THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 18, 1871. NO. 39.

J. Bell & Bro.

BUCK NECK WHARF,

INVITE the attention of Farmers to the LARGE STOCK OF FERTILIZERS

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

Zell's Ammoniated Phosphate of Bone $60 per ton of 2000 pounds; 90 days tim

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

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

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

Sphagnine, the Great Delaware Fertilize $40 cash, $42 on 6 months, or $44 on 1 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.*

GREAT OFFER.

CHOICE CIGARS AND CHEWING TOBACCO.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

[redacted]

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 $20 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.

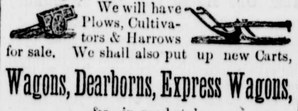
May 14, 1870—y.

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.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arms, oh Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear:
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dard Actium's fatal shore—
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the death, Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him—
'Twas his own that dealt the blow.
Hear, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere yon star shall lose its ray,
Him, who drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home.
Seek her! Say the gods have told me—
Altars, angels' circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled
Yet shall mount the throne of kings!

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendor of thy smile;
Give to Cæsar crowns and arches—
Let his brow the laurel twine,
I can scorn all Cæsar's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming! Quick—my falchion!
Let me face them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my voice exulting swell!
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

[COMMUNICATED.]

THE SCHOLAR'S MISSION.

Unto every man is allotted some definite sphere in which to move, and within which to exercise his power. The very course of nature seems to indicate the necessity of such a distribution. The material world presents a beautiful series, composed of orders and systems, connected indeed throughout, and forming one grand whole, yet each order, and each system, acting a part, and fulfilling an office peculiar to itself.

The cloud, the dew, the flowers and fruits, all participate in the general harmony of nature, in no less a degree than those flaming orbs that roam in courses which imagination alone can follow.

As in the material world, order and harmony seem to be the fundamental principles of creation; so in the social world, these same principles meet us at the threshold, and manifest themselves in every department of life.

Each event and each development, as it bursts upon the world, lives its day, and then takes its place in history, is but an additional evidence of the great fact that society is a system, upon the harmonious action of whose parts depends its security and happiness.

Nor is this view less practical than ideal. Reduce all classes to a common level, bring about a perfect similarity of thought, and a uniformity of pursuits, and you have destroyed all social harmony, you have rendered life a spiritless monotony, void of interest, and destitute of blessings.

Every man has a *mission* to fulfill. The Statesman, the Philosopher, the Orator, and the Poet, each act a separate and distinct part in "the great drama of life," and each acting well his part, elicits the applause and enhances the happiness of his fellow man. But the scholar differs from these in that—no particular department—

[redacted]

refuses to perform his duty as a man, who, though he possesses treasures of truth and love, yet denies to mankind a participation in the light which he enjoys. Such a man, living, renders himself unknown, and dying, sinks to a merited oblivion. The true scholor is none of these. But the man to whom *God* has entrusted intellectual powers that mark him among his fellows, who, conscious of the responsibility that rests upon, and prompted by a noble ambition to exalt his race, leaves no power unexerted, no occasion unimproved, but expends the whole energy of his nature to accomplish the grand object of his being, *he* is the scholar; and the blessings which he confers upon the world, ascending as sweet incense to the throne of truth, till the end of time, shall reach their consummation only amid the untold glory and endless bliss of eternity.

Such men have lived; such men do live; and though the world knows them not, nor awards to them the meeds which they deserve, yet the toils they have endured, and the sacrifices they have offered at the shrine of truth, unaided by even those who reap the reward of their labors, lend a charm to their character, and tell in language more eloquent than the laurel that wreaths the victor's brow, of a nobler, more enduring heroism. The mission of the scholar is to free his race from the dominion of error.

When man fell—we are informed by the sacred writings—sin entered the world. Then commenced the sad history of human degradation; then had their origin prejudice and bigotry; then was founded over the sad wreck of humanity, the power of the monster, that hydra-headed, floods the annals of the world with the record of human atrocities; that draws the blinding pall of ignorance over man's loftiest aspirations, and mars, by its blighting touch, the beauty and power of his highest attainments.

Nor is it only in open opposition to the cause of truth, that the monster displays its hideous form.

Disguised as a *reformer*, it winds its slimy folds into the bosom of society, and would fain lead it into all manner of licentiousness. Under the form of creed, it invades the Church, and the strife and bickerings that mark every collision of the sects, tell us at once its fell power, and cast a living, burning shame upon the cause of religion itself. Under the shape of party it convulses the political world, and is a fruitful source of war and popular tumult; and in every department of life, every pathway of human progress, similar hindrances must be overcome.

It is only to the patient, enduring labors of the scholar that the world can look for deliverance. Had no Galileo or Copernicus discovered and proclaimed the principles of the solar system, Astronomy might yet be but a collection of superstitious fancies, or a record of heathen mythology. Had no Bacon or Locke entered the field of Philosophy, we might still be groping amid the mysticisms and delusions which mark the speculation of former ages. Had no Luther sought and promulgated a doctrine unfettered by political restraints, and untrammeled by political dictation, Christianity might still be writhing within the iron grasp of Romish arrogance and intolerance.

Reform, guided by knowledge, marches forward with steady tread, and though sometimes lost amid those mighty convulsions which from time to time have agitated society, or obscured by the violence of rival theories, and the strife of conflicting opinions, yet from each revolution, each combat, she comes forth, clad in fairer robes, and with increased light and power moves onward. The scholar gazing upon those ceaseless changes that mark the progress of the race, sees a mysterious principle at work, effecting in each development of the political world, a similar revolution in the moral and intellectual.

The attainment of each new idea, and the establishment of each new form of knowledge, unfolds to him a clearer conception of the truth, and sheds a brighter radiance over the pathway of human destiny. As he marks the successive stages of improvement through which the world has passed, he looks ahead, and catching a faint glimpse of that glorious period when humanity shall triumph over the dominion of sin, when peace shall reign, and ignorance, and bigotry, and superstition, shall hide their heads in shame, he cries: Onward! the prize is in view! Truth shall yet prevail, virtue and knowledge shall yet be exalted!

But every reform must be guarded, lest it react with too great violence upon the hearts and consciences of men. Progress, it is true, is the motive power of the world; but progress uncontrolled by some higher principle than mere change, would hurry men into all the excesses of ultraism; it would convert the harmonious working of society into a jarring discord; it would make *riot* a *virtue*, and render law and order obsolete. It is only by the general diffusion of knowledge that genuine progress can be obtained. This is the helm that guides the bark of humanity safely through the storm. Without it, society rushes headlong to its own destruction, the toy of every passing fancy, the sport of every burst of popular passion. It is the mind that moves the world. It is the scholar only that can develop and render effective its hidden powers. Mind holds the key to Truth—but it is the scholar alone that can unlock her treasures Ignorance is the stronghold of error, and as long as the intellect of man is shrouded by its darkness, so long must delusion and folly hold their sway over the race. Error must be routed from her ambush, ere she is round the weapons of her warfare, and the dominion of the mind must be acknowledged ere man can sound the glad pean of his deliverance.

To establish this dominion of mind, and thus hasten that glorious period when Truth shall be seen in all her loveliness, and when, upon an enlightened, purified humanity, the SUN of Righteousness shall shine with a full noontide splendor, is the MISSION OF THE SCHOLAR. Grand in its nature and importance, noble in its design, sublime in its character, who can fathom its influence, who tell its bearing upon the destiny of the race? Let the world, then, afford free scope for the exercise of such a calling; casting aside its ignorance and bigotry, let it give encouragement and support to the future scholar, and let the heroism of those who, in ages past, lived, bled, and died, in thus upholding the cause of humanity, be preserved in perpetual, grateful remembrance,

W.

For the Transcript.

Hunting a Cook

Is one of the pastimes of our people in Kent at all seasons, but particularly now. And all heads of families seem to engage in this (?) with a zest no other species of game can induce. This hunt affords a more exciting *chase* than formerly—as the species known as Cooks seem dying out, or else in olden times they were not so shy of civilization as now they are, and been known even to seek the haunts of the white man, But now they must be tolled along by persuasion, or baited for with Chink!

Now nothing seems able to entice them from their little huts—generally built "so like the industrious Beaver build—by cutting down logs and poles, and laying them together, then filling up the cracks with mud," all about the swamps and sometimes *even* on the road-side.

In fact, this animal (?) is gregarious in its character, and herbivarous, in its tastes *at home!* But extremely carnivarous, abroad. They love to congregate in flocks, and sleep away the long cold winter. But just as spring comes cleverly about us, they may be seen from early morn to dewy eve, seeking for and eagerly plucking up all manner of *green* things that may be converted into sprouts. ("In truth I may say they'r up to sprouts.")

But the most remarkable feature about this animal, is its capability to adapt its appetite to circumstances.

If in a farmers' kitchen with a plentiful Larder and full Meat-house, it can eat almost any imaginable *quantity*, and is *rather* fastidious regarding the quality.

But after the yearly work is done, and it retires for its annual rest to the much loved Hut, it seems to allow its digestive organs to become like the Bear, Dormant, and its daily rations would scarcely support a common sized six year older.

But still it lives on, free from all care, all work, and victuals. And in this institution we have an ever living monument to "*The Late Lamented.*" For he it was, who first brought out and encouraged its most wonderful faculty for maintaining "A MASTERLY INACTIVITY."

We went on the hunt of one once, and our success may be recorded thusly:

We wanted a cook, *an uncommon want!* and just then, we heard that Mrs. Smith had said that her mother's second cousin's sister, had just given up her cook, for no reason in the world, except worthlessness and impudence. We pitied her ignorance, and determined to profit by it, and started for *the game.*

It being then, and is now, our firm opinion that in nothing is modest worth more to be appreciated than in a *cook.*—Although as with the violet, we have to look pretty near the dirt to find the beauties that we seek. But we are determined to put up with all this, so that we get our cook and our meals.

Well we presently found this beautiful gem of Jet and Cuisine, and we abashed at her appearance so that although we had ridden just 49 miles to get sight of her den, and 293 yards, by actual measurement of yard strides in black mud knee deep to get to it, and wasted in all just 9 days and 5 hours before getting upon the right track. We could not ask that lady if she would hire as our cook, so we only looked at her remembering we had heard in boyhood "The Cat may look at the Queen" and surely she affected to look queenly, and we felt decidedly newly. As there she stood with arms a kimbo, and hair so beautifully frizzed by nature and neglect "A la mode de L'Frique" that we could not help the thought, what would one of our Ball Room Belles give to attain so artistic an arrange of "a woman's glory" but still she stood and eyed me, seeming to say to me, speak it, if you dare! And we dared to ask her where she now resided, and if she had a situation?

"I'm staying now, sir, with aunt Julia."

What does she do for a living?

"Oh! she keeps house, and board with her; that is I help to support the family, and go fishing when I ain't at school."

You still go to school then?

"Oh! yes sir, only I ain't been since last summer, when Milkey Ann stole my books and John he had a fuss with the teacher about it, the little yaller minx from Boston, she thinks herself above us niggers 'cause she came from the North, but I don't care no more for her than for one of them counter-bands from the South, and they always is lousy."

Would you like a situation? we faintly said.

"I shall accept of one in the spring; several gentlemen have been after me and as they all offer such inducements, I think I shall have to accommodate Mr. Jones up there in the mansion, as he has such a small family and such a nice house, and so little work to do and pays such big wages, and always in advance, and raises them every time you threatened to leave him, in order to keep you, and counts no lost time. And then besides his daughter, Miss Sallie does most all the work anyhow. And Mr. Jones assures me that he will put all his washing out; and make his son Tom milk the cows. And the wood is all in the shed next to the kitchen, with a door between. And he gives me 8 dollars a month, and says if that ain't enough he will pay me 9, and give me every Sunday, and lend me his horse and carriage to go to church. And I am to receive company whenever the gentlemen choose to call on me, and no children allowed to bother the kitchen and listen to our talk. And Miss Sallie has promised to fix up my wardrobe in the best and latest style, and to lend me her hoop skirt and Patent adjustable Bustle, and her duck of a Bonnet, when I want to go to the Ball, and Mrs. Jones is to take care of my three little children while I am gone, and she has such a nice crib for the baby, and room enough in her bed for the others, by Mr. Jones sleeping on the lounge." We asked her where her husband lived? "My husband! I ain't got none, and what's more I don't want none. I hate to have a man hanging about me." We looked at her three half orphan children, and smiled a feeble smile as we remembered "the mysterious workings of a Providence."

We made our bow, and moved for other parts, where no Jones had ever been, and where no ladies with frizzed hair and orphan children wer applicants for a cookship. And as we waded on our weary way back, amid the mud and slush, we were musing if this animal which we had been hunting for and found, but not captured after bringing it to bay, were not amphibious, as it seems to live in or out of the water.

But our musings and investigations were interrupted, as we heard just then or thought we heard the merry wood nymphs sniggering in their sleeve, and as their taunting cry was wafted gently to us by seemed to come to our ear was the mock-the *gentle north wester*, the words that ing cry of "Nary Cook!"

Yours, truly,
T. PARTY.

"A Few More Left."

The most renowned street-vender in New York, or in the world, is Henry Smith, the "Razor Strop Man" of Nassau street. Born in England, six months after Waterloo, his youth was roving and dissipated, and his devotion to drink gained him the *sobriquet* of "Old Soaker" before he was twenty-one. Signing the abstinence pledge for a month, and then for life, he became a good husband, an industrious man, and an ardent temperance advocate. In 1842 he sailed in the *Ontario* for America. Landing in New York, he soon began to sell razor-strops, and his street speeches were such droll, witty, and sensible mixtures of prose and poetry, that in three months he made himself the prince of peddlers. His sayings were chronicled in the papers, his portrait was published in the *Sunday Atlas*, and he even appeared for seven nights at the Olympic Theatre in Mitchell's play of the "Razor Strop Man." His fame rapidly spread, and he made the tour of the Union, teaching temperance and selling his strops, until his characteristic saying, "*A few more left of the same sort,*" became a "household word."

He achieved a fortune in a few years; but the spirit of speculation seized him, and the crisis of 1857 swept away his last dollar. With unshaken courage and a fresh basket of strops he began life anew, visited his native England and won much reputation as a "genuine Yankee peddler." Returning to America, the war found him at Rochester, where he enlisted in a volunteer regiment. In his left leg he still carries a Gettysburg musket-ball.—When told that it might be necessary to amputate the limb, he replied, "Well, I suppose I can afford to loose it, as I shall still have one more left of the same sort!" The leg was saved, but the wound disabled him and compelled his return to Rochester, where he served till after the close of the war as recruiting sergeant, and in the soldiers' hospital. With a purse from the city, a letter of thanks from the Mayor, and a Zouave uniform from his regiment, the veteran vender returned again to New York and became once more the "Razor Strop Man" of Nassau street.

Age has whitened his close-cut hair and moustache, and the short growth on his bronzed cheek and chin; and his witty old-time speeches no longer gather crowds of laughing buyers. But his eye still twinkles with kindly shrewdness behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, and his softly spoken, "Here you are, young man:" is often the prelude to a sensible and genial preachment of temperance and the many virtues of the strops, razors, knives, and other wares that overflow his red, white, and blue striped "first National basket."—*Scribner.*

A Social Difficulty in Canada.

A correspondent complains that he has been trying in vain for six months to get a servant to help his poor wife, who is quite done up. He wants one who will do the work of a small family; but all decline when they learn that they will be expected to wash, scrub, attend to stoves, &c. He says he cannot afford to pay over $5 a month, a cannot keep two servants; and asks what he is to do? We reply, we cannot tell. There are many thousands of families similarly situated in the United States and Canda, and this is the chief reason of the criminal practices adopted to prevent increase of families. In many cases any increase of work is a matter of life and death with the already overworked wife and mother. Society must come back to simpler modes of living; having, for instance, only two rooms—one for kitchen, and another for hall; or, as it was called in Scotland, "a but and a ben."—These room, with one cooking stove between them, and two bed-rooms above, heated by a dumb stove would be a return to the style of living of well-to-do familes in Montreal 40 years ago. The styles of cooking and of dressing should also be greatly simplified, in order to diminish labour in every way. Above all, young women, of whom there are plenty, should all be willing, like the most respectable girls of Germany, to serve an apprenticeship for a few years to housekeeping at very moderate wages. Unless fashions change, the better classes of society must die out, and leave the earth to be peopled by families that are content with one room for all purposes.—*Montreal Daily News.*

River Steamers in America.

Their size and equipment are amazing. Let me try to describe the St. John, which plies on the Hudson. It is 417 feet long, 80 feet wide, and has three decks. It is larger than the largest ocean Cunard steamship. Its saloons are furnished as sumptuously as any drawing room, having prints, expensive photographs, stereoscopes, &c., on the tables. It has bedroom accomodation for 600 persons, and will carry, they say, 3000. One saloon, surrounded with cabins, that I looked into, was about 150 feet long, 20 feet high, and lit with magnificent clustered gas chandeliers. The dining rooms are elaborately provided with everything seen in a first-class hotel. Crowds of civil negroes, in spotless white jackets, wait at the tables, which are ornamented with artificial flowers There are, of course, extensive kitchens, cellars, and icehouses. Ornamental fountains of iced water are dispersed through the ship. There are bars at which you can order any kind of drink you please, hairdressers' shops, bookstalls, &c., in these vessels. Large mirrors, soft-piled carpets, the most exquisite cleanliness (even the door of the stoke-hole was of white pannel, with white china handels, and quite clean,) entirely remove the idea of your being on board a river steamer. Other appliances for comfort and convenience are perfect. The washing apparatus is good as that in a London clubhouse. Smoking is strictly prohibited, except in certain portions of the ship. The arrangements for tickets, baggage, &c., are admirable. There is no noise or bustle. I ascended the Hudson to Albany in one of these floating hotels. The pace at which they move through the water is prodigious.—With the tide the one I was in would go 25 miles an hour.—*People's Magazine.*

A Glass of Wine.

Captain Marryet, who confessed that, while at home in England, he was a "three-bottle man," said a single bottle of wine in this country was too much for him. He was disposed to think that there was something so exhilarating in our atmosphere that each man who breathed it became charged with such a degree of natural stimulous that he was not capable of sustaining much addition of artificial excitement.

Whether the air has much to do with it or not, there can be no question that the power of enduring the effect of intoxicating drinks is less in this country than in many others. Lord Eldon is reported to have drunk daily, after his dinner, a whole bottle of full-bodied port wine, and, after draining his last glass, to have turned to his mountain of briefs, and prepared a legal argument or a jucicial decision whose lucidity and soundness few lawyers or judges have ever equaled. Where on the bench or in the court of this country could be found men, after such deep potations, capable of adjusting and holding with a steady hand the scales of justice?

It is the American temperament rather than the American air which renders us all in this country so sensible to the effects of artificial stimulants. We are in a constant state of excitability from the animation of our busy and progressive life, and the intense and varying emotions engendered by its constant fluctuations. It is a well-known fact that nervous excitement predisposes to intoxication. It is not the deepest drinker, but the noisiest and liveliest of the company, who is first under the table. The Scotch proverb says: "Gin ye're gaun to drink, Sir, dinna ye talk muckle." Emotional Ireland drinks less, according to the statisticians, than stolid England, but gets a great deal more drunk.

Jeffreys and the Fiddler.

Though Jeffreys delighted in music, he does not seem to have held its profession in high estimation. In the time of Charles II. musical artists of the humbler grades like to be styled "musitioners;" and on a certain occasion when he was sitting as recorder for the City of London, George Jeffreys was greatly incensed by a witness who, in a pompous voice, called himself a musitioner. With a sneer the recorder interposed:

"A musitioner! I thought you were a fiddler!"

"I am a musitioner," the violinist answered stoutly.

"Oh, indeed!" croaked Jeffreys. "This is very important! And pray, Mr. witness, what is the difference between a musitioner and a fiddler?"

With fortunate readiness the man answered:

"As much, sir, as there is between a pair of bagpipes and a recorder."

A STUPID CLERK.—The other day a young lady stepped into a dry goods establishment, and inquired of the clerk attending:

"Sir, have you any mouse-colored gloves?"

"Mouse-colored gloves, Miss?"

"Yes, a sort of gray, just the color of your drawers," meaning the store drawers, that were painted gray.

"My drawers, Miss? why, I don't wear any."

A cab was seen leaving that store a few minutes after with a lady in the corner with a handkerchief to her face.

NO SMOKING ALLOWED.—Old Doctor Stearns, of New London, in his latter years, kept a drug store. A gentleman one day purchased a cigar of the Doctor, and, lighting it, began to smoke.

"Please do not smoke it in the store," said Doctor S., politely, "it is against our rule."

"But you *sell* cigars," rejoined the gentleman,—"sell 'em to smoke, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, we sell cigars," replied the doctor a little sharply,—"and *we sell physic; but we don't allow it to operate in the store.*"

☞ A western editor, on entering his office, and seeing his apprentice boy cutting some queer capers, called out to him, "Jim, what are you doing on the floor?" "Why, sir, I have had a shock." "A shock?" "Yes, sir." "What kind of a shock?" "Why, sir," said the lad, gasping, "one of your subscribers came in during your absence—said he owed for two years' subscription—paid it—and also paid another year in advance."

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