THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26, 1870. NO. 27.

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 $2 to $25.
FLUTES $2 to $50.

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.

GROCERIES, WINES AND IQUORS.

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.

FEMALE SEMINARY,

GALENA, KENT CO., MD.

THIS INSTITUTION, lately established, will be re-opened for the next Scholastic year, SEPTEMBER 19th.

So soon as a suitable building can be secured, there will be a Boarding Department; until then, Parents and Guardians desiring to place their children or wards at the School, will be able to find accommodations for them in town, where they will be under the supervision of the Principal.

A thorough English Course, with the Languages, Music, Drawing, and Painting, according to well tested modes of instruction, may be relied upon.

The year will be divided into two Terms of Five Months each, second Term beginning February 19th.

Pupils can enter at any time, chargeable from date of entrance to end of year. Payment one half in advance.

No deduction made for absence or withdrawal except in case of protracted illness of the pupil.

For further particulars address

Principal of Female Seminary,

Galena, Kent Co., Md.

Sept. 3, 1870—tf.

LUMBER,

For Sale at Buck Neck Wharf.

Nov. 20, 1869. J. BELL & BRO

Farm Bells! Farm Bells!!

Received this week

from the Iron Works, and for sale at the Tin, Stove and Hardware Store of

July 16. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of two writs of Venditioni Exponas, one at the suit of Moses Lambson and one at the suit of J. F. Newnam, against the goods and chattles, lands and tenements of Richard F. Moffitt, one at the suit of the State of Maryland, use of William K. Merritt & Co.; also, by virtue of three writs of Venditioni Exponas, at the suit of Moses Lambson, against the goods and chattles, lands and tenements of Richard F., Jeremiah N. and Enoch J. Moffitt; also, by virtue of three writs of Alias Venditioni Exponas, one at the suit of G. W. Blackston, one at the suit of G. H. Leaverton, and one at the suit of John Kennedy, use of William J. Vannort, against the goods and chattles, lands and tenements of Richard F., Enoch J. and Jeremiah N. Moffitt; I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Richard F. Moffitt, of, in and to, the following property:

THE FARM

where the said Richard F. Moffitt now resides, situate in Kent county, Md., adjoining the lands of M. Price and others:

Two head of Horses, two Mules, six head of Cattle, lot of Hogs, one Wagon, one Carriage, one Dearborn, 4 No. 9 Plows, 3 Wiley Plows, and three Cultivators;

And I hereby give notice, that on

Tuesday, the 29th day of November, 1870,

between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M., and 5 o'clock P. M., in front of the Court House in Chestertown, I will sell at Public Sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the said property so seized and taken in execution, to pay said debts, interest and costs due and to become due thereon. And on

Wednesday, 30th day of November, 1870,

on the farm and premises of said Richard F. Moffitt, at half past eleven o'clock, A. M., I will expose to Public Sale, the goods and chattles aforesaid.

R. W. CALDER, Sheriff.

Nov. 5, 1870—tds. [8.75]

SMITHVILLE STORE.

THE subscriber has opened at Smithville, in his New Store House, a good stock of

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

Boots, Shoes,

AND NOTIONS;

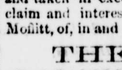
and is ready and prepared to accommodate his friends and the public as heretofore.

WILLIAM V. LUCAS.

Smithville, July 16, 1870—3m.

DAILY LINE

From Buck Neck Wharf to Baltimore.



On and after Sept. 28, 1870, the swift and safe Steamer *C. P. SMITH*, Capt'n. J. H. Brown, will leave Buck Neck Wharf at 9:30 A. M., stopping at Vannor's and Gale's Wharves, arriving in Baltimore at 12 M.

Returning, leaves Pier No. 8 Light street Wharf, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

☞ A Stage will connect with this boat to and from Chestertown.

Fare from Chestertown, $1.25: from Buck Neck, $1.00 Freight at reasonable rates.

EDWARD BROWN,

October 1, 1870—tf. *Principal.*

Chester River Steamboat Company.



On and after THURSDAY, August 4th, 1870, the **STEAMER CHESTER** will leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 A. M., for Crumpton, stopping at Kent Island, Queenstown, Gray's Inn Creek, Corsica, Spencer's Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's and Chestertown.—*Returning*, leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6½ o'clock A. M., making the above stops.

A. T. JOYNES,

Sept. 17, 1870. Agent.

NEW STORE AND New Goods AT BUCK NECK WHARF.

J. BELL & BRO. invite the attention of the public to their well selected assortment of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, HARDWARE, &c.

FLOUR by the barrel at city prices.

☞ ALL GOODS SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH.

J. BELL & BRO.

Sept. 24, 1870—tf.

PURNELL

HAS RECEIVED

A New Stock

OR

Spring and Summer Goods,

embraced in which is a beautiful assortment of

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.

—:o:—

MR. WM. GREENBURG,

The New York Tailor,

Occupies rooms over his Store, and *guarantees a fit.*

Call and see him at

GALENA.

April 30, 1870—tf.

NOTICE.

WM. S. STAM respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to do all manner of Glazing and Window Hanging.

Chestertown, October 8, 1870.

VENDUE.

THE undersigned intending to discontinue farming, will offer at Public Sale, at his residence, near Urieville, on

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1870,

(No Postponement on account of weather,)

His entire Stock and Farming Implements consisting in part of

FOUR HEAD OF GOOD HORSES,

among them one five driving horse, 8 years old; 1 hack or saddle horse, 7 years old; 1 fine Colt, three years old next Spring



2 head good Milch Cows

and 7 head of Young Cattle;

14 Fattening HOGS



AND TWENTY-FIVE SHOATS;

of Chester White; one Wagon and Harness, Sleigh and Bells, 1 No-Top Buggy, 1 Carriage Pole, 1 Dearborn, 1 Wood's Mower nearly new; 1 Pennington Reaper, 1 Bickford & Huffman Grain Drill, Corn Sheller 1 Wire-tooth Rake, Fan, Plows, Harrows Cultivators, Plow Gears, Bridles, Shovels Forks, &c.

TEN TONS OF GOOD CLOVER HAY,

4,000 BUNDLES OF CORN BLADES.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS.—All sums of $15 and under, cash; all over that amount a credit of 8 months, on note with approved security. A discount of 5 per cent. allowed on all bills over $15, for cash Purchaser to pay for stamps. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

R. AUGUSTUS BRICE.

U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct. [Nov. 12—ts

VENDUE.

THE subscriber intending to break up farming, will sell, on

WEDNESDAY, 30TH OF NOVEMBER, 1870

at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises where he resides, near Galena, the following personal property:

Four HORSES,

two of them good drivers;



10 Milch Cows,



1 STEER,

ONE BROOD SOW AND LOT OF SHOATS,

1 Farm Wagon and Harness; 1 Pennington Reaper, in good order; 1 Corn Sheller, 1 Grain Fan, 1 Wheat Rake, Sleigh,

1 *LARGE COVERED MILL WAGON*, Plow, Plow Gears, Harrows, Cultivators, &c.

About 2,000 lbs. of PORK.

TERMS.—All sums of Ten Dollars and under, cash: over that amount a credit of Nine Months, on note with approved security. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with. Purchaser to pay for stamps.

EUGENE GOODING.

E. E. MILLER, Auct. [Nov. 19—tds.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court of Kent County, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as Trustee, will expose to Public Sale, to the highest bidder, in the Town of Sassafras, in Kent county, at the Hotel Porch of Mr. T. R. Hayes, on

Tuesday, the 29th day of November, 1870,

at 11 o'clock, A. M.,

ALL THAT LOT OF LAND

in or near said Town, formerly the property of Jacob Caulk, deceased, containing about

One Fourth of an Acre,

more or less, bounded on the West and South by the public road leading from Sassafras to Smyrna, on the North by the town of Sassafras, and the School House property, and adjoining the latter. There is a new



FRAME DWELLING on the lot Two Stories in height, fourteen by twenty-eight feet.

THE TERMS OF SALE are on a credit of six, twelve and eighteen months from the first day of January next, to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, payable in three equal instalments, with security to be approved by the Trustee. The rent of the present year reserved.

GEORGE VICKERS, *Trustee.*

Chestertown, Nov. 5, 1870—tds.

THE CELEBRATED HOWE SEWING MACHINE.

THE undersigned having been appointed Agent, for Kent Co., for the celebrated *HOWE SEWING MACHINE*, is prepared to furnish all those in want of a good machine. Will deliver them in any part of the county, and give instruction in its management. Will also furnish any other first-class Sewing Machine desired.

All orders or inquiries addressed to the subscriber, at HANESVILLE, or at WM. A. VICKERS' store, Chestertown, will receive prompt attention.

JAMES W. SKIRVEN, JR.

April 23, 1870—tf.

PAY YOUR TAXES.

THE subscriber has been appointed Collector of Taxes for the third election district of this county, he has given bond for the faithful and prompt collection thereof he has received his books and hereby notifies the tax payers of the third district that their taxes are due and that he intends to collect them, by the voluntary act of the parties if he can, but promptly by the law if he must.

Can be found every day of the week (Sundays excepted) at his place of business at Smithville.

WM. V. LUCAS,

July 16, 1870-tf. Coll. Third District.

THE SLOOP CAMBRIDGE,

CAPTAIN MILLS,



Will sail from BARNARD'S wharf to Baltimore, or other points when desired; stopping and receiving freight from points on Sassafras River, Still Pond, and Worton Creeks, and vicinity; as may suit customers.

Through punctuality and promptness in business, I hope to receive a fair share of public patronage. N. BARNARD.

Sept. 10, 1870—tf.

"You manifest a willingness to be guided by my advice. I know of no better way of explaining myself than by telling you a true story of a blighted life.—This story is so fixed in my mind that I think of it every hour of my life. I will sketch it for you in the shape of a tableau.

"The curtain rises and discloses a pretty picture—a young father and mother and a dear little child. How happy they are! The father is teaching his wee girl to read. See how his eyes flash as the infantile lips lisp the long words! Admiring friends exclaim: "What a prodigy!"

"The curtain drops, only to rise again, on another picture. The little girl of four years is now sixteen. Beautiful, budding, bright sixteen! No; pale, weary haggard sixteen! Her form is slender; her eyelids droop. She is talented. To-day is her graduation da ; her examination was faultless; she is crowned with the laurel wreath! Father and mother are there, proudly looking on. They have been rewarded for their toil and pains, Yet they gaze anxiously on the form and face of their daughter and wish that she had somewhat more body.

"The curtain again falls, and then rises on the last scene. In a luxurious home, where wealth had contributed every adornment, lay the corpse of a women.

"Only twenty-three years have passed ed over her head, yet the drawn, haggard face had grown old with suffering. Death set his seal on the brow of the laurel-crowned maiden. Good Christians crowded around the bereaved parents with consoling words. Oh, why was their daughter taken? Their only child, who had all that wealth could give? Too bright to live! Too much brain—too little strength. What mattered it now that she once solved the most difficult problems of Euclid? That those pale lips and that icy tongue had once spoken many languages? They are silent now—happy, happy child! A merciful God took her home.

"Do not blame me, friends, when I weep. The vision of my dying child is before me. I have shown you three scenes in the tableau of my life."

When Dr. Goodman arose to go, there were tears on the mother's cheeks, and firm resolve in the father's eyes.

Two years have past, and little Belle is playing in the meadow with a merry group of children, searching for the four leaved clover. See, she has found it; the beacon of good fortune. How her bright eyes flash as she waves her trophy above her head. She knows but little of French and has forgotten how to analyze a flower; but she can tell you the working bee from the drone; the red bird's and the wren's notes; and where the sweet smelling wild flowers grow. What if her face sunburned? Is she not a prodigy? Certainly, her fond parents think so, as she tells them of the pleasant play in the meadow, and the finding of the four-leafed clover.

Dr. Goodman still lives, and the gossips of Wisdomfield love tell how he miraculously cured Belle Turner, and the little girl is always called "Dr. Goodman's Patient!"

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a fortunate man. At college he carried off the highest honors, although he was not a hard student. Success attended him in his profession as well as in love matters. He had wooed and won the most charming young lady in Wisdomfield, and his only child, a girl of six, was a perfect prodigy!

She could speak French and English, could analyze flowers, bound every State in the Union and give their Capitals.—She knew the populations of the great Cities. She was studying Grammar and History. Such a wonderful child!

There was but one drawback to the fond parents' happiness, and that was, in spite of all their care and pains, the little girl grew more delicate each day, and seemed to be vanishing into a shadow!

The gossips of Wisdomfield said the child could not live. "No; she has too much brains to live;" and they shook their heads sorrowfully.

Mr. Turner determined to consult Dr Goodman. This eccentric physician could cure any curable disease; indeed, so potent was the man's influence, that his name seemed to have power to frighten away disease! His patients declared that they felt better at the very moment that Dr. Goodman was sent for.

In answer to the fond parent's summons, Dr. Goodman called and found his little patient languidly reading. He seemed deeply impressed as he took the child's emaciated hand into his plump, brown palm. Mrs. Turner said, with a proud emphasis:

"Doctor, our child is not like other children."

"Humph!" exclaimed the physician.

"She does not play with or care for children, but talks of things far beyond her years," continued the fond mother.

"Humph!" ejaculated Dr. Goodman, as he brushed away a tear with his coat-sleeve.

Mrs. Turner saw the action, and a wild terror seized her heart. Was her child dying, that this strong man wept? The startled father seized Dr. Goodman's arm, and exclaimed wildly:

"Tell me, is there no hope for my child?"

Dr. Goodman wiped his eyes, blew his nose, and put on his glasses as he said:

"Hope! Yes, if you follow my advice."

"We will do anything," exclaimed both parents in one breath.

"Are you sure of that?" asked the eccentric physician.

"Sure! would we not die for our little Belle?"

Dr. Goodman smiled, and seemed lost in thoughts, and thus soliloquised:

"Yes, they are killing her. This little embryo woman will die just as my child did—just as thousands of other children die; or perhaps she may linger through life a helpless invalid. Will they listen to me? I will make the effort, but may get little thanks for my pains."

The parents gazed at the physician with astonishment. Dr. Goodman turned to them, and said:

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to tell where one begins and the other ends. These men always pay in advance in the beginning, and intend to do so continually. But memory fails a little, or some mishap intervenes, and the time runs by—sometimes a little—sometimes for quite a period. But their recollection, though nodding occasionally never gets sound asleep. It pronounces the word in due time—"The printer is not paid;" and forthwith their will to do well kindles into activity. Now comes the paying up—"Meant to do so before. Don't mean to let such things pass by." A publisher can live with such men. They have a warm place in his memory—only a little back of the Uprights. If such a man dies in arrears, his son remembers that he may not have paid up for newspaper, and forthwith institutes inquiries. They remember that part of the benefit was theirs, and, estate or no estate, see that the printer's bills are not among their father's unsettled accounts.

Next come the

EASY DOERS.—These mem believe in newspapers. They have fully settled it in their own minds that a newspaper is a good thing. They take them, too.—Sometimes at the first they pay up for the first year—at any rate they mean to, pretty soon. If they have done so, they sit down with the comforting conviction that their newspaper is now settled for; and this idea having once got into their heads, refuses obstinately to be dislodged, but keeps its hold from year to year; a truth once—now an illusion, gray and rheumatic with years. The editor, marking the elongated and elongating space in the accounts current of their dollars, begins to ask if they are dead or have gone to California. Now he begins to poke bills at them. They suddenly start up to the reality that they are in arrears: and, like men, as they are at the bottom, pay up. They never dispute his bills—they know that books tell better stories than moss-covered memories. If the publisher has faith enough, or a long purse, and can live like a hibernating bear, he may survive this class. But if he is mortal only, woe be to him.

The next class is that of the

DOWN HILLERS.—Here we begin to slide over to the other side. The picture suddenly gets sombre. We shall dispatch the Down Hillers suddenly. One of these may take a paper because wife wants one, or the children are zealous to read it, or a neighbor persuades him. When it begins to come, he dismisses all thoughts about it further. If the editor sends a man directly to him at the end of two or three years, he may get some pay for his paper, but with growls and surly looks. He never pays any debt if he can get rid of it, and a newspaper least of all. Still he hates lawsuits, and constables, and all that. A dun has the same effect on him that a bullet has on a hippopotamus—glancing from his hide, or sinking into the blubber harmless. He is always sliding down hill, and soon merges into another class class, that of

THE NIX CUM ROUSE.—No matter how this man began his subscription, he never pays for it—not he. "He don't like that sort of paper. It don't give no news.—He never did like it. He didn't want it in the first place, and told the postmaster so. He sent back one more than a year ago—besides he never began to take it till a long time after it came, and he hadn't had only two or three of them, at any rate, and those he hadn't read."—Wipe him off.

Here comes the

SCRAPEGRACE. It is enough to say of him that he never fails to have a newspaper—two or three of them. When he thinks they have come about long enough for the publisher to want pay, he sends back with 'stop it." Or he takes up his quarters and leaves for parts unknown.—He does not want to pay and he don't mean to. Get it if you can.

Reader, in which of the above class are you found?

Insects as Food.

The Rev. Dr. Nash is publishing in Zion's *Herald* a series of articles on "Insect Life." On the subject of food he says:

"Man does not refuse insects as food. Even we, highly civilized as we are, do not reject the lobster, the crab, or the scrimp, which, though not strictly insects, are only articulate animals, and, until recently, were classed with insects by our best entomologists. How the Arab would be disgusted to see us feed on lobster salad; yet he finds great delight in masticating a locust. In both the Indies epicures eat the grub of the palm weevil, which is as large as your thumb; and Sir John La Forey concurs in opinion with the ancient Greeks mentioned by Ælian, as esteeming a roasted grub very delicious food.

"Pliny tells that the Romans regarded the lossus—probably the larva of *Prionus Coriarius* found in the oak—a very great delicacy. In Jamaica, and in the Mauritius, the grub of the *Prionus Dumicornus*, which is as large as a man's finger, forms an article of food. The Mexican Indians prepare a drink from a beetle (the *Cicindela curvbia*), by macerating in water and spirits.

"Locust are an article of food in many parts of the world. The Ethiopians were called locust-eaters on this account by the Romans. The Arabs make into bread, grinding or pounding them, and then mixing them with flour. They not unfrequently eat them boiled or stewed.—The Hottentots esteem them highly, and grow fat on them. They all make their eggs into soup. Their traditions teach that they are indebted to some great conjurer for the coming of the locust. He lives a long way northward, they say, and removes a huge stone from the mouth of a deep pit, so that the locusts escape and fly to them for food, The Moors of Barbary prefer them to pigeons.

"*Cicadæ*, according to Athenus and Aristotle, were highly relished among the ancient Greeks. Pliny says the Parthians used them freely for food. Our native Indians were fond of them, as were those of New South Wales.

"The Chinese who cannot afford to waste any edible thing, cook and eat the chrysalis of the silkworm and the larva of the hawk moth. The caterpillars or butterflies are eaten by the natives of New Holland, and also the body of the butterfly called bugong.

"Ants have their places with articles of human diet. Hottentots eat them both raw and boiled. East Indians mix them with flour and convert them into a popular pastry. In India ants are used to flavor brandy.

"In Ceylon bees are used for food. In New Caledonia the people eat a large spider (*Aranea ebuis,*) esteeming it luxury. Reasmer says he knew a young German lady who ate spiders. It is recorded that Anna Maria Schuremeet ate them like nuts, and declared they were not unlike that fruit in taste. Laladde, the celebrated astronomer, was equally fond of these delicacies; and Reel knew a German, who spread them on his bread like butter. Humboldt caps the climax of these edible monstrosities, assuring us that he has seen Indian children drag centipedes 18 inches long and more than an inch broad, from their holes and devour them.

"While these curious facts illustrate the adage that there is no accounting for tastes, they also show that insects are useful as food for man, and that in great extremities he might be saved from destruction by placing them among his articles of diet. But I have written enough on the uses of insects—enough to show that the Great Architect of nature did not create these curious little animals such vast numbers without a purpose. Small as they are, and contemptible as they appear, their countless numbers and varied powers to do both good and evil, constitute them one of the most important forces in economy of nature. By merely destroying a few classes of insect-fauna, and thereby permitting the others to multiply indefinitely, the Almighty Ruler could bring about the entire destruction of the human race, in a surprisingly brief period of time."

"Ever of Thee."

A sad story is connected with the name of the writer of the beautiful song, "Ever of Thee," which has been sung and admired by so many in this country and in Europe: Foley Hall was a gentleman by birth and education. Wealthy in his own right, with large expectations, he led a heedless life—not choosing his associates, but allowing himself to be drawn into the society of the vicious. His prosperity soon disappeared, and he was left without the means to buy his daily bread. His musical talents had been highly cultivated, but as he never needed them, he scarcely knew to what degree they could be made available. In his distress, however, he wrote the charming song, 'Ever of Thee.' A London publisher gave him one hundred dollars for it; but that amount, with such a spendthrift, would not last long. He wrote other songs, but the money not coming as fast as he wished, in a weak moment he forged the publisher's name, and although every effort was made—even by the publisher—to save him, it was of no use, and poor Foley Hall went to Newgate, and died broken hearted before his trial came on.

☞ American taste for flowers is thus eulogized by the *London Floral World:* "In the interesting report given by Mr. Ford, our Secretary of Legation at Washington, on the condition of the industrial classes in the United States, he notes the fact that in the State of New York the number of florists does not fall far short of the number of bakers." The trade of a florist, he goes on to say, is a very remunerative one in the United States, the Americans being particularly fond of flowers. It would be no exaggeration to say that more bouquets are made up in a single month in the city of New York than in the course of a whole year in the city of London. This is perhaps a trifling exaggeration, but Mr. Dickens said very much the same thing in writing of his American experiences three years ago, so that it is evident that our love for flowers is sufficiently strong to attract the attention of foreigners. We have noticed of late a growing tendency on the part of men of all classes to decorate their button holes with a miniature bouquet of flowers. Perhaps it is a proof that our perceptions of the beautiful are increasing, and at any rate we are glad to see a taste for flowers becoming a recognized American trait.

Beautiful and True.

The late eminent Judge, Sir Allen Park, once said at a public meeting in London:

"We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible to their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a portion is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would his law have been—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness—not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy, healthful parts, to the Gospel."

EDITING A NEWSPAPER.—We never could see the virtue of the boast which is so often made by the papers and magazines, that so large a portion of their pages is original. Such originality is often maintained at the expense of the worth. The best exchanges of our acquaintance are by no means those which have the greatest amount of original matter. There is more editorial tact and talent required to make proper practical selections, than is put in requisition by the production of the vaunting original papers, who seem to regard originality as the only requisite for a good periodical. A good newspaper is always dependent upon other resources than its own. And the boast of a periodical that is entirely original is too often like the boast of a library if it should claim to have the production of only one author.

A Schoolboy being asked to define the word "admission," said it meant twenty-five cents.

"Twenty-five cents!" echoed the school master; "what sort of a definition do you call that?"

"I don't know," sulkily replied the boy: but I'm sure it says so on the board down there at the Town Hall."

"Yes," said another boy, and children half price."

A man named Tesse has married a Miss Cross. He Teased her until she agreed not to be Cross any more.

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