THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 1, 1871. NO. 6.

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	Q.A.R.R.train
" Lambson's,	7:50	
" 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.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce Generally,

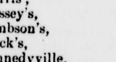
No. 112 Ligh St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

☞ *Consignments respectfully solicited,*

January 19, 1870—y

Chester River Steamboat Company.

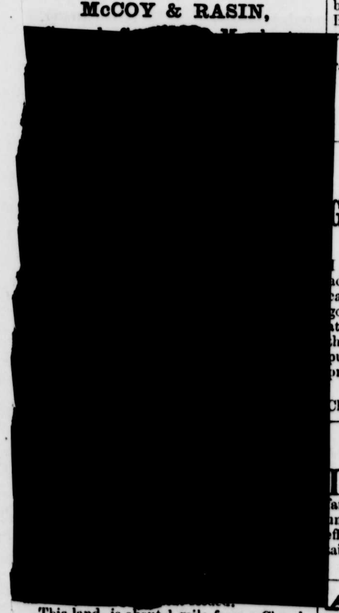


On and after THURSDAY, January 19, 1871, the **STEAMER GEO. LAW** will leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 A. M., for Crumpton, stopping at Kent Island, Queenstown, Gray's Inn Creek, Corsica, Spencer's Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's and Chestertown.—*Returning*, leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6½ o'clock A. M., making the above stops.

A. T. JOYNES,
Jan. 21, 1871. Agent.

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

McCOY & RASIN,



This land is about ½ mile from a Church, two schools within ¾ of a mile, and 2½ miles from a Landing on Chester River.

TERMS EASY.

For further particulars apply to
E. F. PERKINS, Att'y.,
May 20, 1871. Chestertown, Md.

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.

Berry Crates!

WE now have made up and for sale Berry Crates; size as explained by the following PRICE LIST:

	Without Baskets.	Filled with Rochester Baskets.	Filled with Beecher Baskets.
24 qt. crate	$1.25	$2.00	$2.25
45 " "	1.50	2.85	3.30
60 " "	1.75	3.55	4.15
45 pt. "	1.25	2.37	2.82
60 " "	1.85	2.85	3.45

For Beecher quart baskets $35 per M with packing and freight from Connecticut extra.

For pint do. $30, " " "

For Rochester quart baskets, $25 per M, with packing and freight from N, Y. extra.

For pint do., $20 " " "

The crates we manufacture are iron bound, with triangular posts, and furnished with lock and key.

Strangers ordering will please accompany their orders with the cash.

TURNER BROTHERS,
Agents for the Rochester Basket Co.
Betterton, May 27, 1871.

Removal.

CIGARS & CONFECTIONARY.

Richard B. Russell

HAS REMOVED TO THE STORE lately occupied by Wash. Hudgins, nearly opposite the Voshell House, and is

Manufacturing Cigars

with a view to supplying the store-keepers as CHEAP AS THEY CAN BE BOUGHT IN THE CITY!

Chewing Tobacco of all grades,

both natural and sweet; and also Fine Cut.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Smoking Tobacco, SNUFF AND PIPES.



A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

CANDIES

AND

FRUITS.

FRESH BKEAD EVERY AFTERNOON FROM THE BAKERY OF MRS. GRUBER.

☞ A good smoke or a good chew may always be had at

RICHARD B. RUSSELL'S.
Chestertown, May 20, 1871—tf.

Colin F. Stam. *Louis K. Stam.*

C. F. STAM & BRO.,
DISPENSING CHEMISTS,

COR. HIGH AND COURT STS.,

CHESTERTOWN.

WE call the attention of the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's counties to our large stock of

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils

AND

GLASS.

All the leading Patent Medicines of the day, Crook's Wine of Tar, Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters, Ayers' Family Medicines, Norris' Tonic, Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient, Swain's Panacea, Helmbold's Fluid Ext. Buchu, Congress, Water, &c.

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts,

the best in the market.

Warranted Pure Whole and Ground Spices.

French Perfumes

AND FANCY ARTICLES.

☞ White Lead, Linseed Oil, Turpentine, and J. T. Lewis & Bro's. Standard Colors, for sale for *Cash* only.

Orders for all kinds of Books received and furnished at city prices.

Tennyson's, Whittier's, and Lowell's Poems, Irving's Sketch Book, Irving's Alhambra, Dickens' Novels, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, Bibles, and School Books, for sale for cash only.

PRESCRIPTIONS compounded with accuracy and neatness at all hours.

☞ The *night bell* promptly answered,

Respectfully,
C. F. STAM & BRO.
March 18, 1871—y.

TAKE DUE NOTICE!

AND

Govern Yourselves Accordingly.

On, and after MONDAY, the 16th inst., I shall ONLY SELL STRICTLY *for Cash*. By adopting this system, I shall be enabled to carry a much heavier stock, will buy all my goods for Cash, and will be able to sell them at least twenty per cent. less than if I sold them on a credit. I trust my friends and the public in general will call and compare my prices now, with those formerly asked.

JOS. A. CATLIN.
Chestertown, April 15, 1871.

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*

ATTENTION

Just opened a large and splendid assortment of

FASHIONABLE JEWELRY,

WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED; AT

E. T. WILLIS'.

Fine Gold and Silver Watches,

SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

Fancy Goods

&c., &c., purchased on the best terms for cash, and will be sold on the most reasonable terms.

The Ladies particularly, are invited to call and examine this beautiful stock.

Chestertown, Dec. 5, 1869.

FINE DWELLING HOUSE For Sale.



The Dwelling House in Chestertown, formerly owned by Judge Chambers, and recently by Gen. R. Clay Crawford, (reserving the office and lot in the rear) is offered for sale. The gas and water fixtures to go with the house. This property has been modernized, and is in good order and commodious: the large back building is new. The premises and improvements cost about sixteen thousand dollars, and will be sold for $8,500.

TERMS—$1200 cash, the rest to remain on mortgage.

Possession given at once.

E. F. PERKINS,
Attorney for Mrs. E. L. Pelton.
June 3, 1871—tf.

DWELLING HOUSE AND LOT

For Sale.



The subscriber offers for sale all THAT DWELLING HOUSE and premises, situated on Market Space in Chestertown, the property of R. K. Pippin. The Dwelling is a one-story and hip-roof frame house, with two rooms 16x20 feet and 8-foot passage on the lower floor, with three rooms above—ample kitchen and room above: A BACK BUILDING with two rooms above and two below. The Lot is 75 feet front by 100 feet deep. The premises also include a *CARPENTER SHOP*, Meat house and wood house. This property is eligibly situated, and altogether desirable.

For further particulars apply to
E. F. PERKINS,
May 20—tf. Att'y. for R. K. Pippin.

PUBLIC ROAD NOTICE.

THE undersigned, citizens of Kent County, hereby give notice that thirty days after date they intend applying to the County Commissioners

To Open a New Public Road

commencing at the division line between Doctor J. A. Perkins and Wm. N. E. Wickes, Esq., and running thence across the lands of Thomas W. Hynson, William Morris, and Stephen Lecates, until it intersects the Public Road leading from Chestertown to Worton, at or near the Public School House on the corner of said Lecates' farm, and to continue the said road (if deemed advisable) across the county, until it intersects the new road at the corner of the late William T. Baker's farm on the Bel Air road.

S. LECATES,
A. J. HYNSON,
WILLIAM MORRIS,
THOS. H. WHALAND,
A. HURLOCK,
ROBERT NICHOLSON,
R. C. SMYTH,
R. SMYTH,
W. W. STEPHENS,
C. H. BAKER,
J. N. USILTON.

June 3, 1871—5t.

READY MADE CLOTHING!

SUPERIOR CASSIMERE CLOTHING!!

Low Priced Clothing!!!

WE BEG LEAVE to inform our customers, and buyers generally, that we are keeping *A FULL LINE OF READY MADE CLOTHING* on hand this season, and are constantly replenishing our stock with purchases of fresh and desirable Goods in the way of

COATS, PANTALOONS AND VESTS.

We keep nothing in stock that is not up to *a high standard of excellence both as regards durability of fabric and style of finish*, and claim to sell at prices which will bear favorable comparison with those in any other market.

T. S. WICKES.

WOOL WANTED

By THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown, June 3, 1871.

HARVEST GOODS.

THOMAS S. WICKES.
Juhe, 1871.

$100.

THE SPRAGUE MOWER.

THE cheapest machine because the lowest in price in proportion to its value.

The best, because it is the simplest, the least liable to get out of order, the strongest and most durable machine made. Price $100.

Every farmer should see this machine before purchasing. Also,

THE EXCELSIOR REAPER AND MOWER,
THE EXCELSIOR WHEEL RAKE,
GRANT'S PATENT GRAIN CRADLES,
(The genuine article,)
HORSE POWERS AND THRESHERS,
(various patterns,)
THE MONTGOMERY WHEAT FAN,
THE EXCELSIOR WHEAT FAN,
CIDER MILLS, &c.

REAPER AND MOWER SECTIONS

Of all sorts.

And a large stock of Agricultural Implements and Machinery, Fertilizers, Seeds, &c., for sale by

E. WHITMAN & SONS,
Nos. 145 and 147 W. Pratt Street,
Opposite the Maltby House,
May 27—1m. BALTIMORE, MD.

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.*

Selected Poetry.

WHAT I SAW IN A DREAM.

BY HORACE KAAR.

A wreck of a man on the sidewalk,
Cursing the passers by,
A roue in the parlor opposite,
Urging a maiden to fly;
A landlord around with a posse,
A tenant begging for time,
A thief with an officer chatting,
And a chapel's vesper chime.

A one-legged soldier with organ,
Grinding for pennies and bread,
A millionaire rolling in diamonds,
A parent with grief-bound head;
A boot-black's cry round the corner,
A lady in jewels rare,
A beggar's child sweeping the crosswalks,
With feet both dirty and bare.

A judge clad in soft robes of ermine,
A criminal pale in the dock,
An old mother wailing in anguish,
A broker inspecting his stock;
A vagrant with twins at her bosom,
Fit type of misery's lot,
A fond wife with angel-like meekness
Devoting her life to a sot.

A poor widow mourning and toiling,
With naught but an honest name,
A wanton, in powder and laces,
Boldly proclaiming her shame;
A "Dives" in fine purple and linen,
A "Lazarus" sick at the gate,
The one worships God in a hovel,
The other in velvet and state.

A pastor and priest each maintaining
That theirs is the only true creed,
A murderer slaying his victim,
With no one to stay the dark deed;
A nation arrayed against nation,
A million of bayonets' gleam,
A battle-field—blood, shriks and wounded,
I wake! and thus ended my dream.

A Funeral and its Baked Meats.

I remember one morning when I was awakened before dawn, by wild, unearthly shrieks, ringing through the forest and coming back again in plaintive echoes from the hills all about. Beyond description wild, these wails of violence followed each other with regular cadence, dying away in long, despairing sobs. With a marvelous regularity they recurred, never varying the simple refrain. My curiosity was aroused, so far as to get me out of my blankets, and after a hurried bath in an icy stream, I joined my mountaineer acquaintance, "Jerry," who was *en route* to the rancheria, "to see" as he expressed it, "them *tar-heads* howl." It seems my friend "Buck" the Indian chief, had the night before lost his wife, "Sally the Old," and the shouts came from professional mourners hired by her family to prepare the body and do up the necessary amount of grief. Old widows or superannuated wives who had outlived other forms of usefulness gladly enter the singular profession. They cut their hair short, and with each new death, plaster on a fresh cap of pitch and ashes, daub the face with spots of tar, and in general array themselves as funeral experts.

The rancheria was astir when we arrived. It was a mere group of half a dozen smoky hovels, built of pine bark propped upon cones of poles, arranged in a semicircle within the edge of the forest, fronting upon a brook and meadow. Jerry and I leaned our backs against a large tree and watched the group.

Buck's shanty was deserted, the body of his wife lying outside upon a blanket, being prepared by two of these funeral hags. Buck himself was quietly stuffing his stomach with a breakfast of venison and acorns, which were handed him at brief intervals by several sympathizing squaws.

Turning to Jerry with a countenance of stolid seriousness, he laconically remarked: "My woman she die! Very bad. To-night sundown," (pointing to the sun,) "she burn up." Meanwhile the tar heads rolled Sally the Old over and over, all the while alternately howling the same dismal phrase. Indian relatives and friends, having a general air of animated rag-bags, arrived occasionally and sat down in silence at a fire a little removed from the other diggers, never one saluting them.

As we walked back to the camp, I remarked on the stolid, cruel expression of Buck's face, but Jerry, to my surprise, bade me not judge too hastily; he went on to explain that Indians had just as deep and tender attachments, just as much good sense and, to wind up, with "as much human into 'em as we edicated white folks."

His own squaw had instilled this into Jerry's naturally sentimental and credulous heart, so I refrained from expressing my convictions concerning Indians, which I own were formerly tinged with the most sanguinary Caucasian prejudice.

Jerry came for me by appointment just before sunset, and we walked leisurly across the meadow under the lengthening pine shadows, to the rancheria. No one was stirring. Buck with the two vicarious mourners sat in his lodge door, uttering low, half-audible groans. In the opening before the line of huts, a low pile of dry logs had been carefully laid, upon which, outstretched and wrapped in a red blanket lay the dead form of Sally the Old, her face covered in careful folds. Upon her heart was a grass-woved waterbowl and her last pappoose basket.

Just as the sun sank to the horizon one tar-head stepped out in front of the funeral pile, lifted up both hands, and gazed steadily and silently into the sun. She might have been five minutes in this statuesque position, her face full of strange, half-animal intensity of expression, her eyes glittering, the whole, hard figure glowing with a deep bronze reflection.—Suddenly she sprang back with the old wild shriek, seized a brand from one of the camp-fires and lighted the funeral heap, when all the Indians came out and grouped themselves in little knots around it. The children of Sally the Old clung about an ancient mummy of a squaw, who squatted upon the ground and rocked to and fro, making a low cry as of an animal in pains. All the Indians looked serious; a group whom Jerry said were relatives, seemed stupefied with grief. Upon a few faces falling tears glistened in the light of the fire which now shot red tongues high in the air, lighting up with weired distinctness every feature of the whole company. Flames slowly lapped over, consuming the blanket, and caught the willow pappoose basket. When Buck saw this, the tears streamed from his eyes; he waved his hands eloquently looking up to heaven, and uttered heart-broken sobs. The pappoose basket crackled for a moment, flashed into a blaze, and was gone. The two old women yelled their sharp death-cry, dancing, posturing, gesticulating toward the fire, and in slow, measured chorus all the Indians intoned in pathetic measure, "Himalaya!" looking first at the mound on fire, and then out upon the fading sunset.

It was inscribably strange: monarch pines, standing in solemn ranks back far into the dusky heart of the forest, glowing and brightening with pulsating reflections of firelight; the ring of Indians, crouching or standing fixed like graven images, or swaying mechanically to and fro, each tattered scarlet and white rag of their utterly squalid garments, every expression of barbaric grief or dull, brutal stolidity brought strongly out by the red flaming fire.

Buck watched with wet eyes that slow-consuming fire burn to ashes the body of his wife of many years, the mother of his group of poor frightened children. Not a stoical savage, but a despairing husband, stood before us. I felt him to be human. The body at last sunk into a bed of flames, which shot higher than ever with fountains of sparks, and sucked together, hiding the remains forever from view. At this Buck sprung to the front and threw himself at the fire but the two old women seized each a hand and dragged him back to his children, where he fell in a fit of stupor.

As we walked home Jerry was quick to ask, "Din't I tell you Injuns has feelings inside of 'em?' I answered promptly that I was convinced; and long after, as I lay awake through many night hours, listening to that shrill death-wail, I felt as if any policy toward the Indian based upon the assumption of their being brutes or devils was nothing short of a lie in this Christian country.

My sleep was light, and at sunrise found me dressed, still listening, as under a kind of spell, to the mouners who, though evidently exhausted, at brief intervals uttered the cry Alone, and filled with serious reflections, I strolled over to the rancheria, finding every one there up and about his morning duties.

The tar-heads, withdrawn some distance into the forests, sat leaning against a stump, chatting and grinning, now and then screeching by turns.

I asked "Revenue Stamp," a good-natured middle-aged Indian, where Buck was. He pointed to his hut, and replied, with an affable smile: "He whiskey drunk." And "who," I inquired, "is that fat girl with him?" "Last night he take her; new squaw," was the answer. I could hardly believe, but it was the actual truth, and I went back to camp an enlightened but disillusioned man. I left that day and had never an opportunity to "free my mind" to Jerry. Since then I guardedly avoid all discussion of the "Indian question." When interrogated, I dodge or protest ignorance; when pressed, I have been known to turn the subject; or, if driven to the wall, I usually confess my opinion that the Quakers will have to work a great reformation in the Indian before he is really fit to be exterminated —*Atlantic Monthly.*

First Impressions of London.

The following extract of a letter from a New Haven man, dated London, April, 1871, gives his first impressions of the great city.

To-morrow is mail day for America, and I have set myself the task of writing you a few lines, hoping that I might communicate something new to you in regard to the metropolis of the world, as the English people are fond of calling it. No doubt it is so, if size constitutes it such. But take away London's public buildings, architecturally it is not worthy of the cognomen—being otherwise but a vast mass of smoke begrimmed bricks and mortar. I have ridden through nearly all of its great thoroughfares—through the famed Strand, Piccadilly, Oxford street, Cheapside, Regent street and many others—and I am "free to maintain" that in the beauty of its commercial architecture, Broadway beats it ten to one. But if a comparison between the younger metropolis of the New World and London is allowable, the former must award the palm to the latter; in many matters of metropolitan convenience and excellence of government, the street are kept in excellent order, and the police department is admirably conducted. The metropolitan railway service is wonderful. By massive viaducts above and clear and well-ventilated tunnels beneath the levels of the streets, all parts of the city are easily and quickly reached. 500,000 people are supposed to enter and leave London every day, by means of its multitudinous railways. To convince myself that it is not much exaggerated, I stood for about an hour at the great station called Charing Cross, where are many tracks side by side. Forty-two trains, each containing at least 300 people, arrived while I stood there, and nearly as many departed—and all done so easily and with so little confusion as to excite my wonder and admiration. There are 7 or 8 smaller stations —some of them in the heart of the city, A team crossing a railway track on the same level is an unknown thing, and the admonition so familiar to us, "Look out for the engine when the bell rings," is entirely superfluous. In the rolling stock, however, I am proud to say Bro. Jonathan leads. The engines are entirely without cabs, and the "engineer" or "driver," as Mr. Bull hath it, is exposed to sunshine or rain, as the case may be, while inside the "carriages," (still in the language of Mr. B.,) sit the travelers securely locked into a dry goods box on four wheels only, and as innocent of ornament except a feeble attempt at upholstery, as the driver's cars on the rear of the New York Central stock trains. The superiority in English railways, is in the roadbed, and in consequence of this, they run their mail trains at great speed.

The creek called the "Tems," by Mr. B., is spanned by noble bridges, in keeping with the railway engineering.

I visited the far-famed London Tower, near London Bridge, yesterday, and saw many things of great historical interest—the room where the young princes were smothered, the block upon whose bloody surface the heads of two kings and many state prisoners were severed by the axe which still lies beside it, the rusty armour and weapons of England's old kings, the crown jewels, &c. In Westminister Hall I saw their tombs—some of them with the mould of 800 years. The present Abbey is 600 years old, and is considerably decayed. The Houses of Parliament are splendid specimens of Gothic architecture, and a stroll through their elaborate corridors and halls, the Houses of Lords and Commons was much enjoyed. Last Sunday I attended service at Spurgeon's Tabernacle in the morning, and at St. Paul's Cathedral in the afternoon. The sermon by the pastor of the former was an earnest and forcible sermon on the subject of missions, and the latter was a special service for the benefit of the judges of the Queen's bench, who were present in perriwigs and gowns. 'Twould have excited the envy of Bro. —— to have witnessed them. The vast size of the building made it impossible for me to distinguish a word of the service which I am told was an appeal to them to judge righteously in the tribunals for which they were about to depart—an idea which might be copied with profit, perhaps, in our own country, with all due respect to the profession.

I ascended to the top of the dome, one day last week, and witnessed from its giddy height, a London fog in all its glory. If the story of the Yankee carpenter, who in shingling a barn one foggy morning shingled out on the fog several feet by mistake, had been told of London on such a day, it would have been more credible. It was a tangible, murky blackness, which hid even the towers and roof of St. Paul from the top of the dome, and hid from me the wonderful panorama which the guide book assured me lay around. I therefore mentally trusted the guide book and descended the 600 and odd steps to the ground. The old gentleman in the gallery at the foot of the dome, called the "whispering gallery" from the singular fact that a whisper is heard and understood communicated across the whole diameter of the dome, assured me, (3'd—afterwards donated,) that the Cathedral was 45 years in building—a fact which I could have obtained without the 3'd from the guide book.

Now a custom hinted at above is one of the most annoying things the stranger meets with here. The most trivial service performed for you must have its pecuniary reward. Ask a porter the direction to a certain station, or a railway guard when a train starts, or go into a house on the wayside for a glass of water, and almost before you have time to utter your thanks, the open palm confronts you. The stranger learns to avoid asking the smaller favors, not so much on account of a few coppers, but from a feeling of shame that they cannot be performed from a mere love of kindly action. I am told that the public servants, such as porters, stewards, waiters, &c., are so miserably paid, that they could not live without fees. I hope there may be this excuse for them —but it urgently demands remedy.

There are no horse railroads in London, but a company is formed, and will soon lay the rails. The Hansom Cab Companies are fighting it desperately—but this Yankee innovation is sure to triumph in the end. The underground railroad, from its vast cost, pays no dividend, and the shares can be bought very cheap.—People will ride above ground, when they can do so as cheaply and quickly in preference to the darkness of the underground. The viaduct system is by all odds the best for city transit by steam, and the horse railroad for street traffic.—New York must have both, and a giant stride for her will have been made.

For a city the size of London, I am astonished to have observed no rowdyism whatever. From curiosity, I walked a mile or so, with a friend through a narrow, crooked street, which connects Oxford street and Piccadilly. The hour was half past seven at night, and the streets were crowded with a merry but respectful throng of people, with lights and lanterns of all descriptions. Every kind of ware was displayed for sale on hand carts. I saw no drunkenness, but the drinking places were plenty. E.

☞ Great minds have will; others only feeble wishes.

Interest.

No blister draws sharper than interest does. Of all industries none is comparable to that of interest It works all day and all night in fair weather and foul.—It has no sound in its foot-steps, but travels fast. It gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound in a spider's web. Debts roll a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him.—There is but one thing on a farm like it, and that is the Canada thistle, which swarms new plants every time you break its roots, whose blossoms are prolific, and every flower the father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, an every plant like a platoon of bayonets, and a field of them like an armed host. The whole plant is a torment and a vegetable curse. And yet a farmer had better make his bed of Canada thistles than attempt to be at ease upon interest.

Turning Everything to Account.

Neither large salaries nor extensive facilities for making money ensure a competence for man. What one's future material condition will be, depends not so much upon what he receives as upon what he saves. Generally speaking, the difference between the individual who becomes independent and the one remaining dependent all his life, represents the difference between careful saving and reckless spending.

Some become rich on what others throw away. During the last century, a poor emigrant and his wife who had landed in New York, finding nothing else to do, began to gather cigar-stumps about the streets and bar-rooms, and manufacture them into snuff. They were industrious, prospered, and laid the foundation for what is now one of the largest tobacco houses in the world. The gardener enriches his soil with the dressing given away by the improvident neighbor. The Celt fattens his cow and hog on the slops thrown out at back doors; and many chiffoniers, in large cities, fish out snug little fortunes from waste barrels and gutters. There is scarcely anything in the house that cannot be turned to account sooner or later, no matter how valueless it may appear at the moment.

There is no waste in Nature's laboratory. In the numberless transformations and combinations of things, material and immaterial, nothing is lost or laid aside as valueless. By how much man imitates Nature in this respect, by so much he increases his worldly substance. Corporations and companies amass fortunes, through the application of genius and inventive talent to what is looked upon as refuse and of no account. An article of commerce is now made from the water employed in gas works. Sawdust, which was once cast into streams, blocking up their channels, is now extensively used in manufacturing oxalic and formic acids, paper, gun-cotton, volatile oils, and blasting powder. It has proved highly serviceable in curing hams, polishing jewelry, cleaning furs, and for a variety of their purposes. Ivory dust, iron fillings, sea-weed, coal dust, and bones, which were once cast away, are turned to good uses. It is now proposed to utilize the slag of iron furnaces for block pavements. The dead body of a horse, which owners were formerly in such a hurry to put out of sight, is now converted into a vast number of uses. The mane and tail, says a contemporary, are serviceable for hair-cloth, sieves, bow-strings, and brushes. The skin is converted into leather for cart-harness, for boots and shoes, and strong collars. The hoofs are used for combs, horn-work, glue, and in old times were the chief source of hartshorn, now obtained from the gas-house. The flesh is boiled down in the rendering vat, and much oil and fat is obtained from it. The stomach and intestines make valuable strings and cords for musical instruments. Out of the bones are manufactured buttons, toys, tweezers, knife-handlers, rulers, cups, dominoes, balls; and the residue from all these things is burnt into bone-black, to be used by the sugar refiner, who puts in a second claim on the dead horse; and some part of the bone-black is burned white, to be used by the assayer in testing gold; and when the assayer and refiner have finished with it, it is converted into superphosphate to serve as a valuable manure on our land. The teeth are used as substitutes for ivory. Some portion of the bone-black is converted into phosphorous for the manufacture of matches, and lately a valuable bread preparation is made of the phosphate, and medicines are prerared for the cure of consumptives." Ingenuity and economy of this character have but to be exercised in our household affairs in order to ensure a competence, however limited may be our incomes.

From the Springfield Republican.

The Boston Death-Rate.

We have heard of a man who thought he did not need to be born again because he was born in Boston. It would seem as if death, and not a second birth, is the speedy lot of most of those poor infants who are born in Boston of late years. In a population of 250,000, last year, there were 6,998 deaths in Boston, or one in every 41 persons; while in the State of Connecticut, with 557,000 inhabitants, there were but 8,805 deaths, or one in every 60 persons. Thus the death-rate in Boston is nearly 50 per cent. greater than in Connecticut. In Rhode Island, where the population is nearly as great as in Boston, there were, in 1869, only 3,382 deaths, or one in every 65 persons; so that the death-rate of Boston exceeds that of Rhode Island by almost 60 per cent. In other words, where 100 persons die in Connecticut, more than 145 die in Boston, and where 100 die in Rhode Island, 160 die in Boston. What makes the matter worse is that the death-rate in Boston is growing larger, while in the rest of Massachusetts, in Rhode Island and Connecticut it is not increasing, but rather growing less. One reason for the great number of deaths in Boston is, no doubt, the number of births, which is greater there than in either Rhode Island or Connecticut. Baston had 8,022 births last year, and, at that rate, Connecticut ought to have had nearly 18,000 births, but the number reported was only 13,136. The births in Boston were as 1 to 31 of the

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