# THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1872. NO. 1.


## 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 | Q.A.R.R.train |
| " Still Pond, | 7:05 | |
| " Kennedyville, | 7:20 | |
| " Black's, | 7:35 | |
| " Lambson's, | 8:05 | 1:20 |
| " Massey's, | 8:15 | 1.45 |
| " Morris', | 8:22 | 1:50 |
| " Vandyke's, | 8:35 | 2:15 |
| Arrive Townsend, | | |
| **GOING WEST.** | **A. M.** | **P. M.** |
| Leave Townsend, | 11:40 | 8:00 |
| " Vandyke's, | 11:55 | 8:15 |
| " Morris', | 12:05P.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, Irouside, 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.

## WATTSON & CLARK,

## SUPER PHOSPHATE.

TRADE W & C MARK.

☞ The best and cheapest Fertilizer For sale by all dealers.

OFFICE,
135 North Water Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Feb. 17, 1872—y°

## 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.

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

## FOOD FOR THE SICK.

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

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.

## PUBLIC LOCAL LAWS.

PASSED JANUARY SESSION, 1872.

[*Published by Authority.*]

[CHAPTER 313.]

AN ACT

To protect the owners of land on the Waters of Queen Anne's and Kent counties.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, except the *bona fide* residents of Queen Anne's county, to haul a seine in any of the rivers, creeks, coves, or other waters lying in and around Queen Anne's county, without the permission of the owners or occupiers of the land bordering on the said waters.

Sec. 2. *And be it enacted*, That it shall not be lawful for any persons except the *bona fide* residents of Queen Anne's county, to dredge for terrapins in any of the waters of Queen Anne's county without the permission of the owner or occupiers of the lands bordering on the said waters.

Sec. 3. *And be it enacted*. That any person violating the provisions of either the preceding sections of this Act, shall pay a fine of not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, and forfeit the boat or boats and vessel in his possession, together with the seine or seines, tackle and all things on board at the time the offence may have been committed.

Sec. 4. *And be it enacted*, That on information given to a Justice of the Peace of Queen Anne's county, he shall issue his warrant for the arrest of the offender or offenders, and the seizure of the boat or boats, together with all her or their tackle and apparel, and all other property on board and in their possession, which warrant shall be directed to the Sheriff or some Constable of said county, who may [illegible] to aid him in [illegible] already located or appropsiated for the purpose of preserving, depositing or bedding the same, in the waters of said counties, unper the provisions of the General Laws

Sec. 2. *And be it enacted*, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

We hereby certify, that the aforegoing is a true and perfect copy of an Act passed the General Assembly of Maryland, at the January Session, 1872.

AUGUSTUS GASSAWAY,
Secretary of the Senate.
MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk House of Delegates.

*Approved April* 1, 1872—3t.

## 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.*

## SHOE FINDINGS!
## SHOE FINDINGS!!

SHOE PEGS, Titus' Sewing and Pegging Awls, Awl Hafts, Webbing, Eyelets, black and white; Gaiter Hooks, Heel Balls, Wax, Morgan & Fulton's round and square-pointed Knives, Lasting Tacks, Shoe Nails, Nippers, Peg Cutters, Rubbers, Barber's Thread, Bristles, &c., for sale at the Tin, Stove and Hardware store of
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

## Rats, Rats,
## Mice, Mice.

CALL at the Tin, Stove and Hardware Store, and get one of those excellent Rat and Mouse Traps. A perfect exterminator.

## Hardware, Hardware, Hardware.

Call and examine my
LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
FARMERS' & BUILDERS' HARDWARE,
TABLE AND POCKET
CUTLERY,
*SCISSORS, RAZORS, &c., &c.*

For sale at a very small advance on first cost, at the Tin, Stove and Hardware Store.
J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Chestertown, March 9, 1872.

## HATS & CAPS.

IF YOU WANT
*A FASHIONABLE HAT,*
call at S. MERRITT & CO'S. Clothing Store, on Bordley's corner, where you will find Hats & Caps of all styles and qualities. Black Slouch Wool Hats, black Regatta Hats, black Slouch Fur Hats, Scotch Caps, very low; brown slouch wool Hats, Boys Caps, brown slouch Fur Hats, Boys Hats—all styles; drabb slouch wool Hats, drabb slouch Fur Hats, Children's Hats—all styles; Black Brown and Mode Tourist Hat.

## NOTICE.

**Cut this out and keep it for Reference.**

WHEN YOU VISIT THE CITY GO TO

W. H. RINGGOLD'S,
95 N. Charles Street,
AND BUY ALL YOUR
UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS.

*He can sell them*
**Cheaper than any one!**
And you can
**Pay your expenses in your purchases!**

☞ DON'T FAIL TO GO: HE HAS THE VERY ARTICLE YOU WANT.

*Do not forget the Number!*

W. H. RINGGOLD,
95 N. Charles st., 3 doors South of Mulberry.
Baltimore, Sept. 24, 1870.

## A Card.

I RESPECTFULLY inform my friends and the public that in the future I can be found at all hours, night or day, at my Drug Store on High street, where I will be at all times ready to compound medicines accurately, and with dispatch.

I take pleasure in showing my fine assortment of *FANCY ARTICLES*, which is varied and attractive. NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage bestowed in the past, I would respectfully ask a continuance of the same.

T. W. WICKES.

P. S.—Persons wishing Medical advice will always find Dr. T. S. Holton in attendance, when not professionally engaged.
Feb. 3, 1872. T. W. W.

NEW MUSIC.—We have just received a well selected stock of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, which we are selling at city prices *for cash only*.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
May 4, 1872.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters of Administration, D. B. N. C. T. A., on the personal estate of

LOUIS B. VANHORN,
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 30th day of November, 1872; otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 30th day of April, 1872.

RICHARD HYNSON,
May 4, 1871—4t. Administrator.

## Selected Poetry.

### "BORROBOOLA GHA."

A stranger preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came
To hear a two hours' sermon
With a barbarous sounding name.
'Twas all about some heathens,
Thousands of miles afar,
Who live in a land of darkness
Called "Borroboola Gha."

So well their wants he pictured
That when the plates were passed,
Each list'ner felt his pockets,
And goodly sums were cast,
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car
That carries light and comfort
To "Borroboola Gha."

That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation,
I took my morning stroll;
'Till something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And looking down with wonder,
I saw a little child.

A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn,
And what could she want? I questioned,
Impatient to be gone.
With trembling voice she answered,
"We live just down the street,
And mammy she's a dyin',
And we've nothin' left to eat."

Down in a wretched basement,
With mould upon the walls,
Through whose half-buried windows
God's sunshine never falls;
Where cold, and want and hunger
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found a fellow-creature
Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,
A bed of dirty straw;
A hearth all dark and cheerless—
But these I scarcely saw;
For the mournful sight before me,
The sad and sickening show—
Oh! never had I pictured
A scene so full of woe.

The famished and the naked,
The babes that pine for bread,
That squalid group that huddled
Around the dying bed—
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar.
Was I suddenly transported
To "Borroboola Gha?"

Ah! lo! the poor and wretched
Were close behind the door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before;
Alas! for the cold and hungry,
That meet me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away.

There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands we know,
Our Lord commands His servants
Through all the world to go,
Not only for the heathen,
This was His charge to them:
"Go, preach the Word, *beginning First* at Jerusalem."

Oh, Christians! God has promised
Whoe'er to these has given
A cup of pure cold water,
Shall find reward in heaven.
Would you secure the blessing,
You need not seek it far;
Go, find in yonder hovel
A "Borroboola Gha."

## AN OLD MAN'S ROMANCE.

It is generally held that there is very little of the romantic element in the American Presidency, and not without reason, for men enter the Presidential office so late in life that they have become as matter-of-fact as soap-suds and saleratus; but ex-Governor Wise, of Virginia, in his recently published and very clever volume "Seven Decades of the Union,"—which well deserves reading, gives an account of President Tyler's second marriage that is very entertaining.

Mr. Tyler became a widower while he was President, losing a wife who was a very noble woman, a member of the well-known family of Christian in the Old Dominion. He was a domestic man, and a pure man, and a second marriage is the most natural thing in the world when a man has been happy in the first marriage; but then it is thought that a widower should marry a lady of experience not unlike his own. Mr. Wise says that he was Mr. Tyler's coach, taking a drive with him in March, 1844, when he soon discovered that his friend would talk only of love and ladies. "We had always heard," said Mr. Wise, "that an old fool is the worst of fools in love-sickness, and he showed the usual signs of its contortions into hideous shapes of seeming. He got it out at last that he thought of marriage, and wanted to know our opinion on the subject.

"Well, of course, you have sought and found some highly honored dame of dignity, who can bring grace to the White House, and add to your domestic comfort?"

"Oh, no dame, but a sweet damsel."

"Who, pray, of damsel degree, could or should an old President win?"

He told us; and we uttered our astonishment by asking,

"Have you really won her?"

He replied; "Yes, and why should I not?"

We answered that he was too far advanced in life to be imprudent in a love scrape.

"How, imprudent?" he asked.

"Easily; you are not only past the middle age, (he was then 55.) but you are President of the United States, and that is a dazzling dignity, which may charm a damsel more than the man she marries."

"Pooh!" he cried, chuckling. "Why, my dear sir, I am just now full in my prime!"

"Ah, but has John Y. Mason never told you about an old friend of his, on the side of the James, rich and full of acres, and calling his African waiter, Toney, into council upon the tender topic of marrying a miss in her teens? Toney shook his head and said, "Mussa, you think you can stand dat?" "Yes, Toney; why not? She is so sweet, so beautiful, that she would make me rise from a bed of illness and weakness to woo her for a bride; but I am yet strong, and I can now, as well as ever I could, make her happy?" "Yes; but, massa," said Toney, "you is now in your prime, dat's true; when she is in her prime, where, den, massa, will your prime be?"

He laughed heartily at Toney's philosophical observation, but afterward, in seriousness, said that he longed for the renewal of his domestic life, and had been fairly caught by the fame of Miss Gardiner. We remonstrated that his life was renewed in his children; that he had daughters, lovely daughters, full of grace, fit to do the honors of the White House, and some of them were the elders of his intended. What if family dissent should make domestic jars, and his latter days be troubled?

He had, he said, always been too tender to the pledges of his past love for them ever to withhold from him their filial confidence, or to deny to him his own happiness!

We saw the game was up, and then said: "We see you are bent upon your last love, with or without counsel, and you have ever been too lucky for us now to doubt or distrust your fate. You are going to marry the damsel, and we are not foolish enough to make two enemies by opposing the passion of the wooer and the won."

The marriage took place on the 26th of June, 1844, President Tyler being then in his fifty-fifth year, and the bride, Miss Julia Gardiner, about twenty, and whom we remember being much spoken of as a beautiful girl, and a Washington belle of those long-gone days. She was a New York lady of good family, as the phrase is, and descended, we have heard, from old Lyon Gardiner, who flourished in the colonial age, and who gave his name to Gardiner's bay and Gardiner's island, on and in Long Island Sound. The marriage proved a very happy one, and Mrs. Tyler, who has survived her husband more than ten years, is not yet old. Mr. Tyler, some years after the marriage, said to Mr. Wise, when the latter noted that his friend kept "a double-seated, four-wheeled wicker carriage for small children." "Yes, you see how right I was; it was no vain boast when I told you I was in my prime. I have a houseful of goodly babies budding around me, and if you will go up with me to Sherwood, I will show you how bountifully and rapidly I have been blessed. They are all so near in age that they are like stair-steps, and the two youngest are so much babies alike that each requires the nurse's coach, and we have to have one with two seats!"

So that marriage turned out well, despite the fact that the gentleman was old enough to be the lady's grandfather, and we are glad of it, for Mr Tyler had so much injustice done him as a public man that he was entitled to compensation in his private life.

WRITING EDITORIALS.—Of course there isn't a more delightful spot in the world than an editorial sanctum. If you doubt it, just ask any man who has spent several years there, wearing out his brains in perpetual efforts at first-class articles.—Here is how a writer in the Detroit Free Press talks about the pleasure peculiar to the deep grim silence of the sanctum: "Yesterday moring I commenced an article entitled 'The Unseen Influence of the Spirit World,' and got as far as to say that, "Although we hear no voice, there is some subtle influence pervading the ——when a man came up with a demand for a correction of an article charging him with bigamy. You have to keep right on with an idea when you get hold of it, and so I run him in: "Pervading the air about now all the time Peter Smith has called at this office to say that the unheard voices coming from the dead often swerve us from he isn't the man mentioned as having two wives the path marked out by the obstinate ——" (Here another man came in and wanted a notice of his new building,) "——spirits which refuse to yield to that new block on Michigan avenue, although Smith is directly charged by the police with a marble front and 120 feet deep. At night, after the day's toil, who does not love to sit down and let his mind run to the mysterious shadowy basement under it, and stone caps above the windows we take great pleasure in setting Smith right before his fellow-citizens, and ——" (Here a man came up and wanted to look at a State map, although he could have found one down stairs.) "Certainly, sir; look at all the State maps you want to, and call back the spirit of some dear friend gone before as will ascertain the name of the policeman who wrongfully accused Mr. Smith of having a frontage on Michigan avenue, which helps the look of that street very much, and you will find the country of Hillsdale further to the left of that land from which no one has ever returned to tell us whether our friends are sad or joyful ——" Here a boy came up and wanted to sell some tonka beans to keep moths off.) "Thank ye, bub, don't want to look at any more of our maps come right with a Mansard roof to crown all and Smith is now set right before the public and his friends generally, who have thus improved the town and commune with them as to whether a moment of sadness does not occasionally steal over them as they think of the fond friends left behind come up again and I'll talk with you about the tonka beans and every patriotic citizen ought to keep a State map in his new block on Michigan avenue Smith states that one of his wives deserted him in Illinois and the other ——" (Here a subscriber came in and wanted to know why no paper was issued the day after Thanksgiving.) "Because it was a day set apart for one hundred and forty-four widows in the entire block with tonka beans enameled on State maps to mourn their early departure through the valley and the shadow of death I don't want you to bother me any more Mr. Smith about your wives and come bub get right down stairs now with your beans to that spirit land where all joy and peace the compositors wanted a holiday and it's against the principles of Christianity to ——" (Here a boy came up with a basket of apples.) "Forever more can't eat apples owing to my teeth, and Smith is now made good for beans any State map connected with this office has nothing but joy and peace to mark the never-ending time I'll break your neck if you say apples to me again and you see that the new block spoken of has no bigamy to prove the moths don't apple the the tonka beans sold in Hillsdale county."

### Ten Hard Dollars.

Those people who are interested in hard money will perhaps be profited by reading the following story from the Christian Weekly, by Dr. Spalding:

"My father was a poor man. A large and growing family was dependent on him for its daily bread. Coming home one wintry evening from a week's toil in a neighboring town, with ten hard dollars in his pocket, he lost them in a light snow. Long and fruitless was the search for them. After the snow had gone, again was the search renewed with the same result. The snow fell and melted again for a whole generation, and still the story of the lost dollars was fresh in our family circle; for a silver dollar to a poor man in those days was larger than a full moon.

"About a mile away lived another father of a family in similar circumstances He, too, knew how much a dollar cost dug out of the heart of a rocky farm. At least once or oftener every week for forty years he had occasion to pass our door, giving and receiving the common neighborly salutations, and every time with a weight increasingly heavy on his conscience. But all such pressure has its limit; and when that is reached the crush is the greater for the severity of the strain. In this instance it was as when an old oak rends its body and breaks its limbs in falling.

"One day, completely broken down, he came to my father in tears, confessing: 'I found your dollars lost in the snow forty years ago. They have been hard dollars to me, and I can carry them no longer. I am come to return them, and ask your forgiveness, and as soon as I can I will give you the interest.'

"The scene was like that when Jacob and Esau met over the ford Jabbok.

"He did not live long enough to pay the interest, but quite long enough to furnish a practical comment on the text, 'The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit, who can bear?' Who will say that conscience, though slumbering in this life, will never awake to punish the offender in the life to come?"

If any man wants *hard money*, let him get it dishonestly, and he will find it the hardest money that he ever saw—hard to keep, hard to think of, and hard to answer for in the judgment day.

### The Bobolink.

This well-known songster of the North—reed-bird or ortolan of the Middle States, and rice-bird of the South—is abundantly distributed throughout most sections of the continent, ranging from the latitude of Quebec in Canada, to the Middle States, in summer, and from the southern continents, in winter.

Early in spring it makes its Northern migration, moving leisurely through the Southern and Middle States, and arrives in New-England and its latitude about the middle of May. During this northern passage the birds depend for a subsistance very greatly upon the newly sown fields of grain, and the havoc they inflict is quite considerable. The male birds usually arrive at the northern breeding-grounds several days before the females, during which interim they frequent meadows and fields in cultivated districts, in preference to thinly settled localities, and soon become very tame and familiar, notwithstanding the severity with which they have been pursued by the inhabitants of all the countries they have had to traverse in their migration, by whom they are regarded as only a pest and nuisance. The bobolink knows when he has arrived among his friends; and the same bird who would carefully avoid you in the South, will perch on your garden-fence in New-England as familiarly as he were to the manor born, and regale you with a flood of his choicest melody.

Everybody in the North knows his song perfectly, and has at some time laughed, in spite of himself or herself, at the grotesque singer, as, perched on a twig in the cherry-tree by the house, or in the elm by the roadside, or alder by the brook, he nodded his head, quivered his wings, opened his mouth, and rattled out the most curious, incomprehensible, jingling, round-about, careless, joyous, and altogether sweet medley that any bird ever uttered. As soon as the females arrive, they become the great objects of attention with their male neighbors; and the combats, both in music and—I am forced to say it—anger, for the possession of a favored one, between the contesting suitors, are almost innumerable. The female is at the outset apparently indifferent to the attractions of any particular male, and, in fact, seems a little bored at their manifestations; but all her indifference is unreal, and the cavalier who can outsing and vanquish his rival becomes the possessor of her maiden, or, it may be her thrice widowed affections, "to have and to hold" until the next autumn.

As soon as the birds are mated, early in June, they commence the structure in which their family is to be reared. Selecting a tussock of grass in a field or meadow, through which or near which a brook prattles of cool draughts or sweet refreshing baths in the hot and thirsty summer, they begin to entwine, beneath the bending and concealing leaves, fine grasses and rootlets into a loose and not deeply hollowed nest. The position is so well chosen that nine times out of ten, if you walk the meadow over, knowing it to be there, you will not discover the nest. The male bird flies over your head, chiding and complaining, as soon as you draw near his home, and the female, skurrying off through the thick grass, rises away from her nest, that you may not discover its locality. The eggs are four or five in number, and vary in color from a light ashy blue, with spots of blackish brown, to a pale brownish clay, with spots and blotches of umber, of different shades. During the season of incubation, and until the young birds leave the nest, Bob has but little to do with his neighbors; but when the young are turned aside to shift for themselves, the members of different families unite in a large scattered flock, and roam through the neighborhood, feasting on all the good things available.

It is at this period that the male exchanges his nuptial suit for one more in keeping with his "old folks'" condition; and he arrays himself in a dress very similar to the sober one of his mate, dropping at the same time his jolly song, and uttering only a single note, like the syllable "chink." At this time it is almost impossible to distinguish the male from the female or young bird, as they fly away from you in the field, so much do they resemble each other.

Early in September the bobolinks begin to move Southward; and although they obtain a great portion of their sustenance from fields and meadows, gleaning seeds of grasses, and weeds, and insects, they make sad mischief in the fields of late grain and rice; and the firing of guns during the passage through the Middle and Southern States, not only by farmers and planters, but by sportsmen, who shoot them for the table and market, is at some seasons almost incessant.—*E. A. Samuels in Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

### Washington at Forty-seven.

It is claimed that the following description of the "Father of his Country," published in London in 1779, has not been printed in this country until this year:

"Gen. Washington is now in the forty-seventh year of his ager He is a tall, well-made man, rather large boned, and has a tolerably genteel address; his features are manly and bold; his eyes of a bluish cast, and very lively; his hair deep brown; his face rather long and marked with the small-pox; his complexion sunburnt, and without much color, his countenance sensible, composed and thoughtful. There is a remarkable air of dignity about him, with a striking degree of gracefulness. He has an excellent understanding, without much quickness; is strictly just, vigilant and generous; an affectionate husband, a faithful friend, a father to the deserving soldier, a gentleman in his manners, in temper rather reserved. In his morals he is irreproachable, and he was never known to exceed the bounds of the most rigid temperance. In a word, all his friends and acquaintances allow that no man can centre in his own person a more perfect alliance of the virtues of a philosopher with the talents of a General. Candor, sincerity, affability and simplicity seem to be the striking features of his character, till an occasion offers of displaying the most determined bravery and independence of spirit."

CURE FOR COLD IN THE HEAD.—Dr. Paillon of France, announces what he considers to be a new method of curing a cold in the head. It consists of ammonia contained in a smelling bottle. If the sense of smell is completely obliterated, the bottle should be kept under the nose until the pungency of the volatile alkali is felt. The bottle is then removed, but only to be re-applied after a minute; the second application, however, should not be long, that the patient may bear it. This easy operation being repeated seven or eight times in the course of five minutes, but always very rapidly, except the first time, the nostrils become free, the sense of smell is restored, and the secretion of the irritating mucus is stopped. This remedy is said to be peculiarly advantageous to singers.

A gentleman walking with a friend who was extremely precise in pronunciation, the latter, hearing a person near him say *curosity* for *curiosity* exclaimed, 'How that fellow *murders* the English language!' 'Not so bad,' said the other, 'he has only knocked an *I* out.'

☞ Lord Baxfield, the Scotch judge, once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar, "You're a vera clever chiel, mon; but I'm thinking ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin'."

☞ A Paris shopkeeper lately fixed over his door a notice that, as his daughter "had made a splendid match," he would sell goods at a reduction of 25 per cent. for a week.

☞ Many lose the opportunity of saying a kind thing by waiting to weigh the matter too long.

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