THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 29, 1872. NO. 6.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer 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	
" Kennedyville,	7:20	Q.A.R.R.train
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	
" Massey's,	8:05	1:20
" Morris',	8:15	1.45
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:50
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2:15
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 al 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.

JOS. J. RICHARDS,
June 1, 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.

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°

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

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.

H. McCoy. *Wm. I. Rasin*

McCOY & RASIN,

General Commission Merchants,

No. 73 South Street,

OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE,
BALTIMORE.

Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.
Feb. 15, 1870— y.

HERRING, MACKEREL,
CIDER VINEGAR.
For sale at MING'S.
June 1, 1872—tf.

1872. SPRING AND 1872.
SUMMER TRADE.

Thomas S. Wickes

BEGS leave to inform his customers and buyers generally that he has now in Store and is offering at moderate advances,
ONE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST VARIED STOCKS OF

SEASONABLE GOODS

TO BE FOUND IN THIS MARKET.

Goods Bought at the closest Cash Figures,

and selected with most careful and laborious attention and with special reference to the wants of consumers at this period of the year. His general line of all Goods usually kept by him is as full as at any former season and having been bought upon terms as advantageous as are possible to legitimate business transactions, he can of course compete in prices with any concern in this community doing a regular business.

A call and examination will be appreciated at all times.
Chestertown, May 4, 1872.

R. B. Russell

HIGH STREET,
NEAR THE VOSHELL HOUSE,

Has in store a full supply of very superior

Cigars, Confectionery, and Tobacco

for the season, which can be bought as cheap as any where in the Town.

CHEWING TOBACCO,
of all grades, both Sweet and Natural; also Fine Cut.



Smoking Tobacco,
SNUFF AND PIPES,
A good assortment.

Candies and Fruits.
GENERAL PROUDUCE.

FRESH BREAD every afternoon.
☞ Lovers of the weed are invited to call.
Everybody is invited to call and buy something. Dec, 9, 1871.

I WOULD RESPECTFULLY CALL the attention of my customers and the public in general, to my Stock of Goods, which I am selling upon as reasonable terms as they can be obtained elsewhere.

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
CLOTHING,
HATS,
BOOTS & SHOES.
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
STONEWARE.
GROCERIES,
FLOUR,
CORN MEAL,
PROVISIONS, &c.
JOS. E. WEER,
May 18, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

A Fine Assortment of
DRUGS & MEDICINES,
IN WHICH I CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD. A discount of *ten per cent.* allowed on PATENT MEDICINES.

White Lead, Paints, Oil,
Turpentine, Varnish, Putty, Glass, &c., &c.
JOS. E. WEER,
May 18, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

BIBLES,
PRAYER BOOKS,
HYMN BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
POEMS,
NOVELS,
ROMANCES, &c., &c.
At City Prices, FOR CASH ONLY.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
May 4, 1872.

OVERCOATS.

WE have just received a large and handsome assortment of Overcoats: call and look at them. S. MERRITT & CO.

WE ARE JUST OPENING
OUR FIRST SUPPLY OF
GENTS. FURNISHING GODDS,
such as Undershirts and Drawers, Neck Ties and Scarfs, Gloves, &c.
Nov. 18. S. MERRITT & CO.

ESPECIAL attention paid to
FINE LINEN SHIRTS,
and any one in want of a good Shirt, at a moderate price, will do well to call and see
Oct. 14, 1871. S. MERRITT & CO.

STATIONERY.

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
STATIONERY,
Record Cap, Legal Cap, Bill Cap, Fools Cap, Letter, Sermon, Commercial Note, Mourning, Billet, and French Initial Paper. ENVELOPES of all varieties.

Double and Single Entry Ledgers, Journals, and Day Books. Blank Books of all kinds. FOR CASH ONLY.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
January 27, 1872.

Lewis' White Lead and colors,
TURPENTINE, VARNISHES AND PAINT BRUSHES.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
May 11, 1872.

BROMO CHLORALUM,
THE most powerful Deodorizer and Disinfectant known. Prevents Small Pox, and cures Diptheria, Sore Throat, &c.
For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.
April 27, 1872.

Spring and Summer CLOTHING

For Men and Boys.

Gents. Furnishing Goods!

HATS AND CAPS.

SAMUEL MERRITT. W. J. MCFEELY.

S. MERRITT & CO.

ARE NOW OPENING
AT THEIR STORE IN CHESTERTOWN,
The most desirable Stock of the above Goods ever offered to this community.

Our selections have been made with the greatest care from the best houses in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and embrace all the different styles, both as to CUT and MATERIAL.

OUR ASSORTMENT OF
GENTS'
FURNISHING GOODS
Is Very Complete,
And contains ALMOST EVERY ARTICLE WORN BY GENTLEMEN.

OUR LINE OF

HATS AND CAPS

IS NOT EQUALLED IN THIS MARKET,
EITHER AS TO VARIETY OF STYLES, COLORS, KINDS OR QUALITY.

EW BUY AND SELL FOR CASH!
Which Enables us to buy Low and sell Cheap, thereby making it a mutuul benefit to the Purchaser with ourselves.

☞ Come and see for Yourself. ☜

PARTICULAR ATTENTION
PAID TO
CUSTOM WORK.

FITS GUARANTEED!

REMEMBER THE PLACE:
S. MERRITT & Co.,
BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.
April 13, 1872.

WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.

FRANCIS & WRIGHT,

GROCERS

AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
92 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

Particular attention paid to all kinds of Country Produce on consignment.
Orders from the country respectfully solicited and promptly filled.
July 22, 1871—tf.



WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND
JEWELRY!



JUST RECEIVED AT
E. T. WILLIS',
a full assortment of the above named Goods, together with
SILVER PLATED WARE,
SPECTACLES, &c., &c.
Call and examine the Stock and the
Great Reduction in Prices!

E. T. WILLIS is the sole Agent for the celebrated *SCHAFFHAUSEN SPECTACLES* and EYE GLASSES, manufactured at Schaffhausen, Switzerland. The superiority of these great eye preservers consists in the careful mathematical accuracy in the construction of the lenses, being manufactured of the best white flint glass, the exact shape of the eye, thus obviating all glimmering and wavering of the sight, dizziness, and all the other train of evils produced by the use of inferior spectacles. Every one whose sight is failing understands its value.

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING done at short notice and BETTER than can be done elsewhere in the county.
Chestertown, 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 on the personal estate of

JOHN B. VOSHELL,

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 23d day of November, 1872; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1872.

OWEN CONNELLY,
April 27, 1872—4t. Administrator.

Selected Poetry.

A LYRIC.

BY ALGERNON CHARLESS WINBURNE.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single,
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

THE LOVES OF LINCOLN.

MR. LAMON'S STORY OF HIS COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE, AS TOLD IN HIS BIOGRAPHY.

Late in 1832, or early in 1833, Mr. Lincoln went to board at a tavern in New Salemn, Ill., kept by James Rutledge. Ann Rutledge, the third daughter of this family, was at that time about 19, and was probably the most refined woman with whom Mr. Lincoln had then ever conversed—a modest, delicate creature, fascinating, were it only by force of contrast with the rude people by whom both were surrounded. All witnesses unite in praising her. Mrs. Hardin Bale, a woman of the neighborhood who knew her well, said: "She had auburn hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion, was a pretty, kind, tender, good hearted woman, beloved by all who knew her. McNamer, Hill, and Lincoln all courted her at the same time." The men who spoke of her described her with yet more enthusiasm. She had a sad story. When a little more than 17 she became engaged to McNamar. He left her to go to the assistance of his parents in the State of New York, promising to return as soon as possible; but weeks grew months, and even years, and still he did not come. She had loved him at first, but the love seems to have cooled with his long absence; and at last she responded to the passionate and impetuous attachment of young Lincoln. But she felt that she must not marry until she could obtain a release from McNamar. She wrote to him in vain, as she had waited in vain for his coming, and in 1835 she died, as some say of brain fever, induced by her anxiety of mind. In her grave Lincoln was wont to declare his heart lay buried. A few days before her death he was summoned to her bedside; but what happened in that solemn conference was known only to him and the dying girl. But when he left her and stopped at the house of John Jones, on the way home, Jones saw signs of the most terrible distress in face and his manner. When Ann actually died and was buried, his grief became frantic; he lost all self-control, even the consciousness of his own identity, and all his New Salemn friends pronounced him insane. "He was watched with special vigilance during storms, fog, damp and gloomy weather for fear of an accident. At such times he raged piteously, declaring, among other wild expressions of his woe, "I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rains and storms beat upon her grave." His friend, Bowlin Greene, took charge of him, and it was several weeks before it was considered safe to let him go back to his old employments and haunts. He was never precisely the same man again. He had always been subject to periods of great mental depression, but after this they were more frequent and alarming. It was then that he began to repeat the poem which, poor in itself, is immortalized by his adoption of it, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" A few weeks after the death of Ann Rutledge, her other lover, McNamar, returned to New Salemn; and he seems to have mourned for her as deeply if not as wildly as Lincon. One would perhaps expect of grief, like that of Lincoln, as passionate a constancy; but dead is dead. If his heart was in Ann's grave, he, himself, walked the earth, in those immense boots of his, a very real and not an ideal man. In 1836, a little more than a year after Ann Rutledge's death, he saw again a Miss Mary Owens, whom he had met and somewhat admired, three years before. She was a large, handsome, matronly-looking woman of 28 years—a very different type of person from the gentle, sensitive Ann. Miss Owens seems to have prided herself much on her "education," which she says was "different from that of Lincoln;" but her letters are written in a high-flown, inflated style, which is far from conveying an impression of superior intellectual power. Lincoln asked her to marry him, but she waited a while, in order to become thoroughly acquainted with him, and then refused him. She did not think him coarse or cruel, but she thought him thoughtless, careless, not altogether polite as he might be; in short, as she herself expresses it, "deficient in those little links which make up the great chain of woman's happiness." The "little links" being of so great importance to her, she doubtless decided wisely. After this decision, Lincoln was guilty of the one meanness of his life, of which, but for the researches of the biographer, we should have been spared the knowledge. He wrote a letter to Mrs. O. H. Browning, telling the story of his acquaintance with Miss Owens in a manner most unfair and most humiliating to the lady. Mr. Lamon speaks of its publication as "a painful duty." It would have been, I think, more honored in the breach than in the observance; but let us tell the truth, if the heavens fall, seems to have been his motto. Mr. Lincoln's final conclusion was that he should never marry, since he "should never be satisfied with any one who would be blockhead enough to have him." But neither buried heart nor wounded pride sufficed to keep him very long from the coils spread by feminine fingers. In 1839, Miss Mary Todd came to live with her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, at Springfield, where Mr. Lincoln was then established. She was young, just 21, well-connected, and according to Mr. Lamon, "high-bred, proud, brilliant; witty, and with a will that bent every one else to her purpose." She seems to have taken captive the future President the moment she made up her mind it would be expedient to do so. Mr. Lincoln was a rising politician, fresh from the people, and possessed of great power among them; Miss Todd was of aristocratic and distinguished family, able to lead through the awful portals of "good society" whomsoever they chose to countenance. It was thought that a union between them could not fail of numerous benefits to both parties. Mr. Edwards thought so; Mrs. Edwards thought so; and it was not long before Mary Todd herself thought so. She was very ambitious, and even before she left Kentucky announced her belief that she was "destined to be the wife of some future President." For a little while she was courted by Douglas as well as Lincoln; but she is said to have refused the "Little Giant," "on account of his bad morals." Being asked which one of them she intended to have, she answered, "The one that has the best chance of being President." She decided in favor of Lincoln, and in the opinion of some of her husband's friends, aided to no small extent in the fulfillment of the prophecy which the bestowal of her hand implied."

Mrs. Edwards (Miss Todd's sister) says that Lincoln was "charmed with Mary's wit, and fascinated with her quick sagacity, her nature and culture." They were speedily engaged, and their marriage was only a question of time. But some how the Lincoln love affairs seem never to have been altogether satisfactory A Miss Matilda Edwards presently made her appearance. She was the sister of Mr. Ninian Edwards, a fresh young beauty, whom Lincoln saw, and seeing, loved. The affair with Miss Todd, according to the Edwardses, according to Staurt, according to Herndon, according to Lincoln himself, was a "policy match," but this was love. (Gentle ghost of sweet Ann Rutledge, did your spirit eyes grow sad?) Mr. Edwards tried to marry his sister to Speed, but she preferred Mr. Schwyler Strong, and presently married him. Lincoln had been restrained by a sense of honor from declaring his passion, though any words of his would probably have been uttered in vain. But now conscience assailed him. He concluded with great agony of mind, that he would be doing Mary Todd grievous wrong were he to marry her when his heart had thus wandered from her, accordingly, and told her the whole story. She released him from his engagement, and then some parting endearments followed, and, as the natural result of those endearments, a reconciliation. [Moral—When you wish to break off your engagement with a woman, never kiss her good bye.] Lincoln and Mary were again engaged; everything was ready for the marriage, even the supper. Mr. Lincoln failed to meet his engagement, the cause being insanity. His friend took him to Kentucky and kept him there until he recovered. Mr. Herndon believes that Lincoln's insanity grew out of a most extraordinary complication of feelings—aversion to the marriage proposed, a counter-attachment to Miss Edwards, and a new access of unspeakably tenderness for the memory of Ann Rutlege. But after his recovery and return to Springfield it was not long before he married Miss Todd. She told him that though she had released him from the engagement, her own feeling for him remained unchanged. He went to see his friend J. H. Martheny, and said to him, "Jim I shall have to marry that girl." At another time Lincoln told him that he "was driven into the marriage, that it was a thing planned by the Edwards family." However, through weakness, or through tenderness, he seems to have submitted to his fate; and in 1842 Mary Todd became Mrs. Lincoln. Mr. Lamon has succeeded quite tolerably in proving him weak, inconstant, and unchivalrous. He bestows equal energy in proving him to have been unchristian. He prints various letters from his friends recounting the infidel sentiments and speeches of Lincoln's youth, and he concludes that "while it is very clear that Mr. Lincoln was at all times an infidel in the orthodox sense of the word, it is also very clear that he was not at all times equally willing that everybody should know it. He never offered to purge or recant; but he was a wily politician, and did not disdain to regulate his religious manifestations with some reference to his political interests.

A Plea for the Rich Man's Son.

To be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth is usually accounted a streak of luck hardly excelled in this world. It implies a rich father, who can provide for his offspring in a manner that lifts him above the common and impecunious herd, placing him more or less remote from those who are early compelled to grub for a living.

The boy who chanced to be born with an iron, even a plated spoon in his mouth, always looks with envy upon the son of a rich father. He bemoans his own lot as a hard one and is disposed to criticise the justice and discrimination with which silverware was distributed in Fate's grand gift lottery. He knows dozens of boys, or thinks he does, whose tender and unused gums were first made familiar with spoons of the cheapest material and rudest manufacture, who were more entitled to the silver spoon than the spoony who drew it. In nine cases out of ten the richest father of to-day commenced life a poor boy. He is fond of telling about his early struggle with poverty, and the obstacles he met and vanquished. He relates how, at sixteen years of age, more or less, he made up a little bundle and marched boldly and sturdily forth from his father's humble abode to do battle with the world and win a fortune for himself. The chances are, however, that instead of marching boldy he stole away in the night—ran away from home, if the truth be known. But as it turned out all right, no one is disposed to question how he got away from the old man.

Enterprise and industry, together with an ambition to do better by his sons than his father had done by him won the day, and the poor boy with the bundle became the man of many possessions. His sons are brought up as the sons of rich men generally are. They don't go barefooted as their father did at their age. They are not kept from school to assist cultivating the paternal acre, or acre and a half, that is to keep them in potatoes during the winter. They can handle a croquet mallet or billiard cue, but not a hoe. They can pick out chords on a piano but couldn't chop a cord of wood. No necessity for their making up a little bundle at sixteen and starting away from home in the night, to make their way in the world, or make anything else. If they did there would be a large reward offered for their return, and a slaughtering of the pampered juvenescent bovine when they came back.

But when these youths grow up to useless manhood and develop no ambition beyond spending money, then it is the rich father whines over the degeneracy of our young men. "'Twasn't so when I was young," he says. "Boys were not afraid to work in those days. Wonder what I would ever have accomplished had I been like my boys?" And then he brings out that inevitable bundle which he made up at sixteen or thereabouts, and taking it on his shoulder for about the thousandth time, marches sturdily forth in search of fortune, crossing on foot I don't know how many chains of mountains, and wading I wouldn't undertake to say how many, raging rivers, before he found it.

Now who shall say his slothful and pleasure-loving sons would not have done the same thing had they been reared as he was; or who affirm that he would have done differently from what they have done had he too been born with a silver spoon in his mouth? The rich father rarely takes this different condition into account when he mourns a spendthrift or profligate son. After rearing him in idleness and luxury from infancy, he wonders he doesn't develop all those admirable qualities of industry and frugality which necessity forced him to cultivate.

Don't be so hard on the rich man's son, therefore. That he does not turn out well is as often the fault of his rearings as of himself. He couldn't help being born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and the fact that he was is not unfrequently a subject for commiseration rather than envy. Many a rich man's son who has turned out badly might have risen to usefulness and honor had his parents been poor—no matter whether they were honest or not.

As for myself, I was not brought up on a silver spoon; but my principles of life being pretty firmly established by this time, I am ready to change places with any rich man's son (if there are not too many in the family) who is fearful that he may succumb to the enervating influences of wealth and the prospect of a large inheritance, and there by fail to make his mark in the world.—*Fit Contributer.*

The Abuse of Names.

Nicknames will be used just so long as mankind exists, and so long as those to whom they are applied have marked peculiarities of character or person, who elicit terms of endearment, or who have names that may be shortened with convenience, Andrew will be called "Andy" as long as there are any Andrews to be nicknamed: Jeremiah will be shortened into "Jerry," and William to "Bill," as long as there is a Jeremiah or a William in existence.—But it does not follow that these names should become proper handles to honest surnames, and that boys should be christened by the nicknames of their fathers.

A fashion that is about as absurb as this would be, has come into use of late in certain circles, and the rising generation will blush for the folly of their progenitors when they grow older and wiser. It is not practised so much in the naming of boys, but in respect to girls it has run to the extreme of sentimental silliness. Thus girls, instead of being baptized with such sensible old fashioned names as Matilda, Charlotte, Margaret, or Sarah, are christened "Tillie" "Lottie," "Maggie," and "Sadie" Ellen dwindles into "Ellie;" Susan shrienks into "Susie;" Caroline is made ridiculous by being cut down to "Linie;" Emma becomes insipid into "Emmie;" and, most wretched of all, the beautiful name of Mary is fritted away in "Mamie." This nicknaming would be all very well if in its use it was confined to the family circle; but such names are given permanently to children, and the future wives and mothers of the land figure in every advertised list of letters, and in every school examination, as "Lidies," "Susies," and "Sadies." Think of the wife and the mother of the Father of his Country christened by the names of "Mamie" and "Mattie," and the mother baptizing the future hero and statesman as "George!" The first Napoleon would have remained a bachelor forever, had his first wife been named "Josie," and he would not have troubled an Archduchess of Austria to take the place of the discarded Empress, had she been named "Linnie Louie," instead of plain and sensible Maria Louisa.

This sickly sentimentalism is about as foolish as the poetic incubations of bereaved fathers and mothers, who inform an unappreciative world that "dearest Johnny has left them, or that the skill of physicians was unavailing to save "Billy" from the fatal consequences of the sore affliction which he had borne so long. But misnaming a child sticks to him or her forever; and while the obituary nonsense which accompanies the record of death is soon forgotten, a sensible woman with a foolish nickname has an ever-present reminder of the silliness of her parents, and a source of continual annoyance to herself.

Leap Year at a Church.

A gentleman at an Episcopal Church in Montreal, one evening, recently, sat immediately behind a young couple who were deeply absorbed in conversation. He noticed that their attention was concentrated on a prayer-book, in which one underlined some words to form a question, while the other responded in like manner. Presently a pause ensued, after which the young lady rapidly turned over the leaves of the prayer-book to the service of matrimony, reaching which she pointed to the all important question: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife," etc. No response came from her companion, who had to be nudged and pinched before so much as a smile could be got from him. At length the fair one nerved herself, jabbed him with a pin, and again propounded the question. The companion, looking her in the face, gave such a decided "no" as completely disconcerted the husband-seeker. At the close of the service it was noticed that the young man shot off alone at a rapid pace, while his tormentor lingered behind, to put as great a distance as possible between herself and the faithless one.

Discharging Duty.

A story is told of the Grand Duke Alexis, who is in the naval service. A year or two ago, when holding the rank of midshipman, the flag-ship in which he was serving was wrecked on the coast of Denmark. The admiral ordered the life-boats to be lowered, and directed Alexis to take charge of the first boat. The royal midshipman declined to obey the order. It was peremptorily repeated: "I, your commanding officer, order you into the boat."

"Admiral, I cannot obey you," said the young prince. "It would not become the son of the Emperor to be the first to leave the ship. I shall remain with you to the last."

"But I shall put you under arrest for disobedience of orders as soon as circumstances will allow me to do so."

"I mean no disobedience, but I cannot obey," was the reply.

Four or five of the crew perished in the transit from the ship to the shore, and the admiral and Alexis were the last to land. In hastily-constructed tents the rigid discipline of ship-life was promptly resumed. The young Prince was placed under arrest for disobedience of orders. The Russian minister at Copenhagen was informed of the facts, and telegraphed them to the Emperor, from whom he received the following reply:

"I approve the act of the admiral for placing the midshipman under arrest for disobedience of orders, and I bless and kiss my son for disobeying them."

☞ Burke once made an attack upon the Civil List, and while he was speaking, he was several times interrupted by some official of the royal household, who, every now and then, reminded him of his duty to the King At last, Burke paused in the flow of his speech, and declared he perfectly understood it to be his duty to honor the King, but he did not thereby feel himself constrained "to honor the King's man-servant, his maid-servant, his ox, and—fixing his eyes upon the obnoxious intruder—his ass!"

☞ There is a man of stupendous faith in Maine. He has been informed by sundry spirits who have very kindly put themselves under the control of his daughter, a bright little girl of a dozen summers, and a great number of other seasons, that there is beneath his house a lake of quicksilver. He has been boring for two years, and has penetrated to the depth of sixty feet, but the quicksilver seems to be very slow to appear. No amount of ridicule, however, will shake his sanguine faith.

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