THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 4, 1871. NO. 37.

J. Bell & Bro.,

BUCK NECK WHARF,

INVITE the attention of Farmers to their LARGE STOCK OF FERTILIZERS:

Soluble Pacific Guano: Terms, $56 per ton of 2000 pounds, cash.

Zell's Ammoniated Phosphate of Bones. $60 per ton of 2000 pounds; 90 days time.

Wilson's Super Phosphate of Lime. $56 per ton of 2000 pounds, on 90 days time.

Wattson & Clark's Crosdale. $54 cash or $56 on 12 months time, per ton of 2000 lbs.

Bower's Complete Manure. $52 cash or $56 on 4 months time, per ton of 2000 lbs.

Sphagnine, the Great Delaware Fertilizer. $40 cash, $42 on 6 months, or $44 on 10 months time, per ton of 2000 pounds.

Bone Flour, a pure article, $36 per ton.

Land Plaster; also,

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

At prices to suit the times, viz: Bickford & Huffman Grain Drills, with Guano and Seed Attachments; Tripple Screen Dixie Grain Fans, Fodder Cutters, Corn Shellers, &c.

J. BELL & BRO.,
Sept. 24—tf. Buck Neck Wharf.

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.

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. ames 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.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!!

IN FINE BLACK BEAVER CLOTH, gotten up in the most convenient style.

HEAVY KERSEY OVERCOATS,
VERY CHEAP.

SUPERIOR CASSIMERE CLOTHING,

all just bought direct from the Manufacturers. Our stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING

generally will now be found very excellent and is being offered at most reasonable prices.

Nov. 26 THOMAS S. WICKES.

KERSEYS! KERSEYS!!

OF MALLALIEU'S best manufacture. Virginia Kerseys very cheap and a large stock now on hand.

BLANKETS,

A very full line of various qualities. Heavy Colored Blankets for servants' use, and a large stock of *STAPLE WOOLENS* for Men's and Boys' wear, now being received by

Nov. 26 THOMAS S. WICKES.

SALT

For sale by the Sack.
THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown, November 26, 1870.

New Fall and Winter Goods!

AT GALENA.

HAVING just returned from the City with a well selected stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,

QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE,

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS,

all of which I will sell at the *Lowest Living Profits*, for cash, or to short time buyers. I have selected my stock with care, and hope to suit all who give me a call.

READY MADE CLOTHING

such as Coats, Pants, Vests, Shirts, Undershirts and Drawers, on hand, and made to order, and on reasonable terms. A Lot of

Eight Day and Thirty Hour Clocks,

on hand and for sale low.

☞ Give me a call, and if you don't see what you want, ask for it.

C. L. NICKLE.
Oct. 29, 1870—3m. *Galena.*

FINE POMADES AND HAIR OILS.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

BLACK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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.

BLACKSMITHING AND WHEELWRIGHTING.

WE, the undersigned, take this method of informing our friends and the public that we have connected Wheelwrighting with our former business, believing it will be better for ourselves and our customers too, as we will be able to work much lower where there is to be but one profit. We have

Good Seasoned Stock, And Good Workmen

in our employ. We intend to have the wood work done as we have had our Blacksmithing—that is to say, *in the very best manner;* and we are willing for the public to be the judges. Our experience is that "the best is the cheapest."



We will have Plows, Cultivators & Harrows for sale. We shall also put up new Carts,

Wagons, Dearborns, Express Wagons,

&c., in good style.

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

Our work will be done as low as at any other establishment here or elsewhere, in the State or outside of it. We are determined to leave no excuse in the way of those who have heretofore been sending their money out of our own community—where it is so sadly needed—to build up manufacturers at a distance. We challenge a comparison of our work with that done any where else, as to price, material, workmanship, style, finish, or any other essential.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT
Chestertown, January 7, 1871.

MILLING.

CHESTERTOWN, DEC. 27TH, 1870.

The subscriber most respectfully informs the Public that after the first day of January next he will take possession of the Mill and will conduct it, he hopes, more to the satisfaction of the Public than for some time past. He is in treaty for a very superior Miller, and soon as the Spring opens will make some improvements which must render her equal to any Mill on the Eastern Shore.

He hopes whenever there is any cause of complaint to be at once notified of the same. By strict attention or supervision, and competent workmen, he hopes soon to be able to re-establish her former reputation.

THOS. H. WHALAND.
Dec. 31, 1870—tf.

GENUINE EXTRACTS FOR FLAVORING.

VANILLA,
LEMON,
ALMOND,
AND OTHER EXTRACTS.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

Selected Poetry.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

High hopes that burn like stars sublime,
Go down the heavens of freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em.
But never sit we down and say,
"There's nothing left but sorrow,"
We walk the Wilderness to-day—
The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now;
There are no flowers blooming;
But life burns in the frozen bough,
And freedom's Spring is coming;
And freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good bark, aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

Through all the long, drear night of years,
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears,
But our meek suffering endeth.
The few shall not forever sway,
The many toil in sorrow;
The powers of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten;
For lo! our day bursts up the skies—
Lean out our souls and listen.
The world rolls freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart, who bears the Cross to-day
Shall wear the Crown to-morrow.

O, youth, flame earnest, still aspire
With energies immortal,
To many a heaven of desire
Our yearning opes a portal.
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like the sheathen sabre
Ready to flash at God's call—
O, chivalry of labor.
Triumph and toil are turns—and aye
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow.

A Piece of his Mind.

The other day we overheard a man relating to a party of listeners the manner in which he used up an adversary once upon a time.

"You see we had had warm words before about a horse trade, and I made up my mind that the very next time I saw him I would give him a piece of my mind in a way that he would understand, and if he didn't like it, why, he could do the other thing. So soon as I saw him across Pine street yesterday, I says, 'You mean sneak,' says I.

"Right to him?"

"No, not right to him, exactly, for he wasn't within hearing, but I says to him to myself, 'You mean contemptible sneak, if I served you as you deserved, I should give you such a dressing as you wouldn't forget in one while.'"

"He didn't hear this, did he?"

"Course he didn't hear it; I said it in my own mind. Says I, 'O, you needn't look at me so; I mean what I say. Just you come over here, you sneaking cheat.'"

"Did he come over when he heard you say that?"

"How could he hear it, when I said it to myself?"

"O, I forgot you said all this to yourself."

"Yes; and I'd said it to him if he had come over. I shook my fist at him and said—"

"Did he see you shake your fist at him?"

"Why, no; I reckon not. You see, he had gone into a shop. If he had been a man enough to take it up and come over and ask me what I meant by calling him such names, I would have skinned him."

☞ Freddy, a fair-haired youngster of four summers, the other day after being for some time lost in thought, broke out thus, addressing his father:

"Pa, can God do anything?"

"Yes, dear."

"Can He make a two-year old colt in two minutes?"

"Why," said the astonished parent, "he would not like to do that, Freddy."

"But if he did want to, could he?" insisted Freddy.

"Yes, certainly, if he wished to."

"What! in two minutes."

"Yes, in two minutes?"

"Well, then, he wouldn't be two years old, would he?"

The old gentleman collapsed.

☞ As a stout gentleman was taking his seat in a crowded omnibus, a stout man looked up and politely asked:

"All full inside?"

"I don't know how it may be with the the other passengers," answered the wag, drily; "but that last piece of oyster-pie did the business for me."

BUTLER ON WAR.—General Butler declared in a late speech that "war is not the worst thing that can befall an individual, if he takes care to keep out of danger and lines his pockets with spoons.

☞ What is the greatest curiosity in the world? A woman's.

Mr. Buchanan Vindicated.

In one of the "Atlantic" monthlies of last summer Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, had an article highly eulogistic of the late Secretary Stanton, and abusive of Mr. Buchanan, and other members of his cabinet, because of their policy and measures in the treatment of the secession movement in 1860. A reply to this article from the pen of Judge Black appeared in the "Galaxy," which was followed by a supplemental article to his contribution by Mr. Wilson, in the "Atlantic," to which Mr. Black replies at length, and with great force and severity, in the "Galaxy" for February. It will be remembered that Mr. Stanton was a trusted member of Mr. Buchanan's cabinet, which position he owed to the influence of his former friend, Mr. Black. In his first contribution to the "Atlantic" Senator Wilson maintained that Mr. Stanton had been from his earliest youth an abolitionist in his secret heart, and that while he was professing to act with the democratic party, and finally with the Buchanan administration, he was in confidential relations with the republicans. In his reply to this Judge Black treated it as a shocking imputation upon the character of his friend which Mr. Wilson would be unable to prove. Mr. Wilson, apparently not suspecting any design in this defiance to draw him out into an elaborate demonstration of his assertions, proceeds to sustain them in his second article by such an array of evidence that Mr. Black, in his publication, gravely concedes that his adversary has made out his point, and conclusively shown that Mr. Stanton "raised himself to the highest public employments under two different parties of diametrically opposite and hostile principles by making simultaneous professions of fidelity to both of them."

In the course of his argument Mr. Black passes in review the course of the Buchanan administration in the most critical period of the history of the country, and when Mr. Stanton was a member of the cabinet. From this part we make the following extract upholding the fidelity of Mr. Buchanan to the Union, and setting forth the theory which he held, and which was then held by both of the great parties in the North, though the disunionists both North and South—original abolition disunionists as well as secession disunionists—did not, of course coincide therein, and hence jointly made violent war thereon, though from opposite extremes:

"Mr. Buchanan was compossed round on all sides with more difficulties and dangers than any other public man in this country ever encountered. The party which elected him was utterly routed; its force wasted by division, its heart broken by defeat. Every Northern State was in the hands of enemies, flushed with the insolence of newly-acquired power, and after his official condemnation of secession the South fell away from his side in a body. With bitter, remorseless, unrelenting foes in front and flank and rear, he was litteraly unsupported by any political organization capable of making itself felt. But he was 'shielded and helmed and weaponed with the truth,' and he went right onward in the path made sacred by the footsteps of his great predecessors. He declared the secession ordinances mere nullities; the Union was not for a day, but for all time; a State could not interpose itself betwen the federal government and individual citizens who violated federal laws; the coercive power did not apply to a State, and could not be used for purposes of indiscrimate carnage in which the innocent and the guilty would be mingled together, but the laws must be executed, and the just rights of the federal government maintained in every part of the country against all opposers. The whole theory of the constitution, as expounded by the men that made it, and all their successors down to that time, justice, humanity, patriotism, honor and conscience, required him to announce and maintain these principles. They were not only true, but were either expressly or impliedly admitted to be true by all except the open and avowed enemies of the Union. The secessionists, of course, had trained themselves to a different way of thinking, and they immediately assumed an attitude of pronounced hostility to the administration. The foremost of the abolition orators and the leading newspaper organ of the so-called republican party took the high ground that the Southern States had a right to break up the Union if they pleased, and could not justly be opposed. But, though they 'drew much people after them, and gave great encouragement to the insurrectionary movement, no man who was at once honest; inteligent, and true to the country failed to see the wisdom of the President's views. The President-elect indorsed them fully on his way to the capital, as he did afterwards on his offiicial action. From all quarters addresses and petitions came up which showed the popular appreciation of them. Even the Massachusetts Legisature, without one dissenting voice in its more numerous branch, and by an overwhelming majority in the other House, passed a solemn resolution approving them in the strongest language and offering to aid in carrying them out. But everything depended on Congress, and what did Congress do? Both houses were completely in the hands of shallow partisans, who were either too stupid to understand their duty or too dishonest to perform it. The men of most ability and integrity whom republican constituents had sent there—such men, for in stance, as Charles Francis Adams—were heard, but not heeded. Tha President, throughly informed on the whole subject, communicated all the facts in a special message, told Congress that the powers confided to him were wholly inadequate to the occasion, demonstrated the absolute necessity of further legislation, and implored them not to postpone it, for danger, imminent then, was increasing with every moment of delay. To all this they were as deaf as adders. They could be reached by no appeal to their hearts or consciences. They neither adopted the executive recommendation nor gave a reason for refusing. If any measure having the least tendency either to restore peace or prepare for war got so far as to be proposed, it was uniformly referred to a committee, where it was sure to be quietly strangled. The issues of life and death to the nation hung upon their action, and they would not lift a finger to save it. No legislative body, since the beginning of the world ever behaved in a great crisis with such scandalous disregard of its duty.

"COAL OIL JOHNNY."

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A PETROLEUM PRINCE.

A correspondent writing from Oil City, Pennsylvania, gives the following interesting account of the career and present whereabouts of Steele, known throughout the country a few years since, as "Coal Oil Johnny:"

Some four miles from the city, directly on the line of the Oil Creek and Allegheny River Railway, lies a tract once celebrated as the "Widow McClintock Farm."—There is now nothing to distinguish it particularly from other sections in the immediate vicinity, all being played out alike, but these are the barren acres formerly brought into prominency by the extravagance and dissipation of John W. Steele. Here, for some years ignorant of the boundless wealth beneath their feet, the McClintocks, in company with the other natives of that little more than half civilized region, plodded along day after day, their sole care being the prospects of the buckwheat and bean crops, as the failure of either was almost certain to breed a famine. No children came to cheer the solitude and eat the flap-jacks of the worthy matron, probably a wise dispensation of Providence, as the products of the farm were not extensive enough to fill many mouths with any degree of certainty. At last, however, as old age came creeping in their direction, thoughts regarding the disposal of their valuable property, began to trouble them, and the conclusion was at last reached to adopt some healthy boy and make him sole heir.

But a short distance from McClintock's lived a man by the name of Steele, and as the barrenness of the soil had not extended to his wife, he found himself the father of a numerous progeny, and was often sorely puzzled about plans for keeping the wolf from the door. To him due application was made, and without hesitation he gave them the pick of the flock, remarking that he had ten or twelve more to dispose of on the same terms. As the most promising one, "Johnny," was selected, and thereafter he was trained up in the way he ought always to have gone.

In the fullness of time came the discovery of petroleum, and the accompanying army of seekers after the fluid. One irruption after another swept across the McClintock farm, litterelly tramping out the expected harvest, and at the age of three-score and ten, the old man saw starvation staring him in the face. Besides this he was continually pestered by offers for the purchase of the old homestead, and finally his ancient body succumbed, and he was gathered to his fathers. For a long time the old woman refused to have anything to do with the outside barbarians, but at last in sheer despair, she leased a portion of the farm, every part of which afterward proved wonderfully productive. Being forever ruined for agricultural purposes, the venerable widow now employed some household assistance, and spent her time in cording up bonds and greenbacks in the cellar, though she was afterward induced to buy a safe, as being more secure. In this pleasant pastime she might have passed the remaining period of her useful life had she not attempted to make the fire burn one morning by pouring on it a bucketful of crude oil. In an incredibly short time she was in a country where petroleum is supposed to be unknown, and from that date began the career of her heir, soon known far and wide as "Coal Oil Johnny."

After the mortal remains of the old lady had cooled and been properly interred, Steele, who had been busily engaged in hauling oil, took $75,000 from the safe, and with three or four fellow-teamsters, started out on a cruise into the outside world of which they had strange rumors. These companions were soon shaken off, however and their places seized by a number of parasites, who clung to the young man as long as he had a penny left.—Prominent among them was one Seth Slocum, who installed himself as "financial agent," and afterwards inseparable, the two then plunged into the wildest excess. Spending the greater portion of their time in Philadelphia and New York, one may hear there yet stories of their extravagance and wild origies. Doubtless many of these tales are exaggerated, but enough is known to mark Slocum down as a great swindler and Steele the most consumate fool of the present generation. The chief aim of the latter's life appeared to be to litterally throw away his fortune as rapidly as possible, and he succeeded so well that he squandered nearly two million dollars in less than a twelve-month. His methods of doing this were very peculiar and perhaps original. Gifts of $5,000 and $10,000 sets of diamonds to his friends were matters of every-day occurrence, while to vary the monotomy he would sally into the street, purchase the finest barouche and span he could find, take a short drive and give the turnout to the driver.

Another favorite freak was to lease the hotels where he might be stopping, and allow none of the guests to pay bills during his administration, while his losses at faro were heavy and continuous, John Morrisey's bank having won $50,000 in one night. But what, perhaps, gave him as much notoriety as any thing else was the organization of a troupe of negro minstrels—Skiff & Gaylord's we believe—the sole condition being that portraits of himself as "financial agent" should adorn the posters and programmes. He gave each member of the company a diamond ring and pin, a gold watch and chain, together with a complete wardrobe, and they started on their way rejoicing. He purchased an interest in a large hotel at Meadville for $45,000, and getting a little hard up one day sold it back for $10,000, while other property in and around the same place was bought and sold in about the same proportion. But through the medium of these and other devices, success crowned his efforts and the old safe was reached at last. The McClintock farm was sold to satisfy a little hotel bill of $32,000, incurred at the Girard House, Philadelphia, while enough other mortgages were placed on record to cover the old place a foot deep.

Steele, "Coal Oil Johnny," no more, now disappeared for a season from the scenes of his triumphs, but some time since came to the surface in the position of doorkeeper for the minstrel troupe of which he was the founder. We next heard of him as endeavoring to keep a seven-by-nine tavern in Franklin; but he was not successful as in his previous efforts to play Boniface. In the present instance he was willing to take pay from his patrons. At last, however, "Johnny" has found his level again, and he may now be seen daily in the neighborhood of his old home guiding a pair of ancient equines attached to a dilapidated wagon, Sitting perched above his half-dozen barrels of oil, he is a picture of greasy contempt. He obtains for hauling, fifty cents per barrel, cash, and he looks as though he had nothing more to ask for. Must not the man be happy who can so gracefully adapt himself to circumstances?

It may be a source of satisfaction to some who read this sketch, to learn that Slocum, who was responsible more than all others for Steele's course, died in jail, at Erie, a year two since, where he had been for some months incarcerated, being unable to obtain $100 bail.

The German Military System.

Mr. Grant Duff, a member of Parliament, delivered a very elaborate and interesting address to his constituents at Elgin, a short time ago, in which he spoke as follows of the military establishment of Prussia:

"There are some lessons which certain evil teachers are enforcing, which I think, we ought not to learn, and about which I should like to say a little. There are some people who tell us that we should forthwith remodel our own army on the basis of the Prussian. Don't believe them. The very same people, would if the French had been successful, have urged us forthwith to introduce the conscription. (Hear.) The nation, if it will only will it, can easily have an army quite as good for our purposes as that of Prussia is for her purposes; but an army like the Prussian we could not have, however hard we tried. The two most essential conditions for the existence of that army are not present here. The first of these conditions is the existence of a class, which is sufficiently unenlightened to think that the profession of arms is the only occupation to which a gentleman can devote himself, and, at the same time, sufficiently enlightened to know that success in the profession of arms can only be obtained by the same hard work which makes the despised citizen successful as a lawyer, an administrator, or a man of books—a class which, making claims quite as high, in some respects higher, than our own nobility, is, at the same time, extremely poor, and obliged to work for its living—a class whose most prosperous members, connected, like our own nobility, with the land, have their wits sharpened by being obliged to get out of the land as good a return as a poor soil and a climate will give, by direct management, without the intervention of talents—a class which identifies its own importance with the military laurels of the House of Hohenzollern—laurels which have not been acquired, as in the case of the Bonapartes, by the astounding genius of one individual, but picked up carefully and economically, in true Prussian fashion, here a leaf, there a twig, next a branch, through ever so many centuries. (Hear.) You have classes infinitely better for your purposes than the Prussian *petite noblesse*, or *Junkers*, or squirearchy, or whatever you like to call them, about whose faults there is enough to be said, but you have no class which could be to your army anything like what they are to that terrible host which rolled only a few months ago over the French frontier. (Hear.) The second condition which is wanting here is that fixed belief of the grave thrifty Spartan middle class of Prussia, that it is only in and through the State that the individual can come to his highest perfection—that worship, for it is nothing short of worship, of the idea of the State, leading the citizens to hold that no sacrifice is too great for her service. It is a feeling quite different alike from the feeling of professional duty and from the passionate poetical feeling of which we have abundance here, just as they have abundance in Germany, and which is of vast importance in war time—the feeling of patriotism. It is a quite fixed belief, like the belief that two and two make four, acting on the mass of the Prussian middle class in most dull and unexciting, as in the most exciting times and circumstances It is the result, strange to say, of the teaching of one man, not a Prussian, but essentially a German of the South, and stranger still, the very man whom nine persons out of every ten who are given to running down Germany would name, if they were asked to name the man who summed up, to their apprehension, all the cloudiness, all the vagueness, and all the unintelligibility which is usually associated with German philosophy. (Hear.) When the house of Hohenzollern made Hegel, so as to speak, its Philosopher Laureate, it obeyed a most true instinct."

☞ A newly married couple, some years since, took up their abode in Poplar street, Brookline. At breakfast the next morning, after their entrance, the gentlemen said to his lady: 'My dear, this is Poplar street, and by putting in *u* (you), it becomes *popular*.' 'And by putting *us* in it,' promptly replied the lady, 'it will become *populous*.'

Tobacco.

A SPEECH FOR A BOY.

I go against tobacco because it goes against me. I eschew it; I will not chew it. I will tell you why. 1st. I do not like the taste of it. It tastes worse than the bitterest medicine ever put to my lips. It is such sickening stuff. 2d. I don't like the looks of it. In the words of another, when I see the tobacco, I pity the mouth that chews it; and when I see the mouth which chews it, I pity the tobacco. It has not a taking color. It is of a dirty dirt color. 3d. I don't like the effects of its use. It makes the teeth yellow and brown, when they should be white; it makes the breath sour and offensive, when it should be sweet, injures the voice, so that those who chew cannot sing and speak to advantage. The voice breaks, and the chorister croaks like a raven when he should sing like a bobolink; the orator merely barks, and a tobacco bark is very disagreeable. 4th. The habit of chewing is a filthy habit. Look at the carpets, the stairways, the sitting-rooms, where the chewers gather together and roll the quid like a sweet morsel under the tongue.—Every boy that chews ought to wear a hat shaped like a spittoon, and use it as such wherever he goes, indeed, he ought to wear it when he sleeps; such a night-cap might save the pillow-case from stains. 5th. I fear tobacco creates an appetite for liquor. It lights a fire in the throat which water may not put out.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

How Adam and Eve Lived.

Somebody—a man, of course—inquires why, when Eve was manufactured from the square rib, a servant wasn't made at the same time to wait on her? Somebody else, a woman, we imagine—replies in the following strain: Because Adam never came whinning at Eve, with a ragged stocking to be darned, collar string to be sewed on, or a glove to mend, 'right—quick—now!' Because he never read the newspapers until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then, stretching himself yawned out, 'ain't supper most ready, my dear?' Not he. He made the fire and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and everything else he ought to do. He milked the cows, fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought home a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegrantes, and the mango season was over. He never stayed out till 11 o'clock to a ward meeting, hurraying for an out-and-out candidate and then scolded because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates; never played billiards, rolled ten pins and drove fast horses nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries while Eve was rocking Cain's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was specially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's cares. That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and the reason that her fair descendants did."

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE GRAND JURY.—A bill has been introduced into the Wisconsin Legislature which is designed to provide a substitute for the grand jury. It is mainly a copy of the Michigan law upon that subject, and provides that all crimes shall be presented for trial by information, instead of indictment, drawn by the district attorney, and that he shall draw no information except in cases which have been examined first by justices of peace, and in any case where he refuses to draw an information on the cases presented by a justice he shall report the case to the circuit judge, with the evidence. It further provides for an arraignment before a country judge for the defendant to plead, so that, if he pleads guilty, he may be sentenced immediately, and not be compelled to lie in jail until the session of the circuit.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.—The following is a pretty version of a Devonshire superstition, which, from its language, appears to be connected with the North:

Monday's bairn is fair of face,
Tuesday's bairn is fu' of grace,
Wednesday's bairn's the child of woe,
Thursday's bairn has far to go,
Friday's bairn is loving and giving,
Saturday's bairn works hard for a living,
But the bairn born on the Sabbath-day
Is lucky and bonny, and wise and gay.

A worthy old clergyman in a neighboring town is very absent-minded, and has a short memory. It is a common habit with him in the pulpit to forget something, and then often sitting down, to rise up again, and begin his supplementary remarks with the expression, "By the way." A few sundays ago he got half through a prayer when he hesitated, forgot what he was about, and sat down abruptly closing. In a minute or two he arose, and pointing his fore finger at the amazed congregation, he said: "Oh! by the way—Amen!"

A CERTAIN New York editor is in quest of special attractions for his paper. He says: "What we want for this column is personalities as mean as possible. Expense of libel suits to be defrayed by the writer; funeral expenses by us."

A FACETIOUS young gentleman from Cincinnati recieved the charge of a shot-gun in return for his courtesy in calling an Indiana farmer up in the night, to advise him to take in his chimney as it was freezing weather.

Upon hearing that the Prince Frederick Charles meant to attack Nancy, Mrs. Partington told Ike that she always thought these Prooshun Princes were mean enough to strike a woman.

CURLING FLUID.—The best article for curling the hair is new Pennsylvania corn whisky.

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