THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 21, 1870. NO. 1.

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 Dri'l 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 Holiday.*
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 accom plish 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 or MEDICINAL purposes and family use.

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

E. W. PURNELL'S
GALENA, MD.

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

ROAD NOTICE.

THIRTY DAYS after date of this notice, the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners to widen the Public Road on the Eastern side, commencing at or near Muddy Creek, to or near the Causeway over the lands of Mrs. H. L. Spencer.

J. P. DeCORSE,
April 30, 1870—5t. and others.

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

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.

FARMERS,
LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!
AT
The Galena Machine Shops,
BY
W. A. HYLAND & CO.

YOU CAN GET *REAPERS, MOWERS, THRESHERS. HORSE-POWERS, JACKS, CORN SHELLERS, CULTIVATORS, CULTIVATOR TEETH* and *PLOWS.* We have on hand about

Fifteen Tons of Castings,
As Good as can be Bought in the State.

ALSO, ONE HORSE POWERS,

suitable for shelling corn, and other light work. A number one article, as tested by some of our best farmers.

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
☞ Old Iron wanted, at market prices.

GIVE US A CALL.

GOOD WORK AND FAIR DEALING!
IS OUR MOTTO.
Galena, Jan. 29, 1870—10m.

STATE OF MARYLAND MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF BALTO.
Office, No. 196, *W. Balt. st.*

THIS Company Insures on the Mutual plan, Buildings and Personal Property against loss or damage by fire. The entire profits returned to the policy holders.

B. G. HARRIS, President.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
FRANCIS NEALE, of Neale, Harris & Co.,
S. H. CAUGHY, of Noah Walker & Co.,
C. McCULLY, of Poumalrat & [illegible]
PHILIP T. GEORGE, of George & Jenkins,
B. G. HARRIS, late of Neale, Harris & Co.,
HON. GEO. BRENT, of Court of Appeals,
GEORGE P. JENKINS, of Charles County,
GEORGE COMBS, of St. Mary's County.

☞ WANTED—An active man as Agent to represent the above company in Kent Co.
Sept. 25, 1869—y.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,
DEALER IN
SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS, Musical Instruments
AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE
Of Every Description.

Read the following:
GUITARS from $4 to $60.
VIOLINS from $2 to $60.
ACCORDEONS $3 to $25.
FLUTES $2 to $30.

Violoncellos, Drums, Fifes, Cornets, Concertinas, Flageolets, Mouth Organs, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

INSTRUCTION BOOKS
For every Musical Instrument, at publishers prices—from thirty cents to six dollars.

CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL Music Books,
Glee, Opera and Sacred Chorus Books,
IN ENDLESS VARIETY,

Sheet Music
FOR EVERY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

☞ Music, Music Books, and small articles, mailed to any address, free of postage.

Excellent assortment of Piano Stools covered with Hair Cloth, Red and Green Rep and Plush—from $5 to $12.

A choice lot of German, French and Italian
GUITAR, VIOLIN, BANJO AND VIOLONCELLO STRINGS,
fifteen cents each, and upwards.

TUNING FORKS, TUNING HAMMERS, PEGS, ROSIN, BRIDGES, REEDS, BOW HAIR, MUSIC PAPER, MUSIC FOLIOS, MUSIC WHAT-NOTS, VIOLIN AND GUITAR CASES: Agent for

TILTON'S PATENT GOLD MEDAL GUITAR
The most excellent and durable Guitar in the World; tone rich, full, brilliant.

HARMONICS,
Loud and clear. Price from $30 to $60, in in Case, with extra set of Strings.

ENCLOSE the price you wish to pay for anything in our line, and you will receive the article, by earliest conveyance, the same and as much to your advantage as if you made the selection in person.

CATALOGUES
and information sent free, on application.

REMEMBER, it is no more trouble or expense to send Music one thousand miles than it is one mile: therefore, send directly to us, and save both trouble and expense.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,
No. 178 West Baltimore street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
May 14, 1870—y.

LA PIERRE HOUSE,
Baltimore.

THE undersigned has the pleasure of announcing to his friends of Kent and the adjoining counties, and the public generally, that he has *leased* the large and commodious

New Hotel,
situated on the
Corner of Calvert and Franklin Streets,
opposite Northern Central Depot.

Having been engaged for the last twenty years in conducting popular Hotels, I feel assured of being able to meet all just expectations of the traveling community in managing the LA PIERRE HOUSE in a style equal to any Hotel in the City.

Very respectfully,
JOHN C. VOSHELL.
May 7, 1870—3m.

KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.



The Kent County Railroad being completed to Kennedyville, Trains will be run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for freight and passengers, between Kennedyville and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Railroad,

Commencing on Monday, May 2d, 1870, and run as follows, until further notice:

GOING EAST.

Leave Kennedyville	7:00	A. M.
" Black's	7:10	"
" Lambson's	7:25	"
" Massey's	7:50	"
" Morris'	8:00	"
" Vandyke's	8:15	"
Arrive at Townsend	8:30	"

GOING WEST.

Leave Townsend	11:40	A. M.
" Vandyke's	11:55	"
" Morris'	12:05	P. M.
" Massey's	12:25	"
" Lambson's	12:40	"
" Black's	12:50	"
Arrive at Kennedyville	1:00	"

☞ Passengers from Kennedyville, and all Stations on the Kent County Railroad, will reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philadelphia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:05, P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroad will leave Baltimore (President street depot) at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corner Broad street and Washington Avenue,) at 8:30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10:10, A. M.

A STAGE will run between Chestertown and Kennedyville, making close connection at the latter place with trains East and West. It will leave Chestertown at 5:30, A. M., and returning, leave Kennedyville on arrival of train, and reach Chestertown about 2:30, P. M.

J. B. WINGATE,
Chief Engineer and Superintendent.
April 30, 1870—tf.

Selected Poetry.

The World would be better for it.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle fields and glory;
If writ in human hearts, a name
Seemed better than a song and story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate and to abhor it;
If more relied on Love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and land;
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal!
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it,
If "yours" and "mine" would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of Life;
And fewer spoil in its rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheathe its knife,
Till Good became more universal;
If custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If Talent shone for Truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If right made might in every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

HAVING, recently, perused with much pleasure a little book containing manuscript Memoirs of the old Physicians of Kent county, by their only surviving cotemporary, we hope the author will not object to our giving the readers of the Transcript the benefit of the same.

The subjects of these memoirs have all passed from earths' theatre, but their names are household words in very many families of the county.

DR. JAMES M. ANDERSON.

In the period embraced by these memoirs, the first among the members of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Kent County is the venerated name of Dr. Jas. M. Anderson. He was a son of Dr. James Anderson who was born in Scotland, and emigrated thence to Chestertown, but at what time is not now known. He lived in, and probably built the house still standing in the upper end of Cannon St., Chestertown, where his son, the subject of this memoirs, his grandson Dr. James M. Anderson, Jr., and his great grandson Dr. Alexander Anderson were born, lived and practised. I have heard my Preceptor Dr. Browne say that he remembered the emigraut and that he was considered eminent in his day.

When his son grew up to manhood, he was sent to Edinburgh—then the most celebeated medical school in the world—under those great men Cullen and Monro—the first being professor of Medicine; the latter professor of Anatomy. How long he remained in Edinburgh is not now known. He returned to Chestertown without a regular Diploma, but armed with an ample and flattering certificate signed by the Faculty of the University.

The theatre of his professional life was Chestertown and the surrounding country, including part of of Queen Anne's county—beyond Chester river. His residence was in the town many years—until the marriage of his son. He then removed to his farm, a few miles distant—where, with a short interval of return after the death of his son's wife he remained until the close of his life in 1820, in the 70th year of his age.

In his long professional life he achieved and most justly, a reputation, at home and abroad, which few before or since have enjoyed; and an extent of practice limited only by his ability to attend to it, though much his junior I remembered to have attended some cases with him. It was his custom, in consultations with his brethern to discuss in a clear and satisactory way the cases brought under his attention—their causes, morbed condition and treatment—and I do not hesitate to say that it was more profitable to the young practitioner to listen to him on such occasions than to study the most elaborate treatise on the same subject by the best author.—His language was clear and chaste—learned and eminently calculated to instruct.

In one feature of his character he excelled all whom I have known. His piety was deep and sincere; and his whole walk—social, professional and religious, was such as to attract the attention and command the admiration of all. In all bad cases it was his custom to kneel by the bed of his patient in earnest payer to God for help, and for the recovery and spiritual welfare of the sick and the family to which he belonged. Towards the end of his life he was for many months so feeble that when he arrived at the house of the sick he was obliged to lie down before he prescribed. [illegible] to call while able to get into his *chaise*, a kind of single carriage then altogether used by Physicians. When at last he was unable to rise from bed, he sent for his son, Dr. J. M. Anderson, Jr., Dr. Browne and myself. We all promptly obeyed the call—and when assembled in his chamber, he addressed us in the following words: indeed he said much more—but these words are distinctly remembered after a lapse of 40 years. "I have sent for you, Gentlemen, believing it to be my duty to use the means placed in our hands for my recovery—if it be the Lord's will. I promise to obey your orders and take any thing you may prescribe. But *I know that all your skill and all your efforts will be in vain, and I am satisfied that it should be so.—I am willing and ready to die when it shall please the Lord to call me.*" It was a sad but beautiful sight! To look upon that calm and venerable countenance—his hoary locks falling over his head and shoulders—his dark eye beaming intelligence and love! He had finished his course"—he had "kept the faith"—and was calmly waiting for his crown! We had all known him long as the venerated patriarch of the profession. We admired him for his learning and eminent talents—but we loved him for the kindness and tenderness of his heart!

During his last illness an affecting incident occurred. Two ladies—Mrs. Alphonsa Blake and her sister-in-law, Miss Jane Blake—who had often felt the benefit of his skill—and the kindness of his attentions as a Christian, went to see him, and though Roman Catholics, such was their confidence in his piety that they kneeled by his bed and asked a blessing. The good old man stretched out his arms and laid his hands on their heads and earnestly prayed that the blessing of God might rest upon them!

From early youth Dr. Anderson had united himself with the Methodists—then in their infancy in this country; and for many years was the acknowledged head of that religious society in Chestertown

His apparel consisted of a gray cloth coat, long waisted, single or *shad*-breasted, standing collar, long-skirts reaching far below his knees, with ample pockets.—He wore olive velvet breeches, very loose buckled at the knees with silver buckles; gray woolen stockings,—home-knit, long-vamped, short quartered shoes, with silver buckles; a low crowned broad brimmed beaver hat, and around his neck, neck a white lawn stock (neck cloth) plaited in many folds and fastened behind his neck with a silver buckle. In winter, when he rode, he wore long top boots reaching to his knees.

He was rather below the middle statute, slender, and walked with a limping gait, having had several fractures of his limbs by falls from his sulky; his whole appearance, though dignified, was unique, forming a *tout ensemble* which, once seen, was not soon forgotten. With a dignity never laid aside (for it was his by nature) he combined a child-like simplicity of character which secured to him a degree of respect, reverence and love which few ever reach.

I enjoyed the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with this venerated and honored Patriarch, and shall ever remember with pride that though young, comparatively unknown, and of small dimensions, mentally and professionally when compared with such a man, he took some notice of me.

A Long Walk.

In 1732, Thomas Penn contracted with Tedyuscung and some others for a title to all the land in Pennsylvania to be taken off by a parallel latitude from any point as far as the best of three men could walk in a day, between sunrise and sunset, from a certain chestnut tree, at or near Bristol, in a northwest direction. Care was taken to select the most capable for such a walk. The choice fell on James Yates, a native of Bucks county, a tall, slim man of much agility and speed of foot; Solomon Jennings, a Yankee, remarkably stout and strong; Edward Marshall, a native of Bucks county, a noted hunter, chain carrier, &c., a large, heavy set and strong-boned man.

The day (one of the longest in the year) was appointed and the champions notified. The people collected at what they thought the first twenty miles of the Durham road, to see them pass. First came Yates stepping as light as a feather, accompanied by T. Penn and attendants on horseback.—After him, but out of sight, came Jennings with a strong steady step; and not far behind, Edward Marshall, apparently careless, swinging a hatchet in his hand, and eating a dry biscuit. Bets ran in favor of Yates. Marshall took a biscuit to support his stomach, and carried a hatchet to swing in his arms alternately, that the action in his arms should balance that in his legs, as he was fully determined to beat the others, or die in the attempt.—He said he first saw Yates in descending Durham creek, and gained on him.—There he saw Yates sitting on a log, very tired; presently he fell off and gave up the walk.

Marshall kept on, and before he reached the Lehigh, overtook and passed Jennings—waded the river at Bethlehem—hurried on faster and faster by where Nazreth stands, to the Wind Gap. That was as far as the path had been marked for them to walk on, and there was a collection of people waiting to see if any of the three would reach it by sunset. He only halted for the surveyor to give him a pocket compass. [illegible] Three Indian [illegible] to see [illegible] west. [illegible] Pocono mountain, the Indians finding it difficult to keep in sight, till he reached Still Water; and he would have gone a few miles further but for the water.—There he marked a tree, witnessed by the three Indians. The distance he walked between sun and sun, not being a straight line, and about thirty miles of it through woods, was estimated to be from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty miles. He thus won the great prize, which was five hundred acres of land anywhere in the purchase.

James Yates, who led the way for the first thirty miles or more, was quite blind when taken out of Durham creek and lived but three days afterward. Solomin Jennings survived but a few years. Edward Marshall lived and died on Marshall's Island, in the Delaware river. He arrived at about ninety years of age. He was a great hunter, and it is said he discovered a rich mine of silver which renrendered him and his family connections affluent; but he never disclosed where it was, and it continues unknown to this day.

Children's Parties.

Children's parties, as they are conducted in the present year of grace, are about as lamentable instances of the evils results of the following of fashion as can be well adduced. The old-fashioned children's party, which took place in the afternoon—five o'clock, or even earlier, being considered a very proper hour for assembling—was an entirely different sort of a thing. Then boys and girls were boys and girls, not those modern horrors the "young gentlemen" and "young ladies" of our present juvenile parties. The children's dresses were not so fine as to prevent them from indulging, without fear of evil consequences, in games consider proper to their age; and our old friend Sir Roger de Coverly formed the great dance of the evening, in which young and old took part. Alas for the days of simplicity!—Children of the mature ages of six to ten years have now as many engagements as their mammas—very probably more; and the parties to which these young people go are not simple teas followed by games, but regular set affairs, with the dressing, the company manners, the wine drinking, the suppers, and the late hours of entertainments indulged in by persons of much more mature age.

Children's parties, as they are generally conducted, are productive of very serious evils. The want of sleep at proper hours, unsuitable food and the wine which are consumed, tell on the physical strength of children with most startling results.—The little creatures become pale and hol[illegible] low-eyed, and they suffer attacks of indigestion, which produce very serious consequences. Early and sound sleep, plain food, fresh air, sunlight, are wanted, that children may be the rosy, healthy, happy creatures that they ought to be. The crowded rooms and late hours to which our present fashions expose them, will undermine many fragile constitutions entirely, and will weaken even those naturally strong. How can children be healthy whose conditions of existence are eminently unhealthy?

Nor are the physical evils the only ones to be deplored. These parties foster in children a taste for excitement. We have heard quite young children boasting of the number of parties to which they had gone. Then they are encouraged to ape the manners well as the dress of their elders; and while their affected airs and graces are extremely amusing to thoughtless spectators, they are painful in a very high degree to those who remember that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," there seems to be much need for reform in the matter of children's parties.

Queer Freak of a Chicken.

We copy as follows from the Paterson (N. J) *Guardian:*

Near Paterson there lives a colored person named James Stewart, whom the community, by common consent, have dubbed Com. Stewart. He is a talented but eccentric individual, and has a weakness for chickens. On one occasion, being found near a poultry yard under suspicious circumstances, he was interrogated rather sharply by the owner of the premises, as follows:

"Well, Jim, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, nuffin, nuffin; jest walkin' roun'?"

"What do you want with my chickens?"

"Nuffin at all. I was only lookin' at 'em dey look so nice."

This answer was both conciliatory and conclusive, and would have been satisfactory had it not been for Jim's hat. This was a rather worn soft felt, a good deal too large for its wearer's head, and it seemed to have a motion entirely unusual in hats, and manifestly due to some remarkable cause. It seemed to contract and expand, and move of stself, and clearly without Jim's volition. So the next inquiry was:

"What is the matter with your hat?"

"My hat? Dat's an old hat. I'se fond of dat hat."

"Well take it off and let's look at it."

"Take dis hat off! No sah. I'd ketch cold in my head, sartin, I always keep my hat on when I am out o' doors."

And with that Jim was beating a hasty retreat, when, at his first step a low "kluk, klnk, kluk," was heard coming only too clearly from the region of his head-gear. This was fatal, and Jim was stopped and forced to remove his hat, when a plump, half-grown chicken jumped out and ran hastily away. The air with which the culprit gazed after it was a study for a painter; it expressed to perfection [illegible] and perplexity blended [illegible] not a [illegible] gret. Steadily [illegible] though ex[illegible] matter [illegible] himself, and accounting for so remarkable an incident:

"Well, if dat ain't the funiest ting I ebber did see. Why, dat ar chicken must have clum up de leg o' my pantaloons."

☞ In plowing a field, a farmer turned up a stone, on which was the following inscription, which greatly puzzled him to decipher. We present it for the benefit of the curious:

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A Stupid Witness.

Those who are in the habit of attending police and other courts must have observed the difficulty under which lawyers and judges labor sometimes in getting winesses to testify in legal form. The following, which recently took place at a Cincinnati court, is an amusing and perfect example: A man had been caught in the act of theft, and pleaded in extenuation that he was drunk: Court (to the policeman who was witness,)

"What did the man say when you arrested him?"

Witness. "He said he was drunk."

Court. "I want his precise words, just as he uttered them; he didn't use the pronoun *he*, did he? He didn't say '*he* was drunk.'"

Witness. "Oh, yes, he did—he said he was drunk; he acknowledged the corn."

Court (getting impatient at the witness' stupidity,) "You don't understand me at all; I want the words as he uttered them; didn't he say, 'I was drunk?'"

Witness, (deprecatingly,) "Oh, no, your Honor. He didn't say *you* was drunk; I wouldn't allow any man to charge that upon you in my presence."

Prosecutor. "Pshaw, you don't comprehend at all. His Honor means, did not the prisoner say to you, 'I was drunk?'"

Witness (reflectively,) "Well, he might have said *you* was drunk, but I didn't hear him."

Attorney for the prisoner. "What the Court desires is to have you state the prisoner's own words, preserving the precise form of pronoun that he made use of in reply. Was it the 1st person, I, the 2d person, thou, or the 3d person, he, she, or it? Now, then, sir, (with severity) upon your oath, didn't my client say "I was drunk?"

Witness, (getting mad,) "No, he didn't say *you* was drunk either, but if he had, I reckon he wouldn't a lied any. Do you 'spose the poor fellow charged this whole Court with being drunk?"

Putting Children to Sleep.

Mrs. Stowe, in *Hearth and Home,* says The direction about putting a child away alone to sleep, without rocking to soothing, is a good one only for robust and healthy children. For the delicate, nervous kind I have spoken of, it is cruel, and it is dangerous. We know one authentic instance of a mother who was trained to believe it her duty to put her infant to bed in a lonely chamber and leave it. Not daring to trust herself in the ordeal, she put on her bonnet and positively forbidding the servants to go near the child, went out for a walk. When she returned the child was still, and had been so for some time. She went up to examine. The child had struggled violently, thrown itself over on its face, a pillow had fallen over it, and it was dead from suffocation.

Nervous children suffer untold agonies from fear when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonely room to such children. A little, delicate boy, whom his parents were drilling to sleep alone, used to cry violently every night, and his father would come in and whip him. He mistook the pertinacity for obstinacy, and thought it his duty to conquer the child's will. One night he said: "Why do you always scream so when you know you shall be punished?" "O, father, father!" said the little fellow, "I don't mind your whipping me, if you'll only stay with me." That father's eyes were opened from that moment. He saw that a human being cannot be governed by dead rules, like a plant or an animal.

KIND WORDS.—They never blister the tongue nor lips; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much. They hold one's own good nature and good will Soft words soften our own soul.—Angry words are fuel to the flames of wrath, and it makes it blaze more fiercely.

Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush for all other kind of words in our ways, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and boisterous words, and warlike words.

Kind words also produce their own image in men s soul's. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him [illegible] of his sour, morose, unkind feeling. W[illegible] have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

HOW A CAMEL GOES THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE.—The passage from the New Testament, "It is easier for a camel," etc., has perplexed many good men, who have read it literally. In Oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low apertures called metaphorically "needle's eyes," just as we talk of windows on shipboard as "bull's eyes." These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass thro' them in the ordinary manner, or even if a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances, it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees. "Yesterday," writes lady Duff Gordon, from Cairo, "I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle—that is, the low-arched door of an inclosure. He must kneel, and bow his head, to creep through; and thus the rich man must humble himself."

Men are often capable of greater deeds than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent

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