THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1871. NO. 41.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE UNDERSIGNED have to-day entered into a Co-partnership, and in the future will transact business at *Betterton* under the title of TURNER BROTHERS.

R. T. TURNER, JR.,
Jan. 1st, 1871. JOSEPH TURNER.

WE NOW HAVE ON HAND AND offer for sale,

LUMBER, LATHS, SHINGLES,
COAL, JOISTS, SCANTLING,
FLOUR, BRICKS, LIME, HAIR,
SALT, NAILS, LOCKS,
CLOVER SEED, &c.

And orders filled for OYSTER SHELLS, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, OYSTER SHELL LIME, OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS, LOCUST POSTS.

TURNER BROTHERS.
Betterton, Feb. 18, 1871—3t.

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, 1870—y.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of one writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed, at the suit of George M. Stradly, against the goods and chattles, lands and tenements of Edward Thompson, colored, of, in and to, the following property:

ONE HORSE AND DEARBORN,

Also, One House and Lot of Land,

situated on the North side of the public road leading from Chesterville to Millington, and adjoining the property of John Schwatka and others, and being the same land which was conveyed to Edward and Pere Thompson by James Boone and wife, by deed dated 6th of December, 1833, recorded in Liber, J. N. G., No. 3, page 298, one of the Land Record Books for Kent county: And I hereby give notice, that on

Saturday, the 11th day of March, 1871,

at 3 o'clock, P. M., at the Hotel in Chesterville, I will sell, at Public Sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the property so seized and taken in execution, to pay said debt, interest and cost, due and to become due thereon.

R. W. CALDER, *Sheriff.*
Feb. 18, 1871—tds. [4.50]

GREAT OFFER.

CHOICE CIGARS AND CHEWING TOBACCO.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

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 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.

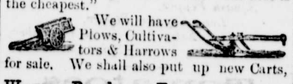
CHAS. B. BAYLY,
No. 178 West Baltimore street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
May 14, 1870—y.

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.

'Whenever I sit in the Twilight.'

Whenever I sit in the twilight,
At rest from the toils of the day,
And the little ones gather about me,
Too weary for laughter and play,
I think, with the longing of sorrow and love,
Of the one little child that's away—

Away from the arms of the mother;
And sometimes it grieves me to know,
Content with the love that surrounds him,
He never will miss us below;
For he looks in the face of the Father above,
And walks with the saints to and fro.

I love in my fancy to follow
Their steps by the river so fair,
And list to the wonderful stories
The angels are telling him there—
The beautiful angels of Paradise,
And dear Little Silverhair.

There's the angel that spoke unto Hagar,
"Fear not, for God heareth thy moan;"
And the one that came flying to Mary,
All shining with light from the throne;
And the strong, blessed seraphs that soothed the dear Lord
When tempted and fainting alone.

But grandest of all is the angel
Whose story I often have read,
Who came to the tomb of the Saviour,
And rolled back the stone from its head,
And said to the weepers that trembled to hear,
"The Lord is gone up from the dead."

O angel of life and of glory!
Come whisper thy message to me,
When sadly I sit and remember
The child that is gone from my knee;
For I know in the mansions where Jesus has gone,
His little ones surely must be.

From the Baltimore Christian Advocate.

AN ALLEGORY.

Once upon a time, as the fairy tales say, there was a woman who had a most remarkable son. He was smart, healthy, bright and good tempered; he had a fair share of good looks, and of good sense on most subjects, but he had one curious point, and that was his dread of trouble. Almost everything was "too much trouble." The other boys played base-ball, skated, ran races, rowed, and had all kinds of active fun; but this strange fellow, whom we shall call Indolens, would take part in none of these things. He went to school of course when it was not too much trouble to go there, and learned how to read so as to amuse himself with storybooks which did not trouble his brain by causing him to reflect on or remember anything; but as to mathematics, sciences, or languages, all these were too much trouble. Still he was very quick and learned easily many things which to other boys required a great deal of study, and so he escaped being called a dunce.

His mother thought him a wonder of talent and ability, and thought it not strange that so gifted a creature should not be willing to take trouble like ordinary mortals; and so instead of reproving she encouraged him. At last, when Indolens was about twelve years old, his mother determined to go with him to the house of Dame Fortune, a great lady who presided over the lot of the young men of that country, that she might appoint him to some honorable place on her rolls. "My son, madam," said the proud mother, "has every virtue and every ability, and you will find him equal to any position you may be good enough to bestow upon him. He has however one peculiarity which has marked him from a child: he cannot endure to take any trouble about anything. His talents are so great, however, that it is not necessary."

"My good friend," said the lady, "I am well acquainted with the peculiarity of which you speak, and I fear I have nothing whatever which will be suitable for your son's acceptance. Be so good, however, as to take this glass, in which you will see all the phases of life which are in my gift, and choose any which you think will suit." So saying, Dame Fortune turned away, leaving in the hands of the mother a kaleidoscope, which she took with eager hand, determined to choose the most brillirnt career which should appear in it as most suitable to her son's talents.

The first was a most beautiful and elevating scene. A noble-looking man with whitened hair stood in the midst of a throng of grateful and admiring people, who watched his every look with reverence and love; the elevated countenance of the venerable man and the entranced faces of the crowd moved the heart of the mother. "I would have this life for thee, my son," she said; but as she spoke the scene changed, and they beheld the earlier life of the great man, and the slow and painful steps by which he had reached the position in which he stood. He was a reformer. In his early days he had toiled in poverty, neglect and reproach, to teach mankind the great truths which he felt were needed to elevate and reform them. Turning away from honor, from wealth, from fame, he had steadily followed the stern path which his mind and soul pointed out for him, often reviled by those whom he sought to benefit, and deserted by the friends who should have stood nearest; his hair had grown white with suffering of mind and body, and not with old age; and now when the day of his reward had come, and the people had learned to know him as their friend, he was scarcely richer in worldly goods than when he toiled in his early days of bitterness. "It is very beautiful, mother," said the boy, "but such a life of toil is not for me;" and the mother turned the glass with a half suppressed sigh.

Another and very different scene flashed upon. Here was a victorious General in the midst of his army; medals and badges of honor gleamed upon his breast, and the flags of conquered nations lay at his feet. The mother shuddered at the sight of the warlike trophies and the visions which the glass showed of bloody fields and ruined lands; but the boy seized the glass eagerly. "Let me have this career," he said; "this will be the best." But the glass turned again, and now it showed the boy-soldier on his toilsome marches over ice and snow, his night-vigils when sick and exhausted, his slow steps to honor gained by laborious study and unremitting toil. He had hesitated at no difficulty, had yielded to no fatigue or pain, had shrunk from no responsibility; and as Indolens looked at the picture, the former brilliant scene lost its lustre, and he turned from it in disgust. "Not for worlds would I endure such a life," he said. And this time the mother's sigh was one of relief.

She turned the glass rapidly now until she paused at a calm and beautiful scene of dignified leisure and appreciated talent. An author sat in his study. The magazines and reviews which lay around him brought him the verdict of the world upon his admired works. Every one was full of praise; his noble thoughts were in the mouths of all; he had reached the highest pinnacle of fame. His countenance showed no trace of conflict with the rough scenes of life; only the lines of thought were graven deep upon his brow, but that the mother and son could not read aright. "I will choose this, mother," cried the boy, "there is greatness without the fearful struggless that the others must needs pass through. I will be a great author." But then the glass shifted, and scene after scene in the early life of the author was unfolded. The boy started; he had not dreamed of what he saw now. It was a pale, wan student, ill clad, harrassed and dispirited; necessities stared him in the face; the writhings into which his whole life, his time, his thoughts, his strength had gone, were ill paid and neglected, or rejected with scorn. He saw him again later in life; he was still poor, and almost unknown, he was working night and day with labor of the brain more wearying than the rudest hand-labor to repair the losses that he had met from his unsuccessful books and to pay the debts of his early days. Sometimes reason seemed about to to desert him in the preence of his anxiety and thought; sometimes health seemed almost gone. Indolens turned away in amazement and dismay at what he saw. The author had been successful at last, but through what years of trouble and heart-sickness! "Such a life is too wearying for me," he said; "mother, let us choose something lower than these lives." And so while the mother's heart sank in her as the glass showed scene after scene of success reached only after agonising struggles, they still sought on.

At last they paused at another quiet picture. "Here is an easy and prosperous life at last, my son," she said, and the boy looked up hopefully. It was the beautiful home of a successful merchant. Everything that luxury could suggest adorned the rooms—splendid furniture, costly pictures, rare books, and in the midst sat the merchant, with his richly dressed wife and children. "I have found it at last," cried the boy. But the glass had not done showing its changing scenes. It was the past life of the merchant which came before them now, and Indolens shrugged his shoulders and turned off, a merchant's life was only to sit at ease in his counting-room and receive the ready gold. He found on the contrary a youth of close application, of steady, attentive work day after day, and often far into the night; and as years passed on, he saw the rising man oppressed with cares, anxious and restless with uncertain speculations, disturbed by unlooked-for losses, harrassed by unceasing perplexities, valuing his hard-earned money so highly that his life was burdened by its care. "Such a life is far too troublesome," said the boy.—And now the mother indeed began to fear lest there was not one brilliant lot open to her gifted boy. Could it be that vulgar toil and carking care were the avenues to all things that were worth living for?

The mother turned the glass rapidly and almost in despair, till she paused awe-struck and entranced before a picture of heavenly design. A pilgrim clad in robes of celestial brightness had just crossed the river, and bands of radiant angels to welcome him into their habitations, with the plaudit—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Over the brow of the pilgrim, which gleamed with a purity and beauty unknown to earth, there rested a crown of dazzling brightness; and as the mother looked she cried, entranced by the heavenly vision, "I will chose this for thee, my son; pursue this eternal glory rather than the empty shows of life." But the son's eye brightened not; he pointed to the slowly shifting scenes which glided before the glass, and the mother trembled and grew pale at the sight. She saw a lonely servant of Christ in a distant land, bereft of all which made life dear on earth. She saw him striving for mastery over the temptations to repining, to discouragement and despair, which surrounded him; and and through suffering and sickness, still with all the energy which a consuming love and purpose could give, showing forth the Gospel of Christ to dying men. She saw not the comfort which his soul received in secret intercourse with his Lord; she saw not the angel messengers who ministered unto him; she knew nothing of the joys above all earthly joys which sometimes wrapt his soul; but she saw the dreadful visions of suffering, imprisonment, all too true, and frightful death, and her heart sank within her as she heard the words, "So fight I then, not as one that beateth the air."

But the boy's thoughts had flown from this painful sight: another picture had caught his eye. The plan of the visions had changed now, and it was a picture of youth that he saw. All that could delight a careless and unthinking taste was there; pleasure, idleness, music, art, flitted around his steps; thought and study were banished from his life, books came only as the amusement of a leisure moment or the advocates of an infidel argument. Years advanced; a rich and beautiful wife was by his side, wealth and taste gilded his pathway. Honor was not there, for she came not without effort; but there was homage from the vulgar crowd, and he did not pause to distinguish the difference. Still the years passed by as the boy gazed admiringly. Pleasures still opened before him. There was weariness often at the emptiness of a life which, while it had no cares, yet had no solid joys; but effort and toil there were none. The days were rounded into weeks, and the weeks into years, but still the tale of pleasure was the same. Death came and took away the companions of his vain life, but his heart melted not; it had been hardened into stone. Old age came at last, and before it sickness and discontent, fretfulness and longing; but still the boy gazed in admiration. His shallow fancy was captivated by the picture of aimless ease, and he turned carelessly away from the dark spots upon the surface of brightness. "This is the life for me," he said exultingly; while his mother seized the glass and pointed shudderingly to the last scene. The old man lay a-dying, exhausted with his life of empty pleasure, without firends, without hope, without a past, without a future; but Indolens turned away carelessly. "Death comes alike to all," he said. "And after death the judgment," resounded in his ear; but the boy hearkened not; his choice was made; he had seen the vision of an easy life, a life without toil or trouble, and he would seek no farther.

The mother went home weeping. She saw the truth too late. Life had nothing worth gaining which was not won by earnest, enduring, even agonising toil; and bitterly did she repent the error into which her child had fallen, and earnestly did she strive to rouse him up to a better and a harder life.

E. D.

Ghastly Occurrence.

A CORPSE DRIVING A HORSE THROUGH NASHVILLE.

The Nashville Banner, of February 7th, says:

Dr. William Burdett, who resided at No. 330 South Cherry street, died at 6 o'clock last evening under the most peculiar circumstances. About half an hour previous to his demise he had driven to the residence of Conductor Edward Wells, near the Decatur depot. After leaving some instructions with his patient he got into his buggy and started his horse homeward.

Sudden death, like a stroke of lightning, overtook him probably before he had driven a few hundred yards, and the late living, speaking human being, who a few moments before had talked calmly and quietly, after his usual manner, to a patient and that patient's family, and had even joked with a little boy whom he met by the street-side as he entered his buggy, still sat stark and stiff upright upon his seat, the reins clutched in his hands, staring eyes looking out upon the street, driving homeward—a corpse.

Death looked out from those lifeless eyes, and was it he who guided the unknowing horse plodding towards his late master's door; and those who looked into that vehicle felt something awful and undefinable which made them shudder, perhaps, and hasten involuntarily forward. The horse drew up at the familiar hitching-post, but no master descended, and he stood gently pawing the ground, anon jerking the lines, but he got no answer to these signals, however oft repeated.

And now Mrs. Burdett looks out of the window and says, "Well, I declare the Doctor's come; but why don't he get out?" She looks a moment, but he doesn't move, and she says, "Perhaps he wants something;" and then she trips out to the street, looks up into the buggy and says, "Well, William, what is it?" No answer. And then she bends forward a little, and the light shines fuller on the figure there. It is her husband, but the face is livid and the eyes blindly staring. "William! O William!" and she grasps him by the hands, still clutching the reins; they are cold and stiff. He is dead.

Through the assistance of several gentlemen, Dr. Burdett's body was taken into the house, where Coroner Brien held an inquest over his remains. The jury returned a verdict that he came to his death from disease of the heart.

UP TO SNUFF.—A gentleman playing at cards at Baden-Baden was much annoyed by an inquisitive stranger, who stood beside him and pried into his hand. At last he took a pinch of snuff and administered it to his tormentor, immediately saying, "I beg your pardon, but you were so near to me, sir, that I mistook your nose for mine."

With tears in her eyes, a little girl of five summers asked: "Will dear little brother Johnny die to-night, mother?" And when she was assured the Doctor thought not, she continued, while sobs choked her utterances, "Poor Johnny! I wish he would, 'cause then I could have his little white-handled knife and fork."

Several thousand spinisters, after long years of watchful observation, entirely dissent from the proverb: "Man proposes."

Not Complimentary.

Apropos of the recent elections, the following is capital, and will be especially relished by gentlemen who have been unsuccessful in their aspirations for office:

In one of the towns of Pennsylvania the freemen had for many years deposited their votes solidly for the Democratic candidates. Such a thing as a Whig or Republican was unknown, and prior to the Grant and Seymour carpaign no local Republican ticket had ever been run. At that time, however the politicians of an adjacent township thought it an opportune occasion to attempt the establishment, in that town, of a Republican organization. To this end they persuaded a certain Mr. Green, who had recently settled there to become their candidate for some minor office, hoping to procure for him a few votes under the popularity of the great name of Grant, and thus to get in entering wedge in the local affairs of the township.

The day of the election arrived, but Mr. Green was unable to get to the polls by reason of sickness. In due time the returns were published, and Mr. Green had just *one vote.* Chagrined at this, and annoyed by the accusation that he had voted for himself, he announced that if the person who had voted for him would come forward and make affidavit to the fact he would reward him with a good suit of clothes. A few mornings afterward a burly, stupid-looking Pennsylvania Dutchman called upon Mr. Green, and abruptly remarked: "I vants dat suit of cloes."

"Ah!" said Mr. Green, "then you are the man who voted for me?"

"Yah, I'm de man."

"Are you willing to make an affidavit of it?"

"Yah, I swear to 'em."

Mr. Green, accompanied by the inteligent voter, went to the office of the justice of the peach and the required affidavit was made; after which the clothes were purchased and given to the deponent.

So delighted was Mr. Green to be relieved from the unpleasantness of his situation, and so glad to learn that there was another righteous man in the township, that he had taken the Dutchman's Republicanism as a matter of course. However, at parting he said: "Now, my friend, you have your suit of clothes, just answer me one question—How came you to vote for me?"

"You vants to know dat?"

"Yes."

"And you won't go back on de cloes?"

"No."

"Vell, said he, and with a sly twinkle of the eye, "den I tole you; *I makes a misdake in de dicket!*"

Wasn't that consolatory! Mr. Green avows his unalterable determination never again to appeal to popular suffrage for public position.

A Curious Frog Story.

A man named Southworth, living in lower East Tennesee, has just ejected from his stomach a frog which had been living there for fifteen years. Mr. Southworth has had a great deal of trouble with that frog. It used to begin to croak at the most unreasonable hours. When Southworth would go to church, for instance, the frog would remain quiet until the congregation engaged in silent prayer, and then it would set up such a terrific yowl that the sexton would rush in and cellar Southworth, and drag him out to quiet down in the graveyard. Sometimes the frog would give a nocturnal serenade after Southworth was fast asleep in bed, and then Southworth would rise, as mad as anything, and seize the stomach pump and try to draw the frog up. But the subtile reptile had had that trick played on too often during those fifteen years, and it always shunned up the tube apiece, out of the draught, and waited until Southworth exhausted himself. Southworth never fooled that frog a great deal. And when frogs were in season Southworth used to fish for this one with a fly, but it always refused to rise, and the fly buzzed around so in Southworth's alimentary canal that it nearly tickled Southworth to death. So Southworth had to wait until the other day, when the frog thought it would come up and go and see a friend; and, when it did come, Southworth killed it with a fork. He says the frog used to eat twice as much as he did; but we have been thinking it over, and it seems to us the statement must be exaggerated somehow.—*Louisville Journal.*

What a Woman Thinks of Microscopists.

A woman protests vigorously, through the columns of the *Scientific American,* against the abominable revelations made by the professors of the microscope, who have destroyed her peace of mind. She says:

Among the whole tribe of your scientific men there are none who trouble me so much as your microscopists. I am a faithful reader of your paper, taken by my son, and rejoice in the modern improvements of machinery of all kinds; but this microscopic information about what I eat and drink is most appalling to my sensibilities.

How sweet was the recollection in former days that "a cup of cold water" presented to a good individual entitled us to "a reward" by a kind Providence! Now that pleasant idea is abandoned; as, according to these wise men, we may give him a horrid worm which may be his death—consequently we deserve no reward—to say nothing of those creatures which accompany said worm. After reading one of your late numbers I was reduced to despair, as my last refuge of pure things in the eating line is swept away by these unmerciful microscopists.

Oysters—the pure, delicious oyster, so nice when eaten fresh from the shell—we are informed, very coolly, have in them multitudes of small oysters swimming nimbly about in the juice "covered with shells: and not content with making us put up with swallowing oysters, shells and all, they unmercifully add that the liquor contains a "a variety" (listen to their audacity in telling us of a variety) of animalculæ; and in their benevolent (?) love of modern science, they go on to say, "there three species of worm also."

Were it not for my belief in Job's words, (poor Job would be informed in these days that he had a thousand worms to each of his boils), "After my skin, worms shall destroy this body," I should, I fear, die of inanition, as I never would be able to take the "food convenient for me," that the happy ignorant Agur prayed for.

Then, too, these amiable *savants* tell us, by way of reward for gulping down this nauseous dose, that if we take our oyster into a dark room we will see a "luminous star."

I have tried to find relief from the old adage, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," but having a learned professor for a son, of course I have acquired a little science myself, and find it more difficult to do so.

Josh Billings---His Plum-pits.

Ambishin iz like hunger—it obeys no law but its own appetight.

There iz no medecine like a good joke joke—it is a silver-coated pill that frolics and phisicks on the run.

Beauty iz a morning dream which the breakfast bell puts an end to.

The man who never makes enny blunders will never rise in the esteem of the world abuv the reputashun ov a good guideboard.

I don't want enny better proof of a good hod-carryer than to hear another hod-carryer say, "He is a phool and don't understand his bizziness."

Fortune iz like a mirror, it don't alter men, it only shows them just as they am.

Dandys are hybred, a cross between a fashion plate and an unpaid tailor's bill.

Debt iz a trap which a man sets and bates himself, and then deliberately gets into.

Disease and pills, when they enter a man's body, are like two lawyer's when they undertake tew settle hiz affairs, they compromise the matter by laying out the patient.

One good way I know ov to find happiness iz not by boring a hole to fit the plug.

A lie is like nitro-glycerine, the best of judges kan't tell when it iz going to bust and skatter confushun.

Az the flint kontains the spark, unknown tew itself, which the steel alone can make into life, so adversity often reveals to us hidden gems which prosperity or negligence would forever lay hid.

Most people when they cum tew you for advice, cum tew have their own opinyuns strengthened, not corekted.

Men seem tew me, nowadays, tew be divided into slow Christians and wide-awake sinners.

Anecdote of Dr. Webster.

In 1774, Dr. Webster was a popular preacher of the Kirk of Scotland, in Edinburgh. Business brought him to London, and one day, when passing the House of Lords, his curiosity induced him to make an effort to step in and see them. None were admitted without an order, except noblemen's servants. Webster, being ignorant of the rule, requested admittance.

"What lord do you belong to?" asked the doorkeeper.

"To the Lord Jehovah," replied Webster.

"To the Lord Jehovah?" queried the doorkeeper. "I have kept door here seven years, but have not heard of such a lord. Jack," said he to his fellow-keeper on the front steps, "here's a chap who says he belongs to the Lord Jehovah; do you know such a lord?"

"Never heard of him," said Jack.

"But," said the doctor, "there is such a lord."

"Pass 'im in," said Jack, "I s'pose its some poor Scotch lord."

Thif occurred at a period when there was not one in twenty of all the manufacturing and rural districts in England, who could read the Bible or write his own name. Sabbath schools were introduced in 1773. Now the people are very intelligent, and can not only read and write, but have found out who the "Lord Jehovah" is.

A Touching Obituary.

A disconsolate husband thus bewails the loss of his wife, and apostrophizes her memory:

Thus my wife died. No more will those loving hands pull off my boots and part my back hair, as only a true wife can. No more will those willing feet replenish the coal hod and water pail. No more will she arise amid the tempestuous storms of winter, and gaily hie herself away to build the fire without disturbing the slumbers of the man who doted her so artlessly. Her memory is embalmed in my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but I found I could embalm her memory much cheaper.

I procured of Eli Mudget, a neighbor of mine, a very pretty gravestone. His wife was consumptive, and he had kept it on hand several years, in anticipation of her death. But she rallied that spring and his hopes were blasted. Never shall I forget the poor man's grief when I asked him to part with it. "Take it Skinner," said he, "and may you never know what it is to have your soul racked with disappointment, as mine has been!" and he burst into a flood of tears. His spirit was indeed utterly crushed.

I had the following epistle engraved upon her gravestone: "To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the Trombone.—Terms three dollars a year, invariably in advance. A kind mother and exemplary wife. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. 'We shall miss the, mother, we shall miss thee.' Job printing solicited." Thus did my lacerated spirit cry out in agony, even as Rachel weeping for her children. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul. The undertaker took his pay in job printing, and the sexton owed me a little account I should not have gotten any other way. Why should we pine at the mysterious ways of Providence and vicinity? [Not a conundrum.] . . . I here pause to drop a silent tear to the memory of Tabitha Ripley, that was.

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