THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 16, 1872. NO. 43.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Spring Schedule.

The Kent County Railroad having been completed to Chestertown, trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for freight and passengers, between Chestertown 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			
" Chestertown	6:30		
" Worton	6:45		
" Lynch's,	6:55		
" Still Pond,	7:05		Q.A.R.R.train
" Kennedyville,	7:20		
" Black's,	7:35		
" 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		
" Worton,	1:25		
Arrive at Chestertown	1:45		

☞ Passengers from Chestertown 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.

JENNINGS HOOD,
March 2, 1872. Superintendent.

Attention

THE most elegant mode of *perfuming* clothing is by placing them in contact with odoriferous substances. This end can be attained by purchasing at the Drug Store of T. W. WICKES the most popular and prevailing perfumes now used. You can also find at his store a most elegant assortment of Combs, Brushes, Soaps, and Fancy Articles, all of the finest quality, and at city retail prices. The Bachelor Hair Dye, which is used so extensively in Europe and this country, and which has been satisfactorily proven by men of science and taste to be the best Hair Dye in the world, is sold by T. W. Wickes. Natural Mineral Waters for the debilitated, such as Vichy, Kissengen, Saratoga, and other waters. Spices, Ginger, Cloves, Cinnamon, Allspice, Mustard, Mace, Black and Red Pepper, Nutmegs, and *ground* Sage. Extracts for flavoring, of all varieties. Fine Cigars and Chewing and Smoking Tobacco. Jan. 7, 1871.

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!



Excelsior Hot Blast Cook, Superb Cook, Ironside, Columbia Cook, Niagara, Continental, All Right Cook, Farmer, Champion Complete Improved, Victor Range, Reliance Range, Novelty parlor Cook.

THE IMPROVED MORNING GLORY, Token Gas Burning Base, Token with Reflector, Parlor Light Base Burner, Magic Light Base Burner, Comet Air-tight Radiator, Myrtle Illuminating Base, Casket Air-tight, for wood or coal, Vulcan Egg, Tuscan Open Front, for wood, Union Air Tight, Woodland, Flame, Nine Plate Stove, &c. &c.

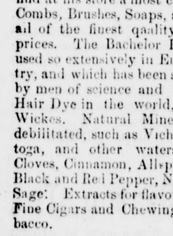
BIBB AND SEXTON'S HEATERS put up to heat one, two or three rooms, at city prices, and repaired at moderate rates.

Call and examine our large stock of Stoves, and be convinced that we are selling them as low as in the city.

Store opposite the Court House.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Chestertown, Oct. 21, 1871.

New Firm in the Lumber Business!



Having purchased the entire stock of Mr. Wm. Vannort in the Lumber Business, we intend to keep at his old stand a full and complete assortment of

BUILDING MATERIAL;

AND A LARGE STOCK OF LUMBER, to which we invite the attention of consumers, comprised in part of Select Cullings, 4-4, 6-4 and 8-4 White Pine, 5-8 Siding.
Yellow Pine Dressed Flooring,
White Pine Scantling and Bill Stuff,
Hemlock Joist, Scantling & Bill Stuff,
White Pine and Hemlock Fencing,
White Pine and Cypress Shingles,
Laths, Pales, Window Sash glazed, and Window Shutters.

We hope, by attention to our business, to merit a full share of public patronage.

We will also continue the

CARPENTERING AND Undertaking

business with unabated vigor.

JOHN T. DODD & SON.
July 15, 1871—tf.

CIDER VINEGAR, RELIABLE FOR PICKLING, on hand and for sale by
THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown August 19, 1871.

For Rent.



A desirable Dwelling on Queen street in Chestertown, with a large Garden in front. The building is a two story Brick, and was recently occupied by B. B. Perkins.

The premises are also for sale.

Apply to E. F. PERKINS,
Dec. 9, 1871. Chestertown, Md.

SMALL FRUITS, Plants, &c.

100,000 Strawberry, of the Leading Varieties.
40,000 Dooitte Back Cap Raspberry.
20,000 Phi adelphia, do.
20,000 Brandywine, do.
10,000 Davidson's Thornless, do.
100 Herstine, do.,

Together with a general assortment of NURSERY STOCK, most of which is of my own growth.

Also, *BARLING'S PATENT PRUNING SHEARS*, which are superior to any other article of the kind, and which I have the exclusive right to sell in Kent county.

For sale by

R. E. WALLIS,
Near Kennedyville.
Oct. 28, 1871—5m

ZOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, letters of Administration on the estate of

CATHARINE E. CRAWFORD,
late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 3d day of September, 1872; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 6th day of February, 1872.

H. V. B. CRAWFORD,
Feb. 10, 1872—4t. Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

JOHN W. HADAWAY,
late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 3d day of September, 1872; otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 6th day of February, 1871.

ANN HADAWAY,
Feb. 10, 1871—4t. Executrix.

B. C. BROOKER, JR. WM. B. LEWIS.

Brooker & Lewis,

AUCTIONEERS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 236 W. Baltimore street,
NEAR CHARLES,
BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ Sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, &c., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M. Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes and Notions every Monday at 10 o'clock A. M.

Consignments respectfully solicited.

Out-door Sales of every description taken at lowest rates.

Cash advances made if required.

Baltimore, August 26, 1871—y

Special Notice.



THE subscriber Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of *AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS*, Farm and Plantation Machinery—he also makes a speciality of PLOWS of all the various varieties for the Southern Trade. Having established himself in

Warehouse No. 40 and 42, Light street, Baltimore,

respectfully invites all his old customers and others interested in such Wares to give him a call and examine his stock, which will be as

COMPLETE AND WELL MADE AND SOLD AT AS MODERATE RATES

as any other like establishment in the country. Address

JOHN MAYHER,
40 and 42 Light street,
Oct. 7, 1871—y. BALTIMORE.

COAL HODS, Shovels, Pokers, Seives, Stove Brushes and Blacking, on hand and will be sold at a very small advance on cost. A large assortment of
HARDWARE, TINWARE, AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
for sale cheap.

Give me a call and get a good Cook Stove or a very small sum of money.

Store opposite the Court House.
Oct. 21. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

TAKE NOTICE!

THE subscriber is making up a Club for the "American Agriculturist" and "Hearth and Home," Orange Judd's two great papers.

JOHN W. HINES.
Nov. 11, 1871—tf. Chestertown, Md.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

CORN STARCH,
FARINA,
RICE FLOUR,
TAPIOCA,
SAGO,
SEA MOSS FARINA.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

NOTICE.

OWING to the pressure of the times, the undersigned will be compelled to do a STRICTLY CASH BUSINESS on and after *the first day of February*, 1872.

All persons indebted must make immediate settlement.

G. W. SUTTON.
Galena, Jan. 13, 1872—4t.

Money Saved! Money Saved!!

BY ENCLOSING **ONE DOLLAR** (1.00) a three cent stamp and sample of goods, and getting in return ONE PAIR of *OUR OWN KID GLOVES*, in all the Fall shades and colors.

The only place to get them is at

W. H. RINGGOLD'S,
95 N. Charles Street,
3 doors South of Mulberry.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER PAIR, AND EVERY PAIR *GUARANTEED*.
Balt., Sept. 16, 1871.

WILLIAM HARRIS, Gun & Pistol

MANUFACTURER,
No. 116 West Pratt street,
(One Door East of South,)
BALTIMORE,

KEEPS constantly on hand a complete assortment of

DUCK AND BIRD GUNS,
REPEATING PISTOLS,

SMITH & WESSON'S CARTRIDGE PISTOLS, COLT'S REPEATING PISTOLS, and every description of Pistol now in use.

Also, a Variety of Sporting Articles,

Such as Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches, Water Proof Caps, Wads, &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

GUNS neatly Stocked and repeaired at short notice.

Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1871—y.

GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS

NOTICE.

TO ALL LOVERS OF GOOD BRANDIES, WINES, TEAS AND GROCERIES.

I AM PREPARED TO OFFER GREAT inducements to customers, wholesale and retail. Keep constantly on hand a large and well selected Stock of Goods, consisting in part of

Green and Black Teas, of choice chops; Coffees—Java, Laguyra, Rio, &c.

English and American Pickles, Capers and Condiments, Olives, Italian Maccaroni and Vermecilla. Frehs Canned Fruits of all kinds; Canned Meats and Fish; Foreign and Domestic Preserves and Jellies. I have on hand a fine stock of

Old Brandies, Wines, Whiskeys, Gin,

which I offer to Hotel keepers at the VERY LOWEST PRICES, and ask a call.

THOMAS M. GREEN.
88 *W. Baltimore Street, near Holiday*
Sept. 25, 1869—y.

JOHN R. HARE,

THE ENGLISH



Watchmaker and Jeweller,

Has removed to his New Store,

63 FAYETTE STREEET,
OPPOSITE BARNUM'S HOTEL.

N. B.—*Fine Watch Repairs*, at Trade prices, a speciality.

☞ The cheapest Stock in the City.

Baltimore, Nov. 25, 1871—1y.

Colin F. Stam. Louis K. Stam.

C. F. STAM & BRO.,

APOTHECARIES,

Booksellers and Stationers,

Corner High and Court Streets,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

WE tender thanks to our patrons of the year 1871, for the liberality extended to us, and beg a continuance of the same.

Having a large and well selected stock of *FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CHEMICALS*, we are prepared to compound prescriptions, with accuracy and neatness, at all hours. Jan. 27, 1872.

CALL AND GET ONE OF *C. F. STAM & BRO'S. ALMANACS.* They are more correct than any other now in use. *We give them away.*

Chestertown, Dec. 16, 1871.

WOOL WANTED.—People's Popular Store, will pay cash for Wool, or xchange for merchandise, and have no objection to receive it on account. We are selling the cheapest Dry Goods in this market.

Respectfully, WM. A. VICKERS.

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*

CARD.

E. F. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Particular attention given to the collection of claims and the sale of Real Estate.

☞ Office in the New Building in Court Street. May 23, 1868.

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.*

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

Selected Poetry.

From Hearth and Home.

THE THREE KITTENS.

In an old brick oven not far from here,
All huddled up in a heap,
Are three little kittens, so cunningly dear,
Their story I know you will like to hear
While they are fast asleep.

Two are spotted with white, one is soberly gray,
Save the paws so soft and white,
Which with ashes and coal so frequently play
And into all mischief so constantly stray,
And oft are as black as the night.

They are not the kittens of whom you have heard
Who "lost their mittens" one day,
For they are so wise they think it absurd
To put gloves on the claws of kitten or bird,
Who has only time to play.

Round and round they run in the funniest style,
After each little one's gray tail;
But the tail whirls the faster, and once in a while
They fly round so swiftly, that, all in a pile,
They huddle like leaves in a gale.

There's nothing they like so well as a ball
Of yarn all evenly wound.
Over, over they go, with a rush and a fall;
One has it this time—then another, then all—
Yarn and kittens like tops spinning round.

The old mother Gray, with a face quite demure,
Sits winking at their droll play,
And once in a while she says with a purr—
"My dear little kits, you must ever prefer
At home with your mother to stay.

"Be gentle and kind to all other cats,
And loving to one another:
Be faithful in looking for mice and rats,
And always to dogs give spiteful spats;
Respect and obey your mother."

Now what will become of these kittens three,
I'm sure cannot be told.
If with friends and each other they ever agree,
Then, purring and mewing, their lives will be
Very happy as they grow old.

THE TAJ AT AGRA, Northern India.

[From "Around the World; Sketches of Travel through Many Lands and over Many Seas. By E. D. G. Prime, D. D. Harper & Brothers, 1872."

All that we had seen in the forts of Akbar and the palace of Shah Jehan was eclipsed by another structure, the most sublime and beautiful that now stands upon the face of the earth. This, I believe, is the unqualified testimony of every one who has seen the Taj.

About a mile to the South of the fort at Agra, upon the right bank of the river Jumna, lies a beautiful park, a quarter of a mile square, planted with the choicest trees, and shrubs, and flowers of the East. More than eighty fountains, scattered along the avenues of this park; throw their jets into the air, which sparkles with the falling drops as with a shower of diamonds. It is surrounded by a high wall, and guarded by a magnificent gateway, a building fifty or sixty feet in height, which, with any other surroundings, would be studied and admired for its architectural grandeur, and the beauty of its carving and mosaic ornamentation. No one would ever imagine it to be simply the portal to greater beauty and grandeur, but such it is.

We enter beneath this majestic arch, and find ourselves within the park. A broad avenue, skirted with lofty cypresses, acacias, and other Oriental trees, and tanks of aquatic plants and *jets d'eau*, reveals, at its extremity, at object which at once rivets the eye, and steals over the heart like a strain of delicious music, or like the melody of sublime poetry. It is the Taj, the peerless Taj, the mausoleum erected by the emperor Shah Jehan as the tomb of his favorite begum, Noor Mahal, in which they now sleep side by side. She died before him in giving birth to a child, and it is stated that, as she felt her life ebbing away, she sent for the emperor, and told him she had only two requests to make: first, that he would not take another wife and have children to contend with hers for his favor and dominions; second, that he would build for her the tomb he had promised, to perpetuate her memory. The emperor summoned the medical counselors of the city to do everything that was in their power to save her life, but all in vain.

Shah Jehan, who was devotedly attached to her, at once set about complying with her last request. The tomb was commenced immediately, and according to Tavernier, who saw its first and last stones laid, it was twenty-two years in building, with twenty thousand men constantly occupied upon it. It cost, in actual expense, in addition to the forced labor of the men, more than three hundred lacs of rupees, or about fifteen millions of dollars. Such a building, including the cost of materials, could scarcely be erected by paid labor at the present time, even in India, for $50,000,000. As this building is acknowledged by ever traveler to be unrivaled, and the sight of it declared by many to be worth a journey round the world, I will give a more minute description of its situation and its prominent features.

At the extremity of the beautiful park or Oriental garden of which I have spoken, on the river side rises a terrace of red sand-stone twenty feet in height, and a thousand feet broad. The walls of the terrace on all sides are of hewn stone, and its surface is paved with the same material. At the extreme left of this terrace stands a magnificent mosque, an appendage to the main structure, the Taj. It is the place of prayer for the faithful, who come to visit the tomb of the favorite of the Mogul emperor. This building alone must have been very costly, but as it would destroy the symmetry of the grand mausoleum by occupying one side of the central building, the emperor had another mosque, a perfect counterpart, erected on the opposite extremity of the terrace, a thousand feet distant, of no use excepting as a *jowab*, or answer to the first. The one is held as a sacred place; the other, in the eyes of a Mohammedan, has nothing sacred about it; it is simply the complement of the first.

On the lofty terrace of sandstone rises another terrace of pure white marble, its walls of cut stone laid as regularly as the courses of a marble building. The terrace is three hundred feet square. At each of its four corners stands a circular marble minaret, about twenty-five feet in diameter, diminishing in size until at the height of one hundred and fifty feet it is crowned with an open cupalo, commanding a magnificent view of the Taj with its surroundings, of the River Jumna, the city and fort of Agra, and of the adjacent country. I ascended to the top of one of these minarets, and had photographed upon my memory a view which I am sure no time can dim.

In the centre of this marble terrace, equidistant from the four lofty and graceful minarets, stands the building which for more than two centuries has been the admiration of every eye that in all that period of time has rested on it. It is an octagon, or it might perhaps be more correctly described as a square with each of the four corners slightly cut off, and is crowned with a high swelling dome, having the gracefulness of outline which seems to have bden an inspiration in the Mohammedan and Oriental styles of architecture. The building is one hundred and fifty feet in diameter; the crescent upon the summit of the dome nearly two hundred feet above the pavement. The structure is built from foundation to topstone of the purest marble, so perfect in the preservation and so unspotted in its whiteness that it looks as if it might have been erected only yesterday. Standing upon its marble pedestal, it vies in purity with the clouds that are floating by. A cupola of the same material rests upon the roof on each side of the dome. The exterior of the building is carved in graceful designs, the front elaborately wrought, but in such perfect taste as to fill the eye like a picture in colors. No description will convey to the mind any idea of the effect of the engraving on the arched doorway. It is elaborate, but not florid, giving to the solid marble almost the whiteness of a cloud. Indeed, the whole building, as you look upon it, seems to float in the air like an autumn cloud.

Let us enter—but breathe softly and tread gently as you step within. It is the sleeping chamber of Noor Mahal, the cherished wife of the Mogul emperor, Tha Jehan, and here, beneath this magnificent dome, they lie side by side, each in a couch of almost transparent marble set with precious stones, and wrought exquisitely in tracery of vine and flowers. Nowhere else was human dust been laid away to slumber in such superb repose—so beautiful, so silent, so sacred, so sublime. In such perfect, exquisite taste is every thing within as well as without, that it is more like a creation than the work of man. The whole interior, which is lighted only from the lofty doorway, is open from wall to wall, and from the pavement to the summit of the dome, with the exception of a high marble screen standing about twenty or thirty feet from the outer wall, and extending entirely around the building. This is cut in open tracery, so as to resemble a curtain of lace rather than a screen of solid marble. One who has seen the veiled statue of a master artist can appreciate the deception, if deception in can be called where none was intended.

The sarcophagi containing the remains of the empress and of her faithful lover, the Mogul emperor, lie in the crypt below, which is reached by a marble stairway. That of the former has inscribed upon it, in the graceful Arabic characters, "Mooxraj-i-Mahal, Rango Begum" (Rango Begum, the Ornament of the Palace), with the date of her death, 1631. The other has inwraught the name of the emperor, with the date of his death, 1666. To this day they are covered with fresh flowers, strewed by faithful hands, in recognition of the fidelity which reared the structure.

Upon the main floor, directly over these marble slabs, and under the canopy of the open dome, stand the cenotaphs designed simply as the representatives of those below, but carved in tracery and set in gems in no ostentatious or gaudy style, but so beautifully and tastefully that one lingers around them as he stands before some masterpiece of art, never satisfied with looking. Upon the cenotaph of the queen, amid wreaths of flowers, worked in gemmed mosaic, are passages from the Koran, in Arabic, one of which reads, "Defend us from the tribe of unbelievers." This inscription was made by the Emperor Shah Jehan, who seemed to think no words too sacred to be recorded upon the tomb of one whom he loved so devotedly; but his own son. Aurungzebe, who placed the marble in memory of his father, in accordance with Mohammedan custom regarded the words of the Koran as too holy to be engraved—the difference between conjugal and filial love. In the same devotion to his wife, Shah Jehan caused the Koran to be inscribed upon the interior of the Taj, in mosaic of precious stones, jasper, lapis lazuli, heliotrope, chalcedony, carnelian, etc. The whole of the Koran is said to be thus inwraught, and yet it has the appearance of a light and graceful vine running over the walls. With the sentences of the Koran, thus traced upon the marble in such costly material, are interspersed fruits, and flowers, and running vines, all of precious stones inlaid, designed to represent one of the bowers of Paradise in which the emperor had laid the light of his life to sleep her last sleep

While we were standing beneath that lofty dome, the silence of the tomb reigning even over its exquisite beauty and grandeur, voices at my side commenced singing:

"In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest."

The singing ceased, but far up in that snow-white vault, as if among the fleecy clouds of heaven, an angel band caught up the strain, not as an ordinary echo of reflected sound, but as if prolonging the notes. It continued as long as the original song, and at length gradually died away, only as the song of angels would cease to be heard when they enterd the portals of heaven This echo is as marvelous and as celebrated as the Taj itself, and I know not in what building or in what part of the world another like it can be heard.

All this description may seem to the reader simply extravagant, but not if the reader has ever looked upon the building described. Every one who has seen it will simply say that words are powerless to expres the ideas which its sublimity and beauty inspire I could only compare the emotions which it excited to those awakened by listening to equisite music, and the building to some sublime poem, whose words transport the soul out of itself.—The very first glimpse of the structure, as I entered the gateway a quarter of a mile distant, and looked down the long avenue of acacias and cypress, was overpowering, and I felt at every step as I drew nearer that I must withdraw my gave or be overcome. Often, as I stood within the Taj, its silent grandeur was equally overpowering. Moonlight is said to add greatly to the effect of the whole scene, giving to the building the appearance of a cloud-castle built in air.

According to the records, Shah Jehan had planned another structure precisely similar to this for his own tomb, on the opposite side of the Jumna, to be connected to it by a bridge, but he wisely concluded to sleep by the side of his beloved begum.

As we left the Taj and lingered in the park, we found it vocal with the song of birds. Richly-colored paroquets made their homes along the cornices of the surrounding buildings and upon the gateway, and, by a singular though somewhat sentimental coincidence, the only turtle-doves that I saw or heard in India were two mates that sighed their melancholy notes upon the evening air as a requiem over Shah Jehan and his beloved Noor Mahal.

The Wealth of Statesmen.

Jefferson died comparatively poor. Indeed, if Congress had not purchased his library, and given for it five times its value, he would with difficulty have kept the wolf from the door.

Madison saved money, and was comparatively rich. To add to his fortune, however, or rather that of his widow, Congress purchased his manuscript papers and paid $50,000 for them.

James Monroe, the sixth President of the United States, died in New York, so poor that his remains found a resting place through the charity of one of his friends. They remain in a cemetery in School street, but no monument marks the spot where they repose.

John Quincy Adams left some $160,000, the result of industry, prudence and inheritance. He was a man of method and economy.

Martin Van Buren died very rich. Throughout his political life he studiously looked out for his interest. It is not believed that he ever spent thirty shillings in politics. His party shook the bush and he caught the bird.

Daniel Webster squandered a million in his lifetime, the product of his professional and political speculations. He died, leaving his property to his friends. The former sold for less than $20,000—the latter exceeded $250,000.

Henry Clay left a very handsome estate. It probably exceeded $500,000. He was a prudent manager and a scrupulously honest man.

JamesK. Polk left about $150,000, $50,000 of which he saved from his Presidency of four years.

John Tyler left $50,000. Before he reached the Presidency he was bankrupt. In office he husbanded his means and then married a rich wife.

Zachary Taylor left $150,000.

Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man, and keeps his money in a strong box. It will not be swallowed up in speculation, nor squandered in vice.

Ex President Pierce saved some $50,000 from his term of office.

A Boy's Letter.

DEAR JIMMY—Ask your mother to bring you up here right off. It's gay. There's fishing here, and plenty of worms to catch 'em with. You stick the hook in 'em and they wriggle bully. Fishing's funnier when you don't catch the hook in the seat of your pantloons, so you can't sit down and can't fish all the way home. I did that the other day, and Mr. Jenkins, cousin Laura's beau, ask't me if I was a sole or a heel. Suppose he thot he was going to be funny, but I didn't see it. Bimeby, I saw him cut a piece out of cousin Laura's hair, where her hook caught, and kiss it, like a great baby, and put it in his pocket. So I told on 'em at tea, and everybody laft. They have cows here and I go to see them milked. They don't pump it out with their tail like you and I thought they did but they squeeze it out of a bag that comes on purpose, I suppose. I milked the other night. It was very hard to squeeze and it would not go in the pail. Some went into my eyes, and the rest went up my sleeve. I don't like milking. I don't like turkey cocks neither. They ruffle themselves up and run at you. They are a very pherocious bird, and disagreeable to live with. Chickens are nicer. We eat 'em. They put them under a "baril" at night, and Bill and I kill them in the morning. We have bully fun wringing their necks. You'd better come here right off, and bring a shotgun, for there are bears here, anyhow we saw a fox—and candy, because we can't get any here, and a pop-gun, and some bows and arrows and things. Perhaps we can shoot a deer. I think Mr. Jenkins is a blamed fool. He made me believe he found a deer's track the other day, and when I looked at it, 'twas only the mark of cousin Laura's boot. I don't see what makes him so sappy about girls. We won't will we? I'd be ashamed. I'm going to ride old Sam to-morrow. He's a horse. You ride him bare-back, and it is very hard to stick on, he feels so squirmy. Give my love to all the boys, and tell them I'm having a bully time, only I hate old Jenkins. No more at present from yours truly,

BOBBIE.

The Noble Revenge.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. No flowers on the top; no lining of white satin for the pale brow, no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap with neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker screwed down the top.

"You cannot, get out of the way, boy—why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the helpless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, and as he gazed into the rough box, agonizing tears streamed down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh, it was painful to hear him cry the words: "Only once, let me see my mother, only once?"

Quickly and brutally the heartless monster struck him away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage—his blue eyes distended, his lips sprang apart, fire glittered through his eyes as he raised his little arm, with most childish accent, and screamed, "When I'm a man, I'll kill you for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child—a monument much stronger than granite built up in the boy's heart to the memory of the heartless deed.

* * * * * * *

The court-house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the Judge.

There was a silence when he had finished until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindly eye to plead for the erring and the friendless. He was a stranger, but at the first sentence there was a silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir, I cannot," said he.

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I—I—I believe you are unknown to me?"

"Man, I will refresh yoor memory. Twenty years ago this day you struck a broken-hearted little boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that boy!"

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me then to take my life?"

"No. I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for the last twenty years Go, then, and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame and went away from the presence of magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible.

☞ Somebody has invented a bunghole for beer-barrels to prevent revenue frauds. There is but one sort of hole that will effectually prevent frauds under the present Administration, and that was invented when the first man was buried.

☞ Lord Courtenary, thirty-five years of age, who recently went into bankruptcy owned four million eight hundred thousand dollars. Now let the young rascal get a position in the New York Custom House and make money to pay his debts.

☞ The pen may be mightier than the sword, but the Danbury News thinks that if you take two swords and rivet them together, near the centre, you will find that in many newspaper offices they are far mightier than the pen.

☞ A young lady of Council Bluffs being informed by her "lovyer" that he intended to cease his attentions, cowhided him around the room, and as he sprang through the open window, told him, with a parting kick, that would teach him to be more careful in the future not to trifle with a gentle and loving heart.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8203-0497