kriket and grasshopper. The evergreen sighs as the evening zephir flirts through its shadowy buzzum. Fruits of the tropiks in golden buty melt on the bows, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to their garnering hives The mansion is of Parrian marble, the porch is a single diamond set with rubies and the mother ov pearls; the floors are ov rosewood, and the ceilins are more butiful than the starry vault of heaven. Hot and cold water bubbles and spirts in every apartment, and nothing is wanting that a poet could pra for, or art could portray. The stables are worthy ov the steeds ov Nimrod or the studs of Akilles, and its kenery was built expressly for the birds of paradise, while sombre in the distance, like the cave ov a hermit, glimpses are caught of the dorg-house. Here poets have cum and warbled their laze; here skulptors have sculpt; here painters robbed the scene or dreary landscapes and here the philosopher diskovered the study which made him the alkemist of natur.—Next northward ov this thing of buty sleeps the residence and domain ov the duke, John Smith; while southward, and nearer the spice-breathing tropics, may be seen the baronial villy of Earl Brown and the duchess widdy Betsy Jones. Walls ov primitiv rock, laid in Roman sement, bound the estate, while upward and downward the eye catches far away the magesty and slow grander of the Hudson.—As the young morn hangs like a curting of silver from the blu breast ov the sky, an angel may be seen each night dancing with golden tip-toes on the green. N. B. This angel goes with the place. Diagrams kan be seen at the office of the broker. Terms flattering. None but principals dealt with. Title as pure as the breth ov a white male infant, and possession given with the lark.

A Dead Man Before an Arkansas Court.

An Arkansas correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, tells the following story of the manner in which justice is meted out to men in that region:

Some years ago a man without a family or relations lived in a county in this State, and was possessed of an estate worth $5,000. He went to New Orleans, and was absent for years without being heard from. The Probate Judge granted administration upon his estate, wound it up, and discharged the administrator. The man at length returned; he had been to Mexico. He applied to the Judge for his property, when in open court the following dialogue took place:

Dead Man.—If your honor please, I want my effects returned to me, as you see I am not dead yet.

The Court.—I know, that is, I as a man know, that you are alive and in court; but as a court, I know that you are dead; for the records of the court say so, and against their verity there is no averment. So says Lord Coke and a good many other books I never read.

Dead Man.—But I want my property, and it's no matter to me whether your records lie or not. I am alive, have not transferred my property, and to deprive me of it without my consent is without law.

The Court.—If you insinuate this court lies the court will send you to jail.

Dead Man.—Send a dead man to jail?

The Court.—Mr Sheriff, take the apparition out.

Sheriff.—Be thou ghost or goblin damned, I'll speak to thee. Come on; let's go and take a drink.

The Judge stuck to it that so far as the court was concerned, he was dead, and he should stay dead. The poor fellow went into chancery and spent all he had made in Mexico.

Affection of a Dog.

We have frequently heard of one species of the feathery tribe exercising a maternal care over members of an entirely different family, and the instences have been regarded as very remarkable. The idea of a dog voluntarily assuming the protectorship of a brood of chickens, and interesting himself in relieving their necessities, would be deemed preposterous, although the sagacity of the canine race has more than once astonished man. We have before us a curious evidence of the affection of a dog manifested toward a large brood of bantam and guinea chickens at Egg Harbor City, N. J.

The old hen had suddenly died, leaving the brood without any means of subsistance or shelter. As the tender chickens were wandering about the barnyard in search of food, they came upon a valuable dog that was in the habit of sleeping near the roost in day-time. One by one they nestled around him, and by the warmth of his body were kept alive. On awakening, the dog seemed to appreciate the responsibilities that had devolved upon him, and curled himself in a manner that would afford the greatest amount of comfort to the motherless chickens. The guardian has continued to manifest the utmost interest for his charge, scratching the gravel and sand for them, watching them faithfully during the day, and sleeping with them in their roosts at night.

☞ A house-maid who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a tooth-brush.

"Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned.

"Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply, "he's just sharpening his teeth."

☞ If you are a lover don't love two girls at once. Love is a good thing, but it is like butter in warm weather, it won't do to have too much on hand at one time.

☞ A little girl worn out by a long sermon, observing the preacher gathering himself for another "point" exclaimed, "Oh, mother, he is not going to quit at all! He is swelling up again."

☞ T[illegible] genius is never so great [illegible] and subdued by the bl[illegible]

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