THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 10, 1870. NO. 29.

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

[illegible] Parents and Guardians desiring to [illegible] ir 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.

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.

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.

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!

Combination Burning Fluid,

THE CHEAPEST,

SAFEST, AND BEST

article, for illuminating purposes, ever offered to this community.

Only 25 cents per Gallon, retail:

Wholesale, 20 cts. per gallon.

E. F. PERKINS, Esq., has been using the above named oil for some months, and allows me to use his name as a reference.

Having purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and sell this oil in Kent county, parties may rely upon being always able to obtain it from me, either wholesale or retail.

Groceries, Meats, Lard, &c.

A good assortment of all kinds of Groceries, Meats, Lard, &c., of good quality, and for sale very low. Don't forget the place:

H. O. PAYNE'S OIL STORE,

Queen street, near the pump.

☞ *All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted, either for Cash or Trade.*

Chestertown, March 19, 1870—y.

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!

NO longer any need of the perplexity of having Clothes half washed, worn, torn, and buttonless, soap wasted, and one or two days consumed in washing, by the old washboard system when you can buy

DOTY'S WASHER

LATELY MUCH IMPROVED,

and the new

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER.

Hear what leading Journals say:

"It is worth one dollar per week in any family."—*New York Tribune.*

"We do not hesitate to give it the preference."—*American Agriculturist.*

"It really merits all the good that can be said of it."—*Rural New Yorker.*

A host of other papers say just as much in favor of the *WASHER AND WRINGER.* You have only to use them to appreciate them, as they are REAL GEMS in the way of getting washing done *expeditiously* and *satisfactorily.*

☞ The best of testimonials could be given from many to whom I have sold the Washer and Wringer, I however deem it unnecessary.

I have the SOLE AGENCY for Kent County.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

Machines delivered in any part of the County.

For Circular, containing full particulars, address

G. W. COVINGTON,

STILL POND,

Kent County, Md.

August 20, 1870—3m.

NOTICE.

I HAVE on hand and for sale, at the corner of Queen and Main streets, *FLOUR* at different prices; *MEAL, HOP, FEED, BRAN, OATS* and *ORN.* Those in want will give me a call. W. BACCHUS.

MY MILL is in nice order for grinding. I ask a share of patronage. My effort will be to give satisfaction to all.

Oct. 30—tf. W. BACCHUS.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters of Administration, on the estate of

ANN E. ALLEN,

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 subscribers, on or before the 15th day of June, 1871, otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefits of said estate. Given under our hands this 15th day of November, 1870.

R. L. RAYMOND,

WILLIAM L. BOWERS,

Nov. 19, 1870—4t. Executors.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned will expose to Public Sale, on

SATURDAY,

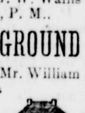
the Tenth day of December, 1870,

at the Store House yard of Mr. G. W. Wallis at Locust Grove, at two o'clock, P. M.,

ALL THAT LOT OF GROUND

at Loucust Grove, occupied by Mr. William Matthews, on which is erected a

NEW DWELLING HOUSE.



It adjoins the property of Mr. Johnson and others.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third cash, or in thirty days, and the balance in six and twelve months from the first of January next, with interest from that time.

GEORGE VICKERS,

Dec. 3, 1870—ts. Owner.

FARMERS,

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!

AT

The Galen 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.

LATEST ARRIVAL

OF

NEW FALL GOODS.

T. W. Eliason & Son

INVITE special attention to the following Lines of Goods:

Kerseys

OF EXTRA WEIGHT AND QUALITY.

Cassimers

OF DIFFERENT QUALITIES.

Flannels,

RED AND WHITE, of Different Weights.

BED QUILTS, COUNTERPANES, BLANKETS; BLACK ALPACAS;

MEN'S

EXTRA QUALITY HEAVY BOOTS,

made to our own order;

BOYS' AND YOUTHS'

EXTRA QUALITY HEAVY BOOTS,

made to our own order;

LADIES

Morocco, Goat, Pebbled Grain and Buff Balmoral and Half Polish Boots;

MISSES

Morocco, Goat, Turkish Morocco, Pebbled Grain and Buff Balmoral and Half Polish Boots;

Children's Plain and Fancy Bal. Shoes.

October 8, 1870.

Removal.

SAMUEL C. GLEAVES

RESPECTFULLY informs his customers and the public generally that he has removed to the

Corner Store, up town,

formerly occupied by Mr. James W. Phillips, and has now in store, and will keep constantly on hand a large and choice assortment of

GROCERIES, SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, &C

GOOD TOBACCO AND SEGARS.

I have also a full assortment of

LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS.

FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED,

of all kinds, on hand.

☞ Please call and examine my stock of Goods.

SAMUEL C. GLEAVES.

Chestertown, Sept. 11, 1869—y.

NOTICE.

Cut this out and keep it for Reference.

WHEN YOU VISIT THE CITY GO TO

W. H. RINGGOLD'S,

95 N. Charles Street,

AND BUY ALL YOUR

UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, HOSIERY AND GLOVES, NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS.

He can sell them

Cheaper than any one!

And you can

Pay your expenses in your purchases!

☞ DON'T FAIL TO GO: HE HAS THE VERY ARTICLE YOU WANT.

Do not forget the Number!

W. H. RINGGOLD,

95 N. Charles st., 3 doors South of Mulberry.

Baltimore, Sept. 24, 1870.

FOR SALE,

TWO BUILDING LOTS,

in Chestertown, eligibly situated. Apply to

March 26. E. F. PERKINS.

Selected Poetry.

ONE YEAR AGO.

What stars have faded from our sky!
What hope unfolded but to die!
What dreams, so fondly pondered o'er,
Forever lost the hues they wore!
How, like a death-bell, sad and slow,
Tolls through the soul, "one year ago."

Where is the face we loved to greet,
The form that graced the fireside seat,
The gentle smile, the winning way,
That blessed our life-path day by day?
Where fled those accents, soft and low,
That thrilled our hearts "one year ago!"

Ah! vacant is the fireside chair,
The smile that won no longer there;
From door and hall, from porch and lawn,
The echo of that voice is gone;
And we who linger only know
How much was lost "one year ago!"

But why repine? A few more years
A few more broken sighs and tears,
And we, enlisted with the dead,
Shall follow where her steps have led,
To that far world rejoicing go,
To which she passed "one year ago."

"The French at Home."

JOHN G. SAXE ON "THE FRENCH AT HOME."

The first of the course of lectures of the Maryland Institute was delivered by the genial poet John G. Saxe, a gentleman not unknown to the literary world. In his varied career of journalist, poet, lecturer and traveller, Mr. Saxe has been singularly successful, but as a politician the barren honor of being the Democratic candidate for Governor of Vermont is about all that he has to show for a life's devotion to that party. He draws an immense crowd wherever he goes to dispense his sparkling wit and wholesome philosophy, and last night was no exception to the rule. Every seat in the immense Hall of the Institute was filled, and at eight o'clock Mr. Saxe appeared before an audience of which even he had a right to feel proud.

Mr. John M. Carter, Chairman of the Lecture Committee, introduced Mr. Saxe, who stepped forward with a smile on his cheery face and the merry twinkle in his eye which in times gone by has given point to many a jolly joke.—*Baltimore American.*

THE LECTURE.

His theme was the "French at Home," and for an hour he talked about the gay Parisians in a way that no other man can talk, interspering his pleasant conversation with a number of stories, told in his inimitable style. He said that the division of mankind by a clever writer into "men, women and *Frenchmen*" had more wisdom in it than was generally supposed. It was a neat way of saying that, describe the human race as you will, there are always some points in the French character which will escape any general definition applicable to all the rest. He would describe them as he had seen them.—John Bull, even the cultivated specimen, remembers the antipathy of his fathers to the frog-eaters, and is not always able to be just. He cherishes his traditionary dislikes, and don't want to be disabused of his prejudices. There is no truth in the saying that "Paris is France." It is the centre of wealth and fashion, the Vanity Fair of the world.

THE POLICE.

The chief marvel is the perfection of the police system, and that is, the purely French, Imperial French, if you will. In all this brilliant, busy Capital perfect order is maintained. Human life is safer in Paris at midnight than in London or New York at mid-day. They are vigilant, firm and courageous, but never meddlesome or ostentatious. The speaker had witnessed an instance of the peremptory manner in which a *gens d'armes* disposed of a turbulent fellow at one of the grand reviews. A well-dressed young man had hired a chair for the lady that accompanied him to stand upon and see the parade. After a little while the owner of the chair demanded an additional franc, which the young man refused to pay.—The fellow becoming persistent and troublesome, the young man motioned to a gray moustached *gens d'arvee,* who promptly stepped forward, ready to administer justice on the instant. "I hired this chair for my lady to see the review," said the young man, "and paid two francs for it, but this fellow persists in demanding more money." "I admit that he hired my chair and paid me two francs, but I did not intend for him to keep it all day." With judicial gravity, the gray moustached officer laid down the law. "A hiring to see the review was a hiring to see the *whole* review;" and the discomfited owner of the chair was marched over to a tree and there told to remain till the parade was over. The young lady saw the whole parade and only two francs were paid. If order is Heaven's first law, Paris keeps, at least, the first law, whatever may be her other shortcoming.

ECONOMY.

One of the most striking traits of the French people is their economy, using the word in its original and most extensive signification. They make the most of everything. Their economy includes more than thrift and saving. They have the utmost skill in contrivance and cleverness in application. That this economy includes industry it is needless to add.—Among the middle and lower classes a loafer is as rare as the veritible black swan of the Roman proverb—as rare, said Mr. Saxe, as a snake in Ireland, or a statesman in Spain.

A LOVE OF FLOWERS.

The Frenchman's æsthetic taste no where is more apparent than in his love for flowers. In the one room that answers for the poor man's kitchen and parlor there is always a bouquet, purchased, possibly, with part of his bread money. The care with which cemeteries are kept, and the taste displayed in their adornment, are the best evidences of civilization.—The French never visit the grave of their friends empty handed.

TOMBSTONES AND INSCRIPTIONS.

In the French cemeteries there is an absence of those grotesque and horrible emblems of death which disfigure so many tombs in Germany. In one respect their cemeteries greatly resemble those in this country, namely, the uniform good character of the tenants. There was an inscription on the tomb of a merchant that would be strikingly appropriate on many marble stones in this land—"He was a remarkable active person, and this is the first time that he ever rested." After the inevitable panegyric, another epitaph of a merchant concluded with the information that "the inconsolable widow still carries on the business at the old stand."

GAMING, DANCING, ETC.

The French have a wonderful passion for gaming. They have even invented games of chance for a single person, in which the right hand plays against the left. The player is always consoled with half a victory, and never chagrined with more than half a defeat. Dancing is the national amusement. When a Frenchman can no longer dance he dies, naturally and logically. The "Carnival," the feast immediately preceding "the forty days' farewell to pullets and fat hams," is celebrated with an enthusiasm of which we can have no conception. The lecturer made some pleasant suggestions as to the duty of cheerfulness, and devoutly wished for the advent of the coming man, "if he only brings with him a holiday that will give joy to all and shame to none."

THE JARDIN MABILLE.

Mr. Saxe said that the "Can-Can" at the Jardin Mabille was no more a type of fren[illegible] dancing than are the orgies in American concert saloons characteristic of the whole American people. The dancers are French, but the spectators are of all nations. These gardens are the favorite resort of drunken students. Mr. Saxe recited a poem composed by himself after a visit to the Jardin Mabille during the great Exposition. One of the most striking incidents of the poem, and of the dance, was the kicking of an English cockney on the nose by one of the festive young dancing girls.

DEMI MONDE.

The lecturer gave some of the characteristics of the ladies of the *demi monde.* They maintain a show of respectability through all their reckless gaiety, and occupy a position in society as far above the abandoned as beneath the *beau monde.* Many of them are favorite actresses. The most attractive, gay and luxurious of these dashing women are known as the "Ladies of the Lake," from their driving fast teams along the Dake. Their diamonds exceed in lustre those worn by the *beau monde.* Their jewelry is all genuine—their hearts may be false, but their gold is solid and their diamonds of the first water. This is not singular when we reflect that lovers are more generous than husbands. These women are the makers of fashion. Ye ladies of Baltimore, rejoicing in the latest novelty, whether it be of chignon, or pannier, or hat (small it may be, but oh, how lovely!) remember that it was invented by the genius and promulgated by the audacity of the dexterous "Ladies of the Lake.

ENTHUSIASM.

As a lively illustration of French enthusiasm, a story connected with the visit of the officers and sailors of a French corvette, who witnessed the sinking of the Cumberland by the Merrimac, in Hampton Roads, was related. Divested of the fine dramatic spirit with which it was rendered the story was as follows: The Frenchmen were greatly excited during the progress of the combat, and cheered most lustily. A Union officer asked one of the French officers on the next day why his crew had shown so much feeling; they were supposed to be entirely neutral, and ought not to be partisans of either side? The Frenchman replied, "It is not in the nature of a Frenchman to see so sublime a spectacle as the gallantry displayed by the crew of the Cumberland and not applaud."

POLITENESS.

Some writer has said that American women have more false modesty and more true modesty than any women in the world. It might be said of Frenchmen, continued Mr. Saxe, that they have more false politeness and more real politeness than any people in the world. This quality has been elegantly defined to be "kindness directed by good taste." The French are masters of good taste, but how much genuine benevolence is found in their elegant and courteous expressions of good will there is no means of knowing. Politeness is a matter of habit, and good habits generally spring from good principles. George D. Prentice's advice was that whenever a man began with the remark, "You know how frank I am," knock him down before he says another word; you will escape the insult he intends, and you will punish him as he deserves.

A RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.

To the inquiry, are the French a religious people, the speaker gave a somewhat indefinite answer. Where there are three doctors there are two infidels. In Paris they have the most splendid churches, but they are not well attended. Except on festival days nobody goes to church except women, invalids, and old folks. Some times a crowd will turn out to hear sensation preachers in France, as well as in England or America. The absence of men from religious service is not peculiar to Paris. In the Protestant city of Glasgow, Sidney Smith, rising before a congregation composed in large part of women, read with peculiar emphasis the prayer, "Oh that *men* would praise the Lord."

THE HOMES OF THE FRENCH.

In a talk about the French at home it is proper to say something about the homes of the French. Many writers have alleged that they have no homes, and that there is no word in their language that expresses the idea of home, which is not the fact. It is true that they spend a great deal of time in the open air, but a French writer has said that fresh air is good wine, and naturally they tipple as much of it as possible. But there are proportionately as many happy homes in France as in any other country. In Paris in the large houses the stories are occupied according to rank, from the genteel family on the first floor to the rag picker in the garret. A house was visited by the lecturer which was occupied by a saloon on the first floor, a gun-smith on the second, a gambler on the third, a poor priest on the fourth, and the fifth was vacant. A wag suggested that the gambler was most happily situated. If he had good luck he could go down and spend his money at the saloon. If he had bad luck, he could go down one flight of stairs and buy a pistol, ascending two flights he could receive the consolations of religion, and mounting the fifth could blow his brains out in perfect solitude.

FRENCH WOMEN.

The face of the average French woman is the reverse of handsome, but she has a perfect figure. In her make-up she owes nothing of her roundness to the *modiste.* She has plumpness without obesity. Some of the grisettes have tender hearts. When Jean is conscripted and sent to Algeria, Jeanette is left in brokenness of heart. They are not all so constant, however. Two young Lotharios were exchanging views as to the best method of getting rid of Mademoiselle when tired of her. Said the one, "I send a note, postmarked St. Petersburg, in which I inform her that I do not intend to return to France for ten years. That always has the desired effect." Said the other, "I do not go to so much trouble as that. I merely enclose a note in which is written, "Adieu; I know all." Notwithstanding the novelists to the contrary, the girls of the upper and middle classes make excellent wives.

SCIENCE VS. LUCK.

BY MARK TWAIN.

At that time, in Kentucky (said the Hon. Mr. Knott, M. C.) the law was very strict against what is termed "game of chance." About a dozen of boys were detected playing "seven up," or "old sledge," for money, and the Grand Jury found a true bill against them. Jim Sturgis was retained to defend them the case came up, of course. The more he studied over the matter and looked into the evidence, the plainer it was that he must lose a case at last—there was no getting around that painful fact. Those boys had certainly been betting money on a game of chance. Even public sympathy was roused in behalf of Sturgis. People said it was a pity to see him mar his successful career with a big prominent case like this, which must go against him.

But after several restless nights an inspired idea flashed upon Sturgis, and he sprang out of bed delighted. He thought he saw his way through. The next day he whispered around a little among his clients and a few friends, and then when the case came up in court he acknowledged the seven-up and the betting, and as his sole defence had the astounding effrontery to put in the plea that old sledge is not a game of chance! There was the broadest sort of a smile all over the faces of that unsophisticated audience. The Judge smiled with the rest. But Sturgis maintained a countenance whose earnestness was almost severe. The opposite counsel tried to ridicule him out of his position, and did not succeed. The Judge jested in a ponderous judicial way about the thing, but did not move him. The matter was becoming grave. The Judge lost a little of his patience, and said the joke had gone far enough. Jim Sturgis said he knew of no joke in the matter—his clients could not be punished for indulging in what some people chose to consider a game of chance, until it was proven that it was a game of chance. Judge and counsel said that would be an easy matter, and forthwith called Deacons Job, Peters, Burke and Johnson, and Dominee Wirt and Miggles to testify, and they unanimously and with strong feeling put down the legal quibble of Sturgis, by pronouncing that old sledge *was* a game of chance.

"What do you call it *now?*" said the Judge.

"I call it a game of science!" retorted Sturgis, and I'll prove it too!"

They saw his little game.

He brought in a crowd of witnesses, and produced an overwhelming mass of testimony, to show that old sledge was not a game of chance, but a game of science.

Instead of being the simplest case in the world, it had somehow turned to be an excessively knotty one. The Judge scratched his head over it awhile, and said there was no way of coming to a determination, because just as many men could be brought into court who would testify on one side as he could be found to testify on the other. But he said he was to do the fair thing by all parties, and would act upon any suggestion Mr. Sturgis would make for the solution of the difficulty.

Mr. Sturgis was on his feet in a second: "Impanel a jury of six each, Luck vs. Science—give them candles and a couple of decks of cards, send them into a jury room, and just abide by the result!"

There was no disputing the fairness of the proposition. The four deacons and the two dominies were sworn in as the "chance" jurymen, and six inveterate old seven-up professors were chosen to represent the "science" side of the issue.—They retired to the jury room.

In about two hours Deacon Peters sent into court to borrow three dollars from a friend. [Sensation.] During the next three or four hours the other deacons sent into court for small loans. And still the packed audience waited, for it was a prodigious occasion in Bull's Corners, and one in which every father of a family was necessarily interested.

The rest of the story can be told briefly. About daylight the jury came in, and Deacon Job, the foreman, read the following

VERDICT

"We, the jury, in the case of the Commonwealth of Kentucky vs. John Wheeler et al., have carefully considered the points of the case, and tested the merits of the several theories advanced, and do hereby unanimously decide that the game commonly known as 'old sledge or seven up' is eminently a game of science and not of chance. In demonstration whereof it is hereby and herein stated, iterated, re-iterated, set forth and made manifest, that during the entire night the 'chance' men never won a game or turned a jack, although both feats were common and frequent to the opposition; and furthermore, in support of this our verdict, we call attention to the significant fact that the 'chance' men are all busted, and the 'science' men have got the money. It is the deliberate opinion of this jury that the 'chance' theory concerning 'seven up' is a pernicious doctrine, and calculated to inflict untold sufferings and pecuniary loss upon any community taking stock in it."

"That is the way that seven-up came to be set apart and particularized in the Statute books of Kentucky as being a game not of chance but of science, and therefore not punishable under the law," said Mr. Knott. "That verdict is of record and holds good to this day."

Letter from Gen. Lee.

The original of the following private letter from Gen. Lee to his son was found at Arlington House during the late war. It is interesting as illustrating a phase in his character:

"ARLINGTON HOUSE,
April 5, 1852.

My Dear Son:—I am just in the act of leaving home for New Mexico. My old regiment has been ordered to that distant region, and I must hasten to see that they are properly taken care of. I have but little to add in reply to your letters of March 26, 27, and 28. Your letters breathe a spirit of frankness; they have given myself and your mother great pleasure. You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it if it is possible; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased as a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should act, live, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but is the path of peace and honor.

"In regard to duty, let me in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as the dark day—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one in the consternation of the hour moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that the candles be brought in so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was a quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part. R. E. LEE.

"*G. W. Custis Lee.*"

ADAM DEFINED.—There must have been some curious specimens of Scotish humor brought out at the examination or catechisings by ministers of the flock before the administration of the communion. Thus, with reference to human nature before the fall, a man was asked:

"What kind of a man was Adam?"

"Oh, jist like ither folks."

The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation.

"Weel," said the catechumen, "he was jist like Joe Simpson."

"How so?" asked the minister.

"Weel, naebody got onything by him, and many lost."

A WRITER in Lippincott sets it down as an axiom that a man will fight for his dog who will not risk his person for his religion, property or government.

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