THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 10, 1871. NO. 3.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

IN VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, as a Court of Chancery, the subscriber as Trustee, will sell at PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Court House door in Chestertown, on

WEDNESDAY,
The 14th day of June, 1871,
at 2 o'clock, P. M.,

All that Farm

situated in Morgan's Creek Neck, Kent county, Maryland, called

THE 'TRAVILLA FARM,'

CONTAINING

322 Acres of land, more or less,

which is described in a Deed from Henry B. Slaughter and others, to Edward Slaughter, dated on or about the 1st day of June, 1864, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent county.

This Farm is situated on the Chester river, about five miles above Chestertown. It has

A Valuable Fishing Shore,

a good Landing, and regular communication by steamboats and schooners, with the Baltimore markets.



The improvements consist of a GOOD DWELLING HOUSE, GRANARY, and other Out Buildings,

AND VALUABLE ORCHARDS

OF CHOICE FRUIT.

The land is of fine quality and in a good state of cultivation, and the location very desirable. It will be sold in one entire body or in parcels to suit purchasers. For further particulars, apply to Mr. Edward Slaughter, on the premises.

THE TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the Decree, are, that one third of the purchase money shall be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the residue in two equal instalments at six and twelve months thereafter, with interest from the day of sale, and security approved by the Trustee.

HENRY W. ARCHER,
May 6, 1871—tds. Trustee.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer Schedule.

ON AND AFTER *MONDAY*, the first day of *MAY*, 1871, Trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for Freight and Passengers, between Worton station and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Rail Road, and run as follows, until further notice.

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Worton	6:45	
" Lynch's,	6:55	
" Still Pond,	7:05	
" Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	Q.A.R.R.train
" Massey's,	8:05	1:25
" Morris',	8:15	1.40
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:55
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2:10
GOING WEST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Townsend,	11:40	8:00
" Vandyke's,	11:55	8:15
" Morris',	12:05 P.M.	8:25
" Massey's,	12:20	8:35
" Lambson's,	12:30	
" Black's,	12:40	
" Kennedyville,	1:00	
" Still Pond,	1:10	
" Lynch's,	1:15	
Arrive Worton,	1:25	

☞ Passengers from Worton and all Stations on the Kent County Railroad, will reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philadelphia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:05, P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroad, will leave Baltimore (President street depot) at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corner Broad street and Washington Avenue,) at 8:30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10:10, A. M.

A DAILY MAIL STAGE

will run in connection with the cars at Worton, as follows:

Leave Hall's Hotel, Chestertown, daily, (Sundays excepted) at 6 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave Worton on the arrival of the train, say 1:25 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Passengers, by registering their names at *Hall's Hotel* in the evening, will be called for.

FARE THROUGH from Chestertown to Philadelphia, $3.30.

J. K. HINES,
April 30, 1871. Superintendent.

H. McCoy. *Wm. I. Rasin.*

McCOY & RASIN,

General Commission Merchants,

No. 73 South Street,

OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE,

BALTIMORE.

Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.

Feb. 13, 1870— Y.

Examiners' Notice.

THE undersigned, Examiners, appointed by the County Commissioners of Kent county to open and lay down

A Private Road,

in the Fifth Election District of said county, through the lands of A. P. Sharp, Patrick Murray and M. Ascher, hereby give notice to all parties interested, that they will meet on the lands of the said Ascher, on

SATURDAY, 10th day of JUNE, 1871, at 7 o'clock, A. M., to execute the duties of their commission.

R. W. JONES,
R. L. NICOLS,
JOHN BOYER,
May 6, 1871—6t. Examiners.

BUY THE FIRST NATIONAL WHITE LEAD. It is the cheapest, most durable and brilliant of any Lead in the market. For sale by

C. F. STAM & BRO.,
May 6, 1871—y. Chestertown, Md.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY Virtue of one writ of Venditioni Exponas, at the suit of the State of Maryland, use of Millaminta Peacock, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Richard Peacock, John F. Newnam, and William Welch, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest, of the said Richard Peacock, of, in and to, the following property:

ALL THAT FARM

whereon the said Richard Peacock resides, Containing 200 ACRES, More or Less, adjoining the lands of John W. Ireland and John H. Cummins:

And I hereby give notice, that on

Saturday, 10th day of June,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., in front of the Court House door in Chestertown, 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 costs, due and to become due thereon.

R. W. CALDER, Sheriff.
May 20, 1871—tds. [6.50.]

NOTICE.

JOHN P. RINGGOLD,

in consequence of extending the Fountain Hotel, has REMOVED his

HOSIERY AND UNDERGARMENT STOCK

from 175 West Baltimore Street, to

No. 18 N. CHARLES St., near Fayette.

New Scarfs for Ladies.

BALBRIGGAN HOSIERY.
OPEN WORK HOSIERY.
LACE & LISLE THREAD HOSIERY
PURE SILK HOSIERY.
MISSES' SILK HOSIERY.

☞ *We are determined to sell cheap.*

RINGGOLD'S HOSIERY BAZAR,
18 North Charles street.

RINGGOLD'S BAZAR,
18 North Charles St.,
NEAR FAYETTE.

MISSES' MERINO SHIRTS 37½ cts.
BOYS' MERINO SHIRTS 50 cents.
Large stock of Ladies thin UNDERWEAR from auction, cheap.
Don't fail to see our FANCY HOSE, the largest assortment in the city.
Cartwright & Warner's UNDERGARMENTS, all qualities, and cheap.
Baltimore, May 6, 1871.

BLUE LICK WATER, by the barrel, gallon, or glass.

FIRST NATIONAL WHITE LEAD. It is not surpassed by any Lead now manufactured.

JOHN WYETH & BRO'S. Pharmaceutical Preparations.

BURNETT'S Flavoring Extracts. For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.,
May 6, 1871. Chestertown.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

CORN STARCH,
FARINA,
RICE FLOUR,
TAPIOCA,
SAGO,
SEA MOSS FARINA.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

ATTENTION.

THURSTON'S PEARL TOOTH POWDER Whitens the teeth, strengthens the gums, purifies the breath, and is the most perfect Tooth Powder made. For sale at
Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

BOOKS.—The subscriber is prepared to furnish any Book at publisher's price. Also, Catalogues furnished when selections are wanted to be made. Orders left at Mr. L. S. Fowler's store will receive prompt attention. WM. S. STAM,
April 8. Chestertown.

Natural Mineral Waters
For the Debilitated.

VICHY,
KISSENGEN,
CONGRESS,
AND OTHER WATERS.
For sale at
Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

Something Wonderful.

READ'S Sore Throat and Catarrh Powder is the most wonderful article I ever heard of, for sore throat almost vanishes at its touch.—Rev. J. Foley, Balt For sale at
Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

GENUINE EXTRACTS FOR FLAVORING.
VANILLA,
LEMON,
ALMOND,
AND OTHER EXTRACTS.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

To Mothers.

LIEBIG'S FOOD FOR INFANTS.—This valuable and popular food for infants is now so firmly established that it is unnecessary to make any remarks upon its efficacy. Further information can be obtained at
Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

Medical Card.

DR. T. S. HOLTON having located in Chestertown, respectfully offers his professional services to the public.

He may be found during business hours, (when not professionally engaged,) at Mr. T. S. Wickes' Drug Store.
Chestertown, Feb. 4, 1871—tf.

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

LUMBER,
For Sale at Buck Neck Wharf.
Nov. 20, 1869. J. BELL & BRO

Selected Poetry.

From the Toledo Blade.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are cross ways, and Betsey and I are out.
We who have worked together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness and rest for our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan! it's had to tell,
Moft of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man,
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I've taken with Betsey, and Betsey has taken with me;
So we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart!
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh or bone,
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first I remember wherein we disagreed
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we ar'ged the thing at tea—
[redacted]
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to we got,
But it gave us a taste of something a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way,
Always somethin' to arg'e and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us come the neighbors a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest service to help the thing along.

And there have been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin' the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman why then I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine,
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothing more than just that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead, a man can thrive and roam,
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home,
And I have always determined, and never failed to say
That Betsey should never want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little money that's drawin' tol'ble pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such;
True and fair I married her when she was blithe and young,
And Betsey was al'as good to me except with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer and several other chaps,
And all of 'em was flustered and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I wont forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by when she was out of sight,
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we quarreled and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night
And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right,
And then in the mornin' I'll send to a tradin' man I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing I'll put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur—
That when I am dead at last she shall bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I were happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me,
And lying together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I would'nt think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we have quarreled here.

Ancient Scribblers.

There have been strange revelations as to writing materials of the people a few thousand years ago. The Romans made books of bronze. "The Beotians," says the learned Greek geographer Pausanias, "showed me a roll of lead, on which was inscribed the whole of the work of Hesiod, but in characters that time had nearly effaced." Tanned skins were likewise employed for writing purposes by the Asiatics, the Greeks, the Romans and Celts. There is a manuscript of the Pentatench, believed to be anterior to the ninth century, written on 57 skins sewed together, and forming a roll more than 36 yards long. Writing on leather garments seems to have been prevalent during the middle ages. The Italian poet, Fertarch, used to note his thoughts on a leathern vest that he wore. This relic, covered with erasures, still existed in 1527. The monks, when paper was not attainable, were instructed to write on their clothes. The use of prepared sheepskin dates from about a hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. Besides white and yellow parchments, the ancients employed purple, blue and violet, which were intended to be written on with gold and silver ink. Some specimens of these can still be seen in the Imperial library at Paris. Parchment manuscripts were of great size; thus the roll containing the inquiry concerning the Knights Templar, which is still preserved in the archieves of France, is 27 feet long. The practice of erasures of old matter, to make way for new, was put in operation when parchment was very scarce, and the people were compelled to economize on their writing materials. This occasioned the loss of many valuable researches, and it was not ur til rag paper was invented shortly after, that the practice was abandoned. A chemical process, however, has done much towards bringing much of the erased matter to light. Intestines of animals have been used for writing purposes. The Iliad and Odyssey were traced in letters of gold on the intestines of a serpent. Egypt enjoyed the monopoly of the papyrus trade, the scarcity of which, at one time, caused a riot at Rome, which envolved the appointment of a person to distribute to each person the quantity of paper he required. Not a stalk of papyrus, travellers tell us, is to be found in Egypt to-day, which is indeed a singular thing. Documents have been discovered written on paper three yards in length. About the fourth century, cotton-paper was invented in Damascus, which caused a diminution of the papyrus trade. At the begining of the twelfth century, paper was invented, which was made from flaxen and hempen refuse. Until the present time this paper has been manufactured in sufficient quantities for all necessary purposes, but as education increases, the supply of rags will be inadequate, and will have to be resorted to, as in the age of Pericles. Tablets used by the ancient writers were made of parchment, their boards, ivory or metal, prepared to recieve ink or coated with wax, and written on with a sharp-pointed pencil. These wax-covered tablets were used in France until the begining of the last century. Ancient ink was composed of lamp-black and gum-water. This ink was used until the present century, when our present common ink was invented. Red, blue, green and yellow inks were used by the ancients, together with gold and silver inks, by a class apart from the common writers. The stylus, made of iron and bone, the painting-brush, the reed cut and shaped like our modern pen, and the feather pen, were the general writing implements of the middle ages; while some paintings have been found in Herculaneum which give evidence that pens not unlike ours were used in signing official documents. They wrote not on a table, but like the Orientals of to-day, who rest their tablets on the knee or left hand.

Relative Height and Weight.

The late Dr. John Hutchinson, after obtaining the height and weight of over five thousand persons, prepared the following tabular statement, showing the relative height and weight of persons in health:

5 feet 1 inch	120 pounds.
5 feet 2 inches	125 pounds.
5 feet 3 inches	133 pounds.
5 feet 4 inches	139 pounds.
5 feet 5 inches	142 pounds.
5 feet 6 inches	142 pounds.
5 feet 7 inches	148 pounds.
5 feet 8 inches	155 pounds.
5 feet 9 inches	162 pounds.
5 feet 10 inches	169 pounds.
5 feet 11 inches	174 pounds.
6 feet	178 pounds.

The above is the average; of course there are many cases of variation.

THEY tell the story of a Tennessee lawyer who, recently married to a widow, fell asleep the other day in the court room and was suddenly awakened by the mention of the lady's first husband's name by one of the members of the bar. Springing to his feet, he exclaimed: "What! what! you shan't have her!" This, of course, astonished the court, and he blushingly explained that he was dreaming, and thought B—— was coming back to take his wife from him.

The Newspaper.

It is at least something of a gratification to the patient plodders in the field of journalism, to observe the fact that every year brings an increased interest and an enlarged observation from the public toward their work; but there is a higher estimate to be placed upon the growing popular regard for the press, since it bears evidence to the steadily widening influence exercised by the newspaper, and is an acknowledgement that its worth is recognized, and that there is felt to exist the duty of properly comprehending its functions, its capabilities, and its true relations to government and to society. The thinking men and women of the age realize that the newspaper is the equal of any, if not the most potent, agency in the work of enlightening the world, and they find reward for their time and gratification for their thought in studying the conditions and character of this great instrumentality. We have had a recent instance of the interest manifested in the newspaper in a discussion of the subject by the learned coterie of men and women who compose the Boston Radical Club. The discussion was preceded by an essay on "Newspapers" by Mr. Sanborn, one of the editors of the Springfield *Republican*, of which production the following abstract was furnished by a correspondent of the New York *Tribune:*

"When Horace Walpole was furnishing his fine house, and had a fancy for putting into it some antique chairs, as well as old cabinets and pictures, his friend and former tutor, the poet Gray, wrote him that his chairs ought to be new, unless he would cramp or torture his guests. 'Every chair that is easy is modern,' said Gray; and with quite as much we may claim that all newspapers that are good are recent. Sidney Smith was fond of dating events before or after 'the invention of common sense;' and certainly the common sense that controls the modern newspaper does not go back many centuries.

"The newspaper of to-day is a very different thing from the newspaper which Mr. Dickens stairized in 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' Not only have the means of communication been infinitely enlarged, so that our news flashes to us with the speed of lightning from every quarter of the world; but the newspaper has ceased to be the vehicle of mere news. Moral and scientific question are ably discussed, reforms are advocated, discoveries are chronicled, in short, the newspaper holds it mirror up to every aspect of the times.—Thoreau was in the habit of condemning newspapers. He read once a week, but considered himself the worse for even so much dissipation. "Read not the Times,' he said, 'read the Eternities.' But there came a season when Thoreau read every newspaper he could find. It was when John Brown lay wounded at Harper's Ferry, and his enemies thronging about and questioning him drew from him those answers which rang through the country for years, and still thrill the heart as we recall them. It was the reporter of the New York newspaper who then and there noted down the undying words, which might else have been lost; and thus was it made manifest for what reason the New York newspaper had been allowed to exist all these years, since no other paper could have had a reporter there. In those days the times and eternities got printed on the same sheet, as they always do when a hero appears. Of late years there has been a marked increase in the courage as well as in the resources of newspapers.—Contented formerly with following in the wake of public opinion, they have sprung to the front, and aspire to lead where they used to follow. In the last ten years the tone of our own journals has greatly changed. If they are not yet models of courage, they are by no means deficient in boldness, and no longer deem it their duty to 'feel round for the average judgment of their readers and express that,' as Wendell Phillips used to accuse them of doing. One reason for this change is the rapidity with which, as a nation, we have passed from a provincial to an imperial position among the nations; for, waiting on our prosperity, have come fabulous wealth, increased culture, a prodigious diversity of tastes and interests, and a wide expansion of the horizon of individual ambition. Under the spur of these excitements a new class of newspapers editors has appeared. An English traveller, in 1833, spoke of the American editors as 'shrewd, but uneducated men,' but the description no longer applies. Nearly all the rising or lately risen journalists in the country are educated men—many of them highly accomplished in scholarship and literature. They are traveled men, too; familiar with foreign countries and with their own.—Either as editors or correspondents, journalism is drawing into its service the highest culture and the best brain in the country, whether the men or women.—When Mrs. Child, that genial grandmother of feminine journalism in America, wrote her 'Letters from New York,' when Margaret Fuller went to the same city to help Mr. Greeley edit the *Tribune*, how daring and strange their ventures seemed to their country-women. Now their successors in the same field are legion. But, with so many recruits to the ranks of journalism, it must be confessed that the number of really able editors is still small. Brilliant, forcible and sensible as American journalists are, they seldom develop into marked superiority; each has his drawback, and does not rise beyond a certain standard. Had Franklin lived in our day, and devoted himself to a newspaper, he might perhaps come nearer than any one else to being the ideal editor; but, even of Franklin, Timothy Pickering observed that 'he was never found in a minority,' and the ideal journalist, like the greatest general, must sometimes lead a forlorn hope. Courage, high, moral courage, is still the quality most lacking in journalism, though we meet it not unfrequently, and believe that it is constantly increasing, as the temptations to cowardice are decreasing. It becomes every year more difficult to hire or buy a successful newspaper, for the successful newspaper is rich enough to live without bribery. Moreover, papers thrive now by their advertisements rather than by their subscribers. The besetting sin of the journalist, especially of the war and Washington correspondents, is self-conceit. 'I wish I knew anything,' said Lord Melbourne, 'as positively as Macaulay knows everything.' It were surely a high enough ambition for the most aspiring scholar to be as certain of every thing as is an American editor. But our daily or weekly instructors have, after all, the right to a little comforting self-glorification. It is no mean talent which they use, and they do not use it ill. One meets no better English outside the works of the great masters than is found daily in newspapers. It is because a good journalist thinks more of his matter than of his manner, and seeks to make himself understood rather than admired, that he writes so well; and how well our best editors and correspondents write, one can easily see by writing himself on one of their themes. Is it extravagant to say that the careful reader of a few good newspapers will learn more in a year than most scholars do in their great libraries, while the majority of men and women are more rapidly instructed by this means than by any ever tried before?—There is, however, this drawback—the real or fancied necessity of writing something upon every subject, tempts too many journalists to be mere smatterers, and makes their opinions less worthy of attention than their style. It is sometimes objected to journalism that it is anonymous; and Wendell Phillips called this annonymous security 'a coward's castle.' But a newspaper is always responsible for what it prinis; and if it slanders a man, can be brought to account for it. What purpose would it serve to make each editor personally known? The shield of annonymous publication is necessary to the man who is to criticise fearlessly; without it he would be exposed to the reproaches, the bribes and the blandishments that would certainly interfere with his proper duty. There are enthusiasts who hope for the model newspaper which they have never yet seen; but whenever it is established, it will require in its editor the deepest purpose, the broadest thought, the highest culture, the most tolerant heart, the noblest manhood of which humanity is capable."—*Printing Gazette.*

About Dickens.

We take from the London *Daily News*, June 15th (the paper which he originally started), several items of interest in regard to Charles Dickens. The story of the Gadshill house is thus told:

Though not born at Rochester, Mr. Dickens spent some portion of his boyhood there, and was wont to tell how his father, the late Mr. John Dickens, in the course of a country ramble, pointed out to him as a child the house at Gadshill Place, saying: "There, my boy, if you work and mind your book, you will perhaps one day live in a house like that." This speech sunk deep, and in after years, in the course of his many long pedestrian rambles through the lanes and roads of the pleasant Kentish country, Mr. Dickens came to regard this Gadshill house lovingly, and to wish himself its possessor. This seemed an impossibility. The property was so held that there was no likelihood of its ever coming into the market, and so Gadshill came to be alluded to jocularly as representing a fancy which was pleasant enough in dreamland, but would never be realized.

Meanwhile the years rolled on, and Gadshill became almost forgotten. Then, a further lapse of time, and Mr. Dickens felt a strong wish to settle in the country and determined to buy Tavistock House. About this time, and by the strangest coincidences, his intimate friend and close ally, Mr. W. H. Wills, chanced to sit next to a lady at a London dinner party, who remarked in the course of conversation that a house and grounds had come into her possession of which she wanted to dispose. The reader will guess the rest. The house was in Kent, was not far from Rochester, had this and that distinguishing feature which made it like Gadshill and no other place, and the upshot of Mr. Wills' dinner table chit-chat with a lady whom he had never met before was that Charles Dickens realized the dream of his youth, and became the possessor of Gadshill.

Of one of Dickens' last letters and his will the *News* says:

How little he thought that his writing days were drawing to a close is shown by a slight but interesting fact. His last letter to the manager of *All the Year Round*, Mr. Holdsworth, a gentleman who has been connected with Mr. Dickens for a quarter of a century, was dated the day before his death, and asked him to purchase at "one of those great Queen street shops"—who knew so well as Dickens about London brokers and their wares?—a writing slope for Gadshill such as he had in use at the office.

We learn that Charles Dickens' will is autographic. Having had his wishes put into legal form by his advisers he copied the whole out with his own hand. The codicil which confers his property in *All the Year Round* upon his eldest son, acting editor, and which, as we have stated, is dated only seven days before his death, practically insures the periodical being conducted on the same principles and with the same writers as heretofore.

☞ The "divorce suit" is the name of the most stylish traveling dress in Chicago.

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING occurred in New York last week, at Trinity Church. Miss Mary Amelia Tweed, daughter of Wm. Marcy Tweed, of New York, was married to Arthur Ambrose Maginnis, of New Orleans. The wedding was a most expensive affair. The bride is a young lady of 21 years. The bridegroom, who is a widower of 25, was supported by Messrs. Dick and Frank Tweed as groomsmen. The bridesmaids were Miss Josie Tweed, a sister of the bride, and Miss Maginnis, the sister of the groom. The marriage service was performed by Rev. Joseph H. Price, D. D. After the ceremony was concluded the bridal party drove at once to Mr. Tweed's palatial mansion, corner of Forty-third street and Fifth avenue, where there was a grand reception. The presents were a chief centre of attraction to the guests. They filled an entire room when crowded close. There were forty silver sets, any one of which would have attracted a crowd if placed in a jeweller's window, and one single one contained 240 separate pieces.

There were forty pieces of jewelry, of which fifteen were diamond sets. A single one of the latter is known to have cost $45,000. A cross of eleven diamonds, pea size, bore the name of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Genet as donors. A pin of sixty diamonds, representing a sickle and sheaves of wheat, was the gift of J. H. Ingersoll. Peter B. Sweeney's card appeared on diamond bracelets of fabulous magnificence. Cornelius Corson gave a ring with a tiny watch as the seal. Bronzes, thread, lace, Cashmere shawls, rare pictures, everything that could be conceived of which is rich and costly filled the room with splendor.

The *trousseau* of the bride was superb, the materials being of the finest quality and obtained from a leading Broadway dry goods house. They are of the most costly description, and the labor of preparing them has consumed nearly two months. The dresses are models of elegance and the most refined taste, and a *carte blanche* was given the maker, with the simple injunction that the outfit should be "the richest ever produced, and fit for a princess." The wedding dress was composed of white gros grain, with a train three and a half yards in length, and was trimmed with real point lace, costing near $4000. The front of the skirt was cut with a deep scollop, and the overskirt consisted of lace, ornamented with orange flowers. The price of the material and labor required in making and trimming this dress was $1000, making, with the lace, a total cost of $5000. The other dresses forming the *trousseau* are fourteen in number, and are all elegant and designed in the most artistic manner. The total cost of these dresses was $6200.

The evening was passed in dancing, conversation, and visits to the supper room. The dinner was the *chef d'œuvre* of Delmonico's establishment, which had been occupied for two days exclusively in getting it up. Grafulla himself played in the band which furnished music for the dance. It was late in the night before the festivities were brought to a close.—*New York Times.*

FRANKLIN'S GIFT.—Dr. Franklin used to wish that he might, after a good long nap, live the last half of his allotted years some time in the Nineteenth Century.—His equanimity, the greatest with which a great man was ever endowed, might be a little disturbed if he should wake up just now in Boston. He left by will a small sum of money, the income of which was to be lent to "young married artificers." This has been invested and reinvested, until it now amounts to more than $150,000, but no young married artificer has ever been favored with a farthing of it.—It is now proposed to lend it in small sums to persons of moderate means, to enable them to secure neat and comfortable homes in the vicinity of the City of Boston.

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.—Georgia witnesses have a cheerful mode of explaining their testimony. The plaintiff in a case in one of the courts there stated, but all to no purpose, as the lawyer either could not or would not understand him. "I want you," he said, "to show me how the assault was committed, so that I may have a correct understanding of it." The plaintiff sprang up instantly, and seizing the legal gentleman by the throat with both hands, pressed him back across the bar, and shook him violently, to the amusement of all present, and the entire enlightenment of the lawyer.

PHILADELPHIA street preachers complain that when they try to convert boys in the streets, the boys say: "Put a head on him;" and when he talks to them about hell, they say: "You know how it is yourself," and when he passes around the hat they ask: "How does the old thing work?" He is going to resign.

☞ Anna A. Pomeroy, wife of "Brick Pomeroy," has had a divorce granted her, and $20,000 alimony, by the Milwaukee Circuit Court.

"BRICK" Pomeroy's wedding was very private. The bride, Mrs. Louisa M. Thomas, received a dowry of $75,000.—Mrs. Pomeroy has for some time contributed to *Pomeroy's Democrat*, over the signature "Elm Orlon." The wedding trip will be overland to the Pacific. C. E. Fritcher, Mr. Pomeroy's Private Secretary, married a daughter of Judge Keeler, of Bloomington, New York, at the same time.

☞ A school teacher spelled out the word "g-r-a-c-e," and asked a scholar to pronounce it. He gave it up, when the teacher, to refresh his memory, asked him: "What did your father say this morning before eating breakfast?" The boy thought a minute and finally said: "Pa said, 'D——n these eggs, they're rotten!'"

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8203-0326