THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 7. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 1869. NO. 51.

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 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 Holiday.*

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.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce Generally,

No. 112 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

Consignments respectfully solicited.

January 19, 1868—y

WORK BENCH SCREWS,

MADE of good Hickory, for sale much under the usual price.

PARKS & BRYAN,
July 25. Tin and Hardware Dealers.

BUILDING MATERIALS.

The undersigned announces to Builders and others that he has opened

AN EXCHANGE,

At Nos. 53, 55 & 57 Calvert St.,

Corner of Saratoga 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.

P. De MURGUIONDO,
Nos. 53, 55 & 57 Calvert street,
Jan. 2, 1869—y Cor. of Sar..toga.

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.

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.
Baltimore, Md.

Jan. 16, 1868—y.

H. McCoy. Wm. A. Rasin.

McCOY & RASIN,

General Commission Merchants,

No. 73 South Street,

OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE,

BALTIMORE.

Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.

☞ We refer to the following among our patrons in Kent:

Judge Joseph A. Wickes,
Hon. William Welch,
Hon. Samuel Comegys,
George D. S. Handy,
William B. Wilmer,
George T. Hollyday,
Dr. Samuel A. Beck.

Feb. 13, 1869—y.

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 preparations now 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 of vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

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

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

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

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

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

Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.

I consider Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of its. 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 express my opinion with regard to the many 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 can be had by express in 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.

FOR SALE BY

S. Wickes & Son, Chestertown.

Selected Poetry.

For the Transcript.

THE HEART IS FIXED.

The heart is fixed, and fixed the eye,
And I am girded for the race:
The Lord is strong, and I rely
On his assisting grace;
Race for the swift—it must be run;
A prize laid up—it must be won.

And I have tarried longer now
(Pleased with scenes of time,)
Than fitting those who hope to go
To Heaven, that holy clime;
Who hope to pluck the fruit which grows
Where the immortal river flows.

The atmosphere of earth, oh! how
It has bedimmed the eye,
And quenched the spirit's fervent glow,
And stayed the purpose high;
And how these feet have gone astray,
That should have walked the narrow way.

Race for the swift—I must away,
With footsteps firm and free;
Ye pleasures that invite my stay
And cares, are nought to me;
For lo! it gleameth on my eye,
The glory of that upper sky.

"A prize laid up"—said he who fought
That holy fight of old,
"Laid up in Heaven for me, yet not
For me alone that crown of gold,
But all who wait till Thou appear,
Saviour, the diadem shall wear."

Patiently wait—so help thou me,
O meek and holy One,
That dim although to vision be,
The race I still may run;
This eye thus lifted to the skies,
This heart thus burning for the prize.

S. M. D.

LITTLE ROSIE.

Rosie, my posy,
You're weary, you're dozy,
Sit upon grandmamma's knee;
Songs will I sing you,
Sweet sleep to bring you;
Cuddle up cosy with me.

I will sing ditties
Of birds and of kitties—
The "Song of the Well" to begin;
How young Johnnie Stout
Pulled pussy cat out,
When Johnnie Green let her fall in.

Of timid Miss Muffit,
Who fled from the tuffit;
Of Bobbie who sailed on the sea;
Of Jack and his Gill;
Of the mouse at the mill;
And baby that rocked on the tree.

Rosie, my Rosie,
As sweet as a posy—
Ah! now she is coming, I see,
Sleepy and dozy,
To cuddle up cosy,
And hush-a-by-baby with me.

—*Childrens' Picture Magazine.*

Leafless Human Trees.

Have we not most of us known in our time a leafless human tree or two—mere wintry, withered ghosts; gaunt, shrunken spectres of the summer of prosperity; stripped of their gay trappings, bankrupt alike in energy and success, deserted by the sunshine of friendship, social intercourse and the soft breezes of honeyed words, and left bare to the gloomy wretchedness of indifference or the merciless fury of active hate? At many a corner of our crowded streets we may find such "leafless trees," or we may jostle up against them in busy thoroughfares, scarcely noticing perhaps their various, and oftentimes forlorn, condition. Pluming ourselves with satisfaction on the amplitude of our own leafage, we are apt to forget how wintry the weather is to many of our brothers, and how impossible it is for us to say when the sunshine, to which we owe our freshness, shall be obscured—too prone to forget that, if leafless days should ever come, how we too may stand disregarded and alone; how grateful the shadow and protection which our thick green screen of prosperity now affords may be forgotten by those who were only too glad to seek the refuge and comfortable advantages it offered in its palmy days; how the shadow cast by the present ample foliage of our rooftree may be no longer remembered when the bitter frosts of adversity, by stripping the branches bare, have reduced it to a mere network of shade. Alas! unlike most of our friends, we human trees, when once stripped of our leaves, have seldom much hope of a returning spring. Sometimes—and we could wish that it was oftener—fresh buds and healthy vigorous shoots burst forth, and in a way we may recover resemblance of our former selves; but in most instances we, rather resemble that "leafless tree," which in the forest stands bare and barren, whilst his brothers renew their verdant hues with the warm sunshine and long days.

By agreement among the doctors in a town in Michigan, any person allowing his account to run over sixty days will be refused the services of a physician.

THIRTY-FOUR persons in the Insane Asylum at Indianapolis became insane from the excessive use of tobacco.

From Peterson's Magazine.

THE RUSTIC STUDENT.

'Aw——I say——rustic student!'

These words were drawled out, in broken sentences, just as we have written them.

Little Ruth looked up. She had been standing by the garden fence, reading an illustrated book of poems, which her father had given to her that morning as a birthday present. For Ruth, though only ten years old, was already a diligent student, and was, indeed, both more intelligent and better read than most girls of her age. She had come out here to have a quiet peep at her book, on her way to the spring for a pitcher of cool water.

As she looked up, she could hardly restrain a smile. In the middle of the high road, on a horse of which he seemed afraid, was a dandy-looking young man, with enormous yellow whiskers, that hung down on each side of his cheeks like those of a chimpanzee. An eye-glass was stuck into one eye, and held there, by some curious muscular process, which nearly upset Ruth's gravity.

'This is what the English novels,' she said to herself, 'call 'a swell,' I suppose. What a funny creature it is!'

But Ruth was instinctively too well-bred to utter these thoughts aloud. She dropped a low courtsey, shut her book, and said pleasantly:

'What is it you wish, sir?'

'It really speaks the pure vernacular,' was the reply. 'Aw——yes——can you tell me the way to Pineville?'

'Oh! yes, sir. Go on till you reach the top of the hill, and you'll see Pineville directly below you.'

'Aw——thank you!' And the stranger rode on. As soon as he was out of hearing, Ruth burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and then, taking up her pitcher tripped merrily toward the spring, singing as she went.

The next day, at the evening meal, Ruth's father said:

"I suppose I saw, to-day, a first-class city exquisite. It is young Grantly, who has just come of age, and who inherits the Morton farms. He is up here to look after his properties, and thinks of selling them. So I went to look at one of them. I have a few thousands lying in the bank, and I might as well invest it as not. The farm will make a nice dowry for you, some day, little one,' he added, looking at Ruth.

Ruth thought of the strange creature she had seen the day before. "Has this Mr. Grantly yellow whiskers,' she asked, 'like the little monkey we saw at the menagerie?'

'Yes!' answered her father, laughing. 'Why so?'

'Oh! I saw him yesterday,' replied Ruth; and she narrated the interview. 'Are all city folks like him?' she said, in conclusion.

'Not all. He is the exception. I fancy he thinks his drawl a proof of gentility, for I'm told the English nobility talk in that way. I remember his grandfather, Mr. Grantly, very well. The old man came here a day-laborer, but by hard work and saving, accumulated property, and died quite rich. The son went to the city, made some lucky speculations, and amassed a fortune also. This young man now inherits the estates of both his father and grandfather. He seems to be ashamed of his ancestry, especially of the grandfather, and wishes to sell his farms, because they smaeck too much, I suppose, of the plow. He has just brains enough to live a life of idleness, to be a dandy, and ape foreign manners. Well, it takes all sorts of people to make a world.'

Years passed. Little Ruth left the district school, after a while, and went to a famous institute for young ladies. While here her father died, and suddenly. The blow nearly broke Ruth's heart. Her mother had long been in her grave, and Ruth's nearest female relative was a cousin, a Mrs. Rawdon, who had married a rich merchant in New York. When the will was opened, it was found that Mr. Rawdon had been appointed Ruth's guardian and trustee. To his splendid Fifth avenue mansion, accordingly, Ruth went on leaving school.

Fashionable society was an entirely new world to her, but she soon reigned in it an acknowledged belle. For at eighteen Ruth was rarely beautiful. Her bright face, her graceful figure, her accomplishments, and her wit, made a combination of attractions not often met with; and before she had been out a single season, a dozen fortunes were laid at her feet. But somehow or other Ruth seemed hard to win. It puzzled Mrs. Rawdon, who said to her one day:

'My dear, you have the reputation of being impregnable, but you must look out for your heart now. Mr. Grantly is coming home for a winter, and the girls are all wild about him. He has lived in Europe for the last eight years, is a favorite at the Tuileries, and has an enormous fortune.'

'Mr. Grantly!' said Ruth. The name seemed familiar to her. Eight years! All at once she remembered the yellow whiskered horseman. She smiled to herself, but said nothing.

'You'll meet him soon, I dare say,' continued Mrs. Rawdon. 'His manners are said to be perfection.'

Ruth did meet Mr. Grantly, and recognised him immediately. The gentleman was not long in enrolling himself in her train. Ruth, however, was not particularly flattered; she supposed it was because she was the fashion. She received his bouquets, therefore, and other civilities, as she received those of other gentlemen, with outward courtesy, but real indifference. At times, however, she could hardly restrain herself, the talk of her admirer was so silly and affected.

'Pon honor, you astonish me,' Mr. Grantly said, one evening. 'Never been abroad! Why, there's an air—a something, aw—— never acquired any where else, which you have in perfection. Positively, now, it's a miracle.'

'Miracle or no miracle,' said Ruth, 'I've never been abroad. Really, Mr. Grantly, can't people be well-bred, unless they've been to Europe?'

'Aw——yes, a very few, perhaps—— as I've just said. But, you see, most persons here are nobodies——rustics and mechanics, and that sort of thing.'

'I am a farmer's daughter,' said Ruth, bluntly.

'You are making fun Pon honor, now, Miss Stanley, ain't you?'

'Pon honor, answered Ruth, mimicking him, 'no! I am a farmer's daughter, and rather proud of my parentage.'

Ruth did not intend to be personal; she had forgotten all about Mr. Grantly's antecedents; but she remembered his grandfather when she saw how painfully he blushed.

'Aw——yes——' said he, at last, rallying, 'wonders never cease. But now, really, I saw nobody equal to you—in manner even—all the while I was abroad.'

'It seems to me,' said Ruth, ignoring the compliment, 'that a good manner is only kindness of heart exhibited in ordinary social intercourse. True politeness is the carrying out, into common, life the maxim of Scripture, 'Do unto others as you would be done unto.' In that sense, good breeding is as common here as in Europe, and is practised as much by the people as by princes.'

'Aw—— of course——if you put it in that way.'

'Your true gentlemen and ladies are not those who ape foreign manners, but those who never pretend to be anything but themselves. Simplicity of character is your real nobility. A sham is always vulgar. But I beg your pardon. I am not in the habit of sermonizing. Suppose we join Mrs. Rawdon.'

Mr. Grantly had never heard such sentiments, in polite society, before. To say he was astonished hardly tells the whole truth. 'Pon honor, a regular Red Republican,' he said to himself that night, as he puzzled over the whole thing, while smoking his last cigar. 'Talks like Charlotte Corday, or Madame, what d'ye call her, that went to the scaffold saying something about Liberty. But then what a stunner she is for beauty. The Empress Eugenie, or the Princess of Wales, are nothing to her. Gad! what a figure she'd make at the head of a fellow's table. Only, if she should take it into her head to say these sort of things——' He stopped, aghast.

He kept away from Ruth for two days. But, at the end of that time, he gave in. Red Republican or not, he would marry her.

He was quite confident of success. He had been courted, all his life, by mothers on behalf of their daughters, and even by the daughters themselves, until he had come to think that he could have any girl, merely for the asking. It was true, he had begun to feel a little uneasy for the last week; and this is why, perhaps, he resolved to precipitate affairs; for a gentleman had suddenly made his appearance in Ruth's train, whom, at first, nobody knew, but who seemed quite a favorite with her, and an old one at that. 'A young lawyer from the country,' said one. 'The member of Congress from the tenth district,' remarked another. 'From Pineville,' declared an eminent lawyer at the club; and at that name Mr. Grantly winced, for it was at Pineville that his grandfather had lived; 'and one of the most rising of our young men. It is said the new Administration will certainly send him abroad as ambassador.'

The slight uneasiness became rather serious, when, on calling at Mrs. Rawdon's, Mr. Grantly met Mr. Robeson, the stranger, coming down the steps, his face radiant. 'Aw—— the fellow—— positively —— looks as if he had been accepted,' said Mr. Grantly to himself. Still, the idea, on the whole, was so preposterous, that he plucked up courage and rang the bell.

Ruth, at first, was evidently annoyed. But her natural amiability soon prevailed, and she asked Mr. Grantly, who began to fumble his hat, to take a seat. The poor man, by this time, was quite embarrassed. Offering his hand and fortune, to say nothing of his heart, was not, he found, quite so easy a thing as he had supposed. At last, however, he managed to make his meaning clear.

In justice to Ruth she was taken by surprise. She could have cried, partly out of pity for him, partly from mortification on her own account, if she had not known that her tears would have been misinterpreted. When Mr. Grantly had finished, she answered promptly, but kindly.

'I am so sorry for this,' she said. 'I am sensible of the honor you do me. But——' She stopped.

'Aw—— you don't mean,' he stammered, 'you can't be so cruel——'

The perspiration broke out all over his forehead. In his embarrassment and dismay he mopped it up just as any common 'rustic' would.

Ruth could hardly restrain smiling. But she felt for him.

'Yes! it is impossible,' she said.

'Impossible! You don't mean to say there's another fellow——'

This was too much for Ruth. She laughed in spite of herself, as she answered:

'Yes! There's another fellow; and that's just it! You probably met him on the steps. It is an old attachment,' she added, to soften the blow; 'going back almost to childhood, on both sides. And now, Mr. Grantly,' and she extended her hand, frankly, 'you have my secret. But it is not for the public as yet. Mr. Robeson prefers not to have the engagement announced till he receives notice officially of a certain appointment that has been promised him.'

'An appointment! Then it's true,' gasped Mr. Grantly. And he added, in a rueful tone, 'I don't wonder a fellow stood no chance——aw—— against a foreign minister.'

He went out, quite dazed, muttering, 'A foreign minister—bless my soul—a foreign minister.' And so he passes from our story.

What more have we to tell? How the official announcement came out, a few weeks later, of the appointment of the Hon. Joseph Robeson; how, in less than a month, subsequently, there was a brave wedding; and how little Ruth Stanley, becoming an ambassadress, dispensed the courtesies of her high position with the ease and grace of a born countess.

My little story has a moral. If you can find it, it is well: if you can not, I have written in vain.

Colored People at the North.

From N. Y. Tribune, of Saturday April 17.

SIR:—I learn this morning that some one from your (Tribune) office called here yesterday after I gone up town, to ascertain where a Canada colored man, recommended to you, could find hotel entertainment. I happen just now to be making the same injury for other persons who have applied to me from Massachusetts. There is no "respectable" hotel in this Christian city, so far as I know, where a colored man or woman, at any rate or compensation will be received. I have addressed a letter to the proprietors of all the first-class, respectable hotels, inquiring in regard to their accommodations for colored people. The letter and some of the replies to it are as follows:

NEW YORK, March 5, 1869.

A Massachusetts lady of wealth, intelligence, and culture, and her son a gentlemanly young man of liberal European education, wish to spend a week or two in this city, the last of this month, prior to his sailing for Europe by the Scotia, April 7. Both are colored. Can they at your hotel be provided with good rooms, be received at the public table, and have the same attention as other guests? Please give me an early answer, and oblige yours, very truly, A. M. POWELL.

Ed. National A. S. Standard, per A. A. T.

St. Nicholas.—"Never had an applicant before. The parties had better make a personal application."

Metropolitan.—"Very sorry, but could not possibly do so. Would lose all our guests, most likely, if we did."

Astor House.—"Impossible."

Fifth Avenue.—"Will give answer another time."

Hoffman House.—"Will send an answer."

Everett House.—"Proprietor in Massachusetts. Will send an answer when he returns Saturday.

St. James.—Sent letter declining.

Brevoort House.—Sent letter declining.

Westminister.—"Not possible. Would have every guest leave if we did."

Clarendon.—"Impossible to make any promises, as we are very full about that time. Besides; our guests are generally such as stay with us some time every year, and not like at other hotels come and go irregularly."

The *Times* recently had a long (Reporter's) article on the colored people of this city and their disabilities, a part of which was valuable. There is room for a better one, and perhaps some one hotel will be made brave enough to "conquer prejudice"

Yours, truly, A. P.

New York, March 30, 1869.

Advice to the Married.

Zchokke, in one of his tables, gives the following excellent advice:

In the first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him, and give a vow in return. Promise each other sacredly, never, not even in jest, to wrangle with each other—never brandy words or to indulge in the ill-humor. Never—I say, never! Wrangling in jest, putting on an air of ill-humor merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that! Next, promise each other, sincerely, and solemnly, never to keep a secret from each other, under whatever pretext, and whatever excuse it might be. You must continually, and every moment see, clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant but confess it. And as you keep nothing from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, and heart, from father, mother, brother, sister, aunt, and from all the world. You two with God's help, build your own quiet world. Every third or fourth one you draw in to it with you will form a party and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Remember the vow at each temptation.

The Fiddler Nero.

Nero was a striking instance that music has not *always* that humanizing effect which is generally ascribed to it. He was passionately devoted to the art, and held public contentions for superiority with the most celebrated professors of it in Greece and Rome. The solicitude with which this detestable tyrant cultivated his vocal powers is curious, and seems to throw some light on the practices of singer in ancient times. He used to lie on his back with a thin plate of lead on his stomach; he took frequent emetics and cathartics; abstained from all kinds of fruit, and from such meats as were held to be prejudicial to singing. Apprehensive of injuring his voice, he at length desisted from haranguing the soldiery and the senate; and after his return from Greece, he established an officer to regulate his tones in speaking.

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