THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 16, 1870. NO. 48.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,
141 Pratt street,
Near Light, Baltimore.

SOLE AGENTS for the following First Class Standard Machines:

WOOD'S SELF-RAKER REAPERS, $165.
Self-Raker Reaper and Mowing Attachment, $205.

WOOD'S JOINT-BAR MOWER,
4 ft. 3 in. cut, $125.

These Machines are too well known to need any commendation from us.

WESTINGHOUSE THRESHERS AND CLEANERS,

PELTON OR TRIPPLE-GEARED POWERS,

Warranted to suit purchasers, or no sale.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN GRAIN DRILLS,
The farmer's favorite, with improvements for the next season, rendering them the most superior Drill in the wide world.

NOVELTY WHEEL HORSE RAKE,
The simplest and most complete and consequently most desirable rake in use: price $45.

McKENNEY'S GRUB AND STUMP PULLERS,
Worthy the attention of those who have new grounds to clear and old peach orchards to take up; takes up old peach trees by the roots with the greatest facility.

☞ Constantly on hand and for sale every variety of Implement and Machine needed on the farm, from a Portable Engine to a Hand Grain or Hay Rake.

Fresh and genuine FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS, &c.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,
June 5—tf. 141 Pratt st., Balt.

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. 25, 1869—y.

C. T. R.

ATTENTION.

1st.

TO MY LARGE and VARIED STOCK OF GOODS,

Embracing the *Largest* and the *Best* assortment of all descriptions that I have ever offered to the Public, it would be almost an impossibility to enumerate the various kinds and qualities, and the only way to find out is to give me a call and save money by *buying of me for the CASH.*

2nd.

To my full and beautiful line of CASSIMERES,

BOUGHT TO MATCH IN SUITS,

together with assortments of Beaver & French Cloths for Overcoats, and to the fact that

MR. WM. GREENBURG,
Fashionable Tailor, formerly of Philadelphia,

now occupies rooms over my store: I am therefore prepared to furnish to order Clothing of all Styles, to suit the most fastidious.

3rd.

I am Agent for the justly celebrated

Grover & Baker Sewing Machines,

which I keep constantly on hand in a room fitted up for the purpose, where they are open to inspection to all that wish to buy. This Machine is so well and favorably known, that only an examination is necessary to accomplish a sale.

4th.

Lastly, I call the attention of my customers

To my complete Stock of Liquors,

consisting of

WHISKEY, BRANDY, WINE, GIN,

&c., which I will constantly keep on hand until further notice. Especial attention is called to my *SUPERIOR OLD COGNAC BRANDY, HOLLAND GIN* and *PURE RYE WHISKEY,* which I bought especially for MEDICINAL purposes and family use.

Any of the above articles can be bought CHEAP FOR CASH, at

E. W. P[illegible]ELL'S
GALE[illegible]ND.

N. B.—*Country Produce* and *Poultry* dressed for the Philadelphia market, taken in exchange for Merchandise, or the Cash.
Galena, November 16, 1869.

FOR SALE.

100,000 Healthy Peach Trees,
OF CHOICE VARIETIES.

☞ *Send for Price List, &c.*

E. R. COCHRAN,
Middletown, Del.
Sept. 25, 1869—6m.

JOHN P. RINGGOLD,
175 Balt. street,

OFFERS the following inducements to the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's Counties:

For Ladies.

Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Fine Wool Under Vests.
Fine Wool Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Vests.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Balmoral Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Castor and Cloth Gloves.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Misses.

Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Patent Merino Stockings.
Scarlet Cashmere Stockings.
Black Cashmere Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Cloth and Castor Gloves.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Fleecy Cotton Hosiery.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Gentlemen.

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.
Undershirts and Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Under Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Shirts.
Scarlet Cashmere Drawers.
Buckskin Shirts & Drawers.
Buck and Cloth Goves.
Kid and Castor Gloves.
Scarfs, Ties and Socks.

For Youth.

Patent Merino Shirts.
Patent Merino Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Drawers.
Fine Woollen Hosiery.
Knitted Mits and Gloves.
Wristlets, Mittens.
Suspenders, Ties.
Merino Stockings.
Roman Scarfs and Ties.

Dec. 11, 1869—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, 1870—y

NEW FALL GOODS, AT KENNEDYVILLE.

C. W. WARREN has just opened a large, well-selected stock of seasonable

Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.,

bought on good terms, and will be sold as low, for cash or Produce, as they can be purchased anywhere in this county.

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

A large stock of all kinds, at low prices.

MALLALIEU'S CEREBRATED CASSIMERES, and KERSEYS, in great variety.

☞ Call and See our STOCK ☜
No trouble to show Goods.
Kennedyville, Nov. 6, 1869.

FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The Democratic Almanac for 1870.

We have now in press, and will publish about the 1st of January, THE DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC for 1870. It will contain, besides the usual matter of all Almanacs, full and official returns of the elections held this year, compared with previous ones, the most important Acts of the last session of Congress, lists of Federal and State officers, members of Congress, chronology of all the important events of the year, statistical and other information indispensible to every politician, planter, farmer, merchant or mechanic.

All orders will be filled according to the date of their reception. The cash must accompany all orders.

TERMS:

Single copies, by mail, prepaid,	$0 20
Seven copies, by mail, prepaid,	1 00
Fifteen copies, by mail, prepaid,	2 00
One hundred copies, by express,	12 00

Address,
VAN EVRIE, HORTON & CO.,
Publishers, No. 162 Nassau st.,
Nov. 20, 1869. New York.

CIGARS & CONFECTIONERY.

TOBACCO! TOBACCO!!

RICHARD B. RUSSELL having removed to the Old Stand on High St., below T. B. Hynson's, is now

Manufacturing Cigars

with a view to supplying the store-keepers as CHEAP AS THEY CAN BE BOUGHT IN THE CITY!

Chewing Tobacco of all grades,
both natural and sweet; and also Fine Cut.



A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
Smoking Tobacco, SNUFF AND PIPES.
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
CANDIES AND FRUITS.

☞ A good smoke or a good chew may always be had at

RICHARD B. RUSSELL'S.
Chestertown, Jan. 8, 1870—tf.

For Sale,
A TEN YEARS' SCHOLARSHIP in Dickinson College. Apply to
E. F. PERKINS,
Aug. 28, 1869. Chestertown, Md.

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE IN GALENA.

THOMAS H. HORSEY.

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Fitz James spoke thus to Rhoderic Dhu,
And so, kind friends, we'll say to you,
That we intend to sell
Goods as cheap as they can be bought in Kent.

We now offer to the Public at LOW RATES for *CASH* or *COUNTRY PRODUCE,* a General Assortment of Goods, just purchased from NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA markets.

OUR STOCK OF DRY GOODS
Is Hard to Beat.

Always on hand a full supply of

FAMILY GROCERIES
And Choice Liquors.

A well-selected stock of Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hosiery and Gloves, Builders' and House Keeping Hardware; Queens, Stone and Cedar Ware—a full stock in this Line, to suit all tastes.

☞ Ladies *DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS, NOTIONS* and *TRIMMINGS* we make a speciality.

MALLALIEU'S KERSEYS and CASSIMERES, *very cheap.*

Turner's celebrated Axes, just received.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS!
Give us a call, and we'll suit you all.
Galena, October 30, 1869—y.

Notice.

I AM COMPELLED, for self-protection, to forbid, and do hereby forewarn, all parties from trespassing, by hauling, walking or riding through, or with dog or gun hunting upon "Afton Farm" after this date.

ANNIE E. S. RICAUD.
March 26, 1870—1m.

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.

Notice to Creditors.

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

DANIEL HANES,
late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of September, 1870; otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 15th day of March, 1870.

E. ADAMS VANNORT,
March 19, 1870—tf. Executor.

County Commissioners' Notice.

THE Commissioners of Kent County will meet at their office in Chestertown, on

Tuesday, the 22d day of February, 1870,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will continue to meet at the same hour EVERY TUESDAY, until the 3d day of May next.

All persons who have sold or transferred any assessable property since the general valuation and assessment of 1869, are particularly requested to attend at an early day and have their Tax accounts adjusted. After *TUESDAY, the 3d day of MAY* next, no alteration in the assessment will be made during the present year.

The Standard Keeper

will be appointed on *Tuesday, the 5th day of April.* The salary of the Standard Keeper has been fixed at $30 for the present year.

The Tax Collectors,

one from each Election District, will be appointed on *Tuesday, the 26th day of April.* By that time all persons having accounts against the County, are requested to bring in the same, otherwise they will not get into this year's levy. All accounts presented will be required to be under oath.

All persons who intend to make application for pensions, (including those who received pensions last year,) must appear before the County Commissioners on or before *the third day of May* next, with their petitions, in writing, stating the residence, condition and circumstances of the applicant, and signed by two or more persons having a knowledge of the facts therein set forth.

By order. JOHN RUSSELL,
Clerk to Commr's. for Kent Co.
Feb. 19, 1870—tf.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.

ESTATE of Wm. N. Brice, deceased.

On application, ordered, that Martha Brice, Administratrix of William N. Brice, deceased, give notice by advertisement that a dividend on the Personal Estate of said deceased will be made in this Court on TUESDAY, the 3d day of May, 1870.

Test: EDWIN CROUCH,
Register of Wills.

N. B.—All creditors of William N. Brice are hereby notified and requested to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Register of Wills, on or before TUESDAY, the 3rd day of May, 1870, or they will otherwise be excluded from the dividend in the Personal Estate.

MARTHA BRICE,
April 9, 1870—4t. Administratrix.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF LUMBER on reasonable terms, for sale by
T. W. ELIASON & SON.

Selected Poetry.

DEAD IN THE STREET.

Under the lamp-light, dead in the street,
Delicate, fair, and only twenty,
There she lies,
Face to the skies,
Starved to death in a city of plenty.
Spurned by all that is pure and sweet,
Passed by busy and careless feet—
Hundreds bent upon folly and pleasure,
Hundreds with plenty of time and leisure—
Leisure to speed Christ's mission below,
To teach the erring and raise the lowly—
Plenty in charity's name to show
That life has something divine and holy.

Boasted charms—classical brow,
Delicate features—look at them now;
Look at her lips—once they could smile;
Eyes—well, nevermore shall they beguile;
Nevermore, nevermore words of hers
A blush shall bring to the saintliest face.
She had found, let us hope and trust,
Peace in a higher and better place.
And yet, despite of all, still I ween,
Joy of some hearth she must have been.
Some fond mother fond of the task,
Has stooped to finger the dainty curl;
Some proud father has bowed to ask
A blessing for her, his darling girl.
Hard to think, as we look at her there,
Of all the tenderness, love and care,
Lonely watching and sore heart-ache,
All the agony, burning tears,
Joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Breathed and suffered for her sweet sake.

Fancy will picture a home afar,
Out where the daisies and buttercups are,
Out where life-giving breezes flow,
Far from those sodden streets, foul and low;
Fancy will picture a lonely hearth,
And an aged couple dead to mirth,
Kneeling beside a bed to pray,
Or lying awake o'nights to hark
For a thing that may come in the rain and the dark,
A hollow-eyed woman, with weary feet,
Better they never know
She whom they cherished so
Lies this night lone and low—
Dead in the street.

The Flower Forget-Me-Not.

Mills, in his work on chivalry, mentions that the beautiful little flower called "forget-me-not," was known in England as early as the time of Edward IV.; and, in a note, he gives the following pretty incident in explanation of the name:

"Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake, on a fine summer's evening, when the lady discovered some flowers of the Mysostis growing on the water, close to the bank of an island, at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when her knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and, swimming to the spot, cropped the wished-for plant—but his strength was unable to fulfill the object of his achievement; and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and, casting a last affectionate look upon his lady-love, he said 'forget-me-not,' and was buried in the water."

Numbering the hairs of the head.

It is a vain task, one might suppose, to set to work to number the hairs of the head. "As the hairs of the head, or the sands of the sea," is a favorite Oriental metapher to express an innumerable host. Yet there are those who have attempted this incredible labor. Nor is it a very great task to make some approximation. Thus, we know there are 120 square inches covered with hair, on a head of average size. Take a single square inch, where the hair seems of an average thickness, and count how many they are. It can be done in a short time. The result will be, in a healthy scalp, from 800 to 1,200, say in round numbers 1,000. Multiply this by 120, and we have 120,000 as the average number of hairs on the head.

EDUCATION.—Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look; a father's nod of approbation, or his sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with a handful of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with a bird's nest admired but not touched; with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good—to God himself!

☞ An Irish boy, trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish.

"I don't know what you [illegible] being an Irishman," [illegible]emen, who was about [illegible]; "but this I do know, you were born in Ireland."

"Och! your honor, if that's all, small to blame that. Suppose your old cat had kittens in the oven, would they be losses of bread?"

The boy got the place.

GRANDFATHERS.—The Marquis de B— was at a fancy costume ball, habited as a marquis of the Louis XV. era. Prince Lucien Murat met him, and maliciously inquired if it was the dress of his grandfather. "Monseigneur," replied the marquis, "if everybody here wore the dress of his grandfather, it is not I who would be the most uncomfortable."

The Story of De Latude.

De Latude was a Frenchman of great perseverance and courage, who in 1749, having offended Madame La Pompadour, the favorite of King Louis XV., was arrested and thrown into the Bastile. He was then a young man of twenty-four, full of health, strength, and spirit. You will not wonder, therefore—especially if you read the account of this prison in a recent number of *Hearth & Home*—that after he had been there about eight months he began to contrive plans of escape

Strange to say, he did manage, by stratagem, to get past the guards or sentries without being discovered, and actually made his way out of prison.

Then, instead of hurrying to get as far from Paris as possible, he preferred to stay in the city and write to the King, telling him of his escape, and begging for forgiveness. To his horror and indignation, he was seized the very next day, and once more sent back to his dreadful dungeon. They promised him his freedom, however, if he would confess how he managed his flight, so that for the future it could be impossible for any prisoner to escape in the same way. Latude consented, and after he had made a full confession, his wicked captors placed him in stricter confinement than ever.

The poor man was in despair. He vented his rage in writing savage verses against Madame La Pompadour. As a punishment, he was at once ordered to be locked up in one of the worst cells in the roof. The prison-governor was a kind-hearted man, and granted him a companion, who however died, a raving maniac, in about six months. The next companion was stronger and braver. De Latude soon confided in him, and the two men began earnestly to carry out a daring plan of escape.

It appears that Latude was abundantly supplied with clothing at his own expense, and very little attention was paid as to what became of it. There were weightier things to attend to in that crowded prison than whether the wretched prisoners in the roof was wasteful of his own or not. All this was well for him, as you shall see.

His cell opened into the chimney, tho' the opening was barred across with heavy iron rods set into the solid masonry. His path was to get up the chimney and out on the roof, and from there, by means of a ladder fastened on one of the eight towers of the prison to descend into the trench that surrounded the building.

"Latude," says the *Chatterbox,* from whose pages we gather some of the points in this account, "had discovered an empty space between the floor of their cell and the ceiling of the chamber beneath them. Here they hid their tools, made out of any pieces of iron they could get from their furniture or utensils. It took them six months to break away the bars from the chimney; they moistened the mortar by sprinkling water on it, and they labored at this till their knuckles and elbows often bled. When they were exhausted, they worked at their ladders and ropes; the steps of the former were made of the fagots which they had for their fire. The two ladders were, together, fifty feet in length. Beside these, the prisoners possessed a bundle of ropes 360 feet long, the materials of which were thirteen dozen shirts, two dozen pairs of silk stockings, eighteen pairs of drawers, three dozen napkins, a great many light caps and pocketh[illegible]andkerchiefs. For letting down the ladders, they had a quantity of thinner lines; in all, a length of 1400 feet.—Both worked for eighteen months."

We can scarcely imagine the fears and hopes of the prisoners, when on the night of February 25th, 1756, they began their dangerous undertaking. Latude went first up the chimney, and reached the roof in safety. He then let down the string to Alegre, his companion, who tied the ladders and ropes, and Latude drew them up. Alegre soon after came up, too. They crept on to the platform. The night was pitch-dark, and it rained in torrents. Latude fastened the rope-ladders to the end of a cannon, then tied the rope round his waist, and swinging down in the dark night began slowly to descend toward the abyss below. "I was almost fainting," he says, "and feared to be dashed against the wall, so strong was the wind." At last he reached the ditch, and Alegre soon after joined him. They plainly heard the pacing of the sentinel in the gallery, but went noiselessly onward, up to their necks in the water of the trench. Just then the sentries made their rounds, and the light from their lanterns fell upon them. The fugitives had to dip down, and keep their heads under water for the moment. To get out of the Bastile they now had to break a hole through the outer wall.—They succeeded in nine hours. At five A. M. they were in the Charenton-road.—"We fell into each other's arms and wept," says Latude. [illegible] safety.

T[illegible] in P[illegible] who [illegible] thousands who were glad. But Madame la Pompadour was furious. The King promised that Latude's liberty should last no longer than it would take to find him. He was soon arrested at Amsterdam, and taken again to the Bastile.

For more than three years he sat in a dungeon, chained hand and foot. All the light and air he had came through two little holes. He was obliged to sleep on mouldy straw, and his food was hardly fit for a dog. He became a pitiable object, but he did not die. At last, because the water rose in his cell, he was removed to another. Here, it was said, with fish-bones for his pens, and blood for his ink, he wrote a treatise for the king, giving valuable advice concerning an improved postal system, and a new way of infantry attack. These were adopted by the government, but Latude was not set free.

Two years afterward, Madame La Pompadour died, and when Latude heard of it he sent a petition to the Lieutenant-General of the Police asking for his liberty. He might have obtained it, had he been willing to betray the name of the person who sent him the news of the marchioness's death; but as he would not do this, the Lieutenant-General ordered him to be put into still stricter confinement, with only bread and water for food. Soon after he was taken from the Bastile, and from there he managed to escape. Then what do you think he did? Why, he wrote to the authorities, telling of his success, and, of course, he was again caught and cast into a dungeon, and this time in such a dungeon that in it the poor man longed for the cells of the Bastile. His sufferings were dreadful; but help came at last. Louis XV. died, and through the influence of a friend, Latude was set at liberty. Again, falling under suspicion, he was made State prisoner, and lay in a gloomy dungeon for years. At last he won the compassion of a jailer, and prevailed on him to take charge of a letter in which he begged for mercy. This letter the jailer lost, but it was found by a noble-hearted woman named Legros. She was only a washerwoman, but she had the courage and endurance of a heroine. She took it whither it was addressed; she did all she could for her unknown prisoner. For three years the little woman worked on; she won over great men to the cause which she had at heart. She interested the Cardinal de Rohan and Madame Necker in the case; and finally, to her great joy, on the 22d day of March, 1784, Latude was set at liberty. In the same year, the French Academy awarded a prize to Madame Legros for her noble efforts in behalf of the suffering man. She took him to her own house until he should recover his health and strength. He was awarded a small pension, and afterward, in 1733, he brought a suit for damages against the heirs of Madame La Pompadour, and was granted the sum of 60,000 francs (over $11,000 of our money) by the Republic.

After this, he lived quietly and comfortably, writing essays, preparing a history of his own life, and enjoying the pleasures and privileges of a favored French citizen.

In 1803 he died, after having spent 35 years of his life in prison; but what changes had taken place since the day when, at the age of twenty-four, he entered Paris an ambitious but unknown student! Louis XV. and Madame La Pompadour were no more; the French Revolution, which began by the destruction of the Bastile in July, 1789, had passed by with all its scenes of horror and triumph; Louis XVII. had died in prison and Napoleon Bonaparte was Emperor of France.—*Hearth & Home.*

Fine Dressing.

Appleton's Journal thinks that the wearing of fine dresses by church-going ladies is not so reprehensible a practice after all. It says:

"Man and woman in pure linen, in unstained apparel, in choice personal adornment, have a sense of dignity and elevation which those in slovenly garb do not experience. And it is no particular sin if this sort of elevation is carried a little too far. Pride, of course, often enters into fine dressing, and many women particularly are fond of flaunting their fine feathers in people's eye's; but a great majority love handsome dressing in obedience to an instinct of refinement—in consequence of that sense of personal purity which accompanies the wearing of choice apparel—and hence we see perfect congruity in the well-dressed crowds that pour through our streets on Sundays, wending their way to the place of prayer. And our most fashionable congregations, if exhibiting a little too much of ultra elegance, even if showing unmistakably the presence of pride and vain glory in too large a proportion for the spiritual welfare of the worshippers, have yet an air of sobriety, are reverential in manner, at least—conditions that seem to have been somewhat different in former times, it we can credit Mr. J. C. Jefferson, who, in his new *Book about the Clergy,* gives us some striking pictures of church assemblies in the olden times."

The Best Deodorizer.

Dry earth has recently been introduced as a deodorizer, and the result of the new process is reported to be perfectly effective. Among other illustrations, it is stated that the meat preserving establishment near Melbourne, Australia, where 30,000 sheep are frequently slaughtered in one day, there is not the slightest smell, in consequence of the use of dry earth as a deodorising agent. This [illegible] deodorising power of [illegible] years ago, though it [illegible] known to the ancients, is one which has important bearing upon agriculture and upon the treatment of manures. It shows that its absorbing qualities are very great, and it should be mixed to a much larger extent than it commonly is, with composts and with all rapidly-decaying substances, to hold the gases that are rapidly given off in the process of putrefaction. This power of dry earth consists not only in the absorption of moisture of decaying substances and all animal excrement, but likewise of their odor and offensiveness. It is due in part of the clay in its composition, and to decomposed organic matter in soils, especially when dried and sifted or otherwise rendered fine. It is a somewhat curious fact that this characteristic of the earth was recognised in the old Mosaic law, as we see in the twelfth and thirteenth verses of the twenty-third chapter of Deuteronomy, and it is a matter of common observation that instinct teaches animals of the race to bury all offensive excrementitious matter. By the more frequent use of fine dry earth we might economize and save, without much labor or inconvenience, the most valuable materials on the farm, and remove the objection to the handling of such substances as are offensive to the smell.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

The Pocket First Converted.

When God converts a sinner, he makes him a new man—a "a new creature" in Christ Jesus. If he has been a hoarding, covetous man, by God's renewing grace, he becomes a liberal disbursing Christian. "If he possesses wealth," as the good Thomas Scott says, "he will immediately think of becoming a faithful steward; tho' he may not be called actually to leave all, and follow his Lord, yet he will begin without any express command to employ a considerable part in charitable purposes, according to the degree of his faith and love. When we see such 'fruits meet for repentance,' we may conclude that salvation is come to the sinner's heart."

So it was with Zaccheus, when Jesus converted him. He came down from the sycamore of Jericho, a large-hearted, liberal, generous Christian. He became at once—instantaneously—a new man, a faithful steward. In the presence of the crowd, on the spot, he avowed to the Lord, his new Master, his determination to honor Him largely with the substance. "Half" of his estate, honestly acquired, he would "give to the poor"—to charitable uses. "I give," says he, that is, I do give,—"it shall be a continuous thing, a constant habit, a living legacy with me."

He was converted in the right place—in the pocket. The first place where Christ converts every sinner. Here is where He converted the poor fishermen. They left all, as a consequence, and followed Him. Here is where He converted Matthew, the publican, who did the same thing. Here is where He tried to convert the young ruler, but he could not stand it. "He went away" from Christ, "sorrowful, for he had great possessions." Here is where He converted the early Christians. Many of them "sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all, as every man had need." They laid their treasures at the apostles' feet to be used in the loving cause of Jesus. Dr. Adam Clarke said a great many good things. He never said a better thing than when he said, "The being converted all but the purse, is no conversion at all."—The conversion of the pocket or the purse, is the best evidence of the conversion of the heart. If it is not converted the heart is not converted.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Distraining a Baby's Cradle for Rent.

A curious and novel case was tried before Mr. Justice Wiles, at the spring Assizes of the Northern Circuit in England, held at Durham last month. Bridget McIntyre, an Irish woman, was charged with the manslaughter of one George Vasey, at a place called Willington, on the 1st of February of the present year. The circumstances of the homicide was peculiar.

Vasey, the deceased, was a sheriff's officer. The prisoner's husband had failed to pay his rent, and this bailiff went to the house to distrain for it. There he found the prisoner, her husband being absent at the time. In the room which he entered was her baby, lying quietly in its cradle. Whether the bailiff was unable to find anything else or not does not clear-appear; but, at all events, he told the woman he must have that crade. She very naturally refused to let him take it, saying he might have everything else there was in the house, but not that. He insisted, and the alteration between them, thus begun, was brought to a climax by the bailiff, who turned the baby out of the cradle, which he passed to an under-bailiff standing at the door. The exasperated mother seized the first offensive weapon at hand, which was, as it happened, a rolling pin. With this she struck the officer two heavy blows on the head, and as he retreated she flung an earthenware jug at him. This was broken to pieces over his head.

The bailiff departed. He went home, to his bed, and, after an illness of six days, died of erysipelas and extravasation of blood on the brain. It was not maintained on the part of the defence that death resulted from any other cause than the blows inflicted by the angry woman.

The jury found the prisoner guilty [illegible] with a recommendation to mercy. [illegible] recommendation was most favorably [illegible] sidered by the Court, and Justice Wiles ordered that she should find two sureties in twenty pounds (about one dollars) each to keep the peace for twelve months, and [illegible] upon so doing she should be discharged. He said, in the course of the trial, that the distraint of the cradle was quite illegal, and being so, the woman used no more force than was necessary to resist it; a bailiff might as well distrain a shirt upon a person's back as a cradle with a child in it. Even a horse upon which a man is riding cannot legally be distrained, much less a baby's cradle in which the baby lay.

GIVING AND RECEIVING.—The saying that "there is more pleasure in giving than receiving" is supposed to apply to kicks, medicine, and advice.

CHOPS.—The best place in the world for chops is China, where persons of the highest rank have alone the privilege of serving them.

ABOVE A FOOL.—A fellow who occupied a berth directly over a lawyer began to grow restless. The lawyer noticing that his restlessness increased, asked, "I say, are you a fool?" "No, sir, I am above a fool."

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